

A Pleasure in Store for Us.

DEAR FELLOW-TEACHERS:—We are about to undertake the duties which the first term of 1912 will bring before us. All of us, who are true teachers, are looking forward to resuming our places, which have been vacated for a few short days, with feelings of pleasure and with renewed vigor.

In some cases doubtlessly there is lurking behind these feelings the dread of the exhaustion which the exceedingly long term is sure to produce.

But, come, away with such thoughts; for immediately at the close of the term comes the recreation—both invigorating and educative—afforded by the Summer School of Science.

On Monday, January 8, let us meet our pupils determined to give them the best we have now, but also determined before our next year's work, to have the additional preparation provided by the Summer School of Science of 1912, which is held at Yarmouth, N. S.

I am

A Teacher's Friend,

BEULAH R. KEITH,

Associate Sec't'y of S. S. of S.

NEWTOWN, Kings Co., N. B.

Some years ago I heard this conversation between a very young woman, a teacher and a twelve year old girl.

"Do you teach school?"

"Yes."

"Are there any girls as big as me in your school?"

"Oh yes, bigger; and boys too."

"Do they have to mind everything you tell them?"

"They do."

"I bet you couldn't make me do anything I didn't want to!"

"I'd make you want to."

At the back of men's unjust judgments lie two evil tendencies—a readiness to believe the worst and an eagerness to hear the worst.—*Rev. H. F. B. Mackay.*

First Hen.—Stopped laying?

Second Hen.—Yes, they expect us to lift the mortgage for the auto that runs over us.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Take a large drinking glass that is small at bottom and large at top, and having put into it a bright 25-cent piece, fill it about half-way up with water; then place a plate upon the top of the glass and turn it quickly over, that the water may not escape. A piece of silver as large as a half-dollar will immediately appear on the plate, and somewhat higher up another piece the size of a quarter.

To train boys and girls to write short paragraphs correctly is excellent; so thinks the editor of a newspaper who has to struggle with items like the following from January to December:

Mrs. Jones of Cactus Creek, let a can opener slip last week and cut herself in the pantry.

A mischievous lad of Picketown threw a stone and struck Mr. Pike in the alley Wednesday.

John Doe climbed to the roof of his house last week looking for a leak and fell, striking himself on the back porch.

While Harold Green was escorting Miss Violet Wise from a church social last Saturday night a savage dog attacked them and bit Mr. Green several times on the public square.

Isaiah Trimmer, of Running creek, was playing with a cat Friday when the cat scratched him on the veranda.

Mr. Fong, while harnessing a bronco last Saturday was kicked just south of the corn crib.

Current Events.

A million dollars has been spent in California in efforts to exterminate the ground squirrel, which, like the rat, is infested with fleas that carry the bubonic plague.

Russia has abandoned her claim to the twelve mile limit in the waters of the White Sea, inside of which it was proposed to forbid fishing by foreign vessels.

The Australian Antarctic expedition, under the leadership of Dr. Mawson, has sailed for the south in the ship *Aurora*. The ship carries a flying machine, which may be valuable in the work of the explorers. The ship *Terra Nova*, with Capt. Scott's expedition, has also left New Zealand for the south, planning to reach the South Pole by another route.

Writing pens are to be made of tantalum. It is a metal that does not corrode; and the pens made of it will be less costly and more durable than the best gold pens.

We are beginning to realize that insects are our worst enemies. The flies and fleas and mosquitoes that carry disease are not the only insects we have to fear. The brown tail moth has invaded our territory, and the gipsy moth will probably follow; both are causing serious loss in New England orchards and groves, and may do even more harm when they become thoroughly established in our forests. The larch saw fly and the spruce bud worm, in the estimation of Dr. Hewitt, the Dominion Entomologist, are already doing us more damage than forest fires. We can only hope to control them; and our friends the birds are our best allies in the work at present.