

If the farmers do not assist him and Baron Rhondda, the food controller, the country would be swept over the rapids. He was afraid all the carriage horses which had not been put to grass would have to be killed.

No words of mine can add weight to the above. Joseph in Egypt took precautions while there was yet time, and saved many lives. Soon it may

be too late to save. Remember that it will be your little ones who will suffer first and most. We may have enough food for ourselves, but we must share that with those in other parts of the world who have none. We are building ships to carry it. Subscriptions and tag days will not make food.

This is the real call to arms to every teacher in the Dominion of Canada.

A DISTANCE LIMIT FOR SCHOOL VANS

The following letter has come to the Editor of the Journal, and it may lead to a profitable discussion:

"Knowing that you are deeply interested in the welfare of the children, I would like to call your attention to what seems to me, an evil in the consolidated school districts (some at any rate), and that is the distance children are compelled to drive to school.

If a child has to drive nine or ten miles to school, that means he must leave home soon after seven, sit in the van until 9.15, sit in school during school hours, and again in the van until he reaches home. This means that a child gets practically no exercise for

five days in the week. Does not this mean sooner or later injury to health?

I well remember you impressed forcefully on the Normal students the importance of "a sound mind in a sound body," but can a child possibly have a sound body under such conditions?

Then it seems, too, to be placing our country children at a great disadvantage. They have their school lessons, also their long drive in their days work and a long day it is, while the town, or near to town, child has a long recreation time. Would it not be well to have a distance limit, say about five miles, for vans to travel, and then no child would be overworked?

The Winds

(Kathleen Anderson, Stonewall Public School.)

Winter

The wind is whistling, blowing,
And the fires inside are glowing,
While the snow-drifts fast are growing,
As the wind goes howling, blowing.

Spring

The white clouds sail across the sky,
The birds begin to northward fly,
The grass, the leaves begin to grow,
As gentle south winds softly blow.

Summer

The summer winds do scarcely stir,
Nobody thinks of wearing fur,
Gaudy flowers are all aglow,
When sultry winds do gently blow.

Autumn

The leaves are all a pretty glow,
But soon the boistrous winds do blow,
The leaves go flut'ring, lying low,
There to await their blanket of snow.

Progressive teachers will be at the convention.