ANNUAL

J.J.S.

1919-1920

Vancouver

B. C.

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Provincial Normal School

VANCOUVER, B. C.

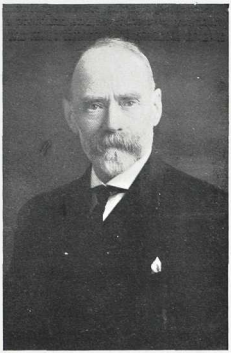
PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL

Annual 1919-20

DEDICATION

As an expression of our sincere
appreciation of faithful
services in the
Provincial Normal School,
Vancouver, B. C.,
we dedicate this book to
William Burns, B.A., Principal

William Burns.



THE PRINCIPAL OF THE PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL.

WILLIAM BURNS, B.A., born in England of Scottish parentage, received his education in London, at which University he received the Intermediate B.A. Degree.

He travelled extensively in Germany and France and is well versed in the languages of these countries.

Coming to Canada in 1882, he secured his full B.A. Degree at Queen's University, Kingston, and later took a post-graduate course in biology at Toronto University. After several years of service in the teaching profession at St. Catharines he received an appointment to an inspectorate in this Province in 1892.

At the opening of the Provincial Normal School in January, 1901, Mr. Burns was appointed Principal, a position he has filled capably and carefully since the appointment to the present time.

Mr. Burns has by kindness and condescension, coupled with his wonderfully vivacious and versatile personality, instilled himself into the affections of the Student body. His fund of anecdote, his vast experience, and his wonderful knowledge of the subjects he teaches, create in the minds of the Students a profound and reverent awe, yet there is a geniality about him which puts the most timorous of students at ease in his presence.

D.M. ROBINSON.
E.H. MURPHY.
W.F. WESTON.
H.B. McLEAN.
W. BURNS. (PRINCIPAL)
J.A. MACINTOSH.
MISS E.M. CONEY.
MISS L.A. BURPEE.
MISS A.M. LOKEE, SEC'Y.
KING STUDIO. 361 HASTINGS, W.
The Faculty.

THE FACULTY

WM. BURNS, B.A., PRINCIPAL.

Teacher of Psychology, Pedagogy, Class Management and School Law.

D. M. ROBINSON, B.A.

Teacher of Arithmetic and Class Management, and Supervisor of Attendance Registers.

He also takes a keen interest in the sports and recreations of the Students.
His genial and unassuming disposition makes him a favorite with all.
He hath a stern look but a gentle heart.

MR. E. H. MURPHY.

Mr. Murphy has had a hand in remodelling the boundaries of Germany and Austria. He is teaching the subjects: History and Geography. He is the friend of all the Students, genial and forgiving, but—If your knowledge of B. C. is vague, if you should place Nanaimo on the mainland, Beware! You are almost beyond the pale.

MR. W. P. WESTON.

Teacher of the Arts of Drawing and Painting. Designer of Normal Badges and Pins and Supervisor of Decorations for all Social Functions.

MR. MacLEAN.

Mr. McLean teaches us how to enjoy nature by close study. He also teaches correct writing: "Ye gods, how he can write." He also offers gratuitously hints on "How to be Healthy."

MR. MacINTOSH, B.A., B.D.

We have in our teacher of English a lover of good Literature. Mr. MacIntosh knows his work thoroughly. He sees the beauty and the inspiration in our best poetry. If, after the year of Normal training, we have not a keener appreciation of good poetry and prose it will certainly not reflect on our teacher, but rather show our hopeless condition, due possibly to the flippancy of the times, or our love for the newspapers. Mr. MacIntosh's periods elevate us to a higher sphere; we get a greater incentive to study the Nautilus, the purple sunset, the mind of man, and to speak in low and reverent tones the names of Shakespeare, Milton and Wordsworth.

MISS L. A. BURPEE.

Supervisor and Instructor in Primary Work.

Miss Burpee is essentially a primary teacher. Her sweet patient manner and careful manipulation of a somewhat trying subject fits her especially for this work. The look of pity blended with smiles she showers on the "male brutes" as they struggle over the difficulties of "over one, under three," is worth all the reverses of a Normal term. Miss Burpee assists liberally with both time and talent in all social entertainment.

MISS E. M. CONEY.

Miss Coney takes us from the "Crow period" to the Nightingale standard of song. How she evolves a grunt into a rich mellow head tone is an insolvable mystery! Perhaps she can tell you? I cannot!

Miss Coney is our Music teacher; she tries until she succeeds. The Modulator, the Time-tests, the Breathing Exercises, the Head-voice, the Chest-voice; can we ever forget them? In a word—"Ooawaraiee" Tafetefetaatace. Miss Coney devotes much of her own time to help us in our Literary Entertainments.

MISS A. M. LOREE.

Secretary Provincial Normal School. Miss Loree is a perfect encyclopaedia of information. A human directory and a genial and sympathetic listener to the perplexed.

Like a cake without the sweetening,
Like a sky without the sun;
Like a ship without a captain,
Or a soldier without his gun.

Like a book without the printing,
Like a fish without the sea,
Would the Normal Institution
Be without our Miss Loree.

LIEU' E. H. MURPHY.

THE WARRIOR RETURNS.

We call to mind a prophecy relating presumably to the millennium, "The one shall be taken and the other left." The application is so appropriate in respect to the entry of two of the Normal Masters into the late European conflict and the result bears out the truth of the quotation.

We sorrow for Mr. Spouse, the one taken. His name is inscribed on the scroll of heroes, and will be remembered as one who unselfishly paid the full price in upholding his country's honor. But the silver lining to the cloud is revealed when we are privileged to shake hands with the more fortunate one, who as yet, still bears the wounds of the fight.

Mr. E. H. Murphy is an integral part of our conception of the P. N. S. and we wish him a long and useful career on his return to the position he so capably fills.

EDITORIAL BOARD.

MISS ECKERT
M. GIBARD
Business Manager

MISS HAZLIT

MR. GODFREY
MISS PECK

MISS GRAHAM

MISS MARSH
W. BURNSIDE,
Principal

R. RACKLYEFF Editor
MISS FITZGERALD

MISS AULD

MISS MacKENZIE
P. MACK
Treasurer

MISS WALL

EDITORIAL

1919-1920. A RETROSPECT.

OUR year of training is rapidly coming to its close, and by the time this is transformed into print, to most of us, it will be as a page in life's history.

We students may look back with mixed feelings of pleasure and regret at its termination, and trust that the painstaking and indulgent Faculty may at least see some measure of improvement in us for their unstinted efforts to mould teachers from the various kinds of humanity with which they had to contend. The students have unanimously voiced their expressions of appreciation for the valuable assistance they have received from the patient and efficient Faculty who spared neither time nor trouble to guide aright their faltering footsteps along the paths of pedagogy.

Mr. Burns, with his kindly sympathy, his extensive knowledge and his wonderful ability to impart the same, is indeed a worthy Principal of this institution, and, enhanced by the hearty co-operation he receives from his able and energetic staff, the students undoubtedly have the greatest of opportunities for efficient training.

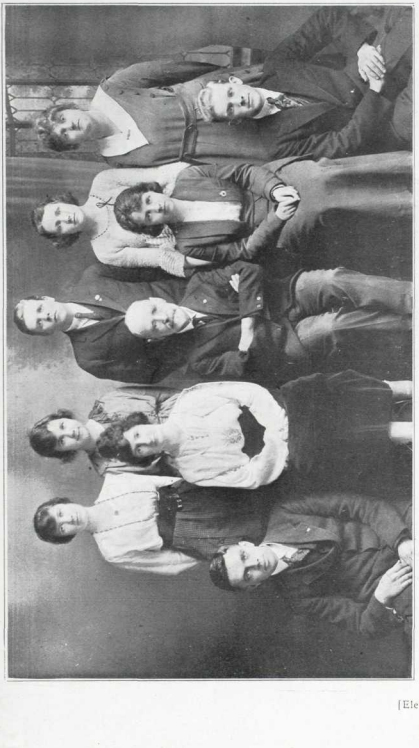
One was impressed with the close bond of unity and friendship that existed among the students in all classes. A spirit of goodfellowship was conspicuous everywhere, not alone on the field of sport, or in the various forms of social entertainment, but in the more mundane and perplexing tasks of planning lessons, preparing essays, securing information along certain lines, and in general class routine. Notes and hints were passed which were much appreciated by the less experienced.

As the curtain falls eventually on the best of dramatic or musical productions, so our Normal activities must receive their "Dramatis Finis," but memory will retain in its subconsciousness the kaleidoscopic series of events most conspicuously portrayed therein, and years may come in regular sequence, distance may separate and disperse us, as seeds before the wind, yet neither time nor tide, distance nor sorrow can dim the memory nor rob us of these happy reminiscences.

Let this retrospect achieve its useful purpose; we look back that the past will be an incentive for us to press on into the future. Our duty lies before us, the inculcating of character, the imparting of knowledge to Canada's greatest asset, viz.: the rising generation. Future citizens, merchants, councillors, mayors, and, who can say? future representatives in parliament. The teaching profession is receiving a higher status as it well deserves. Education is no longer to be imparted to our school pupils by inefficient teachers, therefore, a higher state of efficiency is required where a greater responsibility is recognized. As we become elevated from the student ranks to the ranks of teachers, may we ever instil into our pupils those high ideals, and the tenets of good citizenship which form an integral part of the duties and responsibilities of our new profession.

THE EDITOR.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL.



MISS FITZGERALD
Literary
Pres. Pro Tem.

MISS PARR
President

MISS SWENCISKY
Sec.-Treas.

MISS MacSPADDEN

MR. DILWORTH

W. BURNS
Principal

MISS Q. MacDONALD

MISS ALLARDYCE

MISS A. ATKINSON

MR. GODFREY
Pres. Athletic

"THE ANNUAL" SPEAKS

After many deliberations, in committee and in class, our Annual is about to materialize. The machinery of the Board has been set in motion, and behold in this publication an achievement worthy of the fame of the institution which it represents. It is the culminating effort of the student body towards unity, organization and ability. Its success or failure reflects on all, as it rightly belongs to all.

