

The Canadian COURIER

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY.

EDUCATION NUMBER

....

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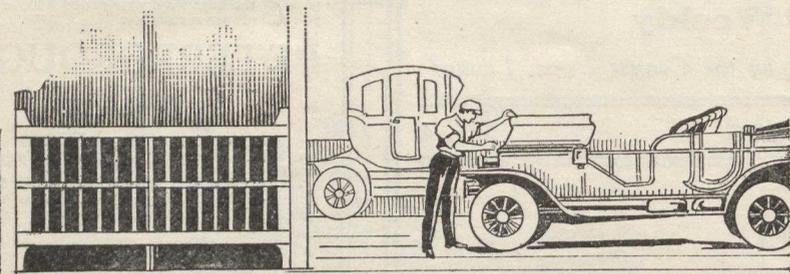
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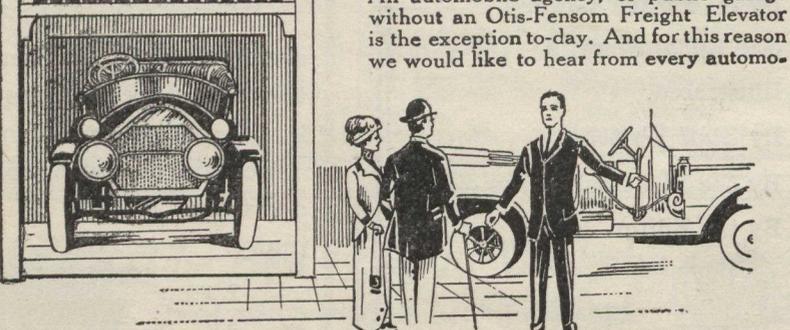


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In Lighter Vein

Hoping For the Best.—When Irvin Cobb was rewrite man for the New York "Evening World" he left the office one night, highly incensed, after a spat with Charles Chapin, the city editor. He returned the next morning, still ruffled, to find that Chapin was absent.

"Where's the old man?" he inquired. An assistant informed him that Chapin was ill.

"Dear me!" said Cobb, much concerned. "I hope it's nothing trivial."—Everybody's.

An Off Moment.—Sir Richard McBride, premier of British Columbia, is generally well aware when he is being seen or heard in public, and he behaves accordingly. In fact some of his political opponents go so far as to accuse him of posing. On a recent trip by steamer from Victoria to Vancouver the premier had as a fellow-passenger the late Rev. Dr. Elliott Rowe, a Methodist preacher, well known in eastern Canada. Sir Richard was sleepy and retired to his stateroom for a nap. He was awakened some time later to find Dr. Rowe's big genial face at the door, and the doctor's eyes intently gazing at him. The premier, of course, inquired as to the reason for the unexpected visit. "Well, you see, Dick," replied Dr. Rowe, "I just thought I'd look in and get a peep at you when you were unconscious."

Overdone.—The Cannibal King—"See here, what was that dish you served up to me at lunch?"

The Cook—"Stewed motor cyclist, your majesty."

Cannibal King—"It tasted very burnt."

Cook—"Well, he was scorching when we caught him, your majesty."—Popular Mechanics.

Wasn't Foreman at Rome.—The new foreman was a hustler. Nothing escaped his eagle eye, and whenever he saw a workman suffering from a tired feeling he quickly woke him up.

So when he discovered a bricklayer snatching a quiet pipe behind a wheelbarrow his wrath arose mightily.

"What do you think you're paid for? Get on with your job, if you don't want to get fired pretty sharp."

"All right, boss," rejoined the workman. "Keep your 'air on. Rome wasn't built in a day, you know."

"That may be," rejoined the hustler, "but I wasn't foreman of that job."—Kansas City Times.

Change in Fashions.

Said she, "What lovely fashions, dear! They do so change from year to year!"

"There's not much change that I can see in pocketbooks," responded he.

"They're worn a little shorter, though, and lighter than a year ago."

—Lippincott's Magazine.

Bad Team Work.—The well-dressed, portly man stood for several moments watching the brawny drayman who was laboriously tugging at a large, heavy-laden box, which seemed almost as wide as the doorway through which he was trying to move it. Presently the kindly disposed onlooker approached the perspiring drayman and said with a patronizing air: "Like to have a lift?" "Bet yer life," the other replied, and for the next two minutes the two men, on opposite sides of the box, worked, lifted, puffed, and wheezed, but it did not move an inch. Finally the portly man straightened up and said, between puffs: "I don't believe we can get it in there." "Get it in?" the drayman almost shouted. "Why, you blamed muttonhead, I'm trying to get it out!"

Whueuel

They had cut off a Chinaman's queue, and were painting his head a bright blueue;

So the Chinaman said,

As they daubed at his head:

"When I sueue yueue, yueue'll rueue what yueue dueue."

—Current Opinion.

Anything For An Argument.—The two Manchester men came running at top speed toward the station, where the train that would run them to town in a few minutes was steaming ready to start. As they reached the station door the whistle sounded and the train was off. Gasping for breath, the one said to the other with cheery good humour, "Eh, Jim, tha dinna run fast enough." "Yea, Ah did," Jim instantly replied, "but Ah didna start soon enough."

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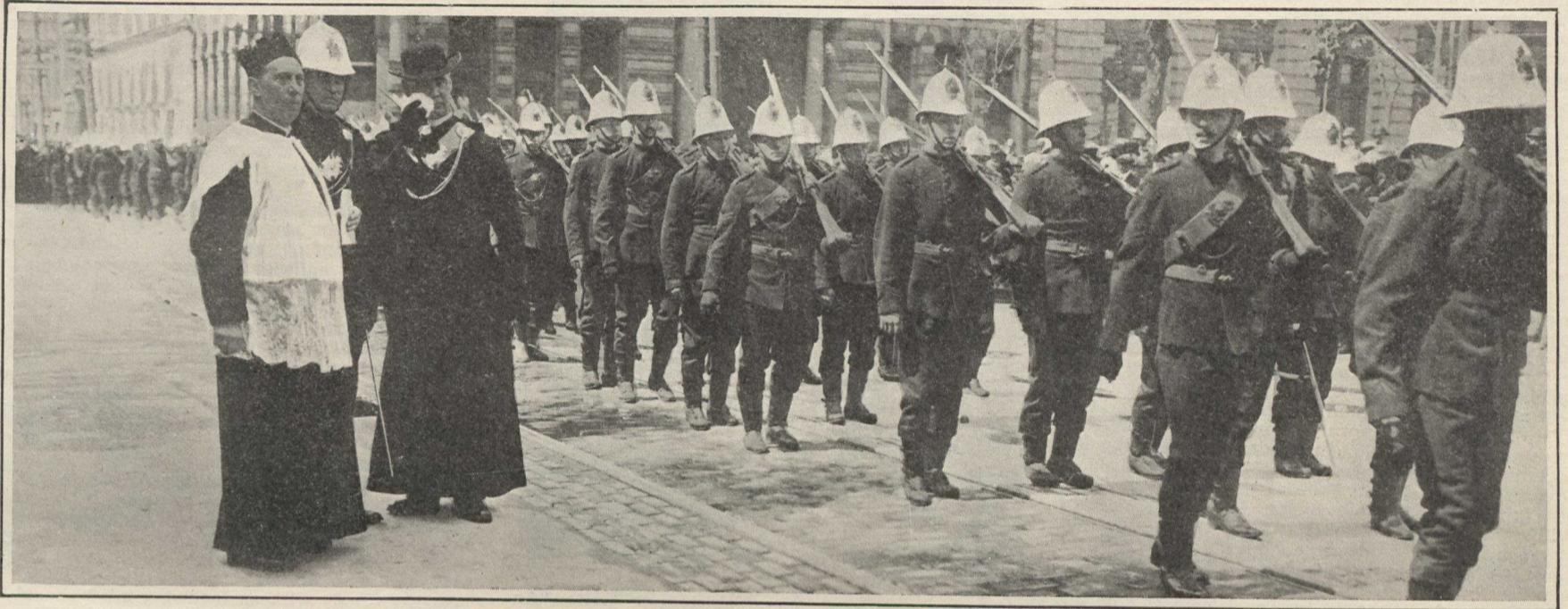
The
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June 27, 1914

No. 4

CORPUS CHRISTI CELEBRATION, MONTREAL



The 65th Regiment, carrying obsolete Lee-Metfords, arriving at Notre Dame before the Corpus Christi procession.



Pageant of the Sacred Host in the Corpus Christi procession.



In the second row, from the left, Mayor Mederic Martin and Controller MacDonald.

On left, Sir Rodolphe Forget, Honorary Lieutenant-Colonel, and the Chaplain of the 65th, talking to the Vicar of Notre Dame.

ROMAN CATHOLICS in Montreal lay great stress upon the celebration of Corpus Christi or La Fete Dieu. Corpus Christi is one of the principal feasts in the Church; it was founded by Pope Urban IV. in 1264 in honour of the Blessed Sacrament. In Europe the festival is kept on the first Thursday after Trinity Sunday, but for convenience in this country it is celebrated on the first Sunday after Trinity Sunday.

The day was ideal for the Montreal celebration and the procession was the largest ever held in that city with the exception of that of the Eucharistic Congress of 1910. Processions were held in every parish in the city, but the central procession represented the parishes of Notre Dame, St. Patrick's, St. Helene, St. James and the Cathedral. Bishop Gauthier carried the Monstrance, containing the Sacred Host under the embroidered canopy that was made for the procession of the Eucharistic Congress. The 65th Regiment, carrying arms, was lined on both sides of the canopy as a guard of honour. The canopy was preceded by the Notre Dame Choir, incense bearers, acolytes, and a dozen small boys in page attire who strewed flowers along the roadway.

FOLLOWING the canopy came His Worship Mayor Martin, wearing his chain of office. Then came the professors of Laval University in their academic robes, members of the judiciary and representatives of the bar, in their robes of office. The ladies of the Living Rosary sodality, with their banners of the fifteen mysteries, surpassed previous efforts, and the Holy Name Society again carried off the honour of being the largest unit in the procession. St. Patrick's Society came last, with the president, Dr. Walter Kennedy, having on each side ex-Mayor J. J. Guerin and Hon. Charles Doherty

Minister of Justice.

The Altar of Repose was at Laval University, and the scene during the singing of the "Tantum Ergo" was most imposing. The semi-circular steps formed an open air sanctuary. The repository was placed at the head of the steps, carpets covering the pavement to the top of the stairway. Seated on the steps were scores of little girls scattering flowers, the fragrance of which blended with the incense, as Bishop Gauthier raised the Host for benediction. At the conclusion of the "Tantum Ergo" the Auxiliary Bishop blessed the throng.

CONSIDERABLE interest was aroused throughout the country owing to the dispute which took place as to whether or not the 65th Regiment would be allowed to parade with arms. The Minister of Militia recently issued an order stating that no regiment should attend a religious festival with arms. In spite of this order the regiment did parade with arms, as the pictures show. Whether these were government rifles or not is mere evasion, and entirely beside the question. They did not enter the church, but that is a custom which has been followed for many years. Whether they defied the Militia Department or whether they were told to go ahead with their procession as usual, on the understanding that nothing would be said, is an open question. As the regiment is composed entirely of Roman Catholics, and as the custom is of long standing, it would seem that no great harm could arise if the ancient usage is maintained. In all cities it is customary for the militia to go to church, and if the 65th chose to go there on Corpus Christi Sunday that is their business. However, if the militia orders are against the carrying of arms on a religious parade, those orders should be observed in Montreal as well as elsewhere.

A Mutable Mentality

Character Impression of Professor James Mavor, Our Most Remarkable Accumulator of Diverse Knowledge

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

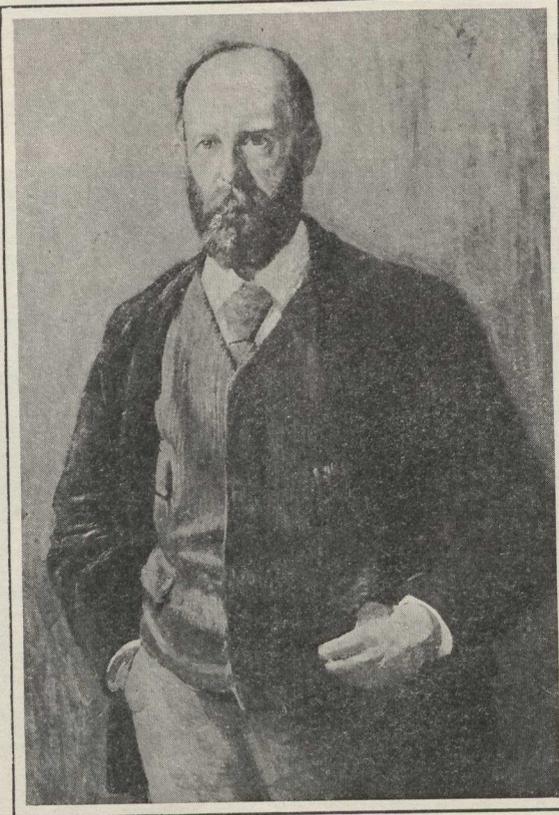
YEAR of the Diamond Jubilee, in the full flush of the later Victorian era, a Scotch professor in the University of Toronto began to work on *An Economic History of Russia*. At that time telephones were still something of a commercial novelty, electric trolleys were in the infant stage, Marconi was only working out his wireless experiment and there were still a number of millions in Russia who thought the earth was flat. It was the year when political economy in America got a new spasm of hysteria over the grand march of gold-seekers to the Yukon. It was the year before the United States drove the Spaniards out of Cuba; when Teddy Roosevelt was just beginning to look like a possible vice-president; the year after Wilfrid Laurier came into power at Ottawa, and the year that Fitzsimmons gave Jim Corbett the solar plexus knockout at Carson City. And in that tremendously eventful year Professor James Mavor, head of the political science department in the University of Toronto, began to gather material for his projected economic history of Russia.

About three weeks ago two bulky volumes, totalling four hundred thousand words, or the length of six modern novels, began to circulate among English readers; and only last week the first copies were passed out to reviewers in Canada. Seventeen years in the production of one work is probably the record in this country. In England, a good while ago, Edward Gibbon spent twenty years writing the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, but he did nothing else. In the seventeen years that Professor Mavor spent on his economics of Russia, he has also kept his place at the head of the department of economics in the University of Toronto, and has injected his peculiar Scotch energy into almost as many divergent affairs as Sir Edmund Walker.

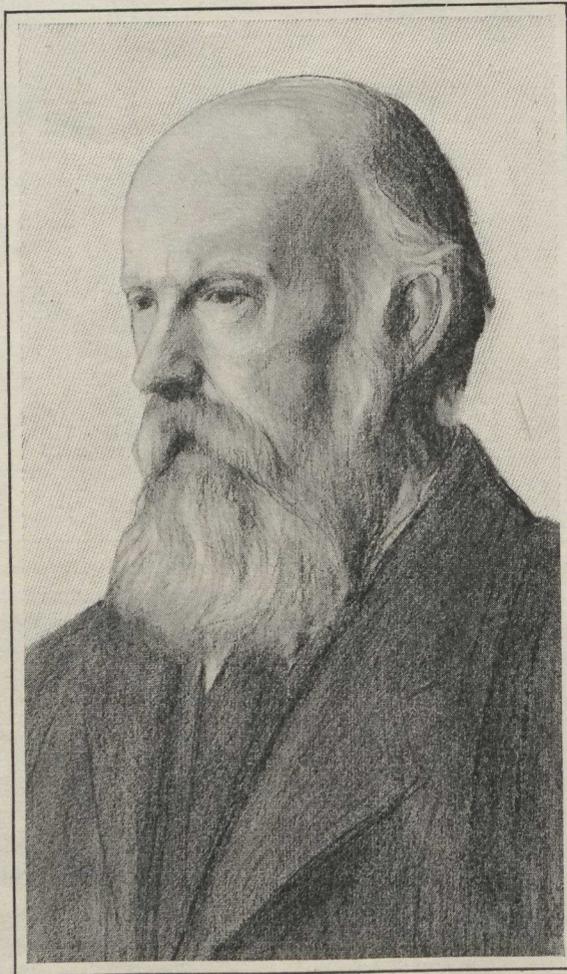
He may be set down as our most savant-like prosecutor of research. In the interval between the beginning and the end of the 400,000-word work on poverty and wealth in Russia, the professor's hair has grown considerably longer than it was when William Cruikshank, R.C.A., Canadian painter, did his portrait. He has become somewhat stooped, and there is a grey lustre in his beard. Never mind. A man does but one big thing a lifetime—if any. Mavor may not make enough in royalties out of his *Economics of Russia* to pay for the clothes he has worn out in writing it, let alone the paper and the ink and the salaries of Russian secretaries whom he brought to this country while he was himself acquiring facility with the Slav tongue. But a book like that resembles poetry and virtue—in being its own exceeding great reward. Because a man professes political economy is no reason why he should practise it, even though he is a Scotchman. But when he can produce a work in his own department as monumental as this 400,000-word mass of research literature, he doesn't need to care what became of the money. These books will not be found in Sunday-school libraries, neither will they be taken home by the pink lady from the public library. They are the only work of that sort and scope in any language, and the English language—as spoken in Canada—has the honour of being the original vehicle. The first translation will be into Russian. It is to be hoped that the Czar will take a month off for the purpose of reading it, and that the copy he gets will be one with the author's autograph. One thing certain, it contains things that none of the Russian professors know. And the brain of the author is a compendium of Slav economics such as no other brain in the world contains. The late Laurence Irving, when he was in Canada last, spent a day with Mavor and told the writer afterwards that in all his own three years at the Russian Foreign Office before he went on the stage, he had failed to get information which Mavor had corralled for the 400,000-word book.

LEST you should think that James Mavor, M.A., is merely a professor of political economy, consider the mutabilities of his intellect. If you should see him by the light of a full moon he looks as though he might have taught Adam Smith the wealth of nations and Noah how to re-establish civilization on a basis of political science after the Ark stranded on Mt. Ararat. Mavor has been so busy acquiring knowledge that he has never had time to bother about academic pedigrees. He is what might be called a plutocrat of pure culture. He never seems to know when he has had enough. When other professors are sleeping the sleep of conventional toil, Mavor is here, there or somewhere else, under almost any kind of circumstances that happen to come along, beguiling himself with draughts at the Pierian spring, of which mankind are advised to drink deep, or not at all, on the principle that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." It may be a new phase of political economy, a set of etchings, a novelty in plays, another chapter of his monumental history, a colony of immigrants, an exhibition of handicrafts or a Punch and Judy show. It may be mid-afternoon or two hours past midnight. It may be cakes and coffee or a bowl of solemn and portentous punch. It may be a congress of wise-

acres or a company of merry-making amateurs. The time, the place and the occasion are all of equal moment to Prof. Mavor, who may look as though he got his degree from the Sphinx at the time the Pyramids were built, but when it comes to having a real human time according to the doctrines of



About the time Prof. Mavor started to write "*An Economic History of Russia*," William Cruikshank, R.C.A., painted his portrait in Toronto.



And when the last proofs of the 400,000-word work had been corrected, seventeen years later, F. Lessore, a French sculptor, made this charcoal sketch of the Professor.

Epicurus tempered by stoicism is among the first to arrive and the last to go home.

The last time I set eyes on Mavor he was at a Punch and Judy show among an audience of children; and he was having almost as much fun as the

four-year-old who crept up on the stage right to the edge of the Punch tabernacle. He knew just when Punch was born and all the differences between the old and the modern Punch. He was obviously delighted and as sorry when it was over as any of the children. But of course the drama is one of the things which Mavor has studied; and from Ibsen to Punch and Judy he is more or less of an authority on the stage.

