

tainment. At Woodstock a very enjoyable picnic was held on the grounds of C. L. Smith, Esq., at the lower part of the town. Sports and games were entered into with great zest by the teachers. At Sussex where the number of teachers is larger the social features have been more pronounced than at Woodstock. Here also a picnic on the grounds of Albert J. Creighton, Esq., above Sussex Corner, was greatly enjoyed. The teachers were conveyed to the grounds by citizens of Sussex in their autos.

An illustrated address entitled "An Evening in Tennyson Land," by W. F. Burditt of St. John, was given in the hall on July 30.

Shortly after the opening of the school at Sussex an evening was spent by the teachers in the hall at which refreshments were provided. This was an evening of a social character. Later in the session Mr. McIntosh gave an illustrated address throwing on the screen many of the fine views that are to be seen in the St. John Valley and the eastern side of the province.

While the schools are smaller than usual it is noteworthy that an excellent class of teachers is present at both schools and the work that is being done is in no way second to that done by teachers in former years.

THE GREEN WIGWAM.

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.

Nat and Hazel Berry and their little sister, Bunch, looked up at the long black camp on the hillside. It was black because it was covered with tarred paper; but it was a fine play camp, and most of the boys and girls and two of the teachers were up there now for a whole day of fun.

"If we pick the rest of Mrs. Hale's corn," said Hazel slowly, "we can't go up to the Black Shanty at all. Dick Swan says there are four whole rows and parts of two more rows still to be picked."

"If we don't pick it," retorted Nat, "a lot of people will miss hot corn stews this winter. The corn will be too hard for the canning factory if it's left till Mr. Hale gets back from Washington."

"I can pick as much as you can," said Hazel. "Where are the baskets?"

"In the barn," said Bunch. "I'll get them while you lock the doors."

Mother and father and Grandpa Berry were away for all day, and the children had expected to be up at the black Shanty; but Dick Swan,

who worked for Mr. Hale, had told them about that corn, which would go to waste if it were not picked at once. Dick was coming with his horses to haul the corn, but he would not have time to pick it and haul it, too.

"If we work hard, we can have a load picked when he gets here with the wagon," said Nat as he led the way down into the big corn piece.

They began on the long outside row. It was harder than it looked to break off the ears, carry them out in baskets and pile them in heaps on the grass ready to be loaded into the cart. It was past noon when they finished the four whole rows; that left only two half rows.

"They'll be all through the camp dinner by the time we get them picked," said Hazel. "But we shall have to finish before Dick comes back." Dick and the cart had just started off with a big load of plump ears.

"O my, I'm hungry!" said Bunch; but she seized her empty basket and reached up to break off an ear of corn.

"I'll pick one of these half rows if you and Bunch can handle the other," Nat said to Hazel. "Then we shall all get through at the same time."

It was like following a path through thick woods to go down those rows of corn. Round them they could see only the green stalks standing much higher than their heads, and above them a glimpse of blue sky.

"If I should get lost in here, Tops would have to find me," they heard Bunch say to herself. "Only I don't know where he is; do you, Nat?"

Tops was their little dog. He and the old black cat had followed at the children's heels all day, but now they had suddenly vanished.

"Gone up to the Black Shanty to get something to eat, like enough!" grumbled Nat. "Wish we could." And then he stopped and peered through the corn.

The two half rows ended suddenly right in the midst of the corn forest. The children came out into a cosy little clearing where Mr. Hale had been cutting the green stalks and carrying them off for the cows. Those he had not had time to carry off he had made into bundles, and to keep the bundles from being spoiled by dampness he had placed them in a half circle, with the tops of all of them leaning together.

"Just like a little green wigwam," cried Bunch, "and away in here where you would think no one could ever find it! But there's Tops and the cat waiting for us in the door."