

right far to steal, would consent, as a happy medium, to wield the birch.

At this time the schoolhouses used to be shifted from place to place; when the population became more dense in one locality the school was shifted from the thinly settled part and the children of that section left without a school. It will be readily noticed that times have changed, old manners gone, and now in the bright opening of the Twentieth Century the schools are as stationary as a bookseller's supplies, but the teachers are of a migratory character and every June we see them travelling around in search of a school—much like Japhet in search of a father. In fact the battle for schools has been waged so fiercely by the teachers of late years, that in many cases the tactics followed by candidates in a political campaign have been resorted to by the teacher in his search for a place wherein to teach the young ideas how to shoot and strike a bulls-eye every time. A citizen of Summerside, who, it is taken for granted would not imperil his immortal soul unnecessarily, especially when the Stanley is making such *fast* trips between his town and Cape Tormentine, tells the following anecdote about two teachers who were wishing to engage with the trustees of a certain Prince County school:—

They both happened to be on the same road a short distance apart: the hindmost called at the house of the chairman of school trustees, where a bright little girl came to the door. Said the pedagogue: "Sissy, will you please bring me a drink of water?" which she quickly did; then he gave her candy and said: "Did the teacher who was here a short while ago give you candy?" "O, yes sir," was the candid reply. Then he gave her a five cent bit, and said: "Did he give you money?" "Yes sir, he gave me ten cents" The pedagogue's face suddenly became long, but a happy idea, no doubt occasioned by a sudden thought of the last general election canvass came to his mind, and