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# EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL

## OF WESTERN CANADA.

EDITORS :

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

ASSOCIATE EDITOR :

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



The truest teaching is living; and the primary philanthropy is to live a good life . . . . Just to be good; to keep life pure from degrading elements, to make it constantly helpful in little ways to those who are touched by it, to keep one's spirit always sweet, to avoid all manner of petty anger and irritability—that is an ideal as noble as it is difficult. To seek to be true to our best insight, to express in personal life the noblest ideal we know, is the highest possible service in the problem of social reconstruction.

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# EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL

## OF WESTERN CANADA.

VOL. IV.

WINNIPEG, JUNE AND JULY, 1902.

NO. 4.

### School Room Experiences.

#### A LESSON FOR PARENTS.

The importance of the co-operation of parents and teacher came very forcibly under my notice one day. At the same time I had occasion to realize to the fullest extent, how utterly necessary it is for adults, particularly such as are clothed with some authority, to be careful of what they say in the presence of children.

A couple of years ago there was in my school a little boy of whom I was very fond. He was a handsome little boy, bright and extremely sensitive. It was a custom with him to come to me during recesses, and tell me about his little adventures. Sometimes he had met a gopher coming to school, which was an event of no small consequence, or had detected a bird's nest; again he might have been presented with a new pencil or some other article equally invaluable. One day he brought a picture of some angels, evidently a great treasure. We discussed this work of art thoroughly, agreeing that the angels were decidedly pretty, and doubtless very good. This however was almost self-evident, but it was wonderful that the real angels should be able to see and hear children, while children could not see or hear them, and that they should be very fond of the little people.

The day after this talk was a fine one, and the whole school was sent out to play during intermission. I had taken my usual place on the steps and was watching the game and listening to chattering, when suddenly I was startled by some words not very proper in a child's mouth, and sure enough they were uttered by my little friend. Calling him into the school room, I told him gently how sorry I was that he should be guilty of such a transgression, and added that doubtless the little angels were in the same frame of mind. This made him very serious, and I was gratified in seeing from his expression that he was determined not to be guilty of such an offence again.

Some two or three weeks later my favorite was going around on the farm with his father, when the latter suddenly became vexed at something, and to the horror of the former gave utterance to an oath. The child at once set to work to explain to his father that he should never use bad language, for such wickedness would surely make the angels sorry. What a shock it was to him when the reply came—this reply: "What do I care about the angels."

The lad said nothing, and it was not until somewhat later that I found out about this incident. I also became aware that the rude answer had not been forgotten, but had been making confusion in the child's mind. He had too great trust in his father, to disregard that gentleman's opinions, while he was evidently loath to doubt what I had told him, and to give up his ideal. I set forth my best effort to set him at ease again, by restoring his confidence without throwing any shadow on his parents—which was no easy task—but this is sure that he never felt such keen delight in trying to please his little friends the angels, as he had done before.

## A HELPFUL SCHOOL EXPERIENCE.

In my last school I had a number of small pupils who were in the habit of saying each morning that they were going to try to be very good that day and neither talk nor whisper.

While nearly all the scholars in the class were making their good resolutions, I noticed one little boy sitting very quietly not saying a word. Turning to him I said, "Well Dan, what have you to say for yourself, are you going to try to keep from talking too?" Dan replied, "I don't think I can keep from talking so I won't promise for fear I can't keep my word. I might forget."

I found this nobleness of character showing itself in all this little boy's actions.

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## Contributions.

The JOURNAL is not responsible for opinions of contributors.  
Replies to contributions will be welcome.

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### BIRD STUDY.

EDITOR EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL.

The letter from Mr. J. H. Kitley in your last issue relates, I believe, what might and should be a chapter of the experience of each teacher in the province; and, if it were, who could calculate the refining and softening influence upon the boys who pass through our hands? There is no time better suited for hard study than the present, as at date of writing the trees and fields literally swarm with bird life while the upper air is not without its feathered occupants. In hopes that I may be of some help to another and that someone may help me I shall try to answer some of Mr. Kitley's questions and if I should be in error perhaps some one will correct me.

The thrush I think is the Veery or Wilson's thrush. If so it can be easily distinguished by its uniform brown upper parts and faintly spotted breast. It usually frequents damp woods but I saw one here several times in and around the town during the last fall of snow.

If there were otherwise any doubt about the identification of the marsh wren, the habit of building more than one nest would settle the matter. This wren almost always builds several nests but occupies only one.

The gulls so common are Bonaparte's gulls. At least they are very common here.

The bird with a song somewhat similar to that of the oriole is not very definitely described, but is perhaps the rose-breasted grossbeak. I met with this bird at the same place, a few miles south of MacGregor, for two successive years on the twenty-fourth of May. Its song is most striking and at first the bird reminded me of the oriole, but more from habit than song. The notes are more like those of the robin, but are a much higher specimen of bird melody. The yellow marking mentioned was probably the yellow lining of the wings of the female.

The trees here just now swarm with white-throated sparrows, and with them is what appears to me to be another sparrow, but larger and much more striking in appearance than the white-throat. The following is as nearly as I

can make out the description : Crown forehead and region around the eye black ; curved gray mark back of the eye and back of this a black spot, throat black running well down to breast and fusing around the neck with the black region around the eye. This makes the head mostly black, and that the most striking color about the bird. The breast is light with black spots towards the sides. The back and wings are striped gray much as in the white-throat, but the upper tail coverts are a light uniform gray. It otherwise has the characteristics of the sparrow, but is larger than any other species I have seen. If some reader will identify this bird for me, I shall be greatly obliged. The only song I have heard from them is one note somewhat similar to the first note of the white-throat's song, but more prolonged.

Hartney, Man., May 14, 1902.

B J. HALES.

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### A WORD OF CHEER.

EDITOR EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL.

I am pleased to note in the communication of Mr. Jas. H. Kitley upon the birds of his district, a solitary evidence of individual effort and investigation of bird life. Since the cooling of the bird fever of some two years ago there has been little interest upon the part of teachers to encourage one to give any assistance in this important work.

The communication of Mr. Kitley however, shows considerable accuracy of observation and his questions are the result of difficulties encountered by the beginner rather than the off-hand questions of the superficial observer. The notes upon nesting habits are very interesting and rather too brief while the solution or rather the verdict in the swallow tragedy is no doubt correct as such is not an uncommon occurrence among birds.

The olive backed thrush is a regularly distributed breeding species in the province and being one of the earliest arrivals is no doubt the bird noted.

The marsh wren which is evidently the species next referred to is a most industrious little fellow and has the reputation of being the most particular in the occupation of a residence, being known to build as many as seven or eight nests before selecting one as a home.

I would suppose it was the common tern he refers to as our smallest gull is Franklin's, which is rose pink on the breast and much larger than the terns.

I cannot locate the species referred to with the orange throat patch, and about the size of the Baltimore oriole as he does not state actions of the bird nor the locality it was observed in. If these were given identification would be much easier.

I trust that this communication may be followed by others of a similar nature which will show that some practical work is being done in this department.

Bird stories by authors of varied abilities entertain for a time but they don't accomplish much when compared with the individual effort of an enthusiastic observer and student.

GEO. E. ATKINSON.

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As a teacher I have found THE JOURNAL a very valuable friend, and wish it every success.—CATHERINE A. REEKIE.



## SOME HISTORIC DOGS.

(By Agnes Deans Cameron, Victoria, B.C.)

"Barry" was the famed mastiff of Great St. Bernard's in the early part of the last century, instrumental in saving forty human lives. Perhaps his most memorable achievement was rescuing a little boy whose mother had been killed in an avalanche, "Barry" carried the boy on his back to the hospice. The stuffed skin of this noble animal is still kept in the museum at Berne.

Another historic dog is "*The Dog of Montagus*" or "*Aubry's Dog*." In 1371 Aubry of Mondidier was murdered in the forest of Bondy. His dog after this showed a most unusual hatred to a man known as Richard of Macaire, always snarling and ready to fly at his throat when he appeared on the scene. Suspicion was excited, and Richard of Macaire was condemned to a judicial combat with the dog. He was killed, and in his dying moments confessed his crime. A picture of the combat was for years preserved in the Castle of Montagus.

