

ligion, the propagation of seeds in the wilderness (as, for instance, where were the seeds lying for ages that spring up into certain plants and flowers as soon as a spot is cleared anywhere in the most remote forest; and why does a growth of oak trees always come up after a growth of pine has been removed?)—in short, we had pretty nearly reached a solution of many mysteries, when Phelps suddenly exclaimed with uncommon energy:

"Wall, there's one thing that beats me!"

"What's that?" we asked, with undisguised curiosity.

"That's 'pusley'!" he replied, in the tone of a man who has come to one door in life which is hopelessly shut, and from which he retires in despair.

"Where it comes from I don't know, nor what to do with it. It's in my garden; and I can't get rid of it. It beats me."

About "pusley" the guide had no theory and no hope. A feeling of awe came over me, as we lay there at midnight, hushed by the sound of the stream and the rising wind in the spruce-tops. Then man can go nowhere that "pusley" will not attend him. Though he camp on the upper Au Sable, or penetrate the forest where rolls the Allegash, and hears no sound save his own allegations, he will not escape it. It has entered the happy valley of Keene, although there is yet no church there, and only a feeble school part of the year. Sin travels faster than they that ride in chariots. I take my hoe and begin; but I feel that I am warring against something whose roots take hold on H.

By the time a man gets to be eighty, he learns that he is compassed by limitations, and that there has been a natural boundary set to his individual powers. As he goes on in life, he begins to doubt his ability to destroy all evil and to reform all abuses, and to suspect that there will be much left to do after he has done. I stepped into my garden in the spring, not doubting that I should be easily master of the weeds. I have simply learned that an institution which is at least six thousand years old, and I believe six millions, is not to be put down in one season.

The Windrow.

An organization resembling the Women's Institute has been started in Saskatchewan. It will be known as "The Homemaker's Club."

A parachute cloak, for the safety of aviators, has been invented by a Berlin (Germany) man.

Mark Twain's "The Prince and the Pauper" has been dramatized, and will appear at the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt, in Paris, in the early future.

A movement is afoot in the United States to make the schoolhouses take the place of forums for the people. It is suggested that they be used as permanent polling-places, branch libraries, lecture halls, and reading-rooms.

An appeal is being made in Great Britain for funds to cut a road up Mount Vaea, Samoa, to the grave of Robert Louis Stevenson.

An important new magazine called the "Irish Review" will be issued for the first time in March.

J. W. Williams, writing recently in T P's Weekly, states that persistent deep breathing, providing for thorough oxygenation of the blood in the lungs, is one of the most effective preventives of consumption, and one of the best cures where the disease has begun.

Another man was killed last week at a "dangerous railway crossing," this time near St. Thomas, Ont. It is simply outrageous that in almost all cases of danger spots human life must be sacrificed before steps are taken to remove the menace. Is not this question of bad railway crossings one which might well be taken up by the Women's Institutes of Ontario and similar organizations in the sister Provinces? A very little expenditure of money and a prompt initiative and carrying out of some practical plan, are all that are needed to make all our crossings comparatively safe.

The passing of the first reading of the Veto Bill in the British House of Commons last week, with a majority of 124, was hailed with wild enthusiasm by the Government party. Upon the same day, the counter proposition was foreshadowed in the House of Lords by Lord Lansdowne, leader of the Opposition in the Upper Chamber, who announced his intention to introduce a bill to amend the constitution of that Chamber.

The movement for increase of armaments is still spreading in all the leading countries. Holland is considering (as some think under inducement of Germany) the fortification of Flushing; over \$100,000,000 is to be spent on the German navy next year; Austria is planning for a new navy of 16 Dreadnoughts; the Italians are building a squadron of Dreadnoughts, and France and Sweden are providing for increase of their navies. In this work of "preserving peace," Britain and the United States are not lagging.

Dr. Seath's report on his investigation of the elementary systems of technical education in Europe—carried on during a period of eighteen months—is now in printed form. In it he urges a good general education as the essential preparation for all vocations in life, and recommends a speedy extension of the provision for teaching household science and manual training in our schools, and for the extension of nature study and elementary agriculture in rural schools and High Schools, with a special Provincial director and inspector for that work. He also recommends the establishment of evening classes in technical training, and of an industrial and technical college in Ontario for the training of industrial teachers.

"Manners Makyth Man."

III.

SOMETHING ABOUT BOY SCOUTS

In a previous article I alluded to the well-known fact that the healthy, growing boy loves to be always doing something, and it is because it recognizes and seeks to direct this natural instinct into safe and desirable channels, that what is known as "The Boy Scout Movement" is becoming such a valuable adjunct to the better up-bringing of the lads of this generation.

Let us take the following as an example of what the typical boy considers to be fun, and note, also, that his incipient knowledge of scout-training, in observation, etc., had not been altogether lost upon him; also, that if he got himself into scrapes, he had a pretty fair idea of how to find a way out of them. A ten-year-old Lancashire lad, being requested to describe the very happiest day he could remember, wrote as follows:

"My happiest day was last Saturday, when I was at X. When I got there, I went to the canal to have a bathe. Me and my cousin went. Then we went to the wet pits, where my uncle works. He works at the boilers. We went through the place where the boilers were, and then we went to the top of the pit shaft, and when we looked down, it seemed to go narrower. Then we saw a tap, and my cousin turned it on, and it went on my stockings and boots. Then we made a Boy Scout tent. We went out scouting, and when I was running I fell in a good lot of mud. Then I rolled on the grass to make it dry. Then, when it was dry, I brushed it with a brush. I did not go back till we had finished. When we got back, we made a fire at the front of the tent. Then I came home at half-past six. After tea I had a

fight with another boy, and I won. They went and fetched his mother to pull me off. When I got home, I had some Southport rock. Then I went to bed. I liked that day because there was plenty of something to do, and we did it all."

It is good to learn that this movement had the hearty support of his late Majesty Edward VII., not only one of the wisest rulers the world has ever known, but one who, in spite of the many restrictions of his early days, had manifested a strong individuality, and knew instinctively the cravings for fun and frolic implanted by nature in the true boy. General Baden-Powell relates that only on the day before his death his Majesty sent for him and discussed the details of the review that was to be held at Windsor. King Edward saw that it meant to be a great thing, and he displayed a deep interest in the movement, and showed that he had studied it in all its details. His Majesty gave it every encouragement, and if he had only lived, he would have done a great deal to help it on its way. General Baden-Powell had already been assured that King George would show as much interest in the Boy Scouts as his father did.

