

ENGLISH SCHOOLS.

Most Founded For Poor Scholars—Are Now Aristocratic.

Some of Britain's great public schools have interesting histories of their own, dating back hundreds of years.

When the Charterhouse School was founded in 1611 by Thomas Sutton it had a different name. It was called "St. Dunstons."

The letters patent which Sutton obtained enabled him to found a hospital for eighty old men and forty boys, under the name of the "Hospital of King James in Charterhouse."

The former portion of the original institution remains in London. It is an asylum for eighty "poor brethren."

Each has a room of his own, and an allowance of about \$150 a year for clothes and pocket money. But the school was removed in 1872 to Godalming, in Surrey, and from its original forty boys has grown to 460.

Charterhouse, though of respectable antiquity, is not by any means the oldest of our great public schools. That honor belongs to Winchester, which was founded in 1387 by the famous William of Wykeham.

The life of the Winchester boy used to be hard beyond belief. Until the time of Queen Elizabeth there were no desks or benches in the school.

It was at Winchester that the system of "monitors," or prefects, now usual in all large schools, first originated. There were twenty monitors, and these alone were allowed to have fags.

Winchester boys, of whom there were at first only seventy, entered on the understanding that they must "learn, leave, or be flogged with a four-trigged cane."

The school has since grown enormously since those early days, and now has about 450 scholars. Next in point of antiquity to Winchester comes Eton, the largest of all our public schools.

Rugby in 1567 was a ward of the Grocers' Company. In an inventory of gifts received by Queen Elizabeth on New Year's Day, 1562, occurs: "By Laurence Shree grocer, a sugar loaf, a box of ginger, a box of nutmegs, and a pound of cinnamon."

Queen Bess, with shrewd humor, gave the grocer a crest and coat-of-arms, "a branch of dates held in a lion's paw erased." The present school, the Old Manor House of Rugby, was bought by the trustees in 1718.

It was the great Arnold, who came to Rugby from Winchester, who changed the school from the foughest and most turbulent to one of the best in England. Tom Brown's Schoolboys, the finest school story ever written, gives a wonderful picture of Rugby under his strong but kindly sway. Judge Hughes, who wrote it, was at Rugby for eight years and a half.

Haileybury, though not old as schools go, has an interesting history. It was built in 1806 by the East India Company to train cadets for their service.

Sixpenny Parliamentary Votes.

The very cheapest way of becoming a member of the British Parliament is to stand for an English University as an unopposed candidate. Indeed, at the last general election the two members for Cambridge University only spent £18 5s. 6d. between them.

But, on the other hand, enormous sums may be spent. For example, the cost Sir John A. Simon nearly \$14,000 to win his seat at Westminster; but Mr. Gwynn's seat for Galway cost him only \$550.

The cost of the last election was nearly \$3,000,000. But although the average cost of 5,235,233 votes recorded averaged 3s. 8d., some of those who aspired to sit "neath the shadow of Big Ben at Westminster" went a long way above or a great deal below this sum.

Each vote obtained by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, for instance, cost him 6d.; and Mr. P. Snowden had to pay 8d. The candidate who stood for East St. Pancras in the Suffragist interest only secured 22 votes, which cost him £375 13s. 3d., or £17 1s. 6d. each; while another unsuccessful gentleman paid £9 11s. 4d. for each of the 35 votes he secured.

A Gypsy Prophecy.

An English magazine relates a curious instance of gypsy prophecy. The third Earl of Malmesbury, as Lord Fitzharris, was riding to a yeomanry review near Christchurch when his orderly, some distance in front, ordered a gypsy woman to open a gate. The gypsy woman quietly waited till Lord Fitzharris and his staff rode up, when she addressed them, saying, "Oh, you think you are a lot of fine fellows now, but I can tell you that one day your bones will whiten in that field." Lord Fitzharris laughed and asked her whether she thought they were going to have a battle, adding it was not very likely in that case they would choose such a spot. More than forty years later the field was turned into a cemetery.

The Rabbi's Wit.

Chief Rabbi Adler was gifted with a ready wit as the two following stories prove. He was once seated next to a cardinal with whom he was on friendly terms—possibly it was Manning. "When shall I have the pleasure of seeing you eat ham," Chief Rabbi?" asked the cardinal. "At your eminence's wedding," was the prompt reply. "You are the prince of beggars," one of the Rothschilds said to him on one occasion. "I am a beggar of princes," was the neat reply.

A Double Flounder.

A double-flounder, both sides being marked alike, with duplicate fins, and having a misplaced eye, was recently caught in English waters.

Mistake Cost Him His Life.

Richmond, Que., March 6.—Thinking a collision was about to take place, E. Seymour, the engineer of a Portland to Montreal immigrant train, early this morning jumped from his locomotive and was killed. No collision occurred, the trains being on opposite tracks. The fireman was injured by jumping.

How the Stack Was Straightened

A Story of a Mechanical Genius

By SAMUEL G. MONTFORD

"Happy the man who has found his vocation." This is an old adage which in these times, when life seems too short to learn a profession before middle age, the saying should be, "Happy the boy in whom some especial gift shows itself that can be later on turned to success."

Tom Swartout, a farmer's son, seemed to his father to be worthless because, as the older man said, he was too lazy to eat. And there was reason for the imputation. Tom detested farm work. The hoe handle would never stick to his hands, or if it did he would constantly be stopping in his work to look up in the sky as some bird soaring above and wonder how it kept a fixed position without the slightest visible motion of its wings.

Under the circumstances life was intolerable to Tom and his parents. No one can blame fathers and mothers whose children seem to be useless for showing their disappointment. Tom knew that he was a disappointment, and one night after an expression of his father's disapprobation he resolved to leave home and go somewhere else.

In the morning, long before dawn and before any one was stirring on the farm, he got out of bed, dressed himself and started down the road he knew not whither.

Then followed hardships that might have been expected. A week after his departure he stopped at an open door of a factory to look in at an engine that was moving machinery distributed through a whole building. There was something in the regular and continued stroke of the piston, the steady revolution of the flywheel, that fascinated the boy. He wondered what kept it going. He had seen machinery on the farm moved by hand power, but nothing driven by heat. While he was looking the engineer, a pale man, was evidently suffering from some disease, began to shiver, cool into the furnace. The work was evidently hard on him, and he stopped to rest between every shoveful.

"I'll do that for you," said Tom. The man looked at him, then, taking a ten cent piece from his pocket, said: "I wish you would."

Tom put in the coal, then asked the engineer all about the engine—the principles on which it worked, why the flywheel was there, how uniform motion was achieved and a lot of other questions. The man answered his questions and was surprised at how quickly he understood the explanations. Then Tom told him that he had left home, had no means of a livelihood and asked if he might not shovel coal and do odd jobs about the engine room.

The engineer went into the office, and when he came back told Tom that he could stay at a salary of \$4 a week. The boy was beside himself with joy.

One day a wooden post that was a part of one of the machines in the building and that was intended to turn on a pivot like a rudder post began to open in fissures as it turned. Every time it turned the fissures grew larger, and it was evident the post would soon be twisted in two. Some work that had been promised the next morning was dependent on the machine, and there was no time to put in a new post. Tom stood beside the foreman, who was looking at the post not knowing what to do.

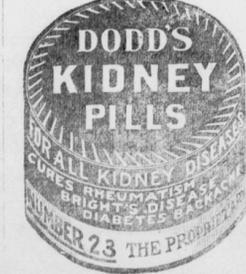
"Get some wedges," said the coal heaver, "and every time the fissures open fill them up."

The foreman turned to the begrimed boy in astonishment. Then the wedges were brought, driven in and the post was again rigid.

The incident advanced Tom many paces in the opinion of his employers, and they tried him in various places where good work was needed, but he failed in them all. He had no aptitude for work that did not interest him. It was drudgery, and he had not been made for drudgery any more in a factory than on a farm. There seemed nothing that he could do but assist the engineer, who was a sickly man and often was obliged to absent himself from his duties. So Tom was sent back to the engine room and made assistant engineer. At this work he seemed to get on better than at anything else, for he loved the machine that could keep the mills supplied with power all day—and all night, for that matter—without getting tired. In its own field, though senseless from it, was better than a man.

The man consumes different kinds of food, coal alone would feed the engine. The man must stop for sleep and rest; the engine never stops.

Several years passed during which Tom got no further up in the ladder of success than assistant engineer. There was a vague idea among his fellows and his employers that he was born for success, but there was a screw loose somewhere in his bodily mechanism. One day when he was a



DAIRY COW FEEDING.

The following suggestions on dairy cow feeding are from Professor J. B. Franckson of the dairy department of Idaho.

Maintain early summer conditions as nearly as possible throughout the year. These conditions are described as follows: An abundance of palatable food. A balanced ration. A succulent ration. Moderate temperature. Comfortable surroundings.

The following indicates in a general way the amounts to be fed:

- 1. Feed all the roughness the cow will eat up clean at all times.
2. Feed one pound of grain per day for each pound of butterfat produced per week, or one pound of grain daily for each three pounds of milk.
3. Feed all the cows will take without gaining in weight.

THE COLT IN WINTER.

Liberal Feeding Needed to Make a First Class Horse.

When the colt is weaned at the age of six or seven months he comes to a critical period in his life. Whether he shall make a profitable horse or not depends on the treatment he receives, says the Iowa Homestead. While suckling he has no doubt learned to eat grass, hay and grain. When he is taken away from the mare he must subsist on a grain and hay ration alone. If he is allowed only what he has been getting the deprivation of the milk from his mother will cause him to lose flesh. Although he may not have received much milk from the mare the last month of the lactation period, it has been very rich and nourishing.

Therefore it is necessary when weaning the colt to give it a liberal ration of grain and hay. As the colt's digestive organs are not as strong as those of an older horse, the grain should be ground. Bran, oats and corn chops mixed to a proportion of one-third each will be a splendid feed for the colt. A quart and a half at a time will be a fair ration if plenty of good hay is given. Clover, alfalfa and timothy mixed will furnish a variety



An Illinois horse raiser, writing to the Breeder's Gazette, says he considers the Shire the best breed of draft horse he has ever handled. Shires are easy keepers and possess great vitality and vim. Of kindly disposition, they are more easily broken to harness than other breeds and as utility horses are inferior to none. The Shire here illustrated is Truman's Sensation, the best heavy gelding at the International Live Stock Show, Chicago. He weighed 2,240 pounds.

of roughness for him. It is advisable to keep plenty in his manger most of the time.

While it may seem a little expensive to feed the colt all the grain and hay he will eat, it will pay in the long run. The colt will develop into a better horse and bring a better price than the one that is fed straw and cornstalks or left to rustle for its food the best it can.

The colt should be haterwise by the time it is weaned. It can then be tied in the stall and led out to water every day until it forgets its mother. It should be given a comfortable and commodious stall. If it must stand where cold winds beat upon it and snow and rain fall through the roof to chill its body it is not apt to do very well, although free liberty. The colt should also have good, dry bed upon which to sleep. Leaves, straw or cornhusks will be suitable for bedding. The stall should be cleaned every week or the manure will accumulate in the stall, making it filthy and uncomfortable.

Wanted None of His Art. At a dinner in London Theodore Waits-Dunton said: "It isn't generally known that Turner, the painter, and Dr. Augustus Frichard, an eye surgeon, were together for a year in Cheyne row. The painter and the physician had a fine garden, and they took a good deal of pride in their flowers. But the garden gate did not work well, and one day Turner, because it wouldn't open, pettishly gave orders that it be nailed up. It was thought that this odd act would enrage Augustus Frichard; but, on being told that, all he said was: 'Oh, well, I don't care what Turner does to the gate so long as he doesn't paint it.'"—Graphic.

Vary the Horse Ration. If one of your working horses loses its appetite do not assume that it has acquired some serious malady. You had probably been keeping it on a monotonous ration. Change the diet first, and if an improvement is not noted quickly give the animal both a purgative and a tonic. A tablespoonful of linseed in the feed is an excellent tonic, as it sweetens the stomach and stimulates the appetite.

Feed the Colt Well. The colt that must stand the storms of winter on a poor ration will come through thin in flesh and wobbly legged. If he never makes a first class horse he may not be to blame. Stunted the first winter may mean stunted for life. There is no doubt that blood will tell in horses, but a man can starve that blood until it is hardly able to tell anything but a story of bad treatment.

Chinese Hid in Box Car. Detroit, Michigan, March 5.—Nearly dead from hunger, cold and exposure, and with their feet so terribly frozen that they will have to be amputated, two middle-aged Chinamen who had been smuggled across the Detroit River on Sunday night, were found hiding in a box car last night.

Murdered at the Grave. Paris, March 6.—A cemetery at Lille has been the scene of a painful tragedy. A man named Julien Flamand, who was separated from his wife, visited his child's grave in the cemetery. His wife came there at the same time, and on seeing her, the husband attacked her and killed her with a knife.

WENT 30,000 MILES.

A Long Journey for a Film Through Australian Wilds.

Thirty thousand miles is a long way to go for a cinematograph film. Add to that a savage and treacherous black man, an almost unknown country, and a superabundance of venomous reptiles, and one is able to form a fair idea of the kind of enterprise cheerfully undertaken by the cinematograph operator in pursuit of striking films. The gentleman taking this particular trip is Mr. A. A. L. Haydon, who has written books about various matters of the globe, and is making a special study of the world's mounted police. He is going out for the Warwick Trading Co. with recommendations from Sir George Reid, High Commissioner for Australia, and from the Minister for the Interior at Melbourne, to spend two or three months up country in the northern territory of South Australia taking cinematograph pictures. The northern territory remains to this day a geographical enigma. Practically nothing has been learned of vast stretches of the region since Burke and Wills crossed it on their disastrous expedition of 40 years ago. A few vast ranches are scattered over a great island of tropical forest, wide grass stretches, bird-covered lagoons. To the rest of Australia this northern territory is a hinterland of romance.

From time to time stockmen on the overland route enter Queensland from it. The few stories that have been extracted from these silent and saturnine men have fired the imaginations of the residents in the more familiar and settled regions. It has become a commonplace to say that nobody can tell what is to be found in the northern territory. Mr. Haydon, therefore, should get some striking films. He hopes to get a picture of one particularly remarkable thing of which he has never seen a photograph, though drawings have been made by naturalists. This is the snake cobrore. It is now pretty thoroughly established on several excellent authorities that at a certain season of the year one may in the midst of desolate marshy plain some sudden- ly or an old structure, on and around which are several hundreds of snakes; so densely intertwined as to form a solid mass. The snakes are conducting what appears to be some sort of solemn tribal dance—hence the name cobrore.

Another of the schemes Mr. Haydon outlined is to lie in wait all day hidden with his cinematograph apparatus beside a water hole. At one period of the day the animals and birds of the plain and the forest troop to the water hole to drink. This is what Mr. Haydon hopes to get. Certainly a living picture of "all Australia" parading down to the water hole should be fascinating. He is also going to make scenic pictures of the Macdonnell Range in the centre of the country is rumored to contain some of the finest scenery in Australia—pictures of the snakes at home, and pictures of native life, including the various elaborate tribal dances. Mr. Haydon, who is starting this month, will go first to Perth, then northward along the coast to Broome and the "white-milk beach," the Asiatic corner of Australia, where he will take pictures of the Japanese and Polynesian pearl fishers at work. He will then go to Port Darwin, and from there start his 30,000-mile journey into the interior. Afterward he will go to Sydney. From Sydney he will leave for South Africa where he is to be the guest of the Natal Mounted Police, who have promised to take him all over Natal and Zululand, showing him native life there.

Irish Oratory.

Sir Henry Lucy, in his book of reminiscences entitled "Balfourian Parliament" gives a delightful example of Irish oratory. A speech of a certain Irish M.P. in the British House of Commons, reported verbatim, reads thus: "I would say, Mr. Speaker—Mr. Speaker, I would say that in Ireland—I would say it here to-day—in Ireland the conviction is universal—universally held by everyone—that the case was conducted by the policeman, I say, who has suffered eighteen years' imprisonment—and is still in prison—I say it here now, still in prison—was absolutely innocent—absolutely innocent of the crime laid to his charge—and the crime with which he was charged."

Map Fascinated Him. That great story—"Treasure Island"—had its origin in a map. One day Robert Louis Stevenson was playing with a box of water-colors belonging to his stepson, and idly drew and colored a map of an imaginary island. To quote his own words: "It was elaborately and, I thought, beautifully colored; the shape of it took my fancy beyond expression; it contained harbors that pleased me like sonnets and with the unconsciousness of the predestined I ticketed it 'Treasure Island.' The next thing I knew I had some paper before me, and was writing out a list of characters."

The upshot was that for the next fifteen days Stevenson wrote like one possessed, turning out a chapter every morning, which he read aloud to his wife and stepson every afternoon; the map was adapted to the action, and became the pivot of the yarn. Illness prevented the story from being finished there and then, but when Stevenson again resumed, "Treasure Island" flowed from him "like small talk" and soon afterwards made its debut to the world in "Young Folks"—at once leaping into popular favor as one of the prime favorites of modern fiction.

Gets a Life Term. Oklahoma City, March 7.—Mrs. B. Gentry was today convicted for murdering her husband, and was sentenced to life imprisonment.

Dr. de Van's Female Pills

A reliable French regulator; never fails. These pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the generative portion of the female system. Refuse all cheap imitations. Dr. de Van's are sold at all drug boxes, or three for \$10. Mailed to any address. The Seabell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.

Confession Didn't Save Him.

Ringleader of Montreal Robbery Given Fourteen-year Term.

Montreal, March 7.—"You planned this diabolical deed and then you sought to escape from the consequences of your encouragement to two weaker men to commit a crime by a cowardly confession, implicating them," said Judge Levesque this morning to Charles Vega who directed the savage attack made by Albert Jones and Geo. Baldonada on a jeweler, Louis Cohen, in his store on Feb. 24.

Vega was given fourteen years, the heaviest sentence ever imposed for robbery in this city, while Jones and Baldonada received ten years and twelve years respectively.

Latest Airship Danger.

Drag Rope Caught Man Strangling him to Death.

Berlin, March 6.—A mechanic named Robers met his death in a peculiar way. As the airship, Parseval went up on a moonlight trip around Berlin the drag rope caught Robers around the neck, and he was carried up in the air for a distance of 300 meters. The people on the ground shrieked, but the three men running the ship did not hear them. Robers was carried for a distance of forty miles, and was only discovered when the ship was about to descend in passing over a wood. The men in the ship felt a jerk, and subsequently discovered the dead body of Robers in a tree.

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N. G. SCHAFER, Manager, Mitchell Branch.



The Standard Bank of Canada

Record of Business as at the 31st of January, 1912

Table with columns: ASSETS, LIABILITIES. Includes items like Cash on Hand, Notes and Cheques, Deposits, etc.

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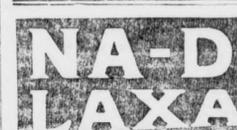
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