

CLASS PROPHECY.

Miss Dever's Interesting Deliverance at the Normal School Social.

At the Normal School entertainment last evening the Senior Class prophecy was delivered by Miss Genevieve Dever of St. John.

It was humorous and interesting and reflected much credit on that young lady's ability.

It was as follows:

One day in early June just previous

One day in early June just previous to the week of those awful final examinations, I had spent the greater part of the day in hard work preparing myself for these trials which are the dread of many a lad and lass, and towards evening found my day's hard work had so effected me that my brain became simply clouded and I decided I had better take a walk in the air of that calm and peaceful evening, and accordingly I did so. I had not gone far when I met a friend and after telling her, I had come but to get rid of the cobwebs which the day's labor had lodged on my brow, she advised me to take a stroll up to Wilnot Park, saying it was the favorite resort of the Normal students, and there my person would be forced to expel any fatigue or worry, when I once breathed the exhilarating air of this delightful spot, and true this was.

When I reached the Park, I found much to my disappointment, that all the students had gone and I was quite alone. I began to think of retracing my steps, when the surroundings said to me—"sit down and rest. This I did, and all my disappointment seemed to banish and my very soul seemed to rise within me, for I was in nature's loveliest parlors.

The air breathed nothing but peace and rest, the only noise was the growing of the grass which by this time had put on its dress of richest green. The birds seemed to flit from tree to tree and their chirping and sweet song, particularly that of the Vesper Sparrow delighted me more than a Nordic Opera.

My thoughts, yes my very being seemed thoroughly absorbed in nature. I seemed as if I were hypnotized, but soon my mood was awakened by a sharp rustle of the leaves of a tree behind me, for I wondered what could make the leaves rustle so that calm evening, and before I had a chance to think what might have been the cause, I again heard a great rustle as if the tree were begging my attention. This time I turned around and much to my surprise I beheld not the tree but what seemed to me a dream and I arose in bewilderment and started to take my leave. By this time I had become fully conscious and realized that what I saw was true and that the beautiful tree which I beheld but a few minutes before this had turned into a genius, who then addressed me in as cordial a manner as a friend on whom I might have been calling, and said "don't be in a hurry, there is lots of time for there are many things for you to hear, from this very spot.

A few minutes ago you beheld me a tree covered with beautiful leaves, now I am a genius and wish to tell you that every one of those leaves is a spirit which holds the future and will direct each of this year's students over the stormy sea of life. Until the day that Normal closes I will have them in my care and will on that day charge them with their duty.

Since this Genius told me there were many things for me to hear my curiosity became so great, I could hardly wait to hear what he was going to say. At length he said,—it is just like a woman to be curious and for your curiosity you will hear the future of the Senior Class, only, 40 years from now, and thus he began.

When you were young children at school you were always told that your mother province, New Brunswick, was a country of many rich resources such as minerals, lumber, etc., and so in your fairy minds at that time, you beheld her a great and rich part of Canada, but sad to relate when you became teachers you realized that your fairy province was not as liberal in its salaries to teachers, as were many of the provinces

in Western Canada, which held out great enticements to them, and so we find that many of the Senior Class of '08 make their way to the West.

Those who took the lead in this movement were, Miss Page, Miss Kelly and Miss Jennie L. Darkis. These young ladies who had the interests of education at heart, as well as the consideration of salary established themselves in the wilds of Saskatchewan a short distance from the town of Prince Albert, and here under the name of "The Bachelor Girls' Home" opened up an academy for girls. The course in this school differed somewhat from the course in the ordinary schools, for in addition to the studies set forth in the curriculum special attention was given to drawing under the direction of Miss Kelly and she was assisted by Miss Page, who also devoted herself to teaching music while Miss Darkis, as her specialties taught reading and French. The success that this school met with was marvellous and in a short time its fame not only found its way to the various parts of the West, but also reached their native province and encouraged other members of the senior class of '08 to think of the fairy West, and the outcome was that Miss Palmer, Miss Sherwood and Miss Shaw soon established another school near "The Bachelor Girls' Home."

They made a specialty of Mathematics and claimed they could thus produce greater characters than "The Bachelor Girls' Home" could. Great was the rivalry between these two schools and this of course caused harder work on the part of the teachers of both schools, and so after several years of such experience, the members of the Bachelor Girls' Home grew weary of their profession and the first to give up this noble work was Miss Darkis, when she decided to go further west to live. This was very interesting since the person who persuaded her to do so was a former U. N. B. student. Miss Page showed great interest in Missionary Work and married a Baptist Clergyman in Prince Albert. The Governor of Prince Albert who was a former Normal graduate, showed great interest in this school, but his interests were not devoted wholly along educational lines. This was afterwards shown by an event in which Miss Kelly and he were the chief parties concerned.