Individually and collectively it is "ours." We have assisted in the successful termination of all it contains, in literary ability, business achievement, social endeavor, class good fellowship and refined humor.

Its literary efforts and rhythmic compositions are but gleanings from many worthy contributions from the pens of embryo Shakespeares and Shakespeareses (if one may be allowed to create such geniuses) for the works of our lady contributors surely demand their elevation to the highest ranks of literary achievement attained by our male contributors.

Like all publications of such stupendous and influential importance it has a staff of sub-editors who vie with one another in producing the snappiest and most interesting article between its covers.

Suffice it to remark the Annual is "yours." Be sparse with your criticism; be liberal with your praise.

The Editor takes this opportunity of thanking all who have offered to assist in the good work, not forgetting the honor thus conferred upon him by those who considered his capabilities sufficient to bring this work to a satisfactory termination. If he has given satisfaction in this respect the result is a sufficient and gratifying reward.

YOUR EDITOR.

Our brains are feeling stodgy,
From the study of Pedagogy,
And the Life of Pestolozzi
And his learned point of view.
And we learn of apprehension,
Of the subtle gift, retention,
And the uses of attention,
Till we don't know what to do.

We know our Trigonometry,
Biology and Geometry,
Our Greek, and Entomology,
Our Latin through and through.
Then as a slight progression
In our longed-for new profession,
We are sent to teach a lesson
How to write the letter u.

* * * * *

Miss Brown, reviewing History: "And who was it came after Henry VIII?
Bright Boy: "The women."

* * * *

Nervous Student: "Please, Mr. Instructor, how do I teach this?"
Instructor: "With feet astride, knees bending backward and forward by numbers."

LITERARY

FALL TERM, 1919

During the Fall Term, the Literary Society, under the able leadership of Miss M. G. Peck, enjoyed a most successful period. The first meeting took place on September 18th, and officers were elected. It was decided to hold literary meetings every alternate Friday afternoon or evening.

The first open meeting of the Society was most intresting. Each class contributed to the programme, which was varied and enjoyable. On October 10th, Miss Lindley addressed the students on the subject of "Deficient Children." This lecture was of especial interest and use to prospective teachers.

The first public meeting of the Literary Society took the form of a Dickens' evening. An introductory address was given by Mr. Burns, which was much appreciated. Following were sketches from "Pickwick Papers." The settings, costumes and acting were exceptionally good.

"Resolved that the future holds great possibilities for the Normal Student" was the subject of a debate at a meeting held on October 24th. The argument was ably supported by both sides, and touches of humor were introduced by several of the speakers. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative, upheld by representatives of Classes V, VI and VIII.

An afternoon with Stevenson gave an opportunity for the reading of several good papers on his life, his works, his essays and poetry. Several of his songs were sung by the student body during the afternoon. The "Requiem" made an effective closing to the programme.

On November 12th Dr. Sedgewick gave a most instructive address on "Modern Poetry." The last meeting of the term took place on December 18th. "The Work of the Literary Society during the year" was the subject of an interesting and pleasing talk by Mr. McIntosh. It was followed by several choruses, and after a short intermission a very humorous Mock Trial was presented. Supper was served and speeches and toasts by Faculty and students followed. The meeting ended with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the King."

* * * * *

"SWEETHEARTS."

On the evenings of December 5th and 6th a splendid programme was offered. The first half of it consisted of selections from British composers of the eighteenth century. After an intermission the advanced class presented a delightful drama "Sweethearts" by Gilbert. The four roles were enacted by Miss Bickell, Miss Mason, Mr. Bennett, and Mr. Timberlake. All showed real ability supplemented by careful training. The costumes and settings were effective and great credit is due Miss Coney for her untiring efforts in making the programme the great success that it was.

SPRING TERM, 1920

The Spring term opened auspiciously for the Literary Society, with the election of the following officers: Hon. President, Mr. McIntosh; President, Miss Fitzgerald; Vice-President, Miss Livingstone; Secretary, Miss Allardyce. The work of the Literary is not yet completed, but so far as it has gone, it has promised much and received excellent support from the student body.

On January 23rd the Society held its usual open meeting for the purpose of discovering new talent among the students. The offerings were bright and for the most part in a humorous vein.

The second meeting of the Literary on February 6th took the form of a talk by Dr. Scott. His paper was entitled "Reminiscences" and gave very interesting recollections of the old days in "the House" and informal character sketches of such well-known figures as Sir Wilfred Laurier and Sir John A. MacDonald.

An evening which proved a great success was a Pauline Johnson meeting on February 20th. A number of the popular legends, songs, and poems of this well-known Indian poetess were woven into a sketch. Those taking part wore Indian costumes and formed a tableau about a camp-fire.

A debate: "Resolved that newspapers and periodicals have a greater influence for good and evil than books" provided material for an interesting meeting on March 6th. The debate was won by the affirmative supported by Classes III and IV.

Preparations are now under way for an "Irish Musical Afternoon," on March 19th, and plans have been made for "An afternoon with the Painters" and "The Drama" during April.

The Literary Society is to be congratulated on its efficient and successful work during the Normal year.

A. P.

A DIRGE

Break, Break, Broke,
  Are my hopes when my "crit" I see,
And I wish that I dare but utter
  The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the teacher so fair,
  As she sits at her desk all day;
O well for the school kiddies too,
  As they go out at recess to play.

And the students I hear boast on
  Of their "crits" so merrily,
But O for the joy of an excellent "crit"
  That never will come to me.

Break, Break, Broke,
  I am hopeless at pedagogy,
For the tender grace of a perfect "crit"
  Will never come back to me.

With apologies to the Poet.
R. A. R.

SPORTS

FALL TERM, 1919

Interest was manifested early in the Fall Term in Tennis and the weather was ideal for this pleasant pastime. A club was organized, under the convenership of Mr. McLean, and inter-class games were speedily arranged. Class One eventually captured the honors but not before its representatives, Miss Inkman and Mr. Timberlake, were the victors of many hard-fought sets.

With the coming of Fall weather the athletic activities were confined to the gymnasium. Here Basketball flourished, both girls and boys entering into the game with gusto.

The girls formed an inter-class league and after several preparatory practices, representative teams were chosen. A great deal of enthusiasm was displayed both by the players and their supporters and lively scenes were enacted, during the ensuing contests, on the floor and in the galleries. Class Three team captured the trophy by maintaining an unbeaten record.

A school team, captained by Miss Anne McDonald, was then chosen. This team did not enter any league but friendly games were played with the High School and University teams with results gratifying to Normalites.

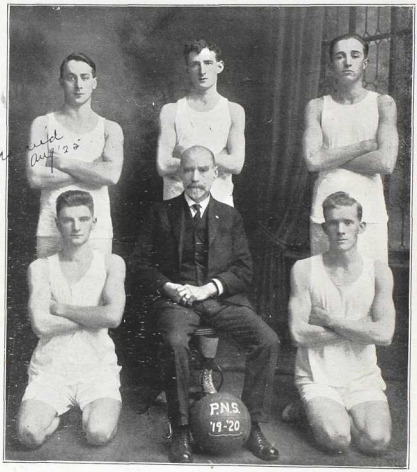
The boys, though few in number, early determined to uphold the honor of the Normal in the basketball world. After a few strenuous practices a quintette was chosen, with Mr. Boyes as captain, and challenges were issued to aspiring teams. In the early encounters with the Y.M.C.A. and ex-Normal teams, defeats were sustained, but these reverses only spurred the men to more determined efforts. Later in the term the tables were turned on the above-mentioned teams and wins were registered over the University and Cecil Rhodes Commercial School.

With the object of becoming better acquainted with the Normal students of Victoria, inter-school basketball games were arranged and the keenest interest was taken in the outcome by players and student body alike. The Victoria teams journeyed to Vancouver on Nov. 14th and the games were played the same evening.

The first game, between the ladies, was stubbornly contested, both teams exhibiting speed and skill. In the end the honors were divided, the score being 12 to 12.

The boys' game, which followed, was clean, fast and replete with flashes of brilliant play by both sides. The home team led in the scoring, by a narrow margin, from the commencement, but the outcome was in doubt up to the last minute of play. The final score was 14 to 17 in favor of the Vancouver Normal.

After the games supper was served and a social evening was enjoyed by all.



BOYS BASKETBALL TEAM

R. MUIR J. BOYES (Capt.) D. GRAY
W. BURNS (Principal)
C. DAVIES J. GODFREY

GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

E. BOUCHER A. MacDONALD (Captain) L. BEECH

G. MacDONALD N. CORDINGLY

P. N. S. ORCHESTRA
(Spring Term)

MISS NELSON
MR. RACKLYEFT
MR. ECKERT
MISS INKMAN
(Pianist)
MISS McBETH
MR. DAVIES

THE NOBLE TWO HUNDRED.

Girls to the right of us,
Girls to the left of us,
Girls right in front of us,
    Filling the "Normal."
Crowding the "Halls of Fame,"
Pushing with might and main
Striving their seats to gain,
    Reckless. Informal.

Forms fat and forms divine,
Waists "Chic" in every line,
Eighteen to twenty-nine,
    May be their measure.
Dresses of pink and blue,
Dresses of every hue,
But in each we may view
    A perfect treasure.

Tall girls and slender girls,
Some with, some without curls,
Yet all are perfect pearls
    Of the creation,
Perfect in form and face,
Smiles, one can surely trace,
Reflecting love and grace,
    Traits of the nation.

When will their glory fade?
When the dark evening shade
Spreads over hill and glade?
    Never! No,! Never!
Their worth the poet sings,
Their praise the echo rings,
Far beyond earthly things,
    Ever for ever.

Boys there are, lost to view,
Boys oh how very few;
Feeling so helpless too
    When they are numbered.
Into their seats they go,
Filling just one full row,
Twenty, the records show,
    But girls just two hundred.

Girls to the right of us,
Girls to the left of us,
Girls front and back of us,
    Smiling and gay.
Oh how we'd love to be—
Part of this company,
Laughing so merrily
    For ever and aye.

