

care to have an olive-oil treatment. Then the new Mange Cure is invaluable. Really, sir—you ought to try it."

"I'll think about it when I ha'e the mange," came the curt reply.

The barber was getting to the end, but he was game to the last.

"Wouldn't you like a face-massage, sir?"

"Is that that operation wi' the bilin'-hot cloots?" asked Sam, with some interest.

"Yes, sir!" said the barber, without having the slightest idea what Sam really meant.

"What does it cost?"

"Electric—one dollar: hand-massage—fifty cents, sir!"

"Och, never mind them! I'll just gie my face an extra lick o' soap and hot water the morn's mornin'."

"Hair brushed wet or dry, sir?"

Sam sighed as if he were going through the "third degree."

"What do you wet it wi'?"

"Bay Rum, Herpicide, Oil—anything you like, sir."

"Oh! gie it a touch o' hair-oil and be done wi' it."

The barber finished his work and handed Sam a check.

Sam looked at it. Then he glared at it.

"Forty-five cents!" he cried. "Up there on that ticket it says one-and-fivepence-ha'penny, I mean, thirty-five cents. And it's plenty tae hair-cut a whole regiment o' sodgers."

"Ten cents extra for the oil, sir!" politely informed the barber, without so much as the vestige of a smile.

Sam looked at him fiercely, and, for a moment, we thought there was going to be a stand-up fight: but he swallowed his wrath, paid the cashier and made for his hat. But the big nigger got there before him and commenced to dust his head-gear with great gusto. Then he commenced whisking Sam's coat-collar and belaboring Sam's back, slapping his own knee loudly for effect at every stroke of the whisk.

Sam struggled to get away from him, but the black fellow followed him right to the door, taking advantage of every movement of Sam's and getting in his way, whisking and slapping obsequiously.

At last the worm turned.

"Look here, ye black deevil! Keep your broom to yersel'. Do ye take me for a curlin' rink?"

When we got outside, Sam mopped the perspiration from his face.

"Man," he said, "that's the first and the last for me. I would raither go through a wringer than stand that again. Next time I need my hair cut I'll get Mrs. Sands to do the job."

"And, to think o' it—he beat me after a'. What do you think? ten cents—whole five-pence, for two-three drops o' hair-oil. It's sheer highway robbery. A man would ha'e to earn big wages oot here."

(No. IV. in next issue.)

The Wayside Philosopher

ABRACADABRA

(All Legal Responsibility Assumed by the Author)

Point Grey has called to its School Board a competent educator in the person of Mr. G. E. McKee, Principal of Mount Pleasant Public School, Vancouver. Congratulations! Point Gray.

In direct contrast to the foregoing is the position in Vancouver City. Four vacancies on the school Board were to be filled. Six candidates were nominated. Two of the six candidates were fairly competent. The other four might have been held qualified as being somewhat interested in Education. Apart from that they would be neither any good nor any harm. Added to this, one of them allegedly had "An axe to grind," while another educationally speaking was a joke.

Mr. Fisher, one of the fairly qualified candidates, was defeated.

Judged by these results one might paraphrase a famous statement in referring to the Vancouver City electors regarding their Educational interest by saying "there were some forty-nine thousand, mostly lacking the brains to be fools."

Vancouver from an Educational standpoint needs a supply of fools.

Alfred de Cassagnac believed in the motor power of steam. He was a fool and they put him in the mad house. Today in an age of steam and electricity we reverence the fool.

An eminent engineer declared the practicability of iron steamships. He was a fool. "Iron was heavier than water and must therefore needs sink." Today evidences of his folly in the shape of iron steamships, cover all our navigable waters.

Vancouver needs fools of this kind. She needs fools who will refuse to house her school children in hideous barn-like structures which destroy instead of cultivate a sense of beauty. Fools who believe that a touch of nature in a tree-decked play ground, decorated in some rude fashion after nature plans, is an important part of any really educational institution. Fools on the School Board who will co-operate with fools among the teachers to equip the child life of the City, and give it a real chance to live. Fools who will be deaf alike to the cries of the incensed ratepayer compelled by the demands on his pocketbook, to understand that, like every other good thing, a real education costs money, and to the faddists, whose chief result is either to add some highly ornate and useless feature to the undesirable chaos already existing, or to interject some useful plan or idea into conditions which rob it of all use and benefit.

Have we such fools in our midst? Failing that, have we some of whom it might be said "we would that thou wert not quite, but altogether fools?"

QUOTATIONS FOR THE JUNIORS

Young man keep thy record clean.

The man is all.

His life was gentle and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world "This was a man."

"To thine own self be true..... thou cans't not then be false to any man."

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