THE EDUCATIONAL HORIZON

—A SATURDAY FEATURE—

PRESENTING NEWS AND VIEWS OF INTEREST TO TEACHERS AND ALL OTHERS SEEKING IMPROVEMENT IN EDUCATION

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

Summary of Chapter 1. — This like all introductory Chapters of 18th and 19th Century novalists, is filled with descriptions and lengthy sketches of characters and places. The scene of the story takes place in that area of swamp and wilderness that extends between Forts Edward and Wm. Henry on Lake George. The time is during the war between England and France for possession of North America. As the story opens, we find that news has reached Fort Edward to the effect that Montcalm is on his way to Fort William Henry and that assistance is needed. An army is despatched immediately. Soon after the departure of the army, another scene becomes the center of interest. On closer inspection we find three horses standing outside the house of the Commander, General Webb; Two of the horses are equipped for female riders. Looking carefully we see a figure admiring the horses (13, page). Our friend is of peculiar proportions, being extremely tall and singularly narrow. An indian stands quietly by as if deigning to take notice of such a human scarecrow; incedentally the indian is equipped with his war paint. Soon two ladies emerge followed by a young man; they quietly mount and with gestures of adieu to Webb, set off for the Forest in the wake of the army.

Summary of Chapter 2.—On leaving the protection of the fort, the females are surprised by an object which glides by them and takes the lead. It is significant at this point to mention the extreme fear and timidity of the ladies. Can there be any undue anxiety, and plots or any treachery on foot? We ask ourselves. The young man, whose name is Duncan Heyword, tries to allay the fears and suspicions of his companions by saying that the object of their fear is a trusted indian runner now in employ of the English. We learn further that the indian is guiding the party by a shorter route to Wm. Henry. Leaving the main path, the party proceeds along a hidden path for perhaps a half-mile when they are startled by the sound of horses approaching from the rear. On pausing they find the object of their attention to be none other than the peculiar figure at the Fort. He asks to accompany the party and is accepted by Alice, the youngest member, because of the attraction he had for her and because of his peculiar profession which was a singer of the psalmody or scared songs. The party continue their journey but more and more the atmosphere of fear on the part of the travellers increases and would have done much more so had they seen the bushes part after they had passed and had seen the evil and cunnng eyes that watched them.

Summary of Chapter, 3.— Leaving the travellers to continue their journey, we now go some few miles to the westward where, on looking closely, we descern two figures, one an indian, the other a white man seated on a log engaged in a conversation on Philosophy. The indian was in the decorative war paint and was nearly naked, the white man was clad in skins and carried a knife and a rifle. As we approach nearer we catch the words of their argument and are told that the indian is a Mohican and, with the exception of his son, Uncas, is the last of the Mohicans. Upon the mention of the name, Uncas, a voice cried "who calls Uncas?" And the youth glided into view. After some few minutes Uncas delivers his message to the effect that Iroquois are in the vicinity but are hidden. Having decided to allay their appetites, Uncas kills a deer. This was no sooner done than approaching footsteps were heard and were devined as English by Chingachgook.

Summary of Chapter, 4. — The scout, whose name was Hawkeye, stepped forward to greet the new comers and inquired who they were and what the nature of their business might be. He was told by Heyward that they were lost in the way to Wm. Henry; their indian guide apparently had become confused and lost the way. Apparently this did not satisfy Hawkeye who upon closer inspection announced that the indian was a spy and not to be trusted. Hawkeye's first impulse was to shoot the indian but upon second thought despatched Chingachgook and Uncas to capture the guide the indian way. Meanwhile Heyward had entered into conversation with the guide. Seeing that the guide was becoming suspicious, Heyward tried to seize him but the indian was too quick and darted into the bush closely followed by Chingachgook and Uncas. The silence was broken by a sharp report of a rifle.

Summary of Chapter, 5.—For a moment Heyward remained motionless, lost in wonder at the rapidity of the events. When he came to himself, he immediately darted after the fugitive only to meet the scout and Chingachgook returning from the fruitless chase. Heyward urged that everyone keep looking until the unfaithful wretch be captured and brought to justice. The scout shook his head and remarked that such would only lead to disaster because by this time the villain had probably informed his fellows of events and was probably plotting how to surround them and get their scalps. The most important thing at present is to get some safe shelter for the night. To do this, it was necessary to rid themselves of the horses as a first step and throw the indian pursuers off the trail, the next. Accordingly the foal owned by the singer, was slaughtered the blood strewn along the bank and the body was allowed to float down stream; the rest of the horses being taken by the indans upstream and tethered under the high embankment where, in the darkness they would not be detected. Meanwhile Hawkeye was busy conveying the travellers up stream to a place of safety. After shooting the rapids, he finally landed them at a place called Glenn's. Hawkeye left the travellers there and again departed. This time to remove the carcass of the slain deer so that wolves would not be attracted to the spot thus betraying their hideout.

Summary of Chaper, 6.— During the absence of Hawkeye the travellers paused a moment to examine the place and its possibilities of shelter; voicing meanwhile their distrust in the scout and the Indians, the dangers just past having aroused their suspicious natures. The singer, meanwhile, had withdrawn apart from the rest and was seated on a rock brooding over the loss of the foal. His thoughts were interrupted by Hawkeye who appeared and began making preparations for supper. During the preparations for the meal, Hawkeye begins a conversation with the stranger singer and learns that his name is David—David Gamut, and that the only profession he knows is singing. Secretly amused by this queer person, the scout begins an explanation of their abode. They are on an Island, the water from the falls flowing on either side of them. A long time the water had fallen over this very place but through the passage of time the falls had gradually receeded until they reached their present station, having worn away the rock meantime. The scout lifts a curtain disclosing a cave, to which there are two exists. Feeling secure, the travellers enjoy their supper and begin to amuse themselves by singing when a horrible noise rends the air. They all fall silent, Hawkeye and the Indians listenng intently, Uncas slips away to find the cause and a moment later reports he can find nothing. Alice and Cora are pursuaded to try and get some sleep but their preparations are disturbed by the horrible noise. Hawkeye informs them that he and the Indians along with Duncan will keep watch outside the cave all night.

Summary of Chatper, 7.— Disregarding the assertion of Hawkeye to get some sleep, Cora and Alice followed the men outside and remained there whispering about the strange noise. Hawkeye was truly puzzled as were the Mohicans, and attributed the strange sound to God who had sent it as a warning of danger. After a few moments the eerie sounds were heard again; this time their originators were discovered by Duncan, who said that they issued from the horses which were frightened at something "Wolves", exclaimed Hawkeye, and accordingly Uncas was sent to drop firebrands among the wolves. Uncas was just entering the canoe when the wolves gave a howl and scattered into forest, whereupon Uncas hurried back to his position at the cave. Apparently the Irroquois had frightened off the wolves therefore all were cautioned to keep silent. While the travellers, weary of their adventures, fell into a sleep, the scout and his companions kept guard. As morning lit the eatern sky with its first rays of light, Hawkeye awoke Duncan who in turn awakened the girls. Alice, who had been dreaming, believed they had been attacked and gave a fierce yell which was answered from all directions. The Iroquois really had attacked. Just at this moment David awoke and, happening to stretch himself, was shot by the Iroquois. After the attack had been repulsed, David was carried inside and was found to be not seriously injured. Meanwhile the Iroquois had not been idle. Four of them had swum the current of the river above the falls and were now on a stone just at the edge of the falls. From there they made an attack upon the Island. However, the defenders were ready. The leader was shot by Hawkeye; another taken care of by Uncas; while Hawkeye and Duncan each engaged one of the two remaining Indians in a hand to hand combat. Hawkeye easily disposed of his opponent; but Duncan was having severe difficulty in despatching his, and was consequently being forced nearer and nearer to the edge of the cliff. Just as he was about to topple over, a knife flashed and cut across the hand of the indian while a strong arm pulled Duncan back from the edge of the cliff. Once more Uncas had come to the rescue.

Summary of Chapter, 8. — The three men once more took cover where the scout began to scold Uncas for wasting powder and bullets; he was interrupted by Duncan who took this opportunity to thank Uncas for saving his life. While they were speaking, a bullet whined periously close to Duncan, hit a rock and flattened out. Hawkeye examined the bullet and decided that it had come downward probably from an Indian in the big oak which was leaning out over the river from the point where the Iroquois were hidden. On closer examination this proved to be the case. However, the Indian was so well protected that the men could not get a shot at him while he occasionally took quick shots at the defenders. But the most cautious person sometimes makes an error, and this Indian made the error of showing too much of his body just long enough for Hawkeye to get a shot. This proved sufficient to oust the creature from his perch and he fell headlong into the rapids. This shot cost the defenders their last bit of powder wherupon Hawkeye sent Uncas down to the canoe for more. To the amazement of everyone the canoe was seen crossing the stream guided by an Indian. For a moment all seemed hopeless, but Cora devised a plan whereby the scout and the Indians might escape, travel to Munroe and bring aid. The plan having been adopted, Chingachgook dropped into the mad current and was soon lost to view; he was closely followed by Hawkeye. Uncas wished to remain behind but was pursuaded by Cora to follow the others; however no amount of coaxing could pursuade Duncan to follow their example. Giving up in despair Cora and Alice withdraw into the cave to await the inevitable attack of the Iroquois.

Summary of Chapter, 9. — Still ignorant of the fate of the three who had trusted to the aid of the swift current, Heyward busied himself in making the girls comfortable and in concealing as best he could the mouth of the cave. This done he addressed David, who had just regaind consciousness, and exhorted him to be brave, whereupon David, to show his appreciation for being spared, burst into a feeble song. Once again the song is interrupted by the yells of the Indians who have landed on the Island. These yells have been aroused by the discovery of the Scout's rifle, and although Heyward could not understand the language, he did manage to hear the words "La Longue Carabine." This was the name the Indians had given to a trusted and feared hunter and scout of the English; and now Duncan knew who his companion of the night before had been. Meanwhile the Indians had not discoverd the cave and the trapped party begun to breathe easier when a slight rustle at the entrance to the cave which opened onto the river attracted their attention. Here stood "Le Reynard Subtil." At first in the darkness of the cave he did not see its occupants but all at once a smile revealed to Heyward that they had been seen. He fired at the Indian but when the smoke cleared away, the Indian had vanished. The yells, which had stopped at the shot, now began in greater fury and many hands began to pull brush away from the mouth of the cave. soon the travllers were caught and dragged out into the sunlight.

Summary of Chapter, 10.— Heyward expected that the savages intended violence to himself and to the girls but was much surprised to find the Indians very much respected them. Apparently the ones the Indians really wanted, were the scout and his Indian friends. After some time, Duncan began a conversation with Magua and asked what would happen. He was informed that if he would tell where the scout and the others were hidden, he would not be harmed. He narrated to Magua how the scout, Uncas and Chingachgook had escaped. A consultation was then held and after some few moments the party prepared to depart. The Chief and most of the young men followed the river while Magua and a few others took the captives and started in the opposite direction. Duncan took the first opportunity to approach Magua with a view to pursuade him to free them and offering the bait of reward and promotion. The speech apparently had no effect on Magua and the party proceeded in an opposite direction from Fort Edward till they reached the summit of a hill. Here they prepared to camp for the night.

Summary of Chapter, 11.— The site had been chosen because of its advantageous position for no surprise attack could be made on it. While the Indian followers of Magua ravenously feasted on the raw flesh of a deer, he sat apart in deep meditation. Heyward, mistaking the meditation as plotting the escape for the captives, ambled up to give some help to the Indian was informed to send Cora to speak with the Indian. Magua offered to free the others in condition that Cora return with him to Canada and become his wife. This offer was made not because Magua had any love for Cora, but because such would bring sorrow and disgrace on Munroe whom he hated. The proposal having been refused, Magua called a council of the Companions and from the gestures one could forecast the outcome of the council. Magua urged that the prisoners be tortured where upon Duncan and David were bound to trees as also were Cora and Alice. While the Indians were sharpening sticks and collecting brush for the fires, Magua once more made the proposal to Cora. This time she was helped in her decision by Duncan and Alice who said she would rather die than see such happen. "Then die!" exclaimed Magua throwing his tomohawk at the unfortunate girl, just missing her face by inches. Such an action.

MARITIME SUMMER SCHOOL

MOUNT ALLISON UNIVERSITY

Nineteenth Regular Session

JULY 6th to AUGUST 17th

Courses given in Arts, Science, Music, Fine Arts and Crafts as well as Matriculation.

Stanley Royle, R.B.A., A.R.W.A., A.R.C.A., will give his usual courses.

Special attention to French Conversation and to Professional Courses for teachers.

J. H. A. DuBois, B.A., French specialist of Montreal West, Quebec, will conduct his courses in French.

Dr. R. B. Liddy, Professor of Philosophy and Psychology at University of Western Ontario, will give courses in psychology and education.

Write for Descriptive Bulletin:

THE DIRECTOR

Maritime Summer School

Sackville, New Brunswick

This Department is conducted by the Prince Edward Island Teachers' Federation. Contributions are welcomed and should be addressed to H. Lawton, Charlottetown.

MARITIME SUMMER SCHOOL SESSION TO OPEN JULY 6

War demands for more and more educated and trained men and women has placed a great responsibility on Canada's educational institutions. Colleges and Universities across the Dominion are re-adjusting time tables and courses to speed-up the training of young men and women. Into this phase of war demands the Maritime Summer School enters its 19th annual session of six weeks. (July 6 to August 17) Inaugurated in 1924 the Maritime Summer School has during the past eighteen years given courses in education ,the arts and sciences primarily for those engaged in the teaching profession and undergraduate students working towards a degree.

Today, however, in order to meet the demand for more and more young men and women with high school matriculation and knowledge of chemistry and physics the Maritime Summer School at Mount Alison University offers an opportunity for students to gain time in their courses through six weeks of intense study. Students taking science at the Maritime Summer School have access to the full laboratory and technical facilities of Mount Allison University. Students who lack subjects to complete their matriculation will be given matriculation work under competent teachers.

The regular educational courses, arts, science, music, fine arts and crafts courses will be conducted as usual.

Among those who will conduct courses at the Maritime Summer School from July 6 to August 17 this year are: Stanley Royle, R.B.A., A.R.W.A., A.R.C., Director of the Mount Allison College of Fine Arts; J. H. A. DuBois, B.A., French specialist of Montreal West, Quebec; Dr. R. B. Liddy, Professor of Philosophy at University of Western Ontario; W. H. McEwen, M.Sc., M.A., Ph.D., Professor of Mathematics at Mount Allison; D. G. MacGregor, B.A., M.A., Professor of Physics at Mount Allison; A. W. Trueman, Professor of English at Mount Allison; Ross Robertson, M.Sc., Mount Allison Chemistry Department.

In Memoriam

SOLOMON L. SENCABAUGH

Many friends in Prince Edward Island will learn with regret of the death, which occurred at his home in Centredale, Rhode Island, United States, on May 25th, 1942, of Solomon L. Sencabaugh in the 75th year of his age. He was born at Guernsey Cove, a son of the late Wm. Henry and Mary (Machon) Sencabaugh, and had resided in Rhode Island for over 52 years.

For over 28 years he had been a member of the local preachers' board of the Eastern Conference of the Primitive Methodist Church, and for over 25 years had been pastor of the church at Centredale and Superintendent of the Sunday School. A carpenter by trade he had been connected with many real estate developments in that section of Providence.

The funeral was held from his late residence at 22 Hobson Avenue and was largely attended by friends, relatives and business associates.

The services were conducted by Rev. Geo. Fell, D. D., assisted by Rev. E. H. Gordon, Ph. D., both of Greystone. Favorite selections were rendered on a symphonic harp before and after the prayers. Two hymns, favorites of the deceased, were sung, "Face to Face" and "The Old Rugged Cross." Interment was at Riverside cemetery.

Mr. Sencabaugh is survived by his wife, Lillie (Watson), and one son, Earle Watson. A daughter, Lavinia, predeceased him in 1920. Two sisters also survive, Mrs. Matilda Horton, of Roxbury, Mass., for many years a resident of Murray River, and Mrs. Adelaide Fletcher, of South Ohio, U.S.

The deceased, who possessed a very fine tenor voice, was well known in musical circles. He had visited P. E. Island frequently in recent years, and several times had occupied the pulpits at White Sands and Murray Harbor.

He was a brother of the late Mark Sencabaugh of Murray Harbor.

HOUSE OF HATE

By Isabel Garland

CHAPTER XXI

Chad sat down opposite Serena and began speaking rapidly.

"Last night, I understand, you and Paul quarreled, and Paul took himself off to sleep on the divan in the lower hall. He says he couldn't sleep because of the heat and he just lay there looking up at the skylight. From where he was lying, he could see the four doors on the south side of the upper hall—the bathroom. Mother's, the room Leighton has ,and Estelle's.

"After he'd been lying there for a while, he heard footsteps in the upper hall. It was Aunt Leona, in her blue wrapper and hair-curlers, heading for the bathroom. She didn't know he was down there watching her, and he says he didn't watch her for more than a second—just long enough to make out who it was.

"He didn't see her enter the bathroom, but he heard the door click behind her. He lay there, unconsciously waiting for the door to reopen and, when it didn't, he got worried. He thought she might be sick or something—maybe fainted in the bathroom. At any rate—she didn't come out!"

Chad bent closer. "About fifteen minutes after she had supposedly"—he repeated the word in significant emphasis—"supposedly entered the bathroom, the lightning struck and the storm broke. We all rushed downstairs and lit lamps and tore around, and then discovered that Mother and Aunt Leona were missing.

"After the shock of finding Mother dead, we forgot about Aunt Leona for a while but, eventually, Paul and I found her hiding in her closet, frightened to death of the thunder and lightning. That was exactly what any of us would have expected her to do—it was what she always did. She said she had been there since the storm began, but we know now that she wasn't!

"She was in Mother's room when the crash came and went flying into Mother's closet. She was there when we all went up to Mother's room, then slipped out later, returned to her own room and shut herself into her own closet. When Paul saw her going along the upper hall, she wasn't going to the bathroom, as he supposed. She was going to Mother's room—to murder her!"

"No! I don't believe it!" Serena whispered in horror.

"We have proof. Paul, Leighton and I have just found it. There's no doubt, I tell you."

"What proof?"

"The proof was in Mother's closet. In the first place, all the clothes were pushed to one side, as though to give some one space in which to stand. And, secondly, we found a metal hair-curler on the floor — the kind of curler that Aunt Leona uses every night."

With a sickening sensation, Serena had a mental picture of Miss Peasley with her white hair meticulously rolled on aluminum cylinders and bound with a strip of white net. She had seen her that way at night so often.

"I—I still don't believe you," she said faintly. "I cannot!"

"There's one more thing," Chad continued grimly. "By itself, perhaps, it is nothing but, combined with the rest of our evidence, it's significant. When we found Aunt Leona crouched in her closet and told her of Mother's death, she seemed shocked and horrified. I tried to comfort her and put my hand on her head for a moment. Her hair was wet! I was puzzled at the time, but now I know why it was wet. Don't you see, Serena?"

She stared at him uncomprehendingly.

"It was because she had been out in the rain. As I said before, she must have been in Mother's closet when we all went upstairs to see Mother. You will remember that, when we left the room, Paul locked the door. Thus, Aunt Leona was locked in and, in order to get back to her own room, she had to climb out onto the roof of the porch and go around to one of her windows. In doing so, she got her hair wet. Now do you believe me? I tell you, it was she who strangled Mother!"

Serena could make no answer.

Paul dressed for dinner that night as usual. Serena, stretched out wearily on an old chaise lounge in their room, watched in wonder as he put the studs into his stiff white shirt and carefully brushed his hair.

When he was ready, he turned to her. "Aren't you going to change?"

She shook her head. "It isn't really necessary, is it?"

"It isn't 'really necessary' at any time, I suppose," he said curtly, "but I see no point in letting things slide just because——" He paused, biting his lip. "Mother would have wanted us to dress."

"I'm so tired. Won't you excuse me tonight?"

"Very well. I'll go down now and——"

"Paul!" Serena called him back just as he reached the door. "Chad told me about—about Aunt Leona. I—I can't make myself believe it."

"Unfortunately, it is not a question of what we can make ourselves believe. If you're counting on a mysterious outsider who happened along between midnight and three in the morning, broke into the house, murdered Mother, rifled her secret hoard of money, disappeared into thin air, reappeared this afternoon to shove Manders off the cliff and then disappeared again — if you're counting on a theory like that, I'm afraid you're going to be disappointed."

"As to Manders," said Serena, "perhaps he really did fall——"

"Most unlikely. Also bear in mind that he and Aunt Leona were observed in conversation outside just a short time before Chad came upon him."

"Well, why don't we ask her about her talk with Manders?" Serena demanded desperately. "It's too horrible to suspect her without giving her a chance to defend herself. Why don't we ask her, too, what she was doing in your mother's room last night—if she was there? She probably has some perfectly simple explanation for both incidents, and it's only fair to ask her."

"That's exactly what we've decided to do after dinner—have a conference in the drawing room," said Paul. "It's ten minutes of seven. Don't you think you'd better do something about getting ready for dinner?"

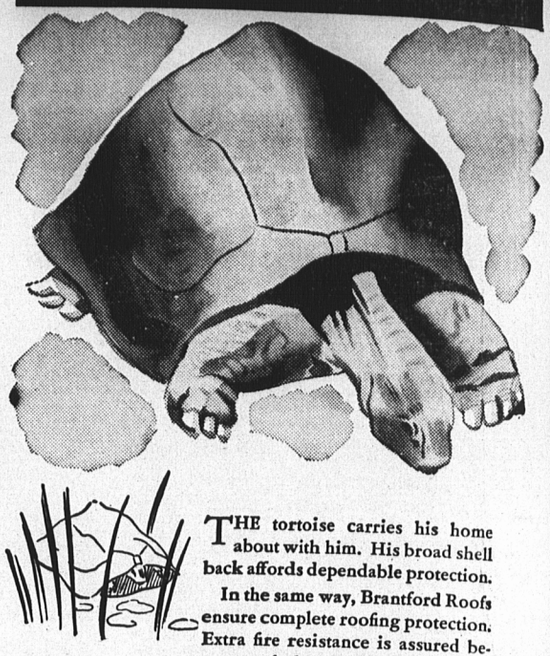
(To be Continued)

International Challenge Contest

With neighborly relations between Canada and the United States more closely knit than ever before, The Great-West Life Assurance Company renewed an International Challenge Contest, arranged on a handicap basis, between their Canadian and American Branches during the month of May. The great interest the contest aroused was shown by the volume of business applied for, which was the largest for any month this year.

As in the first contest Canada was the final winner with the Winnipeg Agency leading the entire Company in volume of new business written. Edmonton led all the branches on a 'percentage of quota' basis. In the United States, Chicago was the leading agency with Detroit getting the highest percentage of their quota.

DEPENDABLE PROTECTION



THE tortoise carries his home about with him. His broad shell back affords dependable protection.

In the same way, Brantford Roofs ensure complete roofing protection. Extra fire resistance is assured because of the coating of crushed slate embedded in the finest asphalt.

The weather-proof qualities of this superior roofing successfully resist rain, snow, sleet and sun. Thousands of Canadian homes have benefited from these advantages during the past 37 years.

Brantford Asphalt Slates may be applied over your old roof, giving your entire home new colour and beauty that will last throughout the years.

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ALEXANDRA W. I.

The June 2nd meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Brecken Wood with twelve members and three visitors present. Meeting opened by singing "O Canada" and repeating the Creed Roll call was answered with a donation for the "Baby Shower" and some lovely articles were handed in.

Minutes of previous meeting were read followed by correspondence. Letters of appreciation were read from three soldiers overseas who had received parcels. Decided to send $2.00 to the Save The British Children Fund. $2.00 was voted for school prizes, the members to make ice cream and cake for the school closing.

Questionnaire on Home Economics was filled out. It was decided to try and start a sewing club under the direction of Mrs. Brecken Wood. Members are to make as many afghan squares as possible for the next meeting.

Mrs. A. F. and Mrs. L. M. Beaton invited the July meeting. Roll call to be answered by a 25 cent collection. Lunch committee Mrs. Wallace Breaut and Mrs. Arthur Wood. Three receipts were handed in for Institute cook book. Two quilts, one khaki sweater and thirteen afghan squares were handed in.

For an exclusively flavored cracker spread, use 1 package cream cheese, 1 tablespoon cream, 1-4 teaspoon salt, few drops onion juice 1 teaspoon lemon juice and 1-4 teaspoon sage.

PLANS

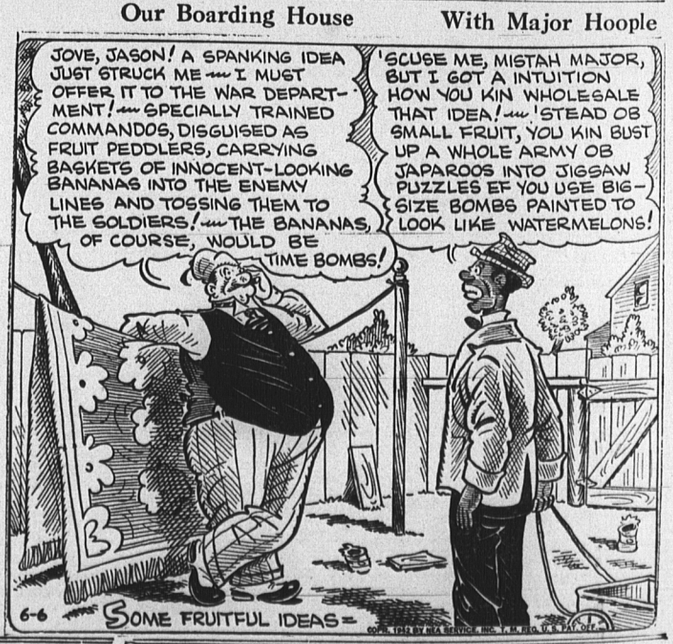
Look ahead! Think! Plan! Dream, and have faith in your dreams! For out of dreams grow empires. Let imagination be the architect of your future, but do not forget that reason and good judgment must be the actual builders of it. Without their service your plans will never be anything more than plans.—O. S. Marden.

Maple toast is delicious with hot or cold tea. Mix shaved maple sugar with a little cinnamon and melted butter and spread on hot toast. Re-heat and serve.

One and a half cups of dark brown sugar are equivalent to a cupful of granulated sugar.

OUT OUR WAY By. J. R. Wiliams

Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



BRINGING UP FATHER Ry George McManus