Parent and Teacher

Interesting Discussion Upon This Theme by Delegates to Women's Council.

The Education of Girls Also Engages the Attention of the Ladies.

At the beginning of yesterday afternoon's session of the National Council of Women Mrs. Gordon Grant announced that arrangements have been made to take the visitors driving on Saturday morning; and also that maps of the province, reports of the Minister of Mines, Minister of Agriculture, Minister of Education, and of the local Boards of Trade were on hand for free distribution.

It was also announced that excellent photographs of the officers and delegates have been taken and that orders for the same might be left with Miss Perrin.

The afternoon papers were three, and all of them on educational lines. The first read was by Miss Elizabeth Robinson Scovil, of the staff of the Ladies' Home Journal, her subject being "Child Life and Training." The other papers were closely connected with this, dealing with the question of the Co-operation of Teacher and Parent; they were submitted by Mrs. Grant, of Toronto, and Miss Agnes Deans Cameron, associate editor of the Educational Journal of Western Canada. The subject of child training in this meeting, as in every arena where it comes up for discussion, was eagerly exploited.

If our progressiveness is a moot question, there can be no shadow of doubt about our aggressiveness. The question of printing Miss Cameron's paper in extenso brought forth a suggestion from Mrs. Gordon Grant that a statement of fact in connection with the teaching of morals and a section of the evangelical clergy of Boston be dropped from the paper.

An animated discussion followed, in which Miss Fitz-Gibbon, of the Dominion Historical Research Society, came gallantly to the rescue of Miss Cameron and the paper. Miss Fitz-Gibbon, like the greedy little Gradgrinds, grasps at facts, her counsels prevailed, and the paper with all its faults upon its head will not be presented to the public in an expunged edition.

Miss Ross thought the writer of the paper meant well but that she lacked unity, and would do well to leave teaching for a while and go off quietly by herself or with Miss Ross to gather herself together, as it were, and find out mentally and spiritually her exact latitude and longitude.

Miss Cameron's paper, which has excited the greatest interest in the entire series, is as follows:

PARENT AND TEACHER.

The factors in this problem are the parent and teacher, the child, the home, the school, the church, society in the aggregate, and back of them all the first great cause, and all these factors are active and re-active. We speak of the parent and the teacher educating the child, forgetting that no less truly the child educates both parent and teacher.

It is a big subject—it strikes at the root of things—it takes in everything, and I scarcely know where to attack it.

Origin of the Office of Teacher.

Let us go back in the history of the race to a time when the teacher had no existence. Turning the page to patriarchal times we find the father instructing his sons in the arts of war and peace, and the mother expounding to her daughters the primal duties of obedience and industry. Each parent taught his own children as a matter of course, just as he ground his own meal and made his own clothing; each family in matters of education as in every line of domestic labor was a unit by itself.

Times and manners changed, and gradually the workers in the world's economy realized that by a division of labor better results could be secured with a saving of time. One man now grinds the corn, another turns tailor, a third is shoemaker in common. Each turns his talents in one acceptable direction. So by a natural process one parent as his share of the common work undertook to teach for a certain number of hours a day with his own children the children of his neighbors, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker. So was instituted the office of teaching. The teacher for a set time did a certain direct, specific, and limited work for the parent. This as it was in patriarchal times.

Let us turn our field-glass from the past to the present, and what do we see? Well, for one thing, the parent as an active factor in the equation educational has reduced his personal responsibility pretty nearly to zero, and unless a change is made will soon "fade away and gradually die." And as he has been successively slipping off one burden of responsibility after another, the teacher urged by society at large (i.e., parents in the aggregate) has picked them up.

Some one (a man) apropos of this meeting of the National Council said in the street car, yesterday, "O, these women! I suppose they want the same privileges as the men, women's rights, the extension of the franchise, the right to sit on juries, etc., etc!" Well, as regards the teaching section of us, it is not more power, and responsibility that we want, but less. The teacher of the old school looked after the intellectual needs of his pupil for five hours a day, and then the parent, the church, and society at large had their turn at the pupil. To-day, an impartial observer would think that the five hours of school was the only period of a child's mental activity, that he remained comatose for the rest of his time—for everyone with a teaching mission makes his demand of the child during these five teaching hours. The progressive (!) doctor, the preacher, the moral reformer, the specialist of varieties manifold demand with a "stand and deliver" insistence that his particular fad shall be accorded a place, and withal a place of prominence on our already much "enriched" school programme.

Long ago the medical men decided that the welfare of the country demanded that a regular system of physical training should be introduced into our public schools. It was done.

It is not long since a meeting of the evangelical clergy in the New England States decided that morals must be taught in our schools. They recommended a series of set homilies to be delivered by the teacher in daily installments. The reverend gentlemen seemed to think that morality is to be inculcated by preaching, a not unnatural conclusion, perhaps, for preachers to arrive at, but the implication that morality is not now taught is calculated to startle the thoughtful teacher.

Then the W. C. T. U. has succeeded in introducing into the schools the formal teaching of the effects of alcohol. A child now is to be kept in the narrow way of self-restraint by dangling before him a hob-nailed liver and by intimidating him with visions of the tobacco-heart. He trembles and joins the Band of Hope.

The S. P. C. A. bears down upon us with the seductive badges of the Bands of Mercy. What more fitting place than the school-room for teaching love for the cat on the domestic hearth and the honest watch-dog in the backyard? True, these faithful animals belong to the home rather than the school. But the child can be taught to entice them with him to the school-room, and the "adaptible" teacher, the versatile one can no doubt use Carlo and the cat not only to point a moral and adorn a tale for the S. P. C. A.—she might make a "nature study," perhaps, of one of them, and give a five minute anatomy lesson on the other. Reading, writing and arithmetic are old-fashioned. They can wait.

Last year this Local Council of Women were all agog for domestic science. When I, opening my eastern windows which look towards the sun, saw the procession of cooking stoves and stew pans, carpenters' benches and jack planes heading for the school room door, I lifted up a feeble wail for mercy. In this whole Council of Women I found no friend. I was anathema and ultra-conservative. I was unprogressive and lazy. Did I not know that cooking was a good thing, a most necessary thing? And shouldn't the school course be enriched?

Again, this British Columbia of ours is a new country. Says one superintendent of education: "The children should be taught agriculture. You see the little fellows will study all about soils, and weeds and ensilage, and the raising of prize stock and the rotation of crops; and then they will go home and round the family table they will let fall crumbs of knowledge which their fathers will pick up and afterwards reduce to practice in their daily lives; and so wisdom and knowledge will increase." This is actual fact that I am stating. This argument was used in sober earnest, and the people who used it had the power, and the subject of agriculture was added to our school course and the text books were put into the hands of the children; but, alas, the books had been compiled for Ontario, and they told of Ontario soils and warned against Ontario weeds, and, somehow, neither teacher nor farmer seemed to be able to adjust them to the longitude of British Columbia, and so agriculture dropped out of the course.

Sewing guilds and Delsarte demonstrators clamor for the chance to enrich our programmes, while piping in between them is heard the siren voice of the tonic sol-fa-ist. You can't open your school room door for a breath of fresh air without having some one with a mission fall in. The boys are assailed with rope-splicing and they have fret-sawing at recess, and when it rains dry-land swimming is taught them in the basement.

The school room stands wide open. The teacher and the receptive children within panting like gold fish for a little air; are they not fair game for the wise men from the East and the West and the North and the South, and the eight and twenty other points of the compass?

The truth is the large numbers of children gathered daily into school rooms form tempting fields easy of access to every hobby horse rider for the introduction of what each considers the sine qua non for reforming the world. One of the most difficult phases of the teachers' profession is the fact that the teacher more than any other worker is at the mercy of theorists. No one gets more gratuitous advice than she does. Everyone you meet is willing to tell you how to do your work—they are just bubbling over with recipes of "how to do it." Parsons keep a regular supply of sermons for our use. City editors, when they run short of subjects for the Sunday sermonette, just turn their attention to "these well-paid and certainly not overworked teachers." "Children are not patriotic," they say, "and the teacher is to blame." What is the effect on the teacher, of all this public badgering? Here and there is found a worm who (like the pew-paying worm in 'Red Pottage') ventures to turn." For the most part the teacher (who is of a long-suffering race) accept the editor's reproof, plunges wildly into Ladysmith and Mafeking processions, marshals her pupils into triumphal columns, drags the feeble from under horses' hoofs, and in defence of her charges engages in hand to hand conflicts with mobs and trampling hordes. And the parents, the natural protectors, one would think, of their own offspring, view the conflict from afar off, and smile approval from sheltered coigns of vantage; while the editor leans back in his carriage, smokes a committee cigar and thinks what a grand thing patriotism is.

Again, to satisfy some one's love of display school children are made a part of many public functions. I have been ordered out with my pupils to help celebrate—the bringing in of a first railway train and the laying of hospital foundations. We have formed part of an agricultural exhibition (we were not told to which section we were supposed peculiarly to belong), Jammed in between the fire brigade and Adgie and the lions, we have helped to swell patriotic procession; and once at the sword's point was I ordered to marshal my class forth to join the pageant of a politician's public funeral—the occasion was not without its features of grim humor as the children blissfully innocent of any incongruity solaced themselves during the long wait with bun-bites and surreptitious oranges.

Now, well do I know that I will be called on obstructionist. I see it coming by more than one determined eye in front of me, so I want to clearly define my position with regard to these Bands of Mercy, Bands of Hope, W. C. T. U.'s and S. P. C. A.'s; this sewing, sawing and swimming, straw-weaving, rope-splicing, wood-splitting, cooking and tonic sol-fa. Some of them I know to be good in themselves, and the rest may be. But that is not the question which confronts us.

Five hours is a period of time with mathematical limitations. You can't crowd something new into it, without crowding something old out. Already the ground-work subjects have suffered of necessity. We have "enriched" our course at the expense of thoroughness. We pretend to teach that which it is an impossibility equally mental and physical for us to teach in the limited time at our disposal.

I speak not for myself. I would fain be a special pleader for the child: as his "delegate." I in all earnestness ask: "Is it not time for some one to cry a halt and let the reasoning faculties draw the breath of life?"

In the school, as elsewhere in this busy age of emulation, of turmoil and competition, we attempt too much—eagerness takes the place of earnestness—and we are out of touch with the good old-fashioned virtues of thoughtfulness and thoroughness.

The cure? If we have fallen into error let us acknowledge it. Put back the clock. Lop off the enrichments (I had almost said excrescences), and get back to simpler conditions. Attempt less, and if we only teach a little, let us teach that litle philosophically, livingly and lovingly, and (shall I say it?) trust your teachers a little more, oh, parents individually, school boards and framers of programmes. Almost every theorist under the sun has been allowed to curtail a teacher's usefulness by binding him down to cast-iron programmes and by courses of study.

The real teacher, and by this I mean one who looks beyond the mere passing of examinations and satisfying of the "powers that be" to a tribunal that deals with the roots of things and to whom mere externals and pretences are abhorrent, is longing and hungering to do real teaching. Give her a chance and see how willingly she will throw off the shackles of grind and cram.

For my own part I have been reckless enough this last year to leave the regular course for days at a time to look after itself, while together my pupils and I explored the bye-ways of literature and had many a comfortable talk together, talks which although not labelled "instructive and profitable," served to make us better friends.

Nine-tenths of our teachers to-day would do the same thing if you'll only let them. I say, give them the chance.

Look back over your own school days. Who was the teacher for whom you entertain the kindliest feelings—the one who most influenced your life? It wasn't that teacher who held you off at arm's length, and in allopathic doses administered the school course to you straight. It was the one who got at your inner self and let you see a little bit of his own in the process. Again, in throwing the whole work of teaching on the school, I feel that there is danger of depriving the home of its legitimate influence. Children of this generation are losing a something that nothing else in this world can supply. Their busy, overcrowded school lives are robbing them of that direct mother-influence which belonged to us of the last generation of children. The quiet, heart to heart chat at the end of the day's work, the children's hour, is it not slipping away?