Looking again to the school of Misses Sherwood, Palmer and Shaw, we find them meeting every success and displaying such interest in their students, that they have not time to consider the attentions paid to them by the disappointed and disheartened lads. Miss Wilson was the first of the class to consider higher education and in a very short time took a B. A. degree from Mount Allison. While there a gallant young Professor persuaded her, that she was more suited to Domestic Science, saying, he would rather eat good biscuits any day, than Mathematical Problems. Miss Gray whom you all look forward to as a coming light in educational work surprised her class by becoming altogether interested in Missionary Work in the Fifth of North.

Miss Taylor, who gave promise of a society leader, took up her abode in a quiet home in Keswick Ridge, as the contented little housewife of a former Fredericton youth, and devoted her time by feeding chickens, her husband being a great poultry fancier.

Miss McHaffie, while at Normal school, showed a great liking for making fudge. This fudge became famous, since her favorite bet was a box of fudge to a box of chocolates, and it came to pass that one of these bets touched the heart of a U. N. B. student, and whether the consequence was due to the superiority of the fudge or the promptness and good will Miss McHaffie showed in paying her bet, it resulted in the fact that she gave up her noble profession and resided in "the quaint old town by the sea."

History tells us of many countries having great Eras of learning and golden ages but not one of these historic countries produced a greater one than did New Brunswick, when the senior class of '08 spread themselves over its various parts, and influenced its youth. The influence they had on its youth was only one factor of this glorious age, while other factors were the successes that some of its teaching daughters had along other lines of work.

Miss Hastings and Miss Rye, after reaching the "limit" of their government allowance, sought other fields of gold, so we find Miss Hastings following the steps of Raphael, and after many years, the admiration of the world told New Brunswick that her daughter was in no way second in place to this great Italian artist.

Miss Rye directed her interest to the field of writing, and introduced herself to the public in a series of short stories, which awakened as much public interest as did those of

Sherlock Holmes, some few years ago. Each new story seemed to bring greater success than the previous one, and each seemed to be a stepping stone to something greater, until at last in 1920 Miss Rye's fame was won when she published her famous book, "Anderson's Fairy Tales." The public declared that it overshadowed Grimes and the old Anderson Fairy Tales, because Miss Rye wrote not from pictures in the mind, but from scenes of real life.

Miss McLean, even at Normal, showed a great taste for Spencerian verses, and her taste increased so in after years, that she turned into Spencer's Fairy Queen, in the wilds of Ontario.

Among the followers of Euclid, Miss Riordan had first place, while Miss McNair, after taking her B. A. degree from Dalhousie College, filled a professor's seat in a Ladies' College in Chicago.

Miss Hay gave up her teaching in the public schools and devoted her time and attention to a private school of one advanced and several primary students.

Miss Goodall became a photographer, and when a war broke out between England and Germany, she was sent out by the Moncton Transcript to photograph battle scenes for that paper. One day, after a great battle Miss Goodall chanced to pass through the corridors of the hospital, and while passing was attracted by the groans of a young officer with red hair. Knowing that she had special interests in people with hair of such color, she went to him to give a soothing word, and, lo, she beheld he was an "Allie." The result was that the Transcript received no more war scenes.

Miss DeMille, whose sweet manner made her a favorite at Normal school, took up nursing, and after becoming a professional in this undertaking, became matron of one of the finest hospitals in the United States, for which position she received a lucrative salary. After holding this position for ten years she established an hospital in Sunny California, and paid special attention to the overworked members of the senior class of '08. The first members of the class to receive Miss DeMille's hospitality were Miss Crandall, Miss Daly, Miss Burpee, Miss Ethel Smith and Miss O'Donnell. These ladies after they left the Normal school devoted some time to higher education and soon joined in the crusade which swept the United States, advocating "Woman's Rights." They were the chief speakers and workers, and met with much success with Uncle Sam, but when they entered Canada, they found their preachings and writings could not touch the hearts of what they called the slow Canadians, and after much intrigue and no success they retired to Sunny California for a rest, consoling themselves with the fact if they wanted to come back to their native land they would have to come again as teachers, but not as advocates of Woman's Rights.

Miss Lettie Clarke took a great interest in athletics, and was a great basket ball player. While at Normal she always regretted that there was no gymnasium in connection with

this institution, and in a few years, when she became heir to a considerable fortune, she at once gave a general allowance to the institution to provide a first class gymnasium for the students.

(Continued on Sixth Page.)

"Checkmate."

"Checkmate!" represents "shah mat"—"the shah is dead." "Shah," in fact, entered our language long ago via Arabic and old French, arriving in the form of "check." "Chess" is really "checks," kings, and the cry of "check!" means your king is in danger, hence the verb and substantive "check" in all their English meanings—"check," which was originally the counterfoil of a bill that served to "check" fraud; "checked," from the aspect of the chessboard, and "exchequer," from the checkered pattern of the tablecloth on which the king's accounts were kept with counters. All these we owe to the Persian sovereign's title.—London Chronicle.

