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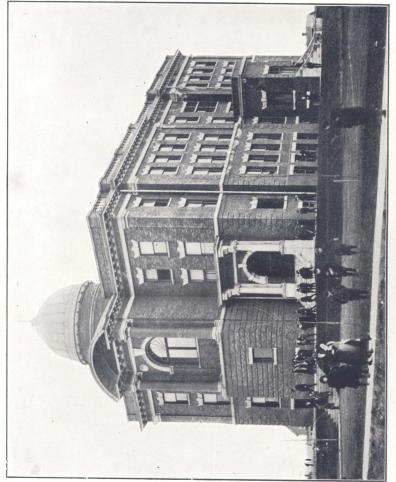
Twelfth Annual Year Book

Published by the

Students of North Bay Normal School June, 1924

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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—J. B. Gatenby, A.R.C.O., Mus. Bac.; J. E. Chambers, J. C. Norris, M.A., B.Paed.; J. A. Bannister, B.A.; H. E. Ricker, M.A.; C. Ramsay. Front Row—G. Morgan, B.A.; D. Stephenson, A. C. Casselman, Principal; K. McCubbin.

NORMAL SCHOOL STAFF

A. C. Casselman	l-
J. C. Norris, M.A., B. Paed	
H. E. Ricker, M.A	e,
J. A. Bannister, B.A	
Miss Grace Morgan, B.A	al
C. Ramsay	g.
J. B. Gatenby, A.R.C.O., Mus. Bac Instructor: Music. Miss D. Stephenson Instructor: Domestic Science.	
Miss K. McCubbin	

FOREWORD

A. C. Casselman, Principal.

I F the influence of a class is determined by its numbers then the class of 1923-1924 should be the most influential in the history of the school. The attendance this year—two hundred and thirty-three ladies and fifty gentlemen—is greater than last session by fifty, and over twice that of any previous session.

In a sense numbers count. The increased attendance at all the Normal Schools will mean, no doubt, an increased number of graduates holding interim second class certificates, and this should be nearly sufficient to place in every Public and Separate school in the province a teacher with at least Normal School training. In former years the Department of Education found it necessary to have several summer model schools to give some training to students of a lower academic standing than Normal entrance, in order to have enough teachers to fill the schools.

A heavy responsibility rests upon the graduates of this session. You have a splendid opportunity to prove to the community in which you are to work for the next year, that the large expenditure of the province for Normal training is fully justified. You can easily accomplish this if you are attentive to your duties. Some of these duties may be again brought to your notice here.

Never be late for school. This will impress pupils and parents that you mean business and will help you to secure the co-operation of the parents in the education of their children. Consult parents regularly about their children. Many little difficulties of discipline in the school room may be successfully solved or entirely avoided by knowing something of the home life of your pupils.

The teacher bridges the gap between the school and society. It is your duty to prepare your pupils to become honourable members of society. It may be your extreme privilege to help in some way the community in which you work. There are many ways in which you can tactfully do this. You can prepare school entertainments and arrange the programme that all the pupils will have some work to do in the preparation of it. A reading circle may be organized for the older boys and girls not attending school. One of our graduates teaching in a rural section found that many young men and women of the section had never read anything after leaving school. A reading circle was organized, and through it the young people were led to take an intelligent interest in public affairs.

Attend carefully to your own health and the health of your pupils. If you enter the school room every morning physically and mentally fit, your work will be a joy and discipline will be easy.

Maintain sacredly the ethics of the teaching profession. Do not apply for a position unless there is a vacancy. When you have accepted a position do not resign it to accept another that may appear better. Fulfil your contract to the letter and do not resign before your term of service expires.

There appears to be abroad to-day a desire to get along as easily as possible. This desire is more noticeable in student life to-day than in former years. We seem to have forgotten the old saying, "There is no royal road to learning." If this is true no person is in a better position than the teacher to impress upon the pupils and the community the dignity of labour.

There never was a time in the history of the world or in the history of Canada when great leaders were more needed than the present. At the present

time our Dominion, our provinces, and many of our cities and towns are staggering under a terrible load of debt, contracted by our fathers. This debt must be paid by the younger generation and the generations that follow. Only by hard work, good management, thrift and honesty can this be done. You must practise these yourselves and teach your pupils to practise them. Prepare yourselves carefully for this great task. Study hard and thoughtfully and make the best use of your natural ability and national leaders of renown will be evolved from this class. You have the fundamental characteristics of success—youth and health. See to it that you make the best use of your special opportunities and this great Dominion will be greater, better and more influential than in any previous period.

Upon you as teachers must fall the heavy responsibility of helping to calm the great unrest in the world to-day. I know of no better way than to try to inculcate those great ideals of freedom, justice and truth, which are the outstanding characteristics of the British inheritance.

The contents of this Year Book indicate that the Literary Society has functioned well.

In spite of the inconvenience caused by a class larger than the building was intended to accommodate, the class as a whole has behaved admirably, and it is a source of gratification to know that so large a number of the class have given every indication that the teaching profession gives the greatest opportunity for efficient service to our country.

A teacher whose character is above reproach is the greatest power for good in the world.

N-O-R-M-A-L

L. WILSON

N—is for the Normal we're attending,
O—is only that we're growing old,
R—is for the rules that we abide by,
M—is for the Masters, good as gold,
A—is for the afternoons we teach on,
L—is for the lessons to be taught.
Put them all together, they spell Normal,
A word that really cannot be forgot.

SUPPOSE

M. Wingrove

Suppose, my dear young Normalite, You hear a Master say, "Now, Class, we're going to have a test In S. of Ed. today." Could you help it aught by stewing Till you're less alive than dead, Though you see there's trouble brewing And you're sure to lose your head? Just say, "Oh, well, there still is hope; I'll meet it like a brick, And after all it might have been,—Oh dear!—Arithmetic.

Suppose you reach the school some morn All hurried, out of sorts;
You've left your splendid plan behind,—
That plan you wrote on "quartz."
Could you get it any sooner
By rushing round like mad,
And blaming all the big round world
For the luck you've always had?
Just say, "It might have been far worse.
Without a quake or stammer
I'll bravely face the Master, but
I'm glad it wasn't Grammar."

Suppose some day you go to teach; Your heart begins to sink,
The unexpected questions fly,
You simply cannot think.
Will it make that lesson better
For you to fret and frown,
And blame the subject, and the class,
The teacher, time, and town?
Just say, "Next time I will make good;
I'll surely take the banner,
For though my lesson was so bad,
The critic praised my manner."

Suppose that you, fair Normalite, Of pessimistic bent,
Are dreading test and drill and quizz,
Have spent your latest cent,
Have always had the toughest luck,
The worst assignments too,
The very hardest class to teach,
And everything looks blue;
Will it make it easier to bear
By always looking glum?
Cheer up, and chase the gloom away,
The best is yet to come!

EDITORIAL

BETTY J. Edmison, Editor-in-Chief

I N the preparation of our Year Book we have endeavoured to select from the great amount of material submitted such things as possess literary merit, and such as will be reminiscent in the years to come of a very pleasant and eventful year at North Bay Normal School. That lack of space prevented us from including much material that was worthy of a place is a matter of regret to the Editorial Staff.

The Year Book of 1923-24 is in some respects a new departure. Earlier publication has made it impossible to include certain things which have come to be regarded almost as permanent features. The good advice which the valedictorian of the year is wont to give is perforce omitted, but we have no doubt it will be none the less seriously taken to heart on that account. We must forego the pleasure of describing the closing programme, with all its interesting and well-prepared numbers, and the varied emotions which the closing hours of the school year evoke.

We have not included a forecast of the future of the members of our class. This is not because we lack among our numbers those who will take a leading place in the years to come. Nor is it because there are not among us those who are gifted with the power of seeing into the future, at least as far as any of our predecessors. But our numbers have grown to such an extent that to do justice to the brilliant futures that await all of our members would leave no room in our Year Book for anything else. Besides, when we look back at previous prophecies and find that those who were so confidently promised wealth are still drawing the somewhat meagre pay of a rural teacher; that those who were to become eminent in the literary world are still devoting their talent to the correction of juvenile efforts to describe "The Woods in Spring," or "The First Snow Storm"; that those who were foredoomed to matrimony are still enjoying single blessedness; and that the obscure and those for whom Fate was said to have reserved nothing but humble toil and mediocrity are already mounting high upon the ladder of fame, do you wonder that we refrain?

To most of us the year that is drawing to a close has been one of serious import; to many it has been perhaps the most momentous in our lives. New friendships have been made, new associations formed, a new conception of the teacher's mission has come to us. As we feel the burden of the coming year's responsibilities settling upon our shoulders, let us pause for a moment that we may give a word of appreciation to the school that has given us the professional training that will enable us to go forth to the tasks that lie before us.

North Bay Normal School is unique in that it is truly representative of Ontario. From the fruitful valleys of the prosperous south; from the mining towns of the north, whose mushroom growth is the talk of European mining centres; from the gateways of the west, whence annually the golden harvest pours eastward, come the members of the student body. Here east mee's west, and north meets south, for the exchange of ideas, the comparison of experiences, and the broadening of our outlook. The year at the portal of the north enables those who are as yet unacquainted with its greatness and its promise to catch something of its optimism and its courage. Their work will be the better for this experience.

That this experience, and many others that we cherish, may be recalled to mind as the years roll by, we place in your hands this the Year Book of 1923-24.



YEAR BOOK STAFF

Back Row—S. Thorp. Group V.; I. L. Wilson, Business Manager; B. Winger, Associate Editor; J. A. Bannister, B.A., Supervising Editor; F. V. Brown, Group VI.;
B. Edmison, Editor; K. Anglin, Group I.

Front Row—C. O'Gorman, Associate Editor; J. Shouldice, Group IV.; E. L. Elmitt, President, Literary Society; A. Dunfield, Group II.; G. Lehman, Group III.

EVENING

D. KIRK

The sun's last rays are sinking in the west, The sky is all alight with crimsoned glow, The little birds have sought their evening rest, The shadows fall from peaks of aged snow.

The rugged clouds, all bathed in gorgeous light, Like isles that stretch in ocean far away, Give promise, ere the coming of the night, Of glorious morrow, better than today.

The lingering shadows slowly sink and fade Into the night which comes with stealthy tread, The darkness creeps upon the hill and glade, And myriad stars shine brightly overhead.



EXECUTIVE OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY, FALL TERM

Back Row—E. Pollock, E. Bierworth, T. Currie, Treasurer; F. Dickson, Secretary, Sec A; H. Meadows, E. Galbraith, J. Walker.

Middle Row—V. Topping, C. Bell, A. Priddle, Secretary, Section B; E. J. Transom, B.A., President; A. Gomoll, J. Belanger.

Front Row—T. Cummings, K. Kelsey, E. L. Elmitt, Vice-President, Section A; M. MacLean, W. Agar, Vice-President, Section B.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

E. L. Elmitt, President

ONCE again the President is called upon to give a resumé of the days that have been: festive days of Hallowe'en and Christmas; notable days when some celebrity delighted the Normal students with his or her wonderful contribution of eloquence, wisdom and literary beauty; days when the Literary Society was thrown upon its own resources for the entertainment of the School.

Very briefly must we deal with these. Hallowe'en, which comes so early in the term that we are hardly cognizant of the various forms of talent to be found amongst us, was nevertheless the occasion of a very creditable programme. The event, besides furnishing us with a chance to become better acquainted with each other, helped to reconcile many a home-sick student by this assurance that Normal School life does not necessarily mean "all work and no play."

In fact, so quickly did the intervening weeks speed away, that it was not leng before the black and orange of Hallowe'en gave place to the green and gold of Christmas, of all seasons the most festive. A welcome addition to this programme was the Normal School Orchestra. All through the remainder of the School year we have had much reason to be most grateful to the skilled and faithful members of this organization.

Pre-eminent among the visitors was Bliss Carman. Of the great pleasure he brought to the students by the reading of his own poems, the story is told in another part of the Year Book.

Peter MacArthur, who confesses that he "lectures for a living, and farms

for amusement, his neighbours' as well as his own," was also with us. His characteristic humour and his happy personality were what we would naturally expect from the famous author of "The Red Cow."

A dear, quaint, little lady, Mrs. Burwash, gave us an evening of pure delight in her rendering of Dr. Drummond's poems. A photo of the speaker, dressed in the picturesque French-Canadian garb, will be found in our Year Book.

An address of the greatest educational value was given by Lady Foster. Not often is one accorded the privilege of listening to an address so full of interesting information. Her first hand knowledge of the work of the League of Nations enabled her to present such a picture of what has been accomplished that all realized in greater measure the importance of the League as a factor in meeting after-war conditions. As a mark of appreciation for her very fine address a bouquet of roses was presented to her by the students.

A new departure this year was a seven weeks' course in Physical Training conducted by Sergeant-Major Joyce, who proved himself an exceedingly capable instructor.

Dr. Morgan, whose duties as Director of Professional Training include inspection of the Normal Schools, paid us a hurried visit in the early autumn, and returned for a more extended examination of our work after the Easter vacation. His genial manner, his enthusiasm and his ready sympathy removed any feeling of timidity we might have had, and made us realize that inspectors believe that their mission is to be as helpful as they can. Colonel Hamilton,



EXECUTIVE OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY, SPRING TERM

Back Row—E. Hunt, Vice-President, Section A; E. L. Elmitt, President; E. Sprott, Treasurer; W. Murphy, Representative, Group VI.; J. Horton, Secretary, Section B; P. J. Scollard, Vice-President, Section B; G. Elliott, Representative, Group VI.; M. Willison, Representative, Group V.; L. Forsythe, Representative, Group II. Middle Row—V. Fleming, Secretary, Section A; L. Kron Representative, Group III.; B. Duchemin, Representative, Group II.; M. Vale, Representative, Group V.; V. Shragge, Representative, Group IV.; P. Mayhew, Representative, Group III.; M. McColgan, Representative, Group III. Front Roy—L. Bingham, Representative, Group I.; J. Bradbury, Representative, Group I.

Group I.

Inspector of Public Schools in the Thunder Bay District, and Inspector Shannon from the Rainy River District spent two weeks in our midst, and many already envy those whose privilege it will be to teach under their kindly supervision. Inspectors Brown and White were also visitors for a few days.

We cannot close this necessarily brief survey of Normal School activities without paying a tribute of gratitude to our Staff. Not only have we as students received faithful and skilful instruction, but no labour or pains have been spared, on their part, to make our Literary Society a success. Their greatest reward will be that the students, having received so much at their hands, will carry away with them to disseminate in many a school room this fine spirit of helpfulness.

THE NORTHLAND

J. A. B.

I have heard the Northland calling with a clear, insistent call; I have seen her teeming thousands, I have heard their footsteps fall; I have seen the mystic curtain of the Future backward rolled: Mighty Northland! Land of Promise! I have seen thy wealth unfold. For I saw, as in a vision, not the blackened stumps of trees. But the fields ripe to the harvest, rustling in the passing breeze; Not the humble settler's cabin, half concealed amid the wood, But the fine, commodious farm house in a prosperous neighborhood. All the straggling trails had vanished but I followed in their stead Down avenues of commerce, echoing to a nation's tread. They passed between the smiling fields where happy children played In gardens where the roses bright a bower of beauty made. The cattle, sleek and glossy, strayed about the meadows fair, And the perfume of the clover gave its sweetness to the air. The spacious barns were bursting with the newly garnered grain, And Contentment spread her pinions over all the wide domain. Where of old the straggling village with its humble huts was seen Rose the towers of a city, fair and stately as a queen, With its boulevards and mansions, with its parks and thoroughfares, Its busy hum of industry, its mingled joys and cares. From the tall cathedral spire, like a finger heavenward raised, The mellow chiming of the bells came floating as I gazed. From the rocks which Time had whitened in the aeons as they rolled Flowed a rippling stream of silver, a resplendent tide of gold. All the varied wealth of minerals, hid for ages from the sight Burst the barriers of its prison to a wondering world's delight. Was it but a fond illusion? But a visionary's dream? Ask the settler in his cabin, ask the hunter by the stream. Nestling in the Northland's bosom till her heart-beats thrill them through, In the silences unbroken, they have caught the vision too: All their hardships are forgotten, and they sing, in woe or weal, "Mighty Northland! We are helping-helping make the vision real!"



DUCHESNAY FALLS

MARION VALE

W HEN Nature was distributing her beauty spots, North Bay was not forgotten, for many picturesque localities lie within easy reach. This was realized by a number of Normalites on one of the early days of sunny October.

A "Get-Acquainted Hike" had been planned with Duchesnay Falls as the destination. The outing served a two-fold purpose, for it succeeded in making us better acquainted with each other, and it also provided an excellent opportunity of viewing one of the most delightful sections of the district.

The ground was covered with its beautiful autumn carpet of many colors, which responded with a rustle to the tread of our feet. As we followed the path for a short distance we came to the creek, which soon became more rapid as its course was hindered here and there by jagged rocks. Farther along the rugged banks the sound of the seething waters was distinctly heard, as the stream, angry at having its course diverted, showed its resentment. For about a quarter of a mile it tumbles over various obstacles, sending up a bright spray into the sunlight.

After exploring the surrounding territory and securing many snapshots, which will call up many pleasant memories in the days to come, we reluctantly wended our way homeward. And so, like those of the students of former days who have preceded us, and like those who will follow when our year is done, we pay our tribute to the hurrying stream, that, as its murmurings grew faint in the distance, seemed to echo the words of the poet:

"For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever."

HALLOWE'EN

IRENE GERBER

THE spirit of Hallowe'en was abroad, as the Normalites flitted silently through the half-deserted streets of North Bay toward the Normal School. With bated breath they stole past the grinning Jack o' Lanterns at the entrance, and with a thrill they ascended the steps.

Once within the portals they flung aside their wraps and ascended to the

assembly room, which was suitably decorated for the occasion.

There they sat with hearts beating expectantly and eyes focused on our capable president, Mr. Transom, who occupied the chair. The programme began with the singing of "The Maple Leaf" by the school.

Mr. Wilson then gave an excellent reading of Pauline Johnson's poem, Wolverine." This was followed by a piano solo by Miss Effie Smith, who was enthusiastically applauded. Miss Topping won our hearts by her splendid rendering of "The Little Damoiselle." For her encore she gave the appropriate song, "I Hate to Go Home Alone," which evidently echoed the thought of at least one of the boys.

After the students had sung "The Bells of St. Mary's," Miss Teer gave a patriotic reading "The Union Jack." Misses Smith and Johnson gave a piano duet. An instrumental selection by four of the students followed, and

the programme closed with a chorus by the school, "O Canada."

The sports were ably supervised by Miss Morgan. The first was a contest between the different groups. One was led to believe that the sodas were rather dry by the difficulty the contestants found in their efforts to whistle after they had successfully disposed of them. Jack o' Lanterns, under the clever manipulation of those who sought to piece them together, developed a surprisingly large number of eyes. One feature over which the onlookers were greatly delighted was the costume parade. If our worthy classmates can in so short a time enrobe themselves so gorgeously why waste time by getting

The boys had been having rather poor success in the games, and suffered many defeats. Even in the Kangaroo-hop they were quite outclassed and outdistanced. But when our director of sports called for a tug-of-war, they smiled broadly. They were certain they should have no trouble at all in winning this against a few mere girls. They chose four of their heavyweights and the contest began. Everyone expected to see the girls defeated, but they literally dragged the boys over the line. It has been suggested that the boys give more attention to Physical Training.

While we were hilariously acclaiming the winners of the tug-of-war, a whisper circulated about the room, "Refreshments." Hastily each one found a seat. Then one of the boys approached with a tray filled with cups of coffee. He was closely followed by three girls carrying sugar and sandwiches. Other similar groups appeared and in a very short time everyone was busily employed

in emptying cups and clearing plates.

Soon games were in full swing again. The crowd was divided into four parts, always, always, alphabetically. One couldn't much blame the boys for sticking close together. On the first floor we were entertained by the charming little game, "The Farmer in His Dell." We were very much interested in showing "How oats, peas, beans and barley grow," when the bell sounded. At this all groups moved forward to find a new form of amusement awaiting

When all had made the complete circuit music was provided, and the last half-hour was spent in dancing. Then a very pleasant evening was brought to a close, and the Hallowe'en entertainment of 1923 became one of the bright spots of our year at Normal School to which we can always look back with

A YEAR IN THE NORTHLAND

R. M. Rogers

WE have long wished to see the great Clay Belt, and now the opportunity has come. If we cast this chance aside, whom can we blame but ourselves if we never see real life in a bush country? We have longed for a glimpse of pioneer life as it was in the days of the making of Upper Canada. Here it is, in a measure at least, and we may experience it at no greater cost than that of giving up for a time a few of the luxuries to which we have been accustomed. Thus we reasoned, and decided to accept a position as teacher at Stavert.

Where is Stavert? Oh! Stavert is on the Algoma Central Railway, about ten miles from its northern terminus at Hearst. It requires two full days to make the journey of two hundred and ninety miles from Sault Ste. Marie. The night is spent at Franz. It is not altogether the condition of the road that makes progress so slow. But we had to travel behind thirty-seven freight ears, twenty of which were heavily loaded with steel rails.

Although travelling is slow, I think all enjoyed it. One had but to look about at his fellow-passengers to see that it was no rich man's country into which we were going. Fine broadcloths were far outnumbered by mackinaws, patent leathers by heavy rubber boots, and stylish leather club bags by white cotton bags and knapsacks. Pages of interesting material could be written on the little crowd of passengers whose appearance spoke even more eloquently of pioneer life than did the fragments of conversation that one might catch. But the bride and groom deserve more than passing mention. The bride was prettily gowned, etc., etc. (as the usual description goes), and carried in her hand, not the ordinary bouquet, but—a ten-quart pail, which served as a handbag and suitcase. Strapped on the shoulders of the groom was a large packsack. About one hundred miles north of Sault Ste. Marie they got off the train and, like many others I saw that day, followed a narrow path into the forest. There was no sign of buildings, no sign of life of any kind.

I must pass on, but Oh! for language to express even poorly the beauty of the scenery through which we passed for three hours that beautiful September afternoon. Travel through the canyon of the Montreal River on the A.C.R. and you will excuse my refusing to attempt a description.

From a point about fifty miles north of Sault Ste. Marie to fifteen miles from Stavert, a distance of about two hundred and twenty-five miles, not a settler's shack was seen. Section houses every few miles were the chief signs of habitation. Besides these there were, at two or three places, repair shops for the trains, lumber camps and, at Goudreau, where gold had been discovered, there was some sign of activity.

About fifteen miles before we came to our destination we saw the first settler's shack. How neat it looked, nestled among the trees, a newly-built log-shack, the hewn sides of the logs not yet coloured by the weather. Around the shack were several piles of freshly cut pulpwood.

After that we passed houses more frequently, and larger slashes were in evidence, but scarcely any ploughed land was seen. Arriving at Stavert we found what seemed like real civilization. The train stopped at a little store, and about forty people were standing around waiting for the event of the week, the arrival of the train and the mail.

Somehow on our long, slow journey we had concluded that this was a country of hardships, and it was with a rather drooping countenance that we stepped from the train. How out of place we felt! Everyone seemed smiling and happy. Never did anyone, I am sure, receive more hearty handshakes and more words of welcome than we received in the next few minutes. We found everyone very optimistic. We soon heard of the wonderful forests of pulp-

wood and the marvellous fertility of the soil, how every acre could be ploughed, and many other good points, all of which we afterward found to be quite true. We were warmly welcomed to stay with Mr. Jones until we could get our house in readiness. He lived in the only frame house in that section. It was rather long and low with one end used as a store. Great was my humiliation when my little girl called out, "Come on, Daddy, come into this shed." Matters were somewhat improved, however, when, next day, after we had visited our future abode, she called out, "We are going to live in that barn house over there."

This shack was a log structure, fourteen by eighteen feet. The walls were six and one-half feet high. Stringers were stretched from end to end and on these split logs were laid for a ceiling. Between the logs in walls and ceiling moss was tightly packed. The roof was made waterproof (when it wasn't raining) by a covering of asphalt roofing. The floor was of logs hewn on one side, but part had been covered with rough lumber.

Everyone seemed proud of the school, and indeed it did seem neat compared with other buildings. It was a frame structure twenty feet by thirty with a cottage roof and four windows in one side. The interior was not finished and the sparrows came in under the eaves. The School Board promised that this should soon be repaired, but only bitter weather and a threat to close the school moved them to action. After the room had been covered with wall-boards it was fairly comfortable and the sparrows found shelter elsewhere. The total equipment in the school was a map of North America, one of Ontario, a Bible, a register and a box of chalk.

There were fifteen children on the roll, representing five families. Two years before these families could have been found, one in Sault Ste. Marie, one on Cockburn Island, one in Saskatchewan, one in the State of Oregon and one in London, England. They were all English speaking and were bright and intelligent. They showed marked interest in school by attending regularly in spite of the severe winter. Strange to say the youngest scholar, a lad scarcely six years old, carried off the honours for attendance by missing only one-half day from October 25th until the end of June.

The men were very busy in winter reaping their harvest of pulpwood. The trees seemed small, but in some places as much as one hundred cords were cut from one acre. About five thousand cords were loaded from the siding at Stavert. None of this was drawn more than three miles.

The winter was long and severe. Snow came on October 15th and stayed until the second week in April. The thermometer dropped several times to fifty-five or sixty degrees below zero, and forty below was a common occurrence. The air was usually dry and clear and when no wind was blowing these low temperatures were not hard to endure.

The people dressed real warmly. Women, as well as men, wore moccasins. Snow shoeing and ski-ing were enjoyed, and no one thought of grumbling about the cold, clear, pure, fresh air.

The women of the north country enjoy going in groups to some bachelor's shack and, while he is busy in the woods, they tidy his shack and do some baking. When he arrives home all the women have disappeared, but the shack is warm and a nice hot supper awaits him.

On Dominion Day, women as well as men followed their baseball team to Hearst. They had to walk on the railway track a distance of ten miles each way, but they seemed to enjoy every step of the twenty miles. Two of the great sights seen that day were an automobile and a buggy. Some at least had not seen one of these since the previous Dominion Day.

In spite of a few hardships, we shall long recall with many fond remembrances our year in the Clay Belt.



NORMAL SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

THE NORTHERN ACADEMY

M. I. BATTELLE

I T seems almost inconceivable that in these days of educational advancement, there should still exist communities where a school is unknown. Yet such is unfortunately the case, for in some parts of Northern Ontario there are communities that are without any facilities for education. So rapid has been the influx of settlers that the growing towns and villages have been unable to keep pace with the demand for schools and existing institutions are filled to their capacity and beyond. The rural sections in the older parts have constantly to face the problem of additional accommodation, and are rapidly replacing their old log and frame buildings with more modern structures that would do credit to even the wealthier sections of the south.

But it is in the outlying districts that the need has been most sorely felt. A settler finds his way into the heart of the bush, erects his little shack, and begins the almost superhuman task of clearing away the forest and turning the wilderness into a smiling farm and a comfortable home. Far removed from neighbours and handicapped by the absence of roads, he struggles on. A school is impossible for there are none to join him in its support. He has not the means to send his children to some place where an education could be secured, and he can not spare them from the tasks of the farm and home. Every hand is needed. All, as soon as they are big enough, must share in the duties and responsibilities. There is no place for idlers in the pioneer home.

The educational authorities are not unmindful of these conditions and are doing their utmost to cope with them. Liberal grants are given to the schools and special assistance to struggling communities. School inspectors travel long distances, often on foot, to learn at first hand of the need, and to

encourage and aid in the securing of accommodations. They direct the settlers in their work of forming sections, instruct them in methods of procedure, advise them in the choice of sites, adjust their differences, settle their quarrels, plan their school buildings, preside at their courts of revision when the assessment has been made, encourage them with their ready sympathy, and tactfully guide them over the long and tedious course that leads to the realization of their hopes and ambitions.

But even when the inspectors have done their utmost, there are still the isolated settlers who cannot hope for local provision for education until such time as the incoming of additional settlers and the construction of roads make such provision possible. In the meantime, their children are growing up without even the rudiments of learning. To provide for such as these has been one of the greatest tasks that have faced the Department of Education.

Finally Dr. MacDougall, Assistant Chief Inspector of Schools, who knows the great Northland and its needs as perhaps no other man does, conceived the plan of a residential school where, with Government assistance, those children who were unable to secure an education in their own locality might receive an adequate training at a cost that would be within the means of all. Such a school would provide also for secondary education, and eventually make available for the schools of the districts a body of teachers who, because they had been reared amid pioneer conditions, would be best fitted to understand the needs.

Monteith, a small town on the T. and N. O. railway was chosen as the site of this new school. Here the Government owned an experimental farm of 800 acres and several large buildings. The farm had been used towards the end of the war for the training of returned soldiers and sailors, who wished to take a course in agriculture and become settlers of the north. For their accommodation a substantial building had been erected to serve as both living quarters and school. These classes were continued for only a short time, so that for over two years the building remained empty, except when used as an agricultural school during the summer months.

During the summer of 1920 an addition was erected to serve as kitchen and dining-room; the rest of the building was remodelled and when the school opened it was known as the "Northern Academy at Monteith." At the beginning of the term there were about thirty-five pupils, ranging from primary class to third form in high school. The nine pupils who composed the public school classes were older than the average public school child. Realizing that this was their opportunity they put forth every effort to gain knowledge, and their progress was correspondingly rapid.

By the end of the term over three hundred applications had been received, but from this number only a few could be accommodated until larger buildings were provided.

In 1922 a new school was erected and the old building was used as dormitories, dining-room and teachers' residence. The new building is a brick structure. The classrooms are large, well lighted and pleasant. They contain all modern conveniences. The assembly hall is the entire width of the school and the classrooms open from it on either side. It is lighted from above by a large skylight. In the basement are the science laboratories, public school and cloak rooms. But even with this new addition it is impossible at present to accommodate more than one hundred and fifty pupils. These know that they must do satisfactory work or they will be sent home and someone from the waiting-list will take their place. Few who fail are allowed to attend another year unless the cause of failure has been sickness or unavoidable absence.

The students all aid in caring for the school. The girls sweep their dormitories and help with the dishes and laundry. The boys are expected to keep the classrooms tidy.

In summer the field once used by the soldiers makes a splendid baseball field. The girls play tennis, baseball and basketball. The boys are allowed to bathe and fish in the river, which is about two hundred yards from the school. Winter also provides such sports as skating and tobogganing. During the long evenings both staff and students enjoy many ski and snowshoe parties. The Literary Society provides excellent entertainment every Friday evening, and once a month a dance is allowed.

The students are not allowed to go to the town except on Sundays. In Monteith there are Anglican and Union churches, and everyone must attend one of these once on Sunday. In the afternoon a Bible class is held in the assembly hall. The meetings are so interesting that everyone enjoys and looks forward to this half-hour.

Agriculture and Horticulture are taken in preference to Chemistry and Physics; and the experimental farm, which is now a part of the school property, makes it possible for much practical work to be done in connection with this course. Both French and Agriculture are taught in the public school classes. French and Latin are taught in the first and second forms. As yet no matriculation class has been formed. The classes are small at present and the teachers can give a great deal of individual instruction. From seven until nine each evening there is a supervised study period, except on Friday when the Literary Society holds its meeting, and on Sunday.

Nearly all those who graduated last year are now attending the Normal School at North Bay. Of the two classes which graduate this June nearly all expect to train for teachers.



GREEK CYMBAL DANCE

GREATER ONTARIO

NORTH BAY occupies a unique position on the threshold of that vast area, Greater Ontario, which stretches northward five hundred miles to the shores of James Bay, and westward for nearly twice that distance to the border of Manitoba, and which comprises within its irregular boundary line five-sixths of the entire province. At our very doors are the forest-clad hills and valleys, the crystal lakes and the sparkling streams of the Temagami region. Farther on is the world-famous silver camp of Cobalt, that, since its discovery two decades ago, has paid in dividends nearly a hundred millions of dollars, and has produced an average of two tons of pure silver each working day.

Then come the fertile clay lands beyond the head of Lake Temiskaming, where the long, sunny days of a Northern summer produce a phenomenal growth, and fill the barns of prosperous farmers with an abundant reward for their labors. We drive smoothly along over the best of roads, past mile after mile of rich meadow and waving grain; past herds of cattle grazing, knee-deep, in the clover; past stately farm buildings where daily mail and rural telephones keep the settlers in constant touch with the world of business or of pleasure, and we have difficulty in realizing that but twenty-five short years ago this was an unbroken forest.

On again, and as we mount towards the Height of Land, whence mighty rivers roll for hundreds of miles to mingle their waters with those of Hudson Bay and the distant Atlantic, we reach an area rich in mineral wealth. Who has not heard of the silver of Gowganda, the gold of Larder Lake, Boston Creek, Swastika, Matachewan and Kirkland Lake? And who can speak of gold without calling to mind the wonderful Hollinger mine and its neighbors of the Porcupine area, round which have grown up towns that number their inhabitants by thousands? Thirty-five tons of gold bullion, with a value of \$20,000,000, these mines are producing each year.

Then there is the Great Clay Belt containing some sixteen million acres of the most fertile soil, a richer and more inexhaustible heritage than even the miles of precious ore. Within this area settlement is only begun, but every year sees new farms, new homes, new schools. The log cabin of to-day gives place to the commodious farm house of to-morrow, and the cluster of pioneer huts at the crossroads or by the river becomes the thriving village and the busy town.

Most of this area is still covered with valuable pulpwood which will supply wealth to the settler and material to the great pulp mills for many years to come. This industry is still in its infancy, but a lusty infant it is. One mill is producing each working day over two hundred and sixty tons of newsprint paper, and, when working at full capacity, will consume each year enough wood, if placed in a pile four feet wide and four feet high, to reach almost from Windsor to Montreal.

Northward still, through a forest-covered area, to the region bordering on James Bay, a region particularly rich in economic minerals that are waiting only for means of transportation to enter the markets of the world and contribute their share to the wealth of nations. Nor need we stop even yet. For six hundred miles we may coast along the shore of this vast Bay before we come to the northern boundary of our province.

In like manner we may go westward from North Bay to the nickel mines of Sudbury, the iron, the silver and the copper of the North Shore, the mills of the Soo, the overflowing elevators and the hurrying steamships of the Twin Cities.

Yet all of this is but a beginning. Who can say what the next decade will bring forth? Fortunate indeed is the young man or young woman who is now prepared to enter the teaching profession in this land of opportunity.

Doubly fortunate are those who, trained at its very portal, have caught the Spirit of the North, its energy, its optimism, its ability to laugh at difficulties and hardships, its contempt for things traditional. For communities are clamouring for schools, and schools are clamouring for teachers—not the type of teacher who believes that the Golden Age lies in the dim and distant past, but who knows that it lies just ahead, and who is willing to do his part in making it a reality, who will give unstintingly of his time, his energy, his very self, to the task of making of this Mighty Northland a land that is worthy in every way of the wonderful dower which a benign Providence has bestowed upon it.

For such a teacher the reward is certain. In dollars and cents? Yes; but more in the opportunity for service, in the broadening of experience, in the development of initiative, in the consciousness of having had a part in the building of the banner portion of the banner province of our great Dominion.

Happy indeed are we if we can say, with one of old, "We are well able to go in and possess the land." And this we may truthfully say if we have taken advantage of the past year's opportunities, if we have profited by the instruction we have received at the hands of those who have been not only our "counsellors and guides," but who, while they sought to instruct us in the art of teaching have been less eager that we should excel as teachers than that we should have high ideals, noble aspirations, and a true vision of the importance and dignity of the profession which we have the privilege and the responsibility of entering.

SAND

M. STAPLETON

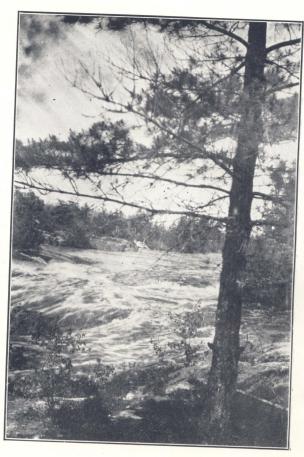
A mighty locomotive, on a pleasant summer day, Was standing in a roundhouse where the locomotives stay; It was panting for the journey, it was coaled and fully manned, And it had a box the fireman was filling full of sand.

It appears that locomotives cannot always get a grip On their slender iron pavements for their wheels are apt to slip; So when they reach a slippery spot their tactics they command; To get a grip upon the rail they sprinkle it with sand.

'Tis the very same with travel all along life's up-hill track; If your load is rather heavy and you're always slipping back, Like the panting locomotive, when you have your journey planned, Just provide yourself at starting with a good supply of sand.

If your track is steep and hilly, and you have a heavy grade, And if those who've gone before you have the rails quite slippery made, If you'd ever reach the summit of the upper table land You will find you'll have to do it with a liberal use of sand.

You can get to any station that is on life's schedule seen If there's fire beneath the boiler of ambition's strong machine; You can pull into your depot at a rate of speed that's grand, If for all the slippery places you've a good supply of sand.



THE FRENCH RIVER

ARETINI

Erminia, Paolini

I DLY his legs swung to and fro, and his eyes roamed up and down the deserted road and far across the sunlit fields. Behind the great iron gates, the tall, stone mansion—Casa dei Bianchi it was called—loomed cold and forbidding from among the green cypress trees. He turned his back upon it. Devoid of all life it seemed, for during the afternoon heat the leisure hours were, if possible, spent in sleep and Lido, was left to his own devices, although under orders not to go beyond the gates. Consequently he sat on the gate-post. Presently his dark eyes gleamed with sudden interest.

Far down the road a bright speck was slowly but steadily approaching and soon he recognized Mafalda di Paoli—known to all the countryside as Alda. He, too, knew her of old, not only from reputation, but also from personal experience. He smiled as he recalled some of her escapades—one especially when, eager to see the wonderful things the ducks were diving for in the pond, she, too, had taken a dive, with almost fatal consequences. However, as she drew near he looked away pretending indifference. She, on her part, flashed him a look from her deep, lustrous eyes, and then, lifting her chin just a trifle higher perhaps, and swinging the shoes which she carried by the strings, a little more vigorously, trudged on her way. Lido became suddenly alarmed. He had not expected this.

- "Buon giorno, Alda," he said—oh! so very politely. Then, as no answer came, "Where are you going?"
 - "To Canada," was the brief, if somewhat surprising response.
- "Wait a minute," he said, as forgetful of instructions he jumped to the ground. "Where is Canada?"
- "Over there." She wasted few words and, as is characteristic of her race, she used sign language, waved an arm to the westward in a vague half-circle.
 - "Do you know the way?"
 - "I shall find it."
- "How?" he asked, somewhat awed by such complete self-assurance. She shrugged her shoulders. "My father found it. Why can't I?" By this time she had stopped for she liked Lido and was just as glad to see him as he to see her.

Everyone knew that Alda's father was, in truth, in some mythical, faraway land called Canada, and that for some years letters had been regularly coming to Patrignone, telling wondrous tales of that strange country. This fact lent an element of importance, if not of romance, to the De Paoli family and, although Alda was of the common people and Lido of the wealthy "signori," they often played together.

- "Why are you going to Canada?"
- "Oh, there's nothing to do here and I'm tired of this place anyway. I'm going far away—to Canada," she repeated. "See I have money," and here she held out a none too clean hand, displaying her worldly fortune, twenty centesimi (four cents), which should take her across the sea. Lido's interest grew.
 - "What shall you do there? Get married?"

She cast a scornful glance at her companion.

"Do you think I'm going to marry?" she said witheringly. "And whom, pray? A man? What do I want a man for? No," and here her voice changed and in her eyes dawned a dreamy, far-away look, "I shall be a great lady and I shall tell stories all the day. My father will write them for me and all the little children may read them. Although," and she looked at him with a troubled frown, "I don't know whether he can write the 'Inglese' or not—you know," she explained, "in Canada they speak in a different way. But my father will find a way," she ended in a relieved tone, as she walked on. Her faith in her father's powers was unbounded. Suddenly she stopped.

"Lido, why don't you come? You can write, can't you?"

"Of course I can," he said proudly. "I am eight. I have been going to school for two years. Wait, I'll show you."

But Alda stamped an impatient foot.

"Never mind. I believe you." She rather resented the fact that she was not yet old enough to go to school. "Come with me and you shall write my stories," she said, forgetful of her previous scorn of all mankind. "I don't think father will have much time. He is a very busy man."

Lido, however, looked doubtful. He looked back at the house. Alda noticed

this.

"Oh, if you are afraid," she said in a lofty, half-scornful tone, and slowly resumed her way. Presently she heard footsteps beside her, but she was not surprised, nor did she look up. She was already far away, her eyes gazing steadfastly, dreamily, down the broad, white highway which led to the city.

Π.

