

A Corner for the Girls and the Boys

THE discussion started in our last month's issue on the most advisable course to be followed by a man who unfortunately falls in love when he has no prospect of being able to marry, has brought us many answers, —some wise, some foolish. Almost without exception the men endorse the views of the man, and the women all agree with the three girls. And naturally. Men look at things from a less sentimental and more practical point of view; and the tender, impulsive hearts of the women run away with them. Aside from his naturally chivalrous thought for the one he loves, the man stops to weigh the pros and cons of the question. He looks more dispassionately at all sides of it, and if reason points to the sacrifice, he can more easily give up the happiness of holding to-day what he realizes he must surrender to-morrow. Not so the woman. With her reason goes to the winds. She gives her heart with a free and sweet unreserve; and having given it, she cares and asks for nothing but a heart's love in return. For her to-morrow may never come, she wants only the bliss of having and holding to-day what is more to her than reason, or riches, or any other consideration—the knowledge, the sweetness of knowing that she possesses the love of the one who is to her dearest on earth; and having that, she is willing to face any consequences that may follow. The man argues that if he avows his love the lady may consent to wait, and the best years of her life be wasted while he struggles to build up a home—a struggle that may end in failure after all. The woman answers that even so, she has, while she waits, that which she prizes most. She shares his joys and his difficulties only a little less acutely than if the same walls surrounded them; and if the dream ends in unfulfillment—they have at least spent the sweetest years of their lives together. Whereas, once having given him her love, what has she left if she loses him? Days, and months, and years of heart-hunger, or a love-less life shared with some one who can hope for nothing from her but an unsatisfying regard. One correspondent, to strengthen her argument reminds us that:

Night has a thousand eyes,
The day but one,
But the light of a whole world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
The heart but one,
But the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

IN answer to our last month's invitation to young writers to try what they could do in the way of literary work one ambitious boy of ten sends us his views on Canada's Public School system. He tells us it is his first attempt, and very cordially we hope it will not be his last. He has expressed himself very clearly, and unlike most beginners he did not think it necessary to cover two pages with what could be said on one. He has the rare faculty

of condensing what he wishes to say, without omitting necessary details, and has chosen his subject well.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BY BEVERLEY BOWES.

The Public School System of Canada is one of the best ever formed. It is one of the greatest boons to the poor man. What would his children do if there were no Public Schools? Why nothing but wander about the streets, getting in the way of carts, being run over by trolley cars, and perhaps it would lead them to steal, or worse. But when they go to school how different things are. They are taught all that is necessary to them in after life—everything to make them good business men and women, everything that will make them honest, upright citizens; everything in fact, to make them what they should be,—all without cost!

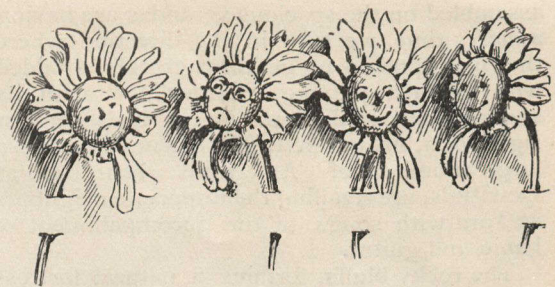
Of course some people say that their child-



A Message.

She wasn't on the playground, she wasn't on the lawn,
The little one was missing, and bed-time coming on.
We hunted in the garden, we peeped about to see
If sleeping under rose tree, or lilac she might be.
But nothing came in answer to our very anxious call
Until, at length, we hastened within the darkening hall;
And then upon the stillness there broke a silvery tone,
The darling mite was standing before the telephone,
And softly as we listened, came stealing down the stairs:
"H'lo Central! Give me Heaven. I want to say my prayers."

ren's education is paid for in the taxes. What does that matter? Does not everybody pay taxes? Are not the schools included, and are they not assessed as school supporters, either of Public or Separate? Does not everybody pay taxes, whether they have children in the schools or not? Why yes, of course, everybody is



assessed as a school supporter, and the poor man's burden is lessened; and besides a great many live in tenements, and do not pay taxes, and yet their children go to school and derive the benefit without paying a cent.

Nearly every person in Canada is indebted to Dr. Ryerson, the founder of the system, and I am sure they are at least grateful to him. Many countries have adopted it, and it is prospering everywhere. Dr. Ryerson, it is thought, took the idea from the National Schools of Ireland, and perfected it in 1848 or '49. The number of public schools in Canada at the present time can be reckoned by thousands, but in 1850, or thereabouts, there were hardly fifty, which shows how far a good thing will go.

We don't want to tempt any boy into experimenting with his mother's cut glass treasures, but if he will take some good strong glasses that won't break easily, here is something that he will find a little difficult to do:—
With three matches and three glasses form a bridge between the glasses strong enough to hold a fourth glass, each match resting on and touching one glass only, and at a single point.

Here is another,—With six matches form four triangles.

A Rosedale lady who was summering at the Island sent the nurse over to the city house to make some of the preserves for the coming winter. It grew late, and the elf of the home—a little maid of five—became anxious. Bed-time arrived, and with her heart full of forebodings for the safety of the absent one, she wound up her prayers with the petition—"and God bless Nin, and bring her back safe. She's gone over to do the crabs."

The row of smiling daisy heads at the top of the page just show what a child can do with a pair of scissors and an imagination. One minute's work, and four perfect marguerites are converted into four faces, smiling or grotesque, funny or pathetic, according to the fancy of the little fingers that hold the instruments—pen and ink and scissors—which work the change.

HIS ONLY FEAR.

The dentist's chair may fairly be said to be like conscience. It makes cowards of us all. So it was with the youthful hypocrite mentioned in the following story.

"What!" said the little boy's mother, "back already? Well, I'm glad it's over. Did it hurt you much?"

"I—I didn't have it out."

"What? Didn't you go to the dentist's?"

"Yes, but there were two people ahead of me."

"Why didn't you wait?"

"I—I was afraid they'd feel very much ashamed if I stayed and heard them holler."