

COLLEGIATE BOARD

Getting Things Ready for the New Board of Education.

The Collegiate School Board met last night in the school building, when a goodly programme of minor business was transacted.

Never has such interest been manifested in the Evening Classes as at the present time. Every class has its full quota and every student is on the job.

A contract will be signed up with the United Typewriter Company for the inspection of the school typewriters once a month, with an annual overhauling.

Miss Malcolm will be reimbursed the loss she sustained by acid in the chemical laboratory.

A small strong storm flag will be flown over the Collegiate buildings in place of the larger flag which has been practically blown to pieces.

Up to the present the Hydro Electric Commission had been unable to furnish any estimate of supplying Hydro power in the school buildings and in view of the present board end-

ing its firm, the matter will be dropped sine die.

The question of lighting the whole school of the city with Hydro will be a matter left to the new public school board, which is to take over the duties of the Collegiate and public school boards.

Accounts to the sum total of \$478.02 were passed for payment.

Mr. Schuyler, Agricultural expert of the county, who took classes at the Paris public school, had spoken to Principal Burt with regard to the establishing a class in the Collegiate school.

The Paris location was found to be not as satisfactory as the location in Brantford and Principal Burt brought the matter before the Board.

The class could be accommodated in the art room.

Well, commented Mr. Ryerson, we should be sympathetic to the county, but we are receiving very poor encouragement.

Mr. Schuyler was the Agricultural expert appointed by the Ontario Government and conducted the class for the benefit of the farming community.

As this was a Government matter, it was felt that it would be wise to communicate with Toronto authorities before going further in the matter.

It was also thought that as Paris had been chosen the centre, it might arouse an undesirable feeling in that centre.

Cliff Slemir and George Sweet waited upon the Board to ask for the installation of a shower bath in the school building building, and their request was referred to the Buildings and Grounds committee.

This concluded the business of the Board, which then adjourned.

By the casting vote of the Chairman of the Board of Education favored tenders by Public school supporters for public school contracts.

Robert Sayer of Sault Ste Marie, Ont., is under arrest, charged with high treason in ferrying Austrians across the border.

"With your leave, little master, you speak like a fool," said the gruff seaman. "You and all your kind are as children when once the blue water is beneath you. Can you not see, there is no wind and that the Frenchman can warp her as swiftly as we? What then would you do?"

Nigel pointed to the boat which was being towed. "Let us venture in here," said he, "and let us take this ship or die worshipping in the attempt."

His bold and fiery words found their echo in the hearts of the Frenchmen. There was a deep-voiced shout from both archers and seamen. Even Ayward sat up, with a wan smile upon his green face.

"But Cock Badding shook his head. "I have never met the man who could lead where I would not follow," said he. "but by Saint Leonard this is a mad business, and I should be a fool if I were to risk my men and my ship. Benthink you, little master, that the skiff can hold only five, though you lead her to the water's edge. If there is a man yonder, there are fourteen, and you have to climb their side from the boat. What chance would you have? Your boat stove and you in the water there is the end of it. No man of mine goes on such a fool's errand, and so I swear!"

"Then, Master Badding, I must crave the loan of your skiff, for by Saint Paul the gods Lord Claudus' papers are not to be used. If no one else will come, then I will go alone."

The shipman smiled at the words; but the smile died away from his lips when Nigel, with features set like ivory and eyes as hard as steel, pulled on the rope so that the boat came under the counter. It was very clear that he would do even as he said. At the same time Ayward raised his bulky form from the deck, leaped for a moment against the bulwarks, and then tottered aft to his master's side.

"Here is one that will go with you," said he, "or he would never dare show his face to the gods of Tifford and the gods of the sea. Let us leave these salt herring in their pickle tub and try our luck out on the water."

The three archers at once ranged themselves on the same side as their comrade. They were bronzed, bearded men, short in stature, as were most Englishmen of that day, but hardy, strong and skilled with their weapons.

"Now, master, we are at your back," said they as they pulled and tightened their sword-belts.

But already Cock Badding had been carried away by the hot lust of battle and had thrown aside every fear and doubt which had clouded him. To see a fight and not to be in it was more than he could bear.

"Nay, have it your own way," he cried, "and may Saint Leonard help us, for a madder venture I have never seen. And yet it may be worth the trial. But if it be done let me be the handling of it, little master, for you know no more of a boat than I do of a war-horse. The skiff can bear five and no more. Now, who will come?"

They had all caught fire, and there was not one who would be left out. Badding picked up his hammer. "I will come myself," said he, "and you also, little master, since it is your hot head that has planned it. Then there is Black Simon, the best swordsman of the Cinque Ports. Two archers can pull on the oars, and it may be that they can pick off two or three of these Frenchmen before we close with them. Hugh Badlesmere, and you, Dion of Rye—into the boat with you!"

"What?" cried Ayward. "Am I to be left behind? I, who am the Squire's own man? Ill fare the Bowman who comes betwixt me and yonder boat!"

"Nay, Ayward," said his master, "I order that you stay, for indeed you are a sick man."

"But now that the waves have sunk I am myself again. Nay, fair sir, I pray that you will not leave me behind."

"You must needs take the space of a better man; for what do you know of the handling of a boat?" said Badding shortly. "No more fool's talk, I pray you, for the night will soon fall. Stand aside!"

Ayward looked hard at the French boat. "I could swim ten times up and down Frenchman pond," said he, "and it will be strange if I cannot go as far as that. By these fingerbones, Samkin Ayward may be there as soon as you."

The little boat with its five occupants pushed off from the side of the schooner, and dipping and rising, made its slow way toward the French man. Badding and one archer had single oars, the second archer was in the prow, while Black Simon and Nigel huddled into the stern with the

Sir Nigel

By A. Conan Doyle

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Nigel had leaned against the bulwark during these events, watching with keen attention the doings of the sailors, and praying alternately to Saint Paul, Saint George, and Saint Thomas for a gust of wind which would not only scatter the Frenchmen, but would also scatter the Frenchmen's enemy. He was silent, but his hot heart was simmering within him.

His spirit had risen even above the discomfort of the sea and his mind was too absorbed in his mission to have a thought for that which had laid Ayward flat upon the deck. He had never doubted that Cock Badding would one way or another would accomplish his end, but when he heard his speech of despair he bounded off the bulwark and stood before the seaman with his face flushed and all his soul aflame.

"By Saint Paul! master-shipman," he cried, "we should never hold up our heads in honor if we did not go further into the matter! Let us venture some small deed this night upon the water, or let us never see land again, for indeed we could not wish fairer prospect of winning honorable advancement."

"Only one of you can shoot at a time, for you have no footing," said Badding. "With one foot in the prow and one over the thwart you will get your stance. Do what you may, and then we will close in upon them."

The archer balanced himself in the rolling boat with the deftness of a man who has been trained upon the sea, for he was born and bred in the Cinque Ports. Carefully he nocked his arrow, strongly he drew it, steadily he loosed it, but the boat swooped at the instant, and it buried itself in the waves. The seaman in the stern, the little archer, and the third struck in her black side. Then in quick succession—so quick that two shafts were often in the air at the same instant—he discharged a dozen arrows, most of which struck the bulwark and were whirred upon the deck. There was a cry on the Frenchman, and the heads vanished from the side.

"Enough of my bad luck," said he. "Close in, close in, in God's name, before they rally!"

He and the other bent to their oars; but at that instant there came a sharp zip in the air and a hard clear sound like a stone striking a wall. Badlesmere clapped his hand to his forehead and fell forward out of the boat, leaving a swirl of blood upon the surface. A moment later the same fierce hiss ended in a loud wooden crash, and a short, thick cross-bow bolt struck deep in the side of their boat. "Close in, close in!" roared Badding, tugging at his oar. "Saint George for England, Saint Leonard for the Cinque Ports, and God bless us!"

But again that fatal cross-bow twanged. Dion of Rye fell back with a shaft through his shoulder. "God help me! I can no more!" said he. Badding seized the oar from his hand; but it was only to sweep the boat's head round and pull her back to the Marie Rose. The attack had failed.

"What now, master-shipman?" cried Nigel. "What has befallen to stop us? Surely the matter does not end here?"

"Two down out of five," said Badding, "and twelve at the least against us. The odds are too long, little master. Let us at least go back, fill up once more, and raise a mangle against the bolts, for they have an arbalist which shoots both straight and hard. But what we do we must do quickly, for the darkness falls apace."

Their reply was hailed by wild yells of delight from the Frenchmen, who danced with joy and waved their weapons madly over their heads. But before their rejoicings had spent themselves the boat creeping out once more from the shadow of the Marie Rose, a great wooden screen in her bows to protect her against the bolts, without a pause she came straight and fast for her enemy. The wounded archer had been put on board, and Ayward would have had his hand to the helm, had it not been for him upon the deck. The third archer, Hal Masters, had sprung in, and one of the seamen, Wat Fennis of Hythe, with their hearts hardened to conquer or to die, leaped up alongside the Frenchman and sprang upon her deck. At the same instant a great iron weight crashed through the bottom of their skiff, and the feet had hauled by left her before she was gone. There was no hope and no escape save victory.

The cross-bowman stood under the mast, his terrible weapon at his shoulder, the steel string stretched taut, the heavy bolt shining upon the nut. One life at least he would claim out of this little band, just for one instant too long did he dwell upon his aim, shifting from the seaman to Cock Badding, whose formidable appearance showed him to be the better prize. In that second of time Hal Masters' string twanged and his long arrow sped through the arbalist's throat. He toppled on the deck, with blood and curses pouring from his mouth.

A moment later Nigel's sword and Badding's beam had each claimed a victim and driven back the rush of assailants. The five were safe upon the deck, but it was hard for them to keep a footing. The French seamen with axes and swords, fierce fighters and brave men. They swarmed round the little boat, attacking them from all sides. Black Simon felled the black-bearded French Captain, and at the same instant was cut over the head and lay with his scalp open upon the deck. The seaman "Wat of Hythe" was killed by a crashing blow from an ax. Nigel was struck down, but was up again like a flash, and drove his sword through the man who had felled him.

(To be Continued.)

Rev. Canon D. F. Bogert of Belleville passed away after an extended illness.

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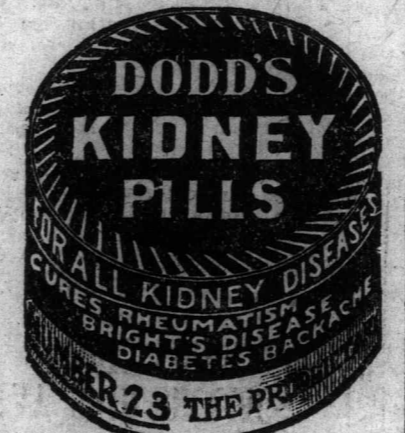
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posed to have been killed

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These, the first Brantford

are made known in a letter

Corporal Cobden while lying

in hospital and received by

the British English mail.

The letter is a human doc

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is to an active participant.

The German horde and had

perate fighting. It tells how

are wiped out and how con

and it gives a hope of an

to the great war.

The writer, Corporal J.

is well known in the city,

local police constable.

He is serving with