Human Nature as the . . . Dentist Sees It.

"The worst of this business" said the experienced dentist, vaguely exploring the depths of his victim's soul with a small saw toothed crowbar, via a wisdom tooth, "is that the patients all seem to think that your main idea is to injure their feelings as much as possible, and that the work on the tooth itself is entirely secondary. Ah! Hurt you?"

The victim had risen from the chair, with a repressed shriek of agony, but immediately sank back, explaining that he had only done it to exercise his lungs.

"I suspected I was getting rather near the nerve there," remarked the operator with the gratified air of one whose theory has been satisfactorily demonstrated. "As I was saying—all right, I'll go easy—dentistry is the most unpopular profession with the public that exists, unless possibly dog-catching beats it. The doctor who heals your other diseases is hailed as a friend of humanity, but the man who bolsters up your failing dental system is remembered only with the profound hope that he'll never be met with again. Do you see a grateful public come smiling happily into the dentist's parlor to be looked over? Well, I guess not. When the public arrives here it is pretty generally hanging onto its jaw with both hands and wishing it were dead. All it wants is to be rid of that tooth forever, but as soon as it sees the forceps it changes its mind and invents immediate and hitherto forgotten appointments. Excuse me. If I'd known you were going to kick, then I'd have moved that bracket. Hope you didn't hurt your chin."

He removed his infinitesimal buzz-saw from the distorted mouth and waited while the victim had gulped and gasped himself back to a condition of self-control. Then he picked out another triumph of inquisitorial invention and went on a still hunt for more nerve centres.

"On the whole, I think that the women are the worst. Not that they don't stand the pain as well, for they stand it better and they have a great deal more courage in facing the music. Little wider, please. Yes, they stand it better, but they're more unreasonable and they take it all at heart and lay it up against you. Jaw hurt? I'll look out and see that it doesn't stretch far enough to get dislocated. I used to have one patient who kept tabs on everything I did, and told me her views on it explicitly whenever she got a chance to talk. She'd say:

"'Now, I just know that you went further than there was any need of in that upper right molar. And you needn't have used that fine probe in the lower tooth. It hurt dreadfully. You dentists are so careless.'

"It got so bad that I finally took to keeping her mouth full of cloths on the pretence of keeping her teeth dry. Then she'd give her little lecture all in one chapter at the finish, and the way she could remember separate operations was something wonderful. Finally, she wore on my nerves so that I had to get rid of her or I'd have gone crazy. A nervous patient always makes me nervous. What's that? Tender there? All right. I'll give it time to cool off. It was curious, by the way, the way that woman quit me just as I was pondering some way to make her quit. She had an appointment at 10 one morning. At 9.50 I had one of my prize eccentrics, a merchant whose main idea in life is that he hasn't got any time to waste. So he just sits tight in the chair with his hands gripped on the arms and takes all that is coming to him without a groan, and the perspiration oozes out and forms little dewdrops under his eyes, but he never wants any letup. As soon as he gets out of the chair he took one long breath and started in upon a course of objurgation that astonished me, accustomed as I was to his efforts. Just as he was in the middle of it, my nervous dame arrived, and as he paused for wind she stalked in and fixed him with a withering eye.

"'Horrid! Horrid!' she cried, and if she'd only waited till he got through he'd have been penitent, and would have agreed with her. But as his last repaired tooth was still ringing the chimes, he had some wrath left over, and he gave her the benefit of it.

"'Horrid?' he said, 'You're the horridest thing I've encountered yet. You're worse than the darned dentist,' he said, and then he tore loose a few more yards and she went out under full sail. I afterwards found her side curls in the hallway. Next day she sent for her bill and enclosed a tract on the evils of swearing. I suppose she thinks that I'm still mourning her loss. If you jab my hand that way you're likely to tear a hole in your tongue with this buzzer."

The victim gave a hollow moan and suggested that if the dentist was being for corns he begin at the other end.

