

THE NEW SCHOOL MARM

(From the Normal Light.)

"Oh, gee, look, Tom, quick! There she goes—look quick! Get back, you blockhead, she'll see you!"

As Miss Brown walked slowly across the station platform and viewed the scene before her, she too was being viewed by two quick-witted, dirty-faced urchins who were crammed in behind a barrel in a store-keeper's yard. They had been there for at least fifteen minutes—for wasn't the new "school marm" coming on that train, and hadn't each chap last night bet a copper cent that he'd be the first fellow to lay eyes on her?

A feeling of homesickness swept over the teacher, for this was her first visit to the quiet country place to which the inspector had recommended her as teacher. As the train disappeared from view Miss Brown picked up her club bag, shook off her lonely feeling and faced her duty. Her boarding house stood a mile farther up the hill. The way led through a beautiful grove of trees, over a brook that rippled out a glad welcome and made the traveller long to stop, take off her shoes and stockings and wade down the stream, chasing the tiny fishes that she hoped to find in the pools; up a hill with grain fields on either side, and finally was lost to view as it bent away to the right.

On the top of this hill she found a little white farmhouse—her boarding place—where there were several little boys peeping around corners and climbing over the woodpile, all anxious to catch the first glance of the newcomer. A rosy-faced, plump, middle-aged lady answered her timid knock, and ushered her into a neat little sitting room. She felt at ease at once in the presence of Mrs. Wall, for, although she was a plain country woman, her manner gave this lonely girl a sense of relief, as she had felt very much embarrassed when she saw the eyes of those tiny tots upon her. Soon the call to supper came, and here she was to meet the family. Supper! her first. Could she look forward to seventeen long weeks here? They crowded around this table, and the first remark was "Pitch into the pancakes, miss," in Mr. Wall's deep voice, as he set an example by reaching over the table and, with vigorous force, driving his fork into the first three flapjacks on the plate. Miss Brown ate her supper in silence except for a few teasing remarks made to the youngest member of the family who sat beside her.

After the evening meal was over, Miss Brown made a visit to the little store she had passed that afternoon on her way from the station. It was nearly sundown on a clear, calm afternoon. Then the sun seemed just to slide, as a great ball of fire behind the tree tops, and all nature was quietly lulled to rest. No one could walk through this beautiful woods, down the hill and over the rippling brook without feeling that all nature was in sympathy and that they could face any duty that was in store for them.

Full of such thoughts, the stranger entered the store. A robust Irish woman came to wait on her, and after peering over her spectacles for some seconds she said, "An' be you the new schol marm?" A flash of mischief at once passed over Miss Brown's face, and she answered quickly, "Yes, I be the n-e-u school marm," and then burst into a peal of laughter while the Irish woman still peered over her spectacles.

When Miss Brown left the store it was with lighter step that she went back to her boarding house. She went to her room that night full of plans for the morning, and to sleep, thinking of the many little faces she was to meet in the next few days.

("Her First Day" in the June issue.)

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Mail Ads Bring Results

TWO NEGRO WAITERS DEBATE ON WORLD'S MORALS

Hot Springs, Va., April 30.—An audience made up of well known society men and women gathered last night in Odd Fellows' Hall to listen to a debate between two of the negro waiters at the Homestead—the Rev. Charles Wright and Franklin Johnson—on the question of "Whether the World Am Getting Better or Worse." The proceeds from the sale of tickets of more than \$100 went to the Hot Springs Library Fund.

The speakers were introduced by J. T. McAllister, while the Rev. J. Avery Norris, J. W. Hamilton and Howard McClintock acted as judges. The audience burst into applause every few moments, and at the end of the debate were of the opinion that if the two negroes entered vaudeville careers would lie before them.

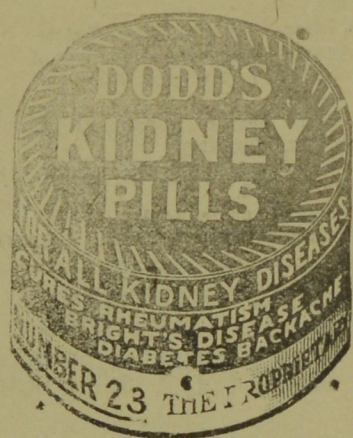
Johnson, who fought valiantly to win for the negative side, was a wiry negro of lightning-like speech and movement. He was of the opinion that the world was going to "degradation" and had plenty of arguments to prove that it was "growing worse every day."

"Can you tell me the world is growing better," said Mr. Johnson, "when the President of the United States ain't had a good night's sleep in two years? Tain't so. Men leaven the earth and go in through the ether and under the water to shoot people. Just to hear of this great fighten is enough for me. It gives me a swimmin' in the hair."

"Fighten and don't know what it's fighten for. There is more fighten today than there has been since Christ came from the Garden of Eden."

"Men is got so triflin' that women has stepped up and said, 'We is going to run the world.' Gentlemen of the jury, you can't trust nobody. You can't trust your own wife. I said a plenty to show you that the world is grown worse every day of you' life from the cradle to the grave. Tell me the world is grown better—tain't so."

Rev. Charles Wright, speaker for the affirmative, was of the opinion that the world was getting better every instant. His zeal lost him his teeth toward the end of his argument, and he fell through a screen in his efforts to restore them, but wound up bravely. He was finally decided winner of the debate.



WERNER HORN DENIED WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS

Boston, April 29.—Lieut. Werner Horn, charged with transporting dynamite through this state in connection with the attempt to dynamite the C. & P. R. bridge at Vancboro last February, was denied a writ of habeas corpus in the United States Circuit Court yesterday.

His counsel had asked for writ on the ground that the bridge explosion was an act of war and that under the treaty between this country and Germany the matter should be decided by the State Department and not by the courts.

The court holds that if that allegation were true, the act of war was not committed in Massachusetts and the specific charge is that of illegal transportation of explosives through this state. Moreover, the court says the prisoner does not admit an attempt to blow up the bridge.

The court rules that the prisoner's commission from his government, dated Aug. 18, 1908, as lieutenant in the Landwehr pioneers, is no evidence of authority to act as a belligerent in the United States, and that therefore no question of international law is involved.

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The one sure means of doing this is with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They are a marvellous aid to appetite—convert all you eat into nutriment and tissue-building material. Thus a weak body is supplied with new nerve fibre, hardy muscle and firm flesh. Lasting good health is sure to follow. If you really want to get well, and stay well, use Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c. per box at all dealers.

OVERPLANTING OFTEN FAULT OF THE GARDENER

The amateur kitchen gardener is apt to overplant; that is, to plant too much of any one seed at a time merely to get rid of the seed.

He will go radish-mad in April, and then have a lot of tough and "hot" radishes to pull out and throw away.

Estimate as closely as possible the amount of each vegetable that you will want at the opening of the cropping season, and sow seed accordingly, following with supplementary planting a week later, and so on throughout the season with all vegetables for which there is time for two or more crops.

If the plants come up too thickly, thin them out, but do not try to save on the seed by sowing too thinly, for it is much cheaper to pull extra plants out than to have vacant spaces.

As to thinning out plants, many amateur gardeners are fearful of throwing away plants which, they believe, are food producers. Such a belief is wrong, for the extra plants take their share of plant food out of the soil and give you a garden of weak, immature, unhealthy plants instead of a smaller number of grown vegetables.

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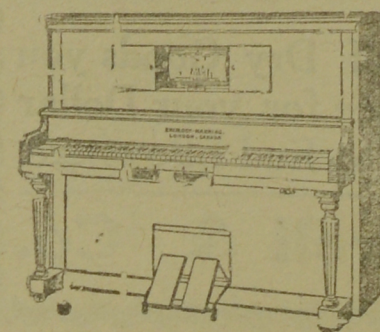
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Don't run away with the idea that all discs are the same shape. There is as much difference as in plow mould boards. Bissells give their whole attention to Disc Harrows and Steel Land Rollers, and they have perfected a disc that will do the greatest amount of work with the least possible draft.

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Produce More and Save More

The Empire needs food. If you are not in the fighting line you may be in the producing line. Labour is limited—all the more reason to do more than ever before. Grow food for the men who are fighting for you. The Allies need all the food that you can produce. Every little helps. You are responsible for your own work. If you cannot produce as much as you would like, produce all you can. Work with the right spirit. Put fighting energy into your effort and produce now when it counts. The more you produce the more you can save. Producing and saving are war-service.

Make Your Labour Efficient

In war-time do not waste time and energy on unimportant and unprofitable work. Economize labour. Put off unproductive work till after the war, and, if possible, help in producing something needed now. Let us not waste labour. Canada needs it all. If possible help to feed the Allies. Make your backyard a productive garden. Cultivate it with a will. Make your labour count for as much as possible.

Do Not Waste Materials

There should be no waste in war-time. Canada could pay the annual interest on her war expenditure out of what we waste on our farms, in our factories, in our homes. Every pound of food saved from waste is as good as a pound of increased production. The way for a nation to save is for every individual to save. France is strong to-day because of thrift in time of peace. The men and women of Great Britain are not only "doing" but are learning to "do without."

Spend Your Money Wisely

Practise economy in the home by eliminating luxuries. Wasting our dollars here weakens our strength at the Front. Your savings will help Canada to finance the war. Save your money for the next Dominion War issue. There can be no better investment.

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