

IN THE CHILD-GARDEN.

HOW THE LITTLE ONES LEARN WHILE PLAYING.

The Kindergarten System and What it is Doing to Mould the Plastic Minds of the Young—A Visit to the Kindergarten—The Song of Mr. Wind.

Shall the children be educated, or the mothers? This is a question arising in my mind as I hear the mother say: "I will send my child to the public school to learn reading, writing and arithmetic."

What is to become of our little ones? Are they to be mere machines? They startle us often with their thoughtful, earnest questions. Their pure, untainted minds have beautiful thoughts of which we never dream. Do we believe that the child's mind is a sponge, always absorbing, never giving? Like the sponge torn from its parent stem, will the child's mind be when it is separated from its living root, imagination, and left a lifeless mass, capable only of constant receiving? What is the end and aim of life? Is it to leave this world crammed and loaded with facts, facts, facts, and our own ideas and individuality stifled under them? Or are our lives to be moulded under Mother Nature's loving and tender hand in a natural way? Are we to be storehouses of learning, or, as God's best work, shall we give out all that is best in ourselves?

How can reading, arithmetic, etc., be mastered if the mind is in no condition to master them? The kindergarten is the mind school, the soul school, and paves the way for what must come later. You may say that is creating a spirit of laziness in the child, but it is not so. This is an age of progress, and by clearing the mind, preparing it for mightier problems, are we not so much more aiding this progression?

We do have these branches in our kindergartens, although in a rudimentary form. Number work in varied ways is being brought constantly before the child. The finger-plays, the blocks, the weaving, pegs and numerous other things, are its arithmetic, and the quickness and brightness of the children is often surprising. A child cannot write until the hand is trained to steadiness. Place him right from the home in the public school and try to teach him writing, what is the result? Certainly not what it might have been if the fingers had been trained to obey the workings of the mind. The pricking, sewing and cutting give firmness and exactness to the little fingers, and the songs and plays give grace and freedom to the arm and hand.

Reading is taught through the presentation of objects—sight reading, we may call it. Object lessons are one of the chief features of the kindergarten, and the child learns to see and think quickly. To illustrate the effect of our work and play toward developing the mind and the hands through the mind, let me speak of two feeble minded children in my own school. In first coming to the school their fingers were practically useless members.

Now, in the work with the blocks, the sewing and in many other instances, they can equal and often excel the others.

Let us, then, give to the kindergarten and its methods at least a thought. Suppose we go further and pay a visit to a kindergarten, and inspect the morning's work of the little ones.

The children take their seats on the circle to say their morning prayer and sing their morning greetings to their playmates, teachers, playroom and sunshine, and lastly the thumbs and fingers say good-morning.

The children have been talking of the leaves turning red and bringing specimens to Kindergarten. So the talk this morning is about Autumn Leaves. We find that Jack Frost changes the leaves' green dresses into bright-colored red, orange and yellow ones, and that Mr. Wind is a great helper too, for he blows the leaves down from the trees, to find a home for themselves during the winter, for the trees want room to get their baby buds ready for next spring. The maple is taken up expressly today, the children discovering that it has many points and veins as they have fingers on one hand. A song is sung about leaves "falling down," and then, at a signal from the piano, the children stand, have a quick march, a running tip-toe, and then quietly go to their seats at the tables. Where a small piece of clay, on a slate, is given to each child, with which to form an oblong, when the oblong is smooth and the edges even, maple leaves are passed around, laid on the clay and pressed in to show the marks of the veins, the leaf is then taken off, and the outline sharply defined with a pencil. After the hands are washed the piano says march and form a ring ready for the games.

Several leaf games are played; among them is "Little Gold Leaf." A child standing on a chair in the centre of the circle, holding a leaf, represents the tree. Presently Mr. Wind (another child) comes puffing and blowing until he blows the leaf off the tree, then the other leaves are stirred by the wind, and they all dance and wheel around, when tired, lie quiet on the ground and the snowflakes come to cover them up.

Little Gold Leaf dancing, Gaily on the tree, Mr. Wind comes prancing, Sets the leaflet free.

Round and round in circles, Little Gold Leaf flies, Mr. Wind comes chasing, Hard to catch her tries.

All the little leaves now * Dance and whirl away, Red and gold and russet, What a pretty play.

All the little leaves now * All so quiet lie, Waiting for the snowflakes, From the cloudy sky.

And the little snowflakes, See the leaves asleep, And all down to cover, All so warm and deep.

* [Children in the circle.]