"That cavity does go rather deep," assented the operator, selecting a triple-jointed corkscrew appliance and driving into the abyss again. "You're a rather sensitive subject. Just a moment, now, and it'll be done. People vary in their sensibility to pain. I've got one patient: he's a writer, by the way, and I've always understood that writers were more nervous than other people, but this man comes in here, sits down and goes through the whole thing as peacefully as if he were getting a haircut. His teeth are in bad shape, too, and I've been working at them for three weeks, on and off. Last time he was here I tackled a particularly bad wisdom tooth, and when I was about half through cleaning out the tooth I withdrew the buzzer and asked him if it was very painful. He didn't answer, and his head dropped forward on his chest. All of a sudden it occurred to me that the pretended indifference to the operations was just a bluff, and that he'd sat there still through pure grit until nature gave out and he fainted. It gave me a

up the cup of water and dashed it in his face. He came to in a hurry.

"'What did you do that for?' he spluttered.

"'Do you feel better?' I asked him. 'You had a little fainting spell.'

"'Fainting nothing,' he said, 'I had a sleep.

"He had actually gone to sleep under an operation that would have caused most men intense suffering. At first I thought it was a case of dead nerve, but it wasn't. All his teeth were that way. But he was a phenomenon. In all my practice I've never came across any one else who was lulled to slumber by my operation—what a testimonial I could have got from him:

"'Dear Sir,—Your methods are so gentle that under your treatment I invariably experience a refreshing nap. Yours, etc., Peter Smith.'

"Painless dentistry wouldn't be in it. What's that? No. I know that is not quite painless, but I'd rather you wouldn't elbow me in the short ribs. It's just as easy to howl and I'll stop. If all patients were like my literary friend, dentistry would be a delightful profession to follow. Most people are at the opposite extreme. The best instance of that in my experience is the case of a young fellow who is noted as a dashing and plucky football player on one of the big college teams. For several mornings in succession I saw this chap, through the front window, come around the corner, walk swiftly up as far as this, stop a moment, put his hand to his face and then walk on still more swiftly. Then he nerved himself up to the point of mounting the steps, but when he reached for the bell his courage forsook him and away he went. On the following morning he pranced determinedly up, rang the bell, and then turned and ran as if the old boy himself were after him, and I laughed so that I almost bored a hole through the cheek of the patient in the chair.

"For two days my timid young giant didn't make his dash and return, but tions. For once I regretted that I wasn't an advertising dentist. Think on the third day he rounded the corner again, looking so worn and hollow eyed that I determined to fix him up in spite of himself. As luck would have it, an appointment for that hour had failed, so I was ready for him right then. Stationing myself near the outer door, I waited for the bell to ring. My plan wasn't exactly in line with professional dignity, but I knew that sooner or later I'd have to tackle the job, and the longer I waited the harder would be the work. The footsteps came up to the entrance, then there was silence for a moment and a suppressed groan. It must have been ten seconds later that the bell rang. Out I jumped, grabbed my man by the collar, shouted, 'Come right in, I'm waiting for you,' and the next moment found myself lying half in, half out of the hallway, with my visitor on top of me. No; he hadn't knocked me down, but the horror of being at last in the clutches of a dentist had proved too much for him, and he had fainted dead away. After I'd revived him, I was so rattled that I didn't want to do any work, but to my surprise he insisted, and once I got started, I found him no worse to handle than the average patient. That water too cold? Well, don't spout like a whale, please. Yes, I'm nearly through. O-pen!

"That kicking habit that you have slightly developed sometimes costs a dentist money. That hand mirror, for instance. I carelessly left the handle sticking out over the edge of the stand, and while I was working at a cavity I touched the button or something, and my patient did the rest. I never saw a man's leg fly up more quickly. The mirror turned a dozen flip-flaps and landed on the plain glass side, smashing the glass to bits. If the magnifying mirror had been down, it would have cost me several dollars. Some day when I get time, I mean to write a monograph on the relation of the dental nerves to leg-action. Yes, experience has taught me to keep breakable articles out of the way when I'm dealing with a sensitive person; but I've known a man to leap out of the chair and set to work to smash things like a crazy man. In fact, he was crazy for the moment just from nervous strain, but a dash of water in the face quieted him down. Such breakages usually are reckoned in profit and loss, for I don't charge a patient for the result of what is really involuntary action. And there are sources of income that make up for it. Bite down, please. That'll do. O-pen!

"One source of profit is assaying for gold. This nickel pan that you are using when you wash your mouth isn't used when I'm working on teeth that have been filled with gold. I have a special receptacle for that. After filling or cutting into the gold filled tooth I have the patient wash out his mouth into a small pan, and every month or so that pan is assayed for gold. You'd be surprised to know how much these gold filings come to in a year. I won't tell you the amount, but I have enough gold on hand after each washing to pay for all breakages, and usually some over for new instruments. There, that's all for the present. Come back next Tuesday."

"Doctor," said the victim, for the first time achieving coherent speech, "I wish you'd have that sign changed before I come back. It's been running through my head like an agonizing refrain to the rhythm of that infernal buzz-saw."

He pointed to a large and glaring signboard, which, in a direct line from the dentist's window, proclaimed from a housetop that Baggs & Banger were prepared to sell flags and banners at low prices. The dentist glanced at the huge blue and white lettering and chuckled.

"You're not the only one that doesn't like that sign," he said. "A couple of months ago I had as a patient the man who owns that building and rents it to Baggs & Banger. He lives around the corner just back of it. Well, he sat here for the worst part of three mornings and he really had a hard time of it. All the while he kept his eyes fixed on that sign, and then he would leave the chair and I see his lips forming the lines:

"Baggs & Banger,
Flags and Banners,
Flags and Banners,
Baggs & Banger,

"The last day, when I told him I was through, he rushed out of here like a madman. A young woman was my next subject, and while I was cutting into her tooth I heard her murmur:

"'Oh, I'm so glad,'

"I felt pretty sure she didn't refer to my operations, so I looked around to see what was up, and there on the roof opposite was my late patient making kindling wood of Baggs & Banger with an axe. When he had finished he danced on the fragments and disappeared. It was one of those cases of temporary insanity, I suppose. On his next visit to me I asked him about it, and he grinned sheepishly, and said that he'd had to pay the damages, but it was worth while. A week later the sign was replaced, and I guess it'll stay there till I get rich enough to hire that roof and put up a moving picture plant to keep the minds of my patients off their troubles."

CANADIANS AT CAPE TOWN.

Great Enthusiasm Over the Colonials There.

ONE CANADIAN LOST HIS PURSE.

The Cape Argus of Dec. 1st contains the following report of the departure of the Canadians from Cape Town.

The Canadian contingent received orders to fall in about noon, the commanding officer having previously intimated his readiness to depart. Notwithstanding the early start, which was commenced about 12.30 o'clock, the residents of Green Point and Somerset Road were not unprepared, and from many of the residences an abundance of bunting was flying. As the men approached the road also the news went around like a flash, and soon the route to the town was lined by an enthusiastic crowd. Farewells were waved from the balconies, which did not pass unnoticed by the men nor by the officers. Headed by a bugle band and marching to the skirl of the pibroch, which did not seem in the least uncommon to the Canadians' ears, the contingent passed through the two lines of enthusiastic spectators and took the route as arranged. The regiment was in two divisions, between which came the two Maxim guns, accompanied by their squads, and these immediately attracted attention, the physique of the gunners and their soldierly appearance being much admired. The second detachment was headed by the Cape Garrison Artillery Band, the whole line extending from the hospital road down into Waterkant street. On entering the town the crowd increased, as did the enthusiasm, and all along the route shops, stores and workshops were forsaken by men and women anxious to take part in the farewell. The march continued along Bree street and down Wales street, but it was not until Adderley street was reached, where a large crowd had already gathered, that the height of enthusiasm was reached. After the many disappointments of the week, the long anticipated was granted at last. Most of the large houses had been gaily decorated with bunting, and every balcony was draped. Every point of vantage was immediately taken up by large crowds, and the throng in the streets, on seeing the mounted police round the corner, immediately lined up. The pent-up patriotism was let loose, and the vociferous cheering was kept up till the whole contingent had passed down and entered the railway yard.

