

which has long fettered him that he must engage in one of the learned professions, and when the business community comes to fully realize the store of ability which the universities are annually placing at its disposal, the college Graduate is destined to duplicate in financial and commercial life the triumphs which he has already so signally won in Law, Medicine and Theology.

TALES OF THE HIELANDS.

As we chatted of those other days the soft blue of her native hills seemed to steal into the deep grey eyes and the evening glow of the western sunset soften the hard lines of the Celtic face. "The flight of time and the unrelenting years" had not availed to quench the fervid love for the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood," which is at once the boast and the birthright of every true Scot.

"You are well versed in these stories of the olden times," I said, hoping to draw out another tale. "No doubt you have often heard your father speak of these ancient times."

"My father never told me so much as a single word. No, indeed; he took no stock in it at all. But my uncle did. He was older and I used to live with him. Och! he knew, he used to tell o' my grandfather.

THE MAN IN THE PLAID.

"My grandfather was once coming home from the mill with a bag o' meal on his back. It was the year the crops were washed out by the June flood, and the herring were not running and there was cruel want in a' Scotland.

"We'll, as my grandfather, bending under his sack, climbed the hill, there came out o' the woods a man on a small grey horse, and he wore a grey suit and a grey shepherd's plaid and a blue Glengarry bonnet. When he came up with my grandfather he bade him good day. And though my grandfather was thinking how that meal must last till the next harvest, he returned the stranger's greeting.

"I see you have been to mill," said the stranger.

"Yes," was all my grandfather answered.

"Meal is very dear, I understand," continued the stranger, who seemed a decent enough man, my grandfather afterwards said.

"It is all o' that," replied my grandfather, "and I don't see why the Duke of Argyle does not bring in a shipload of grain and sell it out to the people cheap, that they may not starve."

"Oh" said the stranger, "I never thought o' that."

"Then, just at the top of the hill, they met a fine gentleman wi' a sword and a' the trappin's o' fashion, and he bowed to the stranger in the grey plaid and called him Your Grace, and then my grandfather knew he had been talking to the Duke of Argyle.

"So he off down the road, but before long the Duke caught up to him and began to talk again.

"I did not know you were the Duke," said my grandfather, "so if I have said anything out of the way I hope you will forgive it."

"But the Duke declared that he had said nothing to offend and inquired for his name.

"John Jackson," said my grandfather.

"Are you the John Jackson of Ballykilbeg?" said the Duke.

"I am not," he was answered.

"Then, are you the John Jackson of Ardrishaig," said the Duke.

"I am not," again answered my grandfather.

"Then, I don't know who you are," said the Duke.

"That is strange," said my grandfather, "when my own blood runs in your veins."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the Duke, "you will find it hard to make that out."

"Nevertheless it is true," persisted my grandfather, "and were you a corpse this moment, I it would be who should first lift you."

"Oh, I've put an end to all that," said the Duke.

"Yes," answered my grandfather, "but that was the way o' it," and he said no more.

"But the Duke's curiosity was aroused, and he insisted on an explanation of this claim of kinship.

"Well," said my grandfather, "I will prove to Your Grace what I have said."

"Have you ever been at Cowal where are buried the Dukes of Argyle these hundreds of years?"

"Many, many times," said the Duke, "but what has that to do with it?"

"Did you ever see a stone there," continued my grandfather, "with the name Dorothea Jackson?"

"Yes I have," said the Duke, "and I often wondered who she was."

"She was my kinswoman," said my grandfather, "and the lands and castles of our house on which you now live went to your ancestor when he married her. She was the heir of our line, and a bonnier lassie ne'er entered the bower o' a Duke of Argyle before or since," said my grandfather as proud as the Duke himself.

"Have you a farm?" said the Duke.

"I have," said my grandfather. (It was a rent-holding.)

"I will give you a free farm as long as you live," said the Duke, who had a kind heart.

"But my grandfather would not take it.

"You are kind, sir," he said, "and gracious as was your bonny ancestor of our house, but I am an old man, and it is not the custom of our house to accept favors where we cannot return them. It is a fine day for riding."

"So the Duke rode off, and this Duke of Argyle who rode by my grandfather that day was the father of the Duke of Argyle who died last year. They were gallant gentlemen, the Dukes of Argyle."

ENGINEERING CORPS.

IMMEDIATELY after the examinations last spring, the Toronto Engineers marched out to the Garrison Common just east of the Exhibition Grounds and there underwent their first experience in camp life.

Tents were pitched, and then commenced the routine of guard-mounting, drill, throwing up of earthworks, building bridges with lashings, etc. The constructions were examined by Capt. Symons, of R.M.C., who was much pleased with the work. After inspection, the earthworks and a telegraph-pole were blown up by gun-cotton.

The shooting competition took place at the Long Branch Rifle Ranges, Sergt.-Major Evans and Pte. Cowan capturing the first and second prizes, donated by Capt. Lang, whilst Ptes. Cockburn and Tices tied for the booby prize. Sergt. Kane looked after the heliographic department.

The vacancies left by last year's Graduates are eagerly being sought after by Freshmen. Two drills are held weekly, one on Monday afternoon to practise the different manoeuvres in drill, and on Wednesday evening to learn the use and applications of knots and lashings.

We understand that a company is to be formed down-town to undertake engineering work.

The Engineers are to hold another At-Home this winter, and last year's success will doubtless be repeated.