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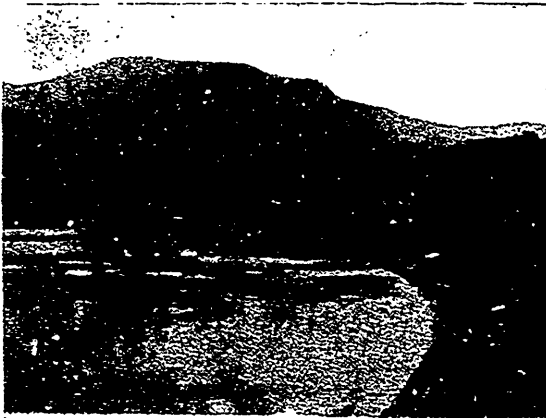
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OF WESTERN CANADA.

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## Contributions.

The JOURNAL is not responsible for opinions of contributors.  
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### SOME DEFECTS IN OUR EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM.

By W. A. MCINTYRE, WINNIPEG.

An educational system is a broader term than a school system. A defect does not necessarily imply that there are faults. Therefore let no one imagine that I am about to criticize our school system. There is room for criticism without doubt, but there are adverse critics in plenty. I have a wider question to consider at the present time.

If we consider with Herbert Spencer that education should prepare for complete living, and then consider the various agencies that consciously or unconsciously assist in the preparation of life for its duties and responsibilities, and further consider that the preparation is given not only during the years of school life, but before the child comes to school and after he leaves school, we begin to understand what a wide field must be reviewed in order to find out the defects in our system and to suggest means for overcoming them.

The first and most lasting education is given in the family. There are formed the habits and tastes of a life time. The first defect in our educational system is that parents are not adequately prepared for the discharge of the duties that devolve upon them. They are unacquainted with the physical and mental requirements of childhood, and have no adequate conception of the laws that govern the unfolding of being. This is only a general statement and does not apply to all cases. Yet it will be granted that the keen intuitions of the most sympathetic mother are not always a sure guide in the upbringing of her little family. Definite scientific knowledge is not only helpful but at times absolutely necessary. Nor can this knowledge be given in early years. It would have no meaning at that time. Though the education of early years gives the best indirect preparation for fatherhood and motherhood, it can not give that direct preparation which is so absolutely necessary, if a family is to have intelligence, morality and spirituality fostered in its members. Apart from the *mothers' meetings* held in the cities, we have no systematic organization for the training of parents for their responsibilities. Nor is it necessary to have public gatherings that the best results might be achieved. What was accomplished by Pestalozzi's *Leonard and Gertrude* would be accomplished in these days of much reading by the free dissemination of such works as William J. Forbush's *The Boy Problem*, Elizabeth Scovill's *The Care of Children*, Paterson du Bois' *The Point of Contact*, and other works of this kind, together with information as to the best occupations, reading and games for children. As it is now, the education of children is too carelessly conducted. It would be wrong to reduce all lives to the same routine, and nothing of that nature is contemplated, but it is equally wrong to

have it said of some children that Topsy-like they "just grewed up."

For the children from some homes it is a misfortune that Kindergarten schools are not to be found. With regard to other children it is equally true, that the home life is so favorable it would be a misfortune were they to go to Kindergarten, public or private schools before the age of eight or nine years. To say that it is a defect in our educational system that we have not regularly organized Kindergartens is not fault-finding, but is rather a tribute to the good common sense of our citizens, who having a limited amount of money to spend, have expended it where it would likely count for most, that is, in the support of good public schools. Some day the other will come. Let us trust that when it does come we shall have something that lives up to its pretensions—a school that will build up strong, vigorous, free and happy life, through the self-activity of its little members, and not a school with its meaningless symbolism, its worn-out games and fatiguing music.

A part of the education received by children is given in the public schools. There is need for change in the course of studies and occupations just as there has been need of change in the past. No curriculum can be framed that will be good for all time. Power of expression must parallel power of thought, and pupils must be able to express in acts as well as in words. "Education by doing" is a term of wide significance, and is a necessary complement to "education by thinking." Though the development of the power of thought must be one of the great aims in education, it is not the only aim. Every pupil must take his place in a world of men. He will have social, industrial, political and other duties to perform. The teacher must have regard to this. The course of study, the trend of thought should not be too strictly academic. Above all, must thoroughness in little things, accuracy and skill in the school arts, be considered worthy ends. Methods in management, because of the bearing on the future life of the pupil, must be considered of as great importance as methods in instruction.

But the public school does not reach all children of school age, and from its very nature must give a very partial education to such as it does reach. Hence arise private schools, dancing schools, and the like, while private teachers in music, art, and elocution have no difficulty in securing pupils. In a country such as this, there are many who would benefit from instruction in night-schools. In cities and towns, at least, school-boards might make an effort to do something for those who are willing to learn. Legislative enactment would be necessary, and with it should come legislative aid. . . . The Sunday school must continue to do its work in its own peculiar and imperfect way. With most devoted teachers, laboring with noble purpose according to a wrong method, it will continue to do more or less efficient work until such time as the incoming of a new idea gives it fresh life. So long as it is assumed that the same subject matter appeals alike to infant, youth and adult, and that all that is needed is a little difference in method of study, so long will there be inefficient work done. There will be improvement just when it is recognized that the growth of the individual soul is of more importance than the securing of uniformity in the lessons taught.

There is always a possibility of negative influences operating upon the life of the growing child. The second-class book store, the tobacco store, the boy's gang under no supervision, are illustrations of some of the forces in every community that are making for evil. Though we may firmly believe that it is the duty of the family rather than the duty of the state to supervise and restrain in all matters of this kind, yet we can surely agree that the state should make it as easy as possible

for the family to exercise this supervision and control. Towards this end it would be well if officers were appointed with the particular purpose of protecting youth from some of the evils that beset them. It may be urged that the proper way to meet negative influences is to multiply and render effective the positive influences, in other words to better the homes and the schools. It will be conceded, however, that this theory will not apply in special cases, and it is these cases that we have most to dread, for it is boys without proper home influence and who will never have such influence, and boys who do not go to school, that are the greatest menace to civilization. And the state would be justified in going still further than in appointing officers for the protection of youth, it should assist according to its ability, in providing those means of education which families and schools can not afford. Well-selected public libraries with volumes particularly suitable to children are not a luxury. They are a positive necessity. Perhaps the day may come when even in our cities and towns, as in some of the cities of other lands, open-hearted citizens will club together to furnish the schools with truly educative works of art, and set before the pupils by means of afternoon recitals, right ideals of instrumental and vocal music.

The education of home and school is general. It must be supplemented or followed by the education of the technical schools. That these schools should be aided by the state is evident on economic grounds alone. Teaching, medicine, pharmacy and the like should be placed on a scientific basis. The state must assist towards this end, and must exercise such supervision over practitioners as to guard the public against imposition. Agricultural schools are particularly necessary if our chief industry is to be placed on a proper basis. Though the experimental farms have been of untold benefit, yet it is evident that one learns infinitely more from observing and reasoning about experiments, than by simply hearing about them. The farmer, above all men, requires to cultivate the scientific mind. He can best do this in a practical way in a school of agriculture, in which there is practical demonstration of the theories that have been derived from scientific research.

But technical training tends to narrowness unless coupled with general culture. Indeed without such general culture, technical ability of the first order is impossible. The state should make it as easy as possible for all its citizens to secure the benefits of a university education. Above all should the secondary school, which has been termed the common people's university, be liberally sustained and encouraged. To discourage higher education is to pave the way for the gradual lowering of intelligence and culture in a community.

The thousands possessing nothing but common school education and such technical training as they may have received by accident, as it were, would be greatly assisted in general and special lines, if books and magazines suited to their needs were put within reach. Here again there is necessity for what seems to be one of the greatest advantages to any community—a well-selected library. "Education is not completed when children leave school, it is but begun."

Each public and private institution concerned in the work of education should have a definite understanding of the aims and methods of the others. Though each does its special work it must have regard to the general purpose of all. An effort to understand one another will result in benefit to all because of the sympathy that will be aroused. Without such sympathy there will always be harsh and uncharitable judgments. There is need in ordinary human affairs of the application of the divine injunction, "Go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone."



## THE OLD BROUGHTON STREET SCHOOL.

By AGNESS DEANS CAMERON, VICTORIA, B. C.