R. A. R.

PROVINCIAL 1919-CLASS I-1920. NORMAL SCHOOL.

CLASS 1.

MISS ALLEN ..... Vancouver, B. C.

She is small, but she is gritty,
Always gay, and always witty.

MR. ANDERSON ..... Vancouver, B. C.

Life's cares he doth most manfully assume,
Why is he so often nearly late at noon?

MISS ANDERSON ..... Vancouver, B. C.

Yo' jes' take a little o' the bluest of the skies,
With a cloud for the lashes and yo' have this girlie's eyes.

MISS ARCHIBALD ..... Rosedale, B. C.

Usually reserved but ever ready to cheer a friend—aloof but lovable.

MISS A. ATKINSON ..... Chilliwack, B. C.

Golden her hair, stately her mien;
Ready of wit has she always been.

MISS E. ATKINSON ..... New Westminster, B. C.

She is pretty to walk with,
Witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think upon.

MISS M. ATKINSON ..... Vancouver, B. C.

A good heart, Millie, lots of force;
You'll need them in your work, of course.

MISS AULD ..... Chilliwack, B. C.

Marion is a winsome lass,
A shining light in the leading class.

MISS BAKER ..... Vancouver, B. C.

When you once get to know her
You cannot help but love her.

MISS BALLSON ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"Calbie" is the nicest girl you'd ever want to know.

MISS BARR ..... Mission, B. C.

Those smiles that are in themselves adorable portray a character which surpasses
even them in beauty.

MR. BARR ..... Vancouver, B. C.

Our worthy and beloved President—when is he happier than in beating time for a
sing-song or in calling out an "encore" dance.

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
That from 'Normal' or near it
You rest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art."

MISS BARTON ..... Clinton, B. C.

Molly says that she is "mad,"
But, I venture to deny it,
For at once with her smile
She sets out to belie it.

MISS BAXTER ..... Cranbrook, B. C.

When is this maiden ever depressed?
Her kindly humor is so readily expressed.

MISS BEECH ..... Revelstoke, B. C.

Bright blue eyes, winning speech, artless smile—Laura Beech.

MISS F. C. BELL ..... Chilliwack, B. C.

Whatever she thinketh the same is depicted in her frowns and smiles—mostly smiles.

MISS G. BELL ..... Vancouver, B. C.

Her carriage is the acme of grace
And a generous spirit speaks in her face.

MISS BEST ..... New Westminster, B. C.

A tactful, kindly maiden who has won her place in the hearts of all.

MISS BLACK ..... Vancouver, B. C.

Hearty her laugh, and jovial is her song.

MISS BOUCHER ..... Chilliwack, B. C.

Another belle from Chilliwack.
Of making friends she has the knack.

MR. BOYES ..... Vancouver, B. C.

His dark brown hair, we know not how,
Curls closely round his manly brow.

CLASS 1—Continued.

MISS BOYD ..... Vancouver, B. C.

We are forced to exclaim how little shapes much substance may contain.

MISS BOWING ..... Ladner, B. .C

Always ready, always steady, never late for school.

MISS BRASSIE ..... Vancouver, B. C.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace.

MISS E. M. BROWN ..... Langley Prairie, B. C.

A sweet little maid who to Normal came,
And whom we all hope to soon see again.

MISS I. M. BROWN ..... Nelson, B. C.

Not her's the wish in gaiety to shine;
Rather herself by meditation to refine.

MR. CARMICAEL ..... Bradner, B. C.

"No guile is here; this man rings true."

MR. DAVIES ..... Chilliwack, B. C.

A jolly good sport is C. D.,
Famous in basketball and P. T.

MR. ECKERT ..... Vancouver, B. C.

Truly is he a disciple of the fine arts.

MR. FERGUSON ..... Peachland, B. C.

See the twinkle in my eye;
Attention! please, don't look so shy.

MR. GAUDIN ..... New Westminster, B. C.

"A form according with a mind,
Lively and ardent, frank and kind."

MR. GIBBARD ..... Mission, B. C.

That he's a jolly good fellow with a great big heart, we know.

MR. GODFREY ..... Vancouver, B. C.

He is our back at basket ball.
Besides being very fleet,
He proves a regular stone wall
And seldom has been beat.

MR. GRAY ..... Burnaby, B. C.

Wait till he starts teaching school,
He will have military rule.

MR. HARDWICK ..... Vancouver, B. C.

Of chemistry I know a lot;
To expression I give little thought.

MR. JESSETT ..... Vancouver, B. C.

Life is real, life is earnest—but it is also very enjoyable.

MR. KIRK ..... Vancouver, B. C.

Modest, sincere; great worth is here.

MR. LIVINGSTONE ..... Vancouver, B. C.

My voice is so deep, there's no mistake
When I my "tafetefe" take.

MR. MUIR ..... Chilliwack, B. C.

For loath his personal merits to disclose
His modesty the more refulgent glows.

MR. McDOUGALL ..... Burnaby, B. C.

His speech denotes his Scottish birth,
His courage, genius, and worth.

MR. RACKLYEFT ..... Vancouver, B. C.

Be editorial duties ever so pressing, he is always ready to offer apt advice and encouragement in his pithy and Johnsonese English.

We very rarely see him smile,
But when we do it is worth while.

—Editor-in-Chief of P. N. S. Annual.

MR. STRINGER ..... Chase, B. C.

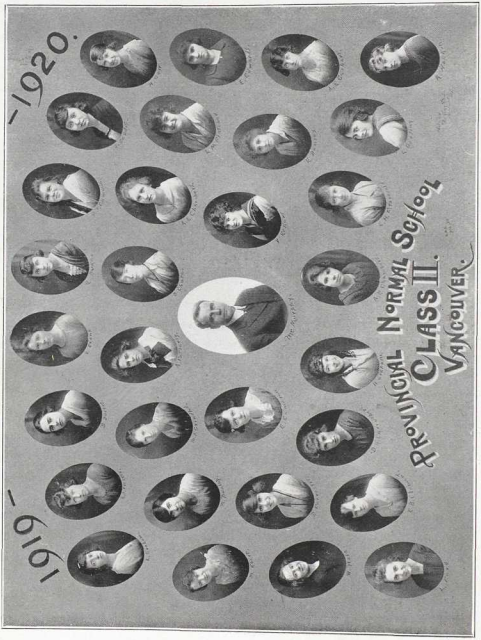
"Come and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe."

Not the four stone-walls,
    But what they mean,
Not the ordered grounds
    With the emereld green
Of their lawns, shot through
    With the brighter sheen
Of the flowers that shine through the rain.

Not the library's store
    Of treasures in books,
Not the rooms and halls
    Will my backward looks
Most revere and remember
    When memory's nooks
Are haunted with forms that I love.

Oh spirit that calls
    Through the busy days,
Oh spirit that led us
    In divers ways,
That taught us the joy
    And contentment that stays
Where labor and pleasure join hands.

L. H. F.


1919-
PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL
CLASS II.
VANCOUVER.
-1920.

CLASS II.

MISS CAMERON ..... New Westminster, B. C.

"The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter, and the Bird is on the Wing."
Why worry?

MISS CARRUTHERS ..... Bradner, B. C.

Who says that mere size counts for anything. Dorothy is small, but effective.

MISS CHAMBERS ..... New Westminster, B. C.

"She has a sweet, contented look."

MISS CHUTE ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"I'll follow knowledge, like a sinking star——"
Why do they always ask Isabel?

MISS CLEMENT ..... Vancouver, B. C.

There are so many things—I haven't time to laugh.

MISS CLEMENTS ..... Kerrisdale, B. C.

"Still waters run deep." We'll give Ella the benefit of the doubt. Besides, she lisps.

MISS COY ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"Sunshine of May, and the sweetness of violets."

MISS CORNETT ..... Marpole, B. C.

"Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning."

MISS CURWEN ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"If she will, she will, you may depend on't,
And if she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't."

MISS DIXON ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles."
Oh, Dixie!!

MISS DONLEY ..... Boundary Bay, B. C.

"And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad or a Grace
Of finer form or lovlier face."

MISS DUCLOS ..... West Point Grey, B. C.

"She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies——"
Blanche is always willing to help.

MISS DUKE ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door."

MISS DUNLOP ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"Ever soft, gentle and low was her voice,
An excellent thing in woman."

MISS EBERT ..... New Westminster, B. C.

"I would not hurt a fly."

MISS ECKERT ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"The Silver Birch's graceful height and crowned
With all the water-lily's purest bloom."
Viva is a good sport, too—and as game as they make 'em.

Married!!

MISS EDWARDS ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"Tranquility, thy name is Ethel." If, by any chance, Ethel exerted herself, a revolution would occur.

MISS EVANS ..... Sardis, B. C.

"O Viola with the pensive brow,
What disgust with the world hast thou?"
Viola's notes "and sich" are invariably up to date—thus she becomes a popular acquisition and diligent.

CLASS II—Continued.

MISS FETTERLEY ..... Chilliwack, B. C.

"The calmness of sleeping thunder
The sweetness of clover blooms."

MISS FIELDER ..... Ladner, B. C.

"No sudden starts of sudden Genius glow,
But good results from patient working grow."

MISS FITZGERALD ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"The Poet in a golden clime was born
With golden stars above."
Class II. is extremely proud of Helen, and "There's a reason."

MISS FLETCHER ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"Even tho' vanquished, she could argue still."
(Then she will talk—ye gods! How she will talk!)
Maude is an exceptionally good teacher.

MISS FORD ..... New Westminster, B. C.

"Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me."

MISS FORRESTER ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"A Dresden china shepherdess."

MISS GAMMIE ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"Can you tame wild women?" Janie's the exception that proves the rule, and oh! how she can "elocute!" (Haw!)

MISS GEDDIS ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"Let the rest of the world go by."
Jenda's perfect air of "noblesse oblige" is the envy of all of us.

MISS GEEKIE ..... Collingwood East, B. C.

An' she can wield a hockey stick
The best you've ever seen
An' warbles like a nightingale—
Our bonnie Highland Jean.

MISS GERHART ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"How sweet are looks that Eileen bends
On whom her favors fall."

