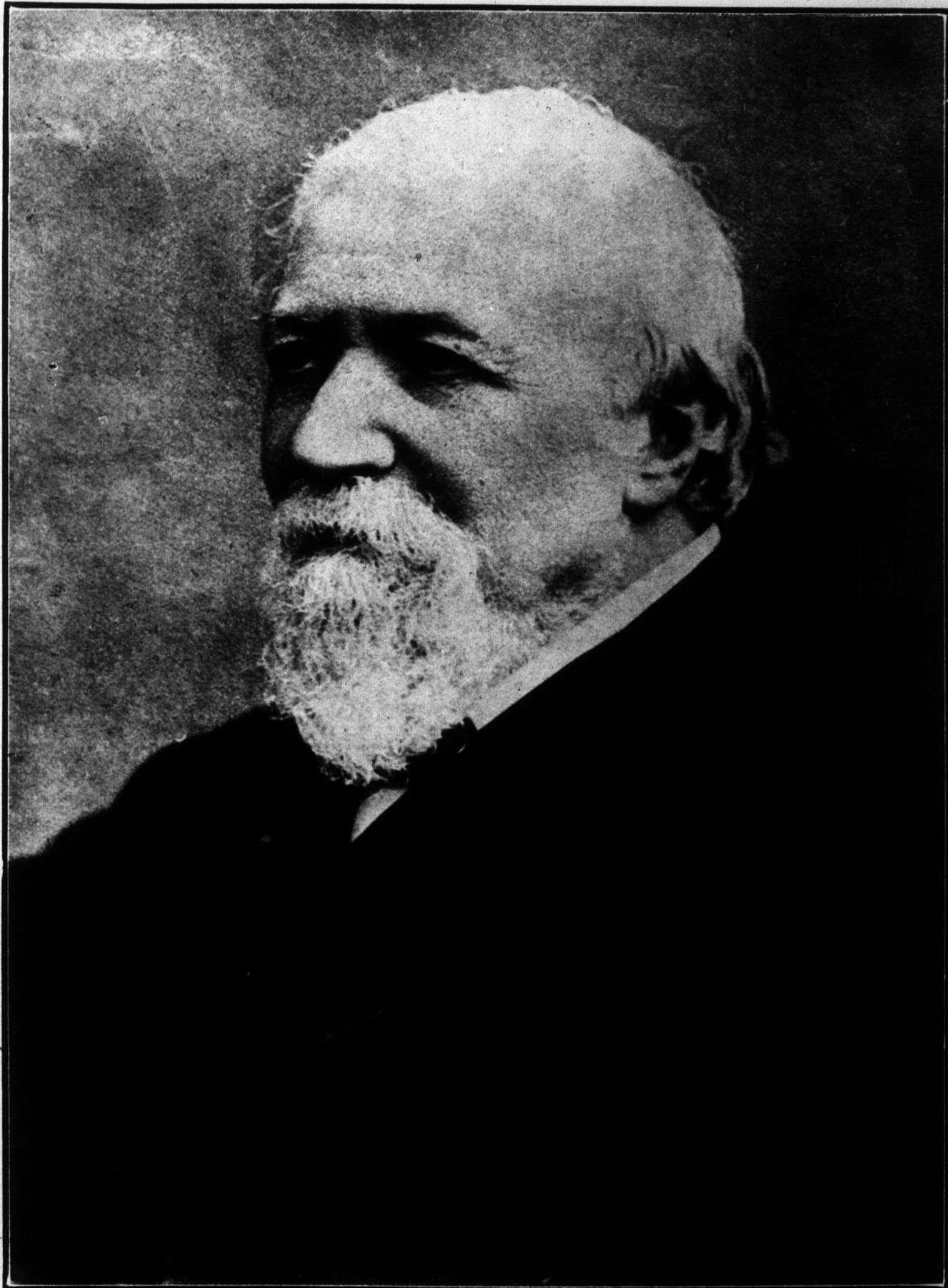


PAGES

MISSING



ROBERT BROWNING, POET.



ARBOR DAY NUMBER.

The Educational Review.

Devoted to Advanced Methods of Education and General Culture.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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THE EDUCATIONAL REVIEW,
St. John, N. B.

The May REVIEW will be a special Empire Day Number, and will be the 25th anniversary of this active educational journal.

No meeting of the Dominion Educational Association will be held this year.

MAY SEVENTH will be the centenary of the birth of the poet Browning, and to draw attention to this the REVIEW publishes his portrait and a few references to his life and literature. Fifty years at least of his long life—he died in 1889—were spent in producing poetry. Recognition of his great gifts came slowly, and it is only during the last quarter of a century that the Browning Society of London and Browning Clubs all over the English-speaking world have awakened by study and discussion an abiding interest in his works. Much of Browning's poetry is in dramatic monologue or soliloquy. Its vivid action is well illustrated in the extract "Tray" on another page.

The total enrolment of pupils in all the colleges and schools of British Columbia for the year ending June 30, 1911, was 45,125, an increase of 5,303 over that of the previous year. The number of boys was 23,277 and of girls 21,848. The average daily attendance was 32,163, an increase of 4,069. The percentage of regular attendance was 71.27, the highest in the history of public schools in that province.

The number of pupils enrolled in the public (day) schools of Ontario for 1910 was 401,882 and the percentage of attendance was 60.45. The number of teachers employed was 9,369 of whom 1,621 were men and 7,748 women, a proportion of 1 to 4.78. The average annual salary of male teachers was \$711 and of female teachers \$483. The cost for each pupil enrolled was \$20.50.

We hope this number of the REVIEW has something in it that will help schools in their observance of Arbor Day. Aim to make it the best Arbor Day yet in neat school premises, in the successful planting of trees, in the study of plants and the protection of bird life.



The summer meeting of the Rural Science School, Truro, N. S., takes place in July and August as may be seen by the advertisement on another page. The course enables teachers to qualify for practical, scientific instruction and physical training in schools. With a well qualified staff of instructors it is accomplishing an excellent work in giving useful supplementary training to teachers.

A very successful meeting of the Digby and Annapolis Counties Teachers' Institute was held at Middleton, N. S., on Wednesday and Thursday, April 3rd and 4th. About 110 teachers were present. The citizens of Middleton gave a very enjoyable reception to the teachers on Tuesday evening. Three sessions were held on Wednesday and one on Thursday which closed in time for the teachers to reach their homes by the regular trains on that day.

New Brunswick School Report.

The report of Dr. W. S. Carter, Chief Superintendent of New Brunswick schools, shows that the school year ending June 30, 1911, has been the best in point of attendance in the history of the province. There were 68,951 different pupils in the schools for the year. The percentage of attendance for the term ending December 31, 1910 was 69.82. The proportion of population at school for the same term was 1 in 5.4, and the number of teachers employed 1991, 223 males and 1768 females or in the proportion of 1 to 8 (nearly). Salaries show an upward tendency especially of the teachers of the first class. About 43 per cent. of all pupils enrolled are in graded schools—those having two or more teachers, each in charge of a separate department.

Dr. Carter's visits to schools throughout the province, together with his former experience as inspector has given him an adequate knowledge of educational needs and the work of the schools.

He states that no country does more, in accordance with its resources than New Brunswick to provide schools for all its people. He points out, however, that a re-arrangement and better defining of the boundaries of school districts should be made, with a more equable distribution of the rate of taxation. In some districts it is as low as ten or twelve cents on the hundred dollars; in others—often in the same parish—as high as two dollars or

two and one-half dollars on the hundred. He thinks that no district should be permitted to contribute less than fifty cents on the hundred, and that strong districts should help the weak. To equalize taxation and provide better pay for teachers, a return to the old system, when each parish constituted a district, would be of great advantage.

In the work of the schools some improvements are pointedly suggested by Dr. Carter, especially the providing of evening schools for continuation work where a combination of head and hand methods may prevail; some provisions for vacation schools and play grounds; and a more adequate payment of teachers.

These are the outstanding recommendations of the report which contains many features that will repay careful reading, especially the thoughtful suggestions of the inspectors, the reports of the chancellor of the University, the principal of the Normal School, the various Consolidated Schools in the province and the work that is being accomplished in nature-work, manual training and domestic science. Taken in all the report is most satisfactory of the educational progress, of the province.

The Summer School of Science.

There are now fifty-eight scholarships offered for competition in the Summer School of Science which meets at Yarmouth in July. This shows that a practical and very wholesome interest is being taken in the school by its friends.

Professor Horace G. Perry of Acadia University will conduct classes in Zoology, aiming to give students a good general knowledge of the more important biological facts and theories regarding the animal kingdom, and to aid the teacher in selecting work in the subject for the common school grades. An opportunity will be given the more ambitious students to take up the dissection of some of our common types, and directions given for more advanced work if desired. Field work can be pleasantly combined with geology and botany. The fauna of land and water will be studied. Throughout the course special attention will be directed to the recognition, the work and life history of species injurious and beneficial to garden, farm and orchard. Collecting and preserving of specimens will be made an interesting feature of the work.

Notes on English Literature.

BY ELEANOR ROBINSON.

Cranford.

Notes and suggestions for teaching "Cranford": I hardly know whether to be more dismayed or amused at the task of telling any one how to teach "Cranford." Can a book like this be "taught"? What can we want our pupils to learn about such a book? Nothing, surely, but to love it. And for that, let them read and read and re-read it. If you love it yourself, and read it with them, dwelling on your favourite bits of it, letting your genuine pleasure be quietly evident, some of them are sure to find it to their liking, and to profit in mind and heart by getting familiar with such a true and charming picture of life. If you do not, yourself, know it well enough to delight in it, still read it with them, bringing to your reading the patient and humble mind which we must all bring to our communion with good books.

I am tempted to quote the words of a famous teacher on this subject.

"The thing is to have the pupils with the teacher's help and guidance, commune with the author while in class, and quietly drink in the sense and spirit of his workmanship. Such communing together of teacher and pupils with the mind of a good book cannot but be highly fruitful to them both; an interplay of fine sympathies and inspirations will soon spring up between them, and pleasant surprises of truth and good will be stealing over them. . . . Unless I can get the pupil to be happy in such communion, I am unhappy myself; and this, I suppose, because it is naturally unpleasant to see people standing in the presence and repeating the words of that which is good, and tasting no sweetness therein. For 'what is noble should be sweet,' and ought, if possible, to be bound up with none but pleasant associations; that so delight and love may hold the mind in perpetual communion with the springs of health and joy."—*Henry Hudson*.

So I should try to read "Cranford" straight through with the class, as sympathetically as possible. I should set no formal exercises, and ask no questions except such as rise naturally out of the reading. Very little explanation of words, references, or allusions will be necessary. I think that some of the qualities of the book that I should try to lead the pupils to feel—not necessarily to name—are these:

I. The very wonderful truthfulness of the characterization. The people all have their faults and foibles, some of them are very petty, some generous and noble, but none are perfect, none are wicked.

II. The loving spirit in which they are described. Their creator sees all their oddities, inconsistencies, and little pretences, and makes us smile at them, but never unkindly or bitterly.

III. The prominence given to *acts* of kindness and unselfishness.

IV. The skill with which the story-teller keeps herself in the background.

V. The keen observation shown by the writer.

VI. The number of incidents which "stand out clear and distinct, each with its own proper climax."—(*See introduction*).—Pupils may be asked to tell a striking incident, as an exercise in narration, but let them choose their incident for themselves.

A great deal of the humour which is inseparable from the narrative will be lost upon the children—there are few more curious and interesting experiments to try upon a class of children than to find out what does, or does not, strike them as amusing,—and they might be asked to pick out a passage that they think is funny.

Some will be interested in the depiction of manners, customs, dress, and so on. They ought to pick out the hints of the date of the story, and any references to public events.

Above all things, keep a "light hand" in reading and discussing, and do not give a formal examination on the book.

The story is told of a famous lady, who once reigned in Paris society, that she was so very homely that her mother said one day, "My poor child, you are too ugly for any one ever to fall in love with you." From that time Madame de Circourt began to be very kind to the pauper children of the village, the servants of the household, even the birds that hopped about the garden walks. She was always distressed if she happened to be unable to render a service.

This good-will toward everybody made her the idol of the city. Though her complexion was sallow, her grey eyes small and sunken, yet she held in devotion to her the greatest men of her time. Her unselfish interest in others made her, it is said, perfectly irresistible. Her life furnishes a valuable lesson.

Scott's "Lady of the Lake."—Canto III.

M. WINNIFRED McGRAY.

1. Ruskin says of stanza—"All color, no form except in—" Fill in the blank and show how this is true.

2. Collect the sunrise and sunset passages in "Lady of the Lake" as well as half a dozen such passages from other poets—Tennyson, for example.

3. Show how minute is the description of birds and animals in stanza two.

4. Describe Brian the Hermit as to personal appearance. How did he spend his time? Where did he live? Who was Peter the Hermit? What hermit did you read about in "The Ancient Mariner?" What part does the hermit play in Scott's "Talisman"?

5. Who visited Brian? For what purpose? Tell what happened during the visit.

6. Describe the making of the "Fiery Cross." What was it for? To whom, and with what instructions, did Roderick hand the cross? Suppose any one disregarded the message; what then?

7. Tell what happened as Malise sped along the country, cross in hand. To whom did he deliver it? Describe what had happened at Duncraggen just before this. What was taking place when Malise dashed in?

8. Describe the preparation of young Angus for the journey and his experiences until he reached the chapel of St. Bride.

9. What was going on in the chapel? To whom did Angus give the cross? Why not to some one else in a case like this? What instructions were given each time to the new herald?

10. How did Norman receive the messenger? What reconciled him to leaving his bride?

11. What may be the idea of introducing a song just here? What is the song about? Do you notice any difference in the description of this journey and the other two?

12. How did the hamlets respond to the summons? What kind of men gathered at the rendezvous?

13. In the meantime how had Roderick been employed? Douglas? Ellen?

14. Describe the new home sought by Douglas and Ellen. Why did they seek a new home?

15. How did Roderick happen to pass near the cave? Did he know that Ellen was there? How do you know?

16. Describe the men of Roderick's band. Why did Roderick linger behind? Was he alone? What happened? What finally made him join his band?

17. Describe the scene on Lamrick height when Roderick arrived. Does it remind you of any other gathering? Rootli for instance?

18. Collect all the pretty water passages in this canto. Also sound passages.

19. Why *joyous wolfe, exulting eagle, impatient blade*? Any more?

20. Fays, satyrs, goblins, spectres, demons, naiads—what are they? How does one differ from another or are they the same thing?

21. Find and explain—*dingle, rowan, Druid, strath, mood, ban, anathema, scathed, questing, scaur, bosky thickets, coronach, cumber, Gothic arch, bracken, rendezvous*.

22. What old friends of Canto I or II do we meet again in Canto III? What new characters are introduced? Are there any characters whom you suspect we may not see much of hereafter? Why?

23. Clan-Alpine—Give and explain Roderick's full title.

24. Compare the length of the first three cantos as to number of lines and verses. As to time.

CANTO IV.

1. What did Malise and Norman do after giving up the Fiery Cross?

2. How were the women and children to be provided for during this time of danger? How do you know?

3. Brian's augury? What preparations were necessary first? Examples of other auguries.

4. What did Roderick think of this prophecy? Malise? Norman? You yourself?

5. "Moray's silver star"? "Sable pale of Mar"? Who was Moray? Any name like it with which you are familiar? Who was Mar? Name other Scottish nobles and describe their banners or coats of arms.

6. Where was the battle to take place? Who said so? Why there?

7. What does Scott call the Northern Lights? Tennyson? Other popular names for the same phenomenon.

8. Give three prophecies or dreams of Allan. How many have come true? What do you think of the chances of the third?

9. What did Douglas think of these dreams? Ellen? Allan himself?

10. What did Douglas intend to do when he left Ellen? Why? What was Ellen to do if her father didn't return? Did Douglas think he would return? Ellen?

11. How did Allan undertake to cheer Ellen? Did he succeed? Tell the story of the ballad. What is a ballad?

12. How and where are we prepared for the return of James? By what outward signs did Ellen at once recognize her former guest? How did she receive him? Why?

13. Why did James return? Did Ellen accept his offer? In what way was she to blame? How did she punish herself?

14. Compare James' acceptance of her refusal with Roderick's actions in a similar situation.

15. Did Ellen and James part as friends or enemies? What present did James give to Ellen? What use was she to make of it?

16. Why was Ellen afraid that James might find it difficult to get safely back home?

17. What was the first sign of Murdoch's treachery? How did James take it? What was Murdoch's explanation?

18. Describe Blanche of Devan and tell her story. What and where is Devan?

19. How many times was James warned? Why did he disregard each warning? What finally roused him to a sense of danger?

20. Why did Blanche like and trust James? What became of her? How did James swear to avenge her death?

21. Who spilled the first blood in the strife? Whose? Who planned to spill the first blood? Whose?

22. Describe the adventures of James after Murdoch's death up to the time he met the watchman by the fire.

23. Why didn't the watchman kill James? What did he believe James to be?

24. What were "honor's laws"? How did James speak of Roderick to the watchman? Why was this unwise?

25. How did they settle down for the night? What did the watchman promise?

26. Find and explain wilding, braes, bout, craggy boss, rife.

The Poet Browning.

BY ELEANOR ROBINSON.

Robert Browning, who was born a hundred years ago, was one of the greatest of English poets. His name is always coupled with that of the Poet Laureate, Tennyson, and it was indeed a great age that could boast of two such poets. Browning, who was three years younger than Tennyson, was born in Camberwell, a suburban part of London, of well-to-do parents. His father might have been a very rich man if he had not thought it wrong to make money by slave labour, and given up his sugar plantation in the West Indies for that reason. He was a good father, very fond and proud of his son. Robert Browning was happy also in his mother, who cultivated his tastes and made his childhood happy. One of his earliest recollections, he tells us, is of sitting on his father's knee in front of the fire listening to the story of Troy while his mother was singing in another room. He was educated chiefly at home. His father's house was full of books, and he inherited from both parents a love of reading, of music, and of pictures. He was very fond of animals, and had among his pets, owls, monkeys, an eagle, a toad, and two snakes.

When he was still a young man he made his first visit to Italy, the country which he loved from that time, and which was later to be his home for many years.

The history of Italy had a charm for him, and his poems are full of Italian stories. His greatest work "The Ring and the Book" has its scene in Italy.

Browning published his first poem when he was only twenty-one. Unlike many poets who have had to struggle with poverty, his life was easy and prosperous. His father was able and glad to set him free from making money, and to give him books, and opportunity to travel and study. It was well that this was so, for it was many years before people generally took any interest in his writings, and if he had depended upon what he earned from them he would have been poor indeed.

In 1846 occurred the greatest event of his life, his marriage to Miss Elizabeth Barrett. Miss Barrett was a very wonderful person. An injury to her spine when she was fifteen, and later the shock of the death of a favourite brother, had made her an invalid. For years she hardly ever left her room, and saw very few people; but she lived in her

books, reading and studying in different languages, and writing both prose and verse. Indeed, at this time, she was already well known as a poet, and in one of her poems "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" paid a graceful compliment to Mr. Browning whose writings she knew and admired. When he wanted to come to see her, she wrote "There is nothing to see in me, nothing to hear in me; I am a weed fit for the ground and darkness." But her happiness in the new friend seemed to give her strength, and after a great many doubts and fears, she consented to be married.

Mr. Browning carried her off to Italy, and there in Florence they led a life of great happiness. A life of work to, for they both continued to write, and both did their best work after their marriage. Mrs. Browning, too, fell in love with Italy, and devoted her pen to the cause of Italian freedom and unity. They had many warm friends, among whom were some of the most famous people of the day.

In 1849 their only child a son was born.

In 1861, Mrs. Browning died, and Mr. Browning then left Florence, never to return. Twenty-eight years of useful life remained to him. He lived most of the time in London, but often also on the Continent.

Browning was now recognized as a great poet, and honours of all sorts came to him. When he died in 1889, he was buried in the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey. He left behind him the name, not only of a great poet, but of a good, generous, large minded man

Robert Browning's "Tray."

Three poets are asked to sing of a hero. Two begin with antique themes. The third speaks of a little child sitting on a quay. His story awakens interest, and he is requested to proceed. Then a bystander wants to vivisect the dog to show the working of his brain. The poem is hard to read aloud or to give as a recitation, but it will repay careful study.

*Sing me a hero! Quench my thirst
Of soul, ye bards!*

Quoth Bard the first:

"Sir Olaf, the good Knight, did don
His helm and eke his habergeon". . . .
Sir Olaf and his bard—!

"That sin-scathed brow" (quoth Bard the second),
"That eye wide ope as though Fate beckoned
My hero to some steep, beneath
Which precipice smiled tempting death"
You too without your host have reckoned!

"A beggar-child" (*let's hear this third!*)
"Sat on a quay's edge: like a bird
Sang to herself at careless play
And fell into the stream. 'Dismay!
Help, you the standers-by!' None stirred.

"Bystanders reason, think of wives
And children ere they risk their lives.
Over the balustrade has bounced
A mere instinctive dog, and pounced
Plumb on the prize. 'How well he dives!

