

Miss McCutcheon's Trouble in Making up her Register.

BY QUID RIDES.

The ill success which attended Miss McCutcheon's strenuous efforts to impart to her pupils the rudiments of even elementary subjects seems to have not yet dispersed, but harasses her mind and goads her tender feelings. Miss McCutcheon is not subject to fits except when in a millinery shop, and then she openly acknowledges herself to be the most fitful person extant. It was not, however, we may add, laboring under the depression of a bonnet fit Miss McCutcheon was the other morning, when the evil spirit that haunted her school went out, and, bringing back three other spirits worse than itself, made the last state of her and the register worse than the first. There are a great number of registers, the most commonly known being the domicile register, which you can turn at will, but a heavy freighted school register will invariably turn you at will.

After pausing over the surface of her watch, Miss McCutcheon breathed mathematically upon her pupils, and turning her thoughts and her eyes simultaneously upon the school manuscript, proceeded to add. It was a heavy record to practice on—abstract and concrete numbers, addition, subtraction, multiplication and division theoretically and practically illustrated before her in the most extensive form. A heavy lead pencil adorned the ravine of her right ear, while a Bank of Montreal pen at intervals filtered ink on her fingers, thereby betraying her neatness and despatch.

But she clung on with a laudable tenacity to her work, discriminating the nines from the sixes, adding vigor to the work and figures to the paper, carrying over carefully to an authorized corner of the register each month's attendance, to form afterwards one grand total to be struck by an average.

Meantime the sixty hearts that beat as one began to appreciate the relaxation which the school census had extended to them. They didn't talk, but laughed in choruses, shot spit-balls at right angles, and considered it very monotonous if one of their number failed to keep his feet beating time on the floor. Eli Perkins took the lead, and was just measuring the massiveness and density of a small mound of paper with the calibre of his mouth, when a gentle tap at the door smoothly turned the attention of one hundred and twenty eyes towards that point, while Miss McCutcheon, at the unbiassed suggestion of Bill Nye, proceeded to open it. A slight calm ensued, and as the wonted aperture in the school disclosed the face of Jonathan Perkins, she politely saluted him.

"Are you the schoolmisses here?" inquired Perkins.

"Yes, sir," faltered Miss McCutcheon.

"I thought so," said Perkins, as he took her dimensions by an obtuse look of the left eye.

"Well," he continued, "you know Ned Perkins, my second son, has not been at school for a week back, and I can't account for it."

"I can," said Harvey Gurnet, with a mischievous smile on his face; "people generally go to Dr. Bole's for weak backs."

The joke was perceptible, and the school convulsed; Perkins literally grinned, but virtually was in no conjunctive mood for mirth, and elevating his eyes around the room, descried Eli in a corner with a badly damaged eye, a memento of a previous evening's troublesome campaign.

"It's strange," resumed the angry parent, with an ugly flash of his eye, "that my boy can't be allowed to go home unmolested. When I was a boy," he added, "the teacher would raw-hdo us for such a villainous act as that," and he pointed to Eli, who meanwhile was displaying to its full advantage the uninjured eye to the utter discredit of the other.

"They're a very insubordinate class of boys, Mr. Perkins," said Miss McCutcheon; "I'm afraid they'll annihilate each other some evening yet."

"Eli is a good example, now, Miss McCutcheon," edged out Fred Watkins, "of the Passive Voice. Jim Wilburforce took him for his subject, and then connected him into an object, consequently, Eli, the subject of the Active Voice, became the object of the Passive Voice."

"You see, Mr. Perkins," rejoined Miss McCutcheon, in a grave and proud voice, "these boys are so replete with education that their knowledge will ooze out on every occasion, be it favorable or inopportune."

The dignity with which she marshalled this last sentence marshalled Perkins for his departure, and after having enveloped his head in a heavy fur cap and thoughtfully reminded her of Ned, he bowed egregiously and departed.

"Your dad's a fine old fellow," shouted Bill Nye across the seats to Eli Perkins, who sat meditating on the beauties of a black eye.

But Miss McCutcheon was too intent on putting down nine and carrying six to notice the grand remark just passed.

A Suggestion.

To the Editor of the Companion and Teacher.

DEAR SIR, Allow me to make a suggestion through the medium of your journal with a view to improving the method of arranging the programme for the annual meeting of the Ontario Provincial Teachers' Association. The suggestion is this—Let the secretaries of the various local associations throughout the Province forward to me, at Newmarket, before Christmas, a list of subjects their associations deem suitable for discussion at the annual meeting. I will lay them before the "General Executive" at their Christmas meeting, when the programme is arranged. With this assistance, the committee will be able to present an improved programme to the teachers. Yours truly,

H. DICKENSON,

Sec. P. S., Sec. O. A. A. E.

Newmarket, Nov. 1st, 1876

An interesting meeting of the East Bruce Teachers' Association took place at Paisley on Friday and Saturday, 3rd and 4th ult., the Hon. Minister of Education being present. On the evening of the first day a public meeting was held in the Music Hall, the most prominent feature of which was the presenting by the teachers of an address of welcome to the hon. gentleman, and the delivering of a lengthy and deeply interesting reply, wherein he stated that:—

"No country in the world has made more material progress than the Province of Ontario, and in no department has greater progress been made than that of education. In Ontario a more favourable condition of things was found than in England, Germany, Scotland or Switzerland.