

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

ONTARIO SCHOOLS.

The papers contributed by Grandfather suggest some remarks on Ontario Schools, as he seems to say or imply, that a better education can be obtained in these schools than could be had in England. After reading Mr. Clarke's sketch of his schooldays, I would not hesitate to affirm that nowhere in Ontario, nor in any part of Canada to-day, could a young person obtain such an excellent education as he received. And as to Professor Boole, Canada has not produced any such man yet, nor is it likely to do so.

My wife and I lived for some years in Quebec Province, and she used to say that whenever we went to church we could always know if the officiating minister came from Ontario. If he did, there always occurred somewhere in his sermon the following sentence. "The system of education in the Province of Ontario is the finest in the world." We did not take this axiom too seriously, having previously heard a similar one enunciated with the same frequency in the United States. There is an objection to this habit of enunciation, as it tends to produce a Chinese frame of mind in the people using it. Let it be permitted to remark that the results of the Ontario system are not perfectly satisfactory. In any village or small town in Ontario you will find a dozen young men, prominent natives of the place, and graduates of the school system,

standing round with their hands in their pockets, and waiting like Mr. Micawber, for something to turn up. And yet we call this a country of opportunities, and invite immigrants. Again—look at all the high graduates of the Ontario School System, now holding positions in all professions, and what do you see? A waste of mediocrity. And not only so, but the same fault affects all Canada, which, with a population equal to that of Scotland, has produced no such men of eminence as that country, nor is it likely to do so. If there is an assignable reason it is that Canada has a fetish, it is weighed down by Educational System.

R. S. KNIGHT.

"Well, Mrs. Brown, how does your daughter get along on the violin?" "Splendidly, Mrs. Jones! You know I ain't no musician myself; but I did hear her teacher say only yesterday, 'Emma, my dear, you're quite ten bars ahead!' so she must be makin' some progress, mustn't she?"

Haggard Householder: "That's a rare old violin you've been playing every night at your house for the last month, is it not?" Next Door Neighbor: "Yes; been in the family over a hundred years." "Such a violin would be hard to replace, wouldn't it?" "Couldn't be replaced. If I should lose it I'd never get another." With assumed carelessness: "What will you sell it for?" "Five hundred pounds." With feverish eagerness: "Bring the infernal thing here, I'll take it."