"Up he comes with the child, see, tight
In mouth, alive too, clutched from quite
A depth of ten feet—twelve I bet!
Good dog! What, off again? There's yet
Another child to save? All right!

"How strange we saw no other fall?
It's instinct in the animal.
Good dog! But he's a long time under:
If he got drowned I should not wonder—
Strong current, that against the wall!

"Here he comes, holds in mouth this time
—What may the thing be? Well, that's prime!
Now, did you ever? Reason reigns
In man alone, since all Tray's pains
Have fished—the child's doll from the slime!"

"And so, amid the laughter gay,
Trotted my hero off,—old Tray,—
Till somebody, prerogated
With reason, reasoned: why he dived,
His brain would show us, I should say.

"John, go and catch—or, if needs be,
Purchase—that animal for me!
By vivisection, at expense
Of half an hour and eighteen pence,
How brain secretes dog's soul, we'll see!"

Quotations from Browning's Poems.

The year's at the spring,
The day's at the morn,
Morning's at seven,
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn,
God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world.—*Pippa Passes.*

O, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now.

In and after April, when May follows,
And the white-throat builds, and all the swallows,—
Hark! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms, and dew-drops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!

—*Home Thoughts from Abroad.*

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

—*Rabbi Ben Ezra.*

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made.
Our times are in His hand
Who saith "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: See all, nor be afraid!"

—*Rabbi Ben Ezra.*

Why stay we on the earth unless to grow?

—*Cleon.*

Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping from rock up to rock,
The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree, the cool silver
shock

Of the plunge in a pool's living water, the hunt of the bear,
And the sultriness showing the lion is couched in his lair,
And the meal, the rich dates yellowed over with gold dust
divine,
And the locust-flesh steeped in the pitcher, the full draught
of wine,

And the sleep in the dried river-channel where bulrushes tell
That the water was wont to go warbling so softly and well.
How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses for ever in joy!

—*Saul.*

Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
From outward things, whatever you may believe;
There is an inmost centre in us all,
When truth abides in fulness; and around
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
This perfect, clear perception—which is truth.

Watch narrowly

The demonstration of a truth, its birth,
And you trace back the effluence to its spring
And source within us. . . .

—*Paracelsus.*

Botany for the Public Schools.—IX.

L. A. DEWOLFE.

With the spring awakening and spring operations much work in plant-study presents itself. Not only can we watch the unfolding of the buds; but we can learn much by watching the farm work during the next five or six weeks. The latter furnishes many themes, not only for talks on botany, but on geography as well.

For example, a teacher might ask his class why farmers and gardeners usually buy their seeds instead of growing them. The children will be interested to learn that plants often do much better in an adopted country than in their own—provided the climate of the adopted country is favorable. In this connection, discuss selection of seed, hybrids, etc.

The teacher with her trained mind (if she have one) can learn from the practical farmer much that the farmer's child does not learn at home. The farmer is, usually, not a teacher. Therefore, the boy has to learn in the same slow way that his father did. The alert teacher may direct the boy's curiosity, and lead him to take an interest in the farm operations before he forever leave the farm.

In the first four grades, the children may observe the preparation of the soil and its later cultivation; the crops that are grown, with the kind of soil most suitable; the sensitiveness of the various crops to heat, cold, rain and drought; the kind of weeds associated with each crop; the blossoms and the time of blooming of the farm plants and of the weeds. The teacher's own good judgment should regulate the detail possible with these grades. Extremely important will be the lessons on weeds. The child should, and, I think, can be made to feel that the weed is the garden plant's natural enemy; and that it should be destroyed.

In the next four grades, the science of weed-destruction will be more fully understood. By digging up sorrel, couch grass, etc., by the roots, the child readily sees why merely cutting off the part above ground with a hoe is useless. By partly burying a few leaves of purslane in soil, and leaving them a few days, the pupil learns that cutting these weeds off with the hoe multiplies them instead of destroying them. The nature of the root-system, leaf-structure, and stem-structure determine, therefore, the method of destroying weeds that have already made good growth. [Next autumn, the fruit and seed will

show their fitness for dissemination. How will the farmer combat them at that stage?]

Where have all our troublesome weeds come from? How did they get here? Where do we get our garden seeds? Where, our farm implements? Where do we sell our farm products? What are the routes and means of transportation? These and similar questions in geography should be associated with the botanical study.

Besides the foregoing, it will be useful to keep a record of the dates of planting. Why are corn and squash always planted later than grain and peas? If one were sure that we should have no frost this year after the first of May, would it be wise to plant corn on that date? [No, Why not?]

Another spring subject of great importance is the transplanting of trees. Too many Arbor Day efforts are failures. Why? I know school grounds where trees have been planted every Arbor Day for ten years; and not a tree is alive today. Either the teacher did not know how to direct the planting, or she did not create in the boys any desire to have attractive school grounds. As a result, the struggling tree survived the monkey tendency of tree-climbing, (which the young of the human race have not yet outgrown) until possibly mid-summer; when it died, to be replaced next Arbor Day with another tree destined to a repetition of the experience. The teacher has a great missionary work to perform if she succeeds in making the boy want to grow trees. How much more attractive many rural homes could be made by the boys themselves if they would do a little inexpensive landscaping! The native trees of their own farm are all that are required. It is in the teachers' power to bring about this much needed improvement.

Furthermore, not one rural home in fifty lives up to its opportunities. We see, in every district, farm after farm with acres of ground to spare, and no berries or early vegetables grown. Why can our teachers not instruct the children how to use a storm-window for a hot-bed; and supply the family household with what they can produce? It is safe to say that if this be done, the boy will grow up to be a more progressive farmer than if this be neglected.

At potato-planting time, ask the children if they ever saw potato seeds. Of course, they will say they saw some planted the other day. Question them further. You will find that some few believe

the "eye" is the seed; but many more believe the whole piece planted is the seed. By questioning, one can soon lead up to the fact that flowers are the first stage in seed formation. Did potato tubers grow from blossoms? Then is a potato "eye" a seed? What is it?

After having reached the conclusion that potato seeds grow in potato "balls" at the top of the plant, then find out why farmers do not plant these seeds? Some pupil will say it saves time to plant the tuber. So it does. But there is another reason.

This opens up the whole question of plant-breeding. Everyone knows that pansy seeds in a few years "run out". Possibly, however, they do not know that pansies have, by years of breeding and selection, been made what they are. And the seeds of improved varieties of plants tend to revert to unimproved types. Therefore, since potato tubers have been improved by long selection, it is not safe to plant seeds; for one is likely to get inferior types. New varieties of potatoes, however, do originate from seed; and when a desirable one is found, it is propagated in the usual manner by "cuttings."

Mistakes in Conversation.

If some one were to tell you that your language was crude, uncultivated, slovenly, inaccurate, your pride would be wounded and you would challenge the truth of the statement. But marshal the army of words and phrases with which you fought your battles of yesterday; pass them in review; do you recognize any of the following as having been in your service? Did your child *behave himself*? Did your friend live *on* Maple Street? Did you have your *photo* taken? Was the play *a success*? Did you do *like* some one else did? Were you *real* happy? Was your friend *overly* strong? Did you see five *fish* in the brook, sit *side* of some one, or find *those* kind of books at Martin's? Or, worse than this, did you *put your foot in it*? Were your friends *awfully jolly, mighty sorry, or dead tired*? Did you *give yourself away*, have a *cinch, jump on the girl, or lay her out in great shape*? Were you *up against it*?—*Harper's Bazar*.

An Interesting Family of Birds.

BY J. W. BANKS.

The Wood Warblers.

Beginning about the 7th and continuing till the 20th of May, the warblers, with the exception of the yellow-palm, come trooping along, twenty species in all, each of which comprises thousands of individuals. Nineteen species are known to be summer residents of St. John and the neighboring counties of Kings and Charlotte. The warblers are noted for the richness and variety of their coloring, rendering them never failing objects of interest to every one who enjoys a ramble through the woods and fields; (and who does not?) All are insect eaters, and as they inhabit different situations, doubtless have a preference for different forms of insect life. Each species has its own plan of where and how to build or to weave its snug little nest for the comfort and safety of its young brood.

The Yellow Palm Warbler.

The second week in April, long before the hosts of warblers make their appearance, the yellow-palm warbler (*Dendroica palmarum*) is seen, the hardiest of this dainty family,—a warbler which may be associated with frozen ground and snowstorms. They seemingly pay but little heed to the weather. When the snow still covers the ground, with but here and there a bare spot, they may be seen by the roadside, in company with song-sparrows and juncos. Not having the ability of the black and white warbler of clinging to the bark of trees and the under sides of branches, they have adopted the plan of hunting the undersides of fence-rails for the hidden nests and cocoons of different insects. This they do by standing on a rail and reaching to the one above. The yellow-palm is a tolerably common summer resident and may be identified by the following characters: Crown, bright chestnut; back, brownish olive; line over eye, and under parts, rich yellow; breast and sides with orange-brown streaks. Another way of telling this warbler is by the incessant up and down wagging of his tail. A moss covered rock well sheltered by overhanging branches is a favorite nesting place. About the 15th of June the neat little nest will contain four or five pinkish-white eggs, marked with different sized spots of reddish-brown.

Mr. Ora Willis Knight in his book on "The

Birds of Maine" gives the following interesting account of the finding of a yellow-palm's nest in a clump of spruces, the usual position of these nests, which are rarely found, being where they are well concealed in moss:

On the twenty-second (of June), during a pouring rain storm, I visited the bog for the purpose of procuring a quantity of the various species of orchids which grew profusely there, and on the brushing by this clump of bushes out flew a bird which I gave a passing glance and pronounced (mentally) a young palm warbler just able to fly, having already seen a dozen of yellow palm warblers with their broods scattered through the bog. For some reason or other I laid my box of flowers down near the spot whence the bird had flown, and proceeded to gather more flowers at other localities. Returning to the spot to get my box after the lapse of half an hour or more, I was much surprised to see the bird again appear from the same spot and alighting this time in a near at hand tree it uttered excited chippings which in yellow palm parlance is equivalent to saying "nest at hand." A diligent search of the surface of the moss around all the clump failed to reveal a nest, and when about to give up disgusted, a glance into the centre of the clump of spruce revealed this abnormally situated nest.

The Myrtle Warbler.

The myrtle warbler (*Dendroica coronata*) appears about the 7th of May, the vanguard of the main army. They inhabit coniferous woods, preferring the smaller growth of cedar and tamarac, where there are open spaces. The myrtle warbler is a common summer resident and is becoming rare.

Their nests are built in young coniferous trees, usually about six feet from the ground. On the outside it is composed of fine spruce twigs very firmly woven together; on the inside of fine dried grass, very neatly lined with feathers of the ruffed grouse or domestic fowl. Four or five bluish-white eggs spotted with reddish-brown, purple and lavender are laid about the seventh of June.

The markings of this warbler are—back, slaty-blue streaked with black; breast and sides, heavily streaked with black; rump, middle of crown, and sides of breast, bright yellow; wings with two white cross-bars; tail, with large white blotches.

Black and White Warbler.

The black and white warbler (*Mniotilta varia*) a common summer resident arrives about the 10th May. It lives in spruce woods. This attractive little bird has the habit of clinging to the trunks of trees, where he may be seen scrambling about, head downward, or hanging to the under-sides of large limbs. He peeks into every nook and

crevice searching for his insect food, chiefly the eggs and newly hatched young of the wood boring beetle.

The nest is usually built under a large root, or overhanging stone, and is made of leaves, dried grass and moss, and lined with hair, or fern-down. About the middle of June, four or five creamy-white eggs sprinkled with reddish-brown dots, are laid.

The following characters will enable one to identify this bird: Crown and sides of head, black, with two lateral white stripes; back, black streaked with white; breast and sides streaked with black; wings black with two white cross-bars; tail black with several outer feathers marked with white.

Black-Throated Green Warbler.

The black-throated green warbler, (*Dendroica virens*) is a common summer resident, arriving about the 10th of May, when they may be seen spiritedly moving about in the tops of birch trees, attracted there by insects; these in turn are attracted by a honey-like substance coating the young expanding leaves, the aroma from which deliciously scents the air. Later on they inhabit the smaller growth of spruce and fir.

Their song is energetic and often repeated, composed of three distinct musical notes.

The nest is built in either a spruce, a cedar, or in a fork of a young birch tree, from six to ten feet from the ground. It is small, neat and very pretty, composed of fine shreds of birch-bark, very fine dried grass, and weather beaten wood fibre firmly woven together, lined with hair and usually three or four small feathers. The usual number of eggs laid are four, occasionally five. They are creamy-white, variously spotted with reddish-brown and purplish markings, principally about the larger end.

The characters are: Back and crown, clear yellow-olive; forehead and sides of head, rich yellow, chin, throat and breast, jet-black; wings, dusky with two white cross-bars; tail, dusky with three outer feathers nearly all white.

(Warblers to be continued.)

Inspector O'Blenes, of Moncton, has published a revised edition of his *Mental Arithmetic* which has already been received with so much favor by teachers. The revised book has been enlarged by the addition of numerous exercises.

The Petition of the Song Birds.

Some years ago there appeared in the *St. Andrews, N. B. Beacon* a "Petition from the Song Birds." The petition was written by Miss Nealie M. Malloch, of Campobello, and is a changed copy of a similar writing presented to the United States Senate by Hon. Geo. F. Hoar for the protection of harmless birds.

Much has been done by parents and teachers for the protection of our beautiful and useful song birds by teaching children the cruelty and wantonness of killing them in mere sport, or wearing their feathers for ornament. Farmers are beginning to know the birds as their best friends, and teachers in the last dozen years or so have done much for the protection of birds. Much yet remains to be done, and this is the motive the REVIEW has for reproducing this "Petition from the Birds":

We know more about you than you think we do. We know how good you are. We have hopped about the roofs and looked in at the windows of the houses you have built for poor and sick and hungry people and little lame and deaf and blind children. We have built our nests in the trees and sung many a song as we flew about the gardens and parks you have made so beautiful for your own children, especially your poor children, to play in.

Every year we fly a great way over the country, keeping all the time where the sun is warm and bright; and we know that whenever you do anything, other people all over the great land between the seas and the great lakes find it out, and pretty soon will try to do the same thing. We know, we know. We are Canadians just as you are. Some of us, like some of you, came from across the great sea, but most of us have lived here a long while; and birds like us welcomed your fathers when they came here many years ago. Our fathers and mothers have always done their best to please your fathers and mothers.

Now we have a sad story to tell you. Thoughtless or bad people are trying to destroy us. They kill us because our feathers are beautiful. Even pretty and sweet girls, who we should think would be our best friends, kill our brothers and children so that they may wear our plumage on their hats. Sometimes people kill us from mere wantonness. Cruel boys destroy our nests and steal our eggs and our young ones. People with guns and snares lie in wait to kill us, as if the place for a bird were not in the sky, alive, but in a shop-window or under a glass case.

If this goes on much longer, all your song-birds will be gone. Already we are told, in some other countries that used to be full of birds, they are almost gone. Even the nightingales are being all killed in Italy.

Now we humbly pray that you will stop all this, and will save us from this sad fate. You have already made laws to a certain extent for our protection, will you please to make another that no cruel or thoughtless boys shall hurt us, and that no pretty girl shall wear our feathers? Your pretty girls are pretty enough without them. We understand that

it is as easy for you to do so as it is for a blackbird to whistle.

If you will we will repay you a thousand-fold. We will teach your children to keep themselves neat and clean. We will show them how to live together in peace and love, and agree in their homes, as we do in our nests. We will build ourselves homes which will be pleasing to the eye. We will play about your gardens and flower-beds,—ourselves but flowers on the wing—without any cost to you. We will destroy the wicked insects and worms that ruin your cherries and currants, plums and apples, and roses. We will sing our best songs and make the spring more cheerful, and the summer sweeter to you. Every spring and summer when you go out into the fields to work, linnet, song sparrow, thrush, yellow throat, fife-bird, phoebe and the oriole will make the day's work seem lighter and more cheerful by their songs. When you go home tired at sundown the vesper-sparrow, robin red-breast and swallows will send forth their songs to tell you how glad they are that you have protected them, which will make the hour of rest still more cheerful. As you listen in the twilight you will hear the pleasant voices of the wood-thrush, hermit-thrush, and the whip-poor-will. All these birds and many more different species will help to make the lonely cheerful, and to put thoughts of thankfulness in their hearts, and will also make the woods and fields pleasant to live in.

Summer School Students.

Students who expect to attend the session of the Summer School of Science are urged to make early application for board to the local secretary, E. Chesley Allen, Yarmouth, N. S. In no case should the application be later than the first of June. This will prevent hurried location, and will be more satisfactory to the students themselves and much more convenient for the local secretary.

J. D. SEAMAN, *Secretary.*

The Country Life School.

It really is astonishing what Nature offers in exchange for common sense and how extremely stingy she is with people who are lazy, ignorant, and unimaginative. It is no use for anyone to go into the country to be happy just by force; especially if they rely on violets and pinks and birds to make them happy; when they do not even know one flower or bird or fruit from another and do not care to know.

My conviction is that there ought to be a school in each large city to teach applicants how to be happy in the country—how to get acquainted with country things, and how to enjoy them. Something of this sort is under way through the work of our agricultural colleges, and of that we will have something to say next month. It needs, however, a special department in all our city schools, where those who wish can go and prepare themselves for country life.—E. P. Powell, in the February Outing.

Open Air Schools.

BY W. H. RADCLIFFE.

Open air schools have become an established part of the educational facilities provided for physically defective school children.

Starting in a small way a few years ago in Chicago, with a group of limp, pallid and physically blighted children, the success of the movement was evident after only a month's trial when it was discovered that their weight had increased by an average of four pounds each. That favorable recognition and approval have been given this



new method of education is evident from the open air schools now in successful operation in many other cities.

We are in the midst of a gradual change of conception regarding our duties to school children. Schooling under conditions injurious to health makes assimilation of knowledge difficult, and sometimes impossible. Experience shows that different methods must be used with various groups of children to secure the best results—that the application of one system to all works injury to many.

Children with tubercular tendencies, as well as anaemic and debilitated children require all the fresh air and sunshine they can get. To place these children at a rigid desk in an unnatural position in an overheated school-room with the dried air sapping their already wilted systems, and the windows rarely open, is not only injurious to them but renders their minds dull, feeble, and inactive.

Mental and physical progress under these

conditions is impossible, and to provide a suitable remedy is the object of the open air school. Here in the open air a proper adjustment of hours is given for study, rest, and recreation; and there is a thorough medical inspection service, and ample provision for a liberal diet. Through these means, conducted in part by the public schools, and in part by tuberculosis institutions and public health associations, hundreds of physically deficient pupils are being improved bodily as well as mentally.

One of the more recent open air schools is that on the top of the Boys' Club at Hull House, Chicago, shown in the accompanying illustration. In addition to the pupils, the Chicago Superintendent of Schools, the Dean, and the Health Commissioner are present in the group. Special interest is centered in this school by reason of its fireproof construction

Over the original roof of the school building, a J-M asbestos built-up roofing, serves as the floor. This is an all-mineral roofing, built-up on the roof of successive layers of pure asbestos felt and genuine Trinidad Lake asphalt. Being composed entirely of minerals, it never needs painting, and is fire-proof, rust-proof, acid-proof, gas-proof, heat-proof and cold-proof and is especially recommended for flat surfaces. It was used in this particular case as a flooring on account of its great durability.

The sides of the enclosure are built of J-M transite asbestos wood, a material that is all-mineral in character and made from asbestos fibre and Portland cement. It has similar physical characteristics to ordinary wood but is absolutely fire-proof. It was used as siding in this open air school on account of its fire-proof qualities, the small space it required, and because it is practically unaffected by weather conditions.

The roof covering on the remainder of the building, which can be seen at the edge of the enclosure, is J-M transite asbestos shingles. These shingles are composed of asbestos (rock) fibres and Portland cement—two minerals—molded into a homogenous mass under hydraulic pressure. The fact that it is impossible to ignite or burn these shingles, coupled with their weather-proof and lasting qualities, led to their being used here.

All of the J-M fireproof materials used in the construction of this open air school were supplied by the H. W. Johns-Manville Company, Chicago.

In view of the increasing demand for open air roof schools, conducted throughout the winter,

and the practice of preparing warm foods for the pupils either in an enclosure upon the roof or nearby, every possible precaution should be taken to minimize the fire risk, by using only fire-proof materials. These materials, furthermore, should be light in weight so as not to unduly increase the load upon the building.

As the majority of open air schools are benevolent institutions, the cost of the material is also an important item. Metal construction, although fire-proof, is objectionable both on account of its weight and its high cost. The asbestos building materials previously described are absolutely fire-proof, light in weight, and comparatively inexpensive, indicating that future construction of open air roof schools will be largely composed of these materials in preference to others.

A Story Within a Story.

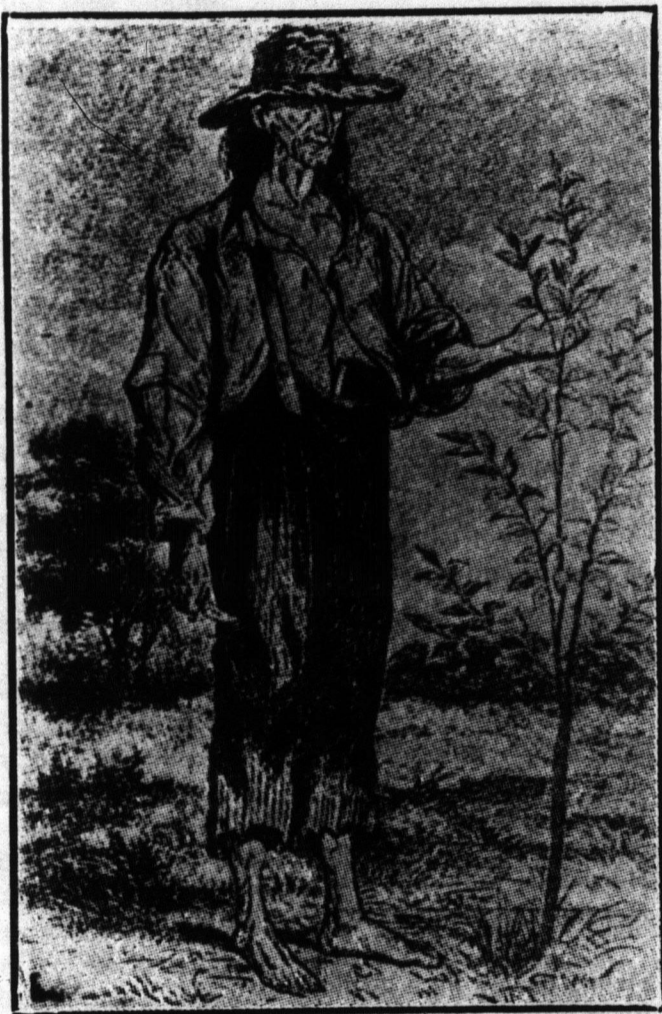
Rev. A. Wylie Mahon, of St. Andrews, N. B., writing in *The Canadian Magazine* for March, gives some account of the original of the *Rev. Mr. Sprott* of L. M. Montgomery's "The Story Girl." He says that this character actually lived in the person of Rev. John Sprott, one of the home-missionary pioneers of the Maritime Provinces, of whom he tells the following story, as given by an "oldtimer:"

"Our first recollection of Mr. Sprott was in the days of our boyhood. He came to our home and our church. It was a warm summer's day when he was preaching for our minister. A large congregation had assembled, and the church windows were open, letting into the crowded building the fresh air and the grateful odour of new-made hay. Ascending the narrow stairs that led up to the bowl of an old wine-glass style of pulpit, to his dismay he found that he could not enter it in the usual way. He was too corpulent for its narrow door, and placing a hand on either side, lifting himself over the aperture, he said in a perfectly audible whisper, 'This pulpit door was made for speerits.' Then having rapidly conducted the preliminary exercises, he opened the Bible, and looking out at the open window, his first words were: 'Ye have a fine place here; ye're no like the thousands that are driven forth from such cities as London, Liverpool, or New York, to escape the noisome exhalations of the place. Ye can sit down under the shade of your own green trees, none daring to make you afraid. Ye've a grand place. You will find my text in Habakkuk.'"

"Johnny Appleseed."

A friend has sent to the REVIEW an account of a peculiar character known as "Johnny Appleseed." He was a successful planter of apple trees, and the anniversary of his birth, January 15, is still celebrated in the Western states, where he is regarded as one of the greatest benefactors to the country:

In the East, little is known of him more than the name, and few know that his real name was Jonathan Chapman.



In Ohio and Indiana they have many a tradition of a barefoot man who for thirty years moved among them with a tin dipper for a hat and a coffee sack for coat and trousers, a leather bag over his shoulder brimming with apple seeds. They tell how he planted nurseries here and there along the river banks, came back when the trees were grown, and either gave them away or sold them for a "fip-penny-bit" apiece, and how he died a martyr to his strange business, after seeing 100,000 acres bearing the fruits of it.

Johnny Appleseed was born in Boston in 1775. As a boy he was a lover of nature, a wanderer in the fields, a student of bird and plant life and a sentimental observer of the stars. Among the many romances which cluster about his life is one of an early love in Boston, with a sad ending that made him a bachelor and a wanderer.

In 1806 there was seen one day a strange procession coming down the Ohio River. Two canoes were lashed together,

piled high with bags of appleseed. In the midst sat a small, wiry man, with long dark hair, keen black eyes and a scanty beard that had never known the razor. On his head was a tin dipper and on his back and limbs some tattered garments.

Whenever he came to a creek Johnny would ascend it and disembark at each spot where the ground along the banks seemed to be loamy. There he would scatter his seeds, sometimes as high as ten bushels to the acre, enclose the place with a slight fence or a guard of brush and take up his journey again.

When all his seeds were gone he would disappear and after a year or two it was found that he always went back to Pennsylvania, where he took the seeds from the leavings of the cider presses. To Johnny it was a crime to bud or graft trees, he believing that we should accept our gifts as the Creator gave them to us.

His diet was as simple as his dress, and in the latter part of his life his dress was merely a coffee sack with two holes cut for the sleeves. Believing it a sin to kill any creature for food or for any other reason, he lived on roots and herbs, or, when he could get it, on wheat and corn. The tin dipper, which for some years he wore as a hat, was his only utensil.

Twelve years ago they erected a monument to his memory at Mansfield, O., the place that came nearer being his home than any other. The simple shaft of buff stone stands in the shadow of an orchard which is descended from one that Johnny planted and the inscription reads: "In memory of John Chapman, best known as 'Johnny Appleseed,' pioneer nurseryman of Richland County from 1810 to 1830."

A well known New York clergyman has written a novel with Johnny as the hero. No one knows where his grave is, except that it is somewhere in the woods where the birds and the squirrels visit it. He is known by his fruit, and an old poem which the children in Mansfield learn runs thus:

"And if they inquire whence came such trees,
Where not a bough once swayed in the breeze,
The reply still comes as they travel on
Those trees were planted by Appleseed John."

For the Rural School.

In crowded rural schools, where primary pupils must of a necessity do much lesson preparation, unaided, I have found the following plan a great help. At the close of the recitation the child is taught to recognize the written and printed form of all the new words in the next lesson. Opposite these words on the board, one may draw or paste such figures as would suggest the word. For example, if the word is "bird," a bird in white is drawn; if it is a phrase, such as, "blue-bird" or "red-bird," these are done in colour. Verbs can also be illustrated, such as jump, run and play, by drawings representing the various actions. By this means, my primary pupils are enabled to prepare their spelling and reading lessons while I am busy with my older pupils.—*Popular Educator*.

Why We Plant the Tree.

(An exercise for four children)

First

We plant the tree for the shade it gives;
For the shade of a leafy tree
On a summer's day when the hot sun shines,
Is pleasant for all to see.

Second

We plant the tree for the dear birds' sake,
For there they can take their rest,
While the mate sings songs of love and cheer
To the mother on her nest.

Third

We plant the tree to please the eye,
For who does not like to see,
Whether on hill or plain or dale,
The beauty of a tree?

Fourth

We plant the tree for the wood to use
In winter to keep us warm,
And for hall and church and store and house,
To have shelter from the storm. —*Selected.*

Waking of Plant Life.

I.

The April showers come often now.
They have called to the little seeds.
The March winds have called them, too.
The little seeds heard the "tap, tap" of the raindrops and
the whistle of the wind.
They stretched out a little foot to take hold of the soil.
They reached up a little hand to catch a sunbeam.
The rain-drops tapped at the roots of the trees, too.
They said, "Wake from your long sleep."
As soon as the trees awoke, they called all of their baby
buds.
The buds threw off their blankets, and peeped out of their
brown cradles.
Some of them came out to hear the birds sing.
Some came to see the green grass, the blue sky, and the
April clouds.
Some of them wished to be out before their little friends,
the violets, came.
The rest of the little sleepers will be out soon.

II.

We have found that some of the babies were leaf-buds.
Now they are little leaf-children.
Some of them were flower-buds.
Now they are blossoms.
Have you seen the blossoms on the red maples, and the
tassels on the birch?
Have you seen the pussy-willows down by the brook?
They threw off their winter coats of gray fur some time ago.
After that, they wore dresses of pale gold.
Now, they wear long ribbons of pale green.
These are their leaves.
All of the mother trees must work very hard now.
They have many children to feed.

The rain-drops sink into the ground.
They bring food to the mother tree.
She takes it up with her roots.
She sends it out through her branches.
All of her children are fed.
That makes them grow.
In a week they will be much larger than they are now.
Let us watch them grow.
How good the trees must feel in their fresh new gowns!
To-day, I saw our friend, the turtle, taking a morning stroll.
Last night, I heard the frogs trying their first spring chorus.
I know they are all glad to be awake again.—From "Sep-
tember to June with Nature," D. C. Heath & Co.

April.

Oh! met ye April on your way—
And was she grave or was she gay—
Saw ye a primrose chaplet fair—
Upon her tangled, wind-tossed hair?

And had she on a kirtle green,
The sweetest robe was ever seen?
Oh! met ye April on your way,
With eyes like dove's breast meek and gray?

Yes, I met April on my way,
Part morrow and part yesterday—
And she went laughing, she was sad—
Wayward and pensive, grave and glad.

The fluttering fabric of her gown—
Was emerald green, in shadow brown,
Soft gray as dove's breast were her eyes,
And bluest blue of summer skies!

Light fell her step upon the grass,
As though a faery queen did pass;
Her hands were cold yet full of flowers,
Her loose hair wet with pattering showers!

Strung daisies for a girdle white
Were wound about her bosom slight—
Yes! I met April on my way,
And swift she stole my heart to-day!

EDITH C. M. DART.—*The Spectator.*

Ruskin maintains that human efforts fail, not so often from want of power to do as from want of due care to see precisely what is to be done. This is especially true of education. We do not know exactly what we are aiming at, and so we muddle on from hand to mouth unable to decide whether we are successful or not, or measuring our success by the number of our pupils who take honors in middle-class examinations or at the universities. Thus, instead of being educators, we go on contentedly as mere instructors.

For the Little Folk.**Clever Uncle Cottontail.**

He wasn't handsome, or particularly spry, for his left leg had once been caught in a trap. But for cleverness—well! In the whole plantation of Rabbit Town there wasn't a cotton tail to touch him!

He lived in the spacious gallery which he had hollowed out in a sandy bank, and tunnels ran from this in every direction under the mountain side. His wife had the cosiest of nurseries for her babies, and the trouble she took to keep them neat gave her no time for pleasure. Day after day she sat and sewed, and the one thing that made her angry was the way they tore their clothes.

But Uncle Cottontail only laughed. He himself was not too particular, and though the nattiest of trousers hung in the family wardrobe (most skilfully contrived in the trunk of a hollow tree) he wouldn't wear anything but an old pair of knickerbockers.

"I leave fine clothes to the fox, my dear!" he cried with a laugh which turned into a frown as he remembered his grievous wrongs. Many a time had the fox made off with a wee grey cottontail clutched in his mouth, and his wicked preference for rabbit pie was known all round the country. "He's a thief as well as a dandy!" went on Uncle, darkly. "But I'll get even with him, never fear! He'll smile on the wrong side presently."

Now Colonel Fox lived so near the warren that by putting his ear to the ground he could overhear all that was said, and he chuckled at this most mightily.

"So that's what you're after, is it, dear friend?" he sniggered, shaking his fat, sleek sides. "I'm after rabbit pie. There are four little people of yours who'll suit me admirably—such innocent expressions, and such plump grey backs! I can taste 'em already. Oh, my!"

But he had counted his rabbits too soon, for Silky and Big-eyes, Dumpling and Roly-poly, were much more wary than their poor little brothers had been, and the moment the wind brought them a whiff of Dandy Fox, they were back in Rabbit Town like a flash.

This made the fox extremely angry, and late that night he set to work to dig his way into the storehouse, where prudent Uncle Cottontail had piled a good supply of roots for the winter. He worked so stealthily that Uncle Cottontail never heard him, and when morning dawned he skipped off happily with a full sack dangling from his shoulders.

The fine old rabbit did not discover what had happened for some time, but when he did, his rage and shame knew no bounds. He boxed the ears of every cottontail in the whole warren, and scolded his wife for not having had the sense to guess what was going on. Not a rabbit dare stir so much as a whisker the whole day, and when at twilight he went for a stroll, the way they all sighed with relief made quite a draught.

When he came back, his face was positively beaming with joy.

"Come out!" he whispered to Silky and Big-eyes, Dumpling and Roly-poly very early in the morning. Hurriedly washing their faces and hands (he was most particular how they looked when he took them out) they followed him up to the open air, and then into a shady wood. Here, hidden

in a bank of fern, he showed them the funniest thing they had ever seen—a wooden thing with a big brass trumpet sticking out of the top.

"Don't you know what it is?" he asked them. "Dear me! How ignorant you are! It's a pho-nee-gruff; a talking machine. One of the settlers 'way down the valley threw it out of the window last night when it sang 'Home, Sweet Home,' while the cabin was full of smoke, and I found it on the dust heap. Squeak into it well, my dearies, and then I'll wind it up, and set it going. No questions, please—I know what I'm about. Our Dandy Fox is going to have a treat."

So the four little cottontails squeaked their loudest, with Uncle Cottontail poking each in turn, so that their squeaks might have the proper expression. When he at last allowed them to stop, they were quite out of breath and very sore. But Uncle Cottontail smiled more broadly than ever.

"Now wait," he said. And he placed the phonograph on the leaves and brambles he had carefully arranged over the mouth of a pit. Then he hid with his four small sons in the bushes near.

"Squeak, squeak, squeak!" wailed the phonograph over and over again. From the noise it made you might have fancied that four-and-twenty cottontails were behind the brambles, and Dandy Fox, coming home to breakfast with two very fat quails for his wife to cook, pricked up his ears delightedly.

"I suppose those young creatures are caught in a trap," he said. "After all, rabbit pie is more tasty than quails, and it really won't matter if I leave some of their legs behind."

But it was Mr. Fox who was caught in a trap, for as he sprang on to those brambles to discover whence came those squeaks they, of course, gave way beneath his weight, and down he fell into the pit.

Uncle Cottontail and the little ones danced with glee.

"Let me out! Let me out!" shrieked the angry fox; but Uncle shook his head.

"You'll stay where you are, dear friend," he said, "for now it's my turn to laugh." And whether that fox got out or not we must tell you another day.

—Selected.

Spring is Almost Here.

Little folk, little folk, spring is almost here;
Soft winds are humming and bluebirds appear;
Yesterday Red-breast stood winking at me,
Pluming his wings in the old apple tree.

Violets whisper low under their hoods,
Some in the meadows and some in the woods:
Peeping through leaves and dried grasses to-day,
Catching all sunbeams that happen that way.

Then hurry up, little folk, spring is almost here;
Busy we must be at this time of year;
Ground to get ready, seeds to put in;
Who'll be the first one a blossom to win?

—Mrs. M. F. Smith.

A Good Game: "Miller Sleeps."

One of the players is chosen miller, sits down or lies down and pretends to sleep. The rest stand at a distance within a certain boundary, and a leader among them, choosing five or six players, and tapping them with a stick says, "The miller sleeps! Let us go and see the mill wheel spin." They leave their boundary forthwith and, surrounding the miller, join hands and spin around in a big circle like a mill wheel. At the first stir of the miller the leader calls out, "The miller wakes!" At this the players must all stand still on the instant just where they are. The miller gets to his feet. The minute he is on his feet the players are at liberty to run, and he tries to catch them. The one caught is miller next.

There's a Bullfrog in the Well.

The little lad was good and glad,
For a joyous sight he saw;
His name was Thomas and he saw the promise
Of a pretty early thaw,
He ran to his dad with the news he had;
He'd a happy tale to tell—
"Oh, come full jump as far's the pump;
There's a bullfrog in the well!"
There's a bullfrog in the well, and the glossy buds do swell,
The birds do call, but, best of all,
There's a bullfrog in the well!
Now the redbreast robin sets our hearts a-throbbin',
But he's got a false alarm;
The little bird blue is a reg'lar hoo-doo—
Don't bank on its being warm;
And the crows may sing: Look out for Spring;
She's a-comin' along pell-mell!"
But the only sign that is good for mine
Is a bullfrog in the well.
A bullfrog in the well—the lilacs I can smell!
Oh, spring is near for there's a dear,
Sweet bullfrog in the well!

—*Toronto Star.*

A father and a mother
Went searching round and round
Looking until a safe place
To build their home was found.
Where do you think they found it?
'Way up in a tree.
Their house was just a little nest
And they were birds, you see.

—*Primary Education.***April.**

April laughed and threw a kiss;
Then afraid it seemed amiss,
Quick she dropped a shining tear,
And it straightway blossomed here;
Seeing this, she then threw more,
Crying harder than before—
A tear for every kiss she threw;
From every tear a blossom grew,
Till she laughing, ran away,
And left her flowers all to May.—*John B. Tabb.*

What I Hear in April.

(A Recitation)

Would you like to know what I hear, dear heart,
When the snow is melted away,
And I lay my ear to the soft, warm ground,
On a sunny April day?

I hear the rootlets running along,
Bringing little garments rare
To clothe the flowers that have hurried up
To breathe the sweet spring air.

One carries a hood for the Violet dear,
Lest the air should give her chills;
And one a hat for the Dandelion,
All trimmed with golden quills.

Another brings a bunch of caps
Of pink and blue and white;
And under each little Hyacinth chin
They're fastened snug and tight.

And then I hear a rustle like dainty silks
As the tiny waists are made
That over the forms of the Tulips fair
And the Crocus are tenderly laid.

And I hear them scamper away
To the hills where the brooklets run,
And, filling their buckets, they hasten back
With a drink for every one. —*Ellen Knight Bradford*

No angry thoughts, no angry words,
In all our work to-day;
Let love, good will, and peace abound,
In all we do or say. —*T. Martin Towne.*

"Cheer up, cheer up!" just hear him,
Far down that leafy lane,—
A crimson breasted robin
A-whistling in the rain.

Never a minor chord, never a doleful note;
Glad of the day, be it bright or gray,—
Nature's philosopher, singing away,
In his rusty, old brown coat. —*Lucy H. Thurston.*

Song: Plant a Tree.Air—*National Anthem.*

"Come, let us plant a tree,
Tenderly, lovingly,
Some heart to cheer.
Long may its branches sway
Shelter sweet birds alway,
Long may its blossoms say
"Springtide is here." —*Selected.*

[The two poems following have been sent to the REVIEW from a subscriber in Carleton County, N. B. They carry out the nature-study idea so well and are such good reading that the REVIEW is glad to publish them.—EDITOR.]

Chickadee.

When dear robin red breast
Far away has flown;
And the brown leaves lightly
Here and there are blown,
In the fragrant balsams
List and you shall hear
Such a tiny chanson,
Low, and sweet, and clear.

Chickadee is singing
Just to let you know
He is back,—the vagrant,—
From the land of snow;
Harbinger of north winds
Blowing keen and strong,
And of winter's rigors,
Yet we have his song.

Plucky little fellow
In his fluffy coat,
With his glossy black cap,
And his cheery note!
Winter's chary bounty,—
Meagre though it be,—
Seems to suit him fairly—
Little Chickadee!

W. F. McNamara.—(By permission).

Sunset.

One by one, the golden sunbeams fade away;
Then a glorious burst of red tints land and sky.
Trees, plants and flowers seem all afire.
Now fading pink blends into grey
And quickly the landscape steals away.
Then all is blur—the night has drawn her shades.

—Stella McCain.

Trailing Arbutus.

Tinged with color faintly,
Like the morning sky,
Or, more pale and saintly,
Wrapped in leaves ye lie—
Even as children sleep in faith's simplicity.

Were your pure lips fashioned
Out of air and dew—
Starlight unimpassioned,
Dawn's most tender hue,
And scented by the woods that gathered sweets for you?

—Selected.

The Sleeping Beauty.

Earth, like a princess charmed asleep
By wizard spells in years of old,
In winter's cavern lies a-cold,
And round her still the snows shall sweep
And roaring winds their watches keep,
Till dawns the joyous hour foretold,
And fairy spring with wand of gold
Exulting from the skies doth leap.
Then, like a prince of gay romance,
Hot-footed on his sweet emprise,
The happy poet shall advance
To where the dream-bound beauty lies,
And woo with his enraptured glance
The wonder of her waking eyes.

The Speaker.

—Arthur Austin-Jackson.

Review's Question Box.

S. I. R.—(1) What other examination papers are included in the Civil Service examinations besides the preliminary and qualifying? Are there separate papers, such as geography, grammar, etc.?

(2) Was the last arithmetic paper in the REVIEW for qualifying examination the most advanced arithmetic paper given; or is there another more advanced examination yet?

(3) Where and at what price can past years' examination papers be obtained?

(4) Where will the examination for Westmorland County be held this year?

What is the examination fee?

And to whom do you apply?

Accept my thanks for the aid and inspiration your paper has been to me. Believe me I value it very much.

1. There are examination papers in the Second and Third Divisions, Inside Service, (chiefly departments in the government service at Ottawa). There are separate papers set for these. Those subjects in the Third Division, subdivision B, are about the same as for the qualifying examination with typewriting added. For Second Division, subdivision B, the requirements are higher and embrace in addition literature, French, algebra, geometry, physics, chemistry, geology, biology, Latin, German, modern history, political science, economics, geography (general, physical and commercial), philosophy, law (English or civil). Many of these subjects are optional.

2. It is about the same as the arithmetic set for Inside Service Third Division Candidates. For Second Division the test in arithmetic is higher.

3. Sets of examination papers may be obtained free by addressing King's Printer, Ottawa.

4. At Moncton; the fee for preliminary or lower grade examinations is \$2; for qualifying or

for a clerkship in subdivision B of the Third Division, \$4; for clerkships in subdivision B of the Second Division, \$8. Apply for blank applications and full information to Wm. Foran, Esq., Secretary Civil Service Commission, Ottawa.

E. M. O.—(1) The teacher who presented to the EDUCATIONAL REVIEW for January, 1912 questions on Canto I. of the Lady of the Lake, gave some good hints for Grades IX and X. I would be very grateful if more like that and on Canto II as in February were given.

(2) In the sentence as given.

"We entered the wide gate which led us to the city." Would you say the verb "entered" was transitive; if not, is "gate" in the objective case?

1. Our correspondent will find further questions in this number of the REVIEW. It will please the writer of these papers to know that her work is appreciated.

2. "Entered" is not transitive. "We entered" makes a complete statement. "Gate" is in the objective case governed by the preposition "through" or "by" understood.

S. E. L.—Will you please tell me what bird this is? (Specimen sent.)

It is the redpoll, so called from its bright red crown. Some winters it is a resident here when great flocks are to be seen; other winters it is scarce and very few are seen. Its food is weed seed and the seeds of native trees such as poplar, alder, etc.

J. B. C.—1. (a) Would you tell me why we have high tides on opposite sides of the earth at the same time? (b) Do we ever have tides of equal height all over the world for any period of time? and (c) Is there ever high tides at the poles?

2. Does every fly have the same periods in its life history—egg, cocoon, larva, pupa and adult fly, so that when we teach the history of the common house-fly, you may make it a rule that all other flies have the same life history with perhaps slight modifications?

1. (a) Students seldom find any difficulty in seeing that the combined sun and moon's attraction on one side of the earth causes a high tide; they do find it hard to understand, however, why there should be a correspondingly high tide on the opposite side of the earth at the same time. It seems to them that the tide should be lower there than anywhere else. But if we consider that the earth is not *fixed*, and that the moon exerts a lifting force upon it as well as upon the waters we shall find no difficulty in understanding the problem. The sun and moon acting together draw towards them not only the waters of the earth but the earth itself, and the latter is *pulled away* from the waters which are on the opposite side

to the sun and moon, causing them to be, in a manner, protruded or thrust out from the earth.

(b) No. Tides are not observed on the ocean, far from shore. They are observed only as they come upon the shores of islands and continents where the form of the shallowing sea floor and shore line causes in places a great rise of water, as we see in the Bay of Fundy, the Bristol Channel and other funnel-like indentations.

(c) This question is not easy to answer, as no observations at the poles have given data to work upon. The rotation of the earth from west to east gives the "tide wave" a general motion from east to west. This would be felt more in equatorial regions, were it not that the tide has to go round great masses of land, and felt less at the poles. So that one would suppose that tides at the poles are not perceptibly high unless shallow waters and masses of land intervene.

2. The house fly lays its eggs about stables or on dooryard filth; after a day or two the eggs hatch out as little worms or maggots which eat voraciously and grow rapidly; in about a week they cease eating, become dry and brown, resemble a seed and neither move nor grow; from this pupa the fly emerges. The adult fly is short lived, though some live over winter. House flies belong to the order diptera or two-winged insects, and here belong the blow flies, bat flies and others. Many of these have a different life history, as the blow fly or flesh fly (our familiar blue bottle fly) some species of which bring forth their young alive which feed on fresh meat or the wounds of animals. In the larval state they only live a few hours whereas as adult insects they may live all summer.

Other insects, popularly known as flies have also a different life history. The May flies or ephemerids spend one, two, or three years in the larval state and only a few days, or a few hours, as adult insects. They have four wings. But let not our correspondent be discouraged in the number and variety of life history of the numerous "flies." It is sufficient to give effective teaching on the house fly such as that produced in a little leaflet published by the Woman's Municipal League of Boston—viz., that it breeds in filth; that it walks over and feeds on the waste matter and sputa from people ill with typhoid fever, tuberculosis, and many other diseases; that the house fly is an enemy to the health of the community, especially to child-

ren; that one fly in one summer may produce 195,312,500,000,000,000. A fly can develop from the egg in less than eight days; therefore, if we clean up everything thoroughly every week and keep all manure screened there need be no house (or typhoid) flies. Every fly killed lessens the danger of disease and perhaps death.

F. J. H.—(1) What are the Crop Plants native to this country? And what ones have been brought in?

(2) Why are there open springs in winter?

(3) Please tell me where I can find the words of that old history song:

King Alfred was a warrior bold, warrior bold
A wise and learned wight
At twelve years old he learned to read
At twenty he could write.

And also of the song called "Rob not the nest."

1. This question is fully answered in the June, 1911, number of the Review.

2. Springs that are fed from sources deep in the ground, usually preserve a temperature above the freezing point even in the coldest days. A curious illustration of the effects of such springs is found in the Madawaska river, New Brunswick. A section of that river usually remains unfrozen in the winter owing to the great number of these deep-seated springs which flow into it from the vicinity. This portion of the river is called the Deazly, a curious corruption of the French word *degeler*, to thaw.

3. Can any of our correspondents answer?

CURRENT EVENTS.

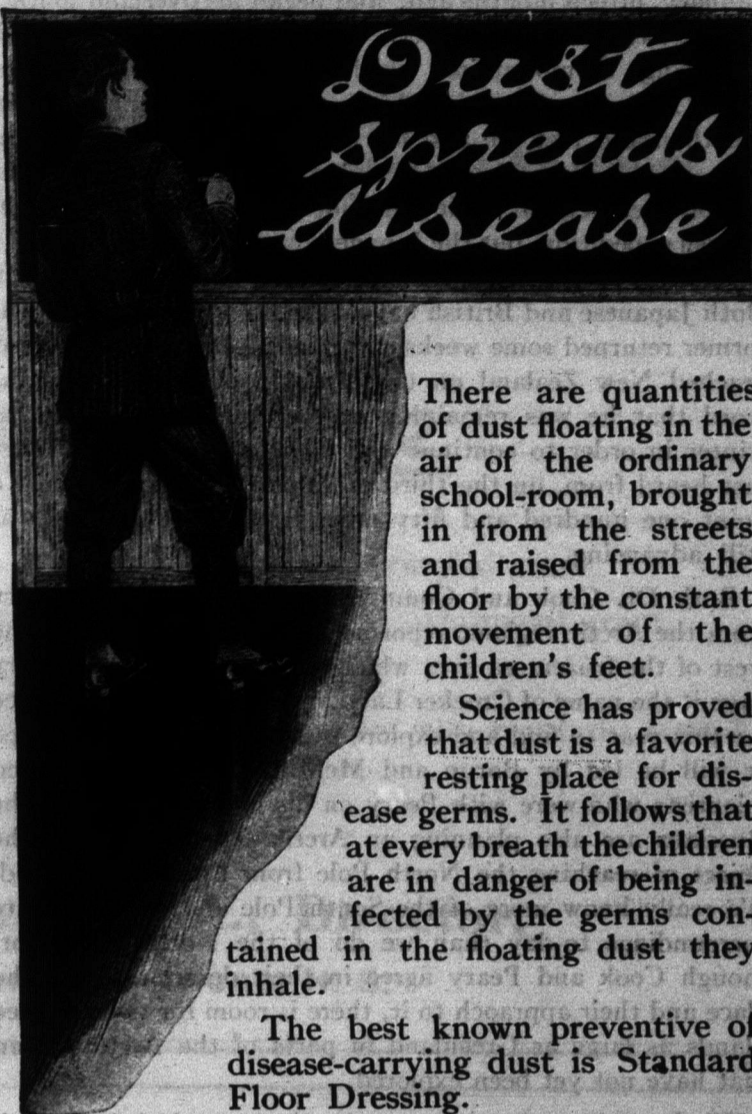
From some erratic movements of the planet Mercury, it has been supposed that a small planet exists so near the sun as to be invisible. The name of Vulcan was given to this supposed planet. It is now positively stated that there is no such heavenly body.

The work of photographing all the stars in the sky has just been finished by the astronomers of Harvard University. It has cost about one million dollars.

The translation of an Egyptian medical work seven thousand years old has just been completed by a physician in Chicago. He believes the Egyptian physicians were the most learned in all the world. All diseases seem to have been known to them. Even appendicitis is described, though we considered it a new disease a few years ago.

A German astronomer, who holds that the spiral nebulae of which there are many thousands in the heavens are great galaxies like the Milky Way, finds that the nearest is so far away that its light would take thirty-three thousand years to reach us; while the light from the most distant that we can perceive must have started towards us more than half a million years ago.

The news of the discovery of the South Pole by the Norwegian explorer, Captain Roald Amundsen, is fully confirmed. He reached the Antarctic continent about the middle of



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January, fifteen months ago; and began his overland journey on the twentieth of October. Following along the east side of a range of mountains, which seem to be a continuation of the Andes, and crossing this range at an elevation of some ten thousand feet, he and his four companions reached the Pole on the fifteenth of December, and two days later set out on their return. They did not meet the members of the British expedition, but the Japanese party landed near them a week after their arrival, its object being to explore the coast. Both Japanese and British have since been heard from. The former returned some weeks ago; and Captain Scott's vessel reached New Zealand on the last day of March, bringing word that he was remaining in the Antarctic for another winter in order to continue and complete his work. When last heard from, on the third of January, he had reached a point one hundred and fifty miles from the Pole, and was still advancing.

Both Dr. Cook and Commander Peary, on their return from the Arctic regions, reported land or indications of land west of the frozen sea over which they travelled; and Peary gave it the name of Crocker Land. An expedition is planned for this year to find and explore this land, if it really exists. It will be led by Borup and McMillan, two distinguished scientists who were with Peary on his last expedition. The Russians are also planning an Arctic expedition, with the object of reaching the North Pole from Franz Josef Land. We really know more of the South Pole and its immediate surroundings to-day than we do of the North Pole; for, though Cook and Peary agree in their descriptions of the place and their approach to it, there is room for two or three islands as large as Greenland in parts of the Arctic Ocean that have not yet been explored.

Wireless telegraph stations under the control of the British government will be opened at London, Egypt, Aden, Pretoria, Bangalore and Singapore. The scheme will be extended to other dominions and colonies of the Empire, as part of an Imperial wireless scheme that will render the government independent of cable service.

Our world is so small that new ideas spread quickly. Women who want to vote have been smashing windows in China. There the national republican legislature had passed a resolution in favour of woman suffrage, but restricted it to women who could read. This was not satisfactory; and the women forced their way into the assembly hall and broke up the meeting, which later was resumed under military protection. A bill before the British parliament to give the franchise to women of certain property qualification has been defeated, presumably because the recent riots in London have convinced the legislators that the class of women most active in demanding votes cannot be trusted with political power.

The newly adopted national flag of the Chinese Republic is made up of five stripes of equal width and of different colours—red, yellow, blue, white and black.

A movement to restore the Emperor of China to his throne seems to be gaining strength, and has a considerable army in the field to support it. Meanwhile the newly organized republican government is hoping for recognition from the powers. In this, many think, lies the only hope of the integrity of China.

The new Republic of Portugal is not yet assured of permanent existence. Plans to restore King Manuel to his throne are taking shape, and there is also a possibility that Spain may annex Portugal if internal strife gives an excuse for intervention.

The conquest of Tripoli has proved much more difficult than was anticipated. The Italian forces have met with more than one serious defeat.

The rebellion in Mexico grows more serious. The action of the United States government in forbidding the shipment of arms to either of the contending parties is virtually an assumption of responsibility for the lesser republics in America, and will consistently lead to intervention if the present state of anarchy continues. There is said to be a conspiracy to promote the secession of six northern states of Mexico, with independence for a time, and ultimate annexation to the North American republic, thus repeating the history of Texas.

Italy has a new shield that cannot be pierced by a bullet. France has a new weapon in the form of a dart with heavy steel head, to be dropped from a flying machine. The French government has recently made a large grant for the complete organization of its army air corps. Airships and aeroplanes are to be respectively the fourth and fifth arms of the military service.

The Danish motor ship *Zealandia* has proved a great success. She is now on her way to the East Indies. When she reaches Bangkok, it is said, the King of Siam will take passage on her for a trip to Japan.

The department of Agriculture is warning our people against the danger of planting imported potatoes from the other side of the Atlantic, which may be infected with the disease known as the potato canker. This very alarming disease has already been introduced in Newfoundland. Any potato having a large or small outgrowth where the eyes should be is to be regarded as suspicious, and should be destroyed by fire.

Dr. Grenfell estimates that the mossy barrens of Labrador will furnish grazing ground for millions of reindeer, and that the time may come when the United States will have to look to Labrador for its meat supply.

Delegates from the West Indies are in Ottawa, to confer with the Canadian authorities in respect to trade arrangements. The colonies represented are British Guiana, Trinidad, Barbados, St. Vincent, St. Lucia, St. Christopher, Montserrat, Antigua and some of the smaller islands. Jamaica is not represented. Looking to the increased importance of the British West Indies which is expected to follow the opening of the Panama Canal, it is proposed that they be united in a confederation, to be called the West Indian Dominion; which, not including Jamaica and the Bahamas, would have a population of over a million, and an area half as large as France. Jamaica would remain a separate province or dominion. The Bahamas are now seeking admission as a province in the Dominion of Canada.

The total undeveloped water power of Canada has been estimated at forty million horse power. Over a million horse power has been developed, of which Ontario has half.

Plans have been completed for a new Welland Canal, to follow the present route for some miles from Lake Erie, and then deviate, entering Lake Ontario about three miles east

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of the present month. The depth and width will be increased, if the plans are adopted; and eight hours time will be saved in passage, because there will be fewer locks.

Work will soon be commenced on the railway from Saskatchewan to Hudson Bay, with its terminus at Fort Nelson. But this is not the only Hudson Bay Railroad now proposed. At Moose River, which runs into James Bay, is a harbour which can be made available for ships of considerable size, and which has actually been in use for two hundred years. It is not at all improbable that a railway will run northward to this port, or to the mouth of the Nottaway River, a little to the eastward. The vast extent of this great northern sea

is well expressed by the saying that if the United Kingdom could be put into it a vessel might sail all around it without catching sight of land.

The United States senate has so changed the President's arbitration treaties with Great Britain and France that they are practically destroyed. They will probably not even be submitted for acceptance in their amended form.

The great coal strike in England is ended, but has left suffering in its wake, and it will be months before its effects cease to be felt. It has lasted long enough to show how quickly the nation can be brought to the verge of ruin by anything that interferes with its industries.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

Miss Gertrude Morrell is teaching drawing and manual training at the State Normal School, Presque Isle, Maine.

The Cumberland County, N. S., Teachers' Institute will meet May 21, 22, 23.

The vacancy on Mount Allison University staff, caused by the resignation of Dr. Becknell, professor of physics, has been filled by the appointment of F. E. Wheelock, Ph. D., now of the University of Missouri, at Columbia. Dr. Wheelock is a native of Lawrencetown, N. S., and received his education at Truro Normal College, Acadia University and Yale, taking the degree of B. A., at Yale in 1907 and Ph. D., in 1910.

It is reported that Dr. W. W. Andrews formerly dean of the science faculty Mount Allison University, Sackville, has resigned his position as President of Saskatchewan University, Regina, to which he was appointed last year.

Supervisor A. McKay of the Halifax Schools will attend the Imperial Conference of teachers to be held in London in July next.

The following are the names of teachers and others of Fredericton who will go to London in July at the time of the Imperial Conference of teachers: Dr. and Mrs. B. C. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Inch, Professor Cadwallader, the Misses Sadie Thompson, Isabel Everett, Edna Golding, Mabel Burchell, Amelia Moore, Mrs. (Dr.) Harrison, Mrs. Byron Coulthard. Chancellor C. C. Jones of the University may attend this Conference as well as the College Conference in London next summer.

Miss A. Laura Peck, a native of Hopewell Hill, for several years a teacher in New Brunswick and more recently a Baptist Missionary in India, died in that country a few weeks ago.

The Educational Institute of New Brunswick will meet at Fredericton, June 26, 27 and 28. The programme will be published in the May REVIEW.

The Dominion Educational Association will meet in Montreal in July. Professor J. W. Robertson, C. M. G., is the president.

The Nova Scotia Provincial Education Association will meet in Truro during the last week in August.

RECENT BOOKS.

A book that is admirably adapted to the needs of classes that have completed the English training in elementary schools and have entered on the high school course is *Practical Training in English*, by H. A. Kellow, M. A., Allan Glenn's School, Glasgow, Scotland. It is the outgrowth of classroom practice, and provides training in the appreciative and critical study of the language, in the study of words and expressions, in the history and development of the language, together with the essential elements of English composition. Each lesson has questions and exercises that make the pupil's task definite and easy and insures the mastery of the facts and principles that the lesson is intended to illustrate (cloth pages 272; introduction price 75 cents. D. C. Heath & Company, Boston.)

A Guide for the Study of Animals is a book prepared by the committee chosen from the teachers of biology in the Chicago

high schools, where this subject has been taught with exceptional skill for many years. The book includes a brief study of a somewhat large number of animals so as to bring out general biological laws, and emphasizes the importance of the economic side of biology in sanitation, household science and agriculture. The authors have developed the subject from the standpoint of the student rather than that of the subject. It is a valuable course representing the methods and experience of those who have been successful in the class-room. (Cloth; 206 pages; price, 50 cents; D. C. Heath & Company, Boston.)

How Other People Live is an attractive book filled with descriptions and stories of places and ways of living. It has sixty illustrations; more than half of them in colour. One chapter is given up to the story of an English emigrant and his experiences on the ocean and his life in the Canadian West. (Cardboard pages 64; price, 1s. 6d; Adam and Charles Black, Soho Square, London.)

English Literature of the Nineteenth Century is a very timely and useful book for students. It opens with a survey of the writers and poetry and prose of the years 1798 to 1832. The remainder of the book is taken up with the literature and writers of the Victorian Period. Presenting the story of Nineteenth Century English literature there should be a steady demand for this book. (Cloth; pages 177; price, 1s. 6d.; University Tutorial Press, London.)

Paradise Lost (Books III and IV) are excellently prepared for the student. The book contains an admirable introduction and full notes. Book III contains the address to Light, perhaps the greatest and most celebrated passage in *Paradise Lost*. (Paper; pages 76; price, 1s.; University Tutorial Press, London.)

Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard, par Pierre Marivaux is a charming comedy, and the helpful notes will enable students to read it with greater facility. (Cloth; pages, 96; price, 35 cents; D. C. Heath & Company, Boston.)

The Direct French Course has been prepared for students who begin the study of French somewhat later in life than the ordinary student, and require teaching of a different character from younger pupils. It is provided with selections for readings, illustrated, and the elements of grammar. Its scope and methods are fully explained in the "Hints for Teachers" supplied free on application. (Cloth; pages, 175. University Tutorial Press, London.)

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New Brunswick School Calendar

1912

- Apl. 10th Schools open after Easter Vacation.
 - May 18th Loyalist Day. (Holiday in St. John City.)
 - May 23rd Examinations for Teachers' Licenses (III Class).
 - May 24th Victoria Day.
 - June 1st Last day on which Inspectors are authorized to receive applications for Departmental Examinations.
 - June 3rd King's Birthday.
 - June 7th Normal School Closing.
 - June 11th Final Examinations for License begin.
 - June 28th Schools close for the year.
- EDUCATION OFFICE, Fredericton, N. B.,
May 18th, 1911.

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Nova Scotia School Calendar,

1912

- April 15 Fourth Quarter begins.
- May 1 Applications for University Graduate Examination due
- May 3 Arbor Day.
- May 23 Empire Day.
- May 24 Victoria Day (holiday).
- May 25 Applications for High School Examinations to be in.
- June 24 Regular Annual Meeting of School Sections.
- June 26 Normal College closes.
- June 27 County Academy Entrance Examinations begin.
- June 28 Last teaching day of school year.
- July 1 Dominion Day (holiday).
- July 1 High School and University Graduate Examinations begin.

has been made to select only the essential facts of health, and develop therefrom a body of practical rules. Care has been taken to express every statement in clear, simple language. (Cloth; 302 pages; price, 40 cents. American Book Company, New York. Morang Educational Company, Toronto.)

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Fredericton, W. S. CARTER,
Chief Superintendent Education.
March 1, 1912.

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