MISS GIBBS ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"Like moonlit pools in a forest of fir
Is the shadowy light in the eyes of her."

MISS GERARD ..... Langley Prairie, B. C.

"An' a' the lads they couldna help
A-follow'n' forhye—
Because of the 'Come hither! Come hither!'
In her eye."

MISS GIRLING ..... Cloverdale, B. C.

"Smiling she lives and calls life pleasure."
Once Louise ruined her reputation by presenting a very militerary "backward drill" at a Lit. meeting. (Quoth the raven ——")

MISS GOW ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"O those sweet eyes! Those low replies!"

Grad. U.B.C. Arts '25

MISS E. L. GRAHAM ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"She moves a goddess and she looks a queen."

MISS H. GRAHAM ..... Salmon Arm, B. C.

Multum in parvo.
"She's little but she's wise—
She's a terror for her size."—A poetess.

MISS GRINROD ..... Kamloops, B. C.

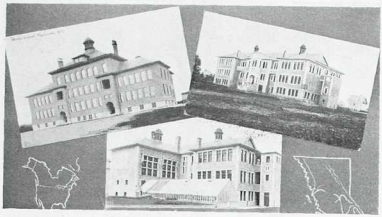
"Come on, Red!"
May is an optimist—maybe that's why she's always put on the "eats" committee.

MISS HALE ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"
Winnie is an ardent follower of the Persian bacchante, "Omar."

MISS HASKIN ..... North Vancouver, B. C.

"She stood four square to all the winds that blew."
Allie has dramatic ability also.



HEARD AT THE MODEL SCHOOL.

He was full of confidence. The class prepared joyfully for a lesson in Nature Study. The student advanced and began his lesson thus: "Now, boys and girls, what is it you see first thing in the morning when you wake up outside on the grass?"

* * * * *

Problem: What are Normal Students?
From the point of view of:
A Model School Pupil—Something invented to give variety to school-life.
A Car Conductor—Effective traffic-blocades.
The Manager of the Dairy—Sweet young things to whom we delight to explain the mysteries of pasteurization.
A Model School Teacher—Necessary evils.

* * * * *

WASN'T IT AWFUL?

It happened at the Normal. Somebody conceived the idea of starting a crusade against slang.

Early one Monday morning, Miss G. posted herself in the hall to intercept any stray fragments of erroneous English which might escape the vigilance of the crusaders.

Soon three maidens floated down the corridor, arm in arm. "My, wasn't I peeved——" began one, but hastily corrected herself thus: "I was very much annoyed!" One of her companions broke the silence with: "Let's beat it up-stairs and chew the rag with Maiel——oh, I mean, let us ascend the stairs and hold conversation with Miss Jones." From the far end of the corridor floated a silvery feminine voice: "Say, that's jake!——I mean, the plan suits me very well."

This is only a sample of a vain attempt to banish from our beloved school the spicy variety of King's English popularly known as slang. The habit of years was strong upon us. So we jazzed about as of old, having a jake time, and no longer attempting to cut out the slang.

* * * * *

Johnny, at the dinner table—Oh, mama, we had the funniest student this morning! She had on a pink dress and her hair was all falling down and her nose turned up and——

Mother (severely)—Johnny, you should never make remarks about a lady!

Johnny—But mama, she wasn't a lady. She was just a Normal student.

PROVINCIAL CLASS 3 NORMAL SCHOOL
1919 - 1920.

CLASS III.

MISS HEADY ..... Sardis, B. C.

"She is as kind as she is fair
For beauty lives with kindness."

MISS HEALEY ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"'Tis but a little black-eyed, pretty singing girl."

MISS HENDERSON ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"She's modest as any and blithe as she's bonny."

MISS HOGGAN ..... Dawson, Y. T.

"To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue."

MISS HOMUTH ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"Let gentleness my strong enforcement be."

MISS HORNBY ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"Her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore;
Let her speak and whatever she say
Methinks I should love her the more."

MISS HORSMAN ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"My heart is always doing lonely things."

MISS HORTON ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"Little child of the western wild, a poet now or never."

MISS INKMAN ..... Agassiz, B. C.

"She plays me like a lute, what tune she will
No string in me but trembles at her touch,
Shakes into sacred music, or is it still,
Trembles or stops or swells, her skill is such."
If Gladys can do nothing else when she leaves Normal she can play for sing-songs.

MISS JAMES ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"A woman's crowning glory is her hair."

MISS JEROME ..... Nelson, B. C.

Precious metals are put up in small packages.

A cheery little girl,
Sunny within and without;
Little, but, oh my ! ! ! !

MISS L. A. JOHNSON ..... Creston, B. C.

"Thy modesty is but a candle to thy merit."

MISS K. JOHNSON ..... Langley Prairie, B. C.

"Those smiles and glances let me see
That makes the miser's treasure poor."

MISS H. E. JOHNSTON ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"Genteel in personage, conduct and equipage."

MISS KIRK ..... South Vancouver, B. C.

"With skill her eyes dart every glance,
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect them,
Though certain aim and art direct them."

MISS LAKING ..... Murrayville, B. C.

"She warbles like a mavis in the dell."

MISS LARSEN ..... New Westminster, B. C.

The wonder of the class! She once drew an "excellent" from Mrs. Huggard on that inspiring topic—the "potato."

MISS M. A. LAWRENCE ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"Soquet and coy, at once, her air."

CLASS III—Continued.

MISS O. B. LAWRENCE ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"Her face is as bright as the snow."

MISS LEIGH ..... Revelstoke, B. C.

Who ever loved her, that loved not at first sight?

MISS LIVINGSTONE ..... Vancouver, B. C.

Her tongue runs much in ceaseless dictation
Until she established a fair reputation.

MISS LOGIE ..... Summerland, B. C.

"How far that little candle throws its beams."

MISS LONG ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"Her life doth ramonize with the blue, unclouded heaven of her eyes."

MISS LUSK ..... Burnaby, B. C.

"Thou, whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses wreathed in one
As the braided streamlets run."

MISS MANN ..... Cranbrook, B. C.

"I am sure care's an enemy to life."

MISS MARLOTT ..... Chilliwack, B. C.

"She's a winsome wee thing,
" " handsome " "
" " lovesome " " "

MISS MARSH ..... Terrace, B. C.

"Sense is better than looks anytime, but when sense and good looks go together
then a woman is worth having."

MISS MARSHALL ..... Langley Fort, B. C.

"A face with gladness o'erspread,
Soft smiles by human kindness bred."

MISS E. T. MARTIN ..... Burnaby, B. C.

"Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share."

MISS M. C. MARTIN ..... Nelson, B. C.

"She moved and the graces played sportive around her,
She smiled and the hearts of the coldest did thrill."

MISS MATHESON ..... New Westminster, B. C.

Lips whose velvet scarlet teaches
"Checks as soft as July peaches,
Poppies paleness."

MISS MILLS ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were darkest none could tell,
But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been all too bright."

MISS MOODIE ..... East Burnaby, B. C.

"I never felt the kiss of love."
"What, never?" "No, hardly ever!"

MISS MORGAN ..... Revelstoke, B. C.

"Oh! sweet's the twinkle o' thine ee."

MISS MACBETH ..... Vancouver, B. C.

Miss Rutherford

"We love her for her smile, her look, her way of speaking gently."

MISS MACAULAY ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"There's many a black, black eye, they say,
But none so bright as thine."

MISS A. MACDONALD ..... North Vancouver, B. C.

"Her charm is in her being just herself."

MISS G. MACDONALD ..... North Vancouver, B. C.

"And how my absurd riches encumbered me,
I dared not lay claim to above half my possessions."

Miss Macd—— as athletic representative had the enviable (?) work of selling literary tickets.

CLASS III—Continued.

MISS McGILL ..... Kamloops, B. C.

"She doeth little kindnesses
For naught that sets one heart at ease
And giveth happiness or peace
Is low esteemed in her eyes."

MISS McGREGOR ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"Your eye is like the star of eve,
And sweet your voice as seraph's song."

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

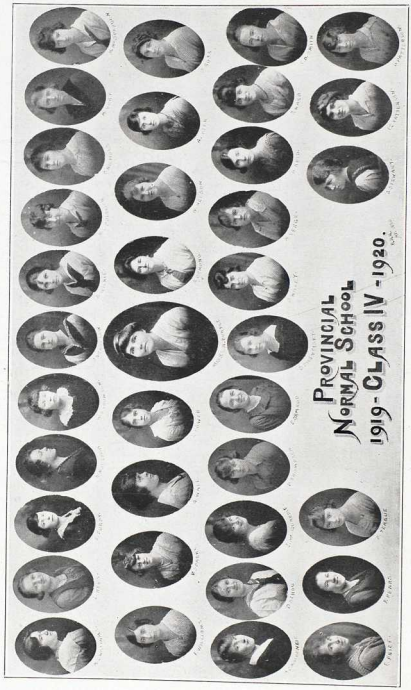
Shakespeare's Soliloquy as a Normal Student Failure.

Can it be true, Ah! that is the question
Whether 'tis nobler in the main to suffer,
To receive the arrows of ignominious failure,
Or by opposing, thwart them. Again to try
Afresh the heartache and a thousand shocks
That Student flesh is heir to. The long delay,
The fruitless effort to achieve this greatness
By taking arms against a sea of troubles
That makes calamity of so long life,
Or, better 'twere to bid a long farewell
To ambition, and so his quietus make;
To toil, perchance to work—ay, there's the rub,
To grunt, to sweat under a weary life
Be this mine aim. A consummation
Devoutly to be wished, my country to serve
In some great enterprise, perchance a Tubal Cain
Having wrought by force, by skill, by strength
Carve an ancestral heritage, then slip at length
From this mortal coil, into sweet oblivion.

With apologies to the illustrious Bard of Avon.
R. A. R.

T. GAUDIN
omitted from Boys' Basketball Team on account of sickness

Toronto. Medico.


PROVINCIAL
NORMAL SCHOOL
1919-CLASS IV-1920.

CLASS IV.

MISS M. E. MACKENZIE ..... Nelson, B. C.
"To know her is an education in itself."

MISS MACLEOD ..... Vancouver, B. C.
"Let other bards of angels sing,
Bright suns without a spot;
But you are no such perfect thing:
Rejoice that you are not."

MISS McQUARRIE ..... New Westminster, B. C.
"Sweet as a primrose, her voice was ever soft and gentle."

MISS McSPADDEN ..... Kerrisdale, B. C.
"Some flowers are born to blush unseen; but Mabel is not one of them."
Athletic Representative.

MISS NELSON ..... Nelson, B. C.
"She seems content with life."

MISS NICHOLS ..... Chilliwack, B. C.
"Along the cool sequestered vale of life,
She keeps the even tenor of her way."

MISS NICHOLSON ..... Newton Station, B. C
"Abigail made a charming Indian maid."

MISS OMROD ..... Vancouver, B. C. Grad. U.B.C. Arts '24
"What a spendthrift she is of her tongue."

MISS ORMOND ..... North Vancouver, B. C.
"She doth the little kindnesses which others leave undone or despise."

MISS PARTINGTON ..... Vancouver, B. C.
"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

MRS. PATTERSON ..... Chilliwack, B. C.
"She lacks not woman's crowning glory."

MISS PATTERSON ..... Vancouver, B. C.
"Still waters run deep."

MISS PEARS ..... Vancouver, B. C.
"A comrade blithe and full of glee,
Who dares to laught out loud and free;
If aught of prophecy be mine,
Thou wilt not live in vain."

MISS PECK ..... Vancouver, B. C.
"A queen with dusky hair and bright, brown eyes."

MISS POLLOCK ..... Vancouver, B. C.
"To be merry but best becomes you, for out of question you were born in a merry hour."

MISS POWER ..... Vancouver, B. C.
"Time cannot alter nor can fortune change her never-failing variety."

MISS PRICE ..... Burnaby, B. C.
"So sweet in her own sweet way."

MISS PURDY ..... Vancouver, B. C.
"I'm so shy."

MISS REES ..... Steveston, B. C.
"Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In simplicity a child."

MISS REID ..... New Westminster, B. C.
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods, and beeks, and wreathed smiles."

CLASS IV—Continued.

MISS ROSS ..... Vancouver, B. C.
"Activity is the only road to knowledge."

MISS SCHON ..... Vancouver, B. C.
"Activity" is Dorothy's second name. ...early a tennis champion.

MISS SMITH ..... Lower Nicola, B. C.
"Of all the arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."

MISS SPARKS ..... Vancouver, B. C.
"She was just that quiet kind, whose natures never vary."

MISS STEWART ..... Vancouver, B. C.
"A roguish smile shone in her eye, and on her lips found place."

MISS SWENCISKY ..... New Westminste, B. C.
An energetic and able Class Representative to the Students' Council.

MISS TEAGUE ..... Kelowna, B. C.
"Her voice was ever soft and low, an excellent thing in woman."

MISS D. M. THOMPSON ..... Vancouver, B. C.
"Who can resist a Cupid's bow and dimples."
Class poet.

MISS W. G. THOMSON ..... Vancouver, B. C.
"Statue, so neat, simple, petite."

MISS VERGE ..... Vancouver, B. C.
"A somewhat transient member of Class IV.

MISS VERT ..... New Westminster, B. C.
"And gladly would she learn, and gladly teach."

MISS WALL ..... Nelson, B. C.
"Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

MISS WARD ..... Vancouver, B. C.
"Let us enjoy pleasures while we can; pleasure is never long enough."

MISS WILKIE ..... New Westminster, B. C.
"A little nonsense now and then, is relished by the best of men."

MISS WILLEY ..... Wellington, B. C.
"Cheerfulness and contentment are great preservatives of youth."

MISS F. E. WILLIAMS ..... Vancouver, B. C.
"We gazed and gazed and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all she knew."

MISS M. L. WILLIAMS ..... Prince George, B. C.
"Young in years but old in experience."

Mr. R.: "If dollars are divided by dollars, what will the product be?"
A Voice: "Dollars."
Mr. R.: "Did I hear 'dollars'—did I? Surely not! Surely not!"
Another Voice: "Times."
Mr. R.: "Ah! Yes, yes! That's consoling; however, you have it in your notes."

* * * *

Mr. R., in first period, to Miss B., who has been to the dance overnight and still finds its after-effects rather severe: "Now, Miss B., tell me the next step."
Miss B.: "I think it's a two-step."

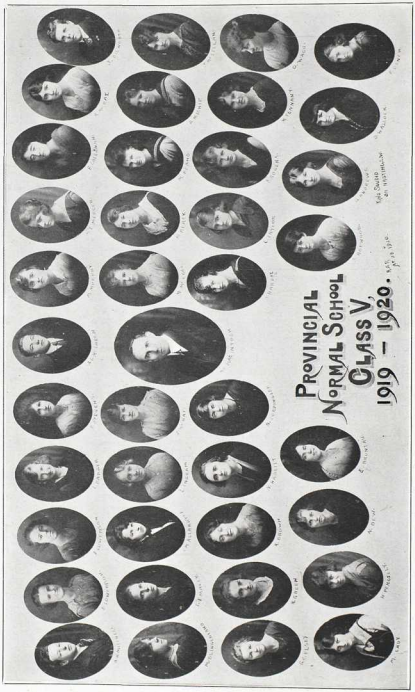
VANCOUVER IN DECEMBER TWILIGHT

Now could I dare to covet Raphael's power
On canvas to translate this lovely sight,
This phantom town. Thin mists arise as light
As slumber stealing on. It is the hour
Of twilight's magic reign. From every tower
Float blue-gray strands of smoke. The dropping night
by winking lights like fire-flies fastened tight
Within a web is pierced as shadows lower.
With mystic fire the Inlet waters glow;
Tht sun's last blushes, violet shadows, pass
Into their depths, while faint and fainter grow
Those hushed and breathless tints, now fading fast;
Relentless night on hovering wings swoops low,
Mingling enchanted forms in one gray mass.

H. F.

* * * * *

He raved and yelled, "Who's got my book?"
The murder sign was in his look.
"Some thieving rogue has dared to take
My book, 'The Lady of the Lake.'
I'll track him down! I'll wring his neck!!
I'll show him what!!! and then, 'by heck!'
My desk at night I'll surely lock it!"
But when he went to don his coat
He found his book inside his pocket.


PROVINCIAL
NORMAL SCHOOL
CLASS V.
1919 – 1920.

CLASS V.

MISS ALLARDYCE ..... Vancouver, B. C.
With her finger to her forehead
Is the way Miss Katie thinks.

MISS ANDREWS ..... Vancouver, B. C.
"All things fair have soft approaches,
Quiet steps are still the sure."

MISS BADGER ..... North Vancouver, B. C.
Our friend from overseas.

MISS BELL ..... Revelstoke, B. C.
"A wonderful creature, a woman of reason,
Never grave out of pride, never gay out of season."

MISS BLACK ..... Vancouver, B. C.
"The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air."

MISS BROWN ..... Summerland, B. C.
"'Twas her thinking of others
Made you think of her."

MISS BRUNEAU ..... Vancouver, B. C.
"She is proper and so pure,
Full steadfast, stable and demure."

MISS CALLAHAN ..... New Westminster, B. C.
"Wit she hath, without desire
To make known what she hath."

MISS CHASTENEY ..... Vancouver, B. C.
"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

MISS CORDINGLY ..... Vancouver, B. C.
"And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is soft and low."

MISS DEANS ..... Aldergrove, B. C.
For a register that will work out right
I pray to the gods both day and night.

MISS DENCH ..... North Vancouver, B. C.
Oh when, oh when is our next feed to be?
Oh girls, make it soon as you can.

MISS DEW ..... Vancouver, B. C.
"They say variety is the spice of life,
But give me arguing all the time."

MR. DILWORTH ..... Vancouver, B. C.
"They gazed and gazed, and still the wonder grew
How one small head could carry all he knew."

MISS ELSEY ..... West Summerland, B. C.
"Some fair and fragrant flower
Which bloometh fairer every hour."

MISS ESLER ..... Vancouver, B. C.
"Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough, and little cares."

MISS GREEN ..... Vancouver, B. C.
"'Tis love, not devotion, that turns in her eyes,
For this, is she gazing right up to the skies."

MISS HARDIE ..... Vancouver, B. C.
"She is most fair
Though she be marble-hearted."

MISS HAZLITT ..... Vancouver, B. C.
"Both singing and playing, she does to perfection;
If you want fun and frolic, turn to her direction."

MISS HOPWOOD ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"Her ready speech flows fair and free
In phrase of gentlest courtesy."

MISS INGRAM ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The listener holds his breath to hear."

U. BC. Alb. '24

MISS KION ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"Auburn haired, tall and slender,
And her manner, gracious, tender."

MISS LADE ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"When she spoke, so peculiar, yet soft was the tone,
Though the loudest spoke also, you heard her alone."

MISS ELLA LOWERISON ..... Athalmer, B. C.

"And from her arched brows such a grace
Sheds itself throughout her face."

MISS EDITH LOWERISON ..... Athalmer, B. C.

Every day the virtuous maiden
Comes to school with basket laden
Just exactly like her sister's.

MISS MACEY ..... Eburne, B. C.

"Her great eyes
Draw up some memory from her heart
And gaze out mournfully."

MISS MERCER ..... New Westminster, B. C.

"Though vanquished she can argue still."

MISS MICHIE ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"Being good is an awfully lonely job."

MR. MITCHELL ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine."
Worse luck.

MISS M. MURPHY ..... Vancouver, B. C.

A girl who is always prepared for the worst,
With a needle and cotton tight there in her desk.

MISS McCOLL ..... Anyox, B. C.

"And yet I feel while hearts are gay,
And smiles are bright around me,
That those who greet me on my way
Must leave me as they find me."

MISS MacCUBB ..... Vancouver, B. C.

She's got the style that we like, 'n everything.

MISS McKAY ..... Eburne, B. C.

"Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning:
Oh, how I long to remain in bed."

MR. McLAREN ..... Greenwood, B. C.

"More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill,

MISS McLELLAN ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"Where'er she speaks my ravished ear
No other voice but her's can hear."

MISS McRAE ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"Reason masters every sense;
For there's a gleam of intelligence in her eye."

MISS PENGELLY ..... Vancouver, B. C.

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Play the violin and——

MISS ROGERS ..... Sardis, B. C.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.

MISS TAYLOR ..... Vancouver, B. C.

Strange to the world, she wore a bashful look.

MISS SLINGERLAND ..... Vancouver, B. C.

With ponderous steps and slow
She seemed the incarnate "I told you so."

MISS STEVENS ..... Port Hammond, B. C.

"Her golden tresses require such care,
Every morning she has to run for the car."

MISS TENNANT ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"Sometimes cunning, sometimes coy,
Yet she never fails to please."

MISS WADDS ..... Crawford Bay, B. C.

"Stones have been made to move, trees to think——"

MISS WAGG ..... Kerrisdale, B. C.

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet."

MISS WALLOCK ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"Buster Brown, with deep dark eyes,
Where pride demurs,
When pity would be softening through."
"Those wild, luxuriant tresses,

MISS DANEY ..... Vancouver, B. C.

Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of a raven's wing."

MISS YOUNG ..... Vancouver, B. C.

"As grave as an owl, quiet as a mouse,
What she ought to do is just keep a house."

THE END OF A PERFECT DAY.

We see the last long lingering ray
Of the suns red glow, on our closing day,
And the "Halls of Fame" as we say good-bye
Are bathed in the light from the western sky.

The day is done and the "Term" is o'er,
And friends must part who may meet no more,
But friendships formed in the term now past,
Will be cherished as long as memories last.

Good-bye to Masters. Good-bye to mates—
We linger long at the outer gates,
A last long look at the walls of grey,
And reluctantly we turn away.

The sun has set in the western sky,
And the night clouds threaten as they pass by,
But the morn will bring the sun's bright ray,
And will herald for us a new born day.

R. A. R.

* * * * *

Class II. was having an Arithmetic lesson. One of our winsome maidens had encountered a scientific difficulty. The painful silence was broken by a sweet warble from the Music Room: "Oh, dear, what can the matter be?"

* * * * *

Mr. B., correcting Essays: "Miss Nohall, how do you spell repetition?"
Miss Nohall: "R i p i t i t i o n."
Mr. B.: "You have nearly as many i's as a fly."

SPORTS AND PARTIES

SPRING TERM

In accordance with the established custom, new Athletic representatives were chosen, at the commencement of the Spring term, by the various classes. The officers for the session are; Hon. Pres., Mr. Burns; Pres. Mr. Godfrey. Class Representatives Mr. Gaudin Class 1; Miss Clements, Class II; Miss Grace McDonald, Class III; Miss McSpadden, Class IV; Mr. Dilworth, Class V.

The ranks of the basketball teams were depleted by the loss of players who left Normal at Xmas and though the teams were thus disorganized for a time new players who capably filled the vacancies were quickly recruited.

Miss McFarlane's place on the Girls' team has been filled this term by Miss Cordingly and with this exception the line-up has been the same as that of the Fall Term. To date many interesting games have been played with creditable results due in no small measure to the coaching of Mr. Boyes.

In the re-organization of the 1st Boys' team, Messrs. Gaudin and Muir were drafted from the 2nd team to fill the vacancies occasioned by the withdrawal of Messrs. Northrop and Eades. After a few practices the team again hit its stride and the results of games with various High School teams were quite encouraging. The hardest-fought game of the term was against the 'Crescents' who won by a narrow margin after five minutes overtime play.

This term the 2nd Boys' team, which was formed late in the Fall Term, made a very worthy showing, in spite of the fact that the majority of the players had no previous experience in playing basketball.

Interest in indoor sport has lagged recently but with the advent of warmer weather suitable for outdoor games, outdoor sports will be started with keen appreciation and renewed vigor.

J. D. GODFREY.

THE VALENTINE PARTY

Friday the thirteenth of February held no terrors for the Normal students. The Students' Council, assisted by the Faculty, arranged a very delightful Valentine Party, which was held in the gymnasium under Mr. Weston's supervision. The "gym" was prettily decorated with brightly colored streamers, from which hung strings of hearts. The girls' lunch room, which had been gaily festooned with hearts under Miss Loree's supervision, was transformed into a pretty supper room.

Miss Burpee had charge of the entertainment, which took the form of games and contests until supper, after which dancing was enjoyed by all. It was one of the most successful evenings we have had and in the opinion of all the evening came to an end all too soon.

Those assisting on the various committees were: Miss Burpee, Miss Loree, Mr. Weston, Misses Coy, Clement, Auld, G. Macdonald, Messrs. Barr, Eckert, Godfrey and Hardwick.

CLASS PARTIES

During the Fall term class parties held a popular place in the school amusements. Indeed, the class party does more than offer us an enjoyable evening, it also gives us the chance to become really acquainted with one another.

So far this term, Class III. has been the "early bird," when on March 27th they entertained their friends at Laurel Court. A delightful programme was arranged by Miss Marsh and Miss Logie, and the contests, games, cards and dancing were entered into by all in good spirit. The patronesses for the evening were Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. Weston.

We hear that other classes are busy "planning," and no doubt before the term ends each student will have attended their last class party.

N. HEALEY, Social Editor.

THE NORMAL DANCE

The event of the term is the semi-annual dance, and on November 28th the Normal "gym" presented an appearance worthy of the efforts of Mr. Weston and his helpers on the decoration committee. The students and their friends light-heartedly kept time to an excellent orchestra until long after midnight. Much praise is due to the committee who so unselfishly looked after the guests during the dancing and refreshments and who saw that everyone had a "real good time." Occasions such as these remain bright in our memory when we look back on our Normal School dayys.

The students are anxiously looking forward to the Spring term dance, which is to be held on April 23rd, and which promises to be a great success in every way.

A NIGHT WITH "CONCRETE" SPIRITS.

On October 31st the Normal students held their Annual Hallowe'en Party at the School.

At eight o'clock the student was greeted, as he opened the door, by a ghost suspended in the air. After recovering his equilibrium he was directed by a phantom of a more human nature to the cloak room. On his return he was shown into the Assembly Hall and "tagged" by one of the two "bewitching" ghosts standing at the door.

After Mr. Timberlake, President Students' Council (Fall Term), has spoken on the purpose of the evening, the lights were extinguished suddenly; and, while all sat fearful (?) in the dark, weird shrieks and groans arose from all parts of the Hall and passages. In a few minutes twelve ghosts glided silently into the front of the Hall. The lights were switched on and the gathering divided into groups according to their tags; each group being guided by a ghost.

The gathering was divided into twelve groups, six of which proceeded upstairs and six down to the basement. Upstairs each individual was told his fortune by cards and by palmistry in the witches' camp. In an adjoining cavern his fortune was ladled out from the witch's cauldron, and a "crystal-gazer" added additional information concerning the past, present and future, which proved very startling in some cases. After everyone had been told he was to be married several times, to die sometime, to be a success, a failure, a multi-millionaire, and many other things,

the group proceeded to the "spook" room. Here mysterious voices were heard and the group was lead before an altar on which stood a lighted skull while a hollow-voiced ghost warned them that one of the group must die. The guardian of the skull seized the victim and forced him to kneel in front of the altar. Having placed a black cross on the victim's forehead, and warned him concerning his future conduct; he, with the rest of his group, was permitted to leave. All were indeed glad to have escaped from so dreadful a place alive.

At nine o'clock the groups upstairs went down to the basement and vice-versa. Here games were held and the group obtaining the largest number of points from all contests declared the winner. "Eating dry crackers," "the standing broad grin," and many other amusing games were on the list.

After all the groups had been through the whole course they were lead to the Girls' Basement where an excellent supper had been prepared by Miss Burpee and Miss Loree. This, at least, was real, and both ghosts and visitors sat down together in perfect harmony.

All voted the evening a huge success, and it would have taken a very frightful apparition to have frightened any Normalite on his (or her) way home that evening.

THOMAS E. JESSETT.

IRISH MUSICALE.

Speeches On Erin's Isle Are Punctuated With Irish Songs.

The meeting of the Literary Society at the Normal School on Friday afternoon took the form of an Irish musicale. Mr. Eckert took the chair, but before he began his paper the student body sang "The Dear Little Shamrock." Mr. Eckert's paper dealt with the serious side of Irish history. Many interesting traditions and historical events were depicted together with a vivid picture of old Irish castles. Here the students sang the old song of Thomas Moore, "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls." Continuing, Mr. Eckert spoke of the shamrock and its significance. He also read a poem of C. F. Alexander's of an Irish mother awaiting the return of her sons.

Several musical selections followed: "Londonderry Air," by the orchestra; "Mountains of Mourne," Mr. Racklyeft; chorus, "Minstrel Boy;" song, "When Love Is Kind," Miss Leckie; chorus, "The Last Rose of Summer;" song, "Father O'Flynn," Mr. Barr; song, "Maire, My Girl," Mr. Murphy. Mr. Murphy responded to an encore with "Tommy Lad."

Miss Marion Auld was called upon for her paper, which brought out the humorous side of Irish history. She related many amusing incidents depicting the Irishman's characteristics, his love of fairy lore, his superstitions, his ready wit and his love for a fight. Miss Auld also dealt with the beauty spots of old Erin, her mountains, lakes and fells. The students again had an opportunity of assisting in singing "By Killarney's Lakes." Concluding the programme, Miss Hazlitt sang "The Low-backed Car," in costume. The afternoon was truly one of memories of Erin's Isle, and one the students will long remember. Much credit is due Miss Coney for her efforts in making the musical part a success, while the speakers are to be complimented upon their material and delivery.

There was an interesting competition at the sing-song in the auditorium which is held every Thursday at noon. Each class had composed a class song and they were sung in competition. Classes One and Five were close contestants, but it was finally decided by the judges, Mr. McLean, assisted by the other members of the faculty, that Class One had earned the prize. The shield now hangs over the door in Room One.

* * * * *

At a meeting of the Council on Friday last it was decided to hold the spring term dance on the evening of April 23. The invitations will be out immediately after Easter. Committees have been formed and the dance promises to be the usual great success.

A. B. ATKINSON.

Miss Beech (giving lesson on the apple)—Now Johnnie, what comes after the pretty blossoms?

Johnnie—Please Miss, the little green apples.

Miss B.—Ye-es. And what comes after the green apples.

Johnnie—Please Miss, the stomachache.

* * * * *

Little Billy, apple green,
Feeling illy, Doctor's been.
Billy worse, Doctor glum,
Billy's gone, Kingdom come.

* * * * *

Little Girl in Model School, to Normal Student, giving Nature Lesson on identification of birds:

"Please teacher can you tell me the name of the bird I saw this morning?"

Nervous N. S.—"Perhaps? If you can describe it to me."

Little Girl—"Well, teacher, it had red wings, with black spots on them and they were smooth and shiny, it was walking along the branch of a tree, not hopping like most birds do, and it had a tail at the end of it. Its body was black and its head was very small, then it flew away."

Nervous N. S., after a few moments of embarassing silence—"I am not quite sure what that bird was, perhaps Mr. McLean can help us."

Little Girl—"I know what its name is, teacher. It was a Ladybird."

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"DECEM ANNOS POST."

Sand, sand everywhere. How dull and monotonous was the landscape. How tiring it seemed after our glorious, green, fresh northland. Such was the train of thought passing through my mind, as we sped on to Cairo.

My trip so far, had been interesting, but now it was becoming very monotonous. At first these new races of people and the different aspect of everything, as a whole, had served to hold my interest, but now it was beginning to lag.

Slowly the train drew up at Assuan when among the crowd on the platform I saw a face which immediately attracted my attention. Where had I seen that person before?

She was not beautiful, no, not beautiful, but exceedingly attractive, and her whole being radiated distinct personality. Not very tall, slim, with dark curly hair and black eyes that sparkled and flashed, as if ever holding the spirit of fun, fettered in their depth. Where had I seen her before?

I did not believe in reincarnation. No! I had met her sometime, somewhere in my past life. She was boarding my carriage, perhaps if I watched her closely, some particular action might recall her to my mind. As fate decreed, or was it Providence? she seated herself across the carriage at my side.

I had been staring, I am afraid, rather rudely, but it evidently worked for some purpose, for as she turned I caught her eye. With a bound she was beside me, and grasped my hand.

"Why hello 'Blighty,' old girl," she cried, and I knew it was Helen Graham, my old friend of Class II, and then what a chatter! So much to talk about; so many tales to tell! Then slowly we drifted back in memory to the old school and began discussing the girls of old Class II. Helen herself was preparing material for a book she was writing, desribing Oriental life, and she was travelling in the east precisely for that purpose.

"Tell me all about the girls," I begged, "for I have been living in England for the past eight years."

"Well, I'll begin with Helen Fitz-Gerald," she said. "She is in China doing missionary work and she seems to be doing wonderfully well for they say she has often twenty converts a day. Louise Girling is in India working for the women there."

"And Viva Eckert," I asked, "what is she doing? Did she go back to college?"

"Oh, yes, and now she is professor of Literature in the University of B. C."

"Well," I exclaimed, "she is wasting that charming disposition of hers. College students will never appreciate it."

"Quite a number of the girls are married," continued Helen. "We tried to form a club, wherein the members swore allegiance to absolute personal freedom, but poor weaklings, like the 'common herd,' they forgot the club: Laura Ford, Blanche Duclos, Alma Fetterly, Ethel Edwards, Dorothy Carruthers, Jean Geekie, Alma Duke, Minta Ebert, Dorothy Tor-

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rester, Eleanor Gibbs, Greta Curwen and Viola Evans have all gone the same way. Poor girls! I think it's a shame that they should attach themselves to various types of the masculine species. However, there are still some left to hold up the standard of the club, although I fear two more, Rowena Girard and Eileen Gerhart, are dangerously near surrendering. Have you heard of the 'Trio,'" she asked me.

"No, and who are they."

"Well, Etta Graham, Hazel Gow and Ethel Donley have opened a school in Victoria for subnormal children. I believe they are doing wonderful work. Allie Haskins is now principal of a school in North Vancouver. Do you remember Bonnie Clement? Well, she is foreign social secretary for the Y. W. C. A. in B. C. Miss Grindrod is also doing Y. W. C. A. work. Mary Dunlop is on the school board in Vancouver, and Winnie Hale is interpreter in the High Court. Isabella Chute, Miss Clements, Miss Chambers and Miss Cornett are still teaching. Dear old Jannie Gammie is in the Provincial House and a member of the Executive. She has a wonderful head for politics and her oratorical powers are surprising."

"What is Jenda Geddis doing? Is she still teaching."

"No, alas! Jenda was drowned while touring in Europe two years ago."

"What happened to our 'chatterbox,' Evelyn Cameron?"

"Why, didn't you hear about her? I thought everyone had heard of that affair. Well, she disappeared with a Russian musician last spring, and has never been heard of since."

"Wake up! Wake up! You'll be late as usual"

"Wh-a-t-t?"

Had it been only a dream?

L. MAUD FLETCHER.

Mary Frip caught the grippe,
Doctor knew it must be "flu;"
Aviator sweetheart came,
Mary feeling just the same;
Aviator kissed his girl,
Put her heart into a whirl,
Said: "My Mary darling come
For a ride around the sun."
Mary said: "I'll go today."
He took her "grip" and "flu" away.

* * * *

Mr. Kerk, giving first lesson on the world as a whole:

"This line is called the equator, it is an imaginery line running around the earth."

To small boy, not attending—"That boy, there, second from back in this row, stand up and tell us what the equator is."

S. B. in S. from B. R.—"The Equator is a menagerie lion running around the earth.

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AN EVENING WITH PAULINE JOHNSON.

In the Normal School auditorium on Wednesday evening, April 21, our Literary Societ'y Pauline Johnson programme was repeated for the benefit of the Pauline Johnson Chapter, I.O.D.E. Several pretty songs in costume, which had been added to the programme, charmed the audience by their dainty grace. "The Song of Hiawatha," charmingly told as a story to a group of little girls, was most effective as an introduction to the sketch of Pauline Johnson's life, which concluded the programme.

After a very pleasing musical number by the school orchestra, the lights were turned off and the curtain was drawn to reveal Pauline Johnson (Tekahionwake) sitting dreamily gazing into the camp-fire. The prologue prepared the audience for the entrance of a group of squaws and braves from the dim shadows of the forest to the cheerful glow of the camp-fire. With arms upraised th eIndians chanted their evening hymn and then settled around the fire. Tekahionwake told the story of her early life. Some of her beautiful poems of wstern Canada were recited, some of her legends told to the assembled company, while several Indian melodies added a touch of grace and variety to the more serious features of the programme. The sketch closed impressively with Tekahionwake's wish to be laid to rest near Siwash Rock.

The National Anthem brought to a close a very enjoyable evening's entertainment. Miss Coney is to be congratulated upon the success of the evening which was due to her splendid training.

Tide of the great western sea,
Rolling on Vancouver's shore,
From the ocean, limitless, free,
Breaking in surf with a roar
On beach and headland, thy foam
Surges and sprays in glee
And returns to the boundless deep
That caresses and welcomes thee.
Roll on! Roll on! white-crested sea,
Dashing and splashing eternally.

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THE FRESH AIR CLUB

On December 6th, a party of twenty-five Normalites visited the capital. Met at the dock by autos, provided for the purpose by the Victoria Normal students, they were entertained by a sight-seeing trip for the remainder of a lovely afternoon. In the evening the games were played in the High School gymnasium.

The ladies' game was highly exciting, especially in the last half when each team led in the scoring alternately. The Victoria team eventually emerged triumphant, the score being 15 to 12.

In the second game the local men were again successful in defeating the Victorians in a hard-fought game. The score read Victoria 17, Vancouver 20.

Following the contests dancing was begun and a pleasant evening was passed.

The next day the voyage home was made. Each visitor having formed a very high opinion of the sportsmanship and hospitality of the Students and Faculty of the Victoria Normal School.

* * * * *

One bright and sunny Saturday in September last a careful observer would have noticed a deeply-laden ferry making its way slowly towards the North Shore. The boat was full of Normalites out "to get acquainted" with both Capilano Canyon and each other. Two cars were ready to receive them, and soon they were being carried over trestle-work bridges which, so some said, were ever, ever, so high. At last the thrilling (?) journey ended and everyone prepared for the walk to Second Canyon.

Here Mr. Robinson took the lead and the party went forward at a rapid pace along the trail. After crossing several gullies, climbing a ladder from which most of the rungs were missing, and sliding down mountains, the camp site was finally reached.

The camp was well chosen in a nice quiet spot with the gorge just a little below. Huge rocks rose like islands from the water, and these were soon covered with adventurers and "adventuresses." The bright and varied colors gave the place the appearance of having been invaded by a troop of fairies. Here and there a drab goblin was to be seen, but they were few—they were the boys. Out came dozens of cameras; good, bad, and indifferent, and soon the clicking of shutters began to rival the rushing roar of the river.

In the meantime Mr. Robinson had started a big fire, and Mr. MacLean having arrived in his auto with the provisions, dinner was soon ready, thanks to Miss Burpee and her helpers. Table room was not sufficient for all, so the boys had to stand. This was not so disadvantageous as might seem, as by walking around and having a little here and there, a careful eye could be kept on the "specials."

While dinner was in progress a contest—guessing the number of beans in a bottle—was held. Although everybody's eyes had been tested only shortly before you would not have believed it. The first prize was a box

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of chocolates; the booby's, after much unwrapping, was revealed as a tin of some canned substance—labelled "Beans"—the origin of which was extremely doubtful.

Soon after dinner a large number set out for the Intake. Here more snaps were taken, and after investigating everything possible the party marched back.

