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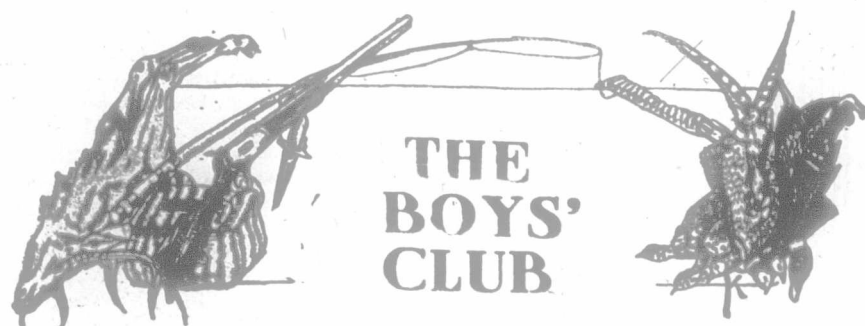
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THE HORSE THAT LOVED TEASING

Don't tell me horses have no sense of humor. My room is over some stores and I was sitting there last Saturday afternoon when I heard a horse squeal very loudly. Of course I had to investigate. There were two delivery rigs backed up to a store door and attached to one was a skittish, nervous-looking little black mare, while to the other was hitched a chunky chestnut and white, of the regular delivery horse type. The black was perhaps a foot in advance of the other and neither horse was apparently paying attention. As I watched the heavy fellow turned his head very slowly and just tickled the little mare with his upper lip—there wasn't any attempt to bite. She kicked and squealed and then turned round, but by that time he was looking innocently ahead. He repeated that performance in every detail at least half a dozen times and you could almost see his fat sides shake and hear him chuckle when the squeal came. He was as big a tease and enjoyed it as thoroughly as any human. At last, in desperation, she drew out three or four yards, then looked triumphantly round and—he yawned in her face, the most bored yawn you ever saw.

—EDITOR.

THE BOY SCOUTS

All Canadian boys are bound to hear something of the boy scouts. It is sure to interest every member of this club. This very day there are in a camp just on the outskirts of Winnipeg, a camp of English boy scouts who have come across the Atlantic with Sir Robert Baden-Powell. Lieutenant-General Baden-Powell has given up his active and distinguished military life to organize this boy scout movement all over the Empire, and he is now in Canada for that purpose, and the English boys have come with him to serve as an example of what he wants to accomplish.

There isn't room here to tell you all about it in one issue, but if you are interested enough to ask questions we'll try to answer them. There are already 400,000 boy scouts in England, so you can see how popular it is.

The scout's motto is "Be Prepared."
The scout's law is:
A scout's honor is to be trusted.
A scout is loyal.
A scout's duty is to be useful and to help others.
A scout is a friend to all, regardless of rank.

A scout is courteous.
A scout is a friend to animals.
A scout obeys orders.
A scout smiles and looks pleasant.
A scout is thrifty.

An English scout's duties are many and he never gets to the end of his lessons. Before he can wear a first-class badge he must pass an examination in ten things. First, he must be able to swim fifty yards. He must have a shilling in the saving's bank. He must be able to send and receive a message either in Morse or semaphore at a rate of sixteen letters per minute. As a test in self-reliance he is sent off on a two days' journey by himself or with one other scout. On returning he must write an intelligible account of what he has done and seen. He must know how to deal with accidents, such as drowning, electric shock, fire, runaways. He must prove that he can cook biscuit, a hunter's stew, skin and cook a rabbit or clean and cook fowl. He must be able to read a map or sketch a map, use an axe for felling timber, and judge distance, size, number and weight within 25 per cent. of correct measurements. Finally he must train a tenderfoot or new member so that the new boy is ready for a tenderfoot badge. Here is what the London boys have done among other things:

