

stated that, so far as the Public Schools were concerned, he had not expected to see such handsome and well-arranged buildings; no structure could be better adapted for school purposes than the one used for Central School West.

When assuming the office of Chairman last January, to which he had been re-elected the ninth time, Mr. Robinson said: "The Board employs a staff of Teachers second to none in Canada, and it is most gratifying to the Trustees, who have been instrumental in promoting to the highest degree the efficiency of the Public Schools, to find their efforts so thoroughly appreciated, the schools being crowded with the children of the rich and the poor alike." This fact is sufficient of itself to show that the schools have abundantly fulfilled their mission; and Ottawa may well feel grateful to Mr. Robinson and his co-trustees for the valuable services they have rendered, and are still rendering, to the community.

Gleanings.

"GOING TO SCHOOL."

"Now, children, you have told me many members we have in the Legislature, who presides over each body, how laws are made, and how often a United States Senator is elected, and in return I will—"

I had reached this point the other evening when there came a ring at the door bell, and after a minute I discovered that Mr. Old Foggy had decided on another attack. He brought along two or three teachers with him, and they at once walked into my school-room. I did at first have a sign of "State Prison" over the door, so as to make it seem like a regular school house to the pupils, but as they insisted upon regarding it as a novelty I removed the sign.

"Well, you have been teaching, I see?" observed Mr. Old Foggy.

"Yes, six of these children belong in the neighborhood, and don't attend any regular school."

"We don't exactly agree on the school question, you know," said Mr. Old Foggy. "You did rather puzzle me the other night, but I'd like you to ask some of those teachers a few questions."

"Very well, Mr. Blank; how many bushels of wheat will make a barrel of flour?"

"Why, that isn't a regular question," he replied as he looked around.

"Isn't it? Your arithmetic says that sixty pounds of wheat make a bushel, and because it does not say how many bushels make a barrel of flour the farmer who is figuring on his year's supply must be left in ignorance. Here is Charlie, only nine years old—he may answer."

"From four and a half to five bushels," the boy replied.

"Now, Mr. Blank, can you name the more prominent stars?"

"I can, sir."

"I thought so, but can you tell me how many spokes there are in the front wheel of a buggy—can any of you?"

"I protest!" cried Mr. Old Foggy, but they didn't answer for all that.

"Well, Mr. Blank, can you translate Latin?"

"I can, sir."

"No doubt of it; but can you tell me how to preserve cider?"

"There you go again!" cried Mr. Old Foggy, but none of them could tell.

"Are you familiar with cube-root, Mr. Blank?"

"I am."

"But can you tell me the salary of our Governor?"

None of them could.

"Try some of the ladies," suggested Mr. Old Foggy, after a few more questions.

"All right. Miss Blank, are you good in algebra?"

"I think so."

"And can you tell me how many yards of cotton to buy for a pair of pillow slips?"

"Why no."

"Do you know what will take stains out of a table cloth, or grease out of a carpet?"

"No, sir."

"Can you mix a mustard plaster, tell me a ready family antidote for poison, suggest a family remedy for a cold or a sore throat, tell me how many yards in a bunch of dress braid, the number of

yards of ticking to make a bed-tick, a way to remove paint from windows, or how to make gruel for the sick?"

"No, sir."

"What are you driving at?" indignantly demanded Mr. Old Foggy.

"I'll let my class go and tell you. Let me first remark that I have not asked a question which these children here cannot answer. This little girl will promptly answer everything I have asked Miss Blank, and yet she is not ten years old. A month ago I told her that alum and brown sugar mixed together would relieve croup. A week ago, at dead of night, roused from sleep by her parents and the wails of her sick brother, she prepared the remedy while her father was after the doctor and her mother excited and helpless, and in half an hour the croup was gone. You ask me what I'm driving at? Women are called helpless, and we do not look to see them have presence of mind. Why are they so? Simply because they may know algebra by heart and yet not know what is an antidote for almost every poison. They learn astronomy; and yet don't know what is good for a burn, or how to stop the nose bleed. They know all about botany, and yet cannot tell what to do for a person who has fainted away."

"But I'm not a housekeeper," protested Miss Blank.

"No; well, every woman looks forward to marriage. They were born to. Every female expects to marry rich, but not one in five hundred can so marry as to throw the entire responsibility of her house on hired help. Six out of ten may have a servant, but unless the mistress knows how things should go, what can be expected of the girl? While the lady sits in the parlor and realizes that she can draw, play the piano and read French, the 'help' left to experiments, and having no interest, breaks, smashes and throws away, and the family are soon looking for a cheaper house. Miss Blank here may marry and never have to lift a hand, but if she knew every duty—if she knew remedies and recipes—wouldn't she have more self-reliance and be better prepared for her responsibilities?"

"Can you name one married lady in Detroit who makes use of algebra? Can you name one who is ever inconvenienced for the want of a knowledge of geometry? Do you know of one who wouldn't trade off all her Latin for a cure for corns?"

The other day a lady who can speak several languages and who graduated with high honors at Vassar wanted some nice pies made and put away for New Year's. Neither of her servant girls knew how to make them, and so the lady went out among her neighbors. She tried to remember what they told her, but her pies were made without sugar or salt and with only one crust. When told why "they tasted like bass-wood chips," she burst into tears and sobbed out:

"They educated me to be an idiot, instead of a woman!"—*M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.*

SCHOOL APPARATUS.

School apparatus embraces all instrumentalities used for the purpose of illustration. Tools are not more important to the mechanic than *school apparatus* is to the teacher. The good teacher is skilful in the use of it, and when suitable it more than doubles his efficiency.

The district school set of implements, alone, is here considered. Schools of a higher grade are, usually, well supplied with apparatus. Only in district schools, where apparatus is most needed, do we find a lamentable destitution of it.

I. THE BLACKBOARD HEADS THE LIST OF APPARATUS.

In all branches it is in constant requisition. The teacher who ignores the blackboard deserves to be ignored by the school board. It is an open confession of inefficiency.

1. *Extent.* The board should extend around the room, and should be from four to six feet wide. The bottom of the board should not be more than three feet from the floor. The teacher's board should extend up to the ceiling, to give place for programme, standing diagrams, etc. It is impossible to have too much blackboard surface in the school room.

2. *Material.* Slate is the best, but is rather expensive. *Liquid slating* is preferred by many to slate. Placed on a smooth plaster Paris wall, or a board, it gives entire satisfaction. Slated paper, attached to the wall, answers admirably and is not costly. The superiority and cheapness of liquid slating have caused the disuse