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THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

In view of the information which members of the Finance Committee of the City Council gave to the delegation from the Public School Board a couple of weeks ago, when the latter body waited on the former and asked for money with which to buy two new sites and build two new schools, the statement accredited Saturday by our contemporary to Mr. Byrne, chairman of the Board, is surely premature. According to The Standard, Mr. Byrne said:

"The Public School Board will build two schools this year. This was decided upon some time ago, and there is no reason why the program should not be carried out.

"The Western Hill citizens may rest contented. They will get a fine new eight-room school. The other will be built on Welland Avenue, at the foot of Queen street."

There is a distinct note of confidence and of positiveness in these words which may be reassuring to the citizens, and we regret we cannot share it with the chairman of the Public School Board, but the facts just now do not warrant us in doing so. Neither sites nor schools can be secured without money, some $158,000 of it, and where it is coming from this year is not yet as clear as we might hope it would be, not only on behalf of the Board which is of course anxious to carry out much needed improvements, but on behalf of the ratepayers at large who have a right to know if such a sum can be safely voted. The School Board was told by the Finance Committee that if it were at all possible, consistent with good municipal finance, the whole of the money would be granted, but if the issuance of such an amount, as above, for debentures meant too close contact with the limit of our borrowing power, the Council might feel constrained to vote only enough for one new school and two sites. In the meantime the other charges that would come against the borrowing margin of the city would have to be determined, and until they are known, and they are not yet completely calculated, it is not easy to see how the chairman of the Board could so easily count chickens before they are hatched. If the City Council, as the parent body and the one to whom the Board goes for money, is not yet in a position to state what can be done, it is untimely, we think, for the School Board to say in print what positively it will do.

We are quite aware of the fact that if the Council does not vote the money asked for and the School Boards decides to get it anyway, if possible, it may appeal to the people over the heads of the Mayor and aldermen through a by-law to the electorate. It is rare that such an expedient is adopted, or suggestion, unless an arbitrary and unreasonable course is taken by the Council, but even if this step were resorted to it does not follow that the by-law would be carried or the money secured. We question very much whether the people who elected the Council to administer their finances for the year would not continue to repose some confidence in that body so long as its arguments were for moderate and safe management.

Mr. Byrne may have in his conversation qualified in some way what appears bald in print, but taking his words as they are published, they are neither courteous to the Council nor judicious in their bearing. We look for a further explanation from the chairman of the School Board.

If the premises are taken that the Council does not want to meet the request of the Board, even though it were easy to do so, those premises are wrongly taken. There is little doubt that members of the Council are as desirous as those of the School Board to see new and adequate accommodation furnished for the boys and girls of this city whose education is vitally important, but no matter how pressing the need may be, we give the members of the Board credit for being sufficiently business-like to wait till they are given the absolute facts as to what can and cannot be done. It is the duty and the responsibility of the Council to consider all public matters in relation to the general good of the municipality, and to seek to retain some fair balance of expenditure between several needs, pressed with equal insistence and sincerity. This, we think, is what the Council is trying to do.

WHAT CONCERNS THE MASSES.

During the session of the Commons which is now adjourned for Easter, no little time was spent on the discussion of the question of titles. Like everything else, it is a matter on which much can be said, for and against, but in Canada, generally speaking, there is a strong sentiment amongst the masses in favor of plain men and plain names. Some of the greatest of men have never worn a title and would not accept one while some of the vainest and socially ambitious apel at anything that puts them in the spot light more than their simple neighbors.

What we think is that most people are infinitely more concerned in how they are going to pay the grocer's bill, the rent and the tax account than they are who gets a "Sir" or a "Lady." If the time taken by our legislators had been given over to discussing how and why the cost of life's necessities should be lowered, doubtless the great mass of work-a-day men and women, who make the wheels of industry go around in this country, would have said 'Hang the titles," we don't bother about them.

LADIES! DARKEN YOUR GRAY HAIR

Use Grandma's Sage Tea and Sulphur Recipe and Nobody Will Know.

The use of Sage and Sulphur for restoring faded, gray hair to its natural color dates back to grand mother's time. She used it to keep her hair beautifully dark, glossy and attractive. Whenever her hair took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect.

But brewing at home is mussy and out of date. Nowadays by asking at any drug store for a bottle of Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound you will get this famous old preparation improved by the addition of other ingredients, which can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair.

A well known downtown druggist says it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply damp en a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one strang at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, it becomes beautifully dark and glossy

Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet reuisite for those who desire a more youthful appearance. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

THE DRUG HABIT

The New York police have opened war on the illicit drug vendors and gathered in hundreds of drug addicts to wring evidence from them. The prevalence of the drug habit in the city is said to be a ppalling. Similar stories come from London and other European centres of population. Says an exchange:

"Despit efree access of both sexes to the bars in the Motherland women have recently resorted to the use of methylated spirits. Many cases have arisen where women have gone to oil and paint shops with the plsh that the spirit was intended for mixing paint. Seven times stronger than ordinary whiskey, and containing a number of ingredients considered sufficient to stop any desire to drink it,the Liverpool licensing Justices assert that it's use as a beverage is increasing. It's effect has been shown as terrible, a frantic state while under it's influence gradually giving place to insanity."

No country is exempt from the evil. It is one of the cries of the liquor interests that under prohibition the use of drugs will grow and spread, but New York, London and Liverpool are not dry towns. There is more warrant for saying that a taste for alcohol often breeds a craving for stronger stimulants and that the dope fiend usually begins as a tippler. The growth of the scourge everywhere demands stricter laws.—Toronto Globe.

MRS. DOOLEY'S ADVICE TO WORKING GIRLS

Milwaukee, Wis.—"I wish all girls who work and suffer from functional disorders would profit by my advice and take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Before I was married, when I came home from work at night, I would be just worn out with pains which dragged me down. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it made me feel like a new woman. I can work from morning until night and it does not bother me, and I wish all girls who suffer as I did would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—MRS. H. DOOLEY, 1135 25th Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Working girls everywhere should profit by Mrs. Dooley's experience, and instead of dragging along from day to day with life a burden, give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It has overcome just such conditions for thousands of others, and why not for you? For special advice, write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of their 40 years experience is at your service.

A CHANGE SINCE CHARLE'S II'S DAYS.

A certain gentleman made the remark not long since that the only time he remembers of shedding tears was at the public funeral of a prominent statesman, when some twenty massed bands played played certain of the old familiar hymns. The thrill and solemnity and pathos and grandeur of those strains were too much for him and tears streamed down the cheeks of this matter-of-fact business man. True it is that music has its place in the very presence of death. The funeral hymn has just as big a place in the heart of humanity, though in a different way, as the wedding song or the music incident to any other special occasion.

But this, it seems, was not always so. The Chaplin to King Charles the second of England, Jeremy Taylor, wrote in his day "God never rejoinces in the death of him that dies; and we also esteem it indecent to have music at a funeral." It may be that the class of music that King Charles II. delighted in would have been indecent for funerals but times have changed. Today the funeral hymns are very often the favorites of and requested by the deceased. They are rendered in a manner becoming the carrying out of one of the last wishes of a departed friend. They comfort the mourners. They inspire right thoughts of the change we call death. They let in a little ray of sunshine through the gloom. This is only another instance of the peculiar and affective power of music in life.

THE PASSING JEST

IN TRAINING

"Jack, I wish you'd give that young brother of mine a talking to. It's time he thought of choosing a career."

"Judging by the hours he keeps, I thought he was studying to be a night-watchman."—London Tit-Bits.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Perhaps if they didn't call it "egg coal" it wouldn't be so expensive.—Boston Transcript.

PREPARING FOR MORE ATROCITIES.

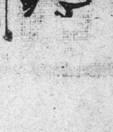
Editor—Er, Smith, I want you to order a ton or so of new type—Z's and Y's and X's. They are starting another war in Russia.—London Opinion.

HOW HE GOT IT.

A colored veteran just back from the other side, when questioned about an iron cross he was wearing, explained:

"Boss, it was a extra decoration. De Kaiser hisself sent it to me by a special messenger what dropt daid jus' befo' he give it to me."—New York Globe.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound



A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, $1; No. 2, $3; No. 3, $5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address THE COOK MEDICINE CO. TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)

WHAT EXCHANGES SAY

NOT BOLD ENOUGH!

Brantford Expositor:—The new Minister of Education for the Province has certainly disappointed public opinion in the provisions of his adolescent school age bill. We are to have part-time education for adolescents between the ages of 14 and 18, rather than the raising of the age of compulsory school attendance to 15 or 16 years. Half way measures are seldom satisfactory, and it is a pity Dr. Cody has not seen it in this matter to be "honest enough to be bold."

WHY NOT, INDEED?

Woodstock Sentinel-Review:—If we are to have protection as a national policy why not have protection all round? Why not have protection for the consumer as well as for the producer? The consumers constitute the great body of the people—they are in fact all the people. In a real democracy their interests would come first What kind of a democracy is it where the interests of the consumers receive scarcely any consideration? If we are to have 'Canada for the Canadians," why not Canadian butter for the Canadian people?

A FEW STRONG WORDS

Winnipeg Telegram:—The glaring incompetency of the Dominion Government's multiplicity of boards was never more glaring and never more incompetent than when it prohibited the shipment of Canadian grain that American grain might have the unrestricted use of Canadian shipping routes in the fall of 1918.

The incompetence is recalled in even a more glaring manner than when it occurred by the refusal of the American authorities in charge of the shipment of grain through American channels to reciprocate by returning the courtesy in kind. Meanwhile, our elevators are tied up, and a big portion of ous grain crop cannot reach market owing to our Government's board's official action in handing out favors to American grain dealers which the American authorities refuse to grant to Canadian shippers.

American interests first, say the American authorities. American interests first, said the Board of Grain Supervisors of Canada last fall.

SPRING CLEANING.

Spring cleaning is more important to health than usual this year because of the mild winter, which permitted myriads of disease bearing insects and germs to survive. It was specially favorable to flies, which soon will make their appearance and will be followed shortly by little flies on a larger scale than ever. There is always an abundance of disease germs for the flies to carry from place to place, but this year the returning soldiers may bring in their clothing and baggage not only the old familiar germs, but many strangers from foreign lands with which we are not accustomed to deal. Now is the time to begin cleaning houses, buildings, streets, and lanes in order to destroy as many of the old flies as possible before they have a chance to breed, and also remove from the survivors temptation in the way of accumulated filth and rubbish.

MOTHER! DON'T TAKE CHANGES IF CHILD'S TONGUE IS COATED

If Cross, Feverish, Sick, Bilious, Clean Little Liver and Bowels.

A laxative to-day saves a sick child to-morrow. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become clogged up with waste, liver gets sluggish, stomach sour.

Look at the tongue, Mother! If coated, or your child is restless, cross, feverish, breath bad, restless, doesn't eat heartily, full of cold or has sore throat or any other children's ailments, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," then don't worry, because it is perfectly harmless, and in a few hours all this constipation poison, sour bile and fermenting waste will gently move out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. A thorough "inside cleansing" is oft-times all that is ncessary. It should be the first treatment given in any sickness.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your drugist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which Ask your druggist for a bottle of ren of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Look carefully and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company."

CANADA LEADS EMPIRE

London, April 20.—In an article on Imperial Preference and the solidarity of the Empire, F. Grattan Doyle, M. P., declares that Canada has led the way in this movement with the mission which was recently sent to London. Canada, he says, is out to help.

