

THE NEW SCHOOL MARM

(From the Normal Light.)

The sound of jubilant voices roused Miss Brown when the sun was yet scarcely above the horizon. It was a beautiful morning, and brushing aside all thoughts of dread and loneliness she stepped gingerly down the squeaky stairs and was greeted so genially by Mr. Wall that her fears of the night before were dispelled, and she joined whole-heartedly into the conversation at the table. Breakfast over, Miss Brown's thoughts turned toward her surroundings and she started for a stroll. Through the woods she marched to the tune of the birds, picking wild blossoms and chatting with the squirrels.

She has wandered far when she remembers that this is a day of duty, and that all her energy must be mustered in order to fill her place. Following a path beside a winding brook she entered the school yard. What a beautiful situation! Birds, running brooks, trees, mosses within a stone's throw of the yard. As Miss Brown entered the playground her spirits fell. One saucy looking lad was vigorously throwing stones at a squirrel; another dirty faced lad was digging bait for fishing, while still another was soundly boxing the ears of a playmate. The teacher shivered as she saw several eyes peeping from behind a stone wall and from the boughs of the largest tree. Was she on trial? Was the charge being slowly read, the verdict given? Yes every look, movement of the girl was noted. Here she must not hesitate; here she must show the dauntless spirit of her profession. She stepped upon the broad door stone and entering the school room, found everything in readiness as her committee had reported.

True, only two maps hung on the wall, the one blackboard shiny with paint and slippery as glass—but what cared she now? Everything was clean and neat and cheery.

Eight-thirty, and her thoughts flew back to an Assembly Hall, where dozens of her classmates were gathered, all with those blue paper-backed books, and she heard a deep voice say, "Every teacher must be in her school house at twenty minutes to nine." She, at least, was there. Do we blame this lonely girl as her thoughts flew back to days of old, and the twenty minutes were spent not in work, but in dreaming—dreaming of those days of old? Were they hard old days? Seven hundred pages of Myers' History, four hundred of History of Education, Shakespeare, Thackeray, Carlyle, and, to crown all, proportion and variations. Gladly would she fly back and fill many a wasted hour with study, but now to duty, for it is nine o'clock and at sound of the bell the children rush in, tumbling over one another, muddy shoes—clunk! clunk! One wanting this seat, which was already occupied; another snatching a slate-cloth from a more fortunate brother, while all the time the teacher stood in blank amazement.

Physical drill! Did they know the meaning of the word? Had they ever lined up at the door, marked time and marched to their seats? There she stood and gazed until the turmoil was over, and she heard an unknown voice whisper from the air, "Be patient, young teacher, you are fresh from the floors of a drill hall, a commanding voice not long ago taught you your place. You have a task, a hard task, before you; be patient and work with might and main."

The opening exercises over, an attempt was made to start the lessons of the day, when a hand went up, a finger snapped and a shrill voice asked, "Teacher, please can I fill my water bottle?" Can I fill my bottle! What was Miss Brown to say? Must she utter a correction with almost her first breath in this school room? But the cry came again, and on the impulse of the moment the answer "Yes."

A class in reading, one in number work and one in geography alike proved unsatisfactory, and for one brief moment Miss Brown felt discouraged and wondered what to do.

Quickly she put these feelings aside and called upon a class of boys and girls—of what age? "Just at the age when children seem uncontrollable; the worst," someone has said, but Miss Brown immediately determined upon their aiming high, and found what? No story about the lesson; then it must be told, and every boy and girl heard that story with wide open eyes, and who will say that there was not better reading in consequence? True, there was difficulty with clear, distinct tones, but down in a note-book of "Improvement for succeeding days," went a little note which at once brought to mind "Mastery of consonantal elements, final combinations and difficult combinations in sentences."

Toward the close of the day the pupils grew restless, the teacher tired. From deep down in the wrinkled part of the teacher's brain something of interest for each lesson must be brought, until teaching hours were over and each pupil dismissed, when the weary teacher dropped heavily into her chair. Glancing up in a short time, she found that she was not alone, for, leaning against the door was the oldest boy of the school, tall, gaunt, even gawky in appearance, who after just a moment's hesitation said, "Please, Miss if ye be goin' home, I'll go along and carry yer books."

Miss Brown rose to her feet with a smile. Ah! Even here the age of chivalry was not dead. What should she say, what do? A moment and with a murmured oft-heard "Thank you, but I have work to do here," she sank into her chair again and planned for the morrow, while Tommy slowly moved homeward. Anyone who, at the close of the term, chanced to see this school with its neat, attentive, busy rows, would know that these plans and efforts were not in vain. M. B., A.

THE LADS OF THE MAPLE LEAF.

Ripe for any adventure; sturdy, loyal and game.
Quick to the call of the Mother, the young Canadians came.
Eager to show their mettle, ready to shed their blood.
They bowed their neck to the collar and trained in Wiltshire mud.

Shipped in the fullness of time, across to the other shore.
Heard a deep hum in the distance, the basso profundo of war;
Fretted to get to the business, chafed for the firing line.
Forward! with throbbing pulses, like pilgrims who near their shrine.

Spoiled for a fight, and got it; lurid, merciless, red;
Trifled with death in the trenches, braved and battled and bled.
Then, at a given order, gathered together and backed,
Not because they were bending, but to keep the line intact.

Four of their guns defenceless—left in the enemy's hand!
That was a bitter buffet, more than the lads could stand.
Back charged the Men of the Maple, routed the jubilant Huns,
Captured a pack of Germans, and saved their beloved guns.

Ripe for any adventure; sturdy, loyal and game.
Quick to the call of the Mother, the keen Canadians came.
Hurrah for the young Dominion! Cheer them with heart and voice.
The Maple shall never wither! Bravo! Canadian Boys!

N. B. TELEPHONE COMPANY
HAD SATISFACTORY YEAR

Officers and Directors Were Re-elected--Report of President S. H. White is Optimistic--Substantial Surplus on Year's Operations.

The annual meeting of the New Brunswick Telephone Company took place here yesterday afternoon. The directors were re-elected, and they re-elected the former officers. The usual dividend of 8 per cent. is to be declared by the company, the general condition of which is considered satisfactory.

President's Report.

The report of Mr. S. H. White, the President, was as follows:
To the Shareholders of the New Brunswick Telephone Company, Limited:

The directors of the Company beg to submit herewith their annual report and financial statement of the affairs of the company for the fiscal year ended March 31st, 1916.

By reference to this statement, it will be seen that for the year just closed the gross earnings of the company are the greatest in its history, demonstrating that even in the face of war conditions the business of the New Brunswick Telephone Company remains normal and enjoys a reasonably healthy growth. During the past year there has been a gain of 912 telephones, as against a gain of 1,171 for the preceding year. It will be borne in mind that the preceding year, which was the first one under war conditions, showed a decrease in gain over its immediate predecessor. However, this condition has been somewhat offset by an increased growth in our toll business, the past year showing a gain of \$9,500 for the twelve months, as against a gain of \$4,200 for the previous year.

Increased Cost.

The continuance of the great war has brought about conditions which your directors have found it necessary to take into consideration. The chief of these is the very great increase in the cost of practically all materials entering into the construction of a telephone plant. The cost of wire, both copper and iron, the cost of cables and of hardware have shown advances since the war began of from 50 to 100 per cent., and as a consequence of this condition your directors have refrained from making any great extensions to our system, except in cases of extreme necessity. The war has also caused a demand for men, and many of our employees holding responsible places have responded to the country's call, leaving positions which it has been very difficult to fill. In addition to these conditions the organizing and quartering of several regiments throughout the province has led to an increased demand for the long distance service of the company. We have been forced to meet this demand by improving and extending our facilities at the four or five points where increased service has been required. The question of whether our investment at these points has been warranted and whether or not the business to be derived therefrom will continue after the termination of the war, is one which your directors have at all times to bear in mind.

Improvements.

During the past year the toll service from the northern section of the province has been materially improved by the installation of one copper and one phantom circuit between Bathurst and Newcastle. Your directors hope that through careful study of traffic conditions and rearrangement of existing toll lines, to escape the necessity of the construction of new copper circuits during this period of excessive construction costs and fluctuating demands for toll service.

Since our last annual meeting another of our directors, Lieut. Col. F. B. Black has gone overseas with the Canadian forces, so your board of directors at the present time has two representatives on the firing line.

Through the active co-operation of an efficient staff in all parts of the province, your directors feel that we are giving an excellent telephone service, and we hope by keeping up the standard of courtesy to our customers and fair treatment to the general public, to merit a continuance of the popularity and patronage which we are now enjoying.

All of which is respectfully submitted,
S. H. WHITE,
President.

Fredericton, May 18, 1916.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

The assets and liabilities for year ending March 31st, 1916, are as follows:

Assets.	
Plant	\$1,725,162.18
Supplies	47,475.78
Accounts receivable	48,556.36
Liquid assets	159,320.31

Liabilities.	
Capital stock	\$1,259,540.00
Subs. to new issue capital stock	59,720.00
Debentures	54,000.00
Total reserve for depreciation	519,859.35
Accounts payable	18,574.52
Dividend declared Feb. 17, 1916	44,083.90
Total liabilities	\$1,955,777.77
Surplus	24,736.86

Certified correct,
P. F. Blanchet, C. A.,
Auditor.