The Canadians certainly look a serviceable lot of men, and for average height, perhaps, excel any yet landed here. They are almost to a man dressed in khaki and are armed with the Lee-Metford and short bayonet. Their equipment is most complete, although it was noticeable that they did not wear the khaki putties so general with those engaged in the campaign. No more flattering comment on the efficiency of the regiment could be made than to point out that it was only yesterday morning that the men disembarked, and the military authorities have already despatched them to the front.

The occasion was a rare one, and the public would have gone through ten times the amount of discomfort and inconvenience in order to give their fellow-colonists a good send-off. At about 2 p.m. the troops were ordered to entrain, the order being carried out in a marvellously short space of time. The men crowded into the carriages drawn up on either side of the yard, and proceeded to make themselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. Aerated waters and fruit were forthcoming, and the weather more than justified the onslaught made upon both. Provisions and delicacies of various sorts, from biltong to gingerbeer, were hurried into the van, and Mr. J. D. Cartwright was busily engaged in storing cases of chocolate. One of the Canadians suddenly discovered that he had left a purse containing $25 in a fruit shop, and a friendly crowd hastened to render what assistance they could. A police-sergeant was forthcoming, and took down the details and the name of the trooper—his address for obvious reasons was left rather an open question. It is to be hoped that the lost money will be forthcoming at once.

The Witness' Retort.

The present Lord Chancellor was cross-examining a shrewd bucolic witness some years ago, who rather "had" him.

"They sometimes call you a Devonshire Dumpling, don't they?" asked the genial advocate.

"I believe they do," replied the witness.

"But you are not a Devonshire Dumpling?"

The witness waited till the laughter occasioned by this inquiry subsided, then he slowly drawled out:

"Hey, but if I hod been a doompling you lawyers 'ud a' gobbled I up afore now!"—Tit-Bits.

The English newspapers contain long lists of notable sufferers from influenza, and the death lists are abnormally long. The royal household at Osborne House, Isle of Wight, has not escaped. Many of its members have been removed to a sanitarium.

The Duke of Argyll is seriously ill at Inverary, Scotland.

POOR VERA DOUGLAS!

Her Comet-Like Career Ended Sadly.

HER LAST PATHETIC LETTER.

Paris cable: The origin of Vera Douglas, the famous beauty, once of New York, who died here at Christmastide, abandoned by her grand duke and all her rich admirers save one, has been traced.

Her real name was Vera Maria Douglas. She had married an adventurer, who called himself Malakoff, and who is now in jail in Algiers. Her parents fondly believed her to be a real countess, and a person of consideration in London and Paris society. Their letters were directed to "Mme. La Comtesse Malakoff."

The World correspondent ascertained that her father was Stephen Douglas, a farmer at Mitchell, Ont., and this cable was sent to find him."

"Madame Malakoff died here to-day. Can you identify her? Else all property will be seized by state."

On Dec. 28th came the answer:

"Madame Malakoff is my daughter, Maria Douglas. Am writing."

There was evidence that these simple people, not knowing that the daughter's triumphs were of the underworld, were about to leave their home for Paris, expecting to see the exposition under the most brilliant auspices.

A PATHETIC LETTER.

Here is a letter Vera wrote to the Grand Duke Vladimir when he was here five weeks ago:

"It was at this season last year that we loved each other so madly.

"Do you remember the crowds that lined up when we came out of the opera? Do you remember Monte Carlo, the Riviera, the sweet moonlit nights on our dear yacht only one year ago?

"Come and see whether you can recognize me. I am so constantly ill now that sometimes—as to-night—for example—I feel discouraged.

"But I shall get well, and then I'll go back to my country and be good. Meanwhile come and comfort your poor Vera."

HE DESERTED HER.

His highness did not accept the dying woman's invitation. She herself did not know she was dying, but others did.

Vera Douglas' exploits in life haunted her after death, for her body was not given sanctuary in the American Church. Members of Dr. Morgan's congregation protested against it.

It was impossible to discover what had become of Vera's own resources. There is everything to show that she was well-to-do. Her jewels were famous. Men of celebrity had showered her with gifts. Stock brokers had speculated for her and won. It was known that from time to time, in her careless way, she had bought railway and mining securities.

Such jewels and other effects as could be found are now under the seals of the state, pending the arrival of relatives.

The Aged Father's Story.

A Mitchell despatch to the New York World says: Stephen Douglas, her father, told the story of her life sitting in the unpretentious story and a half frame house which shelters him, his wife and two of their eight children who remain at home.

Vera Maria, the youngest daughter, was born here in Mitchell 25 years ago, and was reared in the village. Her father was a farmer.

"She was the smartest, quickest one of the family," said Stephen Douglas. "She could work in the kitchen with her mother or she could entertain company and be a lady in the parlor. When 16 years of age, Vera learned stenography, when she left home and went to Chicago.

"Right from the start she earned $20 to $25 a week. Vera wrote home regularly, and came back a few times to visit her country home. She remained in Chicago less than a year, then went to New York.

"When little more than 18 years of age Vera went to London. I received a letter from London in September, 1893, which was from Sir William Manners, of Kensington Square. He wanted my consent and that of my wife to his marriage with our daughter. He said she had accepted him.

"I did not know anything about him, whether he was a nobleman or a ruffian. My daughter was smart, though, and I knew she would know what to do. Sir William said in his letter that he was rich and that my daughter would never want for anything. He said he had poor health and was travelling to improve it.

"Well, I had a letter from my daughter afterward, saying she had married him. She said she did not know of his writing to me. She also said that she wanted to come to Canada on a wedding trip, as she thought the Canadian air would do her husband good. They had some diamond mines in South Africa, though, and went there on their wedding tour to look after their interests.

WRECKED ON A DESERT ISLAND.

"She sailed from Southampton for Africa, and it was a long time before I heard from her. Then I got a letter saying that she had been shipwrecked on a barren island. Everyone was lost but herself and her maid, her husband and his servant. Her husband died there and she returned to England.

"For the last two years we have heard little from her, I think maybe the Malakoff stopped her letters. It was hard to write to her, too, for if we got a letter from her at one place and did not answer quick she'd be gone. She had a house in New York, I understand, and was sometimes at Long Branch.

"We had a letter from a doctor some time ago, who said he was treating my daughter for an injury in the head that she had received in a trip to Cairo. Afterward we heard from him again saying that she was better Than we heard that she was worse, and last that she was dead.

"I think there's something mighty queer about that girl's death. Where are those Malakoffs? Why didn't they take charge of her? I think maybe she had some money and that's what's the matter. I am going to look this thing up and get it all straight."

Mr. Douglas will write to the British ambassador in Paris to investigate the case. He will ask him to find out if the girl left any money or valuables, and will try to secure what he can of his daughter's belongings.

When Miss Douglas first left home she obtained a situation in Detroit. That was about ten years ago. Later she went to Chicago. While there she insisted on her parents giving up the farm, the work being too hard, and offered to get the only son a place on the Chicago police force. The father sold the farm in Logan and took a small piece of land in Mitchell. She was always very kind to her parents. A sister who married and lived in Fullarton, near Mitchell, died a few years ago.

Paris cable: Vera Douglas, the beautiful Canadian woman who has had lords, dukes and princes in her train, and whose escapades had been the theme of the gossip of two continents, has been buried at Saint Germain, a suburb of this city. The lot in which the coffin was deposited was bought for $300 by R. H. Henning, an Australian millionaire. There was a short service at the American Church of the Holy Trinity. Not more than 15 persons were there, and when the hearse drove away the only friend to follow the body of the unfortunate woman to the grave was the last maid whom she had employed.

This is the Mitchell, Ont., girl of whose career and sad death in Paris, deserted by her wealthy admirers, the Times has given full reports. It was understood that the parents would have her body shipped home, but this it appears has not been decided upon.

Among the New York women to whom Vera Douglas the Mitchell, Ont., girl, who died in Paris the other day was known, is Anna Robinson, the actress.

She opened her eyes very wide when the name of Vera Douglas was mentioned to her by a World reporter at her home, No. 4 West Twenty-eighth street.

"I have met Vera Douglas," she said, "and remember her as a most beautiful and charming woman. I was introduced to her in New York and later saw her in Paris. But I do not wish my name linked with hers.

"I wish to impress upon you one thing, however," Miss Robinson continued, "and that is that Vera Douglas is not a proper subject for a place that kills story. She always lived quietly and modestly. She never drank or smoked cigarettes, nor did she go into any promiscuous company.

"She was wonderfully beautiful. Her eyes were grey, and once seen ever to be remembered. The best way to describe her is to say that in figure and bearing she was a duchess.

"Then she understood to the last degree the art of dress. In Paris the leading tailors were proud to make her gowns.

"The same thing may be said as to the famos restaurants of Paris. There was not one that did not court her patronage. She frequented the places of highest reputation, and wherever she went conducted herself as a lady. She was a refined and accomplished woman."

Vera Douglas was a conspicous figure in the gay life of New York before she went to Paris and is well remembered here.

When she appeared here she was about 20 years old. She was a pronounced brunette. Later her hair was changed to a golden tint. One of her most assiduous admirers was George Kessler, the champagne agent. He gave her many jewels, and she caused him to suffer the pangs of jealousy. The story of her departure hinges on this situation. It is said that Kessler, wishing to part from her in an original and charming way, engaged a passage for them both to Europe. He allowed her to think that he was going with her, and even accompanied her on board ship. Leaving her in her state room to step up on deck, he also stepped down the gangplank, and she sailed alone.

There is no such person as "Sir William Manners." The ill-fated Vera Douglas was evidently striving to conceal her real manner of life from her parents and at the same time to explain her great prosperity. She selected a title with an aristocratic sound, for Manners is the family name of the Duke of Rutland, and is intimately associated with English history.

The "Count Malakoff," who married Vera Douglas, is not a nobleman, but a blackleg and swindler of the high rank, well known to the police of Europe.—N. Y. World.

WHAT'S INTILL'T?

An Odd Early Experience of the Prince Consort in Scotland.

During one of the earlier visits of the Royal family to Balmoral, Prince Albert, dressed in a simple manner, was crossing one of the Scottish lakes in a steamer, and was curious to note everything relating to the management of the vessel, and among many other things the cooking. Approaching the "galley," where a brawny Highlander was attending to the culinary matters, he was attracted by the savory odors of a pot of "hodge-podge," which the Highlander was preparing.

"What is that?" asked the Prince, who was not known to the cook.

"Hodge-podge, sir," was the reply.

"How is it made?" was the next question.

"Why, there's mutton intill't, and turnips intill't, and carrots intill't, and—

"Yes, yes," said the Prince, "but what is intill't?"

"Why, there's mutton intill't, and turnips intill't, and carrots intill't, and—

"Yes, I see; but what is intill't?"

The man looked at him, and seeing that the Prince was serious, he replied—"There's mutton intill't, and turnips intill't, and—"

"Yes, certainly, I know," urged the inquirer; "but what is intill't—intill't?"

"Man," yelled the Highlander, brandishing his big ladle, "am I no tellin' ye what's intill't. There's mutton intill't, and—"

Here the interview was brought to a close by one of the Prince's suite, who fortunately was passing, explaining to His Royal Highness that "intill't" simply meant "into it," and nothing more.

The physicians of Montreal are puzzled over the case of Eva Rock, an 18-year-old girl, who has been asleep for fifteen days, and in spite of all that medical knowledge suggests, cannot be awakened.

The British Consul at New Orleans has expressed, in an interview, strong condemnation of the pro-Boer speeches of Senator Mason and others.

EDUCATIONAL REVOLUTION.

M. A. Sadler's Strong Words on the Subject.

PRACTICAL EDUCATION FALLACY.

Only once, or at most twice, during the last 2,000 years has civilized Europe passed through so dark and difficult a time of intellectual change. We cannot evade this fact even if we would. You can already trace its consequences in public and in private affairs. Like all spiritual changes it has material results. It is beginning to affect men's ideals of the duty of state to state, of employer to employed, of one class of the community to another, of individual to individual. It has been accompanied by an immense increase in the attractive force of material wealth. It may portend grave mischief in the future. But, on its brighter side, it is driving us back in upon ourselves. And the more certain we are at heart that light will come to us at last, if we patiently work towards it, the more earnestly shall we plead for those kind of education which prepare the rising generation to look the great problems of life bravely in the face, modestly, courageously, honestly, helped by faith and guided by knowledge, without superstition and without conceit.

