

The Fourteenth Annual Year Book

Published by the

Students of North Bay Normal School June, 1926

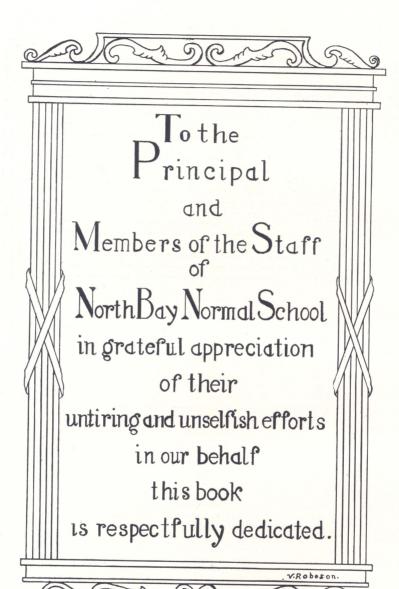
Forsitan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit. [Who knows but some day this, too, will be remembered with pleasure.]—Vergil. Aeneid 1, line 203.



THE NORMAL SCHOOL

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NORMAL SCHOOL STAFF.

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

NORMAL SCHOOL STAFF

A. C. CasselmanPrincipal: History, Reading.
J. C. Norris, M.A., B.PaedMaster: Mathematics, Science of Education.
H. E. Ricker, M.A
J. A. Bannister, B.A., D.PaedMaster: School Management, Composition, Spelling.
Miss Grace Morgan, B.A
Miss Edna J. Johnston, B.AMaster: Grammar, Geography.
C. RamsayInstructor: Art.
J. E. Chambers
J. B. Gatenby, A.T.S.C., Mus. BInstructor: Music.
Miss D. StephensonInstructor: Domestic Science.
Miss K. McCubbinSecretary and Librarian.



DURING the last year several writers both English and Canadian have lamented the failure of our Public Schools to properly educate the children of the country.

One English writer says:—"We are slow to part with old ideas. "But in the name of common sense let us rid ourselves of the notion "that more facilities for such book-learning as the State now bestows "at vast expense are going to give all an equal chance of success in "the world. An ounce of character is worth a ton of book-learning."

This writer regrets that a large number of persons even with high scholastic attainments are failures, through lack of character. Character, one gathers from reading the article is forcefulness, ability to deal successfully with unusual conditions, the power to direct and guide the less favoured ones of the community.

The Canadian writer says:—"Education is the 'leading out' and "development of mental faculties. How is that to be effected by schools "which address their efforts mainly to the memories of pupils." . . . "If a pupil of exceptionally inquiring mind happens to want to know "the meaning or the pronunciation of a word, he asks teacher." The dictionary is a sealed book to most schools." . . .

. . "It is always 'ask teacher', never, 'find out for yourself'."

"How many pupils are taught the habit, and shown how to go to the printed sources of information to acquire knowledge for themselves?"

These accusations are partly true, and for that matter they have always existed. Various remedies have from time to time been suggested to overcome these so-called defects, such as, more highly trained teachers, vocational schools and other lesser palliatives.

These charges against the schools and the teaching profession should be your deepest consideration. It should be your one ambition to improve conditions when you get an opportunity to conduct a school.

The English critic lays the failure at the door of too much knowledge without character training.

Both are necessary. The most notable character would be powerless for good without knowledge. The chief defect now-a-days is too little knowledge, too little knowledge of relations, too little power to use knowledge.

Therefore seek to gain as much knowledge as possible and teach the pupils under you how to obtain knowledge for themselves.

Teach your pupils to be neat and painstaking in all their work. This is taught best by example. Talks on our constitution and the duties and responsibilities of every person in the community will go a long way to establish character in children.

It is my fervent wish that every student of this session will aspire to become a power in the Province. You have had the opportunity of hearing various prominent persons deliver their message to you. Mr. Dunlop very pertinently said—"Every one of you may follow one of two roads, the easy road or the hard road. The easy road after some time will be a hard road, and the hard road will soon become the easy road."

In closing, I cannot do better than quote from the foreword of two sessions ago. $\,$

"Study hard and thoughtfully and make the best use of your natural ability and national leaders of renown will be evolved from this class. You have the fundamental characteristics of success—youth and health. See to it that you make the best use of your special opportunities and this great Dominion will be greater, better and more influential than in any previous period.

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

A. C. CASSELMAN.

GRATITUDE

SISTER MARY.

Softly breaks a whisper upon my ear,
And spreads itself, to fill the world around,
Until the woods and mountains with the sound
Are waked in joyful echoes silvery clear,
And upward floats that music, till I hear,
As though it were, a thousand voices sing,
O Gratitude, be always Thou our Queen.
And may thy beauty in our hearts appear,
Then all at once its sweetness fills my soul.
I know that thus, all Normal hearts are fraught
Towards those devoted ones, who show the goal,
And help us put in practice, maxims taught
By word, example and untiring zeal,
And never-ending effort for our weal.

EDITORIAL

W. H. McNally.

DILIGENT old Father Time is fast making ready to carry the present Normal School year into history and soon we shall say of our course, "it was." Soon the friendships which we have made here will be broken and our esprit-de-corps a thing of the past. To all the happy experiences and pleasant associations of our year at Normal School we must bid farewell.

Though much is taken, much remains. The Inevitable Reaper has taken only ten short months of time, while he has left us the harvest of the year, rich in educational value, in high ideals and treasured memories. To keep these memories green is the main endeavour of the Year Book Staff in preparing this little volume.

Recording the happenings of this session has given one a perspective of the year's work and as we sum it up, we feel sure there is not one of our numbers who could deny that it has been a year of great development. It has had its crosses and its trials, but the Gleam that brightened it all will light our memories when its trials are long forgotten.

Only a decade ago, our year book recorded deeds of valour and costly progress as our Motherland struggled in the cause of humanity. We find that a strong spirit of nationalism reigned in its pages. We find tributes to those of our school who heard the call and memorials to those who made the supreme sacrifice. On this tenth anniversary we honour their noble memories. This year, we are glad to record that the progress made is the ideal progress towards the nobler life and that the spirit that reigns is the spirit of peace.

As we turn these pages in years to be and glance at the once familiar faces, or read over the names we knew so well, we shall be transported back to the pleasant halls of the North Bay Normal School to live those happy days anew. If this prove to be the case with you, dear reader, the mission of the Editorial Staff will have been fulfilled.

On behalf of the Year Book Staff let me convey to you our very best wishes for abundant success in the profession you have chosen.

As Editor, let me extend my heartiest thanks to you all for your kindly co-operation in preparing this Year Book.

Down the years to come, fellow students,

Bon Voyage!

The Year Book Staff on behalf of the students, wishes to convey to Mr. Bannister most hearty congratulations upon his being granted the distinguished degree of Doctor of Pedagogy. It is a matter of no light labour to pursue so difficult a course while the daily tasks of teaching were growing increasingly arduous with the increasing attendance. We feel that in this he has set us a high standard of achievement. We understand that his thesis has been highly commended for scholarly research and for literary excellence.

The topic of the thesis is Educational History of Norfolk County. In this Dr. Bannister has added to our store of local histories and we hope that we may soon have an opportunity to read it.

TEN YEARS AGO AND NOW

BERTHA LEWIS.

TO-DAY, as we of this Normal School let our thoughts turn back to that dreadful time ten years ago when every citizen of our Empire was answering the call "England expects this day that every man will do his duty," when the finest, bravest and best of our manhood were going to that dreadful battlefield, we cannot but marvel at the great change that has taken place. To-day all has changed—nationalism has given place to internationalism and nations instead of struggling against each other are working hand in hand for world peace.

As a result of the Great War the plan of the League of Nations was drawn up in order to make it possible that international disputes might be settled by other means than war. This wonderful organization has grown from a membership of fourteen nations in 1920 to include fifty-six of the world's nations in 1926. The League of Nations trilogy is disarmament, security, and arbitration, and many disputes have been settled by the League in the past five years which would probably have led to war had there been no such organization. More of the wonderful work of the League will be seen in 1926.

But still much remains to be done to further the progress of peaceful methods and a great part of this work rests with the teachers of our Dominion. The fall of 1926 will see many students of this Normal School taking their places on the staffs of the Public Schools of our province and may one of our foremost aims be to promote world peace by showing to the growing generation the horrors of that Great War and the greatness of the world peace we are now enjoying.

We can truly say a great change has taken place—"By a long and tedious process, progress has been made from the era when Might stood against Right to the advanced era of to-day, when differences between individuals in a nation, personal, legal, and sectional are settled by a conference, arbitration, and courts of law and Right is upheld against brute force and Might."

In hearts too young for enmity, There lies the way to make men free; When children's friendships are world-wide, New ages will be glorified. Let child love child and strife will cease, Disarm the hearts, for that is peace.

When the students assembled in September, it was found that the attendance was greatly increased. This required the appointment of an additional Master. The happy choice of the Department of Education fell upon Miss Edna J. Johnston, B.A. Miss Johnston took up her duties early in October. Since then she has won a warm place in the admiration of the students, not only through her able teaching, but also through her interest in the students in the various phases of their student life.

W. H. McNally.

THE GIFT

SISTER MARY.

O FTEN have the words of Lowell,—The gift without the giver is bare, recurred to me during this Normal School year, but with inverse application; free, as I was, to contemplate, the lofty ideal of our Masters, which they earnestly strove to impart to us.

Were we not daily witnesses of their high standard of morality, their serious view of life, their kindness and untiring patience, not to speak of their sympathy? We loved them, but they loved us first; giving themselves with their gift how could it be bare?

As in previous years, a new contingent of over three hundred, is about to be scattered throughout the province, to dispense the gift received, thus multiplying to infinity the good achieved by Our Masters, who, like Edmund Aylmer, know not how money breeds.

For the great majority of us, our sphere of influence may never reach the same proportions as theirs, but a glimpse at what we may perform, prompts us to express our most sincere thankfulness, and particularly for the great lesson, we have seen in the practice—a lived application of the words of the poet—

Who bestows himself with his alms feeds three, Himself, his hungering neighbour and me.

OUR ENGLISH LITERATURE

ETHEL J. MCLACHLAN.

They have woven a tapestry wondrous, On a background of fadeless blue; The design is of faultless beauty, The colours tested and true.

Write. and painter and poet, See what their hands have wrought; Weaving in threads of their choosing, The beauty of noble thought.

How could the whole be so perfect.
Alone, each added his strand.
Ah! Was it the Master Workman
Guided the weaver's hand?

And through it all, softening the sombre, Lending rosy light to the pale, Runs the gold of King Arthur's legends, The wood-green of Robin Hood's tale.



YEAR BOOK STAFF.

Back Row—Miss G. Morgan, B.A., Supervising Editor; F. B. Smitheram; M. Butler;
H. E. Ricker, M.A., Advisory Manager; A. Turnbull, Associate Editor; J. M.
Wells, D. J. Bannister, Associate Editor; J. F. Anglin, Business Manager.
Front Row—W. H. McNally, Editor-in-Chief; E. J. McLachlan; V. Irwin; M. M. Straine;
M. Dewar; F. J. Bronner, Art Editor.

THE NORTH

Rose A. Byerlay.

O North, in awe we listen,
There's a magic in the word,
And it brings a radiant gleam into the eye,
It touches those emotions, which before were never stir'd,
And it spells a word which nevermore shall die.

Come! behold the wondrous picture,
That the Northland brings to view,
A picture of the future, bright and gay;
Brilliant colours, gaily tinted, of every radiant hue,
Like the glories of the sun at close of day.

Hush! and listen to the music,
That tinkles in our ears,
There's a million little fancies that it thrills,—
The music of the Northland, as it whispers down the years,
Oh! the high hopes for the future it instills.

Let us gaze into the Future,
With a bold and fearless eye,
In the Northland there is not a thought of fear,
For there's freedom, happy freedom as boundless as the sky,
In the broad and happy North, we love so dear.



EXECUTIVE OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY (FALL TERM). Back Row—J. M. Wells, Presidert; W. H. McNally, Vice-President, Section Y.; T. B. Doolittle, Treasurer; J. K. Bice; F. J. L. Bronner, Secretary, Section Y.; F. H. Vancott.

Middle Row—A. E. McCulley, M. M. Butler, M. I. Hunter, M. M. Kerr, Secretary, Section X.; A. C. Livingstone, I. G. Boehme, D. J. Bannister, Vice-President, Section X. Front Row—M. J. McDougall, I. L. Wade, M. W. Edmonds, L. R. Scott, E. M. Collins.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

J. M. WELLS.

CLASS record for the year 1925-26 could not be complete without some mention of The Literary Society. In it have centered the class interests and activities, and from it three hundred and thirty Normalites have gleaned no small contribution to the training that goes to make the teacher.

The grand march of the Hallowe'en party introduced the Literary Society into the life of the school, and told of better days to come. "Not a bad place after all," meditated many a home-sick Normalite.

If we were to pause in recalling the activities of the society during the fall term it would be to dwell again for a moment with Miss Johnson in her home in Iceland, and to enjoy once more a picture which Miss Johnson so ably portraved for us.

The excitement of final examinations and the anticipation of home carry us past the Christmas Closing, though we shall not soon forget Mrs. Ruggles and her family in their dramatization of Carol Bird's Christmas party.

The regime of the fall term executive was brought to a close with a most interesting and instructive programme upon, "The Possibilities of Physical Training."

February brought with it a new executive, and the "At-Home," an event which must be classed alone as the one really finished and beautiful programme of the year.

Outstanding among the programmes for the spring term were the National programmes, in which the talent of Scotland, Ireland, France and Italy was displayed to the pleasure and delight of all. And to those of us not bound by tradition the Irish Jig executed by Miss Hird and Messrs. Wensley and Bice will mean as much to us as the Shamrock, on St. Patrick's Day.

Whatever measure of success attended the efforts of the executives is largely due to the kindly advice and assistance of the Masters, and to those who so willingly placed their time and talent at our disposal. Doubtless many have been denied an opportunity to take an active part in the work of the society, but all have been influenced in some degree by its endeavours. And if we go to the schools a little better qualified to act as leaders in the community, a little more able to develop a fuller and finer type of Canadian citizenship the work of the Literary Society has not been in vain.



EXECUTIVE OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY (SPRING TERM).

Back Row—H. Paolini, D. Ford, A. Turnbull, E. Baird, A. Redden, L. Helferty.

Middle Row—B. Wright, Vice-President, Section Y.; L. Chenier, V. Thomas, A. Guilbault, E. Larson, F. Daly, Secretary, Section X.; M. Babcock, Vice-President, Section X.

Front Row—R. Pomeroy, B. Doolittle, Treasurer; F. Smitheram, President; A. Wensley, R. Beattie, Secretary, Section Y.

SCHOOL VISITORS

T HE year book would be incomplete indeed if some fitting reference were not made to the visitors of the year.

Our first visitor was that venerable statesman, the Rt. Hon. Sir George E. Foster, G.C.M.G., who addressed the Canadian Club and the students of the Normal School in the Assembly Hall on Friday evening, December 2. Sir George outlined the work and accomplishments of the League of Nations.

A genuine treat awaited the Normal School students as they gathered on Saturday morning, February 20, to listen to Dr. E. A. Marty of Toronto. Dr. Marty's address was overflowing with kindly advice to teachers. She urged that pride in the profession, maintaining that a more concentrated effort on the part of teachers would not only elevate the dignity of the profession, but it would also further the first aim of education—to make good citizens.

Another singular honour was conferred on our school on March 5, in the form of a visit by the members of the Toronto Board of Trade, accompanied by that renowned Canadian, Dr. F. G. Banting. These men came to us at the conclusion of a short tour through Northern Ontario and a most optimistic future for Canada was the keynote of their addresses. Messrs. Wilson, President of the Toronto Board of Trade, S. B. Gundy of Oxford Press, Toronto, W. H. Alderson, Vice-President of the Ontario Division of the Canadian Red Cross Society, Dr. F. W. Routley of the Canadian Red Cross Society and Dr. Banting, delivered short, inspiring addresses reminding us that Canada's future was bright and golden with opportunities and Northern Ontario had the most promising future.

This brief account would be very incomplete without special mention of a fine vocal solo, "Rule Britannia," rendered by Mr. Stapells, member of the Toronto Board of Trade.

Another address of notable merit was delivered by Miss Constance Boulton, Toronto, on the occasion of her visit on March 12. Miss Boulton spoke on the subject, "Dual Citizenship," urging teachers to recognize the relationship of Canada to the nations of the world. There is no need for pessimism in Canada; we have the ideals, be constructive.

A delightful and helpful half hour was spent on Friday afternoon, March 19, when Prof. Styles of Ottawa, spoke regarding the work of the Boy Scout movement in their endeavour to turn the adventurous spirit of boys into channels of useful development.

On March 26 a musical competition was held in the Assembly Hall with Dr. A. T. Cringan of Toronto as judge. Dr. Cringan addressed the Normal School class, extolling the value and place of music on the school curriculum.

In the evening of the same day Mr. W. J. Dunlop of the Extension Branch of the University of Toronto, presented the work and advantages

to teachers as provided by his department. Mr. Dunlop declared his faith in education and stated that anyone who had the perseverance can go ahead and qualify for the highest position in the profession. The Extension Department provided a way and is willing and able to help teachers to improve in order that they might keep out of a rut.

During the early part of March we became acquainted with the first Inspectors of the year to visit the school. During the two weeks which Mr. Williams of Port Arthur, and Mr. Ewers, of Fort Frances, spent with us they renewed old acquaintances and made new friends in every group. On the last morning of their visit they spoke briefly, outlining the difficulties that the young teachers had to overcome and offering timely suggestions which would contribute to the teacher's success.

On Friday afternoon, April 23, Mr. A. H. Richardson, of the Ontario Forestry Department, delivered an illustrated lecture on "Save the Forest." In his lecture Mr. Richardson ably dealt with the value of our forests and their importance to everyone. Very vividly he outlined the preventive steps which were being taken to check the disastrous ravages which annually deplete our forest areas. His appeal was directed toward the schools in order that our forest may not be completely destroyed.

During the last two weeks in April we had with us a daily visitor, Dr. S. A. Morgan, Inspector of Normal Schools. Dr. Morgan addressed the student body on the morning of April 27. He expressed his pleasure in finding the class so admirably efficient and offered much kindly advice.

The visitors of the year have been outstanding leaders in their various departments. Their messages were filled with encouragement and optimism, so that no one could listen to them without being benefited.

The appreciation of the students is due to those who were instrumental in bringing these visitors to us.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

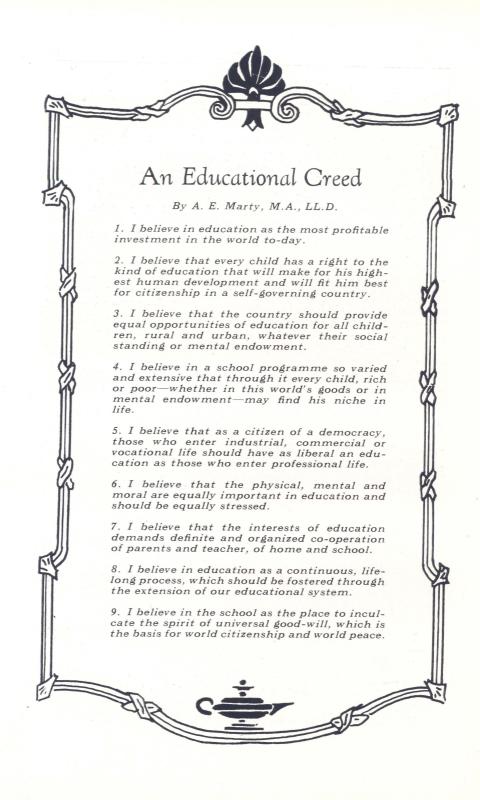
First Dignitary—The first teacher was a woman. Her use of concrete material was admirable. She used an apple to teach an ignorant man the difference between good and evil.

Second Dignitary—And the logical conclusion is that the first inspector was the horned gentleman who slided into the garden to see that the job was well done.

Lewis (planning a Nature Study Lesson)—"When do leaves begin to turn?"

Anglin-"The night before the exams."

Normalite—"I spent eight hours on my history last night, sir." Mr. Casselman—"How's that?"
Normalite—"It was under my pillow, sir."





NORMAL SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Back Row—C. Weston, F. H. Creasor, J. B. Gatenby, A.T.S.C., Mus. Bac.; E. A. Lemon, H. E. Ricker, M.A.
Front Row—F. Deguire, G. Boehme, M. Kinniburgh, N. Robinson, T. Massel.

THE ORCHESTRA

NORMA ROBINSON.

THE Orchestra of the North Bay Normal School, for the term 1925-1926, was organized early in November, under the able direction of Mr. J. B. Gatenby. There were ten instruments in all, four first violins, four second, the bass, and the piano.

Practice was held every Tuesday after school, and all the members should be commended for the regularity of attendance. Selections were played at some of the meetings of the Literary Society, at the "At-Homes", and at two or three lectures.

The music practised was mainly in the form of marches and waltzes. Some of the outstanding numbers were, "Hope, Eternal," "Melody of Love," "Barcarolle" from "Tales of Hoffman," and the "Poet and Peasant Overture."

It was with great reluctance that on May 4th we agreed to discontinue our practices, owing to the pressure of the coming examinations, for only the members will be able to adequately express their appreciation of the benefit and enjoyment they received through the untiring efforts of our conductor.

THE FIRST RECEPTION

LILLIAN M. CARLSON.

EIGHT o'clock Friday evening, October 16, 1925, found every one of the three hundred and thirty Normal students assembled at the school for the first big social event of the year. It was an "At-Home", given by the lady members of the staff and the masters' wives.

Each student wore a tag bearing his name and home address, and at the door of the assembly hall, was presented to the various hostesses. This was the "breaking the ice," step of the enjoyable evening that followed.

At 8.15 p.m. the happy crowd of prospective teachers were entertained by a delightful programme. Among the various musical numbers a solo by Miss Gwen Taylor and one by Mr. Beasley were greatly appreciated. Last, but not least an address by Mr. Casselman, further brought home to each of the students, a feeling of whole-hearted welcome.

Immediately after the programme the students were conducted in groups to dainty luncheon tables in another room. Here they enjoyed a brief social intercourse, only to be lured back to the assembly hall by the strains of a waltz. The floor had been cleared to allow the guests a few care-free hours of dancing.

Promptly at 11.55 p.m. the "Home, Sweet Home" waltz, broke into the old familiar Auld Lang Syne, when everyone joined hands and sang with hearty good-will.

Each student could truly say, "This is the end of a perfect evening." It was perfect, in that it served as a talisman to banish all grim fore-bodings for the ensuing year and in making all feel that the North Bay Normal School was not to be only a place of work, but also the embodiment of development, mentally, morally, physically and socially.

STUDENT AND CRITIC

F. H. CREASOR.

If I were a teacher
In a rural school,
I'd look so wise
Perched on the stool.
I'd scatter pupils far and wide,
Of all the amateurs I'd be the pride.
That's what I'd do.
If I were through
Oh, who knows?

If I were you,
Fair little student,
I should always try
To be good and prudent.
I'd be the merriest, sweetest child,
On whom the Normal ever smiled.
That's what I'd do,
And I'd get through,
Fair little student.

THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY

LEDGIE I. MILNE.

 6 W $^{\mathrm{HOO}\text{-}\mathrm{OO}\text{-}\mathrm{OO}^{2}\mathrm{S}}$ going to the Normal School Hallowe'en party?"

"Mee-ee-ow," answered a sleek, black cat, as he leaped across the road.

No wonder this question was asked, for were there not many, weird, uncanny, creatures abroad that night. Were they not on every street in town? But what brought them to the Normal School?

When at eight o'clock, the doors of the Assembly Hall were flung open, a veritable Fairy Land greeted us. Streamers of orange and black witches in flight, large-sized owls, grinning pumpkins, and bristling cats decorated the walls of the great hall.

Then the great parade began. What a crowd! Such dainty flowers

were followed by clowns and picturesque cow boys.

The North Bay Normal Shield carried itself proudly around. Old gentlemen, negroes and gypsies wended their way around the hall, followed by the limping ghosts. Prizes were awarded to Miss Esther Clarke, as the Normal School Shield, and to Miss Margaret Hughes, who personated a Rosebud.

A delightful, old-fashioned Hallowe'en programme was presented by the students. Little Orphant Annie made us all shudder, for what would happen if the Goblins once got you. Oh! Oh! But the old negro mammy gave us fresh courage by proclaiming to all aboard that night, that SHE was not afraid! No, indeed?

Then the lights went out, and the spirits held full sway. Can't you hear old bones rattling and someone moaning? Interesting old-fashioned games were thoroughly enjoyed by all. At the summons of a gong we went upstairs to partake of a delicious lunch which was served in cafeteria style in the kitchen.

Lunch was followed by a delightful hour which was spent in dancing. How pretty the many costumes looked as the figures moved back and forth to the lively tune of a popular fox-trot! The Hallowe'en Party of the Seventeenth Session of the North Bay Normal School was brought to a close. All joined hands and sang the old, yet ever popular, Auld Lang Syne.

THE LAST STRAW

On the Sunday after that unforgettable Time-Table week, this is what they sang in church, or so it seemed to the Normalites assembled there:—

Work for to-morrow's coming!
Work 'till your brain is numb!
Work at this old time-table,
Don't stop until it's done!
Work though your landlord's snoring,
Work though the spooks are about!
Work at this old time-table
'Till you have worked out!

GROUP ONE

MERLE BENINGER.

Group One! And proud are we of the Name!

THE moment we pass out of this Normal School we do not expect to I mount up, glowing like a star, to the fullness of perfection, but rather do we expect that as year by year passes by we shall truly try to climb steadily onwards, becoming most efficient members of the great teaching profession. In this work we hope to find much happiness.

Already, our group has won fame in the school. Not alone in name are we first, but we lead in music and grammar. Miss Johnston tells us we are her noisiest group. It must be because we have such a splen-

did knowledge of our mother tongue. Small wonder we lead in grammar!

We had a very exciting and amusing spelling match between

Group One and Group Two. Group One was victorious with nine out of twenty-five representatives still on the platform at the close of the match. Although we are the youngest group we could not be beaten even when it came to spelling "daguerreotype."

Our two vice-presidents for our Literary Society have been chosen from our class. Doris Bannister proved a very capable officer and

Mary Babcock is following her good example.

Day by day as we are learning to assume the greater responsibilities which our training demands, our group keeps pace with the others, and we hope when we go out into the world that we may carry on our share in a most efficient manner.



GROUP ONE (A)

Back Row—M. Andrew, H. Angus, K. Armstrong, M. Alexander, E. Armstrong; D. Bannister, P. Atkinson.

Middle Row—P. Affleck, O. Andrews, I. Andrews, A. Arnold, A. Anderson, M. Babcock. Front Row—T. Aiken, B. Arnold, J. Armstrong, M. Barlow, T. Adams, E. Baird.



GROUP ONE (B).

Back Row—E. Broadbent, K. Boyle, M. Bertram, R. Butler, A. Cain, B. Cain, M. Brown.
Middle Row—L. Breen, M. Beninger, B. Bergstrom, L. Burk, E. Brooks, M. Blackburn,
G. Boheme.

Front Row—N. Bidwell, E. Bresnahan, W. Byers, E. Burnfield, L. Brimage, R. Byerlay.



GROUP ONE (C).

Back Row—E. Carney, M. Cherry, H. Carter, E. Carswell, R. Barker.

Middle Row—L. Carlson, F. Chaput, M. Chenier, E. Clarke, M. Clare, M. Carr.

Front Row—M. Casselman, V. Chatwell, E. Carson, R. Cameron, E. Cameron.



GROUP TWO (A).

Back Row—M. Dewar, E. Clayton, M. Doyle, C. Dinner, G. Davies, E. Duff.
Middle Row—L. Dube, F. Daly, M. Crozier, C. Cosgrove, E. Collins, E. Collins, M. Clow.
Front Row—E. Cotter, D. Deagle, F. Deguire, C. Cumming, R. Drake, E. Ditmars.



GROUP TWO (B).

Back Row—F. Gamsby, I. Ennis, H. Fawcett, M. Edmonds, I. Egan.

Middle Row—B. Ellis, M. Foy, L. Fitzmaurice, D. Eyers, U. Flaherty, D. Ford.

Front Row—R. Gavin, M. Ferguson, M. Gardi, R. Fletcher, A. Francey.



GROUP TWO (C).

Back Row—M. Hammell, B. Johnson, L. Haney, A. Gold, H. Green, I. Gervais, D. Geddes. Middle Row—V. Gilpin, M. Greene, I. Hanna, A. Guilbault, S. Hall, I. Halonen, N. Halbert. Front Row—F. Gillespie, M. Hamilton, E. Glassford, E. Gordon, A. Griese, V. Gibson.

GROUP TWO

ANNIE GOLD.

THERE is a striking contrast between the reputation Group Two had at the beginning of the year and the reputation it has now. Of course we could hardly blame people for having such a poor opinion of us. Confusion reigned in our Group. Like lost sheep we wandered looking for our class room. When some kind master appeared and guided us to the room, he had also to show us which seats to take.

Now there is no doubt as to our place among the groups. As we march into a class room the master's face brightens. He, as well as the students, looks forward to the lesson with pleasure. Who would not enjoy teaching such bright students?

Our group represents the letters C, D, E, F, G, H. These stand for Cleverness, Diligence, Efficiency, Fidelity, Grace and Health. How well these virtues are portrayed in Group Two!



GROUP THREE (A).

Back Row—G. Irving, M. Jennings, M. Hogg, M. Hughes, M. Hunter, G. Hawn, V. Irwin, Middle Row—M. Heffron, R. Hill, M. Hobson, G. Higgins, R. Hunt, M. Harrington, F. Hopkins.

Front Row—H. Healey, L. Helferty, H. Hird, I. Harris, M. Hurn, A. Heyden.

GROUP THREE

ISABEL HARRIS.

THE number three has always held a charm. Was it fate that grouped us under the mystic number three? This was the group with ability, often latent. When Group Three entered the classroom a joyous satisfied look would appear on the master's face. This was the group that appreciated the beauty of Literature. Did they know their Grammar? Sometimes better than other groups. In Geography they knew Matter and Method. When, during first period, they had Science of Education, they seemed to have a fund of old knowledge which often called up hearty pleasantries. Who was in the hall when quietness reigned? Group Three, the quiet group, was there. Surely it was the charm of the number that made this group famous for ability and cheerfulness.

Mr. N.—To what does the weary plodding ploughman look forward which will make him forget entirely all outside cares and troubles?

D. B.—Something to eat!

YEAR BOOK



GROUP THREE (B).

Back Row—M. Kiely, S. Johnson, M. Lancaster, A. Kellock, A. Kane, H. Kelly, M. Kinsey.
Middle Row—T. Lane, N. Lorrain, D. Lockhart, I. Lynch, H. Lummis, S. Kauhanen,
B. Lewis.
Front Row—E. Larson, M. Kinniburgh, M. Jones, C. Langley, A. Livingstone, M. Kerr.



GROUP THREE (C).

Back Row—E. Machan, I. Martin, E. Matthews, K. Monk, L. Milne.

Middle Row—L. Martin, I. Mitchell, S. Matson, R. Matte, C. Massel, T. Massel.

Front Row—M. Mooney, G. Moyer, A. Milne, H. Miller, S. Mullins.



Back Row—H. MacKnight, L. MacTavish. R. McColman, M. McCracken, C. MacLean, E. McLachlan, E. McInnes, Middle Row—A. Murray, M. McDonald, A. McCulley, B. Mulligan, F. McDonald, L. McDonald, M. McGregor.

Front Row—F. MacLeod, B. McColman, L. McCutcheon, M. McDougall, B. McKittrick, R. MacDonald.



Back Row—A. Nesbitt, D. Price, R. McMullen, A. Owens, C. O'Neill. Middle Row—I. McTiernan, A. Newbery, L. Nelder, O. Palmer, B. McMurray, E. Olson, Front Row—J. McLean, M. Paisley, M. O'Neill, H. Paolini, A. O'Neill.



Back Row—M. Qinte, N. Robinson, H. Regan, M. Pappa, E. Ross, G. Potter, M. Roche. Middle Row—I. Pilon, G. Robinson, G. Rollins, R. Routledge, A. Redden, G. Murphy, Front Row—B. Ross, I. Redshaw, M. Pyette, H. Paske, J. Robertson, M. Robinson.

HISTORY OF GROUP FOUR

INA D. PAUL.

GROUP 4, as all of you know e'er this
Are as Scotch as Scotch can be;
To take the first one or the last
Called Mulligan and Murphy.

In the very front row of our jolly group, Are Mulligan, Murray, MacKnight, Who always help to save our fame By answering questions right.

But when it comes to the Science class The load is shared by three, MacLean, MacLeod, MacTavish, Are as bright as bright can be.

MacDonald is one, but McDonalds are four, Each in her separate cell, Next the Misses McColman, McCutcheon, Who write exceedingly well. McCracken, prize winner of the group for jokes, McCulley for vocal song; McDougall is famous in every class, And never does anything wrong.

There isn't a single financial thing, That could McInnes beat; McGregor should be trained to sing, Her voice it is so sweet.

McKittrick is a dark Scotch lass, McLachlan, so very fair, Such strange contrasted beauty I'm*sure is very rare.

Miss J. McLean, McMullen, McMurray, Are readers, so we say; McTiernan is a Grammar Star, And lives in old North Bay.

Next the Misses Nelder and Nesbitt, Who'll strangers to you be, In the centre of the group, Newbery and Olson, Are always collecting money.

What should we do without the O'Neills, In numbers there are three, Miss Owens, we shall all admit Is fond of Industry.

Miss Palmer and Miss Paisley, to be Famous teachers hope, But Helen Paolini's fame Depends on making soap.

Miss Pappa, Paske, and Pilon, The next in line we see, And Paul was an apostle great What do you think of me?

And then come Potter and Pyette, Miss Quinte and Miss Redden; Although she dances toe and heel, She also has a head on.

Then come the musical ones on our list, The Robinsons, a string, And the Misses Roche and Rollins, Who do "Art Posing."

Miss Redshaw's hair is very red, Miss Regan is so sweet; Miss Price has glossy black curls, Miss Robertson's petite.

The Misses Ross ne'er seem to lack
For answers in the class;
While Miss Routledge and Miss Murphy
We know will surely pass.

A PARODY

ETHEL J. McLachlan.

There was a new school section
To learning just inclined;
Who engaged a North Bay graduate
To educate its mind,
Though each one in the section
Desired a different kind.

The first approached the prodigy, (A trustee so 'tis said);
And sadly told the section then "Dire ruin lies ahead,
She's never used the birch this week;
She rules by love instead."

The next who came—a farmer's wife— I know not when or how
But far and fast the news then spread,
From kitchen, field and plough,
"A silly, useless, flighty thing,
She cannot milk a cow!"

And now the children criticize,
Truth comes from babes not kings.
"She tells us lots of dandy games,
And stories too—and sings.
She's wiser'n anybody in the world,
She knows—why everything!"

The fourth and last I'll mention here, The Secretary, brave; After he'd given her the first cheque, This information gave: "Miss Flora Campbell's just the girl, She'll teach 'em how to save."

And so the entire section,
Disputed loud and long;
While the teacher drew her salary,
And heeded not their song.
And so you see that she was right,
And all the section wrong.

I know of a lawn so level and green, Where a janitor's working this morning, I ween. 'Tis as easy now to his task to be true, As the grass to be green, the skies to be blue, While we toil on from day to day, Wishing exams were still far away. I'll tell you a secret—to recall when we're gone—The lawn's at the Normal—the janitor's John.

GROUP FIVE

MARGARET STRAINE.

WHERE was ever found a more congenial set of girls than Group Five? But this alone is not our claim to fame.

Whenever ability, initiative, or such qualities are spoken of, Group Five never fails to receive special mention.

We can also truthfully say that by the end of the first term every one in the group could find her next class room and her place therein without more than five minutes' search.

From our Group was chosen Y's Vice-President for the spring term, and the Literary Society since then has shown what Group Five can produce.

It was Sergeant-Major Joyce who first discerned in us the capability of accomplishing something out of the ordinary. Perhaps it was for this reason that our record in Physical Training eclipses that of any of the other groups, and is a source of amazement to all in the Normal School—ourselves excepted.

If present accomplishments are a means of judging the success of the future, then Group Five gives promise of a most remarkable future in the teaching profession.



Back Row—W. Sanders, L. Sampson, M. Stirret, M. Straine, G. Sitch, R. Rowe, L. Somerville.

Middle Row—W. Ruffett, M. Sheil, E. Scott, I. Sime, M. Skuce, E. Scanlan, M. Simmens. Front Row—D. Smith, M. Snodden, G. Tait, P. Sternall, R. Scott.

YEAR BOOK



Pack Row—E. Ulvila, A. Turnbull, A. Topps, K. Twiss, E. Teeto. Middle Row—P. Turnbull, E. Tindall, A. Thur, V. Thomas, V. Tindall, K. Wannamaker. Front Row—R. Tellier, D. Twiss, M. Vizera, I. Wade, M. VanDusen.



Back Row—D. Watts, E. Pollock, M. Wilding, B. Wright, Z. White, E. Ward, C. White. Middle Row—I. Wilman, M. Watson, L. Wensley, H. Yorke, A. Wilkins, L. Ward, Front Row—A. Woodland, I. Wilson, H. Yake, M. White, Z. Wright, M. Wilson.



Back Row—G. Ball, W. Edgar, V. Davison, J. Bice, R. Beattie, F. Bronner, F. Doolittle. Middle Row—E. Carthecart, H. Frink, G. Deyett, W. Ansley, M. Corkery, F. Creasor, J. Anglin.

Front Row—A. Fisher, S. Falls, D. Ball, H. Coventry, K. Alexander, A. Collins.



Back Row—A. McGregor, M. Lewis, W. McGill, R. Healey, M. Malowney. Middle Row—H. MacDonald, W. MacDonald, W. McPherson, H. Kennedy, E. Lemon, G. More. Front Row—H. Jermyn, W. McNally, G. Learn, C. Moir, J. Jackson.



Back Row—C. Weston, A. Wensley, C. Partushek, L. Whitehead, J. Webster, R. St. John. Middle Row—C. Snider, J. Wells, C. Yates, A. Orr, P. West, M. Vrooman, F. Smitheram. Front Row—C. Van Horn, W. Rorke, F. Vancott, R. Pomeroy, A. O'Connell, C. Sinclair.

