

Report of Town Schools for October, 1914

FISHER MEMORIAL.

Pupils Enrolled, 37, Average, 35.1, Percentage, 94.9. Perfect Attendance—13.

Teacher—H. MABEL LISTER.
Grade II.

Pupils Enrolled, 42, Average, 37.04, Percentage, 86.1.

Perfect Attendance—11. Isabel Mair, Vivian Smith, Carletta Waters, Gordon Everett, Basil Dunphy, Raeburn McCunn, Carleton Risteen, Philip Marsten, Frank Greer, Harold Hanson, William Troy.

Teacher—CLARA M. CARSON.
Grade III.

Pupils Enrolled, 44, Average, 40.38, Percentage 91.77.

Perfect Attendance—19. Isabel Stewart, Marjorie Thomas, Ruth Flemming, Barbara Foster, Ema Hall, Doris Hearn, Dorothy Wort, Elva Gillespie, Dorothy Driscoll, Ross Smith, Ralph Rose, Donald Rogers, George Connell, Frank Balmain, Donald Baird, Jack Baily, Harold Manzer, Cyril Fowler, Georgia Wort.

Teacher—ISABEL LEWIS.
Grade IV.

Pupils Enrolled, 49, Average, 39.57, Percentage, 80.75.

Perfect Attendance—17. Grace Clark, Alice Hearn, Mildred Hand, Doris Alanthwaite, Thelma Smith, Pauline Seale, Dorothy Everett, Bernice McCochie, Hope Jarvis, Dorothy Jones, Claire Flemming, John Manzer, Randolph Jones, Murray Foster, Wallace Troy, Wendall Watson, Hilda Furlong.

Teacher—FAYE M. PLUMMER.
Grade V.

Pupils Enrolled, 49, Average, 40.57, Percentage, 82.79.

Perfect Attendance—10. Louise Manzer, Allan Young, Mary Sanderson, Charles Comben, Hamilton Baird, Everett Shaw, Donald Plummer, Velna Troy, Alan Atherton, Walter Hayden.

Teacher—FRANCES B. MILMORE.
Grade VI.

Pupils Enrolled, 37, Average, 29.9, Percentage, 80.82.

Perfect Attendance—11. Muriel Newham, Effie Kierstead, Creighton Balmain, Ada Niles, Hillie Hanson, Robert Brown, Merilla Colpitts, Elizabeth Johnson, Margaret Sanderson, Harold DeLong, George Furlong.

Teacher—MARY E. D. MAXWELL.
Grade VII.

Pupils Enrolled, 29, Average, 27.47, Percentage, 94.72.

Perfect Attendance—15. Beatrice Fields, Bessie Gunter, Marion Marsten, Mary Pringle, Hazel McConchie, Dorothy Mooers, Helen Troy, Doris Hanson, Harris Stairs, Connell Smith, Ray Smith, Bayard Manzer, Randolph Jones, Ronald Strain, Cecil Morris.

Teacher—J. MAY CARTER.
Grade VIII.

Pupils Enrolled, 33, Average, 23.41, Percentage, 86.09.

Perfect Attendance—5. Willard Hanson, Story Balmain, Florence Strong, Eva Tompkins, Annie Gunter.

Teacher—JENNIE F. KING.
Grade IX.

Pupils Enrolled, 34, Average, 31.38, Percentage, 92.29.

Perfect Attendance—13. Katherine Jarvis, Mary Fewer, Dorothy Dickenson, Winnifred McCunn, Howard Rogers, Helen Pringle, Blanche Robinson, Margaret Peabody, Lillian Burden, Wilmot Seely, Fred Grant, Oscar Hemp hill, Carleton Fisher.

Teacher—JULIA NFALES.
Grade X. & XI.

Pupils Enrolled, 47, Average, 43, Percentage, 91.5.

