

TWO SCHOOLMASTERS

(By Mollie Elliott Seawell.)

The only fault to be found with Dr. Hertford's school was, that it was too comfortable. It was Harlow, more than other fellow in the school, who brought home to Dr. Hertford the inadequacy of his discipline.

But when Sandy McBean presented himself, the doctor's heart sank a little.

When Sandy announced one day that any boy receiving a certain number of demerits, was to get a flogging, the whole school went in a body to lay the matter of flogging before Dr. Hertford.

"Gentlemen," said the doctor quietly, when Harlow had stated the case, "I have engaged Mr. McBean as vice-principal, and justice to him demands that his system be given a fair trial. He has not flogged any of you yet, and it lies entirely with you whether he ever does."

"In that case, sir," said Harlow, "we will bid you good-evening."

Within two weeks a crisis came. One day upon dismissing his classes, Sandy McBean remarked dryly:

"Mr. Harlow, you have this day, by insubordination, earned enough demerits to make a hundred and, consequently, sir, I shall be pleased to see you in the empty coal cellar at four o'clock this afternoon."

Harlow's face turned a deep red, but he bowed coolly. As the boys marched out of the class-room, Sandy saw rebellion in every eye. He suspected that Harlow had forced the fighting.

At four o'clock precisely, Sandy McBean appeared in the coal cellar with something concealed under his coat—and within half a minute Harlow showed up in an old tennis suit.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Harlow," began Sandy, but by the time the words were out of his mouth, Harlow rushed at him like a battering ram, and before he knew what had happened he was sprawling on the floor. He was taken completely by surprise, and Harlow, having knocked him down unaided, thought it no disgrace to accept the services of a dozen boys, who came dashing into the cellar. The scuffle, though terrible, was short, and within two minutes the schoolmaster was bound and gagged, and the boys were yelling like Comanche Indians, and having a war dance around him.

At seven o'clock that evening the boys were all assembled around the tea-table when the door flew open and Sandy bounced into the room. He was the most appalling looking object that could be imagined. His red hair was grimed with coal dust, and his freckled face was as black as an African's. His coat was half-torn all of him, and one eye was swelled to twice its natural size.

"Dr. Hertford," he bawled, "I have come, sir, to resign my place. I would teach them for a hundred pounds a day."

The doctor stared in amazement, but when he saw the infuriated Scotchman dancing about in his rage, waving his arms around like a Dutch windmill, he said: "Mr. McBean, you shall be sustained, if every young gentleman in this school has to be expelled—"

"Do you think me a fool? Answer me that!"

"You shall have my full authority in the matter, Mr. McBean."

"Give me my wages and let me go!" howled Sandy.

In vain the doctor implored and protested. The schoolmaster's blood was up, and he departed.

The doctor turned to Harlow for an explanation.

"Mr. Harlow, as the ringleader in this affair, I must hold you responsible."

At this Binford rose and said that the plan had been made when there was the first talk about flogging, and that they were all as much responsible as Harlow.

The doctor thought a moment, and when spoke with quiet decision:

"I shall deprive the whole school of the Saturday holiday during this month, and meanwhile I shall make every effort to supply Mr. McBean's place with as thorough a scholar as can find. You are dismissed."

About a week after this, one day, as the school was about to be dismissed, Dr. Hertford said in his blandest manner:

"Young gentlemen, I have the pleasure to inform you that I have secured Mr. Arthur French, an accomplished scholar and a perfect disciplinarian, as vice-principal of the school. I am assured that Mr. French can enforce his own rules, and he shall be supported by my influence to the extent of expelling any scholar who is insubordinate."

The boys exchanged glances—and in the gymnasium afterwards Harlow spoke up.

"Let Mr. French try it. We made the school too hot to hold Sandy McBean and maybe we can do the same for Mr. French."

On the Sunday, at dinner, Mr. French appeared. He was a slight, delicate-looking young man. It was a week or two before Mr. French made known his new code of rules. There was to be no flogging—but when the limit of demerits was reached expulsion was to follow.

In his classes Harlow went his way, winning demerits with all the scariness in the world. Mr. French could not have had a more dangerous rebel among the boys than Harlow.

Every week the demerits were read out—and every week showed a startling increase in Harlow's number. He was not exactly insolent. Insolence, he declared, was only fit for cads. He would make the issue with Mr. French without saying an uncivil word—and he did it. As it was merely a question of mathematical progression when he would receive the maximum of demerits, Harlow figured out that

"But," said Mr. French, after a pause, "there is one condition upon which Mr. Harlow may have another chance. It is this—that every one of you, including Mr. Harlow, will agree to obey the rules as completely and as faithfully as possible, from now until the end of the session."

The boys looked at one another for a moment, and then walked solemnly two by two into the next room. There was a subdued sound of voices for a few moments, and then the door opened and the boys filed in gravely, with Binford as spokesman at their head.

Binford's answer simply was: "We agree, sir, to the conditions you impose."

"Then, gentlemen," said Mr. French, rising, "all we want is Mr. Harlow's consent, and we will have him here in a moment."

Harlow walked in, looking very pale, but unflinching. As Mr. French told him of the effort of his school-mates his face changed. A deep flush of gratitude came into it, and in spite of his usual self-control he was so nearly overcome when he made his part of the promise that Mr. French, with much tact, proposed that they should ratify the agreement before Dr. Hertford.

The doctor was sitting in his library trying to read, but in his heart troubled and distressed about Harlow. Mr. French stated the case, when he had finished, Harlow, who had recovered his composure, spoke:

"I don't know how to express my gratitude for what my classmates have done, sir, but I can never forget it."

"You never should forget it, Mr. Harlow," answered Dr. Hertford, gravely.

"I think, Mr. Harlow, as it is a very serious promise, that we will poll the school," said Mr. French, and every boy was asked separately if he understood his promise and would observe it individually. Each one answered promptly "yes."

And their promise was kept.—The American Boy.

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the second week in April would bring the crisis—and so it turned out.

One afternoon, therefore, early in April, Harlow was summoned to Mr. French's room by a polite message. He sent an equally polite reply, but he did not move until he had finished the chapter he was reading in "The Three Musketeers."

Then, with a conscious swagger, he went to Mr. French's study and tapped on the door.

"Come in," said Mr. French. The vice-principal was seated at a large table, and wore a perfectly calm and businesslike air. Harlow expected to appeal to his feelings, and had prepared a speech of defiance and an impassioned appeal to Dr. Hertford. But apparently there was no room for either, as Mr. French merely handed him a slip of paper, upon which was his record—one hundred demerits.

"One hundred demerits," said Harlow, calmly. "I believe that means expulsion, sir."

"It does," answered Mr. French, coolly.

There was a pause. Apparently, the conversation was closed on both sides.

"Well, Mr. Harlow," said Mr. French, presently, in the same businesslike voice, "I think it would be well for you to make your preparations to leave. I have no wish to hurry you, but your position here must be an uncomfortable one after this."

"I should like to communicate with my father first, sir," said Harlow, after a moment.

"For money, I presume—but that you will be provided with. Your father has already been communicated with by Dr. Hertford himself. I myself will write to your father, also, and I will give me pleasure to say, that although your insubordination makes your presence undesirable in the school, that I have never known you to be guilty of lying, or personal insolence, or any of those things which put a young man outside the pale of gentlemen. Your train leaves at four o'clock to-morrow afternoon. You will be released from all studies and rules in order to prepare for your departure. I regret it, but I can say no more. Good afternoon, Mr. Harlow."

Harlow found himself standing in the corridor, he knew not how. Here was promptness with a vengeance. He turned over in his amazed mind what he was to do, and there was nothing left for him to do, as far as he could see, except to pack his trunk and leave. However, he went into the gymnasium and told the news calmly enough to the other boys.

The effect was stunning. Harlow was their pride, their pet, their leader—and as Dr. Hertford had carefully instilled into them certain notions of honor, they all felt keenly the disgrace that was about to befall Harlow. The world would not know what he was expelled for—it might be suspected that it was something actually disreputable, instead of mere insubordination. Harlow looked around the familiar room, and at the friendly, boyish faces, and then he went out, ostensibly to get his things together.

A blank silence fell upon the boys left behind. Binford, who was notoriously level-headed, said after a while:

"When a fellow is expelled from school it follows him to college—and follows him in his profession or his business—and is always raked up against him."

"Maybe if all of us were to go to Mr. French and beg for Harlow he'd listen to us."

A howl of derision went up from all except Binford, who quietly remarked:

"Maybe the kid's right after all."

It was finally agreed that they should go in a body to Mr. French, unknown to Harlow, and intercede. After supper, therefore, in their recreation time, the whole school marched in a body to Mr. French's study, and on being asked their business politely, Binford made a calm but telling appeal for Harlow. He reminded Mr. French that Harlow had not lied or deceived him in any way or taken advantage of a classmate. Mr. French at once acknowledged that there was a wide difference between disobedience and knavery. "But," he said, "I call you all to witness: if Mr. Harlow did not have ample warning as to where his course would lead him?"

"He did, sir," answered Binford for the boys.

"Then," said Mr. French, "in justice to those who made an effort to obey the rules, Mr. Harlow ought to go."

This was received in silence, as everybody knew the truth of it.

"But," said Mr. French, after a pause, "there is one condition upon which Mr. Harlow may have another chance. It is this—that every one of you, including Mr. Harlow, will agree to obey the rules as completely and as faithfully as possible, from now until the end of the session."

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Whilst I have heart to love thee, And strength at my command, Your unsold folds above me, I'll guard with steel in hand.

'Tis said I do not prize thee, Leaf of my native land, For other things despise thee, Gem of our forest grand.

God claims my first obedience, His Church I first must hear, The Cross, my first allegiance, But you I next revere.

Rome's holy faith I'll follow, As virgins do the Lamb, All other creeds are hollow, Man-made, they're empty sham.

Being human institutions, Their claims are not divine, Born in pride's base pollutions, O Lord, they are not Thine!

They say I'd on thee trample, Flag of my native land, And spurn your folds so ample, Should foe-men stock our strand.

They add that bolts of thunder Forged 'neath St. Peter's dome, Do bind and hold me under, Would steal thee from my home.

When I make God my first love, Mine's the highest of all aims; But I must yield to Caesar, The part that Caesar claims.

Wrapped in your folds of glory What Christian heroes rest, Who did in battle goary, Unbear their manly breast.

And why should I not praise thee, Thou emblem of the true, And o'er my cottage raise thee High into heaven's blue?

Let traitors prate and prattle, Flag of my native land, For thee I'd bleed in battle Unsheathe'd sword in hand.

Avant, base imputations Against my flag and creed; Read history's true narrations, Note there each noble deed.

Then tell us we're unloyal To either flag or crown; There weighed, we are not wanting, But full in high renown.

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Specifications and detailed information can be obtained from the Department of Marine and Fisheries, Ottawa, from the Director of the Government Shipyard at Sorel, and from the Agent of the Department of Marine and Fisheries, Montreal, P.Q.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered Canadian Bank, for the sum of \$300.00 to the order of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries. This cheque will be forfeited if the party whose tender is accepted declines to enter into a contract to deliver the bending machine, or fails to carry out the contract. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. Newspapers copying this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid.

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