

EDITOR'S CHAT

My Dear Boys and Girls:

Once more that wonderful month has come—June, the month of roses, the month of which the poets sing—and the month of the year for which boys and girls have longed and waited—the last month of school. To be sure, there is for some of you a tag to June which takes away some of its joy, and that is examinations. How fearsome that word sounds to the trembling, entrance candidates, and to the boys and girls who have perhaps slacked a little during the term, or played too much on the long light evening when books were calling to be opened. However, the end of June will see the end of all such fears and trembling and ahead of us lie two magic months, July and August. For many of us the first of July opens the door into Nature's Fair Land, for it is the beginning of long days out doors, in the fields, on the lake shore or in the garden and cool golden evenings, when we stay up just as long as we dare and when the bedroom seems close and hot and the world of moonlight and dusky shadows outdoors the only place worth while. When you come pressing and crowding through that door that leads into Holiday Land don't leave behind you the sharp eyes and hearing ears and quick brains you have found so

useful in school. Bring them all with you and use them every day. Don't let those sharp eyes miss the beauty of a single flower or the lusciousness of a single berry. Don't let those hearing ears be closed to the bird songs, and the cricket chirps and the busy buzz of all the little insect world! And instead of pages of books and stretches of black board to study from, take the bee, the ant, the squirrel, the tree, the brooks, the rivers and the hills. Have you heard those famous lines of Shakespeare:

And this our life exempt from public
haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the
running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every-
thing.

And so as you travel across the magic carpet of flowers under the archway of green trees towards the brown door of September, stop, look and listen, and let Mother Nature teach you her sweet lessons all the holidays, so that you may come back at the end of two months with sharper eyes, keener ears, and busier brains with tanned faces, and bodies full of health and happiness. Here's a happy holiday to every boy and girl!

OUR COMPETITION

The prize this month is won by a very young competitor,—only eight years old. Agnes McCarthy, St. Patrick's School, St. Rose du Lac. Honorable Mention is given to Teddy Fitzmaurice, St. Rose du Lac; Eva Gaudry, Simonet School; Jane Gaudry, Simonet School; Roger Lavallee, Simonet School; Adrien Chartrand, Simonet School; Adelard Carriere, Simonet School; Anna Chartrand, Simonet School; Pierre Lavallee, Simonet School; Emma Lambert, Simonet School; Catherine Lavallee, Simonet School; Florian Lambert, Simonet School; Irene Dumaine, Ile-des-Chenes; Aurore Trudeau, Ile-des-Chenes; Anita

Beauchemin, Ile-des-Chenes; Yvonne Beauchemin, Ile-des-Chenes; Herbert Heisterman, Hamiota; Winnifred Morrison, Hamiota; Jack McLean, Hamiota; Jack Hovek, Hamiota.

Special mention is made of the little paintings of birds which accompanied the stories from Simonet School. They were all well done and very interesting. It was too bad that the stories were more about birds than, "what I did for the birds". We welcome to our page four new contributors from Ile-des-Chenes, four beautifully written stories, and two new contributors from Hamiota.