HOW TO GET RID OF RHEUMATISM

"Fruit-a-tives" Point the Way to Quick Relief

VERONA, ONT.

"I suffered for a number of years with *Rheumatism and severe Pains in my Side and Back*, caused by strains and heavy lifting.

When I had given up hope of ever being well again, a friend recommended 'Fruit-a-tives' to me and after using the first box I felt so much better that I continued to take them; and now I am enjoying the best of health, thanks to your wonderful fruit medicine".

W. M. LAMPSON.

"Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size 25c.—or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

BUTTER AND EGG OUTLOOK

After the Lenten season there will be less consumption of eggs in Canada, but the export demands are likely to hold prices fairly firm. Dealers say that orders for large quantities of eggs are available and that when the Lenten requirements are over the export trade will develop to such an extent that prices will "not be any lower for some time". The exportation of eggs since March 12 amounted to approximately 9,000 cases up to the end of last week. These figures are expected to increase during the next month

There is now practically no butter in Ontario storage, the dealers claim. Since the first of the year about 50,000 cases, 2,800,000 pounds of butter have been taken out of storage, leaving the reserve in an exhausted condition. According to the commission houses Ontario is now living practically on a day-to-day production, which means that still higher prices are likely to be brought about before the supply starts to increase, which will be ten days or two weeks yet.

WANTS THE "Y" AT HOME

The future of the "Y" in the estimation of many of the soldiers is proven by many incidents. An officer declared that he had been to the Y.M.C.A. only once before the war; from now on he was a strong supporter. His first real touch of it came at Vimy Ridge.

In a Belgian town the other day a Canadian came to the "Y" officer and put into words the thing that is troubling many a soldier about to return to Canada.

"My country home," he said, "is as dead as this place. Why can't you come out and build a hut like this, with a Y. M. C. A. program and make life worth living for us? I don't believe I can stick it in that quiet place in old Canada again."

It is precisely such a program in the quiet places that is the ambition the hope of the Y.M.C.A. in its coming campaign for funds. If a million dollars will make these places "worth living in" it is the best investment Canada ever made.

$200,000 FOR HAMILTON.

Hamilton, April 20.—Through the efforts of Hon. S. C. Mewburn, Minister of Militia, the Government will spent $200,000 on Hamilton harbor this year. This is the first expenditure in connection with the $11,000,000 harbor program.

The Buffalo News says excursions to Niagara Falls will be resumed this year with 20 per cent. added to the old rates.

WILLIAM DUNCAN, Star and Director of Vitagraph's Great Serial "THE MAN OF MIGHT" and EDITH JOHNSON, his leading lady. Starting at the Hippodrome Monday Tuesday.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Unexaggerated Fishing

YOU should read this story. Usually a fishing tale is deep waters for most people to wade through; but this one deals with dry land, mountains and ripples. So you see it is different from the ordinary tale where the young hero goes forth with a tencent outfit and catches the giant trout of the deep still pool for whom anglers from all parts of the world had cast in profane vain. It is all right to tell about lying on one's stomach with the face against the water, watching the flies to learn what kind the trout were eating. It is all right to then walk to the fishing outfit, sit down and bring forth an inexhaustible supply of flies from which one selects the very duplicate of the insect the trout like at that particular instant. And it is fine to tell how the angler cast his delicate lure on the end of his silken thread, dropping it lightly as a skimming insect on the very swirl of water where the big trout lay hungrily waiting. Then the whir of the reel and the three-hour fight, ending in the thrill of victory which comes when a well-manipulated landing net enmeshes the exhausted fish.

It makes good stuff; but many fishermen know more of broken leads, snagged hooks and snappy little eight-ounceers, I am undertaking to tell about a real fishing trip.

They told me I would get good fishing at Banff, so I took the Canadian Pacific westbound out of Calgary and went. On board I noticed an elderly person whose physical idiocyncrasies included the lean, leathery, brown characteristics of westernism. He eyed me and my outfit; he edged closer and he spoke of tobacco and rain. He accepted my pouch, filled his pipe-bowl, tamped it with a horny thumb, cast a weather-eye on the approaching mountain peaks, and predicted sunshine. Then he mentioned fishing.

