

has worked best on women. Last night I came to Hamilton to complete my experiments on woman graduates. The Principal, who is enthusiastic over my marvelous discovery, soon secured me a subject. She is said to have been quite a distinguished student at College.

On being applied, the machine buzzed away all right and showed the following:—

“Last night Mr. Acehigh was lovely enough to ask me to go to the theatre with him. I wonder what sort of seats he will get. He looks pretty easy. Why I haven't known him more than a week. I like very dark men. They look so deep and strong. Let me see, it's Faust. There will surely be other students there. I think I shall wear my blue, for he will probably get good seats. I hate being away back. That time I was in the box at—poor old Jack was not so handsome as Mr. Acehigh, but he knew a lot. Silly old thing! what fools some clever men make of themselves sometimes. Miss Laidlow says Mr. Acehigh drinks and plays billiards and does all sorts of things he shouldn't. But what's the difference? He plays football. I hate these goody-goody men. Plugs never do anything bad. Heroes do. I guess lots of the girls will have to paddle their own canoe to-morrow night. It will be lovely to smile at them. Some girls never seem to catch on with the men. It would make Miss Laidlow so mad to see me with Mr. Acehigh. They say she used to buzz around with him outrageously in Toronto. That's why she is down on him now. I really must do some hard work to-night. That Physics is just dreadful. Mr. Acehigh says it's easy. What a fine big man he is. Now my—satin—feathers—Jolly's Balance—.”

The machine got stuck here, and any way it always muddles things up a bit as you take it off. The application in this case lasted three and one-fifth seconds, about three-fifths of a second longer than usually

necessary for the same amount of material from the same class of subjects. At some points the needle showed signs of excitement and great uncertainty, but nothing can baffle it in the long run. You see how fast the feminine mind works. Inhuman wretches have amused themselves for centuries with their petty jests on woman's talkativeness. They say she talks faster than she thinks. But you see she does not do justice to her thoughts. We have never imagined the terrible restraint that women have patiently put upon themselves, to refrain from full expression. They “worship at the Temple's inner shrine,” you know. Let us try to make reparation for ages of injustice.

THE INVENTOR.



Dr. McLellan.

F the prominent educationists of this country, J. A. McLellan, M. A., LL.D., is perhaps the most distinguished. As a man of great versatility of talent, of wide and varied practical experience in school matters, of intuitive insight into complex educational problems and their solutions, he is certainly without an equal.

Dr. McLellan is a Canadian by birth and education. He is intensely patriotic and is almost as well known as a lecturer on “Canada” as on purely educational themes. He was born in Shubenacadie, N. S., and is proud of the fact that for two generations before him were his family Canadians. Originally from England, Ireland and Scotland, they settled in Nova Scotia chiefly in Colchester and Hants Counties where after the Treaty of Paris in 1763, a large tract of land was granted them by the government for their loyalty and service during the troublous times of alternate French and English rule in Acadia. The exigencies of these times demanded men of loyalty and devotion, of strength and endurance, of brain and muscle;