It is permissible for me, I wonder, to speak about mothers to mothers? May an old maid do so without presumption? Then let me say that if I were one of the mothers of these days I would be jealous of my influence with my children—I would be loath to give so much of it up to the teacher. Educating children in the mass has its advantages, but it is the family, not the 50 children in a school grade which forms the unit of national greatness, and God's own plan is the family plan. A mother can, if she will, do more in foundation character building for the child in those first and only years when she represents to him the law of life, than any teacher can ever hope to do afterwards. Don't be too eager to pass your little one on to the nation's nurseries, the kindergarten and the primary school. Your child will in his school journey have many teachers and they will, some more and some less, influence his life, but he has and can have but one mother. Mothers are queer, There are some inexplicable points about them. I have studied the subject (from an exoteric standpoint) for years and there are some things that I cannot understand. One is the attitude of that mother who, when you are trying with all earnestness to strengthen the moral fibre of her child thrusts herself in between that child and the natural consequences of his own acts with a note of this tenor: "Miss Cameron, please excuse Johnny for being late, excuse him for his home work; don't keep him in after school, don't punish him for anything at any time. Let him out of school at half-past two, excuse him for all his delinquencies, past, present and to come, shut your eyes to everything that is wrong, take pretence for performance, and in short, Miss Cameron, make yourself one of a partnership of three to call wrong right and right wrong."

Let me with all the force at my command emphasize my deep conviction that the action of this mother (and her name is Legion, for she is many) is the cruelest folly. It must result in keen disappointment and undoing when the child learns in the sterner school of the world of men and women that surely and without one deviation does the great Father enforce His rule, "As a man sows, so must he reap." I think it is Goldsmith who says, "There is often the truest tenderness in well-timed severity." I suppose I will offend again when I say that I have little sympathy with that school of educators who would remove from a child's path all difficulties, and make it ever for him plain sailing. The tendency to sentimentalism in our age is, I know, constantly seeking excuses for not doing unpleasant things. Text books and school journals tell us how to keep our pupils wide awake and interested so that they may need no rules. This may be very pleasant for the time being for all concerned, but there is no discipline in it. There are hard duties in citizenship, and I contend that the habit of always expecting to be pleased and interested while a child, does not help the man or woman to do earnest work in hard places. There can be no discipline unless the child learns to do unpleasant things because they are right.

Another thing difficult for me to understand is how a mother can be willing and content to send her child to school to be taught by a teacher whom she does not know. I couldn't, I wouldn't. If I were a mother I would want to know the teacher into whose care I was turning over my little one for more than one-half of his waking hours. And I would want to thoroughly know her, too. I wouldn't be at all curious about her family history—it would be a matter of equal indifference if her father had been a doctor or her grandfather a ditcher. I wouldn't exercise myself about finding out what church she attended, or what names were on her calling list. The question of "caste" (a word which I have heard more mention of during the three days of this convention than in the whole period of my previous life) would not trouble me. But I would want to know what she was doing in the world, what she was thinking about, what she was teaching and why she was teaching it,—just what she stood for in the busy ranks of the world's workers. And if I couldn't approve of her, I would not leave my little one in her care. If I found in her a woman to esteem and respect (we might differ on a thousand matters if we were one on vital things), it seems to me that I would try hard to make a warm personal friend of her. If I could not succeed in this (and friendship is a tender plant which refuses to be forced), I would at least be loyal to her; I trust I would not be guilty of the bad form of discussing her actions and questioning her methods, or of permitting others to do so, in the presence of my children; and I would honestly try to strengthen her hands in every possible way. And why not? Is not the teacher the mother's substitute for the time being—her full working-partner?

Just one thought and I am done. I put it forth in no captious spirit; indeed it is with extreme diffidence that I touch upon it at all. It is this: Parents allow their children to grow away from them; and too often just at the time when boys and girls have arrived at the borders of manhood and womanhood, at the time of all times when they feel the need of counsel of a personal nature, parents and children find themselves miles apart. I can best explain what I mean by speaking of my own experience, and I trust that you will excuse the ever-recurring personal pronoun. At different times I have had boys and girls come to me with troubles and questions of a personal nature, confidences too sacred to touch upon here; and after we had been freely talking together, I have asked, "How about your home people, have you talked it over with any one there?" The reply generally is, "No; I didn't like to talk to my mother about it."

Now, I speak from my own point of view, of course, isn't something wrong somewhere? Does not the mother, busy and crowded though her life may be, who in following after the many lines of present-day activities, fails to keep in close touch with her children, allow something to drift out of her life, the loss of which nothing else in this world can replace? And the pity of it is that that confidence is such a subtle something! We can't let it slip one day and go back and pick it up the next.

Before closing I would say that as a teacher, personally, I have much to thank the parents for. Indeed the friendship which have meant the most to me in life have come to me through the school room. My lines have fallen in pleasant places and I am truly grateful. And with this I am done. I can not and will not write platitudes on this subject, and, after all, that which we feel most deeply is the thing which we never put in words.

AGNES DEANS CAMERON.

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DAWSON STEAMER WRECKED.

A late Dawson mail says the steamer Leah, which left Dawson for the Koyukuk with a large list of passengers some time ago, was last reported in tow of the government river cutter Nunivak. The vessel was to be taken to Rampart, where, if possible, she would be repaired. It was said that her shaft had been completely demolished and stern torn up considerably.

Provisions are said to be scarce on the lower Yukon. The Koyukuk is pretty well supplied, but flour is scarce on the Tanana. The A. C. Co. is dispatching one of their light draught boats from St. Michael with provisions for that district. A great many people are said to be at Circle City, bound overland from there to the Tanana gold diggings.

The river steamer Merwin is reported seized at St. Michael by the customs officers for an alleged breach of the United States customs regulations.

The wash up at Eagle City, in the Circle City district, is about over, and it is said that the output will be far above expectations. Rich diggings have been discovered on Gold Run.

It is not so certain now that the fourth body discovered recently on the Yukon was that of O'Brien's partner, who disappeared at the time of the wholesale murder. The only conclusion that could be reached by the coroner's jury was that it was some person unknown. The third body, supposed to be Olsen's, is also unidentified. Associates of Olsen were unable to find any distinguishing features on the remains.

Lilly Gilmour shot and perhaps fatally wounded her paramour, Dominique Rowan, at Dawson on July 4th. She was madly drunk when the shooting occurred. Both she and Rowan were under the influence of liquor. She fired two shots at the man, both taking effect. One passed through the groin, inflicting probably fatal wounds. Lilly was arrested, but was bailed out by friends.

The Northwest Mounted Police at Dawson have received inquiries about the following parties, all of whom have disappeared mysteriously: Dave Choat, San Francisco; M. C. Davis, Los Angeles, Cal.; Hugh William Jones, Yonkers, N. Y.; Emil Kratzert, Chicago, Ill.; William Arthur Bass, Flint, Mich.; Jas. Anderson, Fairview, B. C.; S. H. Bushman, St. Louis, Mo.; Ashby Jackson Fulk, Skagway; James Theodore Geoghegan, Tacoma, Wash.; James F. Cowie, Alma, Wis.

Canada Won Seven Prizes

Mr. Robert Hamilton Tells of the Display of Fruit at Paris Exposition.

Magnificent Samples Sent From British Columbia--Hints to Packers.

The following report of the horticultural exhibit at the Paris Exposition was forwarded to Hon. S. A. Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, Ottawa, by Mr. Robert Hamilton:

On my arrival here, March 24th, I reported against the use of the Palais d'Horticulture for the fruit exhibit, unless it was thought that being of corrugated glass the rays of the sun would not strike directly upon the exhibit and would consequently be harmless, but I found that even in March on bright sunny days, the heat in the building was almost unendurable. However, as the British commissariat promised to have the building made suitable by shading and ventilating it, the commissioners determined to accept it. Some time was lost by this delay, and a further considerable loss of time was incurred by waiting for the paving of our portion of the building—which was never done. After waiting for some time, I suggested that we put down a floor of boards, which the commissioners decided to do. As soon as this was completed preparation was made for the installation by building stands, tables, etc. Meantime the fruit in solution was opened up, and the jars were made ready by washing; in some cases, relabelling, and in many cases by renewing the solution, after washing the fruit.

Although there had been a great loss of fruit on the voyage more than enough remained to make a good display. This when set up on the shelves was very much admired, especially the peaches and pears, but it was when the natural fruit arrived and was installed that wonder was expressed at the character of the fruit and its fine condition, after nine months' keeping.