It was not what it used to be he declared between tobacco clouds. He remembered when seven or ten or fifty cas's meant seven or ten or fifty rises of the biggest, bitingest most vigorous fish that ever lived; all cutthroats, none less than a pound and a half, many exceeding five pounds each. "Them days was real fishin'. An' them fish were game fighters. He minded one ole feller what everyone had tried to git. This fish was grandad of all of them, and he lived in a deep hole beside a perpendicular rock. He tuk ever bit uh bait that anybody cast, but when he found himself hooked he jest naturally run to this here wall of that rock an' rubbed his nose agin th' stone, wearing out th' gut en freein' himself." But my informant, being more canny and wise than other fishermen of his day, befooled the giant trout by not using gut. He tuk uh hunk uh fine steel wire, jointed it with swivels and hooked the monster. Then Zam! The fish was so astonished that he did not wiggle an inch of his twelve-pound body until he felt himself on the grass above the gravel bar. But those days were over and one did not catch any more big fish.

Eventually I reached Banff, and was told to fish either up the Spray or up the Bow. They added that the waters were rising and fish would not be hungry, but again I might succeed. With weapons rigged I went up the Bow to a promising place I was told about. It had deep water with big eddies and a nice back-drift, a few big rocks, and a submerged ledge just below the feeding rapids above the pool. Fine. Feverishly and eagerly I cast. Then steadily and doggedly. Then slowly and sullenly. Then, glory! The line went out. I had a nine inch fish. Much cheered I went on casting. The sun went down, the sky began to darken, the mountains stood black against the dimming azure. I flagged in my efforts. I sat on a log and let the line drag. B-z-z-z went the reel. A fish flashed in the rapids.

Having a new landing net I was very anxious to try it. It was the kind that fastens to a hook on a belt and comes off with the flick of a hand whenever necessary. I had no hook and had buttoned it on my suspender button. Having passed through much brush on my way to the pool I knew the net was going to require care in getting ready for use. Having hooked a fish I very calmly bethought myself first of how to land him; so I plucked the net, and the button came, to the consternation of my suspenders.

Now my fish gave the one pound pull and the two pound bite all right. He also was there with the scheduled weight of rush. Things looked good for him to keep up the first scale, too, but when it came to the five pound bend—the gut broke and I went home to the hotel.

Next morning with the bright sunlight just tipping the eastern slopes of Mount Rundle and lesser peaks, I went alone up river. Here and there and everywhere I dropped the seductive fly in the rising glacial flood with no results.

"Darn," I remarked. My line fell slack and uncared for into swift water and I looked up the river for some better seeming point. "Bang!" Something hit my rod like an express train, and like an express train the silk ran out and out. Aghast I stood and merely checked. Something was on. Out went the line, straight across the swift water; then I saw a large black streak break far out in the edge of white water. Once, twice, three times the fish took the air, and the reel kept singing all the time. He sounded, he crushed, he drove upstream and then zig-zagged down. Again and again he broke, two feet clear of the current. Forty yards of line was out and I had but five left, so I hopelessly checked tight, deciding that if he was going to break my lead it was no use worrying. But lead, rod, line and hook held, and the fish swung down on the surface, mouth open and gasping. There was brush all around, and no space to either work up or down. The full sweep of the river raced by with no restful eddies. More hopelessly still I reeled in, his troutship putting up frequent but lessening flurries. Finally he was close and I tried the new landing net. Praise be to cord and rod and hook and gut the net worked! As the line slackened the hook dropped out, but there was the fisherman's three pounds of sparkling, spotted cutthroat trout, twenty-three inches long.

There was no more fishing. I went home satisfied. The gentle reader will note that even this story ends in the usual way with the big fish safely netted.

Z. V. E.