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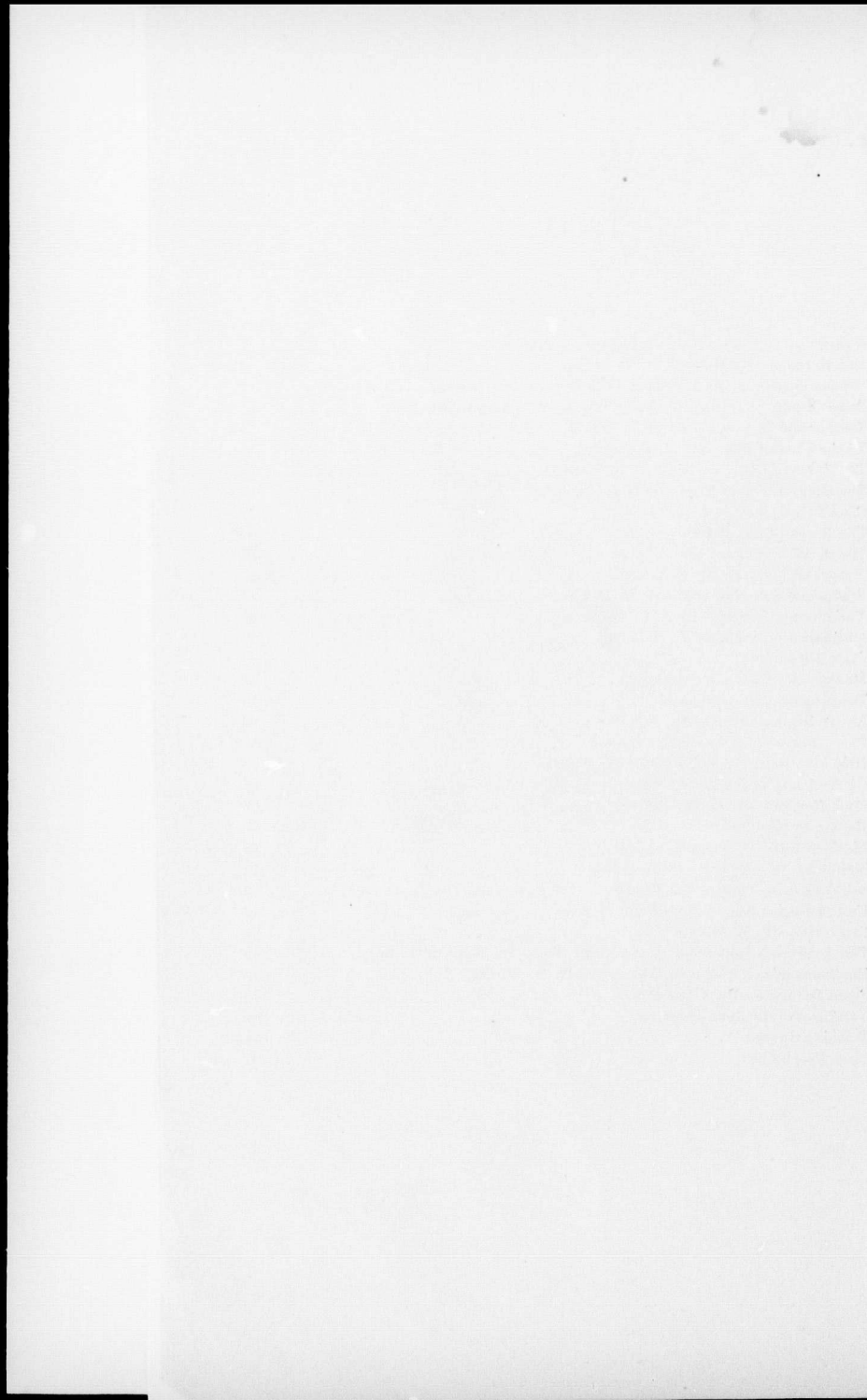


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NORMAL SCHOOL



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Cultivation of Trees.

By Lieut.-Governor Forget.

THE study of trees is a fascinating pursuit from whatever standpoint approached. Philosophers, scientists, moralists and poets have had much to say about trees. The quaint seriousness of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, the solemnity of Thoreau who loved so much the cathedral-like gloom of the forest, the thousand and one legends and fairy tales that cluster round particular trees, woods and vales, the revelations of the geologist and the botanist, all testify to the influence on the mind exercised by forest-clad hills and wooded plains.

But forests being a portion of a nation's wealth, there is another class to whom trees have a still greater interest, viz., the political economist. To him, trees and their preservation have become matters of national concern. The different nations of the earth began to recognize this after their forests were destroyed, and in nearly every country across the Atlantic, great efforts are being made towards the cultivation of trees. Our neighbors, with their usual spirit of enterprise, are also entering vigorously into the subject. In Canada, alone, the need not having probably yet been felt, except on our western prairie, the matter is hardly out of the embryo stage. In years to come, doubtless, a great deal will be done, but let us hope that the subject will engage the attention of our Government, before it has become too pressing a necessity.

In the meantime, individuals can do much, and, especially, it will pay the prairie farmer to do so. A homestead on the plain only lacks trees to make it an ideal farm. Look at the advantages: trees hold the snow and prevent drifts; they protect the house and other buildings from wintry winds, with the consequent economy of fuel for the house, and food for the stock. In summer, trees act as a screen against a scorching sun, giving a much needed protection to men and cattle; they give moisture to the soil, hinder hail formation, and tend to prevent frosts. Trees attract clouds and cause rain to fall. A tree will absorb from the air and the soil a great quantity of moisture; but it gives more than it takes,—one to three hundred per cent. more. Let any one, even in the driest of seasons, notice a tree in the early morning, and he will see that, though the surrounding prairie be parched, yet under the shadow of the tree, the ground is moist. The dripping firs of British Columbia are well known, while on the little island of Ferro, in the Pacific, and in Guinea, there are weeping trees that are the only water supply to the inhabitants. Trees will also attract birds by the protection they give them, and the birds, in their turn, are enemies of insects. In fine, trees will not only be a source of wealth, but will give a farm a homelike appearance, adding greatly to its beauty, and enhancing its value. All these advantages combined, ought to make it well worth the while of any individual to set about planting trees on the land which he may possess, without awaiting action by the Government.

Our Heritage.

By Hon. G. H. V. Bulyea, Commissioner of Agriculture.

"THE people of Canada do not know what a heritage they have in the North-West Territories," was the statement made during the past summer by a prominent American financier, who was looking over this country as a field for investment. Whether his statement be true or not, the fact remains that the American capitalist was the first to largely invest and the first to benefit by the increase in land values caused by the large influx of immigration into the Canadian North-West. The people of the older Canadian provinces who neglected their opportunities of exploiting and colonizing the country now profess to see a national danger in what they call our "American Invasion," forgetting the fact that a large percentage of those who have so far taken up their homes here from across the border are those who, in the dark days of financial depression in Canada, sought new homes in the far famed American prairies and now rejoice to return to their mother country. I do not think either that we need doubt that our American born colonist will accommodate himself to the new conditions. He has been brought up to believe that the home of freedom is under the Stars and Stripes, but before he has been very long in this country he begins to wonder if he has lost any of the liberty prized in his old home. It is true that the method of government is somewhat different, but they are ready to admit that in most cases any details of our system that differ from theirs is a change for the better and not for the worse, and if they prosper here, as we believe and hope they will do, before ten years they will rank among our most loyal Canadian subjects.

Very few people realize what an *immense* heritage Canada has in her Territorial possessions. The area of Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta are, rightly speaking, 304,000 square miles. That means about 195,000,000 acres of land awaiting development either by the grain grower, the stock breeder or the dairy farmer. To show what a small percentage of this land has been occupied I will give you the acreage and production of wheat, oats and barley the last five years.

YEAR	WHEAT		OATS		BARLEY	
	Acres	Bushels	Acres	Bushels	Acres	Bushels
1898	307,580	5,542,478	105,077	3,040,307	17,092	449,512
1899	363,523	6,915,623	134,938	4,686,036	14,276	337,421
1900	412,864	4,028,294	175,439	4,226,152	17,044	353,216
1901	504,697	12,808,447	226,568	9,716,132	24,702	795,100
1902	584,988	14,487,000	276,152	10,961,700	29,772	906,000

Thus you will see that even during the present year less than 911,000 acres are under crop. If we make a generous allowance for the land occupied by the stock interests, we still have scarcely more than one per

cent of the land under occupation. Every branch of the C.P.R. opens an area equal to some of the eastern provinces, and every new transcontinental line—and there is room for the Canadian Northern, Grand Trunk and as many more as like to come—will open a territory as large and productive as many of the American States.

Believing in the great future of this country and the openings there must be for young men and women of energy and determination sufficient to brave the privations (if such they may be called in this country) of pioneer life, we wish to encourage and assist, particularly those who are making the education of the rising generation their calling. It has been the aim of the government to safeguard the interests of the teacher as well as the ratepayer, and we point with pride to the fact that in no province in Canada is so large a percentage of the total expenses of the school paid as is done in our own North-West. With a limited revenue and an unlimited scope for its expenditure we manage to pay between 45 to 50 per cent. of the total cost of schools. This has had the tendency of keeping the salaries up to the limit that we believe our teachers should command. Yet the openings in agricultural pursuits, in law, in medicine, and last, but not least, in matrimony for the ladies, are such that the average official life of our teachers is only some two and a half years.

With one hundred new schools organised during the current year and the prospect of double that number in view for 1903, I think the Normal Class of 1902 will not require to search long for employment and I trust they will remain with us as long as possible to advance the interests of this great country by educating the rising generation, so that when the census is again taken in 1911, they may look back with the assurance that they have contributed their share of the happiness and contentment of the 1,000,000 people who will then be within our borders.

“*Something.*”

By J. A. Calder, Deputy Commissioner of Education.

A PROMISE to write *something* for the Normal Souvenir Number is my only excuse for occupying a corner of the students' annual. And what shall I say?—something—briefly.

The Normal class for 1902.—What opportunities are theirs! Western Canada is now standing on the threshold of its greatest development. Daily scores and hundreds are entering our portals. The next few years will bring thousands to settle in our midst. They will come from all corners of the earth. Does this not mean *something* to you? Does it not mean increased opportunities, greater responsibilities, an everwidening sphere of influence? The invaders—if they may be called such—will in most instances be ignorant of our laws and institutions. They must be made good citizens of the land of their adoption. What part will the Normal Class of 1902 play in this great work? What part can they play? In a few weeks the ninety odd students at present at Regina will be scattered to all parts of the Territories. A class of one hundred preceded them—and a class of sixty will immediately follow.

That you and they and all our teachers can exercise a mighty influence in the direction of citizen-making is not to be questioned. Through the home, the social circle, the school, opportunities will present themselves which, if embraced, will enable you to aid in the all-important task of making the dwellers of these plains not only contented and happy, but true westerners and loyal Canadians.

Any attempt to outline the "ways and means" that should be adopted to attain the desired end would take more time and space than I have at my disposal. These few words are merely suggestive. They are intended to recall to your minds, when you are comfortably (or uncomfortably) settled in your new surroundings—be they where they may,—that there is something for you to do, something above and beyond and in a sense just as important or probably more important than grinding away at the three R's. The future of Western Canada is largely in the hands of our teaching forces. Will you see to it that you perform your part? The State as well as Posterity "expects that every man will do his duty."

Some Objects of Normal Training.

By A. M. Fenwick, M.A., (Acting Principal)

THE Normal School presupposes the possession of certain qualifications in its students. These may be divided into three headings—morality, scholarship and maturity.

One of the conditions on which a student is received into the school is that he is moral. This implies that he is free from those vicious habits that society condemns, such as profligacy, intemperance and dishonesty and those less decried but equally impossible characteristics of untruthfulness and uncontrolled temper.

The requisites of scholarship, before entrance can be obtained to the training school, are much beyond the work that is being imparted to the public school standards. We need not refer to the necessity of this requisite or to the impossibility of attempting to impart scholarship in a four-month's session.

The third necessity for the student is that of maturity. There is an age-limit for those seeking the mysteries and privileges of our profession. Some experience of life is necessary on the part of those who will guide the young. The fact that the teacher-in-training has attained a certain maturity implies a measure of self-control, of that uncommon thing in the young common-sense, and of those deeper feelings of earnestness and stability which should characterise those who are coming forward to assume their place among the world-workers.

We assume, then, that our young men and our young women came to us possessed of a positive moral character, vice free, that they have scholarship abundant for their work and that they possess will-power through the acquisition of their attainments and by the experience of years. The Normal School then does not profess certain aims, viz.: imparting scholarship, correcting vicious habits or of tolerating the hoyden or the hobble-de-hoy.

On the side that we may call the strictly professional the school should give its students a sufficient insight into the principles and methods of teaching in order that the new fledged teacher may have assurance in undertaking his work alone. The work of the Normal instructor is like that of an experienced mountain guide instructing others who would undertake the same work. He will accompany them up some ascents explaining reasons for the precautions and path he follows. At other times he will oversee them as they attempt another, giving aid only as he sees it necessary. He will consider their education complete when they know well the paths to the more difficult peaks, when they are familiar with the surmounting of the less dangerous ones, when they understand the art of crossing crevasse and of scaling bare hill-side, when they know the best stopping-places for shelter, the rate at which inexperienced travellers should climb and the amount of ground that should be covered each day. He will not take every path up each peak, but he will select excursions to exhibit particular type difficulties or to call out special qualities in those whom he is instructing. So in the Normal School every branch of work in every detail could not be covered, nor would it be wise to do so if time permitted. The general principles, a few good type methods, some skill in teaching, the power to criticise his own work and to apply the methods he finds in his helps—these should be given each student by his instructor.

Of the qualities that a teacher should possess our short term fails to give many. This is to be deplored. Of the teacher we can not say that his professional qualities are his most useful ones. Herein is teaching—at the desk and in the pulpit—unique among the occupations in which men and women engage. The man counts for much.

In business a few personal requisities carry one through. If the merchant is honest and accommodating, if he gives good value for the money he receives, one cares very little for anything else. The same is true of the lawyer. Before he is entrusted with a case, or before his advice is sought one asks "Can he plead?" or "Does he know law?" In the doctor, knowledge of medicine, power of diagnosis, or skill with the knife is what we demand. In fact we not infrequently find professional men assume boorishness and people say "So brusque, so odd, in fact quite rough, but—so clever." The idea is false although we find it followed. In the case of the teacher there is a different standard. The man or the woman who is to guide children day by day, who is to be the authority in intellectual matters and in questions of ethics in every action, sets an example. The boor should enter neither the school room nor the pulpit. As far as influence goes he belongs to the same class as does he who inveighs against the "per-noun-ciation" of his pupils, or the faulty grammar of "them there children that don't know nothing." Like these he is serenely unconscious of the mischief he is doing. A few months can not eradicate the habits that have been forming for years. Such cases, we are glad to state, are as rare as the others mentioned. Our high schools are helping our young people greatly. In the training school contact with the ladies and gentlemen of his class in the lecture room, in the social life of the school and in the literary society, usually opens the eyes of all but the most dense. Once the short-coming is seen and the necessity for improvement grasped reformation begins.

A most useful aspect of the course of a Normal School is the insight a student obtains of child-nature. For knowledge of children ripens

into sympathy. Without sympathy, genuine, heart-felt, good teaching is impossible. With insight and sympathy comes tact, that discernment that is seen in saying or doing the proper thing at the proper time. Opportunity for tactfulness is given in a marked degree by the intercourse of the students. No one who has watched a "group" as a lesson by one of its members is discussed and criticised can fail to see the gain in this quality. So in the handling of the classes of strange children in primary, intermediate and senior work, the student learns to adapt himself and avoid in speech or action that which would impede the smooth progress of his lesson. We need but refer again to the social meetings, to the literary society and to the business assembly to suggest other factors.

But perhaps the greatest gain to the student in his training is the uplifting influence of such a body of enthusiastic young people as we find gathered together in the Normal class. Here the student finds what college men almost invariably declare, that they obtain more from their fellows than they do from their instructors. Indirect instruction is always more effective than direct. The instructors may do their little, often, they fear, more by precept than by example, the text-books are chosen especially with the end in view that high and worthy ideals of life should be given—but after all, the lasting influences that students obtain are given by their fellow students. Fortunate is the class whose leaders are men and women with true ideals.

In concluding with this aspect of the work of the Normal session I commend to the out-going class the following summary of the perfect life. In the privacy of your room it will recall talks we have had, while it will add new thoughts and broader view. They are the words of President Hyde of Bowdoin.

"To weigh the material in the scales of the personal, and measure
 " life by the standard of love; to prize health as contagious happiness,
 " wealth as potential service, reputation as latent influence, learning for
 " the light it can shed, power for the help it can give, station for the
 " good it can do; to choose in each case what is best on the whole and
 " accept cheerfully incidental evils involved, and to put my whole self
 " into all that I do, and indulge no single desire at the expense of myself
 " as a whole, to crowd out fear by devotion to duty, and see present and
 " future as one; to treat others as I would myself be treated, and myself
 " as I would my best friend; to lend no oil to the foolish, but let my
 " light shine freely for all; to make no gain by another's loss, and buy
 " no pleasure with another's pain; to harbor no thought of another
 " which I would be unwilling that other should know; to say nothing
 " unkind to amuse myself, and nothing false to please others; to take no
 " pride in weaker men's failings, and bear no malice towards those who
 " do wrong; to pity the selfish no less than the poor, the proud as much
 " as the outcast, and the cruel even more than the oppressed; to worship
 " God in all that is good and true and beautiful; to serve Christ where-
 " ever a sad heart can be made happy or wrong will set right; and to
 " recognise God's coming kingdom in every institution and person that
 " helps men to love one another."

TEACHER (lesson on dew)—Tell me what you see on the grass in the morning, Tommy? TOMMY (without hesitation)—Cows.

Teacher and Inspector.

By D. P. McColl.

NOW that the Normal Session is practically ended it may not prove unprofitable to those about to enter upon their chosen profession to know something of the inspection of schools in the West, of the attitude of the inspector to the teacher, and of the relations which should exist between inspector and teacher.

Before the student enters the Normal School he is required to have a certain non-professional standing. After he has attended one full session and has received a recommendation from the Principal he is granted an interim certificate valid for one year from the close of the term in which it is issued. He receives his professional certificate, if, after having taught for at least one year in a Public School in the Territories, he has received a satisfactory report from an inspector.

Thus it will be seen that this last year is practically a period of probation, and every teacher is interested, or should be interested, in receiving a "satisfactory report." Far be it from me to say that I think the desire to obtain such a report should be the teacher's guiding star during his first year in school. He should be actuated by higher motives. But from the standpoint of the Department a report of this kind is necessary in order to obtain his certificate and cannot be obtained except by a reasonable effort on the part of the teacher.

The term "inspection of schools" includes not only an inspection of teacher's work and of the general standing of the school but also of the grounds, house and equipment. Thus the teacher will see that while the inspector's visit somewhat closely concerns himself it does not do so entirely. These other factors relating more particularly to trustees have an important part to play in the work of inspection.

Now what is the attitude of the inspector on visiting a school? Is it that of a critic? To a certain extent it is. In view of his official function he must perform the duties of a critic. But a criticism involves not only a statement of weaknesses but also of excellences; and I think I am not going beyond the mark when I say that the inspector takes more pleasure in recognizing the good features of a teacher's work than in searching after defects. But upon what does he base his criticism?

Very soon after entering the school the inspector gets a general impression of the working of the school and of the character of the work that is being done. He takes note of the general discipline that prevails, the attitude of the teacher to his work, the grasp he has of his work, and the relations that appear to exist between teacher and pupils. In a word he sees whether the "machinery" of the school is running smoothly or whether it is attended by friction. He looks into the classification of the school, examines the classes as far as time and circumstances will permit and—hears the teacher teach. This last is necessary. No matter how anxious the inspector may be to do all the work, firmly insist upon it that you have rights and that he must hear *you* teach. How else can he report upon your teaching ability?

"Does he inspect the time-table?" Yes, unless at first glance he recognizes it as an heirloom handed down through three or four generations, in which case neither does he inspect it nor does he mark it "Approved." If upon his asking for it you should express regret at having left it at home, or at not being able to find it in the recesses of

your desk, do not wonder if he smiles. In all probability he is thinking of a similar experience in his own career. Do not be a slave to a timetable, but at the same time do not attempt to convince him that you can successfully teach eight classes without some sort of a guide. He will refuse to be convinced.

What is to be done? Just this. As soon as possible after entering upon your duties get a grasp of the task that lies before you. See that your pupils are classified where they can work to the best advantage. Go about your work as if you intended to make your influence felt not only in the school but also in the community. Prove to the district that the trustees have made no mistake in accepting your application. Don't *prepare* for the inspector—it doesn't pay. When this august personage comes along do not wait for him to take charge of the classes. Go right ahead and let him take care of himself. He's trained to that. His visit to the school is partly to see you teach, but when the proper time comes he will take pleasure in relieving you of part of the work.

A word as to the relations which should exist between teacher and inspector. These should be as frank and friendly as possible. The inspector owes it to the teacher to let him know where improvements can be made, to give helpful suggestions where necessary, to point out good features of his work. The teacher on his part should not look on the inspector as an iconoclast, should not regard his visits as a menace to his freedom, and as being inimical to the best interests of the school. Let there be mutual understanding of good will between teacher and inspector and everything will turn out satisfactorily.

Do your duty to your school, to your district, to yourself and there will be no difficulty in your obtaining a "satisfactory report."

To the Class of 1902.

D. J. Goggin.

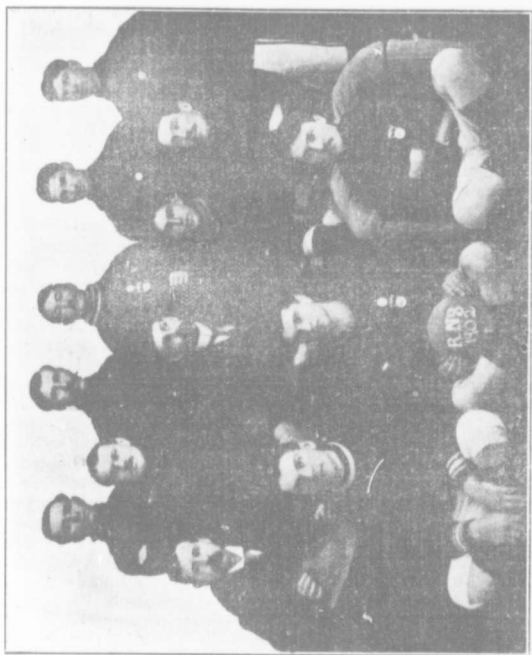
Study yourselves; and most of all note well
Wherein kind Nature meant you to excel.

* * * * *
Be bold! be bold! and everywhere—Be bold;
Be not too bold! Yet better the excess
Than the defect; better the more than less;
Better like Hector in the field to die,
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly.

* * * * *
Be but yourselves, be pure, be true,
And prompt in duty; heed the deep
Low voice of conscience; through the ill
And discord round about you, keep
Your faith in human nature still.

Be gentle: unto griefs and needs,
Be pitiful as woman should.

And when the world shall link your names
With gracious lives and manners fine,
"One" teacher shall assert "his" claims,
And proudly whisper, "These were mine!"



The Value of the Classics.

By Professor G. O. Smith, Trinity University, Toronto.

THE question what place Latin and Greek should hold in a system of education has been long discussed from many points of view. In one of its issues it has just been fought out at Oxford, where it was proposed to abolish compulsory Greek as a subject for university matriculation. The proposal was defeated, but it seems likely that before long, certain classes of intending students, such as those holding entrance scholarships in mathematics, will be allowed to offer a substitute for Greek, even if for the ordinary course it still remains a necessity. The reaction against the old-fashioned idea that the only scholarship worthy of the name was classical scholarship, that education without plenty of Latin and Greek was no education at all, has been running its full course, and now we are in danger from prejudices of an opposite nature. There is a tendency to undervalue the importance of a thorough knowledge of Latin and Greek in higher education and culture. But of this more will be said later.

It is not here proposed to discuss the value of a course in elementary Latin, (or Greek) as a means of mental training and discipline, conditioned by clear and careful thinking. But it may well be doubted whether any one of the substitutes, often too numerous, that are now provided, has, so far at least, been very successful in securing that primary thoroughness in any other branch of study that may be taken up later. The immediate utility of Latin is not always obvious;—but if the subject is well taught, its ultimate utility cannot be doubted.

But it is on the value of the classics as a branch of the higher and "more humane" learning that we would now write, as even in this aspect of the subject many one-sided and mistaken notions seem to prevail; especially in a country where the question what is the "use" of a thing is often asked and often seems pertinent. Granted that for many, for most of those occupied in developing the material resources of a country, or engaged in "business," a more extensive knowledge of either Latin or Greek or both is unnecessary; granted that many are so circumstanced that they have not the chance given them for such study, even if they desire it, yet for all those who have both the opportunity and the desire for a more advanced learning and culture, and are anxious, as teachers for example, to extend to others some of the influences of that learning and culture, it is important not to undervalue the study and knowledge of Latin and Greek.

For one thing, the more a man knows of either languages the more interesting do they become, as soon as he is able to read the classical literature with comparative ease. It is quite true that for those who can only take a "pass course" at school or college, the subject cannot always become very interesting in this way, and has to be judged rather by the general training which the study gives the mind; but once a certain stage is passed and the more elementary ground covered, the prospect is very different. Again while a secondhand knowledge of things classical, acquired through good translations and histories, has its value, yet it is very different to a knowledge based upon the study of the languages themselves. To read Pluto in his own words is more than to read him in translation, or to read about him.

There is no need for the student who has come to recognize for himself what there is in the writings of the classical authors, to be deterred by onteries against the classics as being useless. If by "uselessness" is simply meant immediate money-making value, whereby a youth may at once learn, for example, how to "do copper," such protests are not to the point. One has heard vigorous arguments put forward against the classics as being "useless" by people who failed to see that they applied with equal force to every branch of the "humanities," to every branch of higher learning except perhaps certain parts of mathematics and science. In this connection it may be well to quote from a leading article from the *Toronto Globe* of Nov. 27th which in commenting on the inaugural address recently delivered by Dr. Edmund J. James, President of the Northwestern University, says: "One of the points made by Dr. James is that technical education in the United States has not impaired education in the 'humanities.' The technical school has made university work more energetic and practical. The university has humanized the technical work. It is not necessary that every man in the community should study Latin and Greek for ten or twelve years; it is not necessary that every man should have an adequate conception of Greek and Roman civilization. 'It is very necessary however to national welfare that some members of our society should give time and attention to these things; that some scholars should give strength and power to the mastery of this ancient civilization and thus interpret for our day and generation the imperishable experiences of Greece and Rome, live over for us their history, and be able to rewrite and reinterpret it for us all.'"

In a paper such as this, it is not possible to discuss the question at great length, but there are one or two points that may well be here briefly referred to as worth bearing in mind.

It is well to remember that in studying the classics we come back to the beginnings of so many things, and a knowledge of the beginning is often a knowledge of that which is very important. Thus from Latin, partly through the French, partly by direct derivation, come a large proportion of the words of our language. From the Greek too, though not always by a very correct process of derivation, come a number of other words, notably those used in scientific nomenclature.

Readers of the Old Testament cannot say that in Greece we find the earliest poetry; but in the Homeric poems we have the finest and best known of early epics. In the tragic drama Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides may be called among the first in more senses than one; while the comedies of Aristophanes, though they contain much that was of merely local and ephemeral interest, still have in them elements of humor that will live for all time. Herodotus has long been called the father of history; and he was succeeded by a long line of men, both Greek and Roman who, though not always very scientific or accurate from a modern point of view, were for the most part interesting and able writers and historians. Again to the Greeks and Romans we go for some of our most instructive lessons in political science. In some respects their civilization was very like our own. Both nations developed a remarkable form of state with a full and vigorous political life. They had well defined conceptions as to what was meant by "The State," "The Constitution," "The Citizen." They had clear ideas as to the nature of citizenship, and its duties. In Greece Plato by his philosophical

dialogues, Aristotle by his treatises, Thucydides by his history, Isocrates by his oratorical essays, Demosthenes by his speeches teach so much that is valuable in this connection. Among the Romans there are fewer writers and thinkers in this department; but something can be learned from the histories of Livy and Tacitus, from the speeches and philosophical writings of Cicero, and even from the numerous official inscriptions that are still being discovered, while the Roman lawyers did a work which has formed the basis of many of the legal systems and codes of later times. In philosophy also it is a great advantage to be able to come back to the earliest writers and thinkers. While the teaching of many only survive in fragments, yet in Plato and Aristotle, to mention no others, we see not merely early enquirers opening up and suggesting great problems, but also thinkers of great power who offered answers to them, that are still of value, and, while restated in modern times, often reappear in the theories of much later writers and teachers. One who is intending seriously to study philosophy cannot do better than read some of the writings of Plato, for example, in the original Greek. These problems are opened up and presented in a straightforward manner, not difficult to comprehend, this straightforwardness being partly due to peculiar structure of the Greek language which made it possible to express deep thoughts in comparatively clear and simple terms. The reader of the New Testament also finds that he obtains a deeper insight into its meaning if he can study it in the original Greek; just as a first-hand knowledge of the characteristics of the Græco-Roman world to whom the Gospel was also given, will prove of great value in helping him to realize the political and social conditions under which the great work was begun.