*Lord Byron's Dog.* The poet Byron has by his epitaph in verse made historic the big Newfoundland "*Boatswain*." The dog is buried in the garden of Newstead Abbey, and his grave is surmounted by a marble shaft on which appears the poet's eulogy. The last quatrain being :

*"Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn  
Pass on--it honors none you wish to mourn :  
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise ;  
I never knew but one,—and here he lies."*

*Gelert*—The last dog, but perhaps the best known in story is the brave Gelert of Llewellyn, the Welsh prince. If a lump does not come to your throat when you read of him 'tis because you are no lover of dogs.

One day a wolf entered the rough palace-hall where slept the baby son of the Royal House of Wales. Gelert, faithful sentry, flew at the wolf's throat and killed it. But a moment after, Llewellyn returned home, and, seeing the dog's mouth all bloody imagined that mischief had been done his child. With the hasty action of an impetuous race the Prince drew his sword and ran the dog through. Poor Gelert's dying yells awoke the child, and the father realized his fatal rashness. We can fancy that many times before his own death, when about to be overcome by that "rash humour which his mother gave him" the reproachful eyes of poor Gelert would come between the hasty Prince and some object of his wrath. Looking back through the years, too, can we not see Llewellyn leading the young heir's toddling footsteps to the tomb of Beth-Gelert, and watch the boy's eyes fill with tears as he hears the story of that "greater love" by means of which one life is laid down for another?

## *My Belief.*

*I have a belief of my own and it comforts me—that by desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is, and cannot do what we would, we are part of a divine power against evil,—widening the skirts of light, and making the struggle with darkness narrower.*

*—George Eliot.*

## Primary Department.

EDITED BY ANNIE S. GRAHAM, CARBERRY, MAN.

### A CHEERFUL CRICKET.

"How very hot it is to-day!"  
 (The cricket's voice was blithe and gay.)  
 "Cheep! cheep! cheep! cheep!  
 But soon will come a cooler day,  
 And I'll be cheerful while I may,  
 Cheep! cheep! cheep!—*Sel.*"

### SOME CHILD THOUGHTS.

(Selected from Robert Louis Stevenson's "Child Garden of Verses.")

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1. "In winter I get up at night<br>And dress by yellow candle light.<br>In summer, quite the other way,<br>I have to go to bed by day. | I have to go to bed and see<br>The birds still hopping on the tree,<br>Or hear the grown-up people's feet<br>Still going past me in the street. |
|--|---|

And dosen't it seem hard to you,  
 When all the sky is clear and blue,  
 And I should like so much to play,  
 To have to go to bed by day?"

2. "The rain is raining all around,  
 It falls on field and tree,  
 It rains on the umbrella here,  
 And on the ships at sea."
3. "When I am grown to man's estate,  
 I shall be very proud and great,  
 And tell the other girls and boys  
 Not to meddle with my toys."
4. "The friendly cow all red and white,  
 I love with all my heart:  
 She gives me cream with all her might  
 To eat with apple-tart."
5. "Every night my prayers I say,  
 And get my dinner every day;  
 And every day that I've been good,  
 I get an orange after food."
6. "The world is so full of a number of things  
 I am sure we should all be as happy as kings."

Will someone having a spare copy of March, 1900, JOURNAL, kindly forward it to Annie S. Graham, Carberry, Man.

## THE CUNNIN' LITTLE THING.

<p>“ When the baby wakes of mornings, Then its wake ye peopl' all ! For another day of song and play Has come at our darling's call ! And, till she gets her dinner, She makes the welkin ring, And she <i>won't</i> keep still till she's had her fill— The cunnin' little thing !</p>	<p>When baby goes a-walking Oh, how her paddies fly ! For that's the way the babies say To other folk 'by-by' ; The trees bend down to kiss her, And the birds in rapture sing, As there she stands and waves her hands— The cunnin' little thing !</p>
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When baby goes a-rocking  
In her bed at close of day !  
A hide and seek on her dainty cheek  
The dreams and the dimples play ;  
Then its sleep in the tender kisses  
The guardian angels bring  
From the Far Above to my sweetest love—  
You cunnin' little thing !”—*Eugene Field.*

## VACATION SONG.

Key D.

1. | 1., 3., 3., 5. | | 5. —. —. 8. | | 7. 6. 5. 4. | | 6. 5. —., 1. |  
 | 1., 3. 3., 5. | | 5. —. —. 8. | | 7. 5. 4. 2. | | 1. —. —. 3. |  
 | 5. 4. 2. 4. | | 6. 5. —. 3. | | 5. 4. 2. 4. | | 4. —. —. 3. |  
 | 5. 4. 2. 4. | | 6. 5. —. 5. | | 6. 5. 4. 3. | | 1. —. —., 1. |  
 | 1., 3. 3., 5. | | 5. —. —., 3. | | 3., 5. 5., 2. | | 8. —. —. 1

Away, away, away,  
Away among the blossoms,  
Away, away, away,  
The summer time has come.  
We hear the singing waters, we hear the insects' hum. (*Repeat.*)

*Chorus.*—Away, away, away, away, away, away.

Away, away, away,  
Away among the blossoms,  
Away, away, away,  
The merry birds are there.  
We hear the chorus early. 'tis thrilling on the air. (*Repeat.*)

Away, away, away,  
Away among the blossoms,  
Away, away, away,  
The daisies all are bright,  
And in the dewy meadows, the clover tops are white. (*Repeat.*)

Away, away, away,  
Away among the blossoms,  
Away, away, away,  
The happy world is ours.  
Then praise our Heavenly Father whose smile is on the  
flowers. (*Repeat.*)

## THE STORY OF MISS RUBY ROSE.

Sun was rising o'er the hill ; I was walking near the mill.	Hummy, back beside the rose Dressed in dainty summer clothes.
There I saw Miss Ruby Rose Dressed in dainty summer clothes.	"Mother Nature's kind," said he ; Kind as ever she can be,
Everything was looking glad— All but Rosy—she was sad.	"For she's sent you here, you see, Downy Sharp for company."
Humming bird was flitting by— "Ruby Rose, what makes you cry?"	Sure enough, beside her there Stood a boy with yellow hair,—
Rosy lifted up her head.— "Brindle bit me," weeping said.	Finger nails as sharp as pins. "Wait till Brindle now begins,"
"O, she has such awful teeth ! See she ate my finest leaf.	Laughed the merry humming bird. Then, without another word,
"To my heart she sent the pain. Hummy, there she comes again.	Flew and left them standing close— Downy Sharp and Ruby Rose.
"O, I wish mamma could see. I am sure she'd pity me."	Round Miss Rose he put his arm, Put an end to her alarm.
Answered Hummy, "If I tell, Maybe that will do as well.	Brindle came to nibble Rose— Downy pricked her on the nose.
"Wait till I come back again." Then he flitted down the lane.	Off went Brindle on the run— Ruby thought it jolly fun.
Down I sat beside a tree. "For," said I, "I want to see	Summer long the jolly two— Downy Sharp and Rosy Rue—
"What her mother will propose To protect Miss Ruby Rose."	By the fence have stood alone Till together they have grown.
Lily, Brindle, Snow and Bess Near me cropped the dewy grass.	Now where both were formerly Ruby's all that I can see,
I was idle, so I took To throwing pebbles in the brook.	But upon her leaves and bark I believe that I can mark
Presently I looked around, For behind me was a sound—	Downy's finger nails like pins Ready there when Bess begins.

Yes, they'll scratch and stick in you  
If you pick Miss Rosy Rue.

—A Teacher.

Dr. John Kerr, an inspector of schools in Scotland, tells the following story: "An inspector in the examination of a class in easy arithmetic observed that one boy had not answered a single question correctly. Wishing to discover if the boy was hopelessly stupid, he unintentionally 'set a-going a good laugh' against himself by one of his questions. The school was in a fishing village, and the question was on a subject with which he presumed the boy was familiar. 'Suppose,' the inspector said, 'there was a salmon that weighed ten pounds, and it was to be sold at twopence per pound, what would the salmon be worth?' To this the boy at once replied, 'It wada be worth eating.'"—*Til Hilt.*

"I have received the March and April numbers of THE JOURNAL and am well pleased with their contents."  
RENA ROGERS.

*Field.*                      *- Little Boy Blue. -*                      *De Koven.*

The little toy dog is covered with dust,  
 But sturdy and staunch he stands ;  
 And the little toy soldier is red with rust,  
 And his musket molds in his hands.  
 Time was when the little toy dog was new,  
 And the soldier was passing fair ;  
 And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue,  
 Kissed them and put them there.

CHORUS :

For kind friends may fail and the world go wrong,  
 But the little toy friends are true ;  
 And little they care though the years be long,  
 They're waiting for Little Boy Blue,  
 They're waiting for Little Boy Blue.

"Now don't you go till I come" he said,  
 "And don't you make any noise!"  
 So, toddling off to his tundie bed,  
 He dreamt of the pretty toys ;

And he lay dreaming, an angel song,  
 Awakened our Little Boy Blue,  
 Oh ! the years are many, the years are long,  
 But the little toy friends are true !

Ay ; faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,  
 Each in the same old place—  
 Awaiting the touch of a little hand,  
 The smile of a little face ;  
 And they wonder as waiting the long years through,  
 In the dust of that little chair,  
 What has become of our Little Boy —  
 Since he kissed them and out them there.

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### A PRIMARY TEACHER.

“ The true primary teacher says : “ Though I speak with the tongue of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.” And though I have much learning, and have read all text-books on psychology and pedagogy ; and though I have all knowledge of laboratory child-study, so that I can catalogue, classify and tabulate all children, and have *not* a systematic understanding of children, and cannot adapt my knowledge to their immature minds, it profiteth me nothing as a primary teacher. She says of her *teaching* as Paul said of his *preaching*—“ Yet I had rather speak five words with my understanding, that by my voice I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue.” And though I am a member of the Herbartian Society, am Secretary of the Froebel Club, Treasurer of the Mothers' Club, a member of the Ohio State Teachers' Association, of the National Educational Association, am President of the Primary Sunday School Union, Superintendent of the Primary Sunday School, and am not on the executive committee of the Child-Study Club, and have not a *genuine, sympathetic loving understanding of children*, I am *not* a primary teacher.”

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### CHILD STUDY.

“ A mother's influence over her child is rooted in the child's faith in her. A child cannot believe in a mother's wisdom unless the wisdom is there. We fail to inspire faith because we fail to deserve it. Yet faith is essential to the carrying on of life, as it is to-day. We have to have faith in the merchant, faith in the tradesman, faith in all with whom we have intercourse.

Very often a mother's inability to rule lies in inattention and weakness. Doubt always leads to wavering and inconsistency. The advice of friends is half the time controlled by custom or prejudice. If we are uncertain in our guidance of our children, it is because we have undertaken the greatest responsibilities with too little preparation. Dealing with little children is life's most solemn duty. Men, as well as women, should be prepared for it. The untidy, indefinite home is one of the worst places into which a child can be born.

Order is heaven's first law. Every child should be born into an atmosphere of order. The mastery of time is the destiny of man. We should make it our aim to use time in right ways, to use it in the best ways, to use it for the truest

things. A timeless existence is savagery. The measuring of time is a mark of civilization. Time is the hardest master in the world when it conquers us instead of our conquering it,

The play of early days is of vital importance in shaping the character. The imagination should be constantly called into force, for this is the essence of the spirit-life. Without it we cannot enter the realm of the unseen. Mystery calls forth this imaginative faculty, rhythmic mystery more than any other. Call the child's attention to the rhythm of the clock, of running waters, of waving grain. All this finds its echo in our own souls. A child is a rhythmic, being born into a rhythmic world. But we sometimes lose our rhythm in after years. When we are out of harmony ourselves we cannot get it into others. You cannot get harmony into a child by shaking it. There are four particular things in which regularity should be observed, i.e., washing, eating, playing and sleeping. This develops order in the child through his feelings. No mother should be so absorbed in things outside the home as not to attend to these duties regularly. She should not leave them to people who have not a mother's love. The tendency is to force order upon children instead of developing it in them. Rigidly enforced order tends to produce a recoil in the child.

Struggle is the price of life. We try to save our children too much. Nerve the child to conflict with indolence and self-will. Be strong yourself. Be up in the morning. If you get behind then you are sure to feel ill-used the rest of the day. To overcrowd is as disastrous as to empty life. Every life should have recreation. When life is so crowded we don't play any more, we have done wrong somewhere. It steals years from us. If something is asked of you outside your home that strains every nerve, it is not your duty, it is that of somebody else. Like slothfulness, over-work will result in morbid depression, and there is no need for us ever to be depressed.

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### VACATION.

We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—  
 Lie down for an æon or two,  
 Till the Master of all good workmen,  
 Shall set us to work anew.

—Rudyard Kipling; *L'Envoi*.

The school year is nearly over. The relationship of teacher and pupil has, I am sure, been very sweet to each of us, while the thought that we have, even in a small measure helped our boys and girls to grow wiser and better cannot fail to make our teacher trials seem but trifles, as we look back over them. May the coming two months of rest and change bring renewed vigor and courage to each of us! And, whatever we do, may we grow more sympathetic, tender, womanly and approachable, and let others see that a teacher (and especially a *primary* teacher) is a *charming* woman "for a' that."—A.S.G.

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"My pupils and I were delighted with the Arbor Day and Empire Day numbers. I find THE JOURNAL very helpful, and would not like to be without it.

ANNIE W. MCFARLANE.

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I find THE JOURNAL very helpful and would not like to do without it.

M. L. CLIDE.

## Editorial Notes.

A copy of the proceedings of the Dominion Educational Association has come to hand. It gives a full account of the proceedings in all departments, and contains all the addresses and papers in full. Though a little late in appearing, it has been carefully edited and printed. To those who would become acquainted with leaders in education in Canada the volume is invaluable. The papers and discussions are worth much more to any teacher than the cost of the production.

There are some good things we shall never enjoy. One of these is a purely phonetic alphabet—"fonetic alfabet"; another, a simple table of measures and weights that can be applied without serious loss of time; and another is a numerical notation that will not be cumbersome. We are in receipt of a pamphlet on "The Octimal System," by Geo. H. Cooper, of New Westminster. It is a thoughtful, well-reasoned article, with everything in its favor except one thing—the people have been trained and educated to something else, viz., a decimal system, and they are not going to change.

The following words of cheer from the oration at the quarterly meeting of the Council of the University of Chicago, will do our teachers good. Be not weary in well-doing. In due season ye shall reap if ye faint not.

A large part of the progress of our times, even in the fields of wealth production, has been due to research and study by men who were actuated not in the least degree by the motive of gain. But the greatest example of all is afforded by what is now the foremost of all our professions, namely, the profession of teaching. Here we find scores of thousands of men and women rendering noble, unselfish, and indispensable service to the community on the basis of fixed, moderate stipends, removed almost wholly from the competitive sphere of activity, and inspired to diligence and efficiency in their work by a sense of duty and responsibility.

To them it belongs in this new period to train the rising generation to right views of life and citizenship, that is to say, to develop the intelligent, co-operative man of the future, as against the competitive man of the past. The selfishness of the competitive man has grown principally out of his fear, and his sense of living in a world whose motto was "every man for himself." The work at hand is the training of the man who can afford to believe that what helps one helps all, and that universal intelligence means universal emancipation.

Right-minded men and women, therefore, who fit themselves for the work of teaching, and who appreciate its relation to the demands of citizenship in an economic society, may well feel content in the thought that they have chosen a noble calling in which they can serve their country and their generation and find many incidental rewards and compensations as they go along.

Can you give the name of some really good book of recitations and dialogues for children's use during the summer?

Try Boyden's *Speaker* for primary grades, published by George Sherwood & Co., Chicago.



Some one has written us commending the editorial utterances of last issue and asking why we did not make it still hotter for the politicians. Well, to be frank, we have the impression that little is to be gained in these days by purely destructive criticism. Yet there are occasions when wrong-doing should be denounced, and there are such occasions just now. Just think of the spectacle before us. Here are several men of very mediocre ability but possessed of illimitable boldness, self-assurance and dishonesty. These men, through appealing to the very worst in human nature, have found themselves in public office, and they have determined to make the best possible use of their position for private ends. It is the one chance of a life-time. Hence the resources of our country have been disposed of to such subsidy hunters as will willingly return a liberal percentage for party and personal needs. Is not this true? Everybody knows it is true of at least one politician—the politician on the other side of the fence. Yet our people are to blame. There will be this crookedness, unfaithfulness and dishonesty just so long as this cry of *party* is the leading cry in our political life. Isn't it about time for our teachers to begin to impress upon children that the great duty and privilege of life is not to find some one to fight against, but some one to work with; that all sectional and party feeling is unworthy of free men and good citizens? Yes, and we may believe it, there are better and brighter days coming. But will there be anything left to us by that time?

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It is to be hoped a great many of our teachers will take advantage of the cheap rate to the meeting of the National Educational Association in Minneapolis. The fare is half the regular rates plus two dollars which entitles to membership in the Association. Tickets can be extended till Sept. 1, and cheap rates will be given to all Eastern points. The N.E.A. is the largest Association of the kind in the world, and it is an inspiration to see and meet the most noted of the 20,000 teachers who will be there. Those who are going should send their names to us or to Mr. H. Swinford of the Northern Pacific. See the reading notice elsewhere in this number.

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During the past month we have had the pleasure of visiting two teachers' Associations in the province. It does one good, it gives hope and confidence, to be present at these gatherings. The earnestness, the self-sacrifice, the devotion of our teachers is the most hopeful feature of educational effort in this land. The best answer to the carping criticism of those who see nothing good in the aims and methods of modern education, is two days with those who are engaged in actual work. The most cheering feature of the meetings was the tone of optimism. There is nothing helps teachers so much as believing in their mission and in their power to fulfil it. That our teachers have right ideals we believe, that they have power, wisdom and directive ability we know. Occasionally they fail. Will you tell us in what calling there are no failures? Occasionally they are not prepared for their work. In what other occupations is this not true? Let our teachers not be discouraged. They will never please the faddists for faddists are narrow and see but a partial need. They will not please newspaper critics. These are never pleased. But they may in doing their whole duty as they see it please a Higher Power.

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame.

And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame.

But each for the glory of working, and each in his separate star

Shall draw the things as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are.

Teachers are now voting for representatives on the Advisory Board. There are no nominations for this position. Any one may be voted for. The present occupants, who are eligible for re-election, are D. McIntyre of Winnipeg for the Eastern half of the Province and J. D. Hunt of Carberry for the Western half.

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## THE ANNUAL NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION AT MINNEAPOLIS, JULY 7-11.

The Northern Pacific will in connection with the Canadian Northern Railway sell round trip tickets to St. Paul and Minneapolis on the basis of single fare for the round, plus \$2, from all stations in Manitoba, dates of sale July 5, 6, 7 and 8. Final return limited to July 14th.

An extension of limit will be granted by depositing tickets with the Joint Agent appointed by the Western Passenger Association not earlier than July 8th, or later than July 14th, upon payment of 50 cents at the time of deposit, return limit will be extended to leave St. Paul and Minneapolis up to and including Sept 1st. With the above exceptions—no extension will be granted.

Special rates to Western points via the Northern Pacific have been arranged for parties attending the Convention as follows:—From St. Paul to Helena, Butte and Anaconda, Mont., and return \$40.00. To Spokane, Wash., Nelson, Robson, Trail, Rossland, Kaslo, Sandon, B.C. and return \$40.00. To Tacoma, Seattle, Portland, Victoria, Vancouver, and all points west of Balmer Junction and north of Portland and return (where one way rate is \$50.00)—\$45.00.

For further information regarding the diverse route enquire of any ticket Agent of Canadian Northern Railway, or write H. Swinford, General Agent, Northern Pacific Railway, 391 Main St., Winnipeg.

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## In the School Room.

Will you read the following story to your boys and ask them what they think of the conduct of the Marlborough boys :

“ At the cricket match between Rugby and Marlborough three years ago, when Marlborough had finished their second innings, only one hour remained, and Rugby had a hundred runs to make. Marlborough could easily have spun out the time, instead of which they were out in the field in a minute, and every time the field had to change, either at change of over or when a left-handed batsman faced the bowler, the Marlborough boys one and all ran to their places. Rugby made the runs, but Marlborough, though she missed the victory, gained the undying respect of her rivals, and won the honor of having upheld the best traditions of English games.”

Will you also read the following and ask them what they think of the boys at x— school :

“ At half time the x— boys had scored two goals to their opponents none, but the y— boys were outplaying them at every point. Then the full-backs of the x— team adopted the tactics of kicking the ball out of bounds to save time. There was a strong cross-wind blowing, and this was in their favor. The result was that the y— team succeeded in scoring only one goal, though under ordinary conditions they would have scored three or four.

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I have been getting copies of your JOURNAL from a friend and have thus obtained pleasure and help through it. I feel I must have it in order “to keep with the times” in teaching.

UNA P. GRANT.

## REQUIREMENTS FOR RURAL SCHOOL.

The following report will be of special interest to trustees :

To Chairman and Members of Advisory Board.

Your Committee on plans for school houses beg to report that they have examined suggestions made by Inspectors and find that the following are practically agreed upon as the requirement for a Rural school :

1. A minimum of 15 square feet of floor space per pupil.
2. A minimum of 300 cubic feet of air space per pupil.
3. Glass one sixth of floor space.
4. Light to come in from left side of pupil. One window on the rear on extreme right of pupil is not objectionable.
5. The bottom of window stool to be three feet six inches above the floor line.
6. The shape of class room should be such that the space occupied by the desks should be nearly a square.
7. The entrance to class room should be from the end of the building toward which the pupils face.
8. Cloak rooms should be provided so that pupils can put away coats and hats, etc., before entering the class room.
9. Some inexpensive means of heating by circulation rather than by radiation must be provided.
10. Ventilating appliances sufficient to give twenty-five cubic feet of air per minute to each pupil must also be provided.
11. The walls in front and to the right of pupils should be unbroken and furnished with blackboard four feet in width, the lower edge to be two feet nine inches above the level of the floor.
12. A wood shed and place for storing storm sash should be included.

## A SUGGESTIVE LESSON PLAN.

The Cotter's Saturday Night.

### I.—ASSIGNMENT

1. Circumstances under which poem was written. Burns wrote this poem when he was twenty-six years old. It was addressed to a friend of his, Robert Aiken, Esq., of Ayr, and he tells us in the second last line of the first stanza, it describes—"What Aikins in a cottage would have been."

2. Explanation of words and phrases not understood by pupils and which they could not find out (I would read the poem over to the class giving these explanations and I would have them write the English interpretation.)

1. "wi' angry sugh"—with angry sound or murmur.
2. "frae the pleugh"—from the plough.
3. "craws"—crows.
4. "wee things toddlin stacher through"—children toddling stagger through.
5. "wi' flichterin noise"—with fluttering noise.
6. "wee bit ingle blinking bonilie"—small fireplace in which the fire is burning brightly.
7. "carking cares"—troublesome cares.
8. "belyve"—presently.
9. "bairns come drapping in"—children come in one by one.
10. "ca' the pleugh"—drive the horses hitched to the plow by calling them.
11. "some tentie rin a cannie, . . . toun"—some attentively run errands to neighboring towns.

12. "braw"—fine.
13. "deposite her sair-won penny-fee—give to her parents her hard earned money.
14. "each for other's weel fare kindly spiers"—each asks the other how he is getting on.
15. "uncos"—unknown things or news.
16. "mither wi' . . . . . new"—mother with needle and scissors makes old clothes look almost as good as new.
17. "younger"—children.
18. "wi' an eydent hand"—with diligence.
19. "to jank"—trifle.
20. "wha kens"—who knows.
21. "hafflins"—half.
22. "brings him ben"—brings into the part of the room where the fire place is.
23. "strappan"—strapping.
24. "cracks . . . kye"—talks of . . . cows.
25. "blate and laithfu"—bashful or reluctant or shy.
26. "like the lave"—the rest.
27. "soupe, their only Hawkie does afford"—milk from their only cow (Hawkie, properly a cow with a white face.
28. "'yont the hallen"—beyond the door step.
29. "weel-hain'd kebbuch, fell"—carefully kept, tasty cheese.
30. "twas a towmand auld, sin lint was i' the bell"—it was a year old last flax blossoming time,
31. "ha' bible"—bible kept in the hall or chief room. Family bible.
32. "bonnet"—covering for man's head.
33. "lyart haffets wearing thin and bare"—hair which is grey or sprinkled with grey. "Haffets"—temples on top of the head getting bald
34. "wales"—chooses.
35. "beets the heavenward flame—supplies it with fuel.

## II.—PREPARATION.

1. Have pupils study the poem, looking up in dictionary words they do not understand and thus working out the meaning for themselves they will be able to express it.
2. Also have them prepare a topical analysis of the poem.
3. Ask them to find out the central thought of the poem. Honest, earnest labor brings peace and happiness, or in the words of the poet—"An honest man's the noblest word of God."
4. Memorize stanzas 9, 10 and 19.

## III.—RECITATION.

1. Go over the poem again asking such questions as the following in order to test study and to give help in understanding, where it is necessary.
  1. What is meant by "No mercenary . . . pays?"
  2. What is meant by "My dearest . . . praise?"
  3. Describe the Saturday evening.
  5. What is a Cotter?
  6. Picture the cotter as he gathers up his things and starts for home. What does he look like?
  7. Describe the home-scene when all are gathered together.
  8. State this sentence in your own words—"The social hours . . . fleet."
  9. What is the father's admonition to the children?
  10. Describe the coming of the visitor and its effect.
  11. Ask some one to recite stanzas 9 and 10.
  12. Describe the supper table scene.
  13. Describe the picture of the family as they are ready for worship.
  14. What three parts is their worship composed of, and what is the order of the parts?
  15. What are Dundee, Martyrs and Elgin the names of?
  16. Give in your own words "the tickled . . . praises."

17. Have the Scripture references explained, orally by different members of the class.
18. What is meant by "hope... wrong?"
19. What is meant by "circling time.....sphere?"
20. Explain "the power. ....stole."
21. What is the feeling of each member of the class as they retire to rest?
22. Some member of the class recite stanza 19.
23. What is the substance of the poet's prayer as found in the last two stanzas?
24. Tell in connection with Wallace that Burns was a great admirer of him, perhaps partly because he was an Ayrshire hero and Burns also belonged to Ayr.

Now the pupils are prepared for a sketch of Burn's life.

The author of the poem, Robert Burns, was the son of a poor Scottish farmer. He wrote songs and other poems (in Scotch dialect for the most part) for his own amusement and that of his immediate neighbors, depicting with great sincerity and power his own feelings and the life about him. He failed in farming and was about to emigrate when the unexpected success of a little volume of his poems (1786) drew him to Edinburgh where he was for a time a great literary lion. He returned to farming and married, but again failed. He then obtained a small post as an Excise-officer at Dumfries, but his tendency to dissipation increased, his health failed and he died, July 1st, 1795.

Burns, as a poet was not appreciated during his lifetime, largely on account of the irregular life he lived, but as his writings spread he became more and more popular till now he is considered the chief of British lyric poets. As Woodsworth wrote :

" Through busiest street and loneliest glen  
Are felt the flashes of his pen ;  
He rules mid winter snows and when  
Bees fill their hives ;  
Deep in the general heart of men  
His power survives."

2. Written test.—The pupils might now be asked to paraphrase the whole poem to see that they have pictured accurately and understand clearly.

3. Comparison : Use of Words.—By comparison the pupil will then see that the paraphrase made by them does not sound nearly so well as Burns' composition

This then is the time to note rythme, rhyme, figures, &c.

Point out to the class that the poet has used the Scotch dialect in describing the homely scenes, but when speaking of loftier things he uses the language that he has acquired by education.

Can you give any reason for this ?

Next a few comparisons can be made with other poems, for example :

- (a) "Weary o'er the moor his course he homeward bends." Cf. Gray's *Elegy*  
"The plowman homeward trods his weary way.
- (b) "Thy father cracks of horses ploughs and kye." Cf. "Philip" in Tennyson's "Brook."
- (c) Compare the poem with the opening part of Woodsworth's "Michael."  
The two families so much alike in some respects. Wherein is the difference between the two families ?
- (d) Compare the last three stanzas with "Love of Country" by Scott.

4. As a conclusion test knowledge and appreciation of the poem by oral reading.

E. MCFARLANE.

## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Beginning with the August-September number there will be a carefully prepared series of articles on school-room methods. This will involve considerable expense, and the paper cannot be sent to any who are in arrears. Please observe the date on your label, and do not miss the first number of the fall issue. Whatever you do, please give notice of change of address.

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## Selected.

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### ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

By Supt. J. M. Greenwood, Kansas City, Mo.

Some things are accomplished by accident, but the habit of easy, rapid and accurate writing or speaking the English language is not one of them. It is a self-evident fact that wide differences exist among individuals as to the natural ability to acquire and to use the art of writing or vocal expression, just as there are variations in the power to acquire other kinds of knowledge. So far as instruction in this department of education is concerned, perhaps the unsatisfactory results may be ascribed, in a large measure, to the indefinite aims that the majority of teachers have in mind, in conducting pupils forward in this line of work. The usual method of procedure has been that of absorption of contamination, by words, phrases and sentences. That is to say, certain authors are read, analyzed and reduced to the saturation point so that unconsciously the learner's mind is filled with their effluvia. It is inferred that the learner will live and breathe this literary atmosphere till it permeates all his word, sentence and paragraph brain-cells, and all that he has to do when he needs to use this pent-up energy is to turn the composition tap and let it flow out through cold ink on white paper—or toss it out through the air to vibrate as a shiver around the world. Close reflection will convince anyone that this theory of making a style is largely nonsensical, and the chief effort of a writer trained under such a system of tuition will be put forth to counterfeit his natural style in order to avoid detection. I would not be understood as condemning the advantages that come to one from studying the classic authors of ancient and modern times, or of preferring some authors to others, because such studies are invaluable as revealing the structure and logical development of the human mind when working under the highest degree of intellectual inspiration, but what I contend for is that the imitative standard is not the highest, nor indeed is it the best for the learner. The style of each one is his own, and the sooner this fact is recognized and acted upon the better will teaching in English become. Language should be used as the means of interpreting thought.

A second element of weakness in this direction is the vagueness of the objects aimed at. If I can succeed in making my meaning clear on this point, one advanced step will have been taken.

Firstly, in writing, there are certain mechanical conditions that have to be complied with, such as the ability to write a clear, legible hand; to know how to spell correctly all the words used; to use capital letters properly, and to punctuate correctly, and to know when a sentence begins and ends, and where a paragraph begins and closes. The learner cannot acquire and retain this knowledge without becoming familiar with grammatical forms and some standards of accuracy and clearness in the use of his mother tongue. His habits of thought ought to give him some idea of clearness in the orderly arrangement of his sentences into paragraphs, and why one order in sentence arrangement is preferable to another. The arrangement of words into sentences will reveal to him the necessity for an extensive and varied vocabulary. All of this presupposes some reading in order to fix the points in didactic instruction.

Secondly, those teachers of English who have a cut and dried scheme, whatever grade the pupils may be, can never reach the best results. There should be no prescribed form of doing things except in the mechanical requirements mentioned. To follow methods is to violate every instinct in nature by an attempt to level what no process, however great the measure, can ever accomplish. The aim should be to get each pupil to express himself in his own way in the very choicest language possible, and he must do the choosing. This should be the spirit and aim of all successful teaching. There must be installed into the learner's mind the ambition to express himself well and in his own way, but his way should be such a one as embodies correctness, neatness, clearness and elegance. For the cultivation of exact expression, I know no other species of composition equal to the written solutions of problems in arithmetic and algebra, ready to be put into print. This develops logical consecutiveness, each step in its proper place. The same exactness of arrangement in the treatment of other simple subjects will give the pupil a good idea of what is meant by logical unity in the unfolding and compacting of a subject. This appeals at once to the analytical faculty, and then it gives scope, after the analytical faculty has done its work, for the imagination to embellish and adorn the facts in accordance with the canons of taste. Subjects that interest are generally the best to be assigned for composition, and it may be better not to give the same subject to all the members of the same class. All slovenly, hasty writing in ward school or high schools, just to answer questions or to take notes, cannot be too strongly censured. Such work pulls down faster than the best teachers can build up.

Thirdly, the idea that English is not to be taught except by those who are assigned to teach it, is a strange species of mental hallucination that has its explanation in a misconception of the use and nature of our language. All instruction in composition should tend in the same direction, and there should not be any "cross-firing."

No effort should be made to encourage learned writing in either ward or high school. The spontaneous effort-outburst of each one's individuality is what should be aimed at. In due time fine writing will take care of itself. Let the pupil be impressed with this solemn fact, that if his writing gets into print and it is not able to stand the test of scholarship, it reacts upon him. Then he will most likely work to produce such writing as will reflect credit upon himself. The final rule upon which stress should be placed is that each one does his best every time he writes.—*Education.*

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## NATURE STUDY.

(From John Burroughs in *The Outlook.*)

I am often asked by editors of educational journals and by teachers and principals of schools to write or talk upon Nature Study. My reply is, why should I, who never study nature, write or speak about Nature Study? I have loved nature and spent many of my days in the fields and woods in as close intimacy with her varied forms of life as I could bring about, but a student of Nature in any strict scientific sense I have not been. What knowledge I possess of her creatures and ways has come to me through contemplation and enjoyment, rather than through deliberate study of her. I have been occupied more with the spirit than with the letter of her works. In our time, it seems to me, too much stress is laid upon the letter. We approach Nature in an exact, calculating, tabulating, mercantile spirit. We seek to make an inventory of her storehouse. Our relations with her take on the air of business, not love and friendship. The clerk of the fields and woods goes forth with his block of printed tablets upon which, and under various heads, he puts down what he sees, and I suppose foots it all up and gets at the exact sum of his knowledge when he gets back home. He is so intent upon the bare fact that he does not see the spirit or the meaning of the whole. He does not see the bird, he sees an ornithological specimen; he does not see the wild flower, he sees a new acquisition to his herbarium; in the bird's nest he sees only another prize for his collection. Of that sympathetic and emotional intercourse with nature which soothes and enriches the soul, he experiences little or none.

I recently had a letter from the principal of a New England high school, putting some questions to me touching these very matters: Do children love Nature? how shall we instill this love into them? how and when did I myself acquire my love for her? etc. In reply I said; The child, in my opinion, does not consciously love nature; it is curious about things, about everything; its instincts lead it forth into the fields and woods; it browses around; it gathers flowers—they are pretty; it stores up impressions. Boys go forth into Nature more as savages; they are predaceous, seeking whom they may devour; they gather roots, nuts, wild fruit, berries, eggs, etc. At least this was my case. I hunted, I fished, I browsed, I wandered with a vague longing in the woods, I trapped, I went cooning at night, I made ponds in the little streams, I boiled sap in the maple woods in spring, I went to sleep under the trees in summer, I caught birds in their nests, I watched the little frogs in the marshes, etc. One keen pleasure which I remember was to take off my shoes and stockings when the roads got dry in late April or early May, and run up and down the road until I was tired, usually in the warm twilight. I was not conscious of any love for Nature, as such, till my mind was brought into contact with literature. Then I discovered that I, too, loved Nature, and had a whole world of impressions stored up in my subconscious self upon which to draw. I found I knew about the birds, the animals, the seasons, the trees, the flowers, and that these things had become almost a grown part of me. I have been drawing upon the reservoir of youthful impressions ever since.

Anything like accurate or scientific knowledge of nature which I may possess is of later date; but my boyhood on the farm seems to have given me the feeling and to have put me in right relation with these things. Of course writing about these subjects also deepens one's love for them. If Nature is to be a resource in a man's life, one's relation to her must not be too exact and formal, but more that of a lover and friend. I should not say directly to teach young people to love Nature so much as I should aim to bring Nature and them together, and let an understanding intimacy spring up between them.

### A VERITABLE ROUGH DIAMOND.

A New York merchant called to a little bootblack to give him a shine. The little fellow came rather slowly for one in his guild, and planted his box down under the merchant's foot. Before he could get his brushes out another large boy ran up, and camly pushing the little one aside, said:

"Here, you sit down, Jimmy."

The merchant at once became indignant at what he took to be an outrageous piece of bullying, and sharply told the newcomer to clear out.

"Oh, dat's all right, boss," was the reply. "I'm only going to do it for him; you see, he's been sick in the hospital for more than a month, and can't do much work yet, so the boys all turn in and give him a lift when we can."

"Is that so, Jimmy?" added the merchant, turning to the smaller boy.

"Yes, sir," wearily answered the boy, and as he looked up the pallid, pinched face could be discerned even through the grime that covered it. "He does it for me—if you'll let him."

"Certainly; go ahead;" and as the bootblack plied the brush the merchant plied him with questions. "You say that the boys all help him in this way?"

"Yes, sir. When they ain't got no job themselves, and Jimmy gets one, they turns in and helps him."

"What percentage do you charge him on each job?"

"Hey?" queried the boy—"don't know what you mean."

"I mean what part of the money do you give Jimmy, and how much do you keep?"

"Bet your life I don't keep none; I ain't such a sneak."

"You give it all to him?"

"Yes, I do. All the boys give up what they get on his job. I'd like to catch any feller sneaking it on a sick boy."



The shine being completed, the merchant handed the urchin a quarter, saying:

"I guess you're a pretty good fellow, so you keep a dime and give the rest to Jimmy."

"Can't do it sir; it's his customer. Here you be, Jimmy."

He threw him the coin and was off like a shot after a customer for himself—a veritable rough diamond. There are many such lads, with warm and generous hearts under their ragged coats.—*Presbyterian*.

### CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

Here are some questions about things you have seen every day. If you are a wonder you may possibly answer one or two of the queries off-hand. Otherwise not.

What are the exact words on a two-cent stamp and in which direction is the face on it turned?

In which direction is the face turned on a cent? On a quarter? On a dime?

How many toes has a cat on each fore foot? On each hind foot?

Which way does the crescent moon turn—to the right or left?

What color are your employer's eyes? The eyes of the man at the next desk?

Write down, off-hand, the figures on the face of your watch. The odds are that you will make at least two mistakes in doing this.

Your watch has some words written or printed on its face. You have seen these words a thousand times. Write them out correctly. Few can do this. Also, what is the number in the case of your watch?

How high (in inches) is a silk hat?

How many teeth have you?

### A FABLE FOR SPECIALISTS.

The following fable as told in the *Saturday Evening Post* has an application sufficiently wide to suit all faddists. The only trouble is there are no faddists in these days. A copy of the *North-West Review* was sent us the other day in which there is a little article bemoaning the variable curriculum of the modern college or university and extolling the fixed course of study of those colleges which still give the humanities the chief place. This is all very well, but it strikes one sometimes that the study of Greek and Latin may be just as much of a fad as the study of anything else. However, here is the fable:

An ornithologist invited an ichthyologist to walk in the woods with him, and the ornithologist said: "I suppose you know that the crow—"

"I know nothing about birds."

"But surely you have heard that the cuckoo—"

"I don't know a hawk from a handsaw, I am sorry to say."

"Yes, but you surely have heard so common a thing as the fact that the swallow never—"

"My friend, I know less than nothing about birds."

They finished their walk, and the ornithologist went home and said to his wife:

"The man with whom I walked to-day in the woods is woefully ignorant. How can a man go through life with so little knowledge of the things about him?"

The next day the ichthyologist invited the ornithologist to walk along the sea-cliffs with him.

So they walked together, and on the cliffs a doltish fellow was standing.

"Good morning," they said to him, but he only stared at them, open-mouthed.

"A fool!" cried both.

And the ichthyologist said to the ornithologist: "Of course you know that the blue fish of these waters——"

"I know nothing about fish."

"But surely you have heard that the swordfish——"

"I would not know a cod from a kid, I am sorry to say."

"Yes, but you surely have heard so common a thing as the fact that a porpoise never——"

"My friend, I know less than nothing about fish."

At this point the ichthyologist was so impressed by his friend's ignorance of common things that he did not mind his steps and fell off the cliffs into the sea, and not knowing how to swim he called to his friend for help.

"Alas, I do not know how to swim," said the ornithologist.

"More of his ignorance," said the ichthyologist as he went down for the second time.

But the dolt had been watching, open-eyed, and he plunged into the sea and swimming out to the ichthyologist he saved him.

MORAL—Each one of us has his special brand of ignorance.

### THE WILL AND THE WAY.

There is system and government in every hive of bees and in every republic of ants. Moles, beavers, and other small colonizing animals carry on their clever operations with marvellously wise order and judgment. The semi-annual flight of the wild fowl is guided by a sagacious leader: and soaring with the quill a little higher, we observe that the starry constellations revolve in the perfection of harmony round a central, and in that sense superior, planet. Coming down from this flight into star-land and adjusting our lens toward the enlightened members of the human family, we find among them plenty of little family republics and domestic colonies destitute of any clear principles of government or management of the young members for whom they were established.

Physical care and restraint are needful to perfect the material life of the body, but how many children grow up with this sort of care only, arriving at maturity in a hap-hazard way, defiant of parents, and a law to themselves?

The mouth of a little child happens to be endowed with other faculties than cutting teeth or chewing with them: its hands and feet are curiously alive to motions unsuspected by nurse or parent. There is apparently a "magician" inside the little body, who controls and suggests the operation of these faculties, and he has to be recognized as a vital personality. Where there is a mind there is a will, and for the good of all little people it is important that this "will" should be acknowledged with respect and be taught how to exercise its growing strength. This responsibility sometimes never enters the mind of a parent who provides for every bodily need or delight, but never dreams of leading a child, by his own individual will, to do things which are right. Mothers and nurses should begin early to consider this. The little darling at our knee, old enough to understand speech, is also old enough to exercise its will, and what a gentle bit of moulding it requires! But some acid specimens of motherhood are swift to discover this attribute in their children, and by harsh measures endeavor to "break" it like a fungus from the garden shrub. I heard recently of a young mother who whipped her two-year-old baby because "he wouldn't go to sleep" after being put to bed at night. When gently remonstrated with by her hostess—an elder relative—she said: "Well, we haven't any patience—my husband hasn't, and I haven't." Force was her idea of "government." Who would not ejaculate "Poor baby"?

The four-year-old "mischief" of a farmer's family was one day discovered with a stone, making havoc with the long row of sash in his father's hotbeds. The mother, coming from a distance, saw the father approaching from the opposite direction and with rapid strides. "Don't you lay hands on my boy, Edward! Don't you put your hands on him! I won't have him touched!" she cried in a sharp treble. It was a hard matter to see all that ruin and not "touch" the offender, nevertheless the father turned without a word—ruin was better than controversy.

to him; while the mother, tossing the stone aside, took her child away, with the conclusive words, "He doesn't know any better." Such was *her* idea of government, and it was always the same, whether the plants were pulled up by their roots in the garden, half-a-dozen young chickens squeezed to death in the poultry yard, or a milk pan pulled down from the pantry shelf over the clean floor. "He doesn't know any better," was the mother's cure for all these ills. Who inculcated truth into the mind of George Washington and trained his tongue to speak truth?

An upright mother I once knew, whose son of ten years had been guilty of saying something vile, took him away alone and with much ceremony and disgust washed the interior of his mouth with an abundance of soap and water, meanwhile expressing her shame and sorrow for what he had done; nor would she allow a kiss from his lips upon her own until this elaborate work was finished and her boy's shame was awakened also. This symbolic rite was a specimen of her training, and by it a lesson in purity was given which reached on into the years of manhood.

But sometimes our youngest ones puzzle the mothers more than the elder children; we cannot be sure always what are the workings of the little heart, whether it is a naughty spirit guiding the will, or the desire of assertion which is an inherent quality in every human soul; discrimination must be made, as is shown by the following case in point. Baby was in the sewing-room one winter afternoon, busy at play, when auntie was suddenly startled by hearing her say, "I won't, either!"

"What is that you're saying, Baby? I never before heard those words used by auntie's pet!" Baby looked up with an unwonted, defiant expression on her usually gentle features. "I won't, either!" she spoke out fearlessly. "But you mustn't say that, darling; those are not nice words for Baby to say; say, 'I'd rather not,' or 'Please excuse me.' It isn't polite to say what you were saying." But Baby, after a moment's waiting, rolling as it were the forbidden phrase under her small tongue and finding it unusually palatable, deliberately looked up and said the words again.

What was to be done? "Auntie" was puzzled, but she only looked at Baby again, saying, "No, no; Baby mustn't say that!" Several minutes passed in silence, then Baby suddenly left her play and ran into the hall out of sight, where she logically thought herself in a freer atmosphere, and then she began repeating those naughty words, "I won't, either," till she had said them, with a deliberate pause between them, as many as ten, perhaps twelve, times; then, there having been no remonstrance on the grieved auntie's part, and thus far no punishment as a result of this small person's vigorous self-will, the pleasure began to pall on her tongue, the sounds died away, something else in the way of amusement entered her head, and she returned to her play. By and by, however, she suddenly stopped, looked up, and said, "Auntie, why don't you speak to me?"

Auntie kept her eyes on her work, only saying quietly, "Auntie hasn't anything to say to naughty little girls." Baby was very still for some time, till, catching at last auntie's casual glance, she said quite shyly, but with a smile now, as of one giving in at last, "Auntie, I'd rather not!"

Oh, what a merry laugh and bit of love-making followed! From that day Baby never was known to say "I won't, either," and this result proved the wisdom of auntie's course. Punishment would have fixed the error in Baby's memory, but by not pressing the point it was soon forgotten.

But some reader may ask, "What are meant by principles of government in the family? I have four children in mine, three of them boys; if I can keep the peace between them I am satisfied, without analyzing principles." Very good, so far. To obtain "peace" demands government, and don't you act on principle, though many do not? You teach your children unselfishness, else all would demand the same toy; obedience, because you insist on "not so much shouting." You limit their desires, else they would ask your tooth-brush, your diamonds, their father's best hat, the camphor bottle, or the cook's stove-blackening for familiar phy-

things. But some other childish requests, less unreasonable, do more hurt to the futurè bent of the young athlete of the nursery. The asking for the first place by right, the best of any treat by favor, exercising tyranny over domestics—for these demonstrations of the existence of the nursery magician watchfulness and constant, loving influence are required; for "the child is father to the man."—F. W. in *Babyhood*.

### WHAT DOES EDUCATION MEAN ?

There is no more preposterous admonition than that which has been dinged into the ears of innocence for centuries, "Children should be seen and not heard."

The healthy, active child is full of impressions, and that he should express himself is just as natural as for a bird to sing. It is nature's way of giving growth—no one knows a thing for sure until he tells it to some one else. We deepen impressions by recounting them, and to habitually suppress and repress the child when he wants to tell of the curious things he has seen, is to display a 2x4 acumen.

Last summer on a horse-back ride of a hundred miles or so, I came to an out-of-the-way "Deestrick School," just such a one as you see every three miles all over New York State. This particular school house would not have attracted my attention specially had I not noticed that nearly half the school lot was taken up with a garden and flower beds. No house was near and it was apparent that this garden was the work of the teacher and scholars.

Straightway I dismounted, tied my horse and walked into the school house.

The teacher was a man of middle age—a hunch-back, and one of the rarest, gentlest spirits I ever met. Have you ever noticed what an alert, receptive and beautiful soul is often housed in a misshapen body? This man was modest and shy as a woman, and when I spoke of the flower beds, he half apologized for them, and tried to change the subject. When, after a few moments, he realized that my interest in his garden was something deeper than mere curiosity, he offered to go out with me and show me what had been done. So we walked out, and out, too, behind us trooped the school of just fifteen scholars.

"In winter we have sixty or more pupils, but you see the school is small now. I thought I would try the plan of teaching out of doors half the time, and to keep the girls and boys busy I just let each scholar have a flower bed. Some wanted to raise vegetables, and of course I let them plant any seed they wished. The older children, boys or girls, help the younger ones—it is lots of fun. When the weather is fine we are out here a good deal of the time, just working and talking.

And that is the way this man taught—letting the children do things and talk. He explained to me that he was not an "educated" man, and as I contradicted him my eyes filled with tears. Not educated? I wonder how many of us who call ourselves educated have a disciplined mind, and can call by name the forest birds in our vicinity? Do we know the bird-notes when we hear them? Can we with pencil outline the leaves of oak, elm, maple, chestnut, hazel, walnut, birch or beech trees, so others familiar with these trees can recognize them?

Do we know by name or on sight the insects that fill the summer nights with melody? Do we know whether the katydid, cricket and locust "sing" with mouth, wings or feet? Do we know what they feed upon, how long they live, and what becomes of the tree-toad in winter? Do we know for sure how much a bushel of wheat weighs?

I wonder what it is to be educated. Here was a man seemingly sore smitten by the hand of Fate, and yet whose heart was filled with sympathy and love. He had no quarrel either with the world or Destiny. He was childless that he might love all children, and that his heart might go out to every living thing. The trustees of the school did not take much interest in the curriculum. I found, so they let the teacher have his way; and I have since been told that the best schools are those where the Trustees or Directors take no interest in the institution.

A collection of birds' eggs, fungi and forest leaves had been made, and I was shown outline drawings of all the leaves in the garden. This idea of drawing a picture of the object led to a closer observation, the teacher thought. And when I found on questioning the children, that the whole school took semi-weekly rambles

through the woods, and made close studies of the wild birds, as well as insects. It came to me that this man, afar from any "intellectual center," was working out a pedagogic system that science could never improve upon. Whether the little man realized this or not I cannot say, but I do not think he guessed the greatness of his work and methods. It was all so simple—he did the thing he liked to do, and led the children out and they followed because they loved the man, and soon loved the things that he loved.

Science seeks to simplify. This country school teacher, doing his own little work in his own little way, was a true scientist. And in the presence of such a man should we not uncover?—*The Philistine*.

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#### THE AIM OF SECONDARY SCHOOL.

"It is the common opinion that secondary schools are merely to meet the demands of the college. Colleges charge their shortcomings to failures and defects in the secondary system. In an important sense, problems of the secondary school must be solved primarily in light of a sound psychology rather than in light of preparation for college or a preparation for life.

"The primary aim of secondary education is not preparation for college. The aim of the secondary education is suitable preparation for the period of adolescence; it is liberal education for adolescence. The emphasis must be upon the individual not upon his means for making a living. It is the work of the secondary school not to make a specialist, but to make a man who may become a specialist.

"This period of adolescence demands studies that call gradually into play his developing faculties. They must increase in difficulty and they must begin to satisfy his desires to understand and see reasons and relations. The nature of secondary education is determined by the nature of things, not by nature of college requirements."—*Dr. Nathaniel Butler*.

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## Book Notes.

From Rand McNally & Co., comes a new primer known as the Sunbonnet Babies' Primer. The book is most attractive in form, the printing, illustrations and binding being the very best. The book is novel in that the same characters figure throughout. The matter is such as will interest children. It is doubtful however if the Sunbonnet idea—cute though it is—has sufficient permanent interest for little children. The book is one of the best of modern primers.

We are indebted to Dr. George Hodgins, M.A., L.L.D., for a copy of the sixth volume of "Documentary History of Education in Upper Canada." Dr. Hodgins in compiling and publishing these volumes is doing good service to Education in Canada. No one else is so well fitted to do this work, as is evident from a perusal of the volume.

**NORSE STORIES.**—Hamilton Wright Mabie Edited by Katherine Lee Bates. This little volume will be a delight to thousands of teachers. The literary form, it is needless to remark, is excellent. The stories of Odin, Gerd, Thor, Loki, and the other gods of the North are told in simple but striking manner. It is a book of particular interest to those teaching the Fourth Reader. The publishers—Rand, McNally & Co.—are to be congratulated on this addition to their list of supplementary readers. The low price, 40 cents, enables parents and teachers to put in the hands of children what has been considered a classic, but which has been too costly for ordinary readers.

Text books in mathematics we have in abundance, but what teachers require to-day is a work that discusses elementary arithmetic, geometry and algebra in such a way as to show how these subjects have developed in history, how educators have used them and what their inner nature really is. Such a work we have in David E. Smith's, "Teaching of Elementary Mathematics." No teacher old or young can afford to leave this book unread. It is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Smith's book has all the interests of a novel—that it will help every one who reads it and that it will prevent some from inventing methods in mathematics that the world has already tried and found wanting.

We recommend the placing of this work in every school and teachers' library. The Canadian publishers are Geo. Morang & Co., Toronto.

Teachers have been asking time and time again for the name of some fairly complete work on Nature Study as viewed by the best educators of the day. It is impossible to name any one text that would be considered ideal. Indeed, we feel that such a text can not be written. There are, however, several excellent and suggestive books. One that should assist the teachers very materially in their study of animal and insect life is published by Copp-Clark & Co. It is called a "Guide to Nature." This book contains many admirable hints along the line of nature study in general.

Another work published by the same firm is capital in its consideration of plants. It is entitled Atkinson's "First Studies of Plant Life." This book is a gem of the bookmaker's art.

For the benefit of teachers and for a simple, yet broad treatment of the great departments of animal life and plant life. We can recommend two texts published by Morang, of Toronto, viz—"Animal Life" by Jordan and Kellogg, and "Plants Relations" by Coulter.

These books hints of the "why" and the "how" of animal and plant forms and habits in such a way as to provide at once, not only the best point of view for a thinking study but also the best foundation for the consideration of the nature-work in our schools. Both should have a place in every school library.

The handbook to the Victorian Readers is out. It is a large volume of over 360 pages and is full of such information as teachers have been desiring. The lessons of Book III., IV., and V. are carefully annotated. Complete biographical sketches of authors are given. This is followed by a chapter on the method of teaching literature. The book closes with a pronouncing vocabulary of proper names. The cost of the volume is 75c.

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Ability to sing one part against another.

Power to conduct a lesson or lessons in reading and writing music in any of the grades, to teach rote songs, to secure proper expression and tone.

Ability to write a tune from memory or dictation, and to analyze a piece of music as to modulation and keys.

Knowledge of keys and key signatures, chromatic scale, minor scales, time signatures, time names and ordinary marks of expression.—75 per cent. of marks required for pass.

### Special Certificate in Drawing.

Acquaintance with the authorized Drawing Books: knowledge of the order in which the difficulties are introduced and of the work demanded in each grade.

Ability to draw at sight from simple models and from common objects, with attention to elementary principles of freehand perspective and to artistic rendering. (Representative or Pictorial Drawing)

Ability to read an ordinary working drawing and to make a simple pattern, or to make a view drawing which could be followed for the purpose of actual construction. (Constructive Drawing.)

Ability to take some motive of design, *e.g.*, unit from historic ornament, or from nature form, or an abstract spot, line, or mass of color—and use it for a decorative purpose, with attention to leading principles in good arrangement: in similar way to modify, or treat a pictorial sketch, *e.g.*, of flower, or of landscape—for decorative uses: to show idea of good space relations in the placing and arranging of all kinds of drawings. (Decorative Drawing.)

Some power of expression in one or other of these related lines:—Drawing sprays, leaves, flowers, trees, simple landscape, &c., from nature; elementary pose drawing, and drawings from animals, birds, &c. Some knowledge of light and shade, and of color. Some knowledge of general art history, and of a few things which make pictures important and enjoyable.

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The texts suggested are as follows:

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ART AND FORMATION OF TASTE.—(A short outline of Art History).—Lucy Crane.

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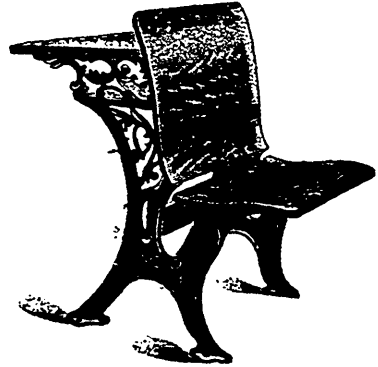
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