

the other and connecting all her farms. Also she got the length of keeping a few boats of her own, and carried on a tidy bit of trade with one another. And it soon became evident that Betsy had made a success of it in spite of toll-gates and other annoyances growing out of her coolness with her unneighborly neighbor and relative, and could snap her fingers in Sam's face.

As for Sam himself he was minded to change his opinions about a number of matters. You know he never had a lawsuit in his life with anyone but John Bull, and therefore thought for many and many a year that John was his mortal enemy. John on his part having cases at every assize court thought but little of the matter; and Sam when he brought suit the other day against old Squire Don about the tobacco plantations, was very much surprised to learn that John Bull was the only friend he had in the whole country side.

Having turned things over in his mind, Sam began to think it time to make a change and deal in a more reasonable way with his relatives. He began to make civil enquiries about Betsy's health, and how her affairs were doing, made complimentary speeches to her when they met at a hop, or when spending the evening out. He took occasion to call upon her more frequently than of yore, and greatly admired the breadth of her fields, her fine bunch of cattle, and the size and contents of her barns. He visited the saw mill on the creek, took a drive around the woodlot and observed the quality of the timber, tried the fishing, and went over some of the mining properties. It was not long before he arranged to have a meeting between Betsy's chief factor and his, to clear away all outstanding disputes between them.

I am told that an arrangement will soon be arrived at, and that Sam, though he still hangs back somewhat (there is a difficulty about the exact location of a line fence involving the ownership of a few acres of ground) will make things much better for his neighbor in the future. No doubt he loves a good bargain, but in this case interest and natural affection alike incline him to an amicable settlement.

Education is not confined to books alone. The world, with its thousand interests and occupations, is a great school.—*Trowbridge.*

No method is bad in the hands of a good teacher, and none is good in the hands of a poor teacher.—*The Educational Exchange.*

AUTUMN FIRES.

In the other gardens,
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires
See the smoky trail!
Pleasant summer over,
And all the summer flowers,
The red fire blazes,
The gray smoke towers.
Sing a song of seasons!
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!
"Childs Garden of Verse," R. L. Stevenson."

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