Perfect Attendance—21. Harriett Gray, Grace Everett, Daisy Rogers, Dorothy Smith, Mary Balmain, Mabel Colpitts, Harold Brewer, Ralph Holyoke, Frank Risteen, Mary Giberson, Marguerite Merriman, Helen Slipp, Faye Stokoe, Aurilla Gibson, Susie Sharpe, Kenneth Shaw, Gladys Clidden, Leonard Slipp, John Savage, Lyman Flemming, Basil Watson.

Principal—FRED SQUIRES.
BROADWAY.

BROADWAY.

Grade I.
Pupils Enrolled, 37, Average, 34.14, Percentage, 92.27.

Perfect Attendance—11. Jean Currie, Mary Jackson, Gertrude Glenn, Emma Niles, Andrew Mowatt, Abbie Dairdson, Wilfred Bulmer, William Hayes, Malcolm Dickinson, Doris King, Colby Brewer.

Teacher—MARGUERITE V. HANSON.

Grade II.

Pupils Enrolled, 42, Average, 39, Percentage, 93.

Perfect Attendance—21. Pauline Chapman, Clarence Stewart, Donald Boian, Louis Niles, Lawrence McNinch, Theo. Kennedy, Perry Potter, Doris Corry, Florrie Wright, Mabel McNinch, Mary Atherton, Gladys Dickinson, Mabel Carson, Mary McGibbon, Winnifred Co. nelli, Myron McNinch, Mabel Whitlock, Dorothy King, Eleanor Weeks, Thelma Bulmer, Elvira Derrah.

Teacher—MRS. SLIPP.
Grade III and IV.

Pupils Enrolled, 50, Average, 44.5, Percentage, 88.9.

Perfect Attendance—15. Dolie Robinson, Katherine Sutherland, George King, Lilly McKinley, Catherine Mitchell, Roy Johnson, Herbert Knox, Ruth Parson, Katherine King, Edw. Hayes, Mary Currie, Wendall VanWart, Flora Parsons, Marion McPhail, Leah Carson.

Teacher—GUSSIE MCKEEN.
Grade IV and V.

Pupils Enrolled, 47, Average, 33.85, Percentage, 82.78.

Perfect Attendance—10. Byron Carr, Donald Craig, Horace Kennedy, George Johnson, Helen McKinley, Hazel Whitlock, Walter Furlong, Verna McKinley, Maude Chapman, Thelma Smullin.

Teacher—MARY MILMORE.
Grade V. and VI.

Pupils Enrolled, 48, Average, 44.42, Percentage, 92.5.

Perfect Attendance—21. Paul Green, Chester McDonald, Mark McGibbon, Chifton Glew, Rita McKinley, Mary Kearney, Marion Upham, Vera Westall, Hazel Lockwood, Kathleen Bowen, Agnes McCaffrey, Helen Craig, Cassie Craig, Mildred Saunders, Lottie Mooers, Genevieve, Daley, Jean Sharpe, Pauline Westall, Sarah Johnson, Charlotte Winslow, Edwin Parsons.

Teacher—HELENA MULHERRIN.
Grade VII. and VIII.

Pupils Enrolled, 29, Average, 25.69, Percentage, 88.2.

Perfect Attendance—12. Albert Sutherland, Gordon McKinley, Isadore Stokoe, Harry Wright, Frank Wright, Arthur King, Edwin Hand, Louise Smith, Alberta McKinley, Chauncey McDonald, Helen Riordan, Alice VanWart.

Teacher—WALTER S. DALEY.

Austrian Emperor In Wretched State

London, Dec. 2.—"Truth" says today that news has been received privately to the effect that Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria is in a very feeble state of health, and it is said at Vienna that he may die any day, and probably quite suddenly.

Emperor Francis Joseph has failed dreadfully in every way. "Truth" says since he hurriedly returned to Vienna from Ischl when the war broke out, and he is now described as being in a miserable state of weakness and depression.

NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

The Allies at the Germans lunged And won a fight at Name Expunged. But swiftly reinforcements came From German Cern-Canned the Name.

And French's army was defeated Upon the field of Place-Deleted. From Town-blue, Pencilled, lovely spot. The Uhlaus galloped, fierce and hot.

But hundreds bit the dust and grass, In Place - Press - Bureau - Would - No Pass.

The hottest work in all the field But round Locality Concealed.

To understand these frightful scraps Pray, reader, please consult the map

HAD A GOOD FEED, ANYWAY.!!

One hundred and fifty-five German took up their quarters in a castle three miles distant from a French town. They stayed for 30 hours. During that time they ate 400 eggs, 35 kilos of salt butter, five lobsters, five crabs, 10 boxes of sardines, six boxes of dried beans, eight bags of peas, 60 pots of jam, and a cow.

They drank two cases of beer, 100 bottles of cider, 335 litres of red wine, 225 litres of white wine, 48 bottles of Malaga wine, and 12 dozen bottles of cognac and champagne.

When preparing to leave the Germans found that a regiment of French infantry had taken up its position in the neighborhood. The Germans returned to the castle and hoisted a white flag, no shots being fired.

The Joys of Christmas Time

By Kenneth Harris



Hark! the merry chimes are warning us that this is Christmas morning. And it's time that we were rising, though the hour isn't late. Still, the kiddies will be flocking, each to overhaul his stocking. And there's scads of things we've got to do that really cannot wait.

Yet, before we kick the clothes off (quite determined not to doze off), Let's indulge in dreamy musing on this joyous Christmastide; Let us, while the bells are pealing, get up some real Christmas feeling. Fill ourselves with sweet emotions that are not quite cut and dried. True, the minutes fast are gliding, but, consarn 'em, let 'em glide.

Think of these long weeks of waiting, all the glad anticipating Of the gay and festive season that at last, at last is here; Never resting, never stopping in our mad career of shopping, Searching over the ideal, not too cheap and not too dear; Crushed and elbowed in the reeking crowds, that like ourselves are seeking. Just the very thing of all things that their loved ones most desired. Limp and dragged then emerging from the pushing, struggling, surging Mob, with parcels overlaid, reaching home at last, dog tired. Those experiences may be best described as "most all-fired."

Yet no antiquated stoic showed endurance more heroic

Than we've manifested through the weary ordeal of that time; We have stood the stress of barter with the courage of a martyr; Now we find sweet compensation list'ning to the Christmas chime.

Whose clear cadence, soft and mellow, seems to whisper to a fellow That the worst is nearly over, that we soon may breathe again, Soon may find surcease of sorrow, and that, maybe by tomorrow Or the next day, may be lifted something of this mental strain, That a blessed sense of rest may soothe the tissues of our brain.

We have done with haste and flurry, no occasion now to worry, Lest some sensitive relation may have been quite overlooked. All the lists of names are checked and all the walls with green are decked, and Now within a few short hours the Christmas dinner will be cooked. Hail to Christmas! happy season! There is some substantial reason To be gleeful at thy advent—the beginning of the end. As thou comest wreathed with holly, we can certainly be jolly, Welcome thee with feast and wassail, and in general unbend, For we know that we have spent for thee the last cent we can spend!



Now the door bell will cease ringing to the people who were bringing An endless string of packages from morn to dewy eve; We no longer will be running to conceal those things with cunning, And we'll lose our wonted air of having something up our sleeve. There will be a deuced litter, when

the gewgaws gleam and glitter, Of waste paper, string and cotton, from the kitchen to the hall; But, with consciences elastic, we will grow enthusiastic And "wonder how they guessed," as on the donors' necks we fall, Looking blissful over dewdads that we didn't want at all.

