

The  
Nova Scotia  
Normal



July, 1909

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# The Nova Scotia Normal

"DOCENDO DISCIMUS."

Vol. VII. Normal College, Truro, N. S., July, 1909. No. 8

## Editorial Staff.

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## Editorial

The year at Normal has gone. We, the students of 1908-09 have spent our term and are about to depart. With a feeling of sadness we say good-by to the familiar spots—the Assembly Hall, Dr. Hall's room, the laboratory, the Park—to the faculty, who, we are certain, will miss us, and to each other, for there have many strong friendships made among the students. However, we trust that, tho we are leaving the Normal School, neither it nor those who teach in it will soon be forgotten.

The ever-present helpfulness of our instructors and the hints they have given us will remain and

go with us and aid us in the work before us. And it is to the future that we should turn with all hope and enthusiasm. The past has gone, but the future, we believe is ours—ours to make or mar. Let us not soon forget the words of inspiration we have heard here at Normal School.

We wish to thank our subscribers, contributors, and advertisers, too, for the way in which they have aided us in making our paper a success. And we ask for a like support next year when, under a new body of editors, the Normal will again be published. In passing over the pen, we give with it our heartiest wishes for their success. Now, we must say "Good-by."

**The Museum.**

Thru the efforts of Dr. Hall, assisted by the students of the Normal College, there has been gathered together during the last three years, a collection of articles which will form the nucleus of a Provincial Museum for Nova Scotia.

This collection has been placed in an unused room of the College. It consists of exhibits from the leading industries of the province, natural history exhibits, and many historical relics which, unless preserved in this way, would be lost to the country. Many articles of historical value have already been removed by tourists and others.

A great fault to be found with our present educational system, at least carried out in common schools, is the lack of relation established between the school interests of the pupils and the outside world.

By providing the children with concrete examples of the topics studied, a much clearer vision will be given. In teaching of anything which can be directly presented to the senses, we should always have the object present, or at least as clear a representation as possible. And it is in this capacity that the Museum forms a

link between the school work and the outer world.

This idea, which has afforded so much pleasure and profit to the students, might well be introduced into country schools; in fact we feel the time is not far distant when a museum will be a mere matter of course in every country school.

It must be borne in mind that the work of collecting for the museum is not necessarily the getting of old relics which cannot be readily obtained by every one. Some most suitable contributions are—natural history specimens, minerals, flowers pressed and mounted, samples of different rocks and soil, grains raised in Nova Scotia; any

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historical relics of interest, articles of home manufacture, any picture, drawing, plan, etc., which may be of educational value.

A teacher taking her pupils on excursions for the benefit of the museum (as well as of the pupils), may readily secure samples of a great variety of plants, soils, rock and insects; these, in addition to being concrete examples of the lessons given, have the additional value of being the result of the pupils' own collecting.

A list is here given of the most important articles in the Museum of the Normal College:

INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITS.

Bass River Chair Factory: A chair in different stages of manufacture, from log to finished article.

Henderson, Potts & Co.: A collection of paints, 75 parcels.

Siarr Manufacturing Co.: Skates in different stages of manufacture.

Dominion Iron and Steel Co., Sydney, N. S.: Exhibit showing different stages in manufacture of iron.

Nova Scotia Steel Co., New Glasgow, N. S.: Exhibit of Steel manufacture.

Robb Manufacturing Co.: Exhibit of manufactured articles.

Acadia Sugar Refinery, Halifax, N. S.: Exhibit of sugars in refining process.

Rope Works, Dartmouth, N. S.: Samples of hemp, with twine and rope.

Yarmouth Duck Works; Oxford Manufacturing Co.; Hewson & Co., Amherst, N. S.; Cotton Mills, Windsor, N. S.;

Dominion Textiles Co., Windsor, N. S.; Exhibits showing manufacture of cloth.

J. P. Mott & Co.. Collection spices.

Condensed Milk Factory, Truro; Samples "Reindeer" Milk.

Humphrey Glass Factory, Trenton: Collection of glass.

Brick and Tile from Alma, N. S.

Rhodes. Curry & Co: A fine panel.

An exhibit showing different stages in manufacture of paper.

NATURAL HISTORY EXHIBITS

Collection of birds' eggs.

A large collection of specimens of Canadian minerals.

Collection of geological specimens showing carboniferous flora of Nova Scotia.

Specimens of different soils.

A number of birds stuffed and mounted.

Mountings showing native trees, grasses and insects.

RELICS: Old spinning wheels, clocks, candle moulds and old candle sticks;

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THE NOVA SCOTIA NORMAL.

candle snuffers; old oil lamp; collection of old coins; copy of each newspaper printed in Nova Scotia; old French hammer.

Deserving of special mention is the old mortar presented by Miss Harriet Holder this year.

There are many other examples which cannot be mentioned in detail, such as samples of students' work and other articles

**B 3 Picnic.**

Saturday, June 12th, dawned fair and bright, to gladden the hearts of the members of B-3 class, who hurried around to prepare for their picnic.

After much dashing and running they all arrived at the depot in time to catch the 9.20 train, even tho one did not move his head from his pillow till five minutes after nine.

Amid a confusion of baskets and lunch boxes, we are piled in the car accompanied by Mrs. Harper and Master Ernest Harper.

After a few minutes' ride we arrived at Valley Station. Going up the road to the grove, we were amused by the cries of delight from different members of the party on their finding an insect: for all had come armed with insect bottles and boxes to catch any unfortunate bug that was out, to add to their collection.

After wandering about near the brook for a few minutes we found a suitable place to rest, and here disposing of our baskets we proposed to have some amusement. While partaking of some fudge the first on the program was the announcement of a game of baseball, which was hailed with delight, between the Colts and Pirates. The game was called at 10.30 with the Colts in the field. The lineup was as follows:—

COLTS		PIRATES	
M. B. Phillips	1st base	W. F. McNeilly	
P. Scothorn	2d base	A. E. Reynolds	
F. McLeod	3d base	B. J. Watt	
G. V. Jacques (capt. pitcher)		L. Bligh	
W. B. Coulter	catcher	G. E. Hunt	
H. F. Wolfe	short stop	A. Ritcey	
F. B. Armstrong	1. field	M. T. Ritcey	
L. M. Gates	rt. field	Mrs. Harper	
E. C. Pye	c. field	A. Weldon	
W. Belliveau, referee for bases			
C. Wood, umpire for strikes			
L. C. Coldwell, time-keeper			

The game was very exciting

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thruout and each team showed they understood the game. In the first innings the Colts made two runs, but they slid behind in the second when the Pirates won with a score of 7—4.

By this time we were real hungry and retreated to the baskets to partake of the dainties which they held. The girls made themselves useful by getting ready the sandwiches, biscuits and cakes, while the boys looked on or helped as much as they could. Mr. Hunt plied himself to a nearby house and borrowed a pail to get water in; for Mr. Wood, realizing how hot and thirsty we would be, had brought a good supply of lemons. Mr. Hunt, being very thoughtful, had in his pocket a lemon squeezer, and Mr. McNeilly, with Miss Scothorn, soon showed us they understood the mechanism of a lemon squeezer. Lo, to our dismay we had no sugar with us; a few were sweet enough to do without it. But Mr. Coldwell and Mr. Bligh went to the rescue and in a few minutes, after a short consultation with a pretty farm girl, returned with some sugar.

Lunch was finally announced. All possessed a good appetite for it, altho some craved for dainties

which were not there. All was quiet when a cry was heard from McLeod for Pye (pie). Hunt kept calling for beans (which Miss Pye had forgotten to bring) but Jacques was well satisfied, as Miss A. Ritcey kept him well supplied with pick-

(Concluded on Page 19)

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THE

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**Class Prophecy.**

I sat in my chamber window dreaming—dreaming of the past; and my thoughts went back—far back to my Normal College days.

Through the vista of years memories rushed, and a longing came o'er me to know in what ken or sphere I could find the Normalites of Naughty-nine.

Thus I sat and dreamed.

Suddenly I was startled by a small voice whispering,—and looking around I beheld the daintiest little fairy imaginable.

"I am the fairy who grants all good wishes," she said, "and I have come to grant yours."

Producing a pair of winged sandals, which she said were invisible to all but myself, she bade me put them on and never remove them during my journey; then bidding me close my eyes and not to open them until she gave me permission to do so, she took me by the hand.

I felt myself lifted up, up,—then down, down until the soft rustle of leafy branches told me I must be nearing Mother Earth again.

The fairy's voice whispered, "Open your eyes." I did so and looked around—my attention was arrested by a lady standing in a

doorway; she was speaking to a person, whom I could not see. I heard her say, "The Reverend— will be in, in half an hour."

The voice certainly sounded familiar. I looked closer. It was my old classmate, Avis Reynolds.

The magic of the fairy had already begun to have its effect. As I looked at her, I thought of the number of times this maiden had said, "Whatever you do, don't tell anybody about that little minister," and I shook my head and smiled. I could not stay long, my sandals wanted to try their speed, and from New Brunswick,

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the setting scene of Miss Reynold's life, I found myself in Notre Dame Church, Montreal.

A magnificent voice was trilling forth the closing hymn. I stood enraptured and gazed spellbound at the singer—Miss Savage : she, who had delighted audiences at Normal now stirred to ecstasy the hearts of multitudes in this great city.

Later that evening I received an urgent invitation to attend a reception given in honor of His Excellency the Governor-General. It was understood that two of the best dancers in the city had been commanded to dance before His Excellency.

I was, therefore, anxious to see it all, but little was I prepared for the sight that met my eyes when I entered that reception hall fifteen minutes late. The dancers were already performing. I could not see their faces, but the graceful swaying of their bodies and the thunders of applause that almost shook the building gave ample acknowledgment of their skill. As they made their last bow and turned to walk to their places I saw their faces for the first time. I almost forgot my company manners and shrieked: it was Miss

Margaret Smith and Miss Robertson. Overwhelmed I left the building. Much as I would have liked to, I felt too insignificant to claim acquaintance with these world wide famous dancers.

My untiring sandals now whirled me to the city of Calgary and straight to the door of a famous institution of learning. I knew they must have an object in taking me to this particular place; nor was I wrong. There, working with that commendable zeal which characterized them as Normal students, I found Mr. Coldwell and

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Miss May Strong. In a few years more I expect to hear of them as ranked with Comenius, Pestalozzi and other great educators.

Cheered by their grand work I went happily on my way, not stopping until I had arrived at the famous Vancouver Park. Here I rested for some time and having nothing to take my attention I purchased "The Columbia Daily News." In glaring letters on the front page was "Military Drill Revised." 'Pon reading the article, to my surprise, I learned that Miss Doane, a Br girl, had become, after many years of practice, a drill instructor, specializing particularly the position of "attention."

An advertisement arrested my attention, "Come to Division Hall at 8.30 and hear the famous orator, Wood." I got there to hear the closing remarks which were,— — "All great men die, Lord Macaulay died, George Washington died,

William Pitt died, Lord Durham died, Hon. Joseph Howe died, and I'm not feeling very well myself." Whether he died or not I do not know, for I soon found myself crossing the great dark waters of the Pacific.

My greatest adventure on the road was the meeting of a great something which quite terrified me until I heard a voice from within call out, "My airship is not as swift as your sandals!" "Where are you going?" I asked the stranger. "O, I'm taking a trip around the world, to see if it really is round, or if Dr. Hall was only fooling me."

What a pleasurable surprise to meet McLeod! I knew it was he, for no one else would have ever thought of such a thing. "Tell me what you have been doing these last years?" I said.—"O, I saved enough money teaching school, to buy this airship: it is

the latest improvement. Do you know who invented it?" "No," I replied. "O, Miss Ross—one of our '09 girls, who is now a professor of Physics at Oxford."

I also learned that Maude Philip was in India, so I went immediately to see her. But she was so busy at her missionary work, extracting the teeth of the little natives by a new electric machine, that I set my sails towards Rome and left Maude alone in her glory.

I remained in this magnificent city a couple of days and visited the picturesque art galleries. There I found several elegant pictures, which I learned had been painted by Miss MacPherson. But if I wished to see her best work, the stranger told me I would have to visit the convent of Notre Dame.

The sister who greeted me upon entering the convent had such a sweet face that I looked at it many times: she seemed to have an inquiring expression which I couldn't understand until she said, "Did you go to Normal College in Nova Scotia several years ago?" "Why, it's Miss Arsenault," I screamed—delighted to see another classmate.

Leaving this Sister at her noble work, I went to Germany, where, in a large musical institution, I met Miss Belleveau, who told me she had taken a full course in instrumental music and was now teaching in that famous institution. I asked her if she could tell me where I would find any of my classmates. "O," she said, "there is a divorce case going on at the High Court in London, and I understand some of our number are there."

I went directly to the scene of action, and, as I was seating myself, caught these words from a gentleman near by: "A very interesting divorce case! You wouldn't have thought those men would have made such a mistake as to marry the wrong woman! The poor women are nearly frantic over it." How can this be? I thought, when, upon casting my eyes toward the front of the building, the mystery was explained—for there, with pale faces and drooping heads, sat the Ogilvie twins.

The trial had already been in session some time, and the next witness called was Miss T. Wilson, looking as fair as she did when attending Normal College

In reply to lawyer Belliveau, as to whether the Misses Ogilvie were flirts, she replied: "I never have had experience in that line, consequently cannot judge; but I have been told one was a flirt and the other was not; yet since none could tell them apart, no one knew which was the flirt and which was not." The next witness called was Mrs. Tanche, of New York, formerly one of our students. She made answer to lawyer Belliveau, as to the personal appearance of these twins while at Normal College, in this wise: "From a political standpoint; from a physical, a psychological and an esthetical standpoint, these girls were identically the same, and neither scales nor bribes, sorrows nor joys were able to make them move, think or act with the least degree of difference."

Now, since these ladies were exactly alike, and no one could tell them apart and they couldn't tell themselves apart, the Privy Council could not decide the case; consequently the court adjourned for the day. Afterwards I happened to read their decision in the London "Times," as follows: "Since neither lady is suited with her husband and, since each husband is suited with his wife and

neither knows which is his wife, let affinity decide and each lady take her choice, on one condition, that twins shall never again look alike."

Chancing to read an article to the effect that at Edinboro' there was being given a feast to Macs from all parts of the world, I flew to Scotland. There I found Miss McCurdy, Miss P. McLean, Miss MacMillan, Miss R. Macdonald, Miss Mackay, Miss Mackenzie, Miss MacGill, Miss McPhee, Miss V. Macdonald, Miss McPherson and Miss T. McLean.

"We were all surprised," said Miss MacDonald, "to hear of the great fame Miss Bent has attained," when I asked about other Normalites. "When she was at Normal she was afraid to stick a pin through a dead bug for fear she would hurt it? Today she is a famous teacher of entomology at Harvard and has made a collection of 5,479,821 bugs." This wonderful news quite overwhelmed me, so I decided to return home.

The home journey was short, and before I realized it I was back in Nova Scotia. Whom shall I meet first? I wondered, and of all my friends I met the one whom I least expected—Hunt! with the

same jovial manner of ten years before. "Why, I expected to find you in the West!" I said. "Where are are your strong appeals, 'Go West! young man, go West!'" "O," he replied, "I wish I had taken your advice and never left this beautiful land of Nova Scotia. The Doukobors and mosquitoes nearly ate me up!"

My sandals were anxious to finish their journey, so lifted me up from the remainder of his tale of woes and carried me back to the home of my classmates ten years previous. Few I found in Truro now: Misses Kennedy and Little were taking charge of the Beracha mission, Miss Cousins was editor of the Truro "News," in which I read that Misses Patterson and Knickle were still wandering on Penny's mountain and carrying on a successful work in Nature study.

Here my sandals disappeared and, weary from my journey, I started toward the Normal College. On my way I met Miss Armitage on stilts, who told me that, on account of her poor health, Dr. R. A. Longley had ordered her to seek a purer atmosphere.

It took me some minutes to reach the Normal building and,

being quite exhausted, I sat on the old stone steps and fell asleep. How long I might have remained there I do not know, had I not been suddenly awakened by the familiar sounds of the nineteenth Class Yell.

THELMA SEXTON.

Normal College Closing.

The Exercises attending the conclusion of the instruction in teaching for the term of 1908-9 will include the presentation of diplomas. The list of students and the rank attained is given below:

AWARDED DIPLOMAS OF ACADEMIC RANK.

- Alexander G. Baillie, French Village, Halifax co.
- Harold T. Jost, B. A., Guysboro, Guysboro co.
- Jessie L. Macdougall, Truro, Colchester co.
- Catherine T. McGillivray, B.A., Antigonish, Antigonish co.
- Christena O. MacLean, Baddeck, Victoria co.
- Herbert B. MacLean, B.A., Pictou, Pictou co.
- Joseph W. Tanche, Granville Centre, Annapolis co.
- Francis M. Woodworth, B.A., Kentville, Kings co.

AWARDED DIPLOMAS OF FIRST RANK.

- Sadie B. MacMillan, Sydney, Cape Breton co.
- Lida J. Roy, New Glasgow, Pictou co.

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Florence M. Armitage, Halifax, Halifax co.	Mary B. Kenney, Halifax.
Flora B. Armstrong, Burlington, Kings co.	Kathleen I. Knickle, Innesburg.
Mary T. Arsenault, Alder Point, Cape Breton co.	Emma G. Landels, Lower River Hebert, Cumberland co.
Ruby E. Atkinson, Advocate, Cumberland co.	Lily M. Lawrence, Hantsport, Hants co.
Nettie L. Baltzer, Middleton, Annapolis co.	Olla M. Lindsay, Lower Stewiacke, Colchester co.
Marie A. Belliveau, Belliveau Cove, Digby co.	Flora Little, Elmsdale, Halifax co.
Julia A. Blanch, Amherst, Cumberland co.	Alma C. Lcng, Dalhousie East, Annapolis co.
Charlotte A. Cameron, Glace Bay, Cape Breton co.	Ella F. Longley, Paradise, Annapolis co.
Myra Chapman, Amherst.	Edna E. Longueil, Halifax.
Leah Cousins, Canso, Guysboro co.	Mary J. McCurdy, Middle Musquodoboit, Halifax co.
Jean E. Craig, Amherst.	Ruby Macdonald, South Maitland, Hants co.
Alice L. Cushing, Caledonia, Queens co.	Victoria A. MacDonald, Halifax.
Rhoda M. d'Entremont, M. E. Pubnico, Yarmouth co.	Flora M. McGill, Middleton.
Lora H. Doane, Dayton, Yarmouth co.	Robetta J. McKay, New Glasgow.
Ora B. Elliott, Mt. Hanley, Annapolis co.	Emma P. MacLean, Folly Village, Colchester co.
Annie M. Fife, Big Bras d'Or, Cape Breton co.	Florence H. Mackenzie, Maitland, Hants Co.
Lillian McC. Fulton, DeBert Statiou, Colchester co.	Tena MacLean, Sydney Mines, Cape Breton co.
Lena May Gates, Dartmouth, Halifax co.	Laura McPherson, Springhill, Cumb co.
Jessie M. Grant, Hopewell, Pictou co.	Gertrude L. Marshall, Burlington.
Katherine Grant, French River, Pictou co.	Margaret J. Marshall, Westville, Pictou co.
Maria Grant, Hopewell.	Jennie V. Martin, Wilmot, Annapolis co.
- Laura H. Graves, Bridgetown, Annapolis co.	Jamesina Moore, Shubenacadie, Hants co.
- Jennie V. Gray, Inverness, Inverness co.	Edith M. Morse, Middleton
Helen M. Hardwicke, Annapolis Rsyal, Annapolis co.	Florence B. Morse, Middleton
Viola S. Hawkins, Lawrencetown, Halifax co.	Mabel C. Moseley, Dartmouth
- Bertha M. Harmon, Lunenburg, Lunenburg co.	Mary E. Munro, Dartmouth
Adelaide S. Hiltz, Dartmouth.	Della O'Brien, Springhill
- Harriet E. Holder, Lunenburg.	Ada Ogilvie, Little River, Halifax co.
	Estella M. Ogilvie, Little River
	Lucia M. Parker, Medford, Kings co.
	Cordelia M. Paterson, Mt. Denson, Hants co.
AWARDED DIPLOMA OF FIRST RANK,	Bertha M. Philip, New Glasgow
Florence A. Beckwith, Bass River, Colchester co.	Eva Pye, Spry Bay, Halifax co.
Blanche Hurst, Canso, Guysboro Co.	Avis E. Reynolds, Barrington, Shelburne co.
Florence F. Kavanagh, Canso.	Edna G. Reynolds, Minasville, Hants co.
Christie B. Kennedy, West Alba, Inverness co.	Charlotte E. Ricker, Glenwood, Yarmouth co.

THE NOVA SCOTIA NORMAL.

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**THE  
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**TRURO**  
NOVA SCOTIA, CANADA

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Adelaide M. Ritcey, Nictaux Falls, Annapolis co.	QUALIFIED FOR FIRST RANK DIPLOMA, after one year of successful teaching; in the meantime awarded diploma of SECOND RANK
Mae T. Ritcey, Nictaux Falls.	
Edith Robertson, Churchville, Pictou co.	
Catherine J. Ross, West Bay, Inverness co.	Grace Anna Barnes, Advocate, Cumberland Co.
Martha J. Savage, Stellarton, Pictou co.	Anna E. Bent, Chester, Lunenburg co.
Priscilla Scothorn, Milford Sta., Halifax.	Ida I. Chandler, Sprfnghill
Thelma M. Sexton, Falmouth, Hants co.	Flossie Chute, Clarence, Annapolis co.
Charlotte A. Smith, Amherst.	Maud Cottle, Shubenacadie
Margaret J. Smith, East Mines Sta., Colchester co.	Kathleen Davies, Mt. Denson
Elva P. Soley, DeBert Sta., Colchester co.	Agatha Hadley, Guysboro
Mary S. Strong, Upper Pereaux, Kings co.	Lizzie Hiltz, Canaan, Kings co.
Alice E. Thorne, Karsvale, Annapolis co.	Annie McPhee, Louisburg, Cape Breton
Olga L. Trenholm, Graud Pre, Kings co.	Verna V. Milburn, Sydney Mines
Alice M. Troop, Granville Centre, Annapolis co.	Cleophas Munroe, Canso,
Beatrice Watt, Springhill.	Winnifred Murray, Mabou, Inverness co.
Elsie E. Webster, Hortonville, Kings co.	Gladys L. Palmer, Halifax
Alice E. Weldon, Parkdale, Lunenburg co.	Martha Scott, Yarmouth
Eva P. Whitman, Onslow Sta., Colchester co.	Roy James Hirtle, Oakland, Lunenburg co.
Zella B. Wilson, Belmont, Colchester co.	Giles V. Jacques, Middleton
Flora E. Wilson, Hill Grove, Digby Co.	
Hattie F. Wolfe, Dartmouth.	QUALIFIED FOR SECOND RANK DIPLOMA
Charles E. Aikins, Guysboro Intervale, Guysboro co.	Blanche J. Bent, Bentville, Annapolis co.
William J. Belliveau, Belliveau's Cove, Digby co.	Mabel H. Burke, R. Bourgeois, Richmond co.
Lindsay Bligh, Lakeville, Kings co.	Maggie J. Byers, West New Annan, Colchester co.
Henry Bourgeois, Eastern Harbor, Inverness co.	Alice P. Cottie, Rockdale, Richmond co.
Guy E. Cameron, Advocate, Cumberland co.	Mary E. Comeau, Comeauville, Digby co.
Duncan E. Carnichael, Advocate.	Cynthia B. Crouse, Lapland, Lunenburg co.
Lewis H. Coldwell, Newtonville, Kings co.	Alice B. Currie, Glace Bay.
William B. Coulter, Wallace Sta. Cumberland co.	Edna d'Entremont, M. W. Pudnlco.
George E. Hunt, Granville Centre.	Nano J. DeVan, Dartmouth.
Reginald A. Longley, Paradise.	Myra M. Trelick, Hunt's Point, Queens
William H. MacNeiley, Margaretville, Annapolis co.	Eva L. Fullerton, Halfway River, Cumberland co.
Charles Longley Wood, Middleton, Annapolis co.	Marion Fullerton, Halfway River.
	Grace L. Gibbons, Roxville, Digby Co.