A VISION OF THE FUTURE

F. B. SMITHERAM.

It was twelve bells ringing. With his head getting closer and closer to the page a member of Group Six was reviewing that chapter on imagination in a well-worn copy of Science of Education.

He was reading—"In some cases the mind allows itself to drift out ; when the light dimmed. Before him arose a scene which filled him with wonder. He saw himself forty years later, wandering in the heart of a great city.

Turning into a main thoroughfare he joined a throng of people which he followed into a crowded theatre. The programme had started and, strange to relate, the actors looked familiar. But it was not

and, strange to relate, the actors looked familiar. But it was not until a burst of applause rewarded the actors that he recognized his old classmates, Harry Jermyn and Bert Frink.

The picture, "Group Six Forty Years Later," carried scenes hauntingly familiar. With amusing interest and wonder he watched the cautious but vain attempts of Speaker McNally as he tried to restore Parliamentary dignity while Archie Wensley and Ross Beattie vigorously debated McGill's "Tax on Bachelors" bill. Passionate were the efforts of John Wells, K.C., to clear Doolittle of the Trout Mill Slide charges before the Privy Council. Bill Ansley was shown leading his choirsters with marvellous skill through an exceedingly difficult cantata. choirsters with marvellous skill through an exceedingly difficult cantata. As Damon Ball accepted the trophy of the art competition from the hands of Prof. F. Bronner great applause burst forth. This was

followed by a solemn and reverend mood as St. John appeared in his clerical robes but hilarious shouting and cheering resounded when Rorke was seen returning from a world tour in which his gallant Trappers had not lost a game. Prof. J. W. Bice's graduating class from the Model School of Modern Dancing received stupendous applause. So great was the general joy and satisfaction which greeted the announcement of Sir E. A. Lemon's latest "Answers to all Your Questions," that the enthusiasm which had prevailed when Pomeroy wrestled the heavyweight championship from Partushek appeared tame. Then came a view of Capt. J. F. Anglin landing the first colonists on a barren island called Hannatoulin. This is supposed to be the largest fresh water island in the world and was discovered during the previous summer by Coventry and Van Horn. General satisfaction was apparent when Kenneth Alexander, Ph.D., was shown approaching the steps of a Normal School to be initiated as the new member of the staff. His successor as inspector in the Du Chesnay district was none other than Charles Yates, the famous Physical Training Instructor. This was followed by a scene which created much mirth as the sign Dr. Austin O'Connel, M.D., was displayed next door to the Malowney, Davison and Lewis, undert . .

"Hey! Are you going to keep that light burning all night?"—and the vision vanished. Gone was the scene, almost gone was the night, but there was a Science of Education, a tired student and a thoroughly

exhausted imagination.

THE SONG OF THE LARK

INA PAUL.

SUGGESTED BY JULES BRETON'S PICTURE.

Oh! tiny bird, what a speck thou art, Up in the sky so blue, The world below is heralding dawn, By the rise of sparkling dew.

A peasant girl, in the morn's dim light, Wended her lonely way, To the harvest field on her father's farm, There to spend the day.

Suddenly in her walk she paused,
While her heart in her bosom stirred;
She stood enraptured for only a moment,
By the beautiful song of the bird.

Forgotten, the labours of days gone by, Unfelt, the sickle in hand; Borne far away on the wings of fancy, To a new and wonderful land.

Oh! tiny speck in the azure sky,
Whence comest such magic song;
That takes us from the cares of life,
To the land where fairies throng.

A PARTING MESSAGE

THE clergymen who have conducted the classes in religious instruction during the year, leave to the students these parting messages:—

Year by year fresh students come to the North Bay Normal School, tarry with us for a few months and then disperse to their several spheres of work,—we meet them at our lectures and at a few other gatherings, but scarcely have opportunity to really become acquainted with them.

Like "ships that pass in the night, and speak to each other in sing," they come and go, but leave behind them many memories.

As they go to their posts, sometimes in rather isolated districts, where perseverance and grit are required to "carry on," they take with them our prayers and good wishes, for we realize the tremendous importance of the work they are undertaking. To the class of 1925-26 may success crown your efforts, and may you find in your work real joy and satisfaction.

Gilbert Oliver, Rector of St. John's Anglican Church.

Having been asked to give some parting message, to the graduating Normalites of '25 and '26, I feel that no better charge can be given than that of Polonius to his son Laertes—"This above all,—to thine ownself be true; and it must follow, as the night the day thou canst not then be false to any man.

JNO. J. O'LEARY. With kindest wishes to all,

> O Master, let me walk with Thee, In lowly paths of service free, Tell me Thy secret, help me bear The strain of toil, the frets of care J. MILTON PRITCHARD.

Every road is a royal road-If courage shoulders the pilgrim's load, If faith in men and faith in God Marks out the way that our feet have trod, If the joys are pure and the laughter clear, If true feeling jewels the falling tear, If the spur of love is the only goad— You'll find yourself on a royal road.
—J. C. COCHRANE,

Written specially for Normal School Year Book, 1926.

You want to leave this school feeling you can look yourself in the eye; deserve all men's respect; be self-respecting and conscience-free; and if you do—Berton Braley is right:—

It's up to you! Nobody else can make it, Nobody else can fashion your career; And if you build it up or if you break it, Your responsibility is clear. It isn't the fate or fortune or your neighbour That brings success or failure to your view; You rise or fall by your own brains and labour. It's up to you.-—J. R. Saunderson.

"Let the soldier be abroad if he will, he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage, a personage less imposing in the eye of some, perhaps insignificant. The school master is abroad, and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array.' REV. A. SMALL.

THE CHRISTMAS CONCERT

EDITH DITMARS.

ONCE again the North Bay Normal School was a scene of revelry as winsome lasses and gay lads took their places in the brightly lighted assembly room, on Friday, December 18, 1925.

The concert was very appropriate to the happy Yuletide. At first the air was set ringing by the strains of the Christmas song, by the school. Following this was an appropriate Christmas reading. A delightful feature of the programme was an original musical composition on the piano by Mr. Sinclair. Miss Redden showed her ability as an entertainer in a pretty solo dance. The last and most amusing item was a sketch, in which the domestic troubles of Mrs. Ruggles were portrayed by various members of the student body. The programme closed with another Christmas song by the school.

Dancing in the Assembly Room followed the programme. In the course of the evening a dainty lunch was served.

At twelve o'clock the merry party broke up, with the hearty singing of "Auld Lang Syne."



THE RUGGLES FAMILY

THE DAY THE FORD BROKE DOWN

MARGARET EDMONDS.

DESPITE popular jokes we had always considered the Ford dependable. Alas! on that fateful day—the Ides of February—the Ford failed Group Two. Had we started boldly the preshure would have lessened (or is it lessoned?) However, at the very first boulder our Ford broke down, apparently too conshienteous to compete with Group One.

Left unsupported, Group Two was pannickstricken. We had not planned to walk alone and many deserted imedeatly. A few struggled on, but our fourtetude was so inadikwate that a zephyr or a sprig of lavender routed us. How could we, then, face such terrors as rhinosceros or hipopopotamus!

Mr. Norris criticized us for not spelling in syllables. Our spelling, it seemed, was too unsymetricle for sylabels. But Mr. Norris did give us some undeserved criticism. True, we did not use the words in sentences, but we did sometimes develop the meaning. For example, miscellaneous was spelled so misselaneusly that it was a privelidge to hear it, while various was rendered with plenty of veryation.

Every spelling rule was used but all in vain. None could be applied twice in sucsesshion. Fonetik spelling failed on sooveneer and novis, so we experimented with silent letters in praiairies and pyaramaids. Our judge, Mr. Bannister, did not approve of this, so we tried omision and abrevation. In fact, we did everything imajenible with any letters that hapuened to ocour, showing, we thought, remarkable skill and origenality in aranjement.

Calmooflage was useless! Mr. Bannister proved in-ex-or-i-bel! And so, incomprehencibel though it may seem, Group Two went down to ignominneus dephiet. The glory of victory went to Group One. They, too, had suffered serious losses, but their Carr had not broken down.

After this trying experience how can we ever again say that the Ford always holds its own with the best?

Mr. B.—"Suggest a method of ventilating a room." Miss A.—"A door." Mr. B.—"Another method, Miss A.?" Miss A.—"Another door."

Mr. Ball teaching a spelling lesson in a practice school. Teacher—"Use the word source in a sentence." First Pupil—We found the river's source.

Teacher, to little boy not paying attention—Can you use this word in a sentence?

Little Boy-We had apple s-o-u-r-c-e for dinner.

THE "AT-HOME"

AGNES MURRAY.

THAT eventful morning, when our Principal announced that the "At-Home" was to be held on the twelfth of February, set every face aglow with expectant pleasure. Every day preceding the "At-Home" became more mysterious as the continued whisperings in the halls suggested something unusual.

At last the night came and the Assembly hall was filled with eager faces awaiting the concert.

In a few brief words the President of the Literary Society welcomed the guests. The Clown Drill, Gypsy Dance, Boys' Song and other excellent numbers were given by various groups. Perhaps the two outstanding numbers on the programme were "The Minuet" and "Virginia Reel." The Minuet was gracefully danced by some of the students of Group Two, while the others sang "Love's Old Sweet Song," made more beautiful by Mr. Gatenby playing the "Obligato." Their stately, dignified manner and easy grace of movement proved a pleasure to all.

Especially beautiful was the "Virginia Reel," where the winsome damsels and gallant farm lads in their quaint costumes, performed this old-fashioned dance with ease and skill.

At the close of the concert, Mr. Casselman, in his address, complimented Miss Morgan, Mr. Gatenby and the executive for the excellent programme they had provided. In a few words, he commended the educative value of these concerts, and expressed a desire, that every student would leave Normal School endowed with that initiative necessary to enter into the social spirit of the community, where he or she would be a leader.

Little Jessie Holling presented Miss Morgan with a bouquet of roses on behalf of the students for her untiring efforts to make this concert a success.

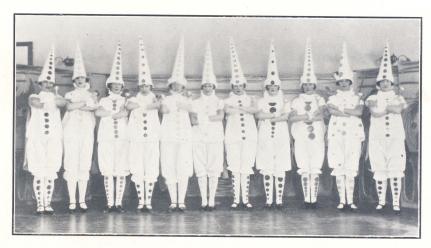
The National Anthem was sung, and lunch was served. The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing and games.

FAMOUS SAYINGS

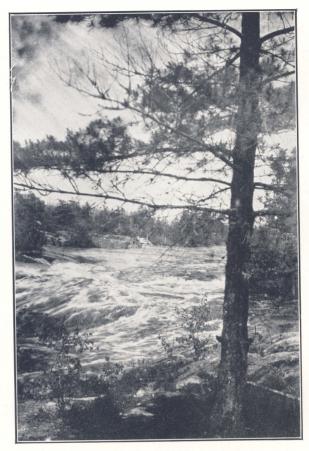
Ready, stand, forward!
The class is now dismissed.
What is our work for this morning?
That will do.
Bring your pens to my class to-day.
That's true. Do you believe it?
No, the other tune, girls.
Five o'clock, girls.



THE MINUET



THE CLOWN DRILL



ON THE FRENCH RIVER

THE SPIRIT OF THE NORTH

SADIE MULLINS.

There's a spirit in the Northland,
That has ta'en my thoughts from home.
There's a subtle, veiled enchantment,
That inspires my steps to roam.
There is that within its friendships,
In its brightness, and its glare,
In the white drifts of the Northland,
That I can't find anywhere.

I have dwelt beside the rivers,
And the lakes, of southern clime.
I have walked within the forests,
In the glowing Summer time.
And, beneath the tranquil stillness,
Of the deep primeval shade,
Felt a spark of radiant pleasure,
That can never fully fade.

But their beauty lost its glamour,
When, one glorious Northern day,
There lay spread before my vision,
Nature's soul, in grand array.
I had climbed among the timber,
Up and up, 'neath glowing skies,
'Till beneath my feet the shadows
Of the lowlands, ceased to rise!

On that height, I gazed about me,
All entranced, upon my view,
Rose the glory and the grandeur
Of the lake's, deep, misty blue.
From its sides, the rocky spires,
Backward pressed, as if in fear.
Fear, lest they destroy its calmness,
Nipissing, the cold and clear.

Here, perhaps, in time now faded, Stood a lofty Indian Chief, Clad in all his war-like garments, Stern of limb, with eyes of grief. Looked from out those orbs of longing, At the white-caps and the foam; Little dreaming, that his Northland Would become the white-man's home.

But the hand of fate has severed
From his race, their rightful due;
And the waters curl no longer,
'Round the Indian's bark canoe.
In his place, there dwells a people,
Friendly, honest in their trade;
By their labours they have changed it,
But one change they have not made.

Though, they have by strength and toiling,
Delved in mine, and cut the tree,
They have never changed its glamour;
It remains the North, the free.
Still the winter sun doth glitter,
O'er the drifts of high heaped snow.
And, across their gleaming whiteness,
See the Northland's spirit go.

LEGEND OF BALANCING ROCK

DOROTHY A. SMITH.

EAVING Rat Portage, Nancawachi guided the canoe swiftly across the waters of the Lake of the Woods. His father, the aged Ojibway, was dying and wished to see his son. Nancawachi travelled on and on. As the sun dropped low in the heavens the "Rock" came in sight. Bold and bare it hung, balancing above the water. Nancawachi looked at the huge boulder with wondering eyes. The "Rock" was tilted a little more than usual. It was surely leaning nearer the waves! To his superstitious nature came a warning-"Sorrow."

The young Indian ran the canoe ashore, and raced up the cliff to his father's tent. He found his father lying on a pile of rugs on the

floor.
"Father, I have come to be with you." As the old man looked at his son, a glow o'erspread his countenance. He might well be proud to pass his name on to such a youth.

"You must hear me, Nancawachi, e'er the river bids my spirit

In silence the boy sat down beside his father and taking a withered

hand in his, listened to the story.

"Long years ago, before you were born, my son, a mighty nation dwelt upon this shore, until one day the river ran with greater speed, and the tall pines rustling in the breeze whispered, "They come." We, foolish and content, did not heed the warning, and as the sun dropped beyond you hill, the peaceful tribe lay down to rest. A long rest had many that night, for as the moon rose overhead, our camp was aroused by a deadly war-whoop. The Sioux were upon us and in the skirmish which followed, most of our people were killed.

Through the influence of Sakahagun fifty of our best men were

spared. At dawn we were taken before a council, and our fate was

decided.

Wachewan, a lofty Sioux, was to lift a huge rock which lay on top of the cliff, and hurl it into the water below. If there was a splash we were to be killed, if not, we should be set free. When we

heard this foolish sentence, we knew we were doomed.

On top of the cliff, Wachewan came forward, and as his haughty laugh rang through the crags he lifted the rock and threw it. Down laugh rang through the crags he lifted the rock and threw it. Down it crashed—but not into the water! Sakahagun, the Spirit of our Lake, did not desert us now. He stretched forth his magic hand, and the rock, instead of sinking into the waves, fell heavily on a ledge which jutted from the cliff's side. At last it settled firmly on the ledge, and with amazed and terrified glances, the Sioux fled. They knew that the Spirit was against them, and we were left to live.

"That, my son, is the story of 'Balancing Rock,' and the tale must go down through the ages, for it was the work of the Great Spirit."

The old man looked at his son, and with a contented smile his every

The old man looked at his son, and with a contented smile, his eyes closed. As Nancawachi felt his father's hand grow cold, he stepped cut into the night. The last rays of the setting sun had just faded, and a bright star came out in the heavens.



WATT'S IN A NAME?

ISABEL ANDREWS.

DOROTHY EYERS.

IRENE WILMAN.

LISTEN while I Tellier a story I Wannamaker about "Watts in a Name."

Sitch a time as we had on that picnic! Hamilton talks of it Daly. Jones Owens a McLachlan Carr, so one fine Thurs. afternoon, we all set out for Byerlay Hill, a Burn (ed) field, to the West of St. John. The Carr broke down and we had to Ruffett for a mile.

Arriving at the Woodland some played Ball, others went to hunt Martins, while Jackson went Anglin for Halbert fish. Beattie took Hanna for a Rowe on the Brook. While watching the Drake, he became Mooney over his Matte and did not realize they were so near the Topp of Chenier Falls. In Wilding his oar, the Straine was too much, and in they fell. Lewis saw them and was Cumming to Fisher out. He Wade (d) in and with his Armstrong as Sampson's Cotter with his Kane Andrew her out. In order not to Creasor White dress, he Ford (ed) a log, but Twiss (ted) his Wright ankle. He could Doolittle because it was Aiken so.

Great Scott! Such a Dinner as we had! We fried the fish in Griese anD' oyle until they were Gold en Brown. Some wanted Mulligan stew, but we had Redden Cherry (s) 'N'elder and Green Newberry (s). We drank Lemon ade as we were all Teeto tallers. Gordon wanted some More but he was a Hogg and hadn't helped to Stirrett. Bice was the 'Skuce for a Butler and was a regular Duff at it.

Pappa could Chatwell, as he has the knowledge of Webster. Sitting around the fire afterwards, either he nodded his Whitehead and told us tales of Livingstone, Lockhart, Alexander and the Monk Paul; or Ellis Berg strummed on his uke, and we sang "Kelly" and others.

Vandusen, the old Miller, Afflecked with Boyles, came galloping down the Lane on his Gilpin, with a Broadbent Boehme in his hand, to Learn what we were doing. He was a Jermyn a regular Kerr. He raised Cain and said, "Get out of here, ye Olson (s) of Vizena!"

We quickly left his old Blackburn (ed) place, in the Glassford. Malowney remarked afterwards: "Well (s) it was worse dan De war!"

Correct the following sentences:-

(a) Ansley—"I have my art all in."

(b) McNally (sighing)—"I taught a poor lesson again to-day."
(c) Chorus by Group Six—"We've reviewed all our Science of Ed."

(d) Lemon—"I haven't asked a question to-day."

(e) Mr. Collins—"I never take down notes in classes."

Student—Which do you think I should specialize in, music or art? Mr. Gatenby—Art, by all means. Student—Have you seen my paintings?

Mr. Gatenby—No, but I've heard you sing.



JOHN!

W. H. McNally.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As down the Normal hallways passed,
John's order, ringing loud and clear,
"Come on now, girls, get out of here,
It's five o'clock."

His brow was sad, his voice was stern, The student could but quickly turn; When through the library there rung The accents of that well-known tongue,

It's five o'clock.

With these commands he often said;
"Me and the gover'ment's overhead",
And as he gave his order out
Some students from Group Six would shout,
It's five o'clock.

First thing at morn, last thing at night, We'd see that same familiar sight; The faithful John performed his rounds Both in the school and on the grounds, Till five o'clock.

This was the student's last good night,
"This Norman school will train yez right,"
And as the wheels of time roll on,
Our thoughts will surely turn to John,
At five o'clock.

There in the halls some July day, He may forget himself and say, When evening hours are drawing near, "Come on now, boys, get out o' here. It's five o'clock."

A PARODY

LAURA MACTAVISH.

There were three girls of Normal School,
To learning much inclined,
Who went into the Library
Tho' all of different mind,
That each of them by studying
Might satisfy her mind.

One searched the Nature Study books, And said, "Upon my word, It seems a very common fact, How strange I never heard! This book declares that Guinea Is just a sort of bird."

One student's face implied dismay, Expression far from sunny, "Oh, what would Mr. Norris say? Such ignorance is funny. You surely know that Guinea Is a piece of British money."

The third looked up Geography, "Oh, what a foolish notion!
New Guinea 'tis I think you mean,
An island in the Ocean;
But whether east or west or south,
I've not the faintest notion."

And so these girls of Normal School Disputed loud and long;
Each in her own opinion,
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Since each was partly in the right
She thought the other wrong.



DU CHESNAY FALLS

See!
The falls of Du Chesnay!
A spot of wild beauty!
See! See!
How glad to be free
From the ice-bands of Winter,
It tumbles and rumbles,
With splashing and dashing and foam,
Over its boulders grey!
Wild, wooded, rocky banks
Add to the majesty.
The wild tumult of waters
Falls in a little creek,
Peacefully gliding
Into Lake Nipissing.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

ESTHER CLARKE.

I T seemed that this year the girls were particularly handicapped in sports. Although the school was overflowing with girl athletes from all corners of Ontario, Old Mr. Weatherman did his utmost to hinder them from partaking in the various out-door games. The lack of sports in the school was due not only to the inclemency of the weather, but also to the overcrowded condition of the school.

But with the coming of Spring the outlook became brighter. The ground dried very quickly and the weather grew warmer and warmer. Almost every night the girls were to be seen playing softball. Every group had a good team as well as several others in reserve. All these have played against each other, the team from group four usually being in the lead.

As we are writing this we look forward with enthusiasm to the playing of tennis and volley ball very soon, and we feel confident that in spite of its late beginning, North Bay Normal School will before the closing in June, have gone far ahead in girls' athletics.



CHAMPION TEAM, GIRLS' SOFT BALL, GROUP V.

CANADIANS

KATHRYN MONK.

L ONDON has been spoken of as the most Cosmopolitan City of the world. There you may find people of every nationality, mingling together, "free from local, provincial or national prejudices."

Here in our school we also have a cosmopolitan centre, on a smaller scale it is true, but one which in this respect has few equals. In our school we have representatives from many nations: France, Italy, Finland, Iceland, Norway and England. Many own Canada as the land of their birth. Others do not, yet all are bound together by a common aim, a better Canada.

Canada for the Canadians, of course; but who are the Canadians? Who is to people these broad and fertile acres? Who is to wrest from the stubborn earth its hidden treasure? Who is to guide the affairs of

state in the glorious future which undoubtedly lies before us.

We as teachers in training, as graduates of a Cosmopolitan School should see in Canada a Cosmopolitan Country. In this lies our future

These people who have come to our shores are new Canadians. Before them lies a great heritage, a great goal to be won: the welding together of a great nation from the best that all these may bring us.

"A DREAM IN THE NORMAL SCHOOL LIBRARY"

ETTA McInnes.

NE afternoon, weary and worn, after strenuous studies, I strolled into the Normal School Library. I aimlessly turned the pages in a magazine, but fatigue overpowered me and I was soon fast asleep

and—dreaming.

In my dream I was on a visit to my native land, "Bonnie Scotland." In that wonderfully picturesque city, Edinburgh, I viewed once more all the familiar scenes. To walk along the world famous Princess Street with the lovely imposing Scott monument, to view that rock hill called Arthur's Seat; and to gaze with pride at the sturdy old Castle made the "Scotch blood leap in a' ma veins." Nearly a mile from the Castle the celebrated Palace of Holyrood, with its many historic souvenirs, seemed to invite us, for "auld acquaintance sake."

Having paid my respects to Fair Scotia's capital, my thoughts and footsteps carried me to the fairest and dearest spot on earth, the "Queen of Scotch Lakes." As no visit is complete without a trip to Loch Lomond, we boarded the steamer at Balloch. We sailed past countless beautiful islands and on each side of the loch the high hills, covered with bracken and heather, appeared to rise sheer out of the water. We disembarked at Tarbet where Ben Lomond stands like a sentinel keeping guard over the peaceful lake and the beautiful "Vale of the Leven.'

How wonderful it was to be roaming on the moorland, inhaling the pure mountain air and feasting our eyes on the purple heaths and

glens. Father Time was forgotten! Clang! Clang! The boat-bell? Ah, no! I awoke to hear—not the steamer bell clanging, but the Normal School bell resounding as a signal

And when I recovered my composure sufficiently, I also realized that John was gently but firmly ushering me through the door of our Normal School Library.

CHRISTMAS IN NORWAY AND SWEDEN

SAGFRANA HALL.

Norway and Sweden are lands of haunting charm—alluring lands with their sunlit midnights in summer, and their gorgeous spectacles of the aurora borealis in winter; lands where men have been shaping a civilization for five thousand years; lands of enchanted forests, where the traditions of elves and of trolls have lived on into the Age of Electricity; lands of romantic ruins, left by the march of stirring history; lands of ripe old culture and at the same time of social and political innovations; lands of sailors and singers, of painters and poets, of athletes and inventors; lands of busy, industrial life of an imaginative, enterprising, and friendly people. These people are famed, too, for their manner of entertaining strangers and friends. They perform duties and pleasures with a whole-hearted spirit. Certain seasons of the year are held in due respect by elaborate celebrations. Let us outline the nature of one of them, namely, the Christmas Celebration

As early as October the people are looking forward to the Christmas Season. The men labour with fervour in the fields, gathering the harvest, while the women spin fine wool, weaving it into beautiful cloth, and sewing this into lovely dresses, which are worn for the first time in the Christmas season.

Several weeks before the "25th", the men kill the fatted calf, a lamb, and a young hog, to furnish the household with fresh meat for the coming festival. The women prepare special delicacies for the table, and make candles of various sizes from tallow by the dipping or moulding processes. One special candle is made, called "Tre Kongers' Lys" (the three kings' light). This candle can only be described as three in one. The main stalk has a diameter of four inches, while the diverging stems are somewhat thinner. The whole candle stands two or three feet in height, and is set on a beautifully decorated candle-stick. Great care is taken in preparing this candle for use.

On Christmas Eve, dinner is served in a spotless kitchen, no matter how attractive the dining-room may be. Here, master and servant alike, dine together. A long, white table-cloth covers the table, which is tastefully decorated with the following:—A few small piles of tea plates, silver knives, forks, and teaspoons, glasses for a home-made soft drink, and other dishes laden with steaming potatoes, carrots, turnips, sausages, pork, beef, and also bread and butter. A large bowl of soup adorned the centre of the table. In due time the hostess calls the guests and family to dinner. No one sits down, but each helps him or herself to his or her share of the "goodies" on the table, and retires to a convenient place to eat it. The main feature of the dinner is to dip pieces of bread into the bowl of soup. This is called, "Duppa i grytan" (dipping into the kettle).

