



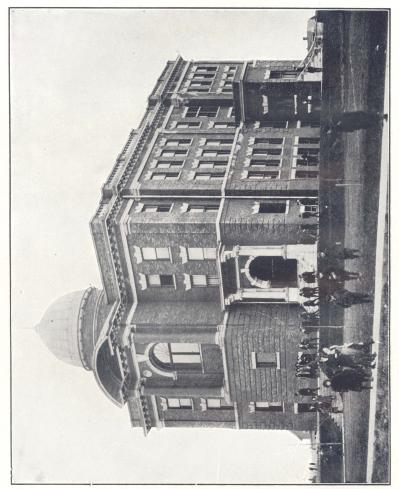
The SIXTEENTH ANNUAL YEAR BOOK

Published by the

STUDENTS OF NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL JUNE 1928

8

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—Mrs. L. Skuce, 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
Mrs. L. Skuce, 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.



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

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

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

It is commonly said that the children of our land are its greatest asset. But few who repeat the words stop to consider that they constitute only a potential asset. The gold that lies hidden in the rock of Porcupine and Timmins and Kirkland Lake is an asset, but it must be discovered and mined and milled before it is of real value and service

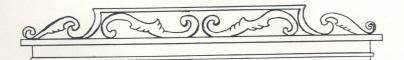
to the world. The spreading forests are an asset, but they must be felled and sawn into lumber and transported to the market before they are of real worth. The fertile acres of our great Northland are an asset, but they must be cleared and cultivated before they bring to maturity the rich harvest of golden grain. In like manner the children of our land must be trained by skilled hands and developed if the nation is ever to reap the benefit of the possibilities which they represent.

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

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

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





Principal and Members of the Staff North Bay Normal School in grateful appreciation of their untiring and unselfish efforts in our behalf this book is respectfully dedicated.



EDITORIAL

DOROTHY DREVER, Editor-in-Chief.

OUR year at Normal School! What a host of cherished memories these words bring back! A feeling of regret steals over us as we realize how swiftly it has flown by. It marks the end of student days filled with the memories of happy associations. It brings us to a goal to which we have long looked forward, and it marks the beginning of our entrance into new activities. We have reached the dreamed of hour of fulfilment and now we look forward to the glorious vista of a world to conquer.

It saddens us to sever the dear and intimate companionships we have enjoyed during the year. They have already influenced our lives and will continue to influence them to the end of our days. Time will but strengthen them. We will think with pride of the students who will in the future win fame and it will give us a thrill of joy when we meet one of our old classmates of the past year.

With our staff it is especially hard to part. They have shown us what it really means "to be teachers." We cannot express our full gratitude to them as we leave, but its true expression will find itself in our entrance into new activities. We have reached the dreamed-of hour

Let our own ideals, then, be high, and our striving for their attainment unceasing. Let us be ready for our service and make up our minds that we will give our very best in keeping the little corner of the world to which we are to go as cheery as possible.

We, the Editorial Staff, wish to express our sincerest thanks to all who have given their loyal and hearty co-operation in the preparation of this book.

That all our cherished experiences may be recalled as the years roll by, we place in your hands the Year Book of 1927-28.

A PERFECT YEAR

JEROME B. HAGAN.

When you come to the end of a perfect year,
And you sit alone with your thought;
When the chimes ring out with a carol clear
For the joy that the year has brought;
Do you think what the end of a perfect year
Can mean to a tired heart,
When you face the future with hope and fear,
And the dear friends have to part?

YEAR BOOK



YEAR BOOK STAFF

Back Row—R. VanDusen, Business Manager; J. Mitchell, S. King, R. Cranston, Associate Editor; J. Robinson, E. L. Tivy, President, Literary Society, Spring Term; M. Hughson, President, Literary Society, Fall Term.

Front Row—H. Sovereign, Associate Editor; H. Porter, G. McGregor, H. E. Ricker, M.A., Advisory Manager; J. A. Bannister, B.A., D.Paed., Supervising Editor; D. Carlson, D. Drever, Editor-in-Chief.

THE NORMAL HALLS E. L. TIVY

Oh! where are they so lately mine,
Who trod my halls with happy air?
Do they forget my nurture kind,
How I am left so lone and bare?

Scattered we are, both far and wide, Treading the paths where duty calls; But while we roam the countryside We'll always love our Normal Halls.

SUSPENSION OR EXPULSION?

"Lost—A Fountain Pen. Return to — , or leave here."



EXECUTIVE OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY (FALL TERM)

Back Row—R. Rosynska, A. Drury, F. Adamson, Secretary, Section X; V. Coles, Vice-President, Section X; R. Fosdick, Treasurer; E. Gervais.

Middle Row—G. Sims, Secretary, Section Y; M. Rickaby, M. Hughson, President; W. Jackson, H. Gauthier, C. MacDonell.

Front Row—I. Phillips, V. Brunton, E. Bush, V. O'Connor, K. O'Loughlin, Vice-President, Section Y;

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

MURRAY G. HUGHSON, President, Fall Term. Ernest L. Tivy, President, Spring Term.

IN all educational institutions it is interesting to note the part played by student activities in the social and general life of the school. In our Literary Society we have had an organization which has been at once a source of entertainment and relaxation as well as of valuable instruction.

We have tried throughout the year to give as many students as possible a chance to participate in this work, as we realize that such training will be an aid in future. Those students are fortunate who have assisted in the presentation of programmes though it may require years for this fact to be fully appreciated.

The executives have aimed to provide entertainment which would be not only of interest, but of permanent worth to the school. If, then, any inspiration, which will aid in carrying on in the days to come, has been given during the year, the Society has accomplished its purpose.

Willingness to serve has characterized this year's class and has immeasurably lightened the loads of those in positions of responsibility.

The interest which has been shown by members of the Staff in the Society's welfare is equally appreciated, and we feel sure that the knowledge of the real benefit gained will repay them in part for the trouble which has been taken.

CLOUD FANCIES

EMILY BUSH.

Softly stealing o'er the mountain, Fleecy, veil-like clouds slip by; Dreamily I watch them scatter Into fairy forms that fly. Ah! if only, on a sunbeam, I could ride with them on high!



EXECUTIVE OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY (SPRING TERM) Back Row—H. Eastman, H. Cassells, Secretary, Section Y; J. M. Evans, S. Hambly, E. Tivy, President.

Middle Row—W. Holland, V. Openshaw, Vice-President, Section Y; R. Creighton, R. Fosdick, Treasurer; L. Narvanen, B. Rowlandson, R. Boyes.

Front Row—Marion Bice, Vice-President, Section X; M. McKenzie, Secretary, Section X; A. Tornblom, M. Lewis, J. Murray, J. Glassford.

A PARTING MESSAGE

To those students who leave the North Bay Normal School this year, I welcome the opportunity of saying, that the high hopes and ideals which inspire you, as you commence your vitally important work as teachers of young Canadians, will continue to inspire you and give you great joy day by day, even when drudgery and difficulty would otherwise depress you, if you revive and maintain them by constant communion with the Great Teacher, Jesus, the Lord of All Good Life.

H. A. SIMS, Rector of St. John's Church.

". . . But whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."—Matthew 20:26-27.

NORMAN C. KRITSCH.

Once more we bid farewell to the graduating class of our Normal School.

I should like to suggest to you for occasional reading the story that is found in Luke 9: 28-42. The passage presents the account of a vision that came to three men, and subsequently of how that vision fitted in with their task.

This past year has been for each of you, in a special way, a year of vision. You understand now as you never did before the greatness of your chosen profession, and also the issues that depend upon your faithfulness. Our prayer is that you may always carry with you the inspiration of these days and so be able to play your part in making this Canada of ours truly a part of the Kingdom of Christ.

J. M. PRITCHARD.

YOUR PRIVILEGES

(Written for the Normal School students, 1928.)

Oh, to be young in a day like this! To stand in the morning of life, And watch the light break over the world—To see dark hates from their places hurled, And the banners of love to the breeze unfurled, Where prejudice waged its strife. That widening life that the aged shall miss—Oh, to be young in a day like this!

Oh, to be trained in a day like this!
To be fit for a useful task.
To feel the thrill of a growing power,
To know that your skill is matched with the hour,
To sense the worth of your knowledge dower,
What greater boon could you ask—
As you taste the joy of achievement's bliss—
Than just to be trained in a day like this?

Oh, to be strong in a day like this! To be strong with a helpful strength, That tramples beneath it the base and vile, That helps lame feet o'er the weary mile, That meets misfortune's frown with a smile, Till the goal is won at length, That bridges the gulf of defeat's abyss—Oh, to be strong in a day like this!

With all good wishes for true success and happy memories of pleasant and helpful associations,

Faithfully yours,

J. C. COCHRANE,

Pastor of Trinity United Church.

A TRANSFORMATION

LAURA O'NEILL

On a certain bright September morning, eight months ago, a troop of bewildered, half-frightened, half homesick, former high school boys and girls slowly wended their way toward an imposing brick structure on the corner of Fraser Street and First Avenue. They did not know the building, they knew nothing of the staff and they knew less, if that were possible, about the deportment expected of teachers-in-training.

Happily, time has wrought a great difference. Now, those same old walls are as familiar and almost as well beloved as a certain abode in the old home town, where a Mother and Dad eagerly await the return of a son or daughter, no longer an irresponsible school child but instead, the embodiment of all that should characterize a true, high-idealed, healthy, vigorous, young Canadian. They no longer stand in awe of the staff or approach its members with fear and trembling. Now, please do not misunderstand me. I do not mean that they no longer respect the members; not by any means. On the contrary, their respect has increased a hundredfold and, with all confidence, they may go to them with the many perplexities pertinent to life at Normal School and in a strange city just as they did to their parents in the days gone by.

Now, too, each has become familiar with two hundred and fifty friendly faces ready to fill the places temporarily vacated by the "pals" back home. The seed of many new friendships has been sown during these months and has taken root in fertile soil. Let these tiny rootlets be so nourished that they may grow and so twine their delicate tendrils about the heart strings as to bind all into one group, with one high aim upon which to worthily expend their youthful vitality.

Now, when this year has slipped by and with many a loving, reluctant glance backward, they separate to fill as best they can, their chosen sphere, may each and every one be able in all sincerity to say to those from whom they part:

"If we do meet again, why, we shall smile; "If not, why then, the parting is well made."

THE TASK OF THE EDUCATOR

SISTER STE. VICTOIRE.

WHAT a noble task is that of an educator! It is the task of him who is called to pass on to the young the torch of civilization; of him who is the administrator of the foundations of our culture, and who is privileged to sow in the souls of children, the seed that will germinate and grow and produce fruit a hundredfold.

It is a sacred task; one fraught with tremendous responsibilities. This is the "why" of so much importance attached to the work of preparing teachers—teachers who will add to whatever natural personality they may possess, the culture and skill that is born of serious professional preparation. For, with proper training and zealous study, even those not highly gifted by nature with the keen intelligence, the flashing energy, the compelling charm that we look for in the ideal teacher, can be made fit for the work of the classroom and, at times, be made to attain enviable heights of teacher excellence.

Would that the teaching profession were appreciated as it should be! Then, and then only, would educators be raised to the high plane that they should occupy among the people. Then, perhaps, as a consequence of just appreciation, would the salary of our teachers be proportioned to their great work. This might become a means of enticing more capable men and women to enter the field of education.

Still, the true educator labors not for remuneration primarily. No! he looks up and not down; he keeps in mind that, in everything, one generally sees what he wishes to see and, pondering over the famous lines,—

"Two men looked out through their prison bars:

The one saw mud; and the other, stars," he sees the dignity of his calling, and, regardless of the fact that the carpenter, the bricklayer, the shoemaker, even, enjoys by far greater pecuniary advantages, he ever strives to perfect himself in his vocation of guiding the minds of the young, of drilling them in the arts and sciences, of training them for business and for citizenship, of instructing them in manners and morals—in a word, of doing for them those things which their fathers and mothers would do had they the training and the leisure.

Real teaching is ninety per cent. enthusiasm, they say. And what is enthusiasm? It is the thing which makes the world go round. Without its driving power, nothing worth doing has ever been done. Then, the watchword of every teacher should be, "I like my job." Yes, though it often be an ungrateful task, he shall persist in liking it and, as does a model physician, he, too, will think his profession the finest profession in the world. He will glow with enthusiasm at the thought of training each and every one of his pupils for the best that is in him.

But the ideal teacher, in imparting knowledge, is imbued with something superior to deep-seated enthusiasm: like the Master of Masters, he overflows with love for his profession, thus greatly lightening his burden. Ubi amatur, non laboratur; aut si laboratur, labor amatur.—"Where there is love, there is no labor; or if there be labor, it will be a labor of love." And, as a reward of his charity, fondly and gratefully

will his children remember him, remember him as the embodiment of the best they ever hope to be, remember him as being among the finest influences that have come into their lives.

On the other hand, should he neglect his obligation of striving constantly to improve himself, to broaden his culture, to refine his professional skill, i.e., to copy the Great Teacher, it would mean failure for him in the sacred purpose to which his life has been dedicated.

Such will never be the fate of any of the teachers graduated at the North Bay Normal School. . . No! too great is the devotion of its eminent Headmaster, too efficient the co-operation of his staff, to expect anything but genuine success in their matriculation of true educators, educators ever faithful to their noble task!

THE NORMALITE'S FUTURE

E. L. A.

Our Normal School year has passed and before we realize the fact we shall be standing on the threshold of new responsibilities.

No human soul is so unresponsive as not to thrill with expectation at the mention of that word so full of meaning—the future. Each of us strives for and desires the same result—success.

As we look back over this year in the Normal School we realize the golden opportunities which have been given us. As we go forth let us carry with us this realization of responsibility that the gift of opportunities entails.

The world measures us by what we are, and, in order to carry our principles into active operation, we must be living testimonials to the training we have received. We are going forth to carry on the work of training Canadians in a land whose foundations have been built on the rock of truth and honour. It will be well, amid difficulties and discouragements, to keep the future of Canada before us. Our nation is very young, and if we believe, with Ruskin, that a nation's wealth lies in its people, it behooves us to build character. Let us measure with carefulness every step we take. Abraham Lincoln has said that, "Reputation is what we look like to others, and character is what we are to ourselves."

Our idealism should not be mere dreaming but, "the eternal urge to go forward." Conscientious application to duty will bring success in the years ahead.

Above all let us not forget that our great aim is to mould the characters of young Canadians along lines of good citizenship. Having a great aim, should we not go forth without reluctance, without ostentation, to take our places with our fellow-teachers.

OUR STAFF—AN APPRECIATION

L. O'NEILL.

T. HALLAM.

A LL too rapidly the term has sped by, and we must pass on our way, taking with us our cherished memories, our little store of knowledge, and a certain intangible change, which is the sign of character development. We came here an irresponsible crowd of High School boys and girls. The majority of us will leave, still full of youthful enthusiasm and glowing ideals, but conscious of a higher aim in life. Who is responsible for this change, and this start on a life of service for our country? Undoubtedly our teachers.

What have we gained from our contact with the staff of the Normal School? "A great fund of general knowledge," you may reply. True, but this is not the gain of pre-eminent importance. The primary aim of education is to teach men how to live. Classified knowledge is but a means toward that end. Unless, therefore, we have realized that, far above mere facts, stands the ability to influence the lives of others by that most potent of all means,—example, we have missed the biggest lesson that the year held for us. How often can we recall these words, "You are not working to pass an examination, you are acquiring power." This comprehensive word, power, implies the effect of the training received here, as it will be exemplified in our teaching-years to come. Our school discipline with its manifold branches,—codes of honour, sportsmanship and the like; our personal influence upon our pupils, and upon the community will not be concerned as deeply with "what we know" as with "what we are," and our gratitude to our Normal School Staff for their guidance will be multiplied many fold in the unspoken gratitude and appreciation of those who, directly or indirectly, benefit as a result of the ideals of the staff expressed in us.

Therefore, fellow-students of 1927-28, let us strive to attain the standard of efficiency set by those who have gone before us. Let us even try to raise the standard a little higher. We have a good old school, the only one in this glorious Northland, we have every opportunity, every incentive, and above all we have experienced the moulding influence of a wonderful staff of teachers. Shall we make the attempt? Yes! and we shall win.

Mr. Ricker—"What happens when a light strikes the water at an angle of forty-five degrees?"

Miss Rosynska—"It goes out."

Teacher: Why is it safer to breathe through your nose? Pupil: Because it keeps your mouth shut.

From Students' essays: "In the great Northland, the dog team and the snow shoes still go hand in hand."

"Cartier little dreamed, as he sailed up the St. Lawrence, that he was just entering the doorway of a continent which in the future would be navigable for thousands of miles."

THE ORCHESTRA

MARION E. BICE.

THE orchestra was organized early in the first term, under the leadership of Mr. Gatenby. There are ten in our little band: three first violins, three second, a cornet, a cello, a bass viol, and a piano.

Our practices were held on Wednesdays after school. The members surely need to be congratulated on their regular attendance (even if

some of them did forget their instruments).

We made our first public appearance at the Christmas party, playing "Happy Hours." Others of our selections were, "Hungarian Melody," "Stolen Kisses," "Dance of the Sunflowers" and "Cupid's Appeal." None of the members will forget the hours of practice put on that beautiful

overture, "Poet and the Peasant."

The contribution of the orchestra to the success of the musical portion of the various programmes has been real and important. The entire school has been able to profit by the diligent practice and the careful training. But the greatest gain comes to the members themselves, who, drawn together by a common love of music, have spent many hours in pleasant associations, have improved their technique, and have gone far towards fitting themselves to conduct similar organizations in the schools or in the communities to which they will go when the days of Normal School training are ended.

The success of the orchestra is due to the untiring efforts of Mr.

The success of the orchestra is due to the untiring efforts of Mr. Gatenby and Mr. Ricker, who gave freely of their time, often at considerable inconvenience to themselves. The members wish to express

their gratitude and appreciation.



NORMAL SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Back Row—H. Gauthier, J. McPhail, W. Neelands, J. H. Parkhill, F. N. Rupert, H. E. Ricker, M.A. Front Row—J. B. Gatenby, A.T.S.C., Mus. Bac.; M. Bice, D. Carlson, V. Coles.



Callendar Continuation School

A "FIRST CLASS" AT NORTH BAY

F OR eighteen years, this School has been training Second Class Teachers, and doing it well. The reputation of the school is well known to educationalists not only in Ontario but throughout Canada, and the fact that the principal and three members of the staff have been with the school since it was opened is substantial proof of the excellency of the organization.

That 1927 should see the inauguration of the initial course for First Class Teachers seems both appropriate and opportune. The fact that forty-three students are availing themselves of this Course is worthy of note. While there is little doubt that many of the entrants in the Second Class have academic standing which compares favourably with the standing of these forty-three, the fact that a goodly number of teachers qualified to give instruction in Grades B and C of Continuation Schools, will be seeking positions in the Districts next year, means that Northern Ontario's educational status will be raised appreciably.

Another and much more radical innovation which is introduced as a forward step in Ontario's Normal School System is the two term course for all Teachers in Training. For some time past the inadequacy of the one term course for the instructors of Ontario's youth, as compared with the qualifications required for the practice of other professions,

has been clearly manifested. The doubling of the time required for the securing of the permanent certificate shows clearly the change of attitude toward the relative value of public education. Aside from the fact that the extension of the course may eliminate a certain class of teachers who take the Normal School training with no idea of teaching for service rather than for salary, the move is certainly well advised. The novice who goes out from one term of training to teach for life has a very limited fund of the science of teaching at his disposal and unless the latest developments in method and organization are carefully followed up in subsequent years, progress in these respects is practically at a standstill. But if this same novice goes out for two or three, of even four years, and then returns to the Normal Halls of learning, his mind should be in ideal condition to assimilate and benefit by the more advanced work in connection with the science of education and the management of a school, because he has a background of experience and a true estimate of values, which in themselves are the most valuable factors in any process of education. If in addition to the receptive mood and mind, the Second Class teacher returns with sufficient academic qualifications to entitle him to admission to the First Class Course of the Second Year, it is reasonable to suppose that a great percentage of Second Class Interim Certificates may be changed to First Class Permanent ones.

Why do the boys in Group I not like Miranda? It is evident they prefer the decisive intellect of Portia to the "lack of sophistication" and "doll-like innocence" of Miranda. If, in the dim future, we see them writhing under the thumb of some strong-minded woman, can we pity them? No! They would not see the folly of their opinions while there was yet time.

THE OASIS

SR. MARIE LOUISE

In silence and alone the stranger rode
Where blazing sands stretched out for leagues around;
His steed no longer galloped bound on bound,
But slowly moved beneath his heavy load;
—Nor corn nor drink was there to serve as goad,
Till far away was heard the sweetest sound
Of flowing waters, where new strength they found,
Then sought and saved their caravan abode.
O blessed Oasis, thy knowledge yield,
Refreshing streams of knowledge pure and deep;
We draw thy waters that we may impart
To youth, thy vigour oftentimes concealed.
That it, the path of life so rough and steep
May scale, nor languid sink, with fainting heart.

HALLOWE'EN

GLENA FERGUSON. ARDATH JOHNS. CHRISTINA KEATLEY.

THE first school party was held on the evening of October 28. The spirit of Hallowe'en brooded over the school from the entrance where a black-robed witch was in waiting, to the prettily decorated Assembly Hall, where the students, many in fancy costumes, gathered for an evening of merriment.

Mr. Hughson, newly-elected president of the Literary Society, thanked the students for the honour they had conferred upon him. The following numbers were then delightfully given:

Chorus—"O Canada"	1
Instrumental Duet—"Love's Greeting"Misses Carlson and Boyes	S
Vocal Solo—"The World is Waiting for the Sunrise"Miss Dalgleish	1
Reading—"The Highwayman"	е
Dance—"Highland Fling" Miss C. MacDonel	1
Violin SoloMr. John McPhai	
Reading—"A Kindergarten Tot"Miss V. Brunton	1
Vocal Duet—"What are the Wild Waves Saying?"	
Misses G. Ramsay and M. Lewis	S
Reading Mr. Hallan	1
Chorus—"Oh, no, John" The Schoo	1

After the programme further entertainment was provided throughout the building. Up to this time the majority of the students had been strangers to one another. To extend the acquaintanceship, each student wore a card bearing his name and home address. This removed the necessity for formal introductions and helped to make all feel at home. The search for "Miss Bob" led even the more timorous to enter into conversation and to enlarge their circle of friendships.

Those who preferred dancing found their opportunity in the Assembly room. On the second floor various Hallowe'en games took place. The time-honoured custom of "bobbing for apples" attracted an interested and noisy crowd. Later such games as "London Bridge" and "The Farmer's in his Den" followed and soon those who had at the beginning met as strangers began to feel as if they had been acquaintances for years instead of hours.

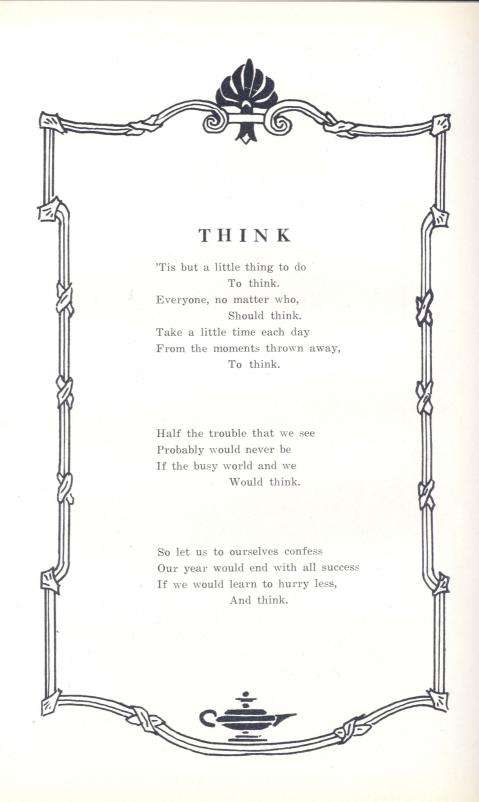
On the first floor, the lively music of the violin set many to going through the mazes of old-fashioned square dances. These were unusually popular and even those who did not take part seemed to get keen enjoyment out of the confusion which resulted, where the uninitiated made ineffective efforts to follow the mysterious movements of their more skilful companions.

All too soon 12 o'clock came and the entertainment was over. But many new friendships had been made, and the pleasant memories of this festive occasion will linger long in the minds of all who were present.

"What are you doing, my pretty maid?"
She gave her head a twitch;
"Matter or Method, Sir," she said,
"And really I don't know which."



THE ROAD TO SUCCESS





DUCHESNAY FALLS

R. L. S.

There is a place where Beauty's artist paints His lovely pictures, on the screen of Earth; A place where Grandeur covers up all taints Of sadness, and exhibits joy and mirth.

The creek that winds its happy way along
Its stony path, finds glory, and delight,
In tumbling downward; gurgling forth its song,
While far, and wide, it scatters flakes of white.

There everything is wondrous to behold;
There Nature's artist works so peacefully;
In autumn blending brown, and red, and gold,
Upon the leaves of every forest tree.

And when the leaves have cuddled up to rest Upon the breast of earth, where snug they lie; The ice-crowned king creeps softly from his nest And kisses each a gentle, fond good-bye.

Then Winter's weaver makes a cover wide Of purest whiteness, that is gently spread Upon the pretty leaves, which side by side, Sleep sweetly in their fleecy-covered bed. But still the creek roars on; it will not rest And slumber sweetly underneath the snow, The rushing, hurrying life it suits the best, So, on it dashes to the vale below.

It does not see the need of covers white, But Winter with his ice-grip has his way; And soon the creek he clad in armour bright, On which the soft and fleecy covers lay.

The gushing flood that tumbles o'er the falls, Fought hard against the grip of Winter's might: But over all he built his massive walls Which block the rushing waters now from sight.

Nor Autumn's gorgeous hues, nor Summer's green, Nor rushing waters, now the picture make. But Beauty's magic hand still clothes the scene; And still the creek winds onward to the lake.

THE NORMAL LIGHT

MARY I. RUPERT.

A FTER a lapse of two or three years, the Normal School magazine was revived this year, under the name of the Normal Light. Six numbers were prepared as a part of the work in Composition. Each group in turn elected an Editorial Staff who arranged for contributions for the various departments, and took charge of all the details connected with the number for which the group was responsible.

Even though the editing has taken a great deal of time, hard work, and careful preparation on the part of the Editorial Staff of each group,

we are convinced that it has undoubtedly proved a success.

Perhaps the outstanding characteristics of each edition were the quality and variety of subject matter, which prevented it from becoming stale and uninteresting. It afforded to every student an opportunity of making some contributions. Thus were revealed the talents of many of the students which otherwise might not have been made known to us.

It should also be valuable experience not only in making our Year Book a greater success, but in attempting something of the same nature

in our own schools.

Gladys-"What's the matter, Murla? You look worried." Murla-"Science of Ed., History, nothing but work from morning to night."

Gladys-"How long have you been at it?" Murla-"Oh! I start to-morrow.'

Mrs. S.—"Name a collective noun, Miss Malloy." Miss Malloy-"A vacuum cleaner.

Master-" 'The horse draws the cart.' Put that in the imperative." Parkhill—"Giddap."

N The state of the

THE ATTACK

And lo! on the morning of the twentieth day of September, nineteen hundred and twenty-seven, the masters of the Normal citadel found themselves beset by a host of over two hundred. The attack was sudden. Their garrison had been allowed to go over two months before and had not yet returned. Not even were all the officers present. Their commander-in-chief was absent and his place was filled by the second in command.

At first it looked as if it might go badly for the defenders, for in less than fifty minutes after the siege began those of the attacking army, even to the last man, had gained the third floor and had the situation fairly in hand. But still the affair was unsettled. The last stronghold still lay in the hands of the besieged, and with their backs to the wall they held out firmly. The whole body of the Two Hundred swayed and seemed in doubt as to the wisest move to make next. No one dared take a step farther, and by this time the path of retreat was blocked by one of the most tried and faithful members of the institution, at whose back was the formidable countenance of a bunting, short-horned mascot.

This is where the situation changed. The attacking host, seemingly over-joyed by their success, and forgetting the motive of their attack, acted like a half-mad, leaderless mob. And now the great generalship of the masters was mainfested. Hardly did the attackers realize their situation, when the opposing general stepped out before them and informed them of their captivity. There was nothing to do but surrender. Panic reigned for but a few minutes, and then all was silent; all except for the commanding voice of the victorious leader as his under-officers placed the prisoners in their individual cells.

The outlook was not as dark, however, as might have been expected. The greatest surprise of all came now. The victors were not angry with their captives, but rather showed admiration for their courage. They forgot all about their old garrison and hired in their place those who, but a short time before, were their besiegers. The wages were set at one dollar per day. The agreement was to be binding for nine months, but anyone whose work merited it was to be allowed to return the following year. Each member of the new garrison was called a Normalite. All went about their duties with clear consciences and minds bent on duty.

Teacher: "I have went." That's wrong, isn't it?

Johnny: Yes, Miss.

Teacher: Why is it wrong?

Johnny: Because you ain't went yet.

Mr. C.: You were entertaining a young man at the house last night? Member of Group I.: That's for him to say, Sir. I did my best.

Mr. Chambers: Why are you holding your hammer with both hands? Miss Blatt: So that I won't hit my thumb.

[&]quot;Why have you stopped playing?" asked a member of Group II. team. "The ball is lost," was the reply.

[&]quot;Never mind the ball!" said the first speaker. "On with the game."