Earnings and Expenses.
Earnings and expenses for twelve months ending March 31st, 1916:
Gross revenue \$482,287.37
Operating expenses and depreciation 364,676.15

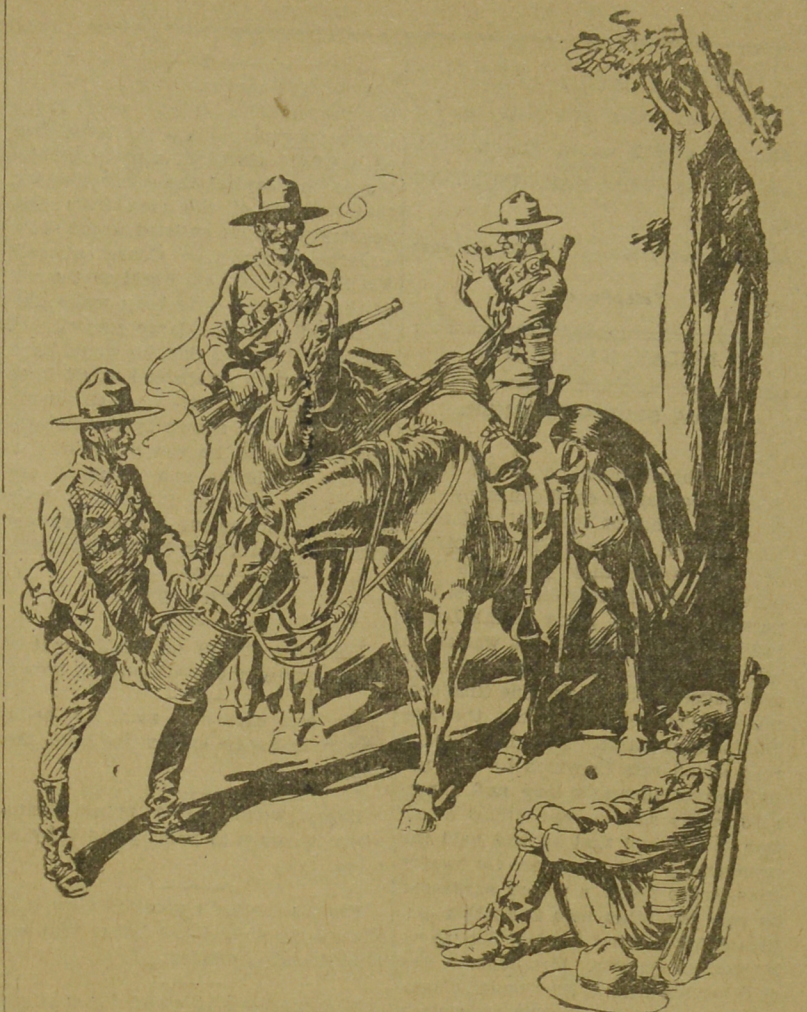
Net revenue \$117,611.22
Profit and Loss.
By surplus Mar. 31, 1915 \$12,620.49
Net revenue 117,611.22

\$130,231.71
To int. on bonds \$ 4,731.65
Dividend July, '15 18,893.10
Dividend Oct. '15 18,893.10
Dividend Jan., '16 18,893.10
Dividend Feb., '16 44,083.90

105,494.85
Carried forward \$24,736.86
Certified correct,
P. F. Blanchet, C. A.,
Auditor.

PILES

You will find relief in Zam-Buk! It eases the burning, stinging pain, stops bleeding and brings ease. Perseverance, with Zam-Buk, means cure. Why not prove this? At Druggists and Stores.



TOMMY NEEDS THE SMOKES.

Contributions to the Overseas Tobacco Fund may be left at the Board of Trade rooms or with the Canadian Bank of Commerce.

Mail Ads Bring Results

NEW VOIL DRESSES - BEAUTIFUL WAISTS

We have just opened a shipment of pretty Silk Crepe de Chene Waists, Voil Dresses, Wash Gloves, Fancy Hosiery, Middies, Wash Skirts, Children's Dresses, etc.

SILK CREPE DE CHENE WAISTS in White, Flesh, Khaki, Maize, Peach, Black etc. Prices \$3.50 to \$5.50.

BEAUTIFUL DRESSES in White and Colored Voil, Silk Crepe, Muslin, etc. Prices \$3.00 to \$13.50.

Lots of Dresses, Middies and everything to fit the Ladies and Children for the Holiday.

R. L. BLACK - - - - - York Street
Agent for Standard Patterns.

The Printing and Publicity
Specialist
Talks To His Son

"Say, John, I feel quite sick today," said Mr. Blank. "Please visit the different doctors in town, and find out who will cure me for the least money. Get your quotations tabulated and then let me see them. Of course we will engage the doctor who charges the least."

"Why, I never heard of such a thing," said John. "The idea of getting quotations from a doctor; it's the asylum for you."

"Well now, why not? I am a specialist in printing and publicity. I study my business just as carefully as any doctor can do. If I do say it that shouldn't, I have just as much brains as the average doctor. I strive to give my customers the benefit of my knowledge, my artistic skill and judgement and my ideas on publicity. I give service as the term is understood in the Twentieth Century."

"When some people around here have a little printing to be done, they visit all the printing offices, get quotations from each one, and then give the work to the man who gives the lowest figures."

"The ordinary user of printing knows his own business, but he is no more a judge of the work of printing than he is a judge of what sort of medicine a doctor should give him for the cure of his ailment. If people ask me for quotations and pass me by if my price happens to be a little more than the other fellow, why shouldn't I apply the same method to the doctor, lawyer, dentist and painter? Why not? It's a mighty poor rule that won't work more than one way."

The MAIL PRINTING CO.

PHONE 67. FREDERICTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.