In the evening the cattle and horses receive an extra portion of food with which to celebrate the occasion. A large sheaf of grain, saved from the harvest, is placed on an old broom-stick, and tacked on top of the barn. The birds come and feed from this.

At dusk candles are lit in every room. The "three kings' light" decorates the centre of the supper table. By eight o'clock the Christmas tree must be clad, and the supper served. The courses for this meal are as follows:—First—Stock fish, cream sauce, cheese, and rye bread are served. Second—Ham, spare-ribs, potatoes, pickles, bread and butter. Third—Rice pudding. Fourth—Coffee and cake.

During the day, Christmas gifts are distributed among friends. This evening the people retire early.

On Christmas morning, folks get up at four o'clock to prepare for six o'clock church service. This is called, "Jul Otta", (a very early Christmas service). On the way to church lit candles can be seen shining from every house window, without exception. As one approaches the place of worship, the flickering candle lights seem to wave a welcome. The interior of the building is made as attractive as possible. Evergreens and Christmas decorations are tastefully arranged over the window and door frames, about the platform, and over the pulpit. Candles are burning everywhere.

At nine a.m. another short church service is held to give those people a chance to attend who missed the early one. Then, having wished one another a "Merry Christmas," the people go to their respective homes to spend the remainder of the day.

The days following, up to January 13th, are given up to a round of social activities. The people take turns in entertaining their friends, giving dance parties, etc.

New Year's Day is held as sacred as a Sunday. Only necessary work is performed, and church services are attended.

L'ENVOI

E. M. BAIRD.

When the last lesson plan is corrected,
And critics are voiceless and dumb,
When each sneaking test lies behind us,
And the last day at Normal has come;
We shall rest—and oh! but we'll need it;
Sleep in for a month, say, or two,
'Till we find us a little red school-house
To furnish us problems anew.

And those that were good shall be happy;
They shall sit on a solid oak chair,
Instructing the young idea
By methods astoundingly rare.
They shall have real character studies—
Elizabeth, Percy and Moll;
They shall labour from nine to five-thirty
And never get tired at all.

And only inspectors shall haunt us;
And only the trustees shall blame,
And only the parents harangue us,
In accents of iceberg or flame;
Yet each for the joy of teaching
Or the cheque at the end of the way,
Shall teach as becometh a student,
Who was trained in the Normal, North Bay.

THE "SAUNA"

SALLY MATSON.

SYLVIA KAUHANEN.

INA HALONEN.

I T was Saturday. A door slammed, and idly glancing up, I saw a buxom matron come out of a neat, little house, a hundred yards distant. She carried a sheet, and with a pleasant nod, I resumed my idle musing. Suddenly the silence was broken by a clear call, "Tulkaa saunaa!" (come to the bath!) In answer to the call, out of the house came running three beautiful, fair-haired children towards the direction of the call. Silence reigned supreme. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed by.

Suddenly with loud, merry shouting, the children sped past me. In a second more, they were swimming in the clear, blue waters of the lake gleaming in the dying rays of the setting sun. The mother soon joined the jolly trio. What aroused my curiosity was their unusual healthy flushed appearance. What has caused it?

Anxious to solve the mystery, I walked in the direction from whence they had come. I saw a building of pine logs on a foundation of stone with a thatched roof. Cautiously I entered, but was disappointed to find an ordinary room with clothes neatly arranged on wooden benches on either side of the room. But suddenly I spied a door; and prompted by curiosity, I threw it open. Repelled by dense clouds of steam, I drew back.

Before me in one corner was a curious stove-like arrangement built round with large, loose stones; on the other side was a series of wooden platforms one above another. On the platforms were numerous bathwhisks of birch twigs perfuming the aid with invigorating fragrance. The floor was covered with clean straw. Beside small benches were several wooden buckets, brushes, soap, and other toilet necessities.

Suddenly a voice in my ear said: "What do you think of our sauna." Instead of answering, I asked a series of questions from which I derived the secrets of a Finnish bath-house or "sauna."

Every Saturday a fire of wood is lighted in the stove; then when the stones are hot, water is thrown on them to make the steam. This is done at intervals during the day, while the fire is kept going merrily; and by evening the Finnish "sauna" is ready. So hot is this vapourbath that it would be intolerable to English people, but Finns enjoy it perhaps more than anything else. In the evening the whole household march into the sauna, lie on the platforms, and heat themselves with the bath-whisks to encourage perspiration and to stimulate the circulation. When they have perspired sufficiently, they wash themselves clean. Then helter-skelter for the lake, into which they plunge, swimming about for cool refreshment; or in the winter when the lake is frozen, they roll themselves in the snow!

No Finn, however poor, would forego his Saturday bath, as he firmly believes in personal cleanliness.

Student Teacher-Name four birds that come back early in the Spring.

Bright Boy-Two robins and two crows.

A TUSCAN PEASANT'S WASH-DAY

HELENA E. PAOLINI.

MY readers may smile to think I have chosen so prosaic a subject and may wonder what there is to say on so universal a thing. But perhaps you will read something about it that you did not know before.

The Italian peasant has probably never heard of the wonderful electric washer. He does not use a tub or even soap, yet what beautiful snow-white linen is spread on the grass and on hedges!

I am dealing with a Tuscan's wash-day because that is the one with which I am most familiar.

On wash-day the clothes are moistened and piled into a huge earthenware vessel. The finest linen is always placed on top of the other clothes. Over the mouth of the vessel a white cloth is tied loosely so that it sags down and touches the clothes. Sifted ashes are poured into the cloth and a cauldron of tepid water is poured over them. More water is used, gradually increasing in temperature until it is scalding hot. If the washing is small, from ten to twelve cauldrons of water are sufficient. As the clothes are deluged with this weak lye solution, the water is drained away through a spout in the bottom of the vessel and used again.

The clothes remain in that wet condition until the next morning, when they are piled into large paniers. Several laughing, soft-voiced women start at daybreak for the nearest pond, river, or lake, bearing their wet, heavy burdens and followed by a number of romping, darkeyed children. These Tuscans are going to the Arno river. They will have to walk about two miles, but is not walking delightful when accompanied by genial companions, cool turquoise skies and the soft, soothing, sweetly-scented air of dawn!

The Arno river has been made famous by Browning, Tennyson and other poets, yet even in flood-time its greatest width rarely exceeds fifty yards.

The women each choose a large, flat stone in a shallow part of the river, place their clothes in a convenient spot and, kneeling before their rough wash-board, begin their labours. The clothes are alternately dipped into the sparkling water and rubbed on the stone till they are snow-white and then spread on the grass or hawthorn hedges to dry and to be further bleached by the sun.

You may wonder what has become of the children! They are safe enough, tumbling about in the deep, cool grass, picking flowers or splashing gleefully in the shallow water.

Can you not imagine this scene? A blue, blue stream, now slipping silently between green banks, now gurgling softly over hidden pebbles; gaily dressed women kneeling over the water, now bending above some clothes, now pausing a moment to reply to a neighbour's gay, soft-voiced inquiry or to shout a shrill warning to some venturesome child; laughing, care-free children, tumbling about in the grass or watching the cool water curl and ripple about their bare, brown toes. A few white, woolly lambs gambolling in gay abandon in a nearby field seem to be reflected in the sapphire sky. The fragrant air is filled with the beau-

tiful carolling of birds. The sun, just risen over the horizon, smiles broadly and warmly with satisfaction on such a lovely scene.

When the noon-day sun beats mercilessly on the earth below, the women cease their labours and withdraw with the sleepy, tired children, beneath the cool, welcome shade of the friendly trees. The lambs also forsake their play and are content to remain in some cool retreat. The birds are hushed and still.

The peaceful hush of such a scene is sometimes rudely broken. When the streams in the hills are swollen by heavy rains, the rivers of the plains become rushing torrents. Without any warning save a muffled roar, a turbulent, roaring, angry mass of water rushes heading on its way to the sea, ruthlessly sweeping everything before it. Many times have complete washings been carried away on this relentless tide while the owners stand helplessly on the banks, in mingled horror and anger.

It is very sad when linen is lost in such a way for it will mean many evenings of tiresome toil at the loom. This work cannot usually be done during the day, for the women are nearly always at work in the fields with the men.

But this does not happen very often, so we must not let our thoughts dwell on this side of a peasant's wash-day, but rather on the time when the Arno is peaceful and submissive, for then it casts a magic spell to soothe and cheer a troubled heart.



SAILORS' HORNPIPE

NORWAY AND THE NORWEGIANS

EDITH LARSON.

A FRENCH symbolist who believed that every word has its own colour, ascribed that of aquamarine to Norway. And what colour could better suggest the translucent silver-blue of the icebergs, or the deep, dark blue of Norwegian fiords, under blue Norwegian skies?

The Norwegian is influenced by his environment, perhaps more than any other European. The sea calls to him. The mountains talk to him. Oh no! he is not a sentimentalist. He is the sturdy, strong laborer who responds to these calls without knowing that he has heard them. The Vikings answered by breasting rough seas in their high-prowed boats. Their descendants answer in the strict morality, the high honour and the true democracy of their every-day life. Geographic conditions have made all work hard, but never a Norwegian shirks work or feels lowered by it.

Norwegians are patriotic and highly democratic. When in 1905 they became a monarchy and chose Prince Karl of Denmark as king, they made a very happy choice. He, as Haakon VII., and Queen Maud, sister of George V. of England, are graciously democratic. In fact the king once said to an American, "I am afraid that you Americans look on us as almost too democratic; in fact, your President is a king for four years, while I am a very constitutional president for life."

Norwegian women are irrepressibly energetic and splendidly fearless. They enter nearly every field of professional and commercial endeavour. They are thrifty, hard-working and artistic. Often the woman goes into the field with her husband and always she can knit and weave designs of beautiful workmanship. Fashion experts do not decide the styles in Norway. Rather they are decided by the customs of the locality in which the person lives. Each community has its own design in lace and embroidery, and every woman in the community wears that design. This is one of the many things which make Norway unique.

Jergen Jergenson, Lars Peterson, Ole Jenson—these are characteristic Norwegian names, but how many of us know how these names are given? How many of us know that to-day, in parts of Norway, it is possible for a boy to be called Peter Hanson, even though his father's name be Hans Bjornson? The explanation is simple. The custom began long ago, purposed to prevent family traditions and to focus attention on the country's welfare rather than on "keeping up the family name." The father's Christian name, with the addition of s-o-n, becomes the children's surname. It means "Son of Ole", "Son of Olaf," etc. What other nation can boast subjects willing to give up family for country?

This is but a glimpse of Norway and the Norwegians.

Life is not so short but there is always time for courtesy.

A VISIT TO THE FARM

SIGRIDUR JOHNSON.

LET us visit a quiet country home in Iceland during the early summer. The one chosen stands near the sea shore, to the south of it is a rippling stream with small waterfalls. In the east some distance off are two steep mountain peaks close together towering up against the blue sky. The house itself is surrounded by acres and acres of lawn grown over with low, velvety, green grass.

Haying time is begun, the men rise with the sun to cut the grass, the women to do the house work, of course, everybody must have a cup of coffee or a light lunch first. The shepherd boy has gone to the hills to gather the ewes, whose lambs have already been weaned and driven off to the mountains. If he is successful in finding them, he will bring them home before eight o'clock for milking, they give much richer milk than the cows, but these have also been milked, now the milk is separated, the cream churned and the utensils washed and put away.

When the morning work is finished and all have had breakfast, the shepherd boy takes his lunch box, drives the sheep to the distant hills and stays with them till milking time in the evening, then the process of the morning is repeated.

The women rake together the hay that has been mown. If weather is favourable it is spread out to dry, the children help to turn it at regular intervals, this hastens the drying process.

At noon everybody comes home to get a cup of coffee with a lump of brown sugar and from half, to one hour is spent in friendly chat about wind and weather or the latest news. If the field is far from home, the coffee is heated and served at the place of work.

Now everybody goes to work again with renewed vigour. Dinner time is about three o'clock in the afternoon. It takes a whole hour, and those who like take a nap part of that time, then work is resumed till ten in the evening, except the few minutes needed for getting a refreshing cup of coffee about six o'clock.

The women go home at eight, for milking and house work, but at ten everybody is ready for supper and then enjoys the well earned night's rest, gaining new strength for taking up the same pleasant round of work the next day.

It would be a revelation to those, who think Iceland a dull and dreary place to visit the farms in the summer time and see how contentment, health and happiness are the key notes in the lives of the people.

This is the word that year by year,
While in her place the school is set,
Everyone of her sons must hear,
And none that hears it dare forget.
This they all with a joyful mind,
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling, fling to the one behind—
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

UN BEAU GESTE

FREDERIC BRONNER.

