


Schools and Colleges



Bishop's College School
Lennoxville, P.Q.

Head Master, J. Tyson Williams, B.A.
Emmanuel College, Cambridge

This well-known boarding school for boys is situated about 100 miles from Montreal, on the G.T.R., C.P.R., and Boston & Maine Ry., giving easy access to New York and Eastern States.

The buildings for the upper and preparatory school are beautifully situated, up-to-date, sanitary and well ventilated, and comprise gymnasium, playrooms, as well as extensive playgrounds.

Boys are prepared for R.M.C., Kingston, the Universities, and Business Life, by an efficient staff of Masters, mostly graduates of English Universities.

For Calendars, Information, etc., apply to the Head Master.



A HIGH-GRADE RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Courses:—
Matriculation, English, Music, Art.
Senior and Junior Schools. Moderate Fees.
Re-opens Sept. 11th.

MISS CHARLOTTE THRALL, - Vice-Principal.
A. S. VOGT, Mus. Dir., - Musical Director.

Moulton College
34 Bloor St. E. Toronto

Bishop Strachan School

Forty-seventh Year.

Wykeham Hall
College St.
Toronto

A Church Residential and Day School for Girls. Full matriculation course. Elementary work. Domestic art. Music and Painting.

Principal:
MISS WALSH

Vice-Principal:
MISS NATION

RE-OPENS SEPTEMBER 11.

Alma (Ladies) College

An ideal training home for young ladies. Attractive location—ample grounds. Plenty of wholesome home-cooked foods and rational exercise. Literary, art, music, domestic science, commercial, elocution, etc. A thoroughly trained and practised faculty. Resident Nurse. Moderate fees. Fall Semester begins Sept. 9th.

Address the President,

Robert I. Warner, M.A., D.D.

St. Thomas, Ont.

A DESK-BOOK OF ERRORS IN ENGLISH

By Frank H. Vizetelly, F.S.A.

Associate Editor of the Standard Dictionary, treats the hundred and one questions that arise in daily speech and correspondence which are not treated of in the dictionary.

The New York Times: "The scope and plan of the volume, which is of handy size and alphabetical arrangement, strike one as pleasantly sane and sound."

12mo, cloth, 240 pages. Price \$1.00 post-paid.

NORMAN RICHARDSON,
12 E. Wellington St. Toronto.

your things and get out or it will be the worse for you. You lay a finger on her and I'll settle you.

The doctor paid no attention to him, but walked over to the bed and started to ask the woman questions. Sam, meantime, hung over the foot of the bed and listened. Gradually he drew from her all her symptoms, and Sam at last began to believe his wife was really sick. Having made up his mind he turned to Sam. "Say, Sam, we've got to have some hot water. You go and light the fire." Sam was sort of dazed and said that he'd be d—d if he would, and then changed his mind and decided to do it, but first wanted something to sober him up. The doctor handed him some morphine, thinking it would put him to sleep, but quite forgetting that it would stimulate him at first and make him worse than ever.

"I'll get the water, Sam, and you light the fire," and he started off with a couple of buckets in the rain. When he got back the morphine had started to act. Sam had become crazy mad. There he was, kneeling on his wife's chest, his fingers gripping her throat.

The doctor dropped the pails at the door, and with one spring had Sam by the collar, jerked him off the bed and rolled him across the floor and into the kitchen. "You wretch, you dirty little beast! You'd choke a woman, sick in bed, would you? Well, I have something to say in this, and so long as I'm here I'll see that you don't do it again. Any more such tricks now, and I'll have the whole town after you, and we'll tar and feather you and run you out on a rail."

He filled a big iron pot with water and set it on the stove, seized an axe and broke up a couple of boxes and lighted the fire. Then he wished for some hard wood, but there was none around, so he broke up an old chair. He was stooping down to gather up the pieces when he glanced up and there was Sam, creeping toward him and just ready to spring at him with an open razor in his hand. He grabbed the pot of water and would have hurled it at Sam's head, but Sam, in his rush across the room, had slipped on a rung of the broken chair. The doctor had his foot on the fallen man's wrist and secured the razor. Sam fought and struggled, but the doctor sat on his chest, and, big, strong miner as he was, Sam could not get up.

Sam cursed and swore as he struggled, but all to no avail, while inside the woman shrieked in her fear. The doctor sat quietly on his chest and pinned him to the floor. To let him up would be death to himself and his patient, so he sat there and waited for the morphine to act. Gradually the man's pupils contracted, his movements became less violent, then at last he lay quiet. Still he held him down until he was sound asleep.

The doctor rose. His patient had lost consciousness from fright. She lay in a huddled heap, her eyes wide and staring. Her fingers were fast in her disheveled hair. He brought her back to her senses, and then she broke down into hysterics and laughed and screamed, and laughed and screamed in perfect paroxysms.

Tired with a whole day's tramp in the rain and mud, of listening to fretful patients and with his struggle with the madman, yet he had to sit down and use all his wits and patience to quiet this woman.

At last it was done, but he worked late into the night. He relit his fire and got her comfortably fixed up. Just as the sun lifted his head above the mountains, he saw her slip off into a quiet sleep. He pulled a little black pipe out of his pocket, and gazing off toward the rising sun—away out beyond the mountains to somewhere beyond—he addressed himself to some unseen person.

"Ah, love, could but you and I with Him conspire,
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits and then
Remould it, nearer to the heart's desire."

"But, oh, lady dear, it's all in the day's work. It must be done. Someone must do the work, and, dear heart, it brings me closer to you. The day's work is hard, but at the end it leads to you."

Schools and Colleges



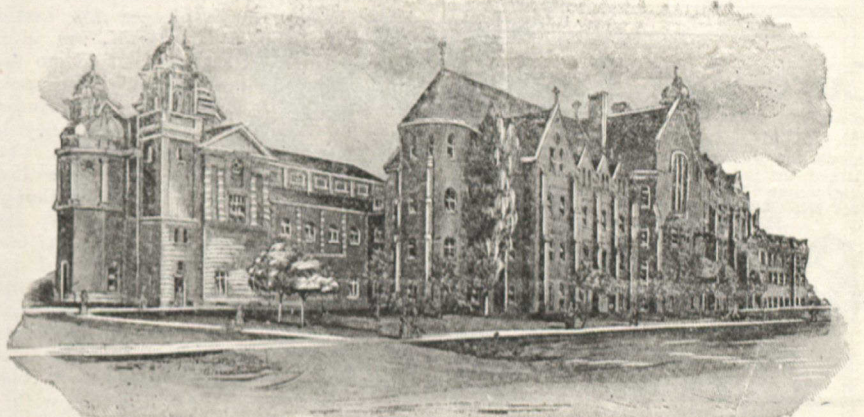
A CANADIAN SCHOOL FOR BOYS

RIDLEY COLLEGE

St. Catharines, Ont.

Rev. J. O. Miller, M.A., D.C.L.
Principal

Three separate residences, new, specially built and equipped. 1. Lower School for boys under fourteen. 2. Dean's House for boys of fourteen and fifteen. 3. Upper School for Advanced Pupils. Gymnasium and Swimming Bath just erected. Fine Hockey Rink. Athletic Fields and Playgrounds unsurpassed. Eighty acres. Mild climate. The School won University Scholarship in Classics, 1909, and in Classics and Mathematics, 1910.



LORETTO ABBEY

Wellington Place, Toronto

Seminary for the education of young ladies under the direction of the Ladies of Loretto. For prospectus apply to Lady Superior. School reopens September 3rd, 1912.

Upper Canada College

TORONTO

FOUNDED 1829

Examinations for Entrance Scholarships, Saturday, Sept. 14th.

Courses for University, Royal Military College, etc.

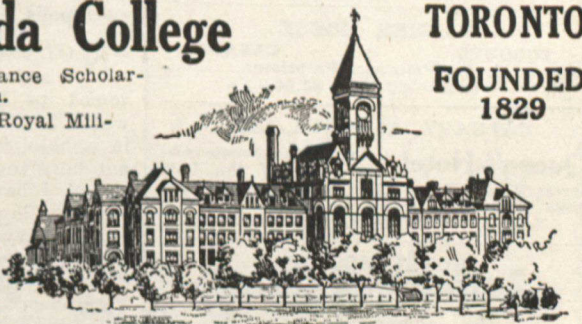
Senior and Preparatory
Schools in separate buildings. Every modern equipment.

Successes in 1911: Honor
Matriculation, 11; Pass,
Matriculation, 22; Royal
Military College, all passed

Autumn Term Begins on Thursday, Sept. 12th, at 10 a.m.

Boarders Return on the 11th,

H. W. AUDEN, M.A., Principal.



Western Canada College

Calgary, Alberta

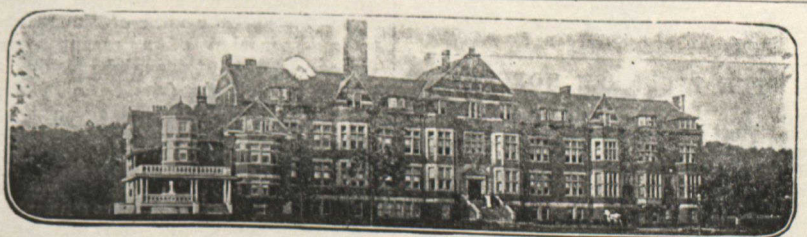
Oldest and Largest Boys' Residential and Day School between
Vancouver and Winnipeg.

Preparation for Universities, Royal Military College
and Business Life.

EFFICIENT STAFF—SPACIOUS GROUNDS—SPLENDID GYMNASIUM,

Calendar and full information on request.

DR. A. O. MacRAE, Principal.



ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE TORONTO, ONTARIO. A Residential and Day School for Boys. Royal Military College. Upper and Lower Schools. Preparation for Universities, Business and Autumn Term commences Sept. 11, 1912. Calendar sent on application. Headmaster. Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, M.A., LL.D.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION "THE CANADIAN COURIER."