

statesmen daily, and of summers spent at the seashore with no book to sign at nine o'clock.

"And, when you know shorthand real well, Silas," I remember hearing Mrs. Wegg say, "I will have a book with blue ribbons running through the leaves, and you can write down all the new words the baby says just as fast as she says them. Won't that be cute?"

"Fine," I said, "but I haven't attended to the furnace yet. This has been a good day's work. I will fix the fire and go to bed."

Next day I called on Jinks and borrowed an armful of "science for the Masses," and learned, by conversation at the same time, that Jupiter was further from the earth than Mars. That night I gathered enough information about electricity from Jinks's magazines to make me suspicious of my last lighting account.

The next evening brought Miss Seely, pink cheeks and mohair hat and all. Mrs. Wegg had a full dozen pencils sharpened for us and an evening paper with a speech of the Minister of Transportation on Church Union as a basis of operations.

"It isn't too long," she said, "and there are no really hard words in it I should think, except 'Presbyterian,' and you might leave that out, Miss Seely, or write some simple word, as 'porridge,' in its place."

Miss Seely explained that I had to learn the alphabet first:

"The alphabet!" exclaimed Mrs. Wegg. "Why, I thought it was English shorthand. I suppose, though, that the French members make speeches sometimes."

Assured that they did, Mrs. Wegg turned to historical research in the mazes of the Child's History. Under Miss Seely's teaching I advanced so far that by ten o'clock I knew the sign for "is" and felt happy in the knowledge that I could rely on the context for the distinguishing of "Wegg" from "war".

I think that Mrs. Wegg viewed us

uneasily, for, when Miss Seely said as she was leaving that this method was better than learning shorthand by mail, Mrs. Wegg remarked that her husband, seemingly, preferred learning it by female.

However, we made some progress in stenography, enough, my wife thought, to pull me through if I mastered her list of dates and Jinks's "Science for the Masses." No one, but myself, worried about the literature. I confess to some pride in my knowledge of this branch, yet I spent some secret hours with primers to be able to tell whether it was Adam Bede or the Venerable Bede that first wrote English books in Latin.

At last the fateful days of the examination arrived. I felt a strange confidence in myself. "Now is the time for all good men," I said in the words of Miss Seely, "to come to the aid of their party." As I entered the examination rooms I could not help repeating with satisfaction, "James the First, Charles the First, the Inter-regnum, Charles the Second, James the Second, William and Mary, William alone, and Anne." It was History day and I had no doubts about the issue.

The first question was easy: "Give Thomas a Becket's views on the Naval Question." I remembered that Becket was in the last house, representing Squally Lake, so I plunged into it, into the question of course, and gave a typical New Ontario interview on the subject. The next question asked for a discussion of the connection between Wat Tyler's rebellion and the Coal Strike. There seemed to be a connection, so I found one. There were no dates asked for, but a good lively topic was opened up by a question about a comparison between Archbishop Laud and William Lyon Mackenzie, only I found too late that I had made a mistake in writing about the latter's grandson. On the whole the paper was a cinch for anyone who knew everything that happened in the British Empire between