

Gaspé Basin. Both views are fairly characteristic of this most picturesque portion of the Province of Quebec.

SHAWNIGAN LAKE.—This is one of the charming lakes with which our Pacific Province abounds. It is on the E. & N. Railway, about 30 miles from Victoria, and is a beautiful sheet of water seven miles long and one mile wide. It teems with speckled trout, while in the surrounding woods deer, bear and blue and willow grouse are plentiful.

Science and Art in Toronto.

[From our own Correspondent.]

TORONTO, November, 1890.

The squabble between the Toronto Art School and the promoters of a new institution to be called The Ontario School of Art and Design, is the result of a deep feeling of dissatisfaction with the administration of the former that has been gathering force for several years. Chiefly owing to a want of *consensus* of opinion among the members themselves as to what constitutes true art teaching, and partly to that mean feeling of jealousy which, it is said, exists in all corporations of the kind, the advance of art in Toronto has not been commensurate with the growth of the city and the consequent demand for the highest teaching. Housed in absurdly unfit quarters, receiving a government grant of an amount fit for a village only, and tied in some measure by an absence of popular sympathy, the Toronto School of Art has not prospered. Young people desiring to start on the best lines, so as to make for themselves and their country records of distinction, have not been able to get the teaching they asked for, and have become discouraged or have gone elsewhere. It is, therefore, to be hoped that a school such as is furnished by all cities and towns of commercial importance in Great Britain and France will be the outcome of the present difficulty, so that Canadian youth may receive that training that is an absolute necessity, not only for the walks of pure art, but also for manufacture.

Much indignation has been expressed both in and outside of the papers at the uproarious proceedings of the students, four hundred of them at least, at the Grand Opera House on Hallowe'en. People are asking whether the time-honoured custom of students on certain occasions "making fools of themselves," and thereby entirely frustrating the enjoyment by quiet people of the entertainment they have paid their money for, shall be longer allowed. Tom-foolery and practical joking are behind the times, and though a little harmless well-bred fun may be admissible, it is considered altogether vulgar to play upon tin-horns and pan-pipes. It is a pity our students do not content themselves with copying the custom of "the gods" of the Dublin Theatre Royal, who sing, and sing only, between the acts, and in good harmonious style too. If "the gods" of our theatres carried on as the students do three or four times a year, the police would turn them out in short order. Why the difference?

The McDowells are here in "The Balloon," a somewhat sensational play, but one well spoken of; and Jas. O'Neill played "The Dead Heart" at the Academy of Music to full houses.

Being invited the other day to visit one of the twenty-

two Kindergartens attached to Toronto public schools, your correspondent was glad of the opportunity of seeing this most interesting method of infant instruction at work. In a large, lofty, and beautiful room, lighted from the south and west with plants in most of the windows, were assembled seventy-six little ones, from seven years old and under, all seated at low tables in pretty painted high-backed chairs, and all singing a motion-song. The directress led the exercise, and five teachers imparted or corrected or demonstrated by word and action the lesson the children were singing. Such happy little faces, and such absence of anything like restraint or fear. Not that restraint is absent, but that the little dots restrain themselves. In the course of the morning several free intervals were given them, when they talked, laughed, and sat as they liked. But there were no rude motions, no loud talking, no vulgarity. And yet numbers of these children came from the very poorest families where no kind of training is ever bestowed on them, but under the influence of kindergarten teaching the rude become gentle, the dirty clean, the selfish considerate, and the heedless orderly, and all without pressure, unless it be the pressure of the mild, firm word, and the eye of love. That these seventy-six children carry these lessons home and teach them over again who can doubt? And the deftness of the little creatures! The way they fold up squares of paper into geometrical divisions, and by some dextrous manipulation of their tiny fingers pull out corners, put down creases, and make with that same bit of paper "a man," is wonderful. You see the neck with its high collar, the sloping shoulders, the body and the upper half of each of the four limbs, and you say, "And now what do you do with it?" "Oh! teacher puts a head and boots on it and then *he's done*." You do not dare to say, "And what is it good for then?" because you know that the reflection necessary to making each fold in the right direction, the neatness and precision in doing it, the delicate handling of the folds that have to be pulled out and flattened to a different angle, are all invaluable lessons that will forever govern that child's after-life. At another table "the babies"—that is, bits of things of three and four are seated, putting needles threaded with coloured wools through the holes punched in cards to teach them to sew, in other words, to handle a threaded needle. "Did you ever see an untaught man try to sew on a button?" A tot of a child brought his card to show the visitors. It was three concentric circles of yellow, red and blue, each stitch drawn to a proper tightness, and no rough cobbling or loose ends at the back. "And what do you call this, my dear?" The round eyes looked up in wonder. "Is it a target?" The eyes laughed in a very knowing way, the little hands took back the card, and the little legs marched steadily back to their class. And the marching. The floor is painted in broad lines of black into an outer circle and an inner circle divided into quadrants. At a signal—the tables and chairs having been removed by the little ones themselves to a rhythmical measure—each class marches on certain segments following in an understood sequence, until all are ranged upon the outer circle, "John Brown's Body," "British Grenadiers," and other favourite marching tunes, being sung by all—directress, teachers and *kinders* alike. And then the fancy marching begins; each quadrant is developed simultaneously; the radii—red paint—of each are taken; then the cross of

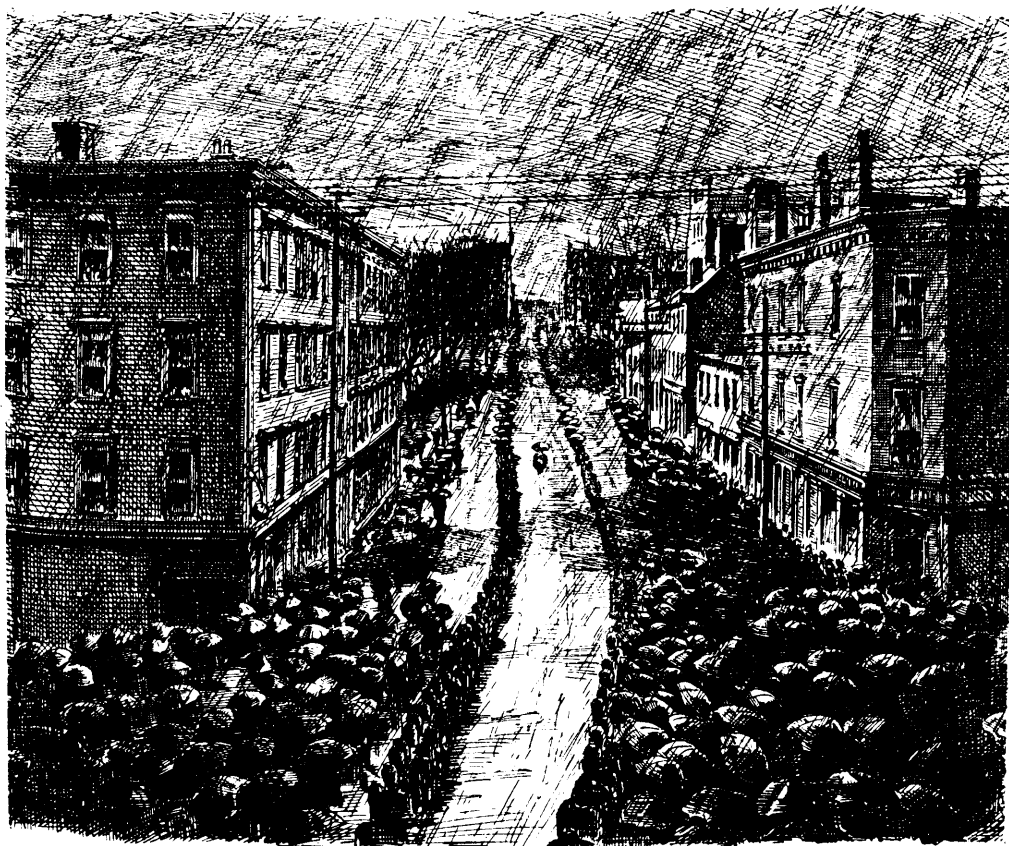


THE LATE FRED. YOUNG.

double outline formed between the quadrants is made; and next comes a horseshoe with the nails. All this by little tots of three to five perfectly, both as to time and step. To say that they carry themselves well seems needless; there were not three stooping children among the seventy-six. And when the whole number stood still at a sign, and the directress told certain of the boys—in rhyme of course—to choose a partner and take a dance, the grace of motion and the judgment to choose was remarkable. The four couples gallop with hands across twice round the circle, the teachers taking partners and galloping, too, both for example and authority's sake, that is, to give the gallop official weight, thus taking the aspect of mere amusement from it. The gallop ends with a bow as the boy leaves his partner at her own place in the circle. This, too, to a rhyme. But it would fill up an entire number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED to detail a whole Kindergarten day, which, however, ends at noon. The beautiful room, nevertheless, must have a word of praise. The ventilation of it in common with the whole school building is perfect. None of that unmistakable school-room odour so familiar and yet so disagreeable is present. The Smead & Dowd system heats and ventilates at the same time, and the teacher has the air of her room entirely under command. All around the room above the skirting, which is of fine oiled wood, is a lining of slate, to be used for examples and exercises—as common to all the school-rooms—but in the Kindergarten only a small space is necessary for demonstrations, and over this is drawn a pretty art muslin curtain. The rest is illuminated in coloured chalks, the work of the directress in this instance and very beautiful. A panel between windows is holly-hocks and a bird, another panel is scarlet poppies; the whole of one side of the room is a frieze of white daisies, yellow corn-flowers, ferns, chiefly the strong-looking *Filix-mas*, and pearly arrow-heads; at the north end of the room a branch of purple clematis is thrown across. Over this slate border having in the place of honour a portrait of Froebel, surmounted by the motto: "Let Us With Our Children Live." At proper intervals on every wall are coloured prints of various sizes, all in neat frames, and among all are interspersed the Union Jack and Dominion flag. The motto of the room, because the sign of the work done in it, is the word "Love." No wonder that experienced teachers like Mrs. Parker and Miss Mary F. Eastman, among our late visitors, say that they regard with more interest the Kindergarten than any other section of our school system, because "here the foundations for life are laid."

The committee of the National Association of Teachers of the United States have accepted the invitation of our Education Department to hold their next convention here, so that next July will find us with an influx of fifteen hundred or two thousand American teachers to entertain, and we hope an equal number from the various provinces of our own Dominion. Miss Eastman, Miss May Wright Sewell, and others, have already been requested to contribute papers on that occasion, and members of the profession in Canada will not be overlooked it is very certain.

A desirable change in the usual choice of subjects by the women students of University College has been made by two young ladies, who, instead of the "Moderns," which has hitherto been the favourite course, have taken "Science," under which head come those difficult but deeply interesting studies—Chemistry and Biology. These are not the first ladies to take the science course; Miss Curzon, who is at present assistant analyst at the School of Science, having graduated in that course in 1888.



FUNERAL OF THE LATE FRED. YOUNG, ST. JOHN, N.B.