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Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 19-44

FROM WEEK TO WEEK.

(Continued from page 150.)

their position would be unassailable. It doesn't strike the Canadian mind as particularly helpful to clamour for the privilege of telling other nations what to do, while they sit back and

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look on. It ties the hands of the willing nations and causes no terror to the evil doer. The American statesmen, however, who are advocating this course may be preparing the way for a more honourable career. They probably realize that it is vital to be a partner in the League of Nations, and in order to find a place there, they must find it under conditions that will receive support from those from whom their authority comes. These people have too successfully absorbed the doctrine of "no entanglements," so diligently taught for a century, to be turned about in a few months. A wider experience and more sound instruction may lead them to realize that if there is strength enough on the side of peace, it may be secured to the world without bloodshed. While uncertainty prevails, there is no security. The nation that is willing to lose its life for the truth's sake and the world's sake, will surely find it.

Mr. Grant, Minister of Education, has very wisely rejected the private offer of a wealthy foundation to name and finance a commission, to outline an educational policy for the province of Ontario. If the work that was proposed to be done was really necessary, and wisely conceived, it is difficult to see why it should be commended by an offer of release from all financial responsibility to the provincial government. The government can command all the financial resources that it desires, even to the yielding up of a fair share of the resources of the Foundation referred to. Why should the citizens of the province be placed under special obligation to private individuals, when all necessary work should be carried out by responsible representatives elected by the people? A wealthy province is not a suitable object of private charity. The reform proposed, if wise and just, would have been just as appealing had no financial gift been offered as an argument in its favor. The further condition of privately naming the commission of investigation as a presumed equivalent for the monetary consideration, carries with it no justification whatever. No matter how wisely that commission is chosen, it springs from the wrong source in a country of responsible government, and would, if accepted, establish a precedent for the exercise of the power of wealth in many directions. One does not fear that wealth is suffering from any undue suppression of influence in this country at the present time. It is quite evident that the offer in question came out of a good heart, and it is equally manifest that its rejection issued from a wise head.

"SPECTATOR."

Boys and Girls

FRED'S BIG SISTER.

By Julia F. Deane.

"I DON'T go much on sisters," Rodney Black was heard to remark, "but I could stand a dozen like Fred's; she's O.K. Lucky dog, that Fred Wilkins."

"Same here," Tim Welsh added. "She's better posted on fish bait and baseball than Fred is himself, and as to cookies—oh, my!"

Fred Wilkin's house was the most popular resort for the boys of the neighbourhood, but Fred said, good-naturedly, "I'm not chalking up any credit to myself for it; it's all Sue." There never was a girl like her for making mouth-watering tarts and turnovers, doughnuts and cookies, and she knew enough of a boy's appetite to make them by the gross and the bushel, instead of paltry dozens and pints. As to skill in band-

aging and caring for torn and bruised fingers and toes, even the doctors, so the boys said, had to take a back seat for Sister Sue. Yet, after all, her crowning talent was the wonderful way she had of patching and darning a ragged tear in coat or trousers, so that even one's own mother couldn't discover it.

"Say, she's going to have a birthday next Wednesday," confided one of the boys to the others. "Let's get her a present. She's always loading us up with good things, and doing things for us generally."

The group of boys readily agreed, and it was decided to ask Fred to learn from Sister Sue what she most desired as a gift. Fred agreed, and promised to report promptly. But two days passed, and Fred kept away from the other boys or gave unsatisfactory answers when approached. Finally, the boys cornered him.

"Well, you see," he said, shamefacedly, "Sue isn't like other girls, always wanting things. If it was Bess, now, she'd tell a dozen things she'd like in one breath."

"Well, it isn't Bess, it's Sue," cried Will Davis. "What does Sue want?"

Fred took a long breath. "Well, you see," he began again, "she couldn't know I was quizzing her for anybody but myself, and she said, 'Pshaw! I ain't going to tell you,'" he broke off, impatiently. "It isn't any of your business, anyway."

The boys grew indignant. "Well," said a voice. "I guess it is our business. If you think it is going to cost too much, we're not a stingy lot. We're ready to do it up fine. Out with it, Fred!"

Fred straightened up at that, with a "do-or-die" expression on his face. "Maybe you'll wish I hadn't. It is something that'll cost like fun, but I said I'd report, and I'm a man of my word, so here goes. She just said, 'Frederick Jackson Wilkins, if you want to give me a birthday present that I'd like better than anything else, you take a sheet of blank writing paper and write on it an iron-bound promise that you'll stop smoking cigarettes, and sign it.' And that's all I could get out of her."

Fred said afterward, when he told Sue about it, "You could have sliced the silence that fell over the bunch of boys with my jackknife." Every boy of them had known that Fred's sister Sue had no use for cigarettes, and they had always been careful to keep them out of her sight. It was Fred who finally spoke again:—

"Well, I didn't suppose you'd like it a bit better than I did, but you made me tell."

"Say, are you going to give Sue what she asked for?" spoke up a boy, slyly.

Fred's face flushed, but his voice had a manly ring, and he promptly answered: "You just better believe I am. She's too good a sister to disappoint."

"That's what I say," blurted out Tom Folk. It would please her mightily to have all us boys do the same thing, too. Let's do it. All in favour, say Aye."

"Aye, aye," was the firm but quiet response from every boy.

"There's one of the boys wants to see you, Sue, out in the yard," said Fred Wilkins to his sister on the morning of her birthday. "He won't come in."

Sue smilingly accommodated herself to a boy's whim and hurried out into the yard, where she found Rodney Black. He handed her an envelope, bulky and broad, "From us boys, just to start off your birthday cheerful," he told her.

Fred lingered around when Sue opened the envelope and read the promises written in many boyish hands to stop smoking, and heard a fervent, girlish, "Bless their hearts! How did they know how much I wanted them to do this very thing?"

She wouldn't have been a girl if she hadn't been wonderfully pleased at

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the mammoth box of bonbons that came later, labelled in boyish hands, "Bought with the money we didn't spend on cigs." But she always insisted that, delicious as it was, it wasn't to be mentioned in the same breath with the presents that came in the envelope.—Union Signal.



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