SUCCESSFU

Complete List

Examination

for Teacher.

University.

The following is a

cessful candidates at

amination which was

ious schools throughou

during the last week

On account of the

candidates this year

advisable to have the

der the supervision of

of schools. The name

according to examina

the names of Regina

be found under the

The diplomas of succes

been unsuccessful will

Margaret M. Smith,

ell, William F. Hayter

Knight, Mary A. R Fitzpatrick, Rachel

na I. Staples, Alice A

cy J. Pack, George

Johnson, Arthur E.

E. Stevenson, Ambros

fred Scott, Mungo S

E. Young, James E.

Dawson, Ethel L. Daw

Uriel B. Rogers, Grace

Gallaway, Ella G. G.

Holmgren, Estner J.

L. Kisbey, Myrtle Mc

Nash, Leon R. Olson,

ey, Dorothy Terry, N

son, John F. Taylor,

gent, Muriel Boddy,

Myra F. Smith, Meta Fairbairn, Irene Sla

Ashton, Gwendolene

Berner, Vera Y. Cr Hodgins, Davie Y. Jo

len Smith, Katheris

Mary J. Fisher, And

Susie A. Meyers, Nors

Ashford, Muriel Leons Gillivray, Winnie McC

McGrath, Herbert Mo

Powell, Oliver Powell

Chester Stewart, H

bairn. Edward Linton

Cauley, Laura M. I

R. Cole, Lewis W. W

Carey, Wilfrid A.

E. Ramsay, Howard

Youngberg, Frederick

fred Nelson, Winnifre

Mathers, Blake Willia

Reid, Vista Reins, I

Edgar Henley, Stel

Tate, Annie Bask, M Donald G. McNeil, V

nes Dalgleish, Margar Marguerete MacDona

liams, Huntingdon A.

B. Jamieson, Margu

Winnie McLougry,

Guirl, Ruth McLean

Leod, John F. Millar

H. Vera Page, Janie

liam C. Robinson,

fred C. Smithers,

Grace Neoward, Iren

Harry F. Wintermu

bury, Frederick Cole Stanley Elliott, Ru MeVicar, Laura Peter

son, Mabel Wickett,

Marion Ormiston, M

ice Robinson, Agn Frank W. McCormicl

Cormick, Arnold

McCowan, Emma

Laidlaw, Geo. H.

Larson, Elijah J. I

A. Flaws, Wellingt

Grace E. Galbraith,

Albert F. Bailey, Cl

Florence Bell, Charl

son Hanap, Norbie

Rowland, Roy Stew

McNaughton, Irwin

MacKay, Edith J. C

E. Comtenay, Roy

abella White, Thon

Grusz, Caroline M. Stoddart, Hattie Co.

Frances G. Baugh,

Clarence Richards,

man, Mary L. S. Sharp, Lena E. Ca

S. Breidfjord, Shuli

Westman, Stanley R

tina Boyd, Margare ney J. Fisher, Emily

R. MacNutt, Christi

Lydia Fyke, Miles.

Notter, Douglas Sa

lins, Lucy E. Finkh

ker, Nellie Rattra

Proctor P. Foster,

Reata Harrington,

Roy Hukins, Joum

Kilbourn, Fred La Markham, Edna

Leod, Duncan McLe

Edith Patrick, Lill

Tuneman, Montague beth Underwood,

Jane D. Duncan, M Bird, Willie Vicker

sey, Annie M. Abel.

garet Love, Evelyn

L. Austin, Jennie

Tracey, Stanley D

man, Clara F. Cop Reginald Dayman

Willie Erickson,

Mable Southcombe,

Harris, Bert Hill,

Lionel D. Parker,

ESTEVA

and the marks of

soon as possible.

different centres in

## Sophy of Kravonia.

By ANTHONY HOPE. uther of "The Prisoner of Les

(Continued.)

suddenly a young man of aristocratic appearance rose from a fable at the end of the room, where he had been seated in company with a pretty and smartly dressed girl. A graceful gesture excused him to his fair companion, and he threaded his way deftly between the jostling tables to where Mistitch sat. He wore court dress and a decoration. Markart recognized in

the young man Baron von Hollbrandt, junior secretary of the German legation in Slavna. Hollbrandt bowed to

Mistitch, with whom he was acquainted, then bent over the giant's burly back and whispered in his ear: "Take a friend's ad-

vice, captain," he said. "I've been at the palace. and I know the prince "Well, who had permission to withdraw at half past 9. He was to return to Slavna then to duty. Come, go back. You've

"By the Lord, I'm obliged to you?" cried Mistitch, "Lads, we're obliged to Baron von Hollbrandt! Could you tell me the street he means to come by? Because"-he rose to his feet again-"we'll go and meet him!"

Half the hall heard him, and the speech was soon passed on to any out of hearing. A sparse cheer sputtered here and there, but most were silent. Rastatz gasped again, while Sterkoff frowned and squinted villainously. Hollbrandt whispered once more, then stood erect, shrugged his shoulders, bowed and walked back to his pretty friend. He sat down and squeezed her hand in apology. The pair broke into laughter a moment later. Baron von Hollbrandt felt that he, at least, had done his duty.

The three had drunk and drunk Rastatz was silly, Sterkoff vicious, the giant Mistitch jovially and cruelly reckless, exalted not only by liquor, but with the sense of the part he played. Suddenly from behind the glass screen rose a mighty roar:

"Long live Mistitch! Down with tyrants! Long live Captain Hercules!" It was fuel to the flames. Mistitch drained his glass and hurled it on the

"Well, who follows me?" he cried. Half the men started to their feet The other half pulled them down. Contending currents of feeling ran through the crowd. To one his neighbor gave warning, to another instigation. They seemed poised on the point of a great decision. Yet what was it they were deciding? They could not tell.

Markart suddenly forgot his caution. He rushed to Mistitch, with his hands out and "For God's sake!" loud on his

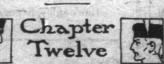
"You!" cried Mistitch. "By heaven, what else does your general want? he saw them the three had melted to What else does Matthias Stenovics one. With a shrill cry of consternation want? Tell me that!"

two benchmen after him. He and lurched in his gait. A thousand eyes the encounter. Sterkoff, too, disappearfollowed their exit, and from 500 ed, but Sophy knew the meaning of throats went up a long sigh of relief that. He had slipped into the shelter that they were gone. But what had of the porch. Her faculties were alert they gone to do? The company decided that it was just as well for them. whether collectively or as individuals, not to know too much about that. Let it be hoped that the cool air outside would have a sobering effect and send them home to bed! Yet from behind the glass screen there soon arose again a busy murmur of voices, like the hum of a beehive threatened with danger. Outside, big Mistitch had crossed the canal and come to the corner where the Street of the Fountain opens on to St call at the Hotel de Paris, lads?" he

said. "Hist!" Sterkoff whispered. "Do you hear that step coming up the street

The illuminations burned still in the square and sent a path of light down the narrow street. The three stopped and turned their heads. Sterkoff pointed. Mistitch looked and smacked his ponderous thigh.





who had directed Sophy's steps to the the word and retreat impossible. Probaold house ten doors down the Street of bly from this moment he did not intend the Fountain from St. Michael's square. | the prince to pass alive. Well, what he It was no more than half a mile from intended was the wish of many. He her own villa on the south boulevard, would not lack shelter, friends or par from which the street ran to the square, tisans if he dared the desperate venand she had long known the decent old ture. couple-German Jews-who lived and For a moment after the big man's carried on their trade in the house over | taunt the prince stood motionless. Then whose front hung the sign of the Silver | he drew his scimiter. It looked a poor

> age. The door of the bard. above it, one large Stand aside!" room, with a window

perfluous stock-stood unemployed on window. She dared not call to warn

the window sill. The room was dark, the prince of him. A turn of the head, for the path of light from the illumina-tions, which made the roadway below white, threw hardly a gleam on to the somber walls, but Sophy had no need of a lamp and every need to save her money. She sat in the gloom, busy in thought, the fresh evening air breathing soft and cool on her brow from the open window.

Set y in thirding to the sarry, his thirding t

to your scullery, Sophy Grouch!" What voice had said that? She sprang to her

word extension of the Signer Street, where the Signer Street, where the Signer Street, where the Signer Street, which is not clinical and with present of the darkness. The clinical and street, which is not clinical and with the street. The clinical and street street, the street street, and the street street street, and the street, and the street street, and the street, and the street street, and the street street, and the street, and the street, and the street, and the street street, and the street, and t

aware of their approach. But before

want? Tell me that!"

Amid a dead silence he went out, his

-of uneasy courage oozing out—Rastatz turned and fied back to the square, heading at his top speed for the Golden Sterkoff walked firm and true. Rastatz Lion. In the end he was unequal to now. She would not forget where Sterkoff was! Mistitch stood alone in the center of the narrow street, his huge frame barely leaving room for a

> man to pass on either side. For a moment the prince stood still looking at the giant. Then he stepped briskly forward, and Sophy heard his clear, incisive tones cut the air:

"What extraordinary emergency has compelled you to disobey my orders. Captain Mistitch?"

"I wanted a breath of fresh air." Mis-Michael's square. "What say you to a titch answered in an easy, insolent The prince looked again. He seemed

even more disgusted than angry now. He thought Mistitely drunk - more drunk than in truth he was. "Return to barracks at once and re-port yourself under stringent arrest. J

will deal with you tomorrow." "And not tonight, Sergius Stefano vitch?" At least he was being as good as his word-he was acting up to the

vaunts he had thrown out so boldly in the great hall of the Golden Llon, "Tomorrow we shall both be cooler." He was almost up to Mistitch now "Stand out of my way, sir!" Mistitch did not budge. "There's

room for you to pass by," he sail

won't hurt you. But the middle of the road belongs to me tonight." His voice seemed to grow clearer with every word. The critical en-HATEVER Marie Zerkovitch's counter was sobering him. Yet with feelings might be, fate had sobriety came no diminution of defiits hand on her and turned ance. Doubtless he saw that he was in her to its uses. It was she for the worst now, that forward was

Cock. The face of the building was weak weapon against the sword which covered with carved timbers of great sprang in answer from Mistitch's scab-

> shop stood far back within a black and ancient porch. Behind the The prince gave a short laugh. "You The prince gave a short laugh. "You

shop were a couple of rooms where Meyerstein martial," he said. "Gentlemen don't and his wife lived; waylay one another in the str

Mistitch laughed, and in an which jutted far out over the narrow street. the blades meet. Strong as death was In this room, which was the fascination for her eyes-aye, for dow Sophy reached by a separate her ears, too, for she heard the quick door in the left side of moving feet and the quicker bre the porch and a crazy flight of a dozen winding stairs, lived Sophy.

Ly the window she sat on the night of the king's name day on a low chair. of the king's name day on a low chair. her ears for a man she could not hear. The heavy figure of a girl carrying a lamp—a specimen of her landlord's suden in the porch, straight under her STRATHCONA AND THE CABBY. RAIN SPOILS PAGEAN His Story Was No Good, but His Company Was.

open window.

Suddenly she raised her head. There was a wild, quick voiley of cheering. It came from the Golden Lion, whose craning of her neck enabled her to see. Then there was silence for a few minutes. Again the sound broke forth, and with it confused shoutings of a name she could not make out. Yes—what was it? Mistitch—Mistitch! That was her first hearing of the name.

Drohze figure of the silends and poised it halfway over the window sill. Then there was silence for a few minutes. Again the sound broke forth, and with it confused shoutings of a name she could not make out. Yes—what was it? Mistitch—Mistitch! That was her first hearing of the name.

The suddenly in both her hands and poised it halfway over the window sill. Then there was silence for a few minutes. Again the sound broke forth, and with it confused shoutings of a name she could not make out. Yes—what was it? Mistitch—Mistitch! That was her first hearing of the name.

The suddenly in both her hands and poised it halfway over the window sill. Then there was a silence her eyes down again to watch the mouth of the porch. Her rat was in that hole! Yet suddenty the circled halfway around Mistitch, then sank on one knee. She heard him guard the captain's lunges with lightning quick movements of his nimble scimiter. He was trying the old trick they bad practiced for hundreds of years at Volseni—the down to the docks and his ship when, years ago, he left Caledonia to make his fortune in Canada.

Lord Strathcona, saying that he was trathed the was the cabman who drove young Donald Smith down to the docks and his ship when, years ago, he left Caledonia to make his fortune in Canada.

Lord Strathcona saying that he was the cabman who drove young Donald Smith down to the docks and his ship when, years ago, he left Caledonia to make his fortune in Canada.

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Lord Strathcona saying that h

his back to the

gone out with Mistitch-and whom had they gone to meet?

A dozen officers were around him in an instant, crying: "Where?" Where?" He broke into frightened sobs, hiding his face in his hands. It was Max von Hollbrandt who made him speak. Forgetting his pretty friend, he sprang in among the officers, caught Rastatz by the throat and put a revolver to his head. "Where? In ten seconds, where?" Terror beat terror. "The Street of the Fountain-by the Silver Cock!" the cur mered and fell to his blubbering

The dozen officers and more were across the square almost before he had finished. Max von Hollbrandt, with half the now lessened company in the inn, was hot on their heels.

For that night all was at an end. Sterkoff was picked up, unconscious now. Sullen, but never cringing, Mistitch was marched off to the guard-room and the surgeon's ministrations. Every soldier was ordered to quarters, the townsfolk slunk off to their homes. The street grew empty, the glare of the inations was quenched. But of all this Sophy saw nothing. She had sunk down in her chalr by the window and lay there, save for her tumultuous reathing, still as death.

The commandant had no fear and would have his way. He stood alone now in the street, looking from the dark splash of Mistitch's blood to the virgin with her broken lamp and up to the window of the Silver Cock, whence had come salvation.

(To be continued.

A Hint From London. "You have noticed," said E. W. Jones of St. Louis, "that in the average drug store of this country a very com sign reads like this: 'Prescriptions care-

"In London, however, during a re-cent sojourn I noticed in the apothecary shops almost the same legend. but I like the English version better. The London druggists hang up notices to this effect: 'Prescriptions' correctly

thing in such cases, as there isn't one man in a thousand that knows anything about the nature of the ingredients he is about to swallow."-Baltiore American.

The Paris Cat Exchange. Paris has a cat exchange, a "bourse aux chats." This establishment is situated in a big chamber at the rear of a wineshop. Here are legions of cats of all sizes and color, which are to be seen jumping and heard "miaulent." It is said that the customers are by no means tender hearted old ladles, but for the most part furriers, glovemake. for the most part furriers, gloven ers and cooks. A good sleek "n realizes from 50 centimes (10 cents) to a franc (20 cents). The skin has a number of usages, and the flesh, according to the story, finds its way into the stewpans of certain restaurants

Lord Strathcona, Canadian Commissioner, has humor of what Scotchmen call the pawky variety. Four or five months ago an old man called at the offices of the Dominion of Canada in Victoria street and asked to see Lord Strathcona, saying that he was the cabman who drove young Donald Smith down to the docks and his ship when years ago, he left Caledonia to

his enemy, with his back to the porch the prince crouched mo tioniess on his knee, but it was death to Mistitch to try to reach the sword with his unmaimed if was Sophy's minute. The

Fly Pads kill the flies and the disease

Fly Pads kill the flies and the disease yerms, too.

Doctor—So your insomnia is not quite so bad eh?

Patient—Not quite, sir. Sometimes my foot goes to sleep now.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtherla.

"I am a great believer in realism," remarked the poet.

"Yes?" we queried with a rising inflection, thereby giving him the desired epening.

"I sometimes carry my ideas of realism to a ridiculous extreme," continued the poet.

"Indeed!" we exclaimed inanely, somewhat impatient to reach the point of his wittleism.

Country, have been really enacted by men strong in spirit, whose flesh has long since gone to dust.

Thinking of that and of old things half forgotten, it seemed to one that the peple on the pageant ground yesterday, vague as they were in the dank mist, were the ghosts of those who once played their parts and went their way to death and bequeathed their ideals and purpose to those who followed on this soil of England.

The prelude, with St. George in the silver-shining armor, and with the early British saints, Alban and Ninian, David and Patrick, stirred in one's memories of the dream-stories of the dawn of Christian faith in Britain—legends made true only by tradition and by a few old stories here and there.

tinued the poet.

"Indeed!" we exclaimed inanely, somewhat impatient to reach the point of his witticism.

"Yes," continued the poet, "the other day I wrote a sonnet to the gas company and purposely made the metre defective."

At-this point we fainted.

A safe and sure medicine for a child troubled with worms is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

The Proper Way.

"I would like to ask," said a lady visiting America for the first time, "when you call here do you turn down the end of your visiting card or not?"

"No," said a man: "you blte it in the middle."—Ladies' Home Journal

America—A British View.

A nation with a history—of less than 150 years on a background of bushranging can hardly be expected to appreciate the finer feelings that matured communities would see officially reflected in their collective behavior, and our diplomats at home do not appear yet to have realized the fallacy of applying European standards to America an conduct.—London Saturday Revenue."

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\*\*One was shown the influence of monasticism in England before and there.

The first scene of "The Publication in Britain of the Edict of Constantine.

The first scene of "The Publication in Britain of the Edict of Constantine.

313," is not recorded in history, but at least it was a reminder of the Roman occupation of the Edict of Constantine.

313," is not recorded in history, but at leas yet to have realized the fallacy of applying European standards to American conduct. — London Saturday Re-

One was shown the influe

between the spiritual and the temporal power, each seeking to break down the other's prerogatives, each claiming perhaps more than was due.

The enisode of Magna Charta was to prove that the old Church was sometimes, if not always, on the side of liberty. The later episode of the suppression of the monasteries and the establishment of the Reformed Faith proved one thing to one man and one thing to another, according to his religious convictions and his knowledge of history.

Detachable.

One of the prettiest actresses in Paris was giving a tea one afternoon when her hairdresser was announced.

"My hairdresser, eh?" she said.

"Well, show him into the boudoir and

tell him to begin at once. I'll be with him in an hour."

Daughter-Pa, why do you hang

round the parlor while Mr. Sikes is calling on me? Father-I'm afraid

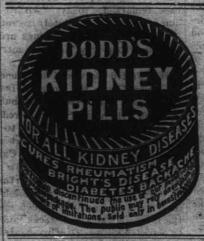
you'll say something to him that'll make him a burden on me for the rest

of my life.-Town and Country.

of history.

Flodden Field. A meeting of border gentlemen was held on Oct. 8, 1908, at which it was resolved to erect a column, cross or obelisk on Flodden Field (Sept. 9, o this effect: 'Prescriptions correctly compounded.'

"It seems to me that the use of the diverb 'correctly' gives the customer a the centre of the battlefield at Branxadverb 'correctly' gives the customer a the centre of the battlefield at Branx-little more confidence, which is a good ton, and a strong committee has been



British Force Goes Into Wilds of

Northern Nigeria.

Details of the expedition lately conluded by the southern Nigerian Gov-FIRST DAY OF CHURCH SPEC Bad Weather Mars Effect of Great
Historic Object Lesson in London
Mud Bedraggled Saints and Monks

Details of the expedition lately concluded by the southern Nigerian Government, by which some 5,000 square miles of hitherto unknown and unadministered country in the north and on the borders of Northern Nigeria have been brought under effective control, have been received by Reuter's Bad Weather Mars Effect of Great

Mud Bedraggled Saints and Monks
Make Scene of Reverence Almost
Comical—Retrospect of Church is
Given by Huge Company.

After many months of hard work, ci
enduring enthusiasm, and of those
little troubles which are inevitable in
a great assembly of amateur actors,
the English Church Pageant a few
days ago gave its opening performance.

Alas! the elements were not propitious. The day was the worst we have

her first hearing of the name.

Silence fell again, and she sank back into her chair. The lights, the stir, the revelry, were not for her, nor the cheers nor the shouts. A moment of reaction and fassitude came on her, a moment with the present, the around with its dim, muddy flood of vulgar necessity and sordid needs.

A jangle—a slither—a bellow of pain, of vulgar necessity and sordid needs. With a sob, she bowed her head to meet with him thirty out the support wo grandsons and one, to his saked its meaning. The cabmain extending the head to meet work a wide it wis a specific head to be supported. He had little a man of the plains, d



They were slight acquaintances and its propriety.

The colors wanted the sun to bring out their richness and harmonies. All out their richness and harmonies. All branches of trees scouts, whose duty it have to make a call on my mother.

ountry, have been really enacted by men strong in spirit, whose flesh has ong since gone to dust.

Thinking of that and of old things talf forgotten, it seemed to the that the people on the pageant ground yeserday, vague as they were in the dank

possible to discover the nature of the nature of the practiced, but in the vicinity of one big juju house discovered in the pageant ground yeserday, vague as they were in the dank

possible to discover the nature of nature of the nature of nature of



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