

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

To Correspondents—Write on one side of the paper only. Send your name, not necessarily for publication, with your communications. The Sun does not undertake to return rejected manuscripts. All unsigned communications are promptly consigned to the waste basket.

THE TEACHERS AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of the Sun: Sir—In your issue of Sept. 4th an article by Fair Play headed "A Teacher's Reasons drew my attention. In his article he has mentioned a few reasons why the pupil of today does not get as practical an education as the pupil of ten years ago. But the difficulties which he enumerates are only a few out of a long list under which the teacher of today labors.

The curriculum of today is unsuited to the needs of the average pupil attending a country school. In country districts a pupil has but a short time to attend school, yet while he does he is obliged to learn subjects which he will have no need for in after life, while he will get but an indifferent knowledge of the subjects which he will have daily use for.

Another factor to be taken into consideration is the attendance. A pupil will come two days out of the week and stay at home the other three. Many and varied are the causes of this, but perhaps the principal one is the hatred of school developed in the child by the school room itself. We enter a school room and what do we see? The room bare and unattractive, sometimes ill-ventilated, children sitting on benches with their legs dangling in the air on account of the seat being too high to allow them to rest them on the floor, walls which have not seen a coat of paint since the school house was built, ceilings black with dust and smoke, blackboards in name only. How then can we expect a pupil to like school life amid such surroundings. And it is surprising to see how readily the ratepayers of school districts owning such schools will spend money for luxuries for their homes yet will not vote one cent to make the school more attractive to their children. Anything is good enough for a school house is their motto.

Regarding text books, they are not as efficient as they should be. Better ones could easily be found. In our Acadian schools the text books in reading are worse than none; they are half English and half French, and the French is but a mere translation without any effort at grading. At the united teachers institute held at Bathurst, Gloucester county, in Oct., 1899, attention was called to the necessity of having new text books prescribed, yet no steps have been taken in the matter, nor are there hopes of any for a long while to come.

The teaching profession is the most ill-paid of all the professions. Many school trustees do not look at the qualifications of the teacher, but at the amount of dollars and cents which they have to pay at the end of the term, yet they will ask why have we not more efficient schools? The profession is losing its best members simply because their abilities can command higher salaries elsewhere, and most of those that remain are teaching for charity.

The teaching profession is a noble one. The cultivating of the infant mind, the making of the youth of today into noble-minded men and women, and the moulding of future statesmen and leaders of the world, is no light task. Yet the majority of the people look upon this important duty, and upon those into whose care it is entrusted, as less than their clerks or servants, judging from the remuneration they receive.

Now let us consider the remedies at our disposal. "In unity there is strength." Let us unite and begin a crusade for our rights. All other professions are united, but ours. Why should we be an exception? As long as there is no union we may, individually, strive in vain. Co-operation among teachers is becoming too frequent, and is bringing disgrace upon the profession. Let us unite and all competition will cease. We will then be a force to be taken into consideration when any blow is aimed at our rights.

We are in great need of compulsory education to secure perfection under the present system. We hear much about the prosperity of our country; no doubt we have good grounds for it. Then if our country is prosperous surely everyone can afford to give their children a good education. It is their birthright and they should have it, and if the parent tries to rob the child of this the government should step in and compel the parent to give the child what will be more precious to him than wealth or fame—a good education. Let us then endeavor to obtain this, each one can do. Let our voices be heard and be not silent until a clause is inserted in our school law making compulsory education an accomplished fact.

We should also strive to have the attention of the government directed to the necessity of superannuation of teachers. Civil servants are superannuated, and why should not we? Are we not rendering as much service to the province as the civil servants? It would help to keep our best teachers in the profession, who after giving their youth and energy to the education of the young find that they have

CANADIAN NURSE

Miss Maud Mohan, Brockville, Nurse in Charge of President McKinley. A Brockville, Ont., despatch of last Saturday says:—"The fact that a Brockville young lady, Miss Maud Mohan, is the nurse in charge of President McKinley, gives the terrible tragedy even added interest. Miss Mohan only left here yesterday afternoon, after spending three weeks' holiday. She would reach Buffalo last night at 120. The fact that she has been selected to fill that important position is an evidence that her ability as a nurse is fully recognized in Buffalo. She graduated from the Buffalo general hospital three years ago and has since been associated with Dr. Roswell Park, one of the leading surgeons of the United States, and one of those in attendance on the president. The following telegram was received this morning by Mrs. Mohan, from her daughter:—"BUFFALO, Sept. 7, 1901. President resting quietly. I am nurse in charge."

"When Miss Mohan reached Buffalo that night a carriage was in waiting to convey her to the Millburn residence, and that to which you give precedence in your article, and the genuine "Blue-noise" comes from Nova Scotia, the "Buckwheat Bluesnoise" from New Brunswick and the "Red Feet Bluesnoise" from Prince Edward Island. This on account of the red soil. The sub-divisions were new to us, and I think, also, will be to the average provincialist.