Education must be practical in the sense that we do not want it to produce pedants and dilettantes. We do not want it to be thought the pink of culture to be too fastidious for common tasks. Education, whatever else it does for us, ought to fit us to bear a more useful part in the practical duties of life. It ought, that is, to produce some return, but we ought to take a long view about the return, and not forget that some of the very best investments are those of which the return is long deferred, or perhaps entirely indirect.

No great system of education has ever thriven on pecuniary self-interest alone. Nor can it ever so thrive. Education aims, it is true, at training aptitude and at giving knowledge, but far more ought it to aim at producing a reverent attitude of mind and heart, and at deepening and strengthening character. And character rests on self-discipline and on faith. These are the true springs of educational excellence. Let us beware of degrading it by working for lower aims. England is happily not the country which is most in danger of falling into this error. All over our history one lesson is writ large—that the English nature has a mystical as well as a practical side, and no system of education will be appropriate to us that starves the one or ignores the other. Our chief danger lies in our finding in the money making aim the line of least resistance among the various conflicting ideals of education in its highest sense. But I would earnestly plead against any such shrinking from our difficult task. Think what would be the outcome of a national system of education the dominant aim of which was the pursuit of individual self-interest. It would inflame every hidden kind of base desire. It would slacken all the obligations which link us to one another in family life, and in every other form of common service. The more efficient such education the more poisoners. It would embitter the feelings of the weak toward the strong, of the poor toward the rich, of the lowly toward those highly placed. Between nation and nation it would engender destrust and treachery and brigandage. And in the end, I am persuaded, it would injure, perhaps fatally injure, even that material prosperity which it was designed to promote and increase. Nothing but mischief could ever come of it if we dedicated our education, with phrases however fair, and under pretexts however specious, to mammon, "the least erected spirit that fell from Heaven."—M. E. Sadler, M. A., Manchester, England.

USED CORPSE FOR CARD TABLE

Grewsome Game in Which Two Soldiers Indulged Long Ago.

"I have seen gambling in nearly all its forms," said an old employee of the Post-office department to a man the other day, "but I think the most unique performance I ever witnessed along that line was a game of seven-up during the civil war. I was a member of an Ohio regiment that had a part in some of the fiercest fighting of the whole four years' struggle. Among my comrades were three privates who were devotedly attached to one another. They were the Aramis, Porthos and Athos of the regiment, with D'Artagnan left out. During the days in camp they were inseparable and they spent most of the time playing seven-up. They did not gamble, for it is doubtful if their friendship would have remained as steadfast if money had been laid on the cards.

"The trio made a compact, which was sworn to over a drumhead, that if one of them was killed in battle the remaining two would play a game of seven-up on his dead body. Of course, the agreement was made with all the daredevil carelessness of the soldier, but it was as binding as if it had been an oath-bound pledge on a more serious subject. Possibly they never thought they would have to execute it. At any rate, it was known throughout the regiment that the contract had been made, and it was the subject of more or less comment.

"But the time came when they were called upon to perform the agreement. It was at the bloody battle of Stone River that one of the triumvirate died with a bullet through his heart. He was one of those chosen to add to the awful carnage of the day. Then came the opportunity to see the true mettle of the soldier of that day. The other two carried the body of their dead comrade off the field when the fighting was over and laid it in their tent. I was there when they came in. They looked at the lifeless form for a long, long time and at the same moment each looked at the other.

"'Get the cards, Jake,' said one.

"The pack was produced, the cards were shuffled and dealt. The faded blue coat of their comrade, with the bullet hole through the chest, was the table on which they played. The tears rolled down their cheeks so that they could hardly see the spots and the sobs stifled their voices until they could not say whether they 'begged' or 'gave.' They played the game out, but I don't believe either knew which had won."—Washington Post.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO