

the seed of probabilities already sown bore the harvest of an untimely and dishonorable death. The end began when the boys sat on the hotel stoop in an armchair tilted back and with hat tilted forward.

Hillsdale was destined to write a new chapter in its history. This was not brought about by steam nor electricity, nor even by a woman in mannish attire on a wheel, but because momentous forces, whose fountains lie at Nazareth and Calvary, in their far-reaching flow, moved the responsive soul of a young Canadian girl.