

Educational Notes

(By Spectator)

According to John J. Tigert, United States Commissioner of Education, for every dollar spent on education in the great republic, two dollars is spent on tobacco. Conditions in Canada in this respect are not likely very different. Here surely there is food for thought on the part of those to whom "the increasing cost of education" has become a bugbear.

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The new government subdivision in Point Grey is to be called "University Hill." It is to be hoped that not a single lot in the whole district will be sold outright. We have here a notable opportunity to organize a model town, the property of the Province of British Columbia, governed by the philosophers whom Plato would thrust into the cave to govern rationally and beneficently the unfortunates whose eyes rest on shadows, not the realities of the sun suffused upper air. The lots should be leased on reasonable terms, and in time the revenue would go far to meet the running expenses of the province's great central institution of education and learning.

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Under ideal conditions the site of a town should be the property of the municipal corporation. Town-planning would then be easy. The area not required immediately for building purposes could be laid out profitably in garden stretches. A building programme could be carried out systematically. Expenses in connection with streets, lighting, sanitation, transportation, etc., could be reduced to a minimum. Municipal taxation might be found unnecessary, expenses being met out of ground rents. The unearned increment would then cease to be alienated from the possession of its true owners,—the public community whose labors have created it.

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"Thy speech bewrayeth thee." This is as true to-day as it was two thousand years ago. How often does a man's speech betray his racial origin, his early home surroundings, the companionship of his childhood and youth. But most of all it betrays the man himself. No Canadian with a proper sense of self respect need give offence, by pronunciation or accent, to the most fastidiously cultured ear. Yet in these respects we are not above reproach, and it behoves us not to be satisfied by the commendable measure of purity to which we have attained, but to mind carefully our linguistic p's and q's. Not to speak of the rather flat sound of "a" we sometimes carelessly let pass our lips, too many habitually neglect to give the diphthongal sound to the long "u", so that the carefully trained ear is offended by such sounds as "noo," "nooz," "toon," "Toosday" and so forth.

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An offence as serious, in some respects more serious, arises from the poverty of thought and expression noticed in a conversation at a recent public dinner-table. Adjectives and adverbs of legitimate pedigree were apparently absent on a long vacation, and in almost every sentence the word "damn" acted as proxy for one or more of them. For this there is neither justification nor excuse. Not even the patronage of a royal Duke of the early Victorian age can be pleaded in extenuation, when, rising from his knees at family

prayers in the young Queen's household, he exclaimed with enthusiasm, "I call this a damn fine custom."

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The late Principal Grant, of Queen's University, addressing a great convention of teachers many years ago, recalled his holiday walking tours in Britain and on the continent in the golden years of his youth, when he was a student at Glasgow University. He urged his hearers to know their own country; to begin with their own province; to take other provinces in turn; to make, as it were, this grand Dominion their very own. Under his magic spell his hearers tasted the joy of the open air, the blue sky, the ever-changing panorama; their minds expanded with the moving horizon; their hearts thrilled with the patriotic appeal.

Even in this age of the electric tram, the railway train and the automobile, there is no discount on the method George Monro Grant could recommend from experience. But time and distance may happen to be of the essence of the contract, so that we may be impelled to call in these seven-league boots of modern progress.

For four successive years a selected band of Ontario teachers has made an incursion into the northern part of their province. These expeditions have been tours of pleasure and recreation, imparting brightness to the eye, a natural glow to the cheek, a lightness to the step, a tone to every fibre in the body. They have been more. The eyes of these pilgrims have been opened to the immense natural resources of New Ontario, the wealth of forest, of agricultural land, of mineral, of water-power. They have seen a vessel mount or descend the giant stairs of the Sault canal; they have observed every step in the process of pulp manufacture; they have studied the treatment of nickel and silver from the ore to the purest residuum. They have gone back to their homes and their schools with a new knowledge of their province and their country, eager to share with their friends and their pupils their new acquirements, and implant in their minds and hearts the fruitful seeds of their own new inspiration.

Such excursions might well be organized for educationists in every part of the broad Dominion, and the number of devoted patriots would not be fewer in consequence.

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Mr. W. Stewart Wallace, in his recent sketch of the life of Sir John Alexander Macdonald, for some

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