

Do You Dress Your Hair Becomingly?



A woman's appearance depends so very much upon the condition of her hair and a neat stylish coiffure often adds charm and winsomeness to an otherwise unattractive person.

You owe to yourself the duty of seeing that your hair is dressed becomingly. Get our new 1910 Catalogue, with elegant front cover, containing illustrations and hair information valuable to every woman.

We are the leading Hair Goods House in the Dominion. We carry only the best goods always abreast of the latest Paris, London and New York styles and our Mail Order Department is equipped to give Canadian women from Coast to Coast every facility and advantage in satisfying their hair needs.

Write us for Catalogue No. 2.

**The Dorenwend Co.
of Toronto, Ltd.**
103-105 Yonge St., Toronto

The Western Home Monthly is the
Leading Paper in the West.



VICTORS \$15 to \$125
VICTROLAS \$150, \$240, \$300

Cash or Easy Terms

Cross, Goulding & Skinner

Dept. G.

323 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg

Our educational plan of payment enables you to purchase a Victor now, have delivery made at once and pay for it on terms (within reason) to suit your convenience.

Send for Catalogue and plan. Do it now.



hibiting corporal punishment in the schools of this city."

"Oh, well, I wouldn't worry about it," said his wife soothingly. "You'll get along somehow. There must be other ways of governing a school."

"Of course there are other ways, and I have used them. I hope you don't think that I have been carrying on my school by brute force. The fact is, I don't need the rod, but once in a while a boy does. It may save him from something worse. Why, looking back over my experience of thirty years in the Cushman Grammar-School, I can recall case after case where a good whipping has worked wonders. For instance, when the present mayor of this city was in school—"

"Come, my dear, your breakfast is getting cold," interrupted Mrs. Gilson. "The truth is," he resumed, after a few minutes' silence, "this thing is aimed at me. They think I am an old fogey and they want to get rid of me. Well, perhaps they had better have their way," and Mr. Gilson rose gloomily from the table and prepared to go to school.

"I think that those committeemen are just as mean as they can be!" declared Minnie, when her father left the house. "Old-fashioned or not, papa

no one could remember when Guy Parker had been spoken to before by way of rebuke. Out of school Guy was brimful of fun and greatly liked by his mates. In school he was "a perfect gentleman," as Mr. Gilson had more than once assured Guy's father, the chairman of the school committee.

But to-day Guy seemed to be tampering with his reputation as the best boy in school.

"Master Parker, that is the third time that I have seen you pass a note," said Mr. Gilson, sternly. "It must not happen again!" And with patience almost exhausted he turned his attention to a division that was making sorry work of a reading lesson.

"You don't know what an anodyne is?" he said sharply, to the overgrown boy who just then had the floor. "Haven't I told you always to look up the meaning of words before you come to the recitation?"

"I did look it up, but I forgot. Oh, I remember now! It's something to a sausage pan."

"What do you mean by that, sir?" thundered the teacher, while another giggle went around the room.

"That is what the book says, anyway!" muttered the boy, producing his pocket dictionary. Then, after a more



"The honor, such as it is, shall never be taken away from you."

is the best teacher that Cushman ever had, or is likely to have, and they ought to appreciate him."

"Your father wouldn't take things to heart so if he were well," said her mother. "That gripe is hanging round him yet, and he really isn't fit to be in school. No wonder he looks on the dark side of everything."

Mr. Gilson certainly looked on the dark side of school life that day. Right in his own room of ninth-grade pupils there seemed to be a conspiracy to set at defiance all the traditions of good government that had grown up there for years. And for once in his life the master could not cope with the situation.

"I suppose they are celebrating the abolition of corporal punishment," he said to himself. "They may be a little premature, for I have received no notice of the committee's action. But I never yet punished a pupil because I didn't know what else to do, and I shall hardly begin to-day. If I didn't feel so weak, and if my head wouldn't ache so, I could bring order out of this chaos in two minutes."

"Master Parker, I am surprised at you!" he said, aloud.

There was occasion for surprise, for

careful scrutiny, he hastened to correct himself: "No, I meant it's something to assuage pain."

"That will do. You may be seated," said Mr. Gilson, in no mood to join in the laugh that followed.

"Master Gray, was a note just passed to you? I thought so. Hand it back to the person from whom you received it. Master Jackson, do the same. Master Parker, the same."

"If you please, sir," said Guy, "there is no one for me to pass it to. I wrote it myself."

"Very well. Bring it to me."

With an air of bravado quite out of character, Guy came forward with the note.

"You may go to the office, Master Parker," said Mr. Gilson, trying to speak calmly. "I will see you after I have finished my recitations."

But the last vestige of coolness left the old teacher as he glanced at the scrap of paper that Guy had laid upon the desk, and saw what had been scrawled upon it.

Old Gilson would like to lick somebody only he dares not.

He sprang from his chair and hastened after the departing culprit, and three minutes later another case of

corporal punishment had been added to the record of the Cushman Grammar-School.

Whatever Guy Parker's sufferings on that occasion may have been, they could hardly have equalled those of his teacher. As Mr. Gilson set out for his home at the close of a miserable day, it seemed to him that he had completely spoiled the record of which he had been so proud. Never before had he lost control of himself before his school, or whipped a pupil in anger, or defied the expressed wishes of his superiors. And the boy who had suffered at his hands was the one of all the school that had most deserved forgiveness for a single lapse from good conduct.

For the first time the teacher was ready to acknowledge to himself that flogging was essentially a brutal measure, to which a teacher should be ashamed to resort.

But the fact that Guy's father was chairman of the school committee did not disturb Mr. Gilson in the least. In his present mood he was almost ready to hope that the committee would call him to account for what he had done, in which case he would surely resign. And thus would come to an inglorious ending his thirty years of work in the school.

He was somewhat surprised, however, after reaching home, to receive a message requesting him to appear before the committee that very evening.

"It's a shame for you to be obliged to go out at night!" said his wife, anxiously. "I wonder what that committee can want of you."

"I can tell you better after I get back," replied Mr. Gilson, grimly.

When he entered the school committee's room in the city building he found all the members present, and the chairman at once proceeded to the matter in hand.

"Mr. Gilson," he said, "you have taught in our city for many years without a break."

At this Mr. Gilson bowed assent.

"And the time has come at last when the committee feel that they are willing to dispense with your services"—the old teacher caught his breath, but he looked the speaker straight in the eyes—"for a few weeks," said the chairman, completing his sentence.

"The fact is," he continued with a smile, "you need rest and an opportunity to recover health and strength; and we are going to give it you, and force it upon you if necessary. The school was never in better condition, but we cannot afford to take any risks with our best teacher, whom we should find it so hard to replace. So we have unanimously voted you a leave of absence, with pay, for the next two months, and we expect you to devote the time to the business of getting well and strong."

"By the way," he added, quite irrelevantly, "there seems to be something going on in the hall above. Let's go up and see what it is."

And at that the committee, without the formality of adjournment, started for the assembly hall, taking the astonished Mr. Gilson along with them.

He was dimly conscious of a large company of people, young and middle-aged, of a hearty round of applause as he entered the room, and presently, of the fact that he was standing upon the platform, facing the mayor of the city, who seemed to be making a speech. And after some minutes he began to realize what the mayor was saying.

"I suppose that some of us fellows would hardly recognize the school if we were to go back to it. Methods change and new ideas come to the front. I hear that even the good old custom of flogging a boy when he goes wrong has been done away with."

"But some things do not go out of fashion. The qualities of mind and heart that have inspired your teaching stand the test of time and cannot be improved upon. And it is in grateful recognition of these that we your pupils, present and past, have assembled here to-night."

"Mr. Gilson, we have heard it whispered that the school committee