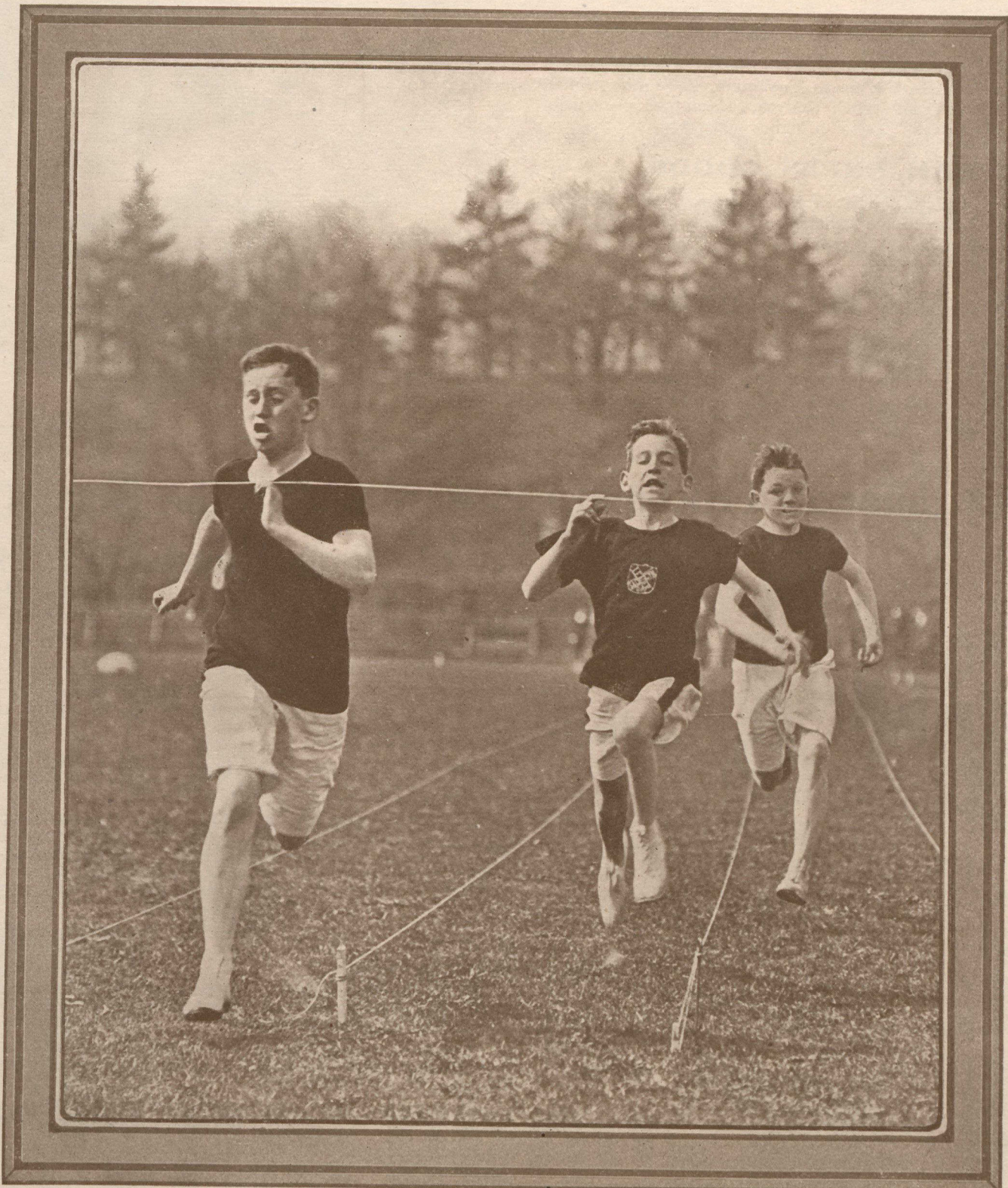


The Canadian ●
Courier
 THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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EDUCATION NUMBER

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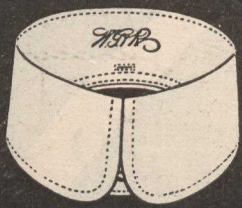
• HENRY • HUTT •

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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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CAMP COMFORT IN THE CITY

A man naturally gets into a woollen shirt and sweater when camping.

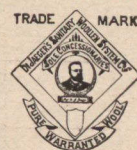
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T H E

Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 6

Toronto, June 19th, 1909

No. 3

MEN OF TO-DAY

A New Dean of Pedagogy

DR. S. B. SINCLAIR recently appointed Dean of the School for Teachers, Macdonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, comes to this honour through a series of pedagogic achievements. Dr. Sinclair is of Highland Scotch descent, with the appreciation of scholarship and capacity for hard work which characterise the Scottish student. He was born in Ridgetown, Ontario, where he received his early education, afterwards going to Hamilton Collegiate Institute and subsequently receiving the degree of B.A. from Victoria University and of M.A. from the University of Toronto, also Ph.D. from the University of Chicago. Scores of Canadian youths enter upon the teaching profession in rural and village communities, with no intention of making pedagogy a life work. But, from the first, Dr. Sinclair was enthusiastic in his chosen sphere, and has lost no opportunity to equip himself thoroughly for either the public school class-room or the lecture in the university hall. After several years experience in public and high school work, he was appointed Principal of the Hamilton Teachers' Training School. In 1893 he became Vice-Principal of the Ottawa Normal School. Dr. Sinclair's educational articles and addresses have been marked by a depth and earnestness essential to the educator who realises the opportunities of his profession. In his new position, formerly held by Dr. George H. Locke, Librarian, Toronto, the results of Dr. Sinclair's ripe experience in pedagogy will be of utmost benefit to a large body of students and teachers in one of the greatest educational institutions in the Dominion. "Macdonald" in both Ontario and Quebec stands for progress.



Dr. Edward Fisher,

Director, Toronto Conservatory of Music.

A Leader in Musical Teaching

THIS country has contributed many of her brightest intellects to the enrichment of the United States, and Uncle Sam has been almost equally generous in lending his notables in return. From the State of Vermont came Dr. Edward Fisher, a pioneer and a leading spirit of higher musical culture in Canada. His name is inseparably associated with the Toronto Conservatory of Music, founded by him in 1887. Eminent teachers of Boston, like Sharband, Thayer, and Eicheberg guided Dr. Fisher's early musical tendencies. He also studied under Loeschorn and August Haupt at the German Capital. His first Canadian appointment was at the Ottawa Ladies' College in 1875. His experience there and elsewhere in Canada was of considerable value to him when he decided to start a school of his own ten years later, of which the Toronto Conservatory of Music is the result. That institution began with two hundred students; it has now an enrollment of twelve hundred.

Canadians are not remarkable for musical ability, but year by year their reputation in this respect grows greater. National independence and self-reliance will come in music as in other spheres.

A New Ontario Minister

WHEN Mr. Isaac Benson Lucas, K.C., M.P. P., first came to Queen's Park, Toronto, the press gallery dubbed him the "boy orator." Eloquence is not his only asset. Mr. Lucas possesses a thinking cap. This he has proven during the past three sessions of the assembly by the intuition which he has shown, and the business-like qualities which he has displayed before the Private Bills Committee. Now he gets the reward which comes to ability and application. Sir James Whitney the other day welcomed him into the Ontario Cabinet as minister without portfolio. Mr. Lucas was born in Warwick Township, Lambton county, in 1865. His education prior to entering the legal profession, was obtained at the well-known Strathroy Collegiate Institute. He received his first taste of politics in 1898, when he was elected to the Legislature for Centre Grey. His interest in his constituents has occasioned a triumph at every contest since. The duties of the new Minister will largely be concerned, for some time at least, with telephone jurisdiction and the revision of the Assessment Act.

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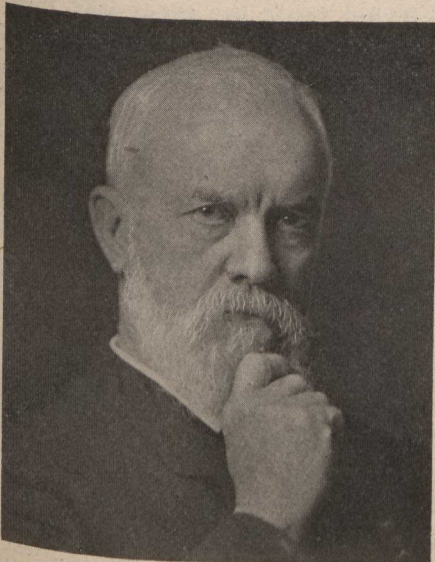
A Democratic Church-Worker

NOT a few business houses would be glad to have a string attached to the services of Mr. Herbert K. Caskey. His executive ability would probably long ago have brought him wealth were he hearkening to material prosperity. But Mr. Caskey early heard the "higher call." He went into church work on scientific principles. He joined the Y. M. C. A. at Youngstown, Ohio, and soon became general secretary there. Philadelphia heard of his work, and, in consequence, he moved to that greater field of opportunity. The Philadelphia post afforded him ample scope for the study of modern sociological problems. About a year ago Mr. J. Campbell White, of New York, was on the hunt for a man knowing something of the meaning of life to help him propagate the gospel of the "Haystack prayer meeting." H. K. Caskey appeared to fill the bill to a nicety, and so he became Mr. White's right hand man. Then, shortly after this, a sudden wave of chivalry, emanating from the United States, swept over the men of Canada. It culminated in the formation of the Canadian Laymen's Missionary Movement, to relieve femininity of somewhat of the burden of caring for the heathen. A great congress was decided on to advertise the new project. Mr. Caskey was called on to do the organisation work. The success which he made of it and the congress at Massey Hall, Toronto, inspired the committee to offer him his present position as permanent secretary of the movement in Canada.

* * *

A Veteran Archaeologist

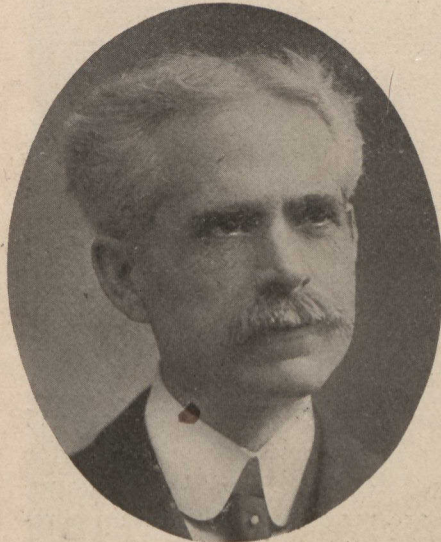
THE career of Mr. David Boyle exemplifies the opportunity for distinction which this country offers to young men born to pewter instead of silver. Mr. Boyle began life in Canada at the blacksmith's forge; to-day he is recognised among the foremost of



Dr. David Boyle,
Ontario's Provincial Archaeologist



Hon. Isaac B. Lucas,
New Cabinet Minister, Ontario



Dr. S. B. Sinclair,
Who goes to Macdonald College



Mr. Herbert K. Caskey,
Secretary Laymen's Missionary Movement

archaeological and ethnological scholars in America. The number of scientific societies which claim him as an honorary member must cause him strenuous labour to keep in touch with them.

Mr. Boyle came to Canada in the year 1856, a raw Scotch lad fresh from his home at Greenock, Renfrewshire, Scotland. The anvil did not long suit the tendency of his mind; he liked books better, and kept pegging away at them when the heavy hammer was laid aside for the night. He became a teacher in the Elora public school. There he became interested in Indian relics, and formed his first museum of tomahawks, flint-heads, and redmen's skulls. This collection Mr. Boyle presented to the Canadian Institute. For many years now he has been Superintendent of the Ontario Provincial Museum, which has a continental reputation. He holds, too, the offices of Curator of the Canadian Institute and that of Provincial Archaeologist. Dr. Boyle is also something of a literary man. He is the jovial Andrew McSparkle of the *Scottish American*, and has contributed to other publications on various subjects. Last week, a special convocation of the University of Toronto was held at his bedside to confer upon him the honorary degree of LL.D.

REFLECTIONS

BECAUSE British periodicals now come cheaply into Canada, Canadians are able to read fuller reports of all Imperial conferences and other far-reaching movements. London is the centre of the Empire, and papers from London are as important to certain classes of Canadians as the papers of Toronto are to the residents of the smaller towns in Ontario. There was a time when British papers were mailed to Canada at eight cents a pound, and few came; now the rate is two cents a pound and many come. This was an Imperial reform which is having a tremendous effect upon Canada's familiarity with discussions, movements and political events in Great Britain.

THE establishment of the Canadian Associated Press for sending news cables from London to Canada direct was another event of similar importance. During the past fortnight, excellent and lengthy reports of the press conference have been printed in all the Canadian dailies. Before the formation of the C. A. P., practically all press cables from Great Britain were written by the correspondents of United States papers and came via New York. Now they are written by Canadians, come to Cape Breton, and are thence distributed through Canadian territory. The service is bonused by the Dominion Government and managed by a committee of Canadian publishers. The benefits are manifest, and every thinking Canadian must appreciate the value of this link in the Imperial news-chain.

THE other day the passenger manager of one of the largest Canadian railways issued instructions to the man in charge of news agents who sell papers on railway trains and at railway stations that Canadian newspapers and periodicals should have the preference so far as is consistent with the demands of the public. This is an excellent idea. When asked about it, this grand railway man said that he believed that the future of his railway was bound up absolutely with the future of Canada, and that the papers which were doing the greatest work for Canada's upbuilding should be given first consideration. This would seem to be ample justification.

Nevertheless, one cannot help feeling that British periodicals should have an equal chance with Canadian. If Canada is to play an important part in the future of the Empire, she must know the Empire's men and women, the Empire's needs and resources. In trying to develop the national life, we must not forget the Imperial life.

THE most practical result of the Imperial Press Conference will probably be the cheapening and improvement of cable facilities among the various portions of the Empire. A lower rate on cables between Great Britain and Canada would facilitate the exchange of opinions and news as well as the growth of trade. Cheaper cable service between Canada and Australia would be less important in immediate results but must be ultimately of considerable value. There is now a government-owned cable between Australia and Canada. There should be a government-owned cable between Canada and Great Britain, and no doubt the final report of the cable committee of the Press Conference, of which Mr. P. D. Ross, of Ottawa, and Mr. J. S. Brierley, of Montreal, are members, will contain a recommendation along this line. Cheaper cable rates between Canada and Great Britain will also be recommended as absolutely necessary

to improved relations between the Motherland and her greatest self-governing colony.

ALL these movements tend to improve and strengthen Imperial relations. They indicate the trend of public opinion, as well as of official action. An empire extending around the world cannot be maintained without the easiest and swiftest means of inter-communication, nor without a continuous interchange of the printed thought of each. Swift steamers, cheap postal traffic, cheap cables—these are three important parts of the Imperial bonds. Personal contact is limited; those facilities which supply the place of personal contact must be facilitated by every means which human ingenuity may invent. British capital, British brains and British labour will flow more easily into Canada as inter-communication becomes more easy and more regular. The British-Canadian Magazine Post, the Canadian Associated Press and a British-Canadian Government Cable Service are three important features in the development of that inter-communication which will continue to draw Great Britain and Canada closer together. A broader and deeper imperial sympathy in time of peace is the best guarantee of imperial unity in time of stress.

OPENING of navigation and agitation by Sir Robert Perks have combined to start afresh the talk about a new Welland Canal and the more distant Georgian Bay Canal. It is quite understandable that Sir Robert, representing a group of British capitalists, should be willing to lend us a few hundred millions on a guarantee that Canada will pay four per cent. forever. Four per cent. is a high rate of interest for the British investor who desires a Government guarantee. Consuls pay much less. That is the simple explanation of this burst of generosity.

As for a new Welland Canal with larger and deeper locks, that is a prime necessity. When steamers were one hundred to two hundred feet long, the Welland locks were long enough, wide enough and deep enough to accommodate any vessel in sight. The Sault locks are twice as long, twice as wide and nearly twice as deep. This new size was necessitated by the growth of the average steamer on the Great Lakes. Last Saturday the largest passenger vessel ever built in Canada sailed out of Collingwood harbour to take up regular work between Sarnia and Lake Superior ports. The Hamonic, which is the name of the new Queen of the Lakes, is 365 feet long, and she could not pass through the Welland Canal. Many of the larger boats in the Upper Lake trade cannot get into the Welland. Therefore a new Welland is absolutely necessary if the best use is to be made of Lake Ontario and the Upper St. Lawrence.

WILL a new Welland Canal be costly? is the preliminary question.

More than one expert has expressed the opinion that it can be built for ten million dollars. As it will be built by the Government, we may increase the price to fifteen millions. The larger Upper-Lake boats will then go to Kingston and Prescott, instead of stopping at Buffalo. The St. Lawrence canals would not need enlargement because large boats will not use long canal systems and therefore the grain must be transhipped to smaller vessels and barges to complete the journey to Montreal. With a deepened Welland canal, grain can be carried to Prescott from Port Arthur in about one half the time it would require to take it over the proposed Georgian Bay Canal route. The Welland Canal would cause the great lake boats to decrease their speed from ten to three miles per hour for only a comparatively short distance. The proposed Georgian Bay Canal would require the boats to lower their speed for ten times as great a distance. Hence it is doubtful if large vessels would use the Georgian Bay Canal even if it were feasible.

MOREOVER, the Georgian Bay Canal seems impossible. There is not sufficient water at the high point between Lake Nipissing and the Ottawa River. At this point, it would resemble other canals now famous in political discussions. Besides this physical difficulty, there is the financial difficulty. The canal would likely cost two hundred million dollars, perhaps three hundred millions. It might be as expensive as the Panama. The interest on two hundred millions at four per cent. is eight millions a year, a sum large enough to pay the freight on approximately two hundred million bushels of wheat from Fort William to Montreal every season. The cost of operation, maintenance and repairs would carry another fifty million bushels.

Any writer attacking the Georgian Bay Canal scheme should apologise. It seems foolish to be attacking such a doubtful proposition. Yet it must be remembered that politics are politics, and that political constituencies would sooner see government money spent on useless public works in their midst than not see it spent at all. Any district, in which there is no government work going on, feels that it is being slighted. The people living along the proposed route of the Georgian Bay Canal, and along the Ottawa River where locks would be built are hungering for their "chance." Yet they are no worse than the people along the Trent Valley Canal or along that portion of this system known as the Newmarket Canal.



MR. JAMES P. MURRAY of Toronto draws our attention to the resolution of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association of 1901, which urged the Dominion Government to adopt a national policy in regard to ship-building. The resolution ended: "Be it resolved, that the Canadian Government be memorialised to give such encouragement, whether by bonus on tonnage or otherwise, to the building in Canada of ocean steamships as shall warrant capital entering into this industry." The manufacturers were then in favour of the policy now being generally advocated throughout the country. It is to be hoped that the manufacturers will pass a much stronger resolution at their annual meeting in September. The time is ripe for a strong agitation. Advance orders would, however, be better than bonuses and would meet with more general approval.



THE *Laurentic* and *Empress of Britain* had a race across the Atlantic the other day, from Liverpool to Montreal. Perhaps it was not a real race, because the White Star people are not in the habit of boasting of their speed. However that may be, the *Empress of Britain* left a day later and landed her passengers in Montreal about the same hour. Her time was six days and the *Laurentic's* seven days. Let us not quarrel about the speed, but rather let us rejoice that Canada has two such excellent vessels in the St. Lawrence trade.

A friend of ours who has crossed on both boats, says that the *Laurentic* is much more comfortable but the *Empress of Britain's* officers, by sympathetic consideration and kind personal attention, make up the deficiency. So there you are again; $a + b = c + d$.



WIRELESS telegraphy has again proved its usefulness at sea. The *Slavonic*, wrecked at the Azores, was able to call two steamers, each nearly two hundred miles away, to her aid. This resulted in saving the lives of every one of the 545 persons on board. Coming as it does, so soon after the "C.Q.D." call which brought aid to the *Republic* last January, this event proves conclusively that wireless telegraphy will decrease the losses of every nation whose men and women go down to the sea in ships. It also justifies the action of the Canadian Government in providing wireless apparatus on both coasts of the Dominion, although, when this action was decided upon it seemed as if it was somewhat premature.



CANADA'S national revenue is rapidly expanding. The glorious days of 1907 are to be duplicated in 1909. This should make us happy, at a time when the United States is worrying about new taxes on incomes and corporation dividends. The United States tariff is now so high that it stops trade and decreases the customs revenue. Great Britain also is worrying over new taxes and a heavy deficit. Comparatively speaking, Canada is in a very happy position, her revenues being greater than her ordinary expenditures.

THE CHURCH UNION DEBATE

SOME years ago a movement began towards closer association of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational Churches in Canada. There have appeared, from time to time, in the daily press, announcements regarding the progress of "Church Union" in the three bodies concerned, and in the month of June, when conferences and assemblies are held, profound interest is manifest in the advancement towards more intimate relations. This year, the usual discussion of the subject has been held, with varying results. In each instance, there has been strong opposition but those in favour of union of some sort or degree are in the majority.

The strongest argument in support of the union measure is the saving to be accomplished in certain sections of the West, where several churches are doing in a meagre fashion what one denomination might accomplish with concentrated effort. Throughout the

debates, it appears that the Presbyterians are afraid of losing their staunchness, the Congregationalists are jealous for their independence and elastic methods of church government, while the Methodists have no desire to decrease in the vigorous aggression which has always characterised that church. It is to be noted broadly that the older members of conference or assembly are the more distrustful, while the younger men, especially those who have faced missionary problems in the East and West, are in favour of such association as will give the most effective support to church forces.

The doctrinal objections are not greatly in the foreground, perhaps because this is not a doctrinal age. Social caste and ecclesiastical creed are not powerful in a democracy where mutual helpfulness is essential if the community is to attain strength or stability. It was no less a philosopher than Edmund Burke who declared that when bad men conspire it is time for good men to associate. The influences antagonistic to social order and advancement can be successfully encountered only where there is union among the opponents. Realising this, the men in pioneer fields are anxious that there should be no further waste of men and money, where there is a nation in the making and where the need for edifying influence is so insistent. Organic union is a matter in which it is important to make haste slowly, for the issue involves most delicate complications. The very consideration of such a step, however, shows how far we have travelled along the road of toleration and understanding. To the stiff Presbyterian and ardent Methodist of a generation ago such a discussion would have been impossible. They would have imagined the reproachful ghosts of John Calvin and John Wesley to be haunting their erring footsteps, had they talked of such a possibility as united effort of church boards.

Whatever the spirit of worship may be, it is highly improbable that all Christendom will ever find a universal temple. The form of church service which appeals to one temperament will be repellant to another, but that circumstance need not prevent a helpful comprehension where combined action is desirable. There are observers who prophesy that the outcome of this movement will be a church of magnificent membership, numerically considered, which, through its very magnitude, will tend to an excess of authority. The outcome of the present discussion, in the meantime, is a broader friendliness between those of differing creeds, a closer comprehension of the humanitarian spirit underlying the work of the churches. While there is vigorous expression of opinion in the councils of the three denominations concerned, there has been a comforting absence of bitter denunciation.

FRITH.

TORONTO'S NEW ATHLETIC PARK



Opening Day at Scarborough Beach Athletic Park.—The Match between the Shamrocks of Montreal and the Toronto's was won by the former with a score of six goals to five.



A FOOLISH NATIONAL FEAR

I DO not know how it affects you, but I am growing terribly tired of hearing our fellows talk autonomy every time any one suggests that we might possibly do a little more for Imperial defence. Our autonomy is in no danger. No one in the world is attacking it or challenging it or trying to restrict it. It is sixty years since any British Government thought that it could govern Canada without the full and free consent of the governed. Canadian autonomy has been a dead issue ever since the elections of 1848—and there are very few of us who can recall going to the polls on that occasion. My grandfather went; and he voted for Baldwin and autonomy. And even then he felt that he was not voting so much against British interference as against the Canadian Family Compact. Now if the Two Canadas—a struggling fringe of settlement along the St. Lawrence and the Lakes—could secure its autonomy and get full recognition of it from the British Government, which had no high opinion of Colonials at best, is it not pitiable for us to be always acting as if it were in the greatest danger when we are “Nine Canadas” with seven million people and have enjoyed the utmost local liberty for more than half a century?

* * *

IT really looks as if we wanted to change the subject when the topic of our contribution to the common defence of the Empire comes up. A British statesman says, in effect: “I am delighted to hear you say that you desire to join with us and do your full share toward defending our Imperial heritage, our liberties, laws and ideals. We would not have ventured to suggest it ourselves, for we knew that you were very busy building up a nation. But it is only the simple truth that new dangers have arisen and it is a question whether the Mother Country can alone carry the whole burden of defence much longer. Still we felt that the initiative lay with you; but we will not conceal our gratification that you have taken it.”

At which we thrust out our chests and smile proudly as we reply, “We could do no less. We are British subjects as truly as you are, and the British Empire will never fail so long as we have a cartridge in our belts or a man to march.”

“You are a true whelp of the lion,” replies the British statesman with a fine glow. “Your brave words stir the blood of this old island as nothing has moved us for centuries. Now, of course, as we neither of us have any resources to waste, and as the perils which confront us are immense, we had better sit down and devise the best means

by which our contributions can march together. Cooperation is the secret—”

“But,” we break in at this point, “we must most carefully guard our local autonomy—”

“Certainly,” agrees the British statesman in surprise. “We should not dream of interfering with that. We awaited your initiative before we mentioned the possibility of a contribution from you at all. Still it will be necessary for us each to know what the other intends to do if we mean to make the most effective use of the efforts of both; and hence we must consider—”

“It must be distinctly understood,” we again remark with a defiant expression, “that our autonomy must be recognised and protected to the full. Canada must reserve for herself the entire decision of what she will do, how she will do it and when she will do it. The subject of autonomy is one which lies very near to the hearts of our people—”

“Quite so,” observes the British statesman into his beard. “I quite understand. I fancy that under the circumstances I had better go and prepare a little essay on the maintenance of the Magna Charta. We are obviously not going to talk business to-day.”

* * *

SURELY Canada might take it for granted that her autonomy is safe. Surely it is obvious that Britain could not now take from us our autonomy even if she desired to do so. If the Canadian Parliament were to reject any proposal made to it by the British Government, the British Government would never be insane enough to think of endeavouring to compel us to adopt it against our will. The coercion of a reluctant Canada under the shadow of an ambitious United States is a task which nothing but a Ministry of madmen would dream of trying. Canadian autonomy is as safe as the independence of the United States; and what would we think of the Americans if, on some occasion when the British and American Governments sat down to concert a combined plan of campaign for the defence of the interests of both, our neighbours were first to begin to insist that their independence won from the British Crown more than a century ago on many a hard-fought field be definitely recognised? They were as ready as possible, we can imagine them saying, to fight side by side with glorious old Britain; but they would never consent to imperil their national independence.

* * *

WHAT would we say if, under such circumstances, the Americans followed professions of an immense eagerness to co-operate by talking this sort of nonsense when some one suggested getting down to business. Well, whatever we might say can now be reserved for home consumption; for it would be no more irrelevant and silly for the Americans to talk as if their independence were in danger than it is for Canadians to talk as if their autonomy were menaced. The next time our politicians or journalists want to “change the subject” when Britain begins talking business regarding Imperial defence, I hope that they will talk of the weather.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

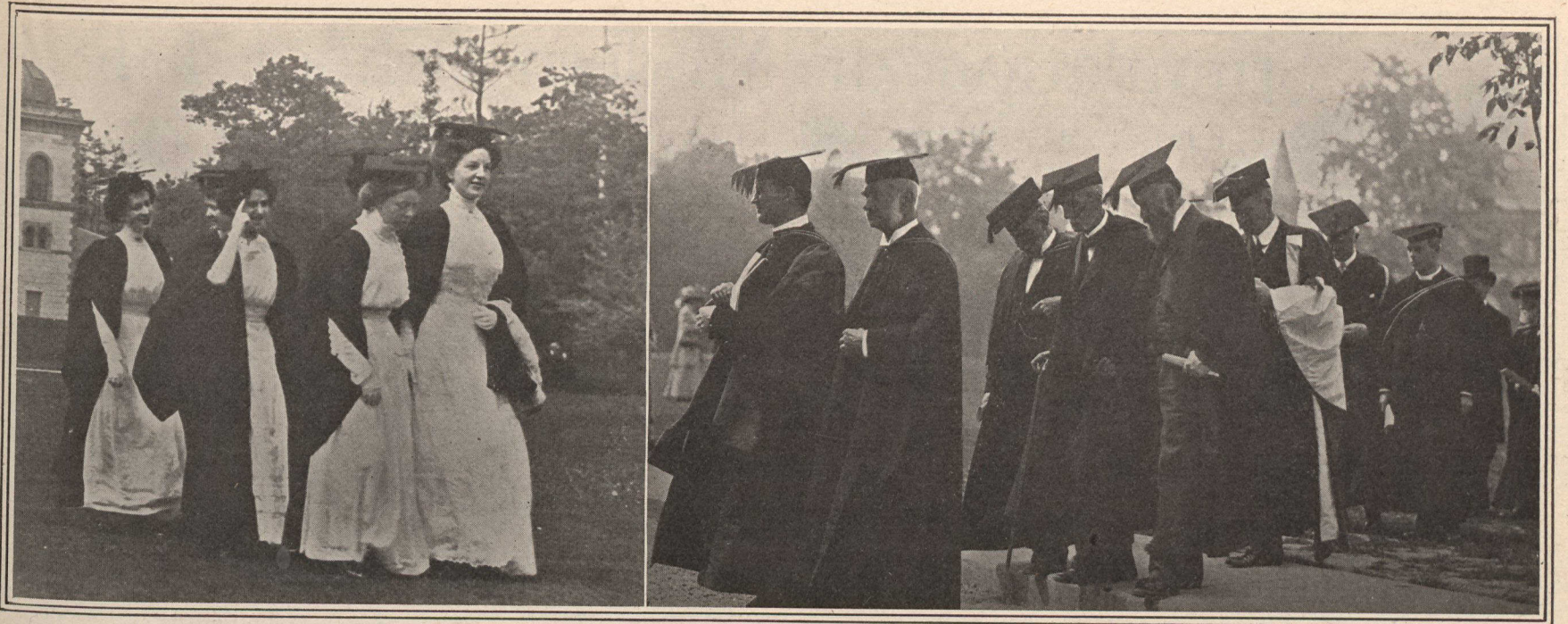
HOW MCGILL UNIVERSITY IS RECOVERING FROM THE GREAT FIRE



The New Macdonald Physics Building

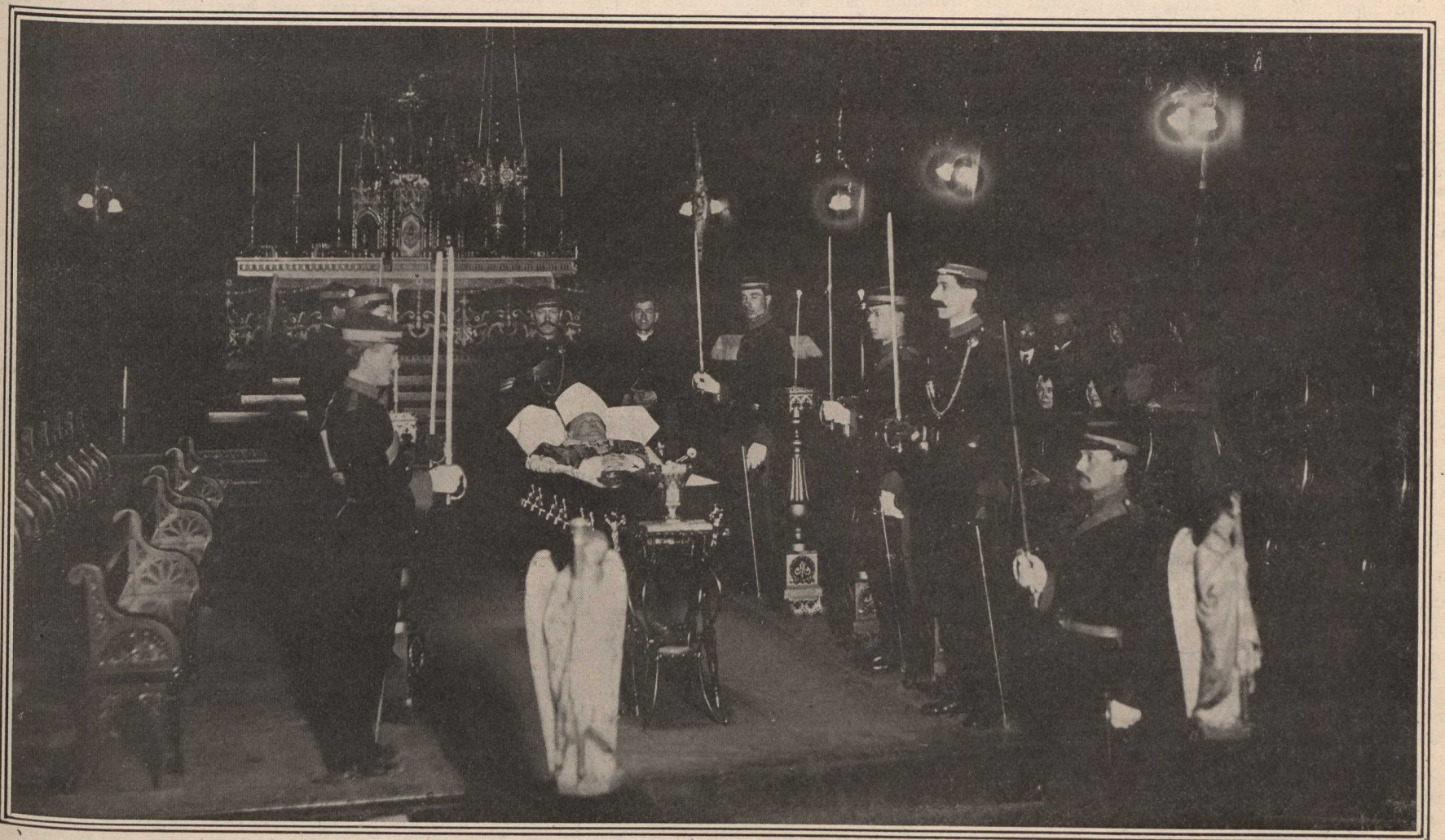


The New Macdonald Engineering Building



A Study in Convocation Day Expressions. Fair Graduates in their Gowns and Caps crossing the University of Toronto Lawn.

A Procession of University Dignitaries with President Falconer and Dr. Hoskin leading. Following them are Sir Charles Moss, Prof. Goldwin Smith and Prof. Mavor. Afterwards are Prof. Ramsay Wright, Principal Hutton and Canon Welch.



Obsequies of the late Archbishop Duhamel. Body lying in state in the Cathedral, Ottawa



The Boat which did the Damage—The Percy C. Walker. The cross shows where the boat struck the gate.



The Gates of the Sault Canal, broken last week, causing damage estimated at a quarter of a million dollars.

The Stimulation of Modern School Life

By ELLEN M. KNOX, PRINCIPAL HAVERGAL COLLEGE

DURING the past forty years a breath of freedom has been passing over the length and breadth of English-speaking countries and penetrating even into the sacred precincts of boarding school life. Varied and stimulating lectures take the place of old-fashioned recitations; swimming, basket ball, tennis and cricket oust the inevitable daily walk, changes grateful to mind and body but more grateful as bespeaking newer methods of tone and handling. But tendencies such as these once let loose cannot easily be arrested and a question arises as to how far change and variety is beneficial in itself, how far a good preparation for the comparative monotony of country, town and hamlet life?

For there is danger in stimulation as well as stagnation and a luxurious school can enervate as surely as a conventual can deaden and repress. Are modern schools obtaining a happy medium, are they stimulating yet at the same time guarding against an undue love of pleasure and excitement? Questions as far-reaching and as momentous as these cannot be briefly answered, but light can be thrown upon them by taking into account the changed conditions of education itself as well as the change in the early life and training of the child. For life even in a country village is comparatively stimulating to-day and children enter even from their earliest days, the pleasures and amusements hitherto set apart to grown-up life. Before they came to school they have had "a good time" and they intend at school and throughout life to have a good time also.

A school cannot change the spirit of an age, but it can call out the best of that spirit,

make pleasure a handmaid instead of a tyrant, and bring brightness and variety into everyday life. But apart from the question of previous training, it is hard to see how a girl can stand the strain of modern education if it is not lightened and made as attractive as possible. The tide of education has risen year by year. Facts and dates are as many as in days gone by and a wide range of Scripture history and literature has to be covered. Light pieces of music yield to classical, execution to harmony and technique. The playground is invaded by the Drill Mistress enforcing rules as strictly as in a boys' school, every game being played in absolute silence.

In the old-fashioned school of forty years ago a girl played the piano, studied a little Scripture and Literature, painted on china, and copied water colors, but a mother of to-day would not be satisfied with a like education for her daughter. She does not usually ask for matriculation, for matriculation spells giving up art and music and many outdoor games, and she is anxious that her daughter should strengthen herself physically as much as possible. She wishes her also to interest herself in domestic science, for domestic science will be serviceable wherever her lot is cast, especially in the West where "helps" are occasional if not unobtainable. But as the mother of to-day adds athletics, gymnastics and domestic science to the already over-crowded list of subjects, she forgets that each pursuit takes up time and that year by year her daughter finds herself face to face with a time-table so crowded that it tends to make life as hard and strenuous as that of her grandmother's was, barren and unprofitable.

It is here that the skill of the educator steps in, and by presenting lessons in as stimulating and interesting a form as possible, enables the girl to pass with comparatively little effort from the domain of pleasure into the domain of achievement, from the freedom and brightness of her childish days into a life worth living, a life, moreover, distinctly bearing upon the hereafter. For an educator has to fear above all a cleavage between school life and after life, which may bring serious consequences with it. An over-repressed girl may lack self-control as surely as an over-indulged school girl, and in a sudden access of excitement on her entrance to society may become a restless, feverish, pleasure-seeking woman, a woman who is never to be found when work or sacrifice is required. Moreover, the girl of to-day steps into a freedom and breadth of life inconceivable to women of the Victorian age. She is free, flattered and courted on every side and unless she has a peculiar strong character, unless she has learned at school to keep a right balance between pleasure and duty, such a transition comes with an overpowering rush upon her. The duty of the modern school is to find clean and healthy outlets, to give everything that will strengthen judgment and self-control so that as the girl leaves school she passes from a wide and generous tone of school thought and companionship into a wide and generous tone of life from keen, big-hearted school days to keen, big-hearted society days, from holding out a hand to friendless and lonely school mates, into caring for the wants and needs of women all the world over.

EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS

CANADA'S educational progress in commensurate with her material prosperity. The older universities with one or two exceptions show marvellous growth in attendance and scholastic vigour. The newer universities in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia are being moulded into working condition. Whether our public schools are keeping step with our secondary schools and colleges is an open question. The public schools have been handicapped by political and religious considerations which have not affected higher education. This possibly explains the growth of private schools for young children, such as are thriving everywhere where population is at all dense, the growth of boarding schools for boys and girls of every age, and the wonderfully wide extension of the "business" college. It is the purpose of this article to show how wonderfully secondary schools and the private or commercial institutions are succeeding and how great a part they are playing in the work of educating the future Canadian citizen.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

When the present attendance at the University of Toronto is compared with the attendance ten years ago, a marvellous rate of growth is shown. In 1897, the registration totalled 1,353, made up of 923 in Arts, 295 in Medicine, and 135 in Engineer-

ing and Applied Science. The increase in the ten-year period is over two hundred per cent. The following table gives the details for the past two years:—

	'07-8.	'08-9
Arts	1,774	2,138
Medicine	755	690
Applied Science	724	750
Household Science	73	74
Education	211	190
Forestry	8	24
Total	3,545	3,866

There are large increases in the faculties of Applied Science, Arts, and Medicine. While the increase in University College, Medicine and Applied Science has been very great during the last ten years, it must also be remembered that Trinity College has entered the University since that time, and new departments of Household Science, Education and Forestry have been added.

This University last year granted 597 degrees to students in all faculties and institutions connected with her, and 497 diplomas and certificates.

MCGILL UNIVERSITY

McGill University cannot boast of any wonderful increase in the attendance of students dur-

ing the past ten years, although the figures to-day show that over 500 more were enrolled during the past session than there were in attendance during the session of 1898-99. Then, the number stood at 1,248, to-day the registration is 1,759. The details of the past two years are as follows:—

	'07-8.	'08-9.
Law	37	42
Arts	512	397
Applied Science	485	564
Affiliated Colleges	96	127
Medicine	352	333
Graduate School	45	66
	1,527	1,529
Deduct number registered in more than one faculty	46	38
	1,481	1,491
Macdonald College	215	268
Total	1,696	1,759

The chief increase is in the Faculty of Applied Science. The numbers have jumped in the ten-year period from 231 to 564. There has been a decrease, however, in the Faculty of Medicine due, no doubt, to two reasons: (1) The destruction of the great part of the Medical Building by fire in April, 1907, and (2) The lengthening of the term for the doctor's degree from four to five years. These two causes produced a falling off in attendance during the last two years, but the fact that the



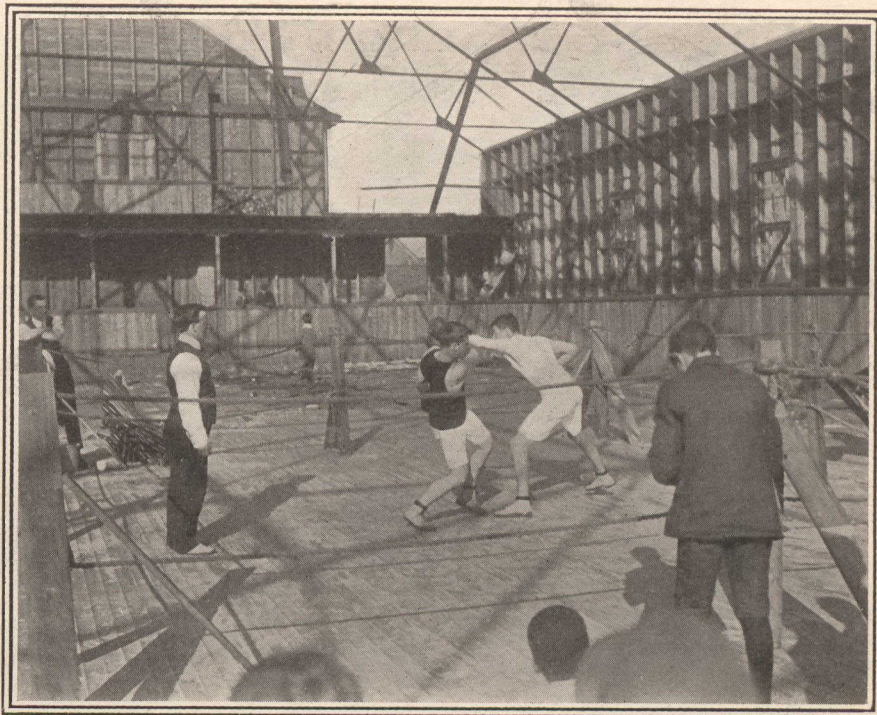
Games Day at St. Andrews, Toronto.



A Cricket Match at U.C.C., Toronto.



Ridley College, St. Catharines. Winning the Long Jump.



Final Boxing Contest in Ridley College Gymnasium, which was unroofed by an April storm.

registration of the First Year last September came well up to the old mark, goes to show that this Faculty will soon be quite as flourishing as it was in the past and perhaps even a great deal stronger. There have been no large additions through the affiliation of existing schools, but a part of the increase is made up by the natural growth of affiliated colleges, founded some years ago, and by the founding of Macdonald College with its Faculty of Agriculture. This latter is responsible for an increase of over 250 in the period mentioned.

The number of degrees granted at the close of the session 1908-9 was 252.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

A glance at the lists of students for the past few years at Queen's shows steady growth in all departments. In Practical Science alone the number has more than doubled in the last five years, the number for the session 1903, 1904 being 144, while the record for the session 1908, 1909 gives 292. In Arts the increase has been from 526 in 1903, 1904 to 793 in 1908, 1909. Of the latter 336 were extra mural students as against 174 in 1903, 1904. The following table covers the past two sessions:

	'07-8.	'08-9.
Undergraduates in Arts, in attendance	390	439
Postgraduates in Arts in attendance...	34	18
Undergraduates in Arts, extra-mural...	261	318
Postgraduates in Arts, extra-mural...	39	18
Students in Theology	36	29
Students in Practical Science	284	292
Students in Medicine	213	210
Students in Education	42	81
	1,299	1,405
Registered in two Faculties	48	58

Total number of students 1,251 1,347
The Faculty of Education was instituted in 1907-08. The number of students taking the course in that session was 42, while for 1908, 1909 it was 81.

Though Queen's is Presbyterian in affiliation, there are also in attendance 323 Methodists, 168 Anglicans, 136 Roman Catholics and 84 other denominations.

WESTERN UNIVERSITY.

The Western University of London, Ont., is progressing favourably, having been placed upon a sounder financial basis by a recent action of the Ontario Legislature and the London City Council. The attendance in the Arts Faculty for 1907-8 was 68 and for the present year 71. The Arts Building accommodates 150 students. The graduates in Medicine for session of 1908-9 was 28.

OTTAWA COLLEGE.

The University of Ottawa is a progressive college conducted under the auspices of the Roman Catholic Church. It was founded in 1849. All its degrees are recognised in the British possessions. Courses of instruction are given in Theology, Classics, and Commerce. The number of students in these different courses for the past two years are as follows:

	'07-8.	'08-9.
Theology	56	45
Classics	279	305
Commerce	144	169
	479	519

This table shows a gain of forty students in one year.

PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE.

The Presbyterian College, at Montreal, is a purely theological institution in conjunction with the Presbyterian Church. It is doing in the east what Queen's and Knox Colleges are doing farther west. The roll shows a representative attendance from all parts of Canada with Ontario and Quebec greatly predominating in numbers. The total number of students is 67.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.

In connection with the growth of Toronto University and the university spirit in general Ontario it is perhaps worth noting the parallel growth in the residential schools of the province during the last few years.

The attendance at Upper Canada College five years ago was 277; it is now 352. Between the years 1902 and 1909 it has supplied to the University 164 fully matriculated students passing direct from the school; 34 similar students to McGill; 44 to the Royal Military College, Kingston. In Matriculation Upper Canada College boys have gained 50 University Honours and 12 Entrance Scholarships, and in addition to these 2 Rhodes' Scholarships and one 1851 Exhibition Scholarship.

There have been added to the material equipment in the last five years two new class-rooms; the living-rooms on the north-east and north-west wings have been enlarged; a new indoor gymnasium very fully equipped has been added, together with dressing-rooms, locker-rooms, shower baths, etc. Whilst as regards outdoor equipment there have been added the Warren Cricket Field and two new football grounds.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE.

St. Andrew's College, Toronto, preparatory school for boys, has just completed ten years of existence. From the first it went ahead rapidly. In 1905 the extensive growth of the institution necessitated the building of a new school. The up-to-date structure in the healthy environment of North Rosedale is the result. The capacity of that building this year is taxed severely by the total attendance of 300 boys from all parts of the American continent. This fact speaks sufficiently for the work of this school under the leadership of Dr. Bruce Macdonald, the principal.

RIDLEY COLLEGE.

Ridley College has just completed its twentieth year. It opened its doors in September, 1889, with the following staff of masters: Rev. J. O. Miller, H. J. Cody (now of St. Paul's, Toronto), F. J. Steen (afterwards Rev. Professor Steen, of Montreal), and W. H. B. Spotton. It opened with about thirty-five boys. In ten years (rather lean years commercially in Canada), the numbers had grown to seventy-eight. In the following ten years they almost doubled, reaching a total of one hundred and forty.

The school was started in a single building, originally Sprinkbank Sanatorium. Now there are three modern residential buildings, surrounded by over eighty acres of playgrounds. There is also a fine building for recreation, presented by Frederic Nicholls, Esq., and a new gymnasium is about to be erected.

TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL.

Trinity College School, Port Hope, is just closing a very successful year. The attendance has been large and steadily increased throughout the year. The outgoing class is a large one, and nearly forty boys are writing on the Entrance Examination to the Royal Military College and the Matriculation Examinations at Toronto and McGill. The school holds the inter-school championship in football and has done remarkably well in cricket. A second rink for hockey was constructed this winter.

A very pleasant feature of the year has been the numerous visits paid to the school by so many of its Old Boys, amongst whom were the first head boy of the school, Dr. William Osler, Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, Mr. Barnard, M. P., and Mr. M. S. McCarthy, M. P.

The Rev. Oswald Rigby, who has been headmaster for a number of years, is to be congratulated on the success which has attended his management.

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

The development of music in Toronto during the past twenty years is fairly well typified by the progress of its leading institution of musical learning, the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

The attendance of students at the Conservatory in that period has increased by a steady, healthy growth from year to year, rather than by leaps and bounds. The roll of students now numbers 1,700, as compared with 1,150 in 1899, 640 in 1889 and 360 in 1887, the first year of the Conservatory's existence.

The faculty numbers about ninety, most of whom are specialists in some particular branch.

The Conservatory has also for some years past held local examinations in music in the Primary, Junior and Intermediate grades in various parts of Canada. Its Local Centres are now distributed according to provinces, as follows:—Ontario, 84; Quebec, 4; Manitoba, 8; Alberta 6; Saskatchewan, 7; British Columbia, 5; Assinaboia, 1.

SCHOOL OF DENTISTRY.

The School of Dentistry of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario was organised in 1875, and has since that date conducted regular annual sessions. For thirteen years it has occupied a building in Toronto specially designed and erected for this purpose, but this was recently sold to the trustees of the Toronto General Hospital. This sale necessitated the erection of a new building, and this was commenced August 1st, 1908. The building is of fireproof construction and is five stories, including a very high basement. Last session there were in attendance 222 students representing seven of the nine Provinces of Canada, but the new building is designed to accommodate 320 students.

The New School-Boy and the Old

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

A LITTLE while ago a Toronto editor bewailed the fact that the school children of nowadays were a very wise lot of young folk on a lot of unessential things, but that if it came to a test of real old-fashioned spelling they were not nearly so efficient. The chief public school inspector in Canada promptly challenged the said editor to a spelling contest with any average class of third-book pupils in any of his schools. Just the other day the same inspector gave a reporter an expert opinion upon the economic reasons for the triumph of baseball and the decadence of that good old Canadian game, lacrosse. This is cited merely to show that even in newspapers education is not forgotten.

The future of Canada depends on the public school—which of course is a truism. The most serious product of the public school is the public school boy; for he expects to look after the country while the girl looks after the home—at least this is the usual way.

Now, Canada has progressed very swiftly the last twenty years; but the public school has changed quite as much. The boy who left the cross-roads school-house or the town school twenty years ago and started out to make a living, had a different mental equipment from the boy who leaves any school in Canada nowadays. He was probably a different boy.

It may be useful to study the difference. We seem to be discarding so much of the old way in business and factories and education that one of these days we shall be unable to know ourselves. There are a good many thousand men in Canada who were educated under the old regime; that is of twenty-five years ago. The men who have made the Canada of the twentieth century were brought up mostly on the three R's. There is probably not a leading business man or manufacturer or even a politician in this country who would not be plucked if he were asked to write on a High School entrance examination. There are a lot of smart, diligent chaps of our acquaintance, responsible for the activities and the salaries of a large number of other men, who would have a contract to worry through a promotion examination into the Fourth Book.

This is serious. It was wise Wordsworth who said: "The child is father of the man"; but even he could scarcely have anticipated that the day would come very soon when the knowledge of "dad" would be a vain thing beside the wisdom of the boy who has just got into a High School. Of course the fond parent chuckles to himself that by the time his boy puts in ten years round an office or a factory he will have forgotten more than he will remember.

Perhaps he intimates as much to the boy. But the lad tells him—that forgotten knowledge is a good thing.

"Good for what?" says the head of the family.

"Mental discipline, dad. Aw, what's the use of remembering what you learn?"

Every little while the protest of the taxpayer becomes audible through the newspaper—complaining of the frills and fads of modern education. There has been a fine attempt to humanise the boy. We understand that the system by which we were brought up at school made us at the best but a crude lot of demi-savages. We may have had the main facts of the case; but we were woefully lacking in the finishing polite touches. Our education was not genteel. We had not studied the humanities.

THE "DILLY" KINDERGARTEN.

First of all we had never gone to a kindergarten. What hope is there for a modern boy who has not gone to one of these play workshops of the mind? No use. We never "got in right" says the son and heir—who remembers kindergarten as a "dilly" sort of place where he had a good time and was kept out of his parents' way as well as off the street, where he might have been run over by an automobile or a milk-waggon. On the baseball bleachers the lad of nowadays harks back tenderly to the child-garden where he learned to be such a poetic, benevolent young soul whose play was controlled by a mental process of somebody else. On the other hand eminent education experts tell us that the child up to a certain age is a most selfish little vagabond who not only gets all he can but is ready to fight to get it and fairly thrives upon fictions which some people call lies. All of which if followed out looks very much as if the child world untroubled by the kindergarten is some sort of picture of the world of business, wherein, according to the laws enunciated by Darwin, only the fittest survive by

putting the other fellows out of business.

Well, the kindergarten, which used to be a sanctified and colossal fad, has found a place in real education. It is probably a good thing for young ones to get in touch with the "Over-soul" in a school-room, when on their own street there is not even a dandelion patch to play in; for in this busy young land the corner lots are being built upon, and the old civic cow-pastures are gone, and the old baseball diamonds are going—so what is there left for the average boy and girl except the kindergarten and the school playground or the street? The trouble with the kindergarten system was that it idealised children so much that it made little gods of them; forgetting that there is as much of the primal old Adam if not of the devil in the average boy—or girl either—as there is in the average father and mother.

Anyway—in the name of modern education—what would Buster Brown and Mary Jane do in an average kindergarten?

THE NEW MUSIC.

But that is not the only line of cleavage between the school-boy of twenty-five years ago and the school-boy now. For instance, there is music. In our day the only chance we ever had to sing in school was on Friday afternoons when the teacher put us through our do-se-dos on "The Maple Leaf" and "Nellie Gray." We knew nothing of clefs and signatures; neither of changes of key. We just sang; as hard as the teacher would let us—because we always liked the old songs. But the boy nowadays knows his sol-fa—and it's a good thing he does if he puts it to the right use; for sol-fa is a simple musical language able to acquaint him with a lot of good things that he will never find in ordinary books, and certainly will not hear at the five-cent picture shows or the usual music comedy. The boy who is able to read music has a gift for which he ought to be thankful; because there is a big literature of good music that is no harder to learn than most of the rhythmical and semi-melodic tommyrot that he picks up by ear on the street.

If I had to choose between abolishing the kindergarten and the music from the modern curriculum—I would hang on to the music. That is something a boy never can forget. He may let slip half his geography, two-thirds of his history and all the kindergartenism except the songs and the fancy things he used to make; but the tunes he learned when a boy and a youth and a young man—he will never be able to forget. If only the Sunday School authorities and the public school singing-teachers would get together and see to it that the good things the boy and girl learns at the day school are not fuddled by some of the drooling nonsense melodies he gets at Sunday School!

HISTORY, DEAD AND LIVING.

It will be idle to point out that the modern boy has ten chances to learn history in a useful way where his father had barely the shadow of one. Who is there at the head of a Canadian family to-day that does not recall with a bad taste in his mouth the dry-as-dust lingo of dates and kings and treaties and wars that he strung together in the old school-house and called it history? Who does not know that English history as taught then was the driest thing on the programme except Canadian history, which was the dreariest dry thing that any boy ever dreamed of? The boy of to-day ought to revel in history. In this at least we have learned from the United States—how to make history pictorial and human. If only we do not try cheat the imagination by appealing too much to the eye and the mere fancy. It's a good thing once in a while to have a long, dry string of dates and such—if only you give the boy a chance to exercise his imagination on them and make them live again.

So in geography. We learned all the rivers on the east watershed of Europe and the western thereof; also those of Asia; ding-donged them off in threes so that we could never forget them—and we know them to-day when we haven't the remotest idea where most of them rise, what sort of country they run through, or what kind of people live on them. They are the fairy-tale rivers of youth: Petchora, Mezina, Dwina; Onega, Duna, Niemen; Vistula, Oder, Elbe; Rhine, Seine, Loire; Garonne, Douro, Tagus; Guadiana and Guadalquivir—and then in the geography song came the green little islands!

But the geography of nowadays is commercial and humanistic. It is supposed to mean more to the boy; to get nearer to his average utilitarian way of

thinking; so that when he picks up a modern novel—one of the blood-and-thunder kind—and sees a lot of faked-up names in, say, South America, that never were on the map and never will be, he knows precisely what places and people are meant. And it might be a safe guess that the Canadian school-boy now knows more about the Peace and the Fraser and the Mackenzie than he does about the Hoangho and the Yang-tse-Kiang; which is something. If a new railway is building he knows the country through which it runs. He understands that Canada is a country that has more geography than she has ever known what to do with, and a whole lot of history that she is only half beginning to comprehend. That also is worth while. If from modern history and geography as taught in the public schools of Canada, the Canadian boy is able to know that he belongs to one of the most inexplicable, mysterious and magnificent countries in the world, perhaps we should need to talk less about flag-loyalty and Canadian navies and military training in the schools.

MANUAL AND MILITARY TRAINING.

Then there is that modern school-boy hobby—the gun. Several Canadian boys have been over in England lately shooting for prizes at Bisley. We may be heterodox and a wee bit ancient—but we don't care a continental whether these boys won prizes at Bisley or not. We went crazy over Perry once; lost our heads—and now nobody ever thinks of Perry; not to mention other celebrities that may have got their athletic notions at the public school. We do know, however, that the awkward squads from the side-roads and bush-roads of 1812 were pretty much in evidence when the call came to the frontier; and that ten years ago the self-taught riders and marksmen of Canada were right up with the best of them in South Africa.

As to manual training—one of the most completely modern and organised innovations in the school. Many a Canadian business man of to-day got his manual training on the axe and the plough-handle; the pitchfork and the cross-cut saw. But the days of ancient epic cunning are pretty well gone, from Ontario at least—though traces of them remain in the West. If the modern boy is to have any craft of his hands at all he must learn it at school. Very good so far as it goes. It was a fad when it began; has now become a fact. But no matter how systematic and scientific the manual training of the school, the boy of nowadays will never be up in handcraft with the country boy of twenty years ago and more who had to whack things up in a hurry with just such tools as came to his hand—and maybe had to make the tools also.

BUGS, MOTHS AND BIRDS.

Nature study also stands to the credit of the twentieth century boy. He has gone out when a child to the woods and the fields to study flowers, birds and bugs. He has haunted the electric light poles in the suburbs on a summer night trying with a dragnet on a pole to ensnare the June bugs and moths. We never had such luxuries. We had wire-worms to keep from eating the seed-corn and potato bugs to kill; skunks that ate chickens and coons that husked the woodside corn; we knew the habits of the hawk and the nest of the baldheaded eagle; where to find the woodchuck in the hill and the muskrat in the creek; and besides we had to feed seven kinds of animals, drive balky horses, milk cows and wash sheep and—well, there's really no use in the modern boy trying to mystify us talking about the anatomies of beetles and the proper way to alcoholise a snake. We knew more nature in a day than he will ever know in a year. But we had no Latin or other fancy names for birds, bugs or flowers. We were not concerned over the fact that there are several score species of golden-rod. One was enough for us—and we had the wild mustard to pull and the Canada thistle to cut.

In hygiene and physiology, however, the new boy scores on the old. We never knew we had a cuspidor valve in the heart or that there was such a thing as a duodenum. We really didn't seem to need them. Neither did we know much about the laws of ventilation—though we managed to get a pretty good share of fresh air, except at night when we always kept the doors and windows tight shut. In the matter of food we had never heard of "proteids" or "farinaceous" or any food fads beyond pumpkin pie and doughnuts.

So after all there are some school advantages we used to have that the nowadays boy has not got; and some that he has we never dreamed of. Perhaps we don't quite understand the difference. But if we try to make the difference too marked we shall make a mistake. The main thing about any boy's education is to fit him for citizenship in the land of his own day.

HOW OUR YOUNG LADIES ARE TRAINED AT PRIVATE COLLEGES



A Class in Riding, some with Side Saddle, some Riding Astride, (St. Margaret's College, Toronto.)



Outdoor Basket-ball, (St. Margaret's)



Physical Exercise, (St. Margaret's)

Educational Aims of a School of Expression

By F. H. KIRKPATRICK, PH. D.

Principal of the Toronto Conservatory School of Expression.

THERE was the old superstition, Astrology; there is a new science, Astronomy. There was Alchemy, there is Chemistry. There was the fallacy, Elocution; there is the science and art, Expression. But an old fallacy dies hard, and the old-time "elocution" with its mechanical gesturing, affected posing, artificial vocalising and unnaturalness is by no means extinct. It still "drags superfluous on the stage." It is even now proclaimed by the uneducated teacher and declaimed by the immature and unreflecting pupil. It was as far from the educational ideal as north is from south. Elocution concerned itself only with externals, artificialities and imitations, the educa-

tional ideal only with the acquisition of facts or impressions. The latter scorned the former. Both were incomplete.

There were those who recognised that in the union of these two extremes was to be found the true means of the unfolding of the human mind, that the human mind unfolds by alternately receiving and manifesting impressions, that expression is as essential to impression and *vice versa* as expiration to inspiration in breathing, that the one is incomplete without the other, that "To know a thing, we must do it." To these discerning ones we owe the art of science of expression. A school of expression is no artificial invention.

Expression, then is twofold in its nature. It takes and it gives. It concerns itself with the manner in which the mind receives and the means by which it gives forth that which it has received. It not only demands mental discipline but also the training of the agents through which our ideas and experiences manifest themselves, namely, the voice and body.

This entails vocal and physical training. The beneficial results to the voice accruing from such training are incalculable. For neutrality is substituted responsiveness; for harshness, musical sound; for stridency, low-pitched, cultured tones; for inaudibility, good carrying power; for bad articulation and incorrect pronunciation, good articulation and correct pronunciation.

The results from physical training are equally as beneficial. Control supplants chaos; grace, uncouthness; dignity, awkwardness; expressive gestures, talking on all fours; simplicity, unnaturalness. Thus the voice and body become the free controlled and responsive agents of the mind, conveying its thoughts exactly and manifesting its experiences truly. They are mirrors held up to the mental processes.

In addition, a properly organised school of expression should offer courses in the vocal expression of literature, public reading, dramatic art and public speaking. At this point a brief discussion of each course would probably not be amiss.

The vocal interpretation of literature is a neglected phase of literary education. Our colleges, at the present time, pursue the critical method in the study of literature. This method is coldly intellectual and analytic. It deals only with facts. It is necessary but incomplete. It is essential but merely preparatory. There is the real object of literature to be realised, its truth and experiences. Vocal interpretation unites both. It requires the facts and assimilates the truth. It is analytic and synthetic. It understands and realises. It is intellectual and emotional and manifests all through a well modulated voice and a responsive body.

As a result public reading becomes vital, interesting and inspiring instead of cold, dull, spiritless and uninteresting. It possesses the variety of life instead of the monotony of death. This should appeal to everyone whose calling requires the practice of reading in public.

Dramatic art is another phase of the vocal interpretation of literature in which a school of expression is interested. In the interpretation of



F. H. Kirkpatrick.

dramatic literature, what has already been urged regarding literary interpretation holds. In addition, in this department, the students are required to create characters, realise the dramatic situations and portray the scenes. This is the true method of study of dramatic literature. It is meant to be acted. It is the direct portrayal of life. By the representation of the characters and scenes, everything becomes a living reality. Hamlet's philosophy and Brutus' abstractions become embodied in human beings and we can feel their influence upon the human soul. The training offered by schools of expression affords the best direct preparation for those who purpose adopting the dramatic profession. It is practical and intelligent. It provides an educational basis for acting. We hear of many schemes for reforming the conditions of the stage. Nothing uplifts like education and I am fully convinced that if the stage is to be raised to a higher level it must be through the educative agency of schools of expression.

The courses already referred to are re-creative. They deal with the re-creation and expression of the thoughts of others. But, greater than the expression of the thoughts and experiences of others is the expression of our own. This is taken cognizance of in a school of expression in the attention given to public speaking or oratory. One of the aims of a school of expression is to stimulate, foster and restore to its former prestige the art of public speaking. It is the greatest of all the arts. Some

affect cynicism toward and contempt for oratory as the trick of the demagogue and an attempt to throw dust in the eyes of reason. Oratory is neither rant nor grandiloquence. It is the clear, simple, earnest, natural and persuasive expression of our thoughts and convictions. The conclusions of true oratory are always logical. Its first office is to convince. Having convinced, it goes further, it persuades the will and impels to action. It is only a lack of discrimination that confuses the orator's virile delivery of thought and conviction with the spellbinder's sound and fury. There are others who urge that the day for oratory is past, that newspapers have supplanted it. True, newspapers may have affected the requirements for the orator, but they can never supplant him. Lifeless type will never convince, persuade and move so effectively as the living man. Despite the knocking of the croaker and the sneers of the cynic, oratory still lives a most potent force. Wherever freedom exists, there oratory flourishes. The first yearning of oppressed people for relief from tyranny is voiced in agitation, in oratory. Liberty and oratory are twin sisters. Yes, oratory has been potent, is so to-day, especially in democratic countries. The late Lord Salisbury, himself no mean orator, said, "Power is with the tongue, power is with those who can speak."

But probably it may be urged, that "The orator is born, not made," and that training is unnecessary. True, great orators have been born with a certain oratorical instinct. Even this inborn talent

will find more adequate expression through proper training. However it does not follow that any young man, though he may be born without the oratorical instinct, may not by due attention and systematic effort, conquer bad habits of speech and form better, overcome platform fright, develop ease, control and directness before an audience, become an effective public speaker, and thus increase his influence and usefulness in life. To provide this training is one of the functions of a school of expression.

The training afforded by the courses offered in a school of expression is invaluable. It restores the beauty, music and charm of our spoken language. It gives grace, dignity and expressiveness to the human body. It supplants the old-time "elocutionary" entertainment with the vocal interpretation of the thoughts, emotions, experiences and imaginative beauties of meritorious literature. It enables the teacher of literature to invest the dry bones of cold, intellectual analysis with the flesh and blood of imagination and emotion. It is indispensable to anyone who, in later life, devotes himself to the public service, to law or the ministry. It enables one to become a better business man because of the facility of speech it begets and one of the essential requirements of a good business training is the ability to say in proper language and with the right emphasis, what one may desire relative to any business enterprise in which one may be interested. It will prove useful in almost every vocation.

PHYSICAL TRAINING FOR GIRLS

By GRACE E. WITHUM, DIRECTOR PHYSICAL TRAINING AT HAVERGAL COLLEGE

THE human body is as much a mechanism made up of complex parts as is a watch, but the essential difference is the presence of life. When every organ is working at its highest efficiency and co-operation the condition is perfect bodily health. The trend of modern medicine is toward prevention of disease and the greatest means of so doing is by spreading the knowledge of hygiene and care of the body. Muscular activity is only one phase of hygiene but an important one, for exercise is absolutely essential to the maintenance of health.

It is unnecessary to go into the details of physiology, but we know that muscular exercise trains the heart for reasonably hard work, and makes it able to withstand the strain which may come upon it, such as during an illness in which the endurance of the heart is of greatest significance. The lungs are developed, for during muscular activity the depth and frequency of respiration is increased. Digestion is aided, and the circulation of blood among the different organs increased. Fresh air, while of greatest importance, is not a substitute for exercise.

We are living in an age of brain work and mental effort. The child must of necessity go to school and spend long periods stooping over the desk, and when to this is added, as in the training of girls, long hours of piano practice, the need of some method of correction is very plain. Sports and games cannot remedy these defects, and the need is best met by gymnastics. The direct aim of gymnastics varies with the age and condition of the girls. For the younger children, only the simplest form of exercise can be given and that which trains and teaches the muscles to co-ordinate is best. Then comes the age, from twelve to eighteen, when gymnastics is most necessary. It is the "awkward age," the age when the stoop and the flat chest is most in evidence. Here is the case for strong corrective work; the girl must be taught how to walk, sit and stand, and must have special training for muscles which control good carriage.

The strength and ability of girls at that age varies greatly, and where one can work vigorously another must have much gentler work until her strength and growth is attained. It is a great mistake to classify according to age, for it is strength, endurance and ability which should signify. And here I may speak of the necessity for a thorough physical examination, before beginning a course in physical training. The heart and lungs and condition of the blood should be tested by a physician and the director notified of the result. There are a variety of physical measurements which the teacher may take which are interesting, but the most important are the measurements of chest normal, and during inspiration and expiration. An examination should also be made for lateral curvature which is so often present. The teacher of gymnastics should be thoroughly conversant with the physical condition of each individual pupil, and it should never be

forgotten that gymnastics are for their physical benefit, and not for the value to be obtained from the learning of elaborate and difficult drills.