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Olive B. Hirtle, Dayspring, Lunenburg co.  
 Rowena Kinney, Port Gilbert, Digby co.  
 Jessie K. Kirke, Dalhousie, New Brunswick  
 Mary Nellie Mius, Amirault's Hill, Yarmouth co.  
 May Mombourquette, L'Ardoise, Richmond co.  
 Edith L. Morris, Up. Pugwash, Cumb. co.  
 Katherine A. Macdonald, Ste. Ann's, Victoria co.  
 Lola Macdonald, Port Morien, Cape Breton co.  
 Minnie MacIsaac, Trenton, Pictou co.  
 Christina B. Mackay, W. Branch, Pictou co.  
 Christina V. MacLean, McLeanville, C. Breton co.  
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AWARDED THIRD RANK DIPLOMA.

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 Nemerise Surette, Lower Eel Brook, Yarmouth co.

Valedictory, '09.

The months have come and gone, the year has passed and the holidays of the "good old summer time" are with us again, and we are preparing to enjoy them. Shall we ever again stand in the same relation to these annual days of rest and recreation? Scarcely.

To the senior class these days mean much. The coveted diploma we hope at last to possess. Would that we had not to pay such a price for it. That we might possess it, and all that goes with it, we have in the months, happy months that have passed, worked hard, and it is now a matter of



great moment to us to know whether our good teachers rate us as worthy to receive this evidence of their confidence in our acquirements and fitness to represent the standard of teaching at this, our Provincial Normal College. Were these months of hard study the full price demanded of us in consideration for what we have received, we should be happier today. We cannot, it seems, try as we may, banish that harassing thought that the diploma for which we have toiled so hard and stood by each other so loyally, carries with it a meaning, not written, it is true, but all too apparent—too deeply and too keenly felt. Standing out clearly and boldly on its surface and ringing in our ears is that cheerless, heartless, inevitable word “separation,”—the interpretation of which to us all is that we soon must “go divergent ways as God sees best.” In this thought is the sting, in this reality is found one of the larger units in the price which we have been called upon to pay for the gratification of our ambitions, and in remembering the happy months which we have spent together in the old College, the friendships, lasting friendships, which have

been formed, months and friendships which can never be exactly the same again, there is a twinge of sorrow, a tugging at the heart-strings—for “sorrow’s crown of sorrow is in remembering happier experiences in school life than that of being politely and graciously told to “go,” by being handed a highly engraved diploma, bearing the signatures of those whose rule over us has been so wise and so good. Ah! no; graduation day is not the pleasantest day in school-life. There are too many unseen, mysterious somethings whispering in our ears sad messages, and in listening to which we feel the touch and the sting of pain.

“*Télicité vaine  
Qu'on ne peut saisir:  
Trop près de la peine  
Pour être un plaisir.*”

But what of us, “companions that do converse and waste the time together?” As to number of classes in this year '08-'09, “we are seven.” Familiar words, are they not? A writer made them so. Rory O'Moore said there was “luck in odd numbers,” and we hope he was right. Yes, the mystical number—the three sides of a triangle and the four sides of a square. These numbers which, when added together made the seven, had

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something to do, it is said, with the origin of the perfect number. But old Euclid must not be allowed here to lure us into difficulties. He has done it many times before in our school-life, but now,—

"Why treat of the UPRIGHT, the MEAN, and the BASE?"

Daily life affords almost a parallel case: Just minus the first, plus the foolish and vain, And mankind is Geometry, rather more plain."

With all the tender ties which have been created and grown strong with the passing months, and which bind us closely to the dear old College, it is to us a matter of sorrow to know that we have come to the end of our College term and the parting of the ways. The time has come for us to say that word which we find in every varied tongue on earth—that word which brings down the curtain upon life's

brightest scene—that sad, sweet word "farewell."

This day marks one of the turning points in our lives; indeed, in all truth we may say, what is so rare as this day in June! For nine months it has been as a goal ever before us. As we look toward the past and think of the happy times we have had in our College life, and as we reflect that we must sever old ties and part from dear friends, we are wont to rebel against a fate which makes human life one of meetings and partings. Just this one backward glance for "auld lang syne," and then we must turn from the past and face the future and all that it may bring to us. The Canadian young people are in demand wherever they go; let us ever keep before us the thought that "others can help

us, but we must make ourselves." "Man is measured by what he strives after." Above all things do not give up." Rise to the height of the emergency. Be master of yourself. "Ce n'est pas la victoire qui fait le bonheur des nobles coeurs; c'est le combat." There is a chance for every one of us to do great work in the world today; let us see to it that we let not a single opportunity slip.

To the people of Truro we bid adieu. Your good will has been shown us in the many enjoyable evenings spent in your company, and we appreciate such kindness.

