

oddities of some riddling examiner.

One thing the professor would ask for is a more thorough preparation of recruits before entering.

Perhaps a preparatory department might meet the want. But, whatever the remedy, here, if anywhere, an improvement is needed. Sixteen is young enough for the average recruit.

While it would be well for parents to remember that the R.M.C. is not a reformatory for those who are supposed to be past redemption by ordinary methods, the intending recruit must himself understand that a full appreciation of the college work can only be had by those who have grounded themselves in the elements of a primary education. Those who leave before the end of their course, whether voluntarily or otherwise, are nearly always those who have been admitted by some special grace over which the examiner has no control. The ingenious methods of spelling, the crude ideas of grammar, the innocent thoughts of history, and the reckless disregard of the cast-iron dom of num-

bers, as shown by some of the recruits, are, to say the least, a sad commentary on a few of our preparatory schools.

On the whole, from a professor's point of view, a favorable aspect of the system of military education at the R.M.C. is presented.

That, under it, young men acquire a thorough knowledge of the military art cannot be doubted. The Imperial army list proves it.

The graduates who are filling high places in other professions have demonstrated its usefulness in civil pursuits.

The efficiency of the machinery which produces such results has this further testimony of a professor. It works smoothly, evenly and thoroughly. It makes the relations between himself and cadets pleasant and attractive. And it inspires him with confidence that, whether in matters of discipline, instruction or recreation, he knows what to expect, for he knows he is dealing with gentlemen of gentlemanly instincts, habits and surroundings.

(To be continued.)

GABLE ENDS.

MRS. TRAILL.

"— Evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est." —*Virgil.*

We are accustomed to judge of a writer by what that writer has put on paper, but in the case of the author of "Pearls and Pebbles" that would be quite an unsatisfactory text. Neither is it an easy thing to focus the characteristics of a personality that has not been fully revealed in her writings—as it would be difficult to describe a country from a few specimens of its *flora*, or from the music of its song-birds.

Though the writer of this sketch is no more than an acquaintance of the famous author, yet, perhaps, he is not simply on that account the less fitted to comply with the editor's request.

Mrs. Traill's latest book has again aroused the interest of the public in one who has devoted the greater part of her ninety-three years to the building up of the natural history of Canada. My first thought, on meeting her some years ago, was that if I had been the father of a family of girls I should bring them to see her without delay, so large a share does she possess of that gentleness and dignity of mind and heart, which is at once the charm and pre-eminence of womankind.

Though one admires her writings, the best of her is unwritten. Her extensive and important researches in Canadian wild-flowers are not literary but botanical, and her descriptions of life in the forest are entertaining but not intended to be more. With the exception of these latest "leaves from the journal of an old na-