

Our Picture.

This week the REVIEW presents to its readers the picture of Little Red Riding Hood. The familiar story, so well known to children, is found in the Nova Scotian Readers, Book III, page 35, and is too long to reproduce here. But every one is acquainted with the story of Little Red Riding Hood, and recalls the breathless interest with which in childhood it was listened to, and when the big eyes were made to stand out on the face of the story-teller, or the nose and ears were pulled at to make them twice their size, or the mouth opened big and wide to the ecstatic delight of the childish listener.

"Why, grandmother, what big eyes you have got!"

"The better to see with, my child."

"And, oh grandmother, what a long nose you have got!"

"The better to smell with, my child."

"But, grandmother, what great ears you have got!"

"The better to hear with, my child."

"Oh, grandmother, what great—big—teeth—you've got!"

"The better to eat you up!"

And forthwith—as the writer remembers it—the greedy wolf "eats up" poor Little Red Riding Hood, and the ready tears of childhood flow freely over her sad fate. But modern versions of the story make the real grandmother and servants come in the nick of time to save Red Riding Hood and kill the wolf. Which ending do the children like best?

Must Play the Game.

There is another point about which I would like to say a word. I notice that your young people take great interest in athletics. I am a firm believer in their value, if carried out in a true spirit and in moderation. But I hope that young Canadians will always remember that in athletics, as in all the relations of life, they must "play the game," in the true sense of that term. They must play for the sake of the game, preferring to lose it fairly rather than to win it unfairly. They must be ready not to grudge their opponents every fair advantage, and they must be prepared to lose with good temper and to win without boasting.

The above is an extract from a speech of Lord Roberts during his recent visit to Canada. Of the many notable people at the Quebec Tercentenary, there was no one on whom the gaze of the people rested with more love and admiration than this hero, and the reason is that he stands for what is best in English life—the kindly and courteous English gentleman and the warrior of the brave heart and unconquerable spirit.

Words from a man whose character speaks must

bear weight, and they are commended to the earnest attention of our teachers. The desire, especially among young people, to "win the game," is so strong that, in their eagerness to win, the spirit of fair play and a generous respect for opponents are lost sight of. This desire should be corrected by precept and example.

The English nation is famous for its love of fair play. Sometimes there are exhibitions of brutality among the lower classes, but that is far better than the treachery and fraud that mark the lower classes of many other nations. The English gentleman is the simplest of men in his tastes and pleasures, and the fairest of sportsmen. As such he is a model.

The Olympic games in London a few weeks ago brought athletes from all nations to strive together in feats of strength and endurance. How Canadians conducted themselves is thus referred to by the *Times*:

The bearers of the red maple leaf have shown throughout these games a dogged pluck and a cheerfulness in the face of disappointment which the representatives of none of the other nations have surpassed.

This is certainly gratifying to Canadians, and it is a good opinion that we should strive in every possible way to uphold. What signifies it if a game is lost or a prize foregone, provided one holds his reputation for clean sport and honest dealing? A victory over one's self is of far greater importance than a victory over a competitor; and teachers should never weary of cultivating a spirit of generous fair play that shall be sufficient to enable boys and girls "to lose with good temper and to win without boasting." Such a spirit is a part of the nature of most young people. It is corrupted by low ideals and low companions.

Hedges—Ornamental and Useful.

A trim, neat, well-kept hedge is an ornament as well as a protection to school grounds and country places. One wonders why hedges are not more common along roadsides and railroads instead of the ubiquitous zig-zag rail fence or that "invention of the devil," the barbed wire fence. In the end the hedge would prove less expensive and more useful, and it would give a charm to landscapes which are now robbed of much of their beauty by hideous unkempt rail fences. Why not consider the planting