To you, Mr. Principal and members of the faculty, at whose feet we have sat, and by whose constant and conscientious efforts we have benefited, we say "farewell." You have given us of your best, and as we look back over these months with you, we feel that we have not appreciated to the fullest extent our privileges; but at the same time we have tried to do our best and we know that life means more to us for having spent these months with you. Your wisdom never allowed you to lead us into difficulties; but, when in those unhappy conditions, as we often were in following the puzzling paths of

teaching, it was your kindly skill that helped us out of them and led us again into the light. We thank you all for the kindness and forbearance so generously extended us and, in doing so, ask still one other favour—that our faults may not be remembered, that what in us has been found worthy may be "written upon the tablets of enduring memory."

To you, fellow students, farewell. Forget all the wounds of class rivalry and remember only the pleasant things we have had in common. Remember that this

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And now classmates, we have reached the forking of the ways at last. Each one must choose for himself which road he will take. We can no longer travel together as we have done these last nine happy months. We take with us many things not written in our note books. They are written indelibly on our lives and characters.

It seems hard to realize that at last we must say, farewell. And dear classmates, as we part, let us take with us the thought, "not failure—but low aim is crime."

What more? We have already made a large draft on your patience; but you will deal kindly with us in your judgment, we know, when we promise that we will never do so again.

And now to the College which deals sturdy blows against indifference, idleness and ignorance, whose teaching and training, whose purposeful ideas and examples all do ceaseless battle for the cause of intelligence, whose very atmosphere is quickening to the intellectual faculties; to the dear teachers, whose energies and lives have been unsparingly given in the impartation of and instruction

in all those ennobling principles and high ideals which make for the broadening and strengthening of our minds and characters; to beloved classmates who, through relations so intimate, who, through the lights and shades, the joys and sorrows, the prosperity and adversity so common to our class and Collegelife; to our dearschooldays, which have been to us all so happy and joyous; to all, to College, teachers, schoolmates and schooldays, to all, all the class of Naughty-Nine bids farewell.

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G. O. FULTON

## Base Ball Notes.

The "Normalite Stars" gave the "Blue Caps," a crack town team, a terrible walloping on the baseball diamond on Saturday, June the 5th.

Tho the challenge to play was not received 'til the morning of the game, the Normalites were hastily informed of it and, being confident by their former success, decided to play the game.

As the locals appeared upon the field scarcely a Normal man expected anything but a very tight game, if not a defeat; while on the other hand their opponents—players from each of the leag teams united with the bankers, who had left their respective places of business, to have a little sport with the "student combination"—came down with the express idea of having a walkover.

As the game progrest, joy crept into the heart of each Normalite ; while at the same time dismay and consternation fild the breast of every local man. Talk about surprises—why the allround lambasting that the "sports" got is one of the worst in the annals: sensational plays by the "Normals" the like of which had never before been imagined—followed one another

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in swift succession "sky scrapers" were pulled down and "hot screaming liners" were handled as easily as one would wish for.

Apparently every local player was a pitcher if one judged by the numerous changes that were made in the "slab artists;" but despite that fact the old reliable "bat busters" of the Normal team made the changelings look altogether sheepish. The aspect on the whole, as the "Blue Caps" were being pounded to pieces, was so sad and heart-rending that many sympathetic spectators actually shed bitter tears over the scene; as did many of the town sympathizers when the bitter news became public.

The game ended with a final score of 9—5 for the "Normalite

Stars"— a result far different in the minds of the "Blue Caps" than they anticipated.

This probably was the last game in which the Normal team could play, owing to the approach of closing. Should there be any young men among the students next year they can look back with a sort of envy upon the sporty fellows that constituted the Provincial Normal College nine of 1909—the first in Normal history, and one that finished the season in brilliant style, never losing a game.

G. V. J.

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#### Institute Notes.

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On June 2d, at our regular meeting of the Institute, we were entertained by Messrs. Hunt and Wood,

THE NOVA SCOTIA NORMAL.

who gave a very instructiv lecture, with views of Newfoundland and Labrador. It was enjoyed by all; and much credit is due these young gentlemen for the capable way in which they carried it thru.

On Thursday evening, June 9th, Mr. Matthews gave an interesting account of a visit to his home in England, illustrating it with views, many of which were taken by himself. After this, he carried us to many beautiful spots on the St. Croix, N. B., and other places in our sister province. He also gave some views which are valuable helps in our biology study, particularly at the present time. The entertainment was instructiv as well as interesting, and a hearty vote of thanks was given Mr. Matthews for his kindness.

*Class Song.*

ATR.—"When the Harvest Moon is Shining."

Our Normal days together now are over,  
The time has come when we must say  
farewell;  
Farewell to our beloved Alma Mater  
And to our oft repeated College Yell:  
Farewell then to the teachers whom we  
honor,  
And in whose care ha. been well-spent  
our time,  
Farewell to this, our dear old Normal  
College  
And to the noble class of Naughty-Nine.

