

ing incorporated villages, the average salary of male teachers was \$388—of female teachers, \$250. In incorporated villages, male teachers, \$515—female, \$256. The average salary of male teachers in the Province was \$422—of female, \$271.

In the 5,252 schools reported, 6,911 teachers have been employed, increase 54; of whom 2,829 were male teachers, decrease 233; and 4,082 were female teachers, increase 287. There were 1,253 more female than male teachers.

The Newmarket High School Literary Entertainment a week or two since, was a grand success. The house was crowded till there was not even standing room.

The County of Durham, Teachers' Association holds its Annual Meeting, in the High School Building, Bowmanville, on Thursday, and Friday, the 12th, and 13th, instant.

ENGLISH GEOGRAPHY.—Do you ever read Cassell's Magazine? Turn to the January number and near the end, see a small stretch map, and read the accompanying letter press, descriptive of a new route to Montreal. You will then learn for the first time that the newly discovered and quickest route to Montreal, and which is likely to attract large crowds of future immigrants, is by a way of Fort Churchill or James Bay. As a result of this discovery Montreal will doubtless be better known in the future to travelling Englishmen, and British capitalists will freely shell out the spondulics for the construction of the necessary connecting link between James Bay and the St. Lawrence.—*Guelph Mercury*.

Personal.

Miss M Widdifield of Uxbridge, has been engaged on the Brussels staff. She has the qualities of a good teacher, and has already won the love and respect of her class.

Mr. Edwin Ball, leaves Ballantrae to teach in Willowdale; Mr. J. E. T. Yor, is his successor. Mr. R. O. White, leaves Pine Orchard to go to Vivian—Miss Wright goes to Pine Orchard; Miss Sarah McPhail leaves number 14 East Gwillinburg, to take charge of number 6. Miss Tewksbury is her successor. Miss Maria Norman of King, is studying at the Woodstock Literary Institute. Mr. W. F. Moore, who has taught at Nobleton for a number of years, leaves in a few days for Ireland, with his wife and family.

Mr. G. A. Cole, of Vachell, is studying in Collingwood—also Miss Brillinger, of Shrubmount. Mr. Sanderson, of Sulton, gone to Harriston—\$200 addition to Salary. Mr. J. Bradshaw, is his successor. Newmarket High School has got over 90 pupils. An additional teacher has been engaged; Mr. Geo. Rose, of Newmarket Model School, retires this year after 37 years of service with a faithful, honest record. All the teachers in Newmarket Model School now hold Provincial Certificates. The trustees are determined to do their part; Mr. J. A. Bastedo Chairman. Miss Annie Birnie, formerly of Newmarket Model School, took a position on the Collingwood staff at New Year's.

Aurora has two new teachers in Misses Evans and Flaws. Mr. Wm. Smith, who taught at Mitchell Square, goes to Bogartown, this year. Mr. Joseph E. Tyndall, is his successor. Mr. William Pearson, who taught number 12 King, has gone to attend the Ottawa Normal School—Mr. W. L. Bond, is his successor. Miss Nelda Borgassor, succeeds Mr. Bond in number 7, East Gwillinburg. She was made the recipient of a very flattering address, and several handsome presents on leaving number 5 North Gwillinburg; Mrs. Hamilton, takes charge of number 5 North Gwillinburg. Mr. J. Alex. Sangster, has charge of the Second Division, Newmarket Model School—Miss Jennie Ross, the III—Miss Bella Price, the IV—and Miss Lizzie Ross, the V. Miss Ryan, is the new teacher in the Separate School, Newmarket.

This must be too real not to be true. At a concert in a northern metropolis there was to be a chorus of spirits, or something similar. The great effect was an echo, thus: the voices at the close of the piece sang (*piano*), "Come away," and this was answered or echoed by a single, remote, and concealed voice, singing, (*pianissimo*), "Come away." Whether or no there had been, just before the concert, some unfortunate substitution for this important coadjutor we do not know; but on this occasion, when the moment came, the chorus breathed, "Come away, come away." A moment's pause, then, *molto sotto voce* from some remote, aerial quarter, a very male voice, "Koom awa!"—*English Paper*.

Miscellaneous.

"ONLY A BRAKEMAN KILLED."

A brakeman has been talking to a reporter of the *Boston Globe*, and his story of the perils and hardships of his daily work may fairly be called a plea for life:—"If there was a law compelling the railway companies to pay for smashing brakemen, you couldn't find a link and pin coupler in the country. Dangerous! I don't suppose you have any idea of the dangers of a brakeman's work on a freight train. He's got to have muscle, activity, and judgment, and if he fails in one of these for a moment, why, they just shove him up in a blanket. Married men won't couple cars except when they can't get any other job. It's all done by young fellows—poor boys who can better afford to get killed. Some day the poor boy is helping to make up a long train. He's two hundred yards away from the engine. There's the conductor on top of the train passing signals with his hands to the engineer. The engineer don't want to kill anybody, but he can't see the whole length of the train, and it's hard to tell by the motions of a man's hands just how much more to back. The brakeman gets in between the cars, holding a pin in one hand and waiting to lift the link with the other. Along comes the train like the hammers of hades; the draw-bar gives way, retreats clear to the head, or the brakeman loses his footing in the shock. They carry him home, tell his folks that Johnny got killed on the road, and get another brakeman. Then in the winter there's ice and snow on top of the cars. Everything is slippery, and it's awful easy to miss a step and go down between the cars. Overhead bridges break a good many heads, too. It's dangerous work, and we get paid \$1.85 for ten hours' work. It costs a brakeman \$30 a year for \$1,600 life insurance—about six times what it would cost you. In some parts of the country the brakemen have associations, and when one gets killed the association pays his widow or his mother or his sisters \$2,000. There is no association like that here. I wish there was, or that the companies had to pay for us. The only coupler that will ever catch them will be one that saves money. That may sound rough, but it's God's truth. Get up a coupler that doesn't cost much more than a link and a pin, and doesn't lose pins, and you'll have 'em. Let me tell you why. The average loss of pins is five a year to each freight car. Boys steal 'em for junk, and they get lost in a hundred ways. Pins cost sixty cents each; that's \$3 a car per year. There are nearly 1,000,000 freight cars in this country. That's \$3,000,000 worth of pins lost every year. Looks big, don't it? Well, knock off a third for pins that are recovered, and you still have a sum worth saving. Show the railroads a self-coupler that doesn't cost more than \$5 at the most, and saves pins, and the brakeman will get a better show for his life than seven chances in eight."

THE DEVIL FISH.

An octopus was caught recently with fish hooks, near Portland in Oregon. There was a great struggle in getting it into a boat, and bringing it ashore. It was hooked in about three hundred feet of water. As it was brought near the surface it seized upon the bottom of the boat, and no effort of those in the boat could loosen it. Finally the boat was set in motion, when the devil fish dropped off of its own accord. One of its feelers came in contact with the arm of a boy who was in the boat, and the fish let go only when the feeler was beaten to a jelly with a club. It was what is called a monster specimen. Its arms, or feelers, were four feet long, and its purse shaped body was about one foot in diameter.