There are many so-called "systems" of gymnastics, each with its advantages, but there are fundamental elements which all should contain. There must be the aim to bring out the full physiological effects (and we call that the *hygienic* element) and under this heading comes jumping, climbing, running and games. Each lesson should be *educational*, that is, there should be some mental training and the training of skill; the best for this purpose is balance-steps and games, but dancing may substitute to a large extent. The *corrective* element should always be present, but in greater degree for growing children. This work directly trains good carriage. Finally, every lesson must be *recreative*—the class should have enjoyed it. It must be made a source of pleasure to them, therefore be warned against monotony and lack of variety. With the school girl there is a great tendency to over-do and for that the director must be ever on her guard. Work should be carefully graduated and the time of rest frequent at first. Muscle soreness and fatigue is unnecessary if the training has been gradual.

Plays and games are the natural inheritance of every child and have a real significance. The mental and moral value of games cannot be over-estimated. The attention is sharply focused, the brain is alert and self-consciousness disappears. In the desire to win at all costs lies the danger, for the cost is physical as well as a loss of moral self-control. Friendly competition is an excellent thing, for it is the foundation of games, and it is right that there should be an enthusiasm and an eager desire to win. But the winning must be from superior play and the defeat no disgrace. Games should bring out the best that is in one as they directly train the love of fair play, honour, courage, fearlessness and self-control, and there is a spontaneity and whole-hearted enjoyment which can be obtained in no other way.

For women, the best games are basket-ball, ice and field hockey, cricket, tennis and golf. The first four involve team play, that is they are games in which the play of the individual is lost in that of the team as a whole. There is less opportunity for brilliant play and more for cool judgment and consideration for others. A team of fairly good players who play well together will invariably defeat a more brilliant team whose members play each for herself. Games of this sort are not as successful for younger children, for they have not learned the feeling of co-operation.

Basket-ball and ice hockey are both fast games and should be coached carefully. At first the duration of play should be short and rest frequent. They are both games which bring out the fullest effects of exercise and train quickness of thought and action. Basket-ball for women is now being played with the field divided into equal thirds—a decided

advantage as the game becomes more open and the tendency to rough play lessened. It is fortunate indeed that field or ground hockey is beginning to receive its due on this side of the water. After one is accustomed to ice hockey it might perhaps seem less interesting, but it has much to recommend it as a game for women and girls.

There is less hygienic value to cricket but it is a game in which "practice makes perfect," and in which accuracy and good judgment are essential. Tennis is one of our oldest games and always a popular one, but it requires unflinching enthusiasm in practice to work up good play. In many ways it is the ideal game for women. Tennis tournaments add greatly to the general interest. Golf is the game for all ages and a good general exercise. Walking is no small part of the value of the game.

The term "athletics" is a broad one and covers game as well as what are known as track or field athletics. Of these there are many boys' events which are not suitable for girls, but the best are the running high and broad jump, the shorter hurdle races and dashes, besides the always amusing obstacle and three-legged races. Properly conducted, a sport day for girls should be most successful. Numerous or expensive prizes are unnecessary. It was in the days when the winner received a laurel wreath that the games of ancient Greece were at their great perfection. I would suggest a prize for the winner of the greatest total number of points in order to encourage all round athletes, and to discourage training for individual events.

I shall only mention rowing and paddling as being very suitable for girls, and both have great recreative value. A fairly expert knowledge of swimming, however, is a necessary preliminary, aside from the fact that it uses all the large groups of muscles of the body and is a most exhilarating sport, it should be learned as a means of life-saving. In saying "fairly expert," I mean ability to do the best side and back strokes and a simple dive. Incidentally, the method of life-saving and resuscitation should be mastered.

Dancing has always been an important part of the training of girls. For the child there are innumerable couple dances and balance steps, and as she becomes older, there is the whole field of social dancing. It is impossible to speak too highly of the æsthetic or classic dancing which is so generally being taught now. Beginning with the simpler forms, the pupils are gradually learning bodily control, until finally they are ready for the highly organised dances which involve the use of the arms and legs, and, in fact, the whole body. It directly develops grace and ease of movement.

In closing, let me say that the aim of physical training is never to build up great muscular strength but for the general harmonious development of the whole body. Physical training for women is not a fad, and the younger generation of women are showing the results in the way of better physiques and greater endurance.

MODERN PHYSICAL TRAINING FOR WOMEN



A Group of Women Teachers being Trained in the Latest System of Dancing.



Another Class in Fencing without Swords.



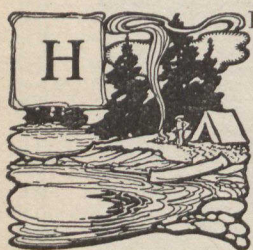
Field Hockey, a Sport specially suited for Canadian Schools.



Physical Exercises.

OUT OF THE SHADOW

The Story of a Man with the Gambling Habit



He let himself in with the latch-key, shutting the door listlessly upon the dreary, mud-clogged suburban prospect without. Inside, in the little parlour, his wife was counting the drubs of his boots upon the mat, listening with brightening eye to the faint rustle of his clothes. She could hear his breathing and

the fluttering sigh that escaped him unconsciously. He came in with a quick glance round the room, taking three eager steps to the couch, where she lay, with parted lips, the bright spot on each cheek deepening perceptibly at his approach.

"Dearest," she said presently, with a sigh of apology, "I am so tired to-night, I just *had* to lie down!"

He looked at her sharply, averting his eyes again lest she should read the concern that leaped into them. She had said almost the same words to him yesterday, but to-day there was a weak fall in her voice that he had not noticed then. He smoothed the silk cushion under her head, and threw a woolen wrap over her feet, almost roughly, turning to gaze moodily at a dancing flame in the fire that lit up the room with an intermittent flickering.

She lay and looked at him wistfully. "You are tired, too, dear," she said. "Come and tell me what you have done."

He turned with an uneasy expression.

"I had dinner in the city," he said, "and then called at Withers' place. Withers hasn't heard of anything for me," he went on, after a pause; "but he thinks Bernhart might speak for me with his firm, if things would look up a bit."

"Oh!" she said, smothering the droop of her spirits at his words. "What did you have for dinner?"

He replied readily, telling the lie without an effort, in his desire to turn the conversation.

"I had a steak again—there's a lot of nourishment in steaks—good solid stuff."

He had tossed an evening paper on the table as he entered, and she saw his gaze rest thoughtfully upon it for a moment.

"You haven't? You haven't, have you?" she asked pleadingly, stroking his hand and refusing to take her eyes from his own.

He shifted in his seat till he almost wriggled. "Only a few shillings," he said, reluctantly. "Did a 'treble.' Twilight and Globetrotter won. I can spot a winner as well as any man living. I picked out Fanciful for a place, and was fool enough to alter it."

"And lost?"

"Yes, on the third, Red Dragon. My luck's simply fiendish! Over and over again, I've been right on two, and gone wrong on the third!"

A year ago she had refused to hear the subject mentioned, but his persistency had won from her a reluctant sympathy that battled with her apathy of despair, and she had lent her ears and become initiated in the art of betting upon horses.

"When you do a 'double,'" he had explained to her, "you back a horse in one race, and what you win goes on another horse in the next race. If the first horse's figure is, say, twelve to one, you win twelve pounds for your sovereign; and then the twelve pounds, put on another horse, brings in, perhaps, two hundred pounds! Just think of it!"

She did think of it, far more than he knew. She hated the subject with a hatred that nothing but fear can induce.

"And then, you see," he went on, excitedly, "if you have pluck, and risk a 'treble,' you don't take the two hundred pounds—it goes on to another horse, in the third race, and then you get such long odds. Why, with luck, you can make a fortune! Look at Withers—he scooped in five hundred pounds last year!"

"What did he do with it?" she had asked, thinking of the depressingly unflourishing appearance Withers always presented.

"Oh! he lost his head over it—neglected his business, and, of course, money won't last for ever. And one's luck changes. When once I get a good run of luck, I'll throw it all up."

She turned to him now, with soft pleading in her eyes. "Frank, dear," she said, earnestly, "I can't help feeling that it takes your mind away from the main thing. If only you could get work!"

By ANITA GIBSON

"Oh, I'm all right," he replied, hastily. "I've answered ads. till I'm sick. There are a hundred fellows after every berth. If we had another boom on the Stock Exchange, I should be snapped at; as it is, all the big firms are dismissing clerks every week. If I could only get a run of luck! Withers says—"

"Oh, how I wish you had never seen Withers!" she exclaimed. "You have done no good ever since—"

The depression with which she had been battling bravely since his return grew too heavy for resistance. The words were choked by the sobs which refused further coercion.

He sat and looked at her dumbly, congratulating himself that she did not know the full extent of the misery that was pressing on his own overwrought mind. He was almost hopelessly in debt. The very couch upon which she lay was scarcely their own; a bill of sale had been executed upon the furniture, secretly, six months ago, and, if nothing turned up within the next fortnight, there would be no more concealing matters from her.

"Next Saturday," he said, with an assumption of cheerfulness, when her tears had ceased, "it's the Duke of York Stakes. I'm bound to pull off something. I've got a few shillings on Madcap; she's a regular stunner, never been beaten but once. Then, on Wednesday, the Cesarewitch—Smasher can't help getting a place. I've spotted True Gold for the Cambridgeshire; he's always lucky. All on a 'treble'! And what do you think it will bring in?"

She tried to look interested.

"Three hundred pounds!" he exclaimed, his spirits rising with the vision. "I shall take you to Ventnor at once, and leave you there, while I find work. That will soon set you up, you'll see. You could stay there till May, and I'll run down weekends. Jolly, won't it be?"

"Fine!" she said, almost catching his enthusiasm.

She was very young, and life was sweet to her. The loss of his situation, through no fault of his own, had been the beginning of all the trouble; that, and his anxiety on her behalf. How could she be really angry with him? She knew it was love for her, and the hope of keeping her from the grip of the shadow, that was dogging her steps. The sentence of death that had been as good as passed upon her, should she have to stay through the winter and spring in London, had goaded him to recklessness. Not a selfish thought had been his, she told herself at the outset, though the gambling spirit was obtaining faster hold upon him daily. Perhaps, after all, he might win the money, and she would get strong again at Ventnor. If not—they would have each other for a little while longer, and the remaining time must not be clouded by reproaches.

She took his hand and kissed it. "Boy," she said, tenderly, "don't let us talk about it any more to-night."

For the next few days, Frank's existence bore as close a resemblance to the purgatorial state as can well be imagined. Everything in life, almost life itself, hung upon the powers, not to think of the vagaries, of three horses. He told himself that fate *must* help him over the crisis. Such luck as he had hitherto had was unprecedented; the turn of the tide must come soon.

On the Saturday Madcap won the Duke of York Stakes, and Frank's hopes ran high, in spite of the depressing fact that Smasher had suffered a slight fall in the public favour. On the Wednesday, he went through the Cesarewitch day with the air of a man smitten with sudden deafness; he was waiting for the familiar cry of the newsboys. When the damp sheets appeared, he snatched at one, and his feverish excitement was quashed at a blow. Smasher had behaved badly at the start, and was nowhere in the running! It did not matter in the least what horse won the Cambridgeshire—his great "treble" was out of it.

He walked home slowly, with the fixed gaze and the drooping shoulders of the man without hope. Laura looked up eagerly as he came in, and her eyes fell at the sight of his face. He stooped to kiss her, without a word, and something rose in his throat like a knife. He got up and went out of the room with a nonchalant air of going to fetch something, walking into the little kitchen, where the rows of white china on the dresser gleamed with a cheerful mockery in the firelight. The walls

seemed to close upon him; there was no air. He threw up his arms over his head, and beat his hands on his forehead, making ugly faces, like a man demented; he felt like one, in his rage. Then he opened his mouth and cursed, cursed himself and his unhappy fate, cursed everything and everybody—all but the little one lying upon the couch in the firelit parlour. The sudden reaction in the check of his rage, at the thought of her, was too great a strain; he did a thing for the first time since he had left his mother's knee—he sat down, and flung his arms and his head on the bare, deal table, lay across it, and wept—hard, painful sobbing that wrung his heart without bringing a tear to ease the pain at his throat. Then he pulled himself together, and straightened his collar and the lines of his face, walking back to the parlour with the gait of easy carelessness; not forgetting his customary duty of lighting the hall gas on the way. Laura had risen when he entered. She began nervously rearranging some ornaments by her side. By her manner, he knew that the moment for explanation had come—she was going to ask him questions. At sight of her, his rage with himself rose again to an uncontrollable pitch. He left the room hastily, snatched up his hat, and flung himself out of the house.

His mood was a dangerous one. What happened to himself he did not care. He was destined to failure and misery, he told himself. But his wife—how could he tell her of the ruin that was close upon their heels? He shivered at the thought of the bill of sale—how could he tell her? How could he face her bewildered grief at the wreck of their home? Who, in all the world, was there to help him? "Not a soul!" he groaned. His betting habit had begun to leak out among his friends, and all of them of any standing had lately been showing him the cold shoulder. Withers, he knew, had lost heavily on Smasher, and was almost as embarrassed as himself. He walked on, scarcely knowing in what direction, brushing roughly by the pedestrians without apology. The flourishing air of the well-to-do men whom he jostled aroused in him a fierceness like hatred—a little more, and he could have struck them, or robbed them, or even begged of them. The last thought sent the blood tingling through his veins with a more bitter hatred still. He found himself in a street of brilliantly-lit shops; he did not know what street. The sight of a richly dressed jeweller's window made him draw himself up with a jerk, and clench his fist. He had almost driven his hand through the glass, when he met the wolfish gaze of a man, more desperate, more sunk, than himself—ragged, besodden, vicious. He slunk away, sick at the sight, and the momentary feeling of association. His brain reeled as he turned away with a scowl. What should he do? What should he do? he asked himself. With each passing minute, a conviction grew stronger within him—he was learning, for the first time, the full extent of a cowardice of which he had, all his life, suspected himself. Though he loved his wife better than his own soul, he could not face her again; could not tell her what it was impossible to conceal any longer. He could not go back home. He had reached Westminster Bridge. The dark water rolling by him seemed fraught with an imperative question—it kept repeating itself with increasing force: What if he were dead? What if he were dead? She would be better without him. Friends would help her, alone, who would not help him. Living, he felt he could not desert her; but living he could not return to her.

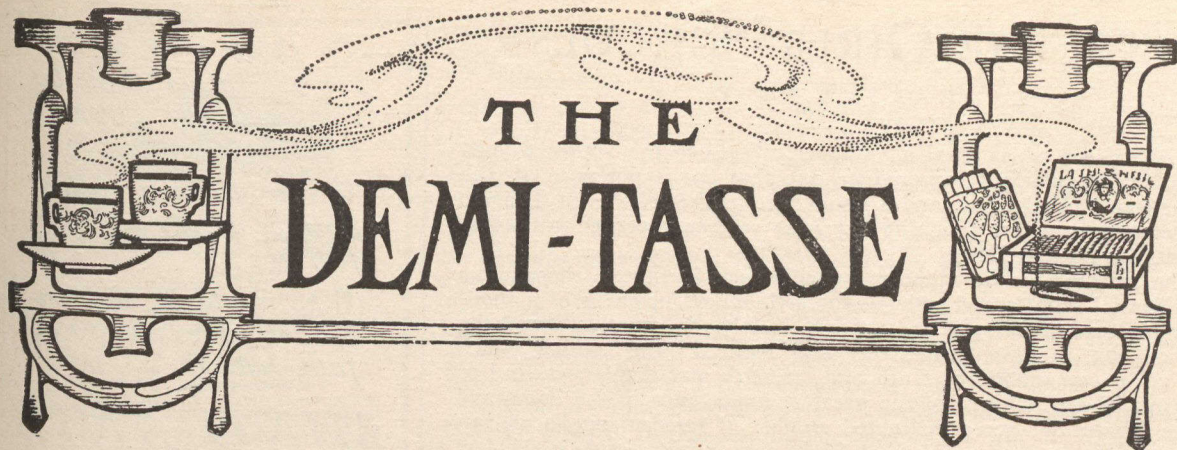
He quickened his steps, looking straight ahead; the sight of the dark water filled him with a vague horror. Leaving the bridge, he turned round to the Embankment, where the pedestrians were fewer. Here he stopped, pulling himself up with a quick breath. He would not stay to look; he would go straight over, before there was time for the sick, numbing terror to get further hold of him.

He drew back for the leap to the parapet, and his arm struck roughly against a woman's form. She flung herself upon him.

"Frank! husband!" she panted. "I want you! I want you! Take me back home, Frank—I am so tired! I know all! I know all! Take me home!"

Her frame trembled like a reed in his arms, but her clinging grasp held him with the whole magnetic force of her nature. He turned and led her away, reeling like a drunken man.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24



THE MAN FROM MARKDALE.

MR. I. B. LUCAS, who was recently included in the Ontario Cabinet, is deservedly one of the most popular members on the Government side of the Legislature. In the old days, when Sir James Whitney was merely Mr. J. P. Whitney, leader of a fighting Opposition, Mr. Lucas could always be depended upon to lend strenuous support to debate, although his natural urbanity of temper prevented his speeches from degenerating into party diatribe. On his first appearance, his extremely youthful and fair countenance misled entirely the policeman who guarded the entrance to the Assembly Chamber and the stalwart worthy immediately protested.

"This is no place for boys," he remarked with scorn. "The likes of you had better try to get a ticket to the Speakers' Gallery."

"But I'm the member—from Centre Grey," expostulated the cherubic legislator.

"That's a good one," continued the valiant guardian of the portals, "you look mighty like a member, I must say. It'll be many a year before Centre Grey or any other county sends you down to Toronto as member. Now, get along to the Gallery!"

At this interesting juncture, Mr. J. W. St. John, in portly impressiveness, appeared on the scene. Now, the late member for West York dearly loved a joke and when he learned of the cause of the stoppage of traffic he solemnly assured the policeman that he did his duty in keeping "boys" off the floor of the House, and seriously advised the new member to betake himself to the ranks of spectators. Finally, a more helpful friend appeared on the scene and succeeded in convincing the horrified policeman that the fair-haired youth was none other than Mr. I. B. Lucas himself and a valuable acquisition to the Conservative ranks.

In later days, Mr. St. John and the Centre Grey representative became close friends with adjoining desks. After Mr. Whitney swept the province in a blinding snowstorm of 1905, Mr. St. John became Speaker and Mr. Lucas acted as Deputy, the change in the occupant of that office being marked by all, when Mr. Lucas' slight, boyish figure would, for a half-hour or so, take the place of Mr. St. John's tall, portly form in the "throne" of the presiding member.

AN INDEFINITE NOUN.

THE Quinquennial Congress which assembles in Toronto brings together women of representative talent and influence from over a score of countries. One feature of the opening meeting is an address from each country, delivered by its chief delegate. It is unlikely that an experience of some years ago will be repeated this week on that occasion. The most imposing delegate from the United States had given a glowing address, concluding with the sentiment, uttered in fervent tones, "America greets you."

An alert little woman from London, Ontario, arose promptly to the occasion and said in incisive tones: "I should like to ask the latest speaker in what sense she uses that word? Does she speak for Canada, for Mexico, for Brazil, for Honduras, for the Argentine Republic and for Patagonia?" There was an awed silence, and the delegate from Ontario continued: "She speaks for the United States alone and utters the greetings from that country. America is quite a different matter—a continent, in fact." After this cheerful little comment, the greetings languished for about five minutes.

A VERA EXPENSIVE FRIEND.

THERE is one indignant man in the circle of Mr. Thomas Blank's friends. He explained himself thus to a sympathising circle the other evening:

"I tell you, I have no use for Blank. He's the only man in Toronto whom I don't want to meet. Three years ago, as you may remember, his first

wife died. Well, Jimmie Blake and I, as Blank's best friends, went to the funeral and did our best for the poor bereaved husband. If you'll believe me, he made such a fuss that we had to help him into the hack and take care of him all the way home. When my sister smiled and said he'd soon get over it, I thought she was simply brutal. Within a year Blank was married again, and Sister Mary said, 'I told you so.' I sent the bride a fish set and thought Blank was a fool. Last year the second wife died and I'll be blessed if Jimmie and I didn't have the same strenuous experience with the grief-stricken husband. Just yesterday, I got an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. — to the marriage of their daughter, Gladys Marie, to Mr. Thomas Blank. I have just ordered a salad bowl to be sent to the fair bride elect. Of course, I don't especially mind the series of wedding presents but I'm going to tell Blank distinctly that I'm not going to any more funerals in his family and if he wants to be helped into a hack again, he can depend on some more sympathetic friend."

ONE OF THE REASONS.

A WESTERN school journal is responsible for the story that a youthful pupil in the history class wrote the following statement: "The American War of Independence took place because the Colonies refused to submit to taxation without temptation."

A STRING TO IT.

"I WAS walking along State Street, Chicago (the windy city), when a sudden gust relieved me of my straw hat. I turned, gave chase, and after a lengthy run at full speed pounced upon it. At the same moment a stranger (also perspiring and almost breathless) took it from me and thanked me kindly. 'But it's my hat,' said I. 'No,' said he, 'yours is hanging down your back on a string.'—*London Globe*.

HIS LONGEST ENGAGEMENT.

AT the Army and Navy Club in Washington one evening a group of officers, most of them young men, were swapping stories of various engagements during the war with Spain and the subsequent troubles in the Philippines.

Among the silent listeners was one grizzled veteran, a naval commander of national renown. It must have occurred to one of the young men that it was peculiarly ludicrous that officers not long out of the academies should be holding forth with

respect to their exploits, while this old fellow sat silent in a corner. So, turning to the veteran, one of the young officers blithely asked:

"What was the longest engagement you ever participated in, Admiral?"

"It lasted three years," said the old chap, without a suspicion of a smile, "and, worst of all, the young woman married another man." — *Sunday Magazine*.

* * *

A CHEERFUL DISCOVERY.

SIMEON EASYGO, after living sixty years on a farm, finds his quarters on shipboard somewhat cramped. He obviates the lack of space, however, by stowing his trousers and shoes into a round cupboard in the side of the vessel on going to bed. Seven a.m.—Startling disclosures: "Steward, last night I put my shoes in that 'ar cubby-hole, an' they haint thar now." "That ain't a clothes-press; that's a port-hole, sir."—*Argonaut*.

* * *

THE LIMIT.

AMONG the habits which have grown apace among Americans of recent years has been that of souvenir-hunting. Souvenir spoons, knives, forks, plates, photographs, postal-cards, and what-not have been a perfect passion with the multitude. The thing seemed to have been carried a little too far when somebody at a reception to Mr. Wu, the Chinese Ambassador, some years ago tried to snip off a piece of that eminent humourist's pigtail with a pair of pocket-scissors; but even that was surpassed by a certain Chicago woman of great personal attractiveness, who seems to have reached the ultimate.

A stranger speaking of her to another woman, and not being familiar with certain facts in the family history of the lady to whom she was talking, observed that she had heard that she was a confirmed souvenir hunter.

"Not really a kleptomaniac, you know," she said.

"Oh, no, not at all," was the reply. "She is just the ultra of souvenir hunting. I happen to know her, too. You see, some years ago she paid a week-end visit at our country place, and when it was over—"

"You missed your silverware?"

"No, indeed," was the answer. "My husband!" — *Lippincott's*.

* * *

THE CLIMAX.

HE was telling a thrilling story out of his wallet of a thousand and one hairbreadth escapes over in Santiago, doncherknow; and his pretty listener was leaning anxiously toward him, hanging on his every utterance.

"The wolves were upon us," he said, "bellowing and roaring, as I have so often heard them. We fled for our lives. I don't deny it; but every second we knew the ravenous pack was gaining on us. At last they were so near that we could feel their muzzles against our legs—"

"Ah!" gasped out the lady. "How glad you must have been they had their muzzles on!" — *Answers*.

* * *

NOT HIS FAULT.

The Poet—"Poets are born, not made."

The Girl—"I know. I wasn't blaming you." — *Boston Transcript*.

Education?—*Life*.

AMONG THE GIRLS' SCHOOLS

By KATHARINE REID



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will never waste her money on imported table salt. She knows that right here in Canada, we have the best table salt in the world—

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A REVIEW of the educational advantages offered to the young women of Canada is sufficient to convince one that the importance of the matter is not overlooked; and a knowledge of the schools of Toronto induces one to believe that this city is as well equipped educationally as any other city on the continent.

Besides the splendid public schools and collegiate institutes, there is a number of residential schools and colleges for girls where upwards of a thousand pupils are instructed every year, not only in what is usually termed the arts and sciences, but in those graces of mind, character and manner which tend to build up a womanhood of truth and strength and gentleness, and to develop those qualities which are of the greatest importance in the home and society. These institutions accept a limited number of resident pupils and an additional number of day pupils, and what might appear remarkable is the fact that, as a rule, each school has its full quota of attendants.

An air of quiet but of intense inquiry pervades these schools and a youthful buoyancy predominates. Particularly at this season of the year an unusual animation reigns. The academic structure is embedded in green, and from the playgrounds glad voices emanate. But they are not all taking recreation in the open air. Within the building heads are bent in concentration upon some mathematical problem, minds are grappling with some obstinate task of memory—for examinations are at hand and success is beckoning with an alluring smile.

The chief mission of the older schools was to deal with manners, morals and etiquette, but to-day the pupil is trained more broadly. A study of the calendar, and the result of the examinations furnish indisputable proof of the efficiency of the scholastic instruction given. When a girl enters school she is at once launched upon a course of study that, if pursued, will carry her as far as matriculation. Every year pupils in these institutions are prepared for matriculation examinations, and a generous percentage of their candidates pass with creditable standing.

Music is a favourite course of study, and while the schools are all provided with competent teachers, some are in full affiliation with the musical colleges and all send pupils up for the examinations of the Conservatory of

A TYPICAL GROUP OF COLLEGE GIRLS



Executive of the Athletic Association of St. Hilda's College, 1908-9

Music or of the College of Music. No city in Canada offers greater musical advantages than Toronto, and the gold medals of the Conservatory have more than once found their way into the private schools.

As for art study, the schools are provided with good facilities. The studio of Mr. McGillivray Knowles in connection with Westbourne School is a unique and most attractive place. Not only are the arrangements for work very complete, but the variety of design and ornamentation makes it a delight to all who know it. Westbourne is a school of comparatively recent date, and was founded by Miss Curlette and Miss Dallas in 1901 upon well-defined principles, which have resulted in an ideal combination of a most refined home life and high educational influence.

The Bishop Strachan School is the oldest of these institutions, and can look back over a history of more than forty years. This is an Anglican Church school, and although changes have been made from year to year it has enjoyed a course of unbroken prosperity. Its alumnae gatherings are of very special interest, and mothers, daughters and even granddaughters, who have won their laurels upon the same field, meet upon the same footing as members of the same association, when they return to their *alma mater* to enjoy over again the delights and ambitions of early days.

"Glen Mawr" has for years filled an important place in the educational life of Toronto. The school is conducted on high principles, and combines a delightful home life of unaffected refinement with educational advantages of the highest order in every department. The school has always been distinguished for the high moral tone that prevails under a firm but gentle discipline. The personal guidance of the Principal, Miss Veals, is everywhere and a marked influence for good is exercised upon the characters of the pupils.

Another important factor in this educational world is St. Margaret's College. The unusual capabilities of its principal, Mrs. George Dickson, are widely appreciated and Mrs. Dickson has spared no pains in equipping the college with every convenience for the comfort and advancement of the pupils, and her personal oversight is given to every feature pertaining to the home and the school. The educational departments are most competently directed and in the fine concert hall connected with the school many a delightful gathering is held during the year.

The largest of the residential schools is Havergal College, which might also mentioned as a striking example of development. Since the school changed hands in 1894, when Miss Knox was appointed lady principal, it has been

—To those who would compel rather than be compelled by circumstances

—Who would drive rather than be driven by their feelings

—Who would be masters of themselves and so of fate, read

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Late Principal of Upper Canada College

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Headmaster

gradually strengthened and improved in every department till to-day it stands upon a very firm foundation, both materially and educationally.

Westminster College is an enterprising institution, and although a successor to the Presbyterian Ladies' College, it is practically a new school and is wholly non-denominational. Under the principalship of the Rev. A. R. Gregory, B.A., every effort has been made to maintain a high educational standard and "to develop those faculties of mind and body and heart that will enable young women to become strong, sympathetic and self-reliant of character."

It was in 1888 that Moulton College was opened as a girls' school in connection with McMaster University. The fine residence on Bloor Street East was given to the Baptist Church by Mrs. McMaster, and the school began under very auspicious circumstances has had a very successful career. Graduation is matriculation in McMaster or any Canadian University, and the departments of music and art are excellently maintained.

Another influence that has been widely and beneficially felt during the last six years is Branksome Hall. Miss Scott, who has had a very valuable experience as an educationist, and Miss Merrick have quite justified the confidence that has been placed in them, and Branksome Hall has enjoyed an important patronage and has been greatly appreciated among the girls' schools of Toronto. The greatest care is bestowed upon the home, the school and athletics with important and far-reaching results that must be very gratifying.

Valuable efforts are being made to educate the girls of this country, and if space would allow it would be interesting to follow the course of women's education in the Universities of Canada. But that is a subject for columns. Suffice it to say that Victoria was the first Canadian University to confer a degree upon a woman in 1883. The women's class that year consisted of one person. This year ninety-two degrees have been conferred upon women from the federated colleges of Toronto—of whom fifty-one were students of University College, twenty-five of Victoria, ten of Trinity and six of medicine; and it might also be remarked that the standing of the women this year has been exceptionally high. In the departments of English and History, and Moderns they have led. The attendance of women in these colleges during the year has been nearly five hundred. McMaster University conferred its first degree upon a woman in 1894 and this year seven degrees were granted.

The last few years have been productive of much material comfort for the women students of the Universities, and women's residences have been erected and maintained in which the education of the student is going on consciously or unconsciously all the time, and not merely during lecture hours. Annesley Hall, the largest of the residences, provides for the students of Victoria University, Queen's Hall for those of University College, and St. Hilda's for those of Trinity. Great as have been the improvements along this line during the past few years, the present outlook promises much more for the future.

A Visit to Havergal

MY small cousin breakfasts early in order that she may accompany me on my way down town and favour me as we go with the latest news of things in general and school politics in particular. She was more than usually excited this morning on account of an impending match between the day girls and boarders and as we neared Havergal showed her appreciation of my interest by inviting me into the playground to see for myself how far she had been justified in the forecast she had given as to a probable victory of the day girls. Flattered by her invitation I made my way into the quadrangle and found myself standing under the high red brick walls watching a group of alert, well-knit figures far too preoccupied with their game to notice the entrance of a stranger. The play was silent, swift and sure, and as I watched the clean-handed honour of the game I lost count of all else until half time came and a third goal had been made. Leaving the players to enjoy their cool slices of lemon, I passed the rear of the building and came into a second world of tennis and cricket. The wide stretch of lawn, with benches lining its terraced sides, seemed restful after the excitement of the boarded courts and I seated myself beside a group of girls taking a last look at their lessons interspersed with snatches of conversation or applause of a good serve or catch which might have happened to attract their attention.

My cousin, having finished her game, invited me to follow her in to prayers, and a few moments later I found myself watching class after class of dignified seniors, merry-looking middle school girls, and tiny preparatories, marching one after another in quick step towards the assembly hall. After prayers, I followed a leader to feel the throb of work as I had previously watched the throb of play.

From the glass doors on either side of the corridor came murmurs of lessons or lectures. As I was gradually initiated into the three sides of the school I saw how much more keenly girls entered into the modern system of lecturing and conversational teaching than their predecessors into the comparatively monotonous rote work of a school of twenty years ago.

"I wish you had been here in the afternoon," said my companion, as we passed from the long studio with its northern lights into the cooler regions of the swimming bath. "You ought to see the gymnastic girls plunging into the water instead of drilling on a hot afternoon, or come in at the end of a cookery class in time for one of their dinner parties or their Lady Baltimore cake. You can't get an idea of the work for it is marketing to-day and the girls are out taking a round of the poultry stores so that there is nothing on hand except their dressmaking and the result of yesterday's laundry work."

"Your summer term is charming but what about the winter. Doesn't the time hang heavy upon your hands? Don't the girls weary of the eternal walks and Jarvis Street?"

"That's true enough. We know the sights on Jarvis Street extremely well, but in winter the big lawn is turned into a hockey rink and the upper lawn into another rink for practice, and then there are the clubs the girls have among themselves and the Thursday nights. Every Thursday night a form in turn or a set of girls entertain the whole school in the assembly hall, and somehow or another there is never a day without something of interest beside the ordinary school work happening in it."

"But if so much happens, where does the work come in?"

"The greater the interest, the greater the work. Girls do more when they are alive in one hour than in three or four when they are home-

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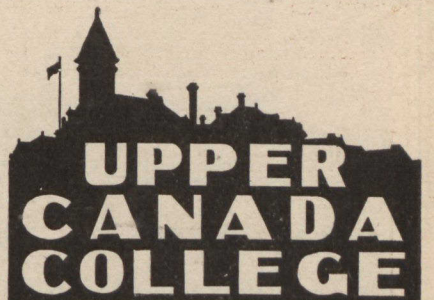
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UPPER CANADA COLLEGE

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begins Tuesday, September 14th.

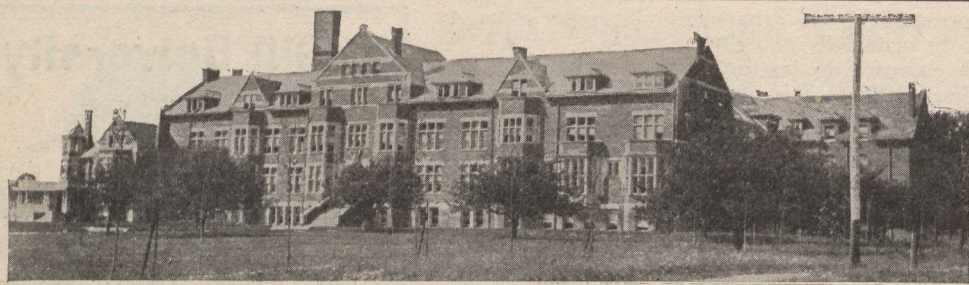
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(1705)

sick, half asleep or bored. They turn as swiftly from pleasure to work in winter as you saw them turn in summer. A sleigh ride, a tramp over the snow, a tobogganing party, pleasures shared by day girls as well as boarders, makes a cheery hum from one end of the year to the other, and at the end the girls are as loath to say good-bye to one another and to the school as a year ago they were miserable at the thought of leaving home and making their long journey eastward or westward. If the song is true in the spirit of its first verse it is true in its last also—

"Oh, Jarvis Street, how shall I say
Farewell to you!
I love your avenues of green,
Your tall posts blue.
In other cities, streets there are
Of storied interest, statlier far
And these I'll greet
With admiration, but you hold
My heart complete;
In dreams I'll always fondly walk
On Jarvis Street."

Dr. Hare's Views

ALMOST every Methodist has heard of the Ontario Ladies' College of Whitby and of the Rev. Dr. Hare, its scholarly principal. In a recent report, Dr. Hare gives his ideas of college training. We quote some paragraphs:

"Every one admits that a good education and social training is of great importance to a young lady of promise who is likely to become a teacher or a leader in the church or in society; but to a young woman of medium ability whose sphere of duty will be largely confined to the home life, there is not the same consensus of opinion as to the desirability of giving her good educational advantages; and yet she in her restricted sphere may be personally ennobled and her work dignified by the possession of the elements of refinement and learning. All true culture is not dependent on rank, or station, or publicity, but is a part of the individual, permeating the whole life and making it radiant with beauty and clothed with power, whether in a cot or a mansion.

"Education means personal development, the bringing out of what is in the student, hence the results of college training will depend somewhat upon the characteristics and capabilities of the student. The gardener may assist nature not only by cultivating the natural resources of a plant, but by grafting upon an inferior plant the scion of a better type. In this way the wild briar may produce beautiful roses, and the crab-apple tree the most luscious fruit. Something analogous to this may occur in school life when a student of indifferent motives and ideals is stimulated into intellectual activity and awakened to a sense of moral responsibility, or when she sloughs off the old, rough, vulgar past, and begins to exhibit the characteristics of politeness and good breeding.

"There never was a time when it was so generally admitted, as it is today, that the training of young people so as best to fit them to meet the duties and responsibilities of life embraces more than the mere acquisition of book-learning. All intellectual and social culture must have for one of its chief aims the improvement of the spirit and the character. Learning sought for its own sake or for utilitarian purposes only is apt to beget selfishness or self conceit; but learning shot through and through with a conception of obligation to God and man to meet the possibilities of life in loving, helpful service for the good of others must forever keep in check

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 22

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S SILVER MEDAL

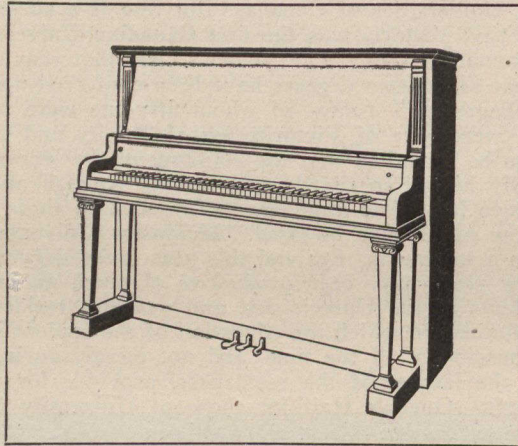
at Varsity Examinations goes this year to Mr. Gordon Thompson. Mr. Thompson for the past two years has led in the CANADIAN COURIER Scholarship Competition.

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¶ We can interest university undergraduates in our circulation proposition. There are rewards as you go along. Let us explain by mail.

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But to give perfect enjoyment the piano must be a perfect instrument. It must be a joy to the performer and to the listener. It must have ease of action and be supplied with that apparent feeling of response that makes the performer and the instrument almost a single being.

The above qualities are embodied in the Mason & Risch piano; an instrument so complete, so satisfactory, that improvement seems almost impossible.

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For information apply to REV. J. O. MILLER, M.A., D.C.L., Principal, St. Catharines, Ont.

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For Calendar of the School and further information, apply to the Secretary, School of Mining, Kingston, Ontario.

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PEOPLE AND PLACES

Little Stories by Land and Sea, concerning the folk who move hither and thither across the face of a Big Land.

GRAVEL AND GOLD

THE old Saskatchewan has all sorts of commercial possibilities. Once it was used for nothing but to catch fish from and to float York boats on. Now most of the fish are gone; the boats and scows are more numerous than ever—and there has been discovered a source of revenue inside the river that ranks as one of the commercial assets, of Edmonton at least. That is gold and gravel. Years ago the gold-grizzly man was one of the figures on the Saskatchewan. He has been written about on this page before. He was a pathfinder and an exploiter. Daily with a pail on a stick, a sieve set in a frame and a blanket below, he extracted from the mighty Saskatchewan anywhere from two to five dollars; more often two. He passed into a relic; the gold dredge came—that scooped up tons of gravel in a minute and looked as big as Noah's Ark. These gold dredges were in operation a few years ago; four or five of them right around Edmonton. But they cost more to equip and maintain than could be got out of them. Now the new way is to make an asset of the gravel and take the gold as a by-product. So Mr. James Huff, who used to live down around Chatham way in Ontario, and who ten years ago was a teamster hauling sand and gravel and coal, hit upon a method of scooping up the gravel for building purposes and letting the gold drizzle off on blankets. The gravel alone pays him a big profit. The gold is clear gain. In the old way the gravel all went back to the river. But Edmonton needs gravel now more than it needs gold. Mr. Huff's plant cost him about sixty thousand dollars.

* * *

A GENTLEMAN GONE.

CHEVALIER HENEY has left a hole in the human activity and character of Ottawa that nobody will ever be quite able to fill. He was one of the men whose character and personality belonged to time—when perhaps such things were more sought after than they are now. He was nearly ninety years of age; called "Chevalier" by the late Pope Leo XIII because of his services in establishing the Irish Catholic Temperance Society of Ottawa. That was more than fifty years ago. He was born in County Cavan, Ireland; came to Canada when twenty-two years of age—when Ottawa was Bytown. He never pretended to be other than a quiet business gentleman who had the moral welfare of the city and country at heart and who thought more of his friends than of amassing a fortune. No man ever died as a private citizen of Ottawa who left behind him more regrets than old man Heney—"Honest John." As one of his friends said, he was part of the history of Ottawa. His memory ranged back to the days when almost every man in Bytown knew almost every other man; when timber was the big way in Ottawa Valley—the days of the river-driver and the mill, the epic of the huge pines, when Ottawa was a place to appeal to the imagination, because in those days they had not so much politics and Parliament Hill was not even discovered.

* * *

OFFENDED DIGNITY.

AS an illustration of how the stubbornness of mankind sometimes rises up stupidly against law, take—no not smuggling, which is mainly confined to woman-kind—but that first cousin to it, the trying to get into the United States from Canada without being inspected at the border. Not long ago a peculiar example of the vested dignity disdaining to pass muster before the law came to light in the Great Northern night train known as the "Owl." This train runs to Seattle. But an hour before the train leaves an inspector comes up from Blaine to look over the passengers so as to give them a chance to go to bunk and rest undisturbed while the train crosses the border. This man is an assistant to the regular inspector at Vancouver. On the night in question the man from Blaine met something of a match in a couple of people who refused to be inspected in the usual way. They went to bed—warned that in an hour or two they would be in the United States where it would be legal to put them off the train. Being British subjects they objected to being inspected by U. S. authorities on British soil. After the train had crossed the boundary the couple in question regardful of their dignity got up from their berths and submitted to the examination.

* * *


FAKE WARSHIP STORIES.

THIS warship scare on the great lakes has become serious. The Simcoe is the latest Canadian acquisition to the fleet of Commander Kingsmill. She has arrived, a fully-equipped Canadian warship armed to the teeth, plated a foot and a half thick with armour in the bow—for she expects always to expose her bows to the enemy and not the stern as is the case with some warships. Technically the Simcoe is a light-house supply vessel, similar in intention to many of the others in the fleet. Potentially she is a convertible cruiser; somewhat on the principle of a folding bed that may be turned into a cupboard. It takes three days to convert the Simcoe into a fighting machine—but when she is converted, beware! And there is reason. Not long ago the Nashville, which is a United States lake gunner, took on guns at Buffalo and shipped up to Chicago. At that very time the Simcoe was in Halifax awaiting orders. She got orders to proceed to Georgian Bay, where it is rumoured her guns were in waiting.

* * *

THE TOUGH TOWN ON THE FRONTIER.

ENTWHISTLE is the real thing by way of a frontier town. This is the end of the Grand Trunk Pacific construction in the Pembina country west of Edmonton. So far several thousand miles of railway have been put down in the Canadian West without any bad-man or bad-town symptoms developing. People have been too busy to make trouble. Now that the prairie is pretty well gridironed and the Transcontinental pushes into the foot-hills country, symptoms begin to develop. Entwhistle has become a tough town. Four hundred grade labourers put up there. They all but own the town. There is but one mounted policeman and he would have a far better chance with as many Indians. The graders have been cutting loose. They do about as they feel like doing. So says a Methodist parson who comes down from there to a district meeting. He is the sky pilot of Entwhistle and knows of what he is talking.



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METALLIC

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Send measurements of your bath-room. Let us give you estimates of cost.



THE INSURANCE MAN says: "Every sheet of Metallic laid increases protection from fire, and helps to lower your insurance rate."

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Classes in Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Writing, Shorthand, Typewriting and kindred subjects will continue during the summer months.

Special rates of \$6.00 per month or \$10.00 for the two months, July and August, will afford an excellent opportunity to get first-class instruction at small cost. Class hours from 8 to 1 o'clock.

For further particulars, phone College 2777, call or write the

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It gives full Commercial Courses leading to the examinations for Chartered Accountants and Commercial Specialists. Particulars free.

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G. B. College Building

Champion of the Year

New York Herald, July 16th, 1908

The wonderful success of the Ross Rifle at the Bisley Meet and at the D.R.A. Matches fully justifies the above verdict of the New York Herald.

At the D.R.A. qualifying matches for Bisley representation although many of the competitors using Ross Rifles were green men 60% won places on the team.

This was a signal triumph for the

ROSS RIFLE

MARK III

Write for Catalogue which also describes the ROSS SPORTING RIFLE which combines the accuracy of the military rifle with perfection of style, handiness and workmanship.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

"IDEAL" Orchid Perfume

the most fragrant and lasting odor yet produced. The final touch of a dainty toilette. Used by ladies of refinement.

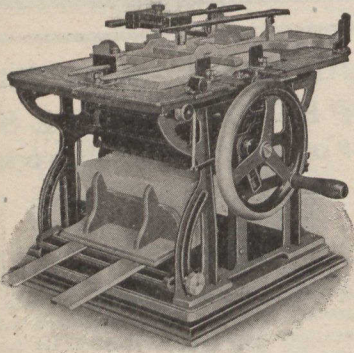
"IDEAL" Orchid Perfume

If you cannot sample this at your druggist's, send us his name and receive a sample FREE by return mail.

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Queen St. and Dunn Ave.
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Canada's Largest Perfumers.



WHO folds your letters?
Even if the office boy does it, it is an expensive job—and slow.

THIS machine folds 6000 letters an hour, any kind of fold, any thickness of paper, with absolute uniformity and accuracy.

IT is a necessity in the modern office. It pays for itself. Send for booklet.

UNITED TYPEWRITER COMPANY LIMITED

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The Hamilton Steel and Iron Co. Limited

PIG IRON
Foundry, Basic, Malleable
FORGINGS
of every description
High-Grade Bar Iron
Open Hearth Bar Steel

Hamilton - Ontario

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 20

all tendency to empty arrogance or sham aristocracy. The earnest and morally healthful spirit of our institution has shown itself not only in the faithful and successful work of the class-room, but also in the Literary Society, the May Court Club, the Musical Club, Art Club, Y.W.C.A. meetings, Mission Study classes and Bible classes. This bracing atmosphere of the home life has contributed to exact and thorough scholarship, and at the same time has kept our students in sympathetic touch with the vital issues of Christian life and service, and has promoted a beautiful and strong character which has made itself felt in after life."

The Margaret Eaton School

EIGHT years ago the School of Expression, now known as the Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression, opened its doors in Toronto with an enrolment of five students. To-day the register for 1908-1909 shows an increase of one hundred and ninety-two, registered as follows: Professional course, 13; general culture course, 5; special course, 7; physical culture course, 16; dramatic art, 32; theological students—class in voice culture, 12; languages, 7; students in training for deaconesses, 31; and occasional students, 45. The principal and her associate teachers believe that a culture course should carry with it a bread-winning power and that the highest form of education is the thorough and harmonious development of the entire individual according to the laws of nature.

A Typist College

THE attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of the summer session of the Remington Business College, appearing elsewhere in this issue. The Remington School is the latest addition to the Toronto list of business colleges and, judging from the records already made, it is likely to take a leading place.

Relying upon the principle, "the teachers make the school," the Remington Typewriter Company, proprietors of this college, has displayed good judgment in its selection of the teaching staff. Mr. T. F. Wright, the principal, a graduate of Port Perry and Bowmanville High Schools, for five years a most successful teacher in Durham County, for twelve years a member of the teaching staff of two of the most modern business schools of Canada, has made a reputation for hard and thorough classroom work anyone might envy. Mr. Wright is ably assisted in the Commercial Department by Mr. David Troup, an enthusiast in his branches of the work, a young man of integrity, industry and perseverance. Mr. Chas. E. Smith, as head of the Short-hand and Typewriting Departments, scarcely needs further recommendation. His work as an author and teacher is already well known. The success of his pupils has amply demonstrated his ability. His success as a class teacher is equal to his work with the individual. Miss Rose L. Fritz, the World's Professional Champion Typist, Mr. L. H. Coombes, the World's Amateur Champion Typist, Miss Elsie Scott, the World's 1908 School Champion Typist, and Miss Corinne Bourdon, silver medallist of the School Championship of 1909, owe their special skill to a large extent to the training received from Mr. Smith personally.

EVERYWHERE, the traveller's favorite table water. On train and liner—in hotel and club—the popular drink is **White Rock** The purest of Mineral Waters

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F. X. ST. CHARLES & CO., Limited, Agents, Montreal.
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SURPRISE HIM!

Give his Favorite Chair a Holiday Dress while he is at the office. Then—when the verandah and the after-dinner Havana call at the end of a strenuous day—his appreciation will be a generous reward.

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is surely a sunshine maker in the home. A trial sample free on request. Ask your dealer or write us.

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The Ideal Combination of Isolation and Accessibility

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In the Adirondacks

Such a combination as this gives the opportunity for the ideal holiday. Lakes, mountains, real wilds, and first-class hotels furnish rowing, fishing, hunting, riding, driving, golf, tennis and dancing.

For full particulars apply at C.P.R. or G.T.R. city ticket offices, Cor. King and Yonge Sts., and Union Station, or address:

Frank C. Foy, Canadian Passenger Agent, New York Central Lines, 80 Yonge St. Telephone 4361 Main.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

MONEY AND MAGNATES

POOL OPERATIONS IN MARKET

ONE of the strongest indications that the Canadian stock markets are not very far from the top level is that most of the "pools" that have been operating in different stocks have now been dissolved. These "pools" have easily been one of the most important factors in the recent activity and the big advance the Montreal stock market has enjoyed and their operations were as a rule rather deceiving to the public.

The reason why so many pools were operating was that there were a number of deals that the insiders wanted to pull off and it was in their interests to show that there was a good demand for the stocks of their companies.

For instance there was what was called the "Textile pool," the members of which looked after both Dominion Textile preferred and common stocks with a view of inducing the London crowd to exercise the option they had secured on \$2,000,000 of the \$5,000,000 of the Textile common stock. The option was for certain amounts of the stock at prices ranging between \$60 and \$70 a share and in the end the insiders in order to make the \$70 option look attractive had to get the stock quite a little above that price. At the same time that this deal was on the company had quite a little difficulty settling different strikes and every little while the threatened trouble among the hands would cause quite a little decline in the stock. Finally Textile common after holding for a long time around \$65, was boosted to \$75 and the news came out that London had practically agreed to take up its last option at \$70. The pool had effected its work and when it withdrew its support from the market the stock went off quite quickly.

Then again certain brokerage houses had too large a quantity of certain stocks and they formed little pools in order to facilitate the marketing of it, figuring that the public would come in just as soon as it was noticed that the stock was getting fairly active. Among such pools might be mentioned the "Richelieu pool," the "Montreal Power pool" and the "Illinois Traction preferred pool." Of course as much as possible brokers do not want the public to get on to the fact that there is a pool operating in a stock and try to get their customers to believe that there is a strong public demand for the stock they are interested in putting to a higher level.

The operations of these pools were of course greatly facilitated by the cheap money that has prevailed for some little time past. They are usually organised with an understanding that all profits will be divided pro rata among the members of the pool, while sometimes the pools are simply formed with a view of creating a better demand for some certain issue. In the latter case there is seldom any profit to divide, the brokers simply carrying it out with a view of securing more business later on.

With these pools out of the road there will not be any longer the same endeavour made to put stocks on a higher level, and left to themselves it would not be surprising if quite a few gradually sold off to quite a lower price.

* * *

INTERESTING SITUATION BETWEEN STEEL AND COAL.

TO those acquainted with the "inside" doings, the final negotiations between the Dominion Iron and Steel Company and the Dominion Coal Company have now reached a most interesting point.

The Steel Company has submitted claims for some \$1,300,000 of damages in addition to the \$2,500,000 already paid over by the Coal Company, and the experts employed by the Coal Company have reported that it will take them well on to the end of June before they will be ready to make a report on the claims of the Steel Company.

Now it so happens that by June 30th, by its contract the Steel Company has to agree to a readjustment of the price it must pay the Coal Company for its large supplies of coal. Even the difference of a few cents a ton will make quite a big difference in the amount that must be paid at the end of the year.

It is just this situation that will make the final negotiations very interesting because just in the same proportion that the Steel Company holds out for damages, in like proportion will the Coal Company very likely advance its price for coal for the next two years, and, on the other hand, just in proportion to the amount the Steel Company will agree to waive of the damages, in like proportion will the Coal Company agree to keep down the price of coal. The two big concerns are so allied that it seems almost impossible for one to get the complete upper hand of the other and it would rather seem that a give-and-take policy must be followed in all negotiations between the two concerns.

* * *

HOW QUICKLY CREDIT CAN IMPROVE.

THE Canadian Pacific Railway affords a striking instance of the very great extent to which the credit of a company can improve in twenty odd years.

At the present time the credit of the company ranks as high, if not even higher, than any other railroad in the world, and yet less than twenty years ago a leading Montreal firm that had sold the C. P. R. considerable material received payment for it in the form of notes. These notes he placed along with other paper in one of the leading banks but what was his surprise when the manager stepped out and told him they could not think of discounting the C. P. R. paper as they had found that it had little or no value. Now C. P. R. can even sell its four per cent. debenture stock at a premium above par.

* * *

CANADIANS UNDERWRITING BOND ISSUES

A STRIKING indication of how fast Canadian financial institutions are growing was afforded by the announcement that the new issue of Consolidated Bonds made by the Dominion Iron and Steel Company had been underwritten in Montreal and Toronto.

This was an entirely new condition of affairs, as the big Canadian corporations, in the past, had always found it absolutely necessary to go to London to effect a bond issue of any proportions, as the Canadian institutions did not, as a rule, have enough capital available to handle any large block of bonds.

In the case of the Consolidated Bond issue of the Dominion Iron and Steel, financiers, who are rather closely connected with the Bank of Montreal and Bank of Commerce, felt that they could underwrite the whole issue and later on, when the Iron and Steel Company was in a stronger position than it is just at present, they would be able to dispose of these bonds at an advance of quite a few points in the London market.

COUPON.

\$240,604,737.00 Represents the amount invested in Loan Companies in Canada in 1907, which clearly indicates the popularity of this form of investment with those who do not speculate with their funds, but desire to get a Permanent, Dividend paying investment. If you wish to get a 6% Dividend paying investment in an established and progressive Loan Company, write for our 16th Annual Report.

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Chartered 1892.

The Merchants' Bank

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President, SIR H. MONTAGU ALLAN
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Paid-up Capital, - \$6,000,000
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits, - 4,400,000
Deposits. (March 31) - 39,915,055
Assets, " - 55,460,251

126 Branches in Canada

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SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all Branches.
 Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards received and interest allowed at best current rates.

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We mail monthly a list of Bonds and Stocks yielding from 4 to 6 per cent. from which choice can be made.

A copy will be sent regularly upon request.

A. E. AMES & CO., LIMITED
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National Trust Company

18-22 King Street East, Toronto. LIMITED.

CAPITAL - - - \$1,000,000
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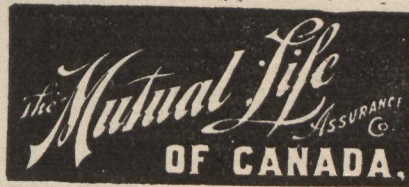
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When you are old

who will provide the money to keep you?

Will you be compelled to keep on working the same as some old men you know?



will guarantee you an income in your old age. Do you want it?

A small monthly saving now will secure you against want when you are old; it will also care for your loved ones when death calls you from them.

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Let Us Help You To Solve The Heating Problem

Our advice—our recommendations—and our estimates of the cost of a complete heating system—are given absolutely free of charge.

Simply send us a rough diagram of your home—giving dimensions of rooms etc.

We will put our experts to work. They will plan the entire heating arrangement—size of furnace, size and location of pipes—and tell you just what it will cost for the completed job. All without cost to you.

We will also send you catalogue of

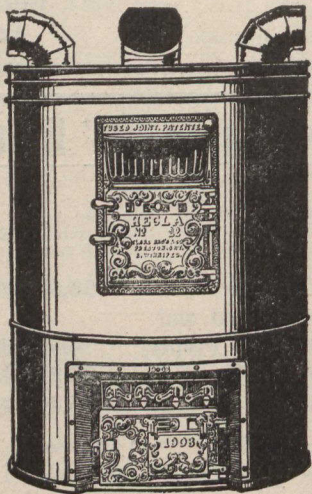
The "Hecla" Furnace

illustrating and describing the many admirable features of this most popular furnace.

Write us now, so we can devote ample time to drawing up the plans for your heating system.

Clare Bros. & Co. Limited, Preston, Ont.

73



OUT OF THE SHADOW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

"You—know all?" he gasped, hoarsely.

"All!" she replied, sobbing, her forced strength falling suddenly away from her. "Oh, Frank!" she wailed, "why didn't you trust me? Why couldn't you trust me?"

* * * * *

The inevitable climax came. The next few weeks witnessed the dis-traint upon Frank's belongings, and the exchange of home, if the shabby apartments to which he took his sick wife could be so designated. With the shadow of a still greater evil hovering over her, Laura faced the crisis almost unmoved. She saw, too, that Frank needed all the support which her loving sympathy alone could lend him.

As the lengthening days of February drew to a close, the long-looked-for situation was found for Frank, and the most pressing debts were paid off. But his remorse was not strong enough to exercise the gambling spirit which had obtained fast possession of him. He was still waiting for the run of luck which Fate, with a curious persistency, denied him.

"In March," he told Laura, "the Lincoln Handicap and the Grand National come off. I've got a 'double' on Wanderer and Apple Chip. One thousand pounds it will bring in! I raked the money together," he added, shifting his eyes uneasily. "Something tells me I shall pull it off this time. You'll see."

He shook off a feeling of chill which had seized him at the thought of money "raked together"—a considerable slice of his month's salary, advanced by his employer to meet "pressing demands." Wanderer was going to prove a stunning surprise. Withers had assured him; the public had yet to learn his powers. Withers had got the tip on infallible authority. He put six pounds five on Wanderer and Apple Chip, at one hundred and sixty to one, satisfying a dramatic instinct to bring the possible haul up to the round sum of one thousand pounds exactly.

On Tuesday, at the end of the month, the Lincoln Handicap was run. Wanderer fulfilled the prophecies, and came in first! Frank reeled home that evening like a drunken man, the blood surging wildly through his veins beating like drums in his burning temples.

He talked to himself half aloud as he pushed his way through the thronged streets. A thousand pounds! If only Apple Chip were lucky! What could he do with a thousand pounds? What could he not do with it? It would buy a house and new furniture, and a thousand little luxuries to smooth away the furrows from Laura's brow, and win back the pretty smiles that had first made captive his heart. And he must get her away from London, while there was yet hope for her; out of the sleet and the icy blast that was cutting on his own throbbing head gratefully enough.

On reaching home he found Laura feverish and alarmingly ill, and, for the first time, the fear of immediate danger seized him with a numbing grip that banished all thought of the coming Grand National from his mind.

On the day of the race he sat by his wife's bedside in dazed misery. by moments only, vivid flashes of consciousness that came to him like a stunning blow, he realised that she was slipping away from him on the ebb tide of her life, a current, the stemming of which was out of his power, even with the aid of a thousand pounds. Outside, in the street,

rose up the hoarse cries of the suburban hawk, and, later on, the voice of the newsboy, crying the familiar "Winner! Winner!" The sounds fell on his ears without meaning. The Grand National had been run, but there was a greater and more absorbing race going on in the shabby little bedroom—a contest between life and death, and the odds were on the grim spectre.

Laura stirred at the sound of the boy's shrill voice. He had thought her sleeping; but she had been thinking of the life stretching out before him, bereft of her restraining hand. It had restrained but little in life, she feared, unconscious of the full weight of her influence over him, but there was a hope in her death. She fought down the longing to spare him and herself.

"Dearest!" she faltered.

He gripped her hand and remembered, tempering the grasp with the tightening of the clutch at his heart.

"You would like to do something—one last thing, especially for my sake—to make me very happy?" she asked with a wilful pleading that wrung his heart.

He writhed in his chair, knowing what words were coming, yet dreading to hear them.

"Heaven knows!" he answered, helplessly.

"Then promise—promise me now."

He looked up imploringly.

"Say, I will never bet again in all my life!" she entreated, her eyes dilating in the force of her supplication.

He bowed his head as if struck, choking back the tears that thickened his voice:

"It's too late—too late!" he groaned. "What does anything matter now?"

Her own tears rained down silently. "No, no!" she said. "It is not too late. Promise—promise, for my sake!"

"Heaven help me!" he said, brokenly. "I promise."

He went downstairs, trying to shake off the grip on his throat that was choking him. He found Withers, waiting admission at the front door.

"Have you seen the paper?" his friend demanded, excitedly.

"Paper? No!" replied Frank, indifferently. "What is it?"

Withers thrust a crumpled evening paper in his face. "Look, then!" he almost screamed. "Apple Chip! won by a neck! Your thousand pounds! Are you deaf?"

Frank took the paper, reading the results through slowly. He thought the Grand National must have been run yesterday, so long had the time been since sunrise. He sat down, looking at Withers almost vacantly.

"It's too late now," he said sullenly. "She's going!"

Withers looked shocked for a moment, but, for himself, he was wedded only to the passion for gambling. He shifted uneasily, unable to quell his excitement.

"Who knows?" he exclaimed, with assumed cheerfulness. "Money can work wonders. Buck up, old chap! Where's your voucher?"

Frank sorted out the papers in his breast pocket, handing him the voucher mechanically.

"I'll see to it all," said Withers. "Sign the paper. You'll get the money in two days."

All that night Laura lay speechless in Frank's arms, her soft, slow breath coming fainter each hour from the parted lips. As the first stealthy rays of the dawn crept over her face, the last fluttering sigh trembled on

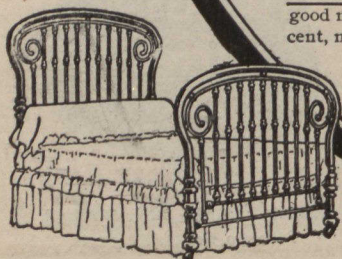
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the air like the stirring of angel's wings. He laid her down and flung himself face downwards upon the floor, wishing he could cry now that she could no longer hear, as he had cried that day of the Cesarewitch, when hope had still been his, though he had not known it.

Withers came again in two days, bringing the thousand pounds. He thrust the bank notes excitedly into Frank's fingers, which almost refused to close over them.

"Ten of them," he said, counting them out with a shaking hand. "Hang it, Ranger, you'll have a run of luck now, if you'll stick to the doubles! I wish I was you; my luck's clean turned lately."

Frank let him out and stood looking at the notes in his hand. They seemed to burn his palm; the crisp rustle, at the twitching of his fingers, went to his heart with stabs of pain. Her thousand pounds! They had been won for her! She had needed a hundred luxuries in the past months. The day was gone by when the removal to a milder climate might have saved her life. Her thousand pounds, that he had so often, with his flowery imagination, pressed with a mock indifference into the now rigid fingers. He flung them viciously to the ground, putting his heel upon them, ready to grind them into the floor, in the feeling of rage with fate that swept over him. But a sudden inspiration checked him. He picked them up again and folded them together, creeping up to the room where she lay with the red spots still lingering under the shadows of the closed fringes of her eyes.

Gently he moved aside the lid of the plain, black coffin, and, with a hush upon him that suspended his breath, he took up one white hand and placed the little packet within it.

Suddenly, his heart gave a great bound and stood still, while the room swam round him, making him clutch at the side of the coffin for support.

"Good heavens!" he almost shrieked. Had his eyes deceived him? Could it be true? He had thought that he saw the waxen fingers close tighter upon the crisp paper; the faint crackling sound had reached his ears, smiting the thrilling nerves like the cut of a whip.

"Good heavens!" he cried, snatching up the hand and covering it with frantic kisses. "Oh, Heaven! Let me see it again! Tell me it was not a devilish deception!"

He let fall the limp hand and turned trembling to the marble face, raising the eyelids and peering with bated breath into the still, blue, unresponsive eyes. In the sickening suspense, a hoarse groan tore his frame. Pressing the lids down again, he stood waiting with parted lips, his own breath seeming to stand still in the awful chill of doubt that seized him. The next moment he shook it off again, refusing to believe his fancy had played him so cruel a trick.

"Laura! Laura!" he called, leaning over her and breathing in her face.

He drew back, with the light of a great joy rushing again to his eyes. He was not mistaken. This time the sign was unmistakable. God had heard him. The lowered lids fluttered with a faint twitching, in answer to his voice. The trembling movement was repeated as he leant over her in a transport of excitement, and the next moment the pale lips stirred with the same soft, fluttering motion.

He drew himself up dizzily and swept his hand across his brow, as the icy clutch fell away from his heart and a great gush of tears burst forth. They fell unconsciously

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to the rhythm of his hoarse sobs, as, with shaking hands, he lifted his wife tenderly from her hideous resting-place.

In the next room he laid her in his bed, flinging himself down beside her and calling her name.

Outside the door he heard the sound of curious voices. The people of the house had gathered, listening to the bursts of frantic joy that escaped him, and telling each other that his grief had made him mad. He sprang up and opened to them.

"She is alive! Come and see! She is given back to me!" he spluttered.

The good woman stared incredulously and half fearfully at his distorted face, moving nervously to the bed, while her husband stood eyeing him askance from the doorway.

The next minute the woman turned with surprised eyes. "George!" she exclaimed, excitedly, "I believe he's right! Run round, quick, for Dr. Fordham."

Laura had, in truth, been given back to him. The astonished doctor turned to Frank, after his inspection, and wrung his hand in speechless congratulation. The man's stony despair had haunted him, accustomed though he was to scenes of grief, and his heart burnt in sympathy with Frank's uncontrollable joy.

The faint flutter of awakening life had been succeeded by a full return to consciousness, and Laura was able to speak again. Frank's ungovernable transports of joy revealed to her how close had been her approach to the awful valley of the shadows. The notes still lay clasped in her fingers when presently she awoke from the quiet sleep which had succeeded the excitement of their reunion.

"Frank," she whispered, putting her arms round his neck, "your month's salary is nearly due, isn't it?"

"Next week, my darling," he replied. "If necessary, the manager would have let the advanced sum stand over for a bit, but now—"

"Wait, dearest!" she continued, interrupting his excited speech. "You could manage to send me to Ventnor now, without using this money?"

He looked up sharply and read the thought which lay in her eloquent eyes.

"It is all yours, Laura," he said, bowing his head with a slight, shrinking movement.

Her hand stole over his head, smoothing the ruffled waves of hair that had always been her pride.

"God has been very good to us, Frank," she said.

"I know it! I know it!" he replied, gathering her closer. "A thousand times better than I deserve."

"You remember your promise, Frank?" she went on, timidly.

"Aye!" he answered, reverently. "I swore to you, and to Him, that I would never make another bet in all my life. I will keep my oath, Laura."

She moved a little uneasily, nerving herself for the effort which the words cost her, for his sake.

"Dearest," she said, "let us start again, free of this—this betting money. If I had died you would have done without it. Let us still do without it."

"It is all yours," he replied. "Yours, to do with as you please, little wife."

The next day the treasurer of the London headquarters of a certain society for aiding friendless women was astonished by the reception of an anonymous donation, to the amount of one thousand pounds. The few informal words accompanying it were signed in a tremulous feminine hand, the single word, "Thanksgiving."

(The End.)

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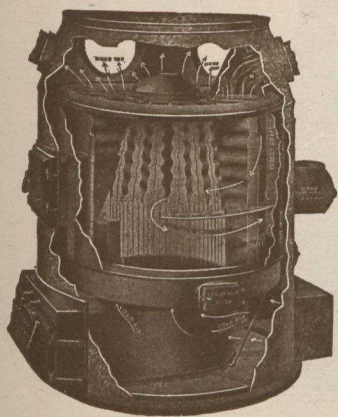
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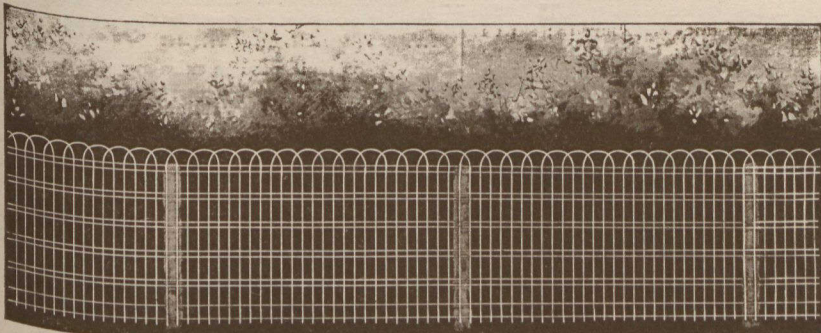
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