North Bay Normal School YEAR BOOK 1924 - 1925

The Thirteenth Annual Year Book

Published by the

Students of North Bay Normal School June, 1925

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.T.S.C., 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	Principal: Spelling.	Geography,	Reading,
J. C. Norris, M.A., B. Paed	Master: M Education		Science of
H. E. Ricker, M.A		cience, Agrica ture Study.	ulture, Hy-
J. A. Bannister, B.A		Grammar, C anagement.	composition,
Miss Grace Morgan, B.A	Master: Lit cal Traini		ory, Physi-
C. Ramsay	Instructor:	Art.	
J. E. Chambers	Instructor: ing.	Manual Trai	ning, Writ-
J. B. Gatenby, A.T.S.C., Mus.	BacInstructor:	Music.	
Miss D. Stephenson	Instructor:	Domestic Sci	ence.
Miss K. McCubbin	Secretary an	nd Librarian.	

YEAR BOOK

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A NOTHER year is fast passing into history. The new class which gathered in September in eager anticipation of the training which should fit them for their chosen profession will soon be returning to their homes, and carrying with them into the remotest corners of the province their memories and their impressions of the North Bay Normal School. To them the year has been a "great adventure". It has brought, or should have brought, a new outlook upon life and its responsibilities, a new conception of service, new ambitions and aspirations, and a better understanding of the seriousness and importance of the work of the teacher.

Some there may be to whom the year has seemed quiet and uneventful. And yet a year that has witnessed the training for their life work of nearly three hundred young men and women can scarcely be called uneventful. Who shall tell how far-reaching may be the results of this year's work? Among those who are soon to go forth from our halls are some whom we confidently expect to rise to eminence in the educational world. Neither ability nor ambition is lacking, and before them lie all the opportunities that are needed to enable them to win honour and distinction. Many more will do teaching of a superior character, and all, we trust, will enter upon their duties with a determination to do them faithfully and conscientiously, to bring to their pupils something of the broader vision and the higher ideals which they themselves have caught, and to make the community in which their lot is cast a better and a happier community because of their labours, their presence and their inspiration.

Keener than ever this year, and in the coming years, will be the competition for positions. The weeding out of undesirables will go on apace. The weakings are sure to be detected more quickly than ever in the past, but true merit and honest effort and conscientious application will win their reward. The testing time at the Normal School will soon be past, but the practical testing time lies ahead. Day by day, in school and out, you will be tested, tried at the court of public opinion. Whether the verdict will be in your favour or otherwise will depend solely upon yourselves and upon the service which you render.

It is commonly said that the children of our land are its greatest asset. But few who repeat the words stop to consider that they constitute only a potential asset. The gold that lies hidden in the rock of Porcupine and Timmins and Kirkland Lake is an asset, but it must be discovered and mined and milled before it is of real value and service to the world. The spreading forests are an asset, but they must be felled and sawn into lumber and transported to the market before they are of real worth. The fertile acres of our great Northland are an asset, but they must be cleared and cultivated before they bring to maturity the rich harvest of golden grain. In like manner the children of our land must be trained by skilled hands and developed if the nation is ever to reap the benefit of the possibilities which they represent.

This difficult task of training, the most important which the nation has in its power to bestow, is entrusted to the teacher. And upon the teacher will rest the responsibility for the proper training of those who, at no very distant date, will manage our great enterprises, make our laws, fill our pulpits, preside over our courts, and guide the destinies of our nation. To these will come honours and position, and oft times wealth. But the teacher, for the most part must be content to remain in the background, to look from afar upon the success of former pupils, rewarded mainly by the feeling of satisfaction and pride which comes from being able to point to those who have reached the "topmost round of the ladder" as "my boys" and "my girls". Occasionally there comes the reward of the tribute of a grateful pupil who declares, "What I am I owe to my teacher, who showed me the possibilities that lay before me."

Such then, is the life of service upon which you are about to enter; such are the responsibilities which you are assuming; and such the splendid opportunity that is offered you of laying broad and deep the foundations for the future greatness of our land. With you will go to your several schools the best wishes of the Staff, who will ever be ready to sympathize with you in your difficulties, to aid you in your perplexities, and to rejoice with you in your success.

It is not necessary in this brief foreword to review the varied activities of the year. This has already been ably done by members of the class, and to their accounts we refer you. May this Year Book, then, as you peruse its pages in the years to come, bring to you many pleasant memories of the days spent and the friendships formed at North Bay Normal School.



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EDITORIAL

EDITH MAJOR, Editor-in-Chief

T HE hour glass of time with its ever-trickling sands is before me. As the tiny particles pursue their endless course, the time approaches, and now is, when the students of the North Bay Normal School have almost completed their training here. We have spent a year of the most intimate fellowship with students from all over Ontario. Now as the year draws to a close there is, mingled with our joy, a feeling of sadness when we remember that we must leave our comrades of a year many of whom we shall never see again.

And well is this year worthy to be remembered, for we who have attended Normal School know that it is a never-to-be-forgotten period in our lives. We come here fresh from High School, carefree and up to this time bearing but few of life's responsibilities. We have been pupils, simply carrying out instructions and doing duties assigned by the teacher,—a form of existence requiring little thought and little or no exercise of will power.

Next year we are going out into the world as trained teachers to guide and direct others through the most important period of their lives. We must be capable of understanding many of life's greatest problems and of imparting our knowledge to those who will be the men and women of to-morrow. And so we may safely say that this year at Normal School is different from any other which we have experienced —we are crossing the bridge from youth and frivolity to a life of understanding and service.

As we are leaving for our life work let us not forget the many valuable things which we have been taught here. Let us rather make them the key to success. The teaching profession is one of which to be proud and it behooves us to uphold well its dignity. Let us entertain only worthy ideals and let us strive to reach these, that by so doing we may advance our noble profession.

Our Year Book is only a brief sketch of our year here, but we have tried to record in it some of the most notable happenings. As we read them may they bring back to us many associations and treasured memories connected with the North Bay Normal School.

As Editor, I wish to express my sincerest thanks for the hearty co-operation of the members of the editorial staff, and the loyal and willing support of all the students.

On behalf of the Year Book staff, let me convey to all the very best and heartiest wishes for the true success which is sure to follow real effort. YEAR BOOK

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YEAR BOOK STAFF

Back Row-V. W. Hodgins, President, Literary Society, Fall Term; Roy M. White, President, Literary Society, Spring Term; J. Anderson, J. A. Bannister, B.A., Supervising Editor; R. Saundars, Business Manager;

E. A. Linton, Associate Editor.

Front Row-J. E. Airhart, Associate Editor; M. O. MacMartin, M. E. Lee, E. J. Smith, M. E. Major, Editor-in-Chief; B. H. Damude, M. P. Bruce.

A TOAST TO CANADA

V. W. HODGINS

Where the mountains tower in splendour, And the plains stretch broad and free, And our inland waters reach beyond the view, Where the might rivers rumble And the tiny streamlets tumble, My own, my native Country, here's to you!

You're the land of hope and promise For the steadfast and the strong: You're the land of peace and plenty for the true: And where e'er your sons may wander, They will ever bring you honour; My own, my native Country, here's to you!



EXECUTIVE OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY, FALL TEAM

Back Row—G. Taylor, Secretary, Section B.; A. Bailey, W. Riley, K. Thornley, W. Scott, V. Hodgins, President; G. Smith, E. Miller, Secretary, Section A.; S. Langford.
Middle Row—E. Affleck, Treasurer; E. Dempsay, G. Kelly, B. Abel, M. Atlas, Vice-

President, Section A.; C. Reid.

Front Row-I. Viinikainen, Vice-President, Section B.; D. Sunstrum, B. Evans.

OUR SCHOOL

E. MOORE

Where we have spent a year of change and growing; Where everything seems new, Where habits old are broken, new ones fostered, Where we have tried our very best to do. Where things are found that make our lives worth living, New friends, ideals, too; Where wholesome joy is our reward for striving. Where all are "smilin' through." Where our receipts are measured by our giving; Where reigns the "Golden Rule," Where we are taught the joy that comes from serving That's our dear Normal School.

A REVERIE

I. VIINIKAINEN

If I could be a rover, on the wide expanse of blue, And sail about in foreign climes, with nothing else to do But please myself, and wander aye, where-e'er my fancy calls, I wonder if I'd happier be, than in the Normal walls.

And if I had abundant wealth, of all good things such store, So much of Earth's luxuriance, I could not ask for more; I wonder if I'd be content, and happier feel than where The mingling pains and pleasures of Normal School I share.

If I had not to toil and groan, if I had not to fear The dread examination-time, a-drawing ever near; I wonder—oh! but what's the use! The problem is too vast, Too difficult for me to solve,—Hurrah! the bell at last.



EXECUTIVE OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY, SPRING TERM Back Row—D. Lindsey, G. Proudfoot, Vice-President, Section B.; H. McKelvie, Roy M. White, President; C. Davis, Secretary, Section B.; J. E. Little, Vice-President, Section A.; N. E. Sewell, E. D. Hough. Middle Row—M. A. Cope, M. J. DeLong, E. A. McCallum, K. L. Shields, E. Moore, E. A. Gordon, E. B. Affleck, Treasurer.

Front Row-A. M. Kennedy, Secretary, Section A.; S. M. Berry, O. L. Minthorne.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

V. W. HODGINS, President, Fall Term Roy WHITE, President, Spring Term.

T HE year which we have spent in the Normal School has indeed been a year of development and progress under the direction of our masters and instructors. And among the varied branches of our work, the Literary Society fills a place of no small importance.

This Society is of inestimable value as a training in conducting public meetings, it awakens dormant talent in some of those who take part, and is often the stepping stone to a position of public service. Many great men of to-day owe their success upon the platform to the experience which they secured under such circumstances. Let us hope that some of this year's students, in time to come, may look back on this term's work as their inspiration to greater things.

The executives have tried to make the meetings both instructive and interesting, and to have as many students as possible take part. The spirit of willingness shown by those who were asked to assist is worthy of special commendation.

The first election of officers was not held until October 21. Then the executive had to make immediate preparation for the Hallow-e'en Social. This event proved very successful, and the evening was much enjoyed. The regular meeting of November 3 was especially worthy of note. Mr. Gatenby, Jr., son of our Instructor of Music, contributed two stirring recitations. At the last meeting under the fall executive Miss Viinikainen showed exceptional dramatic talent in sketching the experiences of a small Finnish girl who had left her native land to come to Canada.

The election of officers for the spring term took place late in January. The first work of the new executive was to join with their predecessors in office to prepare for the "At Home." This required much time and entailed a great deal of work, but those who were responsible for the preparation did not regret the effort when the evening proved so enjoyable.