Lastly, to consider the matter from a more general standpoint, the saying that "no boy can write a good English essay without first learning to write a good Latin prose" is an extreme exaggeration; but it has this amount of truth in it, that while Greek and Latin differ very much in structure from English, yet the man who is familiar with the styles of the classical prose authors, and has further learnt to write Greek and Latin prose himself, has obtained a clear grasp of the main principles of language and expression, which should be valuable to him in the acquisition of a correct English style whereby he can express his thoughts in lucid and rythmical language. The same is true to some extent in poetry also. One has but to remember the influence exercised by Virgil upon Dante, by both Virgil and Homer upon Milton, by Horace upon Pope, by the Latin poets and Cicero upon Addison, not to mention other instances, to realize that such is the case. In this sense it is well said that "all literature is one," and from another aspect the saying holds good. Just as to interpret fully and sympathetically the life and thought of Greece and Rome to modern teachers, the classical scholar should have a familiar knowledge of several of the great works of modern writers, so for the proper understanding and appreciation of many great English authors a knowledge of the classics is indispensable. Whole passages in Milton's poems would be about unintelligible without this knowledge; Spenser's *Færie Queen* is full of classical allusions; in another way both the prose writers and the poets of the English "Augustan Age" derive many of their ideas, forms of expression, and subjects from the writings of antiquity—in more recent times, Tennyson and Browning amongst many others, in their poems frequently refer us back to the thoughts and

beliefs of an earlier time as expressed in the masterpieces of Greek and Roman literature.

Several of the thoughts here suggested may seem trite and consequently not worthy of serious consideration. But in the present age and in a young country we must not forget the importance of a thorough knowledge on the part of some at least of "the classics." The acquisition of such knowledge for the present at least may be within the power of very few, but many more should look forward to a time when greater opportunities shall come to them for learning directly the great lessons that antiquity has to teach those of a later age and a later civilization.

The Song of Regina Normal.

Should you wonder whence this rubbish,
 Whence this foolishness and nonsense,
 With its bitterest of humor,
 With its laughablest of pathos,
 I would answer, I would tell you
 From a Normal student came it,
 Called with reason *Longestfellow.

I.

To the city of Regina,
 Westward from the Big Sea Water,
 On the first days of September
 Came the Normalites together,
 All the First Class and the Seconds,
 All the M.A.'s and the B.A.'s,
 All the learned ones and the unlearned,
 From the far off regions came they,
 From the eastward and the westward,
 From the shores of Gitchee Gumee,
 To the land of frost and wheat fields,
 To the prairies of the North-West.
 From the northward, from Strathcona,
 Came the stalwarts of Alberta ;
 From the southward came the Yankees,
 Came Dacotans and Nebraskans ;
 From the east, from Manitoba,
 From Ontario, New Brunswick,
 Nova Scotia, far Prince Edward,
 Came the teachers, came the wise ones,
 On the first days of September,
 To this city of Regina.

II.

Straightway gathered they together,
 To their council chamber came they,

*Otherwise known as Quigley.

To their room among the gables,
 Two and ninety were there of them,
 Ninety-two prospective teachers.
 Then up rose their chief among them,
 Rose the mighty Doctor Goggin,
 Saying, "Ye are welcome, children!
 I have waited long your coming,
 Waited long your coming hither.
 Forthwith must you start to study,
 For the Christmas time is coming,
 Time is short and subjects many.
 You must learn some Nature Study,
 Learn of Landon, learn of Dexter,
 Learn of Rosenkranz and Laurie,
 Learn the Management of classes,
 Learn good Manners and good Morals,
 Music and five minute speeches."
 All the Normalites assembled
 Trembled at these words of welcome,
 "Oh!" they answered, full of terror,
 "Oh!" they answered, all and each one.
 From the hall they fled in terror;
 Down the street unto the book store
 Fled the two and ninety students,
 Filled their arms with books and pencils,
 Paid out much good, hard earned wampum,
 Heaps of goodly wampum paid they;
 And the owners of that book-store
 Chuckled to themselves with gladness,
 Chuckled much and thought in this wise:
 "Normalites have heaps of wampum
 We shall make their purses lighter."
 Then the two and ninety parted,
 To their boarding houses went they,
 Laid their books upon the bookshelf,
 Fitches, Landons, Lauries, Dexters,
 Done with them, they thought, forever.

III.

On the first week of the session
 Came the learned Doctor Goggin,
 Came the learned Mister Fenwick,
 Called the Normalites together,
 Spoke paternally in this wise:
 "Children you must get your Fitches,
 You must read your Fitch with ardor;
 We a hard exam. will give you,
 Woe to him who does not study."
 As these dreadful words were spoken,
 Panic seized that student body,
 "Oh!" they answered in their terror,
 "Oh!" they answered, all and each one.

Home they went in fear and trembling,
 Fitches took them from their book-shelves,
 Read of discipline and training,
 Read of punishment and questions,
 Read of grammar, writing, reading,
 Deep into the night they studied,
 Used up all Regina's coal-oil,
 Used up all Regina's candles,
 Studied Fitch in outward darkness.
 Then the feared examination
 Came at last to stop their labors ;
 Answers wrote they fast and furious,
 Used up much good ink in answers,
 Handed in their papers sadly,
 Left the room with lamentations,
 And the answers to those questions,
 Whether they were read or not read,
 Will be known in the hereafter.

IV.

You shall hear how Doctor Goggin
 Left the two-and-ninety students,
 Left them with much lamentation,
 Mid the sorrows of the students.
 In their room among the gables,
 In their furbelows and war-paint,
 Came the class once more together,
 Came they on a mournful errand,
 Leave to take of Doctor Goggin,
 Then up rose the strong man, Kwasind,
 He, the chief of full-backs, Kwasind,
 Saying, " Fare thee well, O chieftain !
 Fare thee well, O Doctor Goggin !
 Thou of western work the chief push,
 Thou art leaving us forever,
 Great and real is our sorrow.
 We shall miss you in our councils,
 Miss you greatly in our lectures,
 Miss you in our Nature Study ;
 Only hope we in the future
 Old love's shackles still may fetter,
 Bring you back to fair Regina."
 And the Doctor answered saying,
 " I am going, O my children !
 On a long and distant journey ;
 Many moons I fear will vanish
 Ere I come again to see you.
 I must leave my work unfinished,
 Leave my lectures and my classes ;
 Duty calls me to the eastward,
 To the goodly town Toronto.
 Peace be with you, O my children."

And the Normalites in sadness
 Bade farewell to Dr. Goggin,
 Took their leave and journeyed homeward,
 Homeward went they in the darkness.

V.

Many days they worked together,
 Read up many books on teaching,
 Studied Landon, Hill, and Laurie,
 Taught the children big and little,
 Stories, music, picture lessons,
 Lessons hard and lessons easy,
 Those with sense and those without sense,
 And the children, always patient,
 Took their medicine like heroes,
 Bore the ordeal and said nothing,
 But the Moon of Frosts, December,
 With its bleak and chilly north wind,
 Came and brought the students' terror,
 Brought the dread examination,
 Brought the application writing,
 Brought the good-byes and the partings,
 Brought the end of Normal labors,
 When the Moon of Frosts has vanished
 Gone will be the two-and-ninety,
 Scattered o'er the boundless prairie,
 Teaching Doukhobors and Germans.
 Oh the grief and lamentations !
 Oh the sorrow of the partings !
 Full of woe and full of heartbreak,
 Full of bitterness and anguish,
 Many farewell words were spoken,
 Many meetings were arranged for,
 Many letters to be written,
 Only to four married students
 Was the breaking up not painful.

The shades of eve had fallen quite,
 The window-shades and other shades ;
 Across the drear September night
 Came sounds of mourning far from light
 Of several home-sick maids.
 " Ah, would," and they said it right feelingly,
 " We were back in our homes on the C. & E."

Some several moons since then have waned,
 Not honey-moons, but other moons.
 Those joyful maids are now entrained,
 With eager gaze north-westward strained.
 Away they're whirled oftsoons,
 To where summer frost nips the peony,
 Away back along of the C. & E.

Class Biographies, 1902.

Editors:—Misses Rae, McCartney, Hanev and Franks; Messrs. Marks, Whitman, Copeland and Buswell.



A. M. FENWICK.

A. M. FENWICK, Acting Principal of the Regina Normal school and Inspector of N.W.T. schools, is a Kingstonian. He graduated with honors in general biology and geology from Queen's University in 1890. The following year he opened the Percy school, No. 202, at Moose Mountain, and after two years' successful teaching under the regulations of that day, was granted a professional certificate on the recommendation of his inspector. In the fall of '92 he attended the Winnipeg Normal school, after which he was engaged for a year in service in the Indian Department as assistant Principal in the Battleford Industrial School. For six years he was principal of the Moose Jaw school. In 1900 he was given an Inspectorate, and appointed to the staff of the Regina Normal school. Upon Dr. Goggin's resignation of the Principalship in 1902, Mr Fenwick assumed the duties of that office. By persistent hard work he has steadily gained in power and in favor among the students, and has proven himself a worthy successor to Dr. Goggin. His popularity is shared by Mrs. Fenwick who has always shown herself a very helpful factor in the students' social and work-a-day life.

D. P. McCOLL was born in Elgin County, Ontario. Here he spent his boyhood and received his early education. After teaching four years in his native county, he entered the University of Toronto, where he proved himself a brilliant student, particularly in modern languages and English. He took professional training at the model school in St. Thomas, the Toronto School of Pedagogy, and the Regina Normal school. Having chosen the west as his field of labor, he, in 1892, was appointed to the Principalship of the Calgary High and Public Schools. In 1898, he resigned this position to accept the Inspectorship of schools for Central and Southern Alberta. His work as teacher in Normal schools began in 1901 when he conducted the third class Normal held in Edmonton. When Dr. Goggin went to Toronto, Mr. McColl came to the Regina Normal, where he lectured on English, Philosophy of Education, Geography, History, and Nature Study—and called the roll. As a teacher he is strong but free from dogmatism. His kindly and sympathetic manner has won for him a very high place in the esteem of the students.



D. P. McCOLL.

LINDLEY H. BENNETT, our instructor in Manual Training, hails from the old sod. His early life was spent in the western part of England, with the exception of the years 1883 and 1884, which he spent in Winnipeg. Mr. Bennett evidently has left no stone unturned to make himself master of his profession. He studied Manual Training, Art and Technology at various colleges in Bristol, London and Leipzig. After completing his course, he taught Manual Training for six years under the school board of London, England. Mr. Bennett must have had pleasant recollections of his early visit to Canada, for, in 1900, he came over as director of Macdonald Manual Training Schools in the province of Quebec. Fifteen months later he came to Regina to fill the same position in the Territories. When Miss Burnett was enticed to leave us for the Yukon District, Mr. Bennett took upon himself the labor of training our eyes to discriminate between essentials and non-essentials, while our trembling fingers traced more or less (generally less) accurately the lines which our mental vision beheld. The half hours which we spent with him resulted in the establishment of an art gallery, in which were hung, from time to time, sketches from life by the hands of embryo Raphaels. His work in Manual Training and Drawing is thorough, and, both as a teacher and as a man, he is highly esteemed by the students.



L. H. BENNETT.

FLORENCE J. CLOSE, one of our first class students, is a native of Roblin, Ont. Her early life was spent at Deseronto and Napanee, after which she completed her collegiate education at Peterborough and Hamilton. Miss Close came west in Sept. 1902, to attend Regina Normal, and begin her professional career as one of our western teachers. During the Normal term Miss Close has shown herself to be an earnest and painstaking student, and we can safely predict that the school, entrusted to her charge, will receive her most earnest attention and best effort. Miss Close will prove herself to be one of our successful western teachers.

R. DUGAL GILCHRIST was born at Islay, Vic. Co., Ontario. He attended public school in that county and then obtained his first class certificate from Lindsay Collegiate Institute. Mr. Gilchrist is one of our most experienced teachers having taught very successfully for four years in Ontario. At our Normal he has ably filled the position of chairman of one of the teaching groups. He came west in August of this year to attend Regina Normal and to join the band of western teachers. We predict for Mr. Gilchrist a successful life in the Great West.

D. ROBERT McLEAN gained his first sense perceptions in Whyoccomagh, Cape Breton Island, and was educated at Malagawatch Public School. Such names! No wonder he came west to escape teaching the spelling of such words. He has taught in Nova Scotia for two years, to which province he removed in '83. He is of Gaelic descent and it is rumored he sings psalms in that dialect.

EDGAR CONN, like many of the Normalites, comes from Western Ontario. He was born in Grey County, and attended Owen Sound Collegiate Institute and Meaford High School. He is a well known authority on Caesar, as was shown by his master speech in Regina Debating Society, and is an extensive reader of political editorials.

JESSIE M. MCKENZIE was born in Brandon, Manitoba. She attended public school here and is one of the young ladies who obtained her first class certificate from Brandon Collegiate Institute, July 1902. Miss McKenzie is one of our brightest and most thoughtful students. She has distinguished herself by the brilliancy of her powers in arguing on and discussing the most intricate and weighty psychological problems.

BARBARA PURDON, one of Brandon's most popular young ladies, was born in Cromarty, Ontario. When quite young, she moved to Manitoba and attended Brandon schools, taking her first class certificate from the Brandon Collegiate in 1902. Miss Purdon was chosen this term by her fellow-students as President of the Ladies' "Entre-Nous Society" of the Normal School. She made her debut as an orator in the Literary Society by giving the students an effective speech on "The Relative Values of Science and Literature."

FRED. WALTON KERR claims as his birth-place Baillieboro, Durham Co., Ont. While very young he attended his home school and then the Wellesley school, Toronto. In 1888 he went to British Columbia and during his sojourn of eight years in that province, he attended Mt. Pleasant school, Vancouver, Vernon school and Cheam school, Chilliwack. He then returned east and attended St. Mary's Collegiate. In 1898, Fred came to Manitoba, and thinking he had had enough of schools, took to farming. But he gave this up after three years and entered Brandon College to study for a degree. Fever interfered in a year's time and after this, he decided to try teaching and so entered Normal. Mr. Kerr is an excellent linguist, being able to speak nearly all known languages, and especially Chinese. He is also an adept in the art of ventriloquism, and by practice of this art and his comic recitations, he has given the class some very enjoyable times.

DORA OLIVER is another Alberta girl, having been born at Edmonton where she received her public and high school education. She took a course in St. Margaret's College, Toronto, and obtained her first class certificate at Regina in 1902. Miss Oliver is the little songstress of Normal, and will be long remembered as such, by all. She has become well known by her bright happy nature, and for some—

"Ah, friends, I fear the lightest heart
Makes sometimes heaviest mourning."

ALLAN CASS ATKINSON, B.A., was born at L'Original in the county of Prescott, Ontario. He attended school at Caledonia and afterwards at the Galt Collegiate Institute, one of the best of the many good schools of Ontario. We next find him in attendance at Wesley College, Winnipeg, where he distinguished himself as one of the bright ones. Graduating from Wesley this year, he was successful in capturing the Governor General's silver medal, which was awarded to him for taking the highest honors in classics. He has taught at Dongola, Assa., and is now numbered among the star teachers of the 1902 Normal class. Mr. Atkinson has very efficiently filled the position of Secretary of our Literary Society and has experienced the difficulty of sending sound waves to the farthest end of the assembly hall.

MARY B. RAE was born at Boissevan, Man., and in this pretty little town she spent her girlhood days obtaining her public school education. She then attended high school for two years at Medicine Hat, and finally obtained her first class certificate at Regina. Miss Rae has spent four months in the sunny clime of California and her bright cherry nature seems still to reflect the sunshine of her sojourn there. As the years roll on Miss Rae's true winning nature will weave round her a large circle of genuine friends. As councillor in our Literary Society, she has aided much in the success of the Friday afternoon's programmes. When the class of '02 fondly look back over the Souvenir Number and see therein the biographies which give a mental image of our old classmates, Miss Rae will be recalled as the director of the forces in their endeavors.

JAMES QUIGLEY, born at Leasdale, Ont., received his education at Uxbridge. For six years he taught in his native Province. He came west to attend the Normal session of 1902 and we are glad he did, for "He's a jolly good fellow." He is an earnest and clear-headed worker. He is also far-seeing and practical, as is illustrated by the following: On being informed in a lecture of the probability of the Niagara Falls cutting back the gorge to Lake Erie and thus draining the lake, Mr. Quigley was over-heard scheming to buy up the lake-bottom for a potato-patch as an inheritance for his great grand-children. This is a true enterprise, and none but a great mind could devise it. The faculty recognise merit when they see it and Mr. Quigley was chosen as one of the chairmen, in which position he acquitted himself admirably. But Mr. Quigley's forte is literature. In this he is a "Ready Reference" for teachers and students alike, on any subject, from "Macbeth" to "Poor Susan." Text books are quite unneeded if he is there to quote—

"And yards of poet lore, and works profound,
Amaze the gazing stupids rouged around;
And still they gaze and still the wonder grows.
That one small head can carry all he knows."

LIZZIE ADAMS, one of our younger students is a native of Onemee, Ont. Her public school education was received in her native town and at Coalfields, Assa., to which place her family moved four years ago. Attending Regina High School for a year Miss Adams was successful in obtaining her second class standing in July 1902. The diphtheria germs had their eyes on Miss Adams this term. Their continual vigilance alarmed her to such an extent that they caused her to "fold her tent like the Arabs and as silently fade away." However, after a brief stay at home, she bravely returned to finish her term at Normal.

CEPHAS THOMPSON was born in the beautiful Valley of the Qu'Appelle river near the village of Ellisboro, Assa. He received his early education at the Maple Green and Ellisboro district schools, obtaining his public school leaving at the Maple Green school in 1899. He entered Regina High School in 1901 and by his industry obtained his second class certificate at the mid-summer examinations, 1902. Mr. Thompson has won prizes for guessing the titles of books and is a noted inventor. He is at present working on an airship and perpetual motion.

JESSIE MABEL CAMPBELL claims as her home, Whitewood, Assa., where she has received all her education. She was born however at Portage la Prairie, Man. As a pianist and elocutionist, Miss Campbell has few equals. During the Normal session she has shown marked ability as a teacher. She has endeared herself to all the students, and her pleasant manners and sweet face will be remembered long after the session has passed into history.

ALLAN ABRAHAM FISHER, popularly known as "Reddy," has lived the whole of his short life in Regina. Notwithstanding the awful weight which he must have dragged around with him at times, he has succeeded in reaching a considerable size and educational standing. He took his matriculation in Regina at the spring exam. Allan's ever ready smile and cheery voice will be remembered by many when the Normal class of 1902 are scattered over this vast prairie.

GEORGE WM. SAHLMARK, B.A., the worthy President of our Normal School Literary Society and our champion football player—is a graduate of Manitoba University, at Winnipeg. He was born at Morris, Minnesota, and received his early education in that town. He next attended school in Whitewood, Assa., after which he joined the ranks of the "Toba" college students, obtaining his degree from there in 1902. Mr. Sahlmark is one of our experienced teachers, having taught for four years in the Indian Mission school on the shores of picturesque Round Lake. Part of his college years have been spent in mission work in the Territories—at Fort Qu'Appelle and Wapella. In this work, as in his teaching, Mr. Sahlmark lent himself entirely to his work and at all times conscientiously put forth his best efforts.

D. A. McDONALD is one of our students who has travelled a long way to attend Normal. He was born at Whyccocomagh, Nova Scotia. He was educated at Caribou public school and Iron Mine high school. For the past three years Mr. McDonald has taught near Whyccocomagh. No wonder he came west! If it were for no other reason than to escape from a place with such a name, he did well to come to this part, where he will have no difficulty in pronouncing some of the Indian names.

BERTHA ANDERSON comes from the far eastern province of New Brunswick, being born in Welford. At an early age she came to the North-West and received her public school education at Saskatoon. She then came to Regina where she received her high school education. Miss Anderson will long be remembered as one of the studious ones of the class.

CLARA A. ROYLE was born near Sarnia, Lambton Co., Ont. She attended Sarnia Collegiate Institute, where she obtained her third class certificate. On this she taught for three years in Ontario. She went west to Strathcona, Alberta, in 1900, where she got her second class certificate the year following. She taught for a year and a half in Northern Alberta.

NORMAN E. CARRUTHERS is a bluenose, claiming as his birthplace, Cape Traverse, Prince County, P.E.I. He received his early education at his home school and his higher education at the Centreville high school and, later, graduated from Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown. Since that time, his life has been one continual round of pedagogical success, for he has taught three years at North Bedegue, two and a half years in Victoria high school, and five years in the Kensington high school. His phenomenal success resulted in having the honored position of President of the Teachers' Association of P.E.I. conferred upon him in 1900. Mr. Carruthers now began to look for greener pastures, and, recognizing the great possibilities of the west, proceeded thence in May, 1902, and secured a permit to teach at Lacombe, Alta. His sterling qualities have been recognized by the Normal staff and class, by his efficient management of teaching group F, and by the ease with which he discusses the knotty problems propounded by the learned professors during lectures.

OLLA STANDISH is another of those who came from the wilderness of the far north and she has almost obliged us to change our opinion regarding that unexplored region. Miss Standish settled in Lacombe in 1893, prior to that having lived in Ontario. She went to Edmonton to attend high school, and was one of the many who were successful in obtaining their non-professional certificates from that school. If Miss Standish proves as diligent when teaching as she did when being taught, there can be no doubt of her success in the profession.

G. H. GLOVER was born at Orangeville, Ont., where he received his early education. He came west to Moose Jaw in 1891, when he entered the high school of that place. For the last two years he has been taking a course in theology at Wesley College, Winnipeg. Mr. Glover distinguished himself as an A1 goalkeeper on the Normal eleven and is one of the most highly respected of the students. His tendencies in some directions are strong.

MARGARET HENDERSON was born in Prince Edward Island. Here she received her education, finishing at the Prince of Wales College. Judging from the lessons Miss Henderson has taught at Normal her three years of teaching in P.E.I. must have been very successful.

GRACE LULU STRONG, whose quiet sympathetic manner and genial disposition has endeared her to many of the Normalites, came from the sunny state of Nebraska. Perhaps this accounts for her sunny temperament. She was educated in Calgary, where they succeeded in making her almost a Canadian. Miss Strong is a born teacher, and by the lessons taught at Normal she has given every evidence of the successful manner in which she will conduct her school.

ARCHICALD BENSON was born in the city of Toronto, Ont. He came to the Territories in 1893 with his parents, who settled in Wolseley, Assa. He attended the public school of that place until he received his second class certificate in 1899. He obtained permits to teach during the three summers following, and attended Wesley College, Winnipeg, during the winter terms. As a public speaker, Mr. Benson is hard to beat, and his fame as a checker player is well known throughout the west.

JOHN ROGERS comes originally from Ontario County, Ontario, and received his education at Lindsay Collegiate Institute and Woodstock College. He served with the American forces through the Cuban and later, through the Philippine campaigns, and also took a hand subduing the Boxers in China. In contrast to these thrilling experiences, Mr. Rogers has spent two and one half years in peaceful pedagogical spheres. Mr. Rogers is one of those modest unassuming characters whom we all admire. His tastes are all artistic and his drawings often appear on the wall as an inspiration to less gifted students. "Jack" holds a prominent position in the "gallery."

MARGARET M. CROZIER—one of our youngest and most unassuming students—was formerly of Kansas City, Kansas, but four years ago she moved to Stouy Plain, near Edmonton, Alta. There she obtained her second class certificate in July of this year, and became one of Alberta's contingent to Normal in September.

ANNIE E. ROGERS, who was born in Mt. Forest, Ont., came to the west with her parents, who settled near Regina in 1884. Her early education was received from her parents, and her higher education at the Regina high school. Miss Rogers has taught the young idea to shoot at the Camden Coulee school, Indian Industrial school at Regina, and at the Rose Lane S.D. near Wolseley. She is an authority on all matters relating to fish—their heads, eyes and swimming apparatus.

GUSTAV BERNHARD SCHUNKE claims as his birthplace the thriving city of Racine, Wisconsin, where he received a sound foundation for his present substantial education. He passed the public school leaving examination at Oregon in 1895; and took a course in Capital Business College, Salem, Oregon. He taught for one year in that state upon the strength of these qualifications. He then travelled to California where he entered the California volunteers, serving for some months in the troublous times of '98. He came to our fair Dominion, settling with his parents near Ledue, and attended Edmonton high school, obtaining his second class certificate in 1902. "Ever Northward" seems to be Mr. Schunke's motto and we believe the climax is to be the Arctic circle, but, as he is a very ambitious young man, it is not improbable that he will finally reach and discover the North Pole. During the Normal term Mr. Schunke has earned a standing reputation as a first-class Bass singer and has also distinguished himself as an efficient accompanist.

EDITH M. AND NELLIE FRANKS were born in Leicester, Leicester County, England. Coming to the North-West in early childhood, their new home was near Wolseley, where they received their public school education. In 1899 they obtained third class certificates and after attending third class Normal took up the duties of teachers. Attending high school in Regina they were repaid for their diligence by second class certificates in 1902. Miss Franks was one of our girls who had the misfortune to be quarantined but she has evidently made the most of her time by spending it in study, for she has been surprising those in the same group by her teaching powers. Miss Nellie Franks, on one or two occasions, has contributed to the literary and added to our enjoyment of it by her recitations.

WILLIAM ADEN DAY was born in Leith, Ontario. He received his higher education at that great centre of learning, Owen Sound Collegiate. His experience in teaching was gained in Balaclava, Ontario and Neudorf, Assiniboia. Mr. Day has shed a spirit of happy light over the whole class and especially over those members who were fortunate enough to be in the same teaching group. Some irreverent people call him "Happy Day."

MARGARET A. JONES was born in the beautiful town of Owen Sound, on the Georgian Bay. Here she received all her education, and afterwards taught for two and a half years in the immediate vicinity. She came to the Territories in March, 1902, and entered Normal in September. Shortly after her arrival at Normal, Miss Jones fell a victim to that dread diphtheria quarantine and thus lost a great deal of the Normal training. Nevertheless she has proved herself to be an energetic and successful teacher since her release.

ELSPETH EDNA COOK is one of the younger members of our large family. She also came from the west, being born and educated in Calgary. Miss Cook is one of the best of our amateur teachers and has astonished every member of her group by her efficient teaching. She has contributed much to the Literary and to our enjoyment, by her selections on the piano.

ALFRED LOUIS MARKS is a typical Yankee from the western states. The frontier town of Fort Niobrara on River Niobrara, Nebraska, is his birthplace. He removed in 1898 to Sunny Alberta and finally settled in Strathcona, where in 1902 he obtained first class standing. Like all our Strathcona boys, he is a foot-baller and a star on the forward line of the Normal team. He wears with pride the medals won at Edmonton and Calgary. At Regina he is known by his ever ready wit and as a member of the Glee Club.

SUSIE S. WEIR, whose cheering smile and word of timely encouragement will always be remembered by some of the quavering student teachers, was born in Manitoba but went to Ontario to receive her education in Petrolia, where she fitted herself to be a teacher. Miss Weir attended Normal in Sarnia after which she taught in Comaught on St. Clair. Some teachers are born, others are made, Miss Weir belongs to the former class and as such her name will be enlisted among the ranks with other teachers in the North-West Territories.

WILLIAM CHARLES MITCHELL, Vice-chairman of one of our teaching groups, was born in Molesworth, Huron Co., Ont. Took his public school course at Listowel and his model course at Stratford. He taught for two and a half years in Gorrie, Huron Co., Ont., came to the North-West in August of 1902. "Mitchell" well filled his position on the left wing forward of the eleven. The members of his group look back proudly to him and say "His word was law."

DANIEL GEORGE BISSETT our able football captain and a gold medallist at the game, late from the "wilderness" of Northern Alberta was born at Goderich, Huron Co., Ont. He moved with the rest of his family to Uncle Sam's country in 1885. His start in school was made in North Dakota where he attended school for five years. The migration to his native country took place in 1893. He attended the Strathcona public and high schools from 1893 to 1902, getting his certificate at that place this year. Although he has as yet no experience in managing schools we have reason to believe that to his future pupils his word will be as the laws of the Medes and Persians. As a football player we think Regina will always remember him.

HELGI HELGASON is one of our real North-Westerners. He was born on the wide open prairie at Churchbridge, which perhaps accounts for his open disposition. He received his public school education at Thingvalla, Assa, and Russel, Man. In 1901 he came to Regina high school where he took his second class certificate. Like many others Mr. Helgason has yet to make his name as a teacher, but after the Normal term of 1902 who can doubt the result.

NETTIE POLLARD one of our Normal's brightest, though inexperienced teachers was born in Toronto, Ont. She got her public school training at Magnetawan, Muskoka Dist., and Fort Saskatchewan, Alberta. Her high school work was taken at Edmonton, Alberta, where this year she obtained her second class standing. Some people improve upon acquaintance Miss Pollard is one of these and the more we know of her the more we are convinced of the depth and sterling worth of her character.

ROBERT C. VALENS was born in Lucknow, Bruce Co., Ont., and received his early education in that province. He came west in '96 and attended Brandon Collegiate where he obtained his second class certificate. He taught for two years at Belmont, Man. Although Mr. Valens has had limited experience in the teaching profession, he was chosen by the Normal school staff as one of the leaders of our group work in teaching, and has proven himself fully worthy of the confidence placed in his ability.

MISS MARY E. MAXWELL was born at Brockville, Ont. She studied for some time at Brockville Collegiate Institute and later spent two years at Queen's University Kingston. Recognizing the great advantages the prairie country offers in the line of teaching, she is now a member of our '02 Normal class. She does not come without experience, having taught three years at Algonquin, Ontario, and her teaching at Normal assures us that she has not missed her calling when she entered the teaching profession. As one of the assistants of the editorial staff of our Souvenir number, Miss Maxwell's work shows that she is possessed of a fund of quiet humour and unusual ability as a journalist.

JOSEPH MCCALLUM was born in Renfrew Co., Ont. Early in his life, in the year 1892, he left his eastern home and with his parents came to the then new and distant Northern Alberta. His home, since 1892, has been in the Beaver Lake District some sixty miles east of Edmonton, where he has gained a valuable experience in western life. His early education was obtained at the public schools in the district. His high school education was received at the Edmonton high school, and he obtained a second class certificate in 1902, after attending high school one year.

MYRTLE FESSANT is a true westerner, first opening her eyes in Edgeley, and certainly Miss Fessant does credit to the healthy atmosphere and freedom of our fair land. Notwithstanding this she was one of the unfortunate ones to be quarantined for diphtheria. Like all the rest of the family Miss Fessant is noted for her diligence and studious habits. Even while confined to her room she read such interesting books as "London" and the "Committee of Fifteen."

DAVID PRYOR STRONACH was born at Margareville, Nova Scotia. He obtained his second class standing at the Middleton high school. After one year's successful teaching in his native province he came west to seek pastures green and friends new. Mr. Stronach has a "quiet and impressive manner" and the praise he has received for teaching is well known.

EDNA MAE McWHINNEY was born near Sterling, Nebraska, U.S.A. She received her early education in a little sod school house on the western prairie, and subsequently in various schools in Iowa, Kansas and Illinois. She came to Northern Alberta in June, 1901. Here she attended high school, getting second class standing this year. We think she is nearly good enough to be a Canadian.

JOHN DUNNING, M.A., the worthy editor of our Souvenir number comes from Ontario. He was born in York Co., Ont., and received his elementary education in Aurora and Newmarket high schools, and further continued his work in Owen Sound Collegiate Institute. After successfully teaching public school for five years, Mr. Dunning entered Trinity University, Toronto. While here he took, in addition to the usual straight pass course, the full honor course in classics, obtaining first class standing. After graduating in 1901, Mr. Dunning remained in college for one year, and during that time held the position of President of the Literary Institute. He also took a lively interest in the college sports, football and cricket. Since coming to Normal, Mr. Dunning's true worth has been recognized by his class. He has successfully discharged the duties of chairman of one of the teaching groups, and many of the experienced teachers therein have been helped by his practical suggestions. In matters of discussion he was considered an authority, especially on English and "points of order" in our literary society.

LUCY FLEETWOOD is a native of Lincoln, England, from which place she emigrated to Lethbridge, Alta., some thirteen years ago. While at Regina, Miss Fleetwood has been unfortunate in being one of the victims of the quarantine, and has therefore just reasons for hoping that this may be her first and last visit to Regina. She was educated at Lethbridge.

JAMES DUNCAN CURRIE, a member of our Strathcona contingent, was born at Paisley, Bruce Co., Ont. His first five years of school were spent at Grafton, North Dakota. He came back to Canada in 1893 and in '98 started his high school work in Strathcona, obtaining his certificate in 1902. Any school desirous of getting a thoroughly conscientious and noble-minded instructor cannot do better than engage him. We hope, for the moral welfare of the teaching profession, that many men like Duncan will be found in the ranks.

HARRIET OLIVER was born at Edmonton, Alta., and received her public school training there. Later, she attended the Ontario Ladies' College at Whitby. Returning to the west, she obtained her second class non-professional at Regina last mid-summer. Miss Oliver has made herself popular among the lovers of music in Normal here, as a soloist and accompanist always ready to lend her efficient aid. Miss Oliver has framed some definitions on "peninsula" which our geography teacher will find useful in the future. She has a remarkably high regard for Cowper's poems, regarding even the lightest of them with reverence.

ASHTON DEWART CARROTHERS claims as his birthplace Kerwood, Middlesex Co., Ont. He received his public education in Regina, Assa., but returned east to get his high school education. He was a faithful, industrious and successful student of the well known Stratroy Collegiate Institute. In August 1902, he again returned to the land of his boyhood to attend first class Normal at Regina. By his studious habits and steady perseverance he will win the success which his efforts merit.

JANET McLEOD is another of our Bruce County friends. She received her education at Kincardine high school after which she taught the primary department of Fort William school. When she came west to attend Normal she had the opportunity of joining the upper ten being one of the ten ladies who were supposed to sleep and read in one room. Miss McLeod, however, refused the honor proffered her. In another respect has Miss McLeod been favored, as she was privileged to sit in the gallery under the direct supervision of the lecturer.

JOHN S. WRAY was born in Sinwood, Waterloo. In 1898 he began his high school course in the county town of that county. After tasting of the sweets of knowledge, he decided to devote his life to the task of broadening himself intellectually, and, from his abundance, to give unto others. With this end in view, he decided to attend model school at Berlin. Realizing the possibilities of advancement in his chosen profession in the west, he went to Edmonton. Here he obtained his first class certificate and thereby bettered his standing as a teacher.

ESTHER MATILDA OVENS was born at Mount Forest, Ont., and received her public and high school education in her birthplace. She made one of the vast throng of teachers who came west to better their condition financially, physically and mentally. Her smile is a cheery one and her pupils will never learn to "trace the day's disasters in her morning face."

RUSSELL ETHELBERY COUPLAND is an Ontarioite. He received his public school education at Creemore and attended high school at Toronto and Collingwood. This latter college is with him one of the beautiful pictures that hang on memory's wall. He has a fond partiality for all students hailing from his Collegiate. He taught a year in Ontario, then came west in 1899 and experimented successfully with the industrious Galacian settlers, and they appreciated his work so highly that they have invited him back to resume his labors. As a member of our male quartette Mr. Coupland's tenor voice will long be remembered.

JOHN NAY was born at Portage la Prairie and he afterwards removed to Souris. Most of his education, however, he received at Ninga, Manitoba. Since then he has attended Manitoba University, Winnipeg. Mr. Nay's sense of humor is quaint, and he feels at ease with the weapons of sarcasm. He can still vividly recall how he used to perform in his juvenile days, but during the intervening years his memory faculties have been vigorously developing. So retentive has this faculty become that he can quote the abstractions of Rosenkranz as easily as most of us can rhyme "Mary had a little lamb." Mr. Nay is one of our unassuming boys who tries to hide his light under a bushel for we have heard from good authority that he is a gifted violinist.

ISABEL SHAW was a resident of Banks, Grey Co., Ontario. She attended Banks public school and afterwards Collingwood Collegiate Institute. In the autumn of 1901 she went to Strathcona, Alta., where she graduated in 1902. Miss Shaw's gentle ways and kindly acts will long be remembered by her Regina friends, and her work at Normal shows that she possesses an earnestness of disposition which ensures for her success in her chosen work.

JOHN LYND MACDONALD is another of our genial Bruce County friends, being born near the beautiful town of Chesley. He is a Scotchman, descendant of a fighting clan, for Jack says, "I come from 'Cheeseley' and I'll lick the first who laughs." He attended both the public and high schools at Chesley, where he was a general favorite and an athlete of high kicking fame. In Aug. 1901, he came to Moosomin where he obtained a second class certificate in 1902. John was a well-known half-back in Moosomin football team.

MABEL VICTORIA McCAULEY is a true westerner. Edmonton, on the Saskatchewan, is her birthplace, and there she received her public school education. In August 1900, Miss McCauley left home to attend Owen Sound Collegiate Institute, and there was successful in obtaining her second class standing in 1902. Miss McCauley is another of our Normal students who are well acquainted with the history of Regina diphtheria germs, and having spent some weeks of the term in their special study. She is quite enthusiastic on the subject of anti-toxin and talks with great fluency on the benefits of the quarantine laws. As yet, Miss McCauley has had no practical experience in teaching, but if we are to judge by her work at Regina Normal we can predict for her a very successful career in the teaching profession.

R. GEORGE MACKAY was born in Peterborough, Ont. There he attended the public school and the collegiate institute and obtained his second class non-professional certificate. He then attended Norwood model school and taught in the school from which he obtained his entrance certificate. Arriving at Regina a little late in the term, Mr. Mackay found the Normal school list closed. Not at all daunted by such a discouraging state of affairs, he started to work a few miles from Regina. Receiving word from our Principal that some of the expected students had failed to put in an appearance, Mr. Mackay bravely walked all the way from Pense to Regina. Mr. Mackay is one of our clear-headed students. This is shown by the part he takes in class discussions.

ISABELLA M. LAWSON is a native of Ashkirk, Roxburghshire, Scotland. In 1894, she came with her parents to this, the fairest of British Dominions over the sea, and proceeding to the great west, settled at Grenfell, Assa. Here, our fellow-student received the greater part of her education. During the Normal term, Miss Lawson has proved to be, like all others from "Auld Scotia," a model of diligence and good behavior. She excels in Psychology and has a remarkable liking for "White."

CHARLES EDWARD KENNY, a native of Oakville, Halton Co., Ont., was educated in the high schools of Ridgetown and Sarnia. He has taught both in Ontario and the west. At the opening of the present Normal session Mr. and Mrs. Kenny came to reside in Regina that the former might attend Normal school. Mr. Kenny's genial, good natured face and manner have made him popular among the students. He has been a valued member of the Glee Club, and more than this, he was one of the "dauntless three" who broke the ice in the matter of "five minute speeches," and his discourse on "nature Study—Hens," concealed an excellent moral and shall be long remembered.

MARY WALKER was born in Victoria Co., New Brunswick, and was educated in that province. She attended the Andover Grammar school where she obtained her second class non-professional certificate. Her professional training was obtained at the Fredericton Normal school. Miss Walker is one of our experienced teachers, having taught successfully for three years in her native province. Coming west this fall to attend Normal she met with but a cold reception. She found she was not to be admitted, not having formally applied to the Department before leaving New Brunswick. Bravely attempting to conceal her sore disappointment, Miss Walker determined to teach in the west till the next Normal session, but was finally admitted as a member of our class of '02. Miss Walker has distinguished herself at Normal not only as a teacher but as an orator, having given the students a clever speech on her favorite poet, Whittier.

ROBERT M. TREEN comes from that province noted "for fish and great men," having spent his boyhood in East Wallace, Cumberland County, N. S. There he received his public school education, until in 1892 he removed to Prince Albert and attended both the public and high schools in that town. He is a well known lover of "the light fantastic."

ETHEL H. MIDDLEMISS was born in Montreal. She began her public school education in that city, finishing it at San Francisco. She attended high school and Wesley college in Winnipeg and also spent one year at Elmira college, New York. Miss Middlemiss has had about two years experience in teaching and for one year was connected with the literary department of the Winnipeg Telegram. Miss Middlemiss' rich alto voice has been listened to with great pleasure whenever the quartette were wont to favor us. At our "At Homes" and social evenings Miss Middlemiss has excelled in her entertaining powers and in all committee work she has shown great ability. Her work as a reporter speaks for itself.

BURPEE W. WALLACE is a born leader. He is a native of the land of Evangeline, and received his education at Kentville Academy and Acadia University, Wolfville, completing it at McMaster University, Toronto. He has already drunk deeply of the pleasure of imparting his knowledge to others, having taught six years in various schools, two of the number being Kentville Academy and Waterville school. He was chairman of one of the teaching groups and his fellow students all sing his praises. Mr. Wallace has conferred a great deal of pleasure on the class by his rich baritone solos, and the part he has taken in the male quartette. This, with his ability as a speech maker, will long be remembered; and Mr. Wallace's willingness to do anything in his power has done much to make the literary society a success.

M. EDITH JESSIE MCKENZIE was born in the province of Ontario. Coming west, she attended the public schools of Boscovis, Kimberley and Oxbow, in Assiniboia. She then entered Regina high school obtaining her second class certificate in July of this year. Edith is one of our most faithful workers at Normal, and is sure to meet with success. Her life this term has been saddened by the death of her mother. Miss McKenzie has the sincere sympathy of the Normal school staff and students in her sad affliction.

FRANK J. BAERG is one of our American friends. He was born in Petersburg, Nebraska, and received his education at the public and high schools of his native town. He also received his German education in Bethel College, Newton, Kansas. In 1901, Mr. Baerg left Yankeeland to try his fortune in this land of youth and promise. His first impression of Regina was anything but favorable as he walked down the street with considerable property on each foot. He attended Regina high school but it did not succeed in making a good Canadian of Mr. Baerg. Mr. Baerg is an amateur photographer of no mean merit and through his kindness and hard work the Normal students are able to carry away many souvenirs of their pleasant session.

MARY JELLY is a native westerner, born at Regina, and received her educational training at Qu'Appelle. Her academic career has been one of success, and, since coming to Normal, she has used the will-power and determination, which characterizes her, in steadily climbing and improving. She has a deep sense of justice and honor which will always guide and rule her course.

GEORGE STEWART PEACOCK and JOB PARSONS BROWN—two minds with but a single thought—the "David and Jonathan" combination of our Normal school, were born in Ontario, the former at Williscroft, Bruce Co., the latter at Auburn, Huron Co. Mr. Peacock's public school education was obtained at Williscroft, high school training at Port Elgin and Regina, and model school training at Walkerton. He taught for two and one half years at Dumblane, Ont. He came to North-West in 1902. Mr. Brown received his public education at Auburn, high school and model school training at Goderich, Ont. He taught for a short time at White Sand, Assa., and came to the North-West in 1901.

JAMES BREADNER, the cheeriest man at Normal, was born at Euphrasia, and educated at Owen Sound, Ont. Attended the public school, collegiate institute and model school in that town, and taught for three and a half years at Bertie, Welland Co., Ont. He came to the North-West in 1901. "Daddy" should be an inspiration to us out in our future schools if when we grow despondent we think of him.

ELLEN J. McCARTNEY, one of our most popular girls, was born at Durham, Grey Co., Ont., went to Bottiman, N. Dakota in 1887, where she attended public school. She returned to Ontario in 1890 and from thence to Strathcona in 1893, where she attended the public and high schools, obtaining her certificate this year. She taught for two years in Alberta. Ellen's bright and pleasant ways have made her a general favorite at Normal and 'tis rumored that there will be sad hearts when the time comes for her departure to the North.

JAMES ERNEST CARMICHAEL, one of our first class students from the north, first saw his fellow creatures at Spencerville, Grenville Co., Ontario. "Mike's" public school work and the first year at high school work were finished at Kemptville. He came to the North-West in 1899, where, at Strathcona, he finished his high school work this year. If he is as sure of his footing in making lesson plans as he is in a football game, verily, then will he be a great instructor.

MAUDE E. LANGTON was born at Bear-trico, Muskoka. Her childhood was spent on the shores of the Muskoka lakes. In 1892, Miss Langton came to the west and attended school in Innisfail, Alta. There she obtained her third class certificate and then attended third class Normal at Edmonton. Two years were spent in teaching in the "garden of the west" and then she obtained her second class standing from Strathcona school. We are sorry that the term has closed without the literary society having been favored with a selection from the violin which Miss Langton is mastering. Miss Langton is skilled in palmistry.

MABEL EDITH HANEY, one of our bright and most practical teachers, was born in that old County of Bruce, so well represented in the west. After attending several public schools in Western Ontario she further completed her education in Woodstock high school. She then chose the teaching profession as her vocation, and we are sure Miss Haney has not missed her calling. She looks on the profession in all its grandest and noblest possibilities and has that love for it which will bring success in any profession. To fit herself to do the best possible work, Miss Haney took Normal training at Winnipeg, after which she taught successfully near Carberry, Man. She has made use of every opportunity, while at Regina Normal, to glean new ideas and new methods from our lecturers and from our class discussions. Miss Haney is considered an authority on Primary number teaching. She has that quiet, true, sympathetic nature which endears her to her classmates, and underneath this placid surface there is a ripple of fun and good humor always ready to bubble over.

R. E. BUSWELL was born in Exeter, Huron County, Ontario. At Lucan high school he received his third and second class certificates. We next find him at St. Mary's Collegiate Institute where he received his first class certificate. After attending Goderich model school he taught for a short time in his native county. Mr. Buswell's unassuming manner was measured at its true worth for he was chosen chairman of one of the teaching groups and has discharged all his duties in his usual quiet and thorough manner. As a member of the executive and as an assistant editor he has also given evidence of his conscientious diligence.

MABELLE HAYWARD, one of the younger members of our class, who gives us an example of lightning activity in teaching, was born at Fort William. While quite young she moved to Medicine Hat, where she received her public school education. Miss Hayward has for some time resided in Moose Jaw, in which place she received her second class certificate in 1902. A fellow student from Moose Jaw and of whom we never think apart from Miss Hayward owing to their great friendship is Daisy E. Drummond, a true westerner. She was born at Broadview but received her public school education under Mr. Fenwick at Moose Jaw, where she now resides, and where she received her second class certificate. Miss Drummond excels in her interpretation of pictures.

GEORGE GORDON HARRIS was born in Teeswater, Bruce Co., Ont., and, judging from his appearance, we should think that he dates the year 1885 as the year of his birth. After attending several public schools in Western Ontario, he entered the London Collegiate Institute, where he obtained his second and first class certificates. He then took for two years 1900-1902 the arts course at Victoria University, Toronto. He obeyed Horace Greeley's celebrated command in August 1902. Mr. Harris' power of dealing in the abstract is recognized by all his class. His opinion in unravelling Rosenkranz's mysteries and in applying Sully's knowledge of self was received with respect by all. Mr. Harris also took an active part in our Literary Society and therein proved himself a speaker of no mean merit.

GRACE RITCHIE was born at Lynn, Leeds Co., Ont. When still quite young, she removed to Bathurst, Ont., where she attended public school. Later, she attended both public and high school at Strathcona, Alta. There she obtained her second class certificate in July 1901. Miss Ritchie was with us in our Normal class for only a few weeks, when she was taken ill with typhoid fever. It is a matter of regret to the students that her illness has prevented her from returning to Normal to finish her professional training. We wish her a sure and speedy recovery.

ELLARD BLANCHARD GASS hails from Nova Scotia, the land of Evangeline. He claims Pictou as his birthplace, and is not ashamed of it either. He received the whole of his education at Pictou, completing it at the Academy. Some of the fair sex who were in the same manual training class as Mr. Gass will ever remember him with gratitude and thankfulness.

SARA SHEPHERD, one of our most popular Normalites, is an Ontario girl. She was born at Uttoxeter, Lambton Co., where she began her education which she completed at Forest high school. She taught successfully for a period of one and a half years in her native town. Last spring she wisely resolved to come west, and after a term in Regina high school obtained her second class certificate. Miss Shepherd's artistic taste is relied on by all Normal students, and on her devolved the management of decorations for our social functions, and the results showed that the confidence was well placed. While at Normal, too, she has been an appreciated worker in the Literary Society. Miss Shepherd is a general favorite, and the illness which has forced her to leave before the close of the Normal session is sincerely regretted by every Normalite.

KATE LAWFORD recalls with fond recollections Lindhurst, Hampshire, England, as her birthplace. She received her third class certificate and her model training in Manitoba, and further completed her education in Toronto, British Columbia and United States. Finally she studied for, and was successful in obtaining her second class certificate in Strathcona, Alberta. She has had nine years of actual practical experience in the teaching profession in Manitoba, Assiniboia, United States and British Columbia. The class of '02 have to thank Miss Lawford for giving to them many sound methods and practical suggestions gleaned from her wide and successful experience. Miss Lawford has that true sterling character we all have to admire, always so ready to cheer and encourage. Many of us will remember the influence she had for good and be proud to own her as a friend in whom we have every confidence.

ATHELSTAN BISSET is another "rolling stone." He was born in Goderich, Ont., and, when quite small, removed to Crystal, N.D. In 1893 he again "returned to his first love," and chose Strathcona for his home. Here he attended the public and high schools and in 1902, he received first class standing. He was a member of the famous Strathcona football team and wears the medals won at Calgary and Edmonton. At Regina, as a member of the Normal team and a player in the two rugby matches, he was distinguished for his alertness and speed, and the "easy" touchdowns which helped considerably in the defeat of the N.W.M.P. team.

ADELAIDE LILIAN MOONEY was born at Wawanesa, in the Prairie province, and was educated in her native town until about four years ago. Since that time she has been educated in Manitowish, Alpena, Mich., and at the Edmonton high school. Our friend is one of the well-known and popular ladies of the Edmonton group at Normal.

WILL T. CUNNINGHAM was born at Orangeville, Ontario. The foundation of his elementary education was laid in a number of our western Ontario public schools. His ambitions led him to seek a higher education in St. Mary's, London and Kincardine. After he had taken model training at Kincardine he put this theory into practice for nearly three years not far from the same town. The allurements of the west enticed Mr. Cunningham to seek greener pastures, and he joined the ranks of the home-seekers in April 1902. Mr. Cunningham's migratory habits of life has given him that ready alertness of adapting himself to any circumstances, and of making himself at ease in all classes of society. He has served the Normal class faithfully as councillor of our literary society and as assistant business manager of the Souvenir number.

LORENCE V. KERR comes from the historic little village of Shakespeare. He obtained his early education in the stone town of St. Mary's, and afterwards traversed the realms of knowledge in Stratford and Woodstock. When he obtained his second he came west and enjoyed the experiences of a pedagogue for eight months. Mr. Kerr throws his whole heart and soul into anything he undertakes, his spirited discussions with our lecturers have been a source of pleasure and profit to his fellow students. "Know thyself" is a command Mr. Kerr has taken strenuously to himself, and he revels in the abstractions of psychology. His genial, witty, easy, good-natured manner will make him a social leader wherever he goes, and his strong, venturesome, many qualities will make his influence felt among men.

EDNA J. TALBOT, who bore with incredible patience a long siege of quarantine, and who loves to discourse about diphtheria germs, anti-toxin, etc., was born at Winnipeg. While quite young she moved to Qu'Appelle, Assiniboia, which is now her home. She subsequently continued her education in Winnipeg. She comes to us from the convent and this fact accounts for her shy, retiring nature.

SHERIDAN LORNE DEVER, one of our second class men, possessing a fund of dry humor, was born at Teeswater, Ont. His public school training was received there. From Teeswater he went to Clinton, where he attended the Collegiate Institute for over two years, obtaining his second class certificate in 1901. Mr. Dever is one of our cleverest, expert boarders.

HERMAN A. WHITMAN was born in Annapolis Co., Nova Scotia. He received his early education at Lawrencetown and Bridgetown, completing his course at Paradise Academy. Like all sensible people, Mr. Whitman followed Horace Greeley's advice to young men and came to the rich and fertile west to seek a fortune. After teaching for a short time near Yorkton, he came to Regina to Normal in order to get more in touch with the westerner's ideas in teaching.

MABEL GORDEN McLEAN is a native of Lancaster, a town, not in England, but that old reliable province of Ontario. She received all her education in Napanee, Ont. During the summer of 1901 she visited in the Territories and was so enamored with its congenial climate that she returned to spend the summer of 1902 at Banff, Alta. By her sunny smiles and happy expression every day Miss McLean has endeared herself to the whole class.

The Normal Class of 1902.

By J. Quigley.

"I have written the tale of our life."—Kipling.

THE year of grace one thousand nine hundred and two is drawing to its close. To some this is a matter of small moment, to others it means much. To some it means little more than Christmas gifts and Christmas goose, to some it means thoughts of wasted opportunities and New Year's resolutions, to some it means another mile-stone nearer a desired goal. To the citizens of Regina, its boarding-house mistresses, and its school-children, it means a few months' respite from persecution at the hands of Normalites. To the North-West Territories at large it means another batch of teachers turned loose upon an unoffending and longsuffering public. To the Normal class of 1902 it means The End—the end of our existence as a Normal class. For, however deep and lasting may be the friendships formed during the term—and some of them bear the earmarks of being both deep and lasting,—however many of us the Education Department may see fit to turn down at the last dread examination day, still, as a class, we are very near the end of things.

Four months ago we assembled from all parts of the Dominion and from a few of the neighboring States. The Territories themselves supplied barely a third of the grand total of ninety-two of which the class is composed. The great majority came from the east, Ontario leading, with its Bruce county exiles and others. Nova Scotia comes next—that land of fish and great men. She has certainly contributed of the latter to our class. The New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island contingents, though smaller in numbers, have not failed to make their influence felt in our councils. What prompts this annual influx of wise men from the east? Is it the knowledge that in the Territories is a wider scope for their wisdom and talents? The star of empire, we are told, takes his course in this direction; perhaps they are anticipating it. Or perhaps they are impelled in the language of the great Stevenson by "that divine interest, that old stinging trouble of humanity, that makes all high achievements and all miserable failures, the same that spread wings with Icarus, the same that sent Columbus into the desolate Atlantic."

On the struggle to secure boarding-houses we shall not dwell, though many histories might be written on the subject. We all remem-

ber that second of September, when we convened at 9 o'clock in the Normal School to see what was in store for us. Who of us shall ever forget the feeling of "I am a child again" with which we rose from our seats and watched the faculty file into the room? And then that gruesome request they made of us that we should tell them, besides our names, ages and experience, the name of the friend to whom they should send a telegram in case we got sick or—anything happened; how we thought of our boarding houses and wondered if that was what they meant. But at last we were safely enrolled, and from that moment, instead of ninety-two, we were one. Another Normal class was launched.

For many of us, no doubt, the week best remembered was the first one. They seated us "with circumstance and much embroidery," beginning in one corner with Misses Adams and Anderson and running the gamut of Nays and Rays and Days, wound up at the other corner with Brothers Valens and Whitman. Strathcona students found themselves side by side with Bluenoses and Bruce county natives with those from Nebraska, just because their names happened to begin with the same letter. Formalities were thrown to the winds, and for the first few days "What is your name?" and "Where do you come from?" were the stock questions. At first during recesses one could notice in the various corners of the room a Manitoba group, an Alberta group, an Ontario group, and a Maritime group, but this lasted but a short time. Ere the first week was over some of the more venturesome spirits among the men had found their way across to the other side of the room. More followed, and in course of time we became acquainted, and the class became gradually welded into a harmonious whole.

And then came the lectures. Dr. Goggin's Nature Study and "Manners and Morals" talks, Mr. Fenwick's psychological enquiries as to our earliest recollections, Miss Burnett's promise to make singers of us all, or Mr. Bennett's "Do it so!" will live long in our memories. Some of us who had taught several years came to the school simply because the law invited us to do so before teaching in the Territories. We regarded it as a necessary evil or, better, as an unnecessary one, for in our pride we doubtless thought we already knew a few things about teaching. But we found out that there were still a few matters on which we needed enlightenment. The term has not by any means been a wasted or an idle one. We have been kept busy on good profitable work. We have learned much that will be of practical use to us in the immediate future. We learned from Dr. Goggin an insight into the beauties of Nature and of Literature. We have, with the aid of Mr. Fenwick, investigated in some measure the workings of the child mind. From Miss Burnett we gained an appreciation for music and art, and from Mr. Bennett we have learned—what too few of us knew—how to use our hands. From all we have learned, not only how to be better teachers, but how to be better men and women. We have learned "how to live a life as well as to make a living."

The session of 1902 has been in many ways an exceptional one. Two of our teachers who began the term with us are now thousands of miles away—one "breasting the keen air" of Dawson City, the other basking in the tropical warmth of Toronto. It was far from pleasant to have them go, and the school will search far before she finds others to fill their places. But Regina Normal must pay the penalty of having world-famous teachers, and as for the students of this year, while they

were grieved to lose their teachers just when they had learned to appreciate and esteem them, they realized their necessity, and united heartily in wishing them Godspeed in their new spheres of labor.

