

whilst tears began to gather in them. "I want mother, and she'll want me, and she won't know what has become of me. If I don't never go back she'll think I'm killed." Tears were pouring down the little cheeks by this time.

"My poor little man, it is impossible for you to go back now, because you have been hurt very badly, and it will be some time before you can walk again. But we'll try and let mother know all about it, and some day, I dare say, she'll be able to come here to see you. And, we may be able to tell her how good you have been.

But Benny could not repress that yearning for "mother" which grew sorer the more his pain increased. His longing was so great to lay his tired little head down upon her breast. For all around him was strange, pleasant though it might be. But it was not home.

Oh, the magic sound of that word! the hold it takes upon the heart! Poor little Benny loved that dark, dreary, miserable room in Pincher's Alley, in spite of its wretchedness, just because it was home; and he would rather have gone back there than stayed amidst all the comparative grandeur of his present surroundings.—*Quiver*.

A Champion Better.

The following story is going around in French military circles:—An officer, Verdier, was celebrated in his garrison for winning every bet. None of his comrades could ever boast of having been victorious, and at last no one cared to enter a bet with him. One day Verdier was transferred to another regiment, but the fame of his peculiar luck had already spread before him.

After a supper tendered him by his new comrades on the evening of his arrival, and when the champagne made its appearance, General B. called out:—"Is it really true, Verdier, that you win every bet?"

"So it is, General."

"But how then, do you do it?"

"Oh, very simply. I am a physiognomist, and bet only when I am quite sure."

"You are a physiognomist. Well, then, what, for instance, can you read now in my face?"

"I can see," said Verdier, promptly, "that your old wound on the upper and back part of your leg is broken out again."

"Nonsense," thundered out the General, "I never had a wound there!"

"I beg pardon, my General, but—"

"No but! after I assure you, sir."

"Perhaps you do not like to speak of it; perhaps a duel—"

"Le diable!—you won't believe me. What will you bet?"

"Anything you please, General."

"Five hundred francs."

"All right, five hundred francs."

"The gentlemen present are witnesses." With these words the General at once proceeded to divest himself, *sans gêne à la Suwarow*, of his clothing, and a scrutinous inspection by all present revealed the fact that there was no trace of a wound by sword or ball.

"You have lost the bet, Verdier!" shouted the General, packing himself up again.

"I have lost, indeed, this once. Men may err sometimes. Here are your five hundred francs."

The General put the money with a chuckle into his pocket. After he arrived home he at once wrote to his old chum, the General in command of

Verdier's former regiment:—"DEAR FRIEND,—The story about Verdier's luck is all humbug! He just made a bet that I had a wound on my back for five hundred francs, and, of course, lost it."

The answer came back:—"Your naiveté is truly charming! Your winning of the five hundred francs cost me two thousand, which Verdier bet me on the day of his leaving that he would make you, on the first evening of the meeting, take off your inexpressibles in the presence of your officers, and that you yourself would inform me of it."

Selected.

Report of Dr. S. P. May Superintendent of Depositories,

ON THE EXHIBIT OF THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION HELD IN PHILADELPHIA IN 1876.

The Honourable S. C. Wood, M. P. P.,
Commissioner of Agriculture.

SIR,—Having received instructions from the Honourable the minister of Education to prepare for you a brief Report of the Exhibit of the Ontario Education Department at the International Exhibition, held at Philadelphia in 1876, I have the honour to subjoin it herewith.

The Education Department of Ontario exhibited at Philadelphia a collection of school material and appliances which has received numerous encomiums from the press and commendatory remarks from prominent foreign Educationists.

It consisted of a large collection of Maps, Charts, and Diagrams, Globes, School Apparatus, Object Lessons and Library and Prize Books from the Educational Depository, also, a small number of specimens of Pupils' work and some very fine Photographs and Models of School Buildings.

The whole exhibit was so arranged as to show that the development of the intellectual and physical faculties, and the acquisition of knowledge and science is more easily acquired by the use of models, maps, apparatus, &c., than by any other method of teaching.

This was so successfully effected that I do not hesitate to assert that in all the vast array of examples of the triumphs of Industry and Art from different nations, no country has been crowned with more successful results, or given more striking proofs of intellectual progress than was manifested by our Educational Exhibit at Philadelphia.

The Maps were displayed on an ornamental wall one hundred and ten feet long and thirty feet high, so constructed that an increased amount of space could be utilized. This wall was surmounted by a very handsome cornice with walnut pillars and pedestals at the ends; in the centre was a principal archway, and at the summit of this archway was displayed the Royal Arms of Great Britain (the largest in the whole Exhibition), beautifully carved and gilded underneath were shields in relief of the Arms of the Dominion and of Ontario, a large ornamental shield of the Arms of Education Department with a scroll "Education Department of Ontario."

Two smaller archways at the side were also ornamented with appropriate symbols representing the advance of Education, and on the principal pillars were busts (life size) of Her Majesty Queen Victoria and Prince Albert.