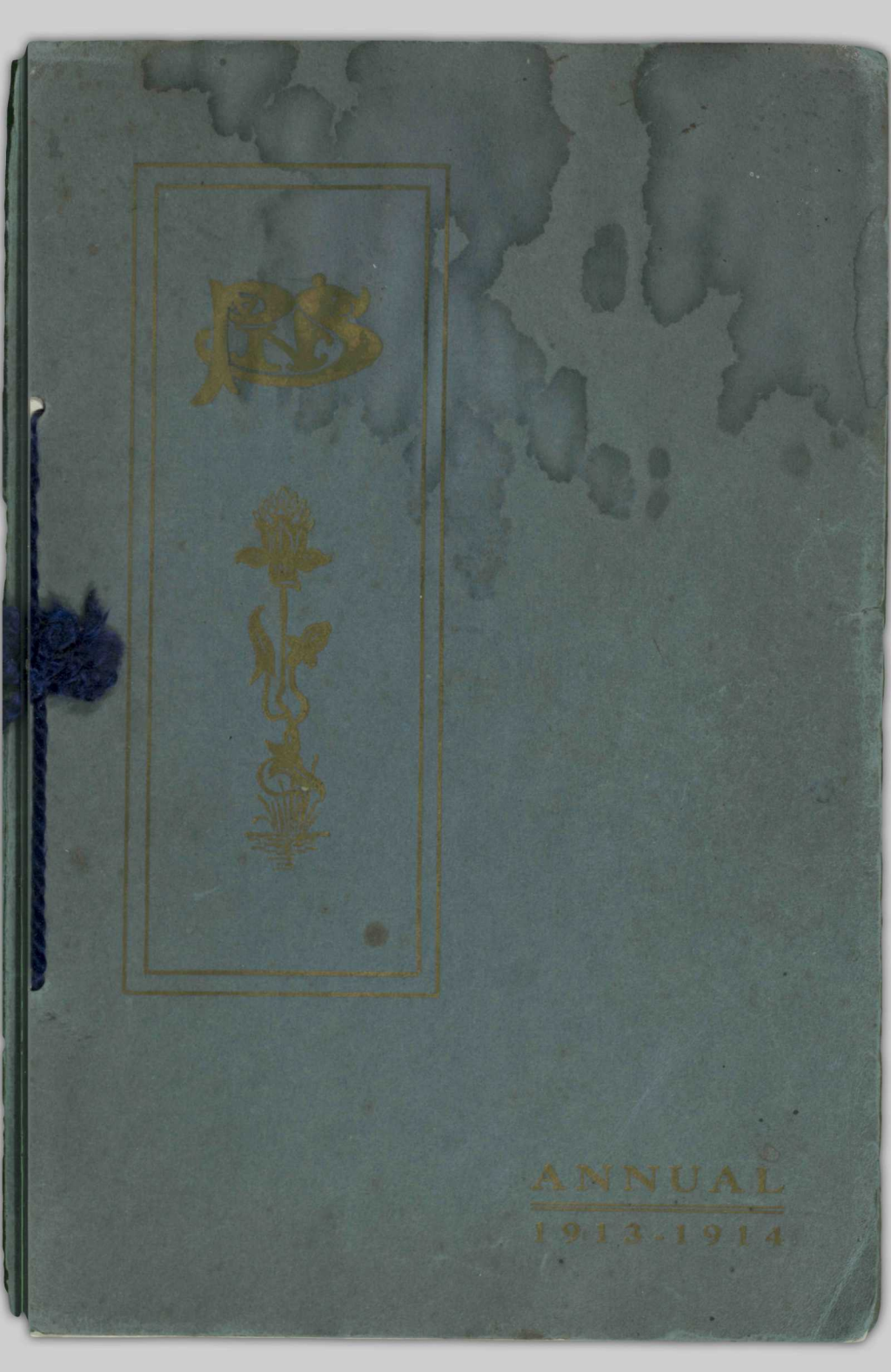
ANNUAL
1913-1914

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Provincial Normal School Annual, 1913-14

Vancouver, B. C.

Mr. Burns - 1920.

TO OUR READERS

"'Tis pleasant, sure,
To see one's name in print;
A book's a book,
Although there's nothing in 't."

DEDICATION

IN SINCERE APPRECIATION OF HIS WORK

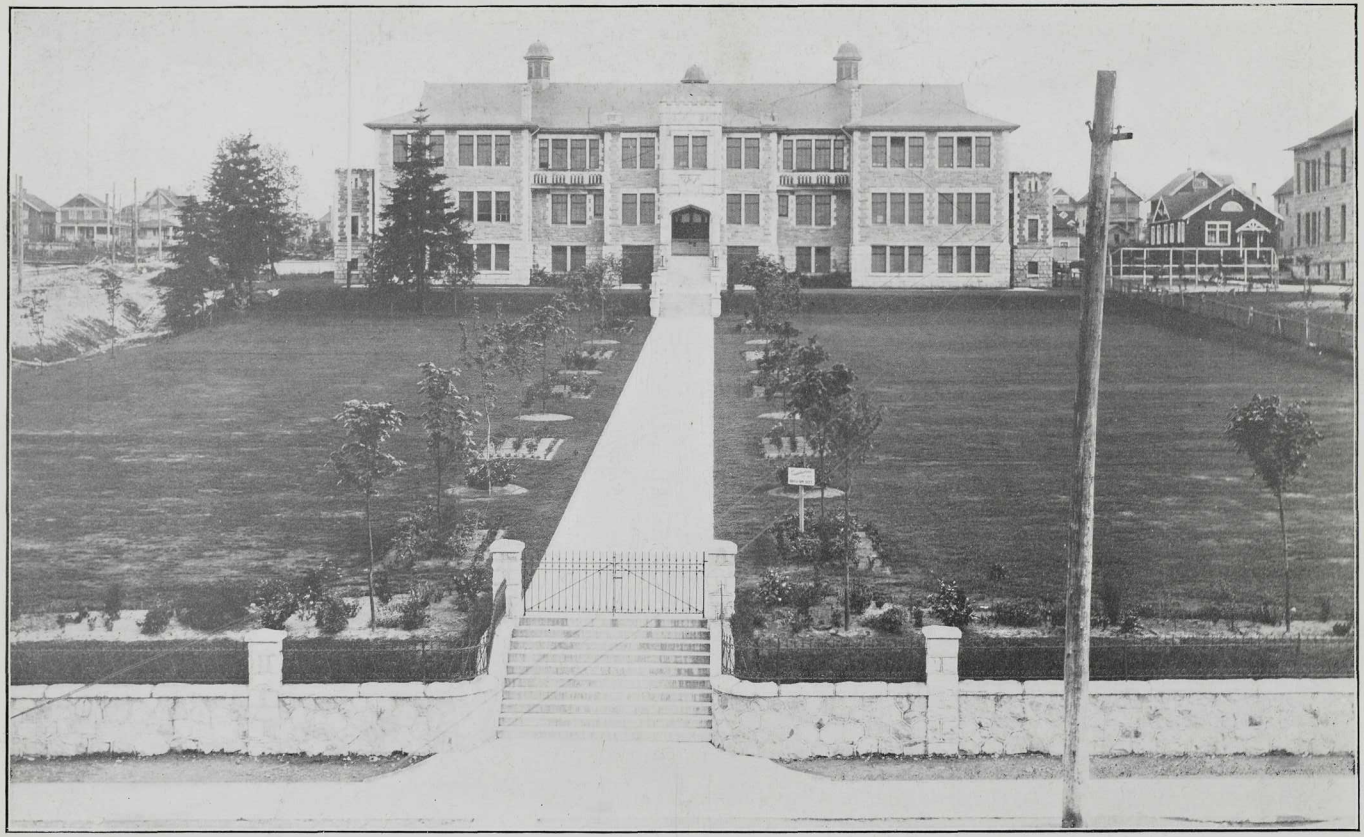
IN THE

PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL

VANCOUVER, B. C.,

WE DEDICATE THIS BOOK TO

WILLIAM BURNS, *Principal*



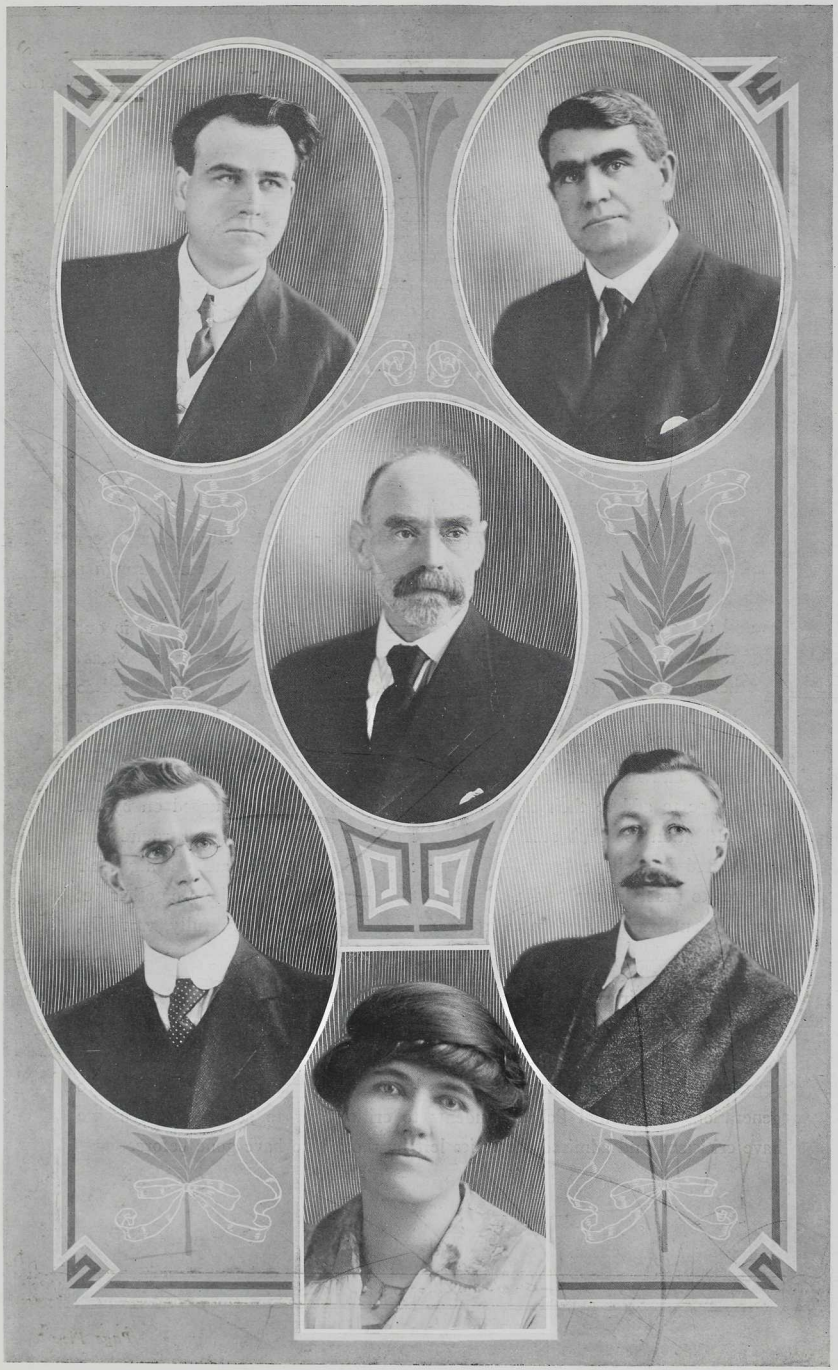
Provincial Normal School

Foreword

AGAIN do we present to you our Annual. Perhaps we may be said not to have a full and firm belief in the truth of the old adage, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again!" For the attempt of our predecessors of last year was so unqualified a success that the temptation to "try again" has seized upon our souls and consciences, and we have fallen victims to the lure of the tempter. May our readers exercise the virtue of forgiveness, and pardon any of our failures or shortcomings.

Yet, on afterthoughts, perhaps this our literary and artistic effort should not be considered as a second attempt; for, like a regiment, although all wear the same colors, bear the same badge, are known by the same name through a long succession of years, yet the individual elements are ever changing—with us still more rapidly. Year after year a new body of students is enlisted in our Normal School. Those who were here last year have all departed, some, alas! to other occupations than the one for which they studied, toiled and labored so manfully here, although this change we trust will be for the benefit of others as well as of themselves. Some who, in their endeavors to teach, taught themselves first and foremost how little they knew, are now seeking in High School or College to add to their slender store of knowledge, or are urged on by the noble ambition to climb still higher up that ladder of fame whose rounds are represented by college "years" or "degrees." Some, again, are putting their theories to practical use in the schools of this Province, or in those of other yet more distant lands. And so each plays his part—we trust faithfully, worthily, admirably.

We are their successors: we trust we can equal if not excel them in all true scholastic virtues, and *we* also desire to perpetuate in these pages our names, our features and some of our ideas, so that when we also have departed, these pages may be left behind us as our relics lying "on the sands of time" for future generations of Normal School students to criticize or to admire, even as we have criticized and admired the relics left by those who have gone before.



The Faculty

E. H. MURPHY, ESQ.,
History and Geography.

D. M. ROBINSON, ESQ., B.A.,
Class Management, Arithmetic, Grammar.

WM. BURNS, ESQ., B.A., Principal,
Psychology, Literature, Education.

J. SPOUSE, ESQ.,
Nature Study and Hygiene.

J. KYLE, ESQ., A.R.C.A.,
Drawing and Painting.

MISS L. A. BURPEE,
Primary Department.

Editorial Board

Top row—Miss G. A. Patrick, Miss M. Simpson, Miss M. Fadden, Mr. R. Stephen, Mr. F. C. Boyes (Business Mgr.).

Second row—Mr. P. C. Feast, Miss I. MacKenzie, Miss H. Bottger, Miss M. Burpee, Miss M. Morrison.

Sitting—Mr. W. T. Pake (Editor-in-Chief), Miss E. Cessford, Mr. Wm. Burns (Principal), Miss G. H. Patrick, Mr. J. Kyle (Staff), Miss R. Gilley.

Literary Executive, 1913

Mr. Wm. Burns, Principal. Mr. P. C. Feast. Mr. W. T. Pake, President.
Miss C. Freeman. Miss G. H. Patrick. Miss M. Astley. Miss G. A. Patrick.

Literary Executive, 1914

Miss G. H. Patrick, Vice-Pres. Mr. W. T. Pake, President.
Miss H. Bottger. Mr. Wm. Burns, Principal. Mr. R. Stephen, Secretary.
Miss R. S. Gilley. Miss Irene MacKenzie. Miss G. A. Patrick.

Literary Society

OF all the clubs and societies in any educational institution, a Literary Society offers perhaps the widest scope for the development of those social and intellectual qualities which are so essential to a wide and useful life of all students, but more especially of those who have the profession of teaching in view as their life's work.

The executive bodies of this society for the year have been particularly active, and have succeeded in doing much to attain and uphold the ideals for which that organization stands. Debates have probably offered the greatest field for pure intellectual achievement, but throughout the Term there have been scattered many little social functions which all can look back upon with deepest pleasure.

The officers as elected at the beginning of the '13 Term were:

Honorary President.....MR. E. H. MURPHY
President.....MR. W. T. PAKE
Vice-President.....MISS G. H. PATRICK
Secretary-Treasurer.....MISS W. HAUCK

Class Representatives—

Class I. .....MISS ASTLEY
Class II.....MISS FREEMAN
Class III.....MR. FEAST
Class IV.....MISS G. A. PATRICK

The first programme of the Term was an outstanding feature—one of particular interest to all true lovers of literature. The topic of the evening was the life and works of E. Pauline Johnson, and was ably handled by three students —Miss Ferguson, Mr. Boyes, and Miss Cunningham. Several musical items were rendered. Readings were also admirably given from the "Legends of Vancouver" and from some of Miss Johnson's early poems.

A debate was naturally next in order, and the very interesting question was propounded as to whether a child of six has more pleasures in life than a boy or girl of sixteen. Sweet sixteen was nobly upheld by Miss Astley, who by her delicate appeal almost won the audience to her side. Much sarcasm, much wit, and a few occasional flights of æsthetic grace marked the event and clearly revealed oratorical talent in the embryo stage. The points were close. The negative won by a narrow margin.

Literary Society

Continued

The Hallowe'en social was the next to follow, and suffice it to say that an evening of pleasure was enjoyed. Music held its own, while "games of skill lent gaiety to beauty's grace."

A challenge from King Edward High School now came to arouse our rhetorical ambitions, but much practice gave our opponents a decided advantage. Our leaders, however, played and lost what was, from the very nature of the subject and their side, a losing game.

Much do we owe to Mr. Kyle for the interesting lecture he presented to us on the historic ruins of the Roman Wall. This, with the accompanying lantern views, was a distinct feature of the Term, and shed much light on those obscure times.

The end of the Preliminary Session now drew near, and preparations were consequently put forward for the Christmas Closing. These gave promise for a fitting close to such a Term which was fulfilled beyond the most sanguine hopes. The item of perhaps the most interest was an admirably staged scene from the play "King Henry the Eighth." The several parts of this were extremely well taken, and considering the difficulties under which the Dramatic Society worked, they are greatly to be complimented on such a marked success. This also goes to show what a valuable asset such an organization is to the School, and what can be accomplished by these two bodies working so well together; and now, since their instructor, who has labored so unselfishly for our welfare, has come with us to stay, we know that the prospects for the future are even more bright, and that they will outshine all triumphs of the past. The rest of the programme was almost entirely musical in its nature. Light Christmas carols, suggestive of the season's joys, commingled a spirit of happiness with that of appreciation. The climax of the evening was reached in a farewell address delivered by Mr. Burns in that lucid and pleasing manner which is so peculiar to himself alone.

The holidays came and passed rather too soon for most of us, for we had been away from "the old home" a long time; but, reluctant as we were to leave, we entered upon the new Term with the "zeal which is born of a greater loss." Early in the Term a joint meeting of the Athletic Association and of the Literary Society was held, at which officers were elected for the new session.

Literary Society

Continued

With the exception of a few changes, the executive remained as before. The new officers were:

Secretary-Treasurer ..... MR. STEPHEN

Class Representatives..... MISS BOTTGER, MISS GILLEY and MISS MACKENZIE

Work was begun very deliberately, and a debate scheduled for the first meeting was looked forward to with interest. The topic, "Resolved, that Canada will one day be annexed by the United States," being of immediate interest and concern, offered a wide field for oratorical talent. The attendance was good—probably the best ever obtained for such an occasion. Mr. Stephen spoke with that conviction and force which is born of experience alone, and carried his audience with him. The negative was well fought, and the speakers reached a degree of excellence, but were, however, defeated on actual points.

Wilson MacDonald, the Canadian poet, who has won much fame throughout the United States and England, accepted an invitation of the society and gave an enjoyable evening.

Later we were able to secure the assistance of Dr. Scott, who presented to us a paper on his reminiscences of "Thirty Years in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons." This was most enjoyable, and for us, that evening, the characters of Canadian history which he had lived with and worked among stood out as living personalities, and over all was that humorous and intensely human glow which marks men in such a position of public life, striving for their several ends—the contending elements of prejudice, ambition, and of patriotic ideals. Still above this was that literary touch so entirely in harmony with all.

With the end of this part of the Term came the regretful news that Mr. Kyle was about to leave us. We much regretted the loss, but had to be consoled by the fact that he was called to a field of greater honor. In conjunction with the Athletic Executive and by the kind assistance of the staff which was ever at our disposal, we were able to make arrangements for a dinner to be given on the eve of his departure. Despite the feeling of our loss, this was a very happy affair. Speech-making was the order of the programme, during which many tributes were paid to Mr. Kyle and to his successor, Mr. Weston, and with all of this was that congenial spirit and sincerity of friendship which permeates the whole of Normal life.

Literary Society

Continued

After the Easter vacation the days began to lengthen. The Friday afternoons became so delightfully warm that the cool breezes of the out-of-doors were more alluring than the Assembly Hall. The efforts of the executive were somewhat abated, and attention was consequently turned to the propagation of the Year Book, which our predecessors left and which stands such a worthy monument to their endeavors. We have hardly hoped to attain the same degree of success, because of the fact that we were rather pushed for time, and since we wished to be ready before the end of the Term, many incidents and much valuable material had to be omitted. However, the venture was worth the effort, and the fact that we tried is sufficient.

The one fact that made the work of this executive such a success lies in the spirit which has existed throughout the whole of the student body and the staff. We have worked together for the common end with enjoyment and with goodwill.

To our successors we extend the best of all good wishes, and hope that their work may be as congenial to them as this has been to us.

Mr. Spouse—"Will any of the girls volunteer the difference between *boiling* and *stewing?*"

Mr. Feast (nervously rising to the occasion)—"The way to settle a 'stew' is to pour cold water on it."

◎ ◎

Student Teacher (in Miss Faunt's room)—"How many kinds of angles are there?"

Knowing One—"Three!"

Student—"Well, what are they?"

Pupil—"Right angles, acute angles, and triangles."

Student—"Y—e—e—e—s."

The Dramatic Society

THIS society was formed early in the '13 Term, with Miss Coney as leader and instructor.

Shakespeare's works were chosen for study, and under the direction of our most diligent instructor, the society was able to present a scene from "King Henry the Eighth" for the Christmas closing. This was very creditably performed and, needless to say, was much appreciated by all.

The character of Queen Catherine was portrayed by Miss Irene MacKenzie in a manner that would have done credit to an experienced actress. The role of Cardinal Wolsey was taken by Miss Beatrice Vicars with befitting dignity and eloquence. She was ably supported by Miss Mary Macpherson, who was assigned the role of Campeius. The women attendants upon the Queen were most gracefully represented by the Misses Hampton, Scales, Simpson, and Wolverton. This scene was very well chosen and the setting could not have been more perfect.

Early in the Term of 1914 the Dramatic Society settled down to work with the object of putting on the play, "As You Like It." Some twenty-five girls gathered together, but no boys put in an appearance. We, however, decided that we could get along pretty well without them and could attain our ambitions without their help. The characters were chosen by vote after each was given the opportunity to show what she could do.

Two practices a week were decided on, with a daily rehearsal during the last three weeks of our time. Miss Coney, it seemed, had a hopeless task before her when she began to train the players, for everyone appeared stiff and awkward and could not speak sufficiently loud to please our coach. However, she drilled and trained and kept at each one with such persistence and untiring energy that the improvement in a short while was wonderful. Her aim was to make each character a star, and it is owing to Miss Coney's splendid management that the play proved such a success. The characters were a credit to her.

For the last three weeks before May 15 the daily rehearsals became a necessity, and as the players were obliged to stay until five o'clock each evening, they decided that refreshments were needed. A kind of "Afternoon Tea Society" was organized, and tea and cake offered a delightful relaxation from the work. The girls all declared that they felt much better after the repast each day, and were certainly able to reach their instructor's highest ideals—as far as the voice,

The Dramatic Society

Continued

at least, was concerned. One terrible fact, though, must be revealed: some of the girls developed in a short while into hardened "tea grannies," and are not even ashamed to admit that they would not be without their "demi-tasse."

CAST.

"AS YOU LIKE IT."

Duke, living in banishment		Mary Macpherson
Frederick, his brother		Marjorie McLean
Amiens	Lords attending Duke	Eunice Sewell
Jaques		Effie Scales
Le Beau, a courtier		Dora Wolverton
Charles, wrestler to Frederick		Frances Trethewey
Oliver	sons of Sir Rowland de Bois	Edith Sidney
Orlando		Winnie Hauck
Adam, servant to Oliver		N. White-Edwards
Touchstone, a clown		Christine Simpson
Sir Oliver Martext, a vicar		Cissily Freeman
Corin	shepherds	Marion Clingan
Silvius		Dorothy Oliver
William, a country fellow		Helen McDonald
Rosalind, daughter to Duke		Anne Macphail
Celia, daughter to Frederick		Irene M. Brodigan
Phebe, a shepherdess		Gladys Hinsley
Audrey, a country wench		Grace Truswell
Lord, attending Frederick		Dorothy Bryant
Lords, attending Duke		Annie Norman
		Catherine Browne

Athletic Executive

Miss M. Burpee, Vice-Pres. Miss L. Burpee, Hon. Pres. Mr. Wm. Houston, President.
Miss M. Fadden. Mr. F. C. Boyes.
Miss E. Cessford. Mr. P. Feast, Secretary. Miss D. A. Wolverton.

Athletic Association

WE were scarcely settled down to work in the Fall Term when it became quite evident that the season 1913-14 was to be a great one for athletics, and the first meeting called clearly showed the enthusiasm of the whole student body. The Athletic Association was formed as a general parent body to control all athletics, the various clubs of which elected a representative to serve with the officers of the Association as a general Executive Committee.

Arrangements were soon on foot for a Cinderella Dance, which was held on November 22. This was an unqualified success, one of the largest crowds ever seen at Lester's being present. The hall and supper-rooms were profusely decorated with flowers, pennants and the school colors. The Normal dances have been famous for some years in Vancouver, but everybody present agreed that this one eclipsed all others. The members of the various teams were particularly pleased when they saw the balance-sheet, and plans were soon made for the usual Victoria trip.

Quite a large number of students, together with the teams, went over to the Capital City for games with the High School there. A most enjoyable time was spent, although our teams fared rather badly. Probably the sea trip had something to do with it, as many remarks were heard concerning certain players' appetites. But after all, perhaps, we had better admit that they were made of better stuff, or at least concede that luck was on Victoria's side. This made a very fitting close, despite the marked defeat, for the First Term's activities.

After the Christmas vacation the officers of the Athletic Association were again soon in harness. Many new students, of course, joined us, and one or two changes were necessary in the Executive. Miss Gilchrist, our secretary, did not return for this session. The officers for this Term were:

Honorary President.....MISS BURPEE
President.....MR. W. F. HOUSTON
Vice-President.....MISS M. BURPEE
Secretary-Treasurer.....MR. P. FEAST
Club Representatives.....MISS M. FADDEN, MISS CESSFORD, MISS WOLVERTON, MR. BOYES

A few weeks later about forty of us journeyed over to New Westminster, where a series of matches was played, this time with better results. This trip was also most enjoyable. The boys, however, lost out, and it remained to the

Athletic Association

Continued

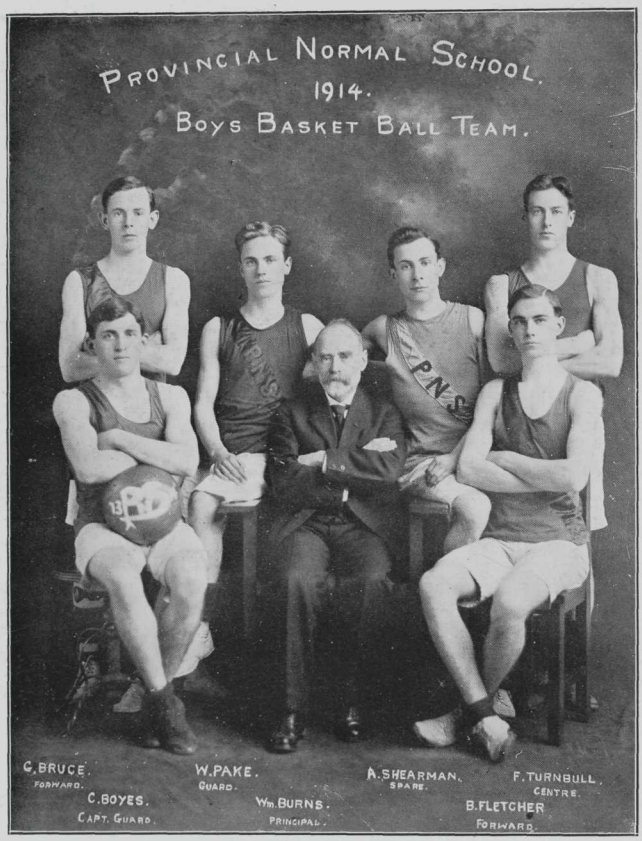
girls to keep up the reputation of Normal, in basketball at least, which they certainly did. The Westminster High School entertained us royally, and there certainly existed that happy spirit of give and take in good part which is so essential and so healthy in the realm of sport. Everyone was indeed sorry when the time came to take the car for home. It was clearly shown by this and the Victoria trip what could be done to cement the good feeling which will, of course, always exist between Normal and the surrounding High Schools and Colleges.

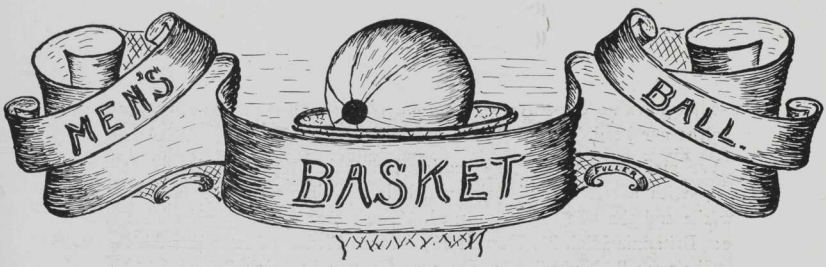
We indeed were happy to know that New Westminster would soon be able to pay us a return visit, which they did in the course of a few weeks, giving us an opportunity to show that Normal could return, in some small measure at least, the hospitality which was so royally bestowed upon us. The hockey game which the girls played in the afternoon was perhaps the most interesting of the hockey series because of the fact that the two teams were so evenly matched and had tied in the previous game. At 5:30 p. m. supper was served in the basement of the school, at which about 100 guests were entertained. After this most delightful meal, all adjourned to the Auditorium, where a musical programme was rendered. There was still after this a long evening of work ahead for some and pleasure for all. The basketball games began in the gymnasium at half-past seven, and we can truly say that these were the best games of the season. The Normal teams were perfectly at home on their own floor and in prime condition, which accounted for the fact that the results showed so strongly in their favor. The visitors played a star game, but were outclassed.

The Hall having been booked during the previous Term, an early start was made in the preparations for a two o'clock dance on February 27. As before, the decorations left nothing to be desired, and the younger element were again in full force. A delightful supper was served to 300 guests, who all went home vowing that they had had the time of their lives. Three special cars were chartered, so that no one had to worry about the means of getting home at that early hour.

With the prospects of a trip to Nanaimo as the last of the season in sight, this very eventful year in the annals of Normal Athletics came to a close.

The Executive takes this opportunity of tendering a word of appreciation to all the members of the staff and to Miss Burpee in particular, to our president who "worked like a Trojan" at all the social functions, and to all those students who so gladly co-operated with us to make these affairs successful. It was this co-operation which made the work of the committees so easy and so pleasant.


PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL.
1914.
BOYS BASKET BALL TEAM.
P.N.S.
P.N.S.
G. BRUCE.
FORWARD.
W. PAKE.
GUARD.
A. SHEARMAN.
SPARE.
F. TURNBULL.
CENTRE.
C. BOYES.
CAPT. GUARD.
Wm. BURNS.
PRINCIPAL.
B. FLETCHER
FORWARD.



THE basketball season of 1913-14 will stand out as one of particular triumph for the teams of the Normal School. We were more fortunate this Term than the boys of former years, as now there were twenty from which to choose a team—double the number there had been in Normal any time before. Several were old hands at the game, and all were anxious to make a start. Informal practices were held in the gymnasium for some time, but as soon as it was possible a meeting was called at which the club was organized, the officers being: President, Graham Bruce; vice-president, Bruce Fletcher; secretary, Percy Feast; and captain, "Tat" Boyes.

Several games were soon arranged, and as there were enough boys, some games were booked for a second string. Practices were held regularly one evening and two afternoons a week, to say nothing of the noon hour. There was never any trouble in getting the boys to turn out for these practice games, and the energy put into them no doubt accounted for the marked success which followed.

The record for this Term was indeed creditable, to say the least. Naturally it took the boys a few weeks to get used to each other's play, and the first couple of games went against the school. Our turn, however, soon came, and the next series played was decidedly in our favor. The scores for this Term were: Comets 24, Normal 11; Columbia College 30, Normal 16; Kitsilano Methodists 21, Normal 20; Mount Pleasant Methodists 14, Normal 22; North Vancouver High 10, Normal 32; McGill 16, Normal 17; Columbia 12, Normal 31; Ex-Normal 25, Normal 34; Britannia High 12, Normal 28; Adinacks 27, Normal 16; and Victoria Y. M. C. A. Senior 35, Normal 12.

When school reopened after Christmas there were no great changes in the former line-up. This Term we had three more boys. A meeting was called during the first week for the election of officers, but the only change was the

Men's Basketball

Continued

position of secretary, which was this time filled by Frank Turnbull. It was decided to have no captain for the second team, but the two teams were to be under the one head.

We made a good start by beating Britannia High School, and followed this up with a series of victories which lasted almost throughout the season. Near the end the tide slightly turned. The scores for this half of the season were: Britannia High 21, Normal 36; Mount Pleasant Methodists 23, Normal 55; Chalmers 8, Normal 33; Duke of Connaught High School 34, Normal 23; Imperial Rink 22, Normal 15; Ex-Normal 15, Normal 19; New Westminster High 21, Normal 34; Mount Pleasant Presbyterians 27, Normal 30; Columbia 22, Normal 26; Britannia 24, Normal 42; McGill 24, Normal 20; Ex-Normal 13, Normal 22; Mount Pleasant Presbyterians 27, Normal 24; Duke of Connaught High School 35, Normal 18; Duke of Connaught High 24, Normal 17; Nanaimo 10, Normal 25.

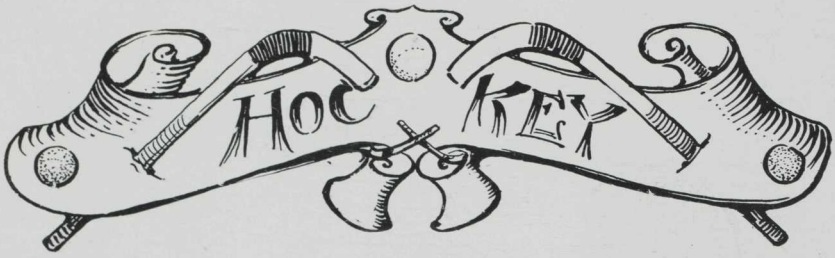
Throughout the whole season our team played magnificent basketball, and on several occasions our opponents had a rude awakening when they saw the score at the end of the game. Three of the hardest games were with the Ex-Normal team, and although we managed to come out on top in the end, it was no doubt due to the fact that we had much the better facilities for practising.

We cannot close this account without extending our heartiest thanks to "D. M. R.," who all through took such a keen interest in the games and workouts. He always had the gymnasium open in the evenings, and was ever ready to take the whistle. No "matter" what the weather, his "method" was always the same—to be there just a little ahead of all others.

In closing, we extend our best wishes to the incoming boys of 1914-15, and hope that they may outdo the record we have left. We wish also to pass on to them the yell which through the successive years has come to us, for the natives round about the Normal School would feel that there was something sadly out of place were they not rudely compelled to hear each Saturday night the spine-thrilling strains of—

Pedagogy, psychology, history, law,
Normal, Normal, rah, rah, rah!
Mathematics, hydrostatics, P-N-S,
Normal, Normal, well, I guess!
N-O-R-M-A-L Normal!

1913 – PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL HOCKEY TEAM – 1914
MARJORIE BURPEE. DOROTHY BRYANT. ERMA CESSFORD. CAPT: LEILA CARSON. HELEN McDONALD. LAURA ROBERTSON.
FLORENCE CORBETT. WINNIFRED GRANT. MARJORIE FADDEN.
WINNIFRED HAUCK. IRENE IRWIN MAY KITTSON.



A MEETING of the Normal girls who were interested in grass hockey was held on September 9, 1913, Mr. Robinson presiding. The officers of the club were elected in due form as follows:

President.....Miss L. Robertson
Vice-President.....Miss F. Smith
Secretary-Treasurer.....Miss M. Burpee
Captain.....Miss E. Cessford

At this meeting it was decided to ask the Park Commissioners to grant the Hockey Club the privilege of using the Bridge Street grounds two afternoons a week for practices.

Not many of the girls seemed enthusiastic about hockey at first. Whether they thought it was too strenuous work or not there is no saying, but after considerable coaxing about fifteen were enlisted who were willing to play. Three of these players had held prominent positions on the Victoria High School team the previous year; one had played for King Edward High School; and one for New Westminster. The others, however, were beginners.

After a few practices it was seen that there was material for a splendid team, and that practice was all that was needed. But, alas! that which was needed most was not so easily obtained. With from eight to ten players turning out to practice it was impossible to give the new ones any idea whatever of the game. The boys, seeing the predicament, bravely came to our rescue.

In the middle of October we were asked to join a League which a number of the City teams were entering. New Westminster High School came into the League later.

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CRICKET
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in the West

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Girls' Hockey

Continued

Our first League game was with McGill, whom we were able to defeat by the score 2—0. Previous to this we had played the Vancouver Ladies' Club, and were beaten by one goal. This was no surprise to us, for we felt quite proud of being able to hold down such an experienced team to such a score.

The next of the series was a game with Braemar. This time we were victorious, winning by three goals.

Having some idea of the game by this time, we went over to King Edward High School to play practice games. In these we were never defeated. The games were either draws or ended one or two goals in our favor.

On November 29 we suffered our first defeat in the League series, when we played South Vancouver. We made the first goal, but our opponents scored two. This, however, did not dampen our spirits. We consoled ourselves by the feeling that we had not worked as hard as we might have done, and so were capable of better play than we put up.

Just about this time rumors of a trip to Victoria came floating around, and everybody was greatly excited. Our ambitions were aroused by this prospect, with the result that when New Westminster came over to play us on December 6 we threw all our energy into the game. This was a closely contested match from start to finish, and ended happily with the score 1—0 in our favor.

The day school closed for the Christmas holidays; three Normal teams left for Victoria. This was the trip that had been looked forward to for some time. Saturday proved a wet day, but we met the High School team on the Oak Bay grounds. The field was not in good condition and the playing was difficult. When the first whistle blew, Victoria started with a rush, but were unsuccessful, the blue and gold half-backs being too strong for them. However, we were not able to keep them back long, and owing to their speed they were able to win the game by three goals.

On January 22 we began the last half of the season in earnest. The officers for this Term remained as they were before, with the exception that Miss Hauck became vice-president and Miss Kittson filled the office of secretary. During the month we were challenged to an Athletic Day by New Westminster, the date being set for the 26th. The field was in dreadful condition. Large puddles of water filled the centre, and about two inches of water covered the

Girls' Hockey

Continued

other parts. This did not stop us. Both teams played an excellent game. Normal had the better of the general play, but the forwards were rather unfortunate in their shooting. When the final whistle blew the game stood a draw, 1—1. Two weeks later we succeeded in arranging a return game, but were not any more fortunate this time than before. There was no score on either side. It was such a friendly game that no one could help but be happy at the result.

The rainy weather which now set in prevented some of the League games as scheduled. However, we were able to arrange one more game with King Edward High School before the season closed. This was also a tie game.

On the whole, we had a very successful year, considering the difficulties under which we played. We are indebted to Mr. Spouse for his kind assistance as referee and manager for the team on their trips.

"Mr. Robinson, inches are not concrete, are they?"
"Well, why, Miss McKay?"
"Because you can't see them."
"Well then, how about feet?"

◎ ◎

Mr. Dougan—"What would you do in case of carbolic-acid poisoning?"
Mr. Tribe—"I would—er—er—er give an anecdote."

◎ ◎

Miss Milne—"When I have filled this side of the paper shall I turn over?"
Mr. Burns—"Oh, n—n—o, just stay right where you are."

◎ ◎

Hamlet—"Class Breathing—*begin!*"
Sherlocke—"—Er—er—uh—uh—uh."
Hamlet—"Make your breathing pause after you expire."

PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL
1914.
GIRLS BASKET BALL TEAM
MISS E. LOREE.
MISS C. BROWN.
MISS C. MAXWELL.
MISS W. GRANT.
CAPT.
MISS M. FADDEN.
MISS D. BRYANT.

SHORTLY after school opened a girls' basketball meeting was held in Miss Burpee's room, Mr. Robinson presiding. The following officers were elected by an enthusiastic attendance:

President ..... Miss Cecil Robinson
Vice-President ..... Miss Leila Carson
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Miss Grace Smith
Captain ..... Miss Marjorie Fadden

Basketball practice began with a swing, and in course of a short time Normal felt herself quite able to uphold the team tradition in the League. Worthy opponents were met in the teams of Columbian College, King Edward High School, Britannia High School, and McGill College, but by the time school closed for the Christmas holidays Normal found herself at the head of the League, not having lost a single game.

The most interesting event of this Term was perhaps the trip to Victoria. With the exception of the Girls' Basketball team all the Normal teams had arranged for matches beforehand. We, however, in the hopes of getting a game anyway, "tagged" along, but were doomed to disappointment. A number of our party remained over until Sunday, taking the 2:30 boat for Vancouver. We were sorry, very sorry to leave the City which had treated us so well, but soon lost all regrets in the beauty of the afternoon. With that instinct which even "habit" sometimes cannot control, we looked forward to being at home once more, and when we entered the harbor and the big round drops began to fall we felt at home indeed.

Shortly after the advanced session began, the thread of interest was again picked up. At the first meeting it was found that the office of secretary to the club was vacant because of the absence this Term of Miss Smith. Miss Grant

Girls' Basketball

Continued

was, however, elected by acclamation to take up the duties. It was also decided to form a "House League," and a schedule was soon prepared for a series of inter-class matches. The various captains were:

Class I.....Miss Browne
Class II.....Miss Grant
Class III.....Miss Norman
Class IV.....Miss Truswell

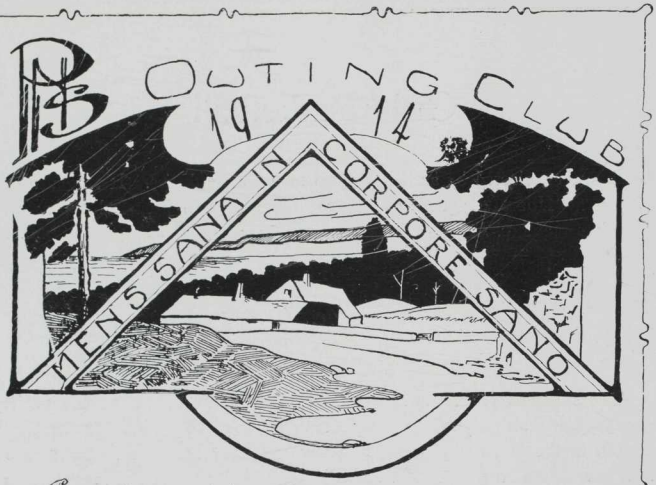
These games caused quite a stir at first, but because of the variety of interests that Normal affords, the attendance gradually diminished. Class II. won out in the first series, with the result that they had to play the pick of the other teams, known as the "All Stars." Class II., however, was able to uphold the position it had won, the "All Stars" being sorely beaten.

The Normal team met with the first and only defeat in the Britannia High School gymnasium at the hands of the Britannia girls, the score being 6—3. This loss was retrieved by the defeat of the Britannia girls in the Normal gymnasium. The score this time was 17—5.

This account would be sadly incomplete without some reference to the hearty support given the team by the staff, especially Mr. Robinson and Mr. Murphy. The fact that our team reached and maintained such a worthy position as it held in the estimation of all opponents may in no inconsiderable degree be attributed to the loyal co-operation of the teachers and supporters.

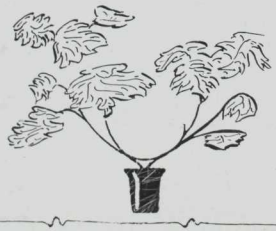
Perhaps this little ditty, which could always be heard in time of distress, expressed in a "major key" and rising above the fray, also played its part:

"Taa, taa, taa-tai-taa—
Our team's the best you ever saw.
Doh, me, soh and soh, me, fa,
Provincial Normal, rah! rah! rah!"



Pause for a while who love the open air,
Nor pass whom nature charmeth, but with us
Sing the sweet music of the out of doors.

Out through the vistas of the darkening fir,
Under a band of clear cerulean sky,
Tread wet the forest path. Fatigued, we rest
In dells where sunlight rays are soft and dim,
Near drowsed by cedar scented air. Anon
Gayly we leap from leafy couches there
Claving the languid air with boisterous sound;
Laughing carefree. And all too soon we must
Urge to the final close our social tramp
Bidding a short farewell to woodland scenes.



Outing Club

THE P. N. S. Outing Club has become a necessary organization of the Advanced Session of the Normal School. It is at present enjoying its fourth year, providing for the merriment, enjoyment and relaxation of many book-wearied students who "know when to take Occasion by the hand" and once more get near to Nature's heart by leaving the hustling, noisy crowds of the City and losing themselves in the ardent desire to enjoy that restful quiet found in the rocky canyons and wooded slopes of the mountains in the vicinity of the Mecca of British Columbia, Vancouver.

Successful! And why should it be otherwise? Does it not give opportunity for 170 young men and women to assemble and exchange facts and theories on the many subjects relative to outing trips? Again, does it not permit students gathered from the four corners of this Province to compare the character of the country around Vancouver with that of their home district?

By means of this organization students have had opportunities of visiting Point Grey, via Marine Drive; Seymour Creek, Capilano, Dundarave, and Caulfields Landing. As this goes to press before our picnic at Lynn Park on May 25 and our climb up Grouse Mountain, one must merely conjecture that here are two more grand opportunities for merriment and hard work (?).

Before the organization of the Outing Club, Mr. Jekill, president of the club for the year 1912, assented to come up to the School and tell us what was done during his term. He gave a very interesting address, referring to the duties of the two officers. Either the president or the secretary must draw a sketch or write a poem (?). The poem must be such that the initial letter of each line reading downward gives P. N. S. Outing Club.

On March 7 the first outing of the season took place. This was *ex consuetudine* to Point Grey for the twofold purpose of electing officers at the customary altar (an old log beside a boulder) and to have a good time. In company with Messrs. Robinson and Spouse, fourteen girls and twelve boys made great ravages on the provisions, which were, by the way, supplied by the girls. It might be well to note here that on such occasions the custom is for the girls to supply the "grub," while the boys provide the fruit and what little financing may be necessary. Now, the afternoon waned and a halt was made for the election of officers. Mr. Murphy, the honorary president, being absent, Mr. Robinson took the—rock. In due course of events Mr. William

Outing Club

Continued

Reid, of South Vancouver, was elected president, and Mr. Bruce Fletcher, of Kelowna, secretary. The meeting was then adjourned, after which we proceeded along Marine Drive and finally reached Vancouver and home.

The next outing was on March 21—to Seymour Creek. This drew the largest attendance ever obtained by the club since its initiation. No fewer than 78 undertook the trip. The Faculty was well represented in the persons of Miss Burpee, Miss Coney, and Messrs. Murphy, Robinson, and Spouse. It was during lunch that one of the fair damsels tried her hardest to "shuffle off this mortal coil" by trying to commit suicide, as it were, in a little pool of water, over which she had been perched busily engaged in "feeding her face." But Mr. Murphy and Alex. Turnbull were determined that Joe should not be left bereaved, so together they finally succeeded in rescuing her from a watery grave.

Capilano was the next point of interest. For this trip there was an abundance of moisture falling, so that there was, of course, no necessity of perspiring during any of the strenuous exercise. This trip was attended by the large number of 17, of which Miss Coney was the leader. When Vancouver was again reached, all decided that a pleasant time had been spent in spite of the rain.

On Good Friday a picnic was held on the west side of Dundarave for those students who did not go home for the Easter vacation. This time about 30 turned out, but what tickled some of the members from Class II. was that none of the Faculty had turned up as chaperons. But behold! in that company there appeared a gentleman who signed Rev. to his name. We were safe. All seemed bent on having a good time, and judging by the actions of the picnic-makers all lookers-on would be able to draw conclusions to that effect. The day was spent basking in the spring sunshine, recounting previous adventures, and eventually ended in teasing the timid maids by bringing them into close quarters with crabs, star-fish, snakes, and other such charming creatures as were to be found.

The last of our outings to date was the one to Caulfields Landing. There were 17 youthful enthusiasts present, beside Messrs. Murphy and Spouse. After the long walk and the necessary repast, the crowd set out to visit the falls, which were half-a-mile back. By 6:45 P. M. all had returned home, tired but happy. The Vice-President of the Literary Society admits immediately going

Outing Club

Continued

to see if that awful hand-mark really was on the back of her blouse, and was, of course, surprised that it wasn't.

Now, dear friends, this brings to a close this feeble effort to confine to paper the glorious deeds done by the sturdy and ever valiant Normalites during some of their periods of merry relaxation, and it is not necessary to add that those who participated in these frolics will in the years to come, when they are scattered throughout the thousands of hills and valleys of this fair Province, pause and wish, yea, yearn for a repetition, even in a small degree, of these splendid outings while in the cycle of perhaps the most happy year of their lives at the Provincial Normal School in the year 1914.

Tennis Executive

Mr. B. Fletcher, Vice-President.
Miss B. Dandy.
Miss M. McLean.

Mr. Wm. Burns.
Mr. A. Hooper, Secretary.

Miss D. A. Wolverton, President.
Miss I. D. Irwin.
Miss B. Vicars.

TENNIS! O tennis, thou delightful game of the sunny seasons! How hast thou wound thy net about me! What a racket thou has set up in my brain, when in sleep I beheld the whirling sphere go wide of its mark! How have I started at a partner's questioning glance when came the cry, "Love forty." Behold, the last ball in my hand! What a desperate lunge I made! How the beads of perspiration stood on my pale forehead when that last ball curled up the net and came gently down to earth! O Tennis, where are yet thy devotees!

Oh, here they are! Our Normal School is alive with them. As early as September 1 tennis was in the air. Rackets were unpacked from the bottom of trunks, balls and shoes were bought, and morning after morning people watched a laughing host go down the street swinging rackets and talking tennis. The enthusiasm expressed led to the organization of a committee. These enthusiasts had much to do in planning those games which led to a delightful rivalry among the members. Mr. Murphy, with his youthful ardor, also did much to add zest to the sport. But, alas! the clouds gathered, the winds blew and the rain fell, and thus our courts were no longer fit for use. The players put up their rackets, and basketball held sway over the Normal mind.

Occasional games during the winter were played on the gymnasium court, but basketball was too fascinating to allow tennis to become popular. Yet early in February the enthusiasts were again active. A new committee was appointed, and great and marvellous things for the future were planned. Two clubs were formed, one of 64 members to play on the Strathcona Court, and the other of 20 members who obtained one evening a week at Kitsilano Beach.

Then came the very important task of arranging a schedule which would permit each member to enjoy an equal amount of playing. Here the committee met the first great difficulty; but, thanks to Mr. Murphy's help and encouragement, the difficulties were overcome, a tournament was arranged, and all the members were given an opportunity to exercise their skill. Not a few found their way to the courts soon after daybreak, where they played against time.

Now the season is nearly over. Farewell to tennis! Partners all, farewell! Some of us will lay by our rackets for many a long day, but as we go down the road to the little country schoolhouse, Memory will bring to us many a happy picture of Tennis at Normal.

My Autobiography

WHATEVER is going to happen to me next? Let me see—oh! how you startle me! And pray, who are you? You appear to have been much abused. Miss McLennan's Geography, I am pleased indeed to meet you; and would you be kind enough to tell me where I am, and why I am here? On a book-case, behind the door in the office, because I have been lost? Well, this is a new experience for me.

You seem rather friendly, and if you don't mind I would like to tell you my story. I believe it would relieve my nerves to do so. May I?

Well, to begin. I slept well last night. (I suppose it will be the last time.) You see, I was among my old brothers and sisters on our shelf at the shop. We had been lying there for years, and lately we had a thick coat of dust over us.

This morning I was rudely awakened by the dust being rubbed off me, and a voice saying, "Oh, please never mind the paper. It will go nicely into my muff, and I am in a hurry." Then I was passed over, pushed into a dark hole with a lunch and several strange books and bounced away.

When finally I was taken out again I was further abused by being flung upon a window sill. It was in the cloak-room, as I learned afterwards, and then you should have heard the conversation about—oh, what wasn't it about: hair, hats, dresses, coats, boots, and even myself.

In some way I mounted a flight of stairs, was opened, and my first shining page was disfigured with a silly rigmarole like "Yes, here it is—D. M. R.—J. S.—L. A. B.—MUSIC—(Lect.)—E. H. M.—Prin.—J. K." To this minute I do not know what it means. All at once an awful din was raised, and I was rushed up another flight of steps, along a hall, into a room, and thrown with unnecessary emphasis on a desk that is not noted for its softness. Soon a disgracefully thin book was placed open beside me, and the "person" who owned us began making foolish little remarks down its page with a pen. Then someone of doubtful name stood in front of what I concluded to be a class, and after saying a few mysterious words, succeeded in procuring from the others sounds resembling a witch's incantation. It was weird in the extreme and consisted of nothing but "taa's" and "tai's." After this ordeal a man, seemingly the teacher, but really the embodiment of the youth and spirit of the class, began talking about things called Bare Subjects and Adjuncts. Again I was rudely opened and scratched over until I was so cross I wouldn't even look to

My Autobiography

Continued

see what the "person" put on me; but down in one corner was the wee-est scribble that my curiosity would not allow me to pass over. Yes, here it is: "Annie, you can get a middy at Spencer's today for 75 cents."

The next thing that happened was the ringing of a little bell. That bell was small, but it was powerful enough to move everyone in sight, including myself. We all hurried out of the room, down the stairs, and into another room where I was forgotten for a time while the "person" examined a jar containing dirty little tadpoles in water. Here, after the bell rang, I was still forgotten, and had to listen to talk of school gardens eaten by cows and otherwise abused, until all at once the loveliest orchestra of frogs tuned up outside. At last I had real music to attend to, until I was disturbed again by having another page mutilated with pen and ink. It was not all school gardens, either, for on one little corner that was torn out afterwards there was a complimentary remark concerning a certain Mr. Fletcher's spectacles.

From here I was carried across a hall to another room, where I was forgotten entirely. But I had a very pleasant occupation listening to six interesting stories. In these, there was everything from a flock of wild geese to a raven. I enjoyed them exceedingly, except when I couldn't see the joke that was making everyone laugh. For instance, the one who told the story of the raven repeated the fact that the raven was black and sat on the edge of a jug, until I was weary, if he was not, and yet everyone laughed.

Next a hideous drawing spoiled another page—see, here it is, a goose. However, I was not allowed to fret long over this injustice. I felt that something was going to happen, and as I couldn't see for the book on top of me, I listened carefully. A voice filled the room, talking about "little people," and I had to see where it came from, so I pushed that Music Dictation Book over and looked. I could not see very much, but what I did see held my attention (Secondary Passive). It was two eyes filled with life and sympathy. The bell rang.

Upstairs we again went into another room with noisy chairs. Here the teacher struck a poor tuning fork on the desk until I was glad to be a book. The occupants of the squeaky chairs then added to the noise with their melodious (?) voices, while a pointer was thrust into the face of nearly every letter on a picture hanging before us. As this performance drew to an end I was nearly swept on the floor by a gasp of grief, and on looking around found

My Autobiography

Continued

everyone with puckered brows and straining ears. I discovered later that we were having ear-tests.

When the next bell rang, the poor chairs again groaned, but this time it was a groan of relief at the release from the burden. It was noon now, and I was again transferred with haste to the basement; but this time I was flung on a long white table in a large, light room smelling of condensed cream. Then the gossip began: Miss Morrison had received A for her map, and Miss Grant was jealous. Miss G. Maclean was getting so many "excellents" on her "criticisms" that Miss MacKay was certain that her sister had taught for years. Miss Macphail remarked that the Easter holidays had improved Miss McManus' health, and that she must inquire into the remedy, as she felt herself to be ailing.

After another couple of gongs, I found myself looking on while my thinnest of thin friends was having the strokes of the morning repeated. I heard one quiet word "Ready!" and was whirled away into a room so large that I had to look at it for a long time. Before we became settled, the imposing stature of a capable man drew all attention to the front. During his talk—for he did talk—he set a valuable example—namely, that of treating everything in the sunny way that his name implies. He took a piece of chalk into his fingers and, presto! there was a map on the board. He told of wonderful events and achievements that I was surprised to find that a man outside of a book could accomplish, and I had no sooner begun to enjoy myself than I felt a rush of air from behind, heard a bell, and found myself flung on top of a granite post at the base of a staircase, watching an exceedingly beautiful picture of life—young people wandering aimlessly with enjoyment over smooth lawns, among beds of flowers and trees, in the warm sunshine. The picture was soon transformed, however, when a hand driven by stern Duty rang the bell. The canvas before me became a moving mass of color as the body of students surged up the steps.

We next entered a room where we felt the eagle eye of the Principal upon us. Here a very authoritative book named "School Law" was discussed, and unconsciously in many ways this man of knowledge revealed somewhat of the vast extent of his mind. I noticed this particularly when he was telling incidents of his varied experience. Although these were very interesting, my thoughts must have wandered, for suddenly I noticed that all about were strange and widely differing specimens of hand-writing with unintelligible signatures attached to them. From this examination of handiwork I was rudely startled by the

My Autobiography

Continued

ringing of that telephone, and the nuisance was answered without even a frown. Then everyone's attention was drawn to a notice on a blackboard, and when I heard the sigh of despair that spread through the room, I asked my friend "School Law" what the matter was, and it appears that there was something called Essay to be written. I am so glad that I am not in his place to make everyone so sorrowful.

Into the next room each person brought a mysterious box, and what do you suppose adorned the blackboards here? There were hearts, all shapes and sizes; forget-me-nots, arrows and love missives strewn about, while the very spirit of St. Valentine himself seemed to flit through the room in the form of the teacher, carrying mirth and goodwill to each seat. I was just dozing off amid the clatter of paint boxes when I was aroused by a cheerful "Swing Out!" and the owner of the voice paused over me and with a few skilful strokes gave life to the "person's" otherwise dead picture. Flowers bloomed on the paper, blood dripped from the arrow wound in a broken heart, and with a cheerful remark the spirit moved on.

The bell rang—the rattle of boxes and tins again drowned other sounds and I was hurried out into another room with books almost wherever I looked. Here I was left on a table with a friend of such huge proportions as to make me feel quite shrunken. I was heartlessly forgotten until a strange hand picked me up and put me here.

Well, that is the end and I am here, neglected as if I were worth nothing. I know I was not meant for this, and I think I shall have to send in an "application" for another owner.

A Loose-leaf Note Book.
M. McLean.

Thoughts of a Student

When my head is sore with *phonics,*
Mr. Spouse supplies the *tonics.*
And then I sing my *Doh ta la,*
Till everybody else sings *Sah.*
But though I have no ear
At singing, it is queer
My teacher still insists I've got a *drum,*
And by-and-bye the music sure will come.

Of all the strange creations,
Surely none beat combinations.
For here my head goes in a whirl
Till separations make it dirl,
And *tables* get all mixed up with the chairs,
Till teacher looks at me and glares.

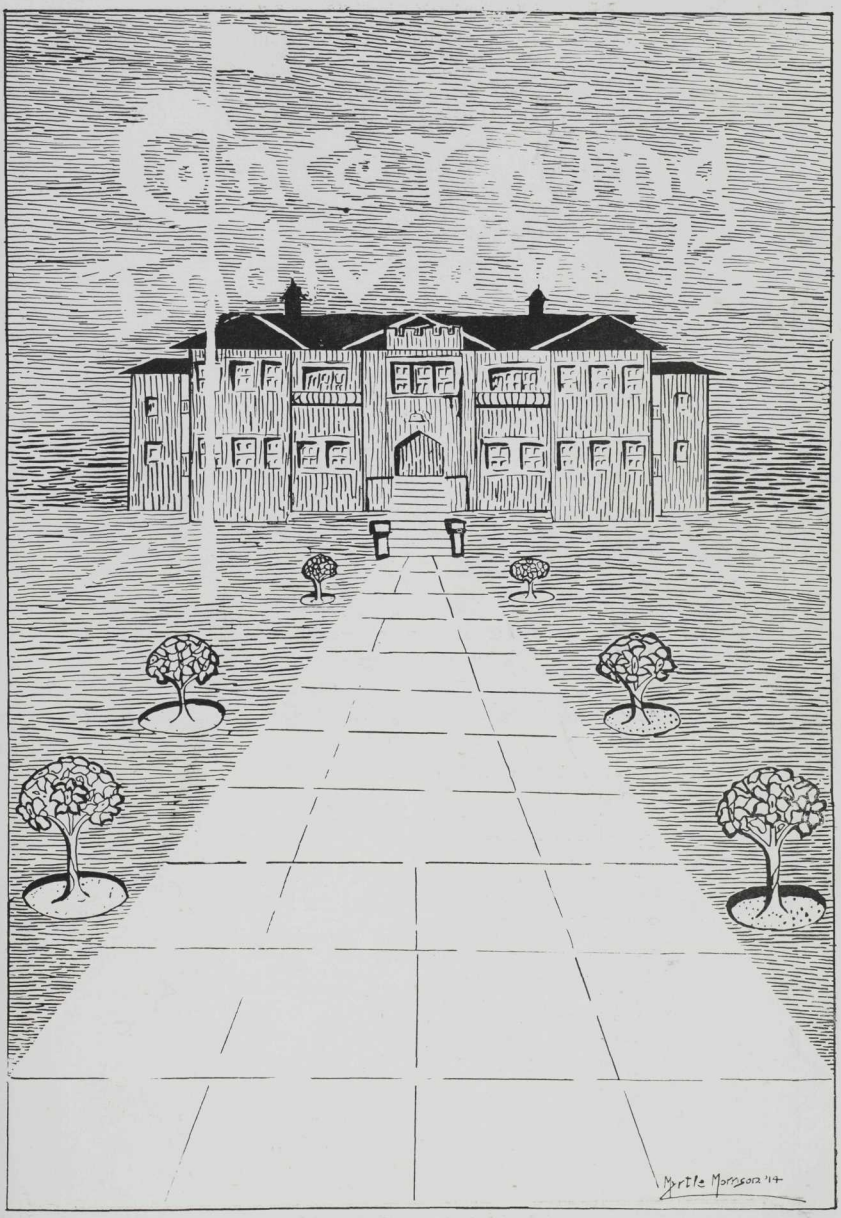
Hark, I hear the bells! but still the door is wide,
Before the final ring into my seat I slide:
Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing, life is all a rush,
And down to work we go with teacher's solemn "Hush!"

We hear of psychology;
Mr. Kyle takes paintology;
But Kindergartology puts me on the *mat,*
As singing found me on the Flat;
But, oh! it is charming,
If somewhat alarming,
After dinner to have a good snooze—
Well, never mind, that's a lecture you lose!

If you can't draw men in style,
Draw three lines, *a la* Kyle;
At least you'll get a good profile.
Just stick some clothes all over
With dexterous manoeuvre
And a little story tell,
Say, "Pussy in the Well,"
Well — Well — Well.

But sure we'll make teachers;
If not, we'll try preachers.
So cheer up, boys, and fight to the end,
Though often our *Methods* offend.
Remember your drill,
Do First Aid with a will,
Attention! to everything lend.

R. STEPHEN.


Myrtle Morrison '14

ALICE ANDERSON, Chilliwack, B. C.
In silence mighty deeds are wrought.

MABEL ASTLEY, Nelson, B. C.
Many are the sayings of the wise.

KATHLEEN BRETT, Armstrong, B. C.
She dreamed a dream and saw a vision.

EDITH BRUCE, Victoria, B. C.
She hesitated and smiled—then answered.

OLIVE BEALBY, Nelson, B. C.
Oh! I am stabbed with laughter.

MARJORIE BURPEE, Vancouver, B. C.
All's well.

LILY BAXENDALE, Rossland, B. C.

No tuneful lay can I e'er bring.

JESSIE BRUSKEY, Victoria, B. C. 10-13

Testy wrath could never be her mild companion.

CATHERINE E. BROWNE, Victoria, B. C.

Slowly as from a cloud of gold comes out thy deep,
ambrosial smile.

DORCAS BRASH, Enderby, B. C.

She's not forward, but modest as a dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the moon.

DOROTHY G. BRYANT, Ladysmith, B. C.

A lady of athletic fame, renowned in gym. and field.

OLGA BOSSI, Victoria, B. C.

You are well favored, and your looks foreshow
you have a gentle heart.

Alex J

MABEL BOWER, Vancouver, B. C.

Marvellous were the tales she told.

JENNIE BEATY, Vancouver, B. C.

Fear ye not now to grow old.

ERROL BRANNICK, Chilliwack, B. C.

She held her audience spellbound by her eloquence.

NETTIE BARR, Mission City, B. C.

Her smile hath wondrous charm.

EDWARD BERRYMAN, Penticton, B. C.

It is good to be merry and wise,
It is good to be honest and true:
It is best to be off with the old love
Before you are on with the new.

HERMINE BOTTGER, Vancouver, B. C.

All her ways are winning ways.

FRANCIS C. BOYES, Vancouver, B. C.

Capt. Boys' Basketball Team.

"I am become a name
For always roaming with a hungry stomach."

Pat Boyes

FRANCES W. CLARK, Ladysmith, B. C.

She comes and goes at her own sweet will.

KATIE LILLIAN BAKER, South Vancouver, B. C.

'Tis Kate: she sayeth what she will.

GRAHAM BRUCE, Vancouver, B. C.

President of the Basketball Club.

"And one there was who was light of limb,
Nimble and wary, too."

MARGARET C. COWIE, Vancouver, B. C.

She communed to use the treasures once her own.

Margaret C. Cowie

ERMA C. CESSFORD, Victoria, B. C.

Capt. Girls' Hockey Team.

Her athletic ability is not greater than her popularity.

FLORENCE CORBETT, New Westminster, B. C.

"To thou who spreadest the infection of merriment may there never be quarantine."

NINA M. CARR, Vancouver, B. C.

At peace unheeding earth's alloy.

MILDRED CHROW, Victoria, B. C.

A smiling look she had.

LILLIAN M. CARTMELL, Chilliwack, B. C.

To know her is a liberal education.

LAURA V. COUSINS, Vancouver, B. C.

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

EDNA A. CUNNINGHAM, Nanaimo, B. C.

What she lacks in inches she makes up in force.

Edna A. Cunningham Dows

LEILA A. CARSON, Victoria, B. C.

Who never shirks, who waits and watches and who always works.

EDNA G. CORSON, Kamloops, B. C.

Brilliant talents often lie concealed.

EMILY R. CARY, Armstrong, B. C.

She deserted us for higher honors.

ETHEL CUFFIN, Vancouver, B. C.

Knowest thou what powers lie hid in thee?

MARY A. CARY, Armstrong, B. C.

Still as the night,
Deep as the sea.

WINNIFRED CARRUTHERS, Vancouver, B. C.

"A wench of excellent discourse—pretty and witty."

MARION I. CLINGAN, Salmon Arm, B. C.

She has a mind of her own and is not afraid to express it.

BERENICE DOBSON, Vancouver, B. C.

Bright smiles were hers, to scatter and to share.

BEATRIX E. DANDY, Kamloops, B. C.

A maiden fair
With curly hair,
Politeness in her charm.

JANET C. DUNSE, Ladysmith, B. C.

For she was merry, light-hearted and gay,
Her smile chased many a frown away.

KATHLEEN P. DUNCAN, Vancouver, B. C.

Delicate and mild.

MARY E. DONALDSON, Nelson, B. C.

She says little, but that smile expresses much.

ISABEL DICKEN, Fernie, B. C.

She helped the birdies in their melodies.

JOHN M. DOWLER, Victoria, B. C. 10-13

"I have an excellent idea in my head, but cannot lay my hands on it."

WILSON DOUGAN, Vancouver, B. C.

I write with ease to show my breeding,
But easy reading's curst hard reading.

RUTH I. ELLIOTT, Okanagan Landing, B. C.

"Sweetness, truth and every grace."

NELLIE WHITE-EDWARDS, Vancouver, B. C.

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

MARJORIE FADDEN, Vancouver, B. C.

Capt. Girls' Basketball Team.

Excels in Hockey and in Basketball.

Bruce Fletcher

BRUCE FLETCHER, Kelowna, B. C.
Vice-President of the Tennis Club.

A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident tomorrows.

CISSILY V. FREEMAN, Nanaimo, B. C.

"Earth has not anything to show more fair."

HAROLD L. FREEMAN, Cumberland, B. C.

No wedding bells for me.

ELIZABETH M. FISHER, Renfrew, Ont.

One of Ontario's winsome lassies.

PERCY C. FEAST, Vancouver, B. C.
Secretary of the Athletic Association.

"A woman is only a woman,
But a good cigar is a smoke."

ESTHER FLOYD, Vancouver, B. C.

Along the cool sequestered vale of life
She kept the noiseless tenor of her way.

JOSEPH E. FORMAN, Langley Fort, B. C.

Class III. Carpeting Expert.

"Meet me tonight in Dreamland."

MAY FOSTER, Anacortes, Wash.

"Fashioned for friendship."

JEAN GRAHAM, Vancouver, B. C.

It would be endless to tell you all the things she knows.

REITA S. GILLEY, New Westminster, B. C.

"A heart to resolve, a head to contrive
and a hand to execute."

ADELAIDE R. GRAHAM, Armstrong, B. C.

'Tis the best, so 'tis hard to beat.

OLIVE B. GUMMOW, Peachland, B. C.

"Cloudy the day or stormy the night,
The sky of her heart is always bright."

WINNIFRED A. GRANT, Vancouver, B. C.

"Tennis, hockey, basketball,
Winnie Grant excels in all."

MARCELLA M. GREGORY, Rossland, B. C.

"Because I think So-and-so today,
Is that any reason why I should hold the same opinion tomorrow?"

UNINA F. HALL, Vancouver, B. C.

"So unaffected, so composed a mind."

EDITH M. HARTE, Victoria, B. C.

The deepest rivers flow with least sound.

GLADYS M. HINSLEY, Kelowna, B. C.

"Keeps her counsel, does her duty."

MARGARET E. HARRIGAN, Grand Forks, B. C.

"Happy am I, from care I am free,
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

Margaret Harrigan) Astin
1708 Edinburgh St June 9/50
New Westminster BC

IDA R. HARTINGER, Grand Forks, B. C.

"And still they gazed and still their wonder grew
That one small head could carry all (she) knew."

WILLIAM F. HOUSTON, Vancouver, B. C.

President of the Athletic Association.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star."

ALMA HAMPTON, Hammond, B. C.

"Besides, she is so nice and so demure,
So sober, courteous, modest and precise."

Alma Hampton Board.

WINNIFRED A. HIGHMAN, Vernon, B. C.

"Even (her) failings leaned to virtue's side."

ALFRED H. HOOPER, Seymour Arm, B. C.

Secretary of the Tennis Club.

"I have immortal longings in me."

WINNIFRED G. HAUCK, Victoria, B. C.

"If to her share some errors fall,
Look on her face and you'll forget them all."

IRENE D. IRWIN, Kamloops, B. C.

"Oh, she's little but she's wise;
She's a terror for her size."

ALDYTH M. IRELAND, Vancouver, B. C.

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers,
And I linger on the shore."

CLARA JOHNSTON, Chilliwack, B. C.

"A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet."

MARGARET G. JOHNSTON, Chilliwack, B. C.

"Whate'er she did, she did with so much ease."

ERNEST H. KING, Armstrong, B. C.

"For a, sae sage he looks, what can the laddie ken?
He's thinkin' upon naething, as mony mighty men.
A wee thing makes us think, a sma' thing makes us stare,
There are mair folks than him buildin' castles in the air."

BESSIE KIRKLAND, New Westminster, B. C.

"Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives."

MAY E. KITTSON, Delta, B. C.

"None but herself can be her parallel."

EDITH LOREE, New Westminster, B. C.

"Upright, honest and sober,
Right frugal and kind."

EDITH M. LYNESS, Eburne, B. C.

"You all know I have led a blameless life among you."

JEANNIE H. LOUDON, Wellington, B. C.

A spirit full of pleasant brightness.

MILDRED A. MERCER, New Westminster, B. C.

"A rosebud set with little wilful thorns."

Mildred Mercer June 9, 1956

ANNIE M. MACPHAIL, Vancouver, B. C.

"From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind."

BESSIE C. MCKAY, Vancouver, B. C.

"How doth the busy little B
Improve each shining hour."

GERTRUDE MCINTYRE, Nelson, B. C.

'Tis true that she is much inclined
To chin and talk with all mankind.

GLADYS G. MCLENNAN, Victoria, B. C.

"Her good looks are rivalled only by her good nature."

ELIZABETH MUNRO, Vancouver, B. C.

She's a bonnie wee thing—
She's a winsome wee thing.

CLARA B. MCINNES, Langley, B. C.

A "Belle" of Class III.
"Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman."

MARGUERITE MCKAY, Seattle, Wash.

There is such a choice of difficulties that I am at a loss where to begin.

MARY MCCORKELL, Victoria, B. C.

"I should worry."

IRENE MCMANUS BRODIGAN, Vancouver, B. C.

So angelic you are likely to ascend even in the middle of a lecture.

MARJORIE J. MCLEAN, Salmon Arm, B. C.

"And lightly was her slender nose
Tip-tilted, like the petal of a flower."

Marjorie McLean Stone
Mrs. C. E. Stone

IRENE S. MACKENZIE, North Vancouver, B. C.

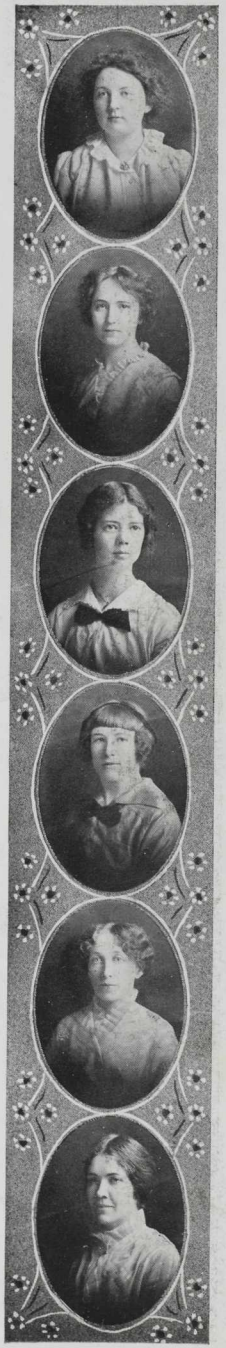
A queenly "Catherine," but the Queen in her cannot outshine the Woman.

GRACE C. MACLEAN, Collingwood, B. C.

"To those who know thee not, no word can paint:
And those who know thee, know all words are faint."

VERNA M. MCLAUGHLIN, Summerland, B. C.

For she was just the quiet kind whose nature never varies.



KATIE A. MATHESON, Collingwood, B. C.

A small, dark person whom we knew little but loved much.

Katie Matheson McLennan
Gibsons, B.C.

CLARA E. MAXWELL, New Westminster, B. C.

She doth the little kindnesses which most leave undone or despise.

LUELLA L. MITCHELL, Vancouver, B. C.

We leave thy praises unexpressed.

HELEN H. MCDONALD, Vancouver, B. C.

"When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

MARY MACPHERSON, Vancouver, B. C.

"Her silver voice is the rich music of a summer bird."

EDITH G. MANN, New Westminster, B. C.

"You know I say just what I think, and nothing more or less."

ISABELLA C. MONTGOMERY, Nelson, B. C.

"If she had any faults, she has left us in doubt:
At least in six months we could not find them out."

MAY MORRIS, Victoria, B. C.

A quiet conscience makes one so serene.

MYRTLE T. MORRISON, Victoria, B. C.

One of those well-oiled dispositions that turn on the hinges of the world without creaking.

CONSTANCE E. MUNRO, Phoenix, B. C.

In her there was dignity tempered with courtesy.

JANET M. MILNE, Vancouver, B. C.

She works like a Briton.

MYRA B. MARSHALL, Chilliwack, B. C.

To know her is to wish to know her well.

ANNABEL MORROW, New Westminster, B. C.

"Nothing really appeals to me like a nice little afternoon tea."

FLORENCE MCRAE, Cloverdale, B. C.

"A half-disdain perched on the pouted blossom of her lips."

MARY J. MARSHALL, Vancouver, B. C.

Says nothing but saws wood.

FLORA J. MANN, Victoria, B. C.

"Virtue is her own reward."

ANNIE S. NORMAN, Victoria, B. C.

She is artful, she is sly—
And there's mischief in her eye.

ALICE MAE NICHOLSON, Elko, B. C.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

MARGARET A. O'NEIL, Mission City, B. C.

"A prodigy of learning."

ELLEN O'HEARN, Chilliwack, B. C.

She doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.

DOROTHY A. OLIVER, Vancouver, B. C.

Never to be daunted.

SYDNEY O'NEIL, Victoria, B. C.

Three cheers for Ireland!

ELLEN B. PATERSON, Port Haney, B. C.

"Comes with her bass voice the cloister bee."

DORIS A. PRATT, Vancouver, B. C.

"Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you."

WILLIAM T. PAKE, Vancouver, B. C.

President of the Literary Society.

Editor-in-Chief of the Annual.

"He is the very pineapple of politeness."

GRACE A. PATRICK, Vancouver, B. C.

"Grace and beauty hand-in-hand."

GEORGIA H. PATRICK, Vancouver, B. C.

Vice-President of the Literary Society.

Her only "Vice" lies in her ability to make others work.

CECIL A. ROBINSON, Vancouver, B. C.

Does anyone know how many brothers she has?

WILLIAM T. REID, Vancouver, B. C.

President of the Outing Club.

My only books were woman's looks—
And folly's all they've taught me.

MARGARET A. REID, Kelowna, B. C.

"The feather floats, but the pearl lies low."

LAURA C. ROBERTSON, Vancouver, B. C.

President of the Girls' Hockey Club.

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men."

HARRIETTE B. REECE, Vancouver, B. C.

A friend in need is a friend indeed.

OLIVINE O. ROBERTSON, New Westminster, B. C.

She sets a fast pace in drill.

ALETTA A. ROSS, Victoria, B. C.

To know her is to love her.

AGNES ROBERTSON, Ladysmith, B. C.

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

ARTHUR E. SHEARMAN, Vancouver, B. C.

Scholar—sport—gentleman,
Every inch a man.

EVA FLORENCE SMITH, Vancouver, B. C.

A worthy sentinel.

RUTH W. SCOTT, Vancouver, B. C.

"Clever without ostentation."

KATE A. SIMMONDS, Revelstoke, B. C.

"She is still waiting for the heather."

EUNICE A. SEWELL, Enderby, B. C.

"Dimples."

DAPHNE M. SCHARSCHMIDT, Vancouver, B. C.

"Alack, there lies more peril in thine eyes than twenty of their swords!"

ROBERT STEPHEN, Victoria, B. C.

Secretary of the Literary Society.

"There is a pleasure in poetic pains which only poets know."

EDITH M. SIDNEY, Vancouver, B. C.

Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace and friend of humankind.

EFFIE S. SCALES, Salmon Arm, B. C.

Wearing all that weight of learning as lightly as a flower.

FLORENCE I. SMITH, Victoria, B. C.

A merry, sparkling maid.

ELIZABETH R. SKEA, Coghlan, B. C.

Her charms are as numerous as the seashore sands.

ARCHIBALD P. SMITH, Victoria, B. C.

Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye're wise.

SILVIA STURGES, Vancouver, B. C.

"Handsome is as handsome does."

CHRISTINE W. SIMPSON, Vancouver, B. C.

I never do today what I can put off till tomorrow.

ELANOR M. SIMPSON, Vancouver, B. C.

A quiet damsel while in class,
But when on "outings," alas! alas!

GRACE F. TRUSWELL, Vancouver, B. C.

This is a girl of wide renown
Who can be most wise or act the clown.

ROBERT F. TURNBULL, New Westminster, B. C.

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.

JONATHAN TRIBE, Rosedale, B. C.

Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And naught is everything and everything is naught.

ALEX. TURNBULL, New Westminster, B. C.

All the world loves a lover.

Alex Turnbull

FRANCES E. TRETHEWEY, Abbotsford, B. C.

Always has a little anecdote to impress each point.

BARBARA E. TREMBATH, Hammond, B. C.

—— ? ——

MARY E. TAYLOR, Victoria, B. C.

Do not judge me by my size.

MARGARET G. THOMPSON, Central Park, B. C.

Always armed with a smile.

BEATRICE E. VICARS, Kamloops, B. C.

"Come down, maid, from yonder mountain high!"

FRANCES E. VERMILYEA, Vancouver, B. C.

A maiden never bold, of spirit so still and quiet.

MARY WILLIAMSON, Vancouver, B. C.

"Happy the man who wins thee."

ELLEN M. WARWICK, Nanaimo, B. C.

"Good firewood is the main thing in life."

HENRIETTA K. WHISTLER, Mission City, B. C.

A warbler, not a whistler she.

Hetty Whistler Butler

JANET I. WILSON, Vancouver, B. C.

"A bonnie, bonnie lassie."

GEORGE E. WELBANKS, Notch Hill, B. C.

A young man married is a young man marred.

DORA A. WOLVERTON, Nelson, B. C.

President of the Tennis Club.

A thought may come or a thought may go, but I chatter on forever.

OSWALD WARDILL, Nanaimo, B. C.

A gentleman that loves to hear himself talk, and will say more in a minute than he will stand for in a month.

AGNES WAUGH, Nanaimo, B. C.

"So meek—so mild."

JANET E. WHYTE, Cumberland, B. C.

"Courage mounteth with occasion."

SYBIL D. WHITE, Cranbrook, B. C.

"The lark at Heaven's Gate sings."

Sybil D. White

Murphy-Robinized Compound Tonic

(*Apply internally, but do not overdose.*)

Mix with *immortal youth* and abounding *health,* a maximal degree of *knowledge* and a maximal degree of *experience;* add *perfect tact,* the *spirit* of true service, the most perfect *patience* and the most steadfast *persistence;* place in the crucible of the "P. N. S."; stir in some standard *psychology* and varying amounts of patent compounds known as *special methods,* all warranted pure and without drugs or poison; sweeten with a little *music,* toughen with a little *criticism;* bring to a slow boil in the Model School, and while still sizzling turn loose on a cold world.

Specially recommended.

MESSRS. MURPHY & ROBINSON, *Specialists.*

Consultations at all hours. No extra charge for Special Method.

To the Vancouver P. N. S. Girl

I never met a maid before
Whom I could worship and adore;
Fair Julia's smile and Lucy's eyes
Ye gods forbid I should despise.
But all their charms are naught to me,
O sweetheart by the Western Sea!
The maidens in the East are fair—
But, ah! I shall not thus compare,
Since East and West are met in thee,
Vancouver by the Western Sea!

R. STEPHEN.

A Reverie

I HAD resorted one evening to my accustomed seat in the attic, where I was wont to sit with phantoms and to talk of the sidereal realms, when the spirit of my forefathers approached the table. Tapping me on the shoulder, he pointed to the blank page before me and exclaimed, "What writest thou?"

"Sir," said I, "knowest thou not that my editor is groaning in despair as he tosses in bed tonight, for tomorrow the Annual goes to print, and false to my promise, I'm not in't?"

"Be it so," said he. "Wouldst thou let thy promise betray thy ignorance? What is there on this dull earth that can please thy fellow-men? I'll show thee whereof to write. Come, we'll board the comet that sails for Mars, and tonight we'll dream among the stars."

"Good Sir," I answered, "I had rather remain on earth and write of those things which all men know. Have I not eyes to gaze into? Why cannot I leave the stars for older men?"

At these words, as though moved to compassion, he raised his staff and touched the partition before me, whereupon I beheld the great grey walls of the Normal School. At their base lay a broad lawn, set out with lovely gardens; beyond was the smoking city; as far as the eye could reach were the silent, snow-crowned mountains keeping watch over the strange doings of man. "How lovely!" I was about to exclaim, when the scene changed and the spirit, gripping me by the arm, led me into the great hallway. A sound arose from the multitude in the corridors. A hundred eyes beamed on me as on one possessed, but in these eyes I read the history of many a life. Some sparkled with the freshness of youth; some were lit up by fires from within; but some were wild and sad and seemed ever searching for something lost. "How strange," I was about to say, when the spirit exclaimed, "These last are they who have frittered away their time, and now at the eleventh hour they behold opportunity leaving their door."

Roused by the excitement around me, I plunged into the throng and was carried to a room where many sat before a sage, who talked of the marvellous workings of the human mind. This study, mortals call psychology. Here I

A Reverie

Continued

likewise heard a mystic tale of love and war in the far Highlands. Here, too, I was startled to the soul with the fear of man's law, but on being assured that the great building into which I had entered could not have its being unless the law kept peace and order, I became quieted and fell into a profound meditation.

From this I was awakened by the thunderous noise of moving chairs and shuffling feet, and looking up beheld those about me leaving their seats. I followed them across the hall into a room where I saw the stately form of a man stand before his people, and with placid utterance talk of the earth and the history of nations. He told how the winds which came over the ocean drank deeply of its waters, and rising above the trees and hills travelled eastward until they reached the cold mountain barrier, where they were turned back. Weary at last of their long journey, they gave up their burden, which fell as rain over the streets and gardens of Vancouver. I was about to mount a sunbeam and follow the winds to the sea to verify this statement, when the alarum rang in my ears and excitement filled the air.

Being warned, I now drew my coat close around me, for we were about to enter the refrigerator of Science. Here health and science seemed to exude from the mouth of the speaker. Many there were who made frantic efforts to catch the flow, but it poured through the bottom of their vessels and flooded the floor beneath them. Here, also, I saw a poor little daisy being shorn of her beauty for inspection, and my heart went out to the lonely flower.

"Why should all this be?" I was about to exclaim, when my eyes met the gaze of a friendly woman who talked with a sweet seriousness of the lives of little children. She told us how to tell tales and make toys for them. Dexterously my hand began to carve a whistle for one to blow, but before I had finished, the loud alarum again shattered my nerves. Instantly I gripped my desk and looked up, but fell back amazed, for the happiest smile, it seemed, that ever shone from human countenance, beamed on me. There stood a man who talked with fatherly kindness of the unchanging laws of mathematics. He urged us to express our thoughts with precision and beauty. As he spoke, my eyes continually strayed over the lines of his face, and I fell to wondering if he in his youth had always been happy, or whether he sorrowed, as I do.

A Reverie

Continued

Just as the scene was fading from my eyes I became conscious of a weird noise like the rolling of a mighty sea over bars. There was a continual beating upon clefts in the rocks, and it seemed as though a voice whispered in my ear, "This is a Normal melody." I again listened, when from all around came the cry of distressed companions, "Don't rock me so: don't rock me so." I raised my head to cry to my companion for help, but he had vanished. Rubbing my eyes to make sure of my sight, I looked again, and beheld, not the great Normal School, but the table in the attic and the half-finished manuscript over which I had fallen asleep.

A. HOOPER.

To the Principal

Where are the words, what may we say?
Which will our kindly thought convey
To one who taught the Golden Rule—
Our chief! the head of the Normal School.
Beloved by all, by all obeyed;
The sorry few his word gainsaid
Soon found his method was the best,
For it had stood long years of test.
Through mazes deep and lectures drear
He guided us, and made things clear;
Unfolded mysteries of the mind,
Explained them all with patience kind;
Sweetened the way with many a jest,
For he with humor keen is blest;
Flavored with satire, garnished with mirth,
Original, timely—words full of worth.
When at close of the Term with fast-beating heart
We waited in terror, the news he'd impart,
There was one breathless moment! Then happiness vast—
When with smile sympathetic, he told us we'd "passed."
So here's to the teacher, comrade and friend,
The man above others we'll always defend.
"May he live long and prosper," say the girls of Class I.,
"And long be a joy to the hearts he has won."

L. A. CARSON, Class I., '13-14.

History of Class II.

During our sojourn at the Normal we have become acclimatized and have become thoroughly accustomed to the mild, moist weather and to the moderating influence of the westerly winds. Now we must leave the dear old classroom and seek the inland plateau and mountain regions, but let us hope that our success and enthusiasm may never be condensed. Our history began with a period of exploration and discovery in the Model School, during which time we acquired extensive knowledge from the pages of unexplored text-books. Knowing that we were not able to pilot our own little crafts, we disembarked, and under the guidance of our distinguished leader, became the flourishing colony of Class II. Our party was very fond of outdoor sports. Many of our comrades have distinguished themselves in basketball, hockey and tennis. We were not settled long, however, when a violent epidemic of Murphy-itis occurred, which all our First Aid and Drill was powerless to overcome. We have by a *special method* survived and have progressed so rapidly under these new conditions that we have finally laid aside our "outgrown coats," and thus have formed a *federal union* of teachers with a common aim and a common purpose—the advancement of our schools. Future years can only enable us to appreciate more fully the great privilege of classroom association with one who has shown us the qualities of true manhood;

> . . . . . "the elements
> So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, 'This was a man!' "

To Mr. Robinson

Sound answers sound across from hill to hill;
Wave follows wave o'er ocean's depths; and still
Life follows life; and, helping all the way,
Thought answers thought, however far away.
So in the afterward, as time shall pass,
Full many thoughts will rise
Of him who piloted so well our class
And formed so many ties.
C*an one forget the sunshine and the shade*
L*asting throughout the year?*
A*nswer who may; but still we know his aid*
S*hall linger "fixed" and clear.*
S*o when these thoughts return and we are scattered far,*
"III. *cheers!" we'll shout, "three cheers for D. M. R."*

W. F. H., Class III.

Class IV.

We've done our best to make you shine
By papers fluttering in a line.
No other room is so adorned
With perfect days not to be scorned.
So now, Miss Burpee, fare thee well,
The year has pleasant been;
O thy kind face will ever dwell
In every Normal scene.

DOROTHY OLIVER, Class IV.

"Hidden Treasures"

IT was a balmy summer evening, and the sun, slowly sinking behind a fleecy bank of clouds, stretched his slanting beams to the bosom of the quiet lake. The budding verdure of those northern hills lay soft reflected, tinging with its soothing shades the crimson silhouette of those rugged peaks. A plaintive note broke through the air as a coyote, early out upon the chase, raised a mournful appeal to heaven and his mate; but mocked by the silvery laughter of a loon, he slunk to the quietude of the denser firs, while the drowsy hum of an insect band played with those fleeting echoes which now came wafted on the cooling breeze, dimpling with its lightsome kiss the crimson cheek of that virgin face.

He came from somewhere among the trees and ere he stepped into the open, cast a reflective glance back to where a thread of smoke curled heavenward. Stepping to the water's edge, he sat down upon a stone. His mind was steeped in thought, his soul was drunk with beauty, and as he gazed upon this most holy scene, the present melted from him as a mist. Strange shapes took form among the golden clouds; the elements contending there gave wings to fancy, and his enraptured eye, kindling to a still deeper glow, was fixed entranced.

For some few minutes he sat thus absorbed when a low whistle fell upon his ear. He started and turned to hear the drip, drip of a paddle, as a small canoe glided from the shadowy stillness. "Kla-how-ya, tillicum!" he offered as he recognized the figure of the old chief. "And how is the papoose to-night?"

"Hyas-skookum, white man medicine heap strong, I think now papoose not die."

"Where are you off to now, tillicum?"

"I cross chuck, go down to big camp. Squaw like trade fish, buy sugar."

He rose to his feet and lightly stepped into the canoe as it grounded on the sand. Together they pushed off, and after filling his pipe, he handed the old Indian the bag. He then reached for the extra paddle and idly dipped it into the water in contemplation of his placid friend. Several minutes passed in silence while the light shell glided smoothly through the riffle. After a time, he raised a hand toward the west, and as he turned to look into the serene face of his companion, he lapsed unconsciously into his meagre vocabulary of the true old Indian dialect so cherished by that dying race. The old face lit up with joy. He leaned eagerly to hear, then when the speaker had paused, ——— "And can white man see the beauty that is there? I thought such things were not known to you. But you are strange, you have a heart, you are not like the pale-face devils of the big

"Hidden Treasures"

Continued

camp. Their only thought is for money—whiskey—to gamble—yes, and for blood; but you—you have been kind to papoose, to me. Listen—ah, a strange tale, but you have feeling, you can know.

"One evening such as this, in the long ago, when my father's father was a child, there appeared among these northern wilds a strange being—tall, strong, divinely fair, right from the heart it seemed of that rocky barrier and on his way to the Happy Hunting Ground of the Golden West. With him were others of his kind, tall and strong but not so fair. They carried strange iron demons which spit fire and thunder straight to the heart of a deer, of a bear, of a man. They brought to our Chief many presents, among them a magic piece of solid water in which one could always see his own image. Our Chief fell down and worshipped him, gave him of the sacred golden fish to eat, and when he resumed his journey, offered as a guide his stripling son—brave, wise and good, honored of all the tribe.

"Many, many miles through the forest depths they journeyed on and on. After many days, many moons, they reached a great water—wide so wide, as vast as heaven itself; and here there came to meet them a great black swan with outstretched wings; and on its back they climbed, where safe from wind and wave they kept their way, ever to the west. All day long they sailed. The day wore on to night, and when the veil of darkness raised again they had disappeared from sight. The convoy from the shore returned unto our Chief, with stories of the strange, fair god, his magic and the love that grew between him and the youth. The Chief fell sad. It was his only son. The years rolled on: he prayed to the unknown spirit for an heir. The summers came and went, but still the youth did not return. Ever faster flew the days, the years, until weak with age, the old Chief lay stretched upon his bed of death; yet still he prayed, his faith was ever stronger. Weaker and weaker he grew. His time drew near, but still no son. At last one evening in the birth of Spring when the sun hung low and the buds put forth their shadowy verdure on the lake once more, the old man felt his end approach. 'Ah, take me to the shore; long have I waited such a time. That day that brought me so much honor shall see my end.'

"Long did he gaze into those depths of gold. He seemed to drink from out their beauty, strength and life. After a time he raised upon his arm, new strength, new life in every limb. 'Ah, at last they come! My boy, my son! No, he has grown. A man, yes, a warrior youth! 'Tis he! They pause, they beckon to my soul. Strange sight! Oh, deep abyss.' They point! Below are phantoms of the

"Hidden Treasures"

Continued

years. The early cradlehood of time is there revealed. Slowly, ever upward creeps that tide of life. What do they say? 'Oh, what a worm is man.' He strives—ah! what a beast he does become. Thought dawns. Material ends are his, 'to strive, to seek, to find and not to yield.' Lust grows apace, vainglory follows fast. There's strife, there's hate, there's blood. What do they say: 'Turn, Chieftain, look unto the heart of thy weak race. Material ends are their's as well. They, too, have lust, have hate; but here we have a healer of their ills, an heir to be thy son. His soul is pure in infant life. 'Tis steeped in beauty and in healing love. Remove him from the cankerous lust of power, of hate. His youth will bloom to manhood and his life will light men's ways. Yet now, farewell. Thy end has come, so rest in peace.'

"They dug a grave upon the sand 'neath yon huge stone. He lies there now; his spirit guards the lake. The son grew up to manhood and his life cast thoughts of beauty on all men; but then the white men came. Their perfidy, their lust of gold crept to the hearts of all our tribe. Corruption worked its way, and now—the Siwash lives——despised, ignored."

The dying embers of that glowing eve were faded now. One by one the stars came out and twinkled through the chilly air. The loon long since had ceased her taunting strains, and the only sound of life on all the lake was the swish, swish of the measured strokes as the paddles broke the surface.

W. T. Pake.

To the Teacher

(With apologies to William Cullen Bryant.)

O blissful helmsman of the ship of youth!
O source of progress of the nation's weal!
O knightly bearer of the torch of truth,
What duty thine! What privilege to guide
These pliant tendrils of the parent stem
Into a wider, fruitful range of thought!
Conceptions of immortal life, the sympathy
Of heart with heart in every corridor of time
Shall mark thy way.
The Godliness of love, divinity of beauty and of nature pure
Will beam upon the embryo of thy ideal,
Creating greater beauty in thy halcyon life.
Materialistic lures would be thy doom
If followed in the lightness of our tendencies.
Preserve sincerity in all thy ways;
Let not romantic youth slip from thy soul;
And generations yet unborn will feel thy might
And learn to love the saving nature of thy grace;
And children grown will look to thee in hoary age,
The foster-parent of a worthy race.

W. T. P.

L'Envoi

The Term's end, like a summer eve, is here: the twilight of a day of beauty and of useful toil. The lengthening shadows of the P. N. S. sloping aslant the verdant lawn and well-trodden way, glide with mystic stealth into the sub-conscious assurance of a Term well spent; and as the dolphin hues of fleeting hours reflect the serenity of duty done, may we think not of expiring joys, but retire to the blissful pleasures of our holidays.

The incense of the autumn shall awaken us with vibrant life, and, so refreshed, may we begin a new day full of that hope which "springs eternal" ready to do our share, to go out into the wide, busy world prepared to discharge those functions for which this happy and all too short Term has fitted us; and when one of those quiet and reflective moods come stealing into our leisure hours, may the halo of golden memories, emanating from out a nearby pile of tattered text-books, disperse like morning mist the lingering flurry of the class-room's din.

And dewy memory shall awake thy strain,
And friend shall meet with friend again.

FINIS.

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