"They were playing football when

news was brought of a terrible railway accident, and they immediately "rushed to the scene with their ambulance-stretcher, and for many hours calmly and promptly performed noble and terrible duties of rescue among the killed and wounded, giving the most valuable help to doctors, police, and railway servants. On the occasion of the king's funeral procession through London a crowd of more than a quarter of a million people gathered in Hyde Park. The crowd was terrific, the heat was tropical. Every minute a woman would faint. Thousands upon thousands of people stood for seven or eight hours, hemmed in and crushed on all sides, enduring the pitiless and burning sun, to see the pageant of the procession. At every ambulance centre boy scouts were in attendance, to aid the work of

painted thing of cogs and wheels and entrails made of noisy brass can e'er supplant a horse's heels, or make man grudge a horse his grass. No man-made trap of bars and springs can love or confidence impart, nor give the little neigh that brings emotion to the horse-man's heart. O build your cars and ships and planes, and doom old Dobbin as you will! While men have souls and hearts and brains, old Dobbin shall be with us still!

WALT MASON.

THE WEIGHT OF A FLYING FLY

Does a fly, buzzing about in the interior of a pail, without touching it, add to the weight of the pail? One would say, "Of course not"; yet trial shows that it does, although precise explanation seems to be wanting. A German engineer named Boenninger recently described, in a lecture at Frankfurt, as reported in *Cosmos* (Paris, March 19), some astonishing experiments along this line. We read: "If we suspend from the pan of a balance an empty cylinder having a cover at each end, and place a fly on the interior wall of the cylinder, the weight of the fly will be added to that of the rest. If the fly leaves the side of the cylinder and flies into the interior, the balance is not disturbed. The weight of the fly is still in evidence, although

Watch for Tag in September 14 Issue

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE is glad to announce that by arrangements with the L. C. Page Company it is able to give its readers the delight of reading one of the funniest stories of the year—Tag: The Chien Boule Dog. If you love to laugh get hold of the first chapter in the issue of September 14. It is safe to say that you will be sure to get all the other issues and read them in spite of harvest work and worry.

revival, carry the patients, bring water and keep back the crowd. And when all was over and the crowd dispersed, the boy scouts tidied the park of rubbish and scattered papers."

TRAINING FOR THE NAVY

EDITOR FARMER'S ADVOCATE:
Dear Sir:—In a copy of your paper, dated June 22, I noticed a paragraph headed "Boys and the Canadian Navy," stating Canadian Boys were wanting in the engineering department. Please advise me as to where applications should be entered, as the college is not yet established.

ROSS PAINTIN.
(If you write to Sir Frederick Borden, Minister of Canadian Militia, Ottawa, Ont., you will receive information regarding the training for boys for the Canadian navy. We shall be glad to hear of the results of your enquiry.—Ed.)

THE TRUSTY DOBBIN

They doom you, Dobbin, now and then, they say your usefulness is gone; some blame fool thing designed by men has put the equine race in pawn. They doomed you, and your hopes were low, when bicycles were all the rage; they said: "The horse will have to go—he lags superfluous on the stage!" They doomed you when the auto-car was given its resplendent birth. "Thus sinks the poor old horse's star—he'll have to beat it from the earth!" And now they're dooming you some more, there are so many motor things; men scorch the earth with sullen roar, or float around on hardware wings. They doom you, Dobbin, now and then, and call you has-been, and the like; but while this world is breeding men, the horse will still be on the pike. No

not exerted directly. If now the upper lid be removed the fly's weight will still be recorded. If this lid be replaced and the lower one removed, the same is true, though the insect continues to fly about in the interior.

"But if both the lids be opened the equilibrium of the balance is disturbed and only the weight of the cylinder, without the fly, is recorded, although the insect is still within.

"We can not suppose that a descending current of air acts at a distance relatively so great, and this current could not transform its stored kinetic energy into pressure without loss.

"The most curious thing is that the fly still exerts its weight when the insect is just beneath the upper lid, the lower being open. It is precisely as if the fly were suspended from the lid.

