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# EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL

## OF WESTERN CANADA.

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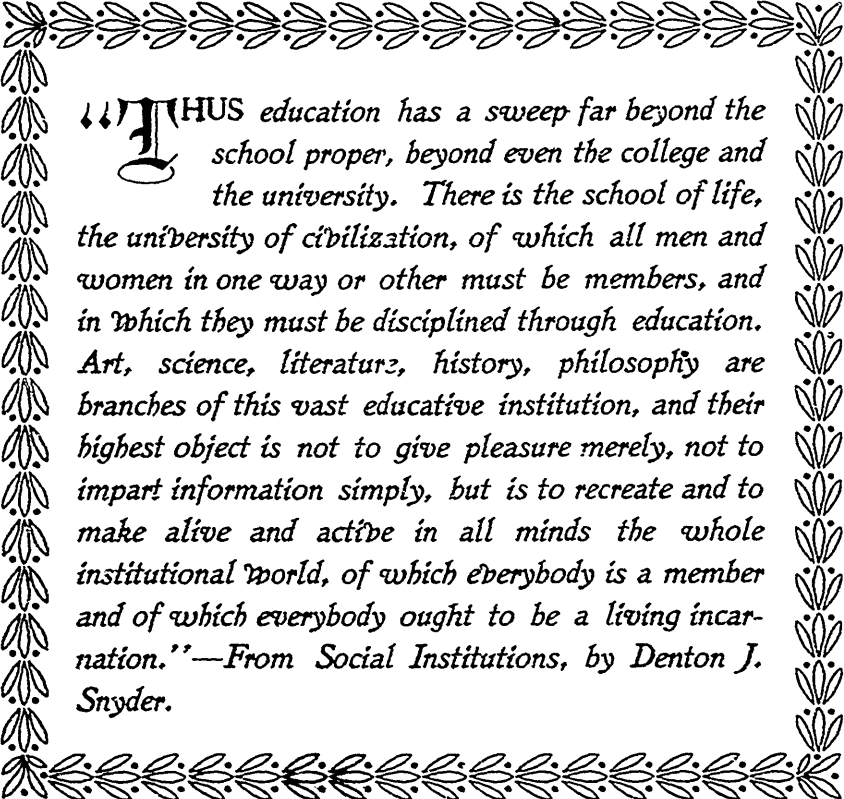
W. A. MCINTYRE, - - - - - Principal Normal School, Winnipeg.  
D. MCINTYRE, - - - - - Superintendent of Schools, Winnipeg.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR :

MISS AGNES DEANS CAMERON, - - - - - Victoria, B. C.

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THUS education has a sweep far beyond the school proper, beyond even the college and the university. There is the school of life, the university of civilization, of which all men and women in one way or other must be members, and in which they must be disciplined through education. Art, science, literature, history, philosophy are branches of this vast educative institution, and their highest object is not to give pleasure merely, not to impart information simply, but is to recreate and to make alive and active in all minds the whole institutional world, of which everybody is a member and of which everybody ought to be a living incarnation."—From *Social Institutions*, by Denton J. Snyder.

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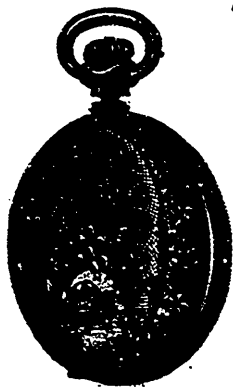
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# AN OPEN LETTER

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We have many new books to speak about this month. First of all there are the new authorized books which we send post free at the following prices:—Gorgin's Grammar, 35c.; Syke's Elementary Composition, 40c.; McIntyre & Saul's Literature Selections, 60c.; The Lay of the Last Minstrel, 30c.; Selections from Wordsworth, 40c.; Ruskin's Sesame and Lilies, 40c.; The Twentieth Century Edition of Hamblin Smith's Arithmetic, 60c.; The New Series of "Arithmetic by Grades," books four to eight, at 25c. each; we can also supply books II. and III. at same price, also Teacher's Manuals for the "Arithmetic by Grades," Vol. I., covers, Books I. to IV., price 50c.; Vol. II., covers, Books V. to VIII., exclusive price 70c., or the two volumes complete in one volume for \$1.00. We have also Quackenbo's Rhetoric, \$1.25; Martin's Human Body, \$1.25; Meyer's General History, \$1.75; Halleck's English Literature, \$1.50; Barrett Wendell's Composition, \$1.50; also all the other books for teacher's certificate work.

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# EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL

OF WESTERN CANADA.

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VOL. III.

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## Contributions.

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### SCHOLAR OR GENTLEMAN ?

By W. A. McIntyre, Principal Normal School.

He was one of the best known and most prosperous business men in the west, and I leave it to you to judge whether he spoke as a wise man or as a fool. He was talking about the education of his boys—you know men are sometimes really interested in the education of their boys—and after an exchange of opinions regarding their teacher, he remarked: "I don't understand how teachers so often overlook the fact that the most important thing in teaching a boy, is to give him the instincts and manners of a gentleman. When I went to High School twenty years ago we had six or eight teachers, and it was said to be the best school in the district, yet my recollection of it to-day is this: The principal, who taught classics, and who should have been a man of refinement, was nothing but a cold-blooded registering machine. He seemed to be made of metal. He followed the progress of the boys in their studies with a lynx-eyed vigilance; if a boy was shaping well for examination, that was enough; no matter what merits he had outside of that they were disregarded. I have seen boys come into that school who needed, above all things, a little talk as to dress and deportment—just a little word would have sufficed—but that word was never spoken. There were others who had offensive ways—they were slovenly and dirty—yet they were good students and they were in the favored lot. They left that school resembling "the learned hog," and they are probably after that pattern to-day. Our mathematical teacher was a quiet, patient man, who could solve anything in the shape of a problem, but we ran wild with him. His influence was altogether in the direction of producing "hoodlums." Our English master was one of the driest specimens imaginable. There was nothing he could not analyze, except a boy's nature. If he had been capable of doing that he would probably have discovered a boy's needs. He gave us words, words, words, but there was no inspiration, no life. The teacher of science, however, was a man and a gentleman. Whenever he came into the room we felt the presence of a lofty soul. He said nothing about manners, but most of us began to reverence him and copy him. His spirit was infectious. The other teachers gave us most of our schooling, he gave us most of our education. I shall love the memory of that man as long as I live. We had a man who taught us book-keeping and history. He was boorish, narrow, conceited. He was self-educated, I believe, and, never having been in the world of men, never really understood how ignorant and full of faults he was. He had dirty hands,

greasy coat, unkempt beard. I can't understand to this day how they put such men in a school. But, you know, they were all hustlers. Yet, I wish to heaven they had all been gentlemen before they were hustlers. When my boys are old enough to go to High School or College, they are going where the teachers are first of all gentlemen."

Now, here is a criticism of the schools of twenty years ago, by a gentleman capable of forming a judgment, and it raises a series of questions that deserve consideration.

1. *Should the school consider the cultivation of a gentlemanly demeanor as of very great importance?* It will be conceded that in life a gentlemanly bearing is most desirable. We do not wish, in our business relations, to deal with uncultured, uncouth specimens of humanity, and, in our social intercourse, we are careful to cultivate the acquaintance of those who have not only intelligence, but that style and manner which characterize the gentleman. It may be said that internal worth and not form determines the man. In answer to this it may be said that where real worth exists the form will be desired, and many a man of real worth suffers because he has not that repose and manner which indicate "the man of good breeding." Again, it may be said that the special aim of the school is "scholarship," and it is the duty of the home and society to look after manners. In answer to this it might be asked "Who settled it that the special aim of the school was "scholarship"? and if it were, is not the great aim of education—the upbuilding of life—of more account than this special aim? There is not an institution of civilization but has a right to expect that the school will supplement its legitimate efforts to improve the condition of mankind. The school which carries on its work as if it were not co-operating with home and society is decidedly 'out of order.' There must be as good manners, as good style, as much consideration for others in school as in any home or any society in the country. Once more it may be urged that we don't want prigs and popinjays but men. Most certainly we want men, but we want *gentle men* and not boors and hoodlums. The man of business who made the criticism a few minutes ago has in him not a particle of the prig and popinjay but he is a man in the fullest sense of the word, and he believes that the first requisite in any man's education is that he have the bearing and manner of a gentleman. And he is not far astray.

2. *Does the criticism apply to the schools of to-day?* There is no use of evading this question by saying that our teachers have a high sense of their moral responsibility, that they are aiming at character-formation. This is quite true, perhaps more true of this province than of most localities. Yet the conduct of pupils, the bearing of teachers in schools, the reports of inspectors, would all indicate that this matter of form is not in many cases receiving the attention it should. There are indeed schools in which the very worst of bad manners may be seen, where both teachers and pupils lack the repose, the courtesy, the finish that characterize the refined. There is instead an air of roughness, crudeness, confusion and discord. A gentleman is known by his temper, his speech, his address, his general style. He does not scold and nag, he does not use coarse or inelegant expressions, he does not insult childhood, he is more careful to speak gently and tenderly in the presence of little ones than in the presence of his ball-room associates. It is in him to be kind and gentle, he can not be otherwise.

3. *What is required under the circumstances?* First of all it would seem that our teachers must perceive the importance of training of the kind indicated. But there is no hope so long as those in charge of our schools think only in terms of intellect. Additional intellectual ability is the last thing some people need. Soap and curry-comb would be more to the point. Yet there are cases on record where children have entered a school rough, untidy, unmannerly, and at the end of a year have gone away worse than they came. A man came into a high school down east. He was dirty, rough, uncultured, offensive in his ways, crotchety and all the rest of it, but he was a wonderful worker. At the end of a year he passed the teachers' examination and received a license to teach. It would have been as fitting for a Zulu to take charge of a school as that man. Why in the name of all that is sensible didn't the teachers of that school take him where he came short instead of bending all their energies to making him come out first on examination? It requires more courage to talk to a man on personal matters than to teach him physics or algebra, but what is a teacher for, if it is not to assist in building up life? There are some of course who shout "cant" as soon as you mention character-building or anything of that kind. Can a man not be as honest in trying to help a fellow to a better life, as in trying to teach him history or literature? The fact of the matter is, teachers require to have their eyes open to dirty hands, greasy coats, rough manner, signs of bashfulness, and every thing of this kind. Then they can do something. But they never in this world will do anything of account if they are thinking in terms of the subject of study rather than in terms of the pupil.

In the second place teachers must know in theory and practice what gentlemanly life means. Ay, there's the rub. How can one with rasping voice slovenly expression, bad temper, insolent tone, hyper-business air, cast-iron precision, understand the life we are considering? The thing is impossible. It may be that with many of us we shall never reach this ideal, it may be that early training and environment are against us; it may be that we have it not in our blood, for there is a good deal in that, but we can do our best. And when we review our work for next term one of the questions we shall ask ourselves in all seriousness is this "Have we helped our boys to be gentlemen in thought, act and word?" And if we have our labor has not been in vain.

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### "HUMOR IN THE SCHOOL."—A REJOINER.

In the September issue of *THE JOURNAL* there appeared an article, interesting and profitable, dealing with the above theme in several of its aspects. The plea for its right in the school-room was earnestly put, and suggested somewhat new ideas, even to the casual reader.

As discussion was invited it may be that a few further thoughts on the subject will not be out of place. It is not my intention to dispute any statement that was made, but merely to expand some of the suggestions indicated in the remarks.

It is agreed on all hands that humor is a desirable gift, and a commendable element to its possessor. It seems to create an atmosphere of good will, besides giving evidence of even temper, an active mental discernment and the desire to please others.



Nothing is more helpful when used judiciously to overcome monotony, and matter-of-fact work so prevalent in school life. The desire or tendency to use the ludicrous as an offset to relieve the irksomeness of the daily routine, would, therefore, be justified by many, to a certain degree, at least.

The subjects of Literature and History seem to be rather befitting to give play to the sense of the humorist. There is little doubt that there is a large percentage of literature, particularly adapted to this kind of mental recreation. Much charm, interest, and literary value would be lost, were this humorous element not appreciated. Generally speaking however, this sense does not need much "developing"—it is rather intuitive and spontaneous.

One of the most serious objections to humor in the school-room would be its effect upon discipline. How much can be used without danger or loss? Of course what suits one may not suit another, consequently no rule can be given for all. Our judgment and experience must be called in question. The best result comes when humor acts indirectly and unexpectedly. Too much has a shattering effect upon the nerves. It would appear quite in keeping, then, to indulge in this frame of mind when occasion gives rise, and it incidentally occurs. Otherwise we might be understood, or misunderstood, to be out of sympathy with anything that pertains to the ridiculous. Remember that cheerfulness, good-will, kindness, and courtesy are all helps, not hindrances to discipline. The suppression of natural, innocent and joyous feelings of youth does not constitute self-control by any means.

There is another objection, or rather danger that might be noticed, for it often occurs: the practice of creating amusement and laughter unnecessarily in the class-room. Would this not lead to confusion, disorder and loss of time? Do not pupils need *restraint* rather than *latitude* in this direction? And would they not soon learn to laugh *at us* instead of *with us*? Our habits are often reflected and echoed to us to disadvantage. Every excess has its re-action, "Too much levity laughs away respect," "It is better to be safe than sorry." Let us endeavor to reach the golden mean between seriousness on the one hand and frivolity on the other

W. VAN DUSEN.

Selkirk.

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## KIPLING.

By Agnes Deans Cameron, Victoria.

(Continued from last issue.)

Kipling has an "In Memoriam" too—but do not look here for a second Lycidas, a Tennyson-note of mystery, doubt, introspection. Kipling is not easily approachable to strangers, but when in London (it was just ten years ago) he met Wolcott Balestier; the two young men entered at once into the close friendship of a strong love, which ended only in the death of Balestier. Listen to the triumph song of faith in the new "In Memoriam":

"Beyond the path of the outmost sun, through utter darkness hurled—  
Further than ever comet flared or vagrant star-dust swirled—  
Live such as fought and sailed and ruled and loved and made our world.

They are purged of pride because they died, they know the worth of  
their bays,

They sit at wine with the Maidens Nine, and the Gods of the Elder Days.  
It is their will to *serve* or *be still* as fitteth our Father's praise.

And oft times cometh our wise Lord God, master of every trade,  
And tells them tales of his daily toil, of Edens newly made;  
*And they rise to their feet as He passes by, gentlemen unafraid.*

To those who are cleansed of base Desire, Sorrow and Lust and Shame—  
Gods, for they knew the hearts of men, men for they stooped to Fame—  
Borne on the breath that men call Death, my brother's spirit came.

He scarce had need to doff his pride or slough the dross of Earth—  
E'en as he trod that day to God so walked he from his birth,  
*In simpleness and gentleness and honor and clean mirth.*

So cup to lip in fellowship they gave him welcome high,  
And made him place at the banquet-board—the strong men ranged  
thereby—

*Who had done his work and held his peace, and had no fear to die."*

This is a song to the dead with a message full of comfort and hope and strength for the living. For my own part I love the sublime audacity of this faith—it appeals to that in me which never did respond to the heaven of the orthodox.

"Thrown Away" is a story with much latent controversy in its depths. Hugo, in "Les Misérables," tells of the good Bishop's lie—and we have all questioned if it was justifiable. "Thrown Away" lets us know of The Boy who was reared under "the sheltered life system" and who in India went the pace, repented, and, in the lonely rest house of the Canal Engineer, blew out his brains. The Major and the teller of the story felt they could not send The Boy's over-wrought dying confession and the true story of his death to his own people and his sweetheart—they carefully destroy all traces of the shooting, bury him at night themselves, and give out that he died of cholera. Letters describing his ideal death, preceded by an ideal life, were sent to his people, and along with it went a lock of hair, cut from the Major's head, for The Boy's, for obvious reasons, was not available. Question—Was the lie justified by the circumstances?

#### THE ANIMAL STORIES.

Animals spoke before Kipling's time and they thought—and in this connection I am reminded chiefly of Æsop's animals and Scott's. Æsop's were very well-balanced, and, like the ideal product of the kindergarten, they developed according to rule and always did what was expected of them, the sole object of their living being to point a moral or adorn a tale. Scott's dogs and steeds had all the virtues of the age of chivalry to which they belonged, indeed we may almost consider them knights and high-born dames masquerading in horse-form and dog-similitude,

But Kipling's "Walking Delegate" is essentially a horse of "another color, and yet, if I may be allowed the liberty, he is very human with the human nature of a degenerate age, for "the age of chivalry is gone."

If a lump does not come into your throat when you read of the polo-pony who turned to triumph a forlorn hope, it is because you are no lover of horses. And what a revelation Mowgli was, and is and will be, and Bagheera with the Bandor-log and all the Jungle-folk. They will live, for they are real and none but a Master's hand could have called them forth. Kipling is first in this field;

Seton-Thompson did not copy him, but (in point of time at least) he came after, and the Mooswa-man is but a thin imitation.

KIPLING AND CHILDREN.

"Only women," Kipling says, "understand children thoroughly; but if a mere man keeps very quiet and humbles himself properly, and refrains from talking down to his superiors, the children will sometimes be good to him and let him see what they think about the world."

This is the spirit of the man who lets us tip-toe up to the garden of little Muhammad Din, where "he had half buried the polo-ball in the dust, and stuck six shrivelled marigold flowers in a circle around it. Outside that circle again was a rude square, traced out in bits of red brick alternating with fragments of broken china; the whole bounded by a little bank of dust. The water man from the well curb put in a plea for the small architect, saying that it was only the play of a baby and did not much disfigure my garden." We hear the grave "Talaam, Tahib" from the baby lips, and, turning the page, we see Lockwood Kipling's picture of Iman Din carrying in his arms, wrapped in a white cloth, all that is left of little Muhammad, and as we follow him and one friend (respectfully at a distance, so that we may not intrude) something grips our own hearts, for we too have folded baby-fingers that made gardens of dust and dead flowers—and a heart of a child is the same on whichsoever shore of the Seven Seas he builds his sand houses, and to what grave we carry him.

Kipling knows his children as he knows his soldiers, his animals, his engines, and when he half startles us with a statement like this, "*The reserve of a boy is tenfold deeper than the reserve of a maid,*" it is only the ignorant of us who laugh.

Kipling wrote this reply to James Whitcomb Riley, who had sent him a copy of "Child's World":

"Your trail lies to the westward,  
Mine back to mine own place.  
There is water between our lodges—  
I have not seen your face;  
But I have read your verses,  
And I can guess the rest,  
For in the hearts of children  
There is no east or west."

Wherein lies Kipling's great power? First of all, I would say, in his sincerity—"He paints the thing as he sees it for the God of things as they are." And he gets his facts at first hand, in the days spent in the huts of the hill country, in the engine rooms of great liners, in the opium shops of Jahore, in the busy marts of men, far off on lone hill-sides and riverways, where men, toiling, sweating, planning, fighting, build walls and bridges, lead forlorn hopes and *do things*. He says himself that his tales were collected from priests in the Chubari, from Ala Yar, the carver, from nameless men, from women spinning outside their cottages in the twilight, "and a few—but these are the best—my father gave me."

James Whitcomb Riley calls him "a regular literary blotting pad, soaking up everything on the face of the earth."

Kipling's is a two-fold power—he sees truly, and by sheer witchery of words he makes us see too. He is a past grand master of words, with a power of

diction before which we fall down. As a sop to our own slip-shodderly and laziness we would fain think this a gift of the gods, inborn, but nothing in this world is gratuitous. For ten long years Kipling studied words from the dictionary by the column, and firsthand from technical men everywhere; literally, while his companions slept he was toiling upward in the night. And it is worth it all, this wonderful mastery, this facile use of his mother tongue. We all appreciate the right word in the right place when we see it, but when *we* would call forth from the vasty deep the spirit of that right word it will not always come; and, not having Sentimental Tommy's high sense of the ideal, we apologetically take another word, a limping substitute, and pass on. Who but Kipling could have taken the cockney dialect of the British soldier—a vehicle in any other man's hand cheap, mean, commonplace—and with it have conveyed thoughts, truths that make us thrill and tingle in appreciation? His style is like a telegram, or a silhouette—there is no obliterating detail, no weakening introductory remarks—two nouns common and a verb, and all of them words of one syllable, and we have a picture—vivid, indelible.

He is terse, vital, strong, living, loving; there is always the feeling of reserved strength, and he never gives us the one word too much.

What is Kipling's religion, and what his message?

His, like that of Charles Dickens, is the religion of humanity and not of philosophy. When Dickens died, the Bishop of Manchester said, "Dickens preached a gospel, a cheery, joyous gladsome message, which the people understood and by which they could hardly help being bettered; it was the gospel of kindness, of brotherly love, of sympathy in the widest sense of the word, of humanity. He who has taught us our duty to our fellow-men better than we knew it before, may be regarded by those who recognize the diversity of the gifts of the Spirit as a teacher sent from God. He would surely be welcomed as a fellow-laborer in the common interests of humanity by Him who asked the question, "If a man love not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen? Will not these words, in some degree at least, apply to Kipling? His is the gospel of work—he is no dreamer of Arcady. Love of energy is the axis of his mind; things must be done, and done thoroughly, (a lesson here for those of us who would fain smooth away all difficulties from a child's path), and we must put the best of ourselves into our task, "gettin' shut o' doin' things rather more-er-less." And if the work that comes to us is poor and mean, by doing it well we ennoble it and ourselves in the process. As he says in one of his dedications:

"One stone the more swings to her place  
In that dread temple of Thy worth,  
It is enough that through Thy grace  
I saw naught common on Thy earth."

And above all we must *work* of our own initiative or of God's. Tomlinson was spurned of Peter because he could give but a shuffling answer to a plain demand.

"Ye have read, ye have heard, ye have thought," he said, "and the tale  
is still to run,  
By the worth of the body that once ye had, give answer, what have  
ye *done*?"

## Communications.

### A PLEA FOR ACCURACY.

The question arises in all studies whether acquirement of power or development of power is to be mainly considered, and it is one of the common places of education that thought power is more important than knowledge.

Accuracy, however, is sometimes spoken of as if it were the acquirement of some part of knowledge instead of genuine mental training. A good business man can take a boy and in one short year make a careful, reliable accountant of him, while the school in all the years previous had not succeeded in making his work even passably accurate. It is not a sufficient answer to this to say that the school should develop generally and leave teaching of special details to those who are fitted to do so, and to those who particularly need them. Accuracy is not a detail, though great rapidity in arithmetical calculation may be. It is a habit that is developed slowly and that influences everything the pupil thinks or does.

This point has been suggested to me by the fact that the arithmetic by grades authorized by the Department for Grade VIII contains a set of exercises on business forms and simple book keeping. Strong objections have been made to the retention of Bookkeeping even on certificate work, on the ground that such commercial work does not fall within the sphere of the public school. This may be true of all the special branches that might be taught with a view of practical utility. Bookkeeping has the best claim because it will be useful to everyone no matter what his occupation. There is perhaps no great weight in the objection that practical business methods vary so widely that school forms are largely useless. Details of different men may indeed vary but underlying principles do not and if the pupil has mastered these, new methods are easy.

But this requires good teaching. It should have two objects: I To give a working knowledge of business forms; II To develop habits of accuracy that will be useful in all thinking. In the first respect I am inclined to think that the teaching in Manitoba is poor. Most holders of certificates who have no business training aside from school are confused and uncertain on even simple business details. The actual keeping of books is quite beyond them. Business men say that teachers have no idea of business methods. Every teacher who has had anything to do with fellow teachers in the way of business will confirm the statement. The work on teachers' examinations is usually poor. For this perhaps the examinations are largely responsible. In a bank an accountant who did one per cent. of his work accurately would not do, but in our departmental tests a boy who does one third of the work correctly is passed. And this is in a subject whose only practical utility to the business man is in absolute correctness. Could not a simple paper be set requiring only knowledge that every man would require in his affairs—perhaps our present papers do not call for more—and insist on say 85 per cent for a pass. Less than that would be totally useless in actual transactions.

The second aim is to develop accuracy. It seems to me we could dispense with much of the business information that is given to the pupils and that we

should insist far more strongly on the business methods of care and absolute correctness. I am going to find exactly what standard of correctness and neatness is insisted upon by the business men best known to the pupils, their fathers and brothers if possible, and insist upon the same from them in every detail. It will introduce a spirit entirely foreign to much school work and will come with the weight of great authority.

S. H. FORREST.

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## THE TEACHER'S REWARD.

During the past summer anyone interested in the teaching profession must have been struck by the number of changes which have taken place amongst the teachers of the Intermediate schools of the province. The opening of the present term will see an almost entire change of staff, in a great many of these schools or at any rate a new principal will be found in charge. Nor is this happening peculiar to the present summer, for each year sees the same thing occur, and the question naturally arises as to the cause of these changes. Are teachers as a class discontented and fond of frequent change? or are other reasons to be found for their frequent migrations? In the case of young teachers who are advancing in their profession, it is often necessary for them to give up their position in order to attend a session at the Normal school which attendance is necessary if they wish to obtain certificates valid for life. But in the case of older teachers this reason can not apply, and some other must be sought for. Each year sees numbers of young men leave our ranks to engage in some other business in life, because they have found teaching unsatisfactory and unremunerative. The teacher being a public servant, is subject to much petty criticism which though it may be seemingly trifling and often without cause, yet is wearing on the nerves and exceedingly trying to the average individual, especially when it proceeds from people unqualified to criticize. As the teacher is liable to find himself at the mercy of such on too frequent occasions it is hardly to be wondered at if he seeks change, or decides to give up the work altogether, and turn himself to an occupation more congenial.

Teachers as a rule also are poorly paid when the importance of their work is considered, or even taken in comparison with almost any other employment. Four hundred and fifty dollars a year seems a large sum to the working man, while the successful professional man, business man or farmer, would consider it insignificant, if that were the amount he could count as profit for the year's labor. Yet this is the average salary paid to the teachers in our country schools. The man who hires out with a farmer for a year, can earn from \$150 to \$250 and board, while his personal expenses are small. If the amount that the teacher has to pay for board, dress and books be deducted from his total salary, the difference between what the teacher and the farm hand receives will not be very great, and if the amount which the former has to spend in fitting himself for his work before he can earn anything, be considered, the difference will be still less. Looked at in this light, it can hardly be said that the profession offers any great monetary inducement to a young man, to tempt him to make it a permanent work. If he is successful he may of course become principal of an Intermediate school, where he may receive seven or eight hundred dollars a year, but he will have to hire in the town or village then, and find his expenses correspondingly increased, especially if he be a married man with a family to

maintain. The amount to begin with does not seem large especially when he considers the time and money spent in qualifying himself to fill the position, and if he looks forward to the future the prospect is not bright, for he realizes that the "dead line" comes in his profession almost sooner than in any other, and at a comparatively early age he will be compelled to retire from his work because he has become too old. He finds also that teaching has unfitted him for almost every other employment. These are some of the considerations which cause men to shun the teaching profession as a permanent one—its uncertainty, because the position of a public servant is always uncertain, and its unremunerativeness. When a man has attained to the highest position which is open to a teacher in our public schools, he is not even then paid a high salary when it is compared with that paid to men in similar positions in almost any other business in life; and the young man who is anxious to succeed in the world, and give any thought to the matter, will only use it as many others do to serve as a stepping stone to some other work. If on the other hand he sees only the nobility of the teacher's work, and is content to enter upon it setting monetary considerations aside, he will find employment for all his energies, and the best that is in him will be called into play. If he is willing to look to the future for his reward rather than to the present, if he will be satisfied with seeing the little ones placed in his charge, develop and grow in intellectual and moral strength as God meant they should develop, if he considers the warm hand clasp and the few words of thanks sometimes received in after life from one whom he helped to become a man and a useful citizen of his country, then the teaching may offer after all something which will call him permanently to its ranks.

T. L.

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### AN ENQUIRY.

Would some of your experienced teachers write an article for the benefit of a new subscriber and a new teacher on, "The best methods of teaching in detail the Geography of Manitoba?"

*I should also like to be advised as to what subjects to choose for Composition in a school where pupils have not been taught the subject before, even in the fifth grade?*

G. A. LEREW.

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### A CREED IN A NUTSHELL.

At the Southern Association held at Richmond Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia College spoke upon "Some Evidences of an Education." These he conceived to be (1) accuracy and precision in the use of the mother tongue; (2) refinement and gentleness of manner; (3) established principles as basis of thought and action; (4) efficiency in expression; (5) power of growth. From these principles Professor Butler deduced conclusions that a man with the soundest education used a free, idiomatic style, without formalism; he respected himself and others; his thought and action were based upon sound ethics; he did not allow himself to be swayed by emotion and impulse, and all he did produced effected results.

# Primary Department.

Edited by Annie S. Graham, Carberry, Man.

To the Primary teachers of Western Canada :—In taking up the reins of editorship of this department, I have just one thing to say regarding my part of the work. That is, that “the spirit is willing,” but alas, “the flesh is very weak.” While I would gladly do all I can for THE JOURNAL, I cannot do without the hearty co-operation of every teacher who reads this column. I therefore appeal to you to help in every possible way. If you have but a single thought, send it. It may be precisely the necessity of some fellow-teacher. Don't withhold the crumb because you haven't a loaf, and if you haven't a crumb of your own, perhaps you have one you have found by the wayside. Clippings from papers, school-room experiences, questions on any school subject, suggestions—all will be welcomed. This is not *my* column but *ours*. So send along your successes and failures, and let us talk over them and help each other. Address all matter for this department to

ANNIE SINCLAIR GRAHAM,  
Box 66, Carberry, Man.

## AUTUMN LEAVES.

TIME 2-4. KEY F.

*Eleanor Cameron.*

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1. -.	6. -: 6. -.	5. -: 3. 1.	6. -: 6. -.	5. -: 3. -.	2. 2: 3. -.	4. -: 6. -.	5. -: - . -.
	3. -: 3. 2.	4. -: 3. 2.	3. -: 5. -.	8. -: 6. -.	5. 3: 1. -.	3. -: 2. -.	1. -: - . -.
: 5.							

1. I know where you found your red, little leaves,  
    So merrily dancing by,  
    You caught all the glow from the rosy clouds  
    That hung in the sunset sky.

CHORUS—Then dance and play  
    Through the long bright day,  
    For winter is coming fast;  
    When playtime is o'er  
    You can dance no more,  
    And autumn will soon be past.

2. I know where you found your gold, little leaves,  
    That shines in your dresses gay,  
    It glowed in the sun as it sank to rest  
    Each beautiful summer day.



## JACK FROST.

“There's a busy little fellow,  
 Who came to town last night,  
 When all the world was fast asleep,  
 And children's eyes shut tight.  
 I cannot tell you how he came,  
 For well the secret's hid,  
 But I think upon a moonbeam bright  
 'Way down the earth he slid.

Then he took a glittering icicle  
 From underneath the eaves,  
 And, with it, on my window,  
 Drew such shining, silver leaves ;  
 Such fair and stately palaces,  
 Such towers and temples grand,  
 Their like, I'm sure, was never seen  
 Outside of Fairyland.”

—*Selected.*

## GOOD-BY TO SUMMER.

“Good-by, good-by to summer !  
 For summer's nearly done ;  
 The garden smiling faintly,  
 Cool breezes in the sun ;  
 Our thrushes now are silent,  
 Our swallows flown away—  
 But Robin's here with coat of brown,  
 And ruddy breast-knot gay.  
 Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
 O Robin dear !  
 Robin sings so sweetly  
 In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red and orange,  
 The leaves come down in hosts ;  
 The trees are Indian princes,  
 But soon they'll turn to ghosts.  
 The scanty pears and apples  
 Hang russet on the bough ;  
 It's autumn, autumn, autumn late,  
 'Twill soon be winter now.  
 Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
 O Robin dear !  
 And what will this poor Robin do?  
 For pinching days are near.

The fireside for the cricket,  
 The wheatstack for the mouse,  
 When trembling night-winds whistle  
 And moan all round the house.  
 The frosty ways like iron,  
 The branches plumed with snow—  
 Alas ! in winter dead and dark,  
 Where can poor Robin go ?  
 Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
 O Robin dear !  
 And a crumb of bread for Robin,  
 His little heart to cheer.”

—*Allingham.*

## DISCOURAGEMENTS.

A month has passed since the re-opening of our schools. I wonder how many of us are dis-satisfied with the work of the past month. Have we not been able to reach any of the marks at which we aimed? The outlook on Sept. 1st was, perhaps, very bright, but how different after a month's experience! In spite of the most conscientious effort on the part of the teacher, Johnny still says "The boy sat *on* the log" (emphasis on "on"); Mary can't "for the life of her" tell how many 7's in twenty; confusion reigns where the teacher expected order; in short, she can't see results, and she thinks that she must have "missed her calling," and she begins to wish that she were superannuated or that some fairy prince would come along and awaken her from this wearying nightmare.

Never mind, discouraged worker. We have *all* "been there many a time," and yet we wouldn't exchange our work for anyone else's. We have worked to the best of our ability, and growth must come from this striving, this reaching skyward, even if we cannot see just now the results of our efforts. And as doctors tell us of the "growing pains" of children, so may we not think of these discouragements, this weighing and finding ourselves wanting, as but the growing pains which shall further our mental and spiritual development? And it seems to me that there is a divine restlessness possessing the soul of every true teacher—a seeking after something higher that makes the position of the "satisfied" teacher an unbearable one. "Contentment brings inaction." Let us then consider it a good sign when we cannot rest satisfied with the work we have been doing. And, remembering that "it is not with success we build our lives, but noble endeavors," let us go on doing as well as we can, resolved

"To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

—A. S. G.

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"The problem of the Republic is the problem of childhood. Christ placed a little child in the midst of priests, rulers, soldiers, philosophers, and found in the child's teachableness, trustfulness and innocency, a force that made the might of king's contemptible. The soul is a seed. In a world where Nature can change a grain of wheat into a sheaf, the great God asks the state to change a child into a scholar, a sage, a noble citizen.—*Newell Dwight Hillis*.

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"We can only give what we have. Happiness, grief, gaiety, sadness, are by nature contagious. Bring your health and strength to the weak and sickly, and so you will be of use to them. Give them not your weakness but your energy, so you will revive and lift them. Life alone can rekindle life."—*Amiel*

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"There's never a rose in all the world  
 But makes some green spray sweeter;  
 There's never a wind in all the sky  
 But makes some bird wing flecter;  
 No robin but may thrill some heart,  
 His dawnlight gladness voicing,  
 God give us all some small, sweet way  
 To set the world rejoicing."—*Selected*.

## MEMORY GEMS.

I think it was Dr. Samuel Johnson who said that, when he was bored by an uninteresting discourse, he would withdraw his mind and think of Tom Thumb. What a happy suggestion for our primary tots when we teachers are speaking "over their heads"! I was told the other day (this is fact) that some teachers believed in cramming children with beautiful gems which they could not understand, thinking that some day in the future they might like to know them. It seems to me that such a doctrine is responsible for evils not to be estimated. I'll allow that often children understand things which we thought were beyond them. But will you tell me what is the object in experimenting thus when we have so much material that the child appreciates and loves? For my part, I intend to keep Tom Thumb in his place, and, if the children die before they reach an age at which they can understand these "beautifuls," why all I can say is that, in the next world, they will have enlarged and better opportunities to learn and comprehend them. Let us "suit the material to the taught." (Is that the way the old "Pedagogy" states it? I've forgotten).

"Let us pray that learn we may,  
As learn we will, for a' that,  
A child's a child, and mauna do  
A grown man's work for a' that!  
For a' that and a' that,  
God made them so, for 'a that,  
That childer sma' till man's estate  
Should childer be for a' that."

—A. S. G.

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 THE REAL TEST.

It is an easy thing to fill out a report card for the perusal of a child's parents, but a more difficult task to make out the loss and gain account which is written only on the heart of the teacher. Figures cannot measure the growth of that mysterious, inscrutable thing—the human soul. Happy the teacher who, in looking back over the past month, can see not only a gain which can be recorded on a report card, but, looking into the rows of school-room faces and recalling her striving with each child soul, can dare to believe that, through this striving, some evil habit has been corrected, some unfortunate tendency thwarted, some eye opened to beauty, some timid, sensitive little soul made more confident. And twice happy should be the teacher who, in searching and trying her *own* heart, can answer satisfactorily such questions as these:—Have I prepared my work each day as I should? Have I, while expecting my pupils to be self-controlling, been able at all times to control myself? Have I, in my work, displayed even a little of that sweetness and gentleness of disposition which characterized the Greatest of Teachers? Have I been the woman and the teacher, or the teacher alone? Etc. As for myself, I have to confess—but no, I won't.—A. S. G.

"I do softly pray, at the close of day,  
That the little children so dear,  
May as purely grow as the fleecy snow,  
That follows the fall of the year."—*Selected.*

For next month I suggest that we make the topic for our department "Beauty." May I ask for something along the line of art, decoration, drawing, or the like—either prose or poetry, original or selected? You all know the story of the old woman who came home from class-meeting and said, "Oh, we had a grand meeting, *I spoke*." Our column will be interesting to us all, just in proportion to the amount of "speaking" we do.—*A. S. G.*

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## Editorial.

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The Western Canada Press Association proposes visiting California. They think of advertising the country by taking along a car of Manitoba and North West exhibits. The idea is a good one. If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, then Mahomet must go to the mountain. It would be well for those who go on the excursion to remember that after all they are the biggest part of the exhibit, and an exhibition of manliness, temperance and self control is more needed in some parts than anything else.

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The question of education is primarily a question of teachers: incidentally only, a question of methods. Information is indispensable, and the methods by which it may be best imparted must be known and employed by the teacher; but the end is a cultivated mind, opening to the light as flowers to the morning rays, a thirst for knowledge as the growing corn for rain and sunshine.—*Bishop Spalding.*

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This is the doctrine that is needed, and it is well that it is proclaimed by such good authority. Life reaches a soul through the medium of another living soul. The good teacher stands on the one hand in living relation to the truth he wishes the pupil to acquire, and on the other hand in loving sympathy with the pupil who is to acquire the truth. If there is an absence of feeling in either case work cannot be good.

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We have been informed that the Companion to the Victorian Readers is in the printer's hands. It is much needed.

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## In the School Room.

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### POLITENESS.

The following is contained in the programme of study for the schools of Santa Barbara, California. Is it too much? Can you try it faithfully for just one week and report?

1. To be polite is to have a kind regard for the feelings and rights of others.
2. Be as polite to your parents, brothers and sisters and school-mates as you are to strangers.
3. Look people fairly in the eyes when you speak to them or they speak to you.

4. Do not bluntly contradict anyone.
  5. It is not discourteous to refuse to do wrong.
  6. Whispering, laughing, chewing gum, or eating at lectures, in school, or at places of amusements is rude and vulgar.
  7. Be doubly careful to avoid any rudeness to strangers, such as calling out to them, laughing, or making remarks about them. Do not stare at visitors.
  8. In passing a pen, pencil, knife, or pointer, hand the blunt end toward the one who receives it.
  9. When a classmate is reciting do not raise your hand until after he has finished.
  10. When you pass directly in front of anyone or accidentally annoy him, say, "Excuse me," and never fail to say "Thank you," for the smallest favor.
- School Board of Santa Barbara, Cal.*

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## METHODS.

In the teaching of penmanship the great is of more importance than the small. That is, the general form of a page is of more importance than the form of a particular letter. It is a simple thing to teach a pupil how to arrange matter on a page. He may begin by copying well arranged pages of books, *e.g.* title-pages. Then he may arrange letter forms, address envelopes, write advertisements and the like. When the general form is good there is no difficulty in securing care in detailed work, but if the form of the whole page is bad, it is difficult to get well-formed words and letters.

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If a pupil has been taught arithmetic properly during the first four grades he will know the principal truths of the reduction table, and know them experimentally. Formal reduction should then present no difficulties. The following is suggested as a useful exercise. Suppose we take time measure. Begin with the relation of months and years.

- I.
  - (a) Reduction, as 4 yrs. = ? months; 18 mos. = ? yrs.
  - (b) Addition, as 6 mos. + 16 mos. = ? yrs.; 2 yrs. + 8 mos. = ? mos.
  - (c) Subtraction, as 2 yrs. — 4 mos. = ? mos.; 18 mos. — 1 yr. = ? mos.
  - (d) Multiplication, as 16 mos.  $\times$  2 = ? yrs.; 4 yrs.  $\times$  3 = ? mos.
  - (e) Division, as 16 mos.  $\div$  2 mos. = ? times.
  - (f) Partition, as  $\frac{1}{2}$  of 2 yrs. = ? mos.;  $\frac{1}{4}$  of 18 mos. = ? mos.
  - (g) Complex problems, as  $\frac{2}{3}$  of a yr. + 6 mos. = ? mos.;  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yrs. —  $\frac{1}{3}$  of 9 mos. = ? mos.
- II. Next consider relation of weeks and months in similar fashion.
- III. Next combine weeks, months and years in similar fashion.
- IV. Next add days in week, &c.

In this way there is ample opportunity for valuable oral work, and the variety of problems necessitates continued thinking.

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## OCTOBER HINTS.

You can brighten to your schoolrooms:

1. By jars of goldenrod and asters in the dark corners of your room.
2. By the red beauty of sprays of Virginia creeper, barberry, and mountain ash behind the clock, over the pictures, at your belt, and in your hair.
3. By, if possible, arranging blinds so that the October sun shines somewhere in the room all day.

4. By letting volumes of the October air flood the room.
5. By making the children feel H. H.'s "October Bright Blue Weather."
6. By feeding your nerves and spirits by daily exercise in the bracing air.
7. By radiating this freshness in your work until your pupils feel that of all October's glories you are the best.—*Elizabeth Share*.

This is the last month of the year to be out of doors "with nature at its best."

Have at least one October field day.

Encourage the children to make a collection of autumn leaves. Teach them to select only perfect leaves and the most attractively colored.

Insist that they learn the name of every kind of tree whose leaf they get.

Have them study carefully the way in which plants go into winter quarters.

Which trees first take on the autumnal hues? Which first shed their leaves?

How many kinds of evergreen trees do they know?

What is the prevailing flower color in October?

Do the October flowers grow mostly in low, damp lands, or in high lands? in forests or in open fields?

It is a good month to pull up plants and observe their roots.

Have a collection of roots, and have pupils classify them in their own way and describe each kind of root.

It is time to complete your array of window plants for the year.

Fringed gentian is a prominent October flower. There is some beautiful poetry about it. Have the poem, "The Fringed Gentian," memorized, in part at least.

It is a fine aster month. There should be bouquets of them in every school-room in places where children can get to the fields for them.—*Nature Study for October*.

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## Book Notes.

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Teachers are continually asking about "Primary Journals" and Journals for children. Send for sample copies of

Child Garden—9333 Prospect Avenue, Chicago.

Little Folks—S. E. Cassino—Salem, Mass.

St. Nicholas and Youth's Companion.

Primary Education—Boston.

Popular Educator—Boston.

Kindergarten Magazine—Chicago.

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We have received from Rand Mc Nally & Co., of Chicago and New York, a copy of their new map of Germany—Columbia Series. It is a beautiful production, mounted on cloth 66x46 inches. It is not likely that all our schools would buy this particular map, but we take pleasure in calling attention to the excellence of the whole series of which it is the latest. There is no publishing house in America that in the line of map work can surpass Rand McNally & Co. The printing, the selection of details, the finish, are all that could be desired. Teachers should be acquainted with the work of this house.

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*Le Romant D'une pussie chat.*—Frederick Rogers, D.C.L., (American Publishing Co., Detroit). This is a nonsense story. In it a very good picture of early life in Ontario is given. A subterranean channel connects Lake Superior with the land of the Grimalkins, and down this channel is conducted Queen Elfic. The book is amusing and free from everything that would offend childhood.

## Selected.

### POETRY FOR THE SEASON.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing  
 now  
 Its mellow richness on the clustered  
 trees,  
 And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,  
 Pouring new glory on the autumn  
 woods.

—*Longfellow, "Autumn."*

The leaves are ripe; earth every-  
 where  
 Is gorgeous with their color stain;  
 A glory streams through all the air,  
 Like light in church through tinted  
 pane  
 That shimmers slowly.

—*Mrs. Whitney, "Bird-Talk."*

As dyed in blood the streaming vines appear,  
 While long and low the wind about them grieves;  
 The heart of autumn must have broken here  
 And poured its treasures out upon the leaves.  
 —*Charlotte Fiske Bates, "Woodbines in October."*

At every turn the maples burn,  
 The quail is whistling free,  
 The partridge whirrs, and the frosted  
 burrs,  
 Are dropping for you and me.

*Ho! hilly ho! heigh O!  
 Hilly ho!*

In the clear October morning.

—*Stedman, "Autumn Song."*

From gold to gray  
 Our mild sweet day  
 Of Indian Summer fades too soon;  
 But tenderly  
 Above the sea  
 Hangs, white and calm, the hunter's  
 moon.

—*Whittier, "The Eve of Election."*

All the hues  
 The rainbow knows, and all that meet the eye  
 In flowers of field and garden, joined to tell  
 Each tree's close-folded secret.

—*J. G. Holland, "Kathrina."*

And above in the light  
 Of the star-lit night,  
 Swift birds of passage are winging  
 their flight  
 Through the dewy atmosphere.

—*Longfellow, "Birds of Passage."*

All around me every bush and tree  
 Says autumn's here, and winter soon  
 will be,  
 Who snows his soft, white sleep and  
 silence over all.

—*Lowell, "Indian Summer Reverie."*

With mingled sound of horns and bells,  
 A far-heard clang, the wild geese fly,  
 Storm-sent, from Arctic moors and fells,  
 Like a great arrow through the sky,  
 Two dusky lines converged in one,  
 Chasing the southward flying sun;  
 While the brave snow-bird and the hardy jay  
 Call to them from the pines, as if to bid them stay.

—*Whittier, "The Last Walk in Autumn."*

Lo! sweetened with the summer light  
The full-juiced apple, waxing over  
mellow,  
Drops in a silent autumn night.

—Tennyson, "*The Lotus Eaters.*"

Again the gentian dares unfold  
Blue fringes closed against the cold;  
Again in mossy solitude.  
The glimmering aster lights the wood.

—Lucy Larcomb, "*October.*"

## PHELPS' TEACHER.

By Dan. V. Stephens.

Long before Phelps started to school—and he didn't start until he was seven years old—his mamma told him about his prospective teacher. Phelps was curious about her. Would she be like his mamma or Jimmie's mamma, who lived across the street? His mamma assured him his teacher would be a kind, sweet woman who would love him. And Phelps believed it. Even Phelps' mamma believed it, for how could any one fail to love *her* boy. When a heart is full of love there is no room for the conception of hate.

In time Phelps was seven years old and was duly kissed and sent to school. It was a red letter day at his home. All day his mamma waited and thought about her boy at school and wondered how he was getting along. He was the centre of the classes, as he appeared in her mind's eye; the pride of the teacher and the school. She could not foresee that there might be other boys and girls there who might be sweet and lovable. She could not foresee that the teacher might be heartless—without a spark of love for children. She could not understand that anyone would or could govern children without love. But how blind love is! She had her awakening that day when Phelps came home. He was crushed and discouraged. The teacher was ill-tempered, bad mannered and short in judgment, yet, because she knew her multiplication tables and a few other purely mechanical things, she had been given authority to teach.

"Why, mamma, the teacher whipped a little boy to-day, and slapped a little girl that sat nex to me. She looks so cross I don't love her. You told me I would love my teacher, and that she would be nice, like you."

Phelps' mamma sat a long time looking out of the window and thinking. Her boy thought she had deceived him. She had taught him to think that everybody was good, kind and loving. Because her heart was so full of it she forgot her sad experience to the contrary. At any rate, everybody would be good to *her* boy—how could they help it? People who are good find lots of good rising up to meet them everywhere they go.

The next day Phelps came home and told his mamma another story of strife and worry at school. And the next was no better. It seemed that each day brought forth new adventures. It was ever a contest between the teacher and pupils. She had no love in her heart and no love rose up to meet her. She had a heart full of selfishness and fear—fear that the pupils would get the upper hand of her. The fear was the result of her selfishness. So her days were filled with strife—the bad that was in her calling forth all the bad that was in her school—all of it concentrated against her.

The children would go home at night and cry over their troubles with their teacher in their mamma's arms, where there was always sympathy to be found. Some mammas went to the teacher, others sent notes—all protesting. Then the day following would be worse. Not only selfish and cowardly, but narrow and ignorant, the teacher would radiate an aura of meanness around her so intense that all the love in the school would be driven into hiding. Even those bright little fellows who are always bubbling over with love and life, would settle down dejectedly. While those others who inherit a little from the nether kingdom would be aroused to bitter resentment.

So the poor teacher, in her ignorance, was suffering severely as a result of it, and cultivating in the children, who might otherwise have sweet dispositions, a hatred for her and school life in general.



One day, after the teacher had been called upon by a few outraged parents in regard to her brutal and otherwise ignorant treatment of their children, she was unusually severe. Among the number who had protested was Phelps' mamma. She had done this unknown to the boy.

"Children," she began, with a deep scowl on her face, "I want to talk to you about tale-bearing. You have been going home and telling things that you have no business to tell." And at this she glared at Phelps as if she would eat him at one gulp. "You have even lied—lied, do you understand?" Here she began to get red in the face and sweat. "I tell you, you have no business going home with tales about the school—tattlers! I'd be ashamed of myself!" At this period of her discourse she emitted a sneer of contempt and went on with her recitations.

Imagine the feelings of a mother who has thrown around her child every refined thought and influence within her power; kept sweet and even-tempered through the years of his babyhood; always spoke kindly to him, and always chided with love where reproof was necessary; all this in order that the good might grow and the bad might starve. Try to take her place in life just long enough to imagine your child sitting day after day under the influence of a mind like the one just described. The very idea of such a person being licensed to teach school and sent out to administer her poison in small doses to other people's children, is shocking in the extreme.

That night Phelps went home crying. He told his mamma that the teacher had said that they told lies, and that *she looked right at him*, and that they were tattlers, and that he just despised her. She tried to console him and soften his heart toward her. She told him how hard it was to manage so many pupils, and perhaps she was not feeling well. It is so easy to be cross when we are not well and the children are not good. She told him it was wrong to despise any one. That he should not feel that way, but that instead he should feel sorry for her because of all the trouble she had to bear.

On Friday afternoon the teacher felt happy—the week's drudgery was about ended. To her school teaching was drudgery. She did not love her work. She would gladly give it up at a moment's notice if a better position presented itself. So the only times she ever treated the children with consideration were on Friday afternoons, because of the joy she felt in the anticipation of having them off her hands for two days. In the midst of her pleasure she felt kindly toward everybody. The children brightened up under her smiles and looked happy and contented. They were having a delightful time together. At the end of the session the teacher felt so good, surrounded by so much young life, and all of it reaching out for something to love and cling to, that she asked for the hand of all those who loved her. Every hand went up with an eager jerk and shake so the teacher would not fail to see that each little heart went out to her—all save one, and that was Phelps. He sat crestfallen when he saw all eyes turned upon him. He never told lies. He didn't know how.

"Why, Phelps, dear, don't you love me?"

"No, ma'am," respectfully replied the boy.

"Why don't you, Phelps?"

"Just because."

"Don't you know why?"

"No, ma'am."

She flushed red for an instant, probably angered at first, but seeing the frank countenance of the boy she felt a twinge of shame. That night she kept remembering that Phelps didn't love her. It annoyed her quite a little. On Monday she set about trying to make Phelps love her. She seemed to hunger for it. She was as kind as she could be, which was not saying much for *her*. But before the day was over she had patted Phelps head once or twice, and once she had put her arm around his shoulders.

That evening Phelps told his mamma that he and the teacher understood each other now. But it was only for a day. Some of us can be good for an

hour, others for a day, others for a month, and some even for a life-time, but unfortunately for her she found it too difficult to be good—it was not worth while to waste so much effort just to win a child's love—so she drifted back to her old habits of scolding, whipping and looking ugly. It was easier for her to live that way. It was in accord with her own coarse nature, which was in close relationship with the clod.

Accordingly Phelps found he never understood her, or if he did it only lasted for a day. From a boy with an even, sweet temper, he became nervous and excitable before the first month was over. Before the second month closed she took him out into the cloak room one afternoon and whipped him. After this he hated her so much he didn't learn anything. His mamma had to compel him to go to school. Matters came to such a pass that his papa's attention was called to it. He had a talk with the boy. To his great surprise and sorrow the boy flew into a fit of passion and became very ugly in the extreme. As the last recourse he was whipped for the first time in his whole life in his own home. This seemed to complete his degradation, but he went to school, surly and rebellious. Ah! if people only knew how they sometimes commit a crime equal to that of taking a human life, they would study the ways of a child a long time before pouncing upon it as if they owned its life and had a right to abuse it.

Phelps' papa went to his work that day feeling like a brute. All day long his boy's face would mix in with his papers and what other work he might be doing. Often he wondered why he had never noticed this condition of mind in his boy. How was it that through all his short young life he had not known of this ugly disposition? When he went home to dinner he examined his wife on the subject, and found an explanation for it all in the temperament of the teacher. This was a serious matter with them—much more than anything else in the world. It was the making or ruining of a life. Would they be able to make the teacher understand that they wished to co-operate with her in an honest endeavor to control the boy? Would she not misconstrue their efforts, and think that they were not in sympathy with her?—that they did not understand her troubles, and that parents are fools about their children anyway? But Phelps' papa was no fool. He understood her weakness. He knew she was an uneducated girl with little experience and practically no conception of human nature. It was therefore with many misgivings that he went to see the teacher about it. They sat for an hour talking it over. The first three-quarters of that time he spent in strategy—playing for a position—trying to get into her way of thinking so as not to offend her—so that he might be able to show her the right way. He tried to get her away from the thought that he was against her, but through it all she was on the defensive. So strong was this animal instinct of defense in her she could not think of anything else. She could not understand a nature that was sufficiently unselfish not to want to sacrifice the interests of others for its own benefit. Finally he gave up trying to reach her by strategy, and concluded that perhaps it might be well to jar her a little, so he said:

“Miss ———, my profession is the law; yours is school-teaching. It ill becomes me, no doubt, to try to tell you how to teach school, just as it would be for you to tell me how to practice law. However, you have a chance to take your case to someone else in the event that I do not handle it properly. I haven't that privilege in your case. You are thrust upon me whether I like it or not, and you spoil my child's mind. The only way I can help myself is to keep the boy out of school. I came to you in an honest effort to help you to handle the boy, but you resent it, and do not even conceive of a possibility that you could do any better than you are doing. The boy never gave us a moment's trouble until you took him in charge, and now after three month's his little mind is poisoned and his ideals destroyed. You even told him, with the others, that they carried lies home to their parents. Such talk and ill-temper as you display before your pupils are sufficient to bring out all the disagreeable traits of character in them. I deplore it, and heartily wish that you might do better, and get the children to like you so your work would be more effective.”

"The children do like me," she replied emphatically. "No longer than a month ago they practically all held up their hands in response to that very question."

"All but my boy; why didn't he hold up his hand? Love answers to love and he did not respond to that sentiment."

"It's because he is encouraged to disobey me at home; that is why, exactly."

"There you are wrong again. Suspicions will destroy us sooner or later, if we encourage them. I had to whip the little fellow yesterday as a result of your treatment of him. Yes, whip him—do you hear that, Miss —? The first time in my life I had to use the rod on my son as a result of the blighting influence you have had over him. He is almost unmanageable, and hates you with a vindictiveness that appalls me in one so young. You irritate *me* even almost beyond my ability to control it. You are not suited to the work. I say this to you candidly and with no intent to do you injury. You cannot understand the responsibility a parent feels for the future of his child."

They quit just where they began, save that the bitterness on both sides was intensified. Miss — taught school just as she always did, and just about as she always will so long as weak, ignorant humanity will tolerate that sort of a thing. The responsibility of a teacher for good or ill is not appreciated by us as a people. The importance of the work of a county superintendent in selecting teachers is out of all proportion with that of any other profession. The professional skill required to save a human life in the face of a disease of the body is nothing compared to the cultivation of a human soul. A county superintendent who carelessly licenses a coarse, ignorant person to practice on little children is to be pitied, because his crime is so great. First of all requirements in the character of a teacher should be the power to love children. Without it a teacher is a failure. In addition to this she should be refined and gentle, possessing an honest heart, clean habits, and a good strong body. Then add to these a knowledge of books. If it is impossible to get the last with the first, take the first without hesitancy. It is infinitely better that the child miss the learnings of the wise men, rather than receive it from a vulgar, cross-grained teacher, whose very breath is laden with a blighting poison.

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## Historic Tales.

### 1.—SQUIRE BULL'S DAUGHTER BETSY.

Contributed by Saul Og.

(A preacher once asked an actor "How is it the people flock to hear your fiction and do not come to hear me when I speak the truth?" The answer was to the point, "You deal with truth as if it were fiction, and I deal with fiction as if it were truth." The following article, contributed by one of our teachers, may not have very great historic value, but it has this merit that the characters seem to be alive. We do not wish our teachers to throw all their history teaching into this form, but they can get from the narrative not only amusement but the idea that any subject to be interesting must have life).

All the world knows that John Bull, who lives with his two sisters Peg and Kitty on the finest estate in that part of the country, owns many snug farms and mining claims far away from home and is constantly adding to them. One of these properties is managed by John's daughter, Betsy, who is as neat and comely a girl as you could wish to see. It is about her and her estate that I intend to tell you; and also about her relations with her near kinsman Sam, whose great farms lie just to the south of hers.

You know, of course, that Betsy, though she is now in full control of this fine property, was not always so. And it is probable that she would not have come into the management of it as soon or as early as she did, had it not been

for John's unhappy experience with Sam some years back. In that old dispute there was hard things said, and there was much hard feeling on both sides. John declared that the younger was an undutiful rascal with no sense of filial affection or loyalty, else he would not have refused to send home a bit of money occasionally to help when things were going badly. Sam, on his part was always full of high and mighty notions. He thought far more of rights than of duties, and did not scruple to call his father a grasping old tyrant, and worse. At all events, it came to law. Sam wasn't ashamed to bring the old man into court over it. There were a number of actions lost and won; but at last John gave him a quit claim deed for the estate, and Sam set up housekeeping in his own way, and has managed his estate to suit himself ever since.

It may have been, as I have said, on account of the issue of this unhappy affair with Sam, or it may have been for some other reason, but at any rate John decided that Betsy should have a free hand on this particular farm. Indeed some used to say that she could go her ways with it for anything John would object; but Betsy is quite contented with the present arrangement, and finds it very convenient when she has disputes to settle among her tenants to go home and get advice from her grandmother, the lady Victoria, who is the wisest and best hearted old lady you ever heard of. Now there is no doubt that the first person of any consequence who had any real claim to this estate was the great Sir Lewis, next door neighbor to Squire Bull. Some of Sir Lewis' people used to go over to fish in the streams, and hunt, and even raise a bit of corn and potatoes occasionally. But the Squire and Sir Lewis were continually at odds with each other, now over one thing and then over another, and as John had set his heart on owning these lands nothing would do but he must bring suit against Sir Lewis on some ground or other; and he got a verdict too, (by the help of a very clever solicitor who went by the name of Red-headed Jamie), and entered at once into possession. It was shortly after this that the trouble occurred between Sam and the Squire, and a few of Sam's tenants who did not approve of his conduct in the matter, when they saw that the old man had lost the case packed up a few of their belongings, left their old homes, and went into service with John on his newly acquired northern property. As you can readily see these were fellows of some mettle, and very desirable to have about the place at this juncture, because the tenants already there, who had been under Sir Lewis were none too well pleased with their change of landlords. It was very pleasant for John and his agents to have such a fine lot of devoted servants working about the house and on the land. There were also a few of the people who had been employed in connection with the law suit, and most of them went to work on the land, too. All the tenants were glad to send word to their friends on the old estate to tell them of the rich land they had, and the small rent, and the large crops, and the short hours, and the hunting and the fishing and what not. So that it was not long before there was as many and more of John Bull's own people on the estate as there were of the old tenants of Sir Lewis; and not only of John's immediate tenants but also a number of strapping lads from his sister Peg's farm, and some from Kitty's as well. And things went on very happily and peaceably for a long time, until Sam entered his celebrated suit against John Bull for trespass.

