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June 29th, 1912

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The Canadian
Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



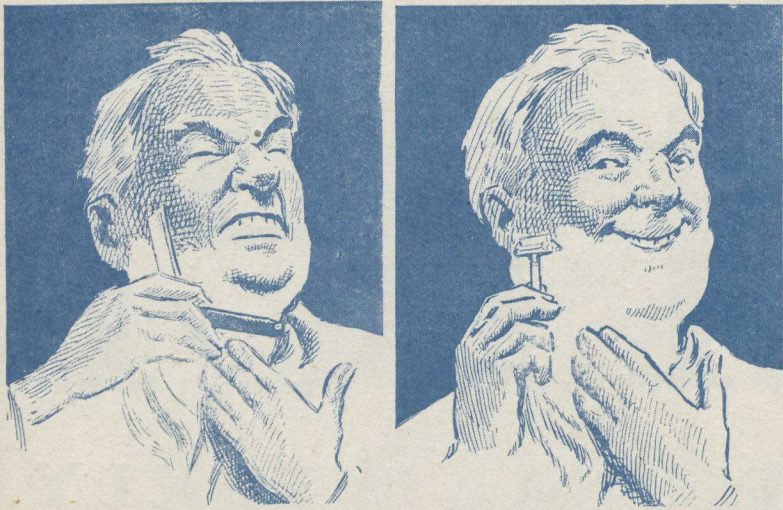
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Educational
Number

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Published at 12 Wellington St. East, by the Courier Press, Limited

VOL. XII.

TORONTO

NO. 5

CONTENTS

- Looking Out Upon Education By George H. Locke.
Adulthood and the Child's Work By James L. Hughes.
Manitoba's Consolidated Schools By M. Hall-Jones.
Schooling in Alberta By Aubrey Fullerton.
The Private School Features of Its Work.
Godfroy Langlois By Augustus Bridle.
Men of To-day Word Pictures and Photos.
Reformation of Sam Kittle, Story By Paul Sheard.
Money and Magnates By Staff Writers.



Editor's Talk

THIS Educational Number should be interesting to every parent, as well as every educationist, in the Dominion. The article on Mr. Langlois gives some idea of the educational unrest in Quebec, while the two articles on Western schools indicate the progress in the newer provinces. The contributions by Dr. George H. Locke, Public Librarian, Toronto, and by Mr. James L. Hughes, Chief Inspector of Public Schools, in the same city, discuss education and child-training with a broader and more theoretical treatment.

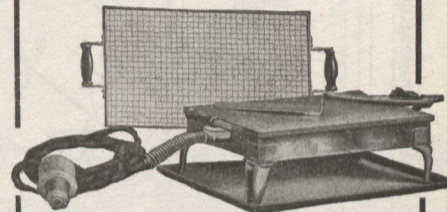
During July and August, in addition to our Country Life and Woman's Supplement issues, we shall publish two Fiction Numbers. In these two issues we hope to have short stories by eight of the leading Canadian short-story writers. The July Fiction Number will contain typical tales by Arthur E. McFarlane, L. M. Montgomery and Ed. Cahn. The August stories will be contributed by Canadian writers of equal prominence. In this way we hope to make the summer numbers of the Canadian Courier suitable to the season and especially attractive to those who are "on holiday."

Kindly comment from our readers continues to arrive daily. Mrs. Stewart, of Victoria, B.C., says: "I should miss your magazine more than any other I read." Mr. Henderson, of Sedgewick, Alta., writes: "Having grown up in the East and moved West, I enjoy a good review of the most interesting events in each part. I get that by subscribing to the Canadian Courier." Mr. Sutherland, of Canora, Sask., says: "I have been a subscriber to the Courier for a long time now, and find that it keeps me up-to-date on many subjects which I would otherwise overlook or forget."

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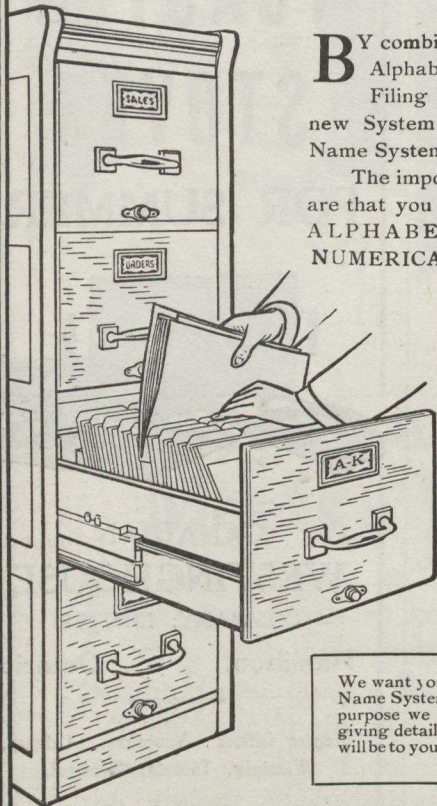
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Vol. XII.

June 29, 1912

No. 5

Men of To-Day

Two Birthday Knights



SIR RICHARD McBRIDE, K.C.M.G.,
British Columbia.

THESE are two days in the year when His Majesty bestows titles and decorations in Canada—New Year's and June 3, his birthday. This year the Royal favours in Canada seem to have been well distributed geographically. On New Year's Day the knight-hoods went to Easterners—men of prominence in Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa. This June, the West gets its turn. The three new Canadian knights in the list just published are from Winnipeg and Vancouver: two Provincial Premiers and a Chief Justice.

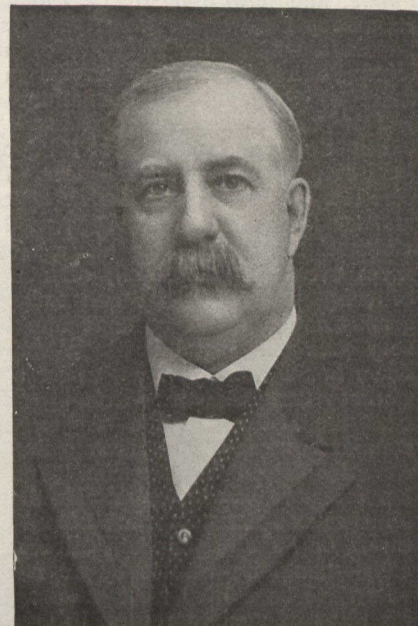
THE Prime Minister of British Columbia is Knight Commander and plain "Dick" McBride no more. British Columbia people, who liked to refer to their chief citizen by his sobriquet, feel proud today that the title conferred on him is a tribute to his increasing national and imperial importance. Sir Richard is one of the striking younger figures of Canadian public life. It

has been remarked before that he has the look of distinction. His hair is long, prematurely grey, and he wears it in white plume style, after Sir Wilfrid Laurier. His face is sensitive, like a poet's. Sir Richard, though he might be taken for a versifier, is a thoroughly practical, up-to-date statesman, who is familiar with all political arts. He has a gay, debonair, Irish way about him which draws like a magnet. He was born in British Columbia forty-two years ago, his father being the warden of the provincial penitentiary. By profession he is a lawyer, but has been in politics since he was twenty-six. With the exception of a short term at Ottawa, Sir Richard has worked out his career in the British Columbia Legislature. In 1903 he became Premier. His two chief qualities are imagination and ability to impress people. He sees a big future ahead of British Columbia. But his faith and active interest in his native province do not prevent his giving a hand to working out problems of the whole Dominion. He has the larger vision. Just at this moment he has been uttering some constructive thoughts about the Canadian navy. Sir Richard fears the possible menace of Japan and China across the Pacific from Victoria, and he has declared himself unequivocally for Canada participating in Imperial naval defence.

SIR RODMOND PALEN ROBLIN, Knight Commander, Prime Minister of Manitoba, links arms with Sir Richard McBride and goes down the knightly way this June. Sir Rodmond is high priest of the Conservative party in Manitoba, as Sir Richard is in British Columbia. The resemblance ends there. Sir Rodmond is a claymore where Sir Richard is a rapier. He is a big, thick, rugged man, with a voice which comes from his boots. When he denounces—as he frequently does—it is the voice of Jove speaking. Forceful, determined, energetic, Sir Rodmond Roblin is a first-rate example of the Westerner who starts with nothing and rises to high places through sheer native strength of character. He was born in Ontario in 1853, at Sophiasburgh, of German stock; educated at Albert College, Belle-

The Prairie School Problem

ville, and emigrated to Manitoba in 1880. He settled in Carman, where he farmed, and incidentally learned the grain business, which later took him to Winnipeg. His political prestige has mainly been gained during the past ten years. He has been Premier, Minister of Agriculture, and Land Commissioner of his province. There is a great deal of straight romance about Sir Rodmond. He has seen Manitoba in all its phases, from the trail days of the redskins to street cars clanging down Portage Avenue. He has been a maker of Manitoba. Only this spring he saw the happy fruition of a fight he has waged to extend the boundaries of the "postage stamp" province clean through to Hudson's Bay.



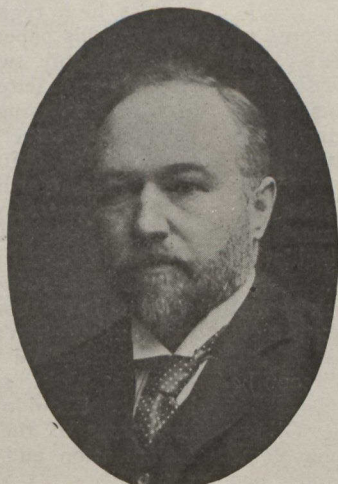
SIR RODMOND ROBLIN, K.C.M.G.,
Manitoba.

IN Manitoba three men are responsible for introducing a new practical movement in Western education, which is doing much to help solve the rural school problem of the prairie. In this issue of THE COURIER Mr. M. Hall-Jones, Inspector of Schools, tells how Hon. G. R. Coldwell, Minister of Education; Mr. Robert Fletcher, Deputy Minister, and himself, helped make the consolidated school a fact in Manitoba.

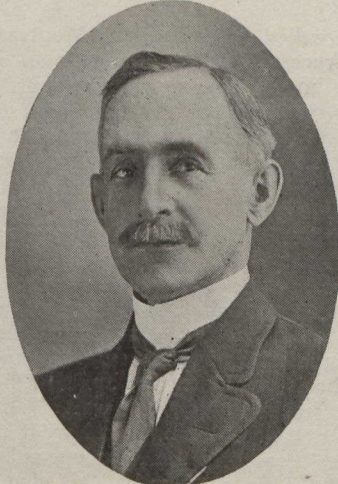
The consolidated school is designed to give the children of the farmer the same advantages which the city man's child secures in the graded city school. The pioneer school of Manitoba was the "little red schoolhouse," where many big Manitobans learned the three R's. But the Education Department has found that the consolidated school, central in location, graded with classes in different rooms like the city school, is an improvement on the one-roomed school for a prairie province.

Hon. Mr. Coldwell has been the initiator of the consolidated school in Western Canada. The idea is not a new one. There were consolidated schools fifty years ago. But to Mr. Coldwell belongs the credit of seizing the idea and working it out as a remedial measure for conditions in Manitoba. Mr. Coldwell is one of those university-trained Easterners, who choose to cast in their fortunes with the West. He was born at Durham, Ont., in 1858; educated at Trinity University and at the Law School. Years ago he hung out a shingle in Winnipeg, then moved out to Brandon, where he and the late Hon. T. M. Daly, former police magistrate of Winnipeg, formed a partnership. Mr. Coldwell got a liking for politics in Brandon, where he became prominent municipally. In 1907, when Premier Roblin swept the

Men Who Have Given Consolidated Schools to Manitoba



HON. G. R. COLDWELL,
Minister of Education, Manitoba.



MR. M. HALL-JONES,
Inspector of Schools, Manitoba.



MR. ROBERT FLETCHER,
Deputy Minister of Education.

province, Mr. Coldwell joined the administration as Minister of Education. Under his regime, besides the consolidated school matter, considerable interest has been manifested in technical education. In 1910 Mr. Coldwell served on a Royal Commission to investigate technical education in Manitoba.

In working out the details of the consolidated school system Hon. Mr. Coldwell has been much assisted by Deputy Minister Fletcher, who has done the executive work, and Mr. Hall-Jones, who lectures and explains to communities the advantages of the consolidated school.

Personalities and Problems

3--Godfroy Langlois, M.P.P., Educational Reformer

Whose Paper, Le Pays, was Threatened by Archbishop Bruchesi with a Ban

Extract from the Archbishop's Letter read in the Catholic Pulpits of Montreal on Sunday, June 9, 1912:

"This paper by its character, by its criticisms, by its accustomed tone, by its sarcasms and by its imprudent championing, has become a danger to the integrity of the faith."

THE editor of *Le Pays* was supposed to be a disturber. The French weekly fulminated against a few days ago by the Archbishop of Montreal—you wondered if it was anything like the Calgary *Eye-Opener* or *Jack Canuck*; and what sort of fire-eyed person would the publisher be? Very probably the editor, first of *La Patrie*, and until 1909 of *Le Canada*, would be a fuliginous little Frenchman; perhaps with a studio jacket, a wild mane, splotches of ink all over his table; rolling eyes and a scream in his voice and a lot of disquieting gesticulations that might be full of "to blazes with everything."

But Godfroy Langlois, M.P.P., never saw that kind of person in a looking-glass. *Le Pays*, if you pick it up at a bookstall, has no appearance of dark and deadly recipes for curing the ills of society by violence. In fact it looks like a peculiarly cheerful sheet, even without its jolly cartoon; contains a lot of crisp, breezy articles and snappy little paragraphs which might be done into English and be very palatable. And it has a way of circulating down in St. Louis division where a few weeks ago Godfroy Langlois was re-elected by a large majority with the brother of the Archbishop and another candidate against him, both losing their deposits. *Le Pays* helped that election. The editor took off his coat and wrote the articles that helped to put him back on the firing line in the Quebec Legislature. *Le Pays* is politically Liberal. It is dynamically—Langlois; who is by no means Rouge, and who if to be a Bleu were necessary to promulgate his ideas of modern reform in Quebec, would be a Bleu to the hilt.

He has never said so. But somehow after knowing Langlois you are sure that old-line politics or old-style anything would never suit this luminary who has danced his way into the head row of the torch-bearers in the procession of reformers. And it is not the Church or society or the labour world that Langlois would go through with the lamps and the brooms—but the potential world of the mind. First and foremost he is an educational reformer. Had he lived in the Dark Ages he would have made a bonfire of fusty old canonical books that kept the masses learning things by rote and not by reason.

But living in Montreal, born at Ste. Scholastique, P.Q., educated at the colleges of Ste. Therese and St. Laurent, studying law for three years and afterwards becoming a Liberal journalist—Langlois finds himself head up against all the mediaevalism he needs for purposes of reform. Since quitting the impersonal party-politics side of newspaperdom, he has begun to make of *Le Pays* the torch. So as the State was Louis XIV., *Le Pays* is Langlois—in the interests of modernizing Quebec through the medium of educational reform.

Le Pays was started in 1910 in a gloomy row of stone walls down on St. Francois Xavier St. But some time this spring it moved up nearer the busy swirl of St. James St. and the banks; a few doors west from the big towers of Notre Dame Church, and two doors from the corner where another very modern French-Canadian has a financial office with the name Forget on the windows.

IT was just after the election that I went up to see the editor of *Le Pays*. A small office and a thick crowd. I think he must have been holding an informal levee. There was no getting in to see him that day. On the stairs I met a young man who said Mr. Langlois had promised to meet him. "But he is very busy. He is being congratulated. So he should be. I tell you—we gave him a great victory!"

"Yes, they say the Jews rolled up a big vote for Langlois."

"Did they? Well, I guess I was one that helped. I carried a broom in the parade that night. Oh, the church was against him. But the Jews never will leave Langlois out. He is the only man. He is modern. There is no reactionnaire about him.

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

He would get the Jew vote against a Jew candidate—every time!"

This young Jew spoke English fluently and French quite as well. He was from Roumania. He admitted that Jews most naturally became Liberal in Montreal because it was the reactionary element in Europe that gave them most trouble. Besides in Montreal the young Jews learn both French and English if they don't already know these languages when they come out. When Langlois speaks to them in French they understand him. And they read *Le Pays*.

The enthusiasm of this young Jew was all on fire for Langlois, whom he regarded as the hope of



"Modern Liberal more than Rouge, a reformer and not a revolutionary."

what he called "cosmopolitan Montreal." Some of his confreres might be found down at the Labour Temple; and in the name of labour, regardless of race or religion, they would endorse Langlois, if not entirely, at least in so far as he openly works for free and compulsory education in Quebec.

NEXT time I went up to see Langlois he was cordoned in again by congratulators. His two clerks in the outer office were busy elucidating in French. The editor's door was shut. Every chair was occupied. In politeness a clerk would give up his own chair to a visitor who was to meet Mr. Langlois by appointment.

"Oh, he is very busy to-day. But he will soon be finished, I think. You will wait?"

Some got tired waiting and went away. Others came up. Presently the door opened and out came two or three more. One had his coat off and a pen over his ear; a little, thickish man with no beard or moustache; dressed with irreproachable neatness,

in a cool, grey suit, with a low, easy collar and a sailor straw. Somehow, with a large number of words shot from one to another of the little crowd, he got them satisfied that for this time at least they had said enough. He would see them again. His office was always open—not only to subscribers of *Le Pays*, but to any and all that could say or do anything in this work of getting modern ideas into the minds of French-Canadians.

"Now if you will come in, I will be glad to tell you anything I can about this fight," he said, speaking in flawless English.

His office was flooded with light from huge windows. The furniture and the rugs were all new. A small bookcase of very useful books against the wall; a few portraits—including one of himself; and his desk had a convenient miscellany of blue books and other dry volumes from which, with the quick certainty of an expert, he has the knack of getting facts and figures that he lights up into catherine wheels of interest.

The shut door was the only sign that the publisher of *Le Pays* had anything to conceal. He was still exuberant over the election; in which, as he said, he had been powerfully opposed by the Church to which he himself belonged.

"But remember, *Le Pays* has never opposed the Church on matters of religion," he said. "We have nothing to do with that, except in so far as the Church in the name of religion blocks the movement for free education in this Province."

No doubt he expected to get further obstruction from the clergy.

"Because I believe in free speech and freedom of thought," he said, flinging a burnt match into a very convenient cuspidor behind the desk. "That is why."

That brass cuspidor and the pipe and the shirt-sleeves, and the pen that he grabbed from his ear when he wanted to make a computation from a blue-book, were the signs of a man who believes in democracy. Godfroy Langlois acted like a man to whom at least one phase of a practical truth had brought the stimulus of a great joy. A few days earlier I had talked with the Archbishop, a man no higher in stature than the editor of *Le Pays*, quite as ardently outspoken from his side of the problem and quite as genial. It seemed at least odd that two men, each so informally aggressive and democratic, and so intent upon the diffusion of truth, should be so radically opposite in this one most vital matter of education. When each believes as ardently as the other in the French-Canadian race; only you feel that somehow Langlois could get along with not so many church towers in Montreal and Quebec; that he would sooner spend people's money on schools, and less on the altars and the cloisters and the convents.

It's all a matter of angle. From his the Archbishop is constitutionally right. From his again, Langlois is right. Each is sincere. But each interprets twentieth-century Quebec in his own way; and it is a matter for personal judgment to say which has more of the necessary modern truth than the other.

"THERE is no freedom of speech in Quebec," said Langlois. "The moment a man expresses himself openly in print on these simple matters, he is regarded by the clergy as a dangerous man and his paper as a thing to be discouraged."

It was only two or three weeks later that the Archbishop's letter was read from the pulpits of Montreal, advising against *Le Pays* and *La Lumiere*—which is something of a free-thought document now getting quite a circulation—and threatening a probable interdiction of *Le Pays*.

"All because of so obvious and elementary a thing as free education," said the editor, grabbing a blue-book.

