

### THE UNIVERSITIES OF CANADA

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four, five or seven year course is usually a period of struggle to make both ends meet, despite the small cost of tuition. This is because of the laudable ambition among the children of parents of modest means to acquire an education. It is regarded by the young Canadian as creditable to put himself through university by earning in the long vacation sufficient money to pay his fee and support himself, consequently he loses no time at the close of the term in seeking employment.

Harvesting in Western Canada has always attracted a number of students, but the introduction of the combine is closing this source of employment; another illustration that the mechanization of industry affects nearly every group of citizens.

Many find employment on passenger and freight boats that ply the Great Lakes, and still others hire out as caddies and "bell hops" at resort hotels.

Some of the most successful men in the professions in Canada are those who, by their own industry, have paid their expenses unaided during the period of their university training. Such personal experiences broaden their sympathy and understanding of life and tend to make them useful and substantial citizens.

Some of the Canadian universities derive considerable fame and prestige by virtue of the dominant personalities of their principals and their influence upon the public life of the Dominion.

Among such leaders are General Sir Arthur Currie, principal at McGill. He won a distinguished record in the World War as Commander of the Canadian Corps.

Sir Robert Falconer, principal of Toronto University, is more than the head of a great educational institution. So, too, are such principals as Dr. A. S. MacKenzie, of Dalhousie; Dr. Walter C. Murray, of Saskatchewan, and Dr. R. C. Wallace, of Alberta.

### CELEBRATING THE BI-CENTENARY OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTH

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gaged on similar terms. Buckler, a carpenter, got a house for himself and wife and children, together with "300 pounds of Porke and Three Barrels of Corn," and at the year's end, 25 pounds in money. It was expressly stipulated that Buckler should employ rainy weather in making shoes.

Washington was one of the richest men of his time. He was born in a fair share of wealth, more came to him by his marriage, and

he added to the total. At his death, his estate, not counting Mount Vernon or any of Mrs. Washington's property, was worth \$530,000. Translated to values of the present, that would make him a millionaire several times over, though not sufficiently rich to merit the fostering care of Secretary Mellon.

A few years ago, there was a veritable craze for speaking of Washington's wealth, as if riches were his chief achievement. Some sarcastic person put a crimp in that folly by proposing to revise the famous description of Washington to read:

"First in stocks, first in bonds, first in the hearts of the realtors."

The truth seems to be that Washington's sound judgment showed in his private affairs as well as in his public service. He made many unprofitable ventures; but in the main, they turned out well.

### WOMAN'S SPHERE

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in the summer we can not undertake any more than the regular business meetings and a picnic or two.

The Auxiliary is planning six decorated cars for the Labor Day parade, plans for which are going forward as usual. We must be sure that we have "Machinists" on the streamers in good clear type, as last year some persons were heard to remark, "What is the I. A. of M.?" So we learn by experience to have our publicity very definite and easily understood by the sight-seers, who, of course, should all be in the parade under Organized Labor's banner. This shows very clearly the great need to continue to "educate, agitate and organize."

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### THERE'S SOMETHING HAPPY ON THE WAY

By HENRY VAN DYKE

Above the edge of dark appear the lances of the Sun;  
Along the mountain ridges clear his rosy heralds  
run;

The vapors down the valley go  
Like broken armies, dark and low.  
Look up, my heart, from every hill  
In folds of rose and daffodil  
The sunrise banners flow.

Oh, fly away on silent wing, ye boding owls of  
night!

Oh, welcome little birds that sing the coming-in of  
light!

For new, and new, and ever-new,  
The golden bud within the blue,  
And every morning seems to say:  
There's something happy on the way,  
And God sends love to you!