You must know that by this time Sam was carrying on a neat bit of trade here and there, having grown rich enough to have boats of his own, and good hardy watermen to manage them. The Squire, who was a well established

merchant, having missed some of his men, suspected Sam of coaxing them away from him by a promise of better pay and easier times. And this was indeed the case, for one day John happened to spy a few of these at work on one of Sam's vessels, and without any more ado he just seized them by the collar, and dragged them back to their duty. Sam pretended to get in a great rage over this, and swore he'd have the law on him. As a matter of fact this was exactly what Sam wanted, an excuse to go to law again. What he hoped was that he could force John to pay the expenses of the suit and so come into possession of these farms to the north on which he had for some time been casting covetous eyes. He was all the more hopeful by reason of the fact that John's hands were full with another suit. The old Sir Lewis who was lord of the neighboring manor was dead. He had been set upon by a pack of good-for-nothing rogues belonging to his own household, and knocked on the head. These precious rascals seized the estate, apportioned it out among themselves in defiance of all law and decency, and employed a clever but unscrupulous lawyer, one Boney, by name, to defend them in any suits that might be brought against them.

Boney had a way of his own in law and a very successful and taking way it was. He hardly ever lost a case. Although the Squire employed the best counsel that could be had, and although everyone said he had right and justice on his side, nevertheless the suit dragged on, session after session, and no settlement, and cost a tremendous deal of money. Just when things were at their worst what does Sam do but take advantage of this trifling matter of the runaways, and drag the old man into another suit! There was one thing however in which Sam blundered. He had heard of some trifling disputes between the older tenants on the northern estate that he coveted, and the new arrivals, and thought to make something out of that, but he was disappointed there. The old tenants, or habitants, as they were called had got to be well satisfied with their new landlord, and were in no mood for another change.

By and by, however, in spite of all that Boney could do, John Bull defeated him fairly and squarely in an important action, and shortly afterwards had him arrested on a personal charge. Poor Boney was put into the lock-up, and died there soon after. John's hands were now free, and he was able to give his whole attention to Sam's case, and the astute Sam thought it best to offer terms. Some say that John had thoughts of retaining his favorite solicitor who had beaten Boney, to undertake the case; but Nosey, as he was called could not be induced to do so, because, he said, he hated to see the Squire in a squabble with his own flesh and blood. At any rate John agreed to drop the case and it was settled out of court.

There was another thing that happened not long after the settlement of the lawsuit which I must not fail to mention, and then I shall tell you how Betsy managed her property.

Somehow or other a most disgraceful riot broke out among the servants and farm hands about the estate. Some had been complaining about the factor whom John had sent out to assist in the management. It was said that he kept about him a pampered lot of favorites who acted as if they thought themselves the very salt of the earth. Others complained of the parsons, that they were getting more than their share of the crops, and altogether too much land for glebes. Then, too, the parsons themselves fell out over the division of their

allotments, and this of course was a fertile breeder of strifes among the people. However the riot began and grew very serious indeed. Some were for speaking fair to the rioters and making promises to them, but this was not Betsy's way. Fortunately she had for constable a stout old codger who had had great experience in this sort of thing in Boney's time. Betsy gave him the word and off the old chap went, cudgel in hand, and laid about him so lustily that the fellows took to their heels in no time. That was the end of the riot. But what vexed Betsy as much as anything was that Sam, who in such a case ought to have stood by his kinswoman, like a gentlemen, allowed, if indeed he did not actually encourage, some of the ne'er-do-wells on his own place to give aid and comfort to those lawless scamps. His conduct grieved Betsy greatly as you might expect; for Sam, although she called him Uncle on account of his being so much older than she, was, in reality, her half-brother.

—SAUL OG.

(To be Continued)

## WESTERN TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of the Western Teachers' Association was held in Brandon, September 26th and 27th, with an attendance of 225 teachers—including the principal of ten intermediate schools.

It was a matter of no little disappointment when it was learned that Prof. Clark, on account of poor railway connection, would not arrive in time to address the teachers. He, however, arrived in time to give a mixed programme of readings in the Opera Hall, in the evening, which was well attended by teachers and citizens. The Committee feel very much indebted to Dr. McLean, of Carman, and Principal Warters, of Winnipeg, both of whom came to their assistance at the last moment and were largely instrumental in making the Convention the most helpful and interesting held for years.

The programme was as follows :

THURSDAY, Sept. 26th—Composition, by Mr. S. H. Forrest; History, by Dr. McLean; Literature, (Aims and Methods) Miss Murray, B.A.

FRIDAY, Sept. 27th—American Indians, by Dr. McLean; Discussion on Reading—topic, "How to create a desire to read": Manual Training, by Principal Warters, of Winnipeg.

The officers for next year are :

President—Mr. Geo. Young, Brandon.

1st Vice-President—Mr. C. Newcombe, Virden.

2nd Vice-President—Miss Slater, Souris.

Secretary-Treasurer—Mr. R. Hodgson, Brandon.

Committee—Mr. T. McNabb, (Convener), Carberry; Mr. W. J. Barker, Elkhorn; Mr. J. H. Conklin, Melita; Miss Haw, Virden; Miss Bliss, Minnedosa; Miss Haig, Alexander.

The following resolutions were passed :

1. That it be made compulsory for the trustees of each school to spend a certain portion of the government grant of each year in providing good literature and books of reference.

2. That no text be prescribed for History but that the work be outlined in the form of topics.

3. That, in graded schools, sets of supplementary readers for Junior classes be provided by the trustees.

4. Whereas it is desirable to bring the work of the Intermediate Schools into closer relation to that of the University, it is suggested that an elementary course in Latin be made optional with the Agriculture, Physiology and Drawing for Third Class Certificates, these subjects being practically covered in the lower grades.

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## Department of Education, Manitoba.

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The following is a list of the Inspectoral Divisions of the Province :

The Western Division to comprise the following lands :—The Municipalities of Ellice, Birtle, Shoal Lake, Archie, Strathclair, Miniota, Hamiota, Wallace, Woodsworth, Pipestone and Sifton, with Mr. S. E. Lang, Virden, as Inspector, assisted by Mr. Goulet.

The South-Western Division to comprise the following lands :—The Municipalities of Arthur, Cameron, Winchester, Brenda, Whitewater, Morton, Riverside, Turtle Mountain, with Mr. H. S. Maclean, Killarney, as Inspector.

The South-Central Division to comprise the following lands :—The Municipalities of Argyle, Louise, South Norfolk (south of the Assiniboine River) Lorne, Pembina, Stanley, with Mr. W. J. Cram, Morden, as Inspector, assisted by Mr. Goulet.

The North-Eastern Division to comprise the following lands :—The Municipalities of Poscn, St. Laurent, Woodlands, Rosser, Gimli, Rockwood, St. Andrews, Brokenhead, St. Clements, Assiniboia, St. James, Kildonan, St. Paul, and all the unorganized territory to the North and East of these Municipalities, with Mr. E. E. Best, Winnipeg, as Inspector.

The South-Eastern Division to comprise the following lands :—The Municipalities of Dufferin, Macdonald, Moncalm, Franklin, DeSalaberry, LaBroquerie, Tache, Springfield, Ritchot, St. Boniface, Morris, St. Francois Xavier, and all territory to the East of the Municipalities, with Mr. A. L. Young, 533 Ross Avenue, Winnipeg, and Mr. R. Goulet, St. Boniface, as joint Inspectors.

The North-Central Division to comprise the following lands :—The Municipalities of Clanwilliam, Odanah, Rosedale, Langford, Lansdowne, Westbourne, North Norfolk, Portage la Prairie, South Norfolk (north of the Assiniboine River) with Mr. T. M. Maguire, Portage la Prairie, as Inspector.

The Brandon Division to comprise the following lands :—The Municipalities of Harrison, Blanchard, Daly, Saskatchewan, Elton, North Cypress, Whitehead, Cornwallis, Glenwood, Oakland, South Cypress, with Mr. A. S. Rose, Brandon, as Inspector.

The North-Western Division to comprise the following lands :—The Municipalities of Rosburn, Silver Creek, Russell, Shell River, Boulton, Dauphin, and all the unorganized territory North and East of these Municipalities, with Mr. A. W. Hooper, Dauphin, as Inspector, assisted by Mr. Goulet.

The Mennonite Division to comprise the Municipalities of Hanover and Rhineland, with Mr. H. H. Ewert Gretna, as Inspector.

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