The children now share their lunch with each other and are again ready for work at

the tables. The younger children are given cards, on which are drawn maple leaves, to be pricked and colored. The older ones outline a leaf on paper, chosen to match their leaf, and then cut and paste them on cardboard, to take home or give to the Kindergarten, as the children wish. It is then time for the good-byes to be said. Again on the circle, a loving parting song is sung, and they take their work home for their parents to see. This is only one of the many happy days spent in Kindergarten.

Succeeding talks would be on the signs of autumn: the ripened grain, perfected fruits, migration of birds, the ripened seeds, scattered by the wind to form new plants next spring, and the provision for winter made by man and beast alike.

EDITH S. STEWART.

CRAWLED ON HER HANDS AND KNEES.

"I could no longer walk upstairs; I had to crawl up on my hands and knees as best I could."

Now isn't that a pitiable picture? Wasn't it a sad and sorry thing for a woman to have to get up stairs like a wounded animal? We should say so. It is enough to make your heart bleed to think of it. Yet it came about simply enough, and might have happened to you or to me as well as to her. She is all right now; she has got over it; but perhaps you would like to hear what put her in that condition. There are things, you know, that break no bones and tear no flesh, yet cripple people as badly as blades, bullets, or bludgeons. She tells the story herself. "For the past ten years," she says, "I never knew what it was to be really strong and well, but I got on fairly up to October, 1890. Then I began to feel tired and weary. The last exertion seemed like hard work; it had the effect of hard work. I had a bad taste in the mouth and a poor appetite. Whatever I ate appeared to lie on my chest heavy and cold like lead. There was a pain and a sense of tightness at my chest and sides, and a pain in my back that made me stoop. My hands and feet were cold and clammy, and hot sweats and flushes of heat came over me that made me feel as if I must surely faint away."

Besides these things there was that curious feeling in the stomach, a kind of knowing, longing sensation which nothing satisfied. As time went by, a dry, hacking cough set in and I began to spit up a good deal of thick phlegm. Then came the night sweats, which were soon so bad as to wet my linen; and when I woke in the night the perspiration would be trickling down my chest. My breathing got so short that I had to fight for breath as though the air had been pumped out of the room. "By-and-bye I was so weak I could no longer walk upstairs, but had to crawl up on my hands and knees as best I could. Gradually I wasted away. Most of the day I sat in a chair. But for my young children I should have been in bed. My husband and all who saw me thought I had consumption and must die. I could take only liquid nourishment."

"During the course of my illness I was under different physicians, and took their medicines, but derived no real benefit from them. "In May of this year (1892) I went on a visit to Burnham Beeches in hope of a change of air might do me good. Whilst there, my sister-in-law, Mrs. Puddidif, told me of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. She gave me a few doses out of her bottle, and I was greatly relieved by it. When I returned home, my husband at once got me a bottle from the stores in White Hart street."

"After taking this medicine for a fortnight, I was better than I had been for years. Soon the cough and night sweats left me, and I have never been so well as I am now. I tell every one that Mother Seigel's Syrup has made me a new creature—as though life had begun afresh with me. I wish others to know it, for thousands are ill, not knowing where to turn for help. Yours truly, (Signed) Mrs. Louisa Newell, Gordon Road, North Town, High Wycombe, Bucks, November 16th, 1892."

A great many people will read Mrs. Newell's pathetic little account of herself, and among them will be women who are in the same plight she was in. They will wonder why the medicine she mentions cured her so quickly in case she had consumption. The explanation is simple. She had chronic indigestion and dyspepsia, which initiates and counterfeits consumption so closely as to deceive expert physicians. This it does because its poison, created in the stomach, reaches and effects all the other organs. Set the digestion right, and, in nearly all cases, you soon set everything right. We say this to encourage those who think there is no help for them. They have been treated for complaints they are not suffering with.

Never give up the fight until you ask Mother Seigel to bear a hand in it. Most ailments can be cured if you go at them the right way.

A Good Building-Stone.

A new kind of building stone or material called fossil coral, which is being worked in the Bay of Suva, Fiji, resists the action of fire better than any other natural building stone. When first worked it is so soft that it can easily be cut into any desired form, but it soon hardens after exposure to the air and has then all the characteristics of fire-brick. Another building stone which resists the action of fire is peperino, so named from the black scoria-like pebbles with which it is studded. It includes Lapis Albanus and Lapis Gabinus, both stones of volcanic origin, being, in fact, a conglomerate of ashes, gravel and fragments of lava. This fire-proof building stone is still quarried near Rome, and in past ages contributed largely to the material used in building the oldest and most durable parts of the city. Of the sandstones—known as fire stones—Reigate stone is the best resister of fire. Windsor Castle, Hampton Court, and many Metropolitan buildings are built of this stone. Another is Minera stone, quarried near Wrexham. It is largely used in Liverpool, and has recently been introduced into the London market, being used on account of its durable and fire-proof qualities in building the National Sea Deposit Company's offices in the Metropolis.

Several builders speak very highly of the fire resisting properties of York stone; that variety known as Howley Park stone having on various occasions resisted enormous heat.

THE FATE OF MOUNT BANDAI.

It Was Blown Off the Face of the Earth by an Explosion.

Previous to July 15, 1888, Mount Bandai, a time cleft peak 4,800 feet in height, was the most conspicuous object in the mountain range lying from 100 to 105 miles north of Tokio, the chief city of Japan. On the day mentioned it was literally "rent in twain" and "blown off the face of the earth" by the expansive power of steam which had generated within it.

From the earliest times of which there is any record streams of cold water had been plunging under the peak on one side and escaping in the shape of steam and boiling hot water on the other. That the "escape valve" was not sufficient to let off all the steam generated in the passage of the water through the red-hot interior of the peak is evident because of the fact that when the pressure became too great the sides of the mountain yielded, just as a boiler would have done under like circumstances, and an immense explosion was the result.

The explosion is said to have been heard a distance of over 1,000 miles and to have caused absolute darkness in the vicinity of the exploded peak upwards of three hours during which time perfect torrents of hot water and mud were poured down from the immense heights to which they had been hurled by the force of the "pent up furies" which caused the disaster.

The debris which fell after the explosion covered an area of about 44,000 acres to a depth varying from 10 to 100 feet on an average, and in one place where a beautiful valley had existed but a few hours before rock, sand, mud were piled up to the heights of 900 feet. Three villages were engulfed in the ruins, and at least 500 inhabitants killed by falling debris or drowned and cooked in the torrents of boiling mud, which flowed down the valley to a distance of nine miles.

These facts were gleaned from a report made by a visiting committee appointed by the University of Tokio.

THE CARDINAL'S CLOSE CALL.

His Keen Sense of Smell Once Saved Him From Being Poisoned.

Years have rolled by since, but the story of an almost fatal accident to Cardinal Gibbons has lost none of its interest through not having been previously told, says the Philadelphia Call. Just before he rose to give the impassioned reading of his poem, "King Lear," at the anniversary dinner of the Sons of St. George, Prof. H. H. Hay, of Girard college, told of the happening as it had been related to him while he was traveling in Europe by a priest acquainted with the circumstances.

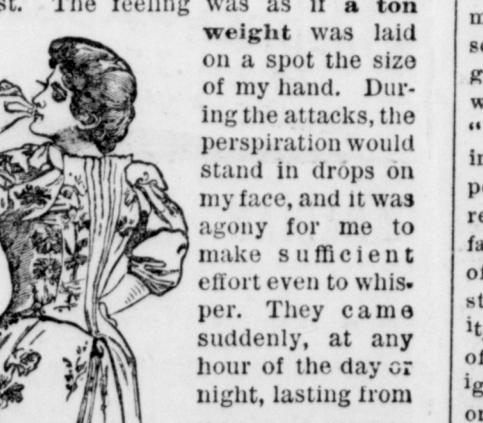
"While the cardinal, who was then an archbishop," said Prof. Hay, "was traveling across the Atlantic some years ago he complained one afternoon that he wasn't feeling very well, but was told by the ship's surgeon to await medical treatment until the following day, when something would be done for him if his sickness continued. On the day following the steward of the steamer was duly sent with a remedy for the eminent prelate. As he was about to place the glass containing the draught to his lips the archbishop was almost overcome by a strange and pungent odor. He hesitated a moment and lowered the vessel containing the liquid until he recovered from the effect of the smell. Glancing incidentally at the bottle in the steward's hand he noticed the word 'poison' on the label, and, not without a little alarm, asked the man if he knew what he was offering. The steward replied that he had done as was directed by the doctor. Alarmed, the archbishop sent post haste to the medical man to make sure of what was being tendered him. This time it was the surgeon who had occasion to manifest surprise. He hurried to his distinguished patient's side and informed the archbishop that the glass offered him contained enough deadly poison to kill any two men."

Raw Eggs As Food.

Contrary to the rule of the Hindoo, the Annals of Hygiene says: "The nutritive value of raw eggs is not properly appreciated. They are exceedingly nutritious, easily digested, and rapidly absorbed. For those not very robust, whose appetites are not good, and whose digestive powers are somewhat enfeebled, an occasional raw egg swallowed whole, would prove most wholesome. Dr. Ely, of Rochester, has been recently calling attention to the very great benefit that he has derived in the treatment of disease by the use of raw eggs. Some of his patients have taken as many as fifteen to twenty-five, and even thirty-five raw eggs in the course of twenty-four hours, and have kept this up for months. One of his patients took 3000 eggs in one year; another one 5472 eggs." To this

"For Years,"

Says CARIE E. STOCKWELL, of Chesterfield, N. H., "I was afflicted with an extremely severe pain in the lower part of the chest. The feeling was as if a ton weight was laid on a spot the size of my hand. During the attacks, the perspiration would stand in drops on my face, and it was agony for me to make even a slight effort even to whisper. They came suddenly, at any hour of the day or night, lasting from thirty minutes to half a day, leaving as suddenly; but, for several days after, I was quite prostrated and sore. Sometimes the attacks were almost daily, then less frequent. After about four years of this suffering, I was taken down with bilious typhoid fever, and when I began to recover, I had the worst attack of my old trouble I ever experienced. At the first of the fever, my mother gave me Ayer's Pills, my doctor recommending them as being better than anything he could prepare. I continued taking these Pills, and so great was the benefit derived that during nearly thirty years I have had but one attack of my former trouble, which yielded readily to the same remedy."



THE NEW "YOST" far surpasses the machines referred to above, and the No. 4 has many entirely new features. The Yost is by far the cheapest Writing Machine, because it is the most economical in respect to INKING SUPPLIES, REPAIRS, DURABILITY, EASE OF LEARNING, RASE OF ACTION, SIZE, WEIGHT, BEAUTY OF WORK, SPEED, ETC., ETC. Second hand Ribbon and Shift-Key Machines for sale cheap.

AYER'S PILLS

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Every Dose Effective

we may add that the French use many raw eggs. They have a practice of marking on them the day they were laid and it is not uncommon to see a person go into a place where they are on sale, pick out those with a recent date and take down two, three or more directly from the shell as we go to a restaurant and take a glass of milk. It is not at all unpleasant after one has got used to it. It is not nice, however, to take them when the stomach is already overtaken, when the food is in a state of fermentation. If not quickly acted on by the gastric juice, they soon change and do more harm than good.

HANDY TO HAVE AN UNCLE.

How a Young Man Got Himself Out of a Disagreeable Scrape.

A young man employed at the courthouse found himself in an embarrassing position the other night, says the Cincinnati Times-Star. He had an engagement to take a couple of young ladies to one of the suburban resorts, and in donning his best suit forgot his pocket-book, which peacefully reposed in his every-day clothes. When he boarded a street car and the conductor demanded fare he became painfully aware of his unpleasant situation. He managed to find a dime and a street car ticket in his clothes and this afforded temporary relief. But the young ladies were new acquaintances and he could not well explain the situation and secure a temporary loan. Besides young ladies hardly ever carry pocket books for such emergencies. And he in vain looked around for a friend who would accommodate him. When the post office was reached a novel idea struck him. "We'll take another car here," he said.

"I promised to mail two important letters for my sister, and she'll never forgive me if I neglect the matter." So they got off the car and the young man dashed into the post office and on to the nearest pawnshop. He carried a gold watch and soon had a loan on it, borrowing a cheaper watch to wear until he redeemed his own timepiece. Then he hurried back, and as the young ladies were patiently waiting he did not tell them about any trouble to get stamps. The young ladies thanked him for a very pleasant evening on their return, but they will not know everything until they read this. The watch was, of course, redeemed the next day.

Glad to Hear He Had Brains.

Here is a story they are telling about old "P. D." Armour. "P. D." was at the Midwinter Fair in San Francisco a few weeks ago. Inocog, he stopped to look at the exhibits from the packing-house. The lady attendants were giving samples of soup to the crowd. "It can't be very good or you wouldn't be giving it away," said "P. D." "We do that for humanity," replied the young lady. "H'm," commented Mr. Armour. "What's that?" he asked, pointing to an enlarged facsimile of his own autograph over the booth. "That's Mr. Armour's signature," replied the young lady. "Why, I thought old Armour couldn't write," urged "P. D." in apparent surprise. "Well, he's got brains," retorted the young lady. "If I had his brains, I wouldn't care whether I could write or not." "P. D." smiled and passed. In a few minutes the Rev. Frank Gunsalus, who helps Mr. Armour find good ways to spend his money, came back to the booth and handed the young lady an envelope with a fifty-dollar bill and "P. D.'s" compliments.

Unlucky Tuesday.

Tuesday is considered an unlucky day in Spain. Sometimes on a Tuesday there is not a single marriage registered in the whole of Madrid. On Tuesdays, too, the railway carriages are almost empty, so that foreigners travelling in Spain can always insure a carriage to themselves merely by arranging to start on their journey on Tuesday.

"THE NEW YOST"

NOW TAKES THE LEAD.

THE No. 4 Machine acknowledged to possess all the features of a perfect WRITING MACHINE. See what some of the users of the OLD STYLE "YOST" machines say of them. These are but samples of many other equally strong endorsements.

ST. JOHN, N. B., 3rd July, 1894.
IRA CORNWALL, Esq.,
Agent "YOST" TYPEWRITING MACHINE, St. John, N. B.

Dear Sir: I beg to say that I have been using the old style "YOST," which I purchased from you in August, 1891, constantly ever since that time. During a portion of that time the machine was required to do heavy work in connection with the revision of the electoral lists of the Saint John district, under the Dominion Franchise Acts, and for the rest of the time has been used for the ordinary work of a law office. Up to the present moment the machine has not cost me one cent for repairs, and seems to be still in perfectly good condition. The writers who have worked on my "YOST" have been unstinted in their approval. My own personal use of it leads me to regard it with the highest favor. The valuable feature of the "YOST" are lightness, strength, durability, simplicity, quick and direct action of the type-bar, perfect alignment and absolute economy. I have not examined the later editions of the "YOST" but although I am informed they have many improvements on the old style machine, am at a loss to understand how they can be very much better for ordinary practical purposes. Yours very truly,
E. T. C. A. KNOWLES,
Barrister.

The New "YOST" far surpasses the machines referred to above, and the No. 4 has many entirely new features.

The Yost is by far the cheapest Writing Machine, because it is the most economical in respect to INKING SUPPLIES, REPAIRS, DURABILITY, EASE OF LEARNING, RASE OF ACTION, SIZE, WEIGHT, BEAUTY OF WORK, SPEED, ETC., ETC. Second hand Ribbon and Shift-Key Machines for sale cheap.

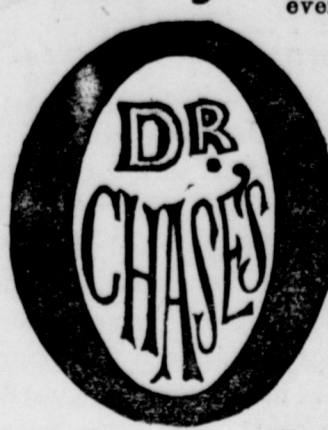
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ITCHING PILES is an exceedingly painful and annoying affliction, found alike in the rich and poor, male and female. The principal symptoms are a severe itching, which is worst at night when the sufferer becomes warm in bed. So terrible is the itching that frequently it is impossible to procure sleep. Often the sufferer unconsciously forms, excessive moisture is exuded. Females are peculiarly affected from this disease, causing unbearable irritation and trouble. These and every other symptom of Itching Piles or Irritation in any part of the body are immediately allayed and quickly cured by Chase's Ointment. It will instantly stop itching, heal the sores and ulcers, dry up the moisture.

ITCHING PILES is an ailment entirely different as to cause than Itching Piles, yet its effects and symptoms are exactly the same. The same intolerable itching; the same creeping, crawling, stinging sensation characterizes both diseases. Chase's Ointment acts like magic. It will at once afford relief from this torment.

REFERENCES.
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The celebrated Dr. Chase's Ointment is made expressly for Itching Piles, but it is equally good in curing all Itchy Skin Diseases, such as Eczema, Itch, Barber's Itch, Salt Rheum, Ring Worm, etc., etc. For sale by all druggists. Price 60 Cents.

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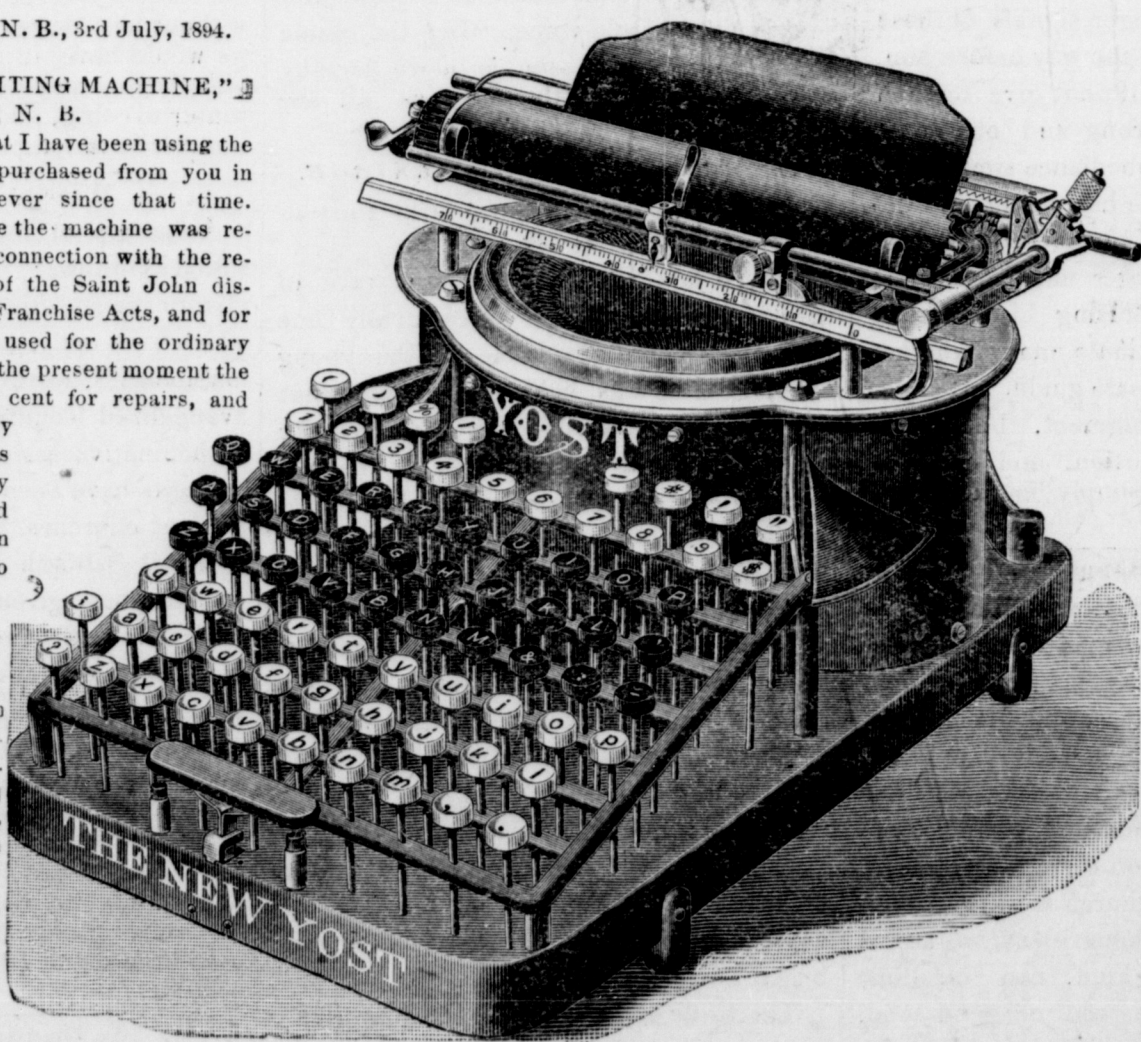
These exquisite Teas are packed in 1/4 lb. and 1 lb. lead packets only to keep the flavor, and the Blue Cross is on every packet.

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ENGRAVING.

"PROGRESS" ENGRAVING BUREAU

ST. JOHN, N. B.



ST. JOHN, N. B., June 28th, 1894.
IRA CORNWALL, Esq.,
Chy.
Dear Sir: We have been using a "YOST" writing machine in our office daily for about four years, and it has given us every satisfaction. Yours truly,
ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

YARMOUTH, N. S., July 3rd, 1894.
Dear Sir: I beg to say that I have used the "YOST" typewriter for over 36 months, and the longer I use it the more I am convinced that it is superior to all other machines. I consider the pad a great improvement over the ribbon on account of its cleanliness, and he great saving of expense. I find the pointer a great convenience for locating position. The type-guide I consider invaluable, as it overcomes the greatest weakness in other typewriters, viz., imperfect alignment. I would recommend any intending purchasers to investigate the "YOST" before buying a typewriter. E. K. SPINNEY,
Hardware Merchant,
General Insurance Agent,
&c., &c.