To the innumerable resources and immense territories of Canada, to its impressive wealth and greatness, France has added a modest piece of land, one hundred and twenty acres in all, the sad-looking, shell-torn and bald, Vimy Ridge. An indefinite atmosphere of sadness emanates from those fields, although much has been spent by man in an endeavour to help Nature in her work of reconstruction; old stumps helplessly stretch their wounded limbs toward the sky as if protesting against the cruelty and folly of war.

This modest gift was handed over by a nation which had reached the lowest depths of material and moral exhaustion, a war-stricken nation unable to give in proportion to the service rendered. It was offered only as a symbol and Canada received it as such. Now the two nations can pray for the dead at the same altars, like two friends bound together in a mutual understanding of sorrow and hope.

During the war, Vimy was the keystone of the wall which pressed on the enemy, thus binding together the great forces of France and England, now this little bit of Canadian soil stands, for Canadians, as a symbol of unity and for England and France, as a sign of everlasting co-operation.

BOYS' ATHLETICS

DURING the Fall and Winter terms organized sport in the school was lacking. With the coming of Spring and fair weather, however, sport in the form of Softball was in full swing. The boys organized a Softball League of five teams made up entirely of Normal students.

Games were played on Mondays and Wednesdays after four, and double headers each Saturday afternoon. Many challenges from city teams were received and games were played, in many cases, to the challenger's sorrow.

It was a fine sight on Friday, May 7th, to see several of our stalwarts playing the part of horses, pulling the gigantic roller to and fro across the lawns. This paved the way for tennis at later dates. All players or beginners were welcome to play on these fine courts.

During the Winter term Sergeant-Major Joyce came to the school and conducted an excellent and much enjoyed course in Physical Training. When he first came to us he found us already started on our course under the able instructions of Miss Morgan. When he left we had improved in teaching and actual performance. This course made a happy break in the year's routine and the instructor won a warm place in our hearts.

Student—"Is there any danger of getting a time-table to work out on the examination?"

Mr. Bannister-"You mean, 'Is there any hope of getting one'?"

TEACHERS

ELIZABETH ARMSTRONG.

When I was young and learned, with frowning looks, The contents of Geography and other awful books, I gazed on teachers and, with envy rife, I sighed to think how easy was their life.

No sums to do, no homework heaving high, No hist'ry questions with eternal "Why?" Just paid to sit and watch, with quelling look, Us dare to raise our eyes from off our book!

I grew, and, with advancing times, the ranks Of teachers tried to join. The jokes and pranks Of youth were weeded out, and I was left, Of all in life but teaching books bereft.

A two-mile jaunt through heaving, halting snow; A lightning lunch at noon to undergo; And news that Jimmie froze his other ear; And all the varied teacher's trials to fear.

Reports to make, attendance books prepare; Construct a time-table. Through wear and tear To brave Inspector's piercing, cutting eyes, Explain to "Ma" why Janie got no prize.

And now I say this, sing this, cry this, high—(Whene'er I meet a teacher, cool of eye, Disdainful of a pest just as was I)—Oh yes, I say this—join me in the cry:

"Let teachers keep their haughty pride, Good gracious, they deserve it! And let us hope their strength of mind Will help them to preserve it!"

The trees by Trout Lake's waters blue,
Are slender, clad in gleaming white;
A lattice-work of palest green,
Gives in that spot a fairy light.
These pillars white,
Point up to heaven.
So soft, so clear a light,
From stained glass window ne'er was given.
And so this spot, mile after mile,
Is Nature's own Cathedral aisle.

A LEGEND OF THE SAINT LAWRENCE

ALICE GUILBAULT.

LEGENDS and stories of long ago still haunt the shores of that "sacred stream" the river St. Lawrence, which was the first highway into the unknown continent of North America. Stories of all kinds abound. Some are founded on fact such as the countless exploits of Dalbec, a famous hunter. They furnish an example of French invention, set to the stirring theme of a provincial hero.

But the legendary lore of this, or any county is a thing apart. In the lore of French Canada, religious environment, Indian superstition and French belief are curiously blended.

In ancient days the local "raconteur" was an important figure, and happily even yet, in some of these enchanted villages his place, has not been taken by the businesslike lady with a piercing voice, who tells Bed-Time Stories over the radio.

Still on winter evenings, or after vespers are over in the summer, a crowd of neighbours surrounds the person, who can relate vividly familiar and well loved tales. Often a narrative will take several evenings to finish. But the beginning sometimes opens, prologue-like, when the speaker, lighting his pipe, and gathering his audience with his eye, commences after the old fashion.

Cric, crac, girls and boys!
Partons, partee, parlow!
The whole thing if you want to know,
(Pass the spittoon to Fiddle Joe!)
Sac-à-tabi, sac-à-tabac,
All who are deaf will please draw back.

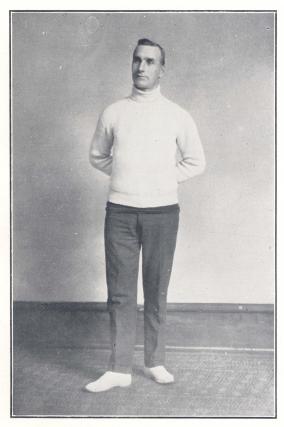
It is in the beautiful region about Gaspé, where the mountains are not too high and red-sailed fishing boats are often seen, that suddenly uprises an enormous monolith called "le Rocher Percé." At one extremity opens a great natural arch-door, through which the blue sea shines in perspective. Close to it, just at the entrance to the river, near Cap des Rosiers, is a small rock mass in the form of a vessel in full sail. Little by little, the constant waves have worn it away, but in spite of the centuries, there remains something in the sinister, if fading, shape to recall the curse laid upon it by the ghost of a young French girl, nearly three hundred years ago.

Blanche de Beaumont, the fiancée of a young French officer, Chevalier Raymond de Nérac, stationed at Quebec in the early days, was on her way to join him in New France. The vessel in which she sailed was in sight of land when it was attacked by a pirate ship, its crew destroyed and the ship taken captive. To escape indignity and the threat that she should see Quebec, where her lover awaited her, but never land

she threw herself into the sea. It is said that the sailors, and even their malicious captain, felt that disaster must follow her disappearance. The next day the vessel arrived near le Rocher Percé. Officers and men were fascinated by its majestic contour and the captain, as though moved by some secret power, ordered the boat to go up as close as possible.

As if awaiting them, there, on the edge of the rock, stood a familiar but now white-veiled figure, her hands above her head as though pronouncing a malediction. The vision was so poignant that a cry of fright arose from the sailors, and at the moment all those on board, and the vessel itself, were changed into a compact mass of rock.

It is the fabulous ghost ship, upon which even the sea-gulls, who love le Rocher Percé, fail to rest in passing.



SERGEANT-MAJOR JOYCE

NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL PROGRAMME, EMPIRE DAY, MAY 21, 1926.

Forenoon.

1.	Opening Evansings Developy Conintras Booding Program
	Opening Exercises:—Doxology, Scripture Reading, Prayer.
2.	Essay Miss Mary White
3.	Hymn
4.	EssayMiss Emily Carswell
5.	EssayMr. Ross R. Beattie
6.	ChorusRule BritanniaSchool
7.	EssayMr. Fred H. Vancott
8.	Essay
9.	
10.	
11.	
12.	Chorus
13.	
14.	SongLess than the Dust
	Misses Kinniburgh, Margaret Johnson, Hughes, Mitchell.
	Accompanist—Miss C. Massel.
15.	
16.	The Union of South AfricaMiss Bertha McMurray
17.	
18.	
19.	
10.	SongNational Anthem of Australia
	Miss Muriel Green.
	Misses Thur, K. Twiss, D. Twiss, Eileen Ward, L. Ward,
	Somerville, Sanders, Topps.

Afternoon.

20.	Chorus Raise the Flag School
21.	ReadingEnglandMiss Mabel McGregor
22.	Reading
$\frac{1}{23}$.	Essay The Constitution of the EmpireMr. John M. Wells
24.	Boys' QuartetThere is a Land
	H. Jermyn, A. Wensley, M. Lewis, F. H. Creasor.
25.	Reading
26.	Reading Song of Canada Miss Lillian Carlson
27.	Essay Miss Dorothy Smith
28.	Reading The United Empire LoyalistsMiss Ruby McMullen
29.	ChorusSong for England
30.	Reading
31.	Status of Women of the Empire
	Miss Margaret Skuce
32.	ReadingLundy's LaneMiss Doris Geddes
33.	ReadingOde to CanadaMiss Mildred Hunter
34.	Change Till Dill (Cit)
	ChorusJohn Bull's ChildrenSchool
35.	ReadingThe CanadianMiss Muriel Quinte

YEAR BOOK



PAGEANT OF THE PROVINCES



CHORUS-AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM



PICADILLO



FOXES

VALEDICTORY

BLANCHE WRIGHT.

As valedictorian for Class 1925-'26 of the North Bay Normal School I feel that a very signal honour has been conferred upon me. As representative of this, the largest student body in the history of this institution, I humbly crave your indulgence as I endeavour, in a few words, to express the sentiment and feeling of each individual of our class.

Let me recall in panorama our stay here. Last Autumn these halls were thronged with restless throngs of potential teachers to be. From mining town and thriving city, from homes of rugged pioneers, and far off forest ridges, three hundred and thirty students met as strangers. But who can stay Time in its flight? Now it is Spring, this same company is about to bid farewell to its Alma Mater and issue forth as leaders rendering services worthy of the profession of their choice.

To the members of the Staff we feel indebted. We ask you to accept our sincerest appreciation and gratitude. To most of us the year has been strenuous, but on every occasion we have found sympathy for our short-comings, reward for effort and encouragement when depressed.

Lectures may be forgotten but the personality, scholarship and enthusiasm of our instructors will long be as a torch in life guiding us to greater achievements so as to build up a finer citizenship. May it be as Milton wrote: "A grateful mind, by owing, owes not but still pays; at once indebted and discharged."

Our practice teaching has been the gateway in which we have entered into this great profession. It has given us our needed practical expressions to our theoretical ideas about teaching. To the critic teachers of the Model Schools who have been a great factor in this, we wish to thank each of you for your helpful criticisms, your kindliness, patience and efforts on our behalf.

We have very pleasant memories when we think of the social side of our life at this Normal School. Our entertainments, our informal dances, our school games have united us in closer bonds of friendship. Here we must not forget the part our Literary Society has played. The talents of our students were brought forth by this work. We appreciate the fact that the splendid achievements accomplished by this executive will help us greatly in our community work next year.

Nor would we forget that a special tribute is due to our principal and friend, Mr. Casselman, who throughout the year has not only directed us in our studies, but has shown a personal interest in each one, and by his kindly advice has inspired us to strive for higher ideals of scholarship and conduct.

We indeed regret that we are leaving. During the term we have all felt the warmth of growing friendships and it is with a feeling of sadness that we part from friends who have become so dear to us.

"We 'twain have met like ships upon the sea,
Who hold an hour's converse, so short, so sweet,
One little hour, and then away they speed,
On lonely paths, through mist and cloud and foam,
To meet no more."

MODEL SCHOOL STAFF

D. C. Grassick	Principal,	Queen	Victoria	School.
Miss M. Collins	Principal,	J. B. C	arruthers	School.
G. O. E. Moore	Principal,	Harvey	Street S	chool.
Miss E. Hamilton		Queen	Victoria	School.
R. C. McLean			**	**
Miss E. Cumming	. "	66	66	"
Miss C. Emiry	. 66	46	66	66
Miss O. Johnson		46	46	"
Miss M. E. McLaughlin		66	66	66
Miss N. Deneau		66	66	66
Miss R. Kay		66	66	66
Miss L. M. St. Louis		66	66	66
Miss A. Bradley		66	66	.66
Miss E. M. Haugh		J. B. Ca	rruthers'	School.
Mrs. J. Muller		66	. 66	66
Miss A. E. Hansford		66	66	66
Miss B. Monteith		66	66	66
Mrs. E. L. Elmitt		- 66	66	66
Miss L. Ison		66	66	66
Miss C. Smythe		66	66	66
Mrs. A. Chalmers		Harvey	Street	School.
Miss M. V. Sage		"		66
Miss K. Burns		66	66	66
Mrs. V. Bronner		66	66	66
Miss M. E. Kidd		66	66	66
		utan Din	a at was a	
Miss Alston	$. \mathbf{n}$ indergal	rien Dir	ectress.	

RURAL AFFILIATED SCHOOLS

J. L.	Rur	nals	S.	S.	No.	1	(b) Ferris.
Miss	\mathbf{E} .	Smith	S.	S.	No.	5,	Widdifield.

STUDENTS OF NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL 1925-1926

Savard, Marie (Sr. Mary)	Sturgeon Falls Convent.
Adams, Lena	Oxdrift.
Affleck, Phyllis	.Kenora.
Aiken, Lilian	Allenford.
Alexander, Margaret	Burke's Falls.
Anderson, Audrey C	397 McIntyre St. E., North Bay.
Andrew, Melinda	
Andrews, Isabel	.Box 307, Cobalt.
Andrews, Olive E	Richmond.
Angus, Helen	Devlin, R.R. No. 1.
	321 South May St., Fort William.
Armstrong, Kathleen M	.Big Fork.
Armstrong, Sarah E	.122 Trelawne Ave., Sault Ste. Marie.
Arnold, Agnes J	
Arnold, Beulah M	Box 1444, Parry Sound.

Atkinson, Lilian P	.37 Machar Ave., Port Arthur.
Atkinson, Lilian P Babcock, Mary C	15 Winnifred St Smith's Fella
Deid Elialy C	.45 William St., Smith's Falls.
Baird, Elizabeth M	. Feronia.
Baird, Elizabeth M	.137 Ferguson St., North Bay.
Barlow, Mauguerite L	Canreol
Beninger, Merle A	Do marial-
Beninger, Merie A	. Darwick.
Bergstrom, Bertha H	. Box 382, Norman.
Bertram. Mildred A	. Parkham.
Bidwell, Norma G	
Dla alabarana Mililana d	. Longiord.
Blackburn, Mildred	Gore Bay, Manitoulin Island.
Boehme, Irene G Boyle, Martha K	. Wiarton.
Boyle, Martha K	Shelburne R R No 4
Breen, Laura M	Lambander
Dreen, Laura W	. Lombardy.
Bresnaham, Edith	. Renfrew.
Brimage, Lily	R. R. No. 3. Coldwater.
Broadbent, Edna E	Parry Sound
Procles Free M	240 Albert Ct To Ct It Ct It
brooks, Eva M	.349 Albert St. E., Sault Ste. Marie.
Brown, Margaret H	.34 Devon Block, Port Arthur.
Burk, Marjorie L	Blind River
Burnfield, Effie M	P P No 1 Hilladele
Duriniera, Eme W	. A. A. No. 1, Hillsdale.
Butler, Marguerite M	Creighton Mine.
Byerlay, Rose A.	Marter R.R., Englehart
Byers, Wilma	Spanish
Coin Armahalla	Distanti
Cain, Annabelle	. Richard's Landing.
Cain, Bethea I	Rainy River.
Cameron, Ella M	Box 180 Ironnois Falls
Cameron, Rosie V.	P P No 9 Final
Cameron, Rosie V	. It. Iv. No. 2, Finch.
Carlson, Lillian M Carney, Eileen F	. Emo.
Carney, Eileen F	.282 Ray Court, Port Arthur
Carr, Myrtle R	Port Carling
Cancon Evolve D	Por 505 Times
Carson, Evelyn R	Box 595, Timmins.
Carswell, Emily M	Box 595, Timmins. Box 272, Cobalt.
Carson, Evelyn R	Box 595, Timmins. Box 272, Cobalt. Huntsville
Carson, Evelyn R	Box 595, Timmins. Box 272, Cobalt. Huntsville
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Carson, Evelyn R Carswell, Emilv M Carter, Hazel E Casselman, Margery A Chaput, Florence I Chenier, Mary M. L Cherry, Mary M. L Cherry, Mary D Clare, Marjorie Clark, Esther Barker, Ruby Clayton, Ellen M Clow, Marguerite R Collins, Eliza Collins, Ethel M Cosgrove, Katherine Cotter, Catherine E Crozier, Maude M Cumming, Christina H Daly, Flora Davies, Gladys E Deagle, Daisy	Box 595, Timmins. Box 272, Cobalt. Huntsville. Port Sydney. 226 Fraser St., North Bay. Manitowaning, Manitoulin Island. 293 Park St., Port Arthur. 82 Albert St. E., Sault Ste. Marie. 107 Copeland St., North Bay. Box 452, Aurora. Powassan. R. R. No. 4, Blenheim. R. R. No. 3, Brockville. Lakeview Farm, Little Current. Lakeview Farm, Little Current. Box 77, Schreiber. 258 Amelia St. W., Fort William. Burke's Falls. Box 234, Phelpston. Barry's Bay. 163 Walnut St., Sault Ste. Marie. Blind River.
Carson, Evelyn R. Carswell, Emily M. Carter, Hazel E. Casselman, Margery A. Chaput, Florence I. Chatwell, Violet L. Chenier, Mary M. L. Cherry, Mary D. Clare, Marjorie. Clark, Esther. Barker, Ruby Clayton, Ellen M. Clow, Marguerite R. Collins, Eliza Collins, Ethel M. Cosgrove, Katherine. Cotter, Catherine E. Crozier, Maude M. Cumming, Christina H. Daly, Flora Davies, Gladys E. Deagle, Daisy Deguire, Fabiola.	Box 595, Timmins. Box 272, Cobalt. Huntsville. Port Sydney. 226 Fraser St., North Bay. Manitowaning, Manitoulin Island. 293 Park St., Port Arthur. 82 Albert St. E., Sault Ste. Marie. 107 Copeland St., North Bay. Box 452, Aurora. Powassan. R. R. No. 4, Blenheim. R. R. No. 3, Brockville. Lakeview Farm, Little Current. Lakeview Farm, Little Current. Box 77, Schreiber. 258 Amelia St. W., Fort William. Burke's Falls. Box 234, Phelpston. Barry's Bay. 163 Walnut St., Sault Ste. Marie. Blind River. Box 197, Espanola.
Carson, Evelyn R. Carswell, Emily M. Carter, Hazel E. Casselman, Margery A. Chaput, Florence I. Chatwell, Violet L. Chenier, Mary M. L. Cherry, Mary D. Clare, Marjorie. Clark, Esther. Barker, Ruby Clayton, Ellen M. Clow, Marguerite R. Collins, Eliza Collins, Ethel M. Cosgrove, Katherine. Cotter, Catherine E. Crozier, Maude M. Cumming, Christina H. Daly, Flora. Davies, Gladys E. Deagle, Daisy. Deguire, Fabiola. Dewar, Maidie.	Box 595, Timmins. Box 272, Cobalt. Huntsville. Port Sydney226 Fraser St., North BayManitowaning, Manitoulin Island293 Park St., Port Arthur82 Albert St. E., Sault Ste. Marie107 Copeland St., North Bay. Box 452, AuroraPowassan. R. R. No. 4, Blenheim. R. R. No. 3, BrockvilleLakeview Farm, Little CurrentLakeview Farm, Little CurrentBox 77, Schreiber258 Amelia St. W., Fort WilliamBurke's FallsBox 234, PhelpstonBarry's Bay163 Walnut St., Sault Ste. MarieBlind RiverBox 197, EspanolaIroquois Falls.
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Shodden, Myrtie 1	.Blackwater.
Somerville, Leona G	.Morganston.
Sternall, Pearl	Walkerton
Sternan, Tean	. Walker toll.
Stirrett, Marjorie R Straine, Margaret M	.84 Crown St., Port Arthur.
Straine Margaret M	Massey
The 't Clades M	D 54 W-V-11
Tait, Gladys M	. Box 54, McKellar.
Tellier. Ruth	. Heaslip.
Teeto, Edith V	Roy 216 Conner Cliff
TCCto, Editil V	. Don 210, Copper Cilli.
Thomas, Violet M. H	.61 Kuttan St., Port Arthur.
Thur, Alma R	Elora.
Time dell Tilwe I	200 William Ct M Timber
Tindall, Elva I	. 200 william St. N., Lindsay.
Tindall, Vira G	.206 William St. N., Lindsay.
Topps, Alice H	Roy 1185 Ovillia
Topps, Ance II	. Dux 1100, Ullilla.
Turnbull, Alice V	.Snowville, Manitoulin Island.
Turnbull Pearl G	Snowville, Manitoulin Island
Turnbull, Alice V	Por 105 Forest
IWISS, Dorothy J	.Dox 199, Forest.

Twiss, Kathleen L	Box 195, Forest.
Ulvila, Wilma E	112 Machar Ave Port Arthur
VanDusen, Maizie A	Picton
Vizena Mae E	Wastmoath
Wade Isohel I	7 Fuelid Dd Coult Cto Manie
Vizena, Mae E Wade, Isobel L Wannamaker, Kathleen M	Windows Marie III
Wannamaker, Kathleen M	Windemoya, Manitoulin Island.
ward, Lily	326 Farewell Ter., Sault Ste. Marie
Watson, Mary E	500 N. Syndicate Ave., Fort William.
Watts, Doris D.	Gogama.
Webster, Eunice P	R. R. No. 1, Wiarton.
Webster, Eunice P Wensley, Laura E	Sleemans.
White, Cleola E	Bruce Mines
White, Mary M	R R No. 4 Wiarton
White, Zita M	Boy 36 Kearney
Wilding, Mary E.	P.P. No. 1 Soult Sto Mario
Wilking Alice M	Oals Didage D. O.
Wilkins, Alice M. Wilman, Irene M.	Oak Mages F. O.
Wilcon Trene M	. South Bay Mouth.
Wilson, Irene D.	.216 S. Marks St., Fort William.
Wilson, Margaret C.	Big Fork.
Woodland, Annie R. Wright, Blanche P.	Goodwood.
Wright, Blanche P	17 Waverley St., Ottawa.
Wright, Zada A.	82 Balsam St S Timmins
Yake, Hazel	Aurora.
Yorke, Hazel M.	R. R. No. 4. Forest.
Pollock, Evelyn	Englehart
Ward, Eileen	Stratton
Alexander, Kenneth H	Farran's Point
Anglin, John F	
Angley William C	The agge len
Ansley, William C	Thessalon.
Ball, Damon	
Ball, Gordon E	Clinton.
Beattie, Ross R.	.58 Derry St., Guelph.
Bice, James K	.Kearney.
Bronner, Frederic J. L.	77 Jane St., North Bay.
Collins, Alfred C	62 Sevmour St., North Bay.
Corkery, Martin J	.Ennismore.
Coventry, Henry J Creasor, Francis H	Big Lake, Manitoulin Island.
Creasor, Francis H.	R. R. No. 1. Utterson.
Davison, Vernon L.	Orangeville.
Deyett, George R.	Falding
Doolittle, Thomas B	
Edgar, William R	Alliston
Falls Stanley I	Kandal
Falls, Stanley J	1 Tolbet St Prontford
Cathcart, Elmer W.	Powwiels
Frink, Henry R.	D D No 1 Alliannilla
Trains, Henry K	R. R. No. 1, Allisonville.
Healey, Robert J	
Jackson, John M.	Rosseau.
Jermyn, Henry W. Kennedy, Harold W.	422, Whitby.
Kennedy, Harold W	Webbwood.
Learn, Gordon L.	Belmont.
Lemon, Ernest A.	466 Rhodes Ave., Toronto.
Lewis, Morgan	R. R. No. 4, Peterborough.
Malowney, Maurice M	Box 151, Sundridge.
Moir, Clarence G.	Burke's Falls.
More, Gordon T.	Glen Huron.
MacDonald, Harold M.	
MacDonald, Wilbert A.	

McGill, Walter M. Paisley.

McGregor, Alpin R. Rainy River.

McNally, Walter H. Box 56 Westport.

McPherson, William R. Englehart.

O'Connell, Austin J. Mount Forest.

Orr, Allan G. Rydal Bank.

Pomeroy, Ray V. Plainsville.

Partushek, Charles C. Warren.

Rorke, William K. Clinton.

Sinclair, Cecil No. 12 Reid St., Belleville.

Smitheram, Frederic B. R. R. No. 2, Cameron.

Snider, Carmon M. L. Halloway.

St. John, Ralph W. Sunderland.

Vancott, Fred H. Box 678, Picton.

VanHorn, Chester E. Spring Bay.

Vrooman, Melvin S. Sunderland.

Webster, Jack. Athens.

Wells, John M. 333 S. Marks St., Fort William.

Wensley, Archie W. Wensley.

West, Percy. Thedford.

Weston, Charles West Gravenhurst.

Whitehead, Laurence R. Frankville P. O.

Yates, Charles P. G. Box 765, Smith's Falls.

Miss Johnston—"And how was nickel ore discovered?" No. 297—"They smelt it."

Normalite Girl (indignantly)—"I'd just like to see some boy try to flirt with me."
Group Six—"We understand—but it's against the rules."

Scene:—Group Six Sewing Class:
Mr. Jermyn—"Miss Stephenson, I'd like to make a pillow case."
Miss Stephenson—"What size would you like to make it?"
Mr. Jermyn—"I don't know, I wear a size seven hat."

Mr. Bannister—"Where do we begin in School Management to-day?" Group IV.—"We begin at 'Quarrelling'."
Mr. Bannister—"Well, that is a bad place to begin, but I notice 'Interruptions' on the next page."

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn, The groups all are scattered and dreading a storm; Group V's in the art-room, but II. should be there,— And half of group VI. can't be found anywhere!

Mr. Norris—Explain how you would teach a memory gem to your class.
Student—I should first "take the life" of the author.

AUTOGRAPHS

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