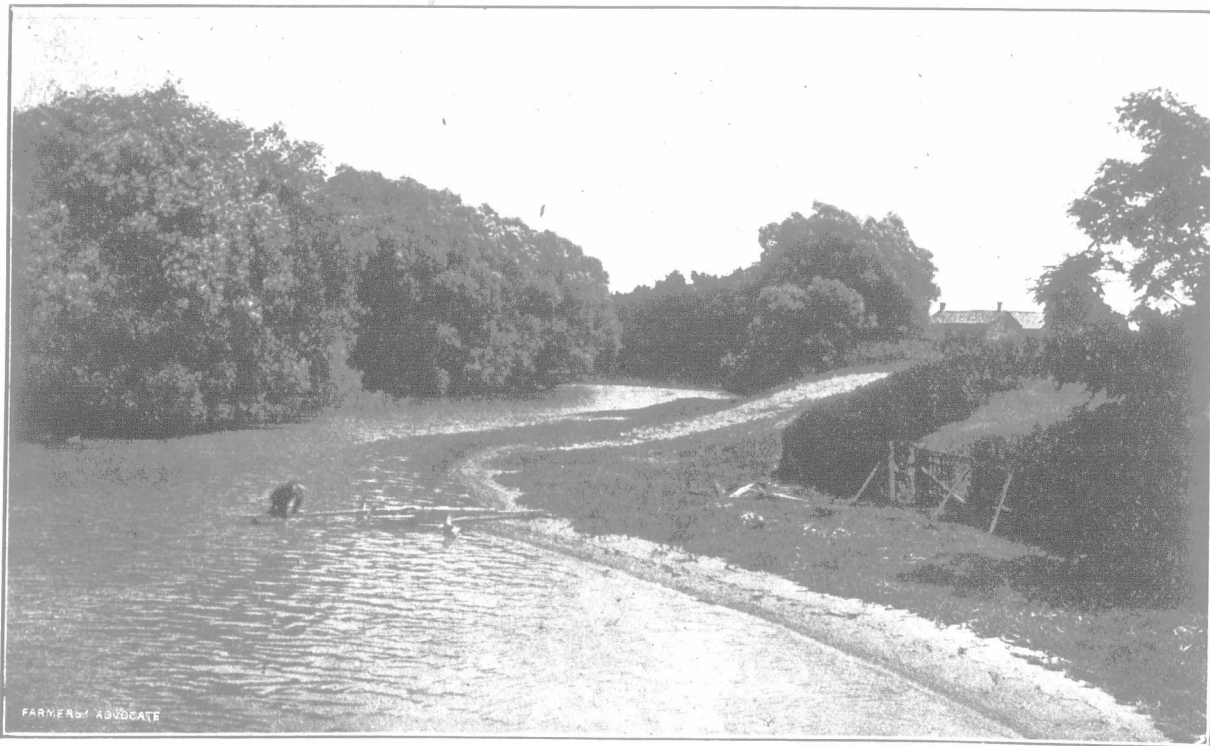
Its founder explains that, "The whole object of the scheme is to seize the boy's character in its red-hot stage of enthusiasm, and to weld it into the right shape, and to encourage and develop its individuality, so that the boy may become a good man and a valuable citizen for his country in the immediate future, instead of being a waste of God's material. Of a nation showing signs of illness, that illness can be diagnosed as 'bad citizenship,' and we know one good remedy to apply, namely, education of the rising generation in character. Scouting offers just such a remedy, if only as a 'First Aid,' pending the application of a better one. Meantime, every moment is precious."

INSTRUCTION IN GOOD CITIZENSHIP.

In nearly all our public libraries, room should be found, if it be not already found, for General Baden-Powell's handbook for instruction in good citizenship, entitled "Scouting for Boys," a book which has found its way and done good pioneer work throughout the United Kingdom on both sides of the ocean, the United States of America, Russia, Argentina, Chili, etc. The headings of some of its chapters alone suffice to show how what we may venture to call every "section," mental, spiritual and physical, of the boy's nature are provided for. Chapter V. taught "Woodcraft, or Knowledge of Animals and Nature"; Chapter VI. treats, under the heading of "Camp-fire Yarns," endurance for Scouts, how to grow strong, health-giving habits, prevention of disease; No. VII., "Chivalry to Others"; Chapter VIII., "Saving Life, or How to Deal with Accidents"; and Chapter IX., "Patriotism, or Our Duties as Citizens," with its camp-fire yarn, "United we Stand, Divided we Fall."

Under this heading follows the object-lesson of the cuttlefish, with its small, compact, round body and enormously long arms. "To kill a cuttlefish, one does not go and lop off one of its arms; the other arms would probably tackle you and hold you for the cuttlefish to eat. No, the way to kill a cuttlefish is to suddenly stab him to the heart, and then his arms fall helpless and dead." Then follows the application. If an enemy should try to lop off one of our colonies, it would be like trying to lop off one of the arms of the cuttlefish—all the rest would tackle him at once, so, "United we stand; Divided, we fall." Please get the book, and read its many words of inspiration for yourselves.

How the good heaven works. Proofs that already this appeal to the higher nature of our Canadian boys is bearing fruit, are frequently coming to light. Let me offer you one or two which occurred here in our own city, within ten days of my



On Talfourd Creek, Lambton Co., Ont.