

The young wife tears her hair, and calls on heaven to witness that she is the most miserable of her sex, because her husband fails to come to her ideal of what a romantic hero and a demigod should be. The woman of fifty has laid her regrets for what might have been, away in lavender; and while she admits to herself that possibly her husband is not all that she could wish, she settles herself back comfortably in her limousine and reflects on the value of the law of compensation.

Emotionally middle age is the millennium of life for a woman, because she has lost the poignancy of youth and has not yet come to the deadening of the sensibilities by age. It is the time of philosophical enjoyment if only she could make up her mind to skim the cream of to-day instead of crying over the spilt milk of yesterday.

It is a thousand pities that women do not appreciate this truism. Nobody can be happy and peaceful and contented when living the double life and trying to act as kittenish while their poor old bones ache with rheumatism. Undoubtedly the chief cause of the nervousness and irritability that is so characteristic of the present day woman is mainly attributable to her determination to be young, though old.

The real panacea for almost every ill under which the feminine sex groans, is simply to let out its corset strings, cut an inch off of its shoe heels, go back to regular meals and restore the entry in the family Bible that says that Julia Maria was born on the 25th of March, 1862, instead of on the 25th day of March, 1882, as she has been in the habit of asserting.

Age is a woman's enemy only when she fights it. It becomes her best friend when she receives it with open arms; and for a woman to be admittedly middle-aged is for her to pass into a place full of emoluments and privileges. It brings to her comfort and happiness and a peace that passes all understanding. If women only knew it, it is the promised land, flowing with milk and honey, and there is only one thing that prevents them from entering into their heritage. And that is that no woman has ever yet been found who is fifty years old.

My Heart is Sae Tender

Written for The Western Home Monthly
by S. Jean Walker, Sault Ste Marie,
Ont.

My heart is sae tender, sae tender the
nicht,
For I'm thinkin' an' longin' for you.
Sae long we've been pai'ed wi' drear
miles between,
But I feel, aye I know, you'll be
true.

Do ye min' the brae word I left in yir
care,
Just "Mizpah," the Lord watch be-
tween;
He'll shelter us baith wi' His wonderful
love,
An' keep our hearts leal, that I
ween.

The Lord watch between us this bless-
ing I plead
That He'll guard thee an' keep thee,
for when
At morn an' at nicht I pit up a bit
prayer,
Yir in my dear do ye ken.

My thoughts are sae tender, sae tender
the nicht,
An' each heart beat is loyal and
true,
Tho' distance divides us our spirits may
meet,
Gude nicht dear, I'm thinking o'
you.

My nephew, 6 years old, received from
Santa Claus three pistols, a sword, and
belt. Christmas morning he put on his
belt and thrust his three guns and
sword into it. Going pompously into
the room where his mother was, he said,
"Mamma, do I look like peace on
earth?"

Education in Quebec

Written for the Western Home Monthly by William Lutton.

Mr. Langlois, M.L.A., who is not afraid of the sound of his own voice, said recently that it was about time the Province of Quebec ceased to shout on St. Jean Baptiste Day that it was the foremost province in Confederation, and that the French people were the best in the world.

"The fact is," said Mr. Langlois, "we are away behind the other provinces. We are behind Ontario in the matter of education. While that province spends \$10,000,000 on education, we barely spend \$1,000,000. We are behind in railways, for, while that province has over 8,000 miles of tracks, we have only 3,000; and a handful of English in Quebec—say, 300,000 all told—control all the great enterprises, all the shipping, the commerce, the industry, the railways, the finance. It is time we should look the facts in the face."

Mr. Langlois knows whereof he speaks; but it may be interesting to glance at the progress which has been made of recent years in one important department in Quebec—that of education. Superior education in the province of Quebec was always of a high standard.

It comprised the classical courses. It was literary and scholarly, or what many would call "scholastic." It accorded, too, in this regard, with the French genius. Senator Casgrain recently said to a writer: "We will let you have the commercial education. That is your temperament. You can have the business. We are not business people. We will have the literary education, which we prefer. That is not to say that we despise business, but the French are literary in their tendency and will remain so. They are not practical. They can discuss books in company. Your people can discuss the dollar and discuss it well, and make it with comendence."

The higher education comprises a course which is complete in eight years. It was and is carried on by the church, which employs distinguished clerical and other teachers. It has been, here and there, asserted that the superior education turns out scholars who are nevertheless unfitted for the rough and ready work of the world. One may be able to read the classics in the original tongue, but does that aid in the material development of the country?

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