CHO : O classmates dear, the time we've  
spent together,  
Is past and gone, is gone to come no  
more  
But we never shall forget  
How this year at school we met,  
And the happy hours spent in days of  
yore.

We never shall forget these days of glad-  
ness,  
We spent beneath the College colors  
true;  
And yet the parting fills our hearts with  
sadness.  
As now we leave the dear old red and  
blue.  
As teachers, at our duty you shall find us,  
That honor to our college we may bring:  
And now we leave the dear old place be-  
hind us,  
But ever of it we shall proudly sing:

CHO: O, classmates dear, etc.

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(Continued from Page 5)

les: we noticed at one time that he had four bottles in his possession.

After dinner the crowd dispersed in groups of twos and threes, some to fish, some to swim and others to enjoy a quiet nap under the trees.

About four o'clock the crowd came together and started back to the station. Being rather thirsty they visited the neighboring farm houses and here procured some delicious buttermilk.

At 4.30 we boarded the train for Truro, and arrived there at 4.50. Upon leaving the train our College Yell was given, after which we departed for our respective homes, all voting that we had a very enjoyable trip.

#### The Trip to Penny's Mountain.

Ever to be remembered by the B2 class will be the trip to Penny's Mountain. When they were told of the proposed trip by their science teacher, they hailed the news with delight.

The eventful day arrived. Armed with insect bottles and refreshments the class and teacher set off, enjoying a delightful drive.

When they arrived at the foot of the mountain they alighted,

eager to begin the search for flowers, bugs, etc.

The first part of the afternoon was spent in botanizing and capturing insects; then, after drinking from the famous mineral spring, the crowd began to ascend the mountain. But two young ladies more ambitious than the others and desirous of excelling in specimens, wandered off in another direction. As the story goes they spent a delightful afternoon gathering rare plants, chasing bumble-bees and watching birds, unaware that the others were



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wending their way across the mountain.

At the hour appointed to leave all gathered at the place where they were to meet the team. It was soon discovered that four of the party were missing; but in a short time they returned and the party set out in high spirits for home. But in the midst of their merriment, they missed two other young ladies. This cast a shadow over the rest of the drive, and on the arrival in town Mr. Harlow secured a fresh horse and started back to search for the unfortunate young ladies.

In the meantime these two concluding they had been left, be-

gan the journey on foot. On arriving at the old mill, they took a short route, thereby missing their teacher, who was diligently enquiring and searching for them. For some time he could hear no news of them, but at last he was told that they had passed some time before, and he at once turned to overtake them.

The first sight he caught of them was near the Salmon River bridge, where they awaited his approach and were driven to their respective homes.

There were great rejoicings when the news spread that the wanderers had been found.

K. K.

In Memory of John Milton

(Concluded)

This edition contained all the poems published twenty-eight years before, together with additional poems since that date. On Sunday, the 8th of November, 1674, Milton died. He was buried next his father, in the chancel of St. Giles, Cripplegate, being followed to the grave by "all his learned friends in London, not without a friendly concourse of the vulgar."

Of Milton's appearance and habits in the latter years we have the following description: "A friend says he found him in a small chamber hung with rusty green, sitting in an arm-chair and dressed neatly in black, pale but not cadaverous, his hands and fingers gouty, and with his feet resting upon a stool. He used also to sit in a gray coarse cloth coat at the door of his house, in warm summer weather, to enjoy the fresh air; and so, as well as in his room, received the visits of people of distinguished parts as well as qualities.

His domestic habits were those of a sober and temperate student. He once delighted in walking and every exercise, and, after he was confined by age and blindness, he had a machine made to swing in for the preservation of his health. His routine for the day consisted in reading from the Hebrew Bible, taking some exercise, dining, singing and playing upon the organ or bass viol, entertaining his visitors and, after a pipe of tobacco and a glass of water, retiring to bed."

J. W. T.

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**Abnormalities.**

Of whom was B - - gh thinking, that he exclaimed, "Victory," on catching that fish at the picnic?

Prin.—"Miss R - y, going back over that sentence, what could we put where the word 'Now' is?"

Miss R - y—"Could we use the word 'Billy?'" (Evidently her mind was wandering)

Miss Tr - n - lm, on the excursion, was in deep thought as to the whereabouts of her cap, but she could not help thinking of the days that "Are no more."

B-2's had a musical time at their picnic, being fortunate enough to have had the "Harper's" with them,

Insect Collecting is the Latest Fad! Even Miss R - yn - ld - has been Hunt-ing.

McL - - d (carrving a valise, which was very heavy) —"My, this must be loaded

with pie!" Very witty in McL - - d, when we remember whose valise it was.

Miss P - - 1 - p - has betrayed her interest in the Electric light plant, for frequently, on crossing the square, she has been heard to exclaim, "Why are the lights not on to-night?" Why, Stanley, why?

Will someone kindly start that beautiful selection known as, "Alice Where Art Thou?"

TO ADVERTISERS.

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