

Nova Scotia Schools.

Superintendent MacKay in his annual report of the Nova Scotia schools gives a total enrolment of 102,035 pupils for the year, which was an advance pupils over the previous year, which was an advance of 1,575 on the preceding year. The percentage of daily attendance also rose from 60.7 to 64.3, while the average daily attendance was 65,629, an increase of 3,842 over the previous year. The number of school sections (or districts) in the province is 1,804, and 2,579 schools were in operation with a total of 2,723 teachers.

A remarkable tendency noted in the report is the rapid increase of female candidates in the competition for high school certificates. Last year the male candidates increased by only two, while the female candidates increased by 190. The two sexes were represented in the high schools by 3,181 boys and 5,476 girls.

There is no doubt that the other Maritime Provinces show an equal if not a greater disproportion of the sexes attending high schools. This failure of so many lads to take advantage of the advanced educational courses must be viewed with some concern.

There were 111 sections in which no schools were open during the year. In 1904 there were 240 sections without schools. The inspectors are awakening every year these schoolless communities into life. In Cape Breton there are twenty-one sections without schools; in Yarmouth and Shelburne only two in each county.

Dr. MacKay refers in the following gratifying terms to the work of the teachers of the province: "Never before have they shown a greater consciousness of their responsibilities, and made greater efforts to qualify themselves to discharge their duties, so that the highest interest of the pupils, the parents and the state might be subserved." A proof of this statement is the fact that some 500 Nova Scotia teachers took advantage of the courses in the three summer schools held in that province last year—the Rural Science School at Truro, the Summer School of Science at Liverpool, and that of St. Francis Xavier at Antigonish.

Other educational reports will be dealt with in the next number.

Send early for the Empire Day Song, of which notice is given on another page.

FOR THE EDUCATIONAL REVIEW.]

Arbor Day in a Knothole.

Donnie leaned against the post of the new verandah where I sat, tucked up for an airing, and picked with his knife at a loose knot in the unpainted wood.

"What makes these things in the wood, mummie?"

"They're knots," was my most inadequate reply.

A moment's silence was broken by a distinctly doubting voice.

"Did someone tie a knot in the wood, mummie? It doesn't look like it."

I scowled, but Don's back was toward me. I had been answering questions pretty conscientiously all day—not to speak of the past three years—and my own thoughts just then were very interesting. But 'something' prompted me, and I switched on to his line. It, too, interested me. I did not have to pretend.

"No. I wonder how they came to be called 'knots,'" I said. "I mean, I'd like to know if there's any association between them and the knots you tie."

"Muz! Just look what that kid's doing!" called Walter from the window. Walter, I may explain, is nearly twelve; Don not quite six, and, of course, a mere "kid."

I referred the question to the newcomer, who solemnly declared it a "knotty problem." You may not believe this. I never believed that young children have any capacity for original humor, if indeed they have a sense of humor at all, until I knew Walter. Whether he is marked by fate for a funny man or not, I don't know, but the trouble developed early.

I shall never forget my first shock of this sort, he was still in his lisping years. As a man was leaving the house, Walter asked me who he was.

"That was John Snow," I said; and that child grinned up at me with "Is he any 'lation to Jack Frost?"

But we take no special notice of it. We are in dread of his becoming a "smarty." So, on this occasion I only smiled and said, "Perhaps you've given us a clew. We call a problem 'knotty' when it's hard. Does the knot seem harder than the rest of the wood, Don? I'd rather you wouldn't pick at that one—holes in the verandah are not right, are they?—there are waste pieces of board out there, with knots in them."