

denly. Without a moment's hesitation she stopped him.

"Pray pardon me," she said, "but will you sell your bicycle?"

"Oh, dear no," said the youth, who was a gentleman. "I only bought it at Plymouth a week ago."

"You must indeed pardon me, but will you not part with it for a consideration, and buy another?"

"Perhaps I might," the young man replied, not sorry to carry on a conversation with so pretty a girl, although he was greatly astonished at her request and thought she must be joking.

"What did you give for it?"

"I gave eighteen pounds and it was cheap at that."

"Will you sell it for twenty-five?"

"I will. I'm not over flush of money, and the seven pounds will pay my fortnight's holiday," he said with a laugh.

"Where do you want it delivered?"

"I want it to-day, now. I will take it with me."

"You? But it isn't a lady's wheel."

"I know that very well. That is why I want it."

He began to think she proposed riding in rational dress, and his manner was not quite so respectful as he said: "It's too tall for you. I am a fair height you know."

"It will do excellently. I am greatly obliged to you."

She took out twenty sovereigns from a bag in her pocket, and then said: "I find I have no more gold and you would not care to take a five pound note from a stranger?"

"May I see it?"

She gave it to him.

"I am in a bank," he said, "and I know a genuine Bank of England note when I see it. That is right enough."

"AND shall you return to Plymouth to buy another bicycle?"

"Not I. It will not be much use except on the roads. I shall spend my fortnight without it, and get another on my return. Do let me wheel it a little way for you."

"On no account."

She took it from his hands as soon as he had removed a few personal possessions, and wished him good morning, turning sharply in the direction in which she had come.

He watched her for a few moments, saying to himself: "This is a rum start. I suppose she won't mount while I'm looking. I had better go back to Princetown and get my breakfast. That seven pounds will keep me at an hotel."

He was quickly hidden by the hill. She regained the vicinity of the cottage—having, by a great effort of strength, lifted the bicycle over the low stone wall, and fortunately again intercepted the labourer as he was about to depart after having held a conversation with his wife.

"I want you to keep this also," she said, pointing to the bicycle. "Have you a shed?"

"Yes: a shed with a key."

"Put this in then, if you will, and keep it well-oiled, (with bicycle oil only, which you will find in the can,) and in good condition. If the man comes give him this bicycle, and I will greatly increase your reward. I cannot give you anything more now, as making this unexpected purchase leaves me with only just enough money to go home with. But I will send you something before long."

"I'll take care of it and keep it rubbed up, and pumped."

"I am sure you will. Should it get rusty it will be useless. Although I have promised you a hundred pounds I have not very much money, and I am afraid I cannot send you more than a small sum a week. I have to earn my own living."

"Your hands haven't done much work."

"There is head work as well as hand work, but I am going to do hand work."

She accompanied him to the shed and saw him place the bicycle in safety, then walked slowly to Princetown, dead beat as to body but exultant in mind, until she came in sight of the large prison and tried to realise how much misery was enclosed therein.

"And because a man commits one

crime his fellow creatures look on him henceforth as belonging to a different order of human beings!"

She looked sadly at the buildings, and, as she gazed, a party of convicts came forth from the enclosure, accompanied by warders bearing loaded guns.

Her face grew scarlet, tears came into her eyes, at the sad procession.

"THEY become machines, not men; the punishment is in most cases too hard for the offence," she thought.

A warder who was coming off duty said: "Good morning, Miss," civilly. He was a tall, broad shouldered stout man with a pleasant face, and observant eyes. She remarked him particularly as she returned his greeting, and wished that all the warders looked as good hearted. But she did not attempt to engage him in further conversation; she had nothing to say to him.

She walked up the ugly street, past the gaunt square-towered church, past the prison enclosures and farm buildings and up to the plantation where she paused. A man came towards her. She stopped and spoke to him for some two minutes, then hurriedly made her way as if pursued to the top of a tower near, North Hessary Tor, whence she looked over all the surrounding country, not only the Dartmoor ranges, but the coast of Devon and Cornwall.

But it was not of scenery she was thinking. She wished to depart without again going through the small town. She made her way to the station by a circuitous route, and caught the early train to Plymouth. As it moved slowly away, she saw in the distance, a gang of convicts engaged in field labour, and once more tears came into her eyes.

It was Saturday. It would have been easy to get by train to Willowbridge, but as she had named Sunday for her return she preferred to excite no remark by going back before then. She breakfasted at a Cremerie, and, on the recommendation of the proprietress, engaged a room for the night. She was anxious to renovate her personal appearance, which sleeping on a moor for two nights had not improved.

Then she thought of Ronald Westlake, and wrote to him at once. She supposed it was right to address her master as Dear Sir, but on the other hand she had entered into a compact of friendship with him. After consideration she wrote:—

"Dear Mr. Westlake,—

"I know you will be pleased to hear that I accomplished my journey in complete safety and quicker than I expected. I hope to see you on Monday.

"Yours truly, M.W."

The letter once despatched the time seemed to drag. She had never felt more lonely and desolate. The great town had no attraction for her, she was overdone and desired solitude, and peace, and freedom from mental anxiety. But as this was not obtainable she must distract her thoughts if possible. To this end she took tram journeys, she visited the principal churches, the Free Library, the Hoe, the Citadel, and yet the day seemed as if it would never go.

Towards the evening she found herself at the entrance to the Promenade Pier, and mechanically read a notice on the blackboard which stated that an evening excursion boat would leave at six o'clock for the Eddystone. She determined to go; it would while away the time.

The steamer was not crowded, a good class of people were on board. Seated near her were two young men, evidently gentlemen, who were talking and laughing. She heard their conversation without paying much attention to it, until one of them mentioned the word Willowbridge.

"I'm going there next week to stay with some people called Westlake. Awfully rich. Paper man you know. It's a capital house to stay at; the old man regularly lays himself out for your comfort, and the son is no end of a good fellow."

"Do you like paper men?" asked his friend.

"Certainly, when they are as good as old Westlake. The son is thoroughly educated; took honours at Cambridge

# Department of Education ONTARIO

## Agriculture in Schools

### GENERAL INFORMATION

The Department of Education for the Province of Ontario, co-operating with the Department of Agriculture, provides for instruction in Elementary Agriculture and Horticulture in the rural and village schools to the end that the needs of country life may be more adequately met in the education provided for country children.

The Department of Education also encourages instruction in Agriculture and Horticulture in the Continuation Schools, High Schools, and Collegiate Institutes of the Province, and especially in those centres where a considerable proportion of the pupils come from rural homes.

A copy of Circular 13 was sent to every rural school, to be retained in the school for the teacher's use. If additional copies are desired for circulation among the patrons of the school apply to the DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION, TORONTO.

A list of the publications issued by the Department of Education dealing with the teaching of Agriculture will be found on the last page of the Circular.

A copy of Circular 13 (1) was sent to every Urban School, including High Schools and Collegiate Institutes.

These Circulars contain the regulations.

### PROGRESS OF AGRICULTURAL TEACHING IN ONTARIO

Year.	No. of Schools.	Grants to Trustees.	Grants to Teachers.
1903	4	\$ 400.00	.....
1904	8	450.00	.....
1905	5	140.00	.....
1906	8	290.00	.....
1907	2	40.00	.....
1908	14	680.00	\$ 120.00
1909	16	560.00	150.00
1910	17	750.00	510.00
1911	33	1,310.00	900.00
1912	101	1,893.03	2,203.00
1913	159	2,889.27	3,131.00
1914	278	2,545.19	3,970.90

DR. A. H. COLQUHOUN,  
Deputy Minister