

The Dominion Parliament can not legislate for the schools of any province, therefore it is a mistake to suppose that it has enacted daylight time for this purpose. As a matter of fact it has not passed any legislation regarding the matter. Neither has the Provincial Legislature interfered regarding it.

There is no School Law in New Brunswick requiring any school to open at any particular time in the morning. The minimum teaching time is five hours per day, and the maximum six hours.

Each district is a democracy in so far as daylight time is concerned, and the trustees may elect to follow it or not as best suits the convenience and needs of the district.

It is manifestly awkward to have two standards of time, and the action of the railroads has left many people no choice. Under such circumstances why would it not be expedient to open school at ten o'clock day light time and dismiss nominally one hour later than at present, but really upon local time.

RAMBLES IN NOVA SCOTIA

Warblers Happily Busy in the June Woods.

Now we have reached the forest of second-growth hardwood on the mountain. The tide of warbler-migration is at its flood. The woods are full of warblers. From almost every tree comes the song of one of these little birds. Eagerly they are breakfasting on the flies and other insects that infest the trees.

The American redstart is surely the most abundant. Through the trees this brilliantly colored bird floats and flashes, darts up and down for flies, opens and shuts his tail like a tiny but gaudy fan, and keeps singing his song the while. Appropriately have the Cubans named this bird "candelita," meaning the little torch that flashes and flames in the gloom of the tropical forest. The male in his gorgeous suit of black with salmon on breast, wings and tail, has not inaptly been likened as he flashes among the branches, to a "wind-blown firebrand, half glowing, half charred." This warbler always commands our admiration not only for his beauty but also because he cannot be mistaken for any other of his tribe, a rare virtue among warblers. The more modestly dressed female may be readily distinguished by the dull yellow that replaces the salmon of the male.

Another brilliantly colored warbler that is fairly common is the magnolia warbler. Possessed of the virtue of coming down to the low bushes, he gives a fine opportunity to inspect his coat of many colors—white, black and yellow, with bluish grey on the crown.

The white band across the middle of the tail is a sure mark of identification. He is a most distinguished looking warbler and, being somewhat confiding, is always a welcome discovery among the bushes. He has

been with us since May 20, and will nest among the coniferous trees on the mountain.

Down from the trees comes the wiry "see-see-see-see" of the black-and-white creeping warbler. Training our opera-glass on the tree from which the faint song issues, we soon see a little black-and-white bird, the zebra among warblers, creeping zigzag up the trunk and along the branches. His name, unlike so many of the names applied to birds, is thoroughly descriptive both of his dress and of his manner. Black-and-white he surely is, and, unlike his warbler relatives, creeps about among the trees after the manner of a nuthatch or brown creeper, but without the former's love to run head first down a tree-trunk, and without the latter's plodding regularity in his search for insects and larvae.

From a high ever-green there floats to our ears the distinct and easily recognized song of the black-throated green warbler. Bradford Torrey heard in that song the words "trees-trees, murmuring trees;" but what ever we words "trees-trees, murmuring trees;" but whatever we may hear in it, it is a characteristic song not easily mistaken for any other. From the spruce groves we listen to it throughout the summer as we drive along the country roads.

While straining our neck to get a good look at the inverted black V on the breast of the black-throated green warbler, a junco flies up from our feet. Soon the nest of grasses with its lining of long hairs is disclosed on the side of a little cradlehill. A small root arches out in front of it, and, together with dried leaves, forms a canopy for the nest, which contains four dull white eggs, the larger ends of which are blotched with brown. The parent-birds utter cries of alarm and distress, and seating myself by the nest I await developments. Soon the cries of the juncos bring other birds on the scene. The black-throated green warbler that I was striving to get a good look at came down on a limb to within two feet of my opera-glass. A creeping warbler stopped searching for insects and hopped around within a few feet of me, trying to express his sympathy or satisfy his curiosity. A magnolia warbler called to see what the trouble was. Soon these had satisfied their curiosity, or tired of expressing their sympathy for the juncos, left, but a pair of even birds continued to fly round and round me, the male with the feathers on his head erect. We had plainly heard his sharp crescendo ringing through the woods as he sang, "Teacher, teacher, teacher, teacher, teacher," on a rising scale and with intensifying shrillness. Now he was flying but a few feet from me, or walking along a limb, and showing his beautifully speckled breast and olive-green upper parts. This pair lingered longest, but at last walked leisurely away, and no prettier pedestrian ever set foot on the forest-floor, no fairy ever tripped through the forest-aisles with greater grace. Finally we rose from