On arriving at camp supper was prepared and the remaining foodstuffs vanished in quick succession. After dinner many games were held under Mr. MacLean's supervision. In the girls vs. boys games the girls were the victors. Did I hear someone say "the weaker sex?" Oh! No! !

At dusk camp was broken and the homeward tramp commenced. "The sounding aisles of the dim woods rang" to "Men of Harlech," "There's a Long, Long Trail Awinding," "Smiles" and many other well-known songs, as they steadily plodded their way toward the cars. After a short wait "all aboard" was sounded, and two cars full of music (?) rolled their way to the ferry wharf. Soon the ferry was on its way and the North Shore grew dimmer and dimmer in the distance. To the lone watcher there is wafted faintly the strains of "We won't be home 'till morning." Fainter and fainter it grows until all is silent.

THOMAS E. JESSETT.
P. N. S.

As I wandered, lost, in the woods to-day,
Sunken deep in the mellow fern,
I felt a thrill run through my soul
And I knew that Nature and I were one.
I dwelt in the trees, I read the flowers,
I worshipped truth in the woodland dells,
I felt my thoughts uplifted high
And I knew that here, my God was nigh.

I had sought, but in vain, in the city's streets,
Far from the presence of One Divine,
But here in the woods He seems quite near,
And we greet Him wherever we turn.
We see His art, in the flowerets dress,
We hear His voice in the bird's sweet song.
We feel His breath, in the air above,
Andin nature's heart, we read His love.

—L. M. FLETCHER.

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CLASS SONGS

CLASS I. SONG

Tune "The Muffin Man."

Do you know the Normal School?
BOYS The Normal School? The Normal School?
Do you know the Normal School?
Provincial Normal School?
Yes, we know the Normal School.
GIRLS The Normal School. The Normal School,
Yes, we know the Normal School,
Provincial Normal School?
How many classes have you there?
BOYS Hawe you there? Have you there?
How many classes have you there?
In the Normal School?
There are five classes there.
GIRLS Classes there. Classes there.
There are five classes there.
In the Normal School.
Do you know the finest class?
BOYS The finest class? The finest class?
Do you know the finest class?
The finest class of all?
Yes, we know the finest class.
GIRLS The finest class. The finest class.
Yes, we know the finest class,
The finest class of all.
Class I's the finest class.
ALL The finest class. The finest class.
CLASS I's the finest class.
The finest class of all.

* * * *

CLASS SONG—CLASS II.

Tune: "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean."

There's a little class here at the Normal.
We're modest, retiring, and shy;
Our teaching is truly abnormal
In its marvellous excellency.

CHORUS:

Class II., Class II.,
Joy of the Normal are we, are we
Class II., Class II.,
Joy of the Normal are we.

Class II. always reads with expression,
On a stretcher we carry our "doh,"
Tests never bring us depression,
Nor teaching-days steep us in woe.

CHORUS:

We groul out commands like a colonel.
We paint like Van Dyck or Millet
Our achievements and praises eternal,
Are sung by the whole Faculty.

CHORUS:

"Let us eat, drink and be merry,
For to-morrow—we die."

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CLASS V. SONG

Tune: "The British Grenadiers."

Class V, so bright and merry
We are the teachers' joy;
For eight and forty number we,
And only three are boys.
Our registers are all complete,
And we are late? Oh, never!
Our voices are so soft and sweet,
Miss Coney beams with pleasure.

For we are jolly Prelims, all,
Our motto, none can better,
To right the wrong, however small,
And always stand together.

Our elephants are works of art,
Our reading so **expressive!**
And in the Model School our part
Is learned and aggressive;
Our love for Nature knows no bounds,
To drink, or smoke, we'd scorn,
Our pedagogy's always sound,
Not teachers made, but born.

"THAT SINGING COMPETITION"

Prize—An Ancient Golden Harp.

"We won the trophy," Class One said;
Our song it was sublime!
But Class Five seemed to be ahead,
Their song was good in rhyme."

"We know you won the harp, class One,"
Said Class Five, "yes, you won it,"
But we'll get it before we're done,
So don't keep harping on it.

"That harp will hang in Class Five yet,
On witch elm we will tie her,"
But Class One said, sarcastic like,
Just one word only, "Lyre."

* * * *

Miss Beel, telling story on the life of a crow:

The crows fly on to the backs of the sheep and pick out the fleece to put in their nests.

Small boy, giving oral reproduction:

"The crows settle on the sheep's back and pick out the fleas to take to their nests.

* * * *

Mr. Murphy, reviewing Geography of B. C.: "Where is Sidney, Miss B.?"
Miss B.: "I don't know where the boys are. Perhaps he's substituting!"

* * * *

Mary had a little goat.
"Dear goat," she once did utter,
"I want to get some milk from you!"
But the goat, it turned to butt(h)er.

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THE GREAT OUTDOORS

By An Enthusiast.

Filled with a spirit of appreciation for the great "Out-o'-doors," after hearing Mr. McLean eulogize on the beneficial effects to be obtained from this mode of living, I, a student who requires a little more flesh to cover the bony structure of my anatomy, thought that I would interview Nature in all its grandeum and virginity.

Alone I would drink in the beauties, explore and probe into Nature's deepest recesses. I did not desire to share my pleasures. I was to be absolute monarch of all I should survey. I would pamper my own selfish inclinations, go where my spirit led, and return to civilization with my lungs refreshed and my blood purified by the absorption of a plentiful supply of unadulterated and unpolluted oxygen.

There were other reasons for my tramp into the bush. I wanted to gain a keener insight into the hidden wonders of the wild flowers, to instil a greater appreciation for the study of nature, and obtain a first-hand knowledge of the "flora and faunt of our fair Province.

After securing sufficient victuals to prevent the possibility of a sinking sensation taking place in that part of my physical interior which might give silent trouble at the approach of the lunch hour, I sallied forth. Soon the noise and turmoil of the city was conspicuous by its absence, and the dark, dank, desolate forest was all around.

In the course of time fatigue began to make its presence felt by the halting, stumbling step, and soon the desire for rest became the paramount sensation in the subconsciousness. So selecting a shady nook beside a gurgling stream, I decided to partake of a light repast. Tnis seemed a particularly enticing spot. The stream was swift and clear, and over it hung the moss-covered trunk of a large fir tree. It was on this that I resolved to rest, and refresh my weary limbs and end the aching void in my interior organism.

The tree was suspended some six feet or more from the water, and I, with considerable difficulty, pushed my way through the under-bush, which consisted principally of the prickly devil-plant, and eventually arrived at the desired spot, and stepped aboard the log.

I stated previously that the trunk was moss-covered. I now wish to emphasize the fact, for as I stepped on the slippery surface of that masterpiece of Nature's rustic handiwork, my feet suddenly forsook their resting place and I was swiftly deflected from the equilibrium. With a thud and a gurgle I sank into those icy-cold waters. My breath came in short, sharp spasms, and after a few seconds, which seewed like hours, my sensations awakened my subconsciousness to the fact that my feet desired to feel terra firma with the least possible delay.

I struggled up the sloping side of the creek's bank, and, wet through, weary and hungry, trudged back five long and tedious miles to civilization and home.

The call of the "Out-o'-doors" does not appeal to me now. I am not interested therein. Others may find this form of recreation exhilarating, but—. A brightly burning log on the hearth, an easy chair, a pair of soft, warm slippers, and a book of "Nature Notes" with a few of Nature's leaves dried, and reclining in a small receptacle a few inches from my nose, will be my choice in future. Did someone say "Tobacco?" Tut, tut.

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I WISH to thank the students, Council, Editorial Board and Staff as well as each individual for their patronage this year, and trust that our efforts have not been in vain in trying to please one and all. With best wishes and kind remembrance, I beg to remain,

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PSALM OF LIFE AT THE PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL

Tell me not, O Normal students,
Teaching is a heavy load;
For the student lacking patience,
Seriously needs a goad.

History's long, but time is fleeting,
We have pedagogy, next;
Know ye that time-tests are coming?
Then's the time we'll be perplext.

In the school's broad stretch of gardens,
Even when you're teaching drill,
Be not like dumb-driven cattle
Be a hero with a will!

Trust no critic, howe'er pleasant,
Nor fear teaching verbs and nouns;
Worry not o'er next week's lessons,
Dread not Normal's up and downs.

Lives of those who've passed, remind us,
We from work may, too, grow slim;
And departing, leave behind us,
Worries for some tired Prelim.

Let us then, be up and doing—
We sometime may reach our goal,
And at last with much reviewing,
We shall find ourselves quite whole.

—E. O. O.
Class IV.

NATURE STUDY.

We cannot be a Socrates,
A Pliny or a Plato,
But we can show the little kids,
There's starch in a potato.

We cannot be a new Euclid,
McLean or Aristotle,
But we can show a light won't grow
In an inverted bottle.

"SPEAKING OF NATURE BOOKS——"

Some folks can do Arithmetic,
And some at pie excel;
And some can wield a heavy pick,
While others warble well.
To make a book of Nature Notes
You have to be them all—
A fond admirer of goats,
You come at Nature's call.
Wild-eyed and woolly-haired you chase
A spider round the park,
And look in many a ghostly place
For gophers after dark;
With awful energy you swarm
In search of artichokes.
Hark! How the small snail toots his horn,
And how the crocus croaks.
The whiskers of the cat-bird gray
May lure us madly on;
But we'll rejoice the happy day
Those Nature Books are done.

G.

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"GOOD-BYE"

Now dies the last long echo and the silence reigns again;
The halls of Fame have ceased to render back the glorious name
Of the classes of whose prowess here the bard in numbers sings,
As the future, full of promise, wide her golden portals flings.
Ye have seen the fair, young faces of our students, page by page,
Ye have read the things inscribed herein, some foolish and some sage,
Ye have lived with us once more the pleasant gatherings of glee,
Ye have felt with us the influence of our noble Faculty.
Farewell—yet still we linger, for a subtler something calls;
Our eyes turn ever backward, and a warmer love enthralls.
For you never miss the water 'till the well runs dry,
And our school-days ne'er seemed sweeter than when those days are by.

—H. F.

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