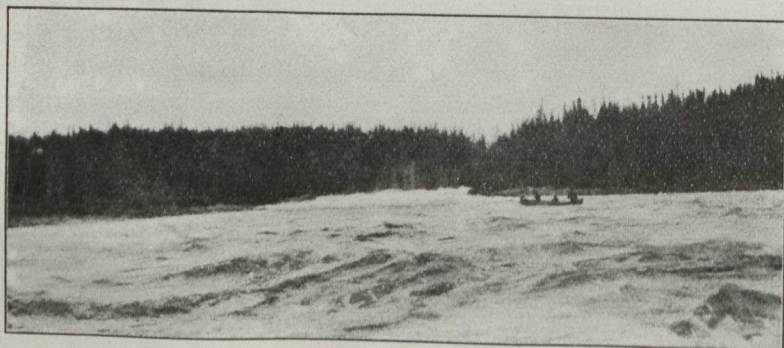


swinging gayly, in affected unconcern, and five pairs of neatly shod feet crossed demurely. 'Dear Teacher' had hoped many things, but she had scarcely looked for "Dutch cuts" and "Buster Browns." Yet here they were. The Dutch cuts were home done but the bows were tilted at the proper angle and if the "Buster Browns" were cheap print, they were as stiff and crackley as boiled starch and cold starch could make them.

'Dear Teacher' looked down into eight anxious, upturned faces and looking, it dawned upon her, at last, that she had ridden into Arcadia. Feeling the weight of the momentary silence upon him, little brown legs, who sat at one end of the line, rose and standing carefully out from the seat placed his hands behind him and recited in a determined little voice: "I am Peary Arthur Wilhelm Eric Holdebrand, and I am five years old." "Five years old," he repeated positively as if 'Dear Teacher' had ventured to dispute his statement. 'Dear Teacher' drew her brows together in a determined effort not to laugh—and in doing so her eyes fell upon the tiny bit of starched maidenhood who sat at the other end of the anxious line. A sensitive pointed chin was quivering and great grey eyes were filling with nervous tears. Suddenly the baby rose, her slate and book, unheeded, she cast herself bodily on the floor sobbing in a soft Norwegian voice for "fadder." Emotion is contagious. One and another of the line instantly gave way and sympathetic tears endewed starched laps. One bit of practicality unfastened the large safety pin which attached her handkerchief to her belt, and having wiped her eyes carefully in the very centre, she pinned it back, its pristine smoothness unruffled save for the centre which the safety pin hid.

Tears in Arcadia! What could a 'Dear Teacher' do but seat herself on the edge of the platform and gather the sobbing Arcadians into her arms. Now a 'Dear Teacher' who sits companionably on the floor is an acquaintance to be cultivated. The ice broke in all directions, names, personal and family histories were volunteered in showers and presently the Arcadians stood forth in a smiling row and recited 'one and one makes two' with the best; and Baby Grey Eyes from the safe haven of 'dear teacher's' arm looked down with triumphant scorn on the small scion of the 'Fatherland' at the other end of the line and sounded 'a' with an unimpeachable English accent.



IN NORTHERN ONTARIO—THE RIVERLAND OF CANADA.