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Leave Dalhousie for Campbellton	11.00
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Leave Dalhousie for Miramichi	5.00
Return arrive at Dalhousie	6.00

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Return arrive at Dalhousie 8.30  
Leave Dalhousie for Miramichi 11.00  
Return arrive at Dalhousie 12.00  
Leave Dalhousie for Miramichi and Florence at 5.00  
Return arrive at Dalhousie 6.00

MONDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY  
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## A PAGE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

It was a most perfect fall day. The woods in which Squirrelville was located were full of autumnal tints most pleasing to the eyes of man, child and squirrel. There were great trees, whose tops almost scraped the sky, filled with brown, yellow and red leaves. There were shrubs and sapplings that vied in color with brilliantly-tinted giants about them. On the ground were scattered thousands upon thousands of fallen leaves also of varied tints, giving the effect of a rich carpet on which the foot of animal and boykind loved to tread. And beneath these leaves were hidden thousands of nuts which had been tossed from the trees by the playfulness of the fall winds.

And so, as you children must know, it was time for school to begin in city, town, village and country. And also it was time for school to begin in the woods! "In the woods!" you ask. Then you will doubtless say: "But where is the schoolhouse? And where are the children? And where is the teacher?"

Well, come with me to Squirrelville, deep in the great woods, and you'll see the school-house, the pupils and the teacher.

There, sitting in the leaves, is old Master Greytail. He's just preparing to "call school." And from far and near, leaping from bough to bough, and then to earth, come dozens of pupils. And don't think that boys and girls are the only tardy pupils at school. There are lazy, indolent squirrels as well as lazy, indolent boys and girls. I say it—girls! They love to toss the leaves about, to hide in them and play "peek-a-boo" with each other. And when tired of play these same frolicsome squirrels love to sit with tails over eyes and sleep as lazy as you please. Indeed, were it not for their industrious parents they would doubtless become very undesirable citizens, and either starve during the winter months or steal from their more industrious neighbors.

But there were wise heads in Squirrelville among the parents of the young squirrels. And they said: "It is nut time. The children must be sent to school at once where they shall be instructed in the lessons of life." And one old Master Greytail, was selected from among his fellows to act in the capacity of teacher.

And so on the morning of September 23rd old Master Greytail, took up his place in a pretty little hollow between two ledges of boulders. Overhead was a network of tree-boughs, through which the sky looked beautifully fair and blue. Underneath was the carpet already described, a carpet so soft that one's foot made no noise when treading upon it. This spot, so nicely located, walled by boulders and roofed by branches, was the school-house.

At exactly seven o'clock by the sun, school was called to order by Master Greytail. ("Early!" I hear several juvenile voices exclaiming. But the owners of these voices forget that all the inhabitants of Squirrelville are up and out before the sun shows his face. He who

would sleep after dawn in Squirrelville would be sadly shamed by his kind and would be held in bad repute in the village.)

The calling to order of the pupils was done in this manner. Master Greytail struck his claws against a nearby rock, giving a queer call which meant: "Come one and all among the small. Learn while ye may, afterwards play." (As the language of squirrels is not generally known I shall translate their conversations in English for the benefit of my young readers.)

Immediately the industrious young squirrels gathered into a circle about their teacher; but there were many lazy squirrels that hated to learn lessons, and these hid themselves behind the rocks, hoping to be overlooked by the stern old teacher. But they reckoned without wisdom. Old Master Greytail had a list of all the squirrels of a certain age who were to attend the school. This had been made the week before, and not one boy or girl squirrel was omitted. So, upon looking about him, and seeing that the school-house was not half filled—whereas it should be crowded to the boulder walls—the old fellow began calling the roll.

And then it was that the most reckless of the naughty squirrels crept away into the crevices of the rocks, determining to miss the lessons if they possibly could. The other naughty ones—less disobedient than the first—felt called upon to come forward, pleading some excuse for being tardy.

"I stopped to chase a bug!" said one. "And I stopped to look at myself in the water," said another. "I paused to nibble a nut," said a third.

Old Master Greytail looked sternly at the three "fibbers" and turning towards the first asked: "And did you catch the bug?"

"Oh, no, sir, he was a big green one with pinchers on his face. He might have bitten me, so I let him go."

"Ah, ha, and so you wasted your time by merely chasing a bug for mischief." Then turning to the next asked: "And did you see any thing in the water worth while when you wasted time to stare at your image there?" The questioned squirrel blushed at this hint at his vanity and replied shamefully: "No, sir, I saw but my own face."

"Then you had better have seen your way to school over a quicker path, sir, and learned the important lessons of life as well as you already know your own foolish face." Then to the third tardy one the master turned, inquiring: "Had you not enough breakfast before leaving home, sir?"

"Oh, yes, sir, my mother always feeds me all I want."

"Then you stopped on your way to school to nibble a nut just through gluttony," said the master severely. "You three may remain in after school. I'll have something to say to you then. Just now we must proceed with our lessons."

Then the morning passed in questions and answers, the master making many wise remarks during recitations and giving sage advice. "Never waste a minute in the autumn," he said. "Every minute may mean the laying by of several nuts. 'Never go past a small nut in search of a bigger one; the small kernel is often sweeter than the large one. Never mix your hours of play with your hours of work. There is a fitting season for each. Watch your neighbors during the harvest season. Those that work diligently will not need to come to you in the dead of winter to borrow from your stock of provisions. Those that idle away the time while you and your industrious neighbors labor will come to you

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with the first heavy snow, declaring that they cannot now get to the nuts on the ground. You may then tell them that while you worked they played, and now while you eat they starve. It seems a hard lesson to bid you to learn, but it is a just one and will make the indolent repent of their shiftlessness, and if they manage to live through the cold weather they will not be so foolish as to fail in providing food for the next winter. And while you are young do not forget that some day you will be old and less nimble than you now are. Thus it behooves you to save your physical strength, by abstaining from overeating and over-indulgence in play. And now we shall have a few recitations. Youth Redfur, what is a squirrel's first duty in autumn?"

"It is his duty to find a nice hollow in a big, strong tree where he may live during the long winter, sir," answered young Redfur promptly. He was a bright squirrel with a promising future before him.

"Youth Softpaw, what is a squirrel's next duty in the autumn?" asked the master, turning to another bright squirrel.

"To begin storing up nuts just as soon as they fall, sir, so that his family and himself may not become hungry during the winter," replied young Softpaw. He knew his lesson well.

And so followed questions and answers till all the pupils had been put through the mill, so to speak. As it was then noon and dinner-time the children were given an hour of recreation in which they might eat their lunches and play a bit.

The afternoon session passed pretty much as did the forenoon session. And all the while the naughty, truant squirrels that had hidden away in the crevices of the boulders remained in their self-inflicted prison, for they disliked school so heartily that they gladly suffered remaining cramped up in their little stuffy cells rather than to study and learn. They were hungry and thirsty, and they became stiff in their joints from sitting all bent double during the long day.

And even after the school was dismissed for the day these suffering truants could not come forth till the master was through with the three "scoundrels" who were kept in after hours. These last mentioned had to listen to a scathing reprimand from the master, after which they were

(Continued on page 7.)



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