

The children put the words together to form the story or sentences using the complete copy as a guide. A hectograph, or some sort of duplicator is necessary for making the copies for a large class. For a very small class, the story could be put on the black-board, and the copies to be cut up written out separately.

### Reading and Manners.

In beginning to teach reading, if a child forgets the name of a letter, I say, "Let me introduce you to M. Johnny this is M. Now, it is very rude to forget anyone's name, and call him by the name of another person. M will be cross if you call him, L or N."

Some materials for primary work that may be had for little or nothing are the following:

Pictures of all kinds cut from old magazines and illustrated catalogues.

Figures cut from old large calendars.

The backs of writing pads and calendars, stiff exercise book covers, old visiting and invitation cards. The latter are of a very good thickness to paste calendar numbers on.

Small card-board boxes. Wall paper pattern books, for cutting out designs. Pattern books of thin oil-cloth for making book covers.

Soda-water straws make good counting sticks, and so do matches with the heads cut off.

The paste powder that is to be had at hardware stores for about fifteen cents a pound, is convenient for pasting. It keeps well when mixed with cold water.

A hectograph, or some sort of duplicating pad, is almost a necessity. Directions for making one have been given more than once in the REVIEW and will be repeated if desired.

Ingenious teachers are asked to add to this list, and give their fellow teachers the benefit of their discoveries, through the REVIEW.

Warm noon brims full the valley's cup,  
The aspen's leaves are scarce astir,  
Only the little mill sends up  
Its busy, never-ceasing burr. —Lowell.

A great coal area is to be opened up in the Province of Alberta. It yields anthracite coal of the best quality. The out-put in excess of what is needed in the Northwest will be shipped from the Pacific Coast, and when the Panama Canal is opened large shipments will be made to Germany.

### THE HUNTER.

Ever since Robbie Evans was old enough to tease for the story of "Jack the Giant Killer", he had wanted to do something which other boys of his age could not do. He longed to do something great, which would make his family very proud of him.

When he was seven years old, Uncle Sam gave him a new, shiny, red bow-gun, and he thought the time had come for action.

He did not expect to kill a giant. Uncle Sam said there were none; that is, any wild ones.

He did think he might shoot a panther or possibly a tiger. He was sure if he looked carefully, he could find some wonderful game.

So he proudly shouldered the new bow-gun, took half a dozen of the very sharpest, pointed arrows, and started over the hill to the poplar grove.

The leaves had turned from green to yellow; and how black the old pine stumps looked through them! How strange it seemed! The rustling carpet of dried yellow leaves was not half as pretty as the soft grass and moss that covered the ground in summer, and he could not even find one bunchberry to tell of the starry white blossoms of the spring time.

If I could only kill a panther now—no, if I could only see one, of course I could kill it if I found it," thought brave Robbie.

Then as he stepped over a fallen log, an animal sprang up with a terrible hiss.

His heart stood still and he looked at the crouching animal. The eyes blazed and were fastened upon him with apparent anger or terror.

"It's just like the color Uncle Sam said that lion was out west," Robbie thought, and with a look at its coat, "and it's got a head just like a cat's. Oh, dear me!"

Poor Robbie! He was not so brave now. He stopped just long enough to see that the animal did not mean to run away, then dropped his new red bow-gun and ran.

Three things he was quite sure of—that the animal was following him closely—he could hear its feet over the dried leaves—that the way home never was so long before, and that he wanted to see his mother.

He reached the top of the hill at last. What a long time it took him to reach the orchard where John was picking apples!

"Oh, John! O mother!" he gasped, and then—"Me-i-ow! Me-i-ow!"