"I find that this experiment supports the theory that we should consider the air, in a case like this, as a stretched spring that is made to vibrate; for the energy that disappears when the spring is stretched appears again when it is released. I believe that small models might be constructed to illustrate these phenomena."

No true horticulturist is satisfied with the colors given to blooms by nature. If a flower is normally yellow or red he desires to produce a variety which shall be green or blue or black.

Formerly the "blue rose," the "green carnation" and the "black tulip" were synonyms for the impossible, but thanks to the striving of growers after unnatural tints such phrases have lost their old significance.

Alfred Smith, F.R.H.S., of Downley, High Wycombe, who is a well-known rose specialist, has been experimenting three or four years with a view to the production of a blue rose. By the process of crossing different strains he

has now succeeded in obtaining the most distinct blue rose yet produced, and has given it the name of Lady Coventry.

His nursery is near the estate of the late Lord Beaconsfield, at Hughenden, and he has previously achieved success by blending the common dog rose with cultivated roses, a notable example of his work being a climbing tree, pure white, which grows in clusters of from forty to sixty blooms.

IN PLACE OF DISCIPLINE

(Continued from page 1278)

experimenting at first, but soon I could gauge pretty accurately how much work could be done on any subject in a given length of time. That precaution left no reasonable excuse for unfinished work under ordinary circumstances.

The workable time-table and the carefully assigned lessons were two essential steps in the process of keeping order; the third and final one was just as important, that was the examination in detail of every bit of written work done by every pupil during every day. It was work for the teacher, but it paid.

The average pupil's capacity for work was used as the standard of measuring the length of written lessons. But that did not make allowance for the unusually bright or the abnormally stupid. To reach the first class and keep them from Satan's attentions to the idle when their work in any subject was finished, this rule was made with their approval of its fitness:

"When your work is done you can do as you wish as long as you disturb no one else in the room."

At first the working out of that rule was not easy, but to help overcome the difficulty I put a stiff question in mechanical arithmetic at the top of the board. Then if I saw a boy not spending his time well or interfering with another pupil in any way, this question was added to his day's work on the assumption that, being idle, the assigned work was too little for him. They called it the idle question and learned to avoid it, for it called for much figuring and absolute accuracy. Usually, though, the quick pupils spent their time preparing for spelling or recitation lessons, or in drawing, painting, reading good geographies, histories or nature books that they could take from my book shelves.

In our school pupils whose work was done were dismissed at 3.30. When the hands pointed to that hour in my room, every boy who thought his day's work was finished satisfactorily, put his practice book open on his desk and sat erect with arms folded. That was the silent signal that he was ready for inspection. I heard his corrected spellings and looked over the work done that day in his book. If it were well done he could pack his books and go home, if he could get out of the building quietly—if not he must stay until the whole school was dismissed. If the work were untidy or incomplete the defective parts were marked and these had to be remedied. Boys have a great sense of fairness, and nobody sulked after the first week over having to present a clean, tidy record for the day.

When the prepared ones had tip-toed downstairs, I took a few minutes helping the slow ones who had found difficulties in the arithmetic. While they used this new light on their problems, the perplexed with grammar were set straight, and other subjects untangled of puzzles. By 3.50 there would not be more than four or five pupils left, some of these being delinquents who had the "idle question" on their list. By four o'clock everybody was away, and in another half hour the work was planned for next day and I was gone too.

My room was never noted for that atmosphere of "awesome" silence, so unnatural in the vicinity of children. There was some noise, but it was the healthy bustle of pupils at work, and it did my heart good to hear it.

TEACHER ONCE.

THE NEW SERIAL A JOLLY ONE

"Tag: The Chien Boule Dog" is one hearty laugh from beginning to end. It is written by a Western Canadian woman, who laughs herself and knows how to induce laughter in other people. This story will begin in September 14 issue. Don't miss a work of it.