

studies in Anglo-Saxon, music and pedagogics, may serve to give some idea of the breadth of his knowledge. All through his college career, Mr. Soloan has succeeded, not only by reason of his natural ability, but also by reason of his tireless industry. Mr. Soloan's thorough knowledge of the educational system of his native province, drawn from his long experience as a teacher coupled with that of German methods ensure his success in his present position.

Besides his many other accomplishments, Mr. Soloan is a writer of no mean order. His letters written from across the Atlantic are well remembered for their superior style and forcible description. "But there is absolutely no department of knowledge, in which he is not interesting and in which, as opportunity offers, he is not only willing but anxious to learn."

THE FIRST SCHOOL.

I WAS glad to get that school. The two hundred dollars offered by the section, seemed to me a very Klondike and I accepted unconditionally by return mail. On a Saturday afternoon, three weeks later, I arrived in the section, where I was soon comfortably located at the home of one of my trustees. I say comfortably located, but, in one respect, I was very far from comfortable, being too much occupied with "waiting for Monday."

Saturday evening, I was entertained by Mrs. Trustee with a harrowing account of how the boys had treated my predecessor who, it appears, had almost been driven to an early grave by the ferocity of the youthful tyrants, I was to have charge of. Mr. Trustee said that he and his compeers had been called in every few days to quell disturbances, that much school property had been destroyed, and that if I, by a free use of the leather, could save them from so much worry and keep the school in order he would be fully satisfied. The result of all this information and advice was to make me "wait for Monday" more anxiously than before.

Monday came. It's a way Monday has—and with it, came the opening of the school. I had a plan of campaign, but only a few words of it were written down. I thought I could remember that plan without any trouble, but there came a time before noon