

also for such practical subjects as housework, needlework, bread-making and early rising; in each case the girls who had won the prizes were those who had done a little better than any of their companions.

He also bade them notice how success in one department almost invariably led to success in another, as evidenced by the number of prizes two or three girls had carried off.

This showed them that by constantly making little efforts to do well in any one thing, a habit of success had been acquired which easily enabled them to excel in any work they undertook.

The proceedings then terminated by singing the Evening Hymn to Gounod's setting, followed by the National Anthem.

A programme is sub-joined.

### PROGRAMME.

June 14th., 1901.

School Song,	"Sunshine and Rain."
Recitation, (illustrd.)	"Going to School."
"	"Katy-did."
School Song,	"The Cathedral."
Recitation,	"The Mouse-Trap."
Song, (Solo)	"Mother dearest."
	Katherine.
Recitation,	"My Kitty."
By	"Our Babies."
"	"The Farm-yard."
School Song,	"The Owl & the Pussy-cat"
	Junior Class.
Recitation.	"Little White Lily."
	Milly, Emma, Suzanne.
"	"The Child Soldier."
Duet, (Vocal)	"The sound of an Angel's"
Psalm."	Dora and Katherine.
Recitation,	"Troublesome children."
	SAUCEPAN DRILL.
Song,	"The Children's Home."
	MARCHING.
	"The Maple leaf for ever."
	PRIZE GIVING.

Address to children, Rev. Silva-White.  
Closing Address, Archdeacon Pentreath.  
Song, "Glory to Thee my God this night"  
(Gounod)

GOD SAVE THE KING.

### Prayer.

**A**LMIGHTY and everlasting God, Who dost govern all things in heaven and earth, mercifully hear the supplications of Thy servants, and of Thy loving kindness, grant us, we pray Thee, a Chaplain to our Schools, who, by faithfulness in teaching and holiness of life, may be well pleasing unto Thee, and who, by watchfulness and zeal, may promote Thy glory and the salvation of souls; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

—Amen.

### Salmon Fishing on the Fraser.

**N**OT with a "Dunkeld" or a "Silver Doctor" not with a "Durham Ranger," or a "White Wing," no gillie to show us the way to deep pools, —fishing rods, and sharp steel gaff, a needless luxury.

Five little girls, one "grown up," three garden rakes, (the gardener wasn't looking when we started) one long pole with some telegraph wire twisted into a hook at the end of it, a flour sack tied to a stick picked up on the beach, boundless confidence in our powers, an empty larder at home, we go fishing.

Quick down to the river, with more speed than elegance as we slide down the steep shingly side of the track. In the shallow edge of the water many salmon are placidly swimming around, quite *inviting* us to catch them, and yet, grasp a salmon's tail, and as the children say "it walks away!" So