

cannot be interested in science-studies and in the proper method of teaching them, it is idle to complain because somebody else is not doing the work for them. To us it seems quite evident that the unsatisfactory condition of which complaint is made arises chiefly from the fact that the term science-teaching awakens only a vague and misty conception in the minds of plain people. Would it not be better to drop the high sounding term and attempt to help teachers to find out the best way to teach Botany, Chemistry, Mineralogy and the rest of the numerous scientific subjects which, wisely or unwisely, are now made imperative in the course of study in our public schools?

Supervisor McKay, in view of the existing conditions of the schools, makes some important recommendations. These will be reviewed at another time.

Teacher.

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## Pro Paronomasia.

The punster is an unappreciated individual. He lives and moves and has a being, but that is all an unsympathizing world seems to accord him. He dies *unwept, unhonored and unsung*, and men say that his works will follow him. History slams her golden doors in his face. He finds a welcome, a doubtful welcome, in the annals of Hart and Genung, where he stands indexed by the *Nota Bene* finger of scorn as a "horrid example."

Realizing that this attitude in reference to the punster is an unjust one, I appear to-day in his defence, and while I do not demand that he be received without recommendation into your bosoms I request for him a quiet corner in the ante-room of your judgment until you may have an opportunity to investigate his real character.

The punster follows the example of all men who having something to say desire to say it in the best manner possible. Thought is supreme, but madly supreme, when it forces the gates of speech. The Tongue is the warder of these gates and his duty is not faithfully performed if his prisoner be allowed to rush out into the world with limbs not decently clothed. Fancy is the chief tailor who, seeks Thought's patronage. To slight her services is to be jeered and jostled on Life's Broadway; to study her fashion-plates too closely is to be labeled a clothes-horse. Of course there are some seedy characters who wear black neck-ties all summer and grass-shaded overcoats all winter, but we do not wish to divide our salt with them. Old "Conic Sections" and Uncle Parabola may shovel our coal and clear our sidewalks of snow, but they cannot sip our Falernian nor touch the strings of our cithara.

To own a thought is of course the first essential for a writer or speaker; to see that it is well dressed is the second. The latter duty