The fruits reached Paris by the middle of March, and were, at first, placed in the Canadian Pavilion—Trocadero. A few days later they were transferred to the Canadian portion of the Palais d'Horticulture and lay in the heated atmosphere of that building until the floor was put in and preparations for installation were completed.

On opening the cases of jarred fruit, it was found to be in a very bad condition, chiefly due, I believe, to very rough handling in shipment and transhipment; considering the battered appearance of the cases, it is surprising that any of the fruit reached its destination safely. The loss, I judge, was fully a third of the jars. With more careful handling that might have been obviated, and with the stoppers more firmly tied down, the rough handling would not have had such dire effect.

The lot from the Nappan experimental farm came through in splendid condition, and considering the tremendous land journey undergone that from British Columbia, Manitoba and the Northwest Territories also came on in admirable condition—that from Ontario was perhaps in the worst condition and the initials of the acids was entirely omitted on the labels. I need hardly say that from the experimental farm was all that could be desired. The very strong boxes that much of the fruit was packed in seem to have obviated to its injury. The most yielding cases, viz., those in which the empty jars had been packed by the manufacturer, came through in best order. Those cases were made of stiff three-quarter inch stuff, about four inches wide and had half-inch spaces between the pieces—inch wood in the ends—and three-quarter inch cross pieces at the corners. They were about 30 inches long and 20 inches wide and deep with a middle piece to prevent injury from bulging, and were firmly packed with the wild hay, the empty jars were packed in. In packing these jars rigidity was harmful.

The leakage in many cases, where the bottles were not broken, was very great; in some cases the fruit was entirely dry. This, as I have already stated, was due to the stoppers of the jars not having been firmly tied down. Had the cotton cloth used been wetted, and tightly stretched and tied down, the stoppers would, probably, not have sprung. The leakage was due not to neglect, but to defective tying down. Had the notice "this side up" on the cases been observed, and the cases had been invariably kept right side up, most of the loss might have been obviated.

But, notwithstanding the losses sustained, we still had a splendid display.

The light colored fruit turned out clean and bright generally, bleached to some extent, but none the less beautiful. The red apples, on the other hand were almost entirely brown—a dead leaf brown. The only jars of red apples that came through in fairly good color were some on which I had changed the liquid just before shipping from Montreal. A few are still good, but they are fast changing, though now that we have the glass shaded the change will be less rapid. Plums, grapes, cherries and other colored fruits maintained their color very well and when the old fluid was poured off and the fruit was washed clean and a fresh solution was put on, looked almost as well as at first.

A good many of the light colored fruits softened, and became mush, while all the kinds suffered to some extent—peaches and raspberries suffered most. This was not, I think, necessarily due to the character of the solution nor carelessness in putting up, but probably to over ripe fruit, or to that and a too strong solution together with the long continued jolting.

The jar, which seems to suit this exhibition work the best, is the one with neck and sides equally wide. It is the best one to fill and to pack and looks the best on the stands and tables. It is much more manageable than any of the other forms. I would say the same with regard to the ornamental bottles, we don't seem to have any place for the short stubby or bellied ones.

The pint, two pints, four pints and six pints size are the most satisfactory, and fit into the general work perfectly. The pints were for almost all the small fruits, including cherries, beans, peas, etc. The two pints for many plums, small peaches and apricots. The three pints size for larger plums, peaches and small pears, and the three quarts size for very large plums, large peaches and small apples, a few six quarts size for large pears and apples. Some of the long or deep ornamental glasses are invaluable for salient positions. The thick bellied glasses do not seem to suit the stands or tables at all.

All the solutions would, I believe, be improved by the addition of glycerine, especially for the more permeable fruit. The dark, tough-skinned fruits suffer less than the light ones. The peaches, light colored plums, apples and yellow raspberries yield and lose form and firmness under the solutions at present in use. The solutions used by the United States people gave better results on light colored fruits than ours, although very few of theirs came through in good condition. Their green and russet fruits kept their natural color, and the dark-skinned peaches looked as if gathered not more than a day or two. They used glycerine freely. Their man who put up the fruit promised me his formula, but he is absent and I have not yet received them.

Our natural fruit reached us rather late, but in very fair condition, notwithstanding some of the varieties were long past their season, many of them were almost perfect. Many of them gave 80 per cent. to 90 per cent of perfectly sound fruit. They had not lost in character or quality, but were firm, crisp and juicy and not wanting in aroma. Had they reached us in the first days of May we would have had much more credit from them.

The fine fleshed apples, Fameuse, McIntosh reds, Scarlet Pippin, Princess Louise and Wealthys were all but worthless; very few were saved, and those few quickly succumbed under the ardent heat of the horticultural building. Some of the cases from British Columbia were magnificent, large, well shaped and beautifully colored fruit, in flesh, crisp and well favored.

Some of the Ontario and Nova Scotia varieties were almost equally good. The fruit from the Grimsby growers, Wolverton—Nelles and Petit—was very fine, there was little loss on it. Some varieties from Nova Scotia also were nice, but not equal to the best Ontario or British Columbia fruit. Some cases also from Quebec were in excellent condition. Amongst the less known apple that proved to be good keepers, was a seedling one from a farmer named Beauchamp. At the time of gathering, it resembled a blue pearmain. It still resembles that variety, but not so much as it did in the fall. It is of good appearance and good quality, very firm and solid. Another, also a seedling, that closely resembles Esopus Spitzenburg, from a Mme. Cloutier, of Coteau St. Pierre, Montreal, kept in splendid condition, and is much admired. Another that was brought to notice for the first time at the Centennial Exhibition and was then named "La Salle," that was found on the Fraser farm, on the Lower Lachine road, was as solid as when gathered in October and was perhaps the juiciest of the lot. It is of large size and good appearance and would always take the market. Several of the Newman seedlings also kept well and are highly colored. Amongst varieties that completely failed were Canada Reinette, Winter Calville, Bellefleur, also under its name of Bishop's Peppin, from Nova Scotia, Swanzie, Bethel, Pewaukee, Mann, from some growers, though all right from Grimsby. Kings also were very poor.

Baldwins, Canada Baldwins, Winklers, Canada Reds, Fallawaters, Spies, Spitz, Russets—Golden, Rox, English, American, Nonpareils—Nonesuch, Westfields, Salomes, Ganos, Hibbardsons, Ben Davies, Newtons, Gox Orange, Blue Pearmains, Wagners, American Pippins—all did very well, many of them averaging up to 90 per cent. perfect.

The wrapped fruit was in many cases—but not in all—in the best condition.

In far too many cases the fruit was wrongly named, and this occurred with some of the best growers' fruit. I believe it may have happened during the examination at Montreal, when several boxes may have been opened at once, that the wrong heads were put on. That, however, did not spoil the good looks of the fruit.

I hope I have not been too pessimistic and have led you to believe that the fruit is poor. Yesterday the jury awarded us five first prizes, one second and one third. We had first for a Dominion exhibit, first also for Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and British Columbia; second for New Brunswick and third for Prince Edward Island.

The fruits in solution have not yet been judged. The case of fruit from Mr. Ruggles, of Floradale, was a lamentable failure. We filled it up again and set it up for the public to examine. The models from British Columbia are very fine, but were injured in transit.

The horticultural tools exhibit is not as good as I could have wished. It is especially wanting in the small hand tools and is entirely lacking in pruning knives, pruning shears, grape thinning scissors, etc., as well as in such things as small seed sowers, hand cultivators, etc.

The photos came to hand all right—and a good sized map of Canada procured from the educational department creates a good deal of interest, and calls up innumerable questions, especially on the gold producing regions.

LOST HIS REASON.

A Bloodthirsty Indian Who Has Spent Fourteen Years in Prison Goes Mad.

(Associated Press.)

Vinita, I. T., July 24.—After a long period of imprisonment, which he endured more like a ferocious beast than like a human being, one of the most bloodthirsty Indians that ever figured in history has gone stark mad. "Geronimo" is a prisoner at Fort Sills, I. T. It cost the government a million dollars and hundreds of lives before he was safely behind iron bars, 14 years ago. For half a century he led a band of bloodthirsty Apaches on the warpath and was a terror to the early settlers of the southwest.