

The School is the proud grandmother of yet another little grand-child, Clara's baby, and we are hoping that the little one and her mother may visit us some day this winter.

ALTHEA MOODY.

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## Children's Corner.

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### How we went fishing.

The first time we went fishing we caught altogether forty-four fishes. Some were humpy backs and some were straight backs. The humpy back salmon were rather hard to catch because they were so heavy and they get away from us, but the others are not hard to catch at all.

Some times the humpy salmon see us, and then they hide away from us, they poke their heads under stones and let their tails stick out, and I suppose they think they are quite safe, and then we go sneaking behind them and catch their tails and pull them up out of the water and bring them to the shore and hit them on the head, and then I suppose they feel very sorrow for themselves for just hiding their heads and leaving their tails showing.

We went again and that time we caught thirty-two fishes, and that time we did not catch so much as we did before. Some time the fishes are at places where there is not much water, and then we have good chances to catch them. When they see us they try to get away from us, poor things. I suppose they think we are cruel to catch them, but I don't think we are very cruel, because we want them for something. I think we would be cruel if we killed them for nothing.

JOSEPHINE.

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### Our Gipsy Party.

It was the birthday of one of the "grown-ups" on the 25th of October, so in the afternoon we had an invitation, inviting us to a Gipsy party down on the beach next day. So on Monday soon after luncheon we started to go down to the beach. Our whole school went. The first thing we did when we got down was to run to the river side. Some of the girls went to throw big rocks into the river just for the pleasure of hearing the "splash" that the rock made, while others took up smooth stones to see how many times they would skip over the water. The little girls played first with the sand, and then began to build houses with the rocks.

There were some big logs lying on the beach, so some of us went to roll them into the water. They looked very easy to roll along, but come to the task of rolling them, you would think so no longer.