Naturally you come to compare him at once to our other most distinguished exponent of political economy in Canada—Prof. Stephen Leacock, of McGill. A public debate between Mavor and Leacock on the subject, "Resolved, that the man who makes two blades of hair grow on an ostrich egg where none grew for the past seven years is the greatest enemy to the high cost of living," should be a better cure for the blues than any burlesque show ever put on the boards. I doubt if Mavor has ever read many of Leacock's books of cultivated and iridescent josh, genus literature, species, humouresque. I am morally sure that Leacock will never wade through Mavor's *Economics of Russia*; or if he does it will be either on a bet or to get material for another nonsense novel.

Both these political economists practise the division of labour by the method of multiplication. Hundreds of people read Leacock's levities who don't know that he ever saw the inside of the department of political economy at McGill. Hundreds have listened to Mavor discourse on various subjects who never imagined he would write the *Economics of Russia*. But of course the wisest man that ever lived wrote Proverbs, Ecclesiastes and the Song of Solomon. Professor Mavor also believes in the complete democracy of knowledge. He looks as though he could thrive in a cloister as an ivy clings to a wall. He acts as though he had a roving commission to find out a little of everything—anywhere. Observe him on a torrid July day in a grey seersucker coat and a Bermudan brown duck helmet, rampaging through the crowd on a hot street, passing all the ice-cream restaurants at five miles an hour. In his dry Scotch physique there is an indestructible, unconquerable energy. He travels at top speed, shuffling remorselessly along through the aimless crowd as a man with a purpose.

Yet if anybody with an inquiring mind should halt the Professor at a street-corner, he might take part in a dialogue worthy of Plato. Mavor is always ready to discourse. He talks as rapidly as he walks. His voice has a smooth, seductive twang. He chooses his words with a swift certainty that if the man he is talking to doesn't get his drift, somebody else will. Corot, the great French painter, is said to have painted the same thing in a hundred different ways. Mavor goes him one better. He is able to talk on any one of a hundred themes equally well, and he always manages to keep somebody interested.

HE is the undoubted simon-pure professor. Mavor never talks like a politician or a preacher. He is never conscious of himself in a pose. He burrows into the minutiae of any given subject with the cultivated gusto of a gourmet at a French déjeuner extraordinary. He is never reserved. He carries no pomp of taciturn and superior knowledge. If a young man would like to know, the professor is willing to enlighten him. If a given company of people are engaged discussing anything under the sun, it may be that Mavor has a thing to say quite unthought of by anybody else. Nine-tenths of those present may not agree with him. That is Mavor's opportunity. He prefers the offside. Opinions were made to differ. And if there is perfect unanimity of opinion, Mavor rises to create a diversion by a novel method of treating the same subject from a totally different angle quite impossible to any one else in the room.

Hence, Professor Mavor is a fresh illumination of that much-bedevilled entity known as personality, which nowadays seems to be referred to with about as much discretion as face powder and for much the same purpose. He is an unmistakable personality. There is no one in the University of Toronto, or McGill, or Queen's, or Manitoba, or Saskatchewan, or Alberta, enough like him to establish more than a remote affinity. And Mavor at the same time accomplishes the unobvious by always conducting himself as a perfect gentleman. His courtesy is as remarkable as his versatility. The want-knower may be a coal-heaver or a servant, a child or a government: Mavor is forever urbanely anxious to practise all the amenities of conversation in telling what he knows.

There is one quality of some allegedly great minds that no one has any recollection of the Professor ever exhibiting in any of his multifarious intercourse with mankind. He seems never to ask any questions. He has nothing in common with either Kipling or Socrates. He appears to have done all that in camera, alone among his books or with some sphinx of whose taciturnity he knows the combination. He comes to you armed cap-a-pie with

(Concluded on page 19.)

Teachers and Superannuation

A Practical Symposium

EIGHT years ago the male teachers in Ontario constituted about twenty-five per cent. of the rural teaching staff and about eighty per cent. of the high school staffs. To-day these percentages are reduced from twenty-five to fifteen and from eighty to sixty. The same story may be told of the public school teachers. All of which goes to show that the male teacher is disappearing and the woman teacher is taking his place.

There was a time in Ontario and in the other provinces when there was a large percentage of men teaching in the rural schools, a larger percentage in the public schools, and a still larger percentage in the high schools and collegiates. Indeed, a woman teacher in a high school was an anomaly. In those days the male teacher was a man of importance, and ranked with the doctor, the lawyer, and the minister. As the country grew and prospered, and as salaries increased in the business world and the professions, the male school teachers were drawn off into other work. Side by side with this movement was a higher standard of education among women which enabled a number of them to take the places which were made vacant by the migration of men into other activities.

There are many people who believe that superannuation is the only remedy in sight and that if the number of male teachers is to be maintained in Ontario and all the other provinces, the governments must devise some scheme along this line.

The subject has long been discussed in Ontario, but no decision has been arrived at. In 1911, at the meeting of the Ontario Educational Association, a long memorial was presented, passed and forwarded to the Government. A committee has since been at work trying to arouse public sentiment on the subject. It has not met with great success. At the recent meeting of this Association, the Minister of Education reported that a measure dealing with superannuation of teachers would be presented at session of 1915, in order to test the feeling of the Legislature. Apparently the Minister is not certain that public sentiment is in favour of such a bill. He is willing to help, but he has put upon the Ontario Educational Association the duty of educating public opinion on the subject.

Several letters on the subject have been prepared at the request of the editor of the "Canadian Courier," and are given herewith:

BY DAVID YOUNG.

Principal Guelph Public Schools.

YOUR questions, I would answer briefly as follows: 1. I think it is possible to establish a pension fund for teachers which will help to retain the better teachers in the ranks and prevent them stepping out into commercial pursuits; but, to accomplish this object, the pension scheme must be on a basis sufficiently liberal to compensate the teacher for remaining in the work. Even then such retaining fee will not retain the best and most ambitious men, nor the ladies, who may have the opportunity of becoming good wives.

2. I think the time most opportune to impress on the Government of the province the advisability of considering the immediate establishment of such a fund, as the dearth of good teachers of the public schools is keenly felt, while the amount devoted to education in the province is yet far below what it should be. Great care, however, will need to be exercised in seeing that money which may be devoted to this scheme is so applied as to accomplish the retention of those teachers most needed in the country and those whose ranks are being most frequently depleted. This part of the scheme will require most careful consideration as well as liberal treatment to bring about the desired effect.

BY T. A. KIRKCONNELL.

Principal Lindsay Collegiate.

SUPERANNUATION for teachers will never become a really live question until those who provide the revenues of the province are convinced that such a measure would be a real economy to them.

Teachers' salaries have nearly doubled in the past fifteen years, yet few schools outside the cities and large towns retain the services of their teachers for more than a year or two, while the number of male teachers in the profession is becoming very small.

Either further increases must be made in the salaries of teachers or a superannuation scheme, to which the teacher, the province and the individual school section shall contribute, must be inaugurated. The second method would be both more effective and less expensive to the province. The chief difficulty in the way of this reform lies in the opposition of two classes:

1. The young teachers who, almost invariably, count on turning to some other occupation later (domestic science, etc.).

2. Those who hold the purse-strings. Many of group 1 will eventually cast in their lot

with the teachers as their life's work, while those of group 2 cannot escape the added burden in some form.

The drain of our choicest teachers to the West and into business life would, to a very considerable extent, cease when the system had been in operation for a few years, as those concerned would hesitate to sacrifice the accumulations towards a pension. Men would be attracted and retained by a generous system; for financial security when earning days are over (and that time comes early with teachers) would offset the superior remuneration of business life.

Any scheme which is put forward as a charity to teachers deserves to fail; if superannuation cannot be made to appear both to legislator and tax-payer as a financial saving and reform, its advocacy should cease.

BY A. E. COOMBS,

Principal St. Catharines Collegiate.

DISCUSSION of the question of a superannuation plan for teachers seems to be very intermittent. For twenty-five years, in fact ever since the old scheme was abandoned, this question has been almost a perennial one in teachers' conventions, but no practical result has issued from discussion, because usually the matter has been dropped when the convention closed, only to be

taken up again by some other person when the next convention opened. And so we have drifted.

It is no reflection upon the splendid work being done by the ladies to say that the profession would be better if more men could be retained in it. But this can only be done by improving the conditions of life within the profession. One thing is certain, if the remuneration of the teacher were as great as that of the merchant, the lawyer, the doctor or the man employed in the various commercial offices, there would be no difficulty in recruiting the ranks of the teaching profession with virile young men. But it is not. How can we make it so?

The custom in vogue in banks will give us a good illustration. The remuneration of bank clerks is proverbially scant. So is that of young teachers. In the bank, annual increases come along as natural compensation for increased experience. Not always so with the teacher. If the trustees will not make it so, the Department (in control of the grant) should do so. The bank accumulates, from what the clerk earns but does not receive in wages, a substantial superannuation fund. So should the Education Department deal with the teachers.

The superannuation scheme of railway companies might also be mentioned. This is said to be derived from the fact that railway men are engaged in an employment in which there is great risk to life and limb. The teacher is also an example of this in another sense. One misjudged utterance, one wrong step may bring about the speedy termination of a good teacher's career. The railway man's existence is not as precarious as that of the teacher's among a fickle people. This very insecurity in which the teacher constantly lives furnishes the Government with a valid reason for providing him protection

"If at First You Don't Succeed---"



"Shamrock IV.," in the Solent for a trial spin, is here seen leading "Shamrock III.," her predecessor in the challenge for the America's Cup. A notable feature of the new boat is her immense topmast, which makes that of the old Shamrock look quite small. It is not of Marconi pattern, as was supposed. Her rigging shows that she is to be sloop-rig, that is, one huge foresail instead of the usual jib and foresail. But if in her trial spins she should not be satisfactory, the sloop-rig will be abandoned in favour of the cutter plan.

when the wintry storm of adversity or old age breaks upon him.

The result of this protection would be to create more independence of spirit in the teachers. This in itself is an important matter for the community in which he moves, as no faithful teacher is at his best until, relying on his own independence and security, he can dare to look his petty critic in the face and tell him to mind his own business.

Salaries are better than they used to be. While living is higher, yet most teachers can better afford now to pay an annual amount for superannuation than they formerly could. Doubtless, the reason we have not formulated some superannuation scheme ere now is that some teachers preferred to provide

for old age by private methods and others thought they should get something for nothing and resented any move which aimed at taking money out of their pockets. The noble profession to which we belong will surely not be impaired by the selfish motives of some of its members.

BY WM. SCOTT,

Sec. Ontario Superannuation Committee.

THE following is the report of the Minister of Education, which was adopted by the Superannuation Committee at the Easter meeting of the Ontario Education Association.

"I have consulted my colleagues and we have

definitely decided to offer a measure dealing with Superannuation of teachers at the next session of the Legislature. This measure will necessarily be affected by three considerations at least:

"(1) A certain amount of public indifference on the subject.

"(2) Hostility on the part of a portion of the teaching profession itself.

"(3) The existence upon the statute book of the old fund.

"Subject to the limitations imposed by these conditions, we shall try to frame a measure just to the teachers and acceptable to the public. Any legislation of this kind must necessarily receive the endorsement of the great body of the parties affected."

Modernize the High School

The Academy of Pure Culture Has Been Outgrown by a Practical Age

By JAMES JOHNSTON

LAST summer a man of some education, having a few hours in a small city of Western Ontario, took a stroll through the collegiate institute from which he had graduated twenty years before. At the time that he got his "senior matric." in 1893, he imagined that this seven-room little university, run by a corps of B.A.'s, contained, in embryo at least, most of the world's wisdom. In twenty years he had not been inside the place which he remembered like a golden-age dream of young wisecracks top-heavy with Greek and Latin, trigonometry and chemistry, moderns and English literature—and in the lower forms book-keeping by double entry. All these erudite young dons had left the county now; along with hundreds more from that collegiate and another in the same county, scattered to more remote parts of the earth, in Canada or out, but less than ten per cent. of them living in the county whose taxpayers paid for their free education up to the doors of the university. In that twenty years, as he reflected, probably a thousand young men and women had gone helter-skelter away from that county via the collegiate institutes. Wherever they might be located, doctors, lawyers, preachers, dentists, or pedagogues, they probably had taken away with them some hundreds of young women, natives of that county and were now heads of families totalling up to some thousands of more or less brainy people doing some share of the world's work in the way they had been taught at high school and college.

Two things haunted him as he got inside the old collegiate now deserted in summer vacation. The memory of the old days was exceedingly beautiful. It was also tremendously melancholy.

The caretaker very obligingly informed him,

"Oh, if you was 'ere twenty years ago, sir, you'll find things awful changed, you will. Wy—we've got six more rooms now than we 'ad then and every one of 'm full up."

The visitor wondered. He knew that the whole population of the county was some thousands less in 1913 than it had been in 1893. Yet the attendance at this little university was almost doubled; and the caretaker didn't know why, except that he supposed more boys and girls were going in for higher education nowadays.

BUT the reason was soon found. The caretaker proudly showed him one large room along the walls of which was a battery of twenty typewriters.

"Oh, yes, sir, a lot on 'm takes the commercial course, they do. Bless yeh, yes! Wy, them machines cost two thousand dollars."

"Heavens! And the whole school twenty years ago cost less than twenty thousand to build," said the visitor.

By this time the caretaker had him into a room decorated with all sorts of machinery and wooden things hung on the pillars; which, as the informant said, was one of two rooms devoted to mechanical training of one kind or another.

"But bless yeh; that ain't all. Look!"

And he opened another room in which, as he said, scores of bright young girls spent a great many hours a week learning to cook and to sew and to housekeep.

Then the visitor of twenty years ago understood why this old high school of his had twice as many students in 1913 as it had in 1893, in the face of a declining county population. The main part of the annex to the school was not built for Greek, trigonometry and chemistry, most of which might be forgotten in ten years. It was built for a species of practical education given along with the academic to fit young people for grappling with a very practical and unsentimental age. And as he slipped the old caretaker a cigar for his courtesy, he reflected that the man who had taught him mathematics like one inspired in 1893 was now a near-millionaire from big railway contracts; that the man who had expounded science in the little laboratory was making several thousands a year as consulting chemist to a big industrial concern; and that more than half the school population of this one collegiate were fitting themselves for something more to the point than being pedagogues and preachers or even doctors

and lawyers, practical as they may be.

It happens, of course, that this particular high school was an exception. In a county fifty miles north of it at the present time there are three high schools; the same three of twenty years ago, all run as they had used to be, one of them with the same Principal that it had forty years ago. And these three mannikin universities continue to grind boys and girls through the same old grist of pure culture that was all the vogue and all very essential before this country had any modern business or much manufacturing. They have the same dreary, fog-eyed routine of studies prescribed by the Department of Education to fit the needs of forty years ago. Not one of them is worth ten per cent. more as a plant or a going concern than it was in the early days of Confederation. The men who teach in them may be a bit more modern in methods; but they spend their time turning the same old cranks and the intellectual product is of the same pattern as it was when their fathers went to these same schools.

SIXTY per cent. of Ontario's high schools are of this same reactionary type. The children that go to them are the mental product of an age as different from that of their fathers as wireless is different from the old stage coach. But they go through the same mill, with the same old fever about percentages in Virgil and trigonometry, which may be all very well as backgrounds for a capable career, but fade sadly into the fog of forgotten things in everyday life.

Against these museums of culture dotted over Ontario, only less thickly than the old rural school, as bleak as a log barn, there are a few progressive high schools that have taken heed to the signs of the times. Of the 101 high schools and collegiate institutes in Ontario, twenty-three have technical courses and thirty-five have specially equipped commercial departments. Stratford, for instance, has a collegiate which was fully equipped for the little-university work, and but for the enterprise of a modern Board of Education might have remained so. But a large section of the Stratford Collegiate has been transformed into a technical high school where students learn such practical pursuits as made their grandfathers really efficient in the practical arts of life. To this school come not only pupils from Stratford and the surrounding country, but also from towns like Mitchell, which has an antiquated high school that keeps up the solemn farce of forty years ago. Some of these out-of-towners take mechanical training, some domestic science, some the general academic course necessarily much better than in a small high school. They all travel to and fro every day by train, willing to pay the extra cost of travel for the sake of the benefits of a real modern education.

Here and there hopefully there is a school of this kind like a great rock in a weary land. Is there any reason why there should not be more? Is there any excuse for one county with less population by some thousands than it had twenty years ago keeping up three absurd little high schools whose main business is to so educate boys and girls that they will leave the county still more depopulated when they get their so-called education? Why should two of these schools not be turned into something more practical, one into a technical high school teaching industrial art and science, the other a school for agriculture; leaving one to attend efficiently to the academic curriculum? There is no reason—except custom and a certain degree of local prejudice. Once upon a time the high school was the only public institution worth pointing to with pride in the small town. It is so no longer. The miniature university has been outgrown. For the majority of twentieth century students the turning lathe and the draughting board have superseded the Latin author and the higher algebra. There is no reason why the existing high schools should not adjust themselves to the change. If students can travel from Mitchell, Ont., and beyond to Stratford once a day to get a modern, useful education, they can travel just as far and as

easily in most other counties. Steam trains are now more frequent and the time-table is easily adjusted to suit the needs of a steady traveling public. Mileage tickets can be secured at a lower cost than the regular rate. In many sections the interurban trolley has become a much greater convenience than the steam train. In most of the small towns and cities of older Canada the conditions are all ripe for a radical change in the character of our high schools. All most of them have to do is to follow the trail blazed by more adventurous institutions of learning that have earned the secret of success in efficiency and keeping in touch with the times.

ALL over Canada there is need of local technical education, both for young men and women.

Factories are being multiplied and extended in small towns. They require skilled operatives, many of whom have to be imported because our technical education is so much behind the times. From where are they imported? From countries that have learned to bring, not only the factory, but the technical school within reach of the masses who desire to become competent. Farms are being improved and the science of agriculture gradually being put on a higher and more profitable basis. Farming has advanced relatively even more than manufacturing. Why? Not because of big, centralized agricultural colleges, that teach young men to be professors of agriculture and B.S.A.'s; but because of the practical education that the farm paper and farmers' institutes and farm clubs have brought to the door of the modern farmer. Why should not at least one in three of our high schools be converted into a school for the teaching of advanced agriculture begun in the country school? The need all over Canada is to keep young men and women on the farm, where they are much better off than packing our big cities with population, a large percentage of whom are always on the verge of no employment. The best way to keep people on the farm is to make the farm mean what it should to the people that are expected to till the land. The agricultural high school, like the technical high school for industrial workers, is the only way, when the main thing that stands in the way is the traditional regard for Virgil and higher algebra.

In the big cities the problem is still more muddled through lack of treating education not as a pastime but as a serious business. Toronto has six collegiate institutes doling out academic culture along with a modicum of business training, when one centrally located would be quite enough to supply the university with candidates for academic honours, leaving the others to keep up with the growing demand for skilled native workers equipped with culture enough to constitute a real education. Toronto also contains two great schools for boys whose parents can afford that luxury, Upper Canada and St. Andrew's; and a number of colleges for girls whose parents do not object to paying a school tax amounting to thirty per cent. of the total rate, as well as fees for exclusive tuition. Why should not most of the academic education in such a city as Toronto be left to these schools supported by voluntary fee-paid revenues? And why should the average citizen be compelled to pay six mills on the dollar general school rate, increasing to seven or more for the purpose of maintaining six or seven academic high schools and a vast technical institute costing over a million dollars to build?

The question is not confined to one province. It is understood and being more or less grappled with in all the provinces, especially in Nova Scotia, Quebec, Alberta and Manitoba. It is a live problem in the city of New York, whose Mayor Mitchel, speaking a few days ago at the commencement exercises of New York University, pointed out, that in one year 86,000 pupils entered the public schools of New York, of whom only 48,000 completed the course, 41,000 qualified for entrance to high school, 23,000 actually entered, and in the year of graduation from high school out of the original 86,000 entered in the lowest grades of the public school, only 4,907 emerged with high school diplomas.

Could any greater testimony be given to the modern inefficiency of the academic high school in 1914?

Our Farthest North Technical School

Edmonton Spends Forty Thousand Dollars on Modern Ideas

NOR'WESTERN enterprise is pretty well summed up in the farthest north technical school in Canada, which is located at Edmonton, the farthest north point for a large number of things in civilization. But latitude 55 does not explain the value of this quite remarkable and sudden development of technical education. Schools have always been to the forefront in that part of the country. Some of the earliest civic struggles in Edmonton were over schools in the days when "Dick" Secord, the fur-buyer, was an Edmonton schoolmaster. The latest variation on the theme is the institution which teaches four hundred young folk in the two Edmontons how to grapple with modern problems unhandicapped by merely academic training.

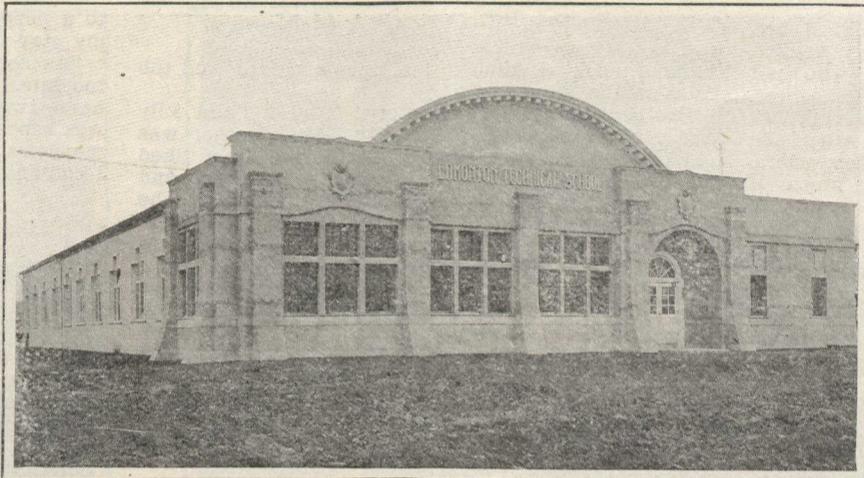
A year ago technical education in the capital of Alberta was in a crude, experimental stage, ready for rapid expansion into something better. At that time technics were taught in public and high school rooms, which were all overcrowded. A new technical school was needed; also a new technical chief instructor. The latter was got from the East, in the person of W. L. Richardson, B.A., then superintendent of manual training in Toronto. The former was secured at his recommendation, in the use of an old abandoned car barns, containing a floor space of 14,000 square feet. Ten

was at the back of this big expenditure, which will probably be duplicated on the south side of the river until such time as a general new institute can be built to house all the equipment. Eight private citizens gave extension lectures on various phases of manufacturing and business, such as Pure Milk Supply, Modern House Planning, and How to Make and Save Money. One firm presented the school with a complete engine, boiler and pump, for the stationary engineering class. Another citizen donated a fine compound microscope for the chemical department.

MOST of this has been the spirited evolution of six months. It is all due to the remarkable interest taken by the citizens in educational matters which so far as technical education goes is controlled by a committee of the School Board, as follows:

Mr. Walter Ramsay, Mr. K. W. MacKenzie, Mr. S. A. G. Barnes, Mr. L. D. Parney, and Mrs. J. S. Hill. Appointed members representing large interests in the

city are Mr. C. C. Batson, of the Builders' Exchange; Mr. H. C. Anderson, of the Industrial Association; Mr. Jas. Ramsay, Board of Trade; Mr. A. Farmilo, Trades and Labour Council; President Dr. H. M. Tory, Alberta University; and Mrs. E. K. Broadus, Local Council of Women.



The old Edmonton car barns were converted into a Technical Institute.



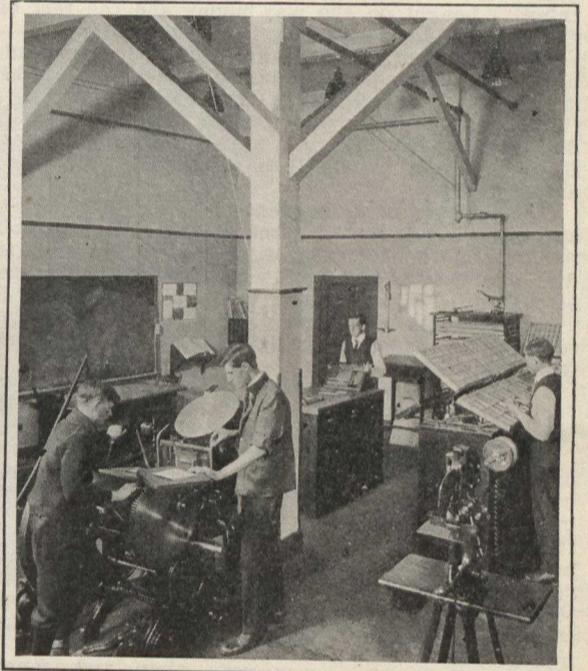
In a country so surrounded by mines, mineralogy prospecting and chemistry must not be neglected.

By H. F. WEST

thousand dollars was spent in fitting up the barns. Twenty-five thousand dollars was spent in equipment, including electric machinery, ten down-draft forges, five engine lathes, a shaper, a milling machine, a drill press, mortiser, jointer, variety and band saws, ten speed lathes, a Gordon printing press, a lever paper-cutter, wire stitcher, an assortment of type, paraphernalia for the cooking, dressmaking and draughting departments, science laboratory and academic instruction. Civic and citizen enthusiasm



Young westerners studying machine and architectural drawing; not confined to the male sex.



Boys learning to set type and operate a Gordon press in the printing shop.



Thirty years ago, on the site where these young ladies are learning the art of cooking, squaws pounded moose-meat for pemmican.



Thirty years ago, also, the chief wood working art in this part of the country was making Red River carts and building tepees.

The Heart-Shaped Key

Which Opened a Way Out of a Drab Life Through a Door of Tragedy Into a Quiet Rest

By ED. CAHN

THE old woman at the end door stopped her bundle-impeded search for her door-key to turn and peer keenly at the girl who had just reached the top of the stairs. She hesitated a moment while the girl was recovering her breath before going to her own room, and when she turned and the woman caught sight of her white, weary young face as revealed by the thin finger of light from the gas-jet on the wall, she made up her mind.

"My Stars! How keys love to tantalize a person, don't they? Mine dives right to the bottom of my bag and swims out of reach, actually swims!

"There! I've dropped the buns!" she exclaimed, and then gave a little gasp as another parcel threatened to follow. "Catch those eggs, please!"

The girl hastened to save the eggs and then held the parcels while the key was found and the door unlocked.

"Just bring them in, won't you? There, thanks very much. I wonder if you would mind staying awhile? You see, I get so lonely. Do stay, even if we never have met until this moment. There, I can see you mean to say yes. Just take off your things and let me give you some tea. That's it.

"I'm having a sort of progressive supper to-night. I went to my usual place and ordered a plate of soup. Well, it came and I ate it, but oh dear, oh dear, it was too much for me, hardened as I am, goodness knows. I just knew I could not stand that greasy, noisy, stodgy place another instant without going mad, so I paid for the soup and got out. These things I bought on the way home, and the rest of my meal will soon be ready. Join me, will you?"

The girl demurred, shyly, but remained, her round, blue eyes followed the practised movements of the grey-haired woman in the plain woollen gown.

"We can't be calling each other 'say,' as the man did his mother-in-law, can we? I'm Miss Susan Gregg, and you are the little girl in the hall room, aren't you?"

"Yes, and my name happens to be Hall—Lily Hall, so I guess I'm in the right room. You are very good to invite me in this way, Miss Gregg. You are the first one in all New York who has looked twice at me."

"Just lean back in that chair and rest, Lily, the tea will be ready in one little minute," said Miss Gregg, kindly.

The girl obeyed and half closed her eyes. It was very evident that she was unspeakably tired and probably as hungry for food as for kindness.

The room her eyes wandered over was a large one with old-fashioned, lofty ceilings. The wood-work was cracked with age, and the fireplace, topped by a marble mantelpiece, was of generous size. The furniture had been new in the sixties and looked as if it had seen usage every day since, but it was comfortable and clean and helped to give the room the restful air which pervaded it. A gilded bird-cage and pots full of flaming scarlet geraniums added notes of song and colour.

Miss Gregg's face was very plain and much wrinkled; her eyes were shrewd but soft, and her mouth one of those wonderful ones which have begun life passionately and lived to become humorous and kind.

SHE announced in honour of this rare event, company to share her evening, she'd light the fire in the grate, and with a little flourish of twisted rhetoric, touched a match to the paper beneath the few sticks of wood and soon there was a real fire crackling in the black fireplace.

The eggs were scrambled over the alcohol lamp. The buns were set out, also a paper of cold spiced beef, four dill pickles, a pat of cream cheese and a little jar of grape jelly. Then the tea was brewed.

"Now, then, Lily, my girl, draw up and help me dispose of this. If I had known that I was to have you with me I should have paid more attention to nourishment and less to my own taste. One gets so tired of eating the right things and longs for the tasty ones, don't you think? To-night I just made up my mind that I'd have what I wanted and forget about what I ought to have. Sugar? Here's the cream for the tea."

The food and warmth and companionable, friendly chatter of her hostess made Lily relax her nervous tension and gradually expand. After an hour's rest beside the fire she was in a mood to talk, and having longed for sympathy, was soon pouring out her little story.

She was from a small country town where all the smart boys went to the city as soon as they could and never came back, unless they failed, and not often then, and where the girls who did not marry at eighteen learned to be stenographers and book-keepers and all sorts of great things. And so she had learned to be a stenographer, too, for she wanted to go away and be somebody not poked away like a mole in the garden in a sleepy country place forever.

Why, they never saw anyone, hardly, except the

parson, when he came to tea, once a month, and the folks in the village.

Brother John kept the store. And he and Lily and Mother were all the family. Yes, Mother was old and not so very strong. Mother had not liked the idea of her getting to be a business woman and still less that she wanted to leave home, but she consented in the end. So Lily gathered up her little hoard of money, and her high hopes, and came to New York.

"Oh, Miss Gregg, I didn't think it would be like this. People here don't seem to care for anybody but themselves, and hardly seem to have time for that. They are cruel. There is no radiator in my room and it's awfully cold. Why, Mother would not let even a dog sleep in such a bare hole, and here I might die of cold and nobody know.

"I—I thought I'd like it so well, but there seems to be no place for me. I don't like it. New York is not a nice place. It is just big and horrid, noisy and dirty and full of foreigners smelling of garlic, and snippy office boys and painted stenographers, who look at me as if I have no right to live, or else they laugh at my clothes; and dreadful, sharp business men who have no feelings and no manners. I hate them all and hate that roaring subway and clattering elevated. Oh, the maddening noise, Miss Gregg! Isn't it ever quiet? Isn't there anywhere for a person to be alone? Is there always a thousand people to hear you if you cry and a million to stare at you?"

SHE began to cry, while Miss Gregg wondered whether it would be of any use to advise her.

They were all the same, foolish, inefficient moths drawn by the siren light of the greatest siren of them all. This girl Lily seemed rightly named, so young and so fair, surely too sorely needed in her own sphere to throw away her life here.

"You poor child. Why don't you go home?"

"Not if I die! I don't want to have to admit that I have failed. I could not endure to be laughed at. If the other girls could succeed, so can I.

"You must think I'm an awful baby to cry, but, you see, I have been so lonesome and—Mother's birthday comes in two days. I was never away before and it seems dreadful, and I haven't any present for her. But I'm not going home; I'm going to stay right here and fight it out."

"Of course you know best," said Miss Gregg, slowly; "but if I were you I would go right, straight, back home. What if they do laugh? You don't like this life now that you have seen something of it, after all. There is no disgrace about being mistaken nor about changing your mind. Perhaps you never heard the good old saying about it, and it's wiser than most old sayings, because there is lots of truth in it—'Wise men change their minds; fools never do.' Don't be foolish, dear, be wise.

"Your mother is old and alone. Doesn't she need you more than New York needs you? Doesn't your brother? Do you want to give them up for a job in a stuffy old office for little or no pay, to struggle and fight to live on what you get? Nobody has told you, I guess, that many a general servant gets more money than lots of stenographers, but it's true.

"Do you want to always live in this unholy racket, up a mile of steep stairs with nothing to be seen out of the window; if you are lucky enough to have a window; but roofs and washes on the lines, cats, cans, babies, dirt and Dagos?"

"Look around this room, child. Is it such a one as you'd like for a home all your life? Just one, dingy, ugly room? Well, this is all the home I've had for many a long year, and it keeps me busy hustling to get the money to pay for it.

"I am a bushelwoman in a tailor shop and life is hundreds of times easier for me than it is for thousands of women who work harder than I do, often for much less. Take my advice and go home before this awful city gets you into its clutches."

"Clutches?" asked Lily.

"Yes, that is the word.

"A time will come, if you stay, when you can't leave. It will draw you and hold you as a magnet holds a needle. Then, no matter how you hate it, how you long to leave, even if you do, it will call you back and you will come back though you know that you are a fool to do it.

"Look at me. I know I am not much to look at, old and lame as I am, but look at me anyhow. When I first came here I was as young and pretty as you are. I had bad luck getting work, too, and I was too proud to go home beaten.

"I stayed; took all the kicks and cuffs that Father Knickerbocker has to bestow, and worked like a slave to exist, when I finally did get work. My mother was old, too, and I knew that she needed me, but I was too full of wicked pride and stubbornness—and so I had to pay for it and am paying to this day. I became sick, but worked anyhow, because I had to, or starve, and one day I fell on a slippery sidewalk. It was that which lamed me. I was taken

to a hospital, put into the charity ward, and during my stay there, my mother died.

"As soon as I could, I hobbled home, but it was too late. My dear Lily, I found before I had been home two weeks that I could not endure it. There was a peaceful old garden and the birds sang in the meadows. It was mine if I would live in it, but I couldn't. I was half mad for—for, well, this.

"THIS room. This vista of roofs and ragged washings and endless dirt. That glimpse of the river; the roar from the Second Avenue elevated, the rushing of the trains, and all the rest of the din. So, I limped back.

"I limp to the shop every morning and sew like mad all day and at night limp back again up those steep stairs to this.

"It is all right for me, old and as tough as leather, but not for you, Lily. Go home to your mother before it is too late and you become a slave, too.

"Don't let pride stand in your way, if you really want to go back. If, after seeing for yourself what this life is, you honestly prefer to stay in the circle to which you were born, where there is work for you to do and where you are welcome, have the courage to take what you want, just as you had the courage to come here."

"If only John would walk through that door now and take me!" wailed Lily.

"Things never happen that way in real life. John will probably not appear at the right instant, as he would in a story. You will have to act for yourself. Have you never rather despised those silly heroines in books who have to be swept off their feet by some disaster—stampeded into doing the right thing and then have only to fall into the arms waiting for them?"

"Of course they must, for they are only story people, but it seems hard, for they are given no chance to decide for themselves. It is left for real people to do the sensible thing no matter how hard it may be to begin.

"Of course it may be that you really like the city best; perhaps you are only a little discouraged, but in the end will make good and be happier here than anywhere else. You must know that best."

Lily shook her head positively. "No, I can never like it. I'd always be lonely and miserable. I want nothing better than to go home and always stay there. I guess I must be unambitious after all; just born to be a plodder and never amount to anything!"

The tears slid down her cheeks afresh.

"No, you are so wise that you cannot believe in your own wisdom. You have the New England conscience, which tries to make you believe that what is natural, what is pleasant and easiest to do must be wrong and very bad for you. Just try going home and see if you are not happier. You can always return, you know."

The young girl sat staring into the fire for a long time, thinking, while Miss Gregg rocked gently back and forth in the old rocker which squeaked companionably. They talked at intervals and Miss Gregg gently explained many things about the puzzling city life; the girl voicing her incurable aversion to it. Little by little she receded from her determination to win or die, and finally surrendered entirely.

"I will go home! Oh, thank you so much for showing me that it is braver to go than to stay, and for telling me so many things that I needed to know. I think you are the kindest woman I have ever met. I wish I could do something for you—something to show that I am grateful. If I only had something to give you!"

LILY put her hand up to her throat and unclasped a small gold brooch made in the shape of a heart.

"Here, Miss Gregg, take this. Oh, but you must! here! Hold up your chin! I shall pin it right on now. No, it is not too valuable a gift; it's only plated; I bought it with my own money just before I left home; out of my honey money. I only wish it was better.

"Now, whenever you wear it you must think of Lily Hall, happy at home, being just an ordinary girl; doing the housework and tending to the garden and baking cookies, ginger ones, because John likes 'em; and Saturday nights helping in the store.

"I must be going. I have to pack my trunk and get a good night's sleep, for there is a train which leaves early in the morning and I want to get it." She shook hands and departed, smiling radiantly.

"I'll see you again before I go, Miss Gregg, and I'm going to write to you if you don't mind."

Miss Gregg added some fuel to the fire, pulled her chair up close and sat down.

The little occurrence had set her mind on her own past; she wondered how she might have received such advice in her time and smiled at herself for a deliberate purveyor of fictionized fact. Her story had not been quite what she had represented it to Lily, but her conscience did not trouble her on

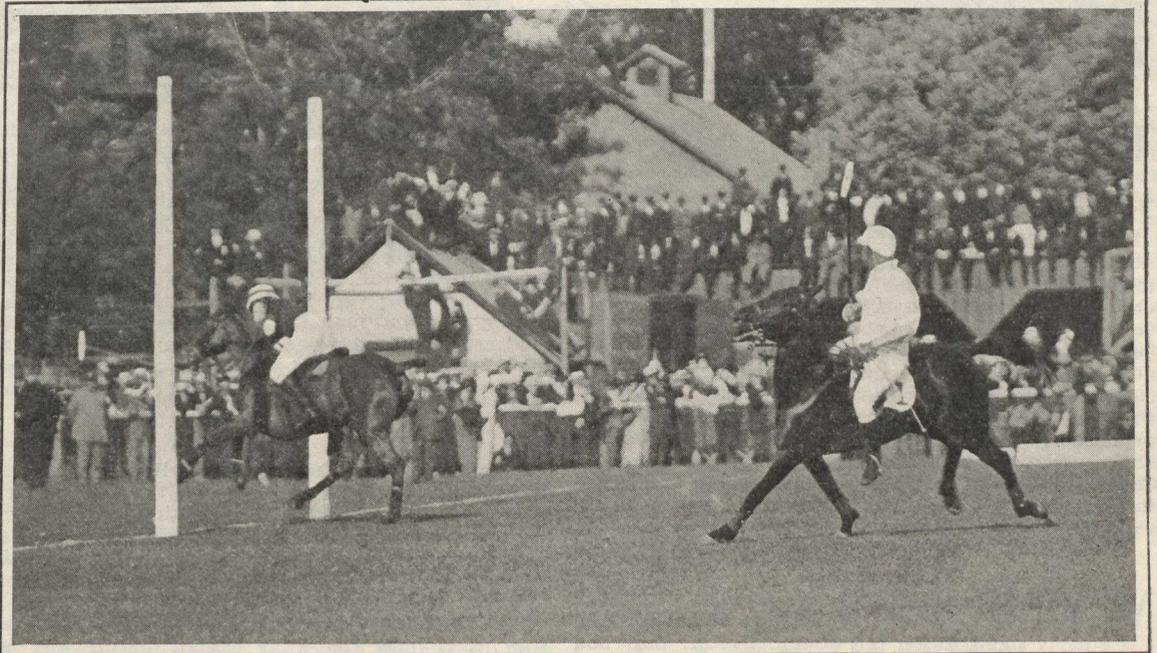
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WESTCHESTER CUP GOES BACK TO ENGLAND

Pictures of the Great British-United States Polo Tournament at New York



Captain Cheape (England) blocks Milburn—a characteristic play.



Cheape goes through the goal with the ball—Lamontagne, goalkeeper (America), in rear.

ENGLAND seems at last to have been sitting up and taking notice of King George's admonishment, "Wake up, England"—in sport, at any rate. A few weeks ago England won the amateur golf championship. Last week she won the polo championship—both times defeating America. "Shamrock IV." has a good chance this time to get the America's Cup, and, after that, John Bull will make a dash for the Davis' Tennis Cup.

The two games, which resulted in England regaining the Polo Championship and the Westchester Cup, were great games, particularly the second. The crowds were wildly excited, and put up a total of \$200,000 in gate receipts for the two days.



Capt. Cheape blocks Larry Waterbury, (America), and robs him of the ball.

The score in the first game was 8 to 3½; in the second, 4 to 2¾. The outstanding difference between the methods of the two teams was that while England played the combination game, America practised individualism. If America had played in the first game with as good understanding as they played the second, they might have won. But there is little doubt that, though it was close, the better team won. The feature of the matches was Milburn's wonderful return to form. Barrett, the English captain, played finely, but if Milburn had had the proper support, the ending might have been very different.

A cable says King George sat up till midnight to hear the result.

MEMPHIS HORSE WINS \$16,000 AT FIRST INTERNATIONAL DERBY

Scenes at the Dorval Track, Montreal, Saturday, June 13th



J. B. Schorr's "David Craig" garlanded with roses while Jockey Goldstein holds the money bag. "Luke McLuke," also owned by J. B. Schorr, was third, winning \$1,500.



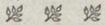
"David Craig," the winner, on the home stretch in a heavy track, passing the popular favourite, "Waterbass," and followed by H. P. Whitney's "Gainer," who was second. "Waterbass" was not even placed



Through A Monocle

The Redistribution Miracle

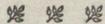
“REDISTRIBUTION by consent” is an achievement which it is doubtful whether we, in our pre-occupation with other matters, quite appreciate. It means that a Committee of Members of Parliament, chosen from both sides of the House and comprising some of the strongest partisans in the chamber, have been able to sit down with an electoral map of Canada before them, and agree upon all the changes rendered necessary by the latest census. Note that the Committee was not chosen from among the compromisers. They did not seek out the moderates and conciliators to do this work. They boldly named the hard fighters of both parties, and locked them in a room to come to an agreement. It was a daring experiment; and it succeeded.



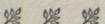
MUCH of the success of the experiment was due, I think, to precisely this policy of putting the party pugilists on the Committee. If they had been in the back-ground, not burdened with the full responsibility of the men on the Committee, and not constantly confronted by every difficulty of the task, they might easily have thought that their compromising colleagues were going too far, and have carried the fight into the House. But they were put right on the “firing line.” They were personally up against every problem which the effort to reach an agreement presented. They knew just how necessary it was to yield at this point and trade that one. And their Parliamentary colleagues, who were not on the Committee, knowing them for “first-rate fighting men,” were quite willing to take their word for it that these concessions had to be made. There was no distrust back of them. If they themselves came to an understanding, they were entirely certain that it would be approved by their respective Parliamentary parties.



THIS result shows what can be done even by extreme partisans when they are under considerable pressure to be reasonable. The pressure was applied, of course, by the two majorities—the Conservative majority in the Commons, and the Liberal majority in the Senate. It was utterly useless for either party to try to pass an outrageous measure. The Liberals could not get it through the Commons, and the Conservatives could not get it through the Senate. Each party held a veto over the other. Either party could walk out of the committee-room and declare that there would be no redistribution. The result is—agreement. The “forwards” on both sides have been able to agree upon the new allotment of seats in each province. Never before have they been able to achieve so miraculous a harmony; but then never before did the Opposition in the Commons have the power to kill a Redistribution Bill in the Senate.

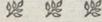


HERE we have proof that a perfectly fair redistribution is entirely possible. In the future, we may not always have a Senate majority to check a Commons majority when this decennial duty comes round, but we should never again have a gerrymander. The decency of the average citizen ought to take the place of the hostile Senate majority and compel the partisans in Parliament to always reach an agreement. Now that we know that, under compulsion, they can reach an agreement, and produce a measure which neither party regards as unjust, public opinion should demand that they always reach an agreement, and should want to be told quite convincingly why they have not been able to do so—and who is to blame. That is, it ought to be a very serious reflection upon any Government majority which fails to produce a redistribution plan acceptable to the Opposition, unless it can show that the Opposition have been unreasonable. By “unreasonable,” I do not mean that the Government majority may employ the “tu quoque” argument and prove that the Opposition did things quite as partisan when in power. We should now agree to “let the dead past bury its dead”—it smells bad enough in all conscience. “Unreasonableness” should be judged wholly by the attitude on the Bill presented before the House, just as if this were the first redistribution measure ever framed.



SOMETIMES I have thought that this could only be reached by referring redistribution to a Committee of Judges. Now, we know that it can be reached by referring it to a Committee of Poisonous Partisans. And they are precisely “the boys” to do it best—provided that they are conscious of a little

pressure. Their great strength is that they know, if they agree, there is no one who will criticize them. They are the court of last resort. It might require courage for a Committee of Judges to take a course which the irresponsible partisans at Ottawa would condemn as pusillanimous. Then the judges, in their desire to stand straight, might bend backward. Moreover, it is not fair to ask judges to depart from their very important duties as umpires between man and man in all the relations of life, civil and criminal, and risk their reputations in a political muddle. And it is now seen to be quite unnecessary. The politicians can do the work to admiration—if they must.



THE “must” can always be applied by the people. The moment it is believed that an unfair redistribution will lose a political majority more seats than it can possibly win for it, we shall never again see an unfair redistribution. Two wrestlers, in the heat and passion of their struggle, are sorely tempted to commit “fouls.” Yet they seldom do. Why? Simply because a “foul” costs them a “fall”; and they know that they cannot afford any such luxury. They lose more by “fouling” than they can possibly hope to win; so they do not “foul.” Politicians are quite as sensible as wrestlers, and seldom become so heated in their contests. Let them learn that “fouling” is fatal to success; and they will most religiously “play fair.” The veto of the Senate has been quite sufficient to compel “fair play” this time. The veto of the voters will always be more than

sufficient to compel the same “fair play” every time the task of redistribution comes round again.
THE MONOCLE MAN.

Musical Missionaries

AT least a score of Canadian music-makers have gone out of Canada to help make the music of other countries. In an interview with the Montreal Star, G. A. Grant-Schafer, composer and head of the singing faculty in the Northwestern University, at Evanston, Ill., gives a few names of these musical missionaries. He begins with Albani, who got her stage name from Albany, N.Y., although she was born in the Province of Quebec. He includes, also, Beatrice La Palme, Clarence Lucas, Dethier, Paul Default, Eugene Cowles and Lynwood Farnam. Of the musicians mentioned above, Albani has long since retired, after doing infinite credit to the land of her birth. Beatrice La Palme was for two seasons with the Montreal Opera Company, and has lived several years in Montreal, though she is perhaps better known to Boston and New York. Clarence Lucas, composer, has been twenty years outside of Canada. He has been back for several visits and thinks Canada is doing remarkably well. But it must seem odd to Lucas to find imported musicians filling important posts, such as he would be well qualified to fill had he remained in Canada. Dethier, the organist, is mentioned as a Canadian, but his advertising managers refer to him as a Belgian. And it is because most of these people, when they go abroad, forget that they are Canadians that rouses the ire of some people who believe that the word “Canadian” ought to be a certificate of good character wherever it is used. Eugene Cowles, who sang with the Bostonians many years ago, and the last two years has reappeared in Canada with Gilbert and Sullivan revivals, is a Canadian sure enough and most Canadians know it. Abroad he may choose to keep the fact quiet for just the same reason that Eddie Johnson, the operatic tenor, now in Milan, adopted an Italian name and never mentions Canada.



A BLOW UP

THE WAR GOD'S STAR STILL SEEMS TO BE IN THE ASCENDANT

By-Products of a College Education

By DOUGLAS DURKIN

Academic Principal Brandon College

THERE is a story about a great industrial combine—the Standard Oil, to be precise—to the effect that they started in to make oil, nothing but oil, and nothing but the best oil they could produce. They went to a great deal of expense to produce the article and they threw away a very great deal of “useless” matter in the process. Someone, he was a genius of the new-world type, hit upon the happy idea of turning this very waste itself into a marketable article. And to-day the good housewife seals her jelly jars with parowax—the small boy chews sugared white gum and enjoys it, the Christmas lanterns are lit with candles that burn without a bad smell, the farmer’s waggon is made to run without its squeal—it is said there are over fifty of these by-products.

In the days to come, those far-off days of a wonderful future when combines and capital are a thing of the dim past, when property rights and private ownership will be in the same category with the pirates and highway robbers of romance, this little story about the man who made something out of nothing will be told about the fireside—or whatever the substitute may be—as one of the cherished traditions of America’s past.

But this is not an advertisement. It is not a eulogy of genius. Herein will be found rather an honest attempt to show that by-products appear often without effort, without genius indeed, and in places where we might least expect to find them.

WHO spoke of the by-products of a college education? We know, or think we know, a deal about the product. The product inspires us with admiration or disgust according as he belongs to our family or a neighbour’s. But generally speaking, the “high-brow” is not graded so high in the judgment of others as he is in his own or that of his fond parents. That’s natural, of course. There’s a great deal of prejudice on both sides. But speaking dispassionately, there is nothing more tragic in the whole circle of human events than that moment on a bright, cheery morning after graduation, when the graduate saunters forth, his face beaming with self-confidence, his eyes set toward the crowded centres where he expects to find his diploma the open sesame for every door in every office in the city. Before the day has closed the brightness has vanished from the sky, the looks on men’s faces have changed considerably, the winds blow colder, the sidewalk is harder underfoot—the world has changed!

It is about at this moment that he settles down to be of some real use in the world. It’s a long process. Sometimes a man becomes useful at thirty-five, sometimes at fifty-five. There are some that never amount to much before seventy and by that time their chances are slim. But that’s a product. Heaven’s blessing is on the man already who is lucky enough to “get his bumps” the day after graduation. Some never get them and die wondering why they had not cut a bigger figure in life.

A young man of this type called not so long ago to ask for advice. He had received his diploma a week before and wanted to know the best course to pursue for a year before he should “enter life.” He was not yet twenty, and he was a minister’s son. He was told to get a job with a construction gang on a railway and go to work. He looked very much disappointed and left the office without expressing his thanks. The fact was he didn’t want advice. He went at once to Toronto and spent a year cultivating his voice. In the name of Heaven!

ALL of which brings us to the cold fact, the by-products of college education are often very unfortunate. It should be put more strongly than that, but the meaning is clear. The reader will get the spirit of the thing if he ever happens to run across a “by-product” in the business of his every day or sees it entering his office of an afternoon when the work is behind or he has to catch a train with ten minutes to spare.

There is a type of student that gets little more out of four years in a university than a trunk-full of ill-fitting clothes, a few score of faded college penants, an undeniable facility in the art of rolling a cigarette—and a “rah-rah” throat. He has a swagger, a pair of lightning socks, a trick of whipping a cane and a superior distaste for hard work or real culture. His sisters adore him, his mother worships him.

But there is a really serious side to the matter of unfortunate and unexpected results of college training. There is a sort of highly developed supra-idealism. The class-room is full of it. The halls and the libraries are stuffy from it. We read books and we write books. Indeed, when we have written a book we consider our contribution complete. We theorize about things and leave the hard-headed business man or the hard-handed working man who knows nothing about our little pet theories to face the necessity of actually solving the problems while we waste time. We observe, we are amused, we are interested, we make mathematical calculations, we draw curves and deduce index-numbers, we build up a case and fight it out to no end with someone else

who does the same thing, and we feel royally elated when we can cite more figures and quote more statistics than the other fellow. We delude ourselves into thinking that statistics count, that figures are worth while. Social sin is a phenomenon. Society is a process and we watch it as we watch a machine at work. We have a well-defined disinclination to becoming a part of it. What hermits, gowned and cowed, flock from our universities year after year! Not that the scientific observer is out of place in society. We need them, we need more than we can get. But science does not mean manhood or womanhood any more than differential calculus means a well-governed city or a well-ordered home. Too many “follow knowledge like a sinking star”—and go down with the star!

THEN there is cynicism. Nothing could be more contemptible than an educated cynic. I listened with quiet amusement to one of these individuals while he talked with a mature college president. What smug self-complacency, what omniscience! And with what ease he brushed aside the ethical standards of the old doctor. If cynicism ever really got anywhere or ever really did anything there might

be some excuse for it. If it ever really said anything it might be tolerated at that. But it doesn’t. Cynicism is merely stubbornness plus. An ass would make an excellent cynic if he could smile. A cynic need not know anything. All he needs to do is to pretend he knows. Moreover, if he really knew anything he could not be a cynic—he couldn’t tolerate himself. But he doesn’t. Furthermore, he is practically hopeless, for no one ever taught a cynic anything. No one can. One can kick a cynic—usually with little difficulty—and thereby do humanity a service, providing the work is done thoroughly and at an opportune moment. But if one fails in this the fool still smiles and imagines he has come off victor.

And then there is—but why carry this thing any farther? One could mention the college snob—the “high brow” and the “high head” are too often companions under the same hat. And there are a few others. For years the “town and the gown” have been at war. Anyone connected with college work must know that. The town is not at war with the worthy products, however. The town welcomes the man who comes to make his contribution, the man who is a man before he is anything else. And, thank Heaven! we have such—young men who enter college at a sacrifice to themselves and their parents, who plod and toil, but who know how to enjoy themselves, too, and come out of college splendid types of manhood to take their appointed places in the community. May we be blessed with more of the real product. It will go far towards helping us tolerate the by-product.

An Ancient Ceremony

By W. D. TAUNTON

THE other day I witnessed a scene not to be duplicated in any other part of North America. It was the conferring of degrees at the ancient and historic University of King’s, at Windsor, N.S. This university should not be called “ancient and historic,” but “ancient and modern.” It was established in 1846, is the oldest university in the British possessions beyond the seas, conducts its Encenia exercises with all the pomp and ceremony of a state function; is a Church of England institution pure and simple; delights in its age and its roster of distinguished men who have achieved fame in the wars of their country, and is yet further advanced in modern ideas than any institution of learning in all Canada, and prides herself on the fact that her mission is to prepare men to preach peace on earth and good will toward men.

There were the masters of art, in their gowns and hoods. There were the doctors of law and doctors of divinity in their bright gowns of scarlet, and there was the Chancellor arrayed in robes of gold. Before them were gathered the townsfolk. The proceedings were conducted in the Latin tongue.

Men who were bright and shining lights in the church were created doctors of divinity. Then a gentleman was conducted to the feet of the Chancellor, who is a bright and shining light in the pursuits of commerce. Mr. J. H. Plummer, manager of the Dominion Steel and Coal Company, was created a doctor of civil law and was soon sitting beside the other doctors.

With all its ancient pomp and ceremonial, King’s

realizes more than any other university, at least in the Maritime Provinces, that this is the twentieth century. Only three or four years ago she conferred a doctor’s degree on a woman—made her an honorary doctor of civil law—because the faculty realized that her life work merited it. More than that, the faculty went to Upper Canada to find her. For the same reason, J. H. Plummer was singled out for special distinction.

But it was not all Latin and all ceremonial. An old graduate who has spent the last twenty-four years across the border, delivered an oration on Imperial Federation. The president followed and touched on material things; told what the board of governors were going to do—when the people found the money—and then Dr. Plummer struck into the practical, the question of earning one’s daily bread. It was a beautiful blend—ancient and modern—and having been there one does not wonder why people go there year after year from all parts of the province, and, indeed, from all parts of Canada.

King’s has had its ups and downs—principally downs. Several attempts have been made to merge it with other universities, but the church people at last decided that if there was any merging to be done the other universities yearning to merge must come to King’s. To-day, under the guiding hand of Rev. Canon Powell, it is flourishing like a green bay tree. Twelve or thirteen years ago the number of students enrolled was down to half a dozen. To-day there are some seventy-five on the roll, and more to come—if there is room for them.



THE RIDLEY COLLEGE CRICKET ELEVEN, INTER-SCHOOL CHAMPIONS 1914.

For the second year in succession Ridley College has won the inter-school cricket championship, beating the T.C.S., the U.C.C., and the S.A.C. During the past five years Ridley has lost only two matches against the schools named above. At the close of this term the eleven is making a tour to Montreal and Ottawa. The officers and team are: E. G. Powell (President), H. C. Griffith (Head), A. E. Mix (Capt.), G. R. Maram, J. F. Manley, H. F. Sneed, A. R. Turnbull, J. H. N. Drope, E. M. Jenoure, E. B. Lefroy, G. D. Clarke, V. R. Irvine, G. D. Wood, MacLean (Pro.).

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

Lord Mersey's Visit

ASIDE from the Empress affair, the visit of Lord Mersey will be a great blessing. He is showing our judges and our lawyers the follies of legal technicalities and the iniquities of procedure as we have it in Canada.

To see Lord Mersey brush aside the petty things so dear to the heart of the Canadian legal man, is a rare treat. When he sharply put the Deputy Minister of Justice in his place, he won the plaudits of us all. It was not Mr. Newcombe's fault—he simply did not know any better. He was doing just what all great lawyers do in Canada—revelling in useless detail and wasteful verbiage.

Lord Mersey knows what he wants and goes straight to the point. He believes in and practises "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth." He handles the investigation as a business man of the highest type, and accomplishes as much in one day as a Canadian judge would in three.

When dismissing the two wireless men, he said: "You two young gentlemen are a great credit to the service you are in." Imagine Sir William Meredith or Sir William Mulock exhibiting such courtesy!

Public Lawyers

SURELY there is a great lesson to be learned from Lord Mersey's method of conducting an investigation. As Canadians, we must admit we are lacking in directness and thoroughness. Our law courts are still wound round and round with red tape. At times, it would seem as if the courts existed to prevent justice rather than to dispense justice. Our judges and our lawyers all display the same characteristics. It is a class fault, not an individual fault.

Some day, Canada will adopt a system of public lawyers, hired by the state and paid by the state. These will be men who will, like Lord Mersey, brush aside technicalities instead of creating them. They will reduce the cost of legal procedure fifty per cent. Instead of taking one or two years to get a final decision in a big law suit, it will be delivered in a month or two.

A few days ago, the Jews of Toronto decided to establish a tribunal of their own, so as to settle all disputes between themselves cheaply and quickly. They find Canadian civil courts wholly unsatisfactory. This must be the case, so long as a lawyer is paid according to the number of letters he writes, the length of the brief which he prepares, and the number of hours he appears in court.

They have come to public doctors in England. Canada must soon adopt a system of public doctors and public lawyers, so as to save both the nerves and the money of those who find it necessary to employ the services of these professions.

International Contests

GREAT BRITAIN has not had much success in sporting contests of an international character in recent years. Therefore, the victory of Lord Wimbourne's polo team is decidedly pleasing. The Englishmen brought better ponies this year and the men themselves showed considerable superiority in riding ability and exactness of aim. Canadians were pleased at the showing made, as we naturally sympathize with the men who represent the heart of the Empire in such contests.

Great interest is also being taken in the approaching yachting contest for the America's Cup. Sir Thomas Lipton will try for the fourth time to carry the Irish yachting colours to victory. For sixty-three years, the America's Cup has remained on this side of the Atlantic, and yet the Britishers have never faltered in their determination to bring it back some

day. The new challenger, Shamrock IV., is a wonderful single-master, and every Canadian with sporting blood in his veins will watch the coming struggle with anxious interest.

Moreover, these contests prove that the Anglo-Saxon nations, as they are called for want of a better term, are not wholly given up to materialism and are fighting the disintegrating influences of idleness and luxury. Such competitions are also a strong guarantee against diplomatic misunderstandings as well as breeders of international appreciations. Athletic rivalries in tennis, golf, polo and yachting are the first line of defence against international wars.

The Methodist Uprising

NEXT Monday may witness one of the greatest religious uprisings that Canada has ever seen.

The Liberal party in Ontario has been transformed, under Mr. Rowell's guidance, into a Temperance and Methodist party. The so-called Liberal candidates in the general election which occurs then are selected from the Methodist ministry, the ranks of the temperance advocates, and here and there an old-time Liberal. So far as the writer is aware, no such situation has ever before arisen in any pro-

EDUCATION

At this season of the year the class lists for Universities, Colleges, Normal Schools and Secondary Institutions are being published. The educational year is closing and a new one is dawning. Many are thinking of what has been accomplished and what remains to be done.

Hence, it is the custom, at this season, for The Canadian Courier to give especial attention to Educational Matters. This issue contains the first instalment. Succeeding issues will contain other material also valuable to those who are thinking of next year's educational problems.

As with all other subjects, The Canadian Courier views education from the viewpoint of the nation as a whole.

vince. The so-called moral issue has driven out politics of the ordinary kind.

Indeed, it might not be unfair to say that the party now fighting Sir James Whitney's Government is a Rowell party, not a Liberal party. This may be excessive praise of Mr. Rowell, but he has certainly shown wonderful ability in calling new forces to his aid in what he seems to regard as "a holy war." Not only has he succeeded in getting the ultra-temperance forces, and the Methodist churches, but the Presbyterians and Baptists and Y. M. C. A.'s are sympathetic. This new alignment of forces puts all the old-time politicians and all ancient forms of political prophecy out of court.

The results of next Monday's voting cannot be anticipated. Many Conservatives will vote for the Rowell candidates, and many Liberals will vote for the Conservative candidates. The switching will be so widespread, according to present indications, that no man may forecast the result. It is generally conceded, however, that the gains will be largely in Mr. Rowell's favour. Whatever the results, the les-

sons to be learned from this peculiar campaign will form the basis of many editorials and sermons in the weeks that follow. The entire story will not be told in the election returns.

Effect on Manitoba

ONTARIO'S elections are on June 29th and Manitoba's on July 10th. Both governments are Conservative, and both Oppositions are using the "Banish the Bar" cry. What happens in Ontario on Monday next will be a tolerably clear index of what will happen a fortnight later in Manitoba. Sir James Whitney and Sir Rodmond Roblin are two men in one boat.

Sir Rodmond has been longer in power than Sir James. He has also been more bitterly, although not more successfully, assailed by his opponents. Good times and constant prosperity, emphasized by strong political organizing, have kept him in power. His long-delayed victory in getting his province enlarged, by the moving back of its boundary to Chesterfield Inlet and Hudson Bay, offsets much of the criticism which has been showered upon his administration.

Whatever his virtues and whatever his faults, Sir Rodmond will eagerly await the returns from Ontario on Monday. One can easily imagine his sitting up quite late to hear the results.

The "Rainbow" Needed

MANY honest citizens have been unable to see the value of the little cruiser, the "Rainbow," which was stationed at Esquimalt under Laurier, and dismantled under Borden. Yet during the past fortnight, the "Rainbow" would have been very valuable to the Canadian Government had it been in commission and well manned.

There are three hundred Hindus on a Japanese ship in Vancouver harbour, whom the Government will not allow to land. The captain of the vessel would like to sail away, but his passengers will not let him. There is no police force which can intervene and restore order, because the "Rainbow" is out of commission, and there is no British cruiser in sight. Hence Canada is in the humiliating position of not being able to preserve law and order within that portion of her territory which lies between the shore-line and the three-mile-limit.

Two Japanese cruisers have arrived. Is Canada to be in the humiliating position of asking the Japanese navy to restore order within Canadian territory?

The situation is one which does small credit to the Canadian parliament and the Canadian people. In their ignorance they thought they would never be called upon to enforce law and order in that part of the ocean which, by international law, is known as Canadian territory. In their ignorance they could not see the value of cruisers doing police duty along our coasts.

Let us hope that this incident will teach the statesmen at Ottawa to lay aside their petty partisanship and commence to govern Canada on the patriotic basis adopted by the statesmen of other countries.

British Golf Victories

ON Thursday and Friday of last week, Britain won two international events in the "royal and ancient game" of golf—though why royal and ancient any longer it is hard to say, since golf has become as popular in America and France—where they have no royalty—as in Britain. Harry Vardon won the British Open Championship at Prestwick, this being the sixth time he has beat all comers. The four rounds he made in 73, 77, 78 and 78 respectively. Vardon first won the championship in 1896, and proved last week that he is better at forty-five than he was when he was twenty-six. John Taylor, last year's champion, was a good second. Francis Ouimet, open champion of the United States, of whom great things were expected, was not in the first fifty competitors.

British women are anxious to hold their own, too. Cecile Leitch, the British Women's Golf Championship winner, won the French Women's Open Championship by her defeat of Gladys Basten, at Versailles, last Thursday, by two up and one to play.



PROMINENT IN THE RECENT CONVENTION OF THE CANADIAN MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION AT MONTREAL.

Left to right: H. H. Champ, Hamilton, chairman of the Tariff Committee; E. G. Henderson, Windsor, new president; J. H. Sherrard, Montreal, new vice-president; Col. Wm. Gartshore, London, executive committee; Henry Bertram, Dundas, executive committee; J. S. McKinnon, Toronto, executive committee; George Booth, veteran treasurer; H. G. Waddie, chairman Hamilton Branch.

The League of Little Mothers

An Attempt on the Part of the Toronto School Board to Amplify Instinct by Instruction

By MARY JOSEPHINE TROTTER

THERE is a new movement in Toronto public schools. It affects girls only and is as popular as a fad, although it is founded upon basic instincts and aims to equip girls at school for the "woman's job," which normally awaits them. Which business, according to "Nancy Stair"—a heroine whom I met by chance in a desperate dearth of books at camp one summer—is "the marrying of the man she loves and the bringing up of babies of her own."

The former concern is left to instinct. It is just with the latter half of the job—by all odds the big half—that the School Board has to concern itself; for, therein, instinct is apt to be defective. So it provides for instruction in the care of children with a definite place for the classes on the schedule. Live babies are borrowed for the purpose. And the movement is known as "The League of Little Mothers."

The maternal instinct, so far as it goes, has a

classes, which are usually held in the kindergarten, with one of the nurses of the school staff in charge. Invariably the meetings of the "Little Mothers" outrun the limit of the school half-hour, and such is the fascination of them that they have even encroached on the sacred hour of tea.

An inaugural meeting is immensely important from the point of view of the girls who attend it, for "an officer" is an enviable object, and any person there may "get elected." A dignified little functionary was one I saw presiding; and the secretary who read "the minutes" was a curious blend of consequence and shyness. At the first meeting the names are enrolled, the officers elected, the pledge cards distributed along with a list of the neighbourhood's relief stations, dispensaries, etc., and a short talk, by the nurse in charge, on the object of the League, concludes the launching.

The order of procedure at a regular meeting is: first, the calling of the members to order; then,

the roll-call, the reading of the minutes, and the enrollment of new members; a brief review of the last day's lesson; and, lastly, a ten-minute talk by the nurse, including a demonstration with a real, live baby. He or she is borrowed from the district, and great is the honour to the Little Mother whose small brother or sister is selected. Whatever condition that baby arrives in, and sometimes it is splendid beyond gainsaying, there is never any doubt of his state on leaving. He departs as sweet and as lovable an object as the Indian boy whom "Titania" adopted, and whom her husband, the King of Elfland, coveted so for his train of fairy henchmen.

The lesson may have been on "Growth and Development," under any one of its subdivisions—weight, muscular strength and exercise; or, perhaps on one of the special senses—smell, sight, hearing, or speech; or, on "Bathing and the Value of Water," "Clothing and Cleanliness," "Sleep and Quiet," "Fresh Air," or, "How to Feed the Baby." And "First Care of the Sick Baby" is one of the most important of the subjects.

It was the writer's pleasure the other afternoon to attend a special Little Mothers' demonstration in connection with the classes in the York Street School, in the main a Jewish district, which have been conducted since last March by Nurse Roberts.

The school was pranked for the festive occasion with posies and posters in gay profusion and "pretty maids all in a row," like Mary's garden. The prettiness was that of youthful health, for no little girl may join the club where she is taught the care of a second human until her own person is what it should be. So the teeth were very pearly, indeed, that showed in the smiles of the Little Mothers, their hair was glossy in ringlets or braids, and the smartest of little caps and aprons succeeded in having the air of uniforms.



SOME OF TORONTO'S "LITTLE MOTHERS."

To whom, by the hand of the school nurse, the simple business of making a bed is proved to be a job of amazing deftness.

But these same "pretty maids" were a business-like half-hundred; and their amazing deftness and glibness in demonstration, whether in the process of weighing the baby, or of modifying his feeding fluids, which it seems should be done between the ages of two months and three months, made a mere spinster appear like an ignoramus. She felt that it would have helped some mother to stand in her place for a minute or two and study the bathing of the manikin child or the even more intricate science of baby-dressing. There was nothing the Little Mothers could not have told her.

AND that exactly is the Little Mothers' business. They dispense their knowledge broadcast in the districts, as a result of which many mothers were present, not alone for the pleasure of seeing their daughters' clever exhibition, but also to learn, on their own account. One came bringing a bouncing child, whose elasticity and rosy plumpness were the result of Little Mothers' enterprise. For the girls are scouts as well as baby-savers.

Other features of the demonstration were a diet table, a home-made bed, an improvised ice-box, and a weird collection of things called "Baby-killers," including the object commonly called "a comfort."

Altogether the display was a great success and proof conclusive of the efficacy of the League of Little Mothers in that district. At the same time it was merely an example of the accomplishment of the clubs throughout the city.

The movement is not an experiment, therefore. It had passed the experimental stages previous even to its adoption in Toronto, the "dog" upon which it was tried being European. But it fits Canadian conditions exactly, and there can be no doubt that the example of Toronto, which leads the land in progressive education, will shortly be followed by the other cities which are making common cause in behalf of babes. The high rate of infant mortality, monstrous in Montreal and elsewhere, would be reduced at least in a measure by the ministrations of clubs of Little Mothers.



INSTINCT PLUS INSTRUCTION.

In all the list of "object lessons" none so fascinates little girls as that wherein the object is a baby, and a real, live infant is the centre of this happy demonstration in "Drying and Dressing."

real existence in addition to the figment which the rapt poet spreads upon the ceiling. It has substance in the case of the small girl who dresses her doll and "tucks it up" in careful imitation of her mother. It fails to go far enough, however. For in the case of the child without a doll and possessed of a mother all untaught in the arts of either dressing or washing the baby brother or sister, as it may be, and all unversed in the traditions of the nursery, it has covered the last degree of diminished distance. In which instance, instruction is needful in order not only to develop instinct, but also to discover it beforehand.

The direct outcome of the latter conditions, as observed by the various school nurses in the course of their district visits in Toronto, was the organization of Little Mothers' classes in the city schools. Miss Paul, the organizer, is ardent—superintendent as she is of the school nurses and intimately aware of district needs. Her tales of "The Ward" convinced the School Board, whose principal objections to the innovation had been that the home and not the school was the natural place for instruction in mothers' matters and that the syllabus was already over-burdened.

AHOSPITABLE mind toward the new idea was that of Mr. R. D. Fairbairn, who saw in the same a coin of vantage for the service of education to civic life. On the whole, the Board proved enterprising and the League of Little Mothers got its start.

That was exactly one year ago. And now there are twenty-four of the schools which make a feature of Little Mothers' classes. Nor are these all in the poorer quarters. The "maternal instinct," happily, is not confined to the unenlightened classes in Toronto, although instruction in the care of children is allowed to go by default pretty much in all grades. So that the lessons are extremely popular, although there is no compulsion to attend them. The last half hour once a week is allotted in most of the schools for the



GRADUATES OF MANITOBA AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

Young women of the western provinces who have this year completed the course of Household Science.



Courierettes.

"THE GREAT DIVIDE" was played by a Toronto stock company last week. The people of Ontario will play it on election day—June 29.

Calgary women have started a "Better Babies" campaign. In some places the slogan might be made "Better Babies and More of Them."

Lethbridge appointed a young woman as City Clerk, but she chose rather to get married. Thus Cupid conquered a city.

A Toronto daily is putting a fee of fifty cents on engagement announcements. If she's a nice girl she's worth it.

They have invented a new lifeboat that won't sink or collapse. It would be fine if somebody would invent a way to make sure of getting the people in it.

Hamlet and Lincoln have been likened by a recent writer. It must be admitted that one was killed at a play and the other is often killed in a play.

New York State will not let women suffragists use the Armouries. Personally, we think the women would have more use for arms than armouries.

Ice cream was originally frozen custard. That was 100 years ago. It does not seem to have progressed much since, if we are to judge by some samples.

Lieut. Porte is to try to cross the Atlantic in an aeroplane in 30 hours. Will this be a case of "any Porte in a storm"?

Toronto has just added 22 new policemen to the force. Will "Toronto the Good" now be "Toronto the Better"?

By a court decision, Ottawa was left without a Board of Control for some time. Somehow or other, however, it managed to get along.

Twenty-three languages were spoken at the Salvation Army congress in London—but luckily for the delegates not all of them at once.

Sir Thomas Lipton was fined \$50 for speeding. No, it was not in his new yacht, but rather in his motor car.

Just a Suggestion.—Now, if some of those suffragettes would take a long knife and rip up some of those cubist or futurist paintings the nation as a whole might have kindlier feelings towards them.

Truth—and Poetry.

One sadly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
The cost of living is higher to-
day
Than it's ever been before.

Chopin's Great Feat.—Curious are the errors that creep into print. One of the most remarkable came to light recently in a corner of the weekly calendar of St. James' Square Presbyterian Church, Toronto.

It seems that one of the prominent members of the church died, and it was arranged that a memorial service should be held in his honour.

The organist and choirmaster decided to do something special in the musical line, and he could think of nothing better befitting the occasion than Chopin's wonderful Funeral March.

There was but little time in which to arrange things, and the announcement of the order of service was to be printed on the church calendar.

So the choirmaster had his secretary telephone the particulars of the order of service to the printer so that the thing could be done in time.

Now it so happened that the secretary was a recent arrival from England, and her accent still clung to her tongue with exceeding tenacity. The printer had a little difficulty making out just what she meant, but he did his best. Imagine the smiles on the face of the congregation, sad though the occasion was, and imagine the chagrin of the choirmaster, when the church calendar appeared in the pews with the promise, instead of the great Funeral March, the following:

"A Few Remarks, by Chopin."

A Few New Howlers.—School examination papers have produced a lot of fun. Here are a trio of amusing answers which recently came to light.

One boy, in explaining in a music exam. what "pauses" were, wrote: "They're what grow on pussy cats."

A fourth class pupil mentioned Romeo and Juliet as being a pair of famous explorers.

And the boy was wiser than he knew who penned the statement that "chickens are birds harmful to men."

How He Fixed It.—The young woman examined the photographs and did not seem very well pleased with them.

"They are not as good as they might be," she criticized. "The features are rather indistinct."

"Yes," admitted the diplomatic photographer, "but you must remember that your face is not at all plain." And then the clouds rolled by.

Explained.—"Mr. and Mrs. Gotrox are very happy now, and are receiving congratulations from their friends."

"What is it—a boy or a girl?"
"Neither—a divorce."

The Difference.—When a woman goes shopping she asks the clerk if he can't show her something more expensive.

When she goes buying she asks him if he can show her something a trifle cheaper.

Doing His Duty.—The handsome young man had been dancing most of the evening with a maiden lady of uncertain years and a decided lack of attractiveness. At last a friend asked him: "Why are you dancing with Miss Scragg so much?"

"Why, I am merely doing my duty," was the reply. "You forget that I am secretary of the Humane Society."

What Is Fun?—"He just did it in fun," explained a man in Toronto police court when he showed a badly-wounded face, the result of his chum's playful pranks.

Those fellows must have derived their ideas of fun from the comic cartoons.

Was She All Dead?—This is from the Toronto World:

"She was finally picked up half frozen by the cold and half dead from exposure."

Was it the same half or was she wholly dead?

Repartee.—Smart Passenger—"I'll bet you've run into a lot of wrecks in your time."

Conductor—"No—you're the first one I've seen in months."

G. B. S. Guesses Right.—"The family is a humbug" is the latest declaration of the iconoclastic George Ber-

nard Shaw. Almost everybody will agree with him—thinking, of course, of the family next door.

In the Garden of Eden.—Eve—"I want a new dress, Adam."
Adam—"All right, wife, I don't care a fig. Shake the tree again."

Militancy Note.—If you have your eyes open you will observe that the girl who can break hearts doesn't waste a thought on breaking windows.

The Natural Way.—The food faddist and the average man were discussing diets.

The former was telling how he had lived on a strictly vegetarian diet and had gained in weight and health.

"Yes," said the average man, "and I had a rather interesting experience, too, along that line."

"What did you do?"
"I lived on milk only for a whole year and gained every day in weight and strength."

"Remarkable! How did you manage to do that?"

"Oh, just about the same as other babies did."

The Double Nature.—An earnest evangelist in the north of England went to a chapel to preach, and found that as the chapel was being decorated, he had to preach in the open air. He stood on a mound near by. Very soon, it was noticed that he was rather uncomfortable. He kept on settling his tie, and standing first on one foot and then on the other. At last he could stand it no longer.

"Well, friends," he burst out, "ye may know that the Lord's in my heart, but the devil's in my breeches."

The truth was he had been standing on an ant-hill!

Awful!—Sir Thomas should remember that there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the Lip-ton!

The London 'Bus-Driver.—A figure which you don't often see in London nowadays is that of the London horse 'bus-driver. He was remarkable for the way he dropped his "h's."

"'Olborn! 'Olborn!" he would shout, when his 'bus came to Holborn.

One day, a passenger remonstrated with him. "I say, driver," said the smart one, "I notice you drop your 'h's' at Holborn."

"Yessir," said the Jehu, "but I always picks 'em up at Hisington!"

Two Many Collects.—A couple of Scotchmen were in a church in London. About half-way through the prayers, Sandy turned to Mac, and said, in a hoarse, confidential whisper: "Mac, we're in the wrong kirk!"

"Eh, mon," returned the other, "what d'ye mean?"

"It says here, first collect, second collect, third collect," said Sandy. "I tell you mon, we're in the wrong kirk!"

A Lapsis Linguae.—A prominent newspaperman in Toronto tells a good story. He is a huge man—both ways. When he was in England he went to Clovelly in Devon, where, at the bottom of a steep declivity you may catch a glimpse of the sea.

The newspaperman, who leans towards fatness, toiled down to the bottom of the rocks and got the view. Then he looked at the steep road which he had to climb to get back. A native of the place came along, and the newspaperman complained to the old villager that there should be some motor or traction car running up the cliffs.

Said the villager: "When the Almighty put those cliffs there he didn't expect people to be so lazy they would complain about climbing up and down. Besides, we don't want any motors with their oil and stench; we don't want any rocks railway with their petrol and smell. In fact, sir, we don't want any vernacular traffic of any kind!"

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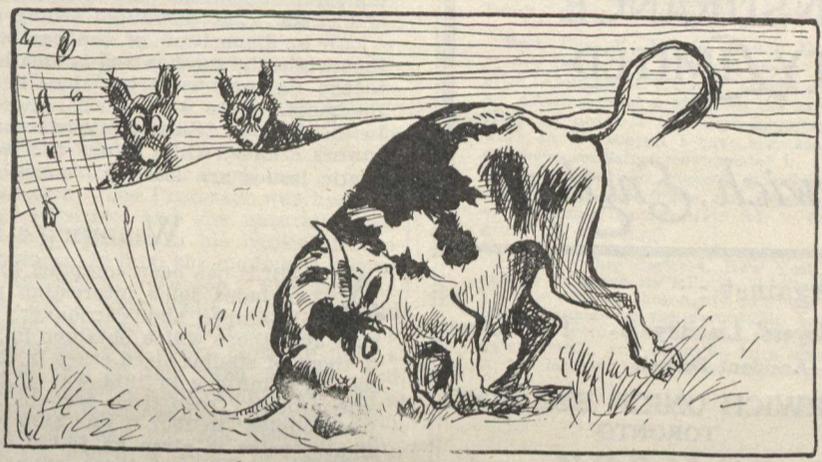
MONEY AND MAGNATES

Dividends To-day and To-morrow

ONE outstanding feature of the stock market during the past three months has been the uncertainty as to dividends on industrial stocks. It is quite natural that in a country like Canada, just beginning to find its feet industrially, that in periods of depression the newer industries should have their moments of doubt. Where the doubt is the legitimate result of depression in trade no blame attaches to the directors or the management. Where the doubt arises from depression added to misleading statements at a previous date there is less excuse.

This is admirably illustrated by the difference between the situation in Cannors, Limited, and in Nova Scotia Steel. Both stocks were depressed, and had a very considerable decline. In the case of Cannors the dividend was passed, and in the case of Nova Scotia Steel the dividend was declared. In the one case a certain amount of blame attaches to the directors of Cannors, Limited, for having either overstated their case in their annual report, or for having understated it when they passed the dividend. They have not shown that they possess a proper grasp of the business which they are controlling on behalf of a large number of stockholders. They have acted as if they had no responsibility towards the public, and very little towards the stock exchange. If the exchanges did their duty they would order an official investiga-

PREPARING TO START SOMETHING.



Mr. Bull, feeling optimistic, begins to sharpen his horns.

tion into the case, and probably order the removal of Cannors from the list. If such a set of circumstances were brought to the attention of the London stock exchange the directors would be brought to book and punished.

On the other hand the decline in Nova Scotia Steel was the result of a bear raid. The stock was selling too high in 1913 and 1914, and was in a bad technical position. This, however, was not the fault of the directors. That their statements, as given to the public, were accurate and conservative, is shown by their ability to pay a dividend on their common stock in this period of depression. When the bear raid occurred President Harris did everything he could to reassure the public, and his assurances were justified by a dividend declaration. Such conduct and such results should be beneficial to Nova Scotia Steel and make it a more popular stock among investors generally.

Much the same remarks as have been applied to Nova Scotia Steel might be applied to W. A. Rogers, Limited. This industrial has been hammered until the stock almost disappeared from the activities of the exchange. Yet the directors of Rogers have justified their previously published reports by a declaration of the regular quarterly dividends, payable July 2nd. These amount to 1 3/4 per cent. on preference stock, and 2 1/2 per cent. on the common. Like Nova Scotia Steel, the stock was selling too high last year, but that was not the fault of the directors.

On the other hand, Toronto Paper is in much the same condition as Cannors. For some time it was paying six per cent. Then the directors got giddy and raised it to eight per cent. Now the giddy directors have been standing with their feet in cold water and have passed the dividend altogether for the quarter. The dividend should never have been raised in the first place, and it is probable also that it should have been reduced instead of being passed.

Directors of all these industrial companies should realize that the public are watching them from year to year, and in the long run will appraise them at their true value. The directors of the Canadian industrial companies have a rather mixed record to date, and it is about time that some plain speaking was indulged in by investors. The trouble in Canada is that the investor is a dumb driven animal. He either does not know his rights, or else he does not know enough to raise a row when those rights are invaded. If there are any investors who have anything to say on this subject at any time they should write to the financial papers and let their fellow investors know what they think of directors who mislead the public at the behest of unscrupulous promoters and brokers.

Is Laurentide Too High?

ONE year ago Laurentide Company stock was selling between 203 and 214. Now Laurentide is quoted from 175 to 180. Last year it fell as low as 140, touching that point in August. If it repeats its performance of last year it should drop to about 130 in August of this year.

It may be that a study of the figures and the history of the stock on the part of a few bear raiders may account for the recent decline. These are days when the bears are looking for victims. In Laurentide, the dope sheet is entirely in their favour. Last year Laurentide fell sixty points in June, July and August. Is it not reasonable to assume that it will drop fifty or sixty points during the same period of 1914?

The Laurentide Company was organized for the purpose of manufacturing sulphite, pulp, and the mills are located at Grand Mere, Quebec. Its net earnings have grown from \$775,524 in the year ending June 30th, 1910, to \$1,016,758 in the year ending June 30th, 1913. It will be noted that the decline in the price of the stock last year came largely after the announcement of an increase in net earnings. Therefore, even if the earnings should show

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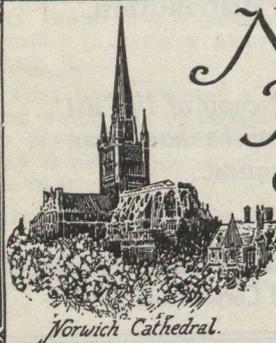
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DIVIDEND NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that a dividend for the three months ending June 30th, 1914, at the rate of **TEN PER CENT. PER ANNUM**

has been declared upon the Capital Stock of the Company, and that the same will be payable on and after July 2nd next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 20th to the 30th June, both days inclusive.

By order of the board.

W. E. RUNDLE, General Manager

Toronto, June 2nd, 1914

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an increase for the year ending June 30th, 1914, this would be no guarantee that the stock would not fall in price.

The probable truth with regard to Laurentide is that the stock never was worth more than 150, if it was ever worth that. The earnings for the past two years have been a little over ten per cent. If the standard earnings of an industrial company are to be tested by a standard of fourteen per cent. per annum, then Laurentide is worth about 78. It must be remembered, however, that for some time Laurentide earned enough to pay a dividend of eight per cent. and also provide for the redemption of some of its bonds. In spite of this, the careful investor will find it very difficult to prove that Laurentide at the present time is worth anything like the price it is quoted.

Purse Strings Tightened Temporarily

LONDON furnished comparatively little money in the shape of subscription to new capital issues during May. The aggregate amount for that month is only \$67,860,000, which is abnormally small when compared to the amounts raised in May of 1913, and in May of 1912, which were \$196,235,000 and \$142,745,000, respectively. This is the first setback this year. As pointed out in these columns two or three week ago, the total for the first four months of this year was far in excess of the total for the first four months of any previous year. But, by reason of the fact that the figure for May is so much smaller than the figure for the corresponding month of last year, the total for the first five months of 1914 is just a little lower than that for the first five months of 1913. Whether, therefore, this present year will turn out quite the record-breaker in this regard, which it promised to be at the end of April, is now a moot point. Like Mr. Asquith, we must wait and see.

While there may be several contributory reasons for the decline in issued capital this month, the main cause would seem to be that investors in London put up so much money in the preceding months that they are now busy looking after obligations they then incurred. It seems to be a plain case of cause and effect. The pendulum swung to one extreme; it now swings to another.

As to disposition of the capital subscribed in May, it is worth noticing that while the total raised is smaller than a year ago, the amount which went to the Colonies is larger than in May, 1913. The total colonial issues for the month were \$27,510,000. A year ago they were \$16,120,000. According to the London "Statist" Canada and Australasia are again the heaviest borrowers. Thus, while issues for foreign countries show a shrinkage, and domestic issues are less, the colonies do not experience the same contraction.

Winnipeg's Real Estate Values

A TABLE has been compiled by the Seattle Real Estate Association, which includes some interesting particulars relative to real estate values in Winnipeg and Vancouver. Winnipeg values in 1914 show a material gain over those which obtained in 1907, but the values are low when compared to those of similar sized cities in the United States. The highest sale per front foot in Winnipeg in 1914 was \$5,100; seven years ago it was \$2,840. Wholesale property rose from \$600 in 1907 to \$750 in 1914. Residential property just doubled; in 1907 it was \$125 per front foot, while to-day it is \$250. Vancouver's highest price is given as \$6,000 per front foot to-day; in 1907 it was \$2,000.

These figures are worth remarking, because there has been a great deal of talk about inflated real estate values in the West. Such talk was, in the main, justified. Everybody knows that real estate reached an absurdly high price, a price entirely disproportionate to the intrinsic value. Edson, in Alberta, had land sold sixteen miles from the centre of the city at prices which were little less than the real rock bottom value of inside lots. There are other instances galore. But these figures, furnished by the Seattle Real Estate Association, would appear to prove that Winnipeg, at least, is fairly conservative. In seven years wholesale property has only increased in price about twenty-five per cent. The highest sale does not show a gain of a hundred per cent. over seven years ago, and taking into consideration the advances made by Winnipeg as a big industrial centre, it cannot be accused of indulging in the one-time popular western pastime of "wild-cattling." But it is not likely that a report issued in 1921 will show the appreciation in prices which the last seven years has shown.

A Slow, Dull Market

DURING the past week there have been no great changes in the market quotations. Some are up and some are down, but the sales of all are sadly limited. The brokers did not pay expenses last week. The comparison for the last six Saturdays is as follows:

	16	May 23	30	6	13	20
Barcelona	26	26	27	25½	25¼	26
Brazilian	73¼	76¼	78¾	78¼	77½	78¾
Bell Telephone	145	146	146	146	145½	146½
Canada Bread	28¾	31½	31½	31¼	30¾	30¾
Canada Cement	28½	28½	28¾	29	29½	29
Can. Gen. Electric	103	103½	104	104	101⅞	99
C. P. R.	193	193½	195	194½	193½	194¾
Dom. Steel Cor.	22	22¾	21½	21½	22¾	23½
Lake of Woods	128¾	127	127	126½	127	128
Laurentide	179	177½	178	179	175	179
Mackay	81	80¾	82	81⅞	81¼	80⅞
Montreal Power	220½	220¼	221	223½	224	227¾
R. and O.	99⅞	97	97	96	83½	87
Toronto Railway	xr133	131¾	131½	131¼	129	130½
Average	104.3	104	104.9	104.1	103.3	103.9

Canadian Kodak Plans New Home

AS some indication of the progress which the Canadian Kodak Company has made, it may be noted that work is now started on the new plant which they will erect at Kodak Heights in Montreal. Since 1900 this company has had to build three times to take care of its growing business, and it is the intention to transfer the entire industry to the Kodak Heights works as soon as they are completed. The officials of the company anticipate that the new plant will be ready in about two years at the outside.

Following the example of their American connections, the Canadian Kodak Company plan to make ideal working conditions for their employees. Every provision that the most careful examination of and enquiry into modern factory practice can suggest will be made for their welfare. Rest-rooms will be provided for the women and dining-rooms for all employees, the latter calculated to serve 500 people with a mid-day meal at cost. Kodak Heights will be a veritable park, special attention being paid to landscape effects in laying out the grounds and making them attractive with trees, shrubs and flowers.

A Mutable Mentality

(Concluded from page 6.)

knowledge, in college hall or on the street or in any sort of convivial company.

He seems always to have been so. In his earliest college days in Scotland James Mavor, son of the Rev. James Mavor, M.A., had an appetite for knowledge possessed by few men in modern times. Being a Scotchman he found economy a congenial subject. When he was quite a young man he held a chair in political economy in St. Mungo's College, Glasgow. But even then he began to break out into more or less co-related spheres of knowledge. He became editor of the "Art Review." All art is supposed to have begun in the efforts of the human race to make something useful; a pot or a knife or a garment of skins. Decoration came afterwards. Of course Herbert Spencer, whose works Mavor has studied, alleges that in the evolution of savage races decoration precedes dress. But when a cave man made a stone axe he probably did not first draw a decorative picture of the axe and leave his grandson to model the axe on the picture. The embellishments came when men had some leisure between ram-pagings for raw-meat to execute their fancies on carvings and colourings. Hence all decorative and probably all creative art was developed out of the useful; and all art is derived somehow from primitive political economy.

SO that it seems quite natural for Professor Mavor to have become more or less of an authority on art; in which to this day he is very actively, if not profoundly, interested. At an early academic age he branched out into social progress. He could tell the Canadian Housing Associations of to-day that something less than forty years ago he was one of the original directors of the Glasgow Workingmen's Dwellings Co. In that respect he is somewhat like the late Goldwin Smith, who could invariably go back fifty years to the time when he did the very thing that men of the twentieth century had a notion they were either discovering or inventing. He was a pioneer in the university extension movement in Scotland, which is now at chapter one in this country. He took a hand in technical journalism. While he was at St. Mungo's he went to Germany on behalf of the Associated Charities of Glasgow to investigate labour colonies. Afterwards the British Board of Trade, parliamentary, sent him to four continental countries on a similar mission. He made an expert study of railway rates in England, and is acknowledged by Prof. W. J. Ashley, the man who really began the political science department in the University of Toronto, to be one of the ten or a dozen living authorities on both the relief of the poor and the administration of railways.

In 1892 he was appointed to the chair of political science in Toronto, succeeding Prof. Ashley. He has been at the head of that department ever since. In that twenty-two years of academic effort Mavor has become intermittently almost popular. It was he who got us the Doukhobors, some of whom on the western prairies believed in neither decoration nor dress. At the instigation of a committee in England he negotiated with the Dominion Government in 1898, with the result that seven thousand of these picturesque people settled in Canada. This was a phase of his History of Russia which he was just beginning to evolve. A year later, when it was conceived by our immigration authorities that bringing people to this country is really an economic problem, Professor Mavor was engaged to study the whole immigration problem in Russia, Poland, Austria, Sweden, Denmark and Italy. Having made his report on that subject, he was asked by the Ontario government—Liberal—to investigate the Workmen's Compensation Acts in Europe. He duly reported upon this; and in 1914, sixteen years later we at last have a Workmen's Compensation Act in Ontario. But it was six years later,

and in the tenth year of his work on the history of Russia that Professor Mavor became temporarily the subject of much copy in the newspapers. In 1904, at the request of His Majesty's Board of Trade, he went to the Northwest to report upon the area of possible cultivation for wheat within the no-frost zone. He had already provided Canada with the thrifty and sometimes sensational Doukhobors. Now he was to prove how many people from the uttermost parts of the earth could be sustained in the land the Doukhobors had gone to. He did it—to his own satisfaction. According to Prof. Mavor, in 1904, the northerly limit of raising wheat was placed somewhere in the Saskatchewan valley. The Peace River, of which at that time little was known, was not considered as a fit place for plowmen and husbandmen at all. The newspapers kicked up considerable racket about this, and the railway people thought the Professor was prejudiced on the theory that a part of the country where so many Scotchmen had done well without disturbing the soil, couldn't be a good place for farmers.

As for the inhabitants then in the Peace River valley and those who expected to have interests up in that direction, their opinions may best be described in the words of an old Frenchwoman, keeper of a "maison du pension" down on the Isle of Orleans, where Prof. Mavor spent one summer vacation. The Professor was her only pensionnaire, and she naturally took a keen interest in his habits and behaviour. In fact, she made him almost a subject of research. She said little for a long while. But she had never seen so strange a man as the Professor, who every morning took a scout out to the bush nearby, and every time he went came back with a couple of fresh-cut canes different from those he had got the previous day. By the end of a couple of weeks the Professor had accumulated a battery of beautiful walking-sticks in his room, all from the Isle of Orleans, such as would have been an object of envy to even Inspector Jas. Hughes, who has gathered sticks from many lands. But all the landlady could say was:

"Professor Ma-vorr? Ah! I think he is very queer."

JUST now the Professor is engaged on a short history of economics in Canada, the last section of which deals with modern finance in this country. I suggested that as millions of people in Canada are profoundly interested in how some other people got their money, it might be a good thing if he should start this book at the end and come to the Indians and the fur traders later on.

"Oh, that never would do," he said. "That is not the historical method."

"But most people outside of college professors prefer the newspaper method to the historical. They want to know first of all that something is wrong, then why it's wrong, and who are responsible for it, and afterwards, if they have time, they will read about the historic evolution of finance."

"Oh, well," he said, as he relighted his pipe, "anybody that wants to can read my books backwards."

Which is precisely what you must do with a number of the most interesting volumes in Mavor's collection; Japanese prints and Chinese books dealing with Confucius, and a whole volume of Japanese autographs done by notable brown men who are friends of the professor. For, besides travelling over all of Europe with an economic eye, and being on friendly terms with Tolstoi, the Professor has delved about considerably in the Orient.

From recent economic symptoms in this country it looks as though it might have been a good thing to ask the advice of Professor Mavor some years ago as to how the cost of living can be kept to a reasonable maximum when people who sell goods have to pay two rents in one because speculation has boosted the price of land beyond its economic value.

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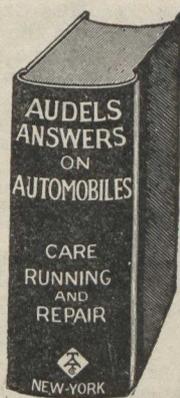
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The Heart-Shaped Key

(Concluded from page 10.)

that score. The dull truth would not have been sufficiently dramatic to touch Lily's imagination, and the good effect might perhaps have remained forever unachieved. Miss Gregg was satisfied that home was the place for Lily, and she was glad that she had set her steps that way.

The girl would be happy now—and yet—was anyone ever happy? Was not happiness a myth? Was life not one long struggle for it and one long, long, agony of disappointment? And to what end? One worked too hard and got too tired; one suffered countless hurts without giving any evil in return, and still ate out their heart in a sense of divine injustice. Or, one struck back and suffered ten fold.

Even a little deed of kindness such as she had done to-night brought nothing but this fever of futile questioning and Lily's gratitude. And what was that gratitude? Why, half relief and the other half impulse. She was too young to understand anything more. Miss Gregg touched the brooch and smiled. "Bless her heart, I'll give her the benefit of the doubt, perhaps it was true gratitude.

"I must be blue, and a headache comes after the blues and that means that I will not be able to work so well to-morrow, which in turn brings a reprimand from the shop-boss and less money in Saturday's envelope. It is late, but I think I will go for a walk, perhaps I'll feel better."

A clock was striking eleven when she reached the street. A gray fog was rolling in from the river enshrouding the city as it came. There was dampness in the air and for a moment she was tempted to go back to her room, but the thought of the long hours alone with her thoughts before she could hope to sleep made her limp slowly down the street to meet the fog.

There were not many wayfarers on the side streets which she traversed. The gloomy, shabby houses were many of them dark, and the ones where lights showed were scarcely less depressing with their pale glimmerings from pinched gas-tips and low powered electric bulbs. There were ash cans in the areas and dirt upon the steps. Dingy shops had been made out of some of the basements, and their black mouths made deadfalls for the feet of the unwary. Half revealed sights and damp emphasized smells became more numerous as the fog thickened and the hour grew later, but Miss Gregg limped on, determined to outstrip her mood.

TWELVE o'clock was chimed from a nearby church, and she realized all at once that she was very tired. She looked around to make sure of her whereabouts, and then espied the dark bulk of an old Catholic church which stood sturdily amid all this decay and degeneration. It would be quiet in there, and doubtless warm; perhaps a faint wraith of incense would still hover in the air and she could kneel and say a prayer for her weary soul. She crossed the street and hurried toward the door.

A light hung before the entrance, shedding an uncertain yellow halo upon the sidewalk which the fog tried in vain to extinguish. As Miss Gregg emerged from the shadow and the fog a ray from that lamp caught the polished surface of Lily's heart-shaped gift. It made it glitter marvellously against the black of her dress and seemed to the opium crazed brain of the footpad who crouched against the wall of the church to spell in characters of fire, unstinted store of the drug he was so mad for.

The street was empty, the limping woman all unconscious and unprepared. He sprang upon her like a panther and beat down into her throat the screams that rose within it. Then he jumped up; tore the heart away, and listening to the goading of some fiend, returned to batter his victim's head against the stones. Then he ran, madly.

It lacked fifteen minutes of seven

o'clock the next morning when Miss Gregg opened her eyes in the receiving hospital. It took a very long time to accomplish that much, but at last she did it. She could see another white bed, and she was aware of the odour of purifying agents inseparable from hospitals. A nurse was bending over the next bed, and Miss Gregg's slowly acting brain finally told her that she was in a hospital.

Gradually things came back to her. She remembered crossing the street, and the look on the cadaverous face which had sprung upon her. Her mind had diagnosed the reason for those greenish lips and pin-point pupiled eyes before the fingers closed over her throat, and it came back to her now. "Ah, yes, the light before the church door and Lily's brooch shining—" if she had been able to do so she would have smiled at the irony of it as she added—"but plated."

Was this the answer to her questionings; punishment for questioning? The fog seemed to roll in upon her again and chill her. There was no feeling in her body; she felt light, as though the bed and the room and the whole world were slipping away beneath her, leaving her suspended in space. She rather enjoyed the sensation, thankful, too, that for the first time in years she had awakened without the dull pain in her hip.

She thought that she might be dying, and then rejected the thought. "No such luck for me."

Some voice within her seemed to invite her to choose. For a long moment she tried to think what she was to choose and then grasped it. Well, she would choose to die if she might, to slip away, easily, and leave her lameness and the lonely life and all the questionings behind. She seemed to hear her own voice saying, "But things don't happen that way in real life."

No, of course they did not. There would be no choice; she must wait. Her heart was sore and her throat throbbled, it was hard not to pray to die, but she would not.

After many moments she resigned herself; she must get well and go on with life, because, somehow, it was asked of her that she should.

There seemed to be a river here; a sparkling, blue, shining river, which flowed on peacefully and calmly. How heavenly it would be to float upon its bosom under the willow trees there, and so on straight into the heart of the golden sun. Longingly she gazed upon it, and with a great effort, stretched out her arms to it. "Please, God!"

LILY HALL put down her suitcase and knocked three times at the door of the quiet room where she had been guest the night before, but there was no answer. She put her mouth to the keyhole and called, "Miss Gregg! It's only me; I wanted to say good-bye." Still there was no sound, and so, regretfully, she turned and descended the stairs.

At that moment the nurse was gently putting the needle-worn hand of Susan Gregg down upon the bed. "Yes," she said to the other nurse, "she's gone, poor soul!"

"Don't call her that! Look at the expression on her face! What she saw must have been glorious, GLORIOUS!"

They looked, awestruck, and then, slowly pulled up the sheet and covered the transfigured face.

JOHNNY AGAIN.

The teacher was giving the kiddies a lesson in geography. She pointed out that the suffix "stan," at the end of a word meant "the place of"—To instance it, she cited Afghanistan, the place of the Afghans

"Now," she said, "who can give me another illustration?"

Little Johnny rose up: "Umbrella stan," said he, "the place for umbrellas!"

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FOR THE JUNIORS

THE BOY WHOM THE QUEEN KISSED.

It is a wonderful thing to be seven years old, but more wonderful still to be seven years old and to be a boy, and most wonderful of all to be a boy of seven and to be conductor of an orchestra, a world-famed orchestra, as well. Willie Ferrere is all these things, and when the orchestra which he leads was playing recently in London his mother and father took him to Marlborough House to see Queen Alexandra. When the Queen came into the room Willie immediately bowed and kissed the Queen's hand, while she responded by kissing Willie on the forehead.

"Do you find it very pleasant to conduct an orchestra?" asked the Queen.

"I like to play with toys just as well," answered Willie.

When in St. Petersburg the little



The Daisy Field in June.

boy performed before Empress Marie, the sister of Queen Alexandra.

"Do you think I look like my sister?" the Queen asked Willie.

"Not a bit," he answered.

Willie's mother and father are tremendously proud of him, first because he is Willie, then because he is such a clever musician, and also because he behaves like a little gentleman when he goes a'calling on a Queen.

DAFFODOWNDILLY.

YOUR pretty gown of yellow hue,
Dear little garden fairy,
I'm sure is much too thin for you.

It's made so light and airy.
Why did you leave your winter furs—
You knew the winds were chilly—
May Pussy-Willow lend you hers,
Dear little Daffodilly?

THE LONELY SHEPHERD BOY.

SOME years ago a little French boy was following his flock over the pasture lands of Gascony. It was a lonely life for the lad, for he seldom saw anyone the whole day, and sometimes he was out half the night, too. Nor did little Denys Puech like being a shepherd. His heart was not in his work, and to be a farmer, like his father, when he grew older was not at all what he wished.

Even as a little child Denys had wanted to draw and carve everything he saw around him; and now, while his sheep nibbled the herbage, the boy modeled little statues out of clay or mud, and baked them in the sun, or carved figures out of chestnuts or bits of wood. His fingers were ever busy. Sometimes, when he could get a piece of paper, he would try to write some verses.

At home no one wanted to read his poems or cared about his figures, and often Denys was unhappy and restless.

A year passed, and one day his master told him to take a number of sheep to the fair at Estaing. Off he set with his woolly charges, and when he came to the town he opened his eyes wide with surprise and pleasure.

Presently Denys and his flock arrived at the bridge over the River Lot, and there, while the sheep went on, their young guardian stood still. For there, on the bridge, stood a statue of the Bishop of Rodez. It was the first statue the shepherd boy had seen, and he stood as if turned to stone himself, gazing up at it with eyes filled with wonder and admiration. How marvelous it was!

Then a thought flashed into the boy's mind. Gathering together a little heap of mud from the roadside, he began to make a figure like the bishop. The passers-by looked curiously at him as he worked on, utterly forgetting the sheep he was in charge of. Patiently he modeled the figure, carefully copying the very lace on the bishop's robes.

The little statue was nearly finished when a heavy hand fell on the boy's shoulder and a harsh voice began to load him with reproaches. It was his master; and one cannot wonder that he was angry, for his sheep were wandering all over the town, while the young shepherd stood there as if he had nothing to do but amuse himself.

"The lad is not fit for a shepherd!" cried his master.

"He will never do for a farmer!" sighed his parents.

So in the end, when Denys was sixteen, they gave way, and let him go to a studio and learn to be a sculptor.

The little herd-boy is now a famous man, and his beautiful statues are known to the whole of France, and far beyond it. One of them may be seen at Cannes—a statue of King Edward VII., raised by the French, who honoured and esteemed him.—Children's Magazine.

THE SAND BED.

I have a sand bed, and I play
There in the sand for half the day.

And mother comes and sits by me,
And little sister likes to see

The many things I make of sand;
But she's too young to understand

About the houses and the hills,
The mines and stores and flouting mills.

And then I make believe and say
My sand bed is the sunny bay;

These blocks are boats, and far away
They sail all night and sail all day,

And carry iron. When they return
And bring us coal that we may burn.

And now my sand bed is a farm.
This is the barn. Here, safe from harm

My horses and my cows I keep.
These sheds are for the woolly sheep.

And there you see my piggies' pens.
This yard holds in the lively hens.

This is the garden, where I hoe
My plants, and here the flowers grow.

These sticks are pines, so straight, so tall
And dark. But these aren't half of all

The things I make each pleasant day
Out in the sand bed where I play.

—Charles W. Jerome, in Survey.

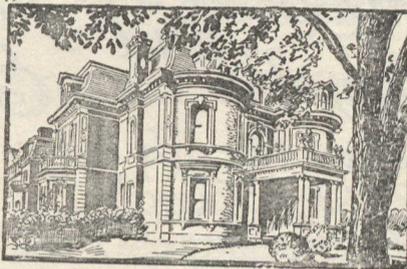
The editor of Juniors will be glad to receive letters from our boys and girls telling how they expect to spend their vacation, whether on the farm, by the sea shore or near the lake. The letters will be published according to their merit in forthcoming issues.

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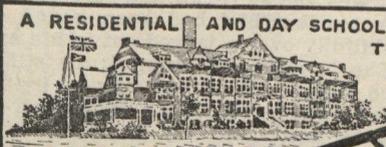
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OUR NEW SERIAL STORY

SYNOPSIS.

Horatio Pridham is a nouveau-riche, with a son Laurie, and two daughters, Agnes, quiet and reserved, and Theodora, more or less a tomboy. Mrs. Pridham makes plans to get them all well married. A former school friend of Theo goes to stay with the Pridhams, supposedly as a governess for Theo. She and Laurie are in love. The household is startled by the rumour of the murder of Lisbeth Bainton. Fenella—during the night—has seen her sweetheart in the hall. In his hand was an antique dagger which was a curio. Fenella is suspected, and runs away, rather than give her lover away.

CHAPTER VI.

The sixth sense is that which makes us susceptible to the nearness of someone or something material or tangible, whose presence affects us, though not through the senses of seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling or feeling.

SOMEONE tapped lightly on the open door and Mrs. Bainton found she had another visitor, and this time the fresh girlhood which entered her cottage brought a smile of welcome to the withered old face.

"Yes, I'm Mrs. Bainton. Will you be pleased to take a seat, Miss, and excuse my not rising, as I've lost the power in my limbs."

Fenella looked round the little room. "You are quite alone here. I thought—I felt sure that someone I know was with you!"

"Ah, it's my Liz you expected to see. She's had an accident, Miss, and they've taken her to the hospital. I don't quite know the rights of it, but I fancy it's nothing serious. She would be sorry to be away when you came."

The sympathy deepened in Fenella's eyes, with the knowledge that the old woman had yet to learn of her bereavement.

"No, I did not come to see poor Liz." She scarcely knew how to frame the question which was foremost in her mind. "I was looking for a friend who is in trouble. I had a feeling I should find him here."

"Ah! no doubt you're meaning the young gentleman who came in not ten minutes ago. He sat there and drank some milk and ate a crust. He should not be left wandering about so ill as he is, and I hope you'll take him back to his own home before anything worse should happen to him."

"Anything worse!" Fenella echoed, and moved away towards the door again. "Can you tell me which way he went, Mrs. Bainton?"

"Straight across the wilderness, Miss. I watched him till I lost sight of him amongst the trees. Perhaps you're the lady he left the message for."

"What did he say?"

"If you see Fenella," he said—"and I remember the name because it was strange to me and very pretty I thought, although uncommon—"

"Yes, yes—if you see Fenella?" the girl broke in.

"If you see Fenella, tell her Duty comes first and before all things."

Fenella's face was illumined by an expression of joy and sorrow blended.

"Laurie, Laurie!" she whispered to herself, catching her breath in a sob. It seemed as if a great burden had been lifted from her heart; a terror of something unknown which she had refused to acknowledge to herself, had nevertheless been ever present

through these last hours of misery. The Laurie, whose watchword was "Duty first," was the man in whom she had implicit faith. His message revealed him unchanged, one to whom honour was more precious than anything else on earth and to whom death would be preferable to disgrace.

With a mute gesture of farewell to the old woman—words would not come, though Fenella would fain have spoken something in kindness and consolation—she sped on again, across the rough land, and pursued a track amongst the trees, only perceptible by the trampled undergrowth here and there, or a broken low-growing branch.

She found herself surrounded by the pines, on all sides the great stems towering upwards. The silence of the place and the monotony of the scene might have been oppressive and bewildering to any other wanderer amongst them. Not so to Fenella on her present quest. She never hesitated, but pressed on with unerring intuition, drawn by a beckoning invisible hand, her eyes bright with the excitement of her pursuit, her lips parted with quick, panting breaths. And ever and anon she whispered low, "Laurie, Laurie!" and in the quivering summer air, in the music of the forest solitude, she heard his call, "Fenella, I want you."

Suddenly she stood still. He was there, only a few yards away from her, moving with uncertain steps, sometimes stretching out his hands to steady himself against a tree-trunk, and the slanting rays of sunlight showed his stricken, altered face.

"Laurie, Laurie!" This time the words rang out clear, love and tenderness in their appeal, and he turned towards her at once saying, "Fenella, I want you."

It was like the fulfilment of an oft-repeated dream. She slipped her hand through his arm and drew him with her, while retracing her way through the trees. Sub-consciously she had fixed on her mind certain landmarks, such as a huge ant-heap or a cluster of monstrous fungi, by which she could regain the open road, and as they went together slowly, Laurie clasped tightly the hand which led him on, as if he feared to lose it. Fenella's eyes grew wide with undefined alarm as they rested on his blood-stained shirt cuff. Her lips trembled, but with marvellous self-control she conquered the inclination to cry out or burst into a tempest of tears. What could have happened to Laurie, the gay, light-hearted lover of only a day earlier? Through what awful stress and strain had he passed to be changed, in a few hours, to this pitiful semblance of himself?

"Dear, you have hurt yourself?" she said very gently, and he let her loosen the shirt-cuff and turn it back. A handkerchief had been bound unskillfully over a jagged cut in his arm. The bandage had slipped; its stiffened edges only served now to irritate the wound, which had opened afresh. Very deftly Fenella bound her own fine handkerchief round the place. "I must get on quickly," Laurie told her. "I'm late already for parade. You mustn't keep me, Fen."

"No, dear, we're going straight there now, but surely you'll come home first and make yourself fit to

appear. Your clothes are torn and so muddy."

"Are they?" he queried unconcernedly.

"What happened to you, Laurie? Did you have an accident?"

"I can't remember—but, Fen, are you sure you're going the right way. This road doesn't seem to me like Hounslow."

"It's the main road which leads home to Spinney Chase," she told him and then regretted her words, for his face became suffused with excitement.

"Fen, you're trying to deceive me. I'm going on parade; nothing shall prevent me." With that he broke from her and ran towards the woods. Fenella sprang after him and clung to him. "Laurie, I implore you to come with me. I'll take you safely there—indeed, indeed I will."

HE tried to shake off her detaining hands, muttering still, "I must go on—duty first—"

And while Fenella strove to turn him from his resolution to re-enter the wood, a girl who had been cycling along the road and had watched Laurie break from his companion, who pursued him, rode up to them and alighted.

"Mr. Pridham? I can scarcely believe my eyes," the newcomer exclaimed, as she recognized the hatless man. Her gaze travelled in cold and rather insolent inquiry to Fenella, who had again taken hold of Laurie's arm.

"Mr. Pridham has had a bad fall and hurt his arm," Fenella explained in level tones which suggested that delay on questioning would be inexpedient. Sallie Mauleverer's easily-aroused jealousy forced her to ignore Fenella's hint and she announced with additional coolness, "He looks as if he had done more than hurt his arm. Shall I ride on and send someone to help him?"

"No, thank you." Fenella's resolute air surprised and daunted Sallie, who thought of the other girl only vaguely as Theo Pridham's little companion, from whom she—Sallie Mauleverer—expected a certain show of deference. "It is no distance from here. Laurie and I will be there in a few minutes now!"

"Laurie and I!" Sallie stared at the words, mentally annihilating this self-possessed young woman who, without further discussion, began to walk on towards the Chase, her hand still linked through Laurie's arm. The momentary excitement had passed, and now he seemed to recognize his own weakness and fatigue, for he changed the position of her hand, so as to lean upon her for support, murmuring, "I've lost my bearings somehow, Fen, darling, and must trust to you. You will lead me straight I know and get me there in time."

"Laurie and I indeed!" Sallie repeated aloud, adding mentally, "The impertinence of that girl—pushing forward, little nobody. I shall certainly warn Mrs. Pridham about her. I should uncommonly like to know what she's doing out here alone with Laurie Pridham—instead of looking after Theo as she's paid to do."

Considerably incensed and mystified by this peculiar meeting in the road, Sallie cycled homewards while

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Schools and Colleges



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

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

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

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the course, and, in addition, the constant practice of gymnastics, drills and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures health and excellent physical condition.

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

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The length of the course is three years, in three terms of 9½ months each.

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

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

For full particulars regarding this examination and for any other information, application should be made to the Secretary of the Militia Council, Ottawa, Ont.; or to the Commandant, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont. H.Q. 94-5. 9-09.

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Laurie Pridham, soothed and encouraged by Fenella's gentle pleading, dragged his weary, aching body along the avenue of Spinney Chase.

CHAPTER VII.

"The Mystery of the Seven."

SARAH MAULEVERER, known amongst her intimate friends as "Sallie," cycled away towards Chevening Rise, with mixed feelings chasing each other in her mind.

In spite of having inherited the name and looks of the famous "Sal" who had shone with meteoric brilliance in society, two hundred years before, and whose outrageous escapades had been condoned because of her amazing beauty and cleverness, this modern Sallie had neither wit nor wisdom—merely a shallow worldliness and egotism that made her regard everything from one point of view—the necessity of being rich.

She would have married a coal-heaver if he had suddenly inherited or grubbed out a fortune.

Laurence Pridham fitted into her scheme of affairs to a nicety. Nothing in him jarred on her, for he was one of these aristocrats whom Nature makes now and again, for her own amusement, out of common clay. Possibly he was a 'hark-back' to one of his mother's ancestors, for they had been yeomen who had married gentry more than once. In any case, public school and Sandhurst training had found Laurence a gentleman in looks and ways and instinct, before they taught him the creed that "manners maketh man."

There is a subtle inner meaning in this maxim that includes Chivalry, and that insists not so much on the patenting of good manners—for these should be unobtrusive, as on the absence of bad ones; the knowledge, as instinctive as original sin, in those born of high estate, inherited from gentleness, of what to do and how to do it.

"Young Pridham is a very decent fellow," Lord Brismain had once remarked; and Tubby had recognized Laurence as a kindred friend from the first.

So that the way seemed one of plain-sailing to the altar that should transform Sallie into the Hon. Mrs. Laurence Pridham, and incidentally into a woman who could at last afford to hold her own in her own set.

Laurie's lack of enthusiasm in wooing had been accepted by Sallie as an extra concession to the code of modern tuition. "Thou shalt not appear to care about anyone or anything; good form must be observed."

But here was a sunk fence that she had not foreseen.

Studiedly quiet as Fenella's manner had been, there was underlying tragedy and mystery in the vibration of her voice, the tense gravity of her features, the unspeakable suffering in her eyes.

When Sallie reached home, she went straight to the "den" dedicated to Tubby as a smoking-room, on which she had a lien, as mistress of the house.

For Lady Brismain had long since collapsed under the burden of family pride, dogged by the ghost of insolvency laid upon her by her husband, and had betaken herself instead to the sheltered fragrant stillness and peace of pines and flowering shrubs in Brookwood Cemetery. And Sallie reigned in her stead.

Tubby, his fair, blameless youthful face, and long, well-shaped lazy limbs, both expressive of inanition, was lounging in an arm-chair, smoking a pipe and staring into space. Sallie abruptly threw herself into the opposite arm-chair.

Tubby, removing his eyes reluctantly from the landscape, met and asked a question of hers.

"Have you been out?" she demanded.

He was slow in answering, "Yes—why?"

"Seen anything of the Pridhams?"

"No. Why?"

"Because there is something wrong with Laurie. I don't know what."

"Oh?"

Tubby removed his pipe, shook out

Department of Education

ONTARIO

Agriculture in Schools

GENERAL INFORMATION

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

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

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

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

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

These Circulars contain the regulations.

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the contents and felt for his pouch. "I met him walking with that girl, Miss Leach, close to the Chase. He had no hat on, his clothes were all muddy and his hand was bound up in a handkerchief. He looked awful and she said he had had a fall.

In Tubby's eyes had grown an expression of incredulous alarm and horror, but his sister, occupied with her own thoughts and feelings, was unmindful of his.

"They were ahead of me when I was bicycling along the road leading to the common, and I saw him stop and try to shake her arm off. He wanted to break away from her, but she wouldn't let him. They stood arguing for some minutes, and once he got himself free and began to run, but she caught him up and hung on to him, and then he quieted down and went along with her again. I couldn't understand it at all. When I overtook them they were just plodding along, saying nothing to each other. I dismounted and asked if there was anything the matter and if I could help, but she said no, he would be all right when she got him home. But—but he didn't seem quite—all there!"