If inquiry is made of the oldest inhabitant he will confirm that fifty years ago, and, in fact, up to the abrogation of the reciprocity treaty, Boston was the great produce market for the Maritime provinces and particularly potatoes. Great numbers of schooners in those days lined T. wharf, especially, loaded down with a variety of potatoes known as the "Bluesnoise potato." In such great quantities did this variety of potato arrive here that its name became, in time, attached to persons handling them, and so was carried down to the provinces, and the nickname became conferred upon the people living there.

I personally remember twenty years ago that my father in Nova Scotia raised this variety of potato. It had one end, the smaller end, blue, hence, I suppose, its name. But the term has now become obsolete as far as reflecting in any disparaging way on the people from the provinces. Not many years ago it was considered a synonym of provincialism, but since the people of the provinces have become better known to the people of New England, chiefly through tourists visiting them, and the prominence in business and social life to which many provincialists have attained here, it is now regarded in the same manner as the term "Yankee" is applied to New Englanders.

It may not be amiss to state that some transportation companies are entitled to credit for perpetuating this phrase. The all rail line has the "Flying Yankee" and the Dominion Atlantic railway the "Flying Bluesnoise," and as these terms are par excellence in transportation accommodation, it therefore necessarily follows that the term "Bluesnoise" is applied to a high plane of artistic merit.

The idea of the term relating to a prominent part of features on account of the cold climate in I feel are all erroneous. The fact that the variety of potato known as the "Bluesnoise" has not for some years been raised in the provinces, at least to any great extent, leaves of course to the average person no explanation but the word itself.

BLOUENOISE. Boston, Sept. 7. TWO "AMERICAN CITIZENS." (N. Y. Mail.) Czolgosz, the man who shot the president, is the son of Russian Poles who left a land where their lives were hedged in by bars of caste and repressive law, and came to this land of freedom. Here they found personal liberty, equal law and unbounded opportunity for the son whom they brought into the world, to curse him and make it regret the optimistic faith it cherished in mankind. This young man, beneath the mask of good will and under the sacred shelter of hospitality, approached the president with outstretched hand and shot him down with as little compunction as one would shoot a dumb animal at the shambles.

Harper, the man who seized the assassin with a strangle hold and knocked the weapon from his hand as he was about to fire a third time, was only a negro. He had been born in slavery and it had been emancipated by Lincoln. Buffalo held the humble post of water. He, too, had the memory of wrongs his race had suffered—not in some foreign land, whence they had sought asylum here, but in America. But he was only a negro and he was grateful to the nation that freed him. So he risked his life to save, if he could, the successor of Abraham Lincoln.

It is possible in the whirligig of time that some of the relatives or descendants of Czolgosz who have located in the Georgia city whence Harper sprang and will count out, in conversation on the subject of the assassination, and will talk louder than any of their fellows concerning the sacredness of the "white supremacy" they represent.

"Suppose I give you your supper," said the tired-looking woman, "what will you do to earn it?" "Madam," said Meandering Mike, "I'll give you an opportunity of seeing a man go through a whole meal 't-out' findin' fault with a single thing." The woman thought a minute, and then told him to come in and she'd set the table—Washington Star.

CURES AT LOURDES THIS YEAR.

Remarkable Case of a Crippled Lad—Scenes of Singular Faith or Credulity. Lourdes, which ten months out of the twelve has a population of some 1,500, had its inhabitants increased to 18,000, and soon some 25,000 persons will be gathered in this little Basque village under the beaming smile of the Pyrenees which tower over it.

We are all watching anxiously for miracles, and since we left Paris in the "white train" on Saturday our talk has been little else. There were 600 of us in the long "white train," of whom 300 odd were sick, and three were dying when we started. Now one of the latter is dead, and it seems to be the passing of saints through the wood.

A MODERN FABLE. By George Ade. Once there was a man who began making Mind Bets on the Stock Market. He would buy 1,000 imaginary Shares of a certain Stock and hold it for a Raise.

When Quotations were sky-high he would close out and figure what his Profits would have been if he had used Real Money. Some months he figured himself \$24,000 to the good.

THE REWARD OF HOSPITALITY. (N. Y. Mail and Express.) "President McKinley is shot," cried out some one in Indianapolis Friday afternoon. From a nearby crowd, according to the press report, "some one answered with a strong foreign accent, 'Good!'"

AN UNNECESSARY MAN. The other day a man undertook to swim across the English Channel from Calais to Dover. No doubt he was inspired by the fact that the Channel is crossed by steamers which carry travellers between these two interesting points. As he swam across the sea he had a lead in Calais, as the case may be, and came up to the surface to breathe. But the human couldn't do what the boats did. He couldn't stay under water so long. He got waterlogged, was picked up by his wife, and was carried ashore in a wretched condition. He was a man who had heard that a Boston man intends to swim to New York. He reckons that he can do it in thirty days. Perhaps he can, but if he can hope that he will marry a mermaid and live with her in the sea.

APPLES NOT SO SCARCE. The Fruitman's Guide of Boston has letters indicating that the scarcity of apples will not be as great as owners of orchards have claimed. The southern crop is heavier than anticipated. An abundant yield is promised in Kansas and Ohio. A Cincinnati letter says the estimates made at the last apple convention will be increased 10 to 20 per cent, and that growers are beginning to look for buyers. Florida will yield 2,000,000 boxes of oranges, and California will have more than last year. This will make apples cheap, and it applies to high priced fruit that will go slow. This writer says: "There will be plenty of apples to go around and to spare."

