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NATURE STUDY AT GUELPH

Professor Lookhead of St. Anne, in speaking of the Macdonald Institute said: "Like every other great work, it is the product of adequate causes; it is the result of ideas and tendencies that have been manifesting themselves for many years in the educational world: it is an expression of the educational unrest that akes for real progress in the effort to adapt our educational system and methods to the conditions and needs of our time."

Macdonald Hall and Institute, founded and equipped thro' the munificence of Sir W.C. Macdonald, are part of the Ontario Agricultural College.

The genial, home-like atmosphere of Macdonald Hall with its delightful environment, its airy rooms, and spacious halls, its gracious matron, its courteous waitresses, its punctilious maids, its bevy of warm-hearted, happy students, its music and mirth, is most congenial.

Class work is in progress. Nature studies have revealed to us not only the written law and order of the universe, but also the hidden beauty and rhythm that pervade all. Our teachers are specialists, masters of their art. It is to be regretted that only for such a short time we shall be privileged to learn of them. It is glorious to meet a man "who knows, and knows he knows."

Our class room motto is: "The truth which another man has won from nature or from life is not our truth until we have lived it. Only that becomes real or helpful to any man which has cost the sweat of his brow, the effort of his brain, or the anguish of his soul. He who would be wise must daily earn his wisdom."

Prof. MacCreedy is our best friend, and interpreter of all hidden mysteries. He tells us what to see and how to see it. He aims to develop our powers of observation, reason and intelligence, to lead us to trace things to causes, to learn by experiment, to be independent in thought. He is a very inspiration. The class have so often exclaimed, "How we shall miss him."

Nothing is too common for attention. Things suggested the evolution of human nature, nutty, gutters reveal the operation of nature's great forces. The rain-drops that trickle down the hill are followed in their onward movement to the ocean. Car tracks suggest the evolving of methods of transportation, the latest scientific research. Roads are suggestive of historic settlements, of the demarcation of land. Gravel pits form a delightful classroom for geological reminiscences. Every rock, stone, weed and tree has its tale to tell of nature's great plan.

In the laboratory a microscope is placed in our hand. We take it apart, examine its complicated mechanism, learn what Abbe condensers and high and low objectives are. Then diatoms are placed on the stage, the rays of light focused on the mirror, and we catch a glimpse of diatomical structure. By persistent adjustment of projective and iris diaphragm our view grows plainer, until finally we see the very texture of diatoms in all its marvelous regularity. And then we are asked what we have learned, and one impulsive member of the class writes an expression of admiration for the genius of the man who invented the instrument. The insignificance of her thought is instantly grasped when our Professor reverently points to the revolution of nature's perfection that lies before us.

One of our visits was to the Guelph Stove works, we saw the cupola furnaces flaming, a very fiery one, the pig iron and refuse being thrown in, the molten metal streaming on. We watched the men at work in the floor melting department. We observed the accuracy it required to secure the impress of the mold; saw the molten metal pour through a canal, the perfect casting moved. We were initiated into the mysteries of tumbling mills and nickle plating, and to cool the evolution of stoves to find application of "quick shite." We were introduced to the invention of the manager, the wonder stove, a marvelous device for saving fuel and heat and making glad a woman's heart on sultry days, and thro' his courtesy returned with a generous sized and flaky loaf of bread, which furnished the class with substantial means of merry making just before the lights went out.

And then our Professor in his infinitable way, lived it all over in the laboratory, and asked why such a visit should be nature study. And from the class were elicited the ideas that those works had to do with nature's laws, with natural products, with human labor, and that our observations had been made according to nature study methods, a study of things at first hand, each for herself. As the list on the blackboard of those whose labor had contributed to stove making lengthened, the horizon of the unthoughtful gradually enlarged. And then from Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," was read to us the philosophy of what we had seen, and light stole into our minds, and emotion well'd up in our souls, and a glimmer of the meaning of the great problem of life dawned on us.

Early morning bird traps are a feature of our work. We rise when skyscapes are rare, and our neighbors unwontedly quiet. The great maternal concerto that heralds the dawn has ceased but the discordant sounds of civilization are not yet heard. Our fingers suggest January, we must depend on our enthusiasm to keep us warm, we have a reputation as notorious students to keep up and must return with a long "list."

On the campus Boned Grackles stalks unsteadily in quest of morning dew. From a gate post Robin views us with good-natured defiance. His individuality is pronounced, one sees it in the turn of his head and the poise of his tail. He is a type of bird nobility; he can brook interference without argument, and retire with magnanimity. In the dust reveal English Sparrows, a seemingly pliant type. Across the road darts Vesper, we catch a glimpse of his white tail feathers else we might confuse his song with that which entice us here and there on our way, the liquid and melodious notes of the Song Sparrow, chirpy, the confiding and unpretentious member of the family, sings vibrantly as it is wont; we meet him often, always with an added pleasure. High over head, kill-deer wings his way; his call and flight seem to suggest quite a different sphere of life from that of the sparrow world. In the woods a kingbird gives us a mere chance to identify him, and then flies away. Two Phoebe's play hide and seek among tree branches, apparently indifferent to our gaze. There is pathos in these birds, one hears it in their call. Just a glimpse of a Canadian Warbler, and off he flits. The roll of the Flicker leaves us in no uncertainty as to his whereabouts, and near the top of a high maple, securely holed against the trunk, the bird in lines of the red-headed wood pecker are also readily without field glass. Out birds battle us from their haunts by their peculiar notes and from a field comes the "collicking" melodious notes of Blue Jay, his regal as unique as his song.

Blue birds carry worms to their home in the bird box; we trace their visits and wonder at their assiduity, in the performance of their duty. Near the road, Baltimore Orioles have their dainty nest in process of construction. Bird traps give us a glimpse into Nature's heart. Gardening is at once hard work and lots of fun. The nature study class have the school master's garden in charge, and all work with a will. It had been ploughed, we were told, but raking proved quite insufficient. Deep down the hoe had to go, to grapple with "reluctances." Were Edwin Markham near at hand, he would doubtless be inspired to tell the story of the "Woman with the Hoe." How glad our hearts are to how insignificant was muscular fatigue when our Professor tells us our plot is "in fine shape."

In the physics laboratory, weather becomes for once more than a pastime. Weather maps and forecasts open up lines of thought before undreamed of. Lessons in astronomy gives us, may one say ideas of infinity. Our horticulture professor teaches us what beauty means in lawn, garden and landscape, and good Mr Hunt, the florist, whose greenhouses are spots in which one could sit and dream all day, gives us his valuable experience in flower growing, and with liberal hand, cuttings from his wealth of flowers. We feel we have gladdened his heart, when we tell him our cuttings have "rooted." Literature, agriculture, bacteriology, entomology, chemistry and art fill up our time tables, with prospective lectures in dairy and poultry.

Yesterday the class with Prof. MacCreedy and Dr. Bethune drove to Elora, twelve miles from Guelph. It was a glorious day one long to be remembered in every way. The falls at Elora are superb. The waters thundering thro' precipitous, oad-grown gorges, with delicate touches of deciduous coloring, the ragged picturesque of the Irtico will live in our memories. E. W. M.

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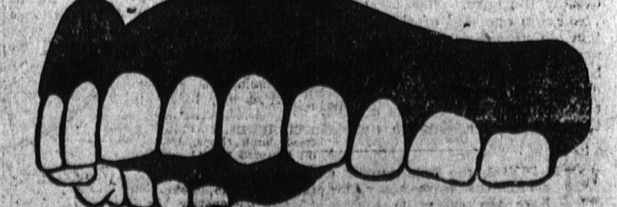
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GAYS' PLANTS

From one end of our beautiful Isle to the other our plants will be scattered adding new beauty and pleasure to many. The Murray Harbour Railway place one of the most prosperous and independent settlements in close touch with our gardens. Besides the different branches of railway, the steamers City of London and Electra add to the facilities of transportation. When at all convenient visit our market which is open for business every day. Plants will be promptly delivered to station or boat. Below please find a partial list of our stock: Perennials, started in green house early in February, Pansy and Daisy, 20c doz; Dianthus, Carnations, Sweetwilliam, Forget-me-not, 25c doz; Wintered over Pansy and Carnations, a few only at 6c each. Daisy, Hollyhock, Sweet William Forget-me-not, all winter killed, but have them all with the exception of the Hollyhocks, good size plants. ANNUALS—A very choice lot—Asper, Phlox, Petunia, Verbena, Stocks, Mignonette, Portulaca, Marigold, (Legion of Honor) Canary Creeper, Candytuft Snap Dragon, Nasturtium, tall and dwarf, Alyssum, Lobelia, Golden Feather, etc., at 15c per doz. Dahlias from seed 20c doz—10c each. Dahlias bulbs, 15c each, imported from James Vicks Sons, Roch ester, N. Y. Mixed Dahlias from same firm 10c each. Island grown, (very fine) 8c each. Salvia (new here, a blaze of scarlet) at 25c per dozen. Gladiolus bulb 20c per dozen. VEGETABLE PLANTS—Early transplanted Celery, Cabbage, Cauliflower, 25c per 100. Extra early Tomato, (ripen most of its fruit), at 10c, per dozen. Late Tomato 20c per dozen. Late Cabbage for fall and winter use—ready for transplanting 10c. June at 12c, per 100. Cucumbers 15c, dozen. Pumpkins and Squash, 20c doz; ready for planting 20th. June. Geraniums, imported (very fine), at from 10c. to 25c each. NOTICE—Wintered over Pansy and Carnations by mail 5c. extra must be added for postage. Cauliflower, Cabbage and Celery 5c. extra for postage. Tomato 2c. extra. But Annuals we send postage free. Cash must always accompany order. When at all convenient order to come by express or freight, we can always give more delay on roots than by mail.

J.J. Gay & Son, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND. Market Phone 270 Residence Phone 180

A Mad Dog

I had an experience last September that I never shall forget. One burning hot September day I drove into a farmer's barn-yard and stopped under a shade tree to let my horse rest. The door at the house opened and Mr. B—stepped out with a shotgun. 'Hello, John! Are you going hunting?' 'No our dog is mad. 'Where is the dog? 'Down by the corn crib. I stepped out of my buggy and started with him for the crib, which was situated about twenty feet from a small barn. There was the poor dumb brute, with a heavy leather strap around his neck and tied with a rope to a ring on a wire running from the corner of the crib to the barn. When we got in sight of the dog he began to jump and tear at the rope. 'What is the dog's name? I asked. 'Watch. I started to go to the dog and John caught me by the arm. 'Don't go near him he will bite you! 'How long has the dog been tied there? 'We went away yesterday morning to threaten Wilson and we left Watch here to guard the corn-crib. There was the poor dog, left for thirty-six hours in a burning sun without a drop of water, to guard a crib of fifteen-cent corn. I walked up to the dog and cut the rope and led him to the well. I pumped some water in a cup and gave him a small quantity to drink. The dog did not offer to bite me. He was too glad to get away from such a place. John did not speak for some time, but finally said, 'I never thought of giving him water. I will never tie that dog again.'—The Dog Fanatic

Key for Identifying Sparrows

- The following key for identifying sparrows by their most conspicuous markings is very simple, and may help some student of birds to make a start: A Chestnut Crown.— 1. Spot on breast.....Tree Sparrow 2. Bill red.....Field Sparrow 3. Chestnut patch on wing.....Swamp Sparrow 4. With none of these Chipping Sparrow AA. Crown not chestnut.— 1. Two white tail feathers Vesper sparrow 2. Yellow line over eye, Savanna sparrow 3. Yellow spot between eye and bill..... White-throated sparrow. 4. Tail red.....Fox sparrow 5. Breast streaked with spots in centre..... Song sparrow. 6. None of these.....White crowned sparrow.

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COMING EVENTS.

White Rose meeting, Lodge Prince Edward S. O. E. Tuesday, June 18th at 8 o'clock.

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Think of it

What a startling change in the treatment of horses would quickly occur if men were used exactly as they treat their horses! In that case: Whips would be seldom used. Jerking the bit would cease, and kicking, yelling, cursing, pounding and kicking Check-reins would be very slack. Blinders would be discarded. Clipping and docking would go 'out of style.' Big loads would rarely be seen. Fast driving would be unpopular. Axle grease would have a boom. Better roads would be loudly demanded. Wide tires would be universal. Race tracks would be 'for sale.' Saules would be light, clean hand stry. Horses would be watered frequently, fed regularly, have a variety and sufficiency of food and a deep, soft bed in a simple stall at night. MINARD'S LINIMENT is the only Liniment asked for at my store and the only one we keep for sale. All the people use it. HARLAN GULTON, Pleasant Bay, C. B.