Permanency of Yukon Placers

Fred G. Wade Refutes Statements Made By Geo. H. Hees.

Yukon Creeks Have as Yet Been Only Cursorily Prospected.

The Manitoba Free Press contains an interesting interview with Fred. G. Wade, Crown attorney for Yukon, who passed through Winnipeg en route to Dawson on August 11, regarding the report of Geo. H. Hees, chairman of the Intelligence Commission of the Manufacturers' association, on business and mining conditions in Yukon.

Mr. Wade's attention was called to the following clauses in Mr. Hees' report:

"I quoted to Governor Ross the remarks recently made in Toronto by Mr. Wade, in a lecture before the Canadian club, which was afterwards published in pamphlet form and scattered broadcast throughout Canada. He said, 'When I tell you that only 50 miles have been worked and that there are 7,000 miles of creeks in the Yukon, almost all of which are unprospected, you can have some idea of the future which lies before that country.' Governor Ross said 'that statement is misleading and should not have been made.' Since 1897 hundreds and thousands of prospectors have been exploring and prospecting every creek and mountain in that country, and no new discovery of importance has been made for more than a year.'"

Mr. Wade said: "As this pamphlet in question was published during my absence in England, and I had not the opportunity of revising it, and indeed never saw it till yesterday, I would not care to hold myself responsible for any word it contains. The statement referred to, however, is substantially correct. If Mr. Hees will look over Mr. R. G. McConnell's very valuable reports, he will find that the total length of creeks in the Yukon is seven thousand miles, and also the statement that only fifty miles have been worked. Only thirty miles had been worked when Mr. McConnell and Mr. Tyrrell made their joint report a few years ago. Prospectors have examined other large areas more or less cursorily, but if Mr. Hees investigates the matter he will find that shafts have not been put down, creeks crosssectioned as is often necessary, and prospecting completed over more than 50 miles. Mr. McConnell is my authority for stating that there is no reason to believe that gold will not be discovered over many of these large creek areas, and he is doubtless correct. If Mr. Hees was familiar with the history of the creeks he would know that prospectors tramped over Gold Run, Sulphur and Dominion repeatedly and condemned them as "wild cats." It was only when they had been prospected in the real sense of the term that they were found to be amongst the best creeks in the country.

REPORT OF GOVERNOR ROSS.

I am particularly surprised that Mr. Hees should quote Mr. Ross as appearing to contradict my statement. Everything that Mr. Ross has stated officially at any rate, is to the very opposite effect. Well within the last year, in his report to the Minister of the Interior, dated October 10, 1901, and published in the Sessional Papers, Mr. Ross says: 'Daily there are being disclosed enormous tracts of good paying ground,' and yet Mr. Hees states that 'no new discovery of importance has been made for more than a year.' That Mr. Ross is an enthusiast even on the subject must be evident from the following part of his report:

"No one can have spent a season in Dawson without realizing the existence of unmistakable signs of permanency. Not only does a general air of prosperity and confidence pervade the whole business community, but the surest steps are being taken to insure a continuance of good times. When one finds men of as wide business as any on the continent, and hundreds of intelligent and competent mining men all over the gold producing districts bringing in boilers and machinery to such an extent that for months the streets are obstructed by them, and hastening to erect plants upon their claims; when steady, calculated business methods supersede the former make-shift ways; when mine owner after mine owner declares that already in sight is dust to occupy years in working, and when it is recognized that although Eldorados are not struck every day, or more than once in a life time, yet daily there are being disclosed enormous tracts of good paying ground; and when in addition there is every indication and prospect of early development of quartz mining, it is not difficult to find justification for the wealth which is found here wherever one turns in the resources of the country. One stamp mill has already been erected in Dawson, and another is in course of erection. These facts indicate the hopes created by recent quartz finds."

BY A MINERALOGIST.

It might also be useful to read the report of Henry A. Miers, D.Sc., F.R.S., Waynflete, professor of mineralogy in the University of Oxford, who visited the Klondike within the last year, and furnished a valuable report to the Minister of the Interior. The subject is important enough to quote:

"There is always a sense of insecurity about a placer mining region, and I have found outside the country a some what widespread impression that the Yukon Territory has seen its best days, and will not long coutinue to be productive; I must confess that I shared this impression before visiting Dawson. A short stay in the country is, however, sufficient to convince a visitor that, even putting on one side the possibility of quartz mining, many of the properties now working have many years of life left in them at the present rate, and that a comparatively small portion of even the Klondike district has been worked out. It may well be that the extravagantly rich deposits are exhausted, and that no second stretch of three and a half miles upon a single creek will ever again produce from 25 to 30 million dollars of gold. Yet, even when the Klondike district is exhausted, there remains the whole Yukon Territory, which is certainly auriferous over considerable areas. The territory has been very imperfectly prospected, and prospecting in this country is very difficult on account of the vegetation."

Mr. Wade also referred to the most recent report of the Deputy Minister of the Interior, in which he says:

"That the mining industry of the Yukon, however, is not losing any of its former activity is evidenced from the fact that the total revenue derived from that source during the first three months of the present fiscal year has exceeded by $204,768.55 the revenue collected during the corresponding period."

BRITAIN AND THE COLONIES

Canada Looms Larger Than Ever in Eyes of Old Country People.

From Ottawa Citizen.

The British public is slow to learn, but when it does master its lesson, it is tenacious in retaining the knowledge. The circumstances in connection with the South African war has caused a change in public feeling in Britain that the colonies may be slow to recognize, but it seems likely to be as far-reaching in its effects in a commercial sense as the action of the colonies during the war was in a military sense. When it is remembered that not so many years ago a very large proportion of the British public shared the opinion of certain political leaders of the day that the colonies were really a weakness to the Empire, which would be wise in letting them shift for themselves as soon as they could conveniently be turned adrift, the unanimity with which public feeling has lapsed to the other extreme is remarkable. Instead of being sources of weakness, the average Briton is convinced that the colonies are the buttresses of the Empire, that they must be encouraged and favored in every possible manner and drawn closer to the Mother Country by the extension of trade relations and generally by putting everything their way in a commercial sense whenever it can be done without involving much actual disadvantage in trading. This is likely to mean a great deal to the colonies, and particularly to Canada, which is the nearest to Great Britain as well as the largest overseas nation. Before the South African war the attitude of the British commercial public towards the colonies was one of comparative indifference. They certainly were not prepared to go out of their way to favor the colonies or even to give them a preference where they were on an equal footing with foreign nations. When it is considered what an immense trade Great Britain has, a general desire to put as much of it in the way of the colonies as can be done with advantage, or the mere preference of good will, all things being equal, is bound in the future to mean a great deal to this country.

The same condition of sentiment in Great Britain towards the colonies seems likely to beneficially affect immigration. The prevailing idea is that the colonies should be recruited and strengthened with population and the amount of attention that has been directed to them as a result of the war has given the average Briton a better knowledge of them and the advantages of life in the colonies than tons of pamphlets and an army of immigration agents.

Turning to Canada, we find this country in an exceptionally fortunate position to take advantage of the impetus which this awakening in the old land is likely to give her. Last year we had a phenomenally good harvest just at the time when the limelight of public attention was directed over here. If that had been followed by a lean year in 1902, the impression might have been discounted by the idea gaining ground that the harvest of 1901 was a very unusual occurrence. But while the interest in Canada is being sustained and strengthened by the events of the coronation summer, while our numerous premiers and statesmen have been glorifying Canada in the presence of large audiences and having their speeches fully reported in the newspapers of the three kingdoms, we are in a position to corroborate their words by cable announcements that the crop of 1902 will exceed even that of last year, and to fire the imagination of the British public with substantial figures eloquent of the not distant day when Canada can practically furnish the wheat supply of the Mother Country. Apart from the inducement which the prevalence of such prosperity over here will hold out to intending emigrants, the thought that one day the Empire can furnish its own food supply is one that appeals very forcibly to the thinking men of Great Britain and is in every way "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

It remains for Canada and Canadians to be ready to take full advantage of whatever this fortuitous combination of conditions may evolve. For instance we notice that an order has already been placed with an Ontario firm for a million barrels of apples, the largest order of the sort that has ever been placed over here. Every effort should be made in that and similar cases to satisfactorily supply the demand so as to create and maintain a good impression of our resources and business methods. It has too often happened in the past that the forming of good business connections has been missed by failure to rise to the occasion. When, as appears likely, opportunity is to be afforded Canada of capturing a substantial share of British trade, no effort should be spared to make business relations mutually satisfactory by care in selection and shipment. We appear to be entering upon a flood tide of prosperity which is bound to give a great impetus to the Dominion, and we should be prepared to reap the benefits to the full.

A CORONATION REMINISCENCE.

Judging from his present excellent health, Lord Gwydyr is one of the few noblemen who will be able to give his experiences of three coronations. Lord Gwydyr is in his ninety-third year, and one of his recollections (writes "One of his Friends") as a boy of 10 is in connection with the coronation of George IV. On the day that monarch was crowned he was taken in his grandfather's barge from the steps in Whitehall to the Speaker's steps. On reaching the Houses of Parliament he was placed under the charge of Lady Elphinstone. They had tickets for the Lord Chamberlain's box at Westminster Hall. After watching the long ceremony, both the boy and his escort grew exceedingly hungry, more particularly so from the fact that their seats in the gallery overlooked the banquet below. The boy by signs managed to convey his feelings to one of the guests, his cousin, Lord Prudhoe (afterwards fourth Duke of Ancaster), who good-naturedly wrapped in a piece of paper two fragments of chicken and tossed them up to the gallery, where they were caught and eagerly devoured.

Was Tortured By Eczema 30 Years.

A Dreadful Case—Itching Almost Unbearable—The Flesh Raw and Flaming,

Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Mr. G. H. McConnell, Engineer, in Fleury's Foundry, Aurora, Ont., states, "I believe that Dr. Chase's Ointment is worth its weight in gold. For about thirty years I was troubled with eczema and could not obtain any cure. I was so unfortunate as to have blood poison and this developed in eczema, the most dreadful of skin diseases.

"I was so bad that I would get up at night and scratch myself until flesh was raw and flaming. The torture I endured is almost beyond description, and now I cannot say anything too good for Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has cured me and I recommend it because I know there is nothing so good for itching skin."

Few people realize the suffering caused by eczema and other itching skin diseases. This is an example of what Dr. Chase's Ointment is doing in the way of relieving suffering mankind. Many of the cures it brings about are more like miracles than anything else. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

MODERN FABLES

By George Ade. Copyright 1902, by Robert Howard Russell.

ONCE there was a Utility Man who drew whatever was left.

His regular Assignment was to take care of the Discard. Whenever an Extra Man was needed at the last Moment someone called up the Mark and told him to hurry over. Then when he arrived he could take his Pick of the One that was left in the Bone-Yard after all the rest had drawn Cards.

One of his regular Specialties was to keep the Chaperon busy. After he had worked at this for a few seasons he could not figure that he was anything to the good except a few Panel Pictures of Elderly Married Ladies. It is lovely Billiards to be Esteemed by the Mothers' Club, but once in a while he would secretly pine for something that scaled under 35. His Heart had been on Short Rations for so long that it was about the size of a Golf Ball. He was getting good and sore on the Patsy Bollivar Job. As soon as anyone began to give him the old come-on about being one Man shy he would start in to back up and try to think of another Date.

He cut out his Position as First Aid to the Chaperons and began to hint around that he was willing to meet an attractive and refined Young Lady; object, Matrimony. He had some acquaintances who started in to help him.

Said one of them: "I have a Dream planted up the Street here and she has a Friend. I will get her on the Phone and have her send for the Friend. We will drop in about 9 o'clock and everything will be Grand. I want you to see this Nectarine that I'm tied up with. When she walks down the Street they jump out of the Windows."

"I am not worrying so much about her," said the Mark. "Tell me something about the Friend."

"She can certainly teach a Piano how to take a Joke," was the reply.

"So can a Pianola," said the Mark. "Is she a Looker? That's what I want to know."

"I'll tell you how it is," said the Shell-Worker. "When you take the first Flash you don't care so much for her. But after you get to Talking to her you forget all about it, especially if you don't look at her."

"It might help some if I wore Blinders," said the Mark. "I think I'm due to be Stung, but I'll take a Chance."

In the meantime the Nectarine had torn over to see Friend.

"Oh Irene!" she exclaimed, "Wilfred just called me up and said he knew a Man who was just crazy to meet you. He's going to bring him up tonight."

"Would it be Nice to meet a Stranger, as if by Appointment?" asked Irene, as she reached for the Curling-Iron and got ready to Primp.

"Oh, what do we care?" said the Nectarine. "Let's raise the Dickens. Wilfred said they would blow in about 9 o'clock."

"All right," said the Friend. I will be there a little before 8."

When the Mark was Presented there happened to be a large Japanese Screen between him and the Window, so that gave him no chance to Jump. Friend shoved him back into a Window Seat and asked him to put a Cushion behind her. Then he started in to twist the Buttons off his Coat and tell him how much she had heard about him. She said he had an Interesting Face. He had a Notion to come back but he didn't think it would be right.

She said that very few People understood her—that she was not Bad at Heart but merely out for a Good Time. Then she said about 4,000,000 other Things along the same lines that he did not recall afterward because he was trying to figure out some Scheme to Break Away.

The Bunco Man had the Nectarine on the other side of the Screen. He was in no Rush because they were telling each other the Histories of their Rings.

After the Boys had gone Irene said that Wilfred's Friend seemed to be a Perfect Gentleman but he was very Quiet.

"How was she?" asked Wilfred, when he and the Mark stopped to light up.

"I don't know," was the Reply. "I didn't hear her play the Piano."

"They are expecting us again Tomorrow Night," replied Wilfred.

"Not for my Money," said the Mark.

So Wilfred had to go back and give them the Old One about his Friend being called out of Town. Soon after that another Professional Caller tackled the Mark and asked him, "Are you Hooked up for Tonight? If not, I'm going up to frivol with a Corker who thinks the World of me and I want you to go along and take care of a Friend."

"Why is it I get the Excess Baggage?" asked the Mark. "Before I start, tell me what I am going up against."

"I have never seen her," said the Capper. "She is here on a Visit. But I have it right that she is very Well Read."

"I am not running around in the Night Air to improve my Mind," said the Mark. "Something tells me that this is another Time when I get it in the Collar Button, but I may be wrong, so I will go you."

That Evening he was handed a Large One whose particular Lay was that Men did not seem to know what Women suffered. She said they were Oh, so Indifferent and soon Forgot. The Mark himself. He found a Girl who had a very yellow Evening but the One who had taken him along had a Time, so it was all right.

After being landed twice, the Mark was so Leery that he refused to allow anybody to stake him to a Good Thing.

He began to take Observations and discovered that every Hot-Looker had a Friend that she carried along as a Background and also to find out what People were saying. In order to prevent Competition, the Hot-Looker usually selected a Pal who did not stack up to any extent as a Beauty Queen but who had a Good Heart.

The Mark saw that he could not make Love on the Personally Conducted Plan, so he went out on a Still Hunt all by himself. He found a Girl who had a Friend but he cut a wide Circle around Friend and nailed Girl.

Then he got into the Confidence Game himself and hunted around for some one who would go along and talk to the Chromo and keep her out of the Way.

MORAL: The Birds of Paradise very seldom fly into the Trap.

Verses Grave and Gay.

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO.

I wandered to the grogshop, Tom; I stood
beside the bar
And drank a bowl of lemonade and smoked
a bad cigar;
The same old kegs and jugs were there,
the ones we used to know,
When we were on the round-up, Tom, some
fifteen years ago.

The bar-keep is a new one, Tom; the one
who used to sell
Corrosive sublimate to us, is roasting now
in—well;
The other has a plateglass front, his hair
is combed quite low,
And just looks like the one we knew some
fifteen years ago.

Old Soak came up and called for booze, he
had the same old grin,
While others burned the lining from their
throats with Holland gin,
And women stood beside the door, their
faces seamed with woe,
And wept just as they used to weep some
fifteen years ago.

I asked about our old-time friends, those
cherished sporty men,
And some were in the poor-house, Tom, and
some were in the pen;
And one, the one we liked the best, the
hangman laid him low;
The world is much the same, dear Tom, as
fifteen years ago.

I asked about that stately chap, that pride
marked for its own,
He used to say that he could drink, or let
the stuff alone;
He perished of the James H. Jams, out in
the cold and snow—
Ah, few survive who used to booze some
fifteen years ago.

New crowds line up against the bar and
call for crimson ink;
New hands are trembling as they pour the
stuff they shouldn't drink;
But still the same old watchward rings,
"This round's to me, you know!"
The same old cry of doom we heard some
fifteen years ago.

I wandered to the churchyard, Tom, and
there I saw the graves
Of those who used to drown themselves in
red, fermented waves;
And there were women sleeping there
where grass and daisies grow,
Who wept and died of broken hearts some
fifteen years ago.

And there were graves where children
slept; have slept for many a year,
Forgetful of the woes that marked their
fitful sojourn here;
And 'neath a tall white monument, in
death there lieth low,
The man who used to sell the booze some
fifteen years ago.

HOVE TO.

Baffled, but bravely, like a stag at bay,
She faced the driving gale and angry sea;
Under short canvas and with helm a-lee,
Hove to, upon the starboard tack, she lay
And looked into the wind's wild eye that
day;
Over the great green rolling billows she
Rode like a storm-bird, and did seem to
be
A mist-born phantom rising from the
spray.

Her tightened weather-shrouds rang like a
lyre,
Swept by the furious storm-king as he
passed:
Wild ocean wraiths wailed in the thundering choir,
A thousand demons shrieked in every
blast;
Yet better thus to battle with the gale
Than drift o'er glassy seas with listless
sail.

—A. M. Robertson.

IN THE ORIENT.

The burden of the East. Beneath thy
feet
Long years have crept, and primal suns
of old
Smote thy forbidden place,—the fretted
gold,
The granite walls around thine ancient
seat.
With strange, bewildering mystery replete,
Few secrets of thy mighty past are
told.
And rare the annals that to men unrolled,
The pictured beauty of thy cult repeat.
Thy head is bowed, and holden are thine
eyes.
In riches steeped, and swathed in gemmed
array,
With gorgeous state, through countless dynasties,
Thy tottering footsteps keep their olden
way.
But faintest dawn breaks in the Eastern
skies,
What of the night, oh watcher, canst thou
say?

—C. D. W.

A WONDERFUL BOY.

We met in the midst of a dream;
But I'm waiting for him to come true!
The style of his nose I've completely forgot,
But his eyes, I remember, were blue.

It was just 8 p. m., by the clock—
Which stood, I recall, on its head—
When his mother spoke up and said: "Kiss
me, my son,
And run away quickly to bed."

I thought that next thing would be
Loud wrath, and perhaps even tears;
But instead—well, I really give you my
word
That I've not been so staggered for years!

For he mumbled, this wonderful boy
(I can feel my astonishment yet!):
"I'm a pity I can't go at seven, when you
know
How tired and sleepy I get!"

I felt myself falling away
(In dreams chairs collapse without squeaking),
And when I came to the first thing that I
heard
Was the voice of the fond mother speaking.

She was kind, she was patient, but firm;
And her calm words decided his fate;
"It is settled, my son, that a boy of your
size
Must learn to sit up until eight."

I sat on the floor, and I stared
In a dazed way from one to the other:
Then I said: "You are truly a wonderful
boy,
And the son of a wonderful mother!"

—Frances Wilson in the July St. Nicholas.

A SEA-SONG.

Yeo ho! Down below! Is your spirit
aglow,
With the scud and the spume and the
fret of the sea?
The salt air is keen on your brown cheek,
I ween,
And the heart in your bosoms' a dancing
with glee!
Then up with the sail to the freshening
gale,
And joy to our sailing,—right seamen
are we;
At the first gleam of morning we'll laugh
at the warning
Of the jolly red sun peeping up from the
sea.

Our hearts are in tune to the magical
rune
Of the life-giving wind as it strains at
the sheet;
The wild airs will scatter our troubles—
what matter!
When the brine's in our nostrils the
world's at our feet.
Then up with the sail to the freshening
gale,
And joy to our sailing,—right seamen
are we;
We will sing to the daring of hardy seafaring,
And welcome a fight with our brother,
the sea!

—Helen Turner, in Harper's Magazine, for August.

CATALPA BLOSSOMS.

In that fair world of sun and tassel corn,
And soft repose beneath catawba trees,
Where trumpet cup uplifts the yellow horn
To fill the holds of summer cruising bees—
There first I saw her violet-shining eyes,
A Southland Naiad matchless as her skies.

As an Orient blushing rose she seemed
Among the white catalpas where she
stood;
Her voice, soft-lipped, with old Castilian
teemed
To hero-verse which stirred her Spanish
blood;
Sometimes her song across the rice-tipped
mere
Was lisp of harpstring to my waking ear.

The South she loved, and deep-voiced far
lagoons
Surging their breasts against the low
levees
And mile-wide rushing streams whose loud
bassoons
Echo the soothing chorus of the seas;
I thought betimes her strain their mystery
flings
From deeps of pearl aglow with hidden
things.

For when I told her of my heart's new
birth,
She smiled reproof—'twas never prompt of
earth—
Then, reaching, plucked an overhanging
rose,
Laughing her bleeding fingers unto scorn;
'Twas then her eyes shone with the love
she knows—
She handed me the rose, but kissed the
thorn.

Laurence Sarsfield.

"Doctor," said he, "I'm a victim of insomnia. I can't sleep if there's the least noise, such as a cat on the garden wall, for instance."

"This powder will be effective," replied the physician, after compounding a prescription.

"When do I take it, doctor?"

"You don't take it. Give it to the cat in a little milk."

Baby's Own Tablets

Are Nature's Cure for Children.

Medicines containing opiates should never be given to children—little or big. When you use baby's Own Tablets for your little ones you have a positive guarantee that they contain neither opiate nor harmful drug. They are good for all children, from the smallest, weakest infant to the well grown child. These Tablets quickly relieve and positively cure all stomach and bowel troubles, simple fevers, troubles while teething, etc. They always do good, and can never do the slightest harm. For very small infants crush the tablets to a powder.

Mrs. P. J. Latham, Chatham, Ont., says:—"My baby took very sick. His tongue was coated, his breath offensive, and he could not retain food on his stomach. He also had diarrhœa for four or five days and grew very thin and pale. We gave him medicine but nothing helped him until we gave him Baby's Own Tablets. After giving him the first dose he began to improve and in three days he was quite well. He began to gain flesh and is now a fat, healthy boy. I am more than pleased with the Tablets, as I think they saved my baby's life."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all druggists or will be sent by mail post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to

The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.,
Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

The New High School Building

Latest Addition to Victoria's Educational Establishments Ready For Use.

Has Already Cost $38,000 and Will Require an Additional $2,000.

The new High school, a view of which is published today, is as far as the building itself is concerned, now ready for occupancy, but nothing has been done in the installation of furniture, although it is generally supposed that this school will open a week from tomorrow. As a great deal has been said of late about the High school loan, and the amount of money that has been voted to complete the building, the following particulars may not be uninteresting at this time. The main entrance is through joined doors opening on a neatly-tiled vestibule. A short flight of steps leads up to a glass screen, beyond which is the main corridor. This latter is very light and airy, and from its large proportions has very much the appearance of a commodious reception hall. Off this corridor open the various class rooms on this floor, some six in number besides the principal's room immediately opposite the entrance.

The class rooms are models of what such apartments should be—high ceilings, large windows, and ample ventilation. The seating of the pupils too will be in conformity with the dictates of modern ideas, and there will be no such thing as sitting at the desks with the glare from the windows constantly in the scholars eyes.

To right and left of the corridor, as one enters, are staircases connecting with the basement, and the second floor. Here again ample light and air are provided and the stairways are of such ample proportions as to accommodate the pupils without causing a crush even in case of a hasty exit.

On the second floor there is another corridor somewhat smaller than that on the first floor, but still large and airy. This corridor occupies the centre of the building, the class rooms and assembly room being arranged about it. The assembly room, which is a unique feature of the building, is a very large apartment, taking up the entire westerly portion of the second story. It therefore has windows on three sides, and as these overlooks the city and the Straits beyond and command a fine view of the Olympian mountains in the distance, the students at this institution will not have far to seek inspiration.

Along the northern end of the assembly room a large raised platform has been provided, which will allow of quite a number of people being accommodated upon it at a time.

Ventilation has been given the most careful study throughout the building, and that adopted by the architect, Mr. F. M. Rattenbury is what might be called the natural method of ventilation—the means are provided and nature does the rest. In no portion of the building has this feature received more attention than in the assembly room, for arranged along its walls are no less than 12 air intakes, each of considerable size, and all doing good work as shown by the steady flow of air rendered apparent by a lighted match held in their proximity. In the roof are two large ventilators, each provided with a patent corol—an ingenious, yet simple contrivance by means of which the upward air current from the room is increased, the stronger the wind outside blows; and it may be presumed that as a rule there being no lack of wind in these parts, there is not likely to be a lack of ventilation in the new High school building. However on warm summer days, when there is little or no wind, it is quite possible that recourse will have to be had to open windows. This proved to be the case during the recent written examination, which was carried on in the new building, and during which in order to secure a comfortable supply of air, the windows had to be opened. Another great drawback in connection with this system is the hideous appearance the air intakes give the walls—they looking for all the world like wooden and exceedingly ugly letter boxes.

At either end of the assembly room doors open on the class rooms, one on either side of the main passage way, which gives access to the assembly hall about midway of this length. These class rooms are quite in keeping with those on the floor below, and with the rest of this model school building. Two other class rooms with a teachers' room complete the apportionment of this storey. The two last mentioned class rooms will be fitted up for Mr. Pineo's scientific work, one as a lecture room, and the other as a working laboratory in which each boy will have his own desk and outfit, as is the case in the manual training school.

In the basement has been placed the cloak rooms, one for the boys and the other for the girls, each having its own staircase to the floor above, and also independent exits to the play grounds. The lavatories open off the cloak rooms, and are (neatly tiled and fitted with all that is latest in the plumber's lines. Here too has been provided a long apartment fitted with bicycle racks, and to whoever is responsible for this piece of thoughtfulness and modern conception of what is now looked upon as a necessary in all public buildings is entitled to great praise. It is understood that to Superintendent Eaton much credit is due for many and valuable suggestions in carrying out the plans of the architect. In the first place it was intended to have but one entrance—the main entrance facing Fernwood road—but now there are two other independent exits: one for the boys, and the other for the girls, and quite apart from the first named. Then again the cloak rooms are where they should be, in the basement, and handy for all as they enter or leave the building—no trailing dripping umbrellas and rain coats through the main corridor of the floor above, as was the original intention. In fact the successful planning of the basement has been largely due to Mr. Eaton's intelligent appreciation of what was wanted.

The balance of this portion of the building is taken up with the heating apparatus, and two "cloisters," one on either side of the building. These are practically portions of the basement which if those originally provided in the South Park school are any criterion are not likely to prove other than a menace to the health of the pupils during the winter months.

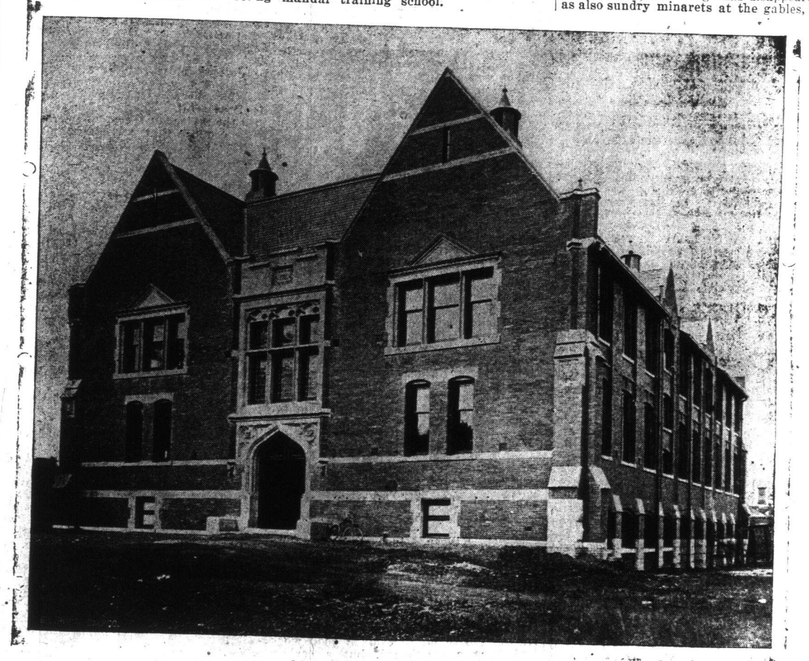
It may be here explained that the $88,000 which the trustees asked for over and above the amount of the loan, was required to supply the spacious lecture room above referred to, which is now in the second storey, and which according to the stipulations of the trustees was to be provided in the first floor, where it ought to be. However, the trustees accepted a plan which proposed to supply an assembly room by means of a moveable glass partition, which the trustees afterwards recognized as not suitable. Then it was proposed to build an assembly room at the rear of the present building, but it was found advisable to carry out the details of the building as outlined above—the assembly room being provided on the second floor with two additional class rooms beneath.

The first tender was for about $21,000, but the additional space asked for added another $8,000, and brought the price of the building to a little more than another architect's plan which is said to have been thrown out, because it exceeded the amount, $27,500, which the trustees considered would be all they could spend on the building.

In addition to the loan of $30,000, the trustees have asked for, and had $8,000 mort. and it is estimated that another $2,000 will not see the building completed and furnished as it should be.

As will be noticed that the small tower which appeared in the first plan, as published some time ago has disappeared, as also sundry minarets at the gables, all of which very greatly modified the appearances of the front elevation. This point is interesting, as it is stated one trustee at least voted for the present selection because of the plainness of the roof of one of the rejected plans.

The work has been carried out by Mr. T. Catterall, the contractor, in a careful and first class manner, and the ratepayers of Victoria may rest assured that so far as the material and workmanship put into the building goes, they have got the very best for their money. While not making any pretensions to beauty, the High school building is structurally at least all that it should be.



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