

**PAGES**

**MISSING**

# Educational Review.

Devoted to Advanced Methods of Education and General Culture.

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## EDUCATIONAL REVIEW.

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## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

During the last few days a number of letters have been received from subscribers to the "Educational Review," expressing strong dissatisfaction about letters sent to them by the "Review." The present manager of the "Review" has had charge of it but a very short time and is in no way responsible for the condition of things complained of. Some have been so much vexed as to demand that the "Review" be not sent to them any longer. To all such subscribers we express our regret that anything has happened to displease them. We assure them that our aim will be to please, and will see that courteous treatment is accorded to all. Our earnest hope is that the teachers of the Maritime Provinces will rally to the support of the "Review," and we are sure that with their co-operation the "Review" will grow stronger and better with each issue. All causes of complaint will on application be investigated, and if possible removed.

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## CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Please note that the post office address of the "Review" is no longer St. John. All communications and correspondence should be addressed to

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## EDITORIAL.

A recent change in the editorial and managing departments of EDUCATIONAL REVIEW has caused some unavoidable delay in the printing of the August number. Subscribers and advertisers are asked to exercise patience and forbearance if any mistakes are made in the distribution of the journal and in the arrangement of advertisements. All such matters will be adjusted to the satisfaction of the persons concerned in due time.

In the meantime we ask for the co-operation of school officials and teachers throughout the Maritime Provinces in making the REVIEW a bright up-to-date educational magazine such as will be of real value to them and to the teaching profession. Items of interest relating to schools and colleges and educational matters in general are solicited.

Before we again go to press many teachers will be taking charge of schools for the first time. Many problems which, from lack of experience, they will find hard to solve will present themselves. If the REVIEW can be of any help to these teachers its services are placed at their disposal.

**KEEP THE SCHOOLS GOING FULL TIME.**

There are many war measures of prime importance at present, but none more pressing than keeping the schools in full operation and if possible with added efficiency. Owing to the fact that the first enlistments in Canada were voluntary our best educated young men have gone, many of them not to return. Our colleges and schools have been depleted and it is a matter of the greatest concern to all interested in the future of this country to do our utmost to fill their places from the rising generation.

Food is important, fuel is necessary and labor is urgently needed, but the schools should not be sacrificed nor their standards lowered for any of these causes.

We have all been called upon to make shifts and sacrifices because of the war and we shall loyally respond in the future as in the past, but the schools should be the last institutions to be closed because of fuel shortage and the standing of the boys and girls in their schools is of greater importance even than their work in the fields.

The United States government has recommended

that wherever school boards can find the means the present emergency is an opportune time for readjusting the schools on an all-year-round basis, with a school of forty-eight weeks divided into four quarters of twelve weeks each.

The following is the opinion of some noted educationists:

"The Bureau of Education of the Department of the Interior is strenuously urging the necessity of keeping the public schools in full being during the war. The needs of education are to be greater than ever in the years after the conflict is concluded.

"From P. P. Claxton, commissioner of education, comes the following message:

"Every public officer intrusted with the support of public schools should know that Europe's lesson to the United States as a result of the war is to keep the schools going; to make education during and after the war better and more effective than it has ever been. There are before us now just two matters of supreme importance: To win the war for freedom, democracy and peace, and to fit our schools and our children for life and citizenship in the new era which the war is bringing in."

"The message from France, as reported by John H. Finley, commissioner of education of New York is:

"Do not let the needs of the hour, however demanding, or its burdens, however heavy, or its perils, however threatening, or its sorrows, however heartbreaking, make you unmindful of the defense of tomorrow, of those disciplines through which the individual may have freedom through which an efficient democracy is possible through which the institutions of civilization can be perpetuated and strengthened. Conserve, endure taxation and privation, suffer and sacrifice, to assure to those whom you have brought into the world that it shall be not only a safe but a happy place for them."

"From H. A. L. Fisher, president of the English Board of Education, is the subjoined statement:

"At the beginning of the war, when first the shortage of labor became apparent, a raid was made upon the schools, a great raid, a successful raid, a raid started by a large body of unreflecting opinion. The result of that raid upon the schools has been that hundreds of thousands of children in this country have been prematurely withdrawn from school, and have suffered an irreparable damage, a damage which it will be quite impossible for us hereafter adequately to repair. That is a very grave and distressing symptom."

### MARITIME EDUCATION CONVENTION AT MONCTON.

It is expected that there will be a very large attendance at this important convention of teachers and other educationists.

Moncton is the most central city in the Maritime Provinces and is surpassed by no other in its fine school accommodation and the progressive interest taken by its school authorities in education.

It has been announced that New Brunswick teachers who attend will be allowed the teaching days in the last week in August. Similar provisions are made by the other provinces.

The programme is very important and comprehensive, embracing subjects of primary importance to all teachers in the Maritime Provinces.

Attendance at such conventions gives a wider outlook to educationists and affords opportunities to meet and compare experiences with the most progressive and ambitious in all departments of service.

It is understood that many school boards in New Brunswick have decided to open their schools the day after Labor Day in order to enable all their teachers to attend.

All teachers should plan to be present.

The programme appears in this issue of the REVIEW and should be carefully studied.

### TEACHERS' SALARIES.

The Nova Scotia regulation for increasing teachers' salaries appeared in the last issue of the REVIEW, and the attention of all interested in the matter is directed to it.

It is a courageous piece of legislation which deals with an urgent need in no hesitating nor half-hearted manner.

Minimum salaries are provided for in such a way that there is no escape. No teacher will risk his license to evade such a salutary enactment made in his own interests. It is gratifying to note that both branches of the Nova Scotia legislature have risen to the occasion and recognized the signs of the times. It is also worthy of note that no added government grants to teachers appear to be contemplated.

If better salaries are not paid to teachers the supply will diminish at an accelerated pace, especially in view of the additional openings for women's work, and the better remuneration given in many of them than in teaching.

The money after all belongs to the people and if they say that additional salaries for teachers

shall be paid by school sections and the provincial funds shall be devoted to other purposes none can gainsay it.

There have been during the past year some notable salary increases given voluntarily.

Teachers must also bear in mind that increased salaries will involve increased efficiency and preparedness.

They should demand a fair equivalent for good work and insist upon receiving it in every legitimate way.

### THE ARMS OF THE PROVINCES.

J. VROOM.

Good illustrations of the arms of the several provinces of Canada will be found in the beautifully engraved shields on the back of a two-dollar bill of the issue of 1914. By the use of a small magnifying glass, the conventional markings of the colours can be seen distinctly; a shading of vertical lines denoting red, horizontal lines blue, and oblique lines green, while the plain surface represents silver, and the dotted surface gold. In heraldic terms red is gules, blue is azure, green is vert, silver is argent, and gold is or.

The grouping of the shields on the back of the note is arbitrary, that of British Columbia being placed in the middle probably because it has in the chief, or upper division, the device of the British Union Jack. Taking them in the order of this arrangement, they are as follows:

Quebec, arms granted by royal warrant under date of May 26, 1868: Or, on a Fess Gules between two Fleurs-de-lis in chief Azure and a sprig of three Leaves of Maple slipped Vert in base, a Lion passant guardant Or. This, being interpreted, means a gold shield with a red band across it on which is a gold lion, with blue fleurs-de-lis above the red portion and green maple leaves below. The words passant guardant describe the position of the lion.

Alberta, granted May 30, 1907: Azure, in front of a range of Snow Mountains proper a range of Hills Vert, in base a Wheat-field surmounted by a Prairie both also proper; on a Chief Argent a St. George's Cross. That is, the shield is blue and the hills are green, with the mountains forming a line of white between the two colours; the wheat is yellow, and the prairie brown irregularly dotted with dark green, which are assumed to be their proper colours; the chief is silver, and St. George's Cross with us is always red.

Saskatchewan, granted August 26, 1906: Vert,

three Garbs in Fess Or; on a Chief of the last a Lion passant guardant Gules. This means that the shield is green, that the garbs or sheaves of wheat and the chief are gold, and that the lion is red.

Ontario, granted May 26, 1868: Vert, a sprig of three leaves of Maple slipped Or; on a Chief Argent the Cross of St. George. That is, the shield is green, the leaves gold, and the chief silver.

British Columbia, granted March 31, 1906: Argent, three Bars wavy Azure, issuant from the base a demi-Sun in splendour proper; on a Chief the Union Device charged in the centre point with an Antique Crown Or. The shield, this tells us, is silver, with three wavy bars of blue (though the fact that they are wavy is not very clearly shown in the illustration), and the sun in splendor of course is gold, as well as the crown in the centre of the union device.

Prince Edward Island, granted May 30, 1905: Argent, on an Island Vert to the sinister an Oak Tree fructed, to the dexter thereof three Oak Saplings sprouting, all proper; on a Chief Gules a Lion passant guardant Or. The silver shield and the green island are clearly seen, but the drawing is so small that it does not show the oak tree to be fructed or fruited, nor is it easy to make out that there are three saplings. The lion is the same as in the arms of Quebec, except that it is on a chief or heading instead of being on a fess.

Manitoba, granted May 10, 1905: Vert, on a Rock a Buffalo statant proper; on a Chief Argent the Cross of St. George. This tells us that the shield is green, that the buffalo is standing, and that the buffalo and presumably the rock are in their natural colours. The chief or upper portion is the same as in the arms of Alberta and Ontario. It is somewhat remarkable that in the official description the animal is called a buffalo instead of being called a bison.

Nova Scotia, granted May 26, 1868: Or, on a Fess wavy Azure between three Thistles proper a Salmon naiant Argent. That is, the shield is gold, the fess blue, the thistles in their proper colours, and the salmon silver.

New Brunswick, same date: Or, on Waves a Lymphad or Ancient Galley with oars in action proper; on a Chief Gules a Lion passant guardant Or. Here again or means gold and gules means red; and as the waves are described as proper we may assume that this means blue.

Fuller descriptions and explanations of these coats of arms were given in the Empire Day number of the REVIEW in 1908. Larger and better

drawings of them than are found on the two-dollar note can be seen on the margins of the Dominion War Loan certificates.

### START A CHILDREN'S MUSEUM.

BY MARY BRONSON HARTT.

A fresh enthusiasm for the fresh start — something mint-new for the opening year! Why not a children's museum? Not, if you please, an ingenious device to break the backs of already overburdened teachers, but a scheme to absorb the restless energies of the children themselves — a museum to be made for the children by the children, the teacher furnishing only the initial inspiration and a perennial fund of sympathy.

A natural history museum? All kinds of a museum! Everything to express a child's avid interest in this old world which is so full of a "number of things."

The idea of a special museum for children originated in Brooklyn, N. Y., and has spread like wildfire across the continent. So far as I know, the liveliest children's museum is at present the one in Boston on the shore of lovely Jamaica Pond. Started in a small way by a group of enthusiastic teachers, this one has grown and grown, the tiny collections have been swollen by gifts from friends of the movement and from the big Natural History Museum in Boston, and from Harvard, till now it fills an entire building and its value has come to be so well understood that the school children of Boston are regularly sent to the little museum for bird-talks and for lessons — illustrated by specimens, of course — in nature-study, geography, history and economic geography *during school hour!*

Of course the fascinating collections in this Boston institution have not been to any large extent the work of children. All the same what has been done there can be reproduced in embryo in the littlest district school in the most out-of-the-way corner of the Dominion. In fact the country school has incomparable opportunities if it will only take the trouble to foster the native collecting instincts of the children.

Probably every live Canadian teacher is already encouraging her pupils to bring in material for nature-work. But in how many schools is there any attempt to found a growing collection which shall wax richer year by year till some day, perhaps, the school can point to an herbarium holding carefully mounted specimens of every wild-flower and fern to be found in the district, or to cases

holding specimens of every insect that sails through the local air on jeweled wing? It is this idea of permanence, of a nucleus to be added to, which is new. It is this idea which appeals so strongly to the ambitions and the school loyalty of bright pupils. It is this idea which makes it possible that even the smallest children's museum may make a real contribution to the natural history of Canada.

Why, at Harvard they by no means despise the efforts of the young scientists who congregate at the children's museum. When one of the more recent Boston subways was being dug, a mineral came to light till then unknown to science. Mineralogists at Harvard thought that the peculiar conditions under the pavement of this busy city street — pressure, moisture, etc — must have produced the singular crystals and that more specimens ought to be found in similar situations elsewhere. They sent a sample to the children's museum, and Miss Griffin, the curator, showed it to a little club of boys who met regularly under her eye. "Sons of Nature," I think they called themselves. They set promptly to work to duplicate that specimen. Sure enough, in a surprisingly short time, they had nosed out a piece of the same crystalline substance from the cellar of an old building in process of demolition. Harvard was more than pleased. (I may have erred in the details of this story, which Miss Griffin told me several years ago; but in substance it is right).

Now how to start the work? Perhaps a wild-flower table — the live earnest of a dried herbarium by and by — would be the simplest thing to begin with. Ask the children to bring in wild-flowers, the most uncommon ones they can find, and display them daily set out each kind by itself in any small bottles you can command, each with a label bearing the common English name of the plant. If you are a botanist, you could put the Latin name underneath. Offer little honors to the children who bring in the largest number of new plants. Some weeks make it the largest number of varieties of golden-rod. There are more than forty varieties of Solidago listed in Gray's Botany, and probably half a dozen at least grow in your neighborhood, though very possibly the children may not recognize them all as golden-rods.

Wild-flowers soon pass, and then your table may be set forth with gorgeous autumn fruits — hips and haws, the berries of all manners of shrubs and plants, scarlet, blue, black, or snowy white, the plummy fruits of wild clematis, the glistening silky



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pod of fireweed, every gone-to-seed thing in its season, not forgetting the fruiting ferns.

It may not always be simple to decide to what flower some of the picturesque fruits belong. Then the quest assumes the excitement of a game. Scores of people who know quite well the brave little Jack-in-the-pulpit in his hooded spring guise cut his acquaintance in the autumn when he turns into a knobby scarlet club, and for ten who gather their yearly armfuls of trillium, sarsaparilla, or rue, there is one who thinks to ask what succeeds to the blossom when the year is in the "sere and yellow leaf." If you yourself are not accomplished botanist enough to settle knotty problems, it will go hard but you shall find someone in your district who is. Don't hesitate to enlist the interest of local naturalists, or to send away specimens for identification. Nobody who understands the real scientific earnestness of your purpose will decline to give you help.

Turn the flower-table to good account in your English work. The children's keen interest in its changing phases and in the little races for specimens will make them write of it naturally and well.

Before they fade, let the children press one perfect specimen of each plant in fruit or flower, and mount it, promising to complete it by adding when the season comes round, if they have the

fruit, the flower, or if they have the flower, the fruit.

Before the trees are bare, let the children devote themselves to a competition in kinds of leaves, learning to associate each with its parent tree. In the early spring have a race in buds.

Naturally the plant-table is only the entering wedge. Express yourself hospitable to contributions of minerals, fossils, shells, stuffed birds, curios from foreign countries, coins, stamps. Tell the children to spread the news that the school is starting a museum among their sisters and their cousins and their aunts. Then sit back and see what happens. In any community there are likely to be mature people who in their forgotten childhood held themselves naturalists of sorts. Very probably they have hoarded small stores of minerals or a case of butterflies, or boxes of shells for years, unwilling for sentiment's sake to throw them out. Shown a real use for the precious hoardings, they will joyfully turn them over to the new children's museum. At least that's how it worked in Boston. Or maybe there is somebody in the district who had an uncle who "followed the sea," bringing back strange corals, sea-fans, or romantic souvenirs of far-away lands. These you may be able to get at least as a loan, and if they serve no better purpose, they will give the children a stronger sense of reality in their study of the hard names in their geographies.

If your neighborhood boasts a geologist, a bird-lover, a real botanist, or even a hunter who is his own taxidermist, your harvest may be rich indeed. By all means appeal direct to any specialists and try to enlist their interest in the children's efforts even if they do not make good with gifts. In case there's a woman's club near by, lay your case before them. In the states women's clubs have taken a vital part in promoting the movement for children's museums. Were it not wartime, it would not be difficult to persuade club women to raise the slender funds needed for so appealing a work as this. If they cannot do better, however, they may be able to put in the way of securing the loan of some little glass case or some old bookshelf on which you may display your treasures. Lacking formal cases, the museum will do very well with plain pine shelves knocked together from old boxes by the handier among the boys.

If yours is a city school, you can doubtless secure from the Experimental Farm at Ottawa or the Experimental Farm of your own province, specimens of grains, etc., about which your brick-and-mortar-bred pupils need to learn, or collections of

insects injurious to vegetation. Within the boundaries of New Brunswick the curator of the Natural History Society — William McIntosh, St. John — loans small travelling collections to schools. Or maybe by correspondence with country schools you might arrange a system of exchanges. If you live near a grown-up museum, take your courage in both hands and ask for duplicates weeded out of their collections. They can't do worse than refuse.

Beside the permanent collections, be sure and have a "zoo." Live things are a drawing card with little people. Let them bring cocoons, and chrysalids, caterpillars and butterflies eggs to hatch out (only insist that the young collectors shall bring each caterpillar in a separate box together with a supply of the special leaf he was feeding on, for caterpillars are not catholic in their tastes and will die a martyr's death rather than eat things not popular in their family). Welcome salamanders, turtles, snails, crayfish, tadpoles, and even, if you can accommodate him with a covered glass house, a pretty, harmless garter snake. Conquer your sentiment against spiders if the children can succeed in snaring some of the more interesting kinds like the writing spider or the trap-door spider, supposing that you have these in Canada. If you know anybody in Florida, try for a small alligator or a chameleon. A chained chameleon will thrive a long time on a sweet-potato plant, raised by partly immersing a bit of the tuber in a bottle of water. An observation bee-hive with an outlet through the window would be an exciting possibility, and there need be no risk of stings if the children once learned never to stand directly in front of the outdoor entrance to the hive. A bee approaches the hive head on, and if he collides with anything between him and his front door he "jest nat'chally" stings. Another fascinating exhibit would be a colony of silk-worms, feeding.

Bunnies or guinea-pigs or white mice are sometimes welcomed to children's museums, and Japanese waltzing-mice are prime favorites; but they should never be brought into a schoolhouse unless the teacher understands their care and unless the children will agree cheerfully to attend to the cages. On these terms a squirrel might be admitted on short sentence, though it would be cruel to keep so active a creature captive long. It goes without the saying that the zoo would have to be hidden behind a curtain during school hours unless some of the personnel were under active study.

Do not accept wild birds or any animal which suffers in captivity. For the same reason exclude from your permanent collection all bird's eggs and bird's nests. You do not want to encourage war on the birds. Scientifically mounted stuffed birds need not be refused, for the children can be made to see the difference between mounting one specimen for study and a wholesale slaughter such as went on for the millinery trade before the Audubon Society stepped in. Keep a bird calendar with the dates when each new spring arrival is seen and heard. Nothing protects the birds like intelligent interest in them.

In case you fail heir to a bird-collection of any size, try bird-naming contests. After all your specimens have been under study, one by one, appoint a day and invite the parents. Have the stuffed specimens under cover behind you. Take one specimen out and pass it slowly from one hand to the other, allowing it to be in sight about one minute, then pop it under the curtain and take another. Let the children write the names. This is a favorite game at the children's museum in Boston, where quite little children often name correctly as many as fifty birds, distinguishing the markings of the male and female.

There are interesting possibilities in any mills or factories which may be near by. See if you cannot secure specimens illustrating the method of manufacturing some staple article. I once saw an exhibit of the pearl-button industry from the shell to the finished button which was so complete that with descriptive labels and a few snapshots, it put the whole process before the eye.

One very interesting exhibit the children might make for themselves would be a set of paper models showing the development of the British flag.

In a children's museum in Brooklyn the most popular of all the exhibits is a series of wonderfully perfect little historical tableaux with correctly costumed dolls taking the parts. To approach the quality of these little scenes, where every bit of doll-furniture and every detail of the historic costumes has been minutely studied out, would be out of the question. But a school where sewing is taught might correlate the needle-work and the work in history far enough to dress one doll-personage — Martha Washington, or Queen Elizabeth — each year. There is more in it than a study of historic costumes. The little doll characters seem to make history real to children as no book and no picture can do.

Gifts or loans of Indian relics or curios from overseas may be turned to excellent account in teaching geography.

Best of all the whole collection, be it little or big, will serve to feed the children's eager minds and give them a rapturous association with the classroom which shall give the lie to Jacques' famous soliloquy. No more "whining schoolboys"

\* \* \* "creeping like snail unwillingly to school" when school has become a veritable Wonder House of delights.

#### RURAL SCIENCE SCHOOLS.

The following report of Director R. P. Steeves, M. A., on the work the summer Rural Science Schools will be interesting to many of our teachers. He says:

The New Brunswick Rural Science Schools at Woodstock and Sussex assembled at their respective stations on July 10. Both schools are this year smaller than usual. Many reasons combine to produce this result. On account of the demand for men at the front many teachers feel that their services are required at home. Other lines of employment claim many. It would appear that it would be better in future to have only one school each year, as 100 students can be easily accommodated and taught by one staff of instructors. There are at Woodstock this year twenty teachers and at Sussex forty-nine. Twelve this year qualify by attendance to receive certificates for the full course.

The staff of instructors at Woodstock is as follows: Prof. A. F. Baird, physics and chemistry; A. H. Walker, Macdonald College, plant life and school gardening; F. A. Dixon, nature study of animals. And at Sussex: Dr. F. E. Wheelock, Acadia University, physical nature and environment; Prof. L. C. Harlow, Agricultural College, Truro, chemistry of soil, plants and animals; Wm. McIntosh, Provincial Entomologist, St. John, nature study of animals; A. C. Gorham, Macdonald College, plant life and school gardening.

I have attended at both schools and given the regular instruction to the students of all classes in methods and management, both regarding teaching in the school and the relation of the work to the district in which it is taught, increased production through home plots and school fairs.

An excellent spirit prevails at both schools. The social side of our work is not forgotten. Frequently the students meet for social enter-



tainment. At Woodstock a very enjoyable picnic was held on the grounds of C. L. Smith, Esq., at the lower part of the town. Sports and games were entered into with great zest by the teachers. At Sussex where the number of teachers is larger the social features have been more pronounced than at Woodstock. Here also a picnic on the grounds of Albert J. Creighton, Esq., above Sussex Corner, was greatly enjoyed. The teachers were conveyed to the grounds by citizens of Sussex in their autos.

An illustrated address entitled "An Evening in Tennyson Land," by W. F. Burditt of St. John, was given in the hall on July 30.

Shortly after the opening of the school at Sussex an evening was spent by the teachers in the hall at which refreshments were provided. This was an evening of a social character. Later in the session Mr. McIntosh gave an illustrated address throwing on the screen many of the fine views that are to be seen in the St. John Valley and the eastern side of the province.

While the schools are smaller than usual it is noteworthy that an excellent class of teachers is present at both schools and the work that is being done is in no way second to that done by teachers in former years.

### THE GREEN WIGWAM.

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.

Nat and Hazel Berry and their little sister, Bunch, looked up at the long black camp on the hillside. It was black because it was covered with tarred paper; but it was a fine play camp, and most of the boys and girls and two of the teachers were up there now for a whole day of fun.

"If we pick the rest of Mrs. Hale's corn," said Hazel slowly, "we can't go up to the Black Shanty at all. Dick Swan says there are four whole rows and parts of two more rows still to be picked."

"If we don't pick it," retorted Nat, "a lot of people will miss hot corn stews this winter. The corn will be too hard for the canning factory if it's left till Mr. Hale gets back from Washington."

"I can pick as much as you can," said Hazel. "Where are the baskets?"

"In the barn," said Bunch. "I'll get them while you lock the doors."

Mother and father and Grandpa Berry were away for all day, and the children had expected to be up at the black Shanty; but Dick Swan,

who worked for Mr. Hale, had told them about that corn, which would go to waste if it were not picked at once. Dick was coming with his horses to haul the corn, but he would not have time to pick it and haul it, too.

"If we work hard, we can have a load picked when he gets here with the wagon," said Nat as he led the way down into the big corn piece.

They began on the long outside row. It was harder than it looked to break off the ears, carry them out in baskets and pile them in heaps on the grass ready to be loaded into the cart. It was past noon when they finished the four whole rows; that left only two half rows.

"They'll be all through the camp dinner by the time we get them picked," said Hazel. "But we shall have to finish before Dick comes back." Dick and the cart had just started off with a big load of plump ears.

"O my, I'm hungry!" said Bunch; but she seized her empty basket and reached up to break off an ear of corn.

"I'll pick one of these half rows if you and Bunch can handle the other," Nat said to Hazel. "Then we shall all get through at the same time."

It was like following a path through thick woods to go down those rows of corn. Round them they could see only the green stalks standing much higher than their heads, and above them a glimpse of blue sky.

"If I should get lost in here, Tops would have to find me," they heard Bunch say to herself. "Only I don't know where he is; do you, Nat?"

Tops was their little dog. He and the old black cat had followed at the children's heels all day, but now they had suddenly vanished.

"Gone up to the Black Shanty to get something to eat, like enough!" grumbled Nat. "Wish we could." And then he stopped and peered through the corn.

The two half rows ended suddenly right in the midst of the corn forest. The children came out into a cosy little clearing where Mr. Hale had been cutting the green stalks and carrying them off for the cows. Those he had not had time to carry off he had made into bundles, and to keep the bundles from being spoiled by dampness he had placed them in a half circle, with the tops of all of them leaning together.

"Just like a little green wigwam," cried Bunch, "and away in here where you would think no one could ever find it! But there's Tops and the cat waiting for us in the door."

Sure enough, there were the two strays, looking as if they lived in the green wigwam. They seemed to be standing guard over something.

"It's a little oil stove and some matches and a tin plate and a bottle of cocoa and some biscuits and a note from Dick Swan," reported Hazel as she bent to look.

The note read: "I left this where you'd find it when you got through picking. I knew your folks had gone off, so I thought you'd want to have a corn roast all by yourselves. I told your dog to keep an eye on things till you got here."

"There'll be a lot left for the hungry people next winter if we roast as many of these big ears as we want!" said Nat.

"Who would want to have dinner at a Black Shanty," cried Bunch, "when we've got a dear little green wigwam of our own!"

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#### THE WAR.

The news coming from the battlefield in France and Flanders during the past week has been much more encouraging than for some time. The fifth German drive launched against the Allies on the western front since last spring has been a disastrous failure. The Crown Prince's hordes made a rush for Paris by way of the Marne but his course was checked the first day of the attack. General Foch had his plans so well arranged that he was able to strike on both flanks of the enemy with the result that in a short time he was obliged to retreat. Village after village was taken from the Hun and at the time of writing he is in full retreat toward the north, having been compelled to evacuate the Rheims-Soissons salient, suffering terrible losses in killed, wounded and prisoners, together with a large number of guns and a vast amount of war material. The latest important position to fall into the hands of the entente Allies is Soissons. It is now believed the Germans retreat will continue as far as the River Aisne. May the good work go on.

---

A teacher was trying to impress upon her pupils recently the fact that history repeats itself and that many things that happen today are the counterpart of similar things that happened years and years ago.

"Now will any one tell me of anything new of importance that has happened during the last twenty-five years?" inquired the teacher.

"Me," answered one of the pupils.

#### DEPARTMENTAL EXAMINATIONS.

Campbellton Grammar School leads in the matriculation examinations with four pupils in the first division, two of whom were the highest in the province. Fredericton and St. John Grammar Schools each had four in the first division also; Moncton Grammar, Dorchester Superior, St. Stephen Superior and St. Vincent's School, St. John, each had one in first division. To make a first division a candidate must make not less than seventy-five per cent of the possible marks. Sixteen passed in first division. Eighty-two passed for division two, thirty-two in division three, twenty-seven in division three conditionally, and eight failed to pass in any division.

There were thirty-two who wrote the High School leaving examinations, of whom one passed in the first division, fourteen in the second division, nine in the third division, six in the third division conditionally, and two failed.

---

#### IT SOUNDED TOO FAMILIAR.

"I'll attend to you in a minute!" was the favourite expression of a certain mother to any of her children who were naughty; and the delinquent knew that this usually meant a whipping. One day she sent her four year old son to a grocer's for some flour. It was his first errand, and, much to his mother's surprise, he returned empty handed. "Where's the flour," she asked. "I-I didn't get it, mums," replied the youngster, "I was frightened at the man." "Nonsense, he won't hurt you," admonished the parent sternly. "Go back at once and get the flour." But again the boy came back without it, and this time his eyes were full of tears. "What's the matter," asked the mother anxiously. "Boo-o boo-o," wailed the boy. "I'm frightened at the man. Each time I went in he said, 'All right, sonny, I'll tend to you in a minute.'"—The School.

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#### OVERLOOKED HIS PERIODS.

A Philadelphia divine was entertaining a couple of clergymen from New York at dinner. The guests spoke in praise of a sermon their host had delivered the Sunday before.

The host's son was at the table and one of the New York clergymen said to him:

"My lad, what do you think of your father's sermon?"

"I guess it was pretty good," said the boy, "but there were three mighty fine places where he could have stopped."

### TREES OF THE FRAGRANT FOREST.

Trees of the fragrant forest,  
With leaves of green unfurled,  
Through summer's heat, through winter's cold,  
What do you for our world?

Our green leaves catch the raindrops  
That fall with soothing sound,  
Then drop them slowly, slowly down —  
'Tis better for the ground.

When, rushing down the hillside,  
A mighty freshet foams,  
Our giant trunks and spreading roots  
Defend your happy homes.

From burning heat in summer  
We offer cool retreat,  
Protect the land in winter's storm  
From cold, and wind, and sleet.

Our falling leaves in autumn,  
By breezes turned and tossed,  
Will make a carpet deep and warm  
To save the ground from frost.

We give you shade in summer,  
Our fuel gives you heat;  
We furnish timber for your homes,  
And nuts and fruit to eat.

With strong and graceful outline,  
With branches green or bare,  
We fill the land through all the year  
With beauty everywhere.

So, listen, from the forest  
Each tree a message sends  
To children on this Arbor Day,  
"We trees are faithful friends."

— PRIMARY EDUCATION.

### AN AUDIENCE WITH THE KAISER BEFORE THE WAR.

Invited by the Grand Master of Ceremonies, the Emperor's ever-faithful servitor, Count Eulenburg, to descend alone an outer flight of steps into the garden, I was surprised to see, standing like a statue, perhaps twenty yards away, a solitary figure, clad in white, covered with a silver helmet bearing on its crest a high-poised eagle, adding considerably to the apparent height of a medium-sized man. Seen in the coulisses of an opera-house, this apparition might have been taken for Lohengrin waiting for his cue. It was the Kaiser in the brilliant uniform of an officer of the Garde du Corps.

From the embankments of the Spree outside of the garden the Sunday promenaders, of whom

there were many, could behold, at a discreet distance, his Majesty in all the glory of his war-like panoply, and the black-coated ambassador approaching; a picture of imperial magnificence, on the one hand, and republican simplicity, on the other, in which for impressiveness the odds were far from even. Presently the statuesque figure moved, the shining metal flashing radiantly in the soft June sunshine that glinted through the branches of the trees, a strong right hand was extended, the mask of monumental sternness fell, and a pleasant smile lighted up the well-browned features and the unfathomable gray eyes.

Unimportant what was said. It was all of the friendship that should exist between two great peoples, of their community in blood, religion, science, interest, good-will, and a common civilization; spoken on the Kaiser's part in very English, English, fluently, accurately, expansively, with a roll in the "r" when President Roosevelt's name was mentioned that had in it a strong suggestion of the North Sea.

It would seem like a real personal contact, frank, sincere, earnest, and honest. One could not question that, and it was the beginning of other contacts more intimate and prolonged; especially at Kiel, where the sportsman put aside all forms of court etiquette, lying flat on the deck of the "Meteor" as she scudded under heavy sail with one rail under water; at Eckernforde, where the old tars came into the ancient inn in the evening to meet their Kaiser and drink to his Majesty's health a glass of beer.

"Did you ever see anything more democratic in America?" the Kaiser asked, gleefully, one time. "What would Roosevelt think of this?" he inquired, at another.—David Jayne Hill in Harper's Magazine.

### WHAT ARE GERMANY'S WORST CRIMES?

Can any one say what the worst wickedness of the Germans has been? If you choose one there are always other crimes which contest your choice. We used at first to fix the guilt of them upon the Kaiser, but event by event we have come to realize that no man or order of men can pervert a whole people without their complicity. There was a moment when we thought that this or that sort of German was capable of the things which they have all shown themselves capable of, or so nearly all that the exceptions have not appeared. There have been rumors of dissent from the faith which is always seeking and finding precipitation in

some atrocity, but these rumors never harden into fact. It seems the doom of a whole people to go from bad to worse, and to mislead the peoples whom they have perverted by their friendship or spared by their cruel mercies. The Turk is a worse Turk with their favor than he would be without it, and it is doubtful if the followers of Mohammed would not be better Christians than the worshippers of the Old German God whom the Teutonic theologians have latterly discovered, if they were not partakers of the Germans' crimes. In their static nature these crimes seem to have occurred in mass-formation and not separately; there is still the apparent simultaneity in them which there was from the beginning, and the continual purpose of evil forbids a distinctive cognizance of them. The bewildered observance fails to time the first crimes in their due priority. Were the air raids of London with their slaughter of women and children in their homes earlier or later than the long-distance bombardment of Paris with its butchery of women and children in their churches?—W. D. Howells in "Harper's Magazine" for August.

#### FOR OUR MATHEMATICIANS.

The little article called A Mathematical Curiosity, which The Companion printed last April, has aroused the interest of a great many readers. Some have written us to point out that the process is in substance the method of proof that used to be taught in the schools of an earlier generation, called "casting out the nines." According to that rule, any excess over nine or a multiple of nine in the two factors, when multiplied and again deprived of its nines will equal the excess over nine in the product. Thus we multiply 7234 by 6173 and get 44655482 as a product;  $7+2+3+4=16$ , which is 7 more than 9;  $6+1+7+3=17$ , which is 8 more than 9;  $7 \times 8=56$ , which is 2 more than the nearest multiple of 9—54. The sum of the digits in the product is 38, which is also 2 more than the nearest multiple of 9—36. So the answer is proved. Incidentally, answers in addition, subtraction or division can be proved by "casting out the nines."

Other readers observe the fact that the process does not prove if through carelessness the calculator transposes two figures in his product. Then the sum of the digits would be the same, but the answer wrong. That is, however, a very unlikely error to make, since the product is not copied down as a whole, but obtained by separate pro-

cesses first of multiplication and then of addition. It is also true that, if the product is wrong by nine or some multiple of nine, the proof fails.

One reader adds three means of shortening certain operations. To square numbers near 50, 500 or 5000 subtract 25, 250 or 2500, as the case may be, add as many ciphers as there are digits in the number, and then add the square of the difference between the number and 50, 500 or 5000.

Thus,  $52^2 = 52 - 25$ , or 27; add two ciphers, 2700; add 4 (the square of 2); 2704 is the answer. Again, to square 515, subtract 250, which gives us 265; add three ciphers=265000; add the square of 15, which is 225; 265225 is the answer.

To square numbers near 100, first double the number, then subtract one from the first digit of the result, add two ciphers and then add in the square of the difference of the original number from 100.

Thus,  $98^2 = 98 \times 2$ , or 196; 1 taken from the first digit removes it entirely; add two ciphers=9600; add the square of 2, or 4; 9604 is the answer. Again,  $102^2 = 102 \times 2$ , 204; take 1 from the first digit and we have 104, add two ciphers and the square of 2 and we get 10404, the correct result.

Finally, to multiply a number near 100 by a smaller number add the two numbers, diminish the first digit of the sum by one, add two ciphers and add in the product of the differences between the two numbers and 100.

Thus,  $96 \times 43$ . Adding the two, we have 139. Removing the 1 and adding the ciphers, we get 3900; adding to that  $4 \times 57$ , or 228, we have 4128—the answer.—"Youth's Companion."

#### READY-GO.

An old farmer lay dying. The minister had been sent for and prayed at the bedside. Then at the last minute the sick man rallied.

"Ah, my dear," he said to his better-half, "it may be I'll be spared to you yet."

The old wife frowned and said grimly, "No! George, you're prepared and I am resigned. Die now."

Mother—Now, Willie, when I have to punish you like this it hurts me more than it does you.

Willie—"But you ain't hollering any."

A wise old owl lived in an oak,  
The more she saw the less she spoke,  
The less she spoke the more she heard—  
Why can't we all be like that bird?

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READINGS FROM GREAT WRITERS AND  
ORATORS.

The Dinner at the Inn.

The following extract is from "David Copperfield," one of the best known and best loved of the works of Charles Dickens.

At length we drove into the inn-yard at Yarmouth, and as I alighted from the coach a lady looked out of a bow-window where some fowls and joints of meat were hanging up, and said, "Is that the little gentleman from Blunderstone?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said.

"What name?" inquired the lady.

"Copperfield, ma'am," I said.

"That won't do," returned the lady. "Nobody's dinner is paid for here in that name."

"Is it Murdstone, ma'am?" I said.

"If you're Master Murdstone," said the lady, "why do you go and give another name first?"

I explained to the lady how it was, who then rang a bell, and called out, "William! show the cofferoom!" upon which a waiter came running out of a kitchen on the opposite side of the yard to show it, and seemed a good deal surprised when he was only to show it to me.

It was a long room with some large maps in it. I doubt if I could have felt much stranger if the maps had been real foreign countries and I cast away in the middle of them. I felt it was taking a liberty to sit down, with my cap in my hand, on the corner of the chair nearest the door; and when the waiter laid a cloth on purpose for me, and put a set of castors on it, I think I must have turned red all over with modesty.

He brought me some chops and vegetables, and took the covers off in such a bouncing manner that I was afraid I must have given him some offence. But he greatly relieved my mind by putting a chair for me at the table, and saying very affably, "Now, six-foot! come on!"

I thanked him, and took my seat at the board; and found it extremely difficult to handle my knife and fork with anything like dexterity, or to avoid splashing myself with the gravy, while he was standing opposite, staring so hard, and making me blush in the most dreadful manner every time I caught his eye. After watching me into the second chop he said, "There's half a pint of ale for you. Will you have it now?"

I thanked him and said "Yes." Upon which he poured it out of a jug into a large tumbler, and

held it up against the light, and made it look beautiful.

"My eye!" he said. "It seems a good deal, don't it?"

"It does seem a good deal," I answered with a smile, for it was quite delightful to me to find him so pleasant. He was a twinkling-eyed, pimple-faced man, with his hair standing upright all over his head; and as he stood with one arm a-kimbo, holding up the glass to the light with the other hand, he looked quite friendly.

"There was a gentleman here yesterday," he said — "a stout gentleman, by the name of Topsawyer — perhaps you know him?"

"No," I said, "I don't think" —

"In breeches and gaiters, broad-brimmed hat, grey coat, speckled choker," said the waiter.

"No," I said bashfully, "I haven't the pleasure."

"He came in here," said the waiter, looking at the light through the tumbler, "ordered a glass of this ale — would order it — I told him not — drank it, and fell dead. It was too old for him. It oughtn't to be drawn; that's the fact."

I was very much shocked to hear of this melancholy accident, and said I thought I'd better have some water.

"Why, you see," said the waiter, still looking at the light through the tumbler, with one of his eyes shut up, "our people don't like things being ordered and left. It offends 'em. But I'll drink it if you like. I'm used to it, and use is everything. I don't think it'll hurt me if I throw my head back and take it off quick. Shall I?"

I replied that he would much oblige me by drinking it if he thought he could do it safely, but by no means otherwise. When he did throw his head back and take it off quick I had a horrible fear, I confess, of seeing him meet the fate of the lamented Mr. Topsawyer and fall lifeless on the carpet. But it didn't hurt him. On the contrary, I thought he seemed the fresher for it.

"What have we got here?" he said, putting a fork into my dish. "Not chops?"

"Chops," I said.

"Lord bless my soul!" he exclaimed, "I didn't know they were chops. Why, a chop's the very thing to take off the bad effects of that beer! Ain't it lucky?"

So he took a chop by the bone in one hand, and a potato in the other, and ate away with a very good appetite, to my extreme satisfaction. He afterwards took another chop and another potato, and after that another chop and another potato. When he had done he brought me a pudding, and,

having set it before me, second to ruminare, and to become absent in his mind for some moments.

"How's the pie?" he said, rousing himself.

"It's a pudding," I made answer.

