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THE DAY MISS DIXON WAS LATE.

BY MISS FANNIE ALLEN.

Miss Dixon's lapse did not occur on the morning of the December day that went into history under this title. Five minutes to nine on that day found her enumerating the small inhabitants of Number Eight, her little school, as they made the most of the minutes left for gay morning chatter.

Up and down the rows of shining faces went Miss Dixon's eyes. There were the fresh collared and aproned children of the Spinningville mill-owners; the children of the mill operatives in collars and aprons of the same cut, but a little less brilliantly clean, and more frayed at the edges; the minister's son, the deacon's daughter; Jimmy Daley, with an offering of fragrant pine cones, damp from the woods, and Jerry Flynn, with his chronic complaint, "Feets is cold!"—all these and more. But where was Batty McLean?

Now in Spinningville the three school virtues were silence, studiousness and punctuality; but the greatest of these was punctuality. Number Ten had managed to carry a register clean of tardy-marks through a term, and every other school in the village burned to do as well, or better.

The usual salutation between teachers was the question, "How many marks?" followed by "What per cent.?" One