

William Crocket, LL.D.

The REVIEW Supplement for this month contains the portrait of Dr. William Crocket, so long a familiar figure in educational circles in New Brunswick. Two years ago when Dr. Crocket retired from the principalship of the Normal School the teachers, assembled in the Provincial Institute, placed on record their "grateful appreciation of his labours and successes as an administrator of our free school system and as principal of our Normal School for many years, and their admiration for the manly and Christian qualities that have adorned his life."

Premier Tweedie (now the Lieutenant-governor of the province) in enclosing to Dr. Crocket a copy of the resolution of the board of education in relation to his retirement said: "Permit me to express my congratulations that after your long and useful services in the department of education you are retiring with the respect and honour due to a life of faithful devotion to the cause of education."

Dr. J. F. McCurdy, professor of Oriental languages in the University of Toronto has said of Dr. Crocket: "In his adopted country he has given unstinted the single-hearted service of his life, and his course has been an unbroken series of educational triumphs absolutely unique * * * * * Here he has shown himself a master ever since, a teacher of teachers equal to all occasions and winning confidence as well as respect from all who have taken him as their guide."

Grateful tributes from grateful students! And in his declining years he has the happy consciousness that he has impressed the educational life of his country as few have been permitted to do. Three times principal of the Normal School—once at Chatham, which town enjoyed the teaching of his vigorous early manhood, and twice at Fredericton during his riper years—with intervals spent as superintendent of education in this province and as professor of classical languages at Morin College, Quebec, he has been a part of our educational growth for the past half century. Exact in his scholarship and his methods of teaching, obeying the dictates of an orderly mind and a well balanced judgment, and ever distinguished for his love of justice, there is little wonder that he has endeared himself to old pupils and associates who from far and near wish for him and the companion of his life the solace of a happy age.

To Whom Belongs the Glory.

A British writer in T. P.'s Weekly says—and apparently the weight of proof is with his statement—that the scheme for the capture of Quebec in 1759 originated in the brain of one of his brigadier-generals, Col. George Townshend.

But though Townshend, in all probability, supplied the strategy, no one in the force save Wolfe could have carried it out so successfully. He was the pivot upon which the little army turned, the genius which stirred the imagination of the private soldiers and moulded them into such a terrible fighting machine. When we read "of that army, marshalled in the darkness and carried silently up the midnight river—of those rocks scaled by the intrepid leader and his troops," it is only natural perhaps that the greater part of our admiration and gratitude should go out to Wolfe; but let us do justice to George Townshend, but for whose brain no battle would have been fought.

The Value of Neatness.

Personal appearance goes a long way in the schoolroom. Children are unreserved little admirers of whatever in their elders catches their fancy, and little girls, at least, are apt copyists. One calls to mind a teacher of years ago, whom one adored for her soft, glossy hair, her white hands and beautifully kept nails, and her pretty dresses. Her every word of admonition or reproof carried weight, and how one laboured to keep one's own rebellious locks in order, and to avoid, as far as might be, ink stains and rents of one's pink and lilac calico frocks!

One city teacher, who manages to be always perfectly "groomed," and very becomingly—albeit, inexpensively—dressed, says that she finds it pays in every way to try to look her best, and use her most charming manner day by day in the schoolroom. Her class certainly comprises some of the neatest children in the school, and the effect extends even to the classroom. Careless or untidy new-comers are not long in being impressed by the general atmosphere. "The children," says this teacher, appreciate the fact that I try to look nice for their sakes. Moreover, when I look well I feel better and I can teach better. And those little matters like polished finger nails and waved hair make those youngsters think that I am somebody special, and they treat me with consideration."