"Man is ever moving westward!" From the earliest ages history tells us of that strange, potent force which drew man westward, ever westward. So early in her childhood did Alda, too, hear that mysterious call, that call which ever haunted her. And as time went on, and the years swiftly followed each other, they found her amidst different scenes, new surroundings, new friends, a new clime, in fact, a new world. The passing years had bestowed upon her another gift—one which Fortune retains for a favoured few—the realization of her dreams. Her fertile and vivid imagination had been the means of greatly enriching the realm of children's literature.

To describe Alda as she appeared at twenty-two would be a difficult undertaking. Tall, of fine physique, and queenly bearing, she would attract attention in any company, and strangers often turned for a second look. A strange, wild beauty was hers. Perhaps her chief attraction was her eyes. If you would rightly know Alda's character you must perforce read those eyes. In their depths were reflected her ever-varying moods, as changeful as the April skies. Now a bright, mischievous light sparkled in them, and at such times she was the life of the party, and the room would echo gaily to the clear, happy laughter of young and old alike. Now they were calm and serene. No one was more serious or sedate, and ably would she discuss any topic of the day with the older and graver portion in the gathering. Again, there would appear in those dark, typically Italian eyes, a distant, detached look and immediately she was lost in the labyrinth of her imagination.

On the night of the Dale party she was in one of her wittiest, gayest moods. The calm summer night echoed with the merry laughter which rang forth from the open windows. The revelry was at its height and no one heard the sound of a car as it drew up at the entrance. Presently two young men appeared and great was the surprise when young Alan Dale, with a joyous whoop, began a round of hearty hand-shakings and vainly endeavoured to answer the volley of excited questions which assailed him on every side. He introduced his friend—White, he called him, a young artist, and soon the two young men were mingling with the merry-makers.

Alda, vivacious, happy, enchanting, under the spell of the music which came in subdued, soft notes from the screened music-room, was in the middle of a fascinating waltz when she suddenly felt someone staring at her. Slowly she looked up and her gaze was irresistibly drawn to the tall, dark-eyed stranger, whom she had not yet met. Across the brilliantly-lighted room and over the heads of graceful, young couples, their eyes met. He started visibly, and under his intent gaze, Alda felt her cheeks grow hot; then like a flash memory opened the door and she too gazed in wide-eyed surprise.

"What is wrong?" exclaimed her partner, who, having twice asked the same question and received no response, followed her eyes, to see the cause

of her abstraction.

"Nothing," she replied confusedly, "only that artist seems somehow familiar," and she turned her attention to her partner once more. Nevertheless, when the waltz came to an end she was not sorry. Presently she saw her hostess advancing toward her accompanied by Alan's friend.

The introduction over, they were left to converse with each other. As the orchestra began to play again they joined in the dance. After a few moments, her companion said, ''I knew a little girl a long time ago by the name of De Paoli. Somehow you reminded me of her even before I heard your name.''

She looked up at him and as he gazed into the sombre depths of her lovely eyes he was conscious of a queer thrill of happiness. Slowly she made reply.

"You, too, remind me of one I knew, several years ago. But your name is not the same," she answered in a voice which she tried hard to control.

"My real name is Bianchi, but they call me White. It is easier they—"
He left the sentence unfinished for she exclaimed, as a flood of pleasant memories of the homeland came back to her.

"Lido!"

"Alda!" cried he, in joyous recognition.

They stopped in the middle of the floor and stood as if spellbound. Then Lido, noticing the many eyes which turned their way, said, in a low tone: "Shall we sit out the rest of this dance?"

She nodded acquiescence and presently they were seated at one end of the verandah. Eagerly they began to question each other and as Alda told of all that had happened since she last had seen her native land, her dreams, her hopes, her success, Lido took the opportunity of examining his old playmate a little more minutely. The result of his scrutiny, if it might be judged by the expression of his face, was not at all displeasing. Suddenly a phrase arrested his attention.

"Did you say you wrote the 'Tales of a Magic Land?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Why? I drew the illustrations for it."

"Did you? Oh, I remember now the initials 'L.B.' on the corners of the illustrations."

And, amused at each other's evident surprise, they both burst into peals of happy laughter. There were so many things to recall that they quite forgot the passage of time until at last Alan's voice disturbed them.

"Here they are! We've been looking all over for you two."

Several weeks later they were again walking and talking together in the quiet of a balmy summer night. The moon looked down from the starry space above and smiled benignly. One phrase alone she stayed to hear:

above and smiled benignly. One phrase alone she stayed to hear:

"Ti amo, O carissima," he said softly, "do you think you could possibly—" but, as she raised her eyes to his, he uttered a sudden cry of joy and—the moon discreetly withdrew behind a cloud. And here ends our tale—or is it only the beginning?



BOYS' HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row—S. A. Casson, Coach; J. B. Palmer, H. E. Ricker, M.A., Honorary President; I. L. Wilson, Manager; P. J. Scollard, Secretary.

Middle Row—J. H. McGill, C. Blowes, W. Bowerman, E. McLean, M. Sheahan.

Front Row—C. W. Thornley, R. Bangs, W. J. L. Murphy.

THE CHRISTMAS CONCERT

T. Currie

THE Yuletide was drawing near and the Christmas Spirit was hovering over North Bay Normal School. An air of bustle and excitement pervaded the whole building. In the assembly hall busy hands were decorating two Christmas trees and giving an appearance of festivity to the room that, when it was completed, did credit to the committee in charge. In the music room Mr. Gatenby laboured long and patiently with choruses and songs. Why all the preparation? A needless question, surely, for the students were to hold their Christmas concert on the twentieth of December.

At last the long-looked-for day arrived, and at eight-thirty all were assembled ready for the programme. The first number was a chorus by the students, entitled, "Merry, Merry Christmas Bells." Miss Eastman then recited a Christmas selection. Folk dances, comprising the "Sailors' Hornpipe" and "Irish Lilt" and the "Highland Fling," received very hearty applause, and reminded us that there are some things that never grow old.

Miss Topping sang a selection which expressed exact'y the thoughts of a large majority of the audience. Miss Edmison, in her usual splendid manner, sent the audience into peals of laughter by her rendicion of a very humourous

selection. A male quartette sang "The Old Oaken Bucket," and this was followed by a scene from Dickens, depicting an old-fashioned school. The master employed methods that were somewhat unique, though he had some difficulty in "making the chalk say" certain words whose spelling somewhat perplexed him. Another enjoyable feature was a lullaby song by students of Group One.

Perhaps the chief feature of the evening was a play, "A New League of Nations," composed by some of the students, and very effectively presented. Britannia, after summoning the nations to a council, surrendered her throne to the Queen of Peace and to her the representatives of the nations pledged their allegiance. A mixed quartette sang "Holy Night," and the programme closed with a chorus by the School.

After the programme, candy was distributed, and then the remainder of the evening was given over to various amusements. Dancing was the chief attraction in the assembly room, and on the other floors a variety of games provided entertainment for the rest.



RIBBON DANCE

EGGS

H. Meadows

SINCE my early High School days I have always desired to be able to speak the French language with ease and fluency. To that end I have practised upon my English-speaking friends until I have made life miserable for them. I even flattered myself that I had made very creditable progress and, growing tired of one-sided conversations, I secretly longed for a real opportunity to converse with someone who understood the language so that I might exhibit what I had acquired.

After long waiting the opportunity came. When I entered the Normal School at North Bay, I was delighted to find that there were many French people in the town. Then one day my landlady had occasion to require some eggs for breakfast. These she was in the habit of procuring from a French family that lived near by. Here was a chance to win favour with my landlady and at the same time display my knowledge of French. I promptly volunteered to get them for her.

"But," said she, "Mrs. Sabourin is French. You will have difficulty in making her understand."

"Not at all," said I. "Parlez-vous Français? Oui, Oui! She will think I never spoke anything else but French."

Provided with a paper bag for the eggs, I set off. On the way I began frantically to fortify myself with all manner of appropriate expressions, common-place conversation and witty remarks. I even repeated the whole of that delightful conversational exercise on page 97 of "Better French and More of It," which had been my guide and constant companion. When I had anticipated to myself every possible remark that might be made to one on an errand such as mine and had suitable replies at the tip of my tongue, I walked boldly to the front door and rapped vigourously.

The response was so sudden that the door, opening outward towards me, nearly knocked me backwards off the exceedingly narrow porch. It is scarcely to be wondered that, while I had some difficulty in recovering my equilibrium, I failed completely to recover my French. What on earth—What in the world was I there for? Why couldn't the girl, who had so suddenly opened the door, staring while I recalled the nature of my errand and appropriate words in which to make her understand it? My glance happened to fall upon the paper bag which I still clutched tightly in my hand. Eggs! A dozen! How did one says ''eggs'' in French? Eggs? Funny thing I couldn't remember that word!

But suddenly it came to me. "Oeufs." That was it. The somewhat vacant look left my face, the colour returned to my cheeks. Confidently I cleared my throat and ejaculated triumphantly, in my best instruction book French, "Avez-vous des oeufs?"

It was now the turn of the girl to look bewildered. She stared hard at me, and then said, "I beg your pardon."

"Avez-vous des oeufs?" I repeated, somewhat louder than before, thinking that perhaps she had not heard me aright. "Avez-vous des oeufs? Je desire une douzaine d'oeufs, s'il vous plaît."

"Mother," called the girl, "there's a foreigner at the door. Will you come and see if you can understand what she wants?"

Soon the mother appeared, and, with just a little less confidence than before, I repeated my question, and waited prayerfully for her reply. It seemed strange to me that they should have such difficulty in understanding their own language.

The reply came. Never in my life had I heard such a torrent of words, if, indeed, they were words. It seemed to me just one long, continuous, neverending word. Not one single recognizable syllable could I detach from the cataract that overwhelmed me.

I tried vainly to translate. If only there were a clue! Why didn't she go and get the eggs anyway, and not stand there pouring such a flood of language upon me and quite oblivious of the fact that I had intended to guide the conversation into safe and convenient channels? But ah! What was she saying? Sounded familiar somehow! Dimanche! Oh! This wasn't 'dimanche'' it was 'samedi.'' Then an inspiration came to me, and I decided, a bit weakly, that perhaps the hens had not laid to-day, but would do so on 'dimanche.'' Helplessly I clung to this fragment of the understandable and muttered again and again, 'Dimanche, dimanche,' while the woman looked dumbly on, and awaited my speech. Results were not forthcoming, so she said in kindly tones, 'Do you speak English?'' At the word 'English' a great surge of gratitude for the native tongue I knew very nearly overcame me, and I was forced to grasp the door-knob for support. My strength was gone! I could no longer attempt conversation in any tongue but my own. So, with a slight groan, I succumbed, forced to acknowledge to myself that my efforts to speak French had not been a brilliant success. 'Yes,' I replied, weakly, 'and apparently I do not speak or understand anything else. Mrs. Jones would like to get a dozen eggs, if you please.''

The eggs were immediately forthcoming, and I hastened back. The short walk enabled me to recover my composure, and I dashed into the kitchen, holding up my bag of eggs triumphantly. My landlady was suitably impressed, and ever since I have had to secure the supply of eggs. Suffice it to say, though it would never do to let Mrs. Jones know it, the conversations are in English.



FRENCH MINUET



GIRLS' BASEBALL TEAM—INTER-GROUP CHAMPIONS

IMPRESSIONS OF FIRST TERM

M. Willison

THE middle of December! One can scarcely believe that it is barely three months since we left our happy home nests and ventured forth into the cold, cruel world. With spirits high we came to North Bay three long months—or was it years?—ago, expecting Adventure to meet us around every corner, and the golden glamour of Romance to hover around us in this strange, new land.

But alas! It was not so to be. We soon discovered that the Great Adventure consisted of diligently studying the principles of imparting knowledge and patiently and perseveringly drumming facts into the heads of equally patient and persevering children, and that all glamour of Romance departed as we tore our hair over "Old Knowledge" and "The Presentation of the Problem."

Diligently we applied ourselves to the pursuit of knowledge; faithfully we trudged backwards and forwards laden with arm-breaking piles of books;

and wearily we burned the midnight oil writing and re-writing lesson plan after lesson plan—for three long months.

But one bright spot has gleamed like a jewel in our work-a-day world, the Hallowe'en party. We did have a good time, didn't we? I wish there were more Hallowe'en's, don't you? But after the brief relaxation we once more applied our shoulders to the wheel, and pushed, and worked, and wrote lesson plans.

But, Dear Normalites, there is a calm ahead, a brief respite from our toil. Christmas is coming, Christmas and Santa Claus, and sleigh bells, and good times, and Home. Soon we shall be shedding salty tears as we bid the old Norual School "Farewell and Merry Christmas" and board the special for "Home, Sweet Home."

Then we shall be glad to come back, too. We shall come refreshed and eager for work, and, with a Happy New Year on our lips for the dear old Normal and all connected with it, we shall plunge right into the work with the firm conviction that a world containing Normal Schools isn't really such a bad old world after all.



TARANTELLA



SERGEANT-MAJOR JOYCE

SIX WEEKS' ATHLETICS

H. MEADOWS

REW people, it seems—except perhaps us students of the Normal School—appreciate the essential significance and the true meaning of that modern term, "P.T." Physical Training, of course, there has always been, but only in later years has the appalling lack and the consequent need of this training been fully realized. This statement does not of course include the working man or the manual labourer, nor any of that fortunate class of human beings who may receive sufficient exercise to keep them furnished with a super-abundance of what is colloquially termed "pep"; but it does include a long list of the ordinary, commonplace, school-going, office-filling products of nature—you and me, for instance—who grow sad upon finding themselves fat and overfed, and a little scornful, perhaps, when they perceive that for them life's greatest satisfaction is to provide approximately nine hours' sleep every

night—with now and then a few little siestas during afternoon classes—plus three full course, "soup-to-ice's" meals every day. That's the gist of the whole matter!

But, alas! not long since a rude awakening came! This rude awakening descended fearfully into our midst, announced harshly that for at least six weeks "P.T." would provide a nice little treat every day, and hustled us into bloomers and middles with a haste that left us gasping and inert. But we found, in the space of time, that what had at first been a task, now rather amused us. It was decidedly funny, for instance, to see ourselves dashing madly hither and thither in compliance with a "Back to the walls—Run!" or at the request for—"ATTENSHUNG," fairly breaking our backs to attain the desired board-like posture. We had never played "Good morning, Mrs. Jones," and the novelty thus provided, formed one of life's pleasantest diversions. All this and much more have we learned since Sergeant-Major Joyce came as our instructor, and, in all seriousness, the statement might reasonably be made that this course of training, exacting though it may have been, has had the much desired effect of awakening, and at the same time, instructing us.

Nothing in the life of a good teacher counts for so much as the example, both of enthusiasm and capability, which he or she will eventually present to the youth of Canada. Boys and girls, and especially little ones, love action. They love the teacher who is possessed of energy and the zest for life, and they will act in accord with that teacher, only when he or she is an active one. Surely, then, Physical Training has an influence for good on the teacher's life, and assuredly this course of training is a beneficial one. It is in consideration of these things that we wish to thank Sergeant-Major Joyce for that desirable attitude towards Athletics we have recently gained.



BOYS' PYRAMID

BLISS CARMAN

C. O'GORMAN

A WELL known educator once made the statement that Canada had no national literature worthy of the name, and never would have until the country became an independent nation with no shackling colonial ties. A little more than a quarter of a century has passed since that misleading prophecy was made, and to-day Canadians are prouder than ever of their integral position in the British Empire, and have a school of verse characterized by freshness, spontaneity, originality of theme and good artistry, that would reflect distinction upon the literature of any people. These facts were brought home to the students of this Normal School after an enthusiastic delving into Canadian literature occasioned by the recent visit of Bliss Carman.

Youthful students of poetry who looked eagerly forward to a glimpse of a genius anticipated a man of unusual appearance, and were not disappointed. As he stepped upon the platform in the assembly hall one immediately recalled Lloyd Roberts' pen picture of him in his "Book of Roberts." "He stalked into our home like an etherealized Lincoln, huge and quiet." Mr. Carman is not only a poet, but he looks like a poet. His great height, his tangled mass of brown, graying hair, his paleness, and his unconsciousness of self all add to his air of living elsewhere than here. Mr. Carman showed his delight in addressing an audience largely made up of young people, and afterwards expressed himself in this charming way: "Young people get a great deal out of poetry, and it does not have to be explained to them, which is a good thing for me. Music and beauty make an instinctive appeal to them, an appeal which too many of us lose as we grow up."

The poet read his verse with a calm and quiet simplicity which charmed his hearers. He began with nature lyrics, "The Call of Wa-Wa," "White Iris," "Roadside Flowers," "The Choristers," "Trees," and "Peony." These were followed by poems distinctly Canadian in character, "The Mirage of the Plains," "The Song of Kicking Horse," "City of Vancouver," and "Rivers of Canada." Then, with a loving, whimsical tenderness, he recited "Ships of Yule," which brought forth a storm of applause. But the poem which most strongly gripped the hearts of his audience was entitled "Shamballah," one of his latest longer poems, as yet unpublished. Shamballah is the name of a mystic city in the Desert of Gobi, and the haunting music of this poem with its mystical theme still remains with us, and will surely entrance hosts of English-speaking people for years to come.

In striking contrast with the tone of the prophecy already mentioned is the opinion of the work of Bliss Carman given by Dr. Lee of L'Universite de Rennes: "Canadian in his youthful gaiety and love of adventure, New England in his practical idealism and freedom from dogma, and more Latin than anything else in his passionate love of the beautiful, Bliss Carman is not only a singer of whom the Dominion has every reason to be proud, but one of the most original and captivating poets of the present century." He is before everything else a nature poet. His imagination is far-reaching and full of colour; his fancy is fine and delicate; his diction is cultured and magical.

A study of Bliss Carman's poetry reveals the fact that religion in a certain unusual but none the less real sense of the word is its central and pervading theme. In his nature lyrics he uses Nature as a symbol of spirit. This distinctive trait appears in "Roadside Flowers",

"Who shall inquire of the season, Or question the wind where it blows? We blossom and know no reason, The Lord of the Garden knows." And in "Vestigia",

"I took a day to search for God And found Him not. But as I trod By rocky ledge, through woods untamed, Just where one scarlet lily flamed, I saw His footprint in the sod."

Surely these lines would show that he is greater than some who are perchance more widely known, since his poetry expresses a nobler and more comprehensive philosophy of life.

His prose volumes are really poems. In his "Kinship of Nature," which contains chapters entitled "The Luxury of Being Poor," "The Art of Life," and "Cheerful Pessimism," the following striking passages occur, which reveal Carman, the idealist:

"The greatest wish is not too large for the fluttering soul, nor the smallest detail too insignificant for attention. The masters know how fine a balance

exists between success and failure."

"Divine unrest is good."

"In our retreat to the woods we escape what is basest in ourselves. We forget for a while the cruelty of fear and greed.'

It is perhaps an unpleasant thing for us to realize that New England endeavours to claim Bliss Carman for its own. Canadians must always regret that they, at first, failed to place the friendly hand of recognition upon him and that it has remained for our neighbours to the south of us to be the first to acclaim him. But he is always loyal to his native Canada and his love for the country in the valley of the St. John River where he first felt kinship with the trees, the flowers, and the furtive wild things, radiates from much of his poetry. For there it was that, with his talented cousins, the Roberts family, he spent many happy boyhood days in the great, old-fashioned garden of the Rectory at Fredericton, that "nest of singing birds," where those young people first tried their eager wings, saw their visions and dreamed their dreams. Then, too, it was in Fredericton at the old collegiate school that he came under the influence of Dr. George Parkin, that cultured man of letters and lover of open air life, to whom he gratefully acknowledges his indebtedness in a dedicatory preface to the "Kinship of Nature." With these happy memories of his early Canadian home, it is little wonder that there breathes a sweet tenderness for his native land in such poems as "Remembrance",

"Soft is the wind over Grand Pre, Stirring the heads of the grasses, Sweet is the breath of the orchards White with their apple-blow.

"For, spreading her old enchantment Of tender, ineffable wonder, Summer is there in the Northland! How should my heart not know?"

When he sings of the things of the heart he does so in a way that penetrates the soul. There is a tender dignity about "Garden Magic",

"Within my stone-walled garden (I see her standing now, Uplifted in the twilight, With glory on her brow!)

"I love to walk at evening And watch, when winds are low, The new moon in the tree-tops, Because she loved it so!

- "And there entranced I listen, While flowers and winds confer, And all their conversation Is redolent of her.
- "I love the trees that guard it, Upstanding and serene, So noble, so undaunted, Because that was her mien.
- "I love the golden jonquils, Because she used to say, If soul could choose a colour It would be clothed as they.
- "I love the blue-grey iris, Because her eyes were blue, Sea-deep and heaven tender In meaning and in hue.
- "I love the small white roses, Because she used to stand Adoringly above them And bless them with her hand.
- "These were her boon companions.

 But more than all the rest
 I love the April lilac,
 Because she loved it best."

In "Peony" we get a glimpse of the poet's own soul:

"Arnoldus Villanova,
Though earth is growing old,
As long as life has longing,
Your guess at truth will hold.
Still works the hidden power
After a thousand springs—
The medicine for heartache
That lurks in lovely things."

Since he first attracted attention with his "Low Tide on Grand Pre," Carman has not only achieved four volumes of illuminating essays but several volumes of verse, including "April Airs," "Songs from Vagabondia" and "Pipes of Pan," collections of nature lyrics, exquisite things with deep rich tones and great beauty of expression.

He has written steadily with increasing excellence and power. None of his writings have been touched by the shadow of his recent illness, but they are still pervaded by those joyous spirits of faith and love and hope. In his poem, "The Making of a Man," we see a reflection of the poet himself:

"He shall have hope and honour, trust, courage,
Love that sees the moon's full orb
In the first silver arc.
He must, at the heart of Nature
Discover the divine—
Himself the type and symbol
Of the eternal trine."

EASTER

LILA CUNNINGHAM

T HE Munro family had struggled the long cold winter. Many a disappointment and many a grief had been theirs. But even though hunger was a frequent visitor in their home, Mrs. Munro, a woman of pluck and determination, bore all her burdens with a smile.

The warm sunshine, the tender green of the grass, the shooting buds, and the sweet warble of the familiar spring birds made her heart feel happy and joyous, because they recalled to her mind the pleasant days which as a child she had spent in the country. How she enjoyed telling her children of those happy days, and how eagerly they listened to her stories!

And now the joyous Easter season was approaching. For the brave widow and her family it held little of joy, for though the long winter was over, the outlook was still dark.

But kind friends and neighbours, who admired the plucky efforts of the mother, had prepared a surprise.

Easter morning dawned, and Mrs. Munro, as she went about her work, sang cheerfully, while her children played about the bare floor of the kitchen, enjoying the warm sunshine. So busy was she that she failed to hear the approaching footsteps, or to see her neighbours as they paused for a moment on the threshold. When she turned about they were trooping in, laden with heavy baskets. They seated her upon the somewhat dilapidated sofa, called the children round her, and then, to the great delight of the little ones, the baskets were opened, revealing, in addition to the more substantial gifts of clothing and household necessities, great piles of cookies and biscuits, coloured Easter eggs, and little bunnies made of chocolate and sugar.

In tears and smiles she lifted up her heart in gratitude for this unexpected blessing and thanked the kind friends who had brought her such welcome assistance.

Just then one of the neighbours, looking through the open doorway, saw the postman coming through the little gate. This was almost as great a surprise as the neighbours' gifts had been. He brought a letter addressed to Mrs. Munro. The poor woman was afraid to read it, for letters came so seldom to her that she could not rid herself of the feeling that they must be messengers of ill. At last she gained courage to open it, though with trembling hand.

It was from her brother who had gone to Western Canada when she was but a child. On the death of their parents she had gone to live with some friends in another part of Ontario, and had never heard from him again. He told of his eager efforts to learn where she was, and how, at last, when he had given up hope of ever finding her, a chance remark by a neighbour had given him a clue, which had led to her discovery. His Western venture had proved successful beyond his fondest hopes, and he was now wealthy. Better still, he had a large and comfortable home which he wished to share with her and her children. Best of all, he enclosed a cheque for a considerable sum, which would meet her present needs and pay her way to the West.

The brave woman was so overcome with joy that she could not speak. She handed the letter to one of the neighbours, who read it aloud to the astonished and delighted group. Most heartily did they congratulate her upon the rare good fortune which Easter Morn had brought, and when a few minutes later they took their departure there were tears in the eyes of Mrs. Munro, but they were tears of a new hope and joy.

LIFE IN AN INDIAN SCHOOL

SYBIL THORPE

NE beautiful afternoon in early September I left my home to teach in an Indian School. I looked forward with rather fanciful expectations wondering what the year would bring me, and picturing myself returning home with an extensive Indian vocabulary.

On the way from the station to the school we passed several groups of the boys working on the road. They looked up curiously as we passed, and

smiled, half-shyly.

When we reached the school, I got glimpses of dark heads poking around corners, and dark eyes looking at me, full of curiosity. It all seemed very strange at first—so many dark faces and so many queer little expressions.

The school is a fine up-to-date building, with an imposing front entrance, On the first floor at the back were the kitchen, pantries, dairy, store-room and baking-room. At the front ran the long dining-room, capable of seating about one hundred and thirty children. At one end of this room was a passageway and the boys' recreation room, and at the other end a similar provision for the girls.

On the second floor were the schoolrooms, infirmaries, the principal's rooms, the sewing-room, a sitting-room, the office, and, extending over the boiler-room, the laundry. A wide hall ran the whole length of the building.

On the third floor were two cormitories, one for the junior and one for the senior girls, and a large washroom shared by both. The boys' side of

the building was arranged in exactly the same way.

Just beneath the roof was a large room, low and wide, used as a chapel. The older boys and girls formed the choir. Services were held every Sunday, morning and evening, and Sunday School in the afternoon. On many occasions Indians from the village came to church, and several times the whole service was conducted in Indian. The Indians were very fond of the hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee," and it seemed rather odd for them to be singing lustily in their own language while the rest of us sang in English. Very few of the children could speak Indian though they understood it fairly well.

At first, on reaching the school, I could not tell one child from another. All faces seemed exactly alike. After a while, however, I could pick out different children-Mary with the mischievous eyes, Barbara with such a solemn face, Beatrice, who looked like a little Eskimo, and little Sophie, our "Prin-

The children were extremely shy at first. They drooped their heads and spoke scarcely above a whisper. Ask one her name and she would speak so low it was almost an impossibility to catch the answer. How were my untrained ears to interpret a muttered "Charlotte Endossogeezick" or "Esther Windahbance''?

Rising bell rang at six. It was my task to waken up about fifty sleeping, sleepy girls. And some were sleepy! At half-past six a second bell rang, when the older girls hurried downstairs to help prepare breakfast. The break-

fast bell rang at seven.

After breakfast the children all had certain duties to perform, except the little ones, who spent their time in the recreation room or out-of-doors. There was plenty of work to do. The dormitories had to be swept and dusted, and all beds made. Halls and stairways had to be attended to, and the recreation rooms put in order. The oldest girls helped prepare dinner, others washed dishes, and some had the care of the dining-room. The boys looked after their side of the building and the girls their part. Wednesdays and Saturdays were "scrub-days," when the place was scrubbed from top to bottom. The older boys worked on the land or in the bush, and looked after the cows—a fine herd of pure-bred Holsteins.