The vacancy caused by Dr. Goggin's departure has been temporarily filled by Mr. McColl from Southern Alberta, Mr. Fenwick being elevated to the rank of principal. A principal's cares are never light, and to be suddenly thrust into such an office is an experience few men would covet. Mr. Fenwick deserves all credit for the admirable way in which he has filled the office. Mr. McColl during his short term of office with us has endeared himself to all our hearts. That teacher may be sure of a sympathetic Inspector who secures a school in Southern Alberta. A successor to Miss Burnett has never been secured; but Messrs. Fenwick and Bennett have come nobly to the rescue. The former has developed into a music teacher of the highest order, and the latter can give us a few pointers any day in the matter of drawing scrolls and other little designs. In spite of our losses we have had throughout a staff of teachers who have always made our welfare and advancement their chief aim. They have shown us the model teacher not by precept only but by that most effective of ways—by example.

Another exceptional feature of this year's class appeared when the teaching commenced. We were compelled to play the part at times of the innocent, guileless pupil and then next minute to shoulder the responsibilities of the all-wise and sympathetic teacher. The diphtheria epidemic, to some of the students a subject of fear and anxiety, to its victims a great inconvenience if fortunately no worse, was to the majority of the school children a subject of great rejoicing inasmuch as it brought them that greatest of school-boy boons—holidays. But what of the Normal students, thus deprived of their lawful victims? The very walls and seats must at times have felt like chuckling to themselves at the sight of a class of a dozen men and women, university graduates some of them, puzzling their brains over the sum of two and three or the sound of *a* in *cat*. Happily for the sedateness of our future teachers the diphtheria and the fear thereof were in the course of time frozen out, and the pupils came back to school, thus relieving the Normalites from playing their part in the drama. Since then things have gone merrily on. Hundreds of half-hour and twenty-minute lessons have been taught, criticised, and marked by the faculty with those mysterious symbols P, F, G., or E. During these lessons we have gained much experience in practical teaching—experience which ought to stand us in good stead when we face our own schools. It is true more practice might be a desirable thing in many cases, but without doubt the work done by the Regina Normal school during its short four-months term will compare very favorably with that done by other Normals in longer periods. Conditions for teaching here are, of course, not the same as most of us will have to face, but with the experience gained here, helped out by the criticisms and suggestions of teachers and fellows, each of us should be able to enter a school on the first day of the new year, and conduct it on more or less rational and scientific lines.

But we have not lived by lessons alone. During the early weeks of the term the standby in the matter of recreation was football, replaced later by skating and hockey. The class has proved itself to be in the first rank in the matter of athletics. Nor have our literary or social natures been neglected. Five-minute oratory has been at once our dread

and our delight—our dread before our own contributions, and our delight afterwards. We have had at least one secret society—or at least one which was intended to be such. So well was the secret kept that many did not know of the existence of an *Entre-Nous* society until a whole day after its formation. But the veriest doubter was convinced, not of its existence only, but of its power, when on the evening of November 14th, the gentlemen of the class enjoyed all the pleasures of a promenade concert provided by the ladies of that society. Other social events of a similar nature were not lacking, for which thanks are due in no small measure to the citizens of Regina. We have the satisfaction of knowing that, though our session here has given us many hours of good solid work, our labours have been diluted, as all good medicines should be, with the water of recreation, and sweetened with the sweets of pleasure.

Such has been, in part, our life in Regina. For many of us the time has sped more rapidly than we anticipated. We have done some work and we have learned some lessons. We have formed friendships, many of which will last us through life. We have maintained, yes, we have raised the reputation of the Regina Normal school. Has it not been worth while?

Yet a few days and we shall be scattered over the three hundred thousand square miles which make up the Canadian Territories. The time is past when people disputed the fact that teaching is the greatest of professions. We believe that Canada is the best of countries. With such a profession and such a country in which to practice it, should we not do at least a little of good? And that there is abundance of scope for our labors we cannot doubt. Western Canada is still in its infancy. In part the shaping of her destiny is in our hands. Let us give our country the best that is in us, and prove ourselves worthy of the trust. And when discouragements come—as they do come, to our profession more perhaps than to any other, let us remember that the amount of good we do in our work is in no way dependent upon the amount of praise or fame we receive. Let us imitate him who

—did but sing

A song that pleased us from its worth;
No public life was his on earth,
No blazoned statesman he, nor king.

The Social Life of the Class of 1902.

By Geo. Harris.

BALZAC has said that "historians are privileged liars." But we do not wish to take advantage of this undoubtedly desirable license, even in the treatment of a theme that invites so temptingly to imaginative speculation, and shall attempt to give a "true and authentic account" of the more important features of the social life of the class of 1902, as seen from the standpoint of an unbiased observer.

With the primary facts of the events before him, it is hoped that, in after years, when the individual, "who tasted of those joys," turns over in a mood of reminiscence the pages of this Souvenir Number, sweet

memories of the more personal incidents of the occasion, such as tête-à-tête, cosy-corner conferences, etc., will arise from out the dim vistas of the past, and, clothing the "dry bones" of history, will, for the moment, at least, make him oblivious to the hard necessities of practical life. What loftier aim than this of making men and women, especially those that will be bearing the burdens of the teaching profession, happier!

A short session of four months gives a body of ninety students little time to become generally acquainted with each other with any marked degree of thoroughness. In fact, it is only natural that each person should through chances of contact origin or mutual attraction, single out, perhaps unconsciously, a few, who come to bear to him the close relationship of friends. Outside of these, there is a second division including those with whom he is somewhat less familiar, but still, it may be said, well acquainted. Beyond this circle again, his knowledge of his fellow-students varies considerably in individual cases, passing from the fairly extensive down to the vanishing point of mere recognition of the face and name. It follows from this natural condition that the general social life of a class of students will be subdivided into a number of smaller circles, which, when especially pronounced and exclusive in character, are called cliques. There is nothing so detrimental to the unity and esprit-de-corps of an institution, than an abnormal sharpness of division between the lesser parties, into which its members are sure to fall. But it can truthfully be said of the Normal Class of 1902, that there has been no such fault in its social life. Whether, "United We Stand," has been consciously adopted as its motto, or not, it is still the case that no student has been given an opportunity to reasonably feel that he or she was not included in any project undertaken by the class as a whole. While necessarily some have had to take the place of leaders, be it said to the credit of the class, that everyone has been made to feel that he or she was as much "in it" as any other. With such a happy condition of affairs existent, it follows as a natural consequent that harmony has ruled supreme over all the social doings of our class, so that all will look back upon their every day intercourse with others within the precincts of the school, as well as the special gatherings, which from time to time have intervened to add a little color to academic life, with feelings of unqualified pleasure.

It suffices to touch but briefly on the daily, yea, hourly, exhibition of the social instincts, that are said by scientists to be natural to man, and of course to woman, revealed by the assembling of little groups of animated conversationalists about the desks, around the piano, at the windows, on the stairs, in the library even, where silence is supposed to reign, and last, but not least, in the post office, whose absurdly unsuitable anatomy so often called forth the students' condemnation, as they panted in the struggle for a place at the wicket, and waited, how patiently, we shall not say, for their share of His Majesty's mail. Many and varied were the topics of these conferences, some of them, we fear, not always consistent with the proverbial wisdom of Normal students, but quite excusable on the grounds of the old proverb,—"A little nonsense is relished by the wisest of men."

But we must pass on to the account of the four events during the session, which in a more public way gave evidence that social as well as intellectual activity was a feature of "Normal" life.

In marked contrast to the spirit towards the Normal students which

pervades certain circles of the town, and finds expression in the small boy's derisive hooting, is the attitude of the different churches. There are two probable reasons for this. It has been said that the church wishes to extend its Christianizing and civilizing influence to the "Ishmaelites." Prominent men of the church have said that they wish their young people to associate with such people as the Normalites. Whatever the reason may be, no warmer welcome could have been given the newly arrived students, than that extended by the two churches, the Methodist and the Anglican, whose younger constituents undertook the trouble of entertaining them publicly.

Very early in the term, in fact, almost before all of them had succeeded in getting comfortably settled in their various boarding houses, the invitation was received by the students to attend a reception given by the Epworth League of the Methodist church.

Although the evening set was dark and damp, the students, one and all, showed their appreciation of this kindness, by wending their muddy way to the sacred edifice.

Upon entering, each one was presented with a blank book, and informed that its pages were to be filled with the names of those met during the evening. This was a cheerful prospect, considering that ninety, at least, of those present, were almost total strangers to each other. However, the example of others soon showed the shy that the aim of the evening was to talk to as many people as possible, and that the method of introduction was in proper form. Many friendships were begun that evening that will last for life.

After an excellent programme, consisting of speeches, recitations and music, a not unimportant part of the evening's entertainment ensued; refreshments were served.

But all good things, as well as evil, must some time come to an end, and the gathering broke up in the usual manner.

A few weeks later, the young people of St. Paul's church provided a most enjoyable social evening for the Normal Class, which was largely represented when the appointed hour came. The number of student faces present showed that the Normalites were not at all averse to social functions.

The event took place in the school room of the church, which had been suitably arranged for the reception of the guests. For those wishing to engage in games, ping-pong, crokinole, and card-tables, were provided. To attempt to describe how Normal students spend a social evening would be unconstitutional. It would also have been difficult for them to have agreed among themselves in what enjoyment consists. After a few hours spent in games and conversation, the young ladies of the church served refreshments after which a short, impromptu programme was given, Rev. Mr. Hill occupying the chair. Dr. Goggin and Mr. Hill made humorous speeches, recitations and songs were given by a few of the students, and the whole company joined in singing the National Anthem, which brought the evening's enjoyment to a close.

The next social event was of all the most memorable. On the evening of Friday, Oct. 5th, the students and faculty, with the teachers of the High and Public Schools, Hon. A. L. Sifton, Com. of Public Works; Hon. G. H. V. Bulyea, Com. of Agriculture; Mr. J. A. Calder, Deputy Com. of Education; Rev. Mr. Sinclair, of the Industrial School, and Mayor Smith, as their guests, met to give a formal farewell to Dr. D. J.

Goggin, the retiring Principal of the Normal school. It was especially hard for the students, who in the short time since the session had opened had become sufficiently acquainted with the esteemed Doctor to realize that he was no ordinary man, and one especially fitted for the position he occupied, to see him leave them, in a way so unexpected, for the purpose of entering a new and perhaps broader field of labor in the East.

A stranger, who had chanced to look in upon the gay scene of promenade, entertainment, game and refreshment presented by the Normal Assembly Hall on that evening, would hardly have thought that farewell was being said to one whose departure all regretted; but real sorrow was mingled with the apparent joy of those present, and was especially felt when Dr. Goggin gave his address of farewell, which all who heard will long remember. Without attempting to give anything like an exhaustive report of his words, we shall try to record some of his leading thoughts.

Dr. Goggin began with a resume of his educational work in the West, which extended over a period of eighteen years, of which the latter half was spent in the Territories, and referred gratefully to the assistance given him throughout by the Government, the Regina teachers and trustees, and his colleagues in the work of training. His regret at his departure was keen, for it meant his severance from the work that he loved, in which there was constant opportunity for contact with numbers of young people, and hence the possibility of exercising some beneficial influence on those who were soon to go forth into the world. But other circumstances, and the demands of the higher education of his children, had led him to adopt the course of action he had, and he believed that he would still be able to accomplish something for the cause of education. In conclusion, Dr. Goggin declared that his message to the people of the North-West Territories was to continue to lay stress on the importance of education, which was the strongest agency at the disposal of the State for making a nation of worthy citizens. His message to the students was to form and to follow the highest ideals in both public and private life, to aim at perfection, to do all the good for others possible, and to be something more than "mere dollar-winners."

Hon. A. L. Sifton also spoke briefly, eulogising the work that Dr. Goggin had accomplished in the perfecting of the present admirable educational system of the Territories. Mr. Sahlmark and Mr. Dunning expressed on behalf of their fellow-students, appreciation of the Principal's character and aims, and sorrow at his departure. Musical and elocutionary numbers were interspersed among the speeches. Hon. Mr. Bulyea filled the office of chairman, and at the conclusion of the programme heartily indorsed all that had been said in praise of Dr. Goggin.

Here endeth the third chapter of our history.

If recency has anything to do with the vividness and accuracy of memory, as we are told it has, then, in truth, the latest social event, which has been a part of the past for hardly a month, should be described with a faithful adherence to the sequence of its parts, and a repletion of minor yet interesting details, that is more or less wanting in the case of the previous ones. Modern history is proverbially dry; the ordinary reader loves to revel in the mythological and legendary stories of the distant past, when the world was young, and where occurrences are enveloped in a hazy, highly tinted atmosphere in much the same way as objects of nature are shrouded in the mists of early dawn, when they

lose their sharp corners, can barely be distinguished from the impalpable veil that covers them. We hope, however, that the account we give of that modern event, the "Entre Nous" At Home, will be a notable exception to the rule, and, instead, will arouse in the reader all those sweet fancies and indescribable emotions, that commonly accompany the most cleverly written fairy tale. We are almost inclined to think it must be so, judging from the universal enjoyment we remember to have observed on that Friday evening in November.

The large Assembly Hall of the Normal School was then the scene of festivity, it being the occasion, as we have said, of an At Home tendered to the staff and gentlemen students by the ladies.

The rooms were brilliantly lighted and artistically decorated with flags and bunting. Mrs. Fenwick and Mrs. Kenny acted as patronesses and were assisted by Misses Boyle, Talbot and Macauley.

Each lady present represented the title of a book by some symbol worn, and the first part of the evening was devoted to the guessing of the titles by the gentlemen. Mr. Fred Kerr having guessed thirty-seven out of forty books represented correctly, received the first prize,—a beautifully bound volume of poetry given by Miss Lawford. Mr. Thompson and Mr. Day succeeded in keeping at the end of list, and the latter carried off the booby prize in his usual "happy" manner.

The programme was then introduced with a few introductory remarks by Mr. McColl, who acted as chairman. A solo, *The Angels*, by Mr. Wallace, was the first number. The selection was particularly well suited to Mr. Wallace's rich baritone. The recitation by Miss Campbell was given in her usual dainty style. The piano duet, *March Militaire*, by Messrs. L. V. Kerr and Atkinson, was received with loud applause, as was also the quartette by Messrs. Wallace, Coupland, F. Kerr and Schunke. Mr. Buswell's recitation was much enjoyed, and was followed by a vocal duet by Miss Middlemiss and Mr. Wallace. Mr. Fred Kerr's readings from Drummond's *Habitant* brought forth prolonged applause, and the merited recognition was responded to by a parody—in dialect—on *Casabianca*. The programme closed with a piano solo, *The Flower Song*, played most charmingly by Miss Oliver.

The dainty programme cards called for several promenades, one of which, "Leap Year," created much amusement. Refreshments were served at midnight. These, having been prepared by the ladies, testified to the possession of an accomplishment outside the realm of pedagogy. After several additional promenades, the merry gathering broke up with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

Here, our history ends, and we can now only leave it to our readers, with the hopes previously expressed. But before doing so, we would trespass a little on the ground ordinarily left by the historian to the poet, who is of a more imaginative temperament, namely, the realm of prophecy. Where there is a substantial basis for believing that a certain event will come to pass in the near future, surely such an encroachment on another's rights is pardonable. So we have the hardihood to predict that the termination of the session at Christmas time, will be marked by still another evening of social delights, which, in view of the fact that the students will then be released from their intellectual labors in the examinations, and will feel accordingly happy, ought to surpass all others in genuine merriment, tinged, we know, with regret that so soon all will be scattered far and wide over the face of this vast country, never to meet again as a body of students of the Regina Normal School.

*Nature's Child.**By M. E. Langton.*

I love to stray in the evening grey,
 When the night is close at hand ;
 When cow bells mingle, their faint low jingle,
 With notes of Canadian Band.

Or when 'tis darkling and stars are sparkling,
 In the deep blue vault of the sky,
 When the zephyr cool, blowing over the pool,
 Is heard like a deep drawn sigh.

By a cold grey mist, my cheek is kissed,
 As I wander along at will ;
 All troubles depart, I am light of heart,
 Nor dream of future ill.

Oh the glorious swing of the night hawk's wing,
 As she utters her plaintive cry,
 'Tis sweet to be from trammels free
 Alone 'neath the awful sky.

The bats of night in their airy flight,
 Skim lightly across my way ;
 The hoot of the owl and the coyote's howl,
 Sing the dirge of the dying day.

II.

By the river I dream while the sweet hours seem
 To flit on Time's airy wing,
 The soft wind's sigh as it wanders by
 Breathes of naught but the balmy spring.

There is peace in the air and the wee flowers there
 By the bank, with their meek heads bowed,
 Whispers of rest and of silence blest,
 Far from the madding crowd.

But the robin's call from the poplar tall
 Comes ringing across the brook,
 The blue sky's above, and God in his love
 Strews flowers in every nook.

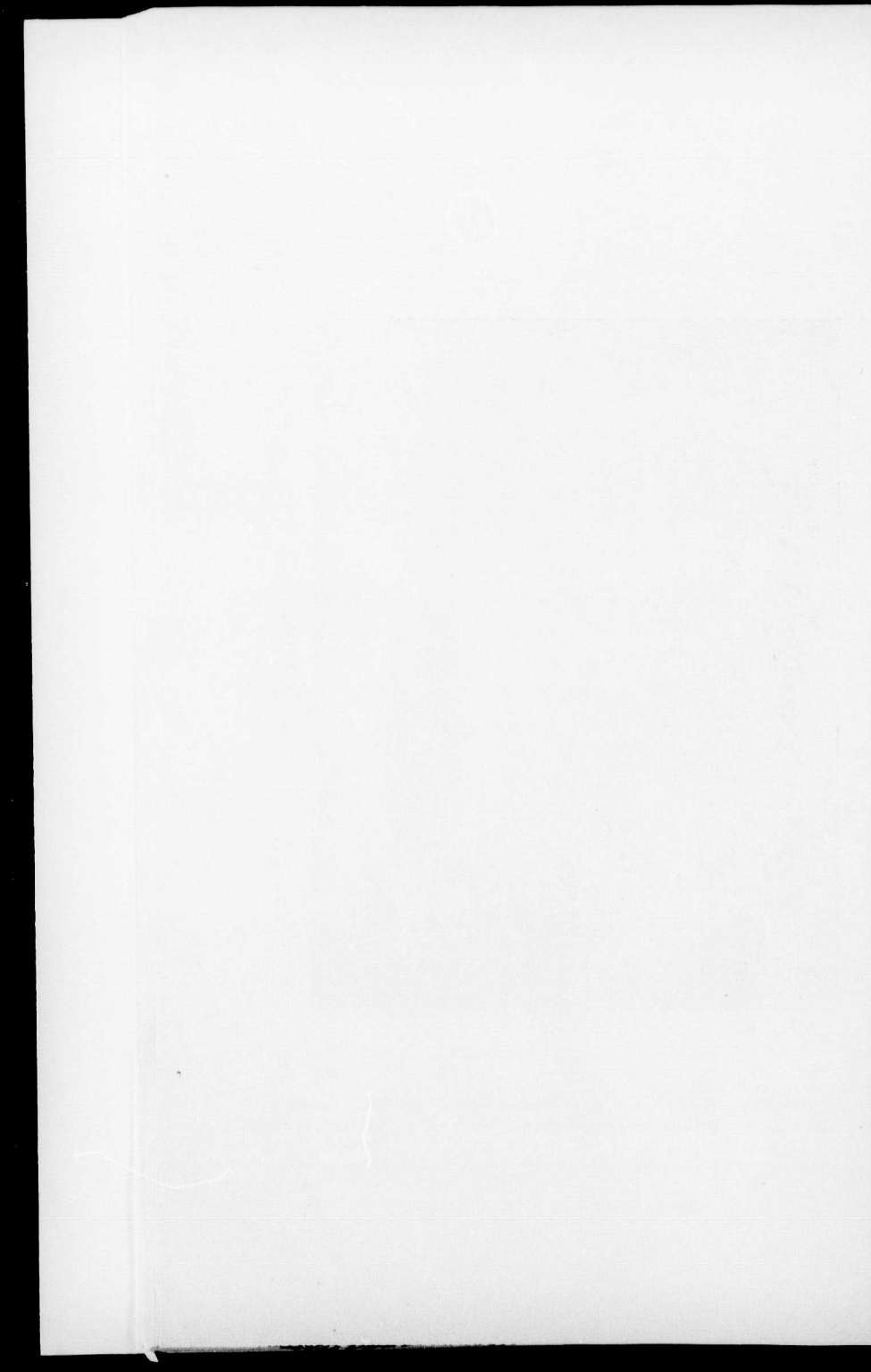
A wild dove unseen in the sea of green,
 Is lovingly calling his mate ;
 The river glides quickly, where shadows lie thickly
 Till it seems like a stream of fate.

TEACHER (at close of lesson in arith.)—Now I am ten years old and Mr. D. down there in the group is fifteen years older than I. How old is Mr. D., Henry ?

HENRY (promptly glancing at Mr. D.)—One hundred and fifty years old.



GROUP CHAIRMEN.
K. D. Gilchrist. R. E. Buswell. John Dunning. B. W. Wallace.
N. E. Carruthers. Robert Valens. Jas. Quigley.



Sports and Games of 1902.

By R. D. Gilchrist.

NORMALITES, above all the sons of men, live and move amid ideals. It was not unfitting, accordingly, that among the members of the class of 1902, the classical ideal of "a sound mind in a sound body" should obtain a place of considerable importance. Undoubtedly we had the material for a first class athletic organisation. Our forty odd men, taken on the whole and judged by appearances, gave indubitable evidence of athletic possibilities of a high order. There is, however, a drawback in the case of classes such as ours, and this lies in the fact that one class is born, lives four months and then dies, bequeathing nothing to the succeeding class, just as it inherits nothing from the preceding. In this respect we are immeasurably handicapped as compared with the universities and colleges of the country. With them a man, in the ordinary course of events, remains at his college for from three to five years. Their athletic associations do not die out annually, for the men of one year leave the essential germs of organisation to those of the following year; and, which is much more important, each new class enters into the continuous life of the college and shares its traditions and whatever prestige it may have won in the past. Let us repeat then, that in all these regards our Normal classes are at an immense disadvantage and accordingly it is only when these considerations are kept in view that a fair estimate of the measure of our achievement can be reached.

Association football was our leading game this year. A good early start was made by the football men, the meeting preliminary to organisation being called on the 2nd of September, the first day of the session. The executive was chosen a few days later and consisted of: Dr. Goggin, Hon. Pres., Mr. Fenwick, Pres., G. W. Sahlmark, vice-Pres., G. S. Peacock, Sec. Treas., and D. G. Bisset, Captain.

The club entered a league comprising four clubs, the others being the Regina Town Club, the Ramblers and the Indian Industrial School. Normal's first match was played on Wednesday evening, Sept. 17th on the town grounds against the strong team of the Regina club. The play all through the game was hard and determined, if not at all points brilliant, and time was almost up before either side could boast of any advantage. In the last few minutes, however, the Reginas' better mutual acquaintance began to show, and they got a combination to work which, for a time, kept Normals' goal and back divisions three of the busiest men in the Territories, and, finally, just before the whistle blew, landed them the match, score 1-0.

In this game, R. E. Buswell, while playing a star game at centre half met with a rather serious injury to his knee. The accident kept Mr. Buswell out of football for a few weeks and the team lost the services of a decidedly promising player. The place for the remainder of the match and the season was well filled by W. Mitchell.

It was during this game that the famous—or infamous—"soft stuff" yell of the High School boys was first sent forth. We understand that the massive brain which threw off this convulsive, dark-brown effusion, continues yet to feel the effects of the strain and can, in fact, hardly hope ever to be the same again.

The next match was played against the Indian boys of the Industrial School on Saturday, Sept. 20th. The football club had on this occasion completed arrangements for giving the ladies of the class a sort of picnic excursion out to the grounds of the Industrial School to see the match. The weather, however, interfered somewhat with the pleasure of the outing. The only real downpour occurring in several months chose the particular night of Sept. 19th for its descent, and a good shower in Regina brings in its train horrors which only the Reginoese and the strangers within their gates can understand. A good number of the students, however, braving the chill and dampness of the afternoon and the ineffable mud of the region, drove out and were rewarded by seeing the fastest game of the series. The Indians came up fresh from their victory over the Ramblers. In the matters of running, dribbling and accurate kicking the *Poor Lo's* are in a class by themselves. Their weakness lies in their lack of weight and more especially in their extreme reluctance to make use of what they have. During a good part of this game Glover, in goal for Normal, had a great deal on his hands, and earned for himself considerable credit for saving a score. The remainder of the team played well together and justified the best opinions of their supporters. The match ended with the score 1-0 in favor of the Normal School.

This was the last match of the regular series in which the Normal team took part, the Ramblers defaulting their game which was scheduled for Oct 1st. Two exhibition games with the High School were played, both resulting in draws. It can hardly be disputed that we had the team to head the league, and that they did not do so is to be attributed to the fact that they had to face the strongest remaining team, the Reginas, before our men had had time to practice together sufficiently to become acquainted in play. Thus they met the one defeat which relegated them to second place.

Of the members of the team it is needless to select individuals for mention, except in the case of Captain D. G. Bisset at full-back, of whom we may say that while there are many heavier men playing the position, there are few who play it better.

Our class also supplied a number of the players on the Regina rugby team in their matches with the Barracks. Messrs. Wallace, Dunning and Bisset ably filled their positions among our former opponents of the town, and contributed more than a little towards the decisive defeat which was administered to the Police team in the last match. It is said, indeed that the Police captain formed the strategical resolution of arresting Athel Bisset to keep down the score, but, by reason of the "artful dodges" of the latter, found it impossible to serve the warrant.

When the hard frosts of early November interposed to prevent other forms of out-door sport, they, at the same time very opportunely, furnished a new one in the shape of skating. The frozen reservoir was nightly appreciated and plentifully resorted to by the students, during the two weeks following the first solid frost. Several square miles of ice, almost perfectly glare, afforded more than ample scope for the very "sprawliest" of learners, yea even for the gifted author of these veracious histories. The participants in this sport were not at so great a disadvantage in the matter of acquaintanceship as the football boys had been formerly, and so it is not surprising if brilliant little pieces of team-play and combination were more or less in evidence out at the Reservoir.

Indoor games have not lacked exponents among us, and checkers, chess, cribbage and other reliable games have had their followers. But, sooth to say, most of us have had too much to do, in the way of mental gymnastics, in keeping up with those good old ring-masters, Dexter, Sully & Co., to turn to thinking games for diversion. And, generally speaking, there has been, towards the last, so keen a consciousness of being "up against the real game" as to preclude the possibility of any frivolous pastime interesting the class.

The Literary Society.

By A. C. Atkinson

EVERY prominent seat of learning has its Literary Society. That this should be so is axiomatic in its application. The higher the morale of that institution, the greater the influence it wields or is to wield, the more stress is there put upon the necessity of having a good Literary Society and this is why there is an unalterable decree to the effect that in the Regina Normal School, the time between three and four o'clock of every Friday afternoon has been set apart for the "mutual benefit of its members by Literature, Music and Oratory."

In the beginning everything was chaos, but out of that seeming confusion a well organized society was evolved. September 17, 1902, will always be a landmark in the history of Regina Normal School Literary Societies, for it was on that day that the First and Second Class students met to take active steps towards the organization of a well equipped society. At the suggestion of Dr. Goggin, who occupied the chair at that meeting, the students elected the now famous Committee of Five, which was to report, submitting names of candidates for the different offices of the society. The Friday following, their report was received; but before we go further it shall be our duty to chronicle a circumstance which, for heinousness of motive, has perhaps no parallel in the history of similar organizations.

Some exceedingly clever student had a plan and all were sworn into the secret. Its object must never be divulged for fear it come to the ears of the faculty, or go down to future generations, who, profiting by our failure, or knowing their Bourinot better than we, might bring it to a successful issue. In the light of maturer reflection, we can only be thankful that the motion was "squashed" in time and the elections proceeded with. After the officers were elected the next business to be transacted was the adoption of a constitution. Just here let us go back a little.

In former years the faculty had always made the well known five minute speeches compulsory, but a better era was dawning. Whether it was owing to the superiority of the present class over all those that preceded it, or whether it was owing to the struggles of our predecessors, that freedom of speech was granted, we know not, but the fact remains that to us alone the matter was left optional, and to our everlasting credit be it said that the trust was not misplaced,—the speeches remained.

Our class comprised some ninety-two students coming from all parts of the Dominion, and some even from the States, and all of them with good collegiate training, so it was not likely that talent, yea genius, would be lacking. In some cases this talent was not discovered until late in the term, in others it was early noticed, and its owners marked as being likely leaders in some department or other.