One of the programmes in March was devoted to a study of Mark Twain. An interesting account of his life was given, followed by a sketch from "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," entitled "Work or Play." The characters played their parts well and everyone pronounced it a decided success. Another outstanding meeting was that of March 23. A short reading was given, entitled "A Bachelor's Soliloquy." The remainder of the programme consisted of a pantomine, "A Bachelor's Reverie." The costumes were especially worthy of mention and contributed greatly to the success of the play.

Throughout the year the society was greatly aided in its work by the Masters who were always ready to lend a helping hand. The school rechestra assisted in the programmes from time to time and was always velcomed with enthusiasm.

Though we have not all been given an opportunity to take an active part in the work of the society, without a doubt all have been influenced by its endeavours and will go to our schools, each a little better prepared to take his place as a leader in the community. And after a strenuous day's work with the entrance class in "The Little Red School House," we can let our memories carry us back to the pleasant hours spent in the meetings of the Literary Society at the North Bay Normal School.

THE RECEPTION

GRACE STRACHAN

N ORMAL SCHOOL days had begun and the students were resignedly settling down, sure that under the stern vigilance of the Masters nothing but work would be possible. So we were rather pleasantly surprised and very much delighted when it was announced that on Friday, October the third, we should be the guests of the staff at the school.

Friday was a day of anticipation. Here would be an opportunity of meeting and knowing at least a few of the members of that unknown troop of which we were but a unit.

We all arrived on time, properly tagged with name and address, and walked in at the Masters' door, quite conscious of the dignity which this privilege gave us. After divesting ourselves of our wraps we were presented to the Masters and their wives. We then went into the library where our hosts and hostesses soon joined us. The process of mutual introduction was very informal, usually somewhat as follows:—"What is your name? Where did you come from? Where is that?"

About ten o'clock a very dainty lunch was served. Though possibly we didn't say it in words, we showed by our actions that we appreciated the trouble to which the ladies had gone to prepare such delicious refreshments.

Then came the radio concert. We listened breathlessly as Mr. Gatenby tuned in and finally there came the faint announcement. "K.D.K.A. Pittsburg." We were thrilled by the never ending wonder of the radio as the strains of "Three O'clock in the Morning" filled the hall. These became louder and louder. Then the door opened and Mr. Ricker appeared, carrying a gramophone. Everyone heartily enjoyed the joke.

Loud applause greeted Mr. Casselman's announcement that we might dance until twelve. At twelve the bell rang and after thanking the ladies for a pleasant evening we went home with a better understanding of each other and feeling that the Masters were deeply interested in our welfare.

HALLOWE'EN

V. Hollis

I T was a typical night for witches and witchcraft. The earth was enveloped in a thick blanket of misty darkness as the students hastened through the deserted streets to the Normal School, where cold, weird beams of yellow light from many windows strove to penetrate the gloom.

In the gayly decorated hall, many Jack o' Lanterns grinned down at a great parade of various strangely clad figures with masked faces. Impish pierrettes and pierrots garbed in black and white, followed by a gypsy band in riotous colours and flashing ornaments, led the procession. Tripping behind in variations of orange and black came other demure maidens while, to complete the fantastic array, "a host of golden daffodils" danced past.

Clever and unique was the programme which followed. Dancing lightly to a merry tune, the "imps" created an atmosphere of lightheartedness, while old plantation choruses carried one's thoughts to southern climes. Gypsies, whose dusky faces were somewhat brightened by the dull gleam of glowing embers, sang, in the care-free fashion of their race, a wild chorus, ending in a riotous dance. Quaintly huddled together, many small orphans listened, awe-stricken, to the tale of "Little Orphant Annie." Following this quiet little scene, a clever interpretation of "Young Lochinvar" appealed to one's sense of humour, as did the parody on "Macbeth" in which the Normal School Course of Study was consigned to destruction by fire.

Dainty refreshments were served and merry games and dancing permitted the intermingling of the happy throng. Many were the sighs when at length the midnight hour arrived, but Memory had indelibly stamped the festive occasion on the minds of all.

THE CRITIC TEACHER

J. W. WITZEL

Oh with what fear we face each week The Critic Teacher on her throne, With pride subdued and spirits meek We stifle every sigh and groan, And how our hearts sink with despair When all our faults the critic tells, Till all seems like a long nightmare; We seem to hear our funeral bells. But while we scarce restrain our grief That all our efforts count for naught, She smiles and says, to our relief, "To-day the lessons were well taught."

A TRIBUTE

What shall we give as a tribute Ere we leave, to our Masters here, Who have taught and led and helped us All through the passing year?

We're three hundred eager students, Leaving your guiding hand, And for your kindly counsels We surely firmer stand.

As we pass from the role of the student, New visions of life we gain, But we'll dream of our year at Normal, Where our joys far outweighed all our pain.

We placed our year in your keeping, In the strength of your wise control, And we cannot measure the value Of this training for our goal.

You have borne with our foolish answers, With our weakness from day to day; But, patient beyond our deserving, You have led us along the way.



"WORK OR PLAY"



NORMAL SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Back Row-Marion Smith, C. McCrea, C. Dobson, S. Langford, H. E. Ricker, M.A. Front Row-J. B. Gatenby, A.T.S.C., Mus. Bac.; M. Wellerman, V. Mahon.

THE CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT

ELLA W. MILLER

T HE Normal School halls resounded with music and fun on Thursday evening, December 18, when the annual Christmas entertainment was held under the able direction of the Literary Society. Even the building itself seemed to enter into the spirit of the occasion, with its gay decorations of red and green.

The splendid programme was the principal feature of the evening's entertainment. Choice of material, careful preparation, and excellent rendering, all combined to make this programme a credit to the school. Mr. Hodgins, president of the Literary Society, occupied the chair in a very able manner. The opening number was a student's chorus, "Merry, Merry, Christmas Bells." Group 1 presented a very pretty flag drill, and Group 4 contributed a very graceful Holly Dance. A selection by the school orchestra was greatly enjoyed. Miss Kathleen Shields kept the audience convulsed with laughter by her able rendering of "Hoodoo McFiggin's Christmas." The Sword Dance was Miss Elizabeth Clarke's delightful contribution to the programme. A most charming item was "A Christmas Fantasy," by Miss Taylor, Mr. Scott and a chorus. The Christmas spirit so pervaded this, that it could not but melt the heart of even a modern Scrooge.

After the programme the remainder of the evening was pleasantly occupied with games and dancing. Students of the year '24-'25 will have many memories of their year at the Normal School, and not the least of these will be of the Christmas entertainment.

A NORTHERN WINTER TWILIGHT

MARY MCQUARRIE-LOUISE B. STEEN

CROSS the skyline, the after-glow of the November sunset paints, in **varied** hues, the snow-clad ridges, the dull dark hemlocks, and the **varied** hardwoods. Like a ribbon of greyish mauve, the old river winds **varied** hardwoods. Like a ribbon of greyish mauve, the old river winds **varied** hardwoods. Like a ribbon of greyish mauve, the old river winds **varied** hardwoods. Slowly the ice creeps out from the shore, clouding **varied** hardwoods, sparkling waters, a wonder of nature to watch it as it forms. **A lone** muskrat slowly swims in mid stream, while here and there, the **varied** hore a welcome log and watch the dusk-light fall like a veil upon the sleeping world about.

Nothing in the Universe can compare with the hushed quiet of a Northern Winter twilight; the pines in their beautiful draperies of white, their shadowy aisles like those of a huge cathedral,—silent, peaceful, holding one in reverent awe. The air tingles with frost; the sky has become a pale blue which foretells still colder weather.

Only a few days ago we basked in this very spot beside a fallen tree, the warm sun beaming down upon us, the water splashing like fairy music. Even a few ragged water-lilies looked up at us, mute reminders of the passing season.

Regretfully, we take leave of our woodland nook, which the November twilight has draped in peace, to hurry back to the noise and bustle of a busy evening in town.



THE CHANGING FASHIONS

SCHOOL VISITORS

E. AIRHART

THE year that is now drawing to a close has been a notable one because of the number and the prominence of the visitors to whom we have had the privilege of listening. This contact with men from other walks in life, though brief, has been one of the outstanding features of the year, and has left a lasting impress upon the minds of all.

On Thursday evening, October 23, Dr. Clarence MacKinnon, Principal of Pine Hill Presbyterian College and Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, gave an able address to a large gathering in the Assembly Hall of our school. Dr. MacKinnon is an eminent educationalist, and he pointed out that the one and only way of attaining true efficiently in our school work is by paying strict attention to details; "the little things are the things that count." This habit of giving attention to details does not cease to be of use to us upon our leaving school; it is the foundation stone of success in the building of every career.

The following Tuesday evening, another very interesting Canadian. Mr. Walter McRaye, addressed a gathering of Normal students and townsfolk in the Assembly Hall. Mr. McRaye, besides being a noted traveller and an orator of repute, is a real Canadian-proud of his country, but not blind to her shortcomings. His theme was "Canadianizing Canada." Canada has wonderful possibilities. Copper Cliff turns out eighty-five per cent. of the world's nickel; the Hollinger mine at Timmins is the largest gold mine in the world; the Canadian prairies produce a great share of the world's wheat. Yet, the Canadian does not appreciate his country,-Canadians are not even recognized as a distinct race. Your birth certificate calls you English, Scotch, French or what not,-but never a Canadian! Canadians know practically nothing of Canadian literature or of the romance of Canadian History; The American learns the history of his land, and reveres the men who made her great. The remedy for this, said Mr. McRaye, was a more thorough education. He could not help admiring the foreign children in our schools. They were getting a real education, while the Canadian child was running to the movies or reading Mutt and Jeff in the coloured supplement of an American newspaper! Canadians do not make proper use of their money, hoarding it in banks while American capital controls our industries. If Canada were more careful in this respect, she could keep her people from running off to the United States, to have their places at home filled with immigrants, who are not, and in many cases never will be, Canadians. A simpler mode of life, a sturdy patriotism, an appreciation of things Canadian-these are the things the Canadian needs. The second part of his address was given over to well rendered recitations from Canadian writers,-""The Habitant" and "Little Bateese" by Drummond; a selection from Service's "Rhymes or a Red Cross Man;" two of Arthur Stringer's poems; and the last poem written by Pauline Johnson, "The Ballad of Yaada."

On November 6, Dr. Salem Bland addressed the student body at pening exercises. Dr. Bland would not make examinations the basis of promotion, nor would he allow competition or the offering of prizes in the schools,—supporting Newbolt's idea that the victory lies in the struggle, not in the prize. He expressed regret that so few teachers ever made teaching their life-work; too often the teaching profession was merely a stepping-stone to some other career.

On February 13, Inspectors Payette, Smith and Gillies came to be with us for two weeks. Just before leaving, each addressed the students. Mr. Gillies, Inspector for a part of the Sudbury District, spoke of the many difficulties and discouragements which might be waiting 'round the enter for the young teacher but he also told us how to face and overmeethem. Mr. Smith, formerly of the North Bay C.I. Staff and now Inspector in the southern part of Temiskaming, spoke in a very interesting manner of some of his own teaching experiences, and by his pleasing personality and sound reasoning made us all feel sure that the modern school inspector is a very genial person indeed. Mr. Payette, Inspector of Separate Schools over a wide area also addressed us.

Sheriff Fell, of Manitoulin, visited us on February 23. In a short, imspiring address, he praised the work of our school and wished us success in our profession, which he considers one of the greatest of all professions.

Dr. Brittain addressed the students on March 4. He deplored the fact that the average Canadian made so poor a use of his vote; only about thirty per cent. of the people bothered voting at all, and many of those who voted did so with no thought of the suitability of the candidates. He urged us to study political questions in Canada and to use our voting power wisely.

Dr. Rennison addressed us on April 28. His quietly-gripping words of appreciation of our Empire thrilled his hearers. As we listened, we could see again the troops marching gaily away, and as he went on, we could picture those lads going "over the top." His brief message was particularly appropriate in view of the nearness of Empire Day, and we were all sorry when it ended.

Winnie, (busily studying Hygiene), "Cerebellum, Cerebellum, Cere-bellum!" Muriel, "Sara Bellum! What Group is she in?"

Long—"Hurrah! Mr. Ricker said we'd have a test to-day, rain or shine." McGee—"Well?" Long—"It's snowing."



SERGEANT-MAJOR JOYCE

THE SPECIAL COURSE IN PHYSICAL TRAINING

K. THORNLEY

B ETWEEN Christmas and Easter, when things at the school were beginning to drag a little, the announcement that we were to have a special course in physical training under a specialist in that line left us in a state of tingling anticipation. We were not disappointed. When Sergeant-Major Joyce arrived and began his instruction we soon realized that he was indeed a specialist. There was a quiet confidence about his every word and action that left no doubt in our minds as to whether or not he was complete master of his subject.

"To your places in two lines-run! With a jump, atten-shung!" Thus every day for five weeks did the cheery voice of Sergeant-Major Force summon us to a half hour of thoroughly enjoyable physical

Before many lessons were over we found that this course was not only preparing us to teach physical training in our schools, but was also develop us a world of good, physically. It did not build up great muscles and develop us into "supermen" but we found ourselves walking a little more erect, putting a little more vim into our every action and appreciating a little more our three meals. Sometimes we left the class with inthe aches and pains in various parts of our bodies, but these merely reminded us in what poor condition a fall and winter of comparatively inthe physical activity had left us and how much we needed this type of exercise.

We looked forward with some misgivings to the coming of Colonel MacCrimmon and the examination which was to determine if we had profited by the instruction and training of Miss Morgan and the Sergeant-Major. However, as is often the case, it was not nearly as bad as we feared it would be. While it has been hinted that the performance of some of the groups was somewhat disappointing, it has finally leaked out that the Colonel did say a few words in commendation of the work of Group Two.

When, scattered far and wide among the schools of the province, we are teaching physical training we shall have many pleasant memories of this Special Course and of our genial instructor.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

MINNIE V. ATLAS

E ARLY in the term a Girls' Athletic Association was formed. The election, which was held early in October resulted in the formation of an executive composed of the following:

Honoraru	PresidentMiss Morgan
President	Florence Buchanan
Secretary.	
Treasurer	
Treasurer	

These officers were ably assisted by representatives from each of the Groups. A schedule of games was drawn up, and a very interesting series was begun. Before the series could be completed, however, the cold weather had arrived and further contests had to be postponed until the spring.

Though the schedule was not completed, the work was far from fruitless. The highest standard of sportsmanship, which has ever been a characteristic of this school, was maintained. The school spirit was strengthened, and a healthful rivalry in matters athletic was aroused. The contact with members of other Groups resulted in a wider acquaintanceship, and a better appreciation of each other.

Mollie—"In Espanola we hae the biggest pile o' wood in a' the world."

Miss Morgan, (incredulously) "The biggest! Mollie?" Mollie—"Aye—for its size." 21

A MOST ENJOYABLE OUTING

J. E. M. LITTLE

O NE bright Saturday afternoon in the latter part of February a group of happy, carefree girls (from Group 111, of course) gathered at the Normal School. It was quite apparent that something both interesting and exciting was going to take place.

The girls at once divided into three groups, "The Snow-shoers," "The Hikers" and, last but not least, "The Stay-at-Homes." The Snowshoers were few in number and, as the outcome was to show, exceedingly venturesome, for the day was mild and the snow somewhat soft and wet. The Hikers formed quite a large group of sturdy, more sensible persons, shod in oxfords and goloshes to shield them from the dangers of snow and slush. The Stay-at-Homes remained quietly in the kitchen to keep a watchful eye on the pork and beans, and to prepare coffee for the wanderers on their return.

The wanderers made their way along one of the ease end streets and proceeded in the direction of Twin Lakes with the purpose of viewing them in their winter grandeur. The Hikers were well in the lead and thoroughly enjoying their outing, but, alas for the brave beginning of the Snow-shoers! They plodded along with tired limbs and panting breath. Their snow-shoes, large as they were, proved entirely incapable of keeping their moccasined feet out of the wet snow. They were beginning to feel discouraged when someone suggested, "Let's hike instead!" Off came the snow-shoes. Lighthearted once more, they hastened to join the rest of their party who were far in advance.

After visiting the Lakes they wended their way homeward. On reaching the school the Hikers found the Stay-at-Homes enjoying a dance in the Assembly room. But, where were their friends, the Snowshoers? If one had peeked into some of the locker rooms they would have been found hurriedly drying their wet footwear and anxious all the time lest they miss some of the eatables which were sending such an appetizing odour from the kitchen into the halls.

But they didn't miss anything, oh no! not they. No one did, not even those tardy ones who had arrived on the scene only in time for supper. The cooks had made allowance not only for a large number, but also for appetites of ample proportions.

Their hunger appeased, they gathered about to listen attentively to some of Miss Morgan's most delightful stories and, at the end of each, loudly called for more. But even Miss Morgan's plentiful store could not last forever. The rest of this most enjoyable time was spent in the assembly room dancing, singing or talking as suited their fancy.

Mr. N——. "I am dismissing you a little early to-day. Go out quietly, so as not to wake the other classes."

"If any young man calls on a young lady, he will be fined 50 cents for the first offence, 75 cents for the second, and—___" McGee, (interrupting) "What would a season ticket cost?"

MEMORIES

F. MACINNES

GENTLE evening breeze stirred the blue waters of Lake Nipissing into a thousand tiny ripples and sent little wavelets to lap noiseessity on the sandy shore. The golden glory of the sunset was reflected in inexpressible beauty in the uneven surface of the lake. Overhead, robin twittered merrily to his mate amid the rustling leaves of a maple tree.

Beneath the maples that lined the shore, and in the direct path of the sunset, her chin in her hands, sat a young girl. An idle ukelele lay at her side, discarded, as if its music would mar the wondrous beauty of the quiet evening scene. The girl sat in wondering admiration of the scene before her.

But as the sun neared the horizon, her face clouded. The day was almost done, and what would a new day bring? Her thoughts turned to the future. Where were her classmates, she wondered. The Mormal School had closed, and already the students were scattered in different places all over Ontario. She, herself, must leave to-morrow. Where, she wondered, were those who had so blithely gone to school with her, who had had the same studies and the same troubles with Science of Ed. and History as she. All had gone. Would she ever meet them again? Some would make a success of life. Some might not. Some would be teaching soon.

Here her imagination called up a picture of a little red school house with a classmate in charge. Different pictures suggested different ones. What would be her fate? She looked at the sunset. The tinted western sky meant the close of day. It seemed to her to represent more than that. With the going down of the sun, the school year for her was finished. To-morrow meant the beginning of a different life. She must go back,—back to a little village with its scattered gray houses, its dusty roads, its tiresome monotony. What did the future hold for her? The sun's reflection in the water seemed to represent the memories which she would cherish and recall in future years as she lived again, in fancy, the year spent here. The chiding words of the masters, the unpleasant events of the daily life would vanish, but the beautiful things, the friendships, the happy times, all would remain impressed in her memory as clearly as the beautiful crimson reflection of the sunset in the waters of the lake.

What did the colonel think when he heard:— "The starting position is hips firm and arms upward bend." "Keep the fingers together and well back on the elbows." "This exercise is taken from the leaning position."

Mr. Ricker—"What is a vacuum?" A Member of Group VI. "Well,—I have it in my head but I can't explain it."

Snider—"Is the moon an economic good?" Steven—"Depends on the girl."

ATHLETICS

R. J. RORKE

B EFORE the school year had advanced very far the interest that was evident in soft ball led to the formation of an inter-form league. Each group selected a team, and many interesting games were the result. The girls showed their skill and had no difficulty in giving a good account of themselves in the various contests. The playing was characterised by a spirit of good sportsmanship, the cultivation of which is one of the important advantages of the game.

The boys were challenged to a game of hard ball with the Bankers. That the game was very exciting and the opposing teams very evenly matched was shown by the score, which was tied in the eighth innings. In the end the Normal School boys proved superior.

Tennis was a popular game whenever the weather permitted. There was a large number of players among the students, and their interest and enthusiasm were equalled by those of some of the Masters.

No hockey organization was formed, though the boys practised several times on Saturday mornings at the Rotary rink. The kindness of the Rotary Club in placing their rink at the disposal of the students for both hockey and skating was greatly appreciated. During the winter skiing, tobogganing and snowshoeing were frequently enjoyed, and much benefit was derived from this healthful exercise in the invigourating climate of the North.

Soft ball again became the chief attraction in the spring term, but, owing to the pressure of coming examinations, less time was devoted to it than would otherwise have been the case.

Too much cannot be said in favour of clean athletics, which help in proper development, both moral and physical. As teachers we should encourage our pupils to take part in various games, and aid them in securing that soundness of mind and soundness of body which are the necessary accompaniments of good citizenship.

Landlady—"Here's a letter addressed to you as 'Mr.'"

Miss A.—"That's nothing. He's so absent-minded it is likely to be 'Mrs.' next."

Mr. Ricker—"What oxide is given off when a match burns?" Hazel—"Wood oxide."

Miss Ratchford; (after vainly trying to get from a spelling class the desired meaning) "An urchin is a kind of hedgehog. The name is sometimes applied to children."

Student, (in music lesson) "And what time is it? Bright pupil, (wearily) "It's four o'clock. Time for closing."

Mr. Norris—"What Group is this? Oh! yes, Group Four, the Scotch Group. Well what was your question, Miss Murphy?"

THE FALL OF THE COMPACT

E. AIRHART

Ι.

TT was 1825 and Upper Canada was very new. York was the only town of any respectable size, and much of the province was covered with dense forest. One day, two traders were standing on the northeastern shore of Lake Nipissing.

"I prophesy," said one, "that some day, a great town will grow up bere, and who knows but that on this very spot there may be a fine brary or some noble institution of learning"......

But this is anticipating. The trouble began in York; the cause of the trouble was the Family Compact. The Family Compact was everywhere in evidence. The Family Compact was considered by many to be absolutely indispensable. Perhaps it was not just so popular as it might have been, but still, what could the country do without it? People were absolutely enslaved to the Family Compact. The term became a household word; brave men discussed it over clinking glasses, fair women lisped about it over clicking needles. Oh, the Family Compact was insolently proud in its security!

Then the dark days came. Bold leaders arose and protested in burning words against the Compact. When wordy protests failed, armed protests followed. The Family Compact fell. Only its memory lingered.

II.

It was 1925, and the names "Upper Canada" and "York" had given place to "Ontario" and "Toronto," respectively. Two men were standing

on the north-eastern shore of Lake Nipissing. "North Bay's quite a little town," said one. "By the way, have you visited the Normal School yet? My daughter is attending this year. She calls it 'a noble institution of learning'."

During the last few years of the century that had passed a new influence had been spreading over Ontario. York was under its power completely, and now North Bay was being enslaved too.

People were speaking of this new influence in scathing terms. They called it the Compact. The Compact was everywhere in evidence; many a pale face bore unmistakeable indications of its power. By many it was considered absolutely indispensable. "Compact" became again a household word. Sage teachers held long conferences about it, and emerged from the staff-rooms in despair. Fathers warned their daughters of its baneful influence, and watched in dread for indications that it had already gained the mastery.

The Compact had fallen. It was Then the unexpected happened. John who made the discovery, John who proclaimed it in no uncertain tones. Soon the news spread, and everywhere there was but one topic of discussion. At last the spell was broken. Those who had before been the more or less willing slaves of the Compact turned their backs upon it in haughty disdain, and even refused to acknowledge that they had ever yielded to its allurements or been anything except its sworn enemies.

The "Fall of the Compact" was made the subject of careful investigation. No doubt a special holiday would have been proclaimed for those who were responsible for the fall if their identity had been known. But modesty forbade their coming forward to acknowledge the great service which they had done, or to accept the reward they had so justly earned. They remain among those who are said to "do good by stealth, and 'blush' to find it fame."

AN ADVENTURE

P. BRUCE

"L OST! A locker key." Notices were posted on the bulletin board and diligent inquiries were made, but in vain. No one in the whole school knew where I was, and I snuggled farther into a dark corner of the Assembly Hall and listened.

It was my great adventure. As long as I could remember I had been somewhat carefully guarded and, borne hither and thither, had lived an active, though somewhat monotonous life. How I had longed to be free! The brief intervals of liberty that I had occasionally enjoyed made me more eager than ever. Then one morning the opportunity came to me. Opening exercises were over, and as the daily movement towards the class rooms began, the frayed ribbon from which I was suspended parted and I fell unnoticed to the floor. A trailing movement of a trim Oxford sent me gliding across the floor, and, when the noise of shuffling feet and the babble of voices died away in the distance, I was safely hidden and free to enjoy a well earned rest.

Days passed on. My loss was a nine days' wonder, but through time even I was forgotten. So I reigned supreme in my corner with only memories for company.

For memories came—like those pictures flashing from the gallery room lantern, that I had so often watched, but could never understand.

I saw the scene of my first morning in the Assembly Hall, ten long years ago. Again I proudly clinked against a gold watch as I slid up and down on a chain about my mistress' neck while I eagerly peered about the room. Again I watched the fifty or sixty demure, prim maidens in stiff white blouses walk in with "stately grace" and earnestly begin their discussions. Perplexedly, I listened to an eager debate as to whether a neurone was some kind of drug or a new brand of chocolates. Then School Management became the topic, and I could not help thinking, as I rattled against my hard, ticking neighbour, "Humph! Why not teach Key Management?—that would be just as sensible." But the last bell drowned my rising wrath.

Another memory followed in a cloud of red, white and blue. Once more I felt a convulsive hand clasp on my shining surface amid a confusion of sounds; the beat of many drums; the tramp of marching feet, loud cheering, and the quiet drop of tears following words of long farewell. But I quickly slipped over the long dark days to the time when those marching feet came back again, and everyone was mad with joy. Students forgot plans, tests, and keys, while I wondered what it was really all about.

But the gleams from the past fade, and I recall the present. Only six short months ago I was tied on a pretty blue ribbon, slipped over a bobbed, shingled head, and began work with the students of '24. How carefully I was guarded for a time until some magic words upon a slip of coloured paper, and a hurried trip to the Bank caused my guardian to forget the shining quarter lying in the Secretary's drawer, which was to be the price of my safe delivery at the end of the term. Then I was left one day lying upon a desk in the class room. But the next occupant handed me to the master. A careful scanning of the seating plan revealed the identity of my guardian, and I was promptly returned. Once I was forgotten in the cloak room, and once on the library table. Each time I was taken to the office, and from there to the assembly room. There I was dangled at the end of my ribbon before the gaze of all, until at last my guardian came forward with relactant steps and embarrassed mien to claim me once again.

How vividly it all passed before me as I lay in my place of conment—Then crash! What was that? There was a splattering of black ink almost on top of me. Another fountain pen had been dropped. Eager hands searched for the lost pen. "Here it is!" I heard some one say, "and, Oh! Girls, did anyone lose a locker key?"

No one claimed me, and again I paid a visit to the office.

My adventure is drawing to a close, but I shall not be satisfied until one important question is settled. When I am held aloft upon the stage, will my guardian forego the chocolates that quarter would buy, or will she have the courage to come forward once more and receive me?

THERE WILL ALWAYS BE SOMETHING TO DO

(With apologies to Edgar A. Guest)

W. F. RILEY-E. BAILEY

There will always be Art to do, my dears; There will always be plans to write; There will always be need for a little more speed, And the burning of midnight light. There will always be accents to mark, my dears; There will always be lessons to teach. And tasks to do, and troubles anew, From now till the goal we reach.

There will always be History to learn, my dears; There will always be tests to take; For we shall be tried ere our roads divide, And proved by the marks we make. There'll always be tonic sol-fa, my dears; There will always be need to pray; There might well be tears through the future years, For hours we wasted to-day.

There will always be Grammar to learn, my dears; And always Science of Ed.; They will call to you till the term is through, And fond adieus have been said. So these are the things we must learn, my dears, And have learned, since the term began, That whatever befall, when the Masters call, Go do it the best you can.

THE AT-HOME

THE early days of February were filled with excitement and anticipation. There was but one topic of discussion,—the At-Home. Everywhere, in halls, in cloakrooms, in corners of the classrooms and the assembly hall, even at the very threshold of the Principal's office, eager knots of students gathered, some discussing in guarded tones the parts they were to take, others conferring excitedly on what they should wear. Those who were fortunate enough to be selected to assist in the programme, though not sworn to secrecy, were very reticent, but hinted darkly and mysteriously that something of unusual interest was in preparation.

Day by day the interest increased as the work advanced. The familiar aspect of the assembly hall was transformed that it might be in keeping with the importance of the occasion. The new curtain that stretched in snowy whiteness from post to post upon the platform was the cause of much speculation, and rumours of every kind were rife.

How slowly the time seemed to go! On the eventful twentieth the hands of the clocks, that between nine and four always crawl forward with reluctant pace, were more provokingly slow and leisurely than usual. Furtively at first, and then more openly, they were watched, and many a student was on the point of whispering to a neighbour that the horrid old clock had actually stopped, when a slight re-assuring click and a jerky forward movement of the minute hand proved that time was still being measured, even if each minute did seem interminable. How the Masters endured the agony of inattention and irrelevant answers, no one will ever know. Did they recall their own student days and, with sympathetic understanding, ignore the obvious lack of interest, or were they, too, watching the clocks?

When time for dismissing at last arrived, there was no loitering. For once John, making his daily round of library, halls and cloakrooms, found them strangely silent and deserted. But the bustle and activity was merely transferred to other scenes, and in many a boarding place there were hurried transformations, and it was indeed a wise landlady that knew her own boarders as they gathered to partake hurriedly of the evening meal.

Another tantalizing wait, a few last moment touches before the mirror, a hurried walk, and the Normal School building received them within its spacious portals. Soon they were gathered within the assembly hall wondering if the curtains would ever part and the entertainment really begin.

The artists whose talent rendered the first part of the programme so enjoyable will not be offended if they are crowded aside to make room for the "Mother Goose Arabesque." The purpose of the new curtain, which had created so much curiosity, now became evident. Across

YEAR BOOK

Its broad expanse the shadows of the well known characters of the Mother Goose Rhymes moved in life-like fashion, as a group of students and of their singular exploits. Mother Goose herself was there; and Mark Horner, still sticking his thumb in the identical pie of which an maknown number of successive generations has heard; and the improvident Mother Hubbard; and Jack and Jill who are still vainly seeking water at the top of the hill; and Simple Simon, an unsolved problem for the psychologist and the framer of intelligence tests. Some even maintained that they actually saw the dish "run away with the spoon."

Then came the Mother Goose Play. For a time the "weight of **pears**" was forgotten, and all enjoyed as in childhood's days, the familiar **rhymes**, though some of them had a strangely modern sound. The acting **was** exceedingly well done, and the pleasure of the audience was shown by the frequent rounds of applause. So real were the various scenes that when the curtain was finally drawn, the return from the world of **make**-believe to that of reality was like awakening from a pleasant **dream**. Great credit is due to Miss Morgan who planned the play, wrote the parts and so carefully trained the actors, and to Mr. Gatenby who wrote the music and directed its preparation and presentation.

The programme was followed by refreshments and the remainder of the evening was devoted to dancing and games.



"MOTHER GOOSE"

25

THE ART EXHIBIT

J. K. THORNLEY, J. D. LINDSEY

I T is very difficult for the average Canadian to become acquainted with the work of our prominent Canadian artists. Our authors experience little difficulty in placing their work before the public because books can be reproduced without losing any of their original value. A reproduction of a painting, however good it may be, cannot show the beauty and the delicacy of the original. Thus arises the difficulty of placing the comparatively small number of good paintings where the general public may see them.

To overcome this difficulty there have been established national provincial and municipal art galleries, each of which has a permanent collection and sometimes holds special exhibitions. The Royal Canadian Academy and the Ontario Society of Artists do much along this line. They exhibit annually, the former at Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto, and the latter, for the past fifty-three years has exhibited in the Art Galleries at Toronto. The people of the larger centres are thus given an opportunity of seeing good art. Lately, by means of travelling exhibitions an attempt has been made to give a similar opportunity to smaller towns and rural districts.

This spring the Ontario Society of Artists sent an exhibition to North Bay. The pictures were placed in the auditorium of the Normal School, where they were greatly appreciated by the students and by many of the people of the town who took advantage of the opportunity thus afforded them.

The exhibit represented the work of about half the members of the Society, and, like most Canadian art, consisted largely of landscapes. In addition to the ordinary style of paintings in oil and water colours there was some work of the new Impressionistic School. This however did not show to the best advantage because of the smallness of the room, and was consequently not as popular as the more conventional type. Although all canvases were necessarily small, and thus not the most outstanding work of the artists, they expressed well unity, feeling composition, light and shade and colour.

Some deserve special mention. Robert Holmes' studies in flowers, "Lobelias" and "Coral Root", showed beautiful natural backgrounds, and in this respect could be contrasted with Clara Hagarty's "A Study in Flame Colours," and "Daffodils", which showed the more usual cut flowers with a background of still objects.

The animal pictures, "Knee Deep in June" and "Dinner Time" by Fred S. Haines, and "Midday Rest" and "In Green Pastures" by Palmer were admired by many. Among the landscapes were Brigden's "A Northern Stream" and "Waterfall," Manly's "Touch of Autumn" and "Tidehead, Bear River," Reid's "Winter Sunset" and Mary Wrinch's "Yellow Harvest Fields" and "August."

It is to be hoped that the students and the citizens of North Bay in succeeding years will be given a similar privilege of getting to know a little better the work of our Canadian artists. As students and teachers we should embrace every opportunity of carefully studying the works of the great masters both of the past and of the present, and as citizens of Canada we should help and encourage as much as possible the production of good art which contributes so much to the culture, refinement and enjoyment of a nation.

WANDERLUST

M. Burrows

"You have woven a charm, O gypsy man, O cruel and heartless rover, You have taken my heart in your caravan To roam the wide world over."

It seems strange that I, like the writer of those lines, have fallen under the gypsy's spell and have a strange unquenchable desire to travel. To me comes the wanderlust, to see new scenes, to hear new travels and to return with that desire temporarily satisfied.

So it happened that I boarded a dusty train and felt the onward call of the open country through which I must pass on my way to a distant, noisy city, throbbing with life. I gazed impatiently out of the window of the halted train, caught sight of the factory chimneys from which poured forth volumes of black, enveloping smoke, and was anxious to be on my way. On my right lay the town and the harbour where boats were riding at anchor, or faded in the distance. On my left rose high limestone cliffs over which the morning sun sent its first rays.

At last I was on my way and quickly we sped by harbour, river and factory. The cliffs loomed darker in the shadow of approaching day. Soon the sparkling waters of Lake Manitou were the only reminders of familiar environment. The frost of early autumn melted beneath a smiling sun and all foretold happiness and pleasure.

Here and there sheep were grazing on the pastureland, and, as the fields sped by, I saw the ploughmen busily turning the sod. Occasional groves of trees still showed summer green and none were yet touched by frost. A few fields sparkled emerald in the dew and sun as the train hurried by brook and stream, field and forest with many a halt at little wayside stations. My book lay unopened on my knee for where can one read of beauties such as I was seeing?

Farther south the harvest was not yet completed, and I wondered why the north was farther advanced. Soon the level fields gave place to ever-rolling, rising ground and far in the distance I saw the lofty Caledonian Hills. As the beauty of the scene reached its climax the train stopped at a station on the hillside. In the background the foaming cataract from which the village obtained its name leaped, then leaped again, eager to plunge downward on its way. Far below me gleamed the river as it encircled the tiny village. Halfway up the mountain side the railway wound, snake-like, in and out. Above me towered the hills clothed in brilliant hues. Here the trees had heeded the call of autumn and had abandoned summer's green. Before the grandeur of it all, like Arthur's knight, I closed my eyes, Then the train crept on, and once more looking forward I saw the low, flat plains of the southern country. I thought of Bryant as he said:

> "Ah! 'twere a lot too blest Forever in thy coloured shades to stray; Amid the kisses of the soft south-west To rove and dream for aye,

And leave the vain low strife That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and power, The passions and the cares that wither life, And waste its little hour."

DR. RENNISON'S ADDRESS

M. Burns

H OW hopefully and expectantly we waited the entrance of the staff in the Assembly Hall, thinking we might see a stranger with them (always an indication of a treat in store) for many of us knew that Dr. Rennison was in town. Our spirits were dampered but not entirely crushed when the masters entered alone, for there still was the possibility of an "announcement" after Scripture Reading. Were we to be disappointed? Oh, no! Dr. Rennison was to deliver an address at eleven-thirty. What a marvellous change there was in the aspect of things! A few moments ago our lives seemed overflowing with tasks and duties, but suddenly all thought of these was either dispelled or much of their unpleasantness forgotten in expectancy.

Dr. Rennison has a wonderful gift of oratory and we forgot, as Ulysses did when listening to the Siren's Song, "friends and home and country," and were carried back to old English scenes and deeds which have made the British Empire the greatest in the world.

He spoke of the vastness of the Empire of which we are a part and attributed her greatness to the characteristics of her people. The English are shrewd and cautious, somewhat "slow" about entering upon new enterprises. The English were far behind many other European nations in making explorations and establishing colonies in the New World, but when gain became an incentive they came to the front. No other people perhaps showed such dauntless spirit in braving dangers and hardships as these men did, and our maps are a lasting monument of their work of exploration. The names of Davis, Frobisher, Hudson and others are written indelibly on the Geography and History of our These and others have made our Empire what it is to-day country. and left us a priceless legacy as descendants of that "Island Race." Perhaps our own dreams, our aspirations and the longing to realize these which have become a part of our very souls, were vividly por-trayed at that very moment when Dr. Rennison spoke so enthusiastically of the future, which was before each and all of us, if we but proved true to ourselves and others.

When Dr. Rennison spoke with regret of the short span of life left to him in comparison with the number of years which have become part of the past, I am sure in the heart and mind of each was held the sincere wish that we might stand many years hence, with as much respect, and as many kindly deeds and words to our credit, as we feel he has.

He told us of the month of April—Canada's month—and what it meant to us. It is the month of the anniversary of the battle of St. Julien in 1915, in which our young Canadians made a name for themselves which will live forever in song and story,—the battle which showed Canada worthy to be ranked as a "nation amongst nations."

Dr. Rennison expressed his hope that we would never prove unworthy of the Mother Country by contemplating in our nationhood anything which, when we rise, would not mean also an increase in Britain's greatness.

Is it any wonder, as we realize how great and manifold are our opportunities here and how we are privileged in knowing and hearing such men as Dr. Rennison, that we look with regret and a deep sign toward June the nineteenth.



DUCHESNAY FALLS

VIOLETS

I. VIINIKAINEN

Down among the willows, where the brooklet whispers by, And mirrors in its sparking depths the glowing sunset sky, There sweetly blooms the violet, 'neath spreading leaves of green, Soft-kissed by evening zephyrs, breathing fairy-like, unseen: And there the children come at noon, to pluck the fragrant flowers, And fill, with joyous laughter, all the echoing forest bowers.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

H. E. MAWHINEY

NO Canadian writer, perhaps, is better known both at home and abroad than is Charles G. D. Roberts, poet, historian, educationalist, and creator of fascinating stories of animal life. For this reason the announcement that he was to lecture in the auditorium of the Normal School was received with delight and all looked forward to an evening of rare pleasure and enjoyment.

The name of Roberts was sufficient to attract a large and representative gathering, so that the auditorium was completely filled. The speaker was introduced by Principal Casselman, who paid a high tribute to his patriotism and the versatility of his genius.

Dr. Roberts then told how from childhood he had been interested in the creatures of the wild, and had sought every opportunity to make himself familiar with all their ways. He had endeavoured to look behind their actions and try to interpret the motives that led to them. This required long and careful observation and a sympathetic and intimate study of animal psychology. He then read, as an example of his descriptive work, an extract from "Watchers of the Swamp," which was marked by great beauty of language and careful attention to style.

From his animal stories, the speaker turned to his poetry, which he declared, was his "first love" and still held foremost place in his affections. He read with marked effect the stirring patriotic poem, "Canada," and all of us will teach the poem a little better and more effectively as a result of having heard it interpreted by the poet's own rendering. "A Collect for Dominion Day" and "Canadian Streams" were followed by the reading of a sonnet, "The Night Sky", and two spring poems. The former of these was one of his carly poems and the latter was written shortly before his return to Canada.

The poetry of autumn was represented by "The Falling Leaves." "The Hour of Most Desire" and "The House" were next read. He then gave a humorous account of a little incident in which he and his renowned cousin, Bliss Carman, had played a prominent part, and read "Crossing the Brook," a whimsical poem founded upon the circumstance. His closing poem was "A Child's Prayer at Evening".

In years to come the poems and the delightful stories of Charles G. D. Roberts will mean infinitely more to us as we recall that we have seen and heard the man who wrote them, one of Canada's most distinguished workers in the field of literature.

EMPIRE DAY

W ITHIN 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.

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 use the benefits to be derived from faithful observance of the day, that we might carry out into our 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, 1925

MORNING

1.	Opening Exercises—Hymn, O God Our Help; Scripture Reading, Prayer
2.	ChorusRaise the FlagStudents
3.	Study of the Empire (1) AfricaGroup 3 (2) IndiaGroup 6 (3) Australia and New ZealandGroup 5
4.	Chorus
5.	Study of the Empire(4) Islands and strategic possessionsGroup 1(5) CanadaGroup 4(6) HomelandGroup 2
6.	Chorus
	AFTERNOON
1.	ChorusJohn Bull's ChildrenStudents
2.	Orchestra
3.	ReadingMiss Winogene Riley
4.	The FlagGroup 6
5.	ChorusEngland, Land of the FreeStudents
6.	ReadingThe Union JackMiss Bernice Damude
7.	Solo
8.	Flag DrillGroup 2
9.	ReadingMr. K. Wright
10.	Play Group 3
11.	SoloLand of Hope and GloryMiss Gwen Taylor
12.	Piano Duet The British Empire Miss Derry, Miss Daly
13.	Tributes to Queen VictoriaGroup 5
14.	ChorusThe Maple LeafStudents
15.	ReadingThe Pioneers of CanadaMiss Viola McCarthy
16.	Music-piano and violinsGroup 3
17.	National DancesSailors Hornpipe EnglandSailors Hornpipe WalesWelsh National Flag ScotlandHighland Fling IrelandIrish Lilt

GOD SAVE THE KING
PAGEANTS OF EMPIRE



AFRICA



PAGEANTS OF EMPIRE



AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND



THE ISLANDS OF THE SEAS

NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL

PAGEANTS OF EMPIRE



CANADA



THE FLAG

PAGEANTS OF EMPIRE



BRITANNIA



BRITAIN'S DEFENDERS

NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL

PAGEANTS OF EMPIRE



TRIBUTES TO QUEEN VICTORIA



NATIONAL DANCES



THE FRENCH RIVER



GROUP ONE (a)

Back Row-H. Avery, C. Alexander, M. Adam, A. Bailey, E. Bailey, R. Armstrong, L. Ashby, M. Bell, M. Barber.

Middle Row-E. Airhart, R. Barbour, M. Atlas, B. Abel, R. Barker, B. Affleck. Front Row-I. Bates, C. Barlow, G. Anderson, E. Abbott.

GROUP ONE

R. ARMSTRONG

G ROUP ONE! Surely it was no mere accident that placed this group first. True, it is perhaps a singular coincidence that all our names should have begun with the first letters of the alphabet, A, B or C. But names count for little, and, in fact, are easily changed. It must have been something of greater importance that gave us the pre-eminence among groups that are remarkable for special achievements and endowed with unusual mental powers. Do we not number among us those who have won enduring fame?

If you wish to know all that has happened since man left his dwelling among the tree tops and began to walk erect and to assume the mastery of created things, ask Adam.

If you would know the secret of military success, ask Alexander, whose conquests are unparalleled in history, and who, when all lands had been reduced to subjection, sat down to weep because there were no more worlds to conquer.

If you would know Geography, if you wish to locate any of the places whose unpronounceable names are listed in the back of a certain text book with which we are all more or less familiar, our Atlas can give you the information.

When patience and perseverance and patriotism are under discussion, what better example can be found than that of Bruce? And who among poets has achieved, in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles, such fame and distinction as Burns?

Our group is remarkable, too, for its unusual power of insight into difficult problems, and its power of expressing itself without ambiguity. In fact this trait has become so well known among the other groups that when they wish to indicate the highest possible standard of perspicuity they invariably say, "As clear as A.B.C."



GROUP ONE (b)

Back Row-I. Collins, M. Bradley, C. Bennison, R. Burns, M. Burrows, H. Buchanan, F. Buchanan, M. Campbell, E. Bromley, P. Bruce.

Middle Row-E. Copps, M. Cope, S. Berry, F. Burton, M. Burns, M. Clark, I. Clark, A. Clark, P. Clugston.

Front Row-M. Christie, E. Clark, H. Brown, R. Corbett, D. Bowen, R. Coombs.



GROUP TWO (a)

Back Row-Marion Davis, P. Dowdall, Margaret K. Dillon, D. Daly, D. Davidson, Mabel Davis, M. Devine, M. Fleurie, E. Dufault.

Middle Row-J. DeLong, B. Damude, E. Dempsay, M. DeLisle, D. Derry, B. Evans, Mary J. Dillon, Z. Downey.

Front Row-M. Flood, B. Fell, M. Fiske, V. Duffield, I. Darling, E. Edwardson.

THE GALLANT SECOND

E. Dempsay

A LL through the winter there were persistent rumours that, as soon as the return of spring permitted operations to be renewed, there would be a determined effort to break our lines and to prevent us from enjoying the benefits of all the difficult work we had done. Perhaps some of the more timid among us were somewhat alarmed, but for the great majority it merely served to give added zest to our daily drilling. At last our scouts reported that the enemy was approaching in full force. His movements were closely watched and soon we learned that he had taken up a strong position on the heights and had entrenched himself behind what appeared to be almost impregnable barriers.

There were hasty last minute preparations and much conning of our green covered books of instruction. The Commander-in-Chief selected the stalwart manhood of the sixth division and sent them forward to dislodge the enemy, or at the least to prevent further advance. There were many misgivings as to the wisdom of this choice, because with the exception of four, none, so far as known, had ever taken part in an engagement, and, unlike the other divisions, the sixth had never yet "smelled powder." It was feared that they might lose their morale and be stampeded at the first onslaught. To their credit be it said, they held their own with considerable tenacity, and when after two hours in the front trenches, they were relieved by the first division, there were really fewer casualties than had been expected.

The sixth division, which had borne the brunt of the first attack, returned battle scarred and uncommunicative. As their comrades from other divisions anxiously inquired regarding the success of the struggle, the tactics of the enemy and the probable method of his attack, they remained grim and silent, and staggered wearily on to their rest billets behind the lines. The first day of the conflict ended with the first division still holding on and anxiously awaiting the relief which had been promised. The issue was still in doubt, and the prospects for the morrow were far from reassuring.

The following morning it was announced that the second division was to occupy the trenches. The other divisions congratulated themselves that they were to be spared the ordeal for a few hours, and were ready with words of advice and kindly sympathy. To their amazement, the second division paraded as if for a holiday. There was an air of confidence, and an utter lack of anxiety that was simply astounding. They carried no gas masks. They had cast aside their green covered instruction books. They were even smiling. The others could not halp thinking that this care-free division had misunderstood the orders for the day, and were under the impression that they were going on furlough.

But no! When the order to advance was given, they wheeled gracefully into column and were off at the double. It was most puzzling.



GROUP TWO (b)

Back Row-E. Halcrow, M. Gunter, M. Fox, E. Goodwin, M. Howard, R. Green, M. Gribbin, M. Graham.

Middle Row-E. Graham, E. Gordon, M. Frayne, V. Hollis, A. Harrington, M. Hoey, E. Gribbin, V. Griese, G. Graham.

Front Row-J. Green, M. Hollingsworth, T. Guttridge, E. Gagnon, N. Holloman, E. Gilroy, F. Gustafson. The other divisions pessimistically predicted that this supreme selfconfidence could result in nothing but disaster, and held themselves in readiness to hurry to their support as soon as actual contact with the enemy should have taught them a much needed lesson. True, they did not really deserve this kindly consideration, but still the enemy must not be permitted to gain an advantage even if the proud second division was lacking in a becoming sense of their responsibility. An hour passed. There was a sound of music in the distance, and

An hour passed. There was a sound of music in the distance, and then and measured tread of an approaching force. Was the Commanderin-Chief sending up reinforcements? No, it was the second division returning from the front with flying colours. There was a satisfied smile on each countenance, but careful and persistent inquiry failed to elicit the slightest information regarding what had happened. How the news finally leaked out is still a mystery, but somehow, in spite of the modesty of the gallant division, the story of that morning's remarkable work became known. They had met the enemy on his own ground and completely routed him. They had even captured the commanding officer. True, they did not bring him back a prisoner, but released him on parole after he had declared enthusiastically that never before had he met a force so well disciplined and so capable.

The splendid work of the second division was mentioned next day in General Orders, and they became at once an object of envy to all the other divisions. The list of honours and decorations will be published early in July.

"L'ENVOIE"

V. MCCARTHY, C. MCDEVITT

When the year's last exam has been written And our nerves have been tested and tried, When the last practice lessons are over, And the critics have humbled our pride, We shall rest, and faith! we shall need it, Stop work for a month or for two, Till the call of the "Little Red School House" Shall summon to labour anew.

The studious then will be happy, Be enthroned on a teacher's chair, Look down on a miniature kingdom— Let critics look in if they dare! They will have their own classes before them To come at their beck and their call, They will make them a score of time-tables, And just for the fun of it all.

And never a Master to praise them, And never a Master to blame, They will not think aught of the money, Nor e'en of a pedagogue's fame, But just of the joy of the working, Of the pleasure of doing their best, Of service so willingly rendered, As they find in the labour their rest.

DIARY OF A NORMALITE

I. VIINIKAINEN

MARCH 12. This morning I got up early to study Science of Ed., but a warm breeze was blowing, so full of the promise of Spring, that I lost myself in meditation, and got severely reprimanded for arriving late at school.

March 13. Am sore afraid that the answers I jotted down in the Science of Ed. test to-day will not convince Mr. Norris that my knowledge of that subject is sufficient to warrant me a certificate. However, I dismissed that unpleasant prospect from my mind, and spent a delightful, and profitable (?) evening with several crossword puzzles. At eleven, I slipped down to the kitchen for a little lunch, and then to bed, very well satisfied.

March 16. Got only four marks in that Science of Ed. test. Made up my mind to look askance at cross-word puzzles in the future, and to devote my time to Science of Ed. and sundry other studies. It's too late to begin to-night though,—think I'll go to bed.

March 20. Went to the theatre this evening,—picture just "so-so." Picked up the daily paper when I got home, and, finding there a new cross-word puzzle, I spent two hours at it. Solved it all right,—but it's too late to do any studying to-night.

March 21. Decided last night to get up early this morning, and con a few History and Science of Ed. notes,—but had such a headache that I decided to stay in bed. Am much better now.

March 31. Mr. Casselman told us to bring our pens with us to his classes. To our surprise and delight it was not for a test this time. Our cheque is for \$31.00 this month. Have decided to settle down and do some *real* studying,—the exams. are uncomfortably near. Can't start to-night though,—have a headache.

Favourite songs:

"Everybody loves my baby"R. White.
"Shall I have it bobbed or shingled?"E. D. Hough.
"Don't send me posies"Miss Morgan.
"The Girl I left behind me"J. L. Hobbs
"Oh! How I hate to get up in the morning"J. R. Dinwoodie.
"I wish it was Sunday night"Away from Home Club
"Break the news to Mother"Chorus of students after the examinations.



GROUP THREE (a)

Back Row-J. Little, F. Lane, M. King, S. Langford, M. Kelly, M. Jermey, L. Loach, M. Laberge.

Middle Row-H. Kaye, G. Kelly, E. Gibson, I. Johnston, M. Johnson, A. Kennedy, M. Jamieson, E. Lamming, M. Lee.

Front Row-L. Jodouin, B. Johnson, A. Keon, M. Hurn, F. Kendall, C. Kelly, E. LeClaire.

GROUP THREE

R. MILLER

When you are at the Normal School, And want to see the best, Just come and visit our Group Three, And never mind the rest.

We always please the Principal And he is never vexed; In Spelling plans he finds a line 'Twixt each word and the next.

In History we are all so bright; We've really learned the date Quebec was founded by Champlain Was sixteen hundred eight.

When Science we are asked to teach We never are contended Until at least a dozen times We have experimented. Arithmetic is special fun, We face each test so gaily; We'd rather study Science of Ed. Than have our three meals daily.

A Grammar plan's a joy to us, The rules we never shatter; And if our "Method" should be wrong We know just what's the "Matter."

From autos we would run a mile, The movies!—We abhor them. And cross-word puzzles,—we protest We have no liking for them.

In anything we undertake We've never been defeated, And, yet it's plain to everyone, We're not a bit conceited.



GROUP THREE (b)

Back Row-B. Miller, L. Lupton, R. Miller, J. Munro, I. Lund, E. Miller, G. Mathias, C. Fitzgerald.

Middle Row-M. Moffat, A. Murphy, M. Mawhiney, O. Minthorne, V. Mahon, M. Mason, J. Maxwell, G. Maltby, L. Maltby.

Front Row-G. Mitchell, F. Malloy, E. Montgomery, E. Moore, B. Murphy, E. Major.



GROUP FOUR (a)

Back Row—H. MacKenzie, M. MacArthur, M. MacDonald, E. McBurney, H. McKelvie, C. McDevitt, O. McCulley, A. McCarthy, S. McLaren, C. McCrea.

Middle Row-H. McKeown, V. McColeman, M. MacMartin, M. McCormick, V. McCarthy, F. MacInnes, G. Murphy, B. McCutcheon.

Front Row-B. MacMillan, E. McCallum, J. McGeagh, R. MacTavish, V. McKerrow, I. McKinney.

GROUP FOUR

V. MCCARTHY

M ACARTHUR, MacDonald, MacKenzie. Oh! of course that's Group Four. Every one knows that when he hears those Scotch names. But that is not the only distinguishing mark of our group. When such names as Murphy, O'Donnell, McGeagh and McCarthy are heard intermingled with the others, the uppermost thought is, "Surely this group will accomplish great things." In the golden days of last September it was said that Group Four

In the golden days of last September it was said that Group Four would make its way to the "fore;" and can anyone in truth say that this prediction has not been fulfilled to the letter? We have moved forward, for are we not one Pace ahead of all the other groups? Everything valuable has a price; but has not Group Four two Prices and Nichols besides?

On Hallow-e'en our group put on a dramatic rendering of "Young Lochinvar" and no one could say, "I hae ma doubts" about the "abeelity" of Group Four and the Scotch element in it. At Christmas our group featured again in an old Scotch folk dance. Then came the crowning glory, when, by special request, our group sang for the "At Home."

In athletics, as elsewhere, the spirit of the Scots and Irish would not "down." Full of vigour, they entered the field for baseball and in the end they stood victorious over all other groups.

Surely the prophecies that came from the lips of all the masters during those first days when our names were conned over every half hour have been abundantly fulfilled, and Group Four to-day stands preeminent.

Mr. Gatenby. "Were you singing, Miss McC?" Miss McC. "Yes, sir." Mr. Gatenby. "Well, I couldn't hear you. You must have been in tune."

Saunders-"I liked that last piece you played, Miss Langford. Did you compose it yourself?" Stella-"Oh no, I was just tuning my E string."

Miss Morgan-"Here's an easy way in which to remember the date of the discovery of America-In fourteen hundred ninety-two, Columbus sailed the ocean blue." DeLong (in class next day), "In fourteen hundred ninety-three, Colombus sailed the dark-blue sea.



GROUP FOUR (b)

Back Row-G. Proudfoot, N. Netterville, A. Norman, V. Pierce, M. McQuarrie, E. Philp, W. Riley, C. North, D. Price, A. McLaughlin. Middle Row-E. Jackson, I. Price, C. Reid, M. McNabb, I. Richards, V. Robeson, I. Ohlman, M. McMillan.

Front Row-M. Ratchford, A. Pace, V. O'Donnell, G. McRobert, A. Ortwein, E. Nicholls, L. Norman.



GROUP FIVE (a)

Back Row-E. Stone, E. E. Smith, M. E. Smith, M. B. Smith, G. A. Smith, J. Sleeman, N. Stark, M. S. Smith, Middle Row, M. Rekierer, M. Stark, M. S. Smith,

Middle Row-M. Robinson, M. Stewart, M. G. Skene, L. B. Steen, M. Shields, H. J. Shields, A. H. Simms, N. E. Sewell, E. Rumball. Front Row-K. L. Shields, E. J. Smith, R. C. Ryan, A. C. Smith, B. Stafford, H. Smith.

GROUP FIVE

A FTER many vain attempts to write an appreciation of this Group that would do full justice to the merits of its members, the task had to be abandoned as hopeless. Not because there was any lack of material. There was a superabundance. Not because the writers lacked literary ability or even poetic inspiration. The Editors were deluged with both prose and poetry. But somehow, after the writers had exhausted their vocabulary, each seemed to fall so far short of an adequate statement of the merits of the Group that it was manifestly unfair to publish what was written. But why should time be wasted in recording what is so obvious to all? Group Five readily concedes the superiority of its members, and after all, is not Group Five in the best position to form an adequate judgment?

FIFTY YEARS HENCE

N. STARKE

We lounge in comfort in a railway car, Content to let the country skim swift by, As fast we're borne into the Northland far Where winds breathe free, auroras light the sky. Mile after mile is quickly left behind, The last south-flowing river rushes by, We cross the summit of the Height of Land To scenes that bring new pleasures to the eye.

On either hand the fields of ripening grain Roll back in golden waves to dim skyline, Symbol of rich prosperity and gain Rivalled alone by treasures of the mine.

The mine! Its towering buildings rise above The cavernous depths so dark below, and cold. King Midas' world, the wondrous treasure-trove Whose chambers vast disclose the virgin gold!

How gladly, after all the weary years, We mark again each beauteous lake and hill, The scenes of all our childish joys and tears, Round which the fondest memories linger still.

O Northland! Open wide your loving arms And clasp your children to your heart so true; They could not rest 'mid other lands alarms, They pine for you, fair Northland, just for you!



GROUP FIVE (b)

Back Row-I. Viinikainen, R. Vandyke, E. Willis, G. Taylor, W. Wood, B. Weston, E. Walton, I. Wild, H. Thorburn, E. Thorpe, M. Underhill.

Middle Row-M. Weishar, G. Strachan, O. Witty, D. Watson, M. Wellerman, E. Tyndall, B. Tanner.

Front Row-T. Wensley, M. Sullivan, M. D. Sunstrum, H. Thrasher, A. Wensley.



GROUP SIX (a)

Back Row-J. Dantzer, H. Blueman, E. Linton, J. Anderson, A. Jackson, H. Collins, J. Dinwoody, W. Buie, A. Burnfield.

Middle Row-D. Hough, C. Brydges, F. Hallett, C. Dobson, J. Foley, D. Lindsey, C. Buckwell, R. Crough, H. Dilworth.

Front Row-S. DeLong, V. Hodgins, J. Campbell, G. Long, C. Calderwood, W. Heric.

GROUP SIX

V. W. HODGINS

I T would show a deplorable lack of gallantry on our part, as young men, were we to do the expected and claim superiority over the other groups of the school. Furthermore, dire punishment would surely be meted out in haughty looks and scornful words if we substantiated our claim. Therefore, to show that gallantry is not dead and to keep the peace with our gentler associates, our virtues, abilities and accomplishments will not be lauded here. The purpose of this sketch is to aid our memories in recalling in future years the lads whom we have known as friends for the brief year at Normal School.

Forty-eight good fellows make up our group, forty-eight individuals differing in innumerable ways. We differ in appearance, we differ in physique, we differ in age, in our ambitions, and in our personalities. We claim as our fellows black-headed, brown-headed, blond-headed boys, and some with heads of more brilliant hue. Some of us part our hair in the middle; some at the side; some brush it back and plaster it down, some wear it long and others crop it short. Among us are those who wear "specks" and those who don't. There are tall ones and short ones, fat ones and lean ones, sturdy ones, and some not so sturdy. In our midst are many who are yet in their "teens;" some have passed beyond these years of carefree youth, and four of our number have fallen victims to Cupid's darts and have renounced all claim to single blessedness. There are those in the group who are of studious nature; some have musical ability; some have a love for art; others have shown ability on the stage, and still others take a wholesome interest in things athletic.

Our association together has been pleasant and profitable, and little has occurred to mar the goodfellowship. The influence of these associates, together with the experiences of the Normal Course, has left an impression on each of us which can never be effaced. Each is a little broader and better than he was last September.

The school year is drawing to a close. Our group will soon be scattered far and wide. With hopeful anticipation and yet with something of regret at the partings, we shall go forth to do our part in moulding the lives of the coming generation; and in future years we shall recall with pleasure the days we spent at Normal School as members of Group Six.

- "Is my scn getting well grounded in the principles of teaching?" asked Mr. X.
- "I would put it even stronger than that," answered Mr. Norris. "He is actually stranded on them."

Rorke—What's the most nervous thing in the world, next to a girl?" Calderwood—"Me—next to a girl."



GROUP SIX (b)

Back Row—B. Roberts, K. Wright, H. Strom, G. Vanderburg, J. Witzel, R. White, D. Young, A. Snider, K. Thornley.
Middle Row—J. Hobbs, A. Stewart, M. Robertson, W. Warner, G. Sterling R. Rorke, W. Simms, O. Stephens, B. McLaughlin.
Front Row—J. Runnalls, W. Scott, W. Stephen, W. Scollard, M. McGee, R. Saunders.

SIRKKA

I. VIINIKAINEN

(NOTE: Opening night of "Sirkka," a play based on George Sand's novel, "Little Fadette")

▼ N two minutes more the curtain would go up. Little "Sirkka" in her rags and tatters stood hugging her hen, and trying to keep her bare toes from being trod upon by the hurrying feet of the other actors in the crowded dressing-room. She looked very small, crowded into her little corner. To look at her dirty little face, with its childishly wideopen eyes, one would not guess her to be the "star" of the play. She looked so out of place among the bevy of hoop-skirted, be-wigged and bepowdered young damsels, laughingly admiring their old-fashioned finery in the long glasses, and exchanging whispered comments. They crowded around the mirrors, pirouetting and posing, each intent on enhancing her own personal charms to the full extent of her powers. Roles, carelessly flung aside, were everywhere: shoes, hats and flowers lay piled on the tables and the chairs; the air was heavy with the smell of grease-paint and of powder. There was an incessant hum of conversation, a great deal of good-natured badinage, but underneath it all, a nervous undercurrent of excitement. It seemed to grip, and to hold them all,-all, except Sirkka. She gazed reflectively at the bustle and confusion about her, perfectly serene and unruffled, smiling occasionally at some particularly witty sally.

"Ready," came the call of the manager. The whispering and the bustling suddenly ceased; the handsome hero emerged from the other dressing-room; the electric bell trilled. Mother Barbeaud on the stage spoke her opening lines, and the play was on!

Sirkka stood in the wings, waiting her cue to go on. She could hear the stage clock ticking and the scraping of a chair somewhere in the darkened hall. She was not nervous, but her hands suddenly felt very cold. The hen moved uneasily in her arms, and she threw her apron over its head.

"Now, remember," she admonished it in a whisper. "when I throw you in through the window, pretend you're terribly frightened. You've been chased by a big black dog, you know."

She examined the string tied to its leg, tried the knot. Suddenly she straightened,—her cue! With a quick movement, she threw the cackling hen upon the stage. She heard Mother Barbeaud's scream, and Father Barbeaud's grunt of surprise; then like a flash, she was through the open window herself, and in the glare of the foot-lights. She laughed aloud as she saw the astonishment, and the growing anger, on the faces of good Father and Mother Barbeaud; laughed mockingly as the veritable little gamin that she was portraying. In a torrent came her words, accompanied by animated gestures, and no one guessed that she was fighting hard for self-control, struggling for command over her

YEAR BOOK

pounding heart and racing pulse. Her sudden breathless entrance, and the stupidity of the poor hen, which stood rooted to the spot in the centre of the stage instead of acting frightened, upset her poise, and for an instant a terrifying sickening wave of stage-fright passed over her. So much was expected of her in this part! At rehearsal she had been so confident, so sure of herself,—perhaps too sure. Once, when the director had differed a little with her on some particular bit of action, she had looked at him steadily for an instant, and then said, "I don't agree with you, and I feel that I know best." The director had said no more, but his eyes were following her now from a vantage-point in the wings, and they were not pleasant eyes to see.

Slowly she mastered her emotion. Her heart gradually ceased its mad pounding, and with every line, every word that she spoke, she felt her old confidence returning. She put all she had into her role, gave everything in her to the portrayal of the part, and the absolute stillness of the hall attested with what success. She was not now merely acting, she was living "Sirkka." She was Sirkka, dirty, misjudged, friendless, hiding an aching heart behind a mocking smile, the pariah of the little French village, and the innocent victim of inexorable circumstance. To-night, she lived for the people in that darkened hall as vividly, as vitally, as Life itself. There was more than one tear-dimmed eye, more than one overflowing heart, as the drama moved on. She played on their emotions with a skill and an artistry that all felt, yet few could define and none resist. When the curtain fell for the last time it seemed as if some spell had been lifted.

The dressing-room and the stage quickly filled with admiring friends, eager to pay tribute to the little actress. But she was nowhere to be found. Swift as a shadow, she had slipped from the stage at the close of the last act, and through a window to the fire-escape. She didn't want to meet people now; she didn't wish to listen to their admiring plaudits and enthusiastic praise. A cool wind fanned her hot cheek, the soft darkness of the night filled her with peace. She raised her eyes to the friendly stars, and they seemed to smile at her, and to lead her thoughts onward. She smiled back at them, her eyes bright with her unspoken thoughts. She felt at last sure that some day her dreams would come true, confident that all she hoped and prayed for so earnestly would come to pass. Her future glowed bright and beautiful before her, and so she smiled.

> Simple Simon saw a barber, Standing by a chair, Said Simple Simon to the barber, "Will you bob my hair?"

Said the barber to Simple Simon, "Yes, take off your net." "No! no! Mamma said I mustn't" Simon's running yet.

ASPIRATIONS

C. BARLOW

For nearly a year we have willingly toiled And all with one steadfast aim To fit ourselves for a noble work, Though the path lead not to fame.

We have taught our lessons to suffering friends, We have daubed with many a paint, Ever and always we struggled on When our hearts were weary and faint.

And now that we're nearing the cherished goal We would still mount higher and higher, Not this for us is the resting place For upward we still aspire.

There are other heights which we now may reach From the vantage point we're gaining; There are high ideals and noble dreams That have come from our year of training.

JOHN

B. DAMUDE

T HERE are hundreds of "Johns" in the world, of all sizes, ages and descriptions. But ever in the years to come the name "John" will always recall to a student of the North Bay Normal School the vision of a short, grey-haired man, bent over a flower bed, or energetically shovelling a snowy path.

To some, School Managament may mean a red-backed, well-worn book, but to others a voice re-echoes, saying, "It's half past five. I want to go home to my supper." Heedless students chatter on, until at last the insistent voice rings out again with a tone of finality, "If you don't go, I'll tell the Principal on you," and we realize that here we have a lesson in practical School Management.

In moments of depression the Masters emphatically state that the class of 1924-5 do less work than any of the classes that have preceded them. But John's opinion fails to corroborate this judgment. For he declares, with a most convincing air of assurance, "In the seventeen years I've worked here, I've never had to stay so late as I have this year." Surely this is evidence of our studious habits and of our determination to make the most of all the advantages which the school has to offer. Let us hope that no more conscientious class than ours ever attends this training school, for it would grieve us to learn of John's health being impaired by long hours on duty and by cold meals, made necessary by the persistence of over-industrious students who, like ourselves, can scarce be driven from work.

After all, we shall always remember John, who remains while we pass on, as an example of faithful and kindly service to others.



JOHN

Succeeded. "See there!" said he, "She is a teachable girl."
Miss Reid (to girl in front of her) "Did he say she was a peach of a girl?"

- 280.
- "Are we going to study to-night, Jack?" "Dunno, Ken. Let's toss a coin. Heads, we go to the show; tails, we go to the rink; and if it stands on edge, we study." 254.
- Nervous student (conducting the criticism in an Art lesson) "Look at these two lovely birds, sitting on a stone, one standing behind the other."

Student-"Is there enough wood in this board to make a tray?" Mr. Chambers-"Yes, it you use your head."

"TREATY DAY"

E. Copps

"L ONG LAC, next station!" Suddenly the window blinds on one side of the coach were flung up and eager faces peered into the darkness. Only the black trees with occasional siftings of sparking water met their expectant eyes when suddenly,—how generous is nature!—through the tips of the tall pines the clouds parted and the moon appeared in all her soft radiance shedding her welcome light on the landscape below.

The great engine slackened its pace and, as we rolled over the bridge which spans one of the lake's many outlets, we saw, almost in front of us, a point jutting far out into the lake. Here and there on the point were small lights which, at a second glance, were seen to be camp fires. The shooting flames rose and sank, lighting up the shadows at intervals, and making visible the pale wigwams and the weird figures which were squatted at the entrances and around the fires.

Gradually the train rounded the curve which brought us to the station. Although it was almost midnight, there were many on the platform. Somehow this is always a favourite meeting place in the little northern towns. Every train is greeted by a throng of smiling, chatting people. Perhaps they have a friend coming from the nearest divisional point, or probably the fireman promised to bring a crate of fresh eggs from a section down the line. But anyone may meet the train, even if he has nothing in particular to do or attend to there.

After a few hasty introductions we started for our cottage which was on the Indian reserve, not more than three hundred feet from the fringe of the Indian camps. The Indian is a lover of dogs. The clear night air was rent with the continuous howling, barking, snarling and yelping of countless curs of every size and breed, many of which seemed anxious to form new friendships and frisked along beside us.

When we arrived at the camp all were ready to turn in for the night. The uninitiated among us were very nervous at first at being thrown so suddenly into such close contact with an Indian encampment. But the night passed with nothing more alarming to disturb our slumbers than the soft, incessant patter of moccasined feet as they passed and re-passed our door. How long their curiosity regarding their white neighbours and their natural fondness for prowling about in the night time kept them from their rest we do not know, for in spite of our misgivings we were soon sleeping soundly.

When we arose the sun was bright, the day clear and brisk and the air filled with happy chatter. There was a never ending line of Indians on the path, and for the first time I had the opportunity of seeing an entire family, directly descended from the Red Man of Champlain's day.

The Indian brave wore nearly the same kind of costume as his white-faced cousin, except that his styles were somewhat out of date. His "white-man's clothes" had been selected with little regard to size. He wore a remarkably high stiff collar, without a tie. But the most conspicuous article of apparel and the object of his especial pride, was a bright red gingham shirt. The Indian mother wore a bright red kerchief tied over her head and knotted about her blue-black tresses. She is fond of bright shawls and long, trailing skirts of many and brilliant colours. All wear beaded moccasins. The children are dressed in imitation of their parents as they in turn are imitating the white man. Only for the "papoose" has the characteristic native garb been retained. The little fellow with his great black eyes in a brown burnt face coos merrily as he is carried about laced to a board with long strips of coloured deer skin. He is first wrapped in a rabbit skin blanket so splendidly made and so soft and fluffy and snowy that he might be envied by many a white child.

The Indians all wore broad smiles and were in a happy mood. It was Treaty Day, the day on which they received annually their treaty money from the government agent in payment for their birthright, the lands which have long since passed beyond their control. All the Indians for many miles around had gathered there for the great day and the nights of celebration which ensued.

We watched the proud mothers bring their red and blue wrapped babes into the great tent over which waved, just as proudly, the Union Jack of the same dear colours; there they received their dole. We watched the reckless men saunter in to take their due; and the children to receive with great eagerness that which was to buy the brighest bit of clothing the peddlers had, no matter what the size.

That afternoon we went through the little group of tents, taking pictures, smiling at shy children, trying to talk to the women, and praising by gestures the bronzed babies. We went to their church where an old Jesuit priest was spending a few days with his flock, and great was the simple faith of these poor uneducated people as they went to him with all their troubles for advice and consolation.

The days quickly passed. Suddenly we found that the pattering on the path had decreased, especially at night. Many of the Indians were leaving by canoe and by train for their homes. Those who remained seem strangely quiet. Even the dogs must have felt the excitement wear off, for it was only at night, when the bright moon mocked, that their howling was heard. Soon Treaty Day with all its revelry was forgotten.

"MEET MY WIFE"

J. L. Hobbs

A TEACHER in a Finnish settlement was expecting his wife to join him. Anxious to make a good impression when she should arrive, he determined to learn the proper formula so that he might introduce the parents of his pupils to her in there own language. Accordingly he sought out one of the school boys who had some knowledge of English, and had him tell how to say in Finnish, "Meet my wife." This sentence he carefully memorized and practised until he could repeat it perfectly.

At length his wife came. As she accompanied her husband from the station they met a number of Finlanders. The teacher greeted them pleasantly, and then introduced them by repeating the sentence he had so carefully learned. To his surprise and embarassment, this was greeted with uproarious laughter which even their sense of politeness did not enable them to control.

The teacher hastened to the school, and seeking out the bo^{vv} who had taught him the words, he asked h m to tell him just what they meant. The merriment of the friends on whom he had tried them was soon explained, and the teacher himself could not refrain from laughter when the youthful interpreter translated, "Make meat of my wife."

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