THE YEAR AT NORMAL SCHOOL

WM. A. JACKSON.

THE realization that our year at Normal School is ended will cause mingled feelings of regret and gladness.

Let us, with Tennyson, "look back on what hath been." Do you recall that first day? I think I hear the answer—"Shall I ever forget it?" With what fear and trepidation we went through the initial steps as the Staff sought to bring some semblance of order out of the bewildering chaos. Gradually, however, we worked into our respective niches and in a few days all was going as smoothly as a well-oiled machine.

As we look back over those days we are perhaps surprised to discover that the impressions formed then—our first ones—were lasting. We still have the same feeling in regard to that "sanctum sanctorum." But then perhaps there isn't anything so strange about that after all. We feel the same about Science of Education, if I may recall a subject that was not without its peculiar terrors. We still think the same of that bell at 8.50. In short, most of those first impressions are still there. We do not need to enumerate further. You remember them all.

The fall passed all too quickly. Many of us found time, however, to play some softball; and the diamond was rarely unoccupied when weather conditions permitted its use. Several splendid parties during this period gave opportunity to form friendships which ripened during the months that followed.

Christmas! Ah, the sound of that joyous word! "Au-revoir!—Merry Christmas!—Good luck!" These and other expressions; yes, indeed, we remember those days. Christmas came and went, and we were back again, with a fresh spirit and a new determination.

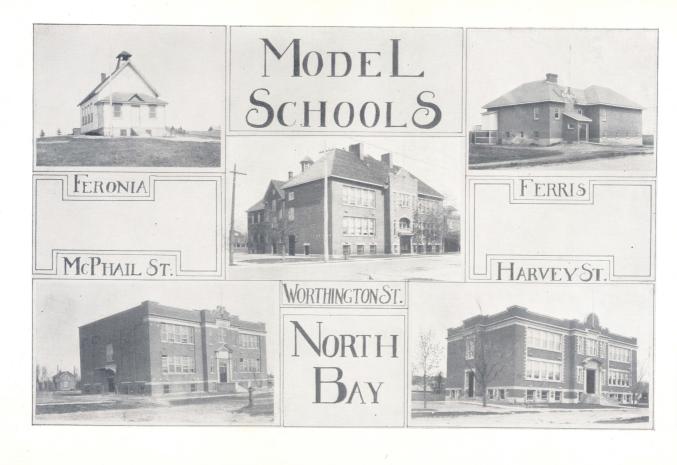
Happy New Year! Nineteen twenty-eight was before us and we made our resolutions, kept some, broke more and re-made others. No sooner had we settled down again, than the darkening shadows of approaching examinations loomed on the horizon. Then it was grind, plug, cram and study, until the storm broke, passed over, and all was sunshine again. We settled down to enjoy our winter's toil.

We worked diligently and faithfully we trust;—we tried hard. There were days and nights full of lesson plans, teaching days, tests, Saturday tobogganing and skiing. The long season wore on and soon the more anxious ones began to count the days until Easter. Meanwhile the annual at-home took place and was attended with the same success that has crowned all such undertaking of the students this year. The memory of that night will long linger in the hearts of many a Normalite.

Spring at last, and with it several young men's fancies turned to other things than Arithmetic and School Management. But soberer judgment prevailed, and the beginning of June found all hard at work with visions of the final testing spurring them on.

And now it is the end. But we know that in years to come we shall look back on our Normal School course and thank the powers that be for the wonderful year we have had. So whatever may be our feelings, as we reach the end, the parting of the ways, let us say with the poet:

"Look not mournfully to the past—
It comes not back again;
Wisely improve the present—it is thine.
Go forth to meet the shadowing future without fear,
And with a manly heart."



THE CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT

CATHOLINE MACDONELL.

THE Normal School halls were filled with music and laughter on Friday evening, December 16, when the annual Christmas entertainment was held.

The building was tastefully decorated with evergreens and Christmas bells, the work of an efficient and energetic committee. A special stage setting represented the interior of an old English Manor House, belonging to the period when hunting the wild boar formed one of the chief amusements, and when the usages of chivalry still occupied a very prominent place in the lives of the people.

After an opening number by the School Orchestra and a chorus by the School, a play entitled "Christmas at Ye Old Manor House" was presented. Lord Geoffry Granville, master of the Manor, had disowned his daughter for marrying a wandering minstrel. Even mention of her name was forbidden within his hearing, and minstrels were forever debarred from entering the mansion. In preparation for the Christmas festivities, the knights and the dependents of the manor had gone a-hunting. Their return, bringing with them a great wild boar, was the signal for the performance of time-honoured rites, and the beginning of Yuletide merry-making. Guests from an adjoining manor then arrived and a jolly house-party began. While it was in progress, music and singing were heard outside. The dependants of the manor had prepared a masque, which they wished to present for the entertainment of their master and his guests. At the request of one of the guests, Lord Granville admitted them, though much against his will.

At the close of their performance, a young woman, heavily veiled, presented herself before Lord Geoffry and, kneeling, begged forgiveness for herself and her little son. It was the disinherited daughter, for whom, in spite of a stern exterior, the father's heart had long been yearning. The daughter was forgiven, her husband, who though he had played the part of a wandering minstrel was really of noble birth, was welcomed into the family circle, and all rejoiced at the happy reunion.

The presentation of the play gave opportunity for considerable talent. The costumes, prepared for the most part by the students, showed much ingenuity and resourcefulness. The entire presentation did the actors great credit.

Games and dancing followed the programme and during the evening refreshments were served. When closing time came, all were agreed that the evening had been a most enjoyable one.

SOME COMMANDS HEARD IN P.T.

With a jump—sit down! Trunk upward stretch—head first! Heels bend and knees raise!

A.—The average woman has a vocabularly of only 500 words. B.—Yes, a small stock, but think of the turnover.

This is the way she came to school,

Came to school,

Came to school,

This is the way she came to school,

When autumn rains descended.





This is the way she went from school,

Went from school,

Went from school,

This is the way she went from school,

When June exams. were ended.

A DREAM OF FAIRIES

F. N. R.

I wandered in the woods unseen,
The trees about were tall as towers;
And there a valley rich and green
Lay, carpeted with grass and flowers.

Then looking up, I chanced to see
A little bird upon its nest:
The grass and moss beneath the tree
Seemed such a perfect place to rest.

And, as I sat down I could hear
Voices and music, soft and sweet;
Then in the distance, yet so near,
I heard the pat of tiny feet.

Just then appeared in front of me, A little group of fairies, gay; Singing and dancing, full of glee, And gathering flowers on their way.

They danced all day on sunbeams bright,
And when the darkness came, it seems
That these small people took delight,
In sliding down the smooth moonbeams.

Then I awoke, for I had slept;
The moon at full now brightly beamed,
And bowing low my head, I wept,
To think that I had only dreamed.

THE AT-HOME

STELLA ARMSTRONG.

THE annual At-Home is the one event to which all students look forward with great expectancy. There is always an air of mystery about those who have the preparations in charge, which arouses curiosity and makes time appear to pass all too slowly as the momentous hour approaches. It is little wonder, then, that on the evening of February 3, the Assembly Hall, very tastefully bedecked for the occasion, was filled with an excited gathering of students, with here and there by way of contrast, the more sedate members of the Critic Staff and the Masters of the Normal School.

The programme began with the singing of "O Canada." Mr. Tivy, president of the Literary Society, welcomed the guests in a brief address. The School Orchestra, whose music the students had already enjoyed on several occasions, followed with "Hungarian Melody." Mr. Hallam's recital of "Gunga Din" was received with much applause. A piano solo by Miss Drever proved her an accomplished artist. Mr. Jackson sang "A Friar of Orders Grey," and the girls of Group Four presented a

very attractive Valentine Dance. A string trio, composed of Miss Carlson and Messrs. Gatenby and Gauthier, with Miss Dalgleish at the piano, rendered "La Zingana" in a very delightful way. Miss Brunton's humorous recitation, "Should Women Propose?" added to the reputation she had already attained as an elocutionist. A duet by Misses G. Ramsay and M. Lewis was much enjoyed. A special treat was the singing of three selections by Mrs. J. Everett O'Neill, a former student of the school.

Games and dancing caused the remainder of the evening to pass all too quickly. Refreshments were served by a committee of girls, who are to be highly complimented upon the success of their work. Enjoyable features of the evening were the hearty participation of the Staff in the various amusements, and the good-fellowship which was so evident among the students themselves.

When closing time came there was a little touch of regret in the friendly "good nights" that were said—not all of them, to be sure, within the hearing of the Staff—but all were agreed that the evening had been most enjoyable.



VALENTINE DANCE



QUARTER-MASTER-SERGEANT FLETCHER

PHYSICAL TRAINING

W. ADAMSON.

WM. BENNETT.

A T the close of the hazardous pursuit of the Strathcona sweepstakes, we relax a moment to recall our bumps, bruises and bungling efforts. Of course the dominating feature of the multitude of memories is none other than Sergeant Fletcher. With that sympathetic smile that wins, and that alluring voice ever tempting us to drive our lazy muscles on to honest toil, he coaxed us gently through all the bewildering mazes of star-jump, hand-stand and wrestling.

And thence our reverie turns to that far-famed after-dinner speaker, that authority, O'Grady, failure to obey whose commands (even though reported they may be) brought the performance of such record-breaking sprints and uplifted soles to so many of our illustrious number. The exact value of these games (though, by later learning we begin to comprehend that they were "played" with a further aim in view—therefore were work), is still a problem to most of us, especially as regards their use in rural schools, but Mr. Jones kindly clears up our difficulties. "Good morning! If the cat and mouse fall into the pond, let the bear in the pit skin the snake, or try a word relay, and if you can't do this, do that."

And do you remember that night of tension when you devoured Chapter Three as if your brain had been famished for the lean Seven Years? Do you remember how you donned the rubber sandals and crowded into the Assembly Hall as sheep to the slaughter? Do you

remember how you opened the Syllabus at Table 3 and experienced "that sinking feeling" as the colonel turned to Table 52? Do you recall how your ruddy cheeks blanched as you heard that pitiless, "Carry on!" If you didn't suffer thus with us, you were "among the missing" when Colonel MacCrimmon conducted the practical examination for Strathcona certificates. A written test one dreads, but fear of failure before one's own group is sheer terror. Here are at stake the honour and dignity of one's personage.

However, after it the powers that be felt the difficulty of impressing on us the seriousness of written examinations, so they inflicted two at one fell swoop. The first left us somewhat shaken and dishevelled, but the second! Time alone will reveal what damage was there wreaked.

A VOICE FROM GROUP SIX

KENNETH CAMPBELL.

Oh, listen to this tale of mine, Ye masters stern and students gay: The bell will ring at ten to nine, So listen, ere you haste away.

Group Six is troubled with the "blues";
I dare say you would feel the same
If you were treading in our shoes,
And felt that you must bear our shame.

Our school-mates fair of other groups, It seems, are cleverer than we; For that is what the masters say, And all the other groups agree.

But lo! what causes this great rush
That seems to block the lower hall?
Towards the bulletin they crush,
"What news?" What news?" you hear them call.

See! there is Harry held on high, The teaching marks he reads aloud. From other groups comes many a sigh; Group Six alone is feeling proud.

Arithmetic we may not know,
To Grammar's heights we may not reach;
In Literature we may be slow,
But poor Group Six can surely teach.

Teacher: Correct this sentence, "It was me that spilt the ink." Pupil: "It wasn't me that spilt the ink."

Gerry: Can you stand on your head?

Robson: No, it's too high.



GROUP ONE (A)

Back Row—H. McArthur, E. McEwen, W. Adamson, R. Fosdick, E. Chick, Y. Hough. Middle Row—H. Porter, W. McKelvie, G. Ramsay, I. Dalgleish, V. Brunton, M. McKenzie.

Front Row-D. Drever, M. McIntosh, M. Lewis, E. Lake, M. Martin, M. Botting, K. Gray.

GROUP ONE

SISTER MARIE LOUISE.

Group I, I seek in accents soft Your praises now to sing; Your many virtues, hidden oft, Into the light to bring.

"The best, the worst in you are found,"
Our masters all attest.

—Alack! we know not on what ground,—
But we'll admit the "best."

Another claim full oft we hear,
"For noise, you can't be beat."
They know not that the strain we bear,
Reacts through tongues and feet.

The primary facts are all our joy, We know them every one. And complicated fraction forms! We take them by the ton. Our music master can attest
To what great heights we fly,
How realistic grows our song
In chanting "Lullaby."

And when the "Boards" with careful eye, Our "applications" read, They straight began to weep and cry; "We want them all," they said.

In Management we're at the front; In Hygiene we excel; In Grammar 'tis our joy to hunt The elusive particle.

In Art, we all are well aware
We'll some day cause a stir,
And decimals! We never care
How often they "recur".

The Masters here will miss us sore,
And say with mien annoyed,
"Until Group I returns once more,
Life's but an empty void."



GROUP ONE (B)

Back Row—L. Thompson, E. Tully, R. Bowman, O. Chick, T. Hallam, E. Smith.

Middle Row—W. Bennett, H. Eastman, C. Young, M. Shaw, M. Hughson, E. Belfry,

M. Stirrett.

Front Row—C. Moore, M. Ramsay, E. Traynor, R. Rosynska, A. Thompson, B. Yearley, A. Tait, O. Kalbfleisch.



GROUP TWO (A)

Back Row—E. Burns, E. Alexander, M. Beadle, Marion Bice, I. Arnot, M. Berrigan. Middle Row—E. Bilbe, E. Allingham, E. Doran, M. Boyes, A. Adams, Muriel Bice, E. Bettke.

Front Row—S. Aarnio, A. Bentley, S. Armstrong, M. Blatt, F. Bassingthwaite, Z. Anticknap, B. Barilla.

GROUP TWO

MURIEL BICE.

Our letters are A, B, C and D. These stand for Ability, Beauty, Cheerfulness, and Diligence, qualities which are well exemplified in our group. By all the laws and customs that have prevailed since time immemorial,—at least since the opening of the North Bay Normal School,—we should have been Group I. But we lost that place of distinction because this year there are some preparing for First Class Certificates and the place of pre-eminence was given to them. We still claim, however, that we are first in all but number.

Let us prove it. Group Two boasts some very distinguished students. The two vice-presidents for division X were chosen from among us. Everyone will agree that they have been most efficient officers and have presided over the meetings with becoming dignity, bringing credit to their Group and to the whole School. We also have some very able musicians. Three of these are members of the school Orchestra.

We should be glad to extend a helping hand to our less fortunate companions, the members of the other Groups. We realize how difficult it has been for them to be brought into competition with Group II, and we are willing to admit that with almost any other aggregation of teachers-in-training they might have had a fair chance of winning distinction. But unfortunately for them the odds against them were altogether too great.

GOD-SPEED

SISTER HENRI MARIE.

Ere yet we part, dear friend, to go our way, This message take: To thee I wish God-speed. Thy path is marked—nor falter now. In thee The future of this land of ours doth lie. I know nor reck not where thy work will be;—'Mongst high or low, thou hast a noble end, To mould our youth into a Nation's pride, And teach ideals worthy of thy toil. But have a care, lest those young souls thou mar; And know, in truth, thou only canst impart That which thou hast, above the measure full: So, pray thee, store abundant in thy heart All thou hast seen and heard, of what is good, And bear in mind this word of Holy Writ, "What thou hast done unto the least of these, I take it thou hast done it unto Me."



GROUP TWO (B)

Back Row—H. Clifford, R. Creighton, M. Casper, M. Cawthra, V. Coles, A. Campbell, R. Cranston.

Middle Row—C. Collins, E. Bostock, M. Clark, D. Carlson, V. Crawley, F. Clifford, I.

Coulthart, E. Carter.

Front Row—A. Crawley, M. Duggan, L. Denham, E. Bush, I. Cherry, M. Chrusoskie, M. Dickinson,



GROUP THREE (A)

Back Row—Mrs. C. Green, G. Ferguson, M. Dillon, M. Drury, E. Gervais, W. Holland, L. Hendry.

Middle Row—V. Hall, R. Hegge, L. Fairnie, D. Eastman, M. Hamilton, A. Hill, H. Forder, F. Finucane.

Front Row—T. Dinner, J. Glassford, J. Harris, S. Hanrahan, M. Grant, M. Harper, R. Freeman,

"FRIENDSHIP"

R. L. S.

Just as the day fades gently into night, Or waters glide into the creamy sea, My thoughts of sadness change to visions bright, Whenever Fortune brings you near to me.

The space between us never can be great,
No wall or mountain can eclipse the view
Of happiness, that early stands, and late,
Before me; dreams and visions dear of you.

The fleeting hours, as they pursue their way, Leave joy, and sorrow, which we all must meet; But sorrow, whether brought by night or day, Is changed to joy by thoughts of you so sweet.

Though in the future Fate may drift us far Apart: still you will be forever near.

For what is miles of distance? Just a star That joins our hearts and makes them more sincere.



GROUP THREE (B)

Back Row-B. Locey, S. King, B. Huxtable, A. Johns, A. Lorrain, A. Kelly, M. King. Middle Row—D. Meredith, M. Legault, A. Huston, M. Hunt, Violet Lee, G. Lowes, V. Latour.

Front Row—A. Maeck, K. Kennelly, C. Lalonde, A. Johnson, C. Keatley, Vada Lee, H. Johnson.

Mrs.: "Don't you think there should be more clubs for women?" Mr.: "N-no! I think it better to try kindness first."

Mrs. S. "Why are you crying, little girl?" Little Girl: "That boy slapped me in the face." Mrs. S.: "Tell him I said he is no gentleman."

Little Girl: "I know he's no gentleman. He's my brother."

Teacher: "Spell 'statue', Jaky."

Jaky: "S-t-a-t-u-e".

Teacher: "Correct. Now use it in a sentence."

Jaky: "Ven I go home, I open the door, and my momma, she say, 'Statue, Jaky?"

Jean: In what time is this piece written? Bright Pupil (after gazing out of the window): Springtime.



GROUP FOUR (A)

Back Row—H. Makela, H. Mueller, E. Moore, B. Mooney, M. Munro, A. Murray, E. Morrison, E. Munns.

Middle Row—C. MacLean, J. MacDonald, E. Mangan, S. MacIver, B. Marshall, F. McBratney, E. Murphy.

Front Row—H. Murphy, M. MacEwen, C. McClelland, M. MacDougall, M. Murray, C. MacDonnell, M. Malloy.

ACTIVITIES OF GROUP FOUR

HILJA MAKELA.

Here's to the Scotch Mac's, the Irish Mc's and to the various other nationalities so well represented in Group IV.

We are fourth in number, but surely not in importance. Our ability and popularity are clearly shown by the fact that two vice-presidents of the Literary Society are among our number. The Colonel and the Sergeant recognized our superior skill in executives and commands. The same superiority was evident (to our own satisfaction), in the other subjects of the curriculum. In arithmetic we lack no intelligence, we waste no words in literature and in the higher arts, we do not express our thoughts on paper without first carefully deliberating the matter.

It must be admitted that our prospects at the beginning of the term were not encouraging. But, we are willing to forget the past, live the present, and hope for the future. So—

Come, cheer up, Group Four, you're improving, no fear, Though you made a weak start at the first of the year; To success be your motto, not "if we should fail." For this would make even the strongest one frail.

HOME

MARY MCGILLIVRAY

As busy bees that seek the hive,
Too eager once aside to roam,
Soon as the holidays arrive
We hasten back to "home, sweet home";
Slow crawls the train along the way
That bears us to the open door,
For every hour seems a day,
And every lingering mile, a score.
For never in the wide, wide world
Shall we such welcome meet
As the one that will wait
At the old homestead gate
For the coming of our feet.



GROUP FOUR (B)

Back Row—E. McDonald, L. Narvanen, J. Omnet, M. McGillivray, L. Nelson, V. Openshaw, M. O'Neill.

