

the progress of the schools of manual training and domestic science in Lunenburg and Bridgewater, which towns work together in employing one teacher. Although pupils doing this work lose some school time, the general work had improved. The cost of fitting a desk for manual training is twenty-five dollars.

On Friday morning Mr. Kidner gave an object lesson on his work, showing models of things that may be constructed from card or bristol board by small children. Instruments such as set squares, rulers, etc., and material may be obtained for a few cents. This work is both interesting and educative to the children. It demands neatness and accuracy. Don't ask for definitions, but evolve them from the work. Any useful article should be made as soon as possible. Never attempt to teach what you have not done yourself and noted your difficulties. Mr. Kidner showed how difficult figures like the tetrahedron may be easily made. Principals Longley and Shaffner spoke very highly of the value of the lesson, and wished to thank Mr. Kidner on behalf of the teachers. Mr. Kidner had present for inspection a full set of bristol board articles from the simplest in construction to the most difficult, made by himself and pupils.

Mr. B. Havey, in his inimitable manner, elaborated the subject of penmanship. Every system has something good in it in its day. Don't overlook simple things, as they are fundamental. Keep pupils in good humor, show sympathy and admonish gently. Teach from blackboard, and in classes encourage and get all enthused. Children cannot write with equal ease, but practice will bring the same proficiency.

The Institute closed on Friday afternoon, the registration being the largest in its history. The following were nominated as representatives to the Provincial Association: Principals A. W. L. Smith, Mr. Bond, L. Ruggles, A. H. Armstrong, and Miss L. Harris. Invitations were presented from Bear River and Weymouth Bridge, inviting the Institute to meet with them in 1903. The usual votes of thanks were passed.

The Twin-Flower.

Once upon a time, when the flowers first came to the earth to live, a slender vine crept into the woods.

It was June, the month when the leaves are freshest and happiest.

Deep in the cool, mossy woods crept this little vine. The woods were full of singing birds that had come North for the summer.

The little vine had pretty, round leaves. She loved her leaves and kept them green and shining all the year.

When the first snowflakes fell they found her leaves green and bright.

When the last snowdrifts melted away in the spring, the little vine waved her leaves and nodded to the first bluebird.

But now it was June, the little vine had something besides leaves to think of. She was making some dainty pink bell-like flowers.

It was time for the flowers to bloom, but still they did not blossom.

They were so tiny, and the woods were so dim and shady that each little flower was afraid to stand up alone and bloom.

One moonlight evening Mother Nature whispered softly, "Dear little flowers, why don't you bloom."

"You need not be afraid, dears," said Mother Nature, "and you need not stand alone. You shall be little twin-flowers, and always stand two together."

So the little flowers stood up two by two, such shy little blossoms as they were.

Mother Nature filled each of the little bell-like flowers with dainty perfume.

"When you hear any one coming," she told them, "just turn your flower cups down and shake out this perfume. Then the air shall be so sweet with your fragrance that whoever is coming will look to see what is giving such a dainty greeting, and will not tread on you."—Elizabeth W. Dennison.

A Fable for Specialists.

The following fable, as told in the *Saturday Evening Post*, has an application sufficiently wide to suit all faddists. The only trouble is there are no faddists in these days. A copy of the *North-West Review* was sent us the other day in which there is a little article bemoaning the variable curriculum of the modern college or university and extolling the fixed course of study of those colleges which still give the humanities the chief place. This is all very well, but it strikes one sometimes that the study of Greek and Latin may be just as much of a fad as the study of anything else. However, here is the fable:

An ornithologist invited an ichthyologist to walk in the woods with him, and the ornithologist said: "I suppose you know that the crow——"

"I know nothing about birds."

"But surely you have heard that the cuckoo——"

"I don't know a hawk from a handsaw, I am sorry to say."

"Yes, but you surely have heard so common a thing as the fact that the swallow never——"

"My friend, I know less that nothing about birds."

They finished their walk, and the ornithologist went home and said to his wife: