

There are at least two provinces of the Dominion which supply free text-books to the pupils of the public schools, Alberta, where the books become the property of the pupils who use them, and British Columbia, where the books are loaned to the pupils under certain conditions, to be returned when the pupils have done with them. The provinces of New Brunswick and Ontario have taken steps to furnish text-books as nearly as possible at cost price to the parents. In British Columbia the initial cost of supplying text-books for the first six months, ending December 31st, 1908, was a little over \$20,000. It is estimated that the outlay for every succeeding six months will not exceed \$7,000.

No Canadian editor in daily journalism can rise to dispute the right of Senator Ellis, the editor of the St. John, N. B., *Globe*, to claim the longest unbroken period of service on one paper. There are not many journals to consider in determining such a question. . . . The Halifax Recorder is a very old paper and though it has been in the control of one family between two score and three score years, the editorial seat has had many occupants. But the *Globe* has had one editor, and has always expressed the views he desired to utter. More than most journals, it has been a personal organ. The *Globe* has been, and is, a Liberal journal. The editor is himself a Liberal. But neither has felt obliged to sanction everything that is done or said in the name of liberalism. The editor of the *Globe* seems to be as well able to do his day's work as other newspaper men, and it is reasonable to expect that two years hence he may celebrate the half century of steady service.—*Standard*, Dec. 15th, 1909.

At the public meeting held in connection with the Kings County Teachers' Institute, at Sussex, N. B., Superintendent Carter said:

I am sure this meeting will pardon a personal reminiscence. A number of years ago—I do not care to say how many—three young men, two of whom were teaching in the vicinity of Sussex, were desirous of preparing for college, and one of them had to drive there every Saturday for the purpose of receiving the necessary instruction from two young men then teaching at the Upper Corner and at the Station, Angus Sillars and George Carson. Neither of these men nor the farmers who let this young man have their horses to travel back and

forth to his lessons would accept any remuneration for the service rendered.

Both Messrs. Sillars and Carson are now eminent and honoured members of the ministry, and of the three young students at that time, one, Geo. W. Fowler, is one of the brightest public men in Canadian public life. Another, Alex. Robinson, is Chief Superintendent of Education in British Columbia, and acknowledged to be one of the ablest educationists in the Dominion. The third has done nothing worthy of mention, but he remembers gratefully the helping hands extended to him at that time and would say to all young men with ambitions that they who desire to help themselves will always find willing helpers.

Nature in Winter.

What a charm is there about a winter sunset, with its rose-tinted clouds contrasting with the fresh fallen snow, never so attractive as that first dainty coverlet which spreads over the brown earth in December. What bits of out-door study come in to view as the train on a certain winter afternoon winds along the upper St. John approaching Woodstock. All trees but the evergreens are leafless, except for the neglected leaves which still cling to the oaks and beeches. Each tree seems to have its own personality; but how few can compare with the slender white birches. Their creamy bark rivals in purity of colour the flakes of snow caught and held prisoners on every twig and branch, protecting next year's leaves in their winter buds. And how the faded asters, goldenrods, and other plants by the wayside poise themselves gracefully under just as much snow as each can bear. Will the fiercer storms of winter be as kind to them? No, indeed; else we would have too many brown stalks amid next summer's green.

Rabbits, squirrels and mice have been abroad while the human folk slept, because we can see on the snow their wandering footsteps to and from leafy coverts. Who can tell of the nightly revels these children of the woods have been indulging in? What a bit of woodland history would be unfolded could we but read these telltale traces on the snow and know the longings (perhaps only of gaunt hunger) of the animals who made them!

One of the most picturesque spots of New Brunswick is the Grand Falls of the St. John