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During the present time science is accomplishing wonders in the medical and surgical world. We frequently hear of the grafting and transplanting of nerves, flesh, and even bones; but we are waiting expectantly for the happy time when we will be able to have our heads filled with grafted brains. The learned inventor of this system will be gladly welcomed by the Staff of our paper, and to him we would gladly give our superfluous brains for the benefit of mankind.

We have received word from our late Principal, Mr. Samuel Woods, who now occupies a Chair in the Presbyterian University, Washington State. He reports that his lines have fallen in pleasant places, and he speaks well both of the country and of its people.

A number of energetic young men have converted that picturesque little inland lake, the Cove, into an open air skating rink, and are building a cottage for the convenience and comfort of the skaters. Their plan is a good one and deserves the success with which it has been attended.

Everybody notices our beautiful flag-staff which was erected on last Dominion Day, and the remembrance of that ceremony does not seem to have died away from the minds of any of the students.

We are grateful to the Board of Education for their support. We also thank the merchants and citizens for their assistance, and are confident that, with their continued warm support and liberal patronage, our journal will remain a success.

Owing to lack of space a number of meritorious contributions have been left over to a future publication.

EVENING IN MUSKOKA.

Like shrouded stars within a shrouded sky,
The lilies lie upon the lonely lake,
And gleam among the rushes; slowly break
The last faint dying flashes from on high.
Around the island lies a purple sheen
Of mist and twilight, folding it from view,
While far within the narrows, passing through,
The shadowy glimmer of a sail is seen.

A kingfisher, shrill chattering, swiftly flies
Far down the lake more lonely haunts to seek.
The night winds from the deepening shadows rise,
And whisper slumber songs that softly creep
From point to point, until the echo dies
Far o'er the lake, and night folds all in sleep.

BOOKS AND READING.

DURING the nineteenth century a great change has come over the taste of the reading public, which must be recognized by all thoughtful people. In this breathless age we have not time to wade through the ponderous folios which delighted our ancestors. The popular novelist of to-day does not leave his hero at an exciting crisis to point out a moral or describe the scenery. Now his descriptions must be condensed and consist in a few graphic word-pictures, and must not be elaborated so as to fill the greater part of a chapter, as was often the case in days gone by.

At the present time every book must have a purpose, and no book is such a dismal failure now as the one which tries to be a little of everything. This is a day of specialties in literature, as well as in other branches of art.

The cheapening of literature has contributed largely to this change in public taste. Formerly, when books were scarce and dear, they were valued by the owner on account of this fact. We care less for our books, because they are easily procured. Where our grandfathers read one volume, we read a score at least; but their one volume was read again and again, until each page was familiar and each illustration, however crude, was invested with a certain beauty by constant association. This change in the manner of reading has brought about a corresponding change in the selection of authors. Those whose works are not attractive at first sight, and whose whose meaning is not clear at a glance, stand a poor chance of being appreciated by the average reader.

The practice of reading aloud seems to have gone out of vogue in most families. This is to be deplored, for nothing can better bring out the beauties and humorous touches of an author's style than this manner of reading. Our seniors portentously shake their heads over the "lamentable degeneracy" of the rising generation, which skips the first chapter of Scott and falls asleep over "Don Quixote." Even that ingenious allegory, "Pilgrim's Progress," does not seem to find favor in their eyes. The young reprobates say they would rather have "Uncle Remus."

But let us not croak senselessly over the "good old times." No doubt there is an enormous amount of fiction published which is neither original nor improving, but on the other hand a great number of papers on scientific and educational subjects, written in an entertaining style, are being printed in books and periodicals. Their popularity shows a desire for improvement on the part of the people. These books are mainly written for the times and will serve their purpose. Some of them will be outgrown, but others will go down through the centuries, with those ever acceptable books that have come down to us—the English classics.

The reading clubs and literary societies of to-day do a good work in helping people to appreciate worthy authors; and now, more than ever before, there are authors who help to appreciate more the harmony of nature, to see the beauty in the common things which surround our path.