

belltown on Monday morning takes us through the Clachan past the old parish school (in imagination full of boys and girls), up the steep incline, till in less than one-half mile we are higher than Creag Loisgte, 650 feet above sea level. And now we are faced steadily to the west. From this vantage ground we have a full view of all the farms, sea, islands, church and Clachan, in which we have lived so happily and so rapidly during the past week. Tarbert, Loch-Fyne, due at noon; Glasgow, by Greenock (steamer and rail) due in the evening.

The Tail of the Bank always comes back to memory with the word Greenock. In the first half of the century now closing there rode at the Tail of the Bank a ship full of passengers, all Highlanders, many from Kyntire, and bound for Upper Canada, British North America, *via* New York.

Two hundred, four score and thirteen souls was the total number of the passengers. One of the families was made up as follows: The father, a patriarch (grandfather), and wife, the former eighty-six years old; seven sons, unmarried, a niece, one son married, wife and six children, making in all, in this one family, eighteen souls, and one son left behind—who followed a few years

later. What an addition to Upper Canada! What a loss to Scotland! Such as these built and are building the Empire in Canada. No wonder when the Motherland required men to speak to the enemy in South Africa Canada spontaneously offered men who can effectively deal with schemers aiming at the disintegration of the Empire.

Imagine, if you can, the soreness of the parting; one friend after another drops off at various points on the way from Clachan to Greenock. At Greenock the final parting takes place; and then the staunch ship was headed to the far West.

Tuesday morning, left the friends in Glasgow, a rapid run to and a quiet night in Manchester, a day spent in this rich and populous city, looking over the new and magnificent building for housing the technical schools of Manchester. The schools and new building conducted under the able management of Mr. Reynolds, managing director and secretary of the Technical School Board.

The Mersey, Liverpool. "Mounting in hot haste," the steamer.—Westward.—Out to sea. Four weeks in the tight little, right little islands, and each day superb.

CURRENT EVENTS.

M'GILL MODEL SCHOOL.

Friday morning, 26th June, at ten o'clock, the friends and relatives of the Model School children assembled to witness the closing ceremonies of the school. There were many more people present than could be accommodated in the limited room of the hall. All the pupils from the kindergarten proved that their musical training had certainly not been neglected, as they sang very delight-

fully several patriotic and other songs. The girls of the senior class rendered a chorus in French.

The presenting of reports came first on the programme. Miss Sloane, the primary principal, reported that the average attendance had been 115. Contagious diseases had had some effect upon the number in attendance.

Miss Peebles gave an encouraging report for the girls' Model. There