I met a Theosophist the other day, one of those super-sensitives who can't eat their dinner if the person who prepared it hadn't sweet thoughts. He was a very interesting man, he told me that the air was full of thought-odors which delicately fashioned souls perceive, and that on coming into a room he could tell just what thoughts had been thought there through the years. There's an old building on Boughton Street; I'd like to take him into it and bid him call up spirits from the cobwebs. It's used as a carpenter shop now; I went into it the other day and found lumber strewn all around, a double gate, a cradle and two big dog kennels in process of making—it looked very small too, and disappointing, on the whole I was sorry I went. For this was the famed Boughton Street School of the early days of Victoria, British Columbia, and here did Fate ordain that I should pass the milestones of eight, nine and ten years, avoiding lessons many, and increasing in knowledge. It wasn't my first school. I knew my multiplication tables before I went. My brother Charley had written them for me on a cedar shingle, the end of which he whittled away into a convenient handle; and up and down between long lanes of currant bushes, an uneasy Peripatetic I tramped in the summer days chanting those mystic multiples as devoutly as any priest his prayers, and as effectually cloistered from the world. Half a table, down to "*so many times six*" was the daily stint, and it was best to know it before you presented yourself to Mrs. Jack, the Scotch lady next door who had offered my mother to take Agnes in and teach her with her own nieces. "*She seems so daft-like in the garden alone, aye daunderin' up an' down!*"

What did I learn there? Let me take stock. I learned to be on time every day, to begin the day with a clean pinny, to black my shoes at the back as well as at the toes, to know my half table, to read fluently in the New Testament, and to make hemstitched hankies out of meal-bags.

No seductive Kindergarten wiles in this Temple of Learning by means of which children mould dachshunds out of mud, and the on-looking parents imbibe the principles of high art.

Mrs. Jack was a teacher of the old school—she didn't worry once over "developing the child's imagination," rather did she restrain it when it was inclined to wild flights, and she had a hard name for an answer that "*wasna the truth.*"

I don't know how long I walked along that one-plank sidewalk and went in by the side door, "butt the hoose and through the lobby" to those morning lessons. all one summer, I think. This teacher was, as I remember, very just and very exacting. She didn't say much to you if you missed your tables or if your hanky-hemming wandered from the narrow way, but she had a way of looking at you that made you feel hot and uncomfortable and set toes to squirming inside copper-pointed shoes; and she

"Tried to teach us Common Sense,  
Truth, and God's own Common Sense,  
Which is more than Knowledge."

After Mrs. Jack's and before Boughton Street intervened a few months at a real over-the-bridge, in-town school taught by an old Orkney Island Scotchman who took snuff and kept a tawse for awful occasions. And he taught us two things.

Lennie's Grammar, and "The Rule of Three or Cause and Effect," a most marvellous rule which, taken with Mrs. Jack's multiplication tables is warranted to carry you over "ditch-digging" demands and "A and B" questions, and land you safely with the correct answer while the modern methods "proportion" people are getting their slates ready.

Lennie's Grammar was a more indirect good as old Mr. Scottinger expounded it. His method was very simple. We learned the book off holus-bolus from preface to postscript, rules, examples, fine print, foot notes with a large contempt for the claims of any one part to paramount importance. The reasoning was very plain; grammar is "the science which teaches us to read, write and speak the English language correctly," and if we learned all the grammar there was, could we miss it? Hold up any of the boys or girls of that school at midnight on a lonely highway with, "*Name the prepositions,*" and out of the darkness will come, "*About, above, according, to, around, at, athwart, bating, before, behind, below, beyond, by, concerning, down, during, except, excepting, for, from, in, into, instead, of, etc.*"

Ask him for the example to the Pluperfect Tense, and you will learn that "All the judges had taken their places before Sir Roger came."

And then came the year of 1871, and British Columbia joined the Dominion and ceased to be a Crown Colony; the Free Public School westward with the Star of Empire took its way, and Broughton Street School opened its doors.

Originally it had been a Presbyterian church, and the big pulpit at the end of the room remained; and as the principal mounted to this coign of vantage that first morning and looked out over the heads of her uneasy disciples, I've often wondered what she thought. If the Theosophist "thought-odor" man is right then must the ghosts of Calvinistic doctrine have assailed her, predestination, original sin and the damnation of unbaptized bairns. My sister Jessie held in leash me and Mrs. Jack's youngest niece, Teenie, as the Principal in a "magerful" way proceeded to provoke order out of chaos. "*All over eight and under nine*" was the demand from the pulpit, and Jessie pushed us forward. "What is your name?" "Agnes Cameron." "Your age?" "Eight years old." "Where do you live?" A sickening doubt suddenly assailed me. Was it right to say "*Mish-i-gan Street,*" or "*Mitch-i-gan Street*"? I had learned well Mrs. Jack's lesson, "*Don't guess at an answer; you either know a thing, or you don't know it.*" So silence on my part. "Come, don't you know the name of the street you live on?" "No." "Eight years old, and don't know where you live—I should say it was *time* you came to school," and we were released, while the conscripts of "over nine and under ten" went up to be enrolled on Knowledge's Step-Ladder. Then had Teenie and I leisure to look around us—big girls and little girls; girls with lovely Sunday dresses on; "nigger girls," as we called them in our ignorance—it was later that we learned that this term is "both incorrect and unfeeling": half-breed girls, groups of them; quite a number of parents; and a few little boys. It seemed to me a sort of delightful Day of Judgment, when the peoples of all the earth were gathered together; and the questions they asked you were not very hard. I wanted to go and talk with them and investigate all these people, but Teenie held back; and so ended the First Day.

You entered the school through green-baize doors and found the big room in front of you divided longitudinally by a very wide aisle extending from door to pulpit.

Instead of the tree of knowledge, in the very centre of our Garden of Eden, stood, the pivotal point of the room, a huge heating stove, so greedy that when it

opened its big mouth it could take in cordwood sticks whole. This stove was a sort of high altar on whose broad back burnt offerings were made and baked meats set forth.

Far-away girls who couldn't go home for their lunch picked mushrooms on their way to school and roasted them here at noon and made smoky toast and warmed their bottles of cold tea, and in the bitter cold winter days at recess we all sat around the stove and chewed gum and thawed out our ink-wells.

The school had three teachers, the Principal, the Maiden Teacher and the Widow Teacher, and we 200 children were roughly classified into three grades, and divided among them with numerical fairness. Teenie and I had not one intimate companion till Broughton Street opened, and then, as Wackford Squeers says, "Wot richness!" The text-books and the lessons were dry bones of the valley, but the girls? Why, there were *all sorts* of girls going to that school, and they told you wonderful things about their past lives "*wen they were little*," and then almost every day at school something happened, you were either in a scrape yourself, or some girl you knew was; or (intoxicating orgy!) *many* were, and then the Principal held an "*investigation*," and the whole school was called to order, work was stopped, and all those who knew anything about the row, and lots of those who didn't, got up and with unction gave their incriminating evidence. I suppose there were quiet days when nothing happened, and when we really studied, although I can't remember learning, really learning, anything in that school but grammatical analysis and cotton crochet. But then no development *does* come on any particular day of the calendar, and the years teach much that the days never knew.

Broughton Street, as I remember it, was a great school for the consumption of surreptitious food stuffs. The correct thing to do if you had anything unusual on the domestic table was to abstract a sample of it, take it to school and among your own immediate circle effect exchanges. Raw vegetables that would crunch, carrots, radishes, little sweet white turnips were easily portable, and everywhere recognized as legal tender. In this we but copied our elders; much of the trade of Victoria in those early days was done by barter. At our home we made butter and kept chickens, and two or three times a week either Jessie or I carried on our arm a big wicker-basket of dairy produce to school with us, safely tucked it under the back desk and exchanged it for groceries when school was out; "*tobacco and green tea*," or "*your best brown sugar, please*," was all you said as you handed up your basket. All sorts of queer things came into that school room. Jessie was doctoring a sick chicken with the pip, one spring, and for warmth put it in her breast, and without remembering took it to school with her. We were standing up in class when the thing, now warmed up and "*comfy*," began to cheep. Jessie put up her hand and asked, "Please can I take my chicken home?" "Your chicken? Why, *where is your chicken, Jessie?*" "Here, ma'am," indicating her guilty breast, and Jessie withdrew. And Annie Jackson, I think it was, who once started the craze of personal incubators. Her father was a doctor and she said if you carried around a pigeon's egg next your body and didn't jump, or jar it much, it would in due time hatch out; and she was an authority. We all started in. If you couldn't get a pigeon's egg you took a bantam's, or a Brahma's—you weren't in it if you didn't have an egg. In the middle of a wild revel, a girl would turn pale and clutch herself reproachfully with "My egg. O. I forgot." So far as I remember the only thing we succeeded in hatching was Italian sunsets.

A funny lunch was brought in to school one day by Jane Spencer's brother

Jane had been kept in all noon, and her brother Billy appeared at one o'clock with the lunch dangling from his wrist in his mother's comb-bag; and when Jane pulled the draw-string and drew it forth it consisted of *three boiled pig's feet and nothing else!* I remember she and I ate them "*la fresco*" that afternoon in the back seat at geography lesson. As a rule when you brought your midday lunch, you carried prizes given in many other departments amount to practically nothing. Then it is up to class with you, so that while *you* were sending down deep buckets into the well of English undefiled, the hungry little half-breeds behind you might not engulf your dinner. Sarah Phillips and I one morning baited a devilled-ham sandwich with red pepper and almost killed a little nigger. They carried him out to the tap limo and we thought he was dead and we would be hanged. After he came te, Maggie Shade sent me a note: "*If the nigger died what kind of a picnic would Broughton Street go to?*" I shook my head. We always had a conundrum cross-fire between the first and third rows, but the gallows had just loomed too near for me to feel comfortable. Soon came the answer on her slate shaded with a dirty slate-rag, "*go black-berrying,—do you see the joak. Agnes?*" But the joak wasn't so easy to see when the little chap's irate relatives came in the afternoon, his father and three uncles, filing in one after another like a weird minstrel show; and the whole school was called in for an "investigation." "The girl who perpetrated this cruel joke will stand." The Principal stood in the pulpit with the sombre relatives on each side, and her tone was very severe. My legs shook under me as I rose and announced, "Please, if you please, *I* fixed the sandwich," I had a wild idea of adding, "*for a dog,*" but truth prevailed. I had to assure the relatives that I was sorry, which was abundantly true, and that I would never, never try to kill a boy again.

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### MY EXCEPTIONAL PUPIL.

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It has been said that most teachers, or at least most lady teachers, have had in their schools one bad boy who caused them infinite worry and discomfort. In my school, however, there was no such boy, but in his place there was a small girl of ten in whose dancing black eyes one could always read mischief. By some strange coincidence she was named Ruthie.

If in the quiet of the afternoon I heard a child suddenly move, while his face assumed for a moment an expression of agony, I could rest assured that Ruthie had been manipulating a hat pin, even though her face looked the most innocent in the room. If a child was found at four o'clock looking vainly for a missing hat or rubber or if a choice bit of cake was abstracted from a dinner-pail it was generally conceded that Ruthie knew all about it. Chocolates containing a tiny bit of soap were her delight. Nor was the teacher immune from her tricks. She must be prepared to have a kitten make a frantic rush out of the cupboard when it was first opened by her in the morning, or for something equally startling. Along with this spirit of fun and mischief which Ruthie possessed, and with which I could have borne, was another spirit with which it was not so easy to bear, namely, that of laziness. She was a confirmed idler. After having been to school for four years she could not read many of the lessons in the Part II Reader, while her number work was equally behind. From this habit of putting in time and of loitering I tried to break her by punishing her in not allowing her to have intermission. I also tried

to awaken her ambition by showing her how much further on she might have been had she been a worker.

One day Ruthie's mother sent me an invitation to spend an evening and the following holiday with them. Accordingly I returned home with Ruthie that night. At home I found her very bright and animated, and while her mother was engaged about the household duties we were left to ourselves, and it was not long before I found myself playing with her and enjoying it too. All day she was near me and in the evening, tired of boisterous play, she said: "Miss S———, will you read to me." So I read and we talked till it came nine o'clock and time for her to retire. As she said good-night she whispered, "Miss S———, I love you, and I'm not going to be bad in school no more." And I can safely say that she never was, though often it was hard for her to resist an opportunity to have some fun.

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### SHALL WE BLAME OR SHALL WE PITY?

I can think of no wonderfully beneficial experience, so I must write of one more commonplace. I had a boy in my last school of a very sullen disposition, easily angered and pouty if I may use the word. He was quite hard to manage in school and was very quarrelsome on the playground. He acted as if he had been boss around the place for years. I soon had him understand that his authority there must come to an end. After that he took quite an inactive part both in school and out. I joined in the children's games a great deal, but so long as I was taking a part in the games the boy's face wore an expression of genuine poutiness most detestable. Now, I thought that it would be very unwise to whip a boy because of a certain expression on his face so I did not know just what course to take. This was in the fall. I intended going shooting some Saturday so I asked the boy to go with me. He eagerly consented and we set off together. During the day I was careful to be as agreeable and companionable as I could. By kindness I made him feel that I was as anxious for him to have a good day as that I should have one myself. We were very successful and the boy returned home with warm recollections of his day's outing. From then on his attitude at school was quite different, being much more agreeable. This experience started me thinking on the problem—is every boy a good fellow if you take him the right way. Since then I have experimented and thought on the question a great deal, with the result that I have come to the conclusion that no matter how repulsive the manner or expression there is slumbering beneath its icy coldness a better nature but waiting the touch of a gentle hand to arouse it into life, for life is feeling,

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### NOTICE.

The North West Teachers' Association will meet this year at Minnedosa on Thursday and Friday, September 25 and 26. The programme has not yet reached us, but we understand it is very attractive.

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A correspondent asks for the names of some books containing dog stories. Here are a few: *A Dog of Flanders*, *Ouida*; *Beautiful Joe*, *Saunders*; *Rab and His Friends*, *John Bracon*; *Dorothy and Her Dog*, *Wesselhoest*; *Rip Van Winkle*, *Irving*; *Bruno*, *Dravay*; *Diomed*, *Wise*; *Loveliness*, *Phelps*; *Captain Fritz*, *Miller*. *Book of Cats and Dogs*, *Johonnot*.

## Primary Department.

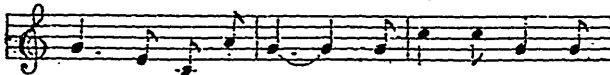
EDITED BY ANNIE S. GRAHAM, CARBERRY, MAN.

### Sweet Summer, Good-bye!

Words and Music by T. B. WEAVER.

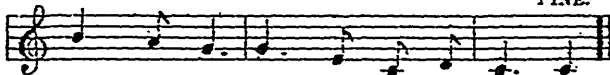


1. The trees are dressed in col - ors rare,  
2. The ba - by seeds in gar - ments white.

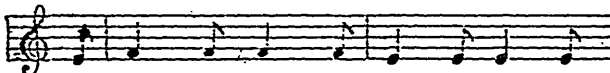


Sweet sum - mer, good - bye! Their glo - ry cheers us  
Sweet sum - mer, good - bye! Are float - ing in the

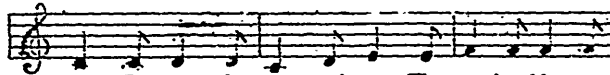
FINE.



ev - 'ry - where, Sweet sum - mer, good - bye! . . .  
air so light, Sweet sum - mer, good - bye! . . .

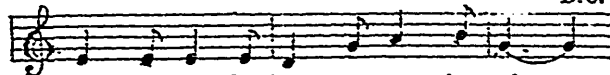


The leaves are fall - ing from the trees, Up -  
They left their cra - dles decked in green, And



on the gen - tle autumn breeze, The gentian blue as  
gent - ly rocked by hands un - seen, With - in the pal - ate

*D. C.*



sum - mer seas, De - lights us ev - 'ry - where.  
of a queen, They took their ten - der flight.

### RAISING BUTTERFLIES.

If you want to interest the children, "raise butterflies." Our "caterpillar's home" is a shallow oblong box with slender grooved uprights at the corners; into these grooves are slipped glass sides. The box is filled with earth and the top covered with wire netting. During the months of September and October the children were very busy finding occupants for "the home." They were very happy and the caterpillars did not seem unhappy. We wanted a milkweed caterpillar, as that will spread its wings in a few weeks.

One day in the middle of September our search was rewarded and into "the home" went two four-horned crawlers. The milkweed caterpillar is about one and one-half inches long, has black, white and yellow rings around its body, with two slender black horns at each end. It lives on the milkweed found along streams or

in other damp places. We gave ours plenty of fresh milkweed and in two days we saw suspended from the wire "the beautiful green house with golden nails." The other caterpillar soon followed the example of its companion, and in two weeks we had two beautiful Archippus butterflies. We let them fly away.

"Fly away, butterfly,  
Fly away home;  
The summer has left us  
And autumn has come.

"So fly away, butterfly,  
Fly far away  
To the land where the sunshine  
And sweet roses stay.

"The asters are blooming,  
The nuts are all ripe,  
Jack Frost comes to see us  
Almost every night.

"And when in the spring-time  
The sunshine is here,  
You must return  
And be welcomed, my dear!"

Two other caterpillars went to sleep, and in the spring showed us a *Papilio Turnis* and a *Papilio Asterius*. One obliging caterpillar spun a cocoon that we might have a beautiful moth. I know my second year children will never forget the benefit and pleasure of this experience.—MAY ROBBINS.

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### TOMMY CRAWLER AND BILLY BERGAMOT.

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A furry little caterpillar  
Left his willow-tree,  
And started off around the world.  
The size of it to see:

The willow-tree was rather high,  
And he was at the top,  
But up he curled into a ball,  
And then he took a drop.

And down he fell among the grass  
As softly as could be,  
And off he started round the world,  
The size of it to see.

The world," said he, "is very large,  
But I am young and strong,  
And if I travel fast enough  
It will not take me long."

Then under sticks and over stones,  
Among the dewy hay,  
And through the velvet moss he crawled  
About a foot away.

And then beside a little tree  
He stopped to take his breath—  
"O, my: the world is very wide  
And long and rough," he saith.

"I think I'll climb this little tree  
And have a bite to eat.  
On little trees like this I know  
The leaves are nice and sweet."

But from above a tiny voice  
Came down, "You'd better not.  
If you bite me, sir, I'll bite you—  
I'm Billy Bergamot."

At this did Tommy Crawler stop  
In just a little fear,  
But soon he ventured to exclaim,  
"Well, isn't Billy queer?"

"Of all the stems in all the world,  
Where I have ever been—  
The stem of Billy Bergamot  
Is red instead of green."

And then he started up the stem  
To have his bite to eat,  
But Billy did not like to feel  
The tickle of his feet.

And Billy would not have it so,  
But shook his bottom leaf.  
And let a purple blossom fall  
To scare the little thief.

Yet up the caterpillar climbed  
 Without a hint of fear,  
 Just stopping oncc to say again,  
 "Well, isn't Billy queer?"

"I never saw the like before,  
 But certain I'll be bound,  
 The stem of Billy Bergamot  
 Is square instead of round."

And soon he reached the bottom bud,  
 But still went farther up—  
 "The sweetest leaves," said he, "I know  
 Are always at the top."

At last he reached the seventh bud. He coughed, he sneezed, he rubbed his eyes,  
 "I think I'll try it here,"  
 He said, and stepped upon the leaf, And now 'twas Billy's turn to laugh—  
 "But isn't Billy queer?" "Ha! ha! you little thief."

"The leaves upon the willow tree  
 Were smooth as they can be,  
 But leaves on Billy Bergamot  
 Are silky just like me."

"Yes, Billy's very queer," he heard,  
 In accents thin and small,  
 But you have yet to learn about  
 The queerest thing of all.

"If you bite me, sir, I'll bite you,—  
 Be careful what you do,"  
 But Tommy Crawler only grinned,  
 "I'm not afraid of you."

Then reaching out he took a bite,  
 And chewed it ere he thought,  
 And now he understood the words  
 Of Billy Bergamot.

And he like any other thief  
 Was sorry, being caught,  
 But down his throat the pepper went,  
 And made it burning hot.

You've learned a lesson, dearly too,—  
 I hope 'twill make you wise,—  
 That wearing cotton in the ears  
 Puts pepper in the eyes."

And then poor Tommy started back,  
 And sought his native spot,  
 And since he leaves in lasting peace  
 The leaves of Bergamot.

—Contributed to the *Ed. Journal of Western Canada* by *Wm. Clark*.

## BIRD NESTING.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS.—I am a teacher in a small school in Manitoba—one of the prettiest parts of Manitoba—where beautiful creeks, lakes, tree-clad ravines, grassy hills and long gentle slopes are the common things of a boy's life. I so much love to wander up and down and in and out through this beautiful valley, searching for anything and everything that nature has in it to show me: to listen to the rippling of the brooks, the whirring of insects, the singing of the birds; to smell the perfume of the meadow, the roses, the honeysuckle in blossom; to see the beautiful tints of the butterfly, the blue-jay and meadow lark, the bluebell or columbine, or the mass of lovely bloom on the cherry tree like a big drift of the purest, freshest snow; to feel the mellow air sighing and pulsating around me, and to know that all the beauties I notice here are but one little verse in a wonderful book that nature has for me to read. Would you not think that boys, living in so beautiful a place, would be gentle and kind and loving? Would you not expect to find that, with the birds and squirrels for playmates, and this lovely valley for a play ground, they would try and protect those little birds and squirrels and make them free from fear? I should want to hope the birds loved me, but if I were cruel to them, how could I hope that?

But it would almost bring tears to your eyes to hear these boys of mine tell of the sport they have in the summer time at the expense of the little birds. They are not different to other boys in other places. They would not like to be called hard-



hearted or cruel, but they are thoughtless. They do not appreciate the harm they do. They have been brought up to it. Their bigger brothers practiced it, and they have never known any different. Eighteen years some of them have been in the country—eighteen years of persecution! It is a wonder there are any little birds left in their groves.

Now these boys can talk to you by the hour about wolves, about fishing experiences, about beaver dams and huts, but let us listen to them talking about bird-nesting.

"Willie," I said one day, "I want you to teach me a great deal to-day. Do you think you can do it? I want you to tell me ever so much about birds. You know more about them than I do."

And without any further encouragement Willie began to tell me far better than even some of our wise men could do about the appearance, nests, eggs, homes and habits of all the species that were to be found in the district, and for all of noon hour he and his brother Raleigh vied with each other in giving me information, not one-half of which I have remembered.

"Did you ever see an oriole's nest?" Willie asked me. "It's a hanging nest about that deep," he said, measuring off about six or eight inches. "The oriole makes it out of the white shell of the milk plant, and lines it with horse hair."

"How many eggs does it lay?" I asked.

"Five."

"I found one with six," said Raleigh.

So I got a pencil and paper, and began to ask the number that different birds laid, and here is a part of the list:

Wren, 8; blue jay, 5 or 6; meadow lark, 6; blue gull, 2; crow, 4 to 6; prairie chicken, 11 to 17; snipe, 4; plover, 4; partridge, 14 to 17; cat bird, 4; with twenty-six others. I was tired talking to classes, and this was a subject they could talk, at any length, so I simply asked a few questions and listened.

"The nighthawk?" I asked.

"That's what we call the night-jar," said Raleigh.

"It lays two," said Willie.

"Yes, that's right; just two," says Raleigh. "The night-jar, and the blue gull, and the wild pigeon all lay the same number—two; and the tame pigeon lays the same number."

"The night-jar makes frightful noise, doesn't it?" I asked.

"Yes, it's the male bird does that," "With its wings," put in Willie. And Raleigh went on: "You'll see the female going along near the ground, flitting here and there, and here and there," and he showed with his hands, "and the male bird will be away up in the air, and then all at once he'll come down with a swoop past her with such a noise as would scare you."

"Are there many nests around in the summer, Raleigh?"

"Yes; the last time I herded the cows, two summers ago, I counted three hundred and twenty-eight birds' nests."

"What do you do with the eggs when you get them?"

"O, blow out the inside and thread the shells on strings," said Willie.

"Did you ever have many eggs?"

"Yes, I had three hundred and forty one year," said Raleigh. "But I don't like robbing them very much now; it seems mean. Hugo Turner robs every one he sees."

Wasn't that awful? Three hundred and forty eggs for one boy, and there were ten or twelve boys along that side of the valley who were helping in this work of destruction. Think of the scores and scores of poor mother birds left without a nest! Think of how it would be if it were your own mother, and a fierce and savage beast that nobody could kill were to come and carry away all her boys and girls! Think how it would be if some strong boy were to be always ready to take your marbles, or knife, or doll, or any new toy you get! The little bird cannot defend itself! Would you tell your teacher or parents, or a policeman, and have the boy punished? The little bird is utterly helpless.

Teachers, this is our affair. Shall we have our boys grow up with such wrong ideas of rights of ownership as this? Shall we have the principle that permits infringement of personal liberty so habitually indulged?

The principle that robs the bird's nest, that impales the butterfly on a pin, that plucks the wing from a fly, that persecutes the younger boys in school, that takes unfair advantage of his fellow citizen, that violates the laws that protect us as members of a community, is one and the same in every instance. Look out for it—it is subtle. Teach your boys, too, that the little birds as well as the big ones are state property. Show them the part they play in the economy of nature. Our smallest birds in protecting our grain and cereals from the ravages of an insect tribe, contribute not less but more to the comfort of our homes, than by their flesh do the prairie chickens, partridge, plover and ducks, that we protect by stringent game laws. Discourage taxidermy. God breathed into the little bird in common with you and me the breath of life, which it guards with as much solicitude and devotion as you and I are capable of. And a murderous sight it is at a local fair, or in a museum, to see the little songsters laid out by dozens in a crate labelled with name and price, there to be sold to any and all who will buy. Or to see the milliner's window filled with the head dresses prepared for our mothers and sisters adorned with the bodies of little songsters that in their life-time gave God more thanks for His gifts of sunlight and liberty than ever those who wear them do. Bold licensed examples for our youth, set by us who are supposed to be their guides!

We believe in the possibility of the development of good in a child not more, not less, than of evil. Here are these dozen boys growing up with the common factor in their lives of a habit of birdnesting. The boys do not mean to be cruel, but if they are educated to this thoughtless disregard for sympathies and rights of lower creation, we who should show them different are virtually culpable. Notice the boy above in his remark: "I do not like robbing them much; it seems mean." He has outgrown the thoughtlessness of earlier summers, but he cannot replace the hundreds of eggs he has stolen, nor give us back the thousands of birds thus destroyed. The younger boys are now continuing the work, and he, full of interest, and yet not caring to do the mischief himself, has not yet arrived at a definite firm resolve to defend them to the extent of his influence.

It is my firm belief that the boys, with few exceptions, could be as easily and effectually enlisted in the work of defending birds as in the practice of annoying them. Let them guard them from their enemies, and in every way possible encourage their visitations. Let them test the relative ease with which each may be tamed and their value as pets—in short, endeavor to make them feel that the birds are under their protection, and I think they will respond.—CALEB MURRY.

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## PANSIES.

(May be sung to tune "*Jesus Bids us Shine.*")

Little purple pansies touched with gold,  
 Growing in one corner of a garden old,  
 "We are very tiny, but we must try  
 Just 'one spot to gladden,—you and I.

When September sunbeams long and late  
 Drive the little shadows from the garden gate,  
 "We are very happy, so we must try  
 Just one spot to gladden,—you and I."

When the skies are dreary, dark and cold,  
 And the rain falls softly on the garden old,  
 "Other flowers grow weary, so we must try  
 Just one spot to gladden,—you and I."

"In whatever corner we may grow  
 Whether cold or fann the wind may blow,  
 Dark the day, or sunny, we still must try  
 Just one spot to gladden,—you and I."

—Selected.

## Editorial Notes.

### THE TEACHERS' EXAMINATION.

Since our last publication, the examination for teachers has been held. A great many of those presenting themselves failed to pass the examination. It is probable that in one or two cases the papers were a little long, but allowance was made for this, and those who came short must search for some other cause. The following suggestions to candidates may be of value to those who failed and who are taking up the work again next year:

1. When a candidate is particularly weak in penmanship, it affects the marks he receives on all his papers. An examiner reading one of these papers, say in history, is compelled to spell his way. The result is that he fails to catch the thought as readily as in the case of a paper which is well written. The thought may be as full in one case as the other, but the examiner judges by the effect on himself. In an arithmetic paper if the penmanship is weak, that is, if the form in which solutions are presented, is faulty, an examiner is bound to judge unfavorably. And he is right. For credit should be given not only for a correct solution, but for the manner in which the solution is expressed. And in expression form always bears a close relation to thought. Therefore it would be well for all candidates to make it a point to write plainly and in an orderly fashion.

2. What is true of penmanship is true of composition. An examiner is bound to be influenced by the style of the candidate, and by his attention to punctuation, spelling, sentence structure and the like. Several of those writing for first and second class certificates had ample knowledge of the subjects they were required to study, but their composition was not equal to that of pupils writing on the examination for entrance to Collegiate Institutes. It would be well for such candidates to cease their study of higher English and of mathematics for a time, and to pay attention to simple English composition.

3. Candidates should learn that they are not always heard for their much speaking. It is better to write three sentences bearing on the point than to give three pages having only a remote connection. These remarks will apply particularly to candidates writing on the higher examinations.

4. In the practical examinations, general style counts for much. For instance, in oral reading the candidate who has a good presence, who knows how to walk, stand and seem at ease, who is mannerly and apparently refined, has the advantage over one who has neglected to cultivate the graces of speech and conduct. No matter how unprejudiced an examiner may be he is bound to be influenced by the personality of the candidate. And it is well that such is the case, for when it comes to actual work in school, this personality is of more importance than anything else.

5. It is a good thing for a candidate to talk common sense. A string of long words does not necessarily denote wisdom. The following sentence might sound fairly well through a partition, but it has absolutely no meaning to a cold-blooded examiner: "Goldsmith was not daunted by the bombasted superiority of his intellectual compeers." It is supreme wisdom for a candidate to write only what he thoroughly understands and to state it in the simplest fashion. One is led to wish that some of the papers of rejected candidates could be returned to the writers so

that at their leisure they might read them over with their teachers. It is very doubtful if in all cases the students in preparatory schools are sufficiently tested from time to time by written examinations. Nothing will take the place of these in revealing where a teacher's efforts are not successful; and nothing will help a pupil more than to have his work submitted to the correction of a competent critic.

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### THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

A word about the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition. It has become an educational factor. What is the nature of the education it imparts? On the one side much can be said by way of compliment. The live stock show is an education in itself; the private displays by manufacturers and others are instructive and interesting; the prize exhibits in the main building are well worthy of study. On the other hand why is it called an *industrial* exhibition? The main feature is horse-racing. The prizes given in many other departments amount to practically nothing. Then it is about time the trapeze-woman, and the "Seven Sisters" were dressed up in modest garments and retired to the grand-stand. Modern society has or should have too much self-respect for this sort of thing. The directors should have some regard for the feelings of their wives and children in this matter. Next year it is to be hoped more attention will be given to the exhibition of the products of the country.

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### A LIFELESS TASK.

A very common practice is the teaching of memory gems. Something that in the opinion of the teacher is suitable or at least of proper length for a "gem" is selected, and the pupils are asked to commit it to memory by repeating it aloud or writing it a number of times. Nothing could be more important than the learning of good literature at an early age or at any age, but that does not justify a wrong method of learning it. If the selections are really suitable to children and if they are presented in such manner that the beauty of thought and rhythm appeals to the pupils, they will be learned without any effort at memorizing. They will be self-learned as it were. The whole attention should be given to bringing the soul of the pupil into touch with the beauty of thought and his ear into living sympathy with the beauty of expression. The memorizing will take care of itself.

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### A WRONG APPLICATION.

Some of those who might agree, at least in the main, with the above view, will be anxious to make an application at once. "Certainly," they say, "where interest is sufficient, pupils have no difficulty in remembering. Just apply that to primary reading. Get interesting subject-matter. Write the speech of children or the story of the book on the board and because children are interested in it they will have no difficulty in remembering the word-forms. Interest does away with drill. Where interest abounds the mind has no difficulty in remembering." The only weakness in such reasoning is that the recognition of word forms in a language such as ours is not or should not be a matter of *memory* at all. Where one is *remembering* word-forms either because he has been drilled on them, or because he has been interested

in the thought they express, he is on the wrong track, and is treating a phonetic notation as a notation of hieroglyphics or something similar. A very little patient inductive study will make this apparent.

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### BY WHOSE HALF-BUSHEL ?

The above reference to word-recognition brings to mind a little fable. Once upon a time there was a teacher who taught word-recognition by the look and say method. At the end of a month her pupils had "functioned" or "focussed" or "pictured" forty words, so that they could read little sentences containing these words, and none others, with comparative ease and fluency. Next door was a teacher who taught word-recognition by the method that some people have called "phonic." At the end of a month the pupils did not know any words at sight, but there were two hundred words or more that they could discover readily. They could read short sentences containing these words or even words they had never seen before, but with apparent effort. Now it chanced that the former teacher visited the room of the latter and after viewing the work remarked that she was surprised to find children at school a whole month and yet not able to recognize words at sight. "Where will they be in a year?" she asked. To which the other replied, "Just wait and see!" It chanced also that the second teacher visited the school of the former, and on seeing the work exclaimed, "What lack of power! These pupils are utterly helpless in the presence of a new word! They are trotting around in a little circle when they might be browsing in the wide meadows. Where do you expect them to be at the end of the year?" "To which the other replied, "Come and see!" So at the end of the year they again compared progress, and lo! the pupils who were taught by phonics had added skill to power and were apparently though not actually reading at sight. And they could read from any junior text. The pupils of the other room had of necessity devised a system of phonics which had supplemented or rather superseded the method of memory, and they too were reading intelligently from the same texts. The moral of which is that some people in going from A to B put the right foot before the left, and others put the left before the right, but that all get there, and if on the one hand it is bad to use crutches at first it is equally bad to be carried. This fable also teaches that if you cannot measure out apples with a yard-stick, you cannot measure out cloth by the bushel. Each commodity has its necessary unit of measurement.

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We recommend to our readers the article in the primary department on Bird Nesting. Let every teacher read it to his school. Thanks to the spirit of the teaching in our schools, and to the work of the Dicky-Bird Society, the sentiment against the wanton and cruel destruction of birds and their nests is on the increase.

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### BOOK NOTES.

In last issue it was remarked that there was no work on "Nature Study" that really met the demand. Since then Hodge's "Nature Study and Life" has been examined. It seems to be just what our teachers should have. It indicates just what should be done in school and how it should be done, and gives the information teachers require. Above all the spirit of the book is exactly what it should be. The author and the publishers—Ginn & Co., Boston—are to be thanked for this work, which though costly is worth many times the money. Price \$1.50.

## In the School Room.

### METHODS IN LANGUAGE.

The following may be taken as a rough guide to teachers of Grade I.:

#### LANGUAGE.

##### ORAL EXPRESSION—

1. Narration and description based on personal experience at home, in school, on the street etc.
2. Conversations suggested by objects and pictures in connection with Nature Work, Reading Lessons, Drawing and other studies. Attention to sentence-structure, use of words, manner of addressing teacher and classmates, quality of voice, position on floor and in seats.
3. Reproduction of historical, biographical and other stories suitable to the Grade. (a) Stories from the Old Testament; Cain and Abel, Noah, Abraham, Jacob, Joseph, Moses. (b) Stories of primitive life. (c) Stories of animals and pets. (d) Fairy tale and fable.
4. Memory gems in prose and verse. To include the memorizing of at least two verses a week from Scripture.
5. Correction of the more common errors of speech with exercises suited to the needs of individual pupils. (a) Grammatical errors. (b) Errors of enunciation, articulation and pronunciation. (c) Faults of tone—harshness, lisping, etc. (d) Inelegant expressions of the school and playground.
6. Special lessons on the use of *is* and *are*; *was* and *were*; *have* and *has*, *I* and *we*, and the other prevailing errors of pupils.
7. Listening to prose and poetry as read by teacher. Recitation.

##### WRITTEN EXPRESSION—

1. Drawing pictures of objects observed or studied.
2. Making letters and figures: writing words.
3. Writing pupil's name and address. Attention to punctuation.

The following suggestions as to method may be of assistance to those doing the work:

1. Positive work is better than negative. Correcting errors is not so profitable as conducting work from the beginning so that no errors arise. The teacher's example in the matter of speech, manner, position and the like, is of more importance than her words.

2. For stories of animals and pets, Johnnot's series are good. The teacher who is prepared to do the highest kind of work should get Long's three books—*Secrets of the Woods*, *Wilderness Ways* and *Ways of Wood Folk*. She should also have Kipling's *Jungle Book*, and some of the series of books published by the *Youth's Companion*. For stories of primitive life nothing is better than a book like *The Iron Star*. In the words of a boy of nine years, "It is the best book yet."

3. Memory gem is an unfortunate term. It should rather be termed literary gem. These gems should be assimilated rather than memorized. What is contemplated is dwelling upon a thought beautifully expressed until both thought and expression are the pupils' own. This is possible only when the gem appeals to pupils.

4. Individual assistance to pupils emphasizes the fact that not all the time of the teacher should be spent in teaching classes. It may be true that we have run class-mad. Fifty years ago nearly all instruction was individual. The teacher should not place a greater number of pupils in a class than she can reach individually in her teaching. If only two pupils in a class require instruction on one point, for example the enunciation of the vowel *u*, the remainder of the class might be excused

from that lesson. And in giving instruction in all points indicated in the outline, the aim should be to cause each individual pupil to take himself in hand. The great point is not how much correction is being made by the teacher, but how far the pupils are making an application of the knowledge they receive towards their own improvement. It is here that the great worth of a teacher who can stimulate desire for improvement is apparent. To be able so to stimulate she must possess enthusiasm and earnestness, she must know how to sympathize with shortcomings that are owing to home environment, and she must be liked by her pupils if her example would be followed.

5. The grossest errors of children are committed when they are living at white heat. Their best work is done at the same time. The teacher will therefore find that the playground is the best theatre. Here she can truly perceive what each pupil requires positively and negatively.

6. The teacher of little children should be a good story-teller, and a good reader. It is doubtful if any art is more important to the teacher than reading and story-telling. They will necessitate endless trouble on the part of those who would become perfect, but those who are in earnest can easily improve themselves. They may form the habit of listening to their own voice, in order to be sure that it is musical; they may carefully analyze selections as to pronunciation and articulation, they may study their children when reading or story-telling to see if every word is heard, or rather to see if every picture is clearly perceived. Nothing will better repay a teacher than careful effort to improve her reading.

7. The copying of something from a board or from a text-book is good at every stage. But children should be taught from the beginning that accuracy is the first essential in copying. If this is learned there will be little difficulty with punctuation and spelling in later years.

8. Form is closely related to thought. In oral expression, the child who is careful as to posture, quality of voice, enunciation, etc., will find that the law of harmony will demand a corresponding care in the matter of thought. And the reverse is equally true. In written expression, the general form is of great importance because of its relation to the thought, as well as because of its value in the cultivation of taste.

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### WHAT SHE KNEW ABOUT CHINA.

Twenty-five years ago in Chilliwack, British Columbia, an eleven-year old girl in her High School entrance exam., was confronted with this question in her geography paper: "*Tell what you can about China, its locality, race of men, food, exports, etc.*"

This is what she wrote:

"China is an empire in the south east of Asia; the people live chiefly on rice; they like to smoke opium and chew it; they export rice; tea and sometimes themselves to America and other continents; they are copper colored; they live chiefly in Asia; they will soon live almost chiefly in most every country; they take tea-leaves which they have used themselves and chop them up and color them with copper; they have money with a square hole in the middle, and they put them on a long string and hang them round their necks; when they are young they shave off all the hair off their heads and only leave a little tuft of hair on the back of their heads, and when their hair grows they braid it and make a cue—sometimes they let it hang from their heads to their heels; they have their own language, and it is said to be the hardest in the world to learn; they are not very big in size, but some of them are pretty big; they are strong for a nation; they have 7,000,000 gods; they treat the Emperor very nicely; when they have to ask anything from him they have to knock their heads on the floor 20 times before they can ask it; they call us foreign devils; they have a god of thunder and in front of the god a woman stands with reflectors in her hand, which they say shows him where to strike; And please this is about all I know of China."

The girl "passed."

## JOHN D. HUNT, B.A.

TEACHERS' REPRESENTATIVE ON THE ADVISORY BOARD.

It gives the Journal great pleasure to be able to introduce to its readers a gentleman who has so ably and faithfully represented the teachers of the western half of the province on the Advisory Board for the last twelve years—or since the organization of that body. Those who have followed the deliberations of the Board from year to year will be ready to justify the wisdom of the teaching body in appointing as their representative one who as a practical school man can appreciate the needs

and difficulties of the teachers, parents and children in this province, and who as a successful man of business can accurately measure the forces in the community that have to be overcome by education and the nature of education must necessary to the upbuilding of the type of life that is required in this new land

Mr. Hunt was born near St. Thomas, Ontario, in 1860. He received his public school education at West Magdela school—school section No. 3, Southold, Ontario. It might be interesting to here note that his first teacher was Rev. J. B. Silcox, of Winnipeg.

When fifteen years of age he took his Third Class Certificate at St. Thomas High School, the principal of which was at that time the present Deputy



JOHN D. HUNT, B.A.

Minister of Education for Ontario, John Millar, B.A. After teaching about two years in Elgin County he took his Second Class Certificate from London Collegiate Institute. He attended Toronto Normal School in 1878, afterwards taught at Putnam, Ont., and was principal of Delaware, Ont., public school.

In July, 1881, he came to Manitoba, took a First Class Certificate in August of the same year, and was appointed to a position on the staff of the Winnipeg Public Schools. During his connection with the Winnipeg schools he was successively principal of the Girls' Central School, the Boys' Central School, and English Master in the Collegiate Institute. During this time Mr. Hunt was an ardent advocate of the rights of teachers, and his advocacy earned him the sobriquet of the



"Attorney General of the Central School." He was deeply interested in athletic sports, was a member of the champion football team, and indeed there was no game in which he could not hold his own with the best. While here he also commenced his Arts course and was awarded Previous Standing at Manitoba College.

In October, 1885, he resigned his position on the Winnipeg School staff and went to Colorado, where he obtained a First Class State Teachers' Certificate. He taught in Colorado Springs for several months, where the late E. L. Byington, an ex-principal of the Winnipeg Normal School, was superintendent. Leaving Colorado Springs he travelled in California for several months and returned to Manitoba in the fall of 1887.

In the same year he was appointed Public School Inspector for the South-West Division, with headquarters at Brandon, which position he held until the spring of 1900, when he resigned to take up the study of law. In the same year he took his



RESIDENCE OF J. D. HUNT, ESQ., CARBERRY, MAN.

degree of B. A. from Wesley College, being the first male graduate of that institution, and with Miss Earle sharing the distinction of being the first graduates of the college. He entered the office of Sifton & Philp, Brandon, the head of which firm was Hon. Clifford Sifton, Minister of the Interior, then Attorney-General of the Province. In 1893 he was called to the bar. He located in Carberry, and has practised there ever since. There are few men in the west of the Province so well and so favorably known. In his own profession his probity, zeal, and legal acumen have won for him a reputation and a practice that might well be envied.

In 1890, when the Advisory Board of Education was instituted, he was elected representative of the western teachers over the late J. M. Wellwood, and has been

continuously a member ever since. He is the only one of the original members who has been continuously in office since the organization of the Board.

In 1895 he married Miss Mary Lena Logan, eldest daughter of Mr. Wm. Logan, banker, Carberry. He is a Liberal in politics. He has been successively Secretary, Chairman and member of the Carberry School Board for the last seven years. His interest in public affairs outside of education is indicated in the offices he holds or has held in his own town and district. He is ex-President of the Carberry Board of Trade and Curling Club, President of the Carberry Tennis Club, President of the Carberry Band, President of the Carberry Football Club, Hon. President of the Carberry School Football Club, President of the Carberry Baseball Club, Director of the Norfolk Agricultural Society, and President of the celebrated "Carberry Sons of Rest."

It is a good thing for education that the Advisory Board has among its members one who has served so long and faithfully in actual school work, and who at the same time, as a successful man of affairs, is able to judge in matters that are not purely pedagogical. The teaching profession and the public owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Hunt for the gratuitous service he has rendered for so many years.

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## Selected.

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### A METHOD OF TEACHING COMPOSITION.

By request we re-publish an article by Supt. Maxwell, of New York, on the Teaching of Composition. It found a place in our columns over two years ago, and we have seen nothing better on the subject since that time.

Before venturing to suggest a method of teaching composition, it may be well to set down some rules which the experience of the best teachers has developed regarding theme-writing.

(1) Anything we desire to learn—particularly when it is something we have to do—is best learned by practice on successive days. Hence it follows that in the grammar school, at least during the last two years, there should be a period, however short, devoted to composition writing on each school day.

(2) "No man or boy," as Professor Carpenter puts it, "can be made to write really well unless he writes for the purpose of expressing thought." Hence the matter of the composition should always be selected from the class work in which the pupil is engaged—his history, his geography, his reading, his mathematics, his personal observation and experience.

(3) The composition period should be devoted exclusively to the composition work. President Eliot has pointed out that this work is needlessly complicated by trying to teach the art of thinking and the art of expression in the same lesson. The thinking part should receive attention in the lesson on the subject-matter; the expression of the pupil's thoughts should form the staple of the composition lesson.

(4) The doctrine of the co-ordination of studies admonishes us not only to take the subject matter from one of the other studies, but to allow the pupils to make use of their grammars and dictionaries whenever they so desire. If, in writing, the child is at a loss for a fact, let him have free access to the book where it is to be found. If he is in doubt about a point in grammar, let him examine the text-book; if he does not know how to spell a word, let him look it up in a dictionary, and so on.

As the acquisition of a clear and correct style of writing is largely a matter of imitation, the pupil should be taught in his reading lessons to examine the style of what he reads, and even to select and study models for imitation.

(5) During the years of school life which must precede the writing of themes, the child should be very thoroughly drilled in the formation of typical sentence

forms. The report of the Conference on English Committee of Ten, puts this matter very strongly: "The teacher should bear in mind that the necessity of correctness in the formation of sentences and paragraphs is like the necessity of accurate addition, subtraction, multiplication and division in mathematical work, and that composition proper—the grouping of sentences and paragraphs—as well as development of a central idea, should never be taught until this basis of correct sentences is attained."

(6) But even when the utmost care has been given to these preparatory exercises children will make many blunders in their composition work. For the correction of errors, I have tried the following plan with most gratifying results: The pupils of a given class are asked to write what they can on a topic selected from the class work of the preceding day. They are allowed from ten to fifteen minutes in which to write. After a few weeks of daily practice in this work, the child has no difficulty in writing in this time a composition sufficiently long for all practice purposes. Then each pupil is asked to read silently his own composition, to discover whether each division of the subject-matter has a paragraph to itself, and whether all he has to say on that division is contained in that paragraph. If he finds his work faulty in either of these respects, he is told to correct it at once, not by making a proofreader's mark on the margin, but by erasing and interlining, as becomes a writer of manuscript.

Then the pupils are told to read each his composition a second time, to determine (1) whether each sentence has one, and only one central thought; (2) whether the concords between subjects and verbs, antecedents and pronouns, are correct (3) and whether there are any mistakes in capitalization and punctuation. In making these investigations the pupil is to have the free use of his grammar and, if he is in doubt, should be encouraged to apply to his teacher for counsel and assistance. In answering the first query he should mentally divide each sentence into its complete subject and complete predicate. All mistakes are corrected as they are found. While conducting my own experiments on this method, I was surprised to find how few children had ever learned to use the index of a book.

Lastly, the child should read the composition a third time, under instructions to take care that every word is properly spelled.

When the child is in doubt he should at once look up the word in a dictionary.

The reading aloud of two or three compositions each day and the questions referred by the pupils to their teacher, show how well the work of correction has been performed.

The results of this method, as far as I have been able to ascertain them, indicate that the composition lesson, instead of being a season of deep depression, is one of the most interesting periods of the day, and that the majority of the pupils acquire facility not only in expression but in correcting their own errors. By looking for one kind of error at a time, nearly every important error is detected and corrected. With practice, children soon learn to avoid the errors they are constantly called upon to correct.

It may be added that, after a few trials, all of this work may be done within a period of thirty minutes.

The only objection that has been brought against this method is that in each class there are found a few children who, while pretending to look for their errors, are really doing nothing. This objection, however, is easily overcome by the teacher calling such children to her desk and requiring them to go through the various exercises under her immediate direction.

The compositions, after they have undergone these processes of erasure and interlineation, do not look so pretty as compositions that have been slowly and painfully copied after being interlined by the teacher. To the uninitiated they would not appear so fine, if shown at a World's Fair educational exhibition: but to the experienced eye they tell of honest and intelligent effort on the part of the child, and of burdens lifted from the shoulder of the teacher.—*Supt. W. H. Maxwell.*

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I like your Journal very much. It is invaluable to the young teacher chiefly because, I think, of its help in the discipline of the school.

BERTHA DRYDEN.

## THE AUTUMN LEAVES.

## FIRST CHILD:

I am a leaf from the tall elm tree  
That stands high upon the hill top there;  
Patiently my watch I keep  
O'er all the hillsides and valleys fair.

## SECOND CHILD:

I came from the maple tree  
By the church with its huge iron bell.  
Many a time I've heard it say,  
"A tale of hope and peace I'll tell."

## THIRD CHILD:

I am a leaf from the old oak tree  
Deep in the woods; I know  
All the secrets of fairyland,  
And how the flowers grow.

## FOURTH CHILD:

And I am a leaf from the aspen,  
Do you know why I tremble so?  
I heard a child tell a lie one day,  
'Tis an awful thing to know.

## FIFTH CHILD:

Down where the dead lie sleeping,  
In a calm and quiet spot,  
I came from the willow, weeping,  
O'er the blue forget-me-not.

## SIXTH CHILD:

I grew on the big old apple tree.  
Where the blue birds and robins nest.  
The children love me, and the breeze—  
O, you can guess the rest.

## SEVENTH CHILD:

And now we will make a wreath,  
Red and yellow and green:  
When you see you will all agree  
'Tis the prettiest wreath that ever was seen.

## All join hands and sing:

Away to the woods, away.  
Away to the woods, away.  
All nature is smiling.  
Our young hearts beguiling.  
O, we will be happy to-day.

## CHORUS

Away, away, away, away.  
Away to the woods, away.  
Away, away, away, away,  
Away to the woods, away,

## BOOK NOTES.

The Rand McNally Co., of Chicago, continue to bring out the *Canterbury Classics*. Teachers should write for a list. These volumes are carefully and wisely edited by Katharine Lee Bates, whom our teachers will remember edited that wonderful school edition of *Mabie's Norse Stories*.

**THE IRON STAR**—by John Preston True, published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. One of the most charming sketches ever written. It is an account in story form of life in pre-historic times and in the early days of civilization. It gives an account of man's early struggles with his environment and with himself. "It is the best book yet," is the verdict of one intelligent boy. Certainly it is just what boys and girls delight to read, and it does more to develop the historic sense than any other book we have seen. Morang & Co., of Toronto, are to bring out a Canadian edition at half the cost of the original.

**HANDBOOK TO THE VICTORIAN READERS**—by the editors of the series, published by Copp, Clark Co. and Gage Co., Toronto. This book will be of the highest value to teachers and students. All necessary information is given with regard to the selections in the Third, Fourth and Fifth Readers. Short sketches are given of the lives of the authors. An excellent chapter on the methods of teaching is most suggestive. The pronouncing vocabulary of proper names will be very much appreciated. Every reader should have a copy.—316 pages, 75 cents.

## WHAT THEY SAY OF US.

I find it full of practical suggestions and ideas, and like it very much.—G. W. ARNOTT.

I find *The Journal* very helpful and its contents always look inviting.—ETHEL McFARLANE.

I like it very much and should not care to be without it.—FRANCES E. GILLESPIE.

I enjoy it very much and it is a source of help to me also.—MARGARET DUNSEITH.

Your paper is improving and I enjoy it very much. It is a source of great help to me.—CARLOS STORY.

I find it (*The Journal*) very helpful to teaching and welcome its visits.—ISABEL M. FOX.

I am very much pleased with the contents of *The Journal* and find it a splendid help.—IDA B. JOHNSON.

I could not do without "our" *Educational Journal*.—D. L. MILNE.



The Lamplighter.

FROM "A Child's Garden of Verses," by Robert Louis Stevenson. Used by permission of Rand, McNally & Company Publishers.

## THE GOLDEN ROD.

All hail the lovely golden rod,  
The dusty roadside fringing !  
Midst grasses tall its gray crests nod,  
The world with glory tingeing.

Its fluffy blossoms manifold,  
The swampy meadows flecking,  
Weave tapestry of cloth of gold,  
The fields with splendor decking.

Along the dark c'd forest's edge  
The yellow plumes are streaming,  
And through the thick and tangled hedge,  
The golden wands are gleaming.

The lakeside slope is all aglow,  
Where golden rod is drooping.  
Bright mirrored in the depths below,  
In many a graceful grouping.

## BOOK NOTES.

*Agriculture*—for Manitoba and Northwest Territories, by C. C. James and A. McIntyre, published by Morang & Co., Toronto. This is a great improvement on the original edition, and the book as it now appears is in style and matter the best school-text that we have yet seen. The questions added to the chapters and the whole of the work on "The Science of Every Day Life," are evidently the work of a teacher. The work stands in marvellous contrast to that used for so many years in the province. We can hope that students will now take some interest in the study, and that teachers, now that they can follow pedagogical methods, will take a pride in presenting the subject. 240 pages. 40 cents.

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# DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION, MANITOBA.

## IMPORTANT TO TEACHERS.

The following resolution was adopted by the Advisory Board:

That candidates who have secured 1000 marks on the total of the third class examination, and who have failed only in subjects which will be taken in the second class examination, be permitted to proceed with second class work without further examination in the subjects of the third class examination; and in the case of those who have failed in subjects not taken in the second class examination, but who have secured 1000 marks on the total they be permitted to proceed with the second class work on the condition that supplementals be taken in the subjects on which the failures occurred.

### LIST OF TEXT BOOKS FOR USE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF MANITOBA.

REVISED JULY 30TH, 1902.

Grades I to VIII.

- |   |                                      |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| Victorian Readers—  | French-English Public School Readers |
| First Reader, Part I.   | Syllabaire Regimbeau.                |
| First Reader, Part II.  | First Reader, Part I.                |
| Second Reader.  | First Reader, Part II.               |
| Third Reader.   | Second Reader.                       |
| Fourth Reader.  | Third Reader.                        |
| Fifth Reader.   | French-English Reader. Geo. N.       |
| Chicago German Readers—   | Morang & Co.                         |
| First Reader.   |                                      |
| Lesebucher zur Pflege nationaler Bildung—                               |                                      |
| Der Wohnort I.  | Die Heimat.                          |
| Der Wohnort II.   | Das Vaterland.                       |
| Die Welt im Spiegel der nationallitteratur.                             |                                      |
| New Canadian Geography.   |                                      |
| Primary Geography—"Our Home and Its Surroundings."                      |                                      |
| Kirkland & Scott's Elementary Arithmetic.                               |                                      |
| Arithmetic by Grades, Canadian Edition, Copp Clark Co.                  |                                      |
| Goggin's Elementary Grammar.  | Sykes' English Composition.          |
| Child's Health Primer (Pathfinder No. 1.                                |                                      |
| Physiology for Young People (New Pathfinder No. 2.)                     |                                      |
| Manitoba Course of Agriculture, Series I, Our Canadian Prairies.        |                                      |
| Manitoba Course of Agriculture, Series II, Prairie Agriculture.         |                                      |
| James' Agriculture.   |                                      |
| Prang's New Graded Course in Drawing for Canadian Schools, Nos. 1 to 5. |                                      |
| Prang's Complete Manual.  | McLean's Geometry.                   |
| C. Smith's Algebra.   | Clement's History of Canada.         |
| Normal Music Course, First Reader, Second Reader and Third Reader.      |                                      |

### ADDITIONAL TEXT BOOKS FOR USE IN INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENTS.

- |  |                         |
|--|-------------------------|
| Prescribed Selections, McIntyre & Saul—Copp. Clark Co.               | West's Grammar.         |
| Practical Rhetoric, Quackenbos. (American Book Co.)                  |                         |
| Buckley's History of England.  |                         |
| Thompson Ballard and McKay's High School Arithmetic.                 |                         |
| Hamblin Smith's Arithmetic--20th Century Edition, Gage & Co.         |                         |
| Spotton's High School Botany (Manitoba Edition.)                     |                         |
| High School Book-keeping.  |                         |
| Robertson and Birchard's High School Algebra (Supplementary.)        |                         |
| The Human Body--Martin, W. J. Gage & Co.                             |                         |
| Barrett-Wendell's English Composition.                               |                         |
| Crown of Wild Olives. Ruskin, authorized edition. Copp. Clark Co.    |                         |
| Selections from Wordsworth and Coleridge.                            |                         |
| High School Physical Science. Part 1.                                | High School Chemistry.  |
| Electric Physical Geography, American Book Co.                       | Myer's General History. |
| Merchant of Venice. Shakespeare, Globe, Temple or Cambridge Edition. |                         |

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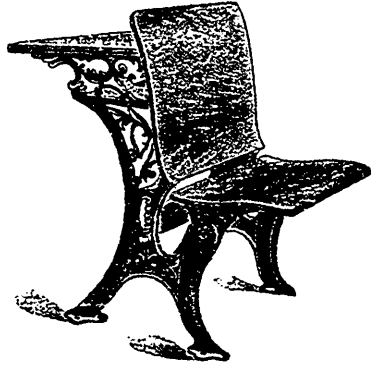
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