"Pudding!" he exclaimed. "Why, bless me, so it is! What!" looking at it nearer. "You don't mean to say it's a batter-pudding?"

"Yes, it is indeed."

"Why, a batter-pudding," he said, taking up a tablespoon, "is my favourite pudding. Ain't that lucky? Come on, little 'un, and let's see who'll get most."

The waiter certainly got most. He entreated me, more than once to come in and win, but what with his tablespoon to my teaspoon, his dispatch to my dispatch, and his appetite to my appetite, I was left far behind at the first mouthful, and had no chance with him. I never saw any one enjoy a pudding so much, I think; and he laughed, when it was all gone, as if his enjoyment of it lasted still.

Finding him so very friendly and companionable, I asked for the pen and ink and paper, to write to Peggotty. He not only brought it immediately, but was good enough to look over me while I wrote the letter. When I had finished it he asked me where I was going to school.

I said, "near London," which was all I knew.

"Oh, my eye!" he said, looking very low-spirited, "I am sorry for that."

"Why?" I asked him.

"Oh, Lord!" he said, shaking his head, "that's the school where they broke the boy's ribs — two ribs — a little boy he was. I should say he was — let me see — how old are you, about?"

I told him, between eight and nine.

"That's just his age," he said. "He was eight years and six months old when they broke his first rib; eight years and eight months old when they broke his second, and did for him."

I could not disguise from myself, or from the waiter, that this was an uncomfortable coincidence, and inquired how it was done. His answer was not cheering to my spirits, for it consisted of two dismal words, "With whopping."

The blowing of the coach-horn in the yard was a seasonable diversion, which made me get up and hesitatingly inquire, in the mingled pride and diffidence of having a purse (which I took out of my pocket), if there was anything to pay.

"There's a sheet of letter-paper," he returned.

"Did you ever buy a sheet of letter-paper?"

I could not remember that I ever had.

"It's dear," he said, "on account of the duty. Threepence. That's the way we're taxed in this country. There's nothing else except the waiter. Never mind the ink. I lose by that."

"What should you — what should I — how much ought I to — what would it be right to pay the waiter, if you please?" I stammered, blushing.

"If I hadn't a family, and that family hadn't the cowpock," said the waiter, "I wouldn't take a sixpence. If I didn't support a aged pairint, and a lovely sister" — here the waiter was greatly agitated — "I wouldn't take a farthing. If I had a good place, and was treated well here, I should beg acceptance of a trifle, instead of taking it. But I live on broken wittles — and I sleep on the coals" — here the waiter burst into tears.

I was very much concerned for his misfortunes, and felt that any recognition short of ninepence would be mere brutality and hardness of heart. Therefore I gave him one of my three bright shillings, which he received with much humility and veneration, and spun up with his thumb, directly afterwards, to try the goodness of.

It was a little disconcerting to me to find, when I was being helped up behind the coach, that I was supposed to have eaten all the dinner without any assistance. I discovered this from overhearing the lady in the bow-window say to the guard, "Take care of that child, George, or he'll burst!" and from observing that the women servants who were about the place came out to look and giggle at me. My unfortunate friend, the waiter, who had quite recovered his spirits, did not appear to be disturbed by this, but joined in the general admiration without being at all confused. If I had any doubt of him I suppose this half awakened it; but I am inclined to believe that with the simple confidence of a child, and the natural reliance of a child upon superior years, I had no serious mistrust of him on the whole, even then.

Throughout the rest of the journey I was made the subject of continual jokes between the coachman and the guard, but everything has an end, and so eventually I arrived at my new destination, and a fresh leaf of my life was begun.

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A young couple went to a minister's house to get married. After the ceremony the bridegroom drew the clergyman aside and said in a whisper, "I'm sorry I have no money to pay your fee, but if you'll take me down cellar I'll show you how to fix your gas meter so that it won't register."

### A MAID OF FRANCE.

When the work in your war garden seems tedious and you straighten your aching back and look longingly toward the inviting shade of the trees, or toward the armchair on the awning covered porch, when you mutter to yourself that it will not matter much whether the weeds do choke the beet patch — it may help you to finish your task if you call to mind a story told in my war diary by Mrs. Mary King Waddington.

In a village near ours, says the author, a girl of thirteen is running the farm. At the beginning of the war it was a thriving farm, with a man and his wife, six sons and one daughter. Then the blow fell, and all the men in France were mobilized; the father and his two eldest boys went off at once — four hours after the decree of mobilization was received in the village. The farmer had no time to put his house in order, but left the farm in the hands of his wife and the two big boys, aged fifteen and sixteen. The man and his two eldest sons are now dead, the two next are in the army, and the poor mother, a wreck, physically and mentally, cries all day. The girl and the two little boys do the whole work of the farm. The youngest, who is only ten years old, cannot accomplish much, but he does manage to watch the cows and to carry cans of milk or baskets of butter.

I see the girl sometimes; she is perfectly well, never complains and never asks for anything, except occasionally for a warm petticoat, or a hood to keep her head and neck warm and dry when she is working in the fields. There are hundreds of girls doing that work all over France.— Youth's Companion.

### STONES ON THE SEASHORE.

Tom and Molly lived at the seaside. Every morning they played on the shore when the tide had gone out.

One morning they took home a large bag of stones. There were red stones, brown, white, and black ones.

Tom threw one of the stones with great force against the wall. The stone broke into two pieces. Molly was very sorry, as this broken stone was a very round one.

Molly picked up the broken pieces and stood looking at them. "Look at this stone, Tom. It is full of pretty colors — red, white, and black. I have never seen such a pretty stone."

Tom got a hammer; he tried to break some

of the pebbles. The first one gave him some hard work. It was white on the outside. It broke off in thin flakes with sharp edges.

Some of the other pebbles broke easily. One stone, which Tom called a "milk" stone, because it was so white, broke into small pieces. The inside was full of shining specks.

They broke many of the stones and they saw many strange things; but they did not find another stone as pretty as that which Tom broke against the wall.

The next morning they took a bag full of the broken stones to school, and asked the teacher to tell them something about them.

"These stones are small pieces of rock. Rock is the hard stuff that forms the earth's crust. We walk on the crust of the earth and build our houses upon it. In most places the hard rock has a cover of soil.

"This red piece, with the shining specks, is a very hard rock called granite. The 'milk' stone is made of these bright specks. Each shining piece is so hard that it will easily scratch glass.

"The brown stone, which we call sandstone, has very many of these hard pieces. It is made of grains of sand. You can see their little bright faces.

"Tom tells me one of the sharp stones cut his finger. Which stone was it?"

"It was the black stone," said Tom. "It would not break, like the others, when I hit it with the hammer. It broke off in thin flakes. The pieces are as sharp as a knife."

"The black stone is flint. There was a time many years ago, when men did not have iron, but they found out, just as Tom has done, that broken flint is sharp and hard.

"They used the flakes for knives and saws, and for the end of the long spear with which they killed the wild animals whose flesh was their food."

"Now bring your bag, Tom. Put all these pieces of stone into it. You and Molly can shake the bag this way and that for a short time."

When the bag was turned out on the table they found many little grains of sand among the larger stones. They had been rubbed off the sharp edges of the stones.

"The waves rub the stones against each other on the shore, so the sharp edges are rubbed off, and the stones at last become round. The tiny pieces form sand."



### THE GREENIES.

A rose-tree stood in the window. But a little while ago it had been green and fresh, and now it looked sickly — it was in poor health, no doubt. A whole regiment was quartered on it, and was eating it up; yet notwithstanding this seeming greediness, the regiment was a very decent and respectable one. It wore bright green uniforms. I spoke to one of the "Greenies;" he was but three days old, and yet he was already grandfather. What do you think he said? It is all true — he spoke of himself and the rest of his regiment, Listen!

We are the most wonderful creatures in the world. The wisest of the creatures, the ant (we have the greatest respect for him) understands us well. He does not eat us up; he takes our eggs, lays them in the family ant-hill on the ground-floor — lays them, labelled and numbered, side by side, layer on layer, so that each day a new one may creep out of the egg. Then he puts us in a stable, strokes our hind legs, and milks us. He has given us the prettiest of names — "Little milch-cow."

All creatures, who, like the ant, are gifted with common sense, call us by this pretty name.

I was born on a rose leaf. I and all the regiment live on the rose tree. The gardener calls us plant-lice; the books calls us Aphides; but the children call us the ant's cows.— Anderson.

### THE PEACOCK'S FINE FEATHERS.

#### A FABLE.

A long time ago the birds quarrelled as to who was the finest singer. So they said they would have a concert, and two judges would say who was the best singer. The prize was to be a set of the finest feathers ever seen.

Only the male birds were to sing. The ladies were too shy to sing in public. That is why one never hears them.

It was a hard matter to settle who were to be the judges. They must not be birds, or they might give the prize to themselves. They must know what good singing is.

"I shall not sing," said the wise owl. "I would get the prize if I did. Choose the two beasts that sing best for judges." But as he could not tell them what beasts sang best they were no wiser.

Then the sparrow said, "Choose the two beasts with the finest ears. They are sure to hear the best. We want then to hear, not to sing." So they chose a donkey and a hare for the two judges, and the concert began.

The ladies sat in the front rows, and the singers came to the front one by one. The bantam came first, and crowed loud and shrill over and over again.

Then the turkey pushed him aside and gobbled out his song.

The lark came next, but he could only sing in the sky. He flew up, up, up, singing like the living voice of sunshine. When he came back they were hearing the quack, quack of a drake.

The nightingale then sang so softly at first that the donkey fell asleep. Most of the others began to talk, so he stopped quite hurt.

Then the peacock gave such a screech that the hare jumped with fright. The donkey woke up with a start, thinking Mrs. Ass was scolding him. "All listen to me," said the peacock; "my song is so sweet."

Then came the parrot, the magpie, the crane, and others. All had their turn. Then the judges went behind the fence to talk about the songs and to think which was best.

The donkey said, "No doubt, Mr. Hare, you think with me that the peacock has the finest voice."

"The nightingale sang very sweetly," said the hare, meekly.

"What are you thinking about?" said the donkey. "No such bird was at the concert. You must have been dreaming.

The hare knew the donkey had been dreaming, but he did not like to say so.

"The peacock must have the prize," said the donkey. "He sang as sweetly as I do myself." Then he went back to the birds, with the hare behind him.

"We both think," said the donkey, "that you have all sung well. But we must give the prize to the peacock. He has the best voice, and knows how to make the most of it."

Then there was a great noise. The birds said it was not fair. Mrs. Nightingale said, "No one but a donkey would say the peacock sang better than my husband."

At last they were quiet, and the fine feathers were brought out and stuck upon the peacock's back. You can see his tail beneath them if you look. That is how the peacock came by his fine feathers.

## WITH FRANKY DRAKE.

(In the Year of Grace, 1584.)

I sailed with Franky Drake, in fifteen eighty-four,  
I sailed with Franky Drake, fair and free;  
We muster'd just four score  
When we stood out from the Nore,  
Stancher men ne'er sailed before  
Over Sea.

We cruised off Margarita, and took a town or two,  
And lined our pockets well with Spanish gold;  
Then our captain, bold and true,  
Said, "My lads, this will not do,  
We grow fat, my valiant crew,  
Fat and old.

"In Santa Martha Bay, four galleons that I ken  
Are loaded deep with bars of Spanish gold;  
Each rates two hundred men —  
Eight hundred! — Well, what then?  
We are safe with one to ten,  
Comrades bold!

And we answered, "Ready all, gallant Franky! as you please  
We will follow, captain ours, where'er we may!"  
And we up before the breeze,  
As it kissed the spicy trees,  
And across the Indian seas  
Slid away.

We rounded Cape Gallinas as the tropic sun sank low,  
And by dawn we had the pretty birds in sight,  
All sailing in a row,  
With their wings like drifted snow,  
And their carronades aglow,  
In the light.

With their long, low Spanish lines, and their banners trailing  
free,  
And their double tier of guns run fiercely out;  
While they hailed us o'er the sea,  
Grandly asking who were we!  
And we answered on the lee  
With a shout.

"We be men of merry Devon! we be all true Englishmen!"  
And their cannon thundered fiercely in reply;  
So we fought them there and then,  
Fought them gaily one to ten!  
Fought them, knowing like true men  
How to die.

And the Dons struck flags at last from every tapering mast,  
Struck flags and yielded in their stately way;  
And many a brave soul passed,  
Many a stout lad fought his last,  
While the cannon thundered fast  
On that day.

So we took great spoil of jewels, and we took great spoil of  
gold,  
But great glory was the spoil we most did take,  
In the merry days of old,  
When we did as we were told,  
When we sailed so free and bold  
With Franky Drake.

— FRANCIS SINCLAIR

## School and College

Principal Bridges has availed himself of the scholarship of \$200, granted by the Board of Education of New Brunswick to instructors in the Normal School, or inspectors, to enable them to take a summer course in line with their work. He is taking some of the summer courses at Columbia University, New York city.

There is an attendance of about fifty teachers at the Summer School at Sussex and twenty at Woodstock.

Mr. F. S. Keirstead, formerly principal of the St. Martins schools was succeeded by Mr. C. T. Wetmore at Hampton. Mr. Wetmore has been appointed principal at Rothesay.

Rothesay is the first school in the province of New Brunswick to provide medical inspection.

Miss Isabel Thomas, A. B., formerly principal at Andover, has been appointed principal of the St. Stephen schools.

Miss Annie Jackson of Fredericton has been appointed the first lady principal of the Milltown schools.

The School Board of Milltown, N. B., has under consideration the erection of a fine modern schoolhouse, to meet the needs of the whole town.

Campbellton, N. B., proposes to re-introduce manual training and domestic science. The former subject has been discontinued since the fire.

Domestic science teachers to the number of forty-five assembled at the Normal School, Fredericton, July 9-12, for preparatory work before engaging in home efficiency work throughout the province. The success of last year in the conservation of food has given the movement great impetus during the present year.

No physical training classes were held in New Brunswick this year as the teachers have been about all trained. There are three New Brunswick teachers taking the course at the Summer School at Truro, N. S.

There were 981 candidates for the departmental examinations in New Brunswick, held in July.

Capt. A. S. McFarlane of the Normal School recently spent some time at the request of the Chief Superintendent of Education in looking over the work of the schools in physical training.

School Inspector O'Blenes of Moncton has had the misfortune to break one of his legs.

The services of Mr. Martin G. Fox have been retained by the Sackville School Board, it is understood, at a substantial increase of salary. The salaries of the other teachers have also been increased.

The city of St. John has given its teachers an increase of salary.

The Board of Education has appointed the following as members of the vocational education committee: Fred Magee, Port Elgin; Chairman; Father Tessier, The University of St. Joseph's College; Geo. H. Maxwell, St. John. The ex-officio members of this committee are: Dr. Carter, Chief Superintendent of Education; Principal Bridges, of the Normal School; W. R. Reed, Secretary of Agriculture, and R. P. Steeves, Director of Elementary Agricultural Education.

Mr. J. B. Carr has resigned as principal of the Campbellton schools. Mr. Carr has been a very thorough teacher whose pupils have always taken very high rank in the province.

Miss Elsie Mills has resigned as teacher of the primary

department of the New Brunswick Normal School. She has been succeeded by Miss Marian Caswell of Gagetown.

Inspector Meagher is engaged during the school vacation with the "Soldiers of the Soil."

Inspector Worrell is taking the nature study and agriculture course at the Summer School at Sussex.

Dr. Carter has stated that the bonding of teachers does not apply to those of Class III, and does not prevent any teacher from engaging in other occupations except teaching — the first three years of which must be given this province.

Hazel Palmer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Palmer, Pleasant Point, N. B., completed, with the end of June, her sixth year of attendance at school without missing a session. Misses Kelly and McElwain were her teachers. Hazel is a grand-daughter of Mr. John Hayes, of South Bay, N. B.

At the presentation of a sun-dial on the afternoon of Dominion Day, July 1, at Fort Anne Park, Annapolis Royal, N. S., addresses were delivered by Mayor A. E. Atlee, Lieutenant-Governor Grant, A. L. Davidson, M. P., Prof. Koopman, of Brown University, Providence, R. I., J. Plimsoll Edwards, Halifax, N. S., President of Nova Scotia Historical Society, Mr. Justice Longley, Past President, Judge Savary and Timothy O'Brien, Past President of the New Brunswick Historical Society.

#### OFFICIAL NOTICE.

The Provincial Education Association of Nova Scotia will meet at 2.30 p. m., Wednesday, August 28, at Moncton, for the payment of biennial dues and the transaction of business, including the election of officers and of two representatives on the Advisory Board of Education of Nova Scotia. The Secretary is G. K. Butler, M. A., Supervisor of Schools, Halifax, who will be in Moncton during the Interprovincial Maritime Education Convention in session within the same week.

Yours very truly,

A. H. MACKAY,

Superintendent of Education.

Halifax, N. S.

#### OFFICIAL NOTICE.

The New Brunswick High School Algebra (Crawford) prescribed by the Board of Education to take the place of Todhunter & Loney's Algebra from and after July 1, 1918, will be allotted among the several grades as follows:

Grade VII — Chapters I to IV, inclusive.

Grade VIII — Chapters I to X, inclusive, omitting Chapters VII and IX with applications.

Grade IX — Chapters I to XII, inclusive.

Grade X — Chapters I to XVI, inclusive.

Grade XI — Chapters I to XXII, inclusive.

LATIN — Grades XI and XII, Allen's Latin Grammar (Clarendon Press) as a book of reference.

W. S. CARTER,

Chief Superintendent of Education.

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FREDERICTON, N. B.,  
May 27th, 1918.

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**MARITIME EDUCATION CONVENTION**

P. E. I., N. S. and N. B.

**Aberdeen School Building, Moncton, 27th, 28th and 29th August, 1918**

**PROVISIONAL PROGRAM**

**TUESDAY, 27th.**

**MORNING SESSION.**

- 9.00 a. m. Registration.
- 10.00 a. m. Opening Addresses—  
Dr. W. S. Carter, Chief Sup't Education N. B.  
Dr. A. H. MacKay, Supt. of Education, N. S.  
H. H. Shaw, Acting Chief Supt. of Education, P. E. I.
- 11.00 a. m. "The Government of Children,"  
Dr. H. S. Bridges, LL. D., Supt. of Schools, St. John.
- 11.30 a. m. "Can our Teacher's Pension System be Improved?"  
Principal Creelman, Sydney, N. S.

**AFTERNOON SESSION.**

- 2.30 p. m. "Maritime Reciprocity in Teachers and Text Books,"  
Inspector W. R. Campbell, M. A., Truro.
- 3.30 p. m. "Woman's Share in the Thrift and Production Campaign,"  
Miss Jean Peacock, Provincial Normal School, Fredericton.  
Miss Jennie Fraser, College of Agriculture, Truro, N. S.

**EVENING SESSION.**

- Address of Welcome.  
Mayor J. B. Toombs, Moncton, N. B.
- 8.00 p. m. "The Claim of the Maritime Provinces for Federal Subsidies in lieu of Western lands."  
Hon. O. T. Daniels, Atty.-Gen. of N. S.  
Hon. C. W. Robinson, Moncton.  
Dr. David Soloan, Principal Nova Scotia Normal College, Truro.

**WEDNESDAY, 28th.**

**MORNING SESSION.**

- 9.00 a. m. "Public Health."  
Hon. Dr. Roberts, St. John  
Miss Winnifred Read, Public School Nurse, Halifax.  
Dr. Rose L. Blackadar, Port Maitland, Yarmouth County, N. S.
- 11.00 a. m. "Musical Notation in Schools and the Examination of Teachers."  
Mr. Frank W. Harrison, Fredericton, N. B.  
Supervisor E. J. Lay, Amherst, N. S.  
Miss Catherine Robinson, St. John.

**AFTERNOON SESSION.**

2.30 p. m. Provincial Educational Associations meet separately to organize and elect officers for next year.

**EVENING SESSION.**

8.00 p. m. "Maritime Union."  
Hon. J. B. M. Baxter, St. John.  
Mr. Hance J. Logan, B.A., LL. B., K. C. Amherst, N. S.

**THURSDAY, 29th.**

**MORNING SESSION.**

- 9.00 a. m. "Vocational Education."  
Mr. Fred Magee, M. L. A., N. B.  
Prof. F. H. Sexton, Director Technical Education, N. S.  
Mr. W. R. Reek, Secretary of Agricultural Federation.
- 11.00 a. m. "Education for retarded pupils."  
Mrs. Sarah Houston, Halifax.

**AFTERNOON SESSION.**

2.30 p. m. "The French Language in Canada"  
Rev. L. Guerton, P. H. D., D. D., Vice-President University of St. Joseph College.  
Addresses from distinguished visitors; Resolutions, Discussions, etc.

**NOTICE.**

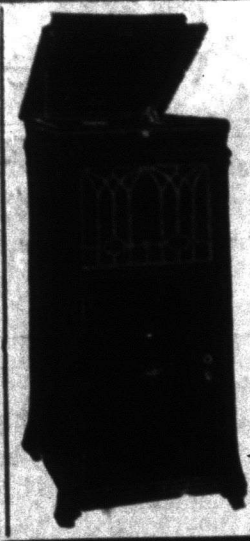
- (1) All teachers will buy ordinary return tickets as Standard Certificates are unobtainable this year.
- (2) Registration will be made with secretaries of Provincial Institutes of the respective provinces, Mr. Geo. Inch, Sec'y. Educational Institute for New Brunswick. Mr. G. K. Butler for Nova Scotia.
- (3) All teachers expecting to attend must send in their names not later than August 15th, to Mr. S. W. Irons, Moncton, N. B., Secretary of the Local Commission. Board and Lodging will cost in the neighborhood of \$2.00 or \$2.25 per day. Teachers will kindly state whether they wish board and lodging together or whether they are willing to take them separately. The local committee is making every effort to make the visiting teachers comfortable but as hotel accommodation is limited, it will be absolutely necessary for them to know in advance how many to expect.  
N. B. teachers who attend will be allowed all the teaching days in the last week in August.
- (4) Teachers of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, should procure from their own Educational authorities any forms which they are accustomed to using in making returns for attendance at Education Associations.
- (5) All communications for the General Secretary should be addressed,  
St. Martins,  
St. John Co., N. B.  
after July 5th, 1918.

**WM. McL. BARKER,**  
General Secretary.

**OFFICIAL NOTICE.**

**New Brunswick School Calendar  
1918 — 1919.**

1918. FIRST TERM.
- Aug. 7 — French Department of Normal School opens.
  - Aug. 26 — Public Schools open.
  - Sept. 2 — Labor Day (Public Holiday)
  - Sept. 3 — Normal School opens.
  - Sept. 7 — Thanksgiving Day (Public Holiday).
  - Dec. 10 — Normal School Entrance Examinations for French Dept. begin.
  - Dec. 17 — Third Class License Examinations begin.
  - Dec. 20 — Normal and Public Schools close for Xmas Holidays.
1919. SECOND TERM.
- Jan. 6 — Normal and Public Schools re-open after Xmas Holidays.
  - Apr. 17 — Schools close for Easter Holidays.
  - Apr. 23 — Schools re-open after Easter.
  - May 19 — Observed as Loyalist Day in St. John Schools only.
  - May 23 — Empire Day.
  - May 24 — Last day on which Inspectors are authorized to receive applications for July Examinations.
  - May 26 — Observed as Victoria Day. (School Holiday).
  - May 27 — Class III License Examinations begin (French Dept)
  - June 3 — King's Birthday. (Public Holiday).
  - June 6 — Normal School closes.
  - June 10 — License Examinations begin.
  - June 16 — High School Entrance Examinations begin.
  - June 27 — Public Schools close.



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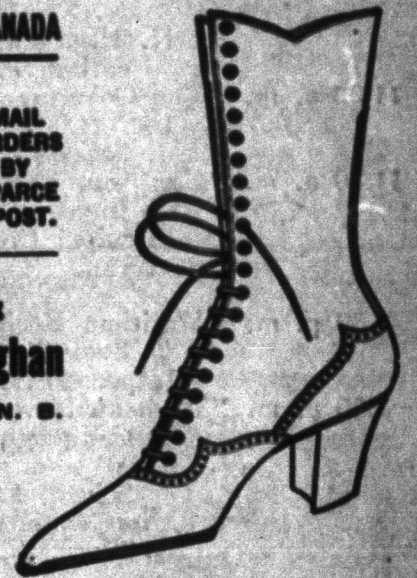
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