HALIFAX EXHIBITION. On Saturday next, September 14, the fifth Nova Scotia Provincial Exhibition will be open at Halifax, and will be continued until the following Saturday.

THE MARSHES OF GLYNN.

Glooms of the live-oaks, beautiful-braided and woven With intricate shades of the vines that Clamber the forks of the multiform boughs. Emerald twilight—Virginal shy lights, Wrought of the leaves to allure to the whisper of vows, When lovers pace timidly down through the Even colonnades, Of the dim sweet woods, of the dear dark Of the heavenly woods and glades, That run to the radiant marginal sand-beach within The wide sea-marshes of Glynn.

Beautiful glooms, soft dunks in the noon-day fire—Wildwood privacies, closets of lone desire, Chamber from chamber parted with waveling strays of leaves, and there with Cells for the passionate pleasures of prayer To the soul that grieves, Pure with a sense of the passing of saints through the wood, Cool for the dutiful weighing of all with good; Oh, like to the greatness of God is the Ereos colonnade, The range of the marshes, the liberal expanse of Glynn.

And the sea lends large, as the marsh; lo, out of his bosom of sea Pours fast: full soon the time of the flood—death scene of leaves, and there with Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that westward whirl; Passeth, and all is still; and the currents cease to run; And the sea and the marsh are one.

How still the plains of the waters be! The tide is in its highest height; And it is in the water of the Lord will the waters of sleep Roll in the bosom of men, But who will reveal to our waking ken The form that swim and the shapes that creep Under the waters of sleep? And I would I could swim with them below when the tide comes in On the land and the breadth of the marvelous marshes of Glynn.

THE WEE ONE. (Martha Burr Banks, in Outlook.) Down at our house is a wee one, And nobody ever could see one More sweet and complete from the tips of his feet To the soft, fluffy down on the top of his crown; Oh, the blue of his eyes is the blue of the skies; And the gleam of his smile like the laugh of the day; Merry and winning and gladsome and gay. While his cheeks are like clover, with pink blushing over, From the tip of the down to the set of the sun, There is nothing you'll see that is fairer than he. Our own little, dear little wee one!

Oh, the days gone by! Oh, the days gone by! The apples in the orchard and the pathway through the brush, and the whistle of the chirrup of the robin and the whistle of the gull. As he played across the meadows, sweet as any nightingale; When the blossoms were on the clover, and the blue was in the sky, And my happy heart brimmed over in the days gone by. In the days gone by, when my naked feet were tripped By the honeysuckle's tanglies, where the water lilies tipped; And the ripple of the river dipped the moss along the banks; Where the placid-eyed and lazy-floated-out came to drink; And the tinkling snipe-wood, fearless of the truant warward cry, And the splashing of the swimmer in the days gone by.

Oh, the days gone by! Oh, the days gone by! The music of the laughing lip, the lustre of the eye; The childish faith in fairies and Aladdin's magic ring; The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in everything. When life was like a story, holding neither sob nor sigh, In the olden, golden glory of the days gone by.

THE SOUL'S DISCOVERY. I have found Thee, O God! Not in cold temples made with human hands, But in the broad beneficence of skies And in the flowing time of meadow lands. I have heard Thy voice, Not in the murmur of a peevish prayer, But in the tender whispering of the leaves, And in the daily broadening of the air. I have felt Thy touch, Not in the rash of world's delight or gain, But in heart-breaking agony and tears, And in the subtle pulsation of strong pain. I have known Thy love, Not when earth's flattering friends around me smiled, But in the deep solitude of desolate days, Then wast Thou, very gentle with Thy call. I have seen Thy face, Not only in the great lights of the cross, But through the darkness of forgotten graves. And in the dawning recompense of loss. Yes, I have found Thee, God! Thy breath doth fill me with a fire divine, And there a thousand worlds like this my soul, The battle would be tried, the victory mine! —Marie Corelli.

MONEY TO LOAN.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, of Sept. 28, 1896, says: "If I were asked, which single medicine I should prefer to take abroad with me, as likely to be most generally useful, to the exclusion of all others, I should say CHLORODYNE."

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HARBOR DAWN. There's a hush and stillness calm and deep, For the waves have wooded all the winds to sleep. In the shadow of headlands bold and steep; And some precious spirit has taken the cup Of the crystal sky, and filled it up With amber wine, and in its star first dissolved the pearl of the morning star.

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ST. CROIX RIVER. Are Unable to Operate for President McKinley.

The marriage of electrical engineer of Erie Light Company, daughter of Frank, is to take place at the home of the

was rung in Sunday night-blast in Ward 2 the "fall out" was after.

St. Croix is very low mills are unable to strike Light Company its excellent service of both their steam plants.

of the churches in Calcutta of those on the Canadian prayers for President McKinley.

of this city has as the school at Crawley fall term.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BRUISES, FOR COLIC, FOR STOMACH PAIN, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION, FOR HEADACHE.