The Bosnian Roasting Jack.

A curious variety of the old fashioned roasting jack is used by the peasants of Bosnia and Herzegovina when roasting sheep whole, as on the occasion of a wedding ceremony. One often sees near a running stream a long pole having one end revolving freely in a socketed peg, while the other, overhanging the water, is equipped with miniature paddles. This is the Bosnian roasting jack. The sheep to be cooked is impaled on the log, a fire is lit underneath, and while the current spins the paddles and the pole merely round the big joint is cooked literally to a turn.—Wide World Magazine.

Why She Was Pleased.

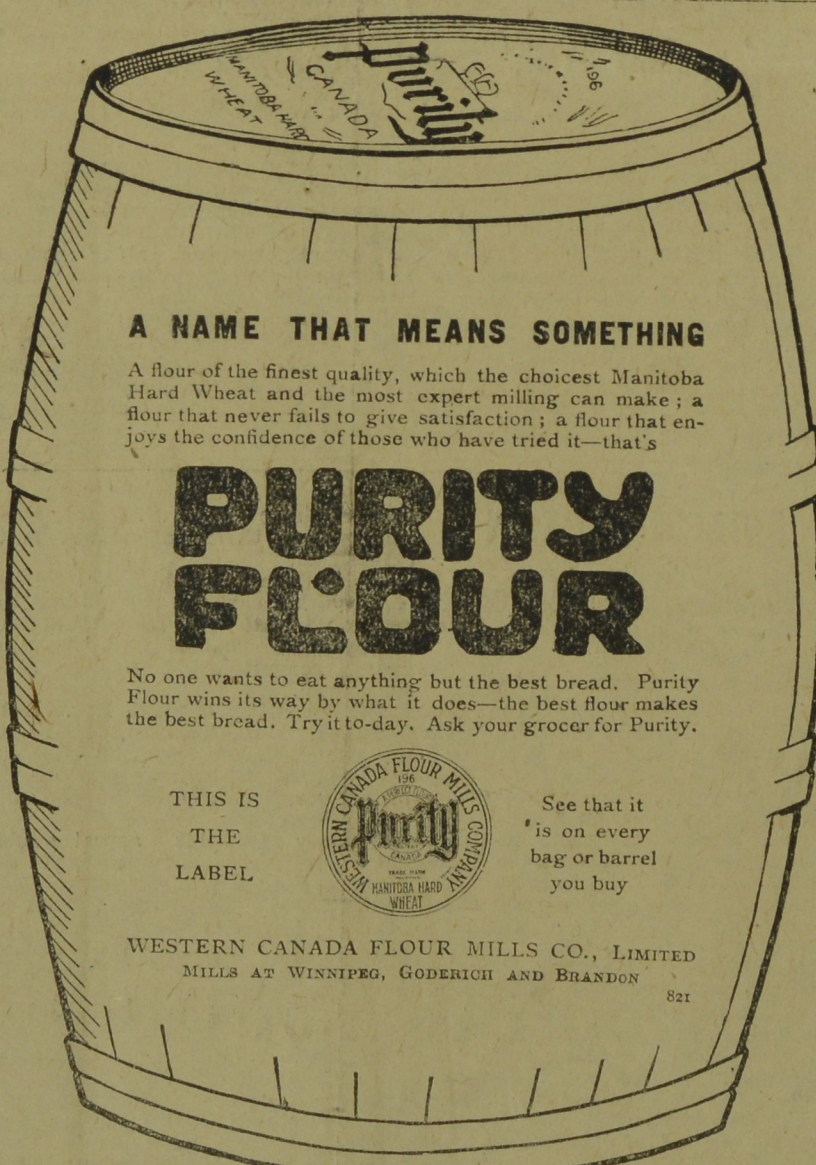
Tess—Did Mr. Borem ever call on you? Jess—Yes; he called last evening. I was quite delighted when the girl brought up his card. Tess—Oh, come now. You weren't really delighted? Jess—Certainly. You see, if she hadn't brought up his card I might have gone down to him, thinking it was some one else.

Suited For Something.

"Your little boy may become president some day." "I hardly think so. Archibald is too modest and retiring." "Oh, well, he may get to be vice president."

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STEAMER NOTICE
Steamer Elaine of the Hampstead Steamship Co., will leave St. John on Wednesday morning next, May twentieth, at eight o'clock, and will leave Fredericton on the return trip on Thursday morning, May twenty-first, at 8 o'clock. The steamer will run between Fredericton and St. John during the season, May 18 dtl.

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