Ah, this blessed thing of giving! It is half the joy of living To watch the looks of gratitude and pleasure and surprise That, at least to outward seeming, are upon loved faces beaming— As the loved one opens his parcel and digs out his gandy ties. And the gentle wife and mother her emotion tries to smother When conducted by her husband, to some secret corner, where, As a proof of fond affection, he has hid from her detection, His gift to her, a cozy, costly, well-upholstered chair (Of whose comforts, in the future, you may bet he'll get his share).

Now this Christmas spirit moves us to sense that it behoves us To keep Poverty's bare platter and all Destitution's cup. Bring turk and pie and gladness to the homes of empty sadness! To help out sweet Christmas charity who would not loosen up? But it's highly aggravating not to say exasperating, When we've given most nobly and without thought of stint, To find out, as we expected, that the modest are neglected. And our princely benefaction hasn't found its way to print. (Certainly we didn't ask it, but a man might take a hint).



But away with sad reflection! This is no time for dejection. Merry Christmas, happy Christmas, as we said, has come at last! All the many tribulations, all the trials and vexations That have crowded thick upon us for the last six weeks, are past. Not a protest shall be uttered, though the house with toys is cluttered. And the kids are parading to the sound of horn and drum, Lusty lung and cheek volcing the extent of their rejoicing. We will have to stand the racket now that Christmas day is come. (Later tone our nervous system at some sanitarium).



Thank the Giver if we're able to sit 'round a well-spread table, Where the plump white-bosomed turkey sheds its savor through the room, And pudding comes on smoking, and there's no end to the joking, And no heart that harbors malice and no mind o'ercast with gloom.

Let us be profoundly grateful that we have at least a plateful, Grateful for the pepsin tablets that correct our Christmas cheer; Hold it as among our meracles if there's coin left in our purses, Be thankful for those dear to us and those who hold us dear. (And most supremely thankful Christmas comes but once a year).

(Copyright, 1914, Western Newspaper Union)



CHASE & SANBORN'S SEAL BRAND COFFEE

SATISFIES.

Packed in one & two pound tins only.

CHASE & SANBORN
MONTREAL.

CAUSE OF TIDES

Many people regard the rise and fall of the ocean as a profound and baffling mystery. The mystery is not very hard to understand. As all know, the surface of the ocean rises and falls twice in every lunar day, this rise appearing along a coast to be a horizontal motion—always ebbing or flowing.

Now the lunar day consists of about twenty-five hours. Thus, of course, the "time" of the tides varies each day. The tides, moreover, do not always rise to the same height. Every fortnight, with the new and full moon, they rise very much higher than at other times.

These high tides are called "spring" tides, the alternating low tides being termed "neap." When the moon is nearest the earth, the rise and fall of the ocean is markedly increased. Thus the spring tides are greatest at the equinoxes—that is, at the end of March and the end of September.

Yes, you say, but what has the moon to do with it at all? Surely it is the sun which attracts the earth.

That is so. But, although the sun's attraction on the earth is far greater than the moon's, the moon is so very much nearer to the earth that the difference between its attraction at the centre and on the surface is three times as great as the sun's. And it is this difference which causes tides.

Big Customer of Banks

City auditor, Sterling of Toronto compiled figures to show that the municipality's transactions with the banks for one year totalled over forty millions of dollars.

New Head of Forest Laboratories

Mr. John S. Bates recently appointed Superintendent of the Dominion Forest Products Laboratories in connection with McGill University was born at Woodstock, Ont., and is a graduate of Acadia University in arts and science. After leaving Acadia he went to Columbia University, New York, and graduated in chemical engineering, specializing in pulp and paper. He made a study of the utilization of Southern pine waste while at Columbia, and after the conclusion of a brilliant course there had practical experience with several big paper and chemical companies.

Strength of Hickory

Hickory is the strongest Canadian wood. When properly seasoned a hickory column will support a weight of twelve tons per square inch cross-section, which is considerably more than what could be borne by a pillar of cast iron or steel of the same length and weight.

Life of Wire

A telegraph wire in the open air lasts four times as long in a city.