

Hallowe'en.

Wi' merry songs, and friendly cracks,
I wat they didna weary;
And unco' tales, and funny jokes,
Their sports were cheap and cheery;
Till butter'd s'ons, wi' fragrant hunt,
Set a' their gabs a-steerin';
Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
They parted aff careerin'
Fu' blythe that night."

—Burns.

A Middlesex County, Ont., School Fair.

[The school fair is a movement that should be encouraged in all counties.]

"Seeing is believing," was clearly shown at the Rural-school Fair held in Wardsville school grounds October 10th, when the previously most pessimistic were loud in their praise of the new methods exercised in arousing the interest of the boys and girls in agriculture, and subsequently creating a liking for the farm.

Early in the spring, material (Davies' Warrior potatoes, oats, barley, mangel seed, corn, and eggs) were distributed to the pupils of the different school sections of Moss Township. The work was done at home, the pupils attending to their plots with yeoman-like skill during the summer months.

The spirit of competition was keen in each pupil. The day of the fair, when pupils exhibited their products, was eagerly looked forward to, talked about, and in some cases dreamed about. At last the day arrived, and ere the sun had risen, the boys and girls were busy getting things ready for the fair.

The school grounds produced a show-like appearance; numerous flags were floating high; tents were erected, and everybody was astir. One large tent held the exhibits of mangels, corn, potatoes, grain and apples, while another of similar size was filled to its capacity with collections of weeds, weed-seeds, insects, essays, flowers, sewing and baking by both boys and girls. The poultry had to remain outside owing to lack of room.

By noon the exhibits were all in place, and judging commenced. It was no easy matter selecting the prizewinners, as many as sixty entries being made in some classes. The poultry being outside, the judge was given small space, as the boys were anxious to see if their chickens would be given the coveted prize. Once the tents were opened, a general rush was made in that direction, each pupil eager to know what prize he had won.

During the afternoon a fine programme of sports was watched by over 800 people who had gathered at the fair. The athletes of one school competed against those of another, in running races, three-legged races, sack races, driving nail contest for the girls, etc. Each aroused keen interest.

All could not win prizes, but the boys and girls proved good losers, one boy being heard to say, "I will win next year." Such determination is sure to bring success. The parents also took great interest, and proudly showed their friends the product of their boys' and girls' plot.

While the School Fair is directed by the District Representatives, the boys and girls manage it. The Fair Board consists of pupils from each school. They meet and appoint their officers and committees. They assume the responsibility of making out the prize list, arranging exhibits on the day of the fair, and other details. This is a training

which will be valuable to them as they grow older.

The Rural-school Fair, and the work that goes with it, looks like one factor in solving the problem of "How to keep the boys on the farm."

Little Trips Among the Eminent.

Men Notable in Canadian History. SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN AND HIS COMPATRIOTS.

(Continued.)

[With acknowledgments to Bourinot, Parkman, Withrow, and others.]

"In the Western valley of that part of French Acadia now known as Nova Scotia," writes Bourinot in his "Canada," "not only do we tread on historic ground, but we see in these days a landscape of more varied beauty than that which so delighted the gentlemen-adven-

ing to another race and another country. There, on a slight acclivity, among the trees, is a pile of white college buildings, there a tall, white spire, rises into the blue sky. We see cottages covered with honeysuckle and grapevine; with their gardens of roses and lilies, and many old-fashioned flowers. In the spring the country is one mass of pink and white blossoms, which load the passing breeze with delicate fragrance; in autumn the trees bend beneath rosy and yellow apples.

"We drive through a fertile valley, where runs a placid river amid many meadows, gardens, and orchards, until at last it empties into a picturesque basin, where the landscape shows a harmonious blending of mountain and water, of cultivated fields and ancient forest trees. Here we see a quiet old town, whose roofs are green with the moss of many years, where willows and grassy mounds tell of a historic past, where the bells of ox-teams tinkle in the streets, and commerce itself wears a look of reminiscence. For we have come to the banks of that basin where the French, in the

that made music on the air. It was June, loveliest of all months in Canada, and over the rippling water came a small vessel bearing men who looked with delighted eyes upon the fair prospect. Since early in April they had been making way slowly across the unbroken ocean. The vessel was that of De Monts, and with him on board were Champlain and the Baron de Poutrincourt.

After naming the place Port Royal (now Annapolis), the expedition once more set sail and explored the Bay of Fundy, re-naming as St. John the river which the Indians called Ouigoudi, or highway, and finally anchoring at the isle called by De Monts Sainte Croix (now Douchet), which was fixed upon as the site of the headquarters for a new colony.

Disembarking, the seamen were soon at work with axe and hammer, and ere long buildings were erected for the accommodation of about eighty persons, also a small fort for protection against marauders.

