

The Mill on the Floss

By
George Eliot.

BOOK SEVENTH—SCHOOL TIME.

(27. Instalment.)

Tom looked confused and awkward, while Philip rose and glanced at him timidly. Tom did not like to go up and put out his hand, and he was not prepared to say, "How do you do?" on so short a notice.

Mr. Stelling wisely turned away, and closed the door behind him: boys' shyness only wears off in the absence of their elders.

Philip was at once too proud and too timid to walk towards Tom. He thought, or rather felt, that Tom had an aversion to look at him: everyone, almost, disliked looking at him; and his deformity was more conspicuous when he walked. So they remained without shaking hands or even speaking while Tom went to the fire and warmed himself, every now and then casting furtive glances at Philip, who seemed to be drawing absent first one object and then another on a piece of paper he had before him. He had seated himself again, and as he drew was thinking what he could say to Tom, and trying to overcome his own repugnance to making the first advances.

Tom began to look oftener and longer at Philip's face, for he could see it without noticing the lump, and it was really not a disagreeable face—very old-looking, Tom thought. He wondered how much older Philip was than himself. An anatomist—even a mere physiognomist—would have seen that the deformity of Philip's spine was not a congenital hump, but the result of an accident in infancy; but you do not expect from Tom any acquaintance with such distinctions: to him, Philip was simply a humpback. He had a vague notion that the deformity of Waken's son had some relation to the lawyer's raceability, of which he had so often heard his father talk with hot emphasis; and he felt, too, a half-admitted fear of him as probably a spiteful fellow, who, not being able to fight you, had cunning ways of doing you a mischief by the sly. There was a humpbacked tailor in the neighbourhood of Mr. Jacobs' academy, who was considered a very unamiable character, and was much hated after by public-spirited boys solely on the ground of his unsatisfactory moral qualities; so that Tom was not without a basis of fact to go upon. Still, no face could be more unlike that ugly tailor's than this melancholy boy's face: the brown hair round it waved and curled at the ends like a girl's: Tom thought that truly pitiable. This Waken was a pale, puny fellow, and it was quite clear he would not be able to play at anything worth speaking of; but he handled his pencil in an enviable manner, and was apparently making one thing after another without any trouble. What was he drawing? Tom was quite warm now, and wanted something new to be going forward. It was certainly more agreeable to have an ill-natured humpback as a companion than to stand looking out of the study window at the rain, and kicking his foot against the washboard in solitude; something would happen every day—a quarrel or something;—and Tom thought he should rather like to show Philip that he had better not try his spiteful tricks on him. He suddenly walked across the hearth, and looked over Philip's paper.

"Why, that's a donkey with panniers—and a spaniel, and partridges in the corn!" he exclaimed, his tongue being completely loosed by surprise and admiration. "Oh my buttons! I wish I could draw like that. I'm to learn drawing this half—I wonder if I shall learn to make dogs and donkeys!"

"Oh, you can do them without

learning," said Philip; "I never learned drawing."

"Never learned?" said Tom in amazement. "Why, when I make dogs and horses, and those things, the heads and the legs won't come right; though I can see how they ought to be very well. I can make houses, and all sorts of chimneys—chimneys going all down the wall, and windows in the roof, and all that. But I daresay I could do dogs and horses if I was to try more," he added, reflecting that Philip might falsely suppose that he was going to "knock under," if he were too frank about the imperfection of his accomplishments.

"Oh yes," said Philip, "it's very easy. You've only to look well at things, and draw them over and over again. What you do wrong once, you can alter the next time."

"But haven't you been taught anything?" said Tom, beginning to have a puzzled suspicion that Philip's crooked back might be the source of remarkable faculties. "I thought you'd been to school a long while."

"Yes," said Philip, smiling. "I've been taught Latin, and Greek, and mathematics—and writing, and such things."

"Oh, but I say, you don't like Latin, though, do you?" said Tom, lowering his voice confidentially.



MAGIC BAKING POWDER CONTAINS NO ALUM MADE IN CANADA

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"Pretty well; I don't care much about it," said Philip.

"Ah, but perhaps you haven't got into the *Propria quae maribus*," said Tom, nodding his head sideways, as much as to say, "that was the text: it was easy talking till you come to that."

Philip felt some bitter complacency in the promising stupidity of this well-made, active-looking boy; but made polite by his own extreme sensitiveness, as well as by his desire to conciliate, he checked his inclination to laugh, and said quietly—

"I've done with the grammar; I don't learn that any more."

"Then you won't have the same lessons as I shall?" said Tom, with a sense of disappointment.

"No; but I daresay I can help you. I shall be very glad to help you if I can."

Tom did not say "Thank you," for he was quite absorbed in the thought that Waken's son did not seem so spiteful a fellow as might have been expected.

"I say," he said presently, "do you love your father?"

"Yes," said Philip, colouring deeply; "don't you love yours?"

"Oh yes, . . . I only wanted to know," said Tom, rather ashamed of himself, now he saw Philip colouring and looking uncomfortable.

"No; but I daresay I can help you. I shall be very glad to help you if I can."

"What! Latin, and Euclid, and those things?" said Tom.

"Yes," said Philip, who had left off using his pencil, and was resting his head on one hand, while Tom was leaning forward on both elbows, and looking with increasing admiration at the dog and the donkey.

"And you don't mind that?" said Tom, with strong curiosity.

"He learnt it when he was a boy, of course," said Philip. "But I daresay he's forgotten it."

"Oh, well, I can do that, then," said Tom, not with any epigrammatic intention, but with serious satisfaction at the idea that, as far as Latin was concerned, there was no hindrance to his resembling Sir John Crake. "Only you're obliged to remember it while you're at school, else you've got to learn ever so many lines of 'Speaker.' Mr. Stelling's very particular—did you know? He'll have you up ten times if you say 'nam' for 'jam' . . . he won't let you go a letter wrong, I can tell you."

"Oh, I don't mind," said Philip, unable to choke a laugh; "I can remember things easily. And there are some lessons I'm very fond of. I'm very fond of Greek history, and everything about the Greeks. I should like to have been a Greek and fought the Persians, and then have come home and have written tragedies, or else have been listened to by everybody for my wisdom, like Socrates, and have died a grand death." (Philip, you perceive, was not without a wish to improve the well-made barbarian with a sense of his mental superiority.)

"Why, were the Greeks great fighters?" said Tom, who saw a vista in this direction. "Is there anything like David, and Goliath, and Samson, in the Greek history? Those are the only bits I like in the history of the Jews."

"Oh, there are very fine stories of that sort about the Greeks—about the heroes of early times who killed the wild beasts, as Samson did. And in the 'Odyssey'—that's a beautiful poem—there's a more wonderful giant than Goliath—Polyphemus, who had only one eye in the middle of his forehead: and Ulysses, a little fellow, but very wise and cunning, got a red-hot pine-tree and struck it into this eye, and made him roar like a thousand bulls."

"Oh, what fun!" said Tom, jumping away from the table, and stamping first with one leg and then the other. "I say, can you tell me all about those stories? Because I shan't learn Greek, you know. . . . Shall I?" he added, pausing in his stamping with a sudden alarm, lest the contrary might be possible. "Does every gentleman learn Greek? . . . Will Mr. Stelling make me begin with it, do you think?"

"No, I shouldn't think not—very likely not," said Philip. "But you may read those stories without knowing Greek. I've got them in English."

"Oh, but I don't like reading; I'd sooner have you tell them me. But only the fighting ones, you know. My sister Maggie is always wanting to tell me stories—but they're stupid things. Girls' stories always are. Can you tell a good many fighting stories?"

"Oh yes," said Philip; "lots of them, besides the Greek stories. I can tell you about Richard Coeur-de-Lion and Saladin, and about William Wallace, and Robert Bruce, and James Douglas—I know no end."

"You're older than I am, aren't you?" said Tom.

"Why, how old are you? I'm fifteen."

"I'm only going in fourteen," said Tom. "But I thrashed all the fellows at Jacobs's—that's where I was before I came here. And I beat 'em all at bandy and climbing. And I wish Mr. Stelling would let me go fishing. I could show you how to fish. You could fish, couldn't you? It's only standing, and sitting still, you know."

(To be continued.)

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By Mrs. Ruth Heppner Swaine.

All kindergartens have one characteristic in common—the respect which the children show for the individual rights of others. Where many little children are gathered together, there must be governing laws and obedience to these laws.

In the ideal kindergarten these laws are more feelings than facts. The children grow to respect and obey them spontaneously, almost unconsciously. Thus, even when they are 4 and 5 years old, they can be led to a right relation toward their fellow-beings. Could anything be more important!

All children do not live near a kindergarten, but all children have playmates. A wise mother will quickly establish the law of right relationships among the children who play in her home. Even a busy mother—and are not all real mothers very busy?—can with a word now and then impart a feeling for the rights of others, and this, once gained, is never lost through life.

The kindergarten is the most democratic of institutions. The children feel no class distinctions—in fact, there are none in the world of the three-year-old. My Philip plays as joyfully with the little fellow in the servant quarters next door as he does with the son of my best friend. The public school kindergarten is particularly interesting, because all classes mix freely and are entirely free from self-consciousness. Each little individual contributes his personal traits toward the making of the whole. A fault may serve as great purpose as a virtue, and both may serve as mirrors wherein the child sees himself. Under the guidance of the kindergarten he will see wisely.

Moreover, the children soon learn to love the calm of the kindergarten room, and come readily under the influence of the ruling spirit—the denial of self for the good of the whole.

In your own garden, the back yard, there cannot be the close supervision that there is in the kindergarten, and elimination sometimes becomes a necessity. If you are fortunate enough to live among your own kind, where all the children in your neighborhood are reared similarly, you will probably not have any serious problem. But if

Recipes

Corn Meal and Raisins Gems.

Mix one cupful of corn meal with one tablespoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute melted and one cupful and a half of hot milk. Cool; add half a cupful of seeded raisins, one cupful of flour sifted with four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one well-beaten egg. Mix well and divide into hot, greased gem pans. Bake for twenty minutes in a moderate oven.

Golden Corn Tea Rolls.

Sift together one cupful of corn meal with one cupful of white flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one teaspoonful of salt. Work in three tablespoonfuls of lard or vegetable shortening with the finger tips. Add enough milk and water in equal parts—from three-quarters of a cupful to one cupful—to make a biscuit dough. Turn out on a floured board, make into plaited rolls, lay on greased tins and let stand for fifteen minutes in a cool place. Brush over with milk or melted butter and bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes.

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to look at all these lovely things. He didn't have time, for his mother had sent him to the post office to mail a letter, and you know if you ever stop when you are sent on an errand it always happens that you forget to go. So the little rabbit kept on his way and by and by he came to the post office, where he dropped the letter in the little crack underneath the postage stamp window.

"You are just in time," said the kind postmistress, who was a nice lady goose, for the other postmistress, who was an old maid grasshopper, had left for the south on account of the cold weather and wouldn't be back until summer.

And then the old stage coach drove up and the driver, who was an old dow with a pipe in his mouth, picked up the mailbag and threw it inside and then climbed up on the front seat and said "Gid-up!" to his billy goat team.

"Oh, won't you please take me for a drive?" asked the little rabbit.

"Jump up beside me," said the kind-hearted old dog, and away they went, rattly bang over the stones and the rough places, and I guess some of the stamps nerly came off the letters in the canvas mail bag.

"Pretty rough going, eh?" said the old dog, and he took his pipe from his mouth and knocked the ashes out of the bowl, and then he put it in his pocket, for he didn't want to smoke any more just then.

"I don't mind it," said the little rabbit. "It's not as easy as Uncle Lucky's automobile, you know, but I like it!"

"I like it better," said the old dog. "I don't care for them pesky automobiles," and then he touched one of the billy goats with the end of his long whip, but very gently, you know, for he was fond of his billy goat team, and so would I be if I had one. I'd rather have a billy goat team than an automobile any day in the week and twice on Sundays.

And just then, all of a sudden, a big horse fly stung one of the billy goats on his left ear, and that made him so angry that he stood up on his hind legs and tried to butt.

"Whoa, there!" said the old dog; "careful now!" but the bad horse fly kept on stinging that poor goat's ear until, all of a sudden, that billy goat gave a jump and turned the stage coach over. Wasn't that dreadful? Well, I guess you would have thought so if you had been that mail bag inside, for it didn't have time to jump out as did the old dog and the little rabbit. And in the next story you shall hear what happened after that.

—Important discoveries of fuel oil have been made on the Duke of Devonshire's estates at Chesterfield, Derbyshire, where exploration has been carried on on a large scale and under official sanction. The supplies are described as vast. Experts are convinced that several other rich oil fields are in the country. An authority says there is more oil in England than in the whole state of Pennsylvania.

—The eye trouble with which Viscount Grey, former British secretary of state for foreign affairs, has now culminated into total blindness, says the Daily Mail. Viscount Grey is learning to read by the Braille system of characters for the blind.

For Our Little Ones

TALES OF THE FRIENDLY FOREST.

By David Cory.

Oh, the nuts that grow on the Hickory tree Are the nicest kind of nuts for me. And if you like I will show you how To shake them down from the tall high bough.

Crushed in Machinery

TORONTO.—According to J. A. Miller, superintendent of the Ontario government employment bureau, over seven thousand men in Toronto are out of employment at the present time. "Most of these are returned soldiers or men who have been employed on munitions," he said.

Crushed in Machinery

TORONTO.—Frank Ruffe, aged 55, an employee of the Toronto Knitting factory, was instantly killed when he became entangled with some machinery.

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