

THE EDUCATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XX. No. 5.

ST. JOHN, N. B., OCTOBER, 1906.

WHOLE NUMBER, 233.

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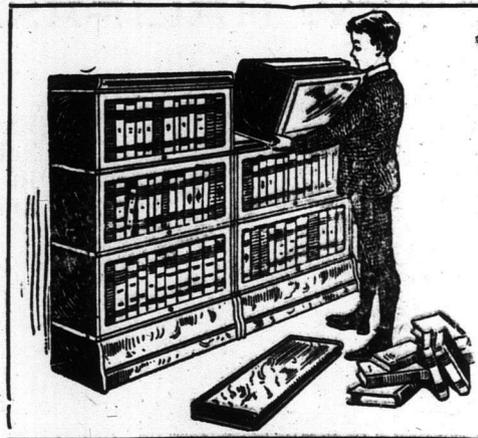
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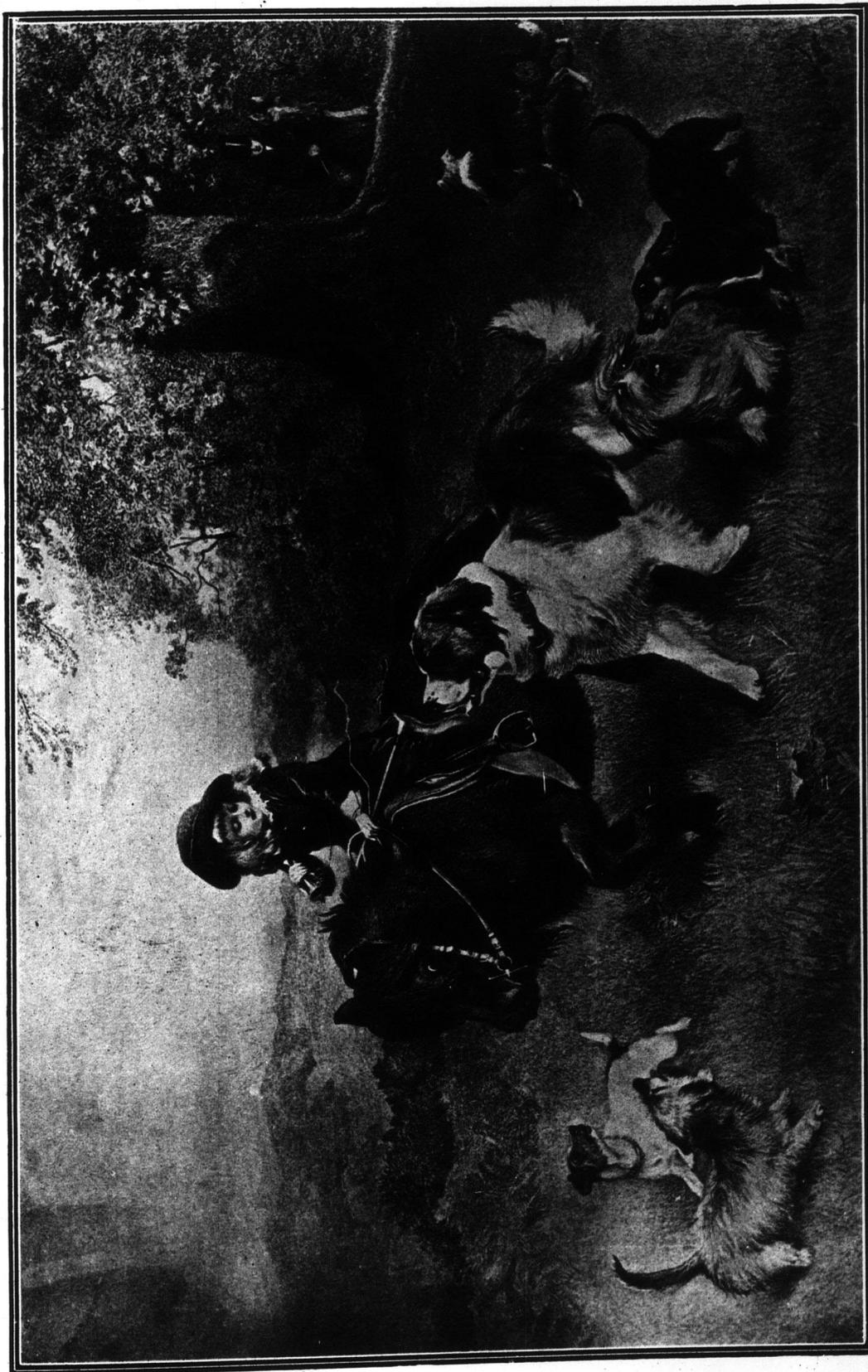
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THE EDUCATIONAL REVIEW,
St. John, N. B.

And so let us give thanks to God upon Thanksgiving Day. Nature is beautiful, and fellowmen are dear, and duty is close beside us, and He is over us, and in us. What more do we want, except to be more thankful and more faithful, less complaining of our trials, and our time, and more worthy of the tasks and privileges He has given us.

—Phillips Brooks.

Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, October 18th.

Reports from county teachers' institutes are held over until the November number.

Our picture for this month—"A Scratch Pack"—speaks for itself. It is sure to interest the children.

Dr. Inch's announcement concerning the Empire Day prizes offered by Lord Meath should have many interested readers among the school children.

Dr. A. H. Mackay's address at the opening of the Halifax Convention was a temperate and exhaustive argument against compulsory Latin, and a strong plea for an education in sympathy with the environment of the pupil. The fight over the Latin question ended in a compromise, in which a high school course of four years is recommended, with a choice to the pupil of six out of seven subjects a year; and one other language than English compulsory after the first year.

Mr. Roosevelt is being sharply criticised by many educational and other papers, because he has approved of a list of some three hundred words whose spelling he proposes to change in printing the public documents of the United States. To do him justice, all the changes upon which he has set his seal of authority have been debated by orthographers and dictionary-makers the world over. But he has shown scant wisdom in issuing a ukase on the subject. English-speaking people cannot be legislated into how they shall spell their language. That comes from usage—that continuous, inexorable law which laughs at the fiat of princes or presidents who would put a whole system in operation instead of merely expressing themselves in favor of it, if it suits them to do so.

That industrious and accomplished student of local history, Rev. Dr. Raymond, has begun a series of articles on the early history of Woodstock, which are now being published in the *Dispatch*. The series promises to be of interest and value. The following extract shows that some sources of food among the Indians are still to be obtained in that locality, as in others throughout these provinces:

The roots used by the Indians for food still grow on the intervalles and islands at Woodstock. Among them are the *Apios tuberosa*, sometimes called ground nuts or Indian potatoes; the plant comes up late in the season, the roots grow in clusters and are very palatable; they formed one of the staple articles of food among the aboriginal tribes. Another root used for food was that of the yellow lily (*Lilium Canadense*) which is still very abundant on the intervalles and islands. Another edible root was that of the *Claytonia Virginica*, or "Spring beauty."

Professor C. C. Jones, late of the chair of mathematics, Acadia University, has been appointed Chancellor of the University of New Brunswick and professor of mathematics. The appointment is regarded as an excellent one. The new chancellor, who has just entered on his duties, is a distinguished mathematician and is possessed of energy and executive ability. He is thirty-five years of age, a native of New Brunswick, and a product of its public schools and university, having risen step by step, taking in succession the degree of A. B. (1898), M. A. (1899), and Ph.D. in 1902, from the University of New Brunswick. In addition he has pursued his mathematical studies at Harvard and Chicago universities. He is a man of fine physique, of pleasing address, and scholarly attainments. High hopes are entertained that under his wise management the University will enter upon a fresh career of success.

It was with deep regret that all classes of people in New Brunswick learned that ex-chancellor Harrison's illness was likely to prove fatal. After his resignation of the chancellorship of the University of New Brunswick, in the latter part of August, his health quickly declined and he passed quietly away on the 18th of September, in Fredericton, the scene of his work for more than a third of a century. Dr. Harrison was of Loyalist descent and was born at Sheffield, Sunbury County, October 24th, 1839. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, taking honours in Mathematics and the degree of LL.D. In June, 1870, he was appointed professor of the English language and literature and of mental and moral philosophy in the University of New Brunswick. In 1885 he became its president. He was a man of a genial and kindly nature and held in high esteem by all who knew him.

School Flags.

Premier Roblin of Manitoba in a recent speech at Winnipeg said:

The provincial government has decided that after the first of January, 1907, every school of this province must have a Union Jack flying during school hours. The government will provide the flag, and it will be the duty of the trustees to replace any such flag that may have become useless. The rule of the department will be that any school teacher or board of trustees that neglects or refuses to float a Union Jack in school hours will forfeit their right to the public grant. I trust that in making this move we will not be misunderstood. We welcome the various peoples that come to our province, who are born under foreign flags, who speak a different tongue, and we give

them the benefit of our civil laws; endow them with civil rights; the benefit of our criminal law; the free education of the schools, all of which are the outcome of the civilizations and benefits that follow the Union Jack, and I think that the man who comes from a foreign country in order to better circumstances, and objects to perpetuating the glories of our flag, who declines to have his children infused with British patriotism, is a man that is undesirable.

Many schools in these provinces are the proud possessors of flags, which are floated on public days and holidays. Such schools are generally those with some pretensions to architectural beauty in the school building and with grounds more or less well laid out. The flag and pole, having been purchased by the joint efforts of the teacher, scholars and rate-payers, it perhaps regarded with more affection and interest than would be attached to a "regulation" flag. But we should like to see the Manitoba practice become general—a Union Jack flying from every school in Canada during school hours.

Address to Young Teachers.

The following is an abstract of the address of Dr. William Crocket, late principal of the N. B. Normal School, at the close of the recent session of that institution. The words are kindly, sympathetic and full of encouragement to young teachers, befitting the character of that distinguished teacher who for so many years has influenced the lives and destinies of the many men and women trained by him. Like other true teachers he has found his greatest interest in his work, and his greatest happiness has been in imparting that spirit to others.

After complimenting the students upon their deportment and general work, and wishing them success in their future career, Dr. Crocket spoke somewhat as follows:

"You are now about to assume the duties for which you have been here to prepare yourselves, and I hope that the promise which many of you have given by diligence and devotion to your studies, will in some measure at least be realized. You will, I trust, seek to give effect to those principles of teaching and school management, which have been discussed and practically illustrated. Whatever methods have been adopted in illustration of them, have been but the outcome of the principles themselves. A principle, as you know, does not vary, but the application of it may assume many forms. The form or method you adopt, however, must be such as shall meet the needs of you pupils and one which you yourself thoroughly understand and can readily apply. Inexperienced teachers very often

merely copy a method which they have seen, without apprehending the principle upon which it is based or considering its adaptation to the needs of their pupils, and hence their work becomes dull and mechanical. Let your method be founded upon well established principles and suited to the mental development of the pupil, in the very nature of things you will awaken interest, and thus arouse the mind activities, which is just what every true teacher aims at. Let this be your prime object and not the pouring in of knowledge which so many unthinking people regard as the chief end of school education. It is only by proper methods that that knowledge which is serviceable, can be secured, knowledge which the people can apply, knowledge which urges the pupil to ask, like Oliver Twist, for more.

"The Board of Education, as you are aware, puts a high value upon method. Among the important duties of Inspectors, it prescribes that they shall demand on the part of the pupil, an intelligent acquaintance with the subjects; this result cannot be attained without proper methods. It is further prescribed that they shall observe the methods of the teacher, and thereafter (privately of course) give him such counsel as they may deem necessary. The reports of their visitations are to be forwarded to the Education Office on the first teaching day of each month, when the Chief Superintendent is treated no doubt to a considerable amount of miscellaneous reading. Again the Board has prescribed that discussions at Teachers' Institutes shall relate chiefly to methods of teaching and management, and has also made provision for teachers visiting other schools for the purpose of observing the methods practiced therein. All this shows how important a subject method is, and how necessary it is that a teacher should practice right methods, and thereby train his pupils to become observing and thinking men and women.

"Important as method is, however, I consider that a teacher's manner has more influence over his pupils than the propriety of his methods. Method of teaching is an art and a valuable one, but the teacher needs to put a soul into it to bring out its value. It is the spirit that quickeneth; art without it deadens. When Dickens was shown a picture which many admired, he said, 'it wants *that*'—life and inspiration—'and wanting *that* it wants everything.' So a dull, sullen, lifeless teacher, however proper his method may be, can no more impart life than a lifeless machine. By a bright lively manner, I do not mean a noisy bustling one which always reflects itself in the conduct of the pupils,

but that kind of energy which arises from a conscientious discharge of duty and makes its influence felt in every part of the school-room. A cheerful countenance—not glamour—but that cheerfulness which comes from the heart—casts its radiance all around, brightening up every face and making the pupils pleased with themselves and with every one else, makes the school a happy place and all school work pleasant.

"Of all the qualifications of the teacher, however, none exert more influence than sympathy. How readily we all respond to the wishes of those who we know sympathize with us. It is even more so with the young. They take pleasure in their school work because they know that it will please the teacher who takes such an interest in them. And, let me say, this interest should be taken not only with the pretty and well dressed boys and girls, but in those of forbidding aspect as well. Strangers they often are to kindly treatment even at home, and looked upon by almost every one as little Ishmaelites. In the schoolroom, let them come under the gentle touch, the pleasant smile and the influences of a kindly heart, and the chances are that they will grow up useful members instead of pests of society, and with fond recollections and with what heartfelt gratitude will they look back to the days spent under your tuition. But, you will say, who is sufficient for these things? Not everyone, but those who have a lofty ideal of a teacher's duty, who are prepared to sacrifice their own interest for the good of others, will help the bringing of 'better manners, purer laws, the larger heart, the kinder hand.'

"Go forth, then, with a brave heart to the work which lies before you. Notwithstanding many discouragements, which all experience more or less in every sphere, you have much to encourage you. You have friends to cheer you on. You have the consciousness of being engaged in a useful and honorable calling—a calling which, with skill and devotion, will bring you reward. I do not say, material rewards—but rewards higher and more enduring in the grateful remembrance of pupils and their friends, and above all in the consciousness of duty well done.

"Finally let your aim be to give to the duties you have undertaken as you share in the world's work, the first and highest claim upon your time, your strength and your talent, carrying about with you the consciousness of an unseen and a higher power encompassing you, and your reward will be the reward of the faithful laborer. Go forth then in this spirit, and the blessing of God go with you."

Our Rivers and Lakes.

By L. W. BAILEY, LL. D.

In a previous paper the St. John river was taken as illustrative, in different portions of its course, of what geographers mean by the "life of a river," *i. e.* the conditions of youth, maturity, old age and second childhood, of conflict with other streams, of struggle for existence, of survival or extinction. We may now seek to see how far these same features of river life find illustration in other streams of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

Most of the smaller streams in both provinces are "young"; naturally so because, as with living things, diminutive size is the natural accompaniment of beginning development, and such streams still have the greater part of their work before them. In New Brunswick they are the sources of supply and of power for all the larger rivers, and may be seen in every part of the Province, forming channels of communication for the canoeist or sportsman, water-ways for the driving of lumber, preserves for the delight of the angler. In Nova Scotia *all* the streams are young. Most of them probably have originated since the Glacial period; the larger part of them start in drift dammed lakes; their channels are shallow and difficult to navigate even for a canoe.

But portions of *large* rivers, as shown in connection with the St. John, may also be "young," and streams which are now comparatively small are in some instances the dwarfed and sunken representatives of those which in their earlier history may have been of far greater volume. A few illustrations may make this subject clearer.

Taking first the tributaries of the St. John, the Grand Green and Tobique rivers are for the most part young, with narrow valleys, steep slopes, rapid currents and few islands or intervalles. The Narrows of the Tobique and the lower portion of the Aroostook also show, like the gorge of the Grand Falls, examples of streams diverted from their original channel, and by the loss of the latter, compelled to carve new ones, a work in which they are still actively and vigorously employed. The Nashwaak also, from its source to Stanley, gives similar evidences of "youth." On the other hand from Stanley to Fredericton the river valley is broad, the current sluggish, the intervalles broad and islands numerous, all signs of "maturity." The Keswick presents similar features, but here the present small stream shows a singular disproportion to the broad open valley which it traverses. The explanation of

this is to be found in the fact that what is now the course of a minor tributary of the St. John was formerly, in part at least, that of the main river. This is in accordance with what has been said in a previous chapter as to the changes which rivers often undergo in the course of their history and of which some other provincial examples will presently be given. As regards the remaining tributaries of the St. John it will only be necessary to say here that the Oromocto, especially below its forks, is a good illustration of a mature or even of an old stream, its deep waters flowing with hardly a perceptible current and with a valley subject to frequent submergence as the result of the freshets and back flow in the main river. The Newcastle, with its expansion in Grand Lake and outlet by the Jemseg, presents similar features, as do also the Washademoak, Belleisle and Kennebecasis, streams, as before explained, once quite disconnected, but later united into a system of "trellised drainage" by "piracy" upon the part of the main St. John.

The streams of the southern coast, including the Magaguadavic, New, Lepreau, Musquash, Mispic, Salmon, etc., are all obviously "young"—their work of excavation being still in full operation and their valleys, especially to the eastward of St. John, having something of the character of canons, with rapids and falls innumerable. The Petitcodiac is an exception, but its peculiar features are, like some of those of the lower St. John, largely determined by its relations to the sea. It is a stream of which the lower half is twice a day "drowned" by the influx of the tide.

It remains to say a few words as to the streams which drain the eastern sea-board. Of these the Restigouche, to its junction with the Metapedia, is "young," occupying a valley which is almost like a gash in the great plateau or peneplane which it traverses, while from the Metapedia down it is much more mature, with an open valley, sluggish flow, numerous islands and broad intervalles, the whole but little above tide level. The Upsalquitch and Nepisiquit, with the intervening streams, such as Jacquet River and the Tattagouche, are also in the main young streams, with steep banks, rapid flow, few islands, and not a few falls or cataracts, some of which will be noticed later. In the case of the Miramichi, the upper portions of all its great branches are rapid streams, busily engaged in the work of excavation, and hence determining scenery of the wilder type, the delight of the adventurous canoeist, as well as of the finny tribes which afford him additional attraction, while their lower

portions, as from Boiestown to the sea, have all the distinctive features of streams whose work is well nigh done.

Upon this eastern side of the Province we again have some good examples of "piracy." It has been already pointed out that the Restigouche is only the remnant of a stream whose upper half has been "captured" by the upper St. John. Similarly the Nepisiquit has probably captured the upper waters of the Upsalquitch, these now constituting the South branch of the former stream. The waters of the upper Miramichi are believed to have formerly drained into the St. John, and possibly the same is true even of the upper Nepisiquit through a possible connection with the Tobique. Readers of the REVIEW who may be interested in this subject will find it discussed at length, with illustrative maps, by Prof. W. F. Ganong, in the Bulletins of the Natural History Society of New Brunswick, especially Vol. V., 1905.

If we now return to Nova Scotia, we find, as has been said, no streams of great size, the most important being the Avon, the Annapolis, the Sissaboo, the Tusket, the Rockaway or Shelburne, the Jordan, the Liverpool, the Port Medway, the La Haave, the Musquodoboit and St. Marys. They are also, as a rule, quite shallow, and much obstructed by rocky reefs or by morainic material, indicative of recent, *i. e.* post glacial origin. In these respects they do not differ greatly from streams of similar age and origin in New Brunswick, but two features remain to be noticed which, though not wanting in the latter Province, find here more remarkable illustration. The first of these is to be found in the enormous number of lakes, of every size and shape, which either lie at the heads of the tributary streams or interrupt their course. These lakes are in almost every instance very shallow, drift-dammed lakes, of which the rivers are the over-spill, and in some instances, where the outlet has been cut through, they have become greatly dwarfed or even converted into natural meadows. Rossignol, Fairy Lake (noted for the remarkable pre-historic pictographs which at a few points adorn the rocky ledges upon its sides) the lakes connected with the La Haave, Liverpool, and Roseway rivers, and the Tusket lakes in Yarmouth county, are among the largest and most interesting.

The second direction in which the Nova Scotian streams are noteworthy is in that of affording the finest illustrations of *drowned* or *submerged* rivers. This is to some extent true of all the streams draining into the Bay of Fundy, such as the Truro, Avon,

Annapolis, Bear River and Sissaboo, the lower portions of which are, like the Petitcodiac in New Brunswick, subject daily to conflict with the tides, which first oppose and finally temporarily overcome and drown the out-pouring waters. But the best illustrations are those of the southern coast, where the submergence of old river channels has become permanent. Reference has been made in an earlier chapter to the remarkable indentations of the southern sea board, giving it much of the fretted character of the coasts of Norway. It may, however, now be added that these numerous indentations, of which Shelburne Harbor and Port Hebert, Mahone Bay, and Chester Basin, Halifax and Musquodoboit Harbors are good illustrations, are in reality the drowned extremities of the several rivers, now often quite small, which enter their heads. In the case of the La Haave, not less than fifteen miles of the river, or all that portion south of Bridgewater, is now only an arm of the sea. But most wonderful of all, these submerged channels may often be traced by lines of soundings far beyond the present limits of the coast, showing that their former length and volume were much greater than at present and that they are indeed "*drowned rivers.*" To cap the climax it may be added that there is good reason to believe that the great St. Lawrence itself was formerly an Acadian as well as a Canadian river, and that flowing across the now submerged basin of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where its underwater channel is clearly marked, and where all the rivers of eastern New Brunswick were tributary to its flow, it passed out on one or both sides of Cape Breton to the Atlantic, where the old channel is now recognizable more than 200 miles to the east of the present mainland! Such facts go to show that Acadia has had a history far back not only of its European, but also of its Indian occupancy, a history of which some other features may be considered in a later chapter.

"She is working in a poor building, and with ordinary children of all ages, on a three-hundred and fifty dollars' salary. She has almost nothing to work with in the shape of helps, but such fertility of resources as she showed, and such clear teaching! How she wove the outside world into that teaching! Why, those children *grew* right before your eyes. She moved about among them quietly, neatly dressed, talking in just the tone she would use in ordinary conversation. She showed such a confidence in them that I never saw her look anxiously at one of them. And the way those boys looked at her!"
—*Ex.*

Play.

MRS. CATHERINE M. CONDON.

Play may be simply the spontaneous and outward expression by movement of the limbs, etc., of an instinctive feeling of comfort and well-being in the child. Later on, the desire to reproduce something which has been seen or heard strikes the fancy in such a manner that the child is impelled to reproduce it, with more or less crudity, in a concrete representation.

A more advanced stage of development, while it still deals in outward representation in tangible form, calls into intelligent action, forethought, memory, calculation, judgment, thereby arousing the very highest physical, intellectual and moral powers of the individual.

The educative value of play is unquestionable. The mere instinctive movements of the infant, not only improve in force, but also gain in directness and precision, and they also indicate the awakening of the intellect, and supply hints for its further development.

The next stage in which *imitation and imagination*, each helpful to the other, play so conspicuous a part, is so developing that in no other equal portion of human life does man learn so much of his own power, and his relations to the world around him, as in the first seven years of life, although they are almost wholly given over to play.

The social games of the boy and young man afford a field for the exercise and development of physical vigor, mental alertness, and fine, sound moral fibre, indispensable factors in human success, and that just in proportion as they are carried on with moderation, and in strict accordance with law and order, and received rules of the game.

These statements being true, it is certainly of good omen that the importance of play is more and more recognized in the philanthropic world, and among educationists.

The redeeming, elevating influence of play has been, and is, well illustrated in the recreation schools for girls, established by the Countess of Jersey in the east end of London. They are play schools, pure and simple, and have amply justified their existence among a class who would have never entered their doors if catechism and books had been the bait offered. To those who have only seen the happy well-conditioned child, who, with a little kindly notice now and then, will play the live-long day so vigorously that he will often fall asleep in

the midst of it, the statement may seem strange that anyone should need to be taught to play. But life is so dull and hopeless, for many of these unfortunate London waifs and strayed, and they are so stupid and devoid of the upspringing self-activity of the ordinary child, that they either do not play at all, simply lounging, or, their plays are so vile and degrading in their parody of the wretched life around them, that they are simply a preparation for a criminal career. After a time, some of the fine lady slummers who had come to sneer at Lady Jersey's "fad," remained to help to teach the children to dance and sing, play innocent and amusing games, to tell fairy tales, and listen kindly to naive and admiring comments on their grace and beauty. One charming girl who was known as the "lady with the fevers" (feathers) in her picture hat, received almost the adoration of a goddess, and was a great lure to quiet good manners.

The light gymnastics, marching, circle games and dancing, soon corrected the slouching pose, and turned the shuffling walk into upright carriage and firm, measured tread; while the kindly treatment and absence of fear of ill-usage just as soon changed the down-cast eyes and shifty furtive glances into a straightforward look when addressed; often, too, into one of gratitude and affection.

Well-told stories developed the power of voluntary attention, and clean wit and wholesome humor, provoking happy laughter, soon taught the girls that they could be merry and gay without obscenity, profanity and vulgar license. Then, too, a long happy day at Ostermoor Park, Lady Jersey's estate near London, opens up a delightful view of life, such as they had never dreamed of, and must set in a stronger light the fact that the kindness they have been receiving all along, has been given from the purest motives of sympathy with them, in their cheerless life, and an earnest desire to raise them out of it.

This creates a sense of personal dignity and an honest pride to live up to this new and better atmosphere. When play has thus produced its humanizing effects, there are plenty of places open to them, where formal instruction is waiting to give them another uplift in the road to knowledge and efficiency.

If well-arranged play under conditions skilfully arranged will accomplish so much for these children so unfavorably placed, what a powerful and happy means of education it should prove in the development of children born and reared under happier auspices.

Katharine Carl.

MISS A. MACLEAN.

Katharine Carl stands in the front ranks of the portrait painters of today,—an American, long a resident of Neuilly, France, and an extensive traveller. She has painted many superior portraits in Europe and America, but her painting of the portrait of the Dowager Empress of China, being a unique distinction and illustrating her skill, will be her only work that I shall refer to now.

The Dowager Empress notified Mrs. Conger, wife of the American Ambassador, that she wished a portrait of herself, painted by an American woman, which portrait she intended should constitute her gift to the St. Louis Exhibition. Mrs. Conger notified Miss Carl and Miss Carl engaged to paint the portrait, and lived for nearly a year in the imperial palaces of Peking, seeing the Empress daily and associating constantly with the ladies of the court. She was present at all the religious and social functions and received many tokens of the favor of the Empress. Miss Carl was the first white woman to penetrate the mysteries of the Chinese imperial household. Throughout all history no other person from the western world had been received into the intimacy of the Chinese imperial palaces. Since Miss Carl's reception one other woman, Miss Alice Roosevelt, has been entertained in a imperial palace in Peking.

Miss Carl expected to meet in the Empress an old woman whose appearance would bear out the character for cruelty and tyranny which the world has believed since 1900. Instead she met a charming little woman with a brilliant smile, very kindly looking and remarkably youthful, who extended her hand with a grace and cordiality which so won Miss Carl that she involuntarily raised the dainty royal fingers to her lips, though that was not in the programme.

Miss Carl was informed at the foreign office that the Empress would give her only two sittings, and when her first greeting was over she looked anxiously about to see under what conditions she must paint. The hall was large but the light was false, and the only place where a proper light could be had was in front of a great plate glass door, and the space there was so small that the large canvas on which the Empress wished the portrait painted had to be placed very near the throne where she preferred to sit. With so large a portrait as she was to paint this was a great disadvantage. However, her majesty having dressed herself in the

garments she thought fit, and having seated herself, Miss Carl began to sketch. She had been informed that her majesty would not understand any preliminary sketches, she must begin at once on the portrait and risk getting no more sittings, so she began. To use her own words:—"For a few moments I heard the faintest ticking of the eighty-five clocks as if they were great cathedral bells clanging in my ears, and my charcoal on the canvas sounded like some mighty saw drawn back and forth. Then, happily, I became interested, and utterly unconscious of anything but my sitter and my work. I worked steadily on for what seemed a very short time, when her majesty turned to the interpreter and said that enough work had been done for that day. She said she knew I must be tired from our long drive out from Peking, as well as from my work, and that we must have some refreshments. She then descended from her throne and came over to look at the sketch. I had blocked in the whole figure and had drawn the head with some accuracy. So strong and impressive is her personality that I had been able to get enough of her character into this rough whole to make it a sort of likeness. After looking critically at it for a few minutes, she expressed herself as well pleased and paid me some compliments on my talent as an artist. She then called Mrs. Conger and discussed the portrait for a few moments, then turning to me she said the portrait interested her greatly and that she should like to see it go on. She asked me, looking straight into my eyes the while, if I would care to remain at the palace for a while that she might give me sittings at her leisure."

At first Miss Carl feared that the strangeness of her position and the sense of loneliness that at times crept over her, born of a feeling that she had somehow been transported into a strange world, would affect her work, but the cordiality of the Empress, who set aside a pavilion for her use, and told her not to hesitate to ask for anything she wished, and to make herself perfectly at home, soon placed her at ease and free from disquieting feelings.

"At the second sitting," said Miss Carl, "before the Empress was quite ready for me to begin, and before she had transfixed me with her piercing glance, I scanned her person and face with all the penetration I could bring to bear, and this is what I saw:

"A perfectly proportionated figure, with head well set upon her shoulders and a fine presence; really beautiful hands, daintly small and highbred in shape; a symmetrical, well formed head, with a

good development above the rather large ears; fine broad brow, delicate well arched eyebrows, brilliant black eyes set perfectly straight in the head; a high nose, of the type the Chinese call noble, broad between the eyes and on a line between the forehead; an upper lip of great firmness, a rather large mouth, but beautiful, with mobile red lips, which, when parted over firm white teeth, gave her smile a rare charm; a strong chin, but not of exaggerated firmness, and with no marks of obstinacy. Had I not known she was nearing her sixty-ninth year I should have thought her a well-preserved woman of forty.

"After little more than one hour's work her majesty decided that enough had been done for the morning and that we both needed rest. She came over and looked at the sketch and it was easy to see that she liked it much better now that the color was being put on. She stood behind me discussing it for sometime and said she wished it were possible for someone else to pose for the face so that she might sit and watch it grow. She thought it very wonderful that on a flat canvas the relief of the face could be represented."

And so the sittings went on, the attendants and eunuchs came and went, the Empress took tea, conversed, smoked the graceful water pipe or European cigarettes which she never allowed to touch her lips but used in a long cigarette holder. She seemed to understand that she must not move her head very much, and would look apologetically whenever she moved it, but the artist preferred to have her move a little instead of sitting like a statue. And so at last in that strange old world palace there stood completed the picture of one of the most distinguished monarchs of today, and Katharine Carl's unique experience and pleasing task were ended.

Autumn Fires.

In the other gardens,
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bon-fires
See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over,
And all the summer flowers,
The red fire blazes,
The grey smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons,
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

The Tides.

From the vast ever-plentiful sea
Impelled by the heavenly host,
Fresh, ever-flowing, resistless in power,
Summer and winter, true to the hour,
Come the tides with their gifts for the coast.

When the dark's at the flush of the dawn,
And the tide mirrors day's rosy birth,
Dimpling and sparkling it dances along,
Laving the shores like a heavenly song,
That cheers the sad hearts of the earth.

When the sun in the pride of his strength
Pours his quivering glories abroad,
Drying the grasses, stiff'ning the reeds
To the fens, like a generous supply for all needs,
In swings the tide, fresh from God.

Softly, like peace to a penitent soul,
When evening bends low o'er the sea,
And the clouds kiss the ripples good night,
In steals the tide over quicksand and shoal
When God blots a sin from his sight.

When the stately star-companies sail
The violet hollow of space—
Distant, like saints lost to mortals below—
Then through the dark earth-ways the tide currents flow
Full of stars—the fresh tokens of grace.

When the gale howls a dirge in the dark,
And the thundering surf shakes the land,
In foams the tide like a bosom of wrath,
Wreckage and terrible death in its path,
And yet—it is held in His hand.

At the dawn, at the noon, at the dusk,
In the calm, in the storm, what avail
Tears for the night or fears for the day?
Deep though the guilt-stains and devious the way
The flood tides of God cannot fail.

—Henry Turner Bailey, in the *Congregationalist*.

There are several good reasons why DeMille should be better known. He was, in his time, the widest read and most productive of Canadian writers. He is still in many respects the most remarkable. As a teacher, he was one of the most capable and best loved men that ever sat in a professor's chair. After the lapse of a quarter of a century his old students write and talk of him with deep affection and respect—an honour accorded to few.—From "*DeMille, the Man and the writer*," by Archibald MacMechan in *September Canadian Magazine*.

A teacher, lately married, writes: "I took the REVIEW during my whole teaching career, and it was a great help to me. I wish for the editor and its contributors many successful, prosperous years."
—E. L. M.

September.

Now hath the summer reached her golden close,
 And lost, amid her cornfields, bright of soul,
 Scarcely perceives from her divine repose
 How near, how swift, the inevitable goal;
 Still, still, she smiles, though from her careless feet,
 The bounty and the fruitful strength are gone,
 And though the soft, long, wondering days go on
 The silent, sere decadence, sad and sweet.

In far-off sunset cornfields, where the dry
 Gray shocks stand peaked and withering, half concealed
 In the rough earth, the orange pumpkins lie,
 Full-ribbed; and in the windless pasture-field
 The sleek red horses o'er the sun-warmed ground
 Stand pensively about in companies,
 While all around them from the motionless trees
 The long clean shadows sleep without a sound.

Under cool elm trees floats the distant stream,
 Moveless as air; and o'er the vast warm earth
 The fathomless daylight seems to stand and dream,
 A liquid cool elixir—all its girth
 Bound with faint haze, a frail transparency,
 Whose lucid purple barely veils and fills
 The utmost valleys and the thin last hills,
 Nor mars one whit their perfect clarity.

Thus without grief the golden days go by,
 So soft we scarcely notice how they wend,
 And like a smile half happy, or a sigh,
 The summer passes to her quiet end;
 And soon, too soon, around the cumbered eaves
 Sly frosts shall take the creepers by surprise,
 And through the wind-touched reddening woods shall
 rise
 October with the rain of ruined leaves.

—Archibald Lampman.

A Thanksgiving Reading.**A HARVEST IN SOMERSETSHIRE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.**

Then the golden harvest came, waving on the broad hillside, and nestling in the quiet nooks scooped from out the fringe of wood. A wealth of harvest such as never gladdened all our countryside since my father ceased to reap, and his sickle hung to rust. All the parish was assembled in our upper courtyard; for we were to open the harvest that year, as had been settled with Farmer Nicholas, and with Jasper Kebby, who held the third or little farm. We started in proper order, therefore, as our practice is: first, the parson, Josiah Bowden, wearing his gown and cassock, with the parish Bible in his hand, and a sickle strapped behind him. As he strode along well and stoutly, being a man of substance, all our family came next, I leading mother with one hand, in the other bearing my father's hook, and with a loaf of our own bread and a keg of cider upon my back. Beside us (sisters) Annie and Lizzie walked, wearing wreaths

of corn-flowers, set out very prettily, such as mother would have worn if she had been a farmer's wife, instead of a farmer's widow. Being as she was, she had no adornment, except that her widow's hood was off, and her hair allowed to flow as if she had been a maiden; and very rich bright hair it was, in spite of all her troubles.

After us the maidens came, milk-maids and the rest of them. There must have been three score of us, take one with another; and the lane was full of people. When we were come to the big field-gate, where the first sickle was to be, Parson Bowden heaved up the rail with the sleeve of his gown done green with it; and he said, that everybody might hear him, though his breath was short, "In the name of the Lord, Amen!"

"Amen! So be it!" cried the clerk who was far behind, being only a shoemaker.

Then Parson Bowden read some verses from the parish Bible, telling us to lift up our eyes, and look upon the fields already white to harvest; and then he laid the Bible down on the square head of the gate-post, and, despite his gown and cassock, three good swipes he cut of corn, and laid them right end onwards. All this time the rest were huddling outside the gate and along the lane, not daring to interfere with parson, but whispering how well he did it.

When he had stowed the corn like that, mother entered, leaning on me, and we both said, "thank the Lord for all his mercies, and these the first fruits of his hand!" And then the clerk gave out a psalm verse by verse, done very well; although he sneezed in the midst of it, from a beard of wheat thrust up his nose by the rival cobbler of Brendon. And when the psalm was sung, so strongly that the foxgloves on the bank were shaking, like a chime of bells, at it, parson took a stoop of cider, and we all fell to at reaping.

* * * * *

Which, the wheat falls! whirl again; ye have had good dinners! give your master and mistress plenty to supply another year. And in truth we did reap well and fairly through the whole of that afternoon, I not only keeping lead, but keeping the men up to it. We got through a matter of ten acres ere the sun between the shocks broke his light on wheaten plumes, then hung his red clock on the clouds, and fell into gray slumber.

Seeing this, we wiped our sickles and our breasts and foreheads, and soon were on the homeward road, looking forward to good supper, to harvest-song and festivity.—*R. D. Blackmore in "Lorna Doon."*

I have been much pleased with the supplementary art pictures and the description of the same, and have enjoyed the articles by Dr. Bailey.—*R. B. M. Port Elgin, N. B.*

The REVIEW improves with every number. I wish it renewed success.—*G. M.*

The Bunco-Bird.

They tell the Spectator that the last of the south-bound birdlings has by this time taken wing—news at which he is unfeignedly glad. Now perhaps he may be able to turn off a little work. Since the last of August, when they began to pack their grips and consult time-tables, they have kept him in a state of perpetual unrest. Two fine old apple-trees beside his window have been full all day of restless little bunches of feathers, stopping over to break the journey from the far North. Every time he has taken up his pen some unfamiliar "tsip" or "cheep" from without has made him drop it and seize a spy-glass and a bird book. From this it will be seen that the Spectator has fallen prey to the devastating epidemic of ornithitis.

It was not always thus. The Spectator well remembers when all birds looked alike to him; when you could cheat him with the alarm-note of a robin; when the song-sparrow passed with him for a dozen kinds of bird. In those good old days he could write in the midst of a musical festival. Nothing in feathers had power to train him from his work, charm it never so wisely. But last summer, in New Brunswick—a place much favored for summer residence by the more fastidious sort of bird—he fell into the clutches of a confirmed ornithomaniac, who never let him go until she had made him as mad as herself.

She did not accomplish it all at once. It was weeks before the Spectator could be got to forget his dinner, whereas the lady his instructor ignored hers altogether when there were strange birds about. She would sit petrified under a tree for hours together, she would stand rooted in a bog, she would prowl through leagues of dank and tangled underbrush, she would plant herself in the path of an oncoming train—and all for the sake of scraping acquaintance with some shy songster as big as your two thumbs. Mosquitoes, cows, home, husband, country—all these were as nothing to her when once her eye had caught the flirt of unfamiliar feathers, or her ear the lilt of a new song. At such times it was as idle to talk to her as to try to gossip with the Sphinx. It is the Spectator's fixed conviction that had a ruffian menaced her with a gun while she was in the trance of bird-stalking, she would merely have raised that delicate hand of hers in an admonitory "S-s-sh!"

Now, the Spectator took his birds more philosophically—that is, at first—encouraged thereto by the ornithomaniac herself. That artful woman led him to believe that the life of a birdist was one of

appreciative otiosity. She installed him in a hammock in the sun-flecked shade of a clump of silver birches and coaxed him into watching the birds that skipped about among the branches over his head. She taught him the simplest of the songs which rang out continually from a little grove not a hundred yards away. And the Spectator liked it. He liked to watch a fiery redstart fidgeting through the leafage, dropping from twig to twig in his pitiless pursuit of fat worms. It pleased him to think how much easier dinner came to him than to this gorgeous black-and-orange "candelita." He had no objection to listening to the white-throated sparrow calling eternally, "Poor—Tom—Peabody, Peabody, Peabody!" or the red-eyed vireo repetitiously preaching, or the hermit thrush whistling clearly from the dusk of the grove. It was sociable and didn't interfere with cat-naps of the most satisfactory variety. But his instructor did not long indulge him in this sort of luxurious idling. When the Spectator had listened to bird songs until he could not hear a twitter without a spasm of curiosity, she tightened her toils. Bringing a low chair, she came to keep the Spectator company in his bird vigils under the birches, and boasted shamelessly of her own sharpness of eye, prating of "crowns" and "rumps" and "median stripes" and "wing coverts" and other things the Spectator had not known appertained to birds, until he grew jealous for his own powers of observation. In self-defense he began to strain his eyes to recognize the redstart's silent, olive-tinted little dud of a wife. He vexed his soul to make out the distinguishing marks of Madame Tom Peabody and Mrs. Preacher-bird. Before he knew it he was the hopeless slave of the spy-glass.

Then, indeed, was his subjugation complete. The ornithomaniac at once began her serious educational campaign. Routing the Spectator out of his comfortable hammock, she led him afield in the broiling sun. It was then that the Spectator met his arch-enemy, the junco-bird. "The junco is so easy," said his teacher, "and I can show you the nest. They're a trifle shy now, but when the young birds are out of the nest they'll hop about our very doorstep." So she led the way to a meadow, deep in daisies, which served her in lieu of a front lawn, and bore down cautiously upon a colony of little white spruces. When she was within six feet of the trees, there came a sudden whir of wings, and the Spectator caught a flash of white lightning. "There goes the mother bird!" cried the bird-fancier in a satisfied tone. "You got a splendid view of her. You'll know her again by the white tail-feathers!"

Then she made the Spectator kowtow while she lifted the lowest branch of the spruce and gave him a dim glimpse of five whitish ovals in a grassy nest underneath. Then, having made him acquainted with the alpha and omega of the junco, she took him for a walk.

They had not gone far when the Spectator spied a bird all by himself, a blackish bird with a pink bill. He referred it to the lady. "Why, that," she cried, "is a junco! Didn't you see the white tail-feathers?" "No," said the Spectator, a trifle abashed. "I think he was sitting on his tail. But I'll know him the next time." And they went on. The ornithomaniac kept stopping in the lovely woodland road to listen for invisible birdlings, and the Spectator found himself far ahead. He stood waiting, drinking in the fresh beauty of the wood—for New Brunswick in late June is like New England in May—when a queer kind of trilling began in a tree close at hand. Some bird—Demosthenes, it seemed—was trying to sing with his mouth full of pebbles. The Spectator stood like a statute and raked with his eyes every tree in sight. And he was rewarded. Not only did his eye light on the singer, but the bird considerably sat still until he had time to mark its every detail of dress. When the bird flew, he dashed back to the authority in the road behind him. "I've found a bird," cried he, thereby putting to route a black-throated green warbler the bird-lady was studying; "I've found a bird, and I looked at her very carefully. She had a white front and a deep black yoke." The lady interrupted with a far-away look in her eyes. "It was a junco," she said. The Spectator used the most powerful language he allows himself. "Behold!" cried he, "all juncos are impostors, and all birds are juncos! No more will I call him junco—the name of that bird is the Bunco-bird from this time forth, and even for ever more!"

To comfort him the bird-fancier took him strawberrying on the top of a tall hill. But even here there was a little clump of conifers, and she thought she heard a chickadee discoursing among the highest branches. The question was, Is the bird a Hudsonian chickadee, or just a chickadee? and the fate of the nations appeared to depend upon the answer. The Spectator was set down on a pile of prickly twigs, with instructions not to move an eye-winker. He stood it awhile. But when his nose tickled and he wasn't allowed to scratch it, he rebelled and made a break for the open. Here he found strawberries, plump and luscious, half buried in little green mounds of moss. He made him a cornucopia out of a newspaper, and had

picked a generous cupful of berries when he was startled by a guttural hiss from the ground beside him. He looked down, and there at his very heels was an awesome fowl of some sort, all mouth and rumped mottled grayish feathers, hissing at him as viciously as an angered snake. The Spectator was surprised. He got up so hastily that he spilled his berries and took a step or two in flight. Then it occurred to him that he might, like Falstaff, overestimate the strength of the foe, and he turned back to investigate. The bird, he then saw, was making the very most of itself, ruffling its feathers and drooping its wings like a belligerent sparrow. He guessed that a tape-line would show it to be not much longer than a robin, though with a much greater spread of wing. He thought he could cope with a thing like that, and determined to subject it to careful observation.

"Is it," he asked himself seriously, "by any chance a Bunco-bird?" He considered its mottled plumage and answered firmly, "No!" The bird by this time was trying to make off, hobbling and fluttering as if it had a broken wing. In the interest of science the Spectator followed. The unlucky bird stumbled and blundered painfully over the hillocky ground, but managed to keep just out of reach of the Spectator's wishful fingers. In this way it worked its way a dozen yards or so, when, without the slightest warning, it sailed leagues high into the air. And, lo! it was unmistakably a night-hawk! And no more an injured night-hawk than the Spectator was a gratified man. Then from a dizzy height it swooped down and just skimmed the top of the Spectator's head. A second later it was joined by two others of its noxious kind, and the three began to amuse themselves by seeing how near they could fly to the Spectator without putting out his eyes. The Spectator put his manhood in his pocket and fled for the protecting shade of the wood. Here he found his preceptor and retailed his woes. "Pshaw!" she cried, in obvious vexation. "You missed the chance of your life. You must have been within a few feet of the young. That old hen fluttered off to decoy you away. You've been egregiously taken in." So it was a Bunco-bird after all!—"Spectator," in *N. Y. Outlook*.

1. Model and draw a horse's hoof. 2. Model and draw a cow's hoof. 3. Model and draw a cow's horn. 4. Model, draw, sew various kinds of fishes. 5. Press, draw, sew ferns. 6. Paint, model, sew a frog. 7. Draw fishing hook. 8. Draw, model, sew straw hat. 9. Model, draw, sew turtle. 10. Draw bees. 11. Draw and sew beehive and bees. 12. Model and draw cocoons. 13. Model, draw, and sew butterflies. 14. Draw and paint mayflowers.

A Contented Teacher.

Every college professor in writing his confessions seems to be giving an *Apologia pro vita sua*. His loudest complaint is about the salary. Small as mine is I sometimes think it is as large as it would be if I had gone into some other occupation; but as I said before, I am so commonplace that my example has no bearing whatever on the argument for higher salaries for college men. In one of the most recent publications giving the woes of the professor there is a lamentation to the effect that his house is plainly furnished without even the luxury of an oriental rug, and that one of the pleasures of his family life is the annual ride out into the country. This is pathetic, especially as for many years his regular salary has been \$2000 a year. Nor does he live in a large city. I must have a genius of a home-maker, for with a salary that averages less than his we can go driving into the country many times a year and we have the luxury of walking over several antique oriental rugs. For ten years I have been carrying ten thousand dollars of endowment insurance, which will mature when I am about fifty years old. And during each summer we can spend part of the vacation on a farm, paying our board, too, and some years we go even to the seashore. Without going into detail, I may be believed, I hope, in saying that our social life is not one of parsimonious barrenness. —*From the September Atlantic.*

Opening Exercises.

Every teacher, I suppose, has some trouble in finding material for the opening exercises and in making such exercises interesting to all.

In my school the songs we all knew grew tiresome, stories lost their charm, and quotations dragged, so I decided to put the opening exercises into the pupils' hands and see if they could awaken new interest.

Nearly all of my older pupils knew songs, recitations, or dialogues which were new to the rest of the school, and the plan worked charmingly.

Helen recites unusually well, and I had but to announce that Helen would open school with a recitation on a certain morning to insure prompt attendance and the best of attention on that morning. It was the same in the case of Ella, who sings prettily. Even a little first grader sang such a pretty song that every child showed his pleasure and appreciation; but the dialogue given by two boys (which they had learned for an outside entertainment), was a surprise and delight even to myself.

I get three good results from this plan. It is a relief to the teacher, it helps in prompt attendance, and it is good practice for the performers themselves.—*Popular Educator.*

Origin of a Famous Hymn.

A pathetic and yet charming story is told of the origin of the well-known hymn, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," which was written by Rev. John Fawcett, an English Baptist, who died in 1817, having spent nearly sixty years in the ministry. It was in 1772, after a few years spent in pastoral work, that he was called to London to succeed the Rev. Dr. Gill. His farewell sermon had been preached near Moinsgate, in Yorkshire. Six or seven wagons stood loaded with his furniture and books, and all was ready for departure.

But his loving people were heart-broken. Men, women and children gathered and clung about him and his family with sad and tearful faces. Finally, overwhelmed with the sorrow of those they were leaving, Dr. Fawcett and his wife sat down on one of the packing cases and gave way to grief.

"Oh, John," cried Mrs. Fawcett at last, "I cannot bear this! I know not how to go."

"Nor I either," returned her husband, "and we will not go. The wagons shall be unloaded and everything put in its old place."

His people were filled with intense joy and gratitude at this determination. Dr. Fawcett at once sent a letter to London explaining the case and then resolutely returned to his work on a salary of less than \$200 a year. This hymn was written by Dr. Fawcett to commemorate the event.

The Fruit Tree.

The Tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, stealing down.

"No, leave them alone,
Till the blossoms have grown,"
Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung:
"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind as he swung.

"No, leave them alone,
Till the berries have grown,"
Said the Tree, while his leaflets all quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow,
Said the little girl, "I may pluck your bright berries, I know?"

"Yes; growing is done;
Therefore for you every one,"
Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

—*Bjornsterne Bjornson.*

For the Very Little Ones.

DOLLY'S LESSON.

Come here, you nigramus?
I'm 'shamed to have to 'fess
You don't know any letter,
'Cept just your cookie S.

Now, listen, and I'll tell you—
This round hole's name is O,
And when you put a tail in,
It makes a Q, you know.

And if it has a front door
To walk in at it's C,
Then make a seat right here
To sit on, and it's G.

And this tall letter, dolly,
Is I, and stands for me,
And when it puts a hat on,
It makes a cup o' T.

And curly I is J, dear,
And half of B is P,
And E, without his slippers on,
Is only F, you see!

You turn A upside downwards,
And people call it V;
And if it's Twins, like this one,
W 'twill be.

Now, dolly, when you learn 'em,
You'll know a great big heap—
Most much as I—O dolly!
I believe you've gone asleep!

—*The Youth's Companion.*

SUPPOSE.

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying,
Till your eyes and nose are red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad, "'Twas Dolly's
And not your head that broke?"

Suppose you dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And to make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser,
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest,
And learn the thing at once?

HICKORY, DICKORY, DOCK.

Hickory, Dickory, Dock,
'Tis nearly nine o'clock,
And ringing clear,
The bell we hear,
Hickory, Dickory, Dock.

Hickory, Dickory, Dock,
'Tis striking nine o'clock;
Obey the rule,
Haste into school,
Hickory, Dickory, Dock.

Hickory, Dickory, Dock,
'Tis just past nine o'clock;
Our prayers are done,
Work is begun,
Hickory, Dickory, Dock.

—*Teachers' Magazine.*

THE WATER-DROPS.

Some little drops of water,
Whose home was in the sea,
To go upon a journey
Once happened to agree.

A cloud they had for carriage,
They drove a playful breeze,
And over town and country
They rode along at ease.

But, oh, they were so many,
At last the carriage broke,
And to the ground came tumbling
These frightened little folk.

And through the moss and grasses
They were compelled to roam,
Until a brooklet found them,
And carried them all home.

—*Philadelphia Teacher.*

WHAT THE WIND BRINGS.

"Which is the wind that brings the cold?"
"The North-wind, Freddy—and all the snow;
And the sheep will scamper into the fold,
When the North begins to blow."

"Which is the wind that brings the heat?"
"The South-wind, Katy; and corn will grow,
And peaches redden, for you to eat,
When the South wind begins to blow."

"Which is the wind that brings the rain?"
"The East-wind, Arty; and farmers know
That cows come shivering up the lane,
When the East wind begins to blow."

"Which is the wind that brings the flowers?"
"The West-wind, Bessy; and soft and low
The birdies sing in the summer hours,
When the West wind begins to blow."

—*Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

N. S. Educational Association.

On Tuesday morning, September 25, the large assembly hall of the Halifax County Academy was packed with teachers, when Dr. Mackay, Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia, arose to give his address on Our Present High School Problem. In his opening remarks, Dr. Mackay referred to the generosity of the provincial government in providing annuities for teachers, and also referred to another parliamentary measure by which an advisory board to confer with the superintendent on educational matters was to be appointed; and announced that two of the members of the board were to be chosen by the teachers from among themselves before the close of the present convention.

He then gave a short history of our present course of study for high schools and academies, and spoke of the radical changes that the committee appointed last year to consider the relation between the high schools and the colleges would make in it, as outlined in their preliminary report published some months ago. He thought their suggestion to lengthen the course one year, and require all candidates for first-class license to complete it, if acted upon, might work injury to the schools by deterring capable young persons from entering or pressing forward in the profession. Many of our teachers, especially those of limited means, had to make great sacrifices to complete three years of high school work, and then attend the Normal School a year in order that they might obtain a first-class license. If they had been compelled to spend still another year in high school, they simply would not have done it; they either would not have entered the profession, or would have been content with a lower grade of license.

The demand for teachers is greater than the supply with the course of study as it is. A large number of permissive licenses had to be issued this year to persons who had not been able to fulfil the present requirements, and still there are schools without teachers, because none could be got. If the conditions on which licenses are issued are made more stringent, in all probability there will be a still greater scarcity of teachers.

The suggestion that persons applying for a first-class license be compelled to pass an examination on Latin, would, if carried out, have a like tendency to reduce the number of teachers. In his opinion, too, a knowledge of Latin was not the best equipment that a teacher could have. A person who had given the same time to the study of English or the natural sciences was, other things being equal, better prepared to teach his pupils to make the best use of their opportunities than the one who had given his hours to Cæsar. That this was the opinion of the most advanced school authorities of the day he tried to prove by an examination of the course of study in secondary schools in Prussia, England, United States and Ontario.

For several weeks previous to the meeting of the Association a heated discussion had been carried on in the Halifax papers between Prof. Howard Murray, secretary of the committee appointed to consider the relation between the high schools and the colleges, and Supervisor McKay, as to the wisdom of compelling candidates for first-class licenses to pass an examination in Latin. So much feeling was aroused among those interested in the matter that this became the dominant question of the convention. All were on the tip-toe of expectation as the time drew near to vote on the adoption of the report, as it was uncertain whether there was a majority in favor of it or not. Before the vote was taken, however, the motion to adopt the report was withdrawn, and in its stead what was called a "compromise" course, in which Latin was made an optional subject for candidates for 1st, 2nd and 3rd class licenses, was put forward. This passed with but little opposition, and a committee of sixteen was appointed to prepare a detailed programme for all the grades of both the common and high schools.

The public meeting, Wednesday evening, was held in the spacious hall of the School for the Blind, and as no time was given to business, it was probably more enjoyed than any meeting of the convention. Lieutenant-Governor Fraser, in an eloquent speech, urged that the three I's—Industry, Intelligence and Integrity—be given a prominent place alongside of the three R's. Dr. McCarthy, Archbishop of the Roman Catholic Church, expressed his belief that the day would come when all civilized people would agree as to what should be the scope of education, and likewise of religion. Education would doubtless take into consideration the child's physical, mental and moral natures. Without health, man is miserable; without intellect, he is helpless; without morals, he is dangerous.

Professor Magill, Justice Longley, Senator Poirier and Inspector Cowley, of Ontario, also addressed the meeting.

Other addresses were given by Professor F. H. Sykes, of Columbia University, N. Y.; Professor Sexton, of Dalhousie University, and by Professor MacKenzie. Dr. Woodbury and Dr. Johnson spoke of the needs of dental inspection of the pupils in our schools. Time did not permit hearing the paper of Professor Woodman on physical geography and of Miss A. Maclean on art, but these will be published in the proceedings.

A resolution was passed requesting the government to make the agreement between teachers and trustees binding for more than one term, or until three months after notice was given by either party to the other that a change was desired.

Principals B. MacKetrick, of Lunenburg, and E. J. Lay, of Amherst, were elected members of the advisory board.

I have found the REVIEW a great help in the past seven years.—G. K. M.

A Little Girl's Bright Story.

A girl seven years old has originated the following guessing story:

"Can you guess what I am?
I have two eyes.
Yet I am not a boy.
I am round, and am not a ball.
Some of my brothers have three and some have four eyes, and yet we have no heads.
We are carried, for we have no legs.
I am missed when lost.
Can you guess what I am?"
(A button.)

—C. W. Rundus.

CURRENT EVENTS.

At the instance of the imperial government, an international commission has been called to meet in London during this month, to consider the subject of electrical units, with a view to securing uniformity.

The little Norwegian ship *Gjoa* has reached Bering Strait thus completing the northwestern passage. The *Gjoa* left Norway in 1903; and, having passed through channels where a large vessel could not follow, went into winter quarters last year at the mouth of Mackenzie River. She has now reached the Pacific, and is the first ship that has made the passage. Her commander, Captain Amundsen, believes that he has discovered the true magnetic pole.

Five thousand persons perished in a recent typhoon at Hong Kong, and an entire fleet of six hundred fishing vessels destroyed. The Chinese residents of San Francisco have sent ten thousand dollars for the relief of sufferers.

In view of the possible early construction of a line of railway to Fort Churchill, on Hudson Bay, the government has reserved land on both sides of the Churchill River, for ten miles from its mouth.

The Trent Valley canal is to be pushed through at once from Georgian Bay to Lake Ontario. It will probably be finished in 1908.

A British inventor has patented an unflammable celluloid.

The Japanese residents in Hawaii complain of ill treatment by Americans, and have asked their home government for the protection of Japanese war vessels.

It is stated that sixty thousand elephants are annually slaughtered in Africa for the sake of the ivory.

The boundary line between Canada and the United States is 3,000 miles long—1,600 miles land, 1,400 miles water.

British Columbia, Canada's largest province, is equal to twenty-four Switzerlands.

A German inventor claims to have a wireless electric appliance by means of which steam will be automatically shut off in two vessels approaching each other in a fog.

The railway commission at Ottawa has approved plans for tunnelling Detroit river. Two parallel tracks will be laid at a depth of sixty-five feet below the bed of the river.

The largest passenger steamship in the world is the new Cunard steamship *Mauretania* recently launched on the Tyne. She is 790 feet long; and her complement of passengers and crew will be more than 3000.

The Canadian Pacific Railway has proved that the Canadian route for English mails to the Far East is seven days shorter than the Suez Canal route; and most of the mail matter from the United Kingdom to Hong Kong and Singapore will hereafter be sent via Canada.

The insurrection in Cuba has led to United States intervention. As yet it is peaceful intervention, and seems likely to bring about peace between the warring factions; but Cuba is now more than ever to be regarded as a dependency of the United States. There is little doubt that the present uprising, like others, was planned and financed by interested persons in the United States.

A provisional government with Mr. Taft, United States Secretary of War, as governor, has assumed authority in Cuba. No disturbance of any kind occurred. The business interests are gratified at the change of government. A striking feature of the provisional government is the fact that the Cuban flag has not been lowered. This establishes a precedent in provisional governments and protectorates.

Every school in Manitoba, under a recent government regulation, must fly the Union Jack on every school day in the year, or forfeit the government grant. Perhaps there is no better way of nationalizing the children of foreigners, of whom there are so many in the west.

A new Finnish parliament takes the place of the old, in which the nobles, clergy, burghers and peasants sat in separate chambers. The new parliament will consist of one chamber only, and will hold its first session in February next. The Emperor, as Grand Duke of Finland, has been asked to open it in person. Its members are to be elected by universal suffrage. This means more than the manhood suffrage to which we are accustomed; for all adults, both men and women, will have the right to vote, paupers and criminals, of course, excluded. The Finnish and Swedish languages may be used in debates; and probably will be more freely used than is the French language in our Dominion parliament, for few of the people of Finland speak Russian.

Esperanto, the proposed new world language, is making wonderful progress. At a recent Esperanto congress in Switzerland might be seen thousands of

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people, from nearly every part of the world, conversing and debating in the new international tongue.

L'Etang is again coming into notice as a possible winter port. It was strongly recommended in an official report at the time of the Loyalist migration, as the best port for a stronghold on the north side of the Bay of Fundy; and a town was laid out there as a place of settlement for disbanded soldiers. But there was no business for the port, because there was at that time no means of inland communication, and the settlement was soon abandoned. The great disadvantage of L'Etang, in the want of a navigable river, can now be overcome by railway communication; and it is said to be easier of access, both by railway and by sea, than any other port on the bay.

It is the Emperor and not the Empress of China who has issued an edict looking to the future establishment of a constitutional form of government for the Chinese Empire.

The Sultan of Turkey is suffering from an incurable disease, and must soon die. With his death will come a critical period for the Turkish Empire, so far, at least, as respects its European possessions; for there is no acknowledged successor who can unite the factions that are now with difficulty kept from open conflict.

Fishguard, a port in the southwest of Wales, has been connected by railway with the great cities of England, and will immediately become an important port for Canadian trade, as it is nearer than Liverpool or Southampton. Mail steamers will probably make it their first port of call.

Farmers in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia will be surprised when they know that a Mr. Peter McKinnon, Pipestone, Manitoba, threshed out 10,000 bushels of wheat, an average yield of 30 bushels to the acre,—one tract alone, 165 acres, went 38 bushels of the very best No. 1 hard wheat. We cannot grow wheat like this, but at the present prices for butter and cheese there is no reason why these provinces should not raise ten times the

quantity of butter and cheese that we have been raising for the last five years.

The Dominion Manufacturers' Association meets at Winnipeg this week. Among the important questions discussed is that of technical education. We are informed that the Association intends to ask the Government to appoint a commission whose duty it will be to visit Europe to ascertain all the latest methods of technical training. The feeling is gradually growing throughout Canada that the Central Government should assist the different provinces in providing technical instruction both in agriculture and the trades, and thus equip the mechanics and the farmers of this country so they can compete with the skilled labor of the United States.

The investigation of the relations between the Union Trust Co., and the Order of Foresters, shows that several officials of the Foresters were acting with the United Trust Co. to borrow funds from the Foresters, and to use these funds in purchasing large tracts of land in the Northwest. Financial agreements like these between companies, which only take the great public into their confidence when they are forced to, are rapidly making the people look askance at all kinds of insurance companies, whether they are the Foresters or any other.

A late telegram shows a race war existing in Georgia where the militia had to be called to quell the disturbance. This is only one of the many deeds during the last ten years that have been a disgrace to the civilization of this country. Such conditions seem to be the result of a low state of education.

The recent severe illness of the Hon. Jos. Chamberlain, will no doubt hinder further development of the policy known as Preferential Trade between England and her colonies. It is surprising, however, the great change that has taken place in Britain on this subject since 1902. The almost unanimous vote given in July at the Boards of Trade conference held in London, shows that the merchants and traders feel that Chamberlain has got hold of the right idea.

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When the Beaver Line of steamers came to St. John, in 1895, few persons dreamed that this was the nucleus of the steamship line which would within twelve years be able to take mails from Liverpool to Hong Kong, via St. John in the short space of thirty days. This is a fact, however, and the C. P. R. steamers (the Empresses), begin this work in December. These immense steamers, nearly seventy feet beam, and 600 feet long, will leave Liverpool during the winter for the Port of St. John. Passengers for Hong Kong will be landed by this steamship line and C. P. R. to Vancouver, and thence by C. P. R. S. S. to Hong Kong in less than thirty days from the date they left Liverpool. This shows that Canada is not only growing in the west, but also growing in the east.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

That the people of Yarmouth take more than ordinary interest in their high school, is evidenced by the crowds of people who attended the exercises recently held in the Opera House, to witness the contests for reading and the presentation of prizes. Contests for reading always provoke a friendly emulation among pupils and are attractive to the people.

The teachers of York and Sunbury will meet at Fredericton on Thursday and Friday, October 11 and 12.

The annual convention of the Protestant teachers of the

Province of Quebec will meet in Montreal, October 11, 12 and 13.

Mr. S. W. Taylor, B.A., and Mr. Roy Hicks, B.A., (Mt. Allison), both of Westmorland County, have entered McGill College, Montreal, to pursue a medical course.

Netherwood, the Rothesay school for girls, opened in September. The pupils were entertained their first Saturday by the teachers. They were driven to Gondola Point, then crossed the ferry and walked through the beautiful wooded road to Clifton. After a corn roast on the beach, they were ferried back to the Point, and driven home. The school is now in full working order, with an attendance of day and house pupils of thirty-one. The spirit of the older girls in the school is one of loyalty and earnestness, and promises to make the year a very successful one.—*The Globe*.

After fifty years of active service in the cause of education, Dr. Crocket, of Fredericton, has retired, bearing the title of "Principal Emeritus of the Provincial Normal School." This mark of distinction was conferred upon him by the Board of Education.

Can any of our schools beat this record? "Dorothy Buhlmann is a pupil at the Sandgate National School, London, and for eleven years she has neither been absent nor late at her studies. She is fourteen years of age, and has made 4,500 attendances since she first went to the school. The Countess of Chichester has presented her with a book in recognition of her record. Two boys in this school have similar records."

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Principals.

Rev. C. J. Boulden, M. A., late headmaster of St. Alban's school, Brockville, Ont., has been appointed president of King's College, Windsor, N. S. The appointment is regarded as an exceedingly strong one. Mr. Boulden graduated with mathematical honors at Cambridge, and will take the professorship of mathematics, in the teaching of which he has been exceedingly successful.

The New Brunswick Normal School opened September 5th with a registration of nearly three hundred.

Mr. R. R. Gates, M. A., B. Sc., who formerly acted as Vice-principal of the Middleton Consolidated School, spent the summer in research work at the Marine Biological Laboratory, Wood's Hole, Massachusetts, on a scholarship from McGill University. He will spend this year at the University of Chicago, where he has been appointed to a fellowship in botany.

Professor Ernest R. Morse, teacher of mathematics in the Missouri State Technical College, has been appointed to succeed Professor C. C. Jones in the chair of mathematics at Acadia University. Mr. Morse graduated from Acadia in 1887, then taught four years in Horton Academy. He went to Harvard and graduated with mathematical honors, taught a southern college for two years and took two courses in mathematics at Chicago University. He is a valuable acquisition to the staff of Acadia.

Dr. Cox, principal of the Grammar School, Chatham, exhibited a peanut plant to his grammar school pupils which he raised in his garden this summer. He planted some nuts with the shells on and some unshelled as an experiment, and both produced plants, but those without the shells sprouted more quickly and grew faster. All the plants produced blossoms, but no fruit appeared. The doctor was surprised, and on pulling up a plant, to find the fruit had grown and buried itself in the ground, a full-grown peanut being attached to the plant. But that is the way peanuts grow—in the ground, like potatoes. The doctor has several peanuts unearthed.—*Chatham World*.

Mr. W. J. S. Myles, A. B., late vice-principal of the St. John High School, has been appointed the principal in place of Dr. H. S. Bridges, whose duties as superintendent of city schools have been increased by the introduction of the compulsory school law in that city.

The REVIEW extends its hearty congratulations to Mrs. Edith L. Kinread, *née* Mitchell, formerly of Moncton, now 35 Knappen Street, Winnipeg, and wishes her many years of happiness in her new home in the West.

RECENT BOOKS.

ELEMENTARY MATHEMATICS. By F. W. Merchant, Principal London, Ontario, Normal School. Cloth. Pages 25. Price, 65 cents.

This book is intended for upper classes in high schools, and the work aims to cover the course in elementary mathematics prescribed for those classes. The combination of the experimental with the mathematical treatment is decidedly successful. Through an error in engraving, the coils in fig. 190, page 236, are incorrectly numbered and placed. The error will be corrected in subsequent editions.

SUCCESSFUL TEACHING. Cloth. Pages 198. Price, \$1.00. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

This is a volume of fifteen prize essays by practical teachers on practical teaching, with an introduction by Supt. James M. Greenwood. The essays are on important subjects of school management and method, and are concise and full of excellent suggestions.

In the Guide to Practical Penmanship, the author, Mr. W. A. McIntyre, Principal of the Normal School, Winnipeg, has given that which will take the place of the copy-book, while it does very much more. It sets before pupils correct ideals of form in figure, letter, word and page, gives full instruction and carefully graded exercises to develop proper movement, and indicates the order of lessons in detail. At every point the movement exercises are related to the form study. The directions to the pupils are clear and definite. Price, 20 cents. The Copp, Clark Company, Toronto.

A Manual of Common Butterflies and Moths; A Manual of Common American and European Insects; both reproduced in natural colours, with their common and scientific names. These are small pocket editions prepared under the supervision of a competent authority, and are undoubtedly accurate. We know of no better means to get children interested in the common insects. There are no descriptions: just the picture and the name. Price, 25 cents each. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York and London.

Messrs. Blackie & Son, London, have published the following: An Introduction to Good Reading, price 1s. 6d.; A Small Collection of Good Poems, with notes on how to use them; The Complete History Reader, No. 7, price 2s, which deals with the history of the British Empire; the

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New Century Geographical Reader, price 1s. 6d., also gives glimpses of Britain and the Empire.

Geo. Philip & Son, Fleet Street, London, publish some suggestive little volumes on Geography: "Geographical Gleanings," price 1s. 6d., contains excellent hints on the teaching of geography; "Round the World," price 6d., is a useful primary reader in elementary geography. Philip's model duplex maps on card-board, price 1d. each, contain maps and exercises conveniently arranged for classes.

Messrs. Blackie & Son, London, have published in their "Story-book Readers," price 4d. each, the following tales and selections from well-known books: Manco, the Peruvian Chief (Kingston), Christian and Moslem, the Siege of Torquilstone, and The Tournament (Sir Walter Scott), Cornet Walter and The Young Captain (G. A. Henty), Prince Murough's Adventures (D. Deeny); The Water Babies (Charles Kingsley), price 6d., and The Last of the Mohicans (J. Fenimore Cooper), price 1s.

RECENT MAGAZINES.

Some time ago Professor Leacock wrote an article on the decline of poetry, and now Susan E. Cameron, a Montreal educationist of standing, and well known in the Maritime Provinces, takes up the cudgels on behalf of the poets in the *Canadian Magazine* for October. She belabours the professor rather severely.

The October *Atlantic Monthly* contains the Autobiography of a Southerner—the fourth number of this suggestive contribution on Southern life. Two Memories of Childhood, by Lafcadio Hearn, and My Shakespeare Progress, by Martha Baker Dunn, with many entertaining stories, poems and essays, complete an excellent number.

One of the *Quarterly Review's* pleasantly discursive articles on The Literature of Egotism opens *The Living Age* for September 22nd. The article reviews critically but sympathetically some of the recent autobiographies or quasi-autobiographic fiction and reflection.

The September *Chautauquan* comes to its friends in a striking new form, easy-to-read, easy-to-carry, and easy-to-file for permanent reference on the home-library shelves.

The strongest feature of the October *Delineator*, aside from the fashions, which are splendidly shown, is the opening of the Countess von Arnheim's new serial story,

Fraulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. It is now publicly announced that the Countess von Arnheim is the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden."

Official Notice.

Lord Meath Empire Day Challenge Cups and League of the Empire Prizes.

ESSAY COMPETITION FOR EMPIRE DAY, 1907.

The following are the conditions and subjects:

(a) Lord Meath Empire Day Prize (secondary schools)—a silver challenge cup, value £10 10s., presented by the Right Hon. the Earl of Meath, K. P., to be held by the school, and a personal prize of £5 5s., given by the League of the Empire, is offered for competition, inter-all secondary schools of the Empire, for an Empire Day Essay not exceeding 2,000 words. Age limit, 14 to 18 years old.

Subject: "The Conditions of Successful Colonization."

(b) Lord Meath Empire Day Prize (primary schools)—a silver challenge cup, value £10 10s., presented by the Right Hon. the Earl of Meath, K. P., and a personal prize of £3 3s., given by the League of the Empire, is offered for competition, inter-all elementary schools of the Empire for an Empire Day Essay not exceeding 1,000 words. Age limit, under 14 years old.

Subject: "The History of British India."

All essays must first be judged in the schools, and afterwards by the authorities kindly co-operating with the league in the different countries of the Empire.

Only those essays sent in through the authorized channels will be eligible for the final judging arranged for by the Federal Council of the League in London.

The essays which are entered for the final judging in London must reach the central office by the 1st of February next.

The names of the winning schools will each year be engraved upon the cups, which are replicas of the Warwick vase.

The cups and prizes will be dispatched in time to reach the winning schools before the 24th May each year.

The essays must be sent to the Education Office, Fredricton, not later than December 25th, 1906.

J. R. INCH,
 Chief Supt. Education.

Education Office, Sept. 9th, 1906.

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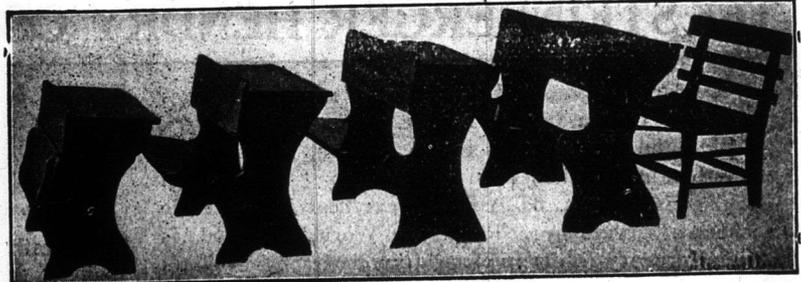
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