The rest of the building must have been very quiet during school hours, save for the occasional sound of cooking utensils in the kitchen. When the afternoon session was over the girls and I went for a walk. Supper came

After breakfast and after supper, the Principal read a portion of Scripture and prayers were said. We sang a hymn every evening. One evening the electric lights refused to work and the dining-room was dimly lighted by two oil lamps. The Principal stood up and said, quite gravely, "We will sing the hymn 'Now the light has gone away.' ,,

On another occasion the Principal chose a hymn which only he and the kitchen matron knew. However, the two bravely started out and bravely kept it up. The children stood like statues and kept wonderfully sober until near the end. Then an amused titter swept through the long room and threatened to break out into a hearty laugh. Just then, however, the "Amen" was

reached, and the ordeal was over.

The small children went to bed immediately after evening prayers. Upstairs they would skip, and race to see who would be ready for bed first. Then came prayers—little wee figures kneeling straight up by their bedsides saying softly-

"Now I lay me Down to sleep-",

Somehow, a lump often came into one's throat during those moments.

Then as all jumped into bed, the quietness would be broken with "Tell us a story!" Before I left I had completely exhausted my stock of stories and had to make up my own. After the story, or stories, they would cry, "Tuck me in!" Then, everyone tucked cosily in and the last "good-night" said, quietness reigned.

The other girls went to bed at eight and the same routine was gone

through again. Even big children like to be "tucked" in now and again!
So the days passed. When I left in June it was with some regret. My ideas had been broadened, even if the only outstanding fact I had learned was that children are children the wide world over, whatever their race or colour.

EVENING O'ER LAKE NIPISSING

C. Lawlor

THE waters of the beautiful lake, as if tired, have ceased their restless dashing. Far in the distance several groups of islands stand out clearly against the painted glory in the west. The sun is just setting and the sky is flooded with a soft, mellow light. Near the horizon the western sky is of a beautiful amber color. Higher up, rosy tints fade into a pale amethyst. Now the great golden orb vanishes like a ball of fire in the lake, leaving behind it vivid traces of its glorious passing. Gradually the bright tints fade and are replaced by the more sombre hues of twilight. A soft gray and a pale mauve predominate.

Now a film of faint, gray mist spreads itself like a gauzy veil over the smooth waters of the lake. The pine trees on the shore rear their lofty heads and seem to stand on guard like silent sentinels over the peaceful landscape. Soon the stars begin to twinkle in the heavens and night descends upon the sleeping earth. As the moon rises, slow and splendid, beauty and majesty reign in the tranquil heavens. The moonbeams, like fairy sprites, play upon the waters of the lake, and cause it to look like a vast sheet of silver extending as far as the eye can see.

Everything in nature is calm and gentle; and the cares and worries of life seem to fall from us, as we gaze on the beautiful scene.

AN EVENING WITH DR. DRUMMOND

L. Coburn

To many of us our first real appreciation of the work of Dr. Drummond came when we had the rare pleasure of hearing a number of his delightful poems so admirably presented by Mrs. Burwash. Herself of French descent, and speaking the French language as easily and as fluently as the English, she was able to interpret the poet as few others could. As a pioneer in the days when the North was new she came into close contact with just such scenes and such persons as the Doctor has portrayed, and it was this personal intimacy and the sympathetic understanding which it produced that made her rendering so artless, and yet so enjoyable.

When she appeared upon the platform dressed in the home-made garments of the pioneer and when she took her place beside the old-fashioned spinning wheel, it required little effort of the imagination to picture the tidy interior of a little French home, its substantial furniture, its well-scrubbed floor, and its spacious fireplace where the kettle hanging from the crane sang merrily. One almost expected to catch the sound of a merry chanson, and to see the husband and his stalwart sons come joyously into the room, clothed in their picturesque garb.

The difficulty of understanding the characteristic dialect of the poems and the impossibility of reading them effectively without close association with the habitant has prevented many from enjoying their varied charms. But for those who have come to know the habitant and to appreciate his many excellencies they hold an unfailing interest. It required just such a presentation of them as Mrs. Burwash gave to open our eyes and to lead us to see beneath the surface the keen insight into character, the ready wit, the deep appreciation of real worth, and the kindly sympathy that so endeared the author to those of whom he has so ably written.

In his own inimitable manner Dr. Drummond has shown us the French-Canadian, with his joys and his sorrows, his deep regard for things religious, his arduous toil, his enjoyment of wholesome fun, and his equally ready tear of sympathy. Dr. Drummond lived among his people and was deeply loved by them. He understood their nature, their weakness and their strength, their fancies and their foibles, and all these he has portrayed in that curious habitant dialect where the speaker, struggling with the difficulties of a language that is strange to him, breaks spontaneously into the poetry of his native tongue. And throughout there is perfect freedom from even the slightest trace of caricature. No one laughs more heartly at Drummond's pictures than the habitant himself, for he recognizes himself and knows that there is no malice in the heart of the genial Doctor. There is a tenderness of feeling in some of his work that reveals him as the great-hearted friend of his humble neighbours.

The name of Drummond is intimately connected with the Northland. He and his brothers were owners of a mine near Cobalt. There the Doctor spent the last few years of his life, and there while fighting an outbreak of small-pox in the camp, he was stricken with a hemorrhage and passed to the Great Beyond.



IN A HABITANT'S HOME

NORMAL SCHOOL VISITORS

I. BEAN

OUR first visitor was a jovial Englishman, Mr. Bransby Williams, who with a select company was playing Dicken's "David Copperfield." His address showed that he was a keen student, as well as an ardent admirer of Charles Dickens, and made us long for a better knowledge of that master writer.

A month later Mr. Patterson spent considerable time explaining to us how the different positions of the areas of high and low pressure determine the weather conditions of a country. This lecture has solved many geographical problems for us.

Our first lady visitor was Mrs. Plumptre, who spoke to us of the work of the Junior Red Cross Society and the benefits which are derived from having such an organization in our schools.

Then Miss Kellett, representing the Sailors' Inland Mission, told us of the work that is being done for the sailors of our great lakes, in providing them with good reading while on shipboard, and "snug harbours" where they may find the comforts of home when they are ashore.

The visit of our Canadian poet, Bliss Carman, provided us with a rare treat, indeed, but this is described in greater detail in another part of our Year Book.

The manager of the North Bay branch of the Bell Telephone Company, aided by several of his co-workers, illustrated for us the working of the telephone system and gave us a better understanding of the efforts that are being put forth to make the service all that can be desired.

Cyril Rice, a Canadian youth, delighted his audience with several vocal solos, which still are fresh in our memory.

On another occasion Peter McArthur, the kindly humorist, gave us a short address, which was full of both pleasure and profit for all.

Many of us had been trying to puzzle out, in our own minds, just what the League of Nations meant to us, and we were wondering what it was doing for the British Empire. Our uncertainty was removed when we had the pleasure of listening to Lady Foster, the wife of Sir George Foster, our Canadian representative in the League of Nations. Lady Foster explained very clearly the wonderful work which the League of Nations has already accomplished, and showed the vast programme of usefulness which it has still ahead of it.

Captain Morris, representing the Navy League, spoke of the part played by the men of the merchant marine during the late war, and how they had never failed to do their duty, though in doing it many of them laid down their lives. It is in the interests of their dependants that the Navy League is working. His appeal for funds to carry on this work met with a generous response.

Just after the Easter vacation Inspectors Hamilton and Shannon from the western part of the province came to spend a couple of weeks with us. Their genial personalities, their evident interest in all that we were doing, and their enthusiasm, soon made us have a new conception of inspectors. They were not men to be dreaded, whose chief delight would be to discover the shortcomings of the teacher, but real friends and fellow-workers, anxious to aid those who were finding difficulties. Later they were joined by Inspectors Brown and White of North Bay. Before leaving Inspector Shannon gave us a very interesting talk, and pointed out something of the needs and the opportunities for service in his inspectorate.

Inspector Hamilton's address was particularly forceful, and we all felt that it would indeed be a privilege to teach under the direction of an inspector who was inspired by such high ideals, and so deeply impressed with the importance of the work. To our great sorrow and surprise, in less than a week after leaving us, while engaged in his official duties, he was suddenly stricken with heart failure, and the teachers lost a kind and sympathetic counsellor, and the cause of education an ardent and indefatigable worker.

During the last week that the Public School inspectors were with us, we received a second visit from Dr. Morgan, Director of Professional Training and Inspector of Normal Schools. His brief visit in the early autumn had made us look forward expectantly to his return. His unfailing kindliness of manner, his ready sympathy, and his understanding of our difficulties, made us feel quite at home in his presence, and from his kindly criticisms we derived much benefit.

We feel that this contact with so many outstanding persons has been by no means the least of the advantages which we have derived from our year at North Bay Normal School.





MAYPOLE DANCE



GROUP ONE (a)
Back Row—L. Bingham, G. Boynton, M. Adair, J. Beatty, J. Bradbury, E. Barr, E. Allan, W. Anderson, M. Batelle.
Middle Row—R. Bennett, V. Baker, K. Anglin, C. Bennett, H. Aitcheson, A. Bowerman, A. Barkell.
Front Row—C. Boire, J. Belanger, I. Bean, E. Beirworth.



GROUP ONE (b)
Back Row—M. Burr, L. Cunningham, M. Adams, G. Daley, M. Cunningham, T. Currie,
J. Clarke, E. Costello, J. Cronin.
Second Row—E. Carter, L. Coburn, D. Braye, A. Corner, L. Crowley, M. Charlebois,
E. Copps.
Front Row—I. Brown, M. Chambers, M. Collins, B. Couch.

THE STORY HOUR

B. YATES

When Winter clothes the land in white, And all the trees are brown and bare, We gather round the hearth at night, And Mother tells us stories there. She shows us castles in the flame, All radiant with a wondrous glow, Where ladies fair and courtiers came In golden days of long ago.

'Tis gone, and lo! before our eyes
The sprites and fairies close around,
Where roses sweet and bluebells rise
To deck for them a magic mound.
Then come the elves and goblins bright,
Each from the blossom where he dwells,
To dance beneath the moon's soft light
To music of the flower bells.

Now see yon warlike troop advance.
How proud their chargers prance and neigh!
The riders couch the ready lance
And gallop, eager for the fray.
Hark! Can you hear the rolling drum,
The stamp of hoof, the clang of spear,
As on and on they quickly come
To strain of martial music clear?

The scene is changed. 'Neath sunny skies The flowers bloom; for youths as gay A dusky maid with lustrous eyes Is dancing all their cares away. She flashes high her tambourine, She tosses back her flowing hair, The sunset catches all its sheen, Caressingly it lingers there.

Now pictures fade away from sight,
The fire lower sinks and low,
Dark shadows chase away the light,
The coals have almost ceased to glow.
The story hour now is past,
Though aye we coax for just one more,
Then off to bed we creep at last
To dream our firelight pictures o'er.



GROUP TWO (a)

Back Row—B. Edmison, V. Fleming, G. Doherty, M. Finn, M. Dodge, G. Edington,
E. Elmitt, F. Dickson, A. Dunfield.

Middle Row—E. Galbraith, N. Edwardson, C. Fitzgerald, M. Empey, M. Eastman,
A. Fiegehen, E. Ennest, L. Forsythe.

Front Row—B. Duchemin, G. Emiry, T. Edwards, M. Dunlop, E. Fiske, P. Fair.



GROUP TWO (b)

Back Row—A. Gomoll, L. Hayman, M. Hawkins, M. Gervis, L. Hainstock, F. Hall,
R. Grant, L. Garvey, I. Gerber, N. Glazier,
Middle Row—N. Gosselin, A. Grexton, I. Glover, F. Gamsby, E. Gibson, E. Heaslip,
Front Row—M. Gray, M. Gribbin, E. Gribbin, M. Heydon, C. Hall, N. Carnrite.

SPRINGTIME IN THE MARSHLAND

A. M. FIEGEHEN

Oh, to see your budding beauty On a mystic April day, When the Spirit of the Springtime Comes a singing on its way!

Veil-like in its shimm'ring softness Hangs the mist among the trees, Odours sweet of brown earth warming Gently float upon the breeze.

O'er the sky, so deeply azure, Float the feath'ry cloudlets white, High o'erhead on dusky pinions Soars a hawk in graceful flight.

When the shadows of the evening Creep into your cooling depths, Then I love to wander idly Down the lane with lingering steps.

I can see the busy watchmen
Each with tiny flashing light,
Darting here and there beside you,
Keeping watch throughout the night.

Oh, the thrilling sounds that charm me! 'Tis a choir, sweet and grand! Treble shrill, and bass, low calling, Harmonies of Fairyland.

Hark! A whip-poor-will is calling, Faintly comes the plaintive cry; Borne upon the quiet zephyr, "Whip poor will" is the reply.

When the night has softly fallen, And to Dreamland I have gone, In my slumbers low sweet music Faintly echoes till the dawn.



GROUP THREE (a)
Back Row—I. Irving E. Larson, L. Langstaff, S. Huggins, E. Hunt, J. Larson, C. Lawlor, M. Holly, M. Kirkness,
Middle Row—J. Kerr, F. Kinahan, G. Keown, B. Hunter, L. Kron, E. Lee,
I. LaFontaine, G. Leech,
Front Row—V. Jessep, W. Johnston, M. Kelly, I. Lamming, Z. Heydon.



GROUP THREE (b)

Back Row—E. Moore, M. Monaghan, M. Mahaffy, D. Lochead, E. Murdock, A. Madill,
H. Meadows, E. Murphy, G. Lehman,
Middle Row—H. Milligan, P. Mayhew, Helena Murphy, M. Milloy, E. Markus,
O. MacDonald, Hilda Murphy, H. Lines,
Front Row—M. Miller, G. Moran, N. MacCrindle, L. Lipke, E. Marsh, B. Michael.