She broke off, and Tubby, who had been leaning forward, listening intently, repeated now: "All there! What do you mean?"

"I mean"—Sallie for once found ready speech difficult—"he looked as if he had had an awful shock. And—and he didn't know what he was saying. He said something about being late for parade."

TUBBY, whose uneasiness seemed to culminate at this, rose and walked to the window, filling and refilling his pipe.

"Why don't you speak?" said Sallie, with impatient vexation. "What do you think can have happened? Why was he with that girl at all? I don't like the look of it. Can't you go along and ask him and find out what's wrong?"

Tubby, without looking round, merely said, "No good! I was there this morning—went to have a match with Theo; we fixed it yesterday. The butler said they were all at home, but were sorry not to be able to see visitors—some family business."

"How extraordinary! What on earth can it all be about?"

She was silent, thinking. Then she sprang up and went across to the window, her beautiful discontented face flushed with a sudden inspiration.

"Tubby," she said, "it can't—it wouldn't be—anything to do with this horrible murder—this wretched girl, who—" She broke off aghast, for Tubby with a violent gesture and a voice that was quite different to his usual drawl, turned on her and said: "Good Lord! of course not. Don't talk such rot!"

And without another word, he stepped out on to the verandah and strode away.

Sallie stood still, as if turned to stone, her thoughts fraying the edge of a circle, in the centre of which Laurie, his blue eyes distraught, was a dark figure against a lurid background. Laurie—who had told her his leave was up the day before—still at the Chase!

Laurie, his appearance and mind equally disordered, wandering about with this girl as his keeper!

Laurie, with the face of a Greek Eros, and the heart—to herwards—of a Spartan soldier, losing his senses on the very morning after this handsome village girl had been done to death. And the family too occupied to receive visitors, though they were all at home! What did it mean?

Tubby, always so unmoved and bored—rough and abrupt and angry! Of course he was put out by Theo's refusal to see him after going there by invitation. Sallie had suspected an incipient love affair between the two for some time.

But it did not account for his extraordinary behaviour just now.

And, in a flash, she felt she had solved the puzzle of Tubby's strangeness. He had thought of this possible connection between the Chase and the murder, before she did, and he had jumped to the very conclusion he had

so forcibly negated. And as Laurie was his friend and had possibly confided in him, he might have more ground to found his guess-work on than she had. Sallie was wholly unused to strong emotions of any kind, and the agitation of these ideas, coupled with a latent jealousy of Fenella Leach, showed itself in a gust of ungovernable rage.

The dark eyes, reminiscent of the portrait of wayward "Sal," by Joshua Reynolds, flashed stormily; the lips drew themselves down at the corners, and a frown disfigured the wide, low brow, with its crown of reddish hair. But the crude, commonplace sound of the luncheon-gong recalled her to ordinary domestic life and, after a moment, she regained her careless demeanour and went to the dining-room.

Lord Brismain, punctual always to a fault, was already seated in his carved chair, with the curry and Bombay ducks and split toast that invariably formed part of his midday meal.

"Where's Theodore?" he asked in a voice that was refined but very cold in its timbre.

"Coming, I think," answered Sallie, as she took her seat, and presently Tubby lounged in, a little paler and graver than his wont, but imperturbable once more.

They discussed the news in the papers and local topics in a desultory way, with long intervals of silence, for each was preoccupied.

The lunch was nearly over when Lord Brismain gave an order to the parlourmaid, to be conveyed to the gardener, to which she replied that he had gone away for an hour or two.

"Gone away?" his Lordship queried.

"What for?"
The maid replied, with some slight hesitation, that he had been asked for the loan of a large rake, to help drag the canal, and had gone along with it himself.

LORD BRISMAIN looked at her in lofty displeasure and asked her what she was talking about.

The maid, a little nervous, stammered that it was to do with the murder—they wanted to find the knife.

And Sallie, to end the little incident which was rousing her father's irritation, hastily explained, but Lord Brismain, whose principle it was to put everything aside that did not conduce to well-being and pleasantness, cut her short in the middle.

"I don't desire to hear any details of this sordid affair," he said; "these tragedies are very deplorable. Pray let us change the subject."

Tubby, who had again developed his abnormal impatience, got up at this moment, saying: "Yes, for God's sake let us cease harping on it," and strolled off to the window.

"Have you finished, Theodore?" asked Lord Brismain, with an ironical reflection, pouring himself out some more hock.

"Sorry, father!" Tubby returned meekly to his place and sat out the next few minutes while his father toyed with a biscuit, in silence, until the signal was given by the old man rising himself.

An ugly old man, with heavy features and build, but unmistakably well-bred in spite of them. He looked back as he reached the door and said: "What is to-day—seventh or eighth?"

"Eighth," answered Sallie. "Yesterday was the seventh, I know."

"Seventh day of the seventh month," Lord Brismain rejoined meditatively, and went out, closing the door after him.

Sallie looked at Tubby, and raised her eyebrows. "Numbers again!" she said. "I wonder what he is thinking..."

Tubby merely nodded, and escaped by the window, vanishing into the garden. Later, passing his father's library, it occurred to him to look in from a vantage point at the end of the verandah. Lord Brismain was seated at a table on which a small roulette board, the exact replica of the famous tables at Monte Carlo, engaged his absorbed attention.

As he took the ball out of its groove and, putting it into the wheel, turned it rapidly, he muttered to himself:

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"The seventh day of the seventh month—seven letters in each name—seven!"

And the ball, with a rapid click, flew into number seven.

Tubby drew back, the pallor deepening on his face, a curious shrinking in his eyes.

"By Jove!" he said under his breath. "It's ghastly, but he's right. Seventh day of the seventh month. Seven letters in each name—Lisbeth Bainton—and now mine—Theodor—and Pridham's."

He walked away, with the look that had been on his face reflected on his own—the look of the gambler who brings everything to one touchstone: the lucky number!

CHAPTER VIII.

"Add to your list, as the eighth deadly sin, anxiety of mind."

MR. PRIDHAM, at his library table, with his elbows resting on it, holding a receiver to each ear, waited for the connection to be established between him and Merry's Private Detective Agency.

"You're through," said the operator, and a minute after he was recounting to Mr. Frank Merry the disappearance of his son, and being assured, in a suave, discreet voice, that measures should at once be taken for discovering the whereabouts of Mr. Laurence Pridham, without either publicity or scandal.

"Spare no expense," was Mr. Pridham's final sentence. "Find him by to-night, if possible."

There was a ray of distinct hope in his mind, as he rang off, for Merry knew his business, and the initials of it were to inspire confidence in every one who dealt with him.

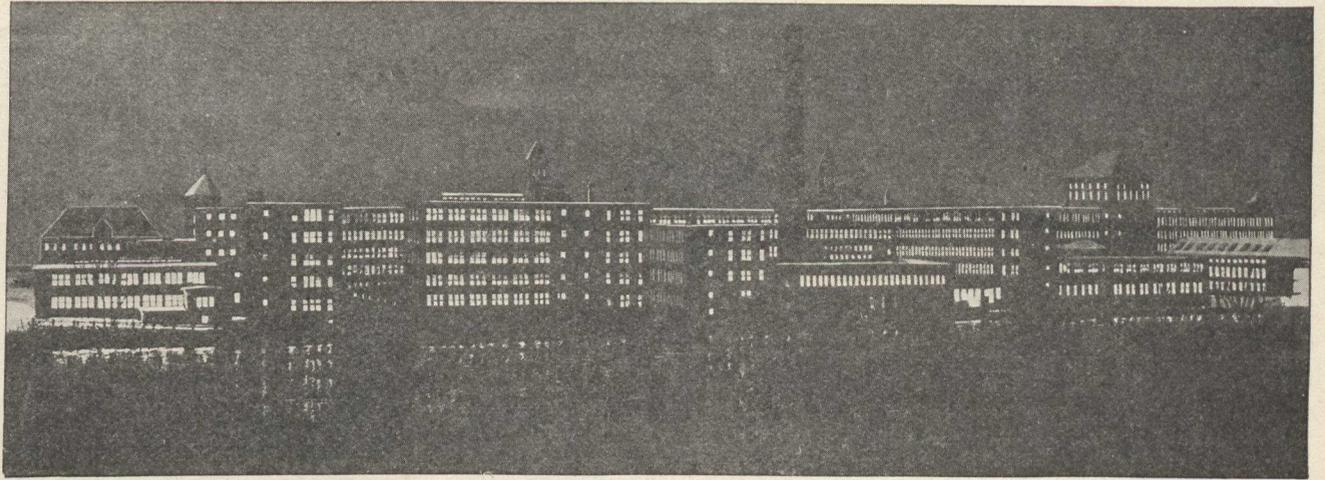
At the other end of the line, Mr. Merry's stenographer had taken down in shorthand, "Laurence Pridham, only son of Horatio Pridham, J.P., of Spinney Chase, Hants., lieutenant, Chiltern Fusiliers now stationed at Hounslow, absent without leave since 1 a.m. Left Spinney Chase at 10.45 on the 7th, to catch the 11.5 train up to Waterloo. Had no luggage with him. Was in the habit of going down, when on leave, to his father's house without luggage, as he had necessary outfit at the Chase as well as in barracks.

"Height, five feet eleven inches; very fair hair and moustache; blue eyes, straight features; fair complexion; was wearing dark green Homberg hat, dark blue cloth suit, stick-up collar, tie in regimental colours, vertical green, mauve, and black stripes, gold safety-pin brooch, gold sleeve links with initials 'L.P.'; gold half-hunter flat watch in vest pocket; gold cigarette case in coat pocket; black boots, dark blue silk socks. Carried no stick. Intended to proceed to Hounslow on arrival at Waterloo. Had no debts or difficulties as far as his parents knew. Colonel Bray, of the Chiltern Fusiliers, telegraphed this morning asking reason for his absence from parade and barracks. Only unusual incident in the neighborhood of Spinney Chase, the murder, by some person unknown, of a girl of humble station, on the canal bank, about three hundred yards from the grounds of Spinney Chase. Girl's name, Lisbeth Bainton. Girl unknown to any members of Mr. Pridham's family. Murder took place at about eight minutes past eleven, according to unofficial statement by local doctor, George Fraser. No expense to be spared in search."

Meanwhile, Mr. Pridham, buried in thought, restlessly pacing to and fro, or sitting down and resting his head on his hand, could imagine no reason plausible enough to account for the inexplicable circumstances that had transpired. He saw himself involved in a disgrace that would lend an unenviable notoriety to his name just at the moment when that name was to be written on the Scroll of Time.

He saw his only son branded as a deserter, forced to send in his papers, to resign the chance of a marriage with Lord Brismain's daughter and unable to hold his head up in the company of honourable men.

He saw his own years of honest, ambition-sweetened toil made null



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and void by this capricious unexpected freak of fortune.

The prospect was none the less bitter because it seemed wholly undeserved, and the very suspense and uncertainty as to the precise nature of the blow that might fall at any moment, made it almost unbearable.

It was a relief to the stricken man when Mrs. Pridham entered, and he exclaimed eagerly: "Any news?"

"No, none; except Miss Leach has gone out—which we forbade her to do. What did the detective say about Laurie?"

Mr. Pridham told her what had passed and tried, for his own sake, as well as hers, to infuse a little of the hope with which Mr. Frank Merry's tones had inspired him.

But the hope had evaporated in transition, and they faced each other, at the end, with blank faces, devoid of anything but bewilderment and despair.

"I gave him a good allowance," protested Mr. Pridham; "I never worried him with lectures; he wasn't afraid of me. What troubles could he have been in that he couldn't tell me of? Did I ever grudge the boy anything, Selina?"

"Never," she answered reassuringly. "You can't blame yourself, Horatio. Don't try to—it only makes things worse for you." She paused, then continued: "There's one thing that has occurred to me. This man who was let into the house by Miss Leach—who was he? Could he have had anything to do with Laurie's disappearance? Was he in league with her about something? She refused to speak, but we ought to have made her explain. Now she has gone and—"

The door opened before her sentence was completed, and the butler said: "An inspector wishes to see you, sir."

"SHOW him in," Mr. Pridham commanded. "Selina, you had better go! It is about Miss Leach, of course. I shall tell him nothing about Laurie."

Mrs. Pridham withdrew as the inspector entered and saluted.

The first words he said disconcerted Mr. Pridham exceedingly. "I was on my way here, sir, to call with regard to having some conversation with a young lady who is a member of your household, when one of our men overtook me with two articles which had been found on the road to Woking, about three miles out. Is this hat known to you at all, sir?"

He produced from his pocket a dark green Homburg felt, on the inside of which two small initials were stamped—L. P.

Mr. Pridham took the hat and gazed at it, uncertain what to answer to this leading question. Finally he said slowly: "It is like a hat that my son has sometimes worn."

"And the initials are your son's, I think, sir," said the inspector, in a level voice. "Have you any idea whether Mr. Laurence Pridham might have been passing along the Woking Road within the last twenty-four hours? Has he missed a hat at all?"

"I should say not," replied Mr. Pridham. "My son left here last night to rejoin his regiment at Hounslow."

"Ah, indeed, sir. May I ask whether this photograph is of the young lady who has been staying here recently?"

He handed a photograph of Fenella—Fenella at her prettiest, in a summer dress, smiling under a shady hat, with a tender sweetness in her lips and eyes.

Mr. Pridham looked at it attentively. He felt that some relentless overwhelming disaster was foreshadowed in these two incongruous evidences of a dim misadventure.

For the photograph was soiled and torn, as though it had been trampled, and the hat was discoloured as if it had rested on wet earth.

"It is undoubtedly Miss Leach," he admitted.

Then he turned the photograph, and read the inscription on the back: "With love from your own Fenella."

"It would seem," said the inspector quietly, "that the young lady had given it to someone as a love-token.



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Do you happen to know if she was engaged, sir?"

Mr. Pridham's mouth had gone suddenly dry, and it was with some slight difficulty that he replied: "So far as I am aware—no. But I was not acquainted with Miss Leach's private affairs."

"No, sir. Might I see Miss Leach, and have a little conversation with her, sir?"

Mr. Pridham rang the bell, and when the butler came, said: "Ask your mistress to come here."

"My dear," he said, as his wife came in, "I think you had better hear what the inspector came for."

HER eyes fell on the hat, and the hardness in her gaze broke up suddenly. She snatched it and looked inside, where the initials confirmed her recognition. Speechless, she gazed at her husband.

Her agitation had a calming effect on him, and he said, with careful composure: "The hat was found on the Woking road."

"With this photograph close by," added the inspector, and gave it to her.

It seemed as if every drop of blood in Mrs. Pridham's body must have rushed to her face and neck as she read the inscription on the back, and her husband took the photograph from her with a brief frown of admonition.

"I am certain," said Mrs. Pridham, "that Miss Leach has some discreditable secret. She has left the house, although I told her she was not to do so. I think your best plan would be to devote yourself to tracking her."

Furious anger throbbed in every accent, an uncontrollable vindictiveness suddenly roused the suspicion hitherto undreamt of, that her agony of mind about her son was due in some vague maddening way to this girl—this upstart girl, as she labelled her mentally. The inspector listened stolidly, but Mr. Pridham felt that he could read the thoughts passing through the man's mind and follow the inevitable deduction from his wife's unguarded words.

"If the young lady is not in, it is of no use for me to trouble you further for the moment," said the inspector. "I had better, as you say, madam, take steps to find her. Do I understand you that Mr. Laurence Pridham is with his regiment?"

"Where he is at this moment," Mr. Pridham said quickly, "I am unable to tell you. He left home last night to return to town; that is all we know about him."

"Not, I suppose," the inspector said carefully, "wearing that hat?"

"Not—obviously—wearing that hat," repeated Mr. Pridham in a toneless voice.

Mrs. Pridham, glancing from one to the other, held her tongue with difficulty. Usually inclined to weigh her words, she was so over-excited as to be eager to blurt out the whole story to the inspector—in spite of her husband's decision to keep it quiet as long as possible—simply because the idea of Fenella being in direct association with Laurie was intolerable to her.

The inspector took up the hat and the photograph and saluted in silence. "Had you not better leave those here?" said Mrs. Pridham imperiously.

"I think not, madam. They were found by one of our men, and I do not feel at liberty to part with them—at the moment."

He opened the door, through which a sound of voices and steps had just begun to make itself perceptible.

As he did so, an exclamation from Theo reached them all.

"Oh, Laurie—Laurie, darling! Fen, what is it?"

The dismayed tones rang through the hall, and Mr. and Mrs. Pridham were on the threshold at the same instant that the inspector crossed it.

The little group of three was visible to them all. Laurie, passing a nervous hand across his troubled forehead while he stared round in a vain effort to recall what was lost in his memory; Fenella holding his arm while she tried to lead him to a chair; Theo, with her hand on his

shoulder, looking pleadingly into his face, while the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Mr. Laurence Pridham, I think," said the inspector, without any change of tone.

CHAPTER IX.

It is a big wonder indeed that lasts more than nine days.

THE sound of his name—"Laurence Pridham"—pronounced in the inspector's official voice, seemed to strike some chord of response in Laurie's mind, for he shook off both the girls, pulled himself up, and saluted.

"Present, sir!" he said. By this time, Mrs. Pridham was at his side, and was realizing that the blue eyes which were the light of her life looked upon her as those of a stranger might, and that while Laurie in the flesh stood there, Laurie in the spirit was far away from them all.

"My boy!" she cried in anguish, "What is it? What has happened to you? Don't you know me—your mother?"

"My mother?" echoed Laurie automatically. "Yes, of course; I'm always glad to see you, mother; but it's this parade business that's worrying me."

The inspector showed himself at this moment a man of resource, for he took Laurie's arm gently but firmly.

"Parade is over, sir," he said. "I think some breakfast is what you want," and impelled him towards the dining-room.

Laurie went a few steps obediently, then stopped and frowned. "Fenella," he said in a troubled way, "she probably hasn't had any breakfast either. And I promised her I would go with her—no, write to her; that's it! I was to write to her. Fenella, where are you?"

She was at his side instantly, but as she reached it, Mrs. Pridham struck them apart.

"How dare you?" she said, in low but furious tones. "What right have you to interfere? My son needs no assistance from you." And she took Fenella's place by his side.

The cloud of unreason seemed to descend again on Laurie while he halted, perplexed, listening, and then he stumbled forward again, leaning more heavily on the inspector, until, when they reached the dining-room, he almost fell into a chair, and put his head down on his arm.

Mr. Pridham was at the sideboard in a moment, pouring some brandy, with shaking hand, into a glass, while Mrs. Pridham bent over her son with soothing words, but the inspector put up his hand with a warning gesture.

"I shouldn't advise it, sir," he said, looking at the brandy. "If you could get him to bed—I am passing the doctor's on my way: could I give him a call for you?"

"We'll telephone for him, thanks," Mr. Pridham said, going to the door.

Out in the hall, Fenella had sunk down into a chair, and Theo was kneeling beside her.

The inspector looked at them significantly. "Have I your parole, sir, that the young lady and Mr. Laurence Pridham will not leave this house again to-day?"

"Yes—yes. I'll see that they are here if you want them, inspector."

"Thank you sir; then I'll wish you good-day."

By the time Dr. Fraser came, Laurie was in bed, and had fallen into a torpor.

Agnes, sedate and calm, had installed herself at once as nurse, and Mrs. Pridham, who, after a wild fit of weeping, had regained some of her normal self-control, was sitting at the bedside.

"Don't let that girl come near us," she had said, when Agnes mentioned Fenella once, and Theo had taken Fenella away to her room where she was listening to her account of the finding of Laurie.

(To be continued.)

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“There’s a Reason”