

If a teacher retire from the profession, he shall receive half the amount he paid to the fund; and on the decease of any teacher, prior to superannuation, his or her legal representative receives all the teacher has paid in, with seven per cent. interest added in the case of contributors since 1871.

Municipal Councils and Boards of Education may, if they see fit, supplement Departmental grants to superannuated teachers or inspectors.

Various devices are adopted by the Educational Department, to check evasions of the law on superannuation, which, in many quarters, is very unpopular.

The amounts payable to the fund are deducted half-yearly from the salaries by the Inspector, whose duty it is to pay the teachers.

To enable teachers to evade the payment of what is demanded for the Superannuation Fund, trustees some times pay the teachers, so that the Inspector may have no opportunity to withhold the two dollars each half year, in January and July; but in that case, the trustees are liable first to remonstrance by the Inspector, and, on a repetition of the evasion, to the loss of the government grant for their section.

ACCOMMODATION.

In rural sections, the size of the grounds must be of not less than half an acre for 50 scholars and under, and an acre for over 50. Each child must have in the school room 120 cubic feet of air. In towns and cities, at least 100 cubic feet of air are required.

GOVERNMENT.

This complicated system is under the control of a Council and Minister of Public Instruction. The Council consists of eight members appointed by the Governor, each holding office for two years, one member from each University in the Province, one elected by the High School masters and teachers, one by Public School inspectors, one by Public and Separate School teachers. No inspector, or teacher, is eligible.

CONCLUSION.

This system is the growth of many years, and is the result of comparison with European and American systems, of consultation with the friends of education through the Province, and of the experience of the teachers. It is so constantly subject to scrutiny and revision that the term "tinkering" has been justly applied to the frequent modifications made in its detailed "regulations."

To judge of the merits of any system, we must look at its provisions, the circumstances it is designed to meet, and the results of its practical operation. We must look at its appliances, methods, men, remuneration and government. In this Ontario system, the regulations are adapted to every condition of society. Education is brought within the reach of all. The best methods of imparting instruction are studied and adopted; and in the impartation of it, teachers are not so slavishly bound to prescribed methods as to crush out individuality. The best men and women are secured. Their remuneration and tenure of office are made attractive. The wants of a young country are met by adapting the courses of study to prevailing necessities and prejudices. Latin is no longer compulsory in High Schools, and Greek is not always necessary in the University.

Defects there are in the system, certainly; perhaps too many subjects are taught, though where to place the limit is a difficult question to decide; the repeated inspections and examinations keep everything at high pressure, and tend to develop excitability of the nervous system; the financial and other advantages of High Schools in any centre have made it difficult to weed out poor schools, from the tenacity with which they fight for their existence; reason seems, especially in Arithmetic, to be appealed to too severely and at too early a period in life; and, perhaps, other defects might be enumerated. Yet, on the whole, the system, by its practical results, justifies the high encomium placed upon it by the Earl of Dufferin, as the finest system of education on this continent. Statistics show that the teacher's position is becoming increasingly attractive to men. In 1877, there were in the Public Schools 3,020 male teachers to 3,448 female teachers, an increase of female teachers of 43, and of male teachers of 240, over those of 1876. If from the surplus of 428 female teachers in the Public Schools, we deduct 228 males in the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, a number which is very nearly accurate, we have a majority of only 200 female teachers in the whole Province.

High Schools in towns, separated for educational purposes from the counties in which they lie, often draw numerous pupils from these counties, but from beyond the limits of jurisdiction of the Trustees. A desire to educate them prevents the imposition of differential fees, and yet no income, to meet the increased expenditure involved, is derived from the counties. This is especially the case since candidates for second-class certificates must seek their non-professional training in these schools, instead of in the Normal Schools. Excellent High Schools, in such circumstances, suffer severely; but no remedy for the evil has yet been discovered. One County Council, that of Elgin, has seen the evil, and has risen above the selfishness of the majority of counties in such circumstances, and makes a fair grant, to aid the St. Thomas High School in educating pupils from country parts.

The number of scientific studies demanded of what is called the "Lower School" in High

Schools has been diminished to one, Chemistry, with marked improvement in the work done; but, as the University does not demand any physical science for Junior Matriculation, the attraction of that class of subjects has not been, of itself, sufficient to induce great attention to them.

The tendency to place undue importance upon the discussion of technicalities of grammar and philology is slowly yielding to an increase of literary taste and broader culture.

The absence of association, in most cases, with people actually speaking the foreign languages taught in the schools renders the pronunciation often defective; but a growing tendency exists, at least in the case of those who propose to teach French, to pursue their studies in centres where native French teachers are found, and, in some cases, to spend some time in the best French schools of the Province of Quebec. For the work of teaching, English speaking persons who have acquired a good pronunciation of French are much better than those who cannot know the peculiar difficulties which the English must have in learning the other language; but until such teachers are more abundant than at present is the case, the pronunciation given in the schools will necessarily be imperfect. One of the most suggestive features of the system is the failure, under the present conditions of Protestant religious knowledge, of all efforts to convey direct religious instruction in the public schools. A need is felt, but no practicable method of meeting it has so far resulted from any analysis of Protestant beliefs.

On the whole, the numbers of matriculants in the Colleges, and their intellectual standing, besides the character of those who connect themselves with learned bodies, prove that a heaven is at work which will make Ontario more and more powerful in controlling the destinies of our common country.

STARTING A PAPER.

A STORY OF TWO OF OUR CLEVEREST HUMORISTS.

It was nearly twenty years ago when Dan De Quille and Mark Twain attempted to start a paper in Mendocino county. They took the type and material of their recently-defunct newspaper establishment in San Francisco, and loading the stuff on a big waggon, struck out into the country to retrieve their fortune. They packed their type just as it stood in the forms, tied up the articles with stout cords by a process well known to printers, and packing them closely in boxes, vowed to establish a newspaper somewhere which would be the leading exponent of politics and history of the Pacific coast. Had not an unfortunate circumstance taken place it is evident that the newspaper which they contemplated founding would have been alive to-day. Their journey over the mountains was utterly uneventful until they reached Simpson's station, a spot well known to old travellers on that route. Here they met a party of emigrants making for Lower California, and the latter had with them a small howitzer which they brought with them across the plains.

Twain took a great fancy to this gun, and offered \$50 for it, with two kegs of powder. The emigrants were glad enough to part with it, as they concluded the time for its use had passed. Dan thought the purchase of the artillery and military supplies was a reckless piece of extravagance, and said as much, but Mark replied:

"When we start our paper we must fire a salute. A newspaper office with artillery has a big bulge on the business. No well-regulated office in California should be without a howitzer. If a man comes in for a retraction we can blow him into the next county. The howitzer goes."

This silenced argument, and the next day the two journalists took the road with their printing outfit and artillery.

The next night they camped in a mountain ravine fifteen miles from Simpson's, and after building the usual camp-fire, fell asleep. About eleven o'clock the horses awakened them by prancing about, and the two journalists were led to the conclusion that a party of Indians was making arrangements for a night attack. In the clear moonlight human forms could be distinguished about half a mile away, at the foot of the ravine. The idea of encountering Indians never entered the heads of the two fortune-seekers, and they had no arms. Suddenly Twain brightened up, remarking:

"The howitzer!"

"We've got nothing but powder," said Dan.

"Well, powder'll scare 'em; and we'll load her up."

The piece was immediately loaded with a good big charge, and the two men felt quite certain that the Indians, hearing the roar of the gun, would beat an unconditional retreat. The piece was hardly loaded and placed in position when about forty of the red-skins came charging up the ravine.

Twain seized a brand from the camp-fire and was about to lay it on the touch-hole, when Dan yelled, "Hold on!" as he rammed something into the mouth of the piece, and remarked:

"Turn 'er loose."

The roar of the howitzer echoed through the lonely forest, and the savages, with frantic cries of pain, reeled down the ravine in wild confusion.

"What did you put in?" asked Mark.

"A column of solid nonpareil and a couple of sticks of your spring poetry."

"The poetry did the business, Dan. Get one of your geological articles ready for the next charge, and I guess it'll let the red devils out for the present campaign."

The savages again advanced. Mark attended to the powder and Dan assorted the shot, so to speak.

"Jeems Pipes' song, 'My Mountain Home.'"

"Good for three Indians—sock 'er in."

"An acrostic by John B. Ridge, in long primer."

"It'll paralyze them."

"Frank Pixley on the Constitution"—half a column of loaded bravoir."

"If it hits 'em, the day is won."

"Your leader on 'Law and Order.'"

"Save it as a last resort."

Dan pulled the type out of the boxes, and stuffed column after column in the howitzer's mouth as the savages came charging on. Another round from the gun, and the red-skins rolled over each other like boulders swept away by a mountain cloud-burst. Mark, in an ecstasy of delight, pulled an American flag out of his effects, nailed it to the tail board of the waggon, and was about to make a speech, when the dusky figures of the foes were once more seen moving to the attack.

The piece was again loaded, and this time with a double charge. Mark's leader on "Law and Order," the puff of an auction-house, by Fred McCrellish, "as a sickener," Dan said; Frank Gross' verses on "The Rebel Yell;" an agricultural article by Sam Seabaugh, showing the chemical properties of corn juice as an educational lever; a maiden poetical effort by Olive Harper, and some verses by Col. Cremony and Frank Soule completed the load.

"That poetry reaching 'em first will throw 'em into confusion, and my editorial coming on the heels of the rest will result in a last demoralization. It will be like the last cavalry charge of the French troopers at the battle of Austerlitz."

For the third and last time the faithful howitzer belched its typographical compliments to the advancing foe. The havoc was terrible. There was a wild yell from a score of savage throats, and then the low groans of the dying floated up the ravine on the gentle wind. The two men walked over the field of slaughter and counted fifty-six aborigines lying in heaps. The bodies were horribly mutilated with nonpareil, bourgeois, "caps," misery dashes and unassorted pi.

"My leader cooked that man's goose," said Mark, pointing to a savage hanging over the limb of a cedar.

"My geological article did the business for him," rejoined Dan, nodding carelessly at an Indian, whose head was lying twenty yards away.

"The pen is mightier than the sword."

"You bet! Hurrah for Faust and Gattenberg!"

"Is there any type left?"

"Not a pound."

Ten days later the two journalistic tramps reached Virginia City, weary, discouraged and footsore, and secured places on the *Enterprise*.

A few days ago Dan received the following from his former partner:

HARTFORD, Conn., January 1, 1880.

DEAR DAN—I send you the congratulations of the New Year. Do you remember the time we exterminated the tribe of unlettered (?) savages in Mendocino county? If you can spare the time I wish you would make a pilgrimage to that historic spot, gather the ghostly relics together, and plant a tablet (not too expensive, and at your own expense) to the memory of the departed. Have a shooting stick lying across a long bow, with our monogram and coat-of-arms entwined, and some appropriate epitaph carved on the stone. An extract from Carl Schurz's views on the "Peace Policy" might do. Enclosed is \$1.50 for your incidental expenses. You can dead-head travelling expenses.

Yours,

MARK TWAIN.

P.S.—Send me a thigh-bone of the fallen chief by next express.

M. T.

Dan will attend to the matter in the spring. The old howitzer used on the occasion is still in his possession.

THE GLEANER.

PRINCE LEOPOLD's health is so delicate that he will in the spring take a long voyage to the east, and spend a considerable time on the Mediterranean shores.

H. M. S. *Bellerophon*, Captain Darcy Irvine, and flagship of Admiral Inglefield, arrived at Spithead, on the 31st ult., after an absence on the North American station of seven years.

The five new gunboats, now in course of construction for the Admiralty at the Barrow Shipbuilding Company's works, are to be named *Wasp*, *Espoir*, *Grappler*, *Wrangler*, and *Banter*.

CHARLES ELLIS, the veteran cricketer, died at the Battle of Waterloo Inn, Rock Mews, Brighton, on the 25th ult., from an attack of bronchitis. Ellis was once captain of the Sussex County Eleven.

THE total strength of the British Reserve Forces last year was:—Militia, 139,331; Yeomanry, 14,830; Volunteers, 174,241; enrolled Pensioners and Army Reserve force, 30,000—in all, about 364,000 men.

A MOVEMENT is on foot to erect a Roman Catholic Cathedral on the Thames embankment

at a cost of a quarter of a million pounds. Cardinal Manning is chairman of the committee, the Duke of Norfolk vice-chairman, and the Marquises of Bute and Ripon secretaries.

A BOTANIST says that there are 42,000 different kinds of weeds in the United States, 1,200 being found in New York State. He speaks of the fire weed, the seed of which remains in the ground for years without sprouting, but shows itself when land is burned over.

VARIETIES.

ENGLAND'S DANGER.—The *Poll Mall* reiterates an opinion which it holds with no less anxiety than conviction, that one of the most important of all facts underlying the future of England is this: Through the extraordinary development of the grain-growing industries abroad, the operation of an irreversible system of free trade, and the multiplication and aggrandisement of foreign navies, the people of this country are exposed to great peril of starvation, or panic of starvation, in the event of any hostile alliance against us, which does not seem impossible as things go.

LEAVING OFF GIRLHOOD.—When girls midway in their teens, throw off their natural girlish habits and attire, don long skirts, skoot up their hair, and affect the airs and dress of young women, they would often be surprised to know what their elders really think of the improvements. One such young miss went to the depot recently to meet an aged friend of the family, and was surprised to find herself not recognised upon greeting the visitor as she stepped from off the car.

"Don't you know me, auntie?"

"Why, this isn't Maria, is it?"

"Certainly! don't you think I look better than I did last summer, when you were here?"

"No," replied the honest soul, looking the girl over, "to tell the truth, I do not. Go home and let down your hair and be young while you can, for it will not be many years before you'll be glad to have people take you for a girl."

THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN IN BLACK.—Among the crowd that surged forward towards the gates as the St. Louis express rumbled into the grand central depot recently was a little old woman dressed in black, with a little white face just visible beneath a rusty old bonnet and above a great comforter wound high around the neck. Jostled this way and that by the hurrying throng, she was about to pass through the gate, when the gateman stopped her by a motion of the hand and a demand for her ticket.

"I am not going away," she replied. "I didn't buy a ticket."

"Then you can't go through here; against orders you know."

"But sir, my son is coming, and—"

"Can't help it," was the hurried reply.

"Stay here and he will come to you quick enough."

"Ah, sir, if he only would," was the reply, and the tremble in the little woman's voice arrested the impatient murmur of those behind; "oh, sir, if he only would, but he died in Cleveland last week and now they are bringing my boy back home in a coffin. He was the only one I had—oh, thank you, sir."

The gate was thrown wide open, an unknown friendly hand assisted her on, and in a moment the sad face of the little woman in black was lost in the crowd.

STORIES OF STONEWALL JACKSON.—Maj. Kyd Douglas, of the late confederate army, is responsible for the following stories of the great Jackson and his men:

He says that one night—a starlit night—preceding a battle, he saw the great commander leaning on a rail fence, outside his tent, deeply absorbed. All through the woods about him gleamed the camp fires of the rebel army, and from camp to camp was ringing through the night air the wild, singular music of the rebel yell. It was echoed back and forward as the men about the camp fires took it up, and had lost its fierceness in the shadows of night. Gen. Jackson listened in rapt attention to the strange cries until the last sound had died away, and then turning to his tent, said "That was the sweetest music I ever heard!"

Major Douglas explodes in the most explicit manner the romantic story of Barbara Frutchie upon which Whittier's poem is based. He says that Jackson's headquarters were outside of Fredrick—that he entered the town only once, and then in company with Major Douglas and did not go near Barbara Frutchie's house, and in fact he and that lady never saw each other.

A short time after Jackson's death, when the whole army was in the deepest melancholy, an officer who wished to pass beyond the lines and had not thought to secure the countersign drew from his pocket-book an old pass given by "Old Stonewall" before his death. The sentinel lit a match, read the pass, lingering tenderly over the writing of his old commander. He handed it back to the officer, and said reverently: "Major you can go to heaven on that pass, but you can't pass this post with it."

Answer this.

Did you ever know any person to be ill with-out inaction of the Stomach, Liver or Kidneys, or did you ever know one who was well when either was obstructed or inactive; and did you ever know or hear of any case of the kind that Hop Bitters would not cure?—Ask your neighbor the same question.