

to that Eighteen Club ; that is a small Club composed of energetic, good-hearted fellows, and we are going over here to give them a lift, and to pat them on the back." But, confound it, when we got over here it was just the other way—we are the little end of the horn. I have not been at any convention where we have been more handsomely treated or more profoundly impressed with the energy and seriousness of the work we have seen. We had prided ourselves on being Yankees, possessing the energy of the world; but we are going back home with the intention of trying to keep up to the band-waggon. (Applause).

On behalf of the Ontario Association of Architects, Mr. Edmund Burke responded in humorous vein as follows :

Mr. President, I did not expect to be called upon to say anything here this evening—I regret that the President of the Ontario Association is out of town, and neither our Vice-President nor our Second Vice-President are here.

I think the discussions of last night, particularly, must have affected me.

I did not remain as long at the closing ceremonies as Professor Wells. I understand I missed a good deal—I had but a cracker, some cheese and a glass of ginger ale, and left at a respectable hour. If I had remained later I might have had a more lurid experience, but even as it was, I had, that night, or rather in the early morning hours a curious dream—I do not know if it was caused by "The Information of Knowledge" (see programme of convention) or the cheese or the ginger ale, but it was somewhat like this, (and I do not know but that a Joseph or a Daniel will be needed for the interpretation thereof). A building took shape ; it was orthodox in design—column, entablature, and cornice of correct proportions. On one side was an archway. The handsome wrot. iron gates swung suddenly open, and out dashed a well equipped hook and ladder waggon; the buckets dangling beneath were labelled O.A.A. and the crew had helmets with the same initials. But the curious part of the outfit of the crew was their coats. They were made of Whatman's double elephant paper with plans and elevations neatly drawn and titled. In place of buttons they were secured with thumb tacks which occasionally became unfastened. The nearest fireman to the man whose coat became unfastened would drive the pin into its place by a whack from a pike pole, causing a momentary wince on the part of the party of the first part, indicating that the pin had penetrated more than sufficient distance.

Another building took shape. It had a dado chin-high; upon this were set columns in groups; they were four diameters high, they each had fourteen flutes and a plain space which I found, on spacing off with a divider left room for four more. The volutes of the wide spreading caps were turned upside down; the frieze was six feet high and the cornice six inches with a projection of five feet, and half of the six inches was occupied by dentils, each six inches wide, at one quarter inch spaces. This building had, likewise, an archway, with real bronze gates. Instead of bars or panels each leaf was composed of the Roman numerals XVIII with horizontal top and bottom bars held together with a vertical rod thus \square .

In some positions, like the signs you sometimes see, you could scarcely make out the XVIII, but, open, shut or half shut the bars remained visible. Out of this archway dashed a little spick-and-span chemical engine with a thirteen inch gong on the dashboard. The buckets were labelled XVIII, and the helmets of the crew likewise. They were also dressed curiously. Their coats were black prints on a white ground, and

colored with aniline ink. The coats did not come unbuttoned—they had no buttons—they were made out of whole cloth, and fitted without a wrinkle.

I forgot to mention that the hook and ladder wagon was drawn by horses. The chemical engine was a gasoline locomobile, and one could not help knowing when it was around—within a block or two.

Well, just as the hook and ladder wagon was turning a corner the off horse slipped and fell bringing the wagon to a sudden halt. The chemical was close behind and before one could say "Jack Robinson", had dashed into the wagon. The chemical tank exploded with a loud report, and the fumes smothered both crews.

At this point my front gate clicked and I heard the milk-man clattering up with his bottles to the side door.

While I mused on the interpretation of this dream I dozed off again, and had another:

I saw in my vision a magnificent dog-cart. The wheels were about seven feet in diameter, and I counted thirteen spokes in each. The high seat was about twenty-four inches higher than the low seat—(remember this was a real dream). It was drawn by a tandem team of fourteