

want of exercise and Wilson's canned salmon, seemed to corroborate his story, though the report which followed a few days later, together with the bill for the salmon, appeared to leave room for some uncertainty. However, the end of it all was that Jack was sent off after Christmas to an ideal school that his mother had heard of in the States. To be sure his father held out for a long time, but he was finally won over to the change by being told that the fees were only half those of Ridley.

As Jack drove up in a cab to the magnificent building his heart was heavy with forebodings. He remembered his new-boy's life at Ridley and was not encouraged by the recollections. A servant showed him into a handsomely furnished room, and went to tell the Principal of his arrival. After waiting five minutes Jack thought he might as well begin to look around, and after taking stock of the contents of the room, he threw himself down on a luxurious lounge and in a minute began to doze. He was soon awakened by a step in the hall, and the steps approached nearer until the door opened, and a benevolent white-haired old gentleman walked in. From the photographs he had seen of him, Jack recognized him as the Principal. He appeared rather astonished to see Jack lying there, but advanced with a friendly smile. "Welcome to our school" he said, "remember the object of it is to keep boys free from worries and vexations till they are old enough and strong enough to bear them." "This was formerly my room" he continued, "but, since you evidently have a liking for it, I will give orders to have my things removed."

He retired, smiling affably, though it must have been inconvenient for him to have to leave his apartments so suddenly.

A few moments later several of the older boys knocked at the door, and asked if there was anything they could do for their new comrade, as he must feel very strange and lonely.

Jack soon understood that it was the new-boys who were privileged here, and gave his orders to them to bring up his trunks. As soon as this was done he had them unpacked. The "old-kids," as they were called, then brought him in some appetizing grub, and he retired for the night.

The next morning he was awakened by the servant dusting the room. Jack mumbled something to him about the time. The man immediately begged his pardon for waking him, and asked if he would like to have his breakfast brought to him, as it was already past ten.

After a sumptuous repast Jack was about to plunge his head into the basin of water, when

one of the other boys happening along rushed in and stopped him. "Wait, wait" he called out, "yesterday the P. gave out that we need not use any water during the winter mornings as it was much too disagreeable. You had better not. Here is some cold cream. Do you like the rose or violet perfume?"

So the new-boy went down encouraged and hopeful to his morning work. Going into one of the classrooms he took an arm-chair.

Everyone in the room was supposed by the rules to be talking. Other like rules there were for the attaining of perfect contentment amongst the boys. If any of these rules were broken, the masters, and not the boys, were severely punished. Jack thought this idea should have been carried out at Ridley long ago. When each lesson was over the boys were asked their opinion as to what lesson should be set for next day. The shortest one suggested was the one done.

During the history lesson on the first day one boy said he felt sleepy, so the master came up and put a pillow behind his head and tipped his chair back. Jack noticed every now and then a boy turn a tap under his desk, fill a glass and take a drink, so lifting up the lid of his own desk he saw three taps, one marked lemonade, one ginger ale, and one milk shake. He immediately tried all three, and found them all excellent, quite equal to Abb's or Sweet's.

The arithmetic lessons were managed on an admirable plan. Each lesson consisted of five examples, which were worked out by the master on the blackboard, when the boys looked up the answers and told him if they were correct. In the literature lesson each boy was allowed a right and left prompter, and the poetry was always very well said. For the written lessons that were to be done in the evening and shown each morning, every boy had a typewriter, who was an honor graduate of Toronto University, and the language exercises were always satisfactorily done. Jack found out by enquiry that during the examinations each typewriter sat with his boy. This system worked very well and no boy ever got below 90% on a paper. Such little contrivances as these avoided bad reports, the remarks upon which were always pleasing to the parents.

As soon as school was over all the boys adjourned to the play-grounds. Here, in order to avoid the squabbling and bother consequent upon choosing up, everybody formed themselves into the side they wished to be on, and the game commenced. But it was slightly different from the Rugby as we know it. Both sides, instead of playing against each other, took different parts of the field, and, without any opponents, made some astonishing scores.