

years have known Professor Squair and his work. Through them, and particularly through such of them as have become High School teachers, Professor Squair and his work have become known wherever teachers and pupils gather together in Canada.

Professor Squair is a scholar. He is the author of text books which are read wherever English is spoken. He has exercised a marked influence upon the administration of education in Ontario. But those who know Professor Squair best, and particularly his old students, think of him not as a scholar, author, or administrator, but as a teacher. He has been a great teacher whose greatness consisted not merely in the content of what he taught but also, and chiefly, in the spirit in which he taught. He was intellectually honest. On its higher side this honesty gave him a noble faith in scholarship for its own sake. On the lower side it made him punctual, methodical, and singularly accurate. And he had unlimited industry. He had a fine zest for work and something of this fine zest he gave to his students. No two qualities are more necessary to a teacher than honesty and industry, and no Ontario teacher of the generation just passing possessed these in a larger measure than Professor Squair. Through his many students these have become his legacy to Canadian education.

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With an idea of testing his pupils' knowledge of their mother tongue a schoolmaster wrote on the blackboard the well-known proverb, "A wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse." Then he told the class to re-write this saying, using their own words, but retaining the original meaning of the sentence. Some of the results were good, and others bad, but the schoolmaster nearly fainted when he read the attempt of one bright little lassie. She had written: "A spasmodic movement of the optic is as adequate as a slight inclination of the cranium to an equine quadruped devoid of its visionary capacities."

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In the midst of the heated dissension on points connected with certain historical sensations, which their teacher had sought to impress on them, the two grandchildren appealed to their grandfather, who sat musing and puffing his pipe in the corner, for support, says the *Bohemian*.

"Grandpa," cried the eager brother, "who was it killed Caesar; Cassius or Brutus? I say Cassius."

"Wal," replied the grandfather, suddenly becoming grave and taking his pipe from his mouth, "it war one or t'other. Let me see—Yes, I guess 'twar the man you said."

"And Sis says it was Marie Antoinette who got put to death in France," again cried the youth, triumphantly glancing towards his sister, "but I say it was Mary, Queen of Scots."

"Now, you may be right there, too," ventured the involuntary vindicator, after fidgeting in his chair. "Come t'think of it, 'twar Mary, Queen of Scots that war electrocuted in France."

At this the young girl's eyes flashed.

"Grandpa," declared she, stepping before him and eyeing him sternly, "you don't seem to know anything about it."

The old man's head went up as if shocked. "Th' truth is, children," he then admitted, as he passed his free hand over his head, helplessly, "your grandfather ain't read th' newspaper very carefully this week. I'm a little mite behind."