Swiftly he turned the leaves searching for figures. "We have compulsory vaccination," he said, vigorously. "Isn't it as sensible to have compulsory education? We hire a man to light our street lamps at night, and we expect all the lamps to be lighted. Shouldn't we be as diligent to illuminate the lamps of the mind? We have a Minister of Colonization and of agriculture; why not of education?"

Of course newspapers have slated Langlois for the portfolio of education in Quebec; but the editor

of *Le Pays* is not nearly so optimistic; he is so little of a mere revolutionist that he suggests—

"Well at least we might begin by making the Provincial Secretary a member of the Council of Public Instruction. Eh?"

This led him to explain the curious mediaeval system whereby Quebec has a council of bishops and laymen, mainly of Catholics, meeting twice a year to settle affairs of education.

"Why, the thing is absurd. The Council is too slow. The best council in the world couldn't expect to run the machinery of education by such a system. You in Ontario have the system. We must have it. It will come—slowly, but in time. Surely it's no great miracle—a business administration of school affairs."

"That is, you would Anglicize—?"
 "No, but I would put French-Canadians on a par in getting a common school education with all English-speaking peoples in Canada. Why not? They are as clever; as resourceful; as capable—but they are handicapped by a system that makes of them very good boys and girls indeed, but oh, such inefficient men and women!"

BY now he had dug out statistics which he copied down and added up to show three things: That the whole number of school-age children in

Quebec last year was 450,619; that the number registered—regulars and casuals—was 389,123; that the number actually in attendance was 302,513.

"Which leaves just about one-third of all the school-age children in Quebec—out of school!" he said. "Isn't that bad enough for a basis?"

HE went on to show that supposing all the children were at school by a system of compulsory education, the millennium would still be a long way off.

"Look here!" dipping into a fresh page of the education report. "Out of 7,787 teachers in Quebec—only 1,500 have Normal certificates. The other 6,287, mainly who and what are they?"

"I'm sure I scarcely know."
 "Young country girls taught at convents and given certificates to teach when as yet they have scarcely begun to learn. Is that the way to make efficient men and women?"

He dug into salaries paid.
 "Here, for instance, are 97 girl teachers getting, how much do you suppose?"

I remembered some rather low salaries in Ontario twenty years ago, ranging round \$200; but Langlois poohpoohed that.

"From fifty to eighty dollars a year! And the average is so far below Ontario that there is no

comparison at all. In fact it's 133 to 483."

Inspection, too, he proved to be of little or no use in Quebec. But when he had got done with the illiterates, the non-school-goers, the low percentage of normal certificates, the juvenile teachers, the miserable salaries and the lack of inspection, he criticized the school-books.

"Why, we have in Quebec no standard for text-books. We have thirteen school grammars, most of them bad and costing from 45 to 50 cents each. We have five sets of school readers costing \$1.25 each. The only refuge the child has from bad teaching and a wretched system is taken away from him by giving him miserable books at prices that are ridiculous."

GOING and coming, at home or at school, it seems evident from Mr. Langlois that the Quebec child gets anything but "the square deal."

Though he did not flatly say so, Langlois laid the blame for this partly upon the political system; partly upon the Church satisfied with the present state of affairs. I don't know just what scheme of education he would evolve to make Quebec as modern as Ontario or Manitoba. It keeps him pretty busy just now enumerating all the things that to his progressive way of thinking are relics
 (Concluded on page 22.)

The Place of the Private School

PRIVATE schools for boys are a striking feature of Canada's educational system. This type of institution has had long development in the Dominion and has been worked out with considerable skill. Before the early Canadian governments had organized a system of secondary education, the country was dependent more or less upon schools started and maintained by individual effort.



Over!

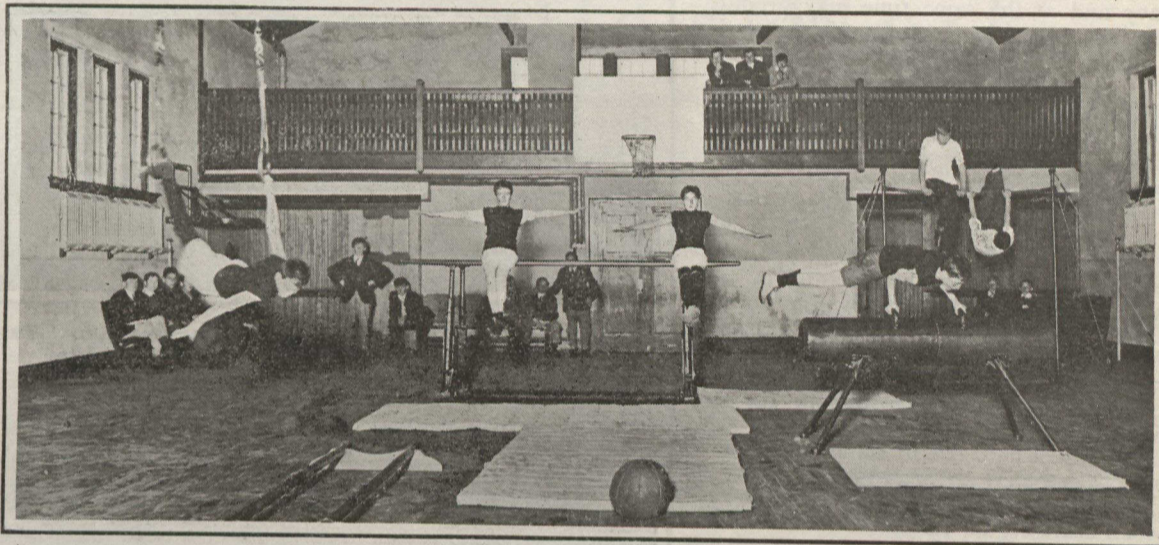
Dominies from the old land sought to make a living by teaching boys who came to their houses. Sometimes the church, or the wealthier men in a community, fathered a school and erected buildings. Dr. Tassie's school at Galt, and Rockwood Academy, near Guelph, where James J. Hill, rail-roader, learned the three R's were conspicuous monuments of this era.

Then came the birth of the high schools, and the spread of public education before which competition the private schools had to give way. Some survived, strong in the traditions which they had gathered about them. Others were opened by men who had strong faith in ideals of education which they desired to impress upon the community. The growth of such schools as Upper Canada College, St. Andrew's College, Trinity School, and Bishop Ridley College, which are even more than national schools, for they draw students from all parts of the Empire, is proof enough that there is a distinct place for the private school in the life of the Dominion.

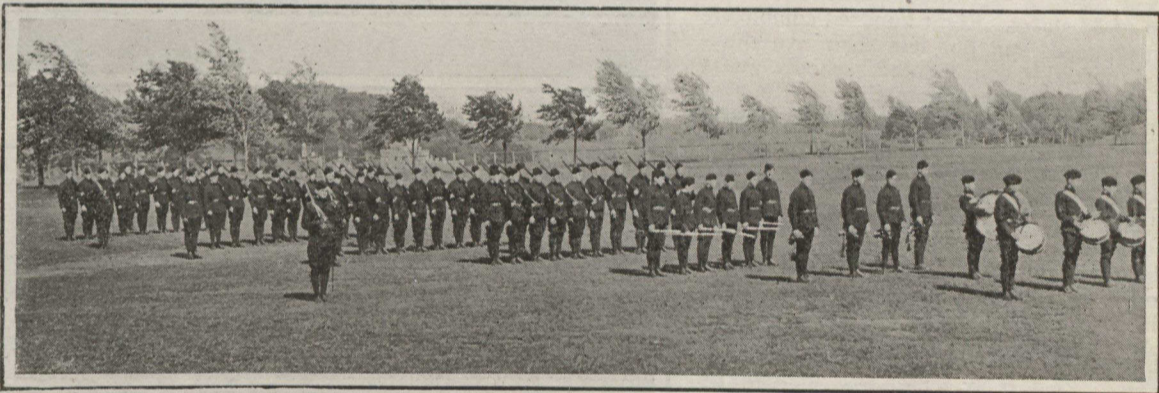
The Canadian private school plays now the part of specialist. In former days it was a general purveyor of education for the community. To-day that function has been taken over by the public schools, supported by the rate-payers. The public school teaches something of everything to all who come to its gates. It gives instruction practically for nothing. The public school is often too large and attention to the needs of individual pupils is almost impossible. Co-operation among pupils, parents and teachers does not exist as it should. The public school tends to become a knowledge factory where education is a mere mechanical process. The private school stands as a corrective of this tendency. It admits a limited number of pupils and charges them high fees.

The boys who enter private schools come from homes where the standard of comfort is often high. They seek a broader education than the public school can give. The private school responds by making an effort to bring under cultivation every side of the boy nature. It studies each boy in its charge, finds out his handicaps and weaknesses, discovers his hopes and ambitions, and tries to point out to him definitely how he may realize himself. The great difference between the public school and

(Concluded on page 22.)



At Ridley College, Friends and Graduates of the School Have Erected a New \$15,000 Gymnasium.



The Discipline of the Parade Ground Means Character Building.



The Culture of the Campus is as Essential to Boy Development as Latin or Greek.

Banishing the Little Red School House

What Manitoba is Doing in the Cause of Rural Education

By M. HALL-JONES

Inspector of Schools, Manitoba

THE long distances children in rural districts are frequently compelled to walk to reach school over bad roads and in inclement weather work seriously against the success of the one-room school. In addition to this there is an element of unfairness just here for while many have far to walk, others have much less and still, all alike pay the same rate of taxes. After these long walks, children are often not in a proper condition to pursue their studies satisfactorily. With these drawbacks there naturally follows an unsatisfactory kind of education, mental, moral and physical, and it is not to be wondered at that the best thinking people of our country have set themselves to bring about, if possible, a better condition of affairs.

As a consequence, what is known as "Consolidation of Schools" has been brought forward. Consolidation simply means the merging of two or more small, inefficient school districts into one larger and more efficient one, large enough in numbers to produce a school, graded, if possible, with energy and spirit so strong that with added life, good work can be done and large enough in territory that the burden of taxation may not be too heavy and at the same time may produce sufficient funds to carry on the work in an up-to-date and progressive manner.

A necessary accompaniment of consolidation is the conveyance to and from the school each day at the public expense, all children of school age who live over a certain distance from the school house, thus eliminating the element of unfairness that now exists in the rural schools owing to the different distances at which the children live from the school, and at the same time placing the cost of conveyance on the whole district. In Manitoba consolidated districts, all pupils are conveyed who live over one mile from the school house. It has become customary to use covered vans for conveyance. These are not always heated, but in some cases, carbon foot warmers or soapstone are used.

Just when and where consolidation on a small scale began, cannot be told, but the first law of which we read was passed in Massachusetts in the year 1869, and today it forms a part of the rural school system of 32 states. Eight hundred completely consolidated, and not less than two thousand partially consolidated, schools attest to the remarkable adaptability of the system to the peculiar needs of agricultural communities.

In Eastern Canada, consolidation was introduced as part of the "Macdonald Scheme" in Nova Scotia in 1903; in New Brunswick and Ontario in 1904; in Prince Edward Island in 1905. For a time it bore good fruit, but has not apparently taken hold of the people with any great force.

According to this scheme the extra expense entailed for three years over the old one-room, small, district plan, was to be paid out of the "Trust Fund," provided by Sir Wm. Macdonald, and after the expiry of the three years the districts were to take over the consolidations and run them themselves. Some districts continued the consolidation, but others thought it too expensive and dropped out.

Manitoba may properly be termed the "Mecca" of consolidation in Canada. Here, the people have taken hold of the plan from the first voluntarily, and aided only by grants from the Department of Education. This class of school, judging from appearances, has come to stay, in the West.

The Department of Education, in 1905, realizing that it is better, both on economical and on pedagogical grounds, to unite the many small and weak schools, dispersed over a large extent of territory, in a few strong, well-equipped and well-conducted graded schools located at convenient points, had an amendment to the School Act passed, to permit of this being done, and Virden was the first consolidated school formed, followed in 1906 by Holland.

For a few years the system was slowly adopted, but at the present time the air is full of consolidation and the whole province is alive to the question. More consolidated schools have been formed in the past year than in the three years previously, the total number now formed being 26, while there are probably over a dozen in course of formation.

One of the strong points in the consolidation system is the successful conveyance of the school children. It has been conclusively proven that where the children are conveyed to and from school they attend more regularly. While the average attendance in rural schools in Manitoba is from 30 to 55 per cent. of the enrolment, in the consolidated schools it runs from 60 to 95 per cent.

On the introduction of the system there were those who believed that in a new country such as this, where the roads of necessity were likely to be

poor and owing to sparse settlement but little travelled in many parts in winter, the scheme of transportation could not be carried out successfully, but the contrary has been the experience. Of the 50 vans employed in the year 1911 by 20 schools in operation in the various parts of the province representing all kinds of geographical conditions, only 30 trips were missed during the whole year; but little more than one trip for every two vans, and these vans travelled over routes varying in length from 2 to 9 miles. One route travelled was 11 miles in length. It is claimed by those who have had the most experience that between 6 and 7 miles is the satisfactory maximum distance for a van route. This, of course, means one way. No complaints are heard of children suffering from cold in these vans, as they are covered in and, if necessary, heated by foot-warmers and provided with robes.

The cost of operating the vans has not been considered expensive. In all cases the vans are owned by the school district, and from \$2.25 to \$3.50 a day is paid for a team and driver on the routes of average length. Only one driver in the province received as high as \$4 a day. The drivers must, of course, be selected with as much care as the teachers, for the success of the consolidation depends largely on the transportation. The vans cost from \$150 to \$200 each, complete with wheels and runners.

Teachers report that much more work can be done in a day and far more satisfactory work when the children are driven to school, as they arrive there dry, warm and untired, ready for immediate work.

Consolidation, which in almost all cases means a graded school and always means better and more experienced teachers, gives the farmer's child all the advantages of a high school education at his own home, for even if the school be located in a small village or town, the pupils in being conveyed to and from it do not remain there after school hours and are consequently free from any of the evils of town or village life. They grow up under the watchful eye of the parent on the farm in a wholesome atmosphere while they participate in all the advantages of the High School. This gives the farmer's child equal opportunity with the child of the town or city resident.

These schools are larger and in charge of experienced male principals, and consequently there is more enthusiasm displayed and there are sufficient numbers to engage in all healthful games, while the larger boys and girls have plenty of companionship of their own age and are thus induced to remain longer at school during that mysterious and critical period of their lives when boys and girls are so hard to understand. The fact that these schools and such large numbers of pupils are much more likely to be under the discipline of men than the smaller schools, counts for a great deal in the character-building of the future rulers of our land. The serious aspect of our education to-day is that so many young, inexperienced girls, with but little knowledge of human nature and the ways of the world, are found in charge of our schools.

One fear that possesses some of the people when considering consolidation, is that by the removal of the little, old, weather-beaten school house, the value of their property will be depreciated, but this fear has proven, in actual experience, to be groundless, and the man who once advertised when wishing to sell his farm, "A school house near," now advertises, "Children conveyed to a good school." Not unfrequently, the first question asked by a purchaser of land from the United States of a Manitoban is, "Have you a consolidated school in your district?"

Consolidation is a broad and deep question, and those who once enter into the scheme have their ideas broadened and deepened. Magnificent, large school buildings, well-equipped and situated on large



Gilbert Plains Consolidated School and Vans at 4 p.m. Twenty-seven Thousand Dollar Plant and Three-acre Site.



Rural School in South-eastern Manitoba.



8.45 a.m. Van on Its Way to Gilbert Plains Consolidated School.



Starting on a One and a Half Mile Walk in Winter From a Rural School on the Prairies.



Warren Consolidated School. Six-acre Site and Building Cost Twelve Thousand Dollars.

grounds, are erected and put in charge of the best teachers available. The grounds in connection with Manitoba consolidated schools are from three to ten acres in extent. With the people of the large merged territory coming together with their edu-

cational interests and the children from the consequent larger territory meeting together from day to day, the tendency is to destroy narrowness, sectionalism and selfishness and to produce a broad national spirit which is so much needed in this young nation of ours. The large grounds furnish ample room for playgrounds, lawns, school gardens, and experimental plots for elementary agriculture.

In order to enrich the programme of studies for rural schools, school gardening has been placed on the course, and it is the intention of the Department of Education to further modify the programme to suit the needs of the farming community. Up to date not much has been done in this line in the consolidated schools, as all concerned have been too busily engaged in the work of formation. It will be but a short time until there is an agricultural course in our High schools.

As to the question of cost of maintenance, it has been found that the amount of taxes paid on a section of land is slightly higher in most cases than under the one-room, small district plan, but if efficiency is to be the test of cost, and it should be, then the cost is no greater. Under the old system it was a case of paying large sums of money for highly unsatisfactory results, while under consolidation, if the cost be higher, the results are satisfactory. Not "how cheap," but "how good," is the question.

What has been accomplished in consolidation up to the present is a distinct gain to education. The



The Fifteen Thousand Dollar Plant and Ten-acre Site at the Starbuck Consolidated School.

movement has grown quietly and few are aware of its real extent. In fact many educators have not yet grasped the full significance of rural school consolidation.

Adulthood and the Child's Work

By JAMES L. HUGHES

ALL children enjoy working with their parents until lack of appreciation, or fault finding, or tyranny on the part of one or both parents, robs them of their joy of co-operation.

When children died of contagious diseases, or through the ignorance of parenthood, or by the mistakes of physicians, it was formerly the practice of ministers to say at their funerals: "God has taken the little lambs to his fold." No intelligent man now blames Providence for the results of ignorance, or carelessness, or blunders of parents, or physicians, or neglect by Boards of Health.

Many people, however, still attribute to natural depravity the loss of the intense desire of children to co-operate with their parents by working with them in the home or in the garden or in the field. It is quite as unwise and as unreasonable to blame the child's nature for the wrong methods of the home and of the school in his training, as it was to lay on Providence the responsibility for the death of children from preventable diseases. It is strange that men have so long blamed God or Satan for the natural results of their own ignorance or carelessness. Men have already recognized their responsibility for many of the physical evils that come to their children; it is time that we recognized also that most of the moral evils and weaknesses in the children are also due to wrong ideals regarding their training.

ONE of the basal elements of true moral character is manifested by the child in his tendency to assist his parents in their work. Most parents dwarf this tendency and often destroy it altogether by lack of appreciation, by fault-finding, or by tyranny; usually by all three. Parents should show their appreciation of the efforts their little children make to render loving service in connection with the home life. The little girl three or four years of age who uses her little broom to help mamma to sweep may really be in the way; she may be a hindrance rather than a help; but mamma should never let her know that she is not helping. If she is treated as mother's partner, when too young to be a real help, the co-operative spirit of loving service will develop and become a dominant element in her character. The fact that all girls of four years have the tendency to work before they are able to render effective service, and that so many of them have lost the tendency by the time they leave High School, when they should be capable of giving real help, is a very clear indication of the fact, that parents fail to develop by appreciation one of the strongest elements of highest character in their children.

It is not true that the tendency to render co-operative loving service is a temporary phase in the child's nature. To believe this shows lack of faith in the wisdom of the Creator. The truth is that every good element in a child's nature should grow stronger throughout his life, and that the higher and more important the element is the more rapid should be its development. This is one of the most

vital of the fundamental laws of moral growth. If a power or tendency towards good weakens or is lost in a child there has been failure on the part of adulthood in some department of the child's training. There can be nothing more certain than that the child naturally loves work, and co-operative work, and that this love which should be the basis of his highest moral development grows stronger under proper conditions.

The little boy who is permitted to use his little hoe in the garden with his father is proud and happy. If he accidentally cuts a cabbage instead of a weed most fathers act as though they cared more for a cabbage than for a boy. In such a case there should be no censure, nor reproof. There should not even be caution to be more careful. There should be no word or look that will chill the joyous spirit of loving, co-operative service. "Never mind, Jim, Dad used to make mistakes, too, when he was a boy," will preserve the joy, and deepen the fellowship, and develop the working partnership between son and father. Some specially decent fathers would even cut off a cabbage soon after a boy had made a mistake so that the boy might not become discouraged. "Now we are a tie, Jim, with one bad mark each, let us see who will have the best score when we are done," will make Jim more careful than any form of censure, or even the kindest and most considerate advice "to be careful"; and what is of infinitely more importance, it will preserve and develop Jim's love of working with his father.

MOST parents fail to look at the child's work from the child's standpoint. They value the child's work according to adult standards.

They think of the thing produced instead of the character developed by the effort the child has made, which should be still further developed by the appreciation they show of the result of his efforts. The kindergarten child brings home the first day she is in the kindergarten a form of beauty which she has made by pasting the triangles of the "first cut" in symmetrical order around a square. The foolish mother says, when she looks at her child's work, "Well, I don't see any use in making that." The good-natured mother says: "That is pretty, dear," and pays no more attention to it. The wise mother says: "Thank you, dear, for making this for mamma," and puts it on the mantel in the parlour, and shows it with enthusiasm to papa when he comes home, and to her visitors, when they come to see her, and always when her little girl is present—for wise mothers keep their little children with them in the parlour.

Thoughtless and unsympathetic adults often dwarf their children, rob their lives of vital interest, and make them inertly negative instead of aggressively positive, by indifference, inconsiderateness, and criticism based on adult standards, instead of the standards of young children. The child knows what he is trying to picture or make, and to him

his incomplete or imperfect production is more interesting, and more genuinely expressive than great works of art adapted to adult standards can possibly be. The adult parent or teacher may see neither use nor beauty in what the child brings to him. This fact can never justify destructive criticism. The product should be judged by the adult from the child's viewpoint, and by his standards. It is not dishonest to speak appreciatively of the beauty the child sees in what he has drawn or made, though the adult sees nothing but confusion in the crooked lines or badly-matched joints.

ONE of the leading women of her time in the United States told me the following pathetic story of her own experience:

"When I was four years old I made a drawing for the first time. I had revealed on paper the vision I had in my mind. It was the first time I had ever done so. I was conscious of a new power. My heart was full of joy. I ran to my mother to share my happiness with her, and to have my joy multiplied by her appreciative words and smile, I hoped even for the mother's embrace of affection and pride at my success. I held the drawing before her, and waited hopefully for the look of surprise, and the kindling smile I expected, and for which I so ardently longed. No smile came. She looked at my great picture—it was wonderful to me—and then she coldly said: 'Well, if I could not draw better than that I would not draw at all.' My mother was not a harsh woman. She meant to be kind always to her little girl, but she put a barrier between my life and hers that day that has never been completely removed."

Had the mother but realized the conditions from the child's standpoint, she might have kindled the soul that she chilled, by a sympathetic smile, and touch, or by simply saying in kindly tone: "Thank you, dear, I am so glad you like drawing. I shall get you some colours and brushes, and some good paper, on which you may paint pictures for papa and me."

The only adults who are fully qualified to treat children with due respect and consideration are those who can clearly remember their own feelings and thoughts on the epoch days of their boyhood or girlhood. "I guess that fellow never was a boy" may be appropriately said by boys of most adults with whom they unfortunately come in contact. We should often live our child life over, "lest we forget."

ALL boys love work. They naturally love to work as much as they love to play. Adulthood in the home and in the school has in the past to a very large extent robbed the child of his natural love of work, and then sneered at him because "he will play all day and not get tired, but if you set him to work he gets tired in an hour."

If we treated play as we have treated work, boys would dislike play quite as much as they dislike work. If a father at six o'clock in the morning ordered his ten-year-old son "to get up quickly and

come down to his baseball" in the same tone in which he orders him down to work, and sent him out after breakfast to play baseball till noon, and again after dinner day after day, the boy would soon dislike baseball.

Every boy is happy at work. This does not mean that he is happy at work planned for him by some one else, especially by an adult who has authority to compel him to do the work that has been planned for him. A boy will work in achieving his own plans quite as joyously as he plays, if he is allowed freedom from adult interference. No boy gets tired or loses interest in his work, when he is achieving his own plans.

"Oh, yes!" old-fashioned critics say. "We admit that if you allow him to do what he likes to do, he will not get tired, but he won't stick to one kind of work." Why should he stick to one kind of work, when in his wonderful world there are so many interesting things to do? He is not learning persistence nor developing will-power now, that boy of yours. He is in a great, new, marvellous world, and he is learning every day new ways in which he has power to transform it into new conditions in harmony with his own plans. He is naturally a

transformer. The transforming tendency should be his dominant tendency at maturity. He should develop this most important tendency of his character in boyhood by using material things, so that later, when he has vision to see intellectual and physical conditions that should be transformed, he will at least try to achieve the plans he conceives for the betterment of conditions.

The true development of the transforming tendency is the highest moral training. To give a boy moral theories without developing his achieving power and his transforming tendency is a waste of time. The only way a boy can develop his achieving power and his transforming tendency is by using material things to carry out his own plans. This he does by working, when he is "doing as he likes." It is better, therefore, that he should try ten different kinds of work in a day than only nine, because he would respond to ten vital interests and perform ten kinds of transforming instead of only nine.

A LADY once said to the writer: "I am discouraged about my daughter. She is fourteen years old. Her interests change too often. She

does not finish things. This spring she told me she intended to write a history of the United States during the summer holidays. She asked me to keep her secret from her father so that she might surprise him, when her work was completed. She worked enthusiastically for six weeks. She read several histories in our town library, and others that she asked me to get in New York libraries. She wrote a great deal and then suddenly she gave up, and I cannot get her to take any further interest in the matter. What should I do?"

"Let the girl alone, and be profoundly thankful that her enthusiasm lasted six weeks. Do you think a girl of her age could write a history of any real value? When she is forty she may do so, and do so because of the interest centre developed by her concentration of six weeks."

It is not the achievement of the child which is of value, but the development of the achieving and transforming and productive tendency.

My duty is to provide for my boy as many kinds of material adapted to his stage of development as possible, to get him the tools and implements he needs, and to show an appreciative interest in what he makes and does.

Looking Out Upon Education

With a Casual Glance in Upon Ourselves

By GEORGE H. LOCKE

ALMOST every one is interested in education, as in religion. One reason is that he has more or less of either or both, or is engaged in trying to prove the uselessness of either or both. At any rate he is interested. Those of us who have children desire that they shall be able to hold their own in the competition in the world into which they soon will go, and most of us hope they will excel. We look upon the school as the place where they will be able to satisfy that desire to know which is natural with children, and where they will get control of the instruments by which knowledge may be acquired. Those who have no children are generally the most active critics and are often candidates for our school boards.

In the too distant past, education was a part of the duty of parents, and the home was responsible for the direct instruction as well as for the indirect education, which was supposed to enable children to develop mentally, morally and physically. But the boy was not only a member of a family, but an embryo citizen, and therefore the State felt responsibility for his development and prescribed a minimum which it naturally felt called upon to supply as well as demand. The responsibility, instead of being shared by the home and the school, has been gradually shifted upon the latter, and the school is supposed to be the force that makes for the development of our children. The persons who are given charge of our children to develop them into right thinking and broad minded, sympathetic citizens, are for the most part those whose equipment is to a large extent merely mental, and they teach the subjects in the curriculum, having had no experience with children except as having brothers or sisters. The younger children have immature teachers to whom their vocation is largely a temporary life-saving institution and who hope for better days.

As the children go forward in the elementary schools they are likely to be taught by many to whom life has been more or less of a disappointment and therefore teaching becomes a trade. The parents are to blame for this situation in so far as they entrust what seems to us the most precious of all life—the lives of boys and girls—to inadequately paid persons who have to struggle to make a living and who, therefore, know little of the joyousness of life without which a schoolroom is a dreary place.

Does the father who becomes tired and cross when two or three little ones beset him with questions and drive him into a corner with their logical follow-up devices, ever feel or show any practical sympathy for the teacher who has forty of these enquiring minds during four or five hours of the day? Mr. Jones grows indignant if the teacher becomes tired and answers crossly or punishes Johnny Jones or his sister Sue, two of the forty, at the end of an especially trying day, but he thinks little of speaking crossly to them and sending them off to bed—or to mother—when he becomes wearied, and that after a few minutes of cross-questioning. The teacher is human—you can't get angels at the salary—and being human is forced into the line of,

at least, less resistance, very like the parents of the Jones children.

AND the teacher is part of a system where her school life is worked out for her with an infinitude of detail and an exactitude of plan which would be humorous were it not pathetic. This soon dampens the early enthusiasm of her youthful ideals. We hear a great deal of the present tendency in factory organization to sub-divide the work and keep an employee on only one small part so as to provide for "business efficiency and increased production." The moral effect of this in regard to the boot and shoe industry may be open to question, but what shall we say of this same tendency in an educational system where the trivial round and the same round with decreasing interest must result in a teacher growing more uninteresting each year and the successive "forties" suffering in arithmetical progression.

An interesting result of the development of a highly organized system is that the average product is improved in quality, that there is less difference between the highest and the lowest in the scale, but this is fatal in real education, where the object should be to develop leaders and not average men.

And here appears our friend and critic, the business man, who complains that the boys who come to him from the elementary schools cannot write and cannot perform simple arithmetical operations. His solution has always amused me, for he wants to throw out all the "fads" (being those things he did not study when he went to school) and "give them more arithmetic." The real reason for inaccuracy in such subjects is that the children have too much of it and that it has no meaning. With the decrease of interest comes the increase of carelessness, and such a subject as arithmetic could be better taught in one-half to two-thirds of the time now spent upon it. The same holds true of penmanship and of all the instruments by which knowledge is supposed to be acquired. What we need is not more practice or more material, but more intelligence displayed in an explanation of the object for which the material may be used and an encouragement of the individual to make an effort towards the attainment of the desired end.

It may be of interest just here to note that our standard of education in commercial life is not as high in Canada as in the United States, where it is rapidly becoming almost impossible for a boy or girl to get any situation of any account unless he can show his certificate of graduation from a High school having a four years' course of study. In other words, commercial life has set a standard which is fairly understandable, and the relationship between the business man who takes the product and the school which turns it out can be debated in known terms and not be mere recrimination.

BUT a system to be successful as a system must be logical, and therefore a curriculum is generally a logical presentation of subject matter which an assembly of elderly persons has decided

it is necessary to know in order that children may grow up to be as efficient as their elders. Even in its growth it is mechanical and logical, for, as civilization changes, additional subjects are added, and nearly always in a quantitative manner, so that there is no qualitative change, the original garment being added to but not recut or remade. The result is easily imagined but not often enough recognized by the layman whose children are at school. True, he may wonder why his boy's solution of a problem by algebraic symbols receives no credit, but then he is stupid enough not to see that the method is the thing. The emphasis is upon the logical, which might be right were one dealing with dead matter. But we are dealing with human beings with differing characteristics, and we thus try to force individuals into a general likeness until it is feared that we might be like the system told of by one of the college presidents of the State of New York, which he describes as turning out boys and girls much as are the silver dollars with the Goddess of Liberty on one side and an annual change of date on the other.

And we guard our entrances. Supposing there are eight grades in our elementary schools and four in our high schools, is there any real reason why passage from grade 8 to grade 9 (first year of High School) should be attended with any greater risk than from grade 7 to grade 8? The High School entrance examination is a most effectual way of keeping the boy of poor parents from getting the education that will enable him to become a leader rather than a mere follower. It does not weed out the unfit. If they are unfit how is it that they have been carried on so far and this great discovery comes at this particular moment? It is an effectual way of making our high schools class schools, and of giving to the business world children with inadequate equipment and little or no resourcefulness.

One of our difficulties as laymen is that we think of school and education as synonymous terms, just as we confuse education and instruction. And back of it all there is that idea of education as a state—as when we speak of an educated man—which dies hard. Education is a process, a continuous process of reconstructing our experiences, and the school—whether elementary, secondary or university—is but an economic manner of utilizing the dependent years.

Keeping Boys and Girls on Farms

BY W. C. PALMER.

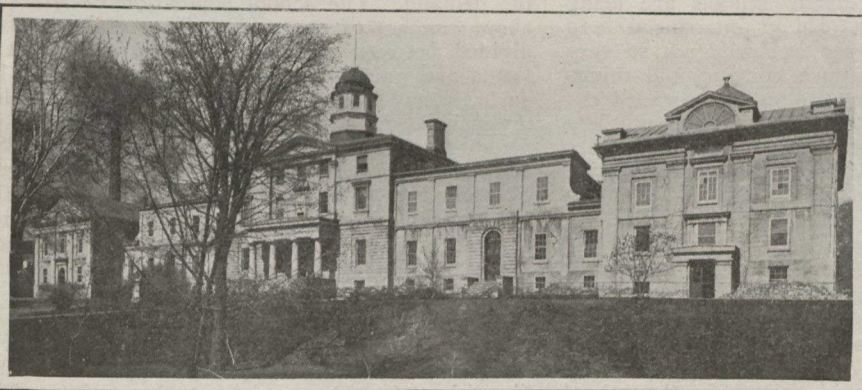
IN Wright County, Iowa, the boys and girls above the 4th grade in 34 schools were asked what they intended to do. One hundred and fifty-seven of the 164 boys replied that they would have nothing to do with farming. One hundred and sixty-three of the 174 girls likewise voted against the farm. Three years later, during which time instruction had been given in agriculture and home economics, the same question was asked of the pupils in the same schools. This time 162 of the 174 boys answered that they intended to become farmers, and 161 of the 178 girls were planning on remaining on the farm.



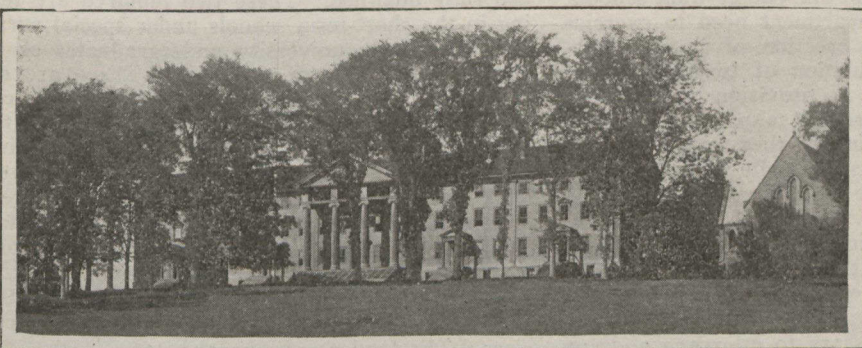
The Sweet Girl Graduate at Toronto—The Procession Across the Lawn to the Commencement Exercises in Convocation Hall.



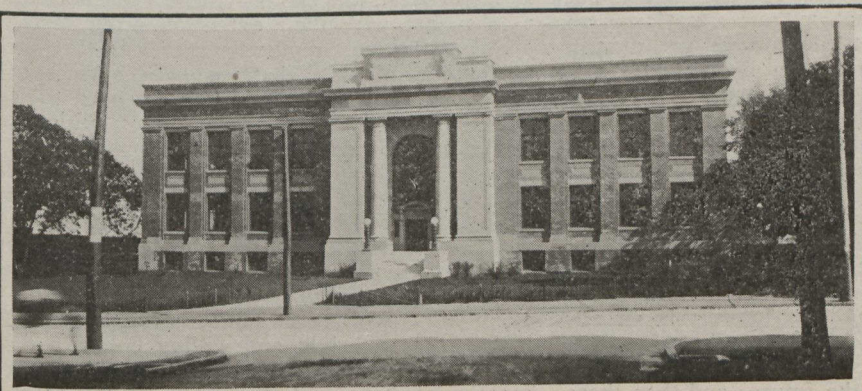
University of Toronto—Household Science Building.



McGill—General View of the Arts Buildings.



Main Building of Ye Ancient King's College, Windsor, N. S.



Nova Scotia Technical College, Halifax.

University Progress.

ANOTHER college year has gone down in history. Once more classrooms are dark and the campus deserted. This month graduates from the universities gave for the last time class yells in the halls and went forth to conquer a bigger world; they made way for chirping, eager, expectant freshmen. Last session was a stupendous one in the educational history of Canada. On this page are presented some statistics from our universities. These figures show how, with all their material prosperity, Canadians are maintaining their interest in education and educational institutions. They indicate what courses of study are most popular, and the attitude of the people of Canada toward them.

The wealthier and larger universities, Toronto, McGill and Queen's, had a satisfactory year. The attendance suffered a little over the previous year at Toronto and Queen's, and showed a decided increase at McGill. A glance at the tables makes it plain that the Arts course is still in great vogue—particularly at Toronto is it noticeable the number of students who attend the university to obtain the degree in the humanities. Scientific education makes fast headway. The registration of students who want to become engineers or chemists at McGill almost equals that of the Arts course, while at Toronto and Queen's it is about half. The three great Canadian universities are on the eve of expansion which it is now impossible to gauge. The spectacular campaign in Montreal last winter, when McGill graduates loyally rallied to their alma mater in an attempt to raise the sum of one million dollars in a few days, a feat which no Canadian university of a few years ago would have dreamed of doing, is proof of the go-ahead spirit. There is a stronger feeling of independence and anxiety to attempt big things in our universities. Queen's recently decided to cut loose from the Presbyterian Church that it might be freer to effect plans for its extension. Toronto has embarked on an era of great buildings, the money for which is being donated to a larger extent by patrons and friends of the institution. This university has now an enrollment which places it in the forefront among the leading universities of the British Empire.

A feature of the progress of higher education in Canada during the past year was the work done in the new colleges of the prairies. Alberta and Saskatchewan have struck their pace. The former institution had fifty-six more students in Arts and Science than last year. This was the first year that graduates went out from the halls of Alberta. Next year, it is hoped that Alberta will have its first batch of Science graduates. The University of Saskatchewan has introduced a course in Farm Machinery, attended by 160 students last year. It has made much progress in extension work throughout the province. Last session in this way it reached 1,600 persons. New buildings, land and equipment are ready for Saskatchewan, costing one and a half millions.

While the young universities in the far west are growing up, those in the extreme east—Dalhousie, King's, Acadia and New Brunswick—are holding their own. Halifax in the past few weeks has been making a strenuous effort to add to the endowment of Dalhousie, the leading university of the Maritime Provinces. The city agreed to raise half of a fund amounting to \$400,000, and when the lists closed the other day, the amount was subscribed. There is a proposition in the air to raise an additional \$100,000 for Dalhousie.

Enrollments in Universities 1911-1912.

	Arts.	Edu.	Theo.	Law.	Sci.	Med.	P. Grad.	Total.
Toronto	1,865	289	798	517	115	3,584 (1)
McGill	632	62	585	338	115	1,732 (2)
Queen's	621	45	27	..	302	247	44	1,286 (3)
McMaster	282	..	40	50	372
Manitoba	372	47	52	136	47 (4)	654
Alberta	141	..	33	..	41	..	3	218
Saskatchewan	150
Dalhousie	410
Western	70	126	..	196
Ottawa	129	..	52	181 (5)
Acadia	238
King's College	49
New Brunswick	159

Grand Total 9,229

(1) In addition to these there were 44 in Forestry; 98 in Household Science, and 371 in Dentistry, Veterinary Medicine, and Occasionals; making a grand total of 4,097. Of these 514 are registered in Victoria, 163 in Trinity and 83 in St. Michael's.

(2) McGill has other students at Macdonald College and at special work, bringing total to 2,484.

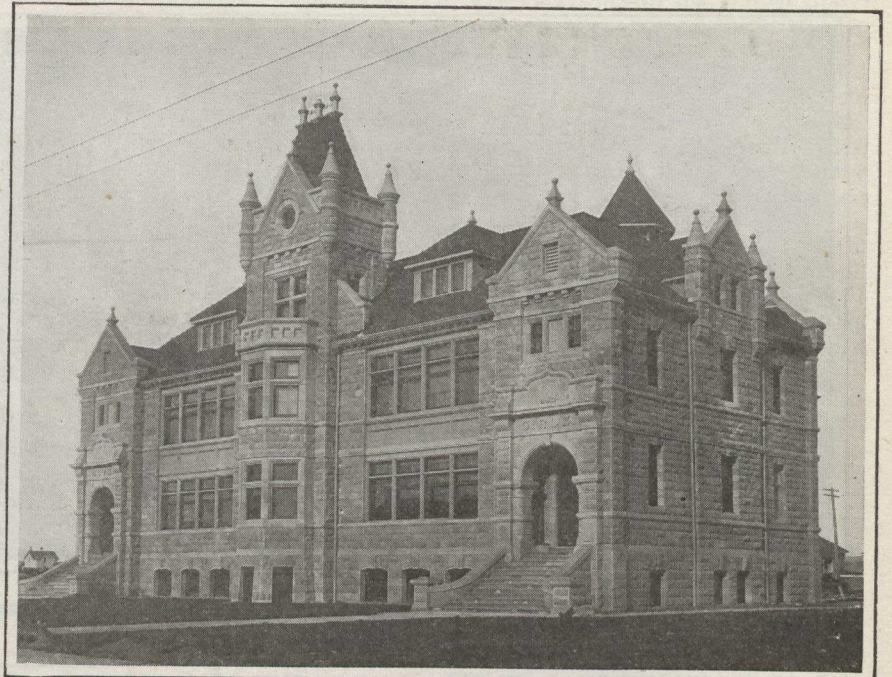
(3) Queen's has also 264 extra-mural students in Arts.

(4) Manitoba has 47 in Agriculture, not post-graduates.

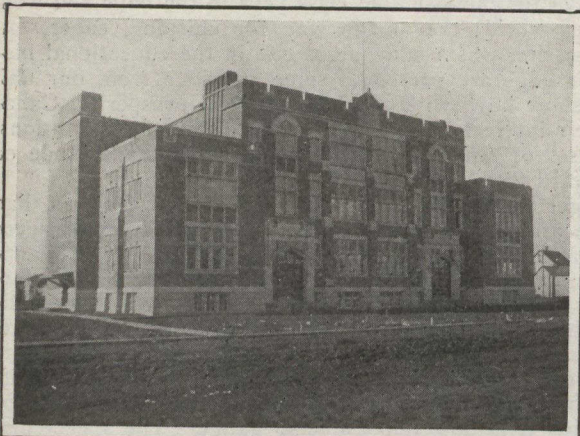
(5) Ottawa has also between 400 and 500 students in commercial, collegiate and preparatory work.



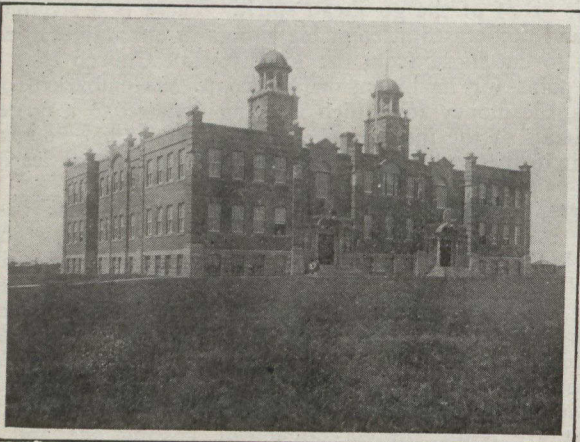
Typical of the West—the School at Leduc, with 700 Population, Cost \$20,000.



Calgary Will Spend Nearly a Million Dollars on Schools This Year. A Real Architect Designed This High School.



Edmonton's Newest Public School, Cost Complete \$120,000.



One of Edmonton's Capacious High Schools, Cost \$150,000.



Alberta has been building a new school like this nearly every day in the year. It has now 1,900 school districts. This school is near Bowden, and some of the pupils reach it in this novel manner.

Education in Alberta

By AUBREY FULLERTON

A VISITOR to a new prairie town in the West asked one of its representative citizens what provision was being made in its future plans for Culture.

"Culture?" said the representative citizen. "Well, now, stranger, we haven't got around to culture yet, but when we do we'll make it hum."

All over the country of the plains, and away into the new regions of the north, schools are being built, and Education is being introduced and fostered. Where everything was wild not so very long ago, there are now such conventional things as school laws, prescribed studies, and graded examinations. In respect to territory covered there is no such educational work being done in any other part of Canada, and the official records show, too, that its academic standard is excellent.

AN average of one new school district for every day in the year is Alberta's record in organization. The list now numbers 1,900, and it will be especially increased this year by the formation of new districts in the interior of the province and in the north—for even the Peace River country has its schools. This rapid growth in the school system of a five-year-old province betokens an active Educational Department; but it also indicates an ambitious public. The people want schools. Only rarely does the Department need to exercise its power to compel the erection of a school district, in cases of a population of twenty children of school age, for whom no provision has yet been made or asked; rather are the taxpayers eager for organization, and as soon as they can show the required minimum census of eight school-children they themselves take the initiative and invite the Department's attention.

The educational ambitions of the West are seen also in the willingness with which new communities assume very considerable financial responsibilities in behalf of their budding schools. At times the Department finds it necessary to intervene and cut down the proportions of the proposed expenditure. One new-made town of a thousand people, for instance, wanted to build a \$60,000 schoolhouse, but the Department would not authorize so large an outlay. In rural districts debentures are usually issued for \$1,500, and in centres like Calgary and Edmonton the buildings now being erected run from \$100,000 to \$125,000. Between these extremes is a wide range of cost-figures for villages and towns. Good schoolhouses are the rule everywhere.

THE reasons for this high regard for the local seat of learning are threefold. There is first a genuine interest in the educational welfare of the community; accompanying that interest is an all-prevailing optimism, which believes that the town will grow and that the school must build not for the present only, but for the future; and then there is, one sometimes suspects, a natural desire to give the town the benefit of such advertising as a good

school—which always looks well in publicity literature—will bring to an ambitious burg. And so it is, for one or all of these reasons, that a Western town of five or seven hundred people will erect a school building of a kind that most towns of twice the size in the East would hesitate to undertake.

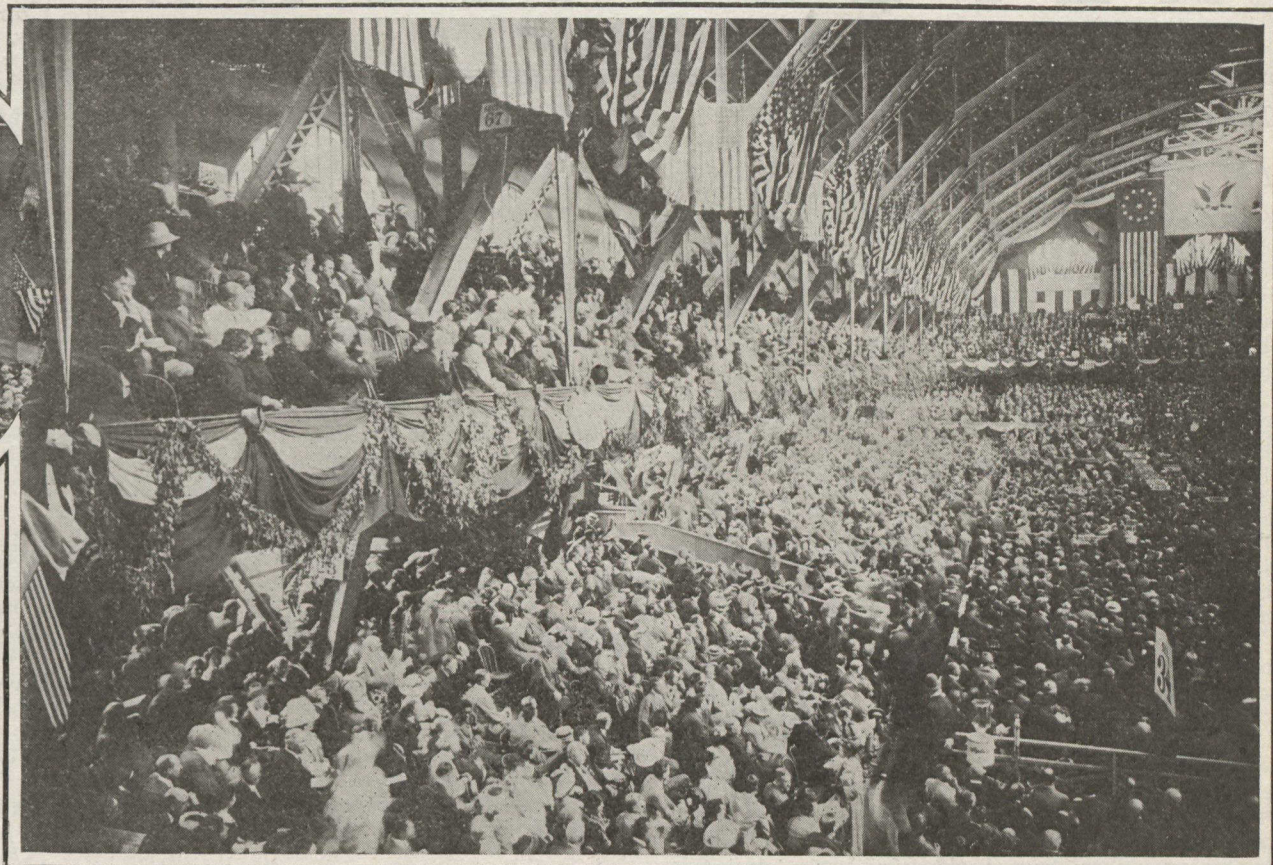
Fast as the schools are being built, and large as they are being planned, it is hard to keep up with the demand. The school population of Alberta is about one out of every six. The totals are fairly divided between rural and town schools, but the latter are gaining. Calgary and Edmonton have each twelve schools, and in both cities a building programme is constantly under way. This year Calgary will spend \$175,000 on new sites and \$800,000 on six new buildings. Edmonton will spend a like amount. It has just completed a fine \$120,000 building and is now planning four more, including a sixteen-room structure that can be enlarged as future demands may occasion. Lethbridge will build three new schools.

TO keep pace with this rapid schooling of the West needs an abundant supply of teachers. Conditions in this respect are improving. There are 3,000 teachers in service in Alberta this year, of whom one-third are men, and all but two hundred are fully qualified. These two hundred are teaching in the short-term schools under special permits, and are mostly university undergraduates or temporary supplies from the East. There are some tramp teachers, too, who in course of time cover the whole West, teaching here a term and there another; but with the development of the provincial normal school the permit system is yearly passing. Three hundred qualified teachers each year are the output of the Normal, but its capacity is now taxed to the utmost, and a second Normal must soon be built. As to salaries, the schedule in Alberta is \$750 for first-class women teachers, and \$1,150 for men; and \$680 and \$750 respectively for second-class. The tendency is upward, too.

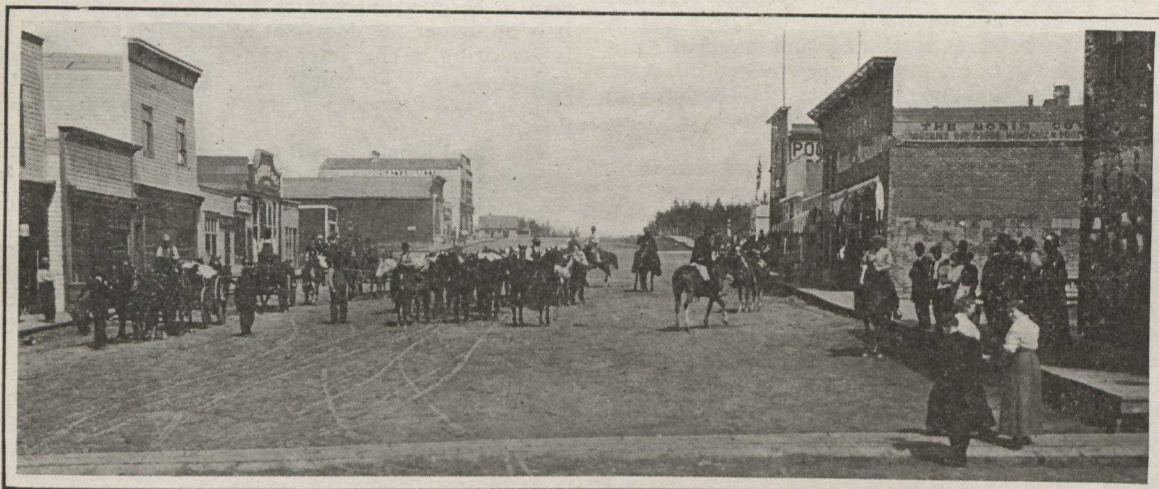
Western schools are well equipped, well taught, and carefully supervised. The standard is as high as in the East, and the provincial departments, busy as they are with their extension programmes, are applying the most modern methods to the work of public education. Whatever may have been the case once upon a time, there is no need to-day of questioning the West's educational facilities.

The task of schooling a new province is, of course, complicated by the presence of a large foreign element. But the immigrant children in Alberta go to school with the Canadian-born, and on the same terms. The schools are English schools, and the instruction is in English, which foreign-born children of many races are receiving and assimilating with remarkable readiness. They are, in most cases, bright and willing pupils, and their parents, too, so long as the schools do not too greatly interfere with the work on the farm, are as anxious as their English-speaking neighbours to have school facilities in the community.

Electing a Presidential Party Candidate



The Coliseum, Chicago, where the Republican Party of the United States struggled all last week to elect a Presidential Candidate. The final and only vote was as follows: Taft 561, Roosevelt 107, La Follette 41, Cummins 17, Hughes 2. A large number of delegates refused to vote. On Saturday night the followers of ex-President Roosevelt met in Orchestra Hall and nominated him as the head of a "Progressive" ticket.



The Peace River Mail Leaving the New Town of Edson, Alta.

A New Mail Route

A FEW days ago the lure of the great West was focused for a few minutes in the new town of Edson, Alta. The new contractors for carrying the mail to Grand Prairie City and the Peace River District were starting their outfit which is to keep the long trail open and in working order. The scene suggested at once the pre-railway days and the frontier life of a wilder West. The rumbling waggons, the tinkle of the pack-horse bells, and the galloping horsemen cannot all be caught by even the speediest camera, but the accompanying picture gives some idea of the occasion. Mail and passengers are to be carried regularly for two hundred and thirty miles. There will be nine stages in the journey and fifty horses are to be engaged in the daily task. Thus another forward step is taken in the civilization and settlement of the newer and more northerly West.

The Montreal Gymkhana, June 15th, was a Picturesque Event



H. R. H. the Governor-General and Lady Allan Watching the Montreal Gymkhana.



Mr. A. Hamilton Gault.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

The Human Equation.

AFTER all, men are more interesting than things and certainly more important than either events or doctrines. Hence the past week was notable because it chronicled the downfall of perhaps the greatest personality on the North American continent. King Theodore I., after the manner of ye gallant knight, faced fearful odds—and lost. He is now and ever will remain plain Mr. Roosevelt. He may be a candidate, but I cannot believe that he has a chance to be elected.

And Roosevelt lost, because he lacked sincerity. Any man who could talk of Armageddon and battling for the Lord in connection with such a purely personal struggle shows himself to be venerated brick. He has neither political wisdom, sound common sense, nor statesmanlike dignity. He is a noisy demagogue, differing only from Keir Hardie in that he had a college education and a bank account. If Roosevelt had been born poor, he would have been an anarchist.

Roosevelt thought by a sharp, short, intense campaign to stampede the United States people into making him a political hero. He has been a rough-rider and has seen a herd of wild cattle worked up into such a state of frenzy that it would rush straight to destruction; he thought to turn the Republican party into a duplicate of a western cattle herd. The rough-rider failed. The United States people low down may be stampeded, but not those higher up. They love display, fire-works, daring, nerve, ambition, even recklessness—but they do think soberly on occasions.

The Visit of a Prophet.

ABOUT a month ago, a friend came and sat upon my door-step. He is a Canadian living in Philadelphia, since about ten years. The conversation turned on Taft and Roosevelt naturally, because then Teddy was sweeping all before him. I argued that the sweep would reach Chicago and carry the Republican National Convention off its feet. But the Philadelphia Canadian said no, and said it emphatically. Hence this little tribute to his value as a prophet.

My friend remarked, "Roosevelt may stampede the common people, but he cannot move the experienced politicians. The Taft delegates will stand fast, because the thinking people of the United States are against Roosevelt." My friend prophesied correctly. He may come and sit upon my door-step again and smoke a fragrant Havana.

Of course there have been many prophets. Those who said that Roosevelt would win, thought he was honest and in earnest. If their god had not had clay feet, their prophecies had come true. The god of to-day must be a real god, because this is a cynical age. The eyes of the people are like x-rays. Sometimes the machine gets out of focus or the light goes wrong, but usually the machine works well. They know a sincere man when they see him. Even if he wins a fortune and a K.C.M.G., it matters not. The truth is told on the street-corner.

My friend had sized up this situation. He believes in the United States people, though he is still a subject of His Majesty King George; and he counts on the sturdy common sense of those who live under Western civilization. The mob might go wrong at the primaries, but the thinkers would go right at a national convention.

Personality vs. Principle.

MR. ROOSEVELT chose to make the fight on personality, not principle. He made a show of fighting "for the rule of the people," and "for social and industrial justice." These are interesting phases, but they do not mean much. Every leader that ever filled a public office or tickled the fancy of a public gathering was fighting "for the rule of the people." The man who blew up the Los Angeles Times' newspaper plant was one of these. Personally, I haven't much faith in a man who goes about prating of his desire to get justice for his fellows.

Roosevelt's appeal to principle was neither great nor effective. He relied upon the glamour of that personality which, on his return from Africa, led the mob to throng the streets of New York to see the conquering hero come. He has a personality. If he came into my office, I would roll down my shirt-sleeves, put on my coat, and throw the news-

papers off the best chair in the room. I could not help doing that, even if my judgment says that the man is a demagogue and an egoist.

There is something about men like Roosevelt which intoxicates men who come under their influence. The late Sir John Macdonald had it. Oronhyatekha had it. Sir William Van Horne and Sir Wilfrid Laurier both have it to a considerable degree. But the personality must harmonize with the quiet judgment which comes to men when the personality is not present, if that personality is to be dominant always. There must be principle behind the personality. Mr. Taft may have less personality, but the United States people think he is a safer guide. Roosevelt might lead a brilliant charge up San Juan Hill, but Kitchener would be a better general in a big campaign. Kitchener would never even whisper about a man who "valiantly does his duty," if that man was himself.

Two Personalities in London.

OVER in Great Britain there is a struggle between two men for pre-eminence, a quiet, dignified battle between two strong leaders—Lloyd George and Winston Churchill. Two years ago, if any person had asked who would be the natural successor of Premier Asquith as leader of the Liberal party, the almost unanimous answer would be Lloyd George. The little Welsh lawyer has a great personality, and he had greatly impressed himself upon the common people. He had led in the fight against the House of Lords and in the battle for a better system of land taxation. But he went too far in his attacks upon vested interests, property rights, and ancient custom. His enthusiasm for the common people got out of bounds, and his star has begun to wane.

On the other hand, his confrere and associate, Mr. Winston Churchill, has been gaining ground as a leader within his party and in popularity with the non-partisan public. He comes of a brilliant line of statesmen, which include Sir Henry Winston, the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Randolph Churchill. He combines in a unique personality the qualities of British aristocracy and British democracy. He is less socialistic than Lloyd George and less individualistic than was Lord Salisbury or is Mr. Balfour. He is neither as parochial, as was Mr. Gladstone, nor as ultra-imperialistic as is Mr. Chamberlain. He is a fairly sane Imperial Liberal.

Whether Mr. Churchill or Mr. Lloyd George wins out does not really matter. The personality of each is exceptional and interesting. Each is accomplishing something for the good of the nation and the race. The one who stands most firmly for common-sense, prudence, and sane statesmanship, will accomplish most and win the higher fame. Yesterday it was Lloyd George; to-day it is Winston Churchill, who became a Privy Councillor before he was thirty-four.

Commerce and Education.

THAT great struggle between "the classics" and "commerce" to decide which is to direct the course of modern education is proceeding with vigour. Under the name of "science" many young men are being trained for business—a monopoly once possessed by lawyers, clergymen, and doctors. The monopoly has been broken up. The trust is smashed. The business men now have a chance to get a university training suited to their needs.

Another move is to be made shortly. Stenography, type-writing, book-keeping, banking and other commercial subjects are now recognized in some high schools and in some colleges in Ontario. But heretofore these subjects were not taught by specialists. Now a specialist in commercial subjects is to be given ranking with a specialist in classics, or mathematics, or moderns. Eventually in Canada we shall have a "Professor of Commerce," such as they have to-day in Birmingham University in England.

Is it wise? Yes, I think it is. Higher education should not be confined to doctors and lawyers and clergymen. Our leading bankers, financiers, manufacturers, publishers, civil servants, and other business men should be college men. They should be as capable of taking a prominent part in the poli-

tical and intellectual life of the nation as the three favoured professions. They should share in that culture which makes for leadership.

Compulsory Technical Training.

ONTARIO has made a step forward this year in technical education. Last year an act was passed providing for the creation of special committees to control industrial, technical, agricultural or commercial departments or schools in any city, town or village desiring to give this kind of education. Such a committee is to consist of eight to twelve persons, consisting of representatives from the Public, High and Separate School Boards and other ratepayers. The latter are to form one-half the committee. This year's act goes a step farther and enables such special committees to compel the attendance of adolescents, or children between fourteen and seventeen.

Thus, if a city decides to establish technical day or night classes, it may compel the attendance of boys who are working in factories and for whom the committee believes such education is advisable. In such towns, employers may be required to furnish the committee, or board, with lists of all adolescents employed and to shorten their hours of employment to allow for the time spent at such technical or other classes. This is a further development of compulsory education which must mean much for the youth of our industrial towns and cities.

A curious feature of the new Act is that while Separate School Boards are represented on the Advisory Industrial Committee, no Roman Catholic adolescent can be compelled to attend. This seems to be weak as well as inconsistent.

As to the Public School.

MUCH the same process is going on in our public school system. The town public school is paying more attention to fitting men to be good mechanics and good business men. It is no longer the door-mat of the high schools. It is acquiring a character and a usefulness distinct and separate. Technical and trade education are already well-defined features of our urban school system.

The rural school is still the weak spot. The rural schools of Canada are the worst rural schools on the continent. They are manned with men and women who have no knowledge of rural life or the needs of those who engage in agriculture. The inspectors are ex-high-school teachers equally unsympathetic or equally ignorant of rural needs. Only in Manitoba, where the consolidated school has been forced upon the people by a wise and intelligent department of education, is there real improvement. Every other provincial department of education is neglecting the rural school. British Columbia and Nova Scotia show some signs of awakening intelligence, but the education departments of Ontario and New Brunswick are absolutely oblivious to the fact that their rural schools are a mere travesty. Ontario has shown wonderful progress in secondary education and in technical training in town and city schools, but that progress has not yet been extended to the rural school. The Minister of Agriculture and the Minister of Education seem to find the problem too difficult for them, while the Superintendent of Education is hopelessly cocooned.

Agricultural Education.

CANADA must always be largely agricultural, and hence its education should be mainly agricultural. The establishing of agricultural colleges has been the chief feature of the past two decades, but it is manifest that these colleges are not a success. They give agricultural education to a small number—too small to justify their existence. I am confident that in the next twenty-five years these colleges will largely disappear. Their places will be taken by consolidated rural schools situated on small model farms, agricultural high schools surrounded by experimental plots, and localized agricultural advisers such as the Ontario Department of Agriculture now maintains in the leading county towns.

In Ontario, for example, there are more than 500,000 children who need agricultural education. No one agricultural college can teach this vast number. An agricultural high school or college in every county would be better, but even these must be supplemented by agricultural teaching in rural schools. If the system is not changed soon, Ontario will become a province of pasture farms, abandoned country schools, and dependent largely on other parts of Canada for its grain, its potatoes, its dairy produce and its meat supplies. To-day, the boy is being educated off the farm. The towns and cities are full of him.

The Reformation of Sam Kittle

By PAUL SHEARD

OLD Sam Kittle lived in a house which had once been very clean and neat. The front porch had been, at one time, fresh with paint; in the little front garden had been grass and flowers, and the fence around had boasted a neat gate and never a broken rib. Sam's wife had once been pretty, and as happy as the day was long; and Sam himself had trod with a firm step and shaved himself every day. These happy conditions had existed before the demon Rum and his side-partner, Hard-luck, had descended on the Kittle homestead. A sorry change they had wrought on the homestead and all contained therein, but Sam himself, being the enemy's point of attack, had changed the most.

Sam had been a carpenter and well-to-do, but he had descended, by easy stages, to being a "town character." The city was not so large in those days and everybody knew Sam and his whisky bottle. Some said that Sam was only in command of his faculties when in jail, which was frequent; some claimed to be able to tell when he was approaching at one hundred paces range, if the wind was right. Sam was incorrigible; old ladies with mittens and reticules visited Mrs. Kittle and then went home and wrote letters to the city council, clergymen visited Mr. Kittle and then went and wrote him in as a climax to next Sunday's sermon. After such visits Sam would usually go out for a stroll with the Demon and his friend.

Next to Sam, the most interesting thing in town was the little medical college that existed at the time. Those students were a wild lot and yet the townsfolk stood for them. Perhaps it was because they could bandage their own broken bones up at the college without bothering anyone, or perhaps because, when the boys went out on a spree, there was sure to be something interesting to read in the newspaper next morning. Altogether the people rather liked the students and regarded them as privileged youngsters who couldn't be expected to know much anyhow. Also it was before the college yell had become popular, the boys used to sing instead. To be wakened at dead of night by one of the modern battle cries makes a man feel like phoning headquarters to have the riot subdued, but it wasn't half so bad to hear ten or a dozen seraphic voices harmonizing "Silver Threads Among the Gold," with the tenors well to the lead, as they marched below one's window.

It happened on a certain inspired evening in October, that a small party of the medical boys were swinging down through the park to the rousing strains of an old marching song which has since become universal to all colleges. They were a pretty representative crowd and they sang lustily and marched in step with their canes swinging. The night was warm and still, and the park, with the yellow gas-lamps flickering here and there among the trees, was really beautiful. On the scene, however, was one blot. Sprawled in unholy sleep, at the edge of the centre path, lay Sam Kittle; and around him, in the stillness of the air, hovered an aura of very strong, bad whisky.

The song came to an abrupt end as the singers spotted Sam. At first 'twas thought an accident had happened, and being Medicos, they crowded around the prostrate figure, with great eagerness. Somebody rolled Mr. Kittle over, but after a match was lighted, the diagnosis was clear.

"It's only old Sam; he's been having another go with Old John Barleycorn."

"Better take him home," said someone. "He'll stiffen out if it comes on cold before morning."

"Huh, he can't freeze, you bet," said a third. "He's too full of alcohol for that."

"Sure he is, just like a blooming specimen in a bottle. I guess old Sam will be intact alright at the judgment day, he'd keep for centuries."

"Cirrhosis of the liver," said a slim youth with spectacles, feeling the patient's wrist. "That's what will get him. I'll bet he's dreaming about pink starfish with straw hats on." He pressed his thumb into Sam's neck and the latter grunted, "Leggo me, sh' all right, ol' fella. Goin' home—shupper." Sam smiled sweetly and closed his eyes.

"What'll we do with him?" said the youth, looking up. "He's not much use that I can see, but can't we do something with him?"

One of the boys laughed. "Let's take him up to the school and dissect him."

"That's right," cried another. "Take him along to the school."

"What will we do with him up there?"

"Do with him?" said a tall youth. "We'll take him apart, of course, and see what makes him tick. Lend a hand, someone."

TAKE old Sam over to the college, brilliant idea!

Many hands helped to hoist him up onto the shoulders of four. To disguise the burden, it was muffled up in overcoats, and then the procession started out once more. Someone struck up the old marching song and away they went, picking their way through the side streets.

On approaching the building, they proceeded cautiously. Access must be acquired without disturbing Peter, the janitor. To gain admittance through an unfastened window, in the rear, was comparatively simple, owing to vast familiarity with the place; and with great caution, and low whispering, the inert Mr. Kittle was hoisted through and the party proceeded up the narrow stairs to the top floor.

The dissecting room was long and square, lighted mainly by a skylight in the roof. The door was locked, but in the party were at least half a dozen keys that would fit. Even before the door was opened, the strong odour of disinfectants was apparent and 'twas thought the victim might awaken, in this disquieting atmosphere. Old Sam, however, was too far in his cups to be cognizant of anything for a few hours at least.

Sam was lowered gently to the floor, and the marauders straightened up to regard their surroundings. Familiar enough with the place in daylight, not one of them would have cared to be there alone, at that nocturnal hour. The moon, shining through the skylight, made objects visible—the long glass cases lining the walls, in which reposed all manner of horrible things; the rows of shrouded figures, each on his separate table, arranged down the length of the room; old Saw Bones, the skeleton, grinning like some presiding genius from his rack in the corner.

"Let's get out of here," said a husky voice from among the huddled group.

Someone laughed nervously. "S'nough to give you the creeps, isn't it?"

"I'll bet old Sam has the creeps when he wakes up in the morning," said the youth with spectacles. "Somebody bring that empty table up to the platform and let's do the thing right."

Sam was deposited on the table, after which he was tied around with towels to prevent him rolling off. Then the boys scattered around the room, noiselessly arranging things so as to give their victim the best possible first impression of his surroundings when he awoke.

Sam was still sleeping peacefully when, their work done, the party locked the door of the dissecting room behind them, and silently departed.

AT the first light of dawn, Sam Kittle began to stir on his uncomfortable bed. His slumber had been one of long and harrowing dreams, peopled with creatures the like of which could never exist. His mind was in a state of befuddled chaos, and the first sensations he became conscious of, on his return to life, were those of stiffness and general pain. Also, in his nostrils he became slowly aware of a strange stench, mingled with the familiar one of the stale whisky. He endeavoured to shift his position and wondered vaguely why he couldn't do it. For some time he tried to concentrate his mind on the problem of, whether or not, something were holding him down. Finally he opened his eyes and closed them again, very quickly; that one glimpse had shown him something which he didn't care to believe in, and so he decided to keep his eyes closed until such time as it should disappear. Consequently when he again ventured to look, the shock he received was stronger than the first. Standing directly at his feet, with one bony finger raised to beckon, was the figure of Grim Death, embodied, as it were, to the life, by old Saw Bones majestically robed in a black gown.

The hair lifted on Sam's scalp as he gazed; in spite of his aching head, something told him that what he saw was no child of his own imagining, but really there. As he tried to flee the spot, he found that he was bound down. Convulsively he tore himself free and sat up, with his head swimming dizzily. Then he caught a glimpse of his surroundings. Horror upon horror! Ringed around him on the floor were glass vessels containing queer objects. Mr. Kittle gazed with podding eyes; what the things meant he knew not; but what they were he couldn't help but see.

Vaguely he wondered what manner of place he was in, and with the thought came the idea that, wherever he was, he would never have chosen such

a spot to sleep in, of his own free will. He sank his head in his hands and groaned.

"I've got 'em," he moaned. "I've got 'em—only I didn't think as they'd go fer me like this."

With the thought that, perhaps, these things after all, only existed by virtue of the amount of whisky he had taken, a certain wavering courage returned. He straightened up and his eyes rested on the central row of flat tables, on each of which lay something under a white sheet. He would investigate and see what further tricks this condition of his would play him. Cautiously he lifted a corner of the shroud on the nearest table . . .

PETER, the janitor, who slept in a little room in the basement of the medical building, was awakened that morning by a loud, piercing scream, that echoed down through the building. Peter arose and listened; a second wild shriek followed and then the sound as of a chair overturned; apparently coming from the upper floor. Peter got into some clothes hurriedly but without alarm; he had been janitor of that establishment too long to ever be alarmed at anything. He proceeded in the direction from whence the sound came, and arrived at the door of the dissecting room.

The cause of the disturbance proved to be some poor inebriate wretch who, by some mischance, had found his way into that unhallowed place. There were details, however, that almost broke the placid calm of the janitor; for instance, old Saw Bones had been lugged out of his corner and posed tragically, in the regal splendour of a black undergraduate gown, and with a mortar-board hat stuck rakishly on his bald head. Also, most of the specimens had been removed from their cases and arrayed around on the floor; and one of the subjects had half fallen off his slab.

When Peter entered, the inebriate wretch was kneeling on the top of an empty table, and with hands raised, was incoherently exhorting an all-merciful Providence for saving grace.

Peter took him by one arm and led the way stumblingly down the stairs and out into the early sunshine; then he said something under his breath about "them boys" and went back to bed.

FROM about that time dated the surprising return to grace of Sam Kittle, the town character. Everyone was surprised at the change. The porch on Sam's homestead took unto itself a fresh coat of paint, and somebody mended the broken fence. Also, Sam got a steady job, and his wife's appearance began to spruce up.

Then it was, that many old ladies with mittens would nod their heads knowingly over the tea cups, and prate of what great deeds may be accomplished by charity and kindness. And many sermons were read, in which the "eighteenthly and lastly, my dear brethren," had to do with a certain character known to all who had at last seen the error of his ways—owing to persistent teaching.

But it was only on certain evenings, when large-bowled pipes were lighted after the night's grind, and the fire was burning cheerfully, that the reformation of Sam Kittle was ever satisfactorily discussed.

Education in New Brunswick.

IN 1802 the Legislature of New Brunswick passed its first public school law, "An Act for Aiding and Encouraging Parish Schools." There were 42 parishes and each got an annual grant of £10 "for instruction in reading and writing." This was a modest beginning. Three years later, provision was made for establishing a grammar school in St. John, £100 being granted towards the building and £100 annually in aid of the master's salary.

It was not until 1852 that the Province rose to the dignity of a superintendent of education. There have been several of them, as follows:

1852—Rev. James Porter.

1858—Henry Fisher.

1860—John Bennett, Ph.D.

1871—T. H. Rand, M.A., D.C.L.

1883—Wm. Crocket, M.A., LL.D.

1891—J. R. Inch, M.A., LL.D.

1909—W. S. Carter, M.A., LL.D.

Statistics as to teachers and pupils for the corresponding winter terms of the years 1856, 1871 and 1909-10 are both interesting and instructive.

Year.	No. of teachers.	No. of pupils enrolled.
1856	753	25,090
1871	872	32,025
1909-10	1,984	62,994

LORD LOCKINGTON

BY FLORENCE WARDEN

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE lawyer's last words gave Lady Lockington such a terrible shock that for a few moments she stood silent, almost unable to realize the position in which the fact, thus suddenly announced, placed her.

Although she had not been a very dutiful wife, having been conspicuously fond of her own pleasure, and not at all specially

grateful to the husband whose money supplied her with every luxury, and who laid upon her no irksome restrictions as to her spending her time anywhere but where she pleased, she had always had a very strong opinion as to his duties towards her, and had been especially anxious that he should carry them out by leaving her in possession of certain property which he was free to dispose of as he would.

The money secured to her by settlement at the time of her marriage she had never found enough for her needs, and she had not had much to complain of in regard to the numerous appeals for more which she had from time to time made to him.

She had always, however, been made to understand that she was not to expect these extra sums as a right, and had been warned frequently by Mr. Ringford, on behalf of the Viscount, that these presents would not be made indefinitely. It had been her constant practice to sound the lawyer on the matter of some extra provision which she wished to have made for her in case of her widowhood, but she could never manage to extract even the vaguest promise from him.

Lady Lockington, who had always been jealous of her husband's young cousin and heir, had been apprehensive that this caution indicated her husband's determination to leave all he could to Jack, and she had often asked that the young man should be invited to the Hall while she was there, with the intention, as the lawyer shrewdly guessed, of trying to get such an influence over him that he would be willing to sacrifice his own interests to her avarice.

Lord Lockington, however, never paid any attention to these requests, and she had never been able to persuade him to let her meet his cousin.

And now, to hear that this Jack Lockington, her arch-enemy, had been with the Viscount when he died, and when she was not even allowed to know her husband's condition, was a blow to her pride and to her greed which she could not easily get over.

"I see," she said at last, in a deeply wounded and offended tone, "you have all been in league against me, you, Mr. Ringford, as well as the rest."

The lawyer shook his head deprecatingly. "Your Ladyship," he said, "it is unfortunate that you never took the trouble to understand Lord Lockington better. He was a man who liked going his own way, who would, indeed, go his own way in spite of everybody. Of course, since his accident his self-will, his headstrong eccentricity, had increased enormously. And there was no need of any league to assist him in getting his own way. And a very strange way it has been sometimes, if all that I've recently been told is true."

Lady Lockington had had time, while he made this speech slowly and with some emphasis, to make up her mind as to what she had better do. "And where is Mr. Jack Lockington now?" she asked, with as much composure as she could muster, wiping her eyes, in which were tears indeed, but not exactly tears of grief and tenderness.

"He is by the bedside of the late Lord Lockington, your Ladyship, in the old wing."

"I must see him," she said, wiping her eyes with a shaking hand.

"Yes, of course you must. I will let him know your wish."

Lady Lockington, who had been on her way to the door, stopped short. There was something very puzzling in all this. "When was this cousin sent for, and by whom?" she asked, quickly.

"He was sent for by his Lordship, undoubtedly. When I don't exactly know, as I found him with his cousin on my arrival this morning."

"You were sent for to make a fresh will?"

"Well, not exactly. But to add a codicil to one which his Lordship made last year."

She frowned. "A codicil? In favour of the cousin, I suppose?"

"No, in favour of another person."

Lady Lockington's anger rose higher, rose so high, indeed, that it threatened to extinguish every outward semblance of any other feeling.

"Why not tell me all about it at once?" she asked, impatiently.

"It seems rather early to have to talk to you about these things, your Ladyship. I had not expected to be questioned on money matters so soon," said the lawyer, with dry dignity; "but if you wish I have no objection to telling you that his Lordship made his will last year, then, indeed, only confirming the provisions of an earlier one with some slight alterations. In his will he leaves all he has to leave, with the exception of certain small legacies, and of a larger one which he leaves by codicil to one other person, to his heir, the present Viscount."

The blow was terrible. Since her husband had been content to remain for years without seeing Jack, she had argued that he must have got over that great liking for the lad which he had formerly had, and that there was no danger of his being more generous to his heir than he was to his widow.

"Mr. Ringford," she said, trying to keep her voice very level, but showing her excitement in every look and movement, "I have been treated very badly. I have been deceived. This young man has been secretly visiting his cousin, and currying favour with him. Why didn't he come here openly, and let me receive him as well as my husband? It was a plot between them that I was to be kept out of the way, that I was to get nothing, that whatever he possessed should be shared between this young man, Jack Lockington, and—and a pack of interested persons who surrounded him and flattered his whims."

"If you will do me the justice to remember, your Ladyship," said Mr. Ringford, "you will, I'm sure, recollect the many occasions when I have tried to induce you to adopt a more conciliatory attitude towards this young man, whom you professed to dislike and suspect, but whom, after all, you have never seen. You will also remember that I advised you to deal more prudently in the matter of humouring his Lordship's eccentricities, that I suggested your playing and singing to him."

"Oh, I admit all that, of course," said Lady Lockington. "I confess I couldn't put up with his caprices, that I couldn't learn music by heart to play to someone whom I was not allowed to see, and that I declined to pretend to think well of this Jack Lockington. On the other hand, I certainly urged my husband to invite him to the Hall while I was here, but he would never take my hint."

"You always spoke of him so virulently, you know," said the lawyer, quietly, "that no doubt Lord Lockington thought it better not to bring him here."

"I should have done him no harm," said she, scornfully. "It was only natural that I, having no children, should feel a kind of resentment against the young man whom Lord Lockington was almost as fond of as if he had been his son. I was jealous, if you like. But if I had been allowed to make his acquaintance, no doubt we should have got on all right."

"I feel," she added, turning sharply, on her way to the door, "that I have a right to resent the deception that has been carried on at my expense, and the way in which Mr. Lockington has been smuggled in to see his cousin. I suppose all the household must be in league together in support of him and against me, that I heard nothing, nothing whatever, about his arrival."

"I HAVE reason to think, your Ladyship, that there was no league of the kind you suppose, but that the household knew just as little about it as yourself."

She came back a step, surprised.

"His Lordship was eccentric," he went on, very quietly. "Many things will come out which will cause you surprise, I fancy."

She came back another step. "There is one thing," she said, "which I cannot at all understand. This illness! When did it begin? What caused it? It is all very sudden! Is he dead, after all?"

"Really dead, I regret to say there's no doubt of it. Dr. Pearce will be able to tell you more than I can. But I just know this, that it was the result of an accident—of a fall."

"A fall! The matter was kept very quiet! When did it happen? And where?"

"I think there can be no harm in your knowing now that his Lordship was in the habit of going out riding at night—a most dangerous practice at any time, considering the speed at which he went. It was while engaged in this most dangerous practice that the accident occurred."

A light had come into her Ladyship's eyes.

"I ought to have known of it," she said, quickly.

"Instead of that I shall probably find that I'm the only person who didn't know. The servants, the housekeeper—perhaps some of the neighbours—and the singing girl—no doubt they were all in the secret, all except me, his wife."

Mr. Ringford shook his head. "That is hardly likely."

A fresh light appeared in Lady Lockington's eyes. "Now," she said, "I understand why the singing girl had mud on her shoes when she pretended to have been playing in the old wing. No doubt she was acquainted with some secret way of getting in and out of the house—a way which must have been used by Lord Lockington himself and by those who helped him."

Mr. Ringford wiped his hands of responsibility in the matter.

Lady Lockington, seeing that she would get no help from him towards the solution of the mystery, turned abruptly, and with a slight bow went out of the room.

She went upstairs towards her own apartments, but on the way she caught sight of a little, slight figure, which reminded her that one at least of her enemies was near at hand, and could be dealt with summarily.

"Miss Bellamy!" she cried, in a harsh voice to the girl, who was coming out of her bedroom and going into the sitting-room.

THE girl came along the passage quickly, with a sad look on her pretty face. "Did you call me, Lady Lockington?"

"Yes. I suppose you know what has happened?"

The tears rushed to the girl's eyes as she bent her head in assent. "Oh, yes."

"I've no doubt you knew it long before I did," went on Lady Lockington, fiercely.

"I have only just been told," said Edna, in a trembling voice.

"And you understand that your engagement here is over?"

"Oh, yes. I'm ready to go. I thought you would wish me to. And I have packed my things at once."

Lady Lockington gave a little haughty exclamation. "Oh, it's not for me to tell you to go. This is not my house. It belongs to the new Lord Lockington. But no doubt you know all about that better than I do."

Edna looked up in surprise. "The new—" she began, and stopped.

"Don't pretend that you don't know all about the affairs of the family. I know that you are even acquainted with details unknown to myself. Probably you have seen the present Lord Lockington?"

"I! Oh, no, no, I know nothing about it, nothing at all," said Edna, quickly.

The lady looked at her more keenly. "Probably you know him," she said, sharply.

It was a little more than Edna could bear. She was very miserable, very low-spirited, very subdued and depressed. But after all, there was no reason why she should submit to be teased like this.

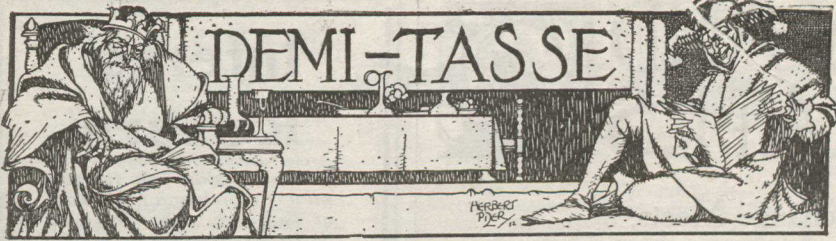
It did, indeed, occur to her vaguely to wonder whether the mysterious friend who had puzzled her as to his identity, and whom she had never yet been allowed to see, could be the cousin of whom she had heard, and now the master of the house and the holder of the title. She thought it very likely, and wondered whether she should be able to set her mind at rest upon that point in the short interval which was left to her.

For Lady Lockington made it clear that she was to go at once, by asking whether a fly had been sent for to take her luggage.

"Not yet," said Edna, quietly. "I will speak to Mrs. Holland about it." And with a grave bow to Lady Lockington she turned quickly, and hurried back to her own room.

She waited just inside her sitting-room until she felt sure that Lady Lockington had gone into her boudoir, and then she ran out, and swiftly along the corridor and down the stairs, with the intention of finding Mrs. Holland in the housekeeper's room. But she had scarcely reached the

(Continued on page 23.)



Courierettes.

AN English physician has discovered a new anaesthetic process that abolishes pain. We need something like that after the Chicago convention.

It is said the wireless telephone may oust the telegraph. But it looks as if nothing can abolish the wires that office seekers pull.

Two taxis got stuck in the mud on a Toronto street. Yet other unneighbourly towns will continue to throw mud at the "Queen City."

Montreal has been trying out an aeroplane. Something has to be done because rigs and a steam roller couldn't navigate Sherbrooke Street.

Rev. Dr. Rankin, a prominent Methodist preacher, says he was inspired by a Sunday band concert. How tempus does fugit! Methodists of a century ago would almost have hung a minister for that statement.

The Chicago convention was enough to make Harry Thaw imagine that he's sane.

Trials of a Teetotaler.—Mr. Edward Fielding, who was the Liberal candidate in South Toronto at the late Dominion election, is a pronounced temperance man. One day last week he attended the Royal Canadian Yacht Club luncheon, given to the visiting British manufacturers. Liquors were served at the luncheon, of course.

The waiter who came to serve Mr. Fielding was just about to fill his glass when the apostle of temperance stopped him.

"Bring me a pot of tea, please—none of that," he said.

He got his pot of tea. A few minutes later the forgetful waiter again endeavoured to fill the Fielding glass and was promptly told not to do so. "I've got my pot of tea—I don't want that stuff," said the nettled guest.

Then some of Mr. Fielding's friends took in the situation and decided to have a bit of fun. They prompted waiter after waiter to pass up behind the temperance man and attempt to fill his glass. Each time a waiter tried it the Fielding temper rose a notch, and when ten waiters had valiantly but vainly tried to do the trick, Mr. Fielding was rather flustered, while his friends were trying to hide their mirth.

Spotted Him.—Villages and small towns are noted for the fact that "everybody knows everybody else's business," and in that connection a good story is told concerning a certain Ontario village that gets many summer visitors.

The incident dates back to the time when the game of ping-pong was all the rage. One of the visitors had promised his wife that he would buy a ping-pong set when in Toronto. One day his wife received a telegram worded thus: "Mr. Pong will arrive on Saturday."

It happened that a certain young man arrived at the village on the day mentioned. He went to church next day, and the minister's wife hurried to him after the service, shook hands with him and said, somewhat effusively, "I'm very glad to meet you—Mr. Pong, I believe?"

A Form of Speech.—A well-known Canadian lawyer got a side light on some Mexicans' ways some time ago while in Mexico City.

He attended a dinner there, and a Mexican sitting beside him asked, "How

do you like that cigar you are smoking?" "It's a very good cigar," said the visitor.

"Will you let me present you with ten thousand of them?" asked the Mexican.

Flustered by such an offer, and thinking that he would have difficulty in getting the cigars to Canada, the Canadian politely declined to accept.

But the Mexican was insistent, so, as the conversation was beginning to attract the notice of other people, the lawyer said he would accept the cigars.

It was arranged that the generous man should deliver the gift at the station next morning.

The lawyer was at the station some time before his train was due to leave, but there was no sign of the Mexican. The minutes passed and the train pulled out, but the generous man came not.

And quite a while afterwards the lawyer learned that making such generous offers was merely a form of polite conversation among certain of the people of Mexico.

Generous.—A farmer of Elgin County, Ont., died recently at over ninety years of age.

His will, which was made many years ago and before the death of his wife,



"Reckon I'll take my boy out o' college."

provided that if he predeceased her she was to be given an annual income of five hundred dollars. In case she married again the amount was to be increased to one thousand dollars, as it costs more for two to live than one.

Men and Women.

WHEN a man talks through his hat, his lady friend laughs in her sleeve.

Any woman may be wrong, but when she begins to cry she's all right.

Stylish men like to have the latest wrinkles in dress, but not in their clothes.

Sharp men seldom cut their acquaintances.

A Roosevelt Story.—Many are the stories which have been told of Theodore Roosevelt since the start of his spectacular campaign for the Republican nomination. One of the best of the yarns deals with the arrival at the pearly gates of several of the Presidents of the United States.

Washington, so runs the story, obtained admission after having stated that he was the "father of his country," and that he had done much to lay the foundations of the big republic.

Lincoln told of having risen from the

work of splitting rails to the duties of the White House, and of having done much to free the slaves. He also was admitted.

St. Peter then asked Roosevelt what he had done.

"What are you butting in for?" asked Teddy. "Where's God?"

Streetcaritis.—Mr. Strapholder seemed extremely proud and happy over possessing an automobile.

A friend remarked it, and Mr. Strapholder said, "You'd feel just the same way if, like me, you had been a street car passenger of fifteen years' standing."

Baseball Version.

IT'S easy enough to be boosting When the home team is right on the jump,

But the fan that's worth while Is the chap who can smile

When the locals have struck a big slump.

An Adage Disproved.—"You can't eat your cake and have it," runs the old adage.

But the small boy who has eaten too much of it is conscious of the double possibility.

The Open-(Work) Season.

THE gay and gladsome days are come, To most mosquitoes dear, For now in hose of open-work The female folk appear.

The Perfect Woman.—Evolution is a wonderful thing. Some day evolution will produce the perfect woman. This perfect female will face the front in getting off a street car.

She will be able to pass a millinery shop without looking at the window display.

She will not always ask her husband where he spent the evening.

She will answer truthfully the questions of the man who takes the census.

And she will not investigate hubby's pockets while he sleeps.

She Knew Her Dog.—It is the unexpected answer that staggers the teacher, and Mr. A. J. Keeler, the well-known Toronto barrister, who teaches a class of young ladies in Wesley Methodist Sunday school, was recently rather stumped by a reply a girl gave him in the course of a lesson on forgiveness.

Mr. Keeler was making the point that forgiveness should be complete and whole-hearted. He quoted Spurgeon's famous epigram

"When you bury a dead dog, don't leave its tail sticking out of the ground."

Quick as a flash came the answer from a girl in the front row, spoken in all seriousness, "But I want you to know that my dog has a mighty long tail."

The rest of that lesson wasn't much good to the class.

Prisoners' Repartee.—Near one of Toronto's police stations, a few nights ago, a couple of men stopped to listen to an interesting hurling of repartee by some men in the cells.

"Aw, you couldn't steal a match," said one.

"You, I suppose," was the retort, "got caught trying to steal a door-mat with 'Welcome' on it."

Joshing Them.—Did you ever listen to the talk of two young women who are comparing opinions on a play they have seen? A young man who recently had that experience "broke up the tea-party" with an unusual remark.

"How did you like the man who played the hero?" asked one of the girls.

"Fine," was the answer. "What did you think of the man who played the funny part?"

"Say," interrupted the man, "how did you like the girl who played the piano?"

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Surplus	61,500	3,312,000	Over 50-fold

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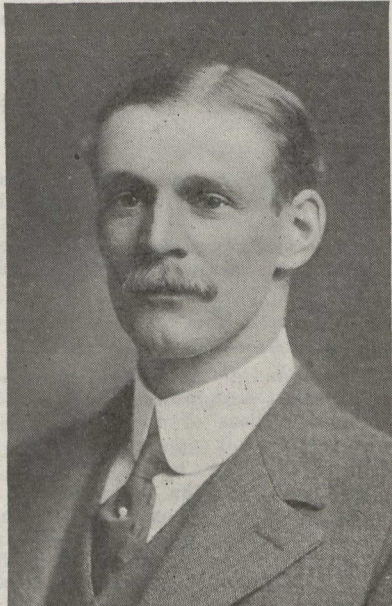
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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Toronto Stock Exchange Meets.

THE new president of the Toronto Stock Exchange is Mr. F. Gordon Osler, who heads the floor as successor to Mr. W. H. Brouse. The members met the other afternoon, elected officers and discussed some extensive alterations the Exchange has under way. Recently they bought some land on Bay Street, in the heart of the new financial district, and commissioned a local architect, Mr. Lyle, to plan a big new home for the Exchange, which at present is cribbed, cabined and confined, in a suite of offices on King Street, near Yonge Street. The building will be ready by next May.



Mr. F. Gordon Osler, Elected President of Toronto Stock Exchange.

Mr. Osler, the man who will look after the growing pains of the Exchange for the next year, is a son of Sir Edmund Osler, the chief of Osler and Hammond. Mr. Osler is a tall, fair, athletic man of about forty, who looks well in his clothes. He was born in Toronto and played football and hockey at Trinity School, Port Hope, and Trinity University. He left Trinity without a degree for the lure of the ticker in his father's office. He has the most exciting position in the firm, representing it on the floor. Mr. Osler is on the board of the Manufacturers' Life and other companies. Energetic, pleasant, of solid Osler temperament, he is popular both with the Exchange and clubs where men meet other men.

On and Off the Exchange.

Watering the Tea-Pot.

SOME market-wise people have been so long away from the farm that it was necessary to explain to them just what was meant by a "tea route" when in the preliminary announcement of the Canada Tea Company it was stated that this new enterprise had taken over five other companies operating tea routes from Peterboro', Toronto, Hamilton, Brantford and Woodstock. A tea route is no different from a milk route, except that the tea is generally sold to farmers and there is—or used to be—a great deal more money in it than in the purveying of milk to city dwellers. There would require to be rather handsome profits to make good the dividends which the Canada Tea Company promises to pay. In addition to \$75,000 of five per cent. bonds, and \$125,000 of seven per cent. preference stock the company assumes a dividend of five per cent. on \$300,000 of common stock, a large part of which is issued as a bonus. It was stated, however, that the earnings for the past six months of the five companies which have been taken over are sufficient in themselves to pay the fixed charges for the year and also a dividend on the common stock. All of which leads to the conviction that the farmer must pay a pretty handsome price for his tea.

Making Commercial History.

A CANADIAN record for commercial expansion has to be pretty badly smashed these days to attract any attention at all. For years we have been doing everything on a larger scale than in the previous year and we have become so accustomed to hearing of increases in every branch of industry that the almost colossal growth in our railroad earnings, for instance, ceases to excite any degree of wonder. Last week the bank clearings in nine Canadian cities increased over fifty per cent. Saskatoon—which is always present when commercial records are being discussed—had a modest little gain of 148 per cent.

Bank clearings, however, are not altogether a certain barometer of business. One town may have more than its share of branch banks and the banking will be more diversified than in a town where the leading industries happen to do their business with one institution. The latter place would, of course, compare poorly with the other in the matter of bank clearings.

But one has not to look far to corroborate the story which the clearings tell. The statistics of railway earnings are dependable enough and they are reflecting an expansion of commerce which is without parallel in the history of the country. This week brings to a close the Canadian Northern Railway's fiscal year and the statistics of the weekly earnings published from time to time throughout that period indicate a gain in gross of almost thirty per cent. The increase for the first fifty weeks of the year was \$4,179,200. This increase assumes a new importance when one remembers that the earnings in the entire previous year were only in the neighbourhood

Interest Return

When considering investments offering a high rate of interest, one should carefully investigate the security.

It is proper to look for as large returns as possible within the limits of absolute safety, but returns from securities of this kind do not exceed 4% to 5%. This is good interest return on an investment which, like Municipal Debentures, possesses perfect security. Insurance Companies, Trust Companies and Capitalists invest largely in Municipal Debentures and these securities are equally suitable for private funds.

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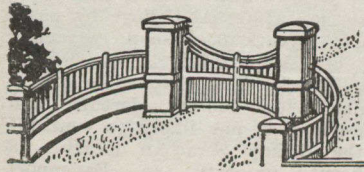
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- (C) Mineralogy and Geology.
- (D) Chemical Engineering.
- (E) Civil Engineering.
- (F) Mechanical Engineering.
- (G) Electrical Engineering.

19

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of \$14,368,000. Further—comparison with the earnings of the principal railroads of the United States makes the returns of our Canadian transportation appear almost unbelievable. No wonder the building programme of the Canadian roads for this season is more extensive than ever before. Railroadings is a profitable business in this country, and that this fact is appreciated abroad is shown by the reception tendered the Canadian Northern Railway borrowing in London last week. Although the London market has been decidedly nervous lately and some attractive Canadian offerings, notably the City of Winnipeg bond issue, have been very coldly received, the Canadian Northern \$7,000,000 four per cent. perpetual debenture stock issue at 95 was a relative success. While only thirty-six per cent. of the issue was taken by the public the price the stock brought testifies to the unshaken faith of Britain in things Canadian, and especially in railways.

Still Saving a Little.

THE announcement that the deposits in Canadian chartered banks had for the first time crossed the billion dollar mark was received with a good deal of complacency by those who took it as an evidence that in spite of the national tendency to gamble on the future the public generally was saving money. This is only partially true. Much the largest increase in deposits during the past year has been in the demand deposits, and, of course, a very large percentage of this represents the credits extended to the business communities by the banks. They exhibit rather a tendency towards the use than the saving of money. It is very satisfactory to find, however, that the interest bearing deposits, a very large part of which represents savings, were well over \$63,000,000 greater at the close of May than they were a year ago. In the month of May alone \$10,000,000 was added to the savings accounts of Canadian depositors.

Good Year for Tractions.

ALTHOUGH Ontario investors have found very handsome profits in traction enterprises outside of their own city, Montreal has generally had the advantage in market operations which have had the stock of the Toronto Railway Company as their basis. For this reason the buying of Toronto Railway, which strengthened the market considerably, has been regarded as important because it came from Montreal. There is no movement without an explanation, and there is promised by the bull element not only a bonus on the stock this year, but a considerable improvement in the position of the shareholders through an amalgamation of the different electrical propositions controlled by the Toronto Railway interests. This is only gossip, but it is what the market has acted upon.

Porcupine at Work.

THE awful truth that ninety-five per cent. of the gold mining propositions of the north country are doomed to failure is slowly dawning upon the investing public. The agencies by which the public mind was excited and the public money filched are silent now on Porcupine. The fever has spent itself, and now all the news from Porcupine interests only relatively a very small circle. But there has never been news of greater importance from any Canadian mining camp than has been furnished from responsible sources in the gold camp this week. Much has been added to prove that Porcupine is a gold camp. Technical opinion is not yet unanimous, and the camp has still its critics among those whose views command serious consideration, but the vital question of values at depth is being settled in the affirmative by the shafts sunk at different points over the prospected area.

The results attained on several of the properties are highly encouraging, and recently an authoritative statement from the engineer of the Temiskaming and Northern Railway commission put new heart into shareholders of several of the better known companies. It is quite within the mark to say that within a few months four or five Porcupine mining properties will be regularly shipping gold bricks.

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Canada's Most Famous Beer

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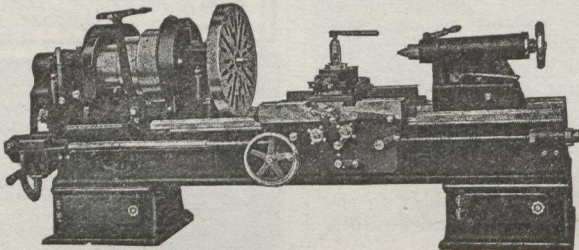
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Concerning Girls' Schools

By MARY JOSEPHINE TROTTER

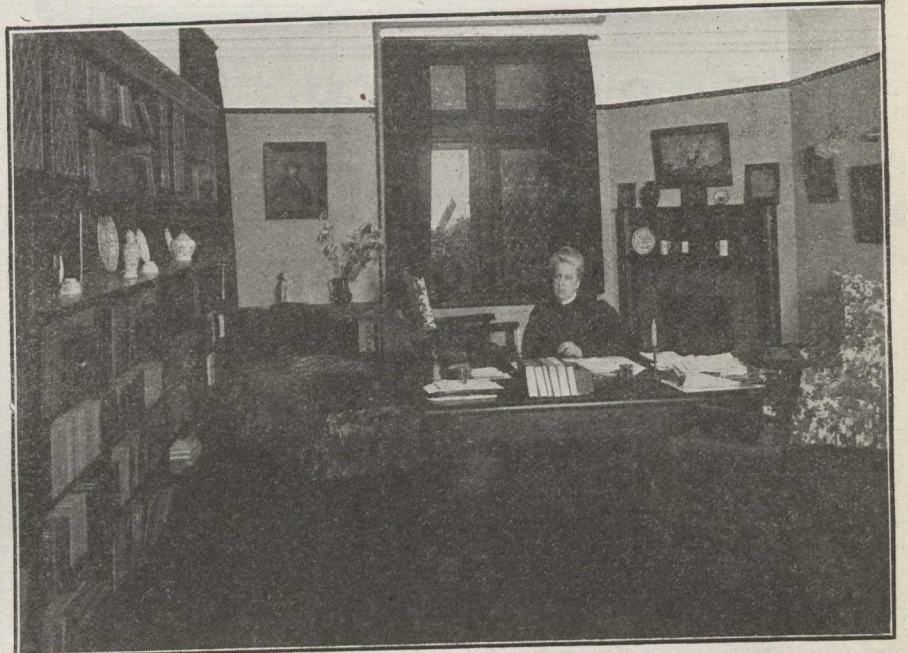
GRADUATION is in the air. Female youth is being graduated from this girls' boarding-school and that ladies' college wherever the same exist the country over. And as graduation is a roadway mark, not a start nor yet a destination, the two ways it indicates, the whither and the whence, are questions that introduce discussion.

Education in Canada, a generally recent growth, had no women's colleges, separate or otherwise, further back than a matter of two generations. Mount Allison College, Sackville, N. B., with a history covering a brief term of fifty-eight years, represents the oldest in the Dominion. The Wesleyan College, Hamilton—which has sometime ceased to exist—was incorporated five years later, the oldest in the Province of Ontario.

Nor is it to be supposed that these

pleasant taste in the mouth, even though one be not the favoured Princess Patricia, who lately sampled a Havergal macaroon. Royalty nibbles also; yes, it is true!

Older than Havergal College by nearly thirty years is Bishop Strachan School in its park-like enclosure on College Street. The site, while vastly convenient for concert, lecture and theatre-going, is not likely to continue long the Bishop Strachan location, a magnificent property on Davenport Heights being donated for an enlarged school building. A residence and day school under control of the Anglican Church, Bishop Strachan is in high repute for the excellent training it gives, whether it be in the full University entrance course, in kindergarten work, domestic art, music, or painting. The school has every facility for physical education, and to this department much



Miss Knox, the "Queen-Mother" of Havergal College, Toronto, is Here Seen Enscathed in Her Elegantly-Appointed Private Study at the School.

pioneer girls' schools partook to any conspicuous degree of the prunes-and-prisms nature, ascribed to many an old-land institution. More than at developing the sheep-painting and ditty-singing powers and instilling the conventional quota of religion, Canadian ladies' colleges have aimed, from the start, at giving their pupils a liberal education. In brief, they have always been more to their wares than the paint-brushes that finish for the market; they have been, always, previously, moulders and batting-machines.

The present regime emphasizes the batting-machine idea—pupils being directly shaped and moulded for after-life by the introduction of such subjects into the curriculum as domestic science, physical culture, commercial training and the like, calculated to be of immediate use. In addition, these, to the general culture courses.

ONTARIO, as the centre of educational interest, has, naturally, a greater number of high-grade residence schools than has any other province in the Dominion. And Toronto, by reason of associated advantage, has more than any other Ontario city.

Havergal, the largest of the girls' schools in Toronto, dates a progressive history from 1894, as a Church of England residence and day school. It has had to add repeatedly to its structural beginning, the original spacious quarters on Jarvis Street, and its latest enlargements include a department of household science, a swimming tank, new playgrounds, houses for isolation in sickness, and Havergal-on-the-Hill, a junior school. Attendance, at present, is four hundred odd, with fifty-five mistresses to man the various grades, under the able lady-principalship of Miss Knox. Havergal bestows the Havergal diploma, prepares for matriculation and covers two years' University work, and admits of separate courses in music and art. Havergal is refreshing to visit, leaves a

attention is given. The principal, Miss Walsh, is assisted by a large staff of teachers, all graduates, and necessarily such, of Canadian, English and foreign universities and training schools. The alumnae prove the efficiency of this training.

St. Margaret's College, on Bloor Street, is a residential and day school which measures up, in the excellence of its academic work, to the standard of any High School or Collegiate in the province. Pupils are prepared also for musical examinations for the University of Toronto, the Toronto Conservatory and the Toronto College of Music. Drs. Vogt, Ham, Tripp, Welsman and Blachford are among the instructors. There are twenty sound-deadened rooms for music practice and a large assembly hall for recitals and lectures. The departments of fine art, household science, elocution and physical culture, are, likewise, splendidly manned and fully equipped.

Moulton is a girls' preparatory school to McMaster College, and the stately building on Bloor Street was presented to the Baptist Church by Mrs. McMaster, widow of the late Senator McMaster, in 1888. Moulton gives special prominence to the literary courses, and lays stress, in the second place, on the music and fine art courses. Moulton is pre-eminently a home as well as a school, and it speaks well for the management of the principal, Miss Thrall, that this year's is the largest graduating class on record.

Glen Mawr, a residential and day school for girls, is far-famed for its high moral tone and the excellence of its training along lines both practical and scholastic. The grounds on Spadina Avenue, in which the building is set, afford the desirable scope for outdoor sport. Miss Veals, who has been associated with the school as principal from its inception, is retiring this year, and will be succeeded in office by Miss J. J. Stuart, of London, England.

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Westbourne College, opened in 1901 under the supervision of Misses Curlette and Dallas, has succeeded in its original aim of combining a refined home life with a strong educational verve. Westbourne, in addition to advantages along the more usual lines, has access, through the courtesy of Mr. McGillivray Knowles, to perhaps the most charming studio of art in the country.

Westminster College and Branksome Hall are similar high-grade schools of Toronto which, here, for the limit of space, must lack description.

OUTSIDE Toronto, yet still in Ontario, are Ottawa Ladies' College, located at Ottawa; Alma at St. Thomas, and the Ontario Ladies' College at Whitby—all three conspicuously successful and up-to-date. The first-named has been rapidly outgrowing its present quarters, and the site, which the Canadian Conservatory of Music closely adjoins, has just been sold for one hundred thousand dollars. The second, Alma, was the pioneer in introducing a household science department, and its equipment in this regard is exceptionally complete—the gift of Mrs. Lillian Massey Treble; and again a pioneer in self-government by the pupils, Alma has made the experiment with success. The Ontario Ladies' College, in magnificent quarters at Whitby, provides unrivalled accommodation from the standpoints of health, comfort and charm, and has full courses in all the established lines. The last two are under the Methodist control.

The Maritime Provinces are amply equipped with girls' schools, in the final degree, high-grade. Representative of such in Nova Scotia is Halifax Ladies' College and Conservatory of Music, which lays the stress uniformly on ALL the departments of work, and last year boasted an attendance of five hundred. The school prepares for the Universities of Dalhousie and McGill. Acadia Seminary at Wolfville, N. S., is the most charmingly situated girls' school in the whole Dominion, commanding one of the most noble of Canadian views. It provides accommodation for some one hundred girls, is affiliated with Acadia (Baptist) University, and has lately added a first-rate Fine Arts Building. Edgehill, a church school, at Windsor, N. S., attracts pupils from all parts of Canada and from the States, by the excellence of its training and its high refinement.

Sackville, New Brunswick, is famous for Mount Allison Ladies' College, which combines with an excellent college of literature and science, a museum of fine arts, a conservatory of music, and a Massey-Treble school of household science. Rothesay school for girls, at Rothesay, N. B., dates a prosperous history from 1892 and aims at being, primarily, a "home" school.

Girls' schools in Quebec are, for the most part, convents; but Montreal, in Trafalgar College, has a school of the foremost rank, as has also Compton in its widely-famed King's Hall.

THE democratic West has but few private schools, its educational energies at present moment coping with the necessity for new public schools, but those that do exist are of the highest order. Havergal College at Winnipeg, Man., is a high-class and flourishing institution. And plans are afoot for the incorporation, soon, of an excellent college at Red Deer, Alberta. British Columbia's best-known school is St. George's, at Victoria, with an attendance of some ninety (information, in this case, not official), which prepares pupils for the University entrance examinations and provides courses in the modern practical lines.

The maidenhood of the West is not deprived, however, of the advantages of the East in private education. The East and the West are one, in other words, within the walls of the majority of Canada's girls' schools, and every roll has its quota of Western names.

As to the future, the prospect is bright for the growth and development of girls' schools. There will always be mothers who will desire for their daughters those influences of refinement exerted in private schools more potently than in public education. And with the increase of wealth and progress in general in the Dominion will come the wider fulfilment of that desire.



The Royal Military College of Canada

THERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College of Canada. Notwithstanding this, its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving instruction in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact, it corresponds to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and there is in addition a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such an important part of the College course. Medical attendance is also provided.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis the cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound modern education.

The course includes a thorough grounding in Mathematics, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the course, and, in

addition, the constant practice of gymnastics, drills and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures health and excellent physical condition.

Commissions in all branches of the Imperial service and Canadian Permanent Force are offered annually.

The diploma of graduation is considered by the authorities conducting the examination for Dominion Land Surveyor to be equivalent to a university degree, and by the Regulations of the Law Society of Ontario, it obtains the same exemptions as a B.A. degree.

The length of the course is three years, in three terms of 9 1-2 months each.

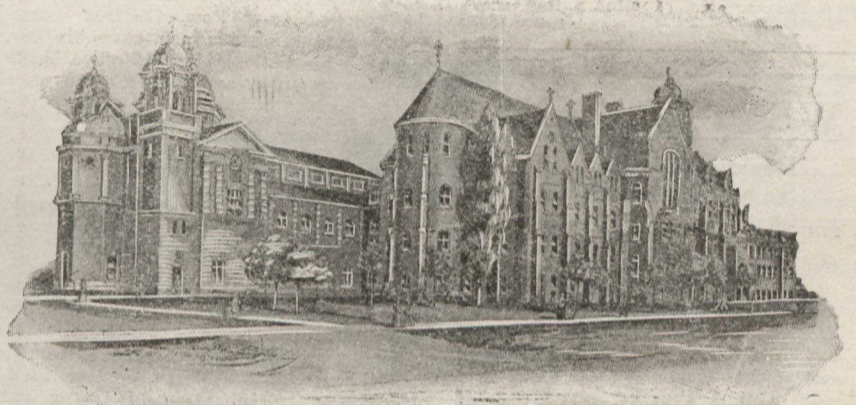
The total cost of the course, including board, uniform, instructional material, and all extras, is about \$800.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College, takes place in May of each year, at the headquarters of the several military districts.

For full particulars regarding this examination and for any other information, application should be made to the Secretary of the Militia Council, Ottawa, Ont.; or to the Commandant, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.

H.Q. 94-5.

9-09.



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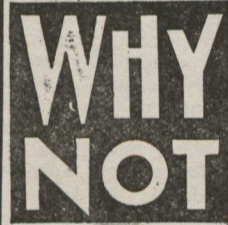
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UNIVERSITY KINGSTON • • • ONTARIO

Personalities and Problems

(Concluded from page 7.)

of the dark ages; to get rid of which must be the first step towards modernizing Quebec.

Very probably he will keep on hammering at this until some one thing is done to start the wheel of reform. Langlois believes in his crusade whether asleep or awake. He has no intention of forcing the hand of Premier Gouin. He remembers when, under old Premier Marchand, in 1898, there was an attempt to do some such thing as he advocates now—the creation of a portfolio of education, whereby the schooling of children in Quebec should be detached from the Church and given over to the public, who should pay the taxes through regular political machinery. But that was nipped in the bud. The reform did not come.

Now he begins to believe it must come. Conditions are changing. Modern Canada and mediaeval Quebec do not harmonize. Langlois would modernize Quebec. He would take public instruction out of the hands of the clergy. He would do this because he believes in the French-Canadian—his own way; from his own particular angle; and he is as much one of them as any bishop at Three Rivers or Chicoutimi.

And he is a young man. He is keeping in touch with the man on the street; down at the ward meetings; at the Labour Temple; studying the art of open-air politics and letting indoor counsels take care of themselves. He is a wise radical; a master of popular statecraft; and he is one of the happiest men alive.

In fact, I should guess that he construes the latest intimation from the pulpit of St. James as a very good stroke of advertising for Le Pays. And it's a safe conjecture that if Le Pays were to be stopped to-morrow, Godfroy Langlois would stick his pen over his ear, pack up his little cabinet of office books and set up a new sanctum in a garret.

The next article in the series will deal with Archbishop Bruchesi.

Place of the Private School

(Concluded from page 7.)

the private school, is that the public school is a school; the private school is a school and a home.

Because it is not part of a system, a private school can, with greater facility, take the initiative in trying out new ideas in education. The private schools of Canada are much in advance of the public schools in the matter of attention they give to the physical welfare of their students. In this respect they could point lessons to even our universities. The state schools foster love for sport, but they do not incorporate athletics as an essential part of the educative programme. The boys at the private schools are compelled to undergo athletic training, just as they are required to learn Latin, French or history. Every boy is medically examined. His physique is measured, and he is obliged to take prescribed exercises, which will round out the hollows in his chest, remove curvature, strengthen his muscles, and make him a sound, spirited specimen of manhood. At St. Andrew's College a boy who neglects his gymnasium classes is not allowed out of bounds on Saturday afternoon. He is "gated." So particular are the private schools about physical training, that they spend big sums in equipment. Ridley College, St. Catharines, recently erected a gymnasium which is larger and more up-to-date than the former gymnasium at the University of Toronto. This school emphasizes physical training. It is situated in the Niagara fruit district on a large farm, which supplies most of the provisions used at the school. In rural ozone, Ridley boys find an outlet for their activities on the farm, the cricket or football fields, in the gymnasium or the skating rink.

The private schools of Canada are not concerned with developing intellectual prodigies or athletic gladiators. They are trying to evolve boys of character who can hold their own physically and mentally with their fellows; boys with the stamp on them of the school from which they go forth into the world.

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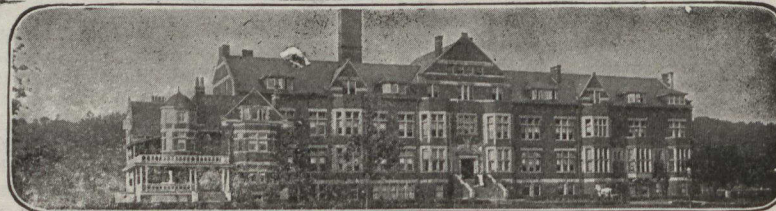
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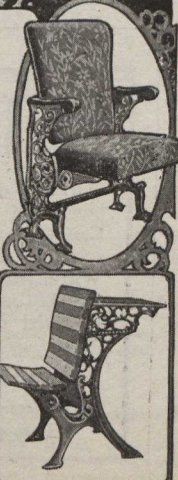
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Lord Lockington

(Continued from page 16.)

bottom of the stairs when she met the housekeeper, who was coming into the hall from the back of the house.

Mrs. Holland looked pale, frightened, and distressed, and it was evident that she had been crying. She laid her hand gently upon Edna's arm. "I was coming for you, my dear," she whispered, affectionately, in her ear; "you are wanted in the White Saloon."

"I! Oh, no. I want you to send for a fly for me, please, Mrs. Holland. Lady Lockington has ordered me to go away."

Mrs. Holland shook her head. "You've got to come with me first," she said. "Those are my orders from the new master, and I must obey them."

"The new master! Oh, who is he?" "Hush!" said the housekeeper, with a frightened look. "You'll hear all about it very soon, but I daren't be seen here talking to you, lest my Lady's people should hear it, and say more about leagues and conspiracies. This way, my dear, this way."

She was leading Edna with a firm hand and step towards the White Saloon. When they reached it she opened the door quickly, and pushed Edna forward.

Before the girl could turn round to ask whether she were not coming in too, the housekeeper had shut the door behind her, and the girl found herself, unsupported, inside the drawing-room, and in the presence of two gentlemen.

The elder of the two men, a dry-looking, thin, middle-aged man, addressed her. "Miss Bellamy, I believe?"

At the same time the second gentleman placed a chair for her.

Edna glanced quickly at him as she bowed her head and seated herself, and a deep flush suffused her cheeks as she met his eyes.

He was tall, slightly-built, dark-complexioned, and exceedingly good-looking, and a suspicion flashed through Edna's mind, and perhaps flashed out of her blue eyes. He did not say a word, and that fact strengthened the impression she had already received concerning him.

The older man went on: "My name is Ringford, and I am Lord Lockington's solicitor. This"—and he indicated his companion, who had sunk into a seat opposite to Edna, but a long way off and near the window—"is Mr. John Lockington, the late Viscount's cousin, of whom no doubt you have heard."

Edna bowed her head in acknowledgment. Neither she nor the younger man had as yet spoken a word.

"I have taken the liberty of sending for you, Miss Bellamy, at a time when I would not have disturbed you except for an important matter, because I was informed that you were going to leave the house immediately."

Then she spoke for the first time. "I have to go," she said, in a tremulous voice. "Lady Lockington wishes it."

The two gentlemen exchanged a quick look, not of surprise.

The lawyer went on: "Well, that we will arrange with her Ladyship. When I tell you that it was the wish of the late Lord Lockington that you should remain here, and that it is also the wish of the present Viscount—" Edna started, turned crimson, glanced at the younger man, and looked down again, with the daylight showing full on her fair face, "you will not, I'm sure, put any obstacle in the way of their wishes. I had better take this opportunity of saying that both the late Lord Lockington and the present one were deeply touched by the way in which you fulfilled the duties you had undertaken here, and that your presence gave the greatest pleasure to the late Viscount which it was possible for him to enjoy."

The girl looked up with streaming eyes. "I don't understand," she said, tremulously. "I had nothing to do, nothing but what was pleasant to me, nothing but what I loved to do. I am deeply, deeply grateful and glad to hear what you tell me, but indeed it makes me feel like an imposter, because the goodness was all on his side. I was very happy—I'm—I'm only distressed to think"—she stopped a moment to sob, and went on again in a panting whisper—"that it's all over, that—that I can't do any more!"

The younger man got up quickly from his chair, and went to stand in the furthest of the three great windows. Seeing

**Official Calendar of the Department of Education for Ontario
July to December, 1912**

July:

1. DOMINION DAY (Monday). Arbitrators to settle basis of taxation in Union School Sections if Assessors disagree. (On or before 1st July). [P. S. Act, sec. 29 (5)]. Last day for establishing new High Schools by County Councils. [H. S. Act, sec. 7]. (On or before 1st July).
15. Inspectors' Reports of Fifth Forms due. (On or before 15th July).

August:

1. Legislative grant for Urban Public and Separate Schools payable to Municipal Treasurers, for Rural Public and Separate Schools payable to County Treasurers and first instalment to District Trustees, and special grant to Urban School Boards. [D. E. Act, sec. 6]. (On or before 1st August). Notice by Trustees to Municipal Councils respecting indigent children, due. [P. S. Act, sec. 72 (1); S. S. Act, sec. 28 (13)]. (On or before 1st August). Estimates from School Boards to Municipal Councils for assessment for School purposes, due. [H. S. Act, sec. 24 (h); P. S. Act, sec. 72 (n); S. S. Act, sec. 28 (9); sec. 33 (5)]. (On or before 1st August). High School Trustees to certify to County Treasurers the amount collected from county pupils. [H. S. Act, sec. 24 (k)]. (On or before 1st August).
6. Examinations for Commercial and Art Specialists begin.
15. Last day for receiving applications for admission to Model Schools. [Model School syllabus].
31. Last day for receiving appeals against the Midsummer Examinations. [H. S. Regs., page 60, sec. 17 (2)]. (Before September 1st). Last Day for receiving application to write on Supplemental Matriculation Examination. [Cir. 24]. (Up to September 1st).

September:

2. LABOUR DAY. (1st Monday in September).
3. High, Public and Separate Schools open. [H. S. Act, sec. 51. (High Schools first term opens, 1st Tuesday in September)]. [P. S. Act, sec. 7; S. S. Act, sec. 81]. (1st day of September). Last day for receiving applications for admission to Normal Schools. [Normal School syllabus]. Model Schools open. [Model School syllabus].
9. Supplemental Matriculation Examination begins.
10. September Normal Entrance Examination in Lower School subjects begins.
24. Normal Schools open. [Normal School syllabus].

October:

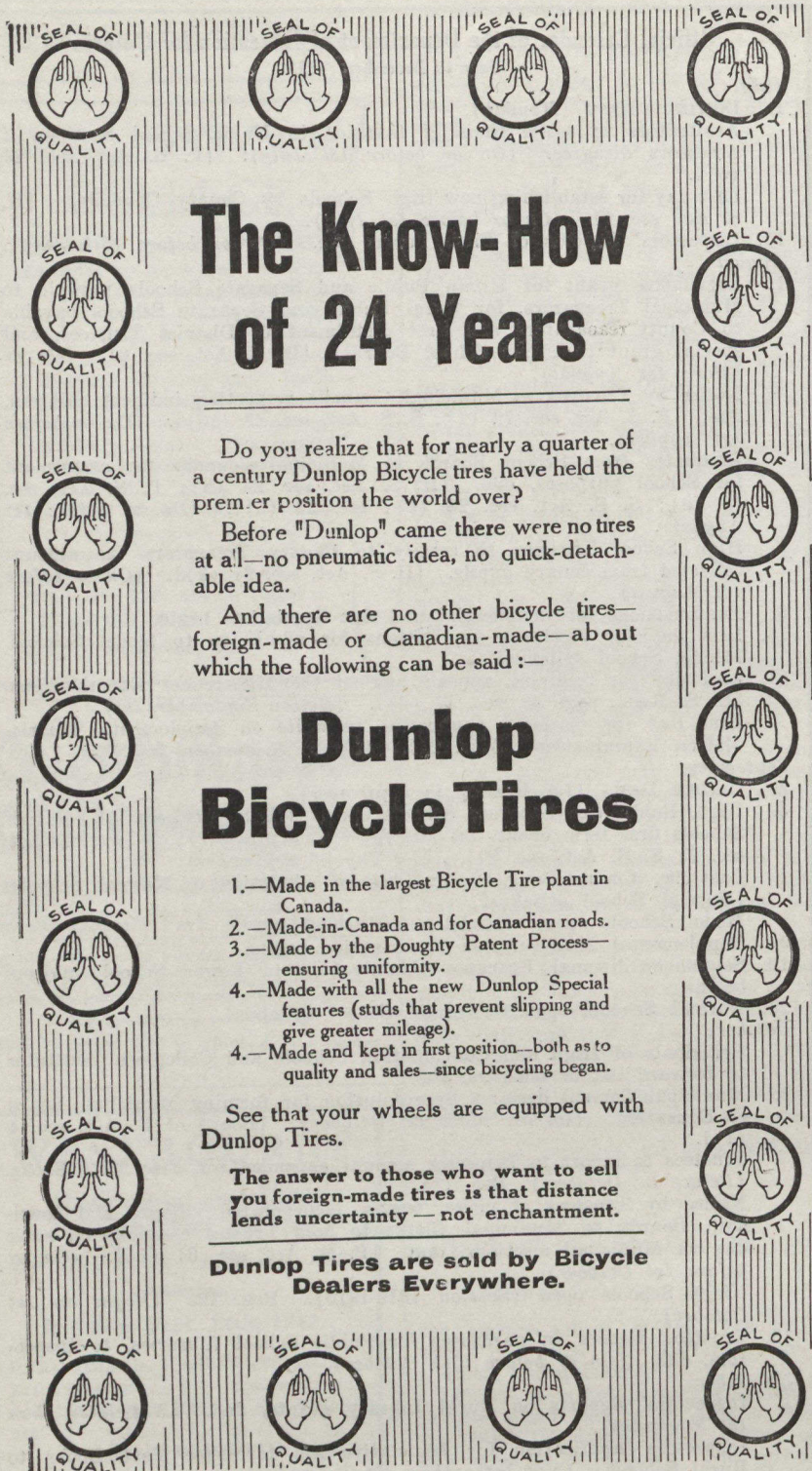
- Principals of High and Continuation Schools and Collegiate Institutes to forward list of teachers, etc.
1. Municipal Council declares by resolution for forming Municipal Board of Education. (On or before 1st October). [Board of E. Act, sec. 4 (1)]. Trustees to report to Inspector amount expended for Free Text Books. (Before 1st October.) Reg. 114. Notice by Trustees of cities, towns, incorporated villages and township Boards to Municipal Clerks to hold Trustee elections on same day as Municipal elections, due. [P. S. Act, sec. 61 (1)]. (On or before 1st October). Night Schools open (Session 1912-1913). Reg. 12. (Begin on 1st October).
15. Trustees' Report on purchases for Public School Libraries, to Inspectors, due. (On or before 15th October).

November:

1. Inspectors' Reports on Rural Library grants, due. (Not later than 1st November). Inspectors' application for Legislative aid for Free Text Books to Rural Schools. (Not later than 1st November).
30. Last day for appointment for School Auditors by Public and Separate School Trustees. [P. S. Act, sec. 78 (1); S. S. Act, sec. 28 (5)]. (On or before 1st December). Township Clerk to furnish to the School Inspector information of average assessment, etc., of each School Section. (On or before 1st December). [P. S. Act, sec. 48 (4)]. Legislative grant payable to Trustees of Rural Public and Separate Schools in Districts, second instalment. [D. E. Act, sec. 6 (i)]. (On or before 1st December).

December:

9. Model School Final Examination begins.
10. Returning officers named by resolution of Public School Board. [P. S. Act, sec. 60 (b)]. (Before 2nd Wednesday in December). Last day for Public and Separate School Trustees to fix places for nomination of Trustees. [P. S. Act, sec. 60 (b); S. S. Act, sec. 31 (5)]. (Before 2nd Wednesday in December).
13. Model Schools close. [Model School Syllabus].
14. Local assessment to be paid Separate School Trustees. [S. S. Act, sec. 58]. (Not later than 14th December). County Council to pay \$500 to High School and Continuation School where Agricultural Department is established. (On or before 15th December). [Cont. S. Act, sec. 10 (3); H. S. Act, sec. 33 (2)]. Municipal Councils to pay Municipal Grants to High School Boards. [H. S. Act, sec. 33 (1), 35 (1-4)]. (On or before 15th December).
20. Normal Schools (first term) close. [Normal School syllabus]. High Schools, first term, and Public and Separate Schools close. [H. S. Act, sec. 51; P. S. Act, sec. 7; S. S. Act, sec. 81]. (End 22nd December).
25. CHRISTMAS DAY (Wednesday). New Schools, alterations of School boundaries and consolidated Schools go into operation or take effect. [P. S. Act, sec. 16 (10); sec. 17 (6); sec. 21 (15); sec. 32 (7); sec. 15 (2); S. S. Act, sec. 4]. (Not to take effect before 25th December).
26. Annual meetings of supporters of Public and Separate Schools. [P. S. Act, sec. 53 (1); sec. 60 (a); S. S. Act, sec. 27 (1); sec. 31 (1)]. (Last Wednesday in December, or day following if a holiday).
31. High School Treasurers to receive all moneys collected for permanent improvements. [H. S. Act, sec. 40]. (On or before 31st December). Protestant Separate School Trustees to transmit to County Inspectors names and attendance during the last preceding six months. [S. S. Act, sec. 12]. (On or before 31st December). Auditors' Reports of cities, towns and incorporated villages to be published by Trustees. [P. S. Act, sec. 72 (p)]. (At end of year).



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his figure thus silhouetted against the light in the distance, Edna knew certainly that of which she had previously felt almost sure—that this was the man whom she had taken for Lord Lockington, the man with whom she had conversed in the library and in the shut-up drawing-rooms.

She moved restlessly, wishing that she might go away, but not daring to move until she was dismissed. And as she sat there, and the lawyer took out a notebook and turned the leaves slowly, looking for some entry he had made, there was another footstep outside, the door opened quickly, and Lady Lockington came in.

As Edna glanced round at her and sprang to her feet, prepared for an indignant rebuke on the lady's part, and a question as to why she had not left the house, she noticed that Lady Lockington looked alarmed and amazed rather than angry, as her gaze travelled from the solicitor to the other occupant of the room.

And Edna noticed that Mr. John Lockington, with the evident wish to escape observation, was trying to squeeze himself into obscurity behind the window-curtains. An exclamation broke from Lady Lockington's lips. She stopped in the middle of the floor, then took a few steps towards the distant figure, and stopping short again exclaimed in tones of the most intense astonishment, coupled with a certain vague fear and dismay:

"Mr. Kage!" Then after a moment's pause she asked, almost fiercely: "What are you doing here?"

Edna, at the sound of the name, sank back again into her seat, too much overwhelmed by the surprise to be able to stand.

CHAPTER XXV.

THERE was a short spell of dead silence, and then the lawyer spoke.

"It's very unfortunate, Lady Lockington," he said, "that we have to enter upon explanations at such a time as this. Can it not be put off for a little while? You can see for yourself that there is something to be explained; and I admit it; but as one who has only just learnt all the circumstances, I would put it to you whether in the interests of—of all parties—it would not be better to defer discussion of the various matters suggested by this meeting until a more convenient time?"

Lady Lockington, however, showed plainly that she would not be put off—that she would have the matter sifted there and then.

Walking steadily up the room until she was opposite to the young man, she said, curtly: "What are you doing here, Mr. Kage?"

Then he came forward, and said, humbly and gently: "I'm sorry you would not take Mr. Ringford's advice, and that you force me to an explanation now. I am John Lockington, your husband's cousin. And it was at his urgent request, as Mr. Ringford will tell you, that I settled at the Home Farm under the name of Kage, passing myself off as the son of his old trainer, Richard Kage, in order to be near him."

Edna was crouching in her chair, overwhelmed, although she had expected this revelation by the sound of the well-known voice. Mr. Tom Kage, then, was John Lockington, the Viscount's cousin and heir, and it was he who had had those strange interviews with her, when he would not let her see his face! It was his voice, too, she was now suddenly sure that she had heard outside the house on the night of her arrival, humming the air of the song she had been singing in that very room!

This knowledge, overwhelming as Edna found it, scarcely affected her as much as another aspect of it did Lady Lockington. She grew red with confusion and anger as she said, haughtily:

"You, then, with all your profession of regard and liking for me, and your visits to me, did not scruple to play me a trick, to pass yourself off upon me as Tom Kage, when you were all the while visiting my husband in your own character of Jack Lockington?"

"No one can regret more sincerely than I," said he, gravely, "the necessity for the deception."

"Why was it necessary?"
"Because my cousin wished it. His will was always law to me, just as he was my pattern and my hero in the old days



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when I was a boy and he a young man, so he was always my hero to the end, when he had scarcely another friend than me in the world, Lady Lockington."

She was shaking with indignation and dismay. For she could not fail to remember, at that moment, that she had been from time to time much too candid in her expressions of opinion both about her husband and his cousin; and now to find that she had been expressing those opinions to one of the subjects of them was mortifying indeed.

"It was very—chivalrous," she said, goldly.

"It was regrettable, and I have always regretted the part I was forced to play," said he. "You will remember, Lady Lockington, that I have always done my best to induce you to see things differently."

She paid no heed to his words, but, turning upon him sharply, with a new idea, said: "Were you really ill at all this morning? The story about an accident to you was made up, I suppose?"

"Not exactly. I can tell the whole truth now. My cousin, who was to the end as fond of riding and sport as in the old days when he rode to hounds four times a week, got me to help him to gratify his tastes without having the whole countryside watching for him, as would have been the case if they had had any suspicion of the truth that it was Lord Lockington, and not his trainer's son, Tom Kage, who was in the habit of riding about the country at night."

An exclamation broke from the lips, not only of Lady Lockington but of Edna, as she listened and understood at once the mystery of the underground passages. Now she understood, too, the reason why Lord Lockington's cousin, roaming about the Hall as he wished without being seen to enter or to leave it, was unable to appear to her in his character of Tom Kage, the trainer's son, who was supposed never to enter the Hall except when Lady Lockington was there.

By means of the secret passage, the late Viscount had been able to pass by night to the Home Farm, and there, in the character of the supposed Tom Kage, to ride off on one of the wild expeditions which worked off the superfluous energy of his nature. By means of these passages, again, Jack Lockington was able to come to the Hall unknown to either his own servants or those of the Hall, and to cheer his cousin by talk of the sports which they both loved. Even to him, so Edna learnt later, the late Viscount never showed his disfigured face: he would converse with his young cousin while he was in one room and the younger man was in the other, or with a curtain or a screen always between them.

"It was a dangerous pastime," continued Jack Lockington. "His eyesight was impaired, as you know, Lady Lockington, but still he would not be stopped, he would not be interfered with. It was not only riding that he loved: he used sometimes to drive a motor-car at night along the country roads, always at a speed which would have subjected him to a heavy fine if he had been caught. It was I who persuaded him to give up that, and to stick to the riding, as being the less dangerous of the two. But even that, of course, was risky enough, and he paid the penalty at last. Last night he had a bad accident—"

"He had!"

"Yes. And we brought him into my house."

"Why was I not sent for?"

"Because my cousin refused to allow it. He was afraid of shocking you again."

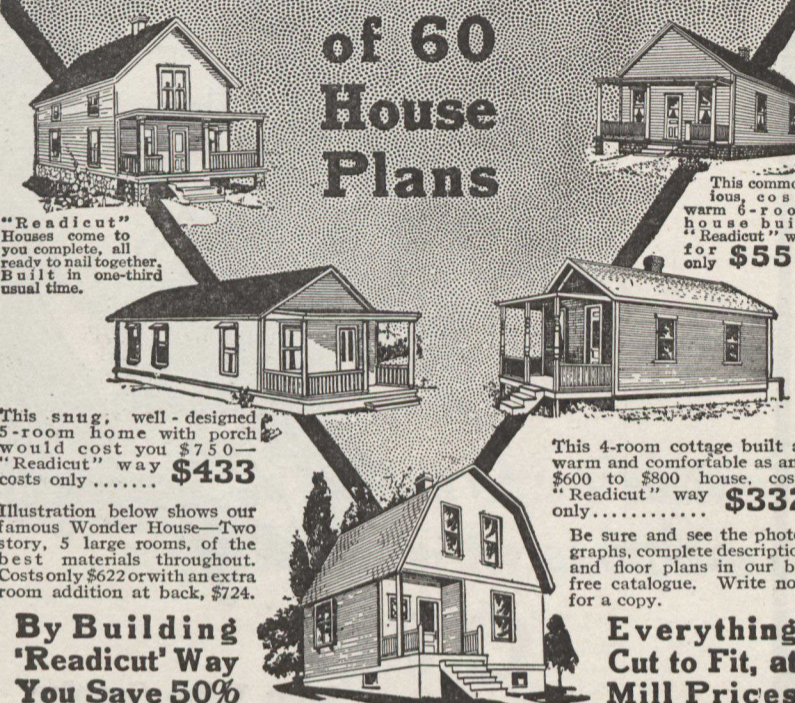
She turned away, wounded, offended, angry. "But this girl—she was at your house? Was she sent for?"

"Miss Bellamy? Yes."

"So that this singing girl—"

The young man's voice was changed, stern, imperious, as he cut her short: "This lady was sent for by his wish, because she had given him the greatest joy he had known since his misfortune fell upon him; and it was I who took her to him, I who am responsible for her being engaged, I who now request her to stay here, under your care, Lady Lockington, if you will allow it, or, if not, under that of her aunt, until I have found time and opportunity to say to her something which I am dying to say, but which, at such a sad time as the present, I must perforce keep to myself. I hope

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that you understand what it is; I hope she understands also. And I hope she will listen to me, when I am able to speak to her, with as much kindness and sweetness as she has always shown both to me, whom she has never seen before, and to my dear cousin."

There was a rather long pause, during which the young man, evidently much excited, turned away and walked with the lawyer into one of the windows. Lady Lockington, having entirely recovered her self-control, and having recognized, without any shadow of doubt, that the star of the singing-girl was in the ascendant, and that friends ought to be made with her without delay, moved with a stately step towards that end of the room where Edna was still cowering, trembling and tearful, in her chair. Sitting beside her, the widowed Viscountess put her hand gently on the girl's arm, and said:

"Miss Bellamy, forgive me. I didn't understand. Now that I know how much you did for my dear husband, I thank you, and I am glad to learn that you have been as much appreciated as you deserve."

She was much too accomplished a woman of the world not to be able to say this with kindness which overwhelmed the inexperienced girl. And when she leant over her and kissed the girl's forehead, Edna sobbed out:

"Oh, you are very kind, very kind. Thank you with all my heart."

Edna could scarcely believe she was not dreaming, as the two gentlemen then discussed before her certain details of the strange story of the dead man's deception, and answered the questions of Lady Lockington, who remained beside the girl, holding her hand.

"I think," said Lady Lockington, "you might have taken more care to avoid gossip. A little dressmaker whom I employ when I am down here told me that Mr. Kage had set the people of the neighbourhood talking by his enthusiasm about Miss Bellamy."

"Well, it happens that this dressmaker is a great friend of my old housekeeper," said Jack Lockington, "and she must have heard me express what I thought of the young musician at the Hall. It was I who recommended my cousin to engage a lady, preferably a young lady, to sing and play for his amusement. And, feeling myself responsible for her introduction, I took care to see her almost as soon as my cousin himself did, and to judge of the chances of her pleasing him with her music."

Edna, with a crimson face, sat up. "And was it you or Lord Lockington who used to play the organ?" she asked, suddenly.

"It was I. He sat listening to us both."

Shivering and feeling as if she could scarcely bear the whirl of feelings and of thoughts which seemed to be making tumult within her, Edna went quickly out of the room.

She had not reached the staircase, however, when a hand was laid softly upon her arm from behind, and she stopped, knowing that she could not escape.

"Miss Bellamy," whispered Jack, unsteadily, "I ought not to speak to you now; it's not fair, I know. But I must know whether you are going to stay here. It was my cousin's wish as well as mine. Dismiss from your mind any nonsense you may have been told that he was bad, or mad, or anything but unhappy and passionate. And believe that he wished you nothing but good."

"I've never had any such idea," said she, earnestly. "My only regret is that he wouldn't let me see him. He wouldn't have shocked me."

"You have seen him," said Jack Lockington, gently. "It was my cousin and not myself whom you saw lying, in a crazy fit of despair, on the grass in the park, by the entrance to the underground passage."

Edna drew a long breath. "I'm glad of that," she said. "And—of course, I'll stay—if you wish it."

"I wish it, and I wish more than that," said he; and as he printed a kiss on her forehead, in spite of herself, he added, in a whisper: "I wish you to remain here for ever. I want you to be Lady Lockington. And my cousin wished it also. In his name as well as my own I shall ask you, when we have got over the sadness and sorrow of these first few days, to be my wife, Edna."

THE END.

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