To the latter class rather than to the former, belonged the genial Nova Scotian, Mr. Wallace, who was chosen leader of the Glee Club, and to Miss Burnett is due no little credit for suggesting the choice. The Glee Club originally was supposed to consist of all the students of the Normal, but as time went on it was seen that the quality, if not the quantity, of noise produced varied inversely as the number trying to sing. This defect was remedied by the formation of a quartette which has since done most excellent service in providing vocal music for the Society. It has been said that the compass of our piano was altogether too limited to follow either the deep tones of Mr. Schunke or the high ones of Mr. Wallace, and that the instrument has been temporarily deranged in its endeavors to keep up to these gentlemen. However this may be, its need for a doctor is at the present moment very urgent. Others, who have done nobly in this quartette are Miss Middlemiss and Messrs. Coupland, Brown and F. W. Kerr.

We have not had many solo singers but quality, rather than quantity, counts in this as in everything else. Miss and Miss Dora Oliver and Mr. Wallace have been quite able to sustain an enviable reputation for this year's class in this regard while Miss Oliver has filled the position of official accompanist of the Glee Club with the greatest of credit to herself and pleasure to those concerned. Among others showing a dexterous manipulation of the white and black key board are the Misses Cook, Cambell and Henderson.

The mouth organ band was a decided innovation and did good work as long as the instruments were able to stand the strain(s) so "had their organs been stronger, our story had been longer."

Perhaps in no line did we so nearly approach professionalism, as in the quality of the recitations rendered. Misses Campbell, Lawford and Franks, and Messrs. Baerg, Kerr (F. W.) and Buswell are all capital entertainers.

Why should we go into a detailed account of the multifarious means employed to please and to lead, even such a cultured class as the Regina Normal school, to a higher and truer aesthetic discriminating power? Essays, Readings and Speeches, all were there. Who will ever forget Mr. Valen's devoted love of home?, or Mr. Kenny's schemes for quick returns from sawdust-fed chickens?, or the orations of the wise men from Prince Edward Island?—worthy successors of Howe and Tupper. Nor were the gentlemen the only ones. The bond read, "students" and that included the ladies. Though seldom called upon, on each and every occasion, and this is the highest praise that can be given, they "quitted themselves like men."

On the whole the tendency of the speeches has not been to run overtime, but sometimes a speaker would so far forget himself—and his audience—as to give little prospect of ending before the Robertsonian limit, when the Fenwickian sense of promptness of the chairman would call him to order and he would leave the dais as though invisible shackles were binding him. The ordinary speech, however, lasted only four



THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

R. E. Buswell. G. G. Harris. W. T. Cunningham. A. C. Atkinson. E. Lawford.
J. Mackenzie. Mr. A. M. Fenwick, Principal. E. Middlemiss. G. W. Sahlmark. Mary B. Eac.

minutes fifty-five seconds when the aspiring orator would take his seat among his fellow students, inaudibly but most fervently singing several arrangements of the well known Te Deum at one and the same time.

We have not all had the coveted opportunity of hurling declamation from the rostrum at an unoffending audience, but this has been our loss rather than that of the class. This has been one of the most profitable departments of the training received at Normal and one which not only helps us within the narrow confines of our chosen profession, but also in performing our duties better as intelligent and worthy citizens of the great country to which we belong.

Our critics, Mr. Fenwick and Mr. McColl, have done much to keep the class of selections on as high a level as the best in the school could provide. The time has passed when an apparently refined musician can sing of kinky-headed coons or play rag-time and receive the applause of an intelligent audience, but the memory still lingers in the lowered musical taste of many. Nothing but good legitimate music has been allowed, and for this, and for the elimination of anything possibly objectionable in other matters, we have great reason to thank, in the first place Dr. Goggin, who inspired us to aim high, and in the second, the faculty which followed, and which has done everything to keep this aim constantly before us. A good Literary Society is one of the objects to be learned at Normal and one necessary for the formation of similar societies in our own schools.

But the web of our history is spun. We as an organised body of students will soon cease to be, for the hour of our departure to other scenes of labor is at hand. Those places and circumstances are best remembered with which the deepest feelings of joy or sorrow are the most intimately connected and that is why the times spent together by us as members of the Regina Normal School Literary Society '02 will not soon be forgotten.

Quarantine.

By Mabel V. McCauley.

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
'Nor iron bars a cage."

ONE would be inclined to think that the writer of these lines had had the rare experience of being in quarantine. Quarantine—what a volume that word meant to a number of Normalites of 1902! What word means more? From how many other words does it take the meanings and wrap them into one long expression which would take one at least four weeks to understand? Would you give the required time to learn the meaning of the most impressive word in the English language?

Go, but go alone, the while
And learn the meaning of Quarantine.

Regina Normal had been open just a few weeks, and friendship was striking her roots into the hearts of all, when one bright morning an

unseen enemy crept stealthily into the school and laid hold of a number of the helpless fair ones, and placed them behind the bars. Strange to say, although the stalwart sex is always in readiness to aid and protect the weaker, yet on this occasion whatever was the cause, they with one accord saw the unprotected taken one by one, and even two at a time, and offered no resistance. So at length this enemy had eight promising teachers in his grasp. It appears as though he thought that these Normalites were delving into the unknown of literature and science with too strong and too prolonged an effort, therefore in order to preserve their health, he took them away from the temptations to solve the mysteries of pedagogy.

How can we tell what we felt when we were waiting the return of the jury to give the verdict of Guilty or Not Guilty of harboring germs? What was the predominating feeling? Of course the first thought was, however will Normal survive without us! How lonesome they will be! How the world will miss us for a whole month! Then we breathed a silent prayer that they would be strengthened to endure the blow.

Contrary to the usual course of affairs, the anticipation was far worse than the realization. As has been remarked, Normal had been open only a month, so we did not understand the Normalites sufficiently well to know that they would do a great deal for a fellow student. To relate their brave and noble deeds would require more paper and ink than are at my disposal. Why, even those who were backward in taking the platform before the sympathetic Normalites in making a five minute speech would, for a fair student, climb a rickety ladder, mount a slanting, slippery roof and deliver, not a five minute speech, but one far too long for one literary meeting. But this was not a literary meeting. How we looked forward each day to these meetings after four when we heard all the school news. Not only did the Normalites remember us in this way but in many other tasty ways which were thoroughly appreciated.

But mid the pleasures of life we always find scattered a few trials. The following constituted the tribulations of quarantine: Dexter and Garlick—warranted to bring the mind into such a strenuous effort to comprehend the enclosed truths that all pain will be for the time forgotten. Take fifteen pages each day in one dose when ready to devour anything and everything.

Landon: One dose will cure all aspirations to enter the realms of teaching. Keep in a cool place while taking.

White: Ten pages immediately before retiring will soothe the nerves and produce sweet sleep.

Committee of Fifteen: To be taken in small doses near the end of the term, when the patience, endurance and stick-to-itiveness have been well developed.

One would think that the germs would have sought other lodgings after at least two such doses but, wonderful to relate, another expedient had to be resorted to before they could be persuaded to depart.

The second device was in connection with science. It consisted of a fancy little bottle containing a liquid of pungent taste. A small rubber air vessel was fastened to this bottle through the cork and projecting from the stopper was a U shaped black tube. The operation was to turn the end of the U shaped tube towards the channel at the back of the facial aperture, place the hand over the elastic bulb, contract the muscles

of the fingers and thereby force the air into the vessel and so eject a spray of the contents into the throat. At first this operation was very disagreeable, but after a few days of manipulation of this instrument you found yourself pick up the tool of previous torture and, as if just for the pleasure of action, carry on the good work.

Do not think that the long days of quarantine were all devoted to carrying out doctors' or professors' orders. Although exempt from public life and society yet we had free access to the company of the greatest minds the universe has produced. In the busy world, when engaged in following the many pursuits of life, one is apt to forego the beneficial company of kings and queens to engage in careless talk of things that are passing and only of immediate interest. But shut away from the world, we are given a grand opportunity of renewing old acquaintances and forming new ones in the great world of literature. What ennobling ideas we gain by reading the best thoughts of the men of highest intellect written in the most pleasing style! Still we feel as Ulysses:

"That all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move."

Of all the experiences of quarantine the last to be forgotten will be the faithful visits of the Normalites. Nor did they cease their kind calls when the days advanced into weeks, or when cool autumn displaced warm summer, but daily a number came to brighten quarantine. Could these visitors understand how their kindness was appreciated we are sure they would feel amply rewarded.

As smiles the rainbow through the cloud,
When threatening storm begins;
As music 'mid the tempest loud
That still its sweet way wins;
A charm to banish grief away,
To snatch the brow from care;
Turns tears to smiles, makes dullness gay,
Spreads gladness everywhere.

Class Adventures.

THE Normal term of 1902 was short and Bissett with changes. In the crowded attic assembled the students ninety-two Strong and a-Rae-d for action. The Highland contingent was marked by the presence of McKenzies, McLenns, McCartneys, and McLeods whose favorite tunes were "The Campbells are Coming" and "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," the latter of which could be frequently heard Allover the room. But Shaw! we forgot the MacDonalds and the MacWhinnays and, the Shepherd of the flock, McColl. That the parents took no stock in the empty Gass as to the school's inefficiency was evidenced by the presence of many of their sons. There were the Hendersons, Lawsons, Atkinsons, And-er-sons of Tom and Ben. We shall not en-Dever to give the names of all. Of the trades there were the Glover and Fisher, at

least one good Walker and another who, but that there is no Law-for-it we might say always felt off-Standardish.

Of the studies we had first the Brown study, which was a great favorite with the ladies. In our Nature Study we had the birds, the Pessant and Peacock, and two Kerrs, and though we did not make a thorough examination of the cat, we had its Pur-done very Quigley.

But it was a Happy Day for us all, when, towards the Close of the term, we sat down to our annual spread. When all was ready the Cook said, "Mac-Call 'em to tea." We sat down. At each end of the table sat a chairman and in the Middle-miss Blank with Marks of grief on her features. As for the victuals, we could of course not enjoy ourselves with neither Bread-nor butter. Then there was the Cuning-ham seasoned with Currie Boyled down to a Jelly, and other savory things from many Ovens. At each plate were Two Rogers knives and forks. But the expenses of the tea made Maeswell fear Dunning. For days after they wore a Weiry and Harised expression. But Nay, the journey homeward has been forgotten. However we all got home safely for the night was Mooney and bright. Let those who Conn this have patience as we have i-Talbot finished. To be Frank ladies and gentlemen, this is the end.

Medley Romance a'la Quarantine.

By a Second Class Student.

Listen my comrades and you shall hear,
Of the interesting fate of a Normal girl.
She came to Regina with happy thought
But alas! the Diphtheria germs she got.

And her fate it was the fate of those,
To whom the joys of Normal were
Quite banned and barred forbidden fare.

But sometimes happier hours she knew
Nor wanted calls from Normal 'coons,'
Nor notes, nor bon-bons too;
Galants did gather 'neath her cell
And a gay lad with cheerful knell
Did on the mouth organ play—
"There'll come a time some day
When the Diph. germs will flee away,
Then you'll rejoice, teaching bairnies
From day to day."

With words like these did the boys incline
To sweeten the ills of quarantine,
How they succeeded who shall say?
As for the Bon-Bons, well, they went away.

Yes the bon-bons and other lads went, but one stayed,
And talked and talked to that prisoned maid,
And she smiled down o'er the windows brim
Till the shackles of true love did fetter him.

Teaching by Correspondence.

IN LOOKING over the advertising pages of our best periodicals even the casual observer cannot fail to note the ever increasing references to numerous correspondence institutions, varied indeed as to detail of subjects taught, and location of schools, but identical in principle, namely, correspondence tuition. This, as the name implies, is the system of furnishing through the mails instruction from some recognized institution or organization, the object being to bring to the home of the solitary student those educational advantages which by reason of his circumstances or remoteness from resident institutions, have been denied him. By this method many of our ambitious young westerners may be enabled to compete on fairer grounds both in professional and technical lines with their more favored brothers of the east, where numerous colleges, commercial and technical schools place within their reach much that is practically unattainable in this land of great distances and scattered population.

To those who might be inclined to look with scant respect on correspondence teaching as being "new fangled" we might explain that only about forty years ago to be graduated from any college with the degree of Bachelor of Science was slight credit, for it meant no Latin and no Greek and at the same time it was almost a discredit to attend a "commercial college." Now, the fullest departments of our institutions of learning are the engineering and science departments: now, the great universities forgetful of their earlier scorn of the humble "commercial colleges" are vying with each other for students in their new "Schools of Commerce."

So the tide has notably turned with correspondence study and teaching. It is not any longer Dr. Harper of Chicago and his associates who alone publicly defend correspondence teaching but scores of teachers and professors from the faculties of our most renowned institutions of learning join to testify that this new, but not untried educational movement has gained a safe footing in the best public esteem. Its utility is being generally acknowledged. There is no controverting the claim now made by experienced teachers, that correspondence pupils are daily sending in better papers in mathematics, history and literature,—may even in the objective and applied sciences than come from the average college attendant.

This is a fact, not because correspondence *teaching* is better, but because correspondence *study* is better. It is what the pupil does that educates rather than what the teacher does. It is the earnest young man and woman who snatch and improve each vacant hour, who study because they wish to learn, and who see plainly before them an immediate use and demand for the knowledge they seek,—it is these students that send up to their supervising correspondence teacher better papers than those who study because they are told to do so, or who go to college for "athletics" and "social culture."

Comparing methods of teaching we find that both the resident student and his fellow of the correspondence class are provided with text books, the best procurable for their respective work; each has his lesson assigned and outlined by his professor. The resident student listens to

a lecture, makes notes for future reference and asks any question relative to the lesson. The correspondence student has beside the outline, a pamphlet of suggestive teaching on the lesson and, through the use of an inquiry blank can obtain a full discussion of any point which seems to require further explanation. In the correspondence department the entire work of every student is corrected, criticised and returned to him, thereby insuring a more direct supervision of the work than obtains from the mere correction of examination papers. For their final standing, both classes have to depend on written examinations.

Among other special advantages of correspondence teaching, may be mentioned the following:—

1. The courses of study are adapted to the time the student has at his disposal.

2. Instruction being purely individual, he is not crowded through a course without thoroughly understanding each step. The length of time required for each step is measured by his capacity for work, the length of time he gives to it, and his application.

3. The cost of instruction is reduced to the lowest point of economy consistent with efficient services.

The benefits of this system of education is aptly summed up in the following extracts from one of Dr. Harper's letters: he says: "It is the best class of students who do the work by correspondence . . . Students who come to us after a year of such work are better prepared than those who have taken it with us in the class room, and we do not mean to say that we are not doing our very best for our students in the class room. The correspondence student does all the work himself; he does it in writing; he does twenty times as much reciting as he would in a class of twenty. He works out the difficulties himself and the results stay by him."

But the efficiency of *home* study and of correspondence teaching has come to be so well known, and its merits are so generally acknowledged by the best judges, that it is unnecessary to speak further on this point, except in conclusion to quote the following endorsement from the venerable and venerated Edward Everett Hale:—

"After the general system of public school instruction, this system is the next important organized system of education at work in the nation. I see no reason why its range should not be extended much further. Indeed, I look to it for the accomplishment of John Adams' hope that every man and woman in the nation might receive a liberal preparation for the business of life."

[Any information regarding courses of study may be obtained by communicating with Mr. R. K. Baker, B.A., Representative of University Extension for the Territories, Regina, Assa.]

[This movement is endorsed by the Lieut. Governor of the N.W.T., by J. A. Calder, Deputy Commissioner of Education, by A. M. Fenwick, Principal of Regina Normal School, and by other prominent Educationalists in the North-West and in Manitoba.]

Life at Regina Normal '02.

By J. S. Wray.

FIVE years from now when we look back what will be our thoughts with regard to the influence which the Regina Normal School has had on our lives? On every one of the ninety-two students some influence has been exerted during these four months of intellectual and social intercourse. It may be hard for us to tell the exact influence which these gliding months have had, but to each one of us there comes some kind of an idea as to the elevating or degrading effects of our student life here.

One very important consideration which will determine the nature of life lived here is the actual work which we have done for our school-mates during the term. Have we sacrificed personal pleasure and chance of fame and adoration for the sake of others or have we thought only of ourselves? If the latter, then we have won no true friends, gained no true pleasure, and lowered our aim in life. Have we spoken the word or performed the act to help our brother along the, at times, weary trail? Whatever we have or have not done, we know that there were those in the Normal class of 1902 who made the sacrifices and did the work which lifts the doer and the receiver to a higher life.

The most apparent influence is the influence which our friends have on us. A young man, yes, even a young woman is known by the company he or she keeps. As all education and learning consists in finding the true relation of things, so our life—its happiness and success—depends on our relations to our fellow men. I cannot do better here than quote a passage from a letter of a student in a prominent American university to his brother at Regina Normal. It runs as follows:—"After all, thought is the medium between minds, the electric current that brings into communication and life the space of the years, and, if this is neglected, we can readily see how neutral our existence is. To have friends is one thing and to keep them quite another matter. That friendship that does not add some sweet thought, some divine intimation, some spark of psychic fire, is a crude friendship and is unworthy a place in well-ordered lives. We can do much for each other by either reiterating the thoughts of great and noble men in their own phraseology or drawing from the depths or shallows of our own mind some gem of truth that has perhaps found lodgment there. We see so much of that parasitical friendship where one hangs on the humor of the other. No progress in thought or strength of mind is developed and not even a sweet preservative is found in all the interchange. What has been our motive in forming friendships? If selfish they shall perish or have perished even now. Have we formed true, ennobling friendships?"

The "Entre Nous."

By H. Oliver.

DURING the first week of our sojourn in the metropolis of the west, that interesting little town of Regina, romantically situated on the banks of rushing Pile o' Bones, it was decided that the girls of the Normal school should organise a secret society.

As is usual when girls undertake to do a thing, the decision was immediately carried into effect. A meeting was held, the society formed and named, vows were taken, and arrangements made for further meetings. Far be it from me, one of its most devoted members, to reveal the secret of our beloved *Entre Nous*. The first meeting was long, as fifty girls were to be pledged, initiated and properly recognized as members of the society.

It is a time-honored statement, but like a great many other well-worn remarks, has had its day, that the synonym for curiosity is woman, perhaps it is because if it were not for a certain amount of well-directed—and of course woman's curiosity is always well directed—very little would ever be accomplished in this world. Imagine our surprise and amusement when at the end of the meeting we came down stairs and found the gentlemen all waiting impatiently below.

Truly "the old order changeth yielding place to new" and now we have proof positive of the curiosity of man. Of course their excuse was plausible—they were merely waiting to relieve the fair plotters of their burden of books. Strange, is it not, that this devotion should only have been exhibited on those evenings when the boys were excluded from the Assembly Room?

There were some few whose devotion did continue through the whole term, almost every evening, but these were in the minority.

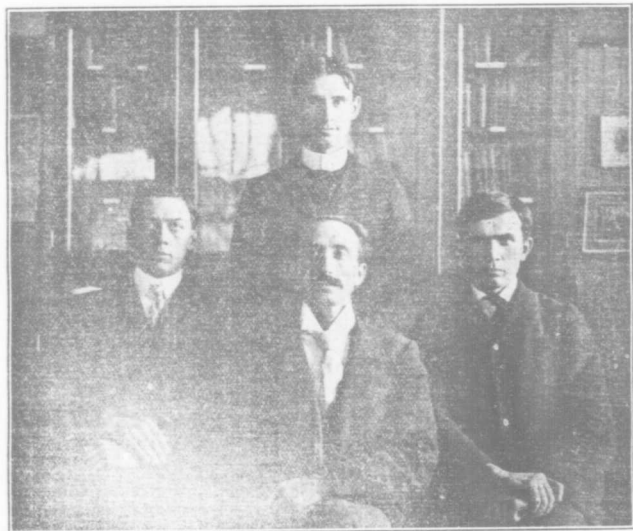
Naturally as the *Entre Nous* was a secret society, it was necessary that its secrets should be guarded religiously. Many were the vows and attempts made by these "Lords of Creation" to find out what the objects of this society were. We wonder if success has yet crowned their efforts.

Perhaps the laws of similarity and contrast, to say nothing of the theory of gravitation and other laws of science, interfered somewhat with the business of the society and fellowship meetings were held instead.

During the time of the diphtheria scare, the meetings were decidedly mournful. "I really believe I am taking it." "Say, will you look into



MISS H. OLIVER, *Accompanist.*



THE QUARTETTE.

F. W. Kerr.

Bert Coupland.

B. W. Wallace.

G. Schunke.

my throat please? It feels sore." "When will those girls be out of quarantine?" are just a few of the remarks which interrupted the solemn initiations, and the serious round of business at our meetings, and I verily believe that the whole *Entre Nous* would soon have been dissolved in tears, if the health officer had not lifted the burden of quarantine from two of our members.

Was it not fortunate that the very day after their release, there should have been a Rugby match, at which some of those who had acted as Mercury for the fair goddesses during their exile, were given the opportunity to show their gratitude to the fates?

Few of the boys now doubt the ability of the girls to keep a secret. Though preparations for the "At Home" were in progress fully two weeks before the invitations were given, not one guessed the great importance attached to these meetings. Any one who saw the looks of surprise and astonishment on their faces when they came down stairs after receiving the invitation will not soon forget it, and was amply repaid for all the trouble of making the reception a success.

Of the "At Home" little need be said, except that all seemed to enjoy the evening, and we take this opportunity of thanking our guests for their help, in decorating the hall, and on the programme. But the business meeting held next morning, measured by "one, two, three" is another story. The enjoyment was as great, but—ah, well it is a painful memory and one better left unrecalled.

Mr. Bennett must have been proud of the energy displayed by some of his pupils, who requested the loan of half a dozen screw drivers with which to take up the desks, but he seemed to have little reason for pleasure when he saw some of the drawings displayed that evening.

The prizes, especially the booby prize, were rather indiscriminately awarded. Now, however, since so much has come to light, perhaps we know better, and next time the prize can be used to the greatest advantage. Now the term has drawn to a close and with it the business of the "Entre Nous." But the members of this society will always be bound by ties of sympathy, love and good fellowship, remembering the happy four months spent together in Regina.

How Pete Rang the Bell.

By B. W. Wallace.

"Well boys, what do you think of it?" The speaker was Jack Varney, a reckless dare-devil student in one of our universities.

A number of boys had gathered in Varney's room the night before Commencement Day, and now, joyous over the thought of examinations passed, they were busy planning some way to celebrate the event.

Varney had proposed a huge bon-fire and witches' dance in front of the Ladies' Seminary.

Bon-fires on college grounds are strictly prohibited, but what of that. To prohibit a thing makes it more attractive.

"Of course," said he, "if any of you fellows think of something

better, out with it. But I think a rollicking good blaze with a dance of witches around it would be a good thing for a ground work. Besides this we might toll the bell."

"Good idea Jack. I'll pull the rope," said a wiry youth known as Mike. This was Mike Channing's first year. His elder brother Fritz was a fourth year man, and the boy found more friends in his brother's class than in his own. So often was he connected with fourth year devilry that Fritz was constantly repressing him with "Go slow now Mike, remember you're only a freshman."

On this occasion however, Fritz said nothing. There was evolving in the dim recesses of his mind a plan to have something to eat after the racket.

"I have it," said Fritz, jumping up overturning a large pot of glue which sat on the stove near him.

"You have what, the D.T's?" growled Jack as he saw the sticky liquid pouring on the floor. "Here you've gone and upset my pot of glue that I was going to spread on the bottoms of the speakers' chairs. You know I am head usher to-morrow morning, and I intend having a surprise for the audience when the time comes for speeches."

"Let me have a hand in it too, Jack," yelled Mike rushing forward to save the glue.

"Perhaps if you keep your feet out of it now I may," responded Varney pushing him back. "But tell us Fritz what you have."

"Why, after we get through with our fun to-morrow night a little refreshment would taste kind of good"—

"Well it would that," broke in Phil Grocers, "and I know a bully good place to get some cheap."

"Where!" shouted the others.

"Down at old Mother Eastlake's. You know she runs a bake shop near the bridge."

"Oh dry up boy, don't be foolish. Do you suppose we're going to pay for a thing when we can get it for nothing?" said Fritz.

"Well, trot out your scheme and don't be all night about it," growled Bob Weatherspoon, a lean, bilious looking youth. "If we get anything fit to eat around here for nothing, we've got to hook it, nobody will give it to us."

"That's just it. We'll hook some of the grub they have at the bear dance to-morrow night."

"Well we will that," rejoined Phil, "I never thought of that scheme."

"But," said Mike, "How can we get it? Everything will be locked up as soon as the show is over, and there'll be no chance through the evening."

"Pooh! It's easy to see you're a freshman. How do you suppose we can get it? Maybe you think we'll petition the Faculty to leave the buildings open all night. But you leave that to me, boys. Lets count the crowd and see how much we need. I'll get enough."

"Well," replied Varney, "Here are Bob and Phil and Mike and Fritz Carl Silver—you're with us aren't you Carl?"

"Well rather. If there's any fun on deck count me in."

"That makes six here with me. Then Ben Stead and Lanks Houghton will help—and what about Leo Fleming, Phil?"

"Oh he's all right if there's anything to eat."

"That will make nine. Then we will want old Pete Thompson and I guess that will be enough."

"Well old Quartermaster General can you guarantee rations enough for ten?" said Carl.

"Oh yes. You help me and we'll make a spread fit for the gods!"

"Now that the food supply is arranged for let's make a plan for the fire."

"My esteemed and reverend colleagues, we have reached an important period in our lives. Behind us are the mewling days of infancy, before us our manhood and the unknown. But one day more and the world will be at our feet. Our trials past we shall take our stand as guardians and directors of the destinies of earth; abuses, moral, political, religious, lie on every hand awaiting our reforming touch."

"I say Jack, hadn't you better saw that off?" interrupted Bob. "It's getting late and if you build high an altar and pour out a libation, and make all these sacrifices, I think we'd better get a hustle on and find something that will burn to build the altar withal."

"Well we certainly had," said Phil, "I saw some dandy oil casks back of Job's shanty to-day. What's the matter with taking them? They'll make a pretty good blaze."

"How many are there?"

"Seven or eight, and I know one is half full of oil for I saw Job draw some from it this morning."

"That's just what we want. The gods are kind," said Jack. "Now about the bell. We need two to look after that. Pete Thompson would be good for one, for he is an old sailor, who will help him?"

"I'm going to help ring the bell," said Mike.

"You may get caught, for when the noise begins the police will be almost sure to investigate."

"Pete and I can ring it from a place where they won't catch us."

"All right then Mike, you two freshmen ring the bell and we'll do the rest."

* * *

"Make fast there Mike. Take a reef around that chimney. Now, hold!" And scrambling hand over hand up came Pete.

Early in the evening the two boys had stolen into the belfry and slipped the bell rope through the lattice window facing the Ladies' Seminary which stood a few yards south of the college building.

Now while the crowd were saying farewell to each other, they were climbing to the roof of the Seminary carrying a long coil of rope. They had arranged for Lankey Houghton to tie the ropes together on the ground as soon as the bon fire was ready to light. Both were good climbers. Mike being lighter and more daring went first. Water spouts, window caps, projections of any sort affording finger or foot-hold being all the ladder he required. When he reached the first roof Pete threw him the rope which he tied to a projection of the finish and "reefed" around the chimney. Pete preferred climbing a rope to any other mode of ascent.

They finally reached the upper roof. From here they watched the crowds passing out the College doors—the political dignitary with patronizing air visiting again his Alma Mater where as a freshman he was ducked, ridden on a rail, and otherwise initiated into the mysterious joys of scholarly brotherhood—the recently created Ph.D. carrying

consciously his new honors—the learned Professor breathing freely because the year's work is over. Soon the last one passed. The lights went out, doors slammed, bolts grated, and last of all came old Job swinging his lantern and keys thankful that he, too, could rest.

A gong clanged in the building beneath their feet, the signal for "lights out." One by one all sounds died away, and with the setting of the moon arose a thick haze shutting out the light of the stars and bringing the blackness of darkness over the sleeping world.

"Ugh," said Pete, with a shiver, "this reminds me of the night I stole that piece of carving from the car of Juggernaut. It was as black as ink. I hope I'll not get as badly scared as I did that night."

"Is that queer looking block you have in your room the piece you mean?"

"Yes, I got it two years ago this summer. We were lying at Calcutta nearly a month and the night before we sailed I pried it off the car with a crow-bar. I would have got away all right if I hadn't slipped on a banana skin and dropped my bar. The noise roused the priests who rushed for me. I struck one with the bar and ran. I have always wondered whether I killed him or not. Oh! how those devils ran and yelled. But I dodged them and—here I am. That scar on my cheek is where one struck me with a knife."

A clatter and bang aroused Pete from his reminiscence and for an instant made the shivers run down his back. The boys were knocking out the heads of the oil casks preparatory to building a huge pyramid. One long whistle announced that Lanky was ready to tie the ropes, and in a minute more Pete and Mike were standing, feet braced, waiting the signal to ring.