In the meantime, Champlain was busily exploring the coast from the Ste. Croix river to the Penobscot, the first of many voyages which he made during the three years which he spent in Acadia.

Poutrincourt, on the other hand, having received from De Monts a grant of Port Royal and its vicinity, had set sail for France to enlist colonists, and so was left at Sainte Croix "one weak band of Frenchmen, clinging, as it were, for life, to the fringe of the vast and savage continent."

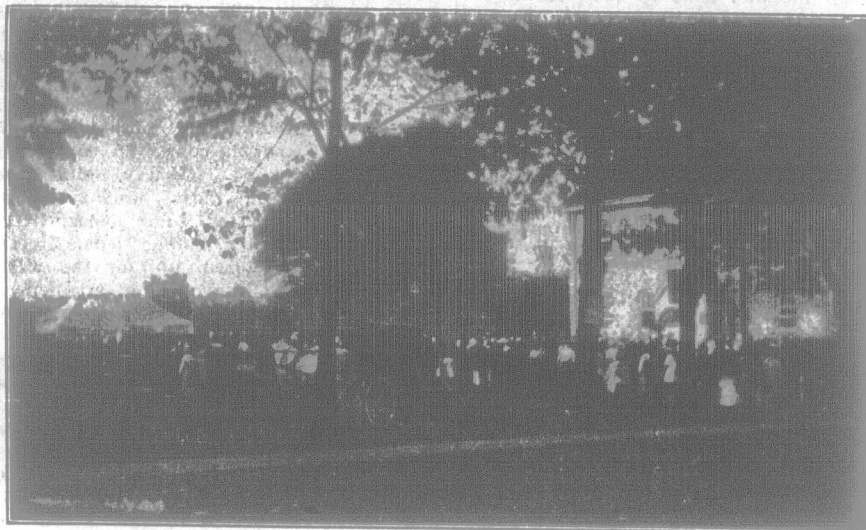
Scurvy came that winter, and provisions became scarce. Of the seventy-nine men huddled about the fort, thirty-five died before spring, and it was little wonder that it was determined, as soon as the weather should become propitious, to seek a new site for a capital. To Champlain was entrusted the task of finding it, but after a cruise along the coast of Maine, where he found Indians who raised corn, beans, squashes, tobacco, and Jerusalem artichokes, and a sail into Boston harbor where numberless Indians in canoes scuttled across the water, he returned with no favorable report, hence it was resolved to remove to Port Royal.

ARRIVAL OF L'ESCARBOT.

While Poutrincourt was still in France, enthusiastically trying to round up recruits for his settlement scheme at Port Royal, he met De Monts, who had returned because of warnings that enemies in France were working against his company, but with a black enough story to tell of the winter's disasters at Sainte Croix.

Undaunted still, however, the two set to work, and before long had collected a complement of mechanics and laborers. On the 13th of May, 1606, all set sail, under Poutrincourt, in the Jonas, one of the number being worth, perhaps, an especial word. This was L'Escarbot, a lawyer of Paris, to whose genius for writing we have been indebted for one of the best accounts of these early days in Acadia.

On the 27th of July the Jonas sailed into the basin at Port Royal. A puff of smoke from the wooden bastion of the little fort that had been erected, announced either a welcome or a defiance. Then an old Indian, Membertou, was seen running down to the shore. He and two Frenchmen, it proved, were the only occupants of the fort. Pontgrave and Champlain, so Bourinot tells us, had set sail a few days previously, for France, with the rest of the colony, in small boats which they had made themselves. Parkman, on the other hand, states that the missing members were all away in small boats searching for French vessels from which they might get supplies.



Wardsville Rural School Fair—Over 800 People Attended.



Before the Fair—A Promising Young Farmer.

turers of old France nearly three centuries ago. In this country, which the poem conceived by Longfellow amid the elms of Cambridge has made so famous, we see the rich lands reclaimed from the sea, which glistens a few miles to the north, and every day comes rushing up its estuaries. There to the north is dark, lofty Blomidon—whose name is probably a memorial of a Portuguese voyager—with its overhanging cliff under which the tumultuous tides struggle and foam. Here, in a meadow close by, is a long row of Lombardy poplars, point-

ing to another race and another country. There, on a slight acclivity, among the trees, is a pile of white college buildings, there a tall, white spire, rises into the blue sky. We see cottages covered with honeysuckle and grapevine; with their gardens of roses and lilies, and many old-fashioned flowers. In the spring the country is one mass of pink and white blossoms, which load the passing breeze with delicate fragrance; in autumn the trees bend beneath rosy and yellow apples.

A delightful scene, is it not? And now let us turn our vision backward over three hundred years to this same spot, not less beautiful, though wanting in roof and spire, with its broad waters, its grassy meadows, its forest-clad shores all broken with the gleam of water-falls