

I am glad the girls like you sow well. Sow well an dreap well. That man who introduced you to a nice girl and laughed at you befour her while hee introduced you is what you call him an infirmal snob. I dreamed about you last night and thought you were right hear speaking to me and I woke up. But everything was dark and quiet only the dunkey making a noise down in the 10 acre field. Jessie was hear last night and says she hopes you wont forget her. Take cair of yourself and dont go on the mountain. They sav there is wild gotes there. Write soon again.

Your loving grandma.

P. S.—I send you another box of my pills and a bottle of biters. Their better than your new fangled sol fa tonics. Dont give any away, you need it all yourself. Use biters when well, and pills in case of sick-ness.



Kipling on the Czar's Proclamation.

The following poem, by Kipling, having a strong political significance when viewed in the light of the attitude that the Czar recently took in respect to the peace question of Europe, appeared in a London paper on October 1st:—

Yearly with tent and rifle our careless
white-men go
By the pass called Multrasse to shoot in
the vale below.
Yearly by Multrasse he follows our white
men in—
Matun the old blind beggar bandaged from
brow to chin.

Eyeless, noseless and lipless—toothless, of
broken speech,
Seeking a dole at the doorway he mumbles
his tale to each.
Over and over the story, ending as he
began:

“Make ye no truce with Adam-zad, the
bear that walks like a man!”

“Up from his stony play-ground—down
from his well-dugged lair,
Out on the naked ridges ran Adam-zad the
bear.

Groaning, grunting and roaring, heavy
with stolen merls.

Two long marches to northward and I was
at his heels!

“Two full marches to northward, at the
fall of the second night
I came on mine enemy Adam-zad all
weary from his flight.
There was a charge in the musket—pricked
and primed was the pan—
My finger crooked on the trigger—when he
reared up like a man.

“Horrible, hairy, human, with paws like
hands in prayer
Making his supplication, rosc. Adam-zad
the bear!
I looked at the swaying shoulders, at the
paunch's sway and swing.
And my heart was touched in pity for the
monstrous, pleading thing.

“Touched in pity and wonder I did not
fire then. * * *
I have looked no more on women—I have
walked no more with men,
Nearer he tottered and nearer, with paws
like hands that pray—
From brow to jaw the steel-shod paw it
ripped my face away. * * *

“When he stands up like a tired man,
tottering near and near;
When he stands up as phawding, in mon-
strous man-brute guise,
When he veils the hate and cunning of the
little swinish eyes,
When he shows us seeking quarter, wi'
paws like hands in prayer.
That is the time of peril—the time of the
truce of the bear!”

Eyeless, noseless, and lipless, asking a
dole at the door,
Matun the old blind beggar, he tells it o'er
and o'er:
Fumbling and feeling the rifles, warming
his hands at the flame,
Hearing our careless white men talk of the
morrow's game;
Over and over the story, ending as he
began:
“There is no truce with Adam-zad, the
bear that looks like a man!”



On Tuesday, October 11th, the Normal College had the pleasure of listening to an address by the Hon. G. W. Ross. His advice to young teachers to *avie* may be emphasized. His exhortation to us to be perfect men was very earnest, almost impassioned. But so excellent an address must be too well imprinted on the minds of his hearers to need even summary here.