TEAM SPIRIT

MARGARET STAPLETON

It's all very well to have courage and skill,
And it's fine to be counted a star,
But the single deed, with it's touch of thrill,
Doesn't tell us the man you are.
For there's no lone-hand in the game we play;
We must work on a bigger scheme,
And the thing that counts in the world today,
Is how we pull with the team.

They may sound your praises and call you great,
They may single you out for fame;
But you must work with your running-mate
Or you'll never win the game.
For never the work of life is done
By the man with a selfish dream,
For the battle is lost or the battle is won
By the spirit of the team.

It's all very well to fight for fame,
But the cause is a far bigger need;
And what you will do for the good of the game
Counts for more than a flash of speed.
It's a long, long haul and a dreary grind,
Where the stars but faintly gleam,
And it's leaving all thought of self behind
That fashions a winning team.

You may think it fun to be praised for skill,
But a greater thing to do,
Is to set your mind and set your will,
On the goal that's just in view.
It's helping your fellow-man to score,
When his chances do hopeless seem,
It's forgetting self till the game is o'er,
And fighting hard for the team.



GROUP FOUR (a)

Back Row—I. A. McQuay, T. J. McLean, M. C. MacLean, E. J. McGeah; M. McDonald,
P. McCrea, M. McIntosh, A. McAlister, A. McLennan.
Middle Row—F. M. MacIver, E. M. MacKinnon, G. M. McLeod, M. L. McIntosh,
M. A. Nichols, S. E. MacKay, S. M. McClelland, F. McDougall.
Front Row—E. H. McCauley, C. McAuliffe, I. P. McFarland, O. C. McLaughlin,
M. E. McColgan.



GROUP FOUR (b)

Back Row—D. Schurg, M. E. Rowan, C. Short, M. Rowe, E. Pace, C. O'Gorman, M. Saunderson, M. Saunderson, M. Reid, M. R. Rowson, C. V. E. Ritchie, M. S. C. Riley, Front Row—E. M. O'Brien, E. R. Rogers, H. R. Rahmer, E. E. Pollock, V. C. Shragge, J. Shouldice.

A HOWLING SUCCESS

E. R. Rogers

Naturally the summer before I came to North Bay Normal I asked a number of my friends, who had attended the school in previous years, how they liked the Normal School year, and, without exception they answered, "Grand! I only wish it had been a two years' course."

After spending one week at the Normal School—(Shall I ever forget that first week? My days were filled with one mad rush after a certain group, which kept mysteriously changing both its name and number. The nights were even worse, for in my dreams I lost this group again and again and kept continually seeking it, always spurred on by fierce voices)—I felt a great pity for my friends, and I said to myself, "They are still under the influence of this evil place and are compelled by some mysterious power to speak well of it."

Now, after eight months in North Bay Normal School, I am still of the opinion that my friends were under the influence of this school. But it was not fear that influenced them to speak well of it, but a feeling of love and respect for the school which they entered as irresponsible High School youngsters and left as sober-minded young men and women with a real mission in life.

This essay reminds me strongly of certain lessons I have taught this year in this respect at least, that the introduction seems to have nothing whatever to do with the subject at hand. This is supposed to be humorous. When I asked my room-mate to suggest a topic on which I could write a humorous essay, she, taking a friend's privilege, answered, "Write one on your own music lesson." Almost a case of insult, don't you think? If it hadn't been that she had already suffered much from that music lesson I would have demanded an immediate apology.

It seems to be a general rule that a teacher must know more than his pupil and when I received my lesson assignment in music on Friday night I decided, like any good Normalite, that if my pupils were natural boys and girls I would have to be sharp.

I studied the lesson slip a few moments and saw that I had to teach a

charming musical gem called "Pony Kate." The words go this way:

"O'er the rough and stony roads, jog, Kate, jog along."
As soon as I saw these words the introduction of my lesson rose before me like a flash. I would begin this way, "Now, Class, have you ever seen a horse with a none too heavy load, jogging along a stony road this way?" Just at the psychological moment I would canter lightly across the platform in exact imitation of pony Kate. Ah! this was a splendid introduction! Not only did it set a problem and begin with the known, but it also gave the pupils a visual image of the meaning of the song. I was quite sure that the feeling aroused by this altogether appropriate introduction would soon find expression in doh, te, lah's.

After this was settled to my own satisfaction I went to our music master to ask his advice on a few minor details. He asked me to sing the scale. I began, and he seemed quite satisfied with my voice, for before I had uttered two notes he said, "Good night! that's enough." Just before I left the room he uttered the fateful words which cost me half my friends and the love of my landlady. Said he, "Whatever you do, learn the tune well and also learn to beat."

I went home with the high resolve that neither tune nor time would bar the way to the teaching of "Pony Kate."

Well, to make a long story short, as soon as I arrived at my boardinghouse I wrote my plan, made a pointer and began. Every spare minute I had, from Friday afternoon until Tuesday evening, I sang "Pony Kate," and beat time. I slept, ate and walked to the rhythm of one, two, three, four. I beat on the table, I beat on the floor, on the walls, on the bed, on the window sill and on the piano bench. Once I absent mindedly beat time on the landlord's head, and as a result have had cold tea for every meal since. But who would not suffer for a great cause?

I intended to sing all Tuesday evening, but my room-mate declared that if she had to say her prayers one more night to the tune of "Pony Kate" she would leave. I didn't mention that prayers are useless to those who can't appreciate good music. I have learned forbearance since I came to Normal School, so I sang no more until everyone had gone to bed. Even this thoughtful act received no meed of thanks, for next morning no one in the house would speak to me.

On Wednesday afternoon I stood before my class and looked at their eager expectant faces (I think they got all, or even a little more than they expected). All preliminaries went well. Then I said, "Now, class, this fork is going to say doh." I struck the fork lightly on the desk. The critic struck. (It seems that furniture costs money.) But the fork wouldn't say "doh," I tried again. No response. I tried many times—same result. That tuning fork might just as well have been a table fork or a hay fork for "dink" and "ponk" at least a dozen times I finally abandoned it and gave the class a "doh." I say "a" doh, because I never heard one just like it before nor have I since. It would be valuable to anyone who is making a collection of "dohs." On the whole, though, I think the class was relieved to give out another "doh." Candor compels me to say that no two of these "doh's" were exactly alike. The over-critical may consider this a fault, if one may judge by the beaming countenances of the children, they thoroughly enjoyed this little departure from the usual routine. Suffice it to say that, after the class could successfully sing the first three measures without more than four mistakes I was released.

The hour of criticism was much appreciated. I think the most delightful thing in the world to do, is to sit down and discuss with a perfect stranger just how big a fool you did make of yourself. Another phase of this criticism which appealed to me was to have the other three worthy members of my teaching group make such remarks as these, "I think the lesson should have been better prepared" (and I had sacrificed my friends for the sake of preparation!) "I think she should have practised beating time before she undertook the lesson" (and all the furniture in the boarding-house bore marks of my strenuous beating, not to mention the landlord's head!)

Nevertheless, after all was over, I walked bravely to my boarding-house and I had no qualms of conscience when I told my room-mate that my music lesson was a "howling" success.



GROUP FIVE (a)

Back Row—E. Smith, R. Stevens, H. Sims, F. Simpson, L. Trace, M. Smith, S. Thorp, N. Tincombe, B. Tincombe.

Middle Row—A. Stafford, M. Switzer, M. Stapleton, V. Topping, M. Simmons, D. Taylor, E. Tennant, A. Teer.

Front Row—M. Thompson, C. Slattery, L. Stubbs, J. Thompson, N. Speers.



GROUP FIVE (b)

Back Row—D. Webster, M. Wingrove, J. Walker, E. Young, V. Tully, Elsie White, M. Willison, B. Yates, M. Vale.
Middle Row—E. Waddell, L. Turner, M. Williamson, B. Watson, D. Wells,
M. Turnbull, E. Virgo.
Front Row—L. Woodard, M. Whyte, S. Workman, Edith White, B. Walker, M. Waters.

A WINTER'S MORNING

A. M. Fiegehen

The rising sun was touching With its beams the Eastern sky, And on its Wings of Magic The morn came stealing by.

In a robe of glistening whiteness The Earth was softly dressed, And myriad diamonds sparkled, Upon her pure, white breast.

Touched by the new morn's glory, The forest's monarchs stand, Bathed in ethereal splendour Caressed by God's own Hand.

The mountains, far, majestic, Calm in their silent might Rear up rose-tinted snow-caps Into the new morn's light.

Thrilled by the glorious Magic, Of earth and sky and air, I thought of that perfect Artist, Who scattered His works everywhere.

EMPIRE DAY

H. AITCHISON

WITHIN recent years Empire Day has come to play an important part in the life of the nation. In every school throughout Canada it is the duty of the teacher to spend the morning of that day in teaching her pupils the greatness of the British Empire, in showing the men and women of Canada's to-morrow why they should be justly proud of their great heritage, and planting in their hearts the seeds of loyalty and true devotion.

The afternoon of the day is to be spent in patriotic exercises, that through this channel the feelings of loyalty may find proper expression. Such a programme can do much towards training the youth of to-day so that they will become true and loyal citizens. Britain probably as never before needs citizens who will guide her through the times of crisis. It is to the teacher that she looks. It is to her she says, "Train your children that they may be true and noble sons to me."

To the teacher this one-day programme is not the only means of gaining this end. Seeds of citizenship are not sown in a day, nor do they spring up and bear fruit in a day. It is only through long and slow years of nurture that at last the plant attains its full growth

that at last the plant attains its full growth.

As teachers in training at North Bay Normal School it was fitting that we should have for Empire Day a programme that would reveal to us great benefits to be derived from faithful observance of the day, and that we might carry out into the schools the determination to do our duty by the Empire. Masters and students heartily co-operated to make the day a success. The best evidence of this is in the programme, a copy of which follows.

EMPIRE DAY PROGRAMME, 1924

FORENOON

I ORENOON
Opening Exercises—Doxology, Scripture Reading, Prayer.
Hymn—''O God Our Help''
Observance of Empire Day
The Story of Empire Day
The Schools and the Empire
Chorus—''Raise the Flag''
The Majesty of Britain—
Poem—Miss Kinahan. Justice—Miss Milloy. Constitution—Miss Lamming.
Citizenship—Miss McCrindle, Loyalty—Miss Moore, Patriotism, Miss Heydon.
The Territorial Growth of the British Empire
Chorus—"We Are a Part of Britain"
Great Explorers—
Our debt to them-Mr. McDougall. Captain Cook-Mr. Smith. Henry Hud-
son—Mr. McGill. Robert Clive—Mr. Hinton. David Livingstone—Mr.
Perschbacher.
Essay"The British Navy"
Chorus—"Rule Britannia"School
Empire Builders—As one who serveth—
Misses Battelle, Chambers, Carter, Couch, Barkell, Adams.
A Canadian's Homage to the Empire
"God Save the King."
Afternoon
Chorus—''Hail to the Land''
Romance of the Empire told in verse—
Misses Power, McClennan, McAuliffe, Rogers, McKay, McLaughlin, O'Brien, McIver, Robinson.
The Union Jack Drill—
Misses Gosselin, Fitzgerald, Fair, Henderson, Emiry, Edwardson, Ennest, Hall.
Reading—''Canadian Born''
Florence Nightingale—Miss Huggins. Laura Second—Miss Gervis.
Chorus—"Reathes There a Man?
Essay—''The British Empire''
Reading—''Native Born''
The Story of the Union Jack—
Misses Tennant, Simmons, Young, Stapleton, Trace, M. Whyte.
Solo—"Ye Mariners of England"
Reading—''The Colours of the Flag'' Mr. Rogers Solo—'Ye Mariners of England'' Miss Stevens Drill Men Students
HISTERDEBLAL DRIEF
Chorus—''John Bull's Children''
Chorus—''John Bull's Children''
A Crown of Notice I D
A Group of National Dances—
Highland Fling-Group I Soilars, Hamming G.
Highland Fling—Group I. Sailors' Hornpipe—Group II. Irish Lilt—Group IV.
Irish Lilt—Group IV. Solo—''Rally 'Round the Flag''
Highland Fling—Group I. Sailors' Hornpipe—Group II. Irish Lilt—Group IV. Solo—'Rally 'Round the Flag'' Chorus—'The Maple Leaf'' Sehool



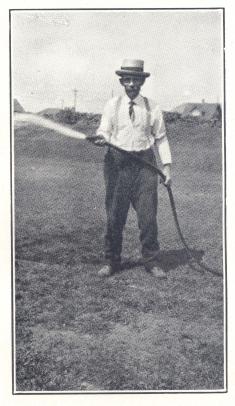
GROUP SIX (a)

Back Row—W. J. Lyons, J. Horton, W. H. Dinsmore, A. R. Kirk, T. C. Cummings, A. D. Clement, G. R. Elliott, G. H. Brodie, W. P. Agar, W. J. Ford.
Middle Row—R. Kerr, S. A. Casson, D. J. Garvey, C. A. Bell, C. H. Blowes,
W. A. Bowerman, M. E. Hinton, G. D. Kirk.
Front Row—B. Kelly, R. Bangs, F. V. Brown, H. B. Bierworth, R. T. Anderson,
G. E. Luxton, G. A. Hills.



GROUP SIX (b)

Back Row—E. J. Transom, B.A.; B. A. Winger, R. L. MacDonald, G. R. Rowlandson, R. K. Trowbridge, P. J. Scollard, H. M. Riddell, A. Payne, H. L. Ames, R. M. Rogers. Middle Row—A. R. Priddle, I. L. Wilson, W. R. Smith, J. H. McGill, J. B. Palmer, W. J. Murphy, M. Sheahan, N. R. McDougall. Front Row—C. W. Thornley, M. R. Park, W. F. Perschbacher, J. D. Wiseman, E. R. Sprott, E. L. McLean, M. A. Watson.



JOHN

OUR OLD FRIEND

We may forget our Science of Ed. We may not remember how to spell and our handwriting may deteriorate as the years go by. Our treacherous memories may fail to recall the principles of Agriculture and the parsing of words. Failure to practise may even make us merely passable musicians and artists. The well-known features of many of those who have been our classmates may fade from our memories. But who can forget the genial face of our old friend John?

Faithfully did he minister to our comfort when, rising early, he saw that the school was in readiness to receive us. Faithfully throughout the day he busied himself in his many duties, ever ready to return a prompt answer when the appealing call, "John," sounded through the halls. And as faithfully did he minister to his own comfort when, at five-thirty, showing a frowning

face at the door of the room where we were wont to congregate, he rattled his keys, and, with a voice of authority, called out, "Come, girls, out with yez! I want to git home."

Vainly did we entreat him to allow us but five minutes more to complete some very urgent task. Pleading words, tearful voices and enchanting smiles were alike unavailing. John, the inexorable, had spoken, and we must go.

Yet while we complained of what we were pleased to call his harshness, deep down in our hearts we honored him for his faithful performance of the duties with which he was entrusted. Long may he live to endear himself to succeeding classes of the North Bay Normal School.

MODEL SCHOOL STAFF

-D. C. Grassick	Principal,	Queen	Victoria	School.
Miss M. Collins	Principal,	McPho	ul St. Sc	hool
THIS C. M. EMITY	Assistant	Queen	Victoria	School.
Little L. Hammon		66	66	66
Miss B. McLaugmin				
Miss R. McCaw	4.4			
Miss A. E. Patterson				
Miss L. M. St. Louis	•			
Mica N Day			4.6	6.6
Miss N. Deneau				
Miss R. I. Kay			4.6	4.6
Miss M. E. McLachlin				
Miss E. Kingdom				
-Miss E. M. Haugh				"
Mrs. Muller			il St. Sc	hool.
Mica A E II			"	6 .
Miss A. E. Hansford		- 6-6	66 6	6
Miss B. Monteith			44. 4	
Miss O. Johnson	6.6	4.4	44 0 4	,
Miss M. Brown				
Miss C. Smyth				•
Miss M E Hendren				
Miss M. E. Hendren		King 1	Edward &	School.
Miss K. Burns	6.6	6.6	66	66
Miss Knapton	Kinderaarte	n Dire	ctrese	
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RURAL AFFILIATED SCHOOLS

MC O TT 2		
Miss C. Hardy		
M' IT IT		
Miss K. Hunt	8 8 No 5 W: 77:077	
	S. S. No. 5, Widdifield.	

STUDENTS OF NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL 1923-1924

35 1 (0 35 0) 13 1)	Manual Ct. Taranh Datarhayayah
Aubrey, Marie (Sr. M. St. Albert)	Mount St. Joseph, reterborough.
Giroux, Blanid (Sr. M. Immaculate)	Mount St. Joseph, Peterborough.
O'Neill, M. Margaret (Sr. M. Julitta).	Mount St. Joseph, Peterborough.
Quinn, Irene (Sr. M. Faustina)	Mount St. Joseph, Peterborough.
Roche, Anastasia (Sr. M. Remigius)	Mount St. Joseph, Peterborough. —
Warner, Jessie (Sr. M. St. Gilbert)	Mount St. Joseph, Peterborough.
Desrosiers, Rosianne (Sr. Marie Therese)	Fort Frances.
Kearney, Elizabeth (Sr. Leander)	Fort Frances.
Adair, May I.	Monkton.
Adams, Marjorie E.	Oxdrift
Adams, Marjone E. Aitchison, Helen M.	Now Liekoard
Alterison, Helen M.	Lefrey
Allan, Edith B	109 Denning St. Dort Arthur
Anderson, Wilma	Mindowaya
Anglin, Kathleen	Mindemoya.
Baker, Verna M	Poplar.
Barkell, Alferetta R	Box 158, Cobalt.
Barr, Erna L	127 Kohler St., Sault Ste. Marie.
Battelle, Marjorie I	Gooderham.
Bean, E. Irene	Bruce Mines.
Beatty, Jacqueline	Markdale.
Belanger, Jacqueline	Elk Lake.
Bennett, Charlotte A	. Markdale.
Bennett, Ruth M	. 350 Pim St., Sault Ste. Marie.
Bierworth, Elsie	Elmwood.
Bingham, Lottie A	200 Algoma St. N., Port Arthur.
Boire, Cora M	845 Pembroke St. W., Pembroke.
Bowerman, Amy E	Point Anne
Boynton, Gertrude M	Beaverton.
Prodhury Joan N	. 166 St. Andrews St., Sault Ste. Marie.
Braye, V. Daisy	Reeton
Braye, V. Balsy	
Burr, Mildred F	76 St Andrews Tor Soult Ste Mario
Burrows, Estner R	.76 St. Andrews Ter., Sault Ste. Marie
Carnrite, Nevah B	. Box 155, Trenton.
Carter, Evelyn A	. New Lowell.
Chambers, Mary	.Coldwater.
Charlebois, Margaret I	. Tottenham.
Clark, Jean L	
Coburn, Lulla H	. Beeton.
Collins, Mabel A	.R.R. No. 2, Kincardine.
Copps, Ella	. Hornepayne.
Corner, Alice M	. Pefferlaw.
Costello, Eleanor	. Douglas.
Couch, Bertha L	South Gillies.
Cronin, Julia M	. Roblin.
Crowley, Lila	. R.R. No. 4, Omemee.
Cunningham, Lila V. R	. Cookstown.
Cunningham, Mary M	. 137 Albert St. W., Sault Ste. Marie.
Currie, Tena	. Richards Landing.
Daley, Gertrude	. Pinewood.
Dickson, Florence	. Box 1149, Sudbury.
Dickson, Florence	,

	Dodge, Marion
	Doherty, Annie G Englehart.
8 -	Duchemin, BerthaBurk's Falls.
	Dunfield, AnnabelBox 101, Renfrew.
	Dunlop, Mildred J Stayner.
	Eastman, A. MargaretNew Liskeard.
	Edington, Georgina A Wellesley.
	Edmison, Betty JKenora.
	Edwards, Teressa
	Edwardson, NellieSturgeon Falls.
	Elmitt, Mrs. Ella L Lake Wasaw.
	Emiry, Georgina
	Empey, Margaret Eldorado.
	Ennest, Elsie M
	Fair, Pearl A Bervie.
	Fenn, Berenice C
	Fiegehen, Aleda M
	Finn, Monica
	Fiske, Edith M R.R. No. 1, Cameron.
	Fitzgerald, ChristinaPembroke.
	Fleming, VidaGrassmere.
	Forsythe, Leta M Severn Bridge.
	Galbraith, Edith
	Gamsby, Florence M Stratton.
J.	Garvey, Lillian M Downeyville.
J	Gerber, Irene B
	Gervis, Mary A Parry Sound.
1.	Gibson, Elsie L Allandale.
	Glazier, Norma F Fairfield East.
	Glover, Inez
	Gomoll, Alvena M Powassan.
	Gosselin, Nora A Rainy River.
	Grant, Ruth Minesing.
	Gray, Margaret C
	Grexton, Anna
	Gribbin, Eileen B Phelpston.
V	Gribbin, Mary E Phelpston.
	Hainstock, LillianNipissing.
	Hall, CatharineOrono.
	Hall, Fernie Keewatin.
	Hawkins, Minnie B Blind River.
	Hayman, Lois M
	Heaslip, Phila
	Henderson, Ella
	Sault Ste. Marie. Heydon, ZellaAlliston.
	Heydon, Zella Alliston.
	Heydon, Mary J Alliston.
	Holly, Margaret F Killaloe. Huggins, Sara A New Liskeard.
	Huggins, Sara A
The	Hunt, Edith L
3	Hunter, Bessie M. Brooklin. Irving, Ida I. Milberta.
3	Jessop, Veryl J
	Johnston, Wilma M
	Kelly, Mary B
	Keny, Mary D hentrew.

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Keown, Gladys F	131 Catheart St., Sault Ste. Marie.
Tr. 1 Monotto	Diacebiluge.
Krause, Frances Kron, Lilly T.	Chesley.
Wron Lilly T	Kenora.
Kron, Lilly T. LaFontaine, Ida M.	32 St. Michel St., Quebec, Que.
Tamming T Winnifred	It.It. IV.
T lonny	TYCHOI to.
Lawlor, Carmel M.	Loretto.
Lawlor, Carmel M Lee, Ella I	c/o Hydro Camp, Nipigon.
Lee, Ella I Leech, Gracia	R.R. No. 4, Pembroke.
Lehman, Gwendolyn	62 Wyld St., North Bay.
Mahaffy, Maudie L	. Parry Sound.
Manlana Edith	. 402 Mullay St., 1 Chillian
Marsh, Effe	. Forest.
Meadows, Helen W	. Cobourg.
Michael Barbara	. Shing water,
Miller, Marjorie J	. Vasey.
Managhan Mariaria P	. I The Management
Moore, Ethel	. R.R. No. 1, Pembroke.
MacIver, Frances M	. R.R. No. 6, Lucknow.
Maal oon Mary (Luckio
Moel onnen Annie	La vance.
Ma Aligton Angusta	Durnam.
McClelland, Shirley M	41 Algoma Ave., Sault Ste. Marie.
MClean Mony E.	ZIU IXIOCK IXION
McFowland Ida P	DOX OOD, I dill
McCooch Edith 1	Cocin anc.
Mario Morio	. Goderich.
McIntosh, Lorene	. Southampton.
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McQuay, Irene A	10 Eccles Du, Darrie.

Neale, Edith I Kenora.
O'Brien, Edna M Creighton Mine. O'Dell. Matilda Pembroke.
O'Dell, Matilda Pembroke. O'Gorman, Clare Keewatin.
O'Gorman, Clare Keewatin. O'Gorman, Clare 322 Maple Ave., Pembroke. U'Loughlin, Dorothy Lindson
O'Loughlin, Dorothy
Olson, Hilda E
Pace, Eunice A. Rainy River. Paolini, Erminia Bruce Mines.
Paolini, Erminia Bruce Mines. Pollock, Evelyn E. 375 John St., Sault Ste. Marie. Power, Elizabeth 141 Albert St. W. G. M. G. 1982.
Pollock, Evelyn E
Power, Elizabeth Goderich. Rahmer, Hazel R. 141 Albert St. W., Sault Ste. Marie
Rahmer, Hazel R. Standard St. W., Sault Ste. Marie
Reid. Mary
Riley, Mary S. C. Shelburne. Ritchie, Vida, E. Glenarm.
Ritchie, Vida E. Glenarm. Roberts, Verna Durham. Robinson, Jeannette O. Feversham.
Roberts, Verna
Robinson, Jeannette O. Feversham. Rogers Ethelyn P. Moonstone.
Rowe, Mildred M
Rowson, Muriel R
Saunderson Muriel Nipissing.
Saunderson, Muriel
Short, Clara M
Shouldice J Feversham.
Shouldice, J. Feversham. Shragge, Verna C. Lion's Head.
Simmons, Margaret I. Box 324, Kenora. Simpson, Flora I. New Liskeard.
Slattery, Christina Manitowaning. Smith, Effie R. Sault Ste. Marie.
Smith, Effie R. Sault Ste. Marie. Smith, Mabel E. Sault Ste. Marie.
Speers, Nessie R.R. No. 2, Gadshill. Stafford Appa I Thornton.
D. 1.
Stevens, Rosella Proton.
Switzer, Marjorie Byng Inlet. Taylor, Daintry D. New Lowell.
Teer, Annie E
Thompson, Myrile F.
Tace, Laura M
Turnbull, Mary M. Durham.
Vale, Marion 259 Isabella St., Pembroke. Virgo, Ethel M 465 E. Brock St., Fort William.
Virgo, Ethel M. 465 E. Brock St., Fort William. Waddell, Edith J. Parry Sound. Walker, Bessie R. Brechin.
Waddell, Edith J Brechin.
Waters, Muriel M
Waters, Muriel M. Fort Frances. Watson, E. Blanche Beaverton. Webster, Doris E. Theoretes
Webster, Doris E. Beaverton. Wells Dorothy I. Thornton.
Wells, Dorothy J
S. Marks St., Fort William.

White, Edith Sturgeon Falls.	
White, Elsie M Bracebridge.	
William M	
Whyte, Marie	
Williamson, Marion H Wingham	
Willison, Marion E	
Wingram Mars I	
Wingrove, Mary L Cochrane.	
- Woodard, Lula G Stayner.	
Workman, Sybil S	
Vatos Bornadette	
Yates, Bernadette New Liskeard.	
Young, S. Eileen Burk's Falls.	
Agar, We'sley P Lucknow.	
Ames, H. Lyall Plainville.	
Andrew D. Hamville.	
Anderson, Roy T	
Bangs, Richard Mattawa	
Bell, Cameron A. Petrolia.	
Bigrworth Horman D.	
Bierworth, Herman B Elmwood.	
Blowes, Claude H Mitchell.	
Bowerman, William A	
Brodie, George H	
Brown Engly W. Bar River.	
Brown, Fred V. Mitchell.	
Casson, Samuel A	
Clement Andrew D	
Cummings Thomas C	
Cummings, Thomas C Joyceville.	
Dinsmore, William H	
Elliott, Gordon R New Liskeard.	
Ford, William J	
Garvey, Dennis J	
Hills Cooper A	
Hills, George A Owen Sound.	
Hinton, Milton E	
North Augusta Road Drockwillo	
Kelly, BeaumontAthens.	
Karr Russoll	
Kerr, Russell Bruce Mines.	
Kirk, Arthur R. W	
KIRK, G. Dalton Bracebridge	
Luxion, George E. Tossopville	
Lyons, Walter J	
MacDonald Page I	
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