The faint glimmer of a match showed the position of the oil cask pyramid. Breathlessly our two freshmen awaited the firing of the pile. One match flickered, went out. The next found a more inflammable portion, and with a flash the blaze leaped to the topmost pinnacle of the oil soaked pile. Almost simultaneously with the flash came the first peal from the deep toned bell.

Then followed a weird scene. The ruddy flames threw into bold relief on the wall of haze surrounding the circle of light, fantastic shadows which danced and trembled, circled and swayed with tossing arms, wildly kicking legs; shadows which one instant outsized Colossus, the next, were shrunk to Lilliputian size. It was a motley crew that made these shadows—a dancing, yelling crew. Here was a figure with horned head and forked tail putting to shame all preconceived notions of Mephistopheles. Uncanny shapes from the "Devil's kitchen" were here; some with headless trunks, some with heads carried in their hands, others with heads protruding from any part of the body but the right part.

Meanwhile the leaping fire light shed over all its fitful coloring, giving to each an individual ghostliness which was heightened as the troop wound in and out among the stalwart trees fresh with the foliage of leafy June. And above them rolled out the full-throated peals of the old College bell. Many a year had the bell sounded its notes, calling to prayers marking the passing hour. It had rung out joyously over fair young brides. Solemnly had it tolled and slowly, while sorrowing friends paid the last sad tribute of respect. But never had it throbbled in accompaniment to such a scene as this.

While the witches' dance was in full swing, accompanied by offerings of dusty volumes to Jove, two demon-like forms appeared from a dark angle of the College, bearing between them the skeleton of the science room. A brilliant idea had struck Varney. He secured the skeleton, filled its eye sockets and mouth with a phosphorescent compound, and now, with the help of Ben Stead was taking it to the Seminary where, by the strange irony of fate, they suspended it in front of the window of the plump-st teacher in the building. The shrieks of the girls at the windows when they saw the grinning, grisly spectre, were heard by Pete and Mike on the roof. They had seen Varney and Stead carry the skeleton toward the "Sem." and they now ran toward the edge of the roof to see what was done with it. Directly in their path lay the skylight opening into the studio. Pete was unconscious of its existence, and not looking where he stepped, he tripped over the ledge, falling flat on the glass which of course gave way. As he fell his grasp on the bell rope slackened just long enough to let it slip from his hands, so down he went overturning easels, paintings, statues, etc., and landing on the floor with a bump.

Pete was brave enough where men were concerned, but there was born in him an element of superstition which showed itself in a tendency to believe in ghosts. His sudden fall and shaking up, aggravated that tendency, and so poor Pete on looking around, saw by the fitful firelight shining through the windows, all sorts of grotesque figures, which with their seeming motions in the dancing light, made cold chills creep down his spine, and his hair rise. A door softly opened, and a figure in trailing white moved in and peered around. This was too much for Pete, and howling like an Apache, he bounded to another door, flung it open, and dashed out along the corridor, which was dimly lighted by one lamp at its farther end.

By the time Pete reached the first stairway, his clearing brain told him he had been a fool, and the ghostly figure was nothing more or less than a teacher investigating the disturbance. But he was none the less thankful for his escape. However fond he might be of sharing deviltry he was not anxious to be caught in it. A very few minutes therefore sufficed to place him outside the building where he recounted his adventures to a delighted audience.

When Pete disappeared through the skylight, Mike dropped the rope and clambered tempestuously down waterspouts, etc., joining the boys just before Pete's arrival.

The morning's sun struggling through the early mist saw dry bones dangling in mid air, while near by old Job gazed and chuckled—"Oh thim byes, thim byes."

Example of A Series of Judicious Questions," as used in Nature Study:

Teacher—Can the fish wink? Pupil—Yes, Sir!

Teacher—CAN the fish wink? Pupil—Y-e-s, Sir!

Teacher—CAN the fish wink? Pupil—No, Sir!

Teacher—Why can't the fish wink? Pupil—'Cause it's dead

On the Unity of the British Empire.

By H. A. Whitman.

WITH all the growth of the British Empire, its trade and commerce, during the last half century, nothing has attracted greater attention than the growth of the sentiment of British Unity.

For many years England, from her splendid isolation, looked out upon the surrounding world, often times with a look of disdain, but she now sees, as she never saw before, in her great Colonial Empire, elements of power and security.

European nations have, in late years, looked upon Canada and the other large colonies forming the British Empire, as babes who had outgrown their cradle, and, being virtually independent, they claim, would upon the outbreak of a great European war throw off the remaining vestige of the Imperial yoke, and form new Empires.

We have here raised two points. In the first place, is Canada virtually independent, a question which may be easily answered, and secondly, will Canada allow herself to be drawn into a European conflict, or will she assert her independence?

In answer to the first question, the British Government as grantor of the Canadian Constitution, can declare void any act of the Canadian Parliament, or can even abrogate the Canadian Constitution. While it is the Constitutional practice of the Governor-General to act in accordance with the ideas of the ministers forming the Privy Council, he, as representative of the King of England, has the power of dismissing any member of that council, of convening, proroguing or dissolving parliament, of exercising the prerogative of pardon. He as a British officer must at times receive messages in regard to colonial affairs which he cannot divulge even to the Prime Minister. In him is vested the supreme military command of the forces both land and naval.

Strong as this tie appears, is it sufficient to bind Canada to the mother country? Assuredly not; especially, since it is the opinion of all sane British Statesmen, that it would be mere madness to attempt to force Canada to remain a member of the British Empire, in case a movement was at any time set on foot to withdraw from it.

In reply to the second point, Canada and the other self-governing Colonies, from the spontaneous manner in which they answered the appeal of the mother country for aid during the late South African war have pronounced a decided "No." The energetic manner, in which the Colonies have acted, has opened the eyes of the world to the fact that the British Empire is now a greater factor in the government of the world than ever before. The only way this can be accounted for is the growth of that sentiment of which we speak.

How strong this sentiment is, was strikingly shown in the late war. When the British forces in South Africa had received several reverses, and the aspect of the European Powers was not of the brightest, the Home Government through its Secretary for the Colonies, Joseph Chamberlain, telegraphed the Canadian Government that its offer of a contingent for use in South Africa would be accepted. In answer to

this telegram the enlisting and equipping of the force was rapidly shoved forward but it may not be generally known, that great difficulty was met with in obtaining the desired quota of men. In the enlisting of the second and subsequent contingents the reverse was the case, ten men enrolling where one was accepted.

The reverses received by the British arms had awakened the minds of all loyal Britishers to the real danger England was facing in South Africa, and with it arose the determination that British arms must be supported at all cost.

In the future, as in the past, in proportion as the population of the colonies increases, so will the strength of the material tie binding the colonies to England weaken. It is this view that has led statesmen to bend their minds to the formation of a closer union between the many parts of the Empire. Such articles are generally written under the nom de plume "Imperialism" and as such we find three quite distinctly divided phases, viz., Military Co-operation, Preferential Trade and Imperial Federation.

The necessity of Military co-operation towards which Canada and the other colonies have refused to lend a helping hand, is shown from the wide extent of the Empire. The defence of common interests, has in the past been the greatest factor in the formation of confederations. It was the case in the federating of Switzerland, of Germany and of Italy. It must be put in forefront in considering the defence of the British Empire. Industry and commerce are the factors that have combined to make the British Empire what it is. It was in pursuance of these, we met the French and Dutch in India, the French in Canada, the Dutch in South Africa. In pursuance of these we met the Boxers in China, and may be called upon to defend ourselves from the Bear in the future. It was in pursuance of these we founded the Empire of which we boast. To protect them we must maintain Empire.

Figures are the only means, inadequate as the means may be, by which we can convey to the mind an idea of the immense trade that has sprung up as a result of this great expanse of Territory.

Upon the accession of Queen Victoria the commerce of the whole Empire was represented by a capital of about \$1,000,000,000; now, after a lapse of sixty years, that commerce is represented by a capital, approximately speaking, of \$7,500,000,000. Surely the supreme object of statesmanship should be the protection of this immense trade.

In the protection of this trade, the distances separating the colonies from one another, and from England, instead of being the manifestation of weakness, are signs of strength. This may not have been so before the age of steam, but it certainly is now.

A world power, in order to be a world power, must hold coaling stations in sufficient number, and widely enough distributed that in time of war no fleet will be forced to act at a greater distance from its base of supplies than 2000 miles. This should be an adequate reason why England as a world-wide naval power should hold Gibraltar, Malta, Calcutta Singapore and Hong Kong on the principal route to the East; Sierra Leone, St. Helena and Cape Town on the route to Australia; why she should hold Halifax, Jamaica and other stations of less note on the eastern coast of America; why she should hold Esquimalt and Vancouver on the Pacific coast.

As the commerce of the United Kingdom has since the accession of

Queen Victoria increased only five fold, while that of the colonies has increased over nine-fold in the same time, and as they now stand in about the ratio of 5 to 8, it may be plainly seen that, at no distant date, the trade of the colonies must surpass that of the United Kingdom. Is England, whose policy is to maintain a fleet as large as the combined fleets of the two strongest powers of Europe, to continue in the future, as she has been the past, the only supporter of this immense armament? On the part of England, this would be impossible, and on the part of the colonies unjust.

The only thing that can be brought forward in defence of the colonial attitude, is that they are new and rapidly growing countries, whose laboring classes cannot stand the heavy taxation imposed upon the British taxpayer. The demand for the execution of great public works is a severe drain on the resources of the colonial governments, but as soon as the colonial laborer is in a position to bear as heavy taxation as the artisan of the mother country, then will it become a position of injustice to the taxpayer of the United Kingdom to bear the whole taxation necessary to support a sufficient armament to maintain British prestige.

In the matter of Preferential Trade Canada has for several years allowed British goods to enter upon a taxation basis 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent less than that of other countries. At the late Colonial Conference, the representatives of Australia and several other colonies decided to bring before the respective Governments which they represent a bill granting a similar reduction in their tariff in favor of British goods. This is probably as far as the colonies will go without some reciprocal action upon the part of England. Imperial Federation, as the third means of strengthening the British Empire, has for its greatest object the establishment of a Federal Parliament with representatives from every part of the Empire. The difficulties here are almost insurmountable. Upon what basis would the representatives of the parliament be elected? If upon the basis of representation in the British Isles, the Colonial representatives would be so outnumbered that they would deem themselves a mere nullity. On the other hand, if the smallest colony was permitted to send its representative, and others in proportion, where would they meet, and what questions would they discuss? Would the Imperial Parliament be merged into the Federal Parliament, and, if so, would the petty matters of administration now dealt with in the Imperial Parliament, be discussed and voted upon in this? Would the Canadian representatives, who know no more about matters of Imperial concern, than the average East Indian knows about how Canada should be governed, be forced to vote upon these? Would the Imperial Parliament, the Supreme Council of the greatest nation in the world, remain a factor in European politics? Whose diplomacy would prevail? These and many other questions equally perplexing must the advocates of Imperialism meet.

The most feasible plan yet brought forward is the formation of a Supreme Council, formed of the most capable representatives of England and the self governing colonies. This council would meet periodically and would discuss only questions affecting the nation at large. In proportion as dignity is given to these conferences, so will its power increase and in time it is believed would develop into an adequate Federal Council standing in relation to the British Empire, as the Dominion House of Parliament stands to the Legislative Assemblies of the provinces.

This is the plan that commends itself to the British politician, who thinks the British constitution superior to every other, simply from the reason that it has taken from the time of Edward the Confessor to grow. To them progress would appear safer, if followed along similar lines.

Until some federal understanding is reached, the strongest tie binding the British Empire together will be that of sentiment. The cultivation of this national sentiment, should be the primary work of every teacher in the British Empire, and in no place in the British Empire has the teacher a greater chance to show his ability in this way than in our great North-West Territories.

Book Reviews.

By R. D. Gilchrist.

"Nursery Tales," by Johann K.F. Rosenkranz. New York D. Appleton & Co., 1900.

This admirable little volume of child's stories and nonsense rhymes comes from the pen of one who needs no introduction to many of the readers of this paper. The gifted author of "Mother Goose" and "Little Billee" has again, in the present work, well deserved his popular title of "The Children's Delight and Friend."

It is, undoubtedly, a masterpiece of its kind. The refined, yet incisive vein of humor, running through a number of the pieces in the collection is seen at its finest possibly, in that exquisite little sketch entitled "Of Dialectical Demonstration." In others, again, of the tales, while the same humor is present, we find it shading off into a subtle and tender pathos. We are inexpressibly touched as we follow the story of the Three Little Limits, Sub, Ob. and Ab. Repeatedly during our perusal of our prose pastel, we have been compelled to pause and have recourse to our lead pencil, to assist us in swallowing the great lump which, ever and anon, rose in our throat at some pathetic speech or incident.

We should like to quote, but even did space permit, the very profusion of excellencies in the book makes it difficult to choose. It will be enough to say, in conclusion, that this is a work which no parent need hesitate to place in the hands even of a four year old child, the binding being especially good.

"Under the Rod," by Joseph Landon, F.R.S. London, Alfred M. Holden, 1899.

This work will be hailed with delight by the great mass of the public, because with them, plot, incident, high spirits, in brief a good story well told, is ever wont to outweigh defects seen from the standpoint of mere high art. We predict for the book an immense popularity. To begin with, it is something of a relief in these days of problem stories and novels-with-a-purpose, to light upon a story such as this, all alive with the spirit and thrill of pure, fresh romance. The plot possesses just sufficient intricacy to hold the attention. The interest never once flags.

It is a book "to keep a man from his meals" as Shakespeare observes in his "Paradise Lost."

On the other hand it cannot be denied that, occasionally this entralling interest is secured at the expense of truth to life, and that the story savors of melodrama and stage tricks. Some of the incidents are highly improbable, for example that case where, single-handed, the villain, Judicious De Velopp held up the three stages of historical teaching and "went through" all the passengers without the exchange of a single shot. This, to be sure, is rather bad, but, as Burns says in his Marmion, "ane swallow disna dae me a' summer" and the merits of Mr. Landon's work abundantly atone for a few such exuberances of fancy as that referred to.

One serious weakness the book has however. The element of pathos, while in the main well handled is often allowed to degenerate into mere bathos. Mr. Landon, as somebody once remarked of the staff of "London Punch," loves to wallow naked in the pathetic. Again it must be owned that the writer is guilty of bad taste, if not even want of refinement, in introducing into a work intended for general reading his chapter on "Vulgar Fractions." But generally speaking, when all is said, it is a book which will well repay perusal. In point of genuine, hearty, almost boisterous humor it has not been surpassed, we think, since the publication of some of Hamblin Smith's earlier romances. Its astonishingly keen reading and delineation of character is unequalled since the appearance of Prof. Genung's great effort. Its uniformly charming sentiment and cheerful optimism along with its unflinching vivacity make it a good, as well as an entertaining book. We recommend it to our readers. Personally, if we wished to while away an idle minute, we should choose a few pages of this book in preference to an equal amount of Liddell & Scott's Greek Lexicon, any day.

"Grim Jokes," by Theodore J. Euclid.

This volume comprises a collection of elementary and aboriginal jests, classified and, to some extent, arranged in order of difficulty and danger. Euclid is the founder of that school of humor represented to-day by Eli Perkins in America and Jerome K. Jerome in England. It is impossible to over-estimate the influence of his colossal joke book upon civilization. It is demonstrable, for instance, that the study of Euclid, helped out by the Shorter Catechism, has very largely determined the present attitude of Scotland toward the joke traffic. May we not also say that the average modern Englishman's facile and instant apprehension of a fine point of humor is to be attributed to the influence of the same author.

Euclid's method of procedure is highly characteristic. In order to insure himself against his jokes falling flat, through not being understood, he furnishes it with an illustrative diagram. One glance at this is sufficient. The point is seen and the reader goes off into roars. Frequently, also, this sad wag indulges in a joke upon his public. Having, with the utmost gravity, commenced the relation of what would seem the most serious of stories, he suddenly throws off the mask, springs his joke and covers us with confusion. He uses one invariable formula at this point, viz., the mysterious words "Which is absurd." By this we may know that we are "sold again."

While the humor of this work is, as aforesaid, peculiar, it is **always**

unforced, clean and wholesome. It never descends to minstrel gags or the tricks of mere buffoonery. It sparkles and scintillates with natural drollery like the unpolished gems from the mines of Scranton, Pa. Taken in sufficient doses it will cure discontent, misanthropy, domestic infelicity or anything.

Recent Publications—to be reviewed in our next. (Anonymous.)

1. Exposition of the Law of Expansion of Gases—Mr. G. Sahlmark.
2. Wiery One, Rest—Mr. Mitchell.
3. Appreciation of the X Rac—Mr. G. Peacock.
4. Astronomical Observations—Mr. J. P. Brown.
5. History of the Franco-Prussian War—H. Helgason.
6. Cook's Voyages Around the World—Mr. Benson.
7. The Master Christian—Miss Boyle.
8. She's All the World to Me—Mr. L. V. Kerr.
9. The King's Royal Mail—Miss J. Mackenzie.
10. My First Violin—Miss Langton.
11. The Daisy Chain—Mr. J. L. Macdonald.
12. Rob Roy—Miss McCauley.
13. Bonnie Prince Charlie—Miss Talbot.
14. A Walking Delegate—Mr. Mackey.
15. The Lost Overcoat—Mr. Peacock.
16. New Games—Buzz, Buzz, etc.—Miss H. Oliver.
17. Recent Researches in Wood-Sawing—Mr. F. W. Kerr.
18. My Valentine—Miss N. Pollard.
19. Stepping Hayward—Mr. E. Gass.
20. The Campbells Are Coming—Mr. D. A. McDonald.
21. Happy Days of 1902—Miss Rae.
22. Wee Two; A Story of Oliverian Times—Mr. Atkinson.
23. The Right of Way—Miss E. Middlemiss.

Ideals in Life.

By Peacock and Brown.

“Every noble life leaves its fibre interwoven forever in the work of the world”—RUSKIN

MOW may we, as teachers, so live that it may be said of us that our example has been a guiding star to our pupils, and to those with whom we come in contact? The question is one to which a solution has, in days gone by, called for the best thought, and which now demands and ever will demand a foremost place in the work of our lives.

How may we live, so that the fibre of *our* lives may be forever interwoven in the work of the world?

Set rules for so living,—there can be none. None of us are so regular in our habits that we can lay down a set of formal rules, and let ourselves be governed by them. There are times in the lives of men, when incidents will creep in, that will for at least the present alter their manner of living, and perhaps leave a lasting effect on them.

Shall we as teachers going out to our fields of labor, allow anything to enter into our lives that will hinder us in contributing a valuable example to society? To make life worth living we must determine within ourselves, that if there is anything within us which interferes with our best living as members of society we must dispense with it.

"How then can we best adapt ourselves to our environment?" is the first great question that will meet us and which we must first solve. Our environment! Let us consider what is embodied in this term; first, what do we mean by it? Speaking generally, the meaning that would commend itself to us is,—“the people with whom we come in contact, and the condition of these.” How are we going to conduct ourselves in the presence of those, in order that we may not only gain their respect, but also that we may be looked upon as leaders,—as those whose advice is valued and sought after?

Coming into contact with people in different spheres of life, as we are sure to do, we will meet with those whose opinions on subjects differ vastly from our own, and to whom it will appear that none other but their views are correct. How are we to deal with those? Shall we scorn those ideas which do not coincide with our own, or shall we educate ourselves in such a manner, that we will be able to look at a subject from a standpoint other than our own? First, let us get our views, and believing firmly that these views are correct, let us gather all the evidence that will support them. The question will naturally present itself to us,—“How are we going to express those views in such a manner that we may not give others the impression that we are trying to force them to our way of thinking?” Herein lies one of the greatest secrets of success. This art of expressing ourselves is a study in itself. Let us be characterized by such broad-mindedness, that people with whom we will perhaps have little to do, as well as our pupils and those with whom we come in daily contact, will see that we are not looking at the subject from a selfish point of view, but are trying to study it in its true light.

Let us consider what should characterize our direct association with our pupils. We must be all that we would have those within our influence become. If we could only realise what an influence we exert over our pupils, the responsibility involved would come home to us with greater force. When we think how ready children are to adopt our ideas, and also to copy our habits, what models of perfection we should be! We must be in earnest in all things. Let us have our enjoyments and enter into them with as earnest a spirit as we do into our daily routine of work.

Each of us shall have his own school an ideal school. This will not be the result of any set of rules, but will be the outcome of his own individuality and thought. Here, more than at any other time in the life of the teacher, will he find that his judgment must be brought into play, and it is from the manner in which he exercises this judgment that his pupils will judge him. Hence it is of vital importance to the teacher that he should be able at any moment, when the occasion presents itself, to decide almost immediately what course of action he will pursue. Woe to that teacher whose power of judgment is so poorly developed that his decisions are so vague that instead of being a guide to the pupils, he is a source of constant confusion. In addition to being judge of the actions of the pupils, the teacher must also be the leader in thought.

He must have such a knowledge of his work, and the topics bearing directly on it, that he will be able to guide his pupils into the proper channels of thought.

We must guard against the possibility of falling into that careless state, in which we cease to have that keen interest in the welfare of our pupils, which should characterize each member of our noble profession. Surely we will, in our own schools, act honestly with our pupils. We may deceive older people by actions which do not indicate our true inner nature, but the perceptive powers of the children will soon discover our inner nature creeping out in our associations with them. Let us then, cultivate this inner nature, so that we shall not be ashamed of any word escaping from our lips, or any action which we may perform. Nor should we be satisfied with present attainments, but should strive for perfection, knowing that every step in that direction makes a higher standard possible, or as the poet has expressed it,—

“For him who always does his best,
His best shall better grow.”

Along with these qualities which we have shown that the teacher must possess, there is one even greater. While trying to inculcate in the minds of our pupils the love of study and imparting to them knowledge which will be useful to them in after life, we must not lose sight of what, to the teacher should be the chief ends to be attained, that is the heightening of the moral standard of the pupils, and the training of them for citizenship, which in after years, they will be called upon to use.

How will this instruction be given? It is to safe to say that none of us will follow the same rules. It will be for the teacher to decide, whom he comes in contact with his pupils, how he will impart this instruction to them, only let us exercise all care in the choice of our plan, knowing what an influence it will have on their future lives.

The dream of the future of our pupils gives us hope and inspiration, and keeps us from becoming discouraged when we meet with failure instead of success. But the present is our world, and we must not try to foresee the future and neglect the riches that surround us in the present. In going out to our several fields of labor, let us each take for his guiding motto, the following lines from the pen of one of our greatest authors:

“To weigh the material in the scales of the personal and measure life by the standard of love, to prize health as contagious happiness, wealth as potential service, reputation as latent influence, learning for the light it can shed, power for the help it can give, and station for the good it can do. To choose in each case what is best on the whole, and accept cheerfully incidental evils involved. To put my whole self into all that I do and indulge no single desire at the expense of myself; to crowd out fear by devotion to duty, and see present and future as one. To treat others as I would be treated and myself as I would my best friend; to let my light shine freely for all, to make no gains by another's losses, and buy no pleasure with another's pain; to harbor no thought of another which I would be unwilling that others should know, to say nothing unkind to amuse myself, and nothing false to please others.”

*Man is by Nature Lazy.**By John Nay.*

MY remarks for a few moments are to be centered around a few words to which the immortal Rosenkranz gave expression in his Treatise. For the benefit of those who have not read Mr. Rosenkranz, I shall speak for a few moments on the nature of his work. He was a man given to lofty flights of the imagination, but what he saw or thought of in these flights have been left for us to imagine; thus, you see, he trains the imagination. He possessed, to a marvellous degree, the power of expression; his figures of speech are delicately handled, and rather difficult to find. Who has not noticed the fulness and harmony of his thoughts, the masterly manner and clearness with which he handles his subjects, the transparency and variety of his expressions, the overflowing and brilliant rhetorical diction? Can one read one page of his work and fail to notice his sense of humor and brilliant wit? Take, for instance, this passage, which I should consider worth memorizing, as an example of this power of expression, and it has surprised me that a subject so complex as "method" could be treated so clearly and concisely. He says "While in the analytic as well as the synthetic method, the mediation of the individual with the general, or the general with the individual, brings in the phase of particularity as only subjectively connected with it. In the dialectic we have the going over of the general through the particular to the individual, or the self determination of the idea, and it thus rightly claims the title of the genetic method." Now again I would ask if any one could read that passage and not be impressed with the language of this master. But this needs no further comment, so I return to my subject, "Man is by Nature Lazy." Coming from a master, as these words have, it would be impertinent for me to dispute it. Looking at the words "by nature,"—these I take to mean, man in his uncivilized state, the savage or barbarian, whose mind is not urged to activity by a trained will; and who sees not "the living of a life but the making of a living." Now looking at the word "lazy," as far as I can understand Rosenkranz, it means indolent as opposed to industrious.

Turning again to the savage, we see that nothing but necessity drives him to look for food. He seeks those parts of the world where food to his liking is obtained from nature. In Ontario, in the early days, we see that sometimes he suffered severely from hunger in the winter because of his neglect to lay up food in the summer. This is my conception of laziness.

But now let us look at the opposite—industry. I need not go so far away as the savages for instances to bear out this side of the subject. I have read of a student in one of our Educational Institutions who arose at 8:40 a. m., prepared a lesson plan, got his breakfast and reached school at nine o'clock. I saw another pillowed up on one corner of the bed, diligently dreaming over his committee of 15. This is my conception of industrious activity. But there is still another class, i. e., the students who, this term, are studying the work of Mr. Rosenkranz. Here industry reigns supreme, here the greatest enjoyment is obtained by a change from lesson plans to Rosenkranz, from Rosenkranz to 'Poor Susan,' and from Poor Susan to more Lesson Plans.

Soliloquies, on Viewing the Prairies for the First Time.

By Edgar Conn.

IT is an undeniable fact that the fame of Western Canada has become world-wide. As the train glided along and the boundless Prairie rose before our sight for the first time, we were enchanted with the view. Dull, indeed, and devoid of all sense of the beautiful must be the soul of that person who would not appreciate the scene which confronted us. In front, behind and on either side the golden grain swayed to and fro, nodding a pleasant welcome to the incoming excursionists while the wavy undulations caused by the wind were not unlike the waves of a shining sea.

Naturally our thoughts carried us back to the time when no luxuriant crops graced the landscape; when instead of comfortable dwelling houses Indian wig-wams dotted the plains; and when large herds of buffalo roamed where now large numbers of cattle peacefully graze.

If a chronicle had been kept of all the vicissitudes and changes through which the country has passed from its earliest stages up to the present, what an interesting and fascinating history it would have been! But alas! an impenetrable cloud of mystery and doubt hangs over the beginning, so that to us the past is as a sealed book, a glass through which we see but darkly. As regards past history, the "prairies" are as silent as the sphinx of Egypt.

The first people who are said to have inhabited this great country were the ancient Mound-Builders, but of these people we have only very meagre and shadowy accounts, and much that is legendary. They are represented as a peaceable, unwarlike people, but were soon superseded by another race, the Indians. Of the annihilation of the Mound-Builders by the Indians, Bryant gives us a very pathetic account in his poem, "The Prairies." The Indians—men in many respects and yet intellectually how often children—who saw the Great Spirit in the lightning or heard him in the thunder, are being rapidly supplanted by the energetic "white." The weaker race is being rapidly driven to the wall. It is a case of the "survival of the fittest," and history is but repeating itself.

And now the mind reverts from a contemplation of the past to the future of our country. Undoubtedly Canada has been blessed with a great and a vast heritage such as has fallen to the lot of but few nations. Her resources and her possibilities are at one and the same time the envy and wonder of the civilized world, and all eyes are turned towards her.

Already may be heard the distant tramp, tramp of the thronging millions who are destined to make Canada their dwelling-place; already in imagination may be seen the numerous cities which will eventually dot the Western plains of Canada. Her possibilities of growth and development are beyond the wildest flight of imagination.

Possessed of boundless acres and wonderful resources, she has all the attributes necessary for a great nation. Her people are among the most energetic and industrious in the world, and if they are properly and wisely governed, her future is assured.

From a Regina School Boy's Point of View.

NORMALITES is funny people. I wish they'd stay here all the time. We have lots of fun when they come to our school 'cos they bring all sorts o' things with them,—cats, scales, hens, sand, chunks of wood and everything.

We get a new teacher every lesson. I allus wonder what makes them so scared lookin'. Bobby Jones says they're scared of us; but they ain't, 'cos I knows they just love to teach us, and so does Mr. Fenwick 'cos he sometimes comes and asks us questions and then the teachers looks awful mad,—sometimes they cry—just 'cos they like teaching us so much.

O' course, we allus try to answer all the questions they ask us. One time a man showed us a picture of an old lady goin' away. There was a card nailed on her house, and teacher asked what that thing was, and one o' the girls said it was a diphtheria card! Girls is silly and don't know nothing anyway. I knowed it was a card sayin' that the house was to be sold.

Sometimes we see Normalites down town and then we sing a little song wot the High School boys learned us. It starts "Ice cream, soda water, ginger ale, pop," and my! they all get mad. But we ain't afraid 'cos Normalites can't run on Regina sidewalks. There's a whole lot 'o them tried to run, and fell off and hurt their ankles.

My! you should just see Normalites walking to school when it is raining. They scrunches up their shoulders and just creep along, just like a lot o' flies on them sticky papers. You know. And one time a lady was walking along just as slow as slow and she wanted to look at a fellow wot was comin' up and down she went, kerflop, in the mud. Guess she was mad for she jumped up quick an' looked all round. She didn't see us for we was behind the fence.

Sometimes one of us boys goes up to Normal to get our picture took. We stands on the table an' they paints us with little brushes. They make awful funny pictures. One lady said if hers was good she'd give it to me, but I didn't think it looked much like me so I put a tail on it and made it a dog.

Well, I guess that's all.

Patriotism.

By M. Mackie.

(From a five minute speech.)

"A British subject was I born;
And a British subject will I die."

THESE are the words in jet black letters, which make the heart of a patriotic Canadian, no matter what his political views, beat quicker as he approaches the foot of the crypt stairs of St. Paul's, where stands a snowy white marble bust of the greatest Canadian Statesman, the late Sir John A. Macdonald, first Premier of Canada.

This is the spirit which we, as teachers, should strive to implant in our pupils, and so make them true, earnest, patriotic citizens, so that in time to come it cannot be said as it was by a leading paper in this country, when Edward Blake was elected in England, and a prominent Canadian obtained a high position in the United States, "It is as natural for Canadian ability to gravitate to England and the United States, as for rivers to flow to the sea." We want a better loyalty in our Canadian heritage.

Now the true spirit of patriotism is not one of false pride or conceit, self-praise or "jingoism," but such an appreciation of our country's greatness as leads us to be humble and modest citizens, ready to sacrifice ourselves for the good of the whole country. It leads a youth to feel how much others, living and dead, have done for him, and to aspire to do all that he can, when called upon, to support the public interest, even if his own must be sacrificed. This spirit leads a man to live for the good of others, and not for himself or his family alone; it supplies a desire to develop his faculties, instead of destroying them by vice or idleness; it leads him to respect his fellow-countrymen, whether rich or poor, and to remember that all of them, however divided in their aims, have a common interest.

This spirit can be inculcated in many ways and is it not our duty to do all we can? In schools true patriotism can be taught. (1) By making pupils acquainted with passages of English Literature which are inspired by it. (2) By telling them of the lives of great men and women who have lived and died for their country. (3) "The flag that has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze," should hang in every school room. Not only should they be taught how to draw and point out the different elements of the flag but also shown that the "Union Jack" is the flag of liberty to the slave and to the people. (4) By the singing of patriotic songs, such as Alexander Muir's "Maple Leaf," and H. H. Goiffrey's "The Land of the Maple," etc. (5) By the right study and teaching of Canadian History. History and Patriotism are sister subjects. Fitch says, "Patriotism is one of the things which our teaching of History ought to cultivate—a rational and affectionate regard for the country in which we have been born, and for the privileges we enjoy in it, and in every school something at least should be done to make the scholars proud of this glorious heritage, and to animate them with a noble ambition to live lives and to do deeds which shall be worthy of it."

The American's Impression of the North-West

By Miss Edna M. McWhinney.

THE average American of several years ago—and the same is true of the people of the eastern provinces—had a very vague notion concerning the North-West. Whether on account of insufficient and faulty teaching or from incorrect ideas formed from what teaching was given, the thought of the great North-West of Canada brought with it a picture of a land of perpetual snows, an almost Arctic coldness, and a frozen, untillable soil. In the minds of many, it was a land teeming with game of every description,—the home of the hunter,

the trapper, and the Indian. And, naturally, in a comparatively uninhabited land, such as this North-West was supposed to be, such educational advantages as might exist there would be of a very primitive kind, and there would be a scarcity of other similar institutions of advanced civilization.

But in the last few years people have awakened to the advantages of the North-West. Information in various forms has been scattered broadcast, and the American, with his usual appreciation for the "almighty dollar," and his keen insight into the possibilities of the future, has not been long in deciding to avail himself of the golden opportunities offered in this new and growing country. It has been painted in the most glowing colors in the advertising pamphlets, from which he has obtained the most of his information; and perhaps, in accordance with his reputation for calling everything *great*, he has readily accepted every item of the glowing picture; or again, he may have looked with cautious, questioning eyes, while the thought crossed his mind that, "Distance lends enchantment to the view." Be that as it may, allured by brilliant hopes or well-grounded assurances of bettering himself, in many cases the American has left the land of his birth to make a new home under northern skies and the Union Jack.

The patriotic American, upon leaving his own country and entering the land which by adoption is to be his, suffers a pang of remorse that he ever concluded to leave "Old Glory." When the train, bearing him out of his native land, stops at the boundary, he has a silent battle with his emotions. Is he right in leaving this the land of his birth? We do not know. Perhaps at some future date, when his country can offer inducements as great as are offered by this grand new country to which he is going, he will again join hands with his old friends under the Stars and Stripes. . . . On this side of the line he sees the banner which stands for British freedom, proudly floating on the breeze, guarded by stalwart red-coated soldiers.

The train moves on and his mind is occupied with different thoughts as his home in this land is pictured to himself.

If he is travelling to the northern limits of railway lines he forms a general impression of the great diversity of country to be found within the boundaries of the North-West as rolling prairie, hilly land, winding streams and wooded tracts come successively into view. He gets an idea of the prosperity and progress of the country from the appearance of the farms and growing villages which lie along his line of travel, and from these impressions he is enabled to form a vague idea of what his own life here will be.

After fully and fairly testing the North-West, the man "from the other side" finds that, while the roseate hues may have faded and life is the same stern reality he has always known it to be, still he has no just cause to quarrel with the country to which he has come. If he is sensible, he will realize that great advantages always carry with them corresponding disadvantages, and will set to work with true Yankee ingenuity to make the most of the advantages and to overcome the disadvantages. In spite of the latitude in which the North-West lies, the American settler sends back to his old home a report of a healthful climate, a pleasant though it be a snapping cold winter, and a wonderfully productive soil; and cheerfully hopes to become accustomed to the mosquitoes and a few other slight inconveniences. He finds men engaged

in nearly the same pursuits as in older and more advanced countries, although some industries, as manufacturing, are still in their infancy.

Our American friend, settling in the North-West, finds a curious mixture of peoples and races,—nearly every land on the globe is represented. But all men are kindred, and in the most essential attributes of human nature, he finds them much the same as the people of his former acquaintance. Perhaps his lot will fall in a community in which the predominating element is Canadian. He will find them more conservative, more tinged by the ideas and customs of Old England than are his brothers across the line. Much is heard on the part of Canadians about the "American twang." The American soon discovers that the Canadians, also, have a "twang" of their own, not unpleasant, but which falls with as odd a sound on unaccustomed ears as does that of the American.

With perhaps a little surprise, our newcomer from the other side notes the excellent school system and the rapid growth in school facilities that has been made in even remote districts; the high qualifications required for teachers are also cause for wonder, when he considers the comparative youth of the country. Although he may not be willing to admit the superiority of its school system over that of his home land, he cannot but recognize its thoroughness and efficiency. And whatever may be his personal opinions as to the proper forms of law and government, the thoughtful American will be content under a system which secures the end sought after,—peaceful and law-abiding communities; and will recognize the fact that the results obtained are of far more importance than the mere means used. Moreover, he will, if he has been a *true* citizen of the great United States, now strive to so educate and inform himself that he may be able, conscientiously and intelligently, to act his part as a citizen of the country to which he now owes allegiance.

Environment as a Factor in Education.

By W. Mitchell.

MAN is the product of his environment and his inherited ability. All the influences in a person's daily life form and broaden his character and are the means to give him his education. The infant is educated by the experiences gained through the natural activity of his instincts.

The very young child is mute to all external stimulus and in all its wants is guided by instinct only. Gradually the mental powers begin to develop and evidences of perception, pleasure or pain, and memory are plainly visible. He grasps at every pleasing object and tries to imitate every pleasing act or sound. He is, in fact, accumulating knowledge and is growing mentally as well as physically.

Let us briefly recall those unfortunates whom sad fate has cast beyond the range of any human influence. Such persons exhibit only the animal feelings. All traces of gentleness, pity, love and all those traits of character which distinguish man from the brute are extinct or lie unawakened. Yet the germ is there and may be developed on his coming into contact with his fellow-men.

Almost parallel with these uncultivated beings, are those who are deprived of one or more of their senses. What stores of untold riches are denied to the blind. Even the knowledge gained through his remaining senses is blighted since it is not strengthened by the visual percepts. Suppose the person has also been unfortunate enough to lose his hearing, then all knowledge gained through his auditory sense is eliminated also, and the mind is almost entirely excluded from communication with the outside world. To go a step farther and imagine, if possible, the sense of feeling and smell being absent would be needless. We cannot conceive of such an individual continuing in existence. Therefore the child mind is but a nucleus, capable of development; the difference between the child's and the mature mind being a sum of knowledge gained from the outside world and the persons surrounding him, through his senses.

The crude knowledge thus acquired in childhood develops mental activity and leads to physical and intellectual exercise and finally tends to form his habits. Thus, influences of a potent nature are brought to bear on the plastic mind of the child and happy is the parent or guardian who successfully keeps in the foreground the proper and most elevating influences. The impulses produced by the home, by companions, and by his surroundings in general, would soon form the mould of his character. Self education has already begun. The child, according to his personality, selects and assimilates whatever pleases him.

And now comes that grand step or change, the birthright of every man—a social intercourse with the outside world. He now enters school life. Here he first comes into contact with the outside world, makes new acquaintance and encounters new knowledge. His former ideals are broadened, or if wrong their weaknesses are exposed. He finds the world full of such beings as himself, and many with much more wisdom, and he soon gets the proper perspective of his own abilities.

Here the intelligent instructor has the golden opportunity of ascertaining his mental capacity and special endowments, of strengthening his moral convictions and directing him through his proper course. His opinions are powerfully influenced by his social intercourse and by his own reading and reflection.

From school life he enters the world and tastes of the realities of life, and of the part he is to play in it. His knowledge is as yet by no means complete, although his mental faculties have reached maturity. He is but prepared to grapple with the difficulties that present themselves. Every new experience is assimilated with wonderful rapidity. The higher his calling in the social and political spheres, and the greater the demands made on his intellect, the greater will be his mental development.

Every stimulus which excites his mental powers adds to his store of knowledge. The spirit of our actions is of an external nature as it is passed from mind to mind. Only what is worthy in us should therefore be presented and moulded into the character of those about us.

The primary influence is that of the parent and home, but the greatest factor in primary education and character building is the school. Here the careful instructor who is a close observer of habits, can, on very short acquaintance, gauge, with fair accuracy, the nature of the home environment. The school is the kindergarten of society.

A peaceful, self-governed school society insures the training of

those altruistic virtues of Christian people. Here the young mind has access to many new truths. What joy he experiences in gaining for himself the knowledge of the underlying and ruling principles of life. Many ethical truths and maxims fail to reach their mark because we represent naturally direct interferences with our individuality.

The most potent influences are the indirect ones. Let us surround ourselves with what is pleasing, beautiful and elevating, in order to place before others what is most educative and elevating. Such material is to be found in the golden realms of Literature, History, Science, Music and Art.

Silent Influence.

By Miss Nettie Pollard.

LONGFELLOW says that to spend one half hour every day in associating with the higher arts—in the thoughtful reading of a poem, the listening to some good music, or the study of a master picture,—is to develop the aesthetic side of one's nature immeasurably. The silent influence of the great minds with whom we thus come in contact, leaves it indelible mark on our whole nature.

To character-building, the value of spare moments, well spent, is great indeed, and we ourselves can do much to throw around our lives a wholesome and ennobling influence. There is no more patent factor in this than the books we read in which, apart from the pleasure we experience, every thought and every sentiment, whether good or ill, leaves its impress on us.

But the taste for good literature, like everything else worth having, must be cultivated, and to this extent are we masters of our own destinies—that we may choose from the inexhaustible stores of literature the best, noblest and grandest thoughts of the best, noblest and grandest minds, that they may mould our lives after the highest ideals.

Nature, too, is a great silent influence in our lives. Who can measure the benefit derived from a close sympathy with her—from the study of a beautiful sunset or of the loveliness of a moonlight night? Have you ever felt very angry or had some great bitter grief, and, longing to be alone, gone out for a walk? Did you not find it impossible to nurse your anger or your grief in the presence of God's beautiful world? Or did not your mind wander to take in the beauty of some flower, the song of a bird, the glory of a sunset, the musical rippling of a stream, until your trouble seemed far away, and your better feelings softened?

Some one has said that a nature-loving man may not be a *good* man but he can never be a really *bad* man, and I believe there is no more uplifting influence than intercourse with nature brings.

But the most direct influence we feel is that of our fellow men. We act and react on each other to a far greater degree than we realize. Every word we hear, every action we see, leaves its mark on us. The strongest natures are influenced by others, perhaps, in this case, not so much by what their companions say as by what they are.

I venture to say that there is not one character here in Normal that

has not been more or less changed and that will not bear traces of contact with those met here. If we could realize more clearly the important part we play in our neighbor's life, how we should try to *be* what we could seem.

Less than four months ago we met from all parts of the Dominion. And we are soon to disperse, but we shall carry away more than memories. The lasting impression made by our intercourse with each other shall remain for many a year and bear fruits in widely different spheres.

Valedictory.

By John Dunning.

Coldly, sadly descends
The winter-evening. The field
Strewn with its dank yellow drifts
Of withered grass, the maples
Fall into dimness apace,
Silent :—hardly a shout
From a few boys late at their play !
The lights come out in the street,
In neighboring windows— but cold,
Solemn, unlighted, austere,
Through the gathering darkness, arise
The schoolhouse walls, in whose bound
Past memories are laid.

IT is ever with a tinge of sadness that the ties of school-life are broken. In later days, men fondly recall the happy time of childhood when they trotted off to the little country schoolhouse with their playmates. With a sigh they think of college days, the comrade who roamed across the corridor, and the bottles trundled down its length to awaken rudely some sleeping don. Soon to us, the associations of Normal School life will be a picture on the wall of memory.

In September, but a four-month ago, we assembled from all parts of Canada, many of us to see the prairie for the first time. Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, the provinces down by the sea, have sent up a strong contingent. Ontario, especially the western part, has a good representation. Manitoba and the Territories go to complete one whole, where there is no division of locality, but where each is willing to devote his or her energies to the building up of a great and intelligent Canadian nation.

On every side we have met a hearty welcome, and ready help in our work. The people of Regina have made us partners of their sports and amusements. The teachers of the schools have never refused a timely hint. But perhaps what makes the life of this training school unique is the perfect confidence that exists between staff and student. No rule of a martinet prompts the ruled to its infringement. Free from needless restraint, each can bring out what nothing but freedom can produce.

To the people, to the teachers, and to the staff we bid farewell. To some of us this farewell means the breaking of home ties and the encountering of the realities of life in the struggle for existence. To others it is the last link in the chain of many days spent in college halls.

But it is Yule-tide. Soon the bell that is now ringing out our old associations will ring in a new era. A great task lies before us.

The prairies that stretch in undulations far away are being peopled. Thousands are flowing in from eastern Canada, from the great republic to the south, and from western Europe. The first are as ourselves. The second have been separated from us for a time but like the waters of the St. Lawrence, which were divided at Niagara and again near the sea, at last sweep with one unbroken current into the ocean, so we, who have been divided in two great struggles, shall unite in our old allegiance. The third element, the descendants largely of the ancient Teutonic stock, should readily be merged into one common people.

Ours is the task to aid in welding these diverse parts into one of the staunchest bulwarks of the British Throne. True, we number only ninety-two. But look at our opportunities. To us will be confided the instruction of thousands of children at an age when they are most open to impression. Let us be loyal, not with a lip loyalty that spends itself in shouts, but with that loyalty which marks the true citizen who, in his own quiet way, adds to his country's weal. We have gained learning, but learning alone is vain. We have been taught methods, but method is but for the imparting of facts. What each requires most of all is a big heart ready to go out to the raggedest urchin, a heart such as burned in the breast of Pestalozzi or in Doctor Arnold of Rugby, whose memory shall be green as long as the name of school lives.

TEACHING GROUPS, SESSION 1902.

1. Chairman, J. Quigley; Misses Cook, Adams, Middlemiss, Mooney, Boyle, J. McKenzie; Messrs. Benson, Peacock, L. V. Kerr, Helgason, McLean, Carmichael.

2. Chairman, Mr. R. E. Buswell; Misses Jelly, McCauley, H. Oliver, McCartney, Crozier, McWhinney; Messrs. Cunningham, Conn, Baerg, Thompson, Carrothers.

3. Chairman, Mr. J. Dunning; Misses Lawson, Talbot, Fleetwood, Lawford, Maxwell, Standish, D. Oliver; Messrs. Kenny, Fisher, McCallum, Gass, Whitman, Rogers.

4. Chairman, R. D. Gilchrist; Misses Haney, Rogers, E. Franks, Anderson, Drummond, Ritchie, Purdon; Messrs. Mitchell, Mackey, D. G. Bisset, J. McDonald, Currie.

5. Chairman, B. W. Wallace; Misses Ovens, Strong, E. McKenzie, Langton, Hayward, Shepherd; Messrs. Brown, Glover, Atkinson, Dever, A. Bisset, Harris.

6. Chairman, N. E. Carruthers; Misses McLeod, Shaw, N. Franks, Henderson, Weir, McLean, Rae; Messrs. Coupland, Treen, D. A. McDonald, Stronach, Day, Wray.

7. Chairman, R. Valens; Misses Pollard, Campbell, Fessant, Walker, Jones, Close; Messrs. F. W. Kerr, Breadner, Schunke, Sahlmark, Nay.

Class Prophecies.

Give ear oh ye Normalites and hearken ye diligently unto the words that are spoken in this book concerning what the future hath in store for you—for verily, they that speak are gifted with the spirit of prophecy and whatsoever they have written shall surely come to pass. Therefore shall the righteous read with joy and gladness but peradventure others shall read and go away and say one to another: Lo, an enemy hath written it. But let not such be deceived but rather take heed unto their ways and be wise, for hath it not been said by one of old time "What is done cannot be undone."

Sara Shepherd—Thou art a creature ever true in whose countenance doth meet "Sweet records, promises as sweet." Thou shalt not go about making vain speeches on the rights of women to vote as is the manner of a few well-meaning but mistaken women, for shall not thy lord and master have a voice in the affairs of state of this land of the setting sun, yea verily.

Grace Ritchie—Thou hast been sore afflicted among the victims of throat trouble but be thou not cast down thou fair daughter of Egypt, for it hath been revealed to me that there'll come a time some day after that thou hast returned to thy kindred that one shall say unto thee—Leave thy teaching and come with me I pray thee and do thou aid me in my efforts to instil the doctrines of Immersion so that when it shall come to pass that I cry aloud unto the people to come and be baptised thou shalt be there in their midst to encourage—a ministering angel thou?

John Dunning, M.A.—Thou shepherd of a flock? Thou hast been a guide and inspiration to writers of lower plane. What if thou did'st at times find it necessary to rap thy knuckles on that piece of furniture with four legs and a top to restore order and quietness in the midst of chaos and criticism! And when at length silence reigned and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place save Fisher's muffled laughter, thou did'st raise a warning voice and cry aloud for a plan or peradventure a criticism—then there was a great calm! Thou shalt mount the Ladder of Fame and finally hear that, Well done, thou hast been faithful over a few even as over thy group, I will make thee ruler over many—be thou Principal of a Ladies' College!

Mabel McLean—Thou airy fairy Lillian! I see thy graceful form glide mid the hazy throng of the ball-room—this vision fades and again I see thee, after that thou hast tendered thy resignation to the kindergarten board—I see thee wafted down the stream of time not unattended for Normal affinities may not lightly be cast aside and the shackles of an old love still fetter him.

Mary Walker—Thou Daughter of the Gods, divinely tall and fair to look upon. Great have been thy achievements in Manual Training and verily were the models a joy so that—Mirabile dictum—the Instructor of the region did abstain from criticism. Yea even, anon did utter words of praise. Thy name shall remain green—but not Walker,—in the memory of the Normal class and Ladies' Aid and King's Daughter Societies shall rise up and call thee blessed.

William Cunningham—

"O though who on that happy realm of ice,
Clothed with transcendent swiftness didst outskate
Myriads though swift."

Oh thou Sir Gal-he-had of the Normal Academy. Verily thou shalt be more than an Ice-King for thou too shalt seek a position in a college for young ladies and shall instruct the maidens thereof in that art that hath so aptly been called the "Poetry of motion" so that these maidens shall go forth tripping the light fantastic to the utter satisfaction of their maters. In after years shalt thou not look back to this Normal session as the most important epoch in thy life for of a truth was it not there thou didst first hear that piece of Ancient History of George Washington and the cherry tree and did not the moral thereof sink deep into thine heart? But notwithstanding all these things in the battle of life thou shalt excel.

Job Parsons Brown—Thou swift runner after football—thou tenor singer in the Quartette—thou skillful mover of thy feet in the waltz, thou fearless glider over the reservoir. Oh, agreeable young man: Verily Job thou art a man of parts and in future thy name shall live not only as an Astronomer but as a worthy 'man of the cloth' for the same hath been revealed, that you shalt proclaim the doctrines of the True Faith to the assembled multitude on the Sabbath Day for many years, and many shall hear thee and marvel greatly, saying—"Whence came he?" and the Elders shall answer saying—"Of a truth we can tell thee, for did not this man teach school for a season in the wild and woolly west."

George Peacock—And shalt not thou too be principal of a school, and shalt thou not instruct the youth sent into thee at 9 o'clock in the morning in all the mysteries of knowledge and train them up in the way they should go, even in the way thou thyself didst go when at Regina Normal. Thou shalt not find it necessary to consult a Matrimonial Bureau as may be the fate of a few young men who have neglected golden opportunities of Normal but one thing shall trouble thee greatly for thou shalt ponder long considering the momentous question "Which shall it be?" Oh, fickle young man!

William Mitchell—Thou dreamy eyed speculator in quarter sections of land and town lots! How deft art thy hands in the modelling of clay and plaster! And hath it not been said that thou didst love to wander in the fields alone and talk with Mother Nature! Did I say "alone," nay, not so for Mother Nature is a kindly chaperon when the all-important question of "we two" is being considered, thou shalt gather up a goodly number of the Almighty Dollar and shall finally retire from active life to enjoy that happiness and rest which the weary alone deserve.

Addie Mooney—

"Sweet flower! for by that name at last
When all my reveries are past, I call thee."

What shall I prophesy of thee, thou fair one, but that thou shalt reign queen of a Manse, and it shall be said and written of thee that "the people loved her much."

"But to see her was to love her
Love but her and her forever."

Allan Fisher—Thou hero of the reservoir—for hath it not been noise! abroad that thou didst rescue two lads who did strive to skate where there was water and no ice at all. And when they were about to sink, being so much confounded by the absence of any firm foundation beneath their feet, lo! thou wert on the spot in the twinkling of an eye and didst draw them from the unstable liquid, so that they did swiftly run up to their mothers in the city not many miles distant. Think not, thou modest and generous young man, that no one envies thee for what one of thy comrades would not be a Fisher of boys! And verily thou shalt be a Fisher of men and a bold diver after the pearls and sponges.

Samuel Kenney—O happy warrior! Thou hast been likened by some to Sir Wilfrid of Parliamentary fame. All the tribe did hear the honeyed words that did fall from thy lips in thy five minute speech and did take knowledge of thee that thou didst not glance now and anon at a slip of paper in thy hand as was the manner of some who trusted not in themselves. Thou shalt instruct the children committed to thy charge in all the subjects contained in the school programme and shalt lead thy flock over the prairie that they may observe the gopher's ways and be wise.

Ernest Carmichael—Among the children of the north, who did leave their homes and their kindred to come unto Regina to obtain their professional certificates, there was one whom the boys do call Mike. And verily this Mike is a man—not of words but of deeds. And they do say that on the football field when he did run up against his adversary, he did make the same look like unto thirty coins of small value. Verily this man shall continue to tread the paths of knowledge with swift feet and shall mount aloft on the ladder of Fame and many looking up shall say "Of a truth he is one of the wise men from the East."

Kate Lawford—And it came to pass at the assembly of the tribe that they did, with one accord, elect thee to aid King Saul in the administration of the affairs of the Normal Literary Society. And verily Saul was pleased in his heart and did call thee many times to his council which did meet on the first school-day of the week around an oblong table, or perchance in the lecture-room of the Sullyites. And when it came to pass that they were astonished at the wisdom of thy words the King answering said unto them, "Marvel not my brethern, is it not known unto thee that she cometh from Strathearn" which is but three days journey from this place even by the Normal clock. But it seemeth not meet that I would foretell thy future in vain word O Daughter of Duty:

"She was not as pretty as women I know,
And yet all your best made of sunshine and snow
Drop to shade, melt to naught in the long-trodden ways,
While she's still remembered on warm and cold days.
My Kate."

Mabel McCauley—

"Grace was in all her steps,
In all her motions liberty and love."

Thou fair descendant of that renowned author of England's History, thou shalt not tarry long in the teaching profession. I see thee, arrayed in white, walk through "wards of white-washed walls" past beds on which lie they that are sick and glad eyes are turned towards thee. And

thou shalt find favour with the Physician in charge and it shall come to pass that he shall prevail on thee to leave the nursing and specialize on the Arts of Domestic Science and Home Decoration. And it was even so from the beginning!

R. E. Buswell and L. V. Kerr—As David and Jonathan you are united in your love; but not as they, shall you be separated in the years to come. One picture from the future you shall see, then must I leave you. A scantily furnished room in the poor quarter of the vast metropolis of the west; anxious tear-stained faces watch in solemn silence the household darling of three summers. The curly head tosses restlessly, while the rapid pulse, the quickened breathing, and the burning brow all tell that the dread fever has claimed her for his own. Summoned from his work, the father enters the room; one look at his darling reveals the whole sad story. He murmurs "There are only two men in this city can save her," then swiftly and silently departs. Far from that crowded quarter he mounts the broad stone steps of the Medical College. He is met at its very door by its two most famous lecturers; the case is stated, father and doctors enter the waiting carriage and are soon by the sufferer's cot. The anxious mother's face grows bright with hope as our old friend Dr. R. E. Buswell takes baby's hand in his; and in the quick movement of the kindly faced doctor administering the medicine, we recognize the David of Normal days, L. V. Kerr.

Elizabeth Adams—List what old Father Time shall do for thee if thou despise not his solemn decree. Heretofore hospital wards for thee have had no charm, but few winters shall pass o'er thy head until thou hast joined Florence Nightingale's noble band in the Chicago of the West. Fear not to enter oh Elizabeth Adams for verily thou shalt graduate with honors and shalt go forth "united" in the cause of healing.

J. McDonald—Twenty years have passed since the old Normal class of 1902 entered the capital to seek, not their fortune, but a Boarding House. Mr. Mitchell, of that same old class, is travelling o'er the now thickly settled prairie. The train stops at the city of Moosomin, where the gentleman gets off, and directs his steps to the large wholesale house of John McDonald. He enters the proprietor's office, where merry good natured "Jack from Cheeselee" is softly whistling his old favorite air "Sweet Bunch of Daisies" while he pores over "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" whose author was admired by him in old Normal days. His friend greets him with "Well Jack I see the shackles of an old love still fetter you."

Bertha Anderson—Thou ever retiring modest maiden, wouldst thou too look within the pages of this pondrous book, and read thy future as by Heaven decreed? Then turn thine eyes westward to where the sunny slopes lose themselves in the vast prairies of Alberta. There shalt thou behold a handsome rancher returning from the inspection of his numerous herds. At the entrance of his goodly dwelling stands "The saint of his deepest devotion" who is none other than thyself, oh Bertha.

Lucy Fleetwood—Thou fairy from that island of the sea! the gods forbid that thou shouldst long follow this calling of thy choice. Give ear, oh maid, to the message I bear from them to thee. Thou shalt be queen. Thy crown shall be thy sunny hair, thy sceptre, thy sweet smile, and thy subject he who cometh from the south to offer thee the realm of his beautiful home.

Edith McKenzie—"Prophet, thou who holdest counsel with the powers that be, canst thou not tell of one, Edith McKenzie?" "Yea verily this night it hath been revealed to me. You ask it wealth is in store for her, I answer—Nay. Sufficient for all her wants shall be supplied, and she shall go forth forgetful of herself, cheering the weary, nursing the sick and comforting the sorrowing. And in blessing others, verily, she shall be blest."

Miss M. Haney—"Prophetess, what seest thou in store for the future of one—Mabel Haney?" "In the not far distant future I see far away in a Western Prairie City a brick school house. In this building, which is run in connection with a home for old motherless boys, I see a sweet faced, pleasant little woman flitting about, uttering words of golden wisdom. Now she leaves the school and goes to the home where her great work of healing the broken hearts and crushed spirits of her orphan boys is performed. Now a mist arises shutting from view this noble little philanthropist."

Miss M. Langton—"Daughter thou askest of me hard things. The gods reveal but when they will, yet at thy bidding the veil of time shall lift, and for one brief moment thou shalt see what is in store for thee." (The scene is ushered in by over-powering strains from stringed instruments). Soft sunbeams dance o'er Italy's capital, and reveal in a lofty studio, diligently at work on a wondrous piece of statuary, the somewhat changed and yet familiar form of Maud Langton. Through the open window come the rich notes of male voices, the sculptress heeds not, pleasure hath not charms to lure her from Duty's path—The gods depart, the vision fades."

Florence J. Close—"Oh woman, in the witching hours of night, thy future hath been revealed to me. List but one brief space of time and verily thou shalt know what Fate decrees. At midnight in old Hamilton I stood, before me rose a majestic pile where intellectual women were trained in special mathematics and decorum. The unholy foot of man polluted not those halls of fame. Through corridors I passed and entered softly the sanctum of the ruling spirit there. And behold in that smiling face I recognized thine own."

Sheridan L. Dever—"Thou mischievous youth whom the principal found it necessary to place in the gallery! Thou shalt teach for two years and then thou shalt write a recipe book entitled "Dever's Dainty Deserts for Delicate Diners." This book shall be largely perused by farmers and people with large appetites. Thy book shall be found in many Canadian homes."

Fred. Marks—"Thou tall dark man from the "Wilderness!" As we gaze into the future we behold thee in a court room pleading for a man accused of murder and impressing on the jury that the prisoner is entitled to the benefit of the doubt. Thou art to be a shrewd lawyer of the west and in the distant future we see thee in the House of Commons urging upon the listeners the expediency of moving Alberta's capital farther north."

Elsie Cook—"Of all the futures we, the prophets, have viewed, thine, O daughter, is the brightest. Thou hast chosen thy calling wisely. Thou shalt never be happier than when instructing the rising generation, forgetting not that "cheerfulness and joyfulness form the atmosphere under which all things thrive."

Dan Bisset—Our strong, determined football captain! Thou also of the "Alberta Wilderness." It is well for thee that thou art a pupil of the 1902 class, not because of the pedagogical training thou hast received, but because thy stay in Regina has started a new line of thought in thy mind. On account of the most wonderful art of the Manual Training Professor thou art led to investigate certain scientific principles, and again thy searching mind finds fresh pastures, as when the people of Regina were compelled to use their ingenuity to produce light from other sources than coal-oil. This has set thee thinking. After teaching for one year thou shalt take the science course in an Eastern University and shalt become far famed for thy scientific discoveries.

Margaret Jones—The vision of thy life is a revelation even to the prophets. The events of the intervening years are difficult to interpret. Yet ten years hence a scene in thy life is revealed which tells us all. In the capital of the Territories, in a large brick isolation hospital the matron is seen examining the throat of a poor diphtheria patient. There can be no mistaking this matron. She is none other than our patient school-mate. In the hall we hear the doctors whisper, "Why has she made such a careful study of diphtheria?" This is easy for us, the class of 1902, to understand.

Duncan Currie—Thou also of the tribe of the Saskatchewan, thou who workest quietly but surely! Thy influence shall be for good wherever thou wanderest. Thy travels shall be well directed by the Master's hand, and we see before our view a small Mission circuit. Thou shalt be loved and respected for thy never tiring efforts. Press on, thou faithful one! Thy life shall be a blessing to thy country.

Susie Weir—In the capital of Ontario we behold the wife of one of the city's greatest physicians. Thy life has been well and wisely planned. Thou shalt be brought into contact with the sick and suffering and thou shalt unconsciously work wonders in the healing art, by thy shining countenance and comforting words. Thine shall be a happy life and thou shalt be the light of a happy home.

Athelstan Bisset—A large college stands on one of the principal streets of the city of Victoria. In the main office we behold the Professor of Mathematics. His fame has spread far and wide, not only as one high in his profession, but also as a noted writer of mathematical works. He is reading a magazine article entitled, "Effects of Tobacco on the Human System." And as he tosses the magazine contemptuously aside, we recognize our old friend, Athel.

Edgar Conn—In years to come any Normalite who may chance to wander to a remote and secluded city of British Columbia may behold this sign, "Conn & Co. Wholesale and Retail Merchants." Thy marked business ability shall lead thee thither and thou shalt become one of the wealthiest and happiest merchants of the west.

Gustave Bernhart Schunke—Hear the words of a prophet, John. "Thou shalt surely be called great for as with Cæsar," we poor men walk under his huge legs and peep about to find ourselves dishonorable graves. Not many months hence thou shalt lift up thy rich bass voice in a northern clime where the cold blasts freeze the rind upon the lip. In the Yukon shalt thou pan out thy fortune, and then return to Alberta the Beautiful.

Cephas Thompson—The man who rose in wrath when Mr. Gass in his striking style declared that he did not know of any great men being born in the N.W.T. Cephas will one day become a great inventor and we firmly believe he will solve the Perpetual Motion problem.

Olla Standish—A staunch friend but a freezer to the young aspirant, one of the far-famed Edmonton girls. Miss Standish's genial face will soon cease shining in the school room. Her interests lie in the mercantile world and she knows more about "scrip" than most of the men in this country. Looking away into the years we see our old friend Olla meeting us at the door of her beautiful home and giving that frank hand shake of hers.

Edsbert Coupland—A forward on the football eleven, a member of the popular male quartette, and a "boy among the boys." The future greeteth thee! After a few years retiring from the profession of his choice and love, we see him up on the Saskatchewan, the owner of a large ranch and representing his district in the House of Parliament.

Edna Talbot—Hear the words of thy friend—a prophet. Thou shalt surely mount the ladder of fame as of old, and having locked thyself in a secluded tower, shalt converse with one, who climbing the ladder, aspires to be on thy level. We predict that thou shalt become a mind reader, a fortune teller, a "jollier" and shall be honored in thy profession.

Joseph McCallum—Our authority on Hill's Geometry. Joseph will soon be relieved from the social functions of the school and retire to more secluded regions in the Beaver Lake District. "Still water runs deep" and our friend will yet become a rancher in the region of the lake.

Margaret Crozier—Yes the girl with the auburn tresses—thou shalt render great service, for has it not been said "They also serve who only stand and wait." Retiring from the profession after three years thou shalt receive a "Grant for life."

Norman Carruthers—Truly a wise man from the east. We see a prosperous and happy future for our friend. As the principal of a college in the capital of Alberta Mr. Carruthers will have many true friends but none more true than those of his own teaching group in the Regina Normal school. We prophesy a slight bodily injury to Norman if that structure with four legs and a cover happens to fall.

Isabel Shaw—A bright looking school surrounded by trees and a picket fence appears to our view. Within sorrow reigns. Tears are in the eyes of the bright eyed pupils for their teacher who has been with them five years is about to leave. We recognize in their loved teacher the girl with whom we attended Regina Normal school in 1902, Isabel Shaw.

Alban Atkinson—Into my prophetic vision drifted a manly form. The spirit which broodeth over the great deep said—"Lo! my son! lift up thine eyes and gaze. Recognizest thou these classic features?" And behold I looked. There before me I saw my old friend "Atky." He of the dark auburn, middle cleft locks was a noted professor of French in the new college in the Winnipeg of the West. And as of yore he studied the first three notes of the major scale from a pocket edition of *Oliver Twist*.

Edna McWhinney—

“ Whose smile of cheer

And voice in dreams I see and hear.”
 The sweetest woman ever Fate
 Perverse denied a household mate.
 Who, lonely, homeless, not the less
 Found place in love's unselfishness,
 And welcome where so e'er she went.
 A calm and gracious element,
 Whose presence seemed the sweet income
 And womanly atmosphere of home;
 For well she kept her genial mood
 And simply faith of maidenhood.
 The morning dew that dries so soon
 With others, glistened at her noon.

Frank J. Baerg—Behold I dreamed a dream and I thought I stood on the banks of the Rhine and as I looked about me I espied a familiar form approaching. It was the Professor of Music and Elocution from the great University near at hand. But stay—ah, yes I have it now, it is our schoolmate of 1902, Frank J. Baerg—the man of authority.

Harriet Oliver—

The firelight falls on pictured walls
 And crimson draperies, warm and cosy,
 While in the shade, with manner staid
 A lady sits whose fingers rosy
 Touch the ivory keys, sweet music from them bringing,
 While into fancy creeps the sound of vespers sweetly ringing

Oh hark! the beat of hurrying feet,
 Proclaims a visitor for dinner,
 And many go still westward H.O.
 Although there's only one can win her.
 Hasten Cupid! to her heart send arrows swiftly flying,
 For time will come, and that ere long when love lies dying, dying.

Ethel Middlemiss—Into the capital of Canada I took my hasty course one day seeking to boom my new patent for drying Regina mud. The new Governor, or more strictly Governess, of our Dominion was graciously pleased to give me audience. On being admitted to the almost royal presence, I bent the knee and began, “ May it please your most gracious excellency—” when a familiar voice exclaimed “ Why Miss ——, I'm so glad to see you, it recalls old days.” I lifted my eyes and, lo, our Ethel. She of the rich mezzo voice and marvellous diplomatic skill had carved her way by a judicious use of those talents to the proudest seat in our land.

A. Benson—In searching for the mysteries which lie hid from ordinary mortal ken, I one day entered a dingy street in Pretoria, South Africa. Here burst upon my astonished vision, a sign board bearing a name marvellously like one of the seconds of 1902. “ A. Bensorndeimehr—Dog Trainer and Checker Player—The game taught while you wait, or money refunded. Step in.” I stepped and found as I had expected, our old checker champion. School teaching proved to be weariness and vexation of spirit, so to give greater freedom to his strategic powers he chose the professions indicated by his sign board.

George Harris—In the year 1932 a Psychological poem appeared in the Battleford Signal. The author, who held an enviable position on the editorial staff, and who was a member of the Firsts at Normal in 1902, lost his job because of the poem. We reproduce it below:

"In the First Class, Regina Pedagogical School
 Sat a grey Prof. who measured our thoughts by a rule.
 Young Harris imbibed metaphysical lore
 Of Concepts, and Percepts, and Appercepts, more
 Than Convergent Suggestion could synthesize right,
 So his pictures generic did muddle him quite
 'Is Mnemonics an aid in Associative cohesion?
 Is mental Abstraction necessary to reason?
 Tell me and relieve my severe mental tension
 When do I Apprehend, when have full Comprehension?
 By what process may I form a judgment Aesthetic?
 Shall I unify scenes which are bright or pathetic?
 Ought I seek from myself or my friends Approbation?
 These are hard tasks for me, in differentiation.'"

D. Robert MacLean—The spirit which knoweth all things, even the future of Normalites, said unto me, "Sleep my son, and I will cause to pass before thy vision, the future of him with the wavy locks and silvery tenor voice." I slept, and lo, I saw one of our number grown famous. Those who were privileged to hear his Sunday morning matins, will not be surprised to learn that he achieved glory, and a very handsome competence, through publishing in Gaelic the Psalms of David.

Myrtle Fessant—There was darkness brooding over the face of the great deep. And lo! as through space, with my prophetic spirit, I sped in questering flight, a flickering star appeared on the horizon. The spirit said "Hie thou thither oh son of mortality for 'neath yon beacon resideth one whom thou seekest." And behold, as I approached, I discerned the noble proportions of a South Sea Island Industrial School of Domestic Science. It was past even-tide and the children were singing their bed time song in honor of the new lady Principal,

O blithe new comer! we have heard
 Thy coming brings good omen,
 O Pheasant! shall we call thee bird
 Or shall we call thee woman?"

Edith Franks—O wise men and babes give ear and harken to the happy tale of one who contracted a disease at our school. Since man's creation a fertile source of superannuation has been throat trouble. She whose future is here revealed had trouble with her throat at Normal, and in consequence thereof, joined the superannuated ranks for a time. After lapse of years, the old trouble returned with overwhelming force but in modified form. Instead of attacking the throat it struck lower, affecting even that vital organ known as the heart. Her last superannuation is "Till death do us part." Her Frankness in welcoming old Normalites to her home discloses her identity even before we hear her name "Lady Edith."

Dora Oliver—In a far distant land where the Zambesi laves the stony soil, my spirit of prophecy led me. "Surely," said I, "no schoolmate is here." But he made answer, "Even one whom thou wouldst

least suspect dwelleth in this place. She of the silent smile maketh the desert to rejoice and the desolate spots to sing psalms. The modern David hath not yet found his Dora, although often in the former years the finding seemed very near." And as I looked, behold there flitted into view a fairy-like sprite whom I quickly recognized. And while I gazed she executed one of those familiar calisthenic drills to the accompaniment of "And everybody shake your feet and hoe her down."

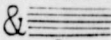
D. A. MacDonald—Wending his way towards the regions celestial is the emaciated form of a one time Normalite. Life opened fair and rosy for him. He early saw his world through bright spectacles. But a change came o'er the spirit of his dreams, bringing a sadness which even the witchery of cardboard work and clay modelling could not brighten. And now he wanders forsaken, chanting this sad requiem over himself:

"Oh why, on the night of the Farewell Reception
Did Danny succumb to a fair lady's smile?
But dear to his heart is that faint recollection
Of the brief time he thought 'Here's a girl without guile.'"

Janet MacLeod—The angel which attended my wanderings bade me write thus concerning our wayward sister MacLeod. Verily she who, because of mischievous behaviour, was domiciled in the bald-headed row, otherwise known as the gallery, even she has at last settled into sedate womanhood. By a judicious application of "the law of successive clearness," her duty now became plain, and she is now a "teacher" in a large Doukhobor school near Yorkton. When the wandering spirit seizes her charges, she charms them back to sanity by reciting thrilling stories on forgiveness, fidelity, truth, etc., such as she learned at the Normal in the session of 1902.

Mabelle Hayward—And I walked and talked with the spirit, and mine eyes were opened, and I beheld thy future, O fair Mabelle, and I saw thy graceful form as one that trippeth the light fantastic, in the city of thy forefathers, even the city of natural "gass," which is called Medicine Hat. And verily I say unto you, there shall come a day, when thou hast returned unto thy people, that thou shalt watch with much anxiety for the approach of the train which is called the Moose Jaw Local, and whereon is one of ruddy countenance and goodly to look upon.

Madge Henderson—And among those that came from the far east even from that Island which is called Prince Edward, there was one by the name of Madge. And the same was a faithful disciple of Dexter and Garlic, yea even of White and Landon. And when it did come to pass on a Friday afternoon that Saul did declare from his throne that the "meeting" would close according to Hoyle which being interpreted meaneth by "God Save the King" then Madge did wend her way to the musical instrument and all the congregation did rise to its feet and sing for joy the Anthem of the Free. And it hath been revealed to the prophet that thou shalt make headgear for vain women and verily these bonnets shall be fearfully and wonderfully made so that they that do wear them shall be the envy of all sisterhood.

John Wray—Nature might well stand up and say of thee "This is a man." Thine heirs shall inherit from thee vast fortunes made in Yukon gold. Thy family crest shall be a "double" & 

James Breadner—Well hast thou been named "dad" for thou art a light to guide, a rod to check the erring and reprove. Time shall deal lightly with thee. I see thee sit among the children of a future generation as thou didst sit among the Normalites, dispensing words of wisdom and encouragement, by questions, but in true Socratic style.

Helgi Helgason—And what have the gods in store for thee, my friend? Riches, honor, renown in thy profession? Yea, verily, on one so frank, so like unto themselves, the gods bestow rich gifts. Thy hand shall guide the electric currents, and open up to us, thy fellow students, vast areas of science, yet unknown.

Grace Strong—Ever reticent and self possessed yet kind and loving, —I see the matron of a children's hospital, bending affectionately over the cot of a child, or tenderly binding broken limbs.

"Sow love and taste its fruitage pure,
Sow peace and reap its harvest bright,
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor
And find a harvest home of light."

Mary Jelly—"To live in hearts we leave behind us is not to die." Thou shalt live long in the hearts of this year's Normal class, because of thy bright smiles and loving disposition. Thou shalt never wander far from the capital, for when teaching days are done, thou shalt grace a country home, where "time tables" shall never vex thee more.

Robert Valens—Thou big man of mighty frame. When thou didst begin to arise slowly, yet majestically, from thy seat at yonder table and prevent the light of the northern window from stealing across the room we all of one accord began to listen for the words of wisdom which fell from thy lips. Thou shalt explore unknown regions and pierce the heart of Africa and discover unknown wealth and peoples yet unheard of. As a reward thou shalt be made a ruler of these people and shalt be a mighty man of valour.

Clara Boyle—Another of the children of the Wilderness appeared to the wise ones; surrounded by dusky faces in a mission school of the far north did they behold thee. Moving quietly and slowly around the spacious halls nothing escapeth thy observant eyes. When the arduous duties of the day are over, in a snug little sitting room, thou sittest with thy helpmate and cheerer planning for the mental and spiritual development of thy flock.

Esther Ovens—Lo, the curtain is withdrawn for a moment's space and we behold thee head of a large dress making establishment. Flimsy laces and gauzy ribbons hang on thy arm. Fashion plates adorn thy walls, and to thee the ladies of fashion and wealth wend their way. Thou art happy in having found at last thy special calling.

Robert Treen—And what shall the prophets say of thee, O dark-eyed youth? When the learned doctor, even according to the decree of the ancient order of the staff, did rise up to drive thee from the abode of the fair daughters of the West thou, even thou, didst disregard, and scatter abroad the commands of him who sought to drive thee hence. Deep are the meditations of thy heart, fair youth, even though thy lips are sealed and not given to much vain talking. And it shall come to pass that thou shalt be King over a goodly number of children and shalt rule long and well.

Marie E. Maxwell—Thou who call'st to memory one of the rare characters of the south—tall, stately, dark, and full of grace and power. Of thee I thought and as I thought I was aware of an unseen Presence, which bade me rise, and as I walked and talked with the unseen Spirit, it bade me pause. I looked and descried thy stately form walking thoughtfully on the campus of an eastern university. Yet once again the Spirit bade me pause and in the fading twilight of a Scottish glen, sitting on a rustic seat with papers strewn about, was our one time friend, writer of such tales as thou alone canst write—beautiful and full of mystery tales which delight the young and bring to the old sweet memories of days that are no more.

Nellie Franks—Thou of the rosy cheeks and gig-lamps: To thee, O daughter, shall fame come, more than to all the tribe of the Carruthersites. Behold, it hath been revealed unto the prophets that thou, even thou, shalt be a writer of love stories. Verily, with the reading of thy tales shall the maidens grow more faithful. Yea, the young men shall pluck up courage, and speak out of the abundance of their hearts. And there shall come one, and the nickname of him shall be even as that of William II, and in him shalt thou find the denouement of thy last story.

R. D. Gilchrist—Go westward old boy, go westward.—Yet a little while and schoolrooms shall see thee no more forever; but we shall see thee, for thou shalt wax exceeding great among the north-western ranchers, and thy name shall be known far and wide, from Parliament Hill, Ottawa, to the haunt of the lowliest barnyard savage of north-western Alberta. Till then, Farewell.

John Nay—Thy skill in manual training has betrayed thy talents. A change of two years spent in a Manitoba country school, then like the sun from behind a dark cloud, thou shalt shine out again, and we see thee a brilliant undergraduate in the Medical Faculty of Manitoba University, "Nay," in a short time one of our leading physicians.

D. P. Stronach—Thou quiet and serene member of the bald-headed row,—thou shalt return, ere many years have passed, to the land of thy birth, and when next we see thee, thou shalt have completed a brilliant course in "Old" Harvard, and thy Alma Mater shall rejoice in thee.

Annie Rogers—A patient, faithful, tireless worker for the advancement of primary education. Thou shalt live to a ripe old age, thy work shall long leave its mark, and thy manner and bearing will be reflected in the lives of those who survive thee.

Jessie McKenzie—And thou Jessica, one of Brandon's fair daughters, art not to be cast down, for thou shalt return to the land from whence thou camest. There thou shalt meet with him who shall tell thee what thou shalt do. A large "Grant" may be thine, and long as thy life shall last, thy path shall all be bright.

Herman A. Whitman—There came a wise man from the east, yea, even from Paradise came he to sojourn among us. O Herman, thou of the clustering curls and mirthful laugh, thy place was ever among the fair, thy seat beside the gentle. Thou hast been first and foremost among men to beguile the dull moments of recess for the fair daughters of learning, and think not, happy youth, that thou art free from the envy of thy fellowmen. But fear not, they shall never harm thee, and thou shalt hold such sweet converse all the days of thy life.

Ellard Gass—A life, far from the distraction of the school room "A richer heritage is thine, than Kings could boast, in olden time." Boundless prairies, rich grassy meadows, countless herds. When autumn wanes, your attention will be turned "hayward," with a view to your stock's welfare.

Daisy Drummond—Will settle down, after two years successful teaching, in her own native town. There she will "love, honor and obey," one of our coming hardware merchants. However depressed in spirits Fred may be, he will always have a "Daisy" to cheer him.

Ellen J. McCartney—A cosy little schoolhouse in the foothill country. What happiness is there! Such a harmony between teacher and pupils, such gay, happy children—But lo! farther into the future I look, and I see the same schoolroom, but its happy air has gone; the source of its joy has vanished,—vanished, however, only to burst forth in another place. I follow, and behold a bright fireside in the suburbs of Alberta's capital. The same happy air of that foothill school, the same pleasant smile, but from a happier heart, a heart the joy of a home, not a school.

Geo. W. Sahlmark, B.A.—A strong personality; a useful life shall be thine. A pulpit in the Albertan metropolis; a helpful consort, the idol of your flock. She shall be the inspiration of your strongest sermons, a series of which will be published under the title "Job—his affliction."

Mary Rae—Visions rise. I see a head of dark bushy locks, bending over the great ledgers in one of the large hardware stores of a western city. A life full of happiness and friends, doing good to all. Your motto should be—"Though I am Beaton yet will I never be discouraged."

James Quigley—"A slumber did my spirits steal" and in a vision I looked into the future. To thee I predict a fate most terrible. Thou art become exceeding great, O learned man! For those afar off—ears have they but they hear not—even for their sakes, thou shalt learn to *stand* and deliver thine orations, that the multitude may profit by the words of wisdom that fall from thy lips concerning School Ordinance and class management. Verily, great and marvellous are the changes of Time. Yea, and thou shalt become a great poet—a man with whom Apollo delights to converse, and the fame of thee shall go abroad throughout the great western land, and the wreath of poet laureate shall adorn thy lofty brow.

Mackey! Mackey! The gods have called thee. Great shalt thou be and powerful in thy walk of life. From the Moody Institute shalt thou go and among the lofty porches of the Parliament buildings shalt thou discourse in five minute speeches upon the way the young should be taught. No sextet only shalt thou sway by thy oratorical delivery, which like the lighted match in the church, shall burn into the listeners.

Ashton Carrothers—The pride of the group art thou. The future holds pleasant things for thee. From an oily district hast thou come and thou shalt glide easily through life. Some shall call thee *wealth king*; but thou shalt be a leader among kingly men. So thorough is thy work, that the greatest positions in our land shall be opened for thee.

Burpee Wallace—On the banks of the river that is called Bow behold, there is a city built of stone. Let us haste to walk therein for lo! it hath been spoken by the prophets: Thy erstwhile friend abideth here and hath won unto himself a reputation, even a reputation of a singer and a wag. Marvellous are his powers, for he bringeth forth music from where no music is, even from the crows among the Normal students. Yea, and of making jokes there is no end. Likewise, also, he lifteth up his voice and singeth, early in the morning, even at six o'clock, and singeth so well that no boots nor chairs assail him, so that in perfect peace

“He poureth his full heart

In profuse strains of unpremeditated art;”

He hath become leader of the city choir and the sweetness of the singing doth draw all men to listen.

Wm. A. Day—O happy Day! Thou deep browed Homer from Owen Sound! Dost thou not hear the future call thee? Hast thou still the “I'm coming” and yet a page to read? Hurry man be not so slow and to the humorous concert we will go. What! sleeping? Can you not walk faster? Well then thou shalt teach only a few years; then to the soil; go follow your oxen and plow your land, keeping that smile along down through the ages.

Isa Lawson—In a quiet country school, surrounded by a group of eager loving faces, we find Miss Lawson. She has won the confidence and esteem of her little kingdom and we are sure that her faithful work will bear good fruit. The scene is changed. Who is that tall, earnest looking woman in college gown and mortar board? Surely it is our old Isa, happy because her ambitions are realised, and because she is fitting herself for higher and more important duties as a teacher. But—the scene is changed! Alas! it was ever thus. Man proposes, Cupid disposes, and all these lofty aspirations are abandoned. The scene is changed. In a quiet little home we again find our friend, having changed her purpose in life—and her name.

Barbara Purdon—Will wonders never cease! Walking down the streets of Brandon in 1915 our eyes were attracted by a large and brilliant poster advertising a lecture on “Civic Problems,” for the purpose of raising money to build a vast up-to-date club temple, where women can proclaim their views on female right to suffrage and expansion. Glancing at the bottom we saw the lecturer was a famous western woman, Professor Barbara Purdon. The name sounded familiar and we decided to go and hear the discourse. Entering, behold, we saw our friend of the Normal class of 1902. She had grown older and more matronly but it was undoubtedly the same, orating eloquently on the rights of her sex.

G. H. Glover—Lifting up mine eyes and peering into the future, I see many gather themselves together unto thee. And thou shalt lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and verily many of the tribe of Assa, and ranchers from the prairies roundabout shall come to behold the brightness of thy rising, and thou shalt expound the truth that John Wesley did proclaim, and there shall be light! Of a truth the mysteries of the higher criticism, shall not come nigh unto thee to confound thee, so that thou shalt not be called heretic as some of thy brethren in the faith. And because of this thou may'st go on thy way rejoicing.

Jessie Campbell—And shall not Mr. Dunning require thee in his Ladies' College to teach Music and Elocution to the young ladies thereof? And thou shalt do the same diligently and now and anon thou shalt repair to the top flat of the said academy to give private instructions to the maidens in the graceful movement of feet. And it shall come to pass that the Principal hearing of it shall not be wroth but shall be as one that hath not heard and shall smile and say unto himself, "It was even so in the days of my youth at Regina Normal."

Nettie Pollard—And the word of the editor came unto the prophets yet another time saying "Prophesy ye, of the fate of this maiden." And they lifted up their voices and spake in this wise, "Yet a little while, O daughter of the tribe of the Galleryites and thou shalt be in a far country instructing the children of the House of Alta according to the Law of Successive Clearness, which altereth not. And thou shalt stretch forth thy hand and say, "Arise, ye of the Second Standard, and come forth to thy recitation." And it shall be even so. But the day of thy freedom from bondage is at hand. Behold, thou shalt no more be called Schoolma'am, but Authoress, for such is the will of the prophets. Books shalt thou write, and problem plays, and the fame thereof shall go forth to all the ends of the earth. And in no case shall thy hero be aught but a mighty man of valor, and as one in the likeness of Goliath of Gath.

Fred. Kerr—Thou hast been endowed with many and varied talents. Great shall be thy attainments in the art of healing the sick, and thou shalt banish diphtheria germs from the capital of the North-West Territories, even as St. Patrick did banish the snakes from the Emerald Isle; so that these germs shall return no more forever, to visit the fair Normalites of future years. Formaline shall no more cause their eyes to weep, and throat-sprayers shall be cast as rubbish to the void. Then shall Fred. sing and all the Normalites and landladies shall clap their hands.

Jack Rogers—Verily the same hath been revealed to me that thou art a man of war and that thou didst brave the battle and the breeze in the Phillipines and in the Transvaal, yea, even in the land of the Celestials and moreover neither did Boers nor Boxers cause thee any affright at all and verily we believe thou didst not "lose thy head." Thou dost not belong to those individuals who think they will be heard for their much speaking, and are even like unto sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. But, as hath been said by the prophet of old, "Murder will out" and we have heard of the excellency of thy handiwork in the sub-regions of the Normal school, so that Lindley hath said unto himself "Verily when I do cross the pond to my own, my native land, this man shall be my successor, and he shall instruct youths and maidens "so" that they shall saw and not be weary and shall whittle and not carve their fingers."

The "vapours" linger round the "lights"
 They melt and now they vanish.
 We're gathered here to part again,
 Sad thoughts that we would banish;
 But that we know where'er we go
 The memories of Normal
 Will dwell with us to heighten joy,
 And cheer our minds in sorrow.

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