

of valor, the wonderful acts of sacrifice of both men and women, the terrible sufferings of man and beast. Let us hope that when our little Journal comes through the press next September this most terrible and ruthless of wars will have passed into history. It will leave behind it a trail of sorrow and suffering, of ruin and misery, but also, let us hope, the promise of peace for all time to come.

While the allies' soldiers have been so bravely fighting abroad, those left at home have been far from idle in their own way. Such gigantic organizations as the Red Cross Society, the Daughters of the Empire, the St. John's Ambulance Society, and the Patriotic Funds, with all their various branches, have sustained their armies with food and clothes, and every comfort; have looked after the soldiers' families; have tended the wounded and dying; have sent help to the suffering Belgians and Serbians; and by their work and sympathy have made a bright spot in the darkness of the war. Even the children have helped. The Boy Scouts have done great work, collecting clothing and supplies, and the School Children's Red Cross Fund, raised entirely by themselves, amounted to the splendid sum of \$3,564.84. Everyone is trying to "do their bit," and we hope that during the months of the coming winter every boy and girl in Manitoba will do something, no matter how little, to help relieve the suffering in our war-ridden world.

### PRIZE COMPETITION

As everyone was too busy holidaying to send in stories this month, we will extend our competition to October. We will give a prize of \$1.00 for the best story of "How We Formed an Audubon Society in Our School," or for a story on "What We Did to Help the Birds This Summer."

The world's a very happy place,  
Where every child should dance and sing  
And always have a smiling face,  
And never sulk for anything.

### MOTHER BIRD

Mother Bird and her young ones were in a field of corn.

She heard shots from a gun.

A man with a gun came in sight, and she ran out from the corn.

She said, "Good man, do not hurt my children. No other children are as pretty as mine."

The man said, "I will not shoot your children, if I see them."

The bird flew away happy.

In a few hours she met the man again. But, oh! he had all her children dead at his belt.

She cried, "Oh, you bad, cruel man! Why have you killed my little ones? Oh, my children! my poor children!"

The man was vexed, and he said, "You told me that your children were pretty. These gray birds were the ugliest I could see, and so I shot them."

Then the bird said, "Stupid, stupid man! No children were so pretty as mine!"

"Play is the child's work. It is not true that love of play destroys love of work. The very opposite is true. Anyone who enters a classroom and sees a class settle down to work after a game must give up such a notion. The qualities that enter into earnest play are the same as those that enter into earnest work. By wise manipulation these qualities may be transferred to work, and this is actually accomplished by many a teacher."—Gregory.

Use several textbooks. Get the views of different authors as you advance. In that way you can plow a broader furrow.