Middle Row—M. McLeod, M. Norris, G. McGregor, K. O'Laughlin, V. O'Connor, A. Penson, J. Nadon.

Front Row—F. McLeod, M. McCormac, L. O'Neil, B. McFarlane, M. McDonald, J. McLennan, A. McDevitt.



GROUP FIVE (A)

Back Row—V. Quinn, E. Pope, M. Rowe, E. Scott, I. Polkinghorne, B. Rowlandson. Middle Row-M. Rickaby, M. Seguin, J. Robinson, A. Robinson, Y. Pilon, I. Phillips, G. Ribout, M. Rupert.

Front Row-C. Ramberg, M. Price, M. Quirk, E. Pentney, I. Ring, R. Reany, M. Ribout.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

MARION E. MACDOUGALL.

THE very studious are likely to say that we are placing too much stress upon sport in our schools to-day; that for the first part of the year we receive our education in sports, and not in mathematics. But with this we do not agree, for those who take part in athletics are found among the best and cleverest students. We believe that such a development of body contributes to the development of the mind; making one active and alert in the classroom as well as on the tennis court or the ball field. There is still force in the old adage, "A sound mind in a sound body."

When school opened it seemed that sports were to be an important factor in our education. Softball teams were organized under the direction of Miss Morgan, but owing to unfavourable weather conditions not much was accomplished. Several games were played between the different groups. Great interest was shown in these games and much

valuable practice was secured.

Tennis made a still stronger appeal. The courts were seldom unoccupied. Here many new friends were made and the games played

will not soon be forgotten.

It is well to remember that Nature's way of preparing young folk for adult life is by planting within them an instinct for play. The school, therefore, should do its part in providing the opportunity for healthful sports and pleasant recreation.



GROUP FIVE (B)

Back Row—G. Sims, M. Weedmark, E. Shipton, R. Sunstrum, R. Stanier, R. Soul, E. Skuce.

Middle Row—J. Wiseman, L. Yeoman, J. Smith, M. Thomas, G. Stewart, E. Still, M. Yeoman, E. Turnbull.

Front Row—I. Yorke, O. Wensley, M. Tait, E. Yackman, M. Tullis, F. Wilson, A. Tornblom.

THE COMMUNITY ORCHESTRA

THE Normal School Staff and Students had the pleasure of hearing the programme of the North Bay Community Orchestra on the evening of May 17. Under the able leadership of Mr. F. A. York, the members had met in the Assembly Room of the School for weekly practice, and their work showed the careful training they had received. The musical numbers were varied and interesting. Besides the music of the whole orchestra, there were several solos and duets. Mrs. J. Everett O'Neill and Mr. K. Zeller gave vocal solos which were much enjoyed. Miss Carlson and Mr. A. Wright played a violin duet, and Miss Carlson also gave a violin solo which showed much musical skill, and was greatly appreciated. Another pleasing number was a euphonium solo by Mr. John Dicker.

An added interest was given to the programme by the fact that three of the members of the orchestra belonged to the Normal School, Miss Carlson and Mr. Gauthier as students, and Mr. Ricker as Master.



GROUP SIX (A)

Back Row—R. Currie, K. Campbell, R. Kenney, M. Evans, H. Cassells, C. Moir, A. Gerhart.

Middle Row—S. Hambly, W. Kennedy, W. Jackson, N. Hill, J. Bowman, C. Chisholm, J. Hagan, M. Davidson.

Front Row—R. Lehman, R. Farmer, J. Elliott, R. Brown, H. Gauthier, R. Gordon, G. Culbert.

GROUP SIX

R. SHIP

The year book would be hopelessly incomplete and the dignity of the school but poorly represented if Group 6 were not mentioned.

The Normal School would have fared badly this year had fate prevented us from attending. It goes without saying that we lead the groups in all except in point of numbers. But far be it from us even to suggest such a thought.

Despite differences in size, age, ability, and, occasionally, in opinion, we have much in common. We all like hard work, plenty of it, and,—We get it. Yet we are unselfish and considerate of others. Not a single member of the Group but for the sake of the school would sacrifice even that hard work of which we are so fond.

Our association with one another and with the school has meant much to each of us, to say nothing of the gain to the school. Above all, our contact with the masters has left its imprint upon each one of us. There it will remain, a guide to us throughout the days which lie before us.

If this alone were gained, our year in North Bay Normal School would be one of the most profitable we have ever spent.

We are not much given to sport lest that should tend to interfere with our work. We do break the grind occasionally, however. Soft ball has been the leading game for both fall and spring. Some of our boys are expert players. During the winter we organized a tobogganing party. About 75 boys and girls of the school attended, and the decision was unanimous that it was one of the leading events of the season.

And now the end is in sight. We scatter to our various posts of duty. Long distances may separate us but the friendships we have developed here will ever bind us together. More and more as time goes by, we shall realize the value of our training here, and many times in the future we shall drift back on the tide of memory to the term of 1927-28 of which we may always recall the joyous days so beautifully filled with hours of pleasure and happiness.



GROUP SIX (B)

Back Row—R. VanDusen, J. Mitchell, J. McPhail, I. MacLeod, W. Neelands, L. Tivy, C. Steen.

Middle Row—W. Nevills, R. McAvoy, M. McLennan, C. Sparling, J. Parkhill, F. McPhail, N. Smith.

Front Row—A. Wooder, F. Rupert, G. Sykes, H. Sovereign, O. Moon, E. Ricker, R. Ship.



MURRAY G. HUGHSON, VALEDICTORIAN

VALEDICTORY

MURRAY G. HUGHSON

Another school year has ended. Its minutes and its hours, one by one, have slipped into the eternity of the past. To-night we, as a graduating class, stand upon the threshold of the future. On one hand we see a year of joy and sorrow, of work and play. We turn, and what do we see upon the other? The future! What a wealth of possibilities are suggested by that word! It lies veiled in the mists of the unknown. We cannot see what these mists will disclose as, day by day, they slowly roll away.

To-night we must in a measure bid farewell to the close associations of the past ten months. May the consciousness of a nobler and a greater task which awaits us relieve the pain of the moments of parting. We go forth with the responsibility for a portion of the nation's future resting upon us. Our duty it will be not only to educate the growing generation in the subjects of the school curriculum, but also to instill into their receptive minds principles of honesty, patriotism, and loyalty. Experience will teach us, as time goes on, how unworthy we are of the sacred duty entrusted to us, but God grant that we may always be true to our highest ideals in the face of whatever difficulty we may encounter.

The life upon which we are entering is one of unlimited opportunity. The past few years have been a time of transition and reconstruction, a period in which the world has been struggling to emerge from the universal chaos caused by the Great War. A great constructive era in the life of Canada is at hand. Never at any time in the world's history has there been a time of such great developments in every line of activity. Never was there a period of higher opportunity and greater challenge for youth. We who go forth this year should look forward with confidence to our career as glowing with promise. We should look upon it with eagerness and hope, in the belief that a life of high and unusual opportunity awaits us.

As we review in thought the time we have spent together we realize how much we owe to all those who have helped to make our period in training both pleasurable and profitable. Under the guidance of our worthy Masters we have been led to a better appreciation of the fullness of life. Let us then realize that as we have been influenced by the life, personality, and ideals set before us here, so will our character and mode of life make an indelible impression upon the lives of the children who come to us along the way.

The training of the teacher of to-morrow requires more than polished academic attainments; it requires broad vision, lofty idealism, and a spirit of sympathetic co-operation.

I voice the feelings of the entire student body when I say that the churches have played a much appreciated part in our lives during the past months. Their hearty welcome, and the inspiration received from the Ministers, both in the classroom and in the pulpit will long live in our memories.

To school companions, farewells are always hard. Here we have formed many friendships, some of which are destined to be perpetuated and others which perchance may be forgotten. As we say good-bye tonight, we realize that our lives have been made the richer and the fuller for our meeting, and we will long cherish the memory of our associations during Normal School days. In a few short hours we shall be scattered throughout the country, not as students, but as teachers. May we be enabled to do, in the best possible way, the work that lies before us, and may we aim to rise to a nobler life, and to attain in some degree a likeness to the one perfect Teacher, so that some day we may hear His approving, "Well done."

So we turn slowly, regretfully, but turn we must, from the past to face the future, and turning, we, the class of 1928 say, hopefully and cheerfully, "Farewell, schoolmates and Masters, farewell. God bless you all!"





JOHN

RUSSELL K. McAvoy

To some of us the words Normal School may call up a mental picture of a stately brick building surrounded by green lawns, and surmounted by a lofty dome. To others, they will suggest tennis and softball. Others again,—how many we do not venture to guess,—will think of books, and exercises, and tests, and a seemingly endless array of lesson plans. Some few may recall members of the staff. But to the great majority Normal School would not be Normal School without John.

From the morning of opening day when he guided our faltering steps to the imposing portal, he has not failed to keep us from wandering from the narrow pathway of duty. In the early fall we always found him occupied about the shrubbery and flowers manipulating the hose, or pushing the clattering lawn mower along the terraces. When winter came, it was always John who, snow shovel in hand, was the first to accost us, as we trudged wearily through the newly fallen snow. It was he who brought our weekly lesson assignments, little aware, perhaps of the burden of joy and sorrow, that he bore.

But our most vivid memory of John is associated with the Library. There, when the confusion of searching for needed books and the noise of conversation, more or less subdued, had given place to the quiet of studious preparation for our next lesson, when all but the few industrious plodders had departed, and when the flight of time had been momentarily forgotten, the stillness was sure to be broken by the jingling of keys, and an authoritative voice, saying in unmistakable accents, "Now, C'mon outa here, etc."

Pleading was useless. Only the presence of one of the masters could secure for us any extension of time. We could hear the doors close behind us, and the key grate in the lock as we hurried away to our lockers to secure our wraps. For the clearing of the library was only

one step in the clearing of the entire building.

Thus day by day for nearly two decades, John has gone about his numerous duties, an inseparable part of the great institution which, in the brief space of a year, we have come to look upon so fondly. And thus may he continue through the years to come, so that when we return on a bright September morn not many years hence, we may be greeted by a familiar voice, and, "Yez didn't think I'd remember yez, but I do!"

BOYS' ATHLETICS

GERALD SYKES.

HE opening of the nineteenth session of the North Bay Normal School found many young men and women eager to take part in the athletic activities of the year.

Without delay the young men formed an athletic society, elected officers, and arranged an interesting programme of sport intended to provide for the varying tastes and abilities of all.

On the front lawns tennis courts were marked out and, on sunny

afternoons, many keenly contested games took place.

At first the young women were not so enthusiastic for softball as were the men, but later they entered into the spirit of the game and threatened to deprive the men of their laurels. The officers of the boys' athletic society drew up a schedule for softball and the diamond at the rear of the school was the scene of many a thrilling game. The competition was very keen, the final game being between teams one and five. After thirteen innings, team five emerged victorious. This was the last game of the 1927 season.

During the long winter months, when outdoor games were impossible, the periods of physical training under the supervision of Sergeant Fletcher, kept the students of the school physically fit, so that when Spring came there was a display of physical excellence, which gave

promise of a good season.

Owing to the lateness of the season, outdoor activities did not begin till the latter part of April. Under new leadership the various teams made a good showing, and the officers infused into the players much

enthusiasm and love for the game.

Improvement in physical condition is not the only benefit the students carry with them as a result of these games. They have acquired greater skill and increased knowledge of organized games, fondness for out-of-door exercises, and, above all, the ability to direct their pupils in their sports and to take their part in a creditable way in the athletic activities of the community.

DR. MORGAN'S VISITS

ALLIE CRAWLEY.

It seemed quite appropriate that our Inspector, Dr. Morgan, should visit us at the beginning of the year and then again as the term was drawing to a close. For in this way he was able to judge what progress we had been able to make. The visit of an inspector is something to which many of us have looked forward with some misgiving. But Dr. Morgan's genial manner and kindly way soon made us feel quite at home in his presence, and spurred us on to do our best.

During his first visit he endeavoured to explain to us the importance of taking advantage of all the opportunities which our year in training afforded us. Many of the students, if not all, have taken his advice, for we realized that he spoke from long experience and an intimate knowledge of men and events. He also pointed out to us the unique position which our Normal School holds, since it is the training ground for teachers for the great Northland, the part of Ontario which, more than any other, gives abundant promise for the future.

He again addressed us when he returned in May, and this time his topic was the duties which we should soon be called upon to assume. The first duty is to ourselves, the duty of taking advantage of every opportunity to broaden our minds and increase our knowledge. The successful teacher continues to be a student. Our second duty is to the community in which we teach. We are not to separate ourselves from the life of the community, but to take an active part in all its affairs. The third and greatest duty is to the pupils. The true teacher puts his best always before them and is ever mindful of the responsibility which rests upon him to lead them into noble manhood and womanhood.

EMPIRE DAY

MARIE J. SEGUIN.

I T has been said that we celebrate Empire Day in our school to foster a sense of national and imperial unity and to enlarge ideals of citizenship.

In our programme this year, the national side has been emphasized. In the form of essays, which were the students' own work, the industrial, educational, literary and scientific life of Canada were presented in a vivid way. Though, not forgetting that we are a part of this vast Empire on which the sun never sets, we felt rightly proud of Canada's achievements. But, there is still much to be done. Our fathers have had many a hardship making Canada what it is to-day, our pride, our boast, our love. Ours is not only to maintain Canada's glory but to bring it higher and higher still.

As we have often been told during the year, the task rests on our shoulders, as teachers, to instil in the hearts and souls of the little ones entrusted to our care in the future years, the sense of duty and devotion to one's country. Too often this important side of the school is neglected. We, as Canadian teachers, owe it to the nation to form efficient citizens and patriots, having a sense of their duties and rights as members of one of the greatest of young nations.

Let Empire Day in our schools be a review and a summing up of our year's teaching in patriotism.

PROGRAMME, EMPIRE DAY, MAY 23, 1928

FORENOON Opening Exercises—Doxology, Scripture Reading, Prayer. Hymn—"Lord of the Lords" (P. 1988)
Bord of the Lands (1) Water
Essay—"The Women Poots of G. 1" School
Reading—"The Manle Tree" (Man Man Mary McIntosh
Essay—"The Artists of Canada" Mr. C. M. Moore Chorus—"My Own Canadian Home" Miss M. Clifford
Essay—"Elementary Education in Control School
Essay—"Music in Canada"
Reading—"Canada" (C. G. D. Roberts)
Misses Macdonell M MacDougall
Essay—"The Jew in Canada" E. A. McDonald, E. Munns, F. McLeod
Essay—"The Inventors and Scientists of Canada"Miss J. Glassford
Essay—"Indian Education in Canada"Miss J. Glassford Chorus—"The Maple Leaf Forever"
School

AFTERNOON

Chorus—"O Canada"
Fessy "The Contract of the Con
The Press of Canada"School
Chorus—"O Canada"
Essay—"Mining Interests of Canada"
Reading "P." Inter Canada" Misses Holland, Harner Harris Vode I
Briton to Briton" (W. W. Campbell)
Reading—"Briton to Briton" (W. W. Campbell)
Chorus—"Cana of Canal II " Canada
Chorus—"Cape of Good Hope"
Essay—"Lumbering Industry of Canada" Group VI. Reading—"Ode to Canada" (E. H. Dewart) Miss M. Malloy
Reading—"Ode to Canada" (F. H. Downet). Miss M. Malloy
Essay—"Transportation in C. I. Bewalt)
Essay—"The Mon Drove W. Hill
Essay—"The Men Prose Writers of Canada" Mr. N. Hill Song—"My Native Land" Mr. John Bowman Essay—"Manufacturing in Canada" Mr. R. Ship
Eng My Native Land" Bowman
Essay—"Manufacturing in Canada" Mr. R. Ship
Solly and Chorus "I and c II
Song and Chorus—"Land of Hope and Glory" Song—"The Fishing Industry of Canada" School Song—"Loudly Proclaim O'er Land and Song" Miss I. Polkinghorne
Song "Loudle B industry of Canada" Miss I Pollringham
Doug Proclaim O'er Land and Sea"
Song—"Loudly Proclaim O'er Land and Sea"Miss I. Polkinghorne Reading—"Ode to Canada" (D. C. Scott)
Essay—"Power Dovolome 1: Scott)Miss V. Openshaw
Essay—"Power Development in Canada" Miss V. Openshaw Chorus—"Land of Canada" Mr. C. Sparling Reading—"England" (Alfred Noves)
Reading—"England" (Alfred Noyes) School Essay—"Adult Education in Canada" Miss R. Stanier
"England" (Alfred Noves) School
Essay—"Adult Education in C. 1" Miss R. Stanier
Reading—"England" (W Wilson
Reading—"England" (W. W. Campbell)
Reading—"Canada's Birthday" (Miss Machar)Mr. S. G. Hambly Stewart
G i S Stewart

God Save the King

DR. PRATT'S VISIT

B. I. ROWLANDSON.

O N Thursday evening, February 23rd, the staff and students of the Normal School were guests of the Women's Canadian Club and listened with great interest to the reading by Dr. Pratt of Victoria College of several of his poems.

Dr. Pratt, who is a native of Newfoundland, gave us a vivid picture of the seafaring life there. He told us of the daring sealing excursions, then read one of his own poems, a touching description of the greatest

disaster which has ever befallen these hardy seamen.

This was followed by the thrilling story of a human salvage, when more than ninety persons were rescued from a wrecked steamer. The hero was a Newfoundland dog, whose bravery and wonderful intelligence were commemorated in another stirring poem.

After a short interval Dr. Pratt continued by reading several other selected poems. These were "The Decision" which was written upon the death of an aspiring young athlete; "The Awakening," "Sea Cathedral," "The Shark," "Big Fellow," "The History of John Jones," and "Cherries." Dr. Pratt's writings have won him recognition both at home and

Dr. Pratt's writings have won him recognition both at home and abroad, and it will be a pleasure to us all in days to come, when he has acquired still greater fame, to recall that we had the privilege while at the Normal School, of meeting him and securing first-hand knowledge of his work.

To read for oneself the work of a poet is helpful and inspiring; to hear such poetry read by one who has an intelligent and sympathetic appreciation of it is better still, but to come face to face with the writer, to hear from his lips the story which lies behind his work, and then, to hear his own interpretation through reading is an experience never to be forgotten.

VISITORS

EVELYN MOORE.

It is pleasant to look back over our year at Normal School and recall some of the events that added to our enjoyment and increased our fund of knowledge and experience. Among those none stand out more clearly than do the visits of persons not connected with the school, who were able to show us a new point of view, or bring us information which was the product of their own contact with men and events.

Mr. Spencer of Battle Creek, Sask., spoke to us about the Great West, and the very promising future which awaits the Prairie Provinces. Miss Coine showed us how to use paper in the making of a variety of useful and decorative articles. Dr. Burwash, a native of Ontario, but for long a resident of British Columbia, gave us an interesting picture of

school life and school conditions on the Pacific Coast.

Dr. O'Connor, Provincial Director of the Junior Red Cross, explained the work of that Society and what it is doing to make the teaching of Hygiene and Health principles in our schools an interesting and practical world. The movement, she said, though of recent origin, had had a remarkable growth, and was now being carried on in nearly every country in the world.

The District Inspectors met for conference at the Normal School, and Chief Inspector Greer gave us a very timely address on the duties of

teachers and the problems which we should soon have to face. We had also an opportunity of meeting and becoming acquainted with the Inspectors in whose territory many of us will teach.

Dr. Sinclair, Inspector of Auxiliary Classes, gave us a very interesting and instructive address on the work that is being done for the subnormal child. Mr. Cameron of Bruce County, himself a former teacher, also addressed us.

Mr. Dunlop, Director of Extension Work for the University of Toronto, spoke to us on what he amusingly called Preventive Medicine for teachers. According to him there are three very serious diseases which treaten the teacher. These were "grouches," "ruts," and the "shrinking violet." The cause in each case was neglect of opportunity to advance, and the remedy for all, self-improvement, which brings with it a consciousness of power. He then showed how it was possible for teachers to proceed, first of all, to higher certificates, and later to degrees and to the qualifications needed for Specialists, Inspectors, and Masters in the Training Schools. Many of us are certain to look back with gratitude in the years to come, to the day when Mr. Dunlop explained the possibilities of advancement and aroused in us an ambition to attain to higher things.

MADAME JEANNE DUSSEAU

A. Huston.

Alfreda Johnson.

JEAN HARRIS.

Our record of the year's events would not be complete without some mention of an especial treat which the students were afforded on the evening of March 16, when they had the opportunity of hearing Madame Jeanne Dusseau in her presentation of a programme of French-Canadian and Indian folk songs.

Madame Dusseau, who was born in Scotland but became a resident of Canada where she received her musical training, is a singer of well recognized merit, and has made a reputation for herself in operatic work. With rare ability and success she has turned her attention to the interpretation of the old French folk songs, which she presents in a most charming and effective manner.

These songs are the oldest in the land. They were in many instances brought from France by the hardy pioneers, and three or more centuries ago were sung by explorers as they made their way along the unknown rivers and lakes, by coureurs de bois as they penetrated the unbroken forests, and by the settlers in their lonely cabins as they gathered round the spacious fireplace. They have been handed down to us as a heritage of that great age of romance and adventure. How much older than this are the Indian songs, none can tell.

It is gratifying that one so talented as Madame Dusseau has undertaken to preserve for us this rich heritage of native folk music, which, under the changing conditions of to-day, was in danger of being lost. Such a loss would be a real calamity, for, "It is not too much to say that Canada was founded to the rhythm of these old songs."

THE SUCCESS OF THE NORMALITE

EVELINE A. SCOTT.

"GOOD-BYE," shouted Constance from the train window, as the puffing locomotive bore her away from a little country station in Southern Ontario. Had her people seen the tears that escaped from under her lids and rolled down her cheeks, in spite of her efforts to hold them back? She hoped not. "Why did I decide to become a teacher?" she mused. "Was it possible that I failed to count the cost? Could I not see that it meant separation from all that was near and dear to me?"

Constance was aroused from this reverie by the word, "ticket." She had not noticed the conductor approaching. As he took the ticket from her, he caught a glimpse of her sad face. He was touched. The picture brought to his mind, the memory of his own daughter as she left home for the first time. Perhaps a friendly word would reach her! It did. His sunny smile and cheery word brought her, as it were, back to earth. Then reason asserted itself. "Don't be a little fool!" she heard herself saying, "make the best of the opportunity which is yours and remember, "Opportunity knocks but once." The separation will be only temporary." With these thoughts came not only strength, but a determination to become a successful teacher.

With the very first day of school came another bitter disappointment to Constance. She discovered that she was no longer to be "spoon-fed" but must rely on herself. Now it was necessary to find logical answers to many perplexing questions. Perhaps the problem which puzzled her most at the beginning of the term was differentiating between "Matter" and "Method." But what could be more simple! "Matter" is what you teach and "Method" is how you teach it. History for the first time became more than a mere memorization of unimportant details. The problem question, "Why did this or that happen?" became the all-important one.

"Time waits for no one," and, in the course of a few weeks, Constance found herself for the first time before a class of children. This was one picture which impressed itself indelibly in her memory. So conscious was she of her teaching companions, who watched her closely, as well as of the critic teacher, that her body shook visibly as she attempted to put the lesson before the class; patches of red and white chased one another across her neck; her voice, in spite of her effort to control it, was most unnatural, almost strained. The words tumbled from her lips, but what a dismal failure! She had taught the lesson, not the class. Immediately after four o'clock, Constance and her fellow student-teachers gathered at the front of the room for the criticism. Here both merits and defects were pointed out, but the latter were in the majority. However, Constance saw that this criticism was constructive and the more of these friendly suggestions she could bear and then use to advantage, the greater her progress would be.

The school year of nineteen-hundred twenty-seven and eight for Constance, as a teacher-in-training, was one of broadening interests and sympathies. No longer did she despise the person who was not engaged in the same walk of life as herself. Now, persons who earned an honest living, even though it was necessary to soil their hands, commanded her respect. This term was one in which she saw how absurd many of her thoughtless actions must appear to a person with a broader outlook upon life.

At last the temporary separation was over and on the evening school closed, Constance boarded the south-bound train. Many of her companions accompanied her. Many more were waving farewell from the crowded platform. As the train rumbled out of North Bay a queer feeling came over her; a feeling which she herself could not explain. All of a sudden it dawned upon her: North Bay Normal School meant more to her than she had thought. With a pang of regret she thought of parting from the friends she had made during the year; even the school building had a strong fascination for her.

Let us draw aside the curtain of time and follow Constance for a short while. During the year at Normal School she found out how small was her knowledge of many subjects. There had also been implanted in her soul a burning desire to know more. With this end in view Constance taught Public School for several years, being careful of her income in order to place herself, financially in a position to attend one of the higher educational institutions. A few years later, she was graduated from one of the leading Universities.

With her foot firmly on the rung of the ladder of success, Constance, with a smile on her upturned face, remembered the principle she had learned at North Bay Normal School. That principle was, "Rely on yourself and success will be yours."

MODEL SCHOOL STAFF

	TIOUL D.	A AAA A		
Mr. J. B. Stewart	.Principal,	Queen	Victoria	School.
Mr. D. C. Grassick	· Principal.	Kina	George	School.
Miss M. Collins	. Principal.	McPha	il Street	School
Miss E. Hamilton	. Assistant	Queen	Victoria	School
Mr. R. C. MacLean		66	66	66
Miss J. M. Little	. "	"	66	- 66
Miss C. M. Emiry		66	66	66
Miss Riddell		66	66	66
Miss N. Deneau	"	66	66	66
Miss E. Hunt	"	66	66	66
Miss L. St. Louis	66	66		66
Miss W. Vincent	66	66	66	"
Mr. C. Cumming	Assistant	McPha	il Street	School
Mrs. J. Muller	"	66	" Direct	66
Miss A. E. Hansford		66	66	66
Mrs. E. L. Elmitt	66	"	66	66
Miss G. L. Ison	"	66	66	66
Miss E. Frayn		66		66
Miss C. Smyth	"	66	66	66
Mrs. A. Chalmers	Assistant	Kina	George	School.
Miss M. Sage	"	"	George	Benoon.
Miss K. Burns	"	66	66	66
Miss E. Haugh	66	66	66	66
Miss G. J. Morgan		66	66	66
Miss D. Alston	Kinderaart	on Dir	actuaca	
	in a gara	en Du	ecoress.	

AFFILIATED CONTINUATION SCHOOL

RURAL AFFILIATED SCHOOLS

Mr. J. L. Runnalls	Principal, S. S. No. 1 (b)	Ferris
Miss M. Smith	Assistant, S. S. No. 1 (b)	Ferris
Miss E. Smith	S. S. No. 5. Widdifield	1 0//10.

STUDENTS OF NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL 1927-1928

FIRST CLASS

Beauchemin, Rachel
(Sr. Jean Baptiste de Jésus) Burke, KathleenMount St. Joseph, Peterboro.
(Sr. Alicia) Montpellier, GeorgiannaSturgeon Falls.
(Sr. Marie Louise) Nolan, Mary
(Sr. Marina) Adamson, F. E. WinnifredInverary.
Botting, Mildred J Wallaceburg.
Brunton, Vera M Marvelville.
Chick, Edna
Dalgleish, Enid I New Liskeard.
Drever, Dorothy
Fosdick, Ruth E
Hough, Yvonne A Lunenburg.
Lake, Eileen M Powassan.
Lewis, Mabel P Mount Forest.
McArthur, Helen Parry Sound.
McEwen, Evelyn J. E Maxville.
McIntosh, Mary Lanark. McKelvie, Winnifred New Liskeard.
Martin, Muriel M Blind River.
Ramsay, Georgina E Orillia.
Hodgkinson, M. A Sturgeon Falls.
(Sr. Henri Marie)
McKenzie, Mary M Fort Frances.
Porter, Helen Westport.
Gray, Katherine Garson Mine.
Ramsay, Marjorie
Rosynska, Roma Englehart.
Shaw, Marion Keewatin.
Smith, Eunice G. 129 S. Marks St., Fort William. Tait, Alice E. A. 595 Mary St., Pembroke.
Thompson, Anna R
Thompson, Lucy E
Traynor, Eileen
Tully, Ena M Parry Sound.
Yearley, BeatriceFalkenburg.
Young, Clara G Westport.
Belfry, Elgin Bradford
Bennett, William E
Bowman, Robson Mount Forest.
Chick, Oliver J. M
Eastman, William HNew Liskeard.
Hallam, Thomas
Hughson, Murray G Essex.
Kalbfleisch, Orville A Mildmay. Moore, Clarence M Victoria Harbour.
Stirrett, Marjorie, J
Surrew, marjorie, J Orown St., Fort Arthur.

SECOND CLASS

	Grant, Irene
	(Sr. M. Germaine) Veillette, Aurore
	(Sr. Ste. Victoire)
	Aarnio, Singne H
	Adams, Annie R. R. R. 1, Eau Claire. Alexander, Eleanor R. New Liskeard.
	Allingham, Ethel L R. R. 3, Athens.
	Anticknap, Zella H Donnegana.
	Armstrong, Stella PGore Bay
	Arnot, Ida M Schreiber.
	Barilla, Barbara A
	Beadle, Frenda Thessalon
	Doran, Eileen Nakina.
	Bentley, Agnes Webbwood
	Berrigan, Margaret
	Bice, Marion E
	Bice, Muriel J Kearney
	bilbe, Eva 134 Cameron St. Font Will:
	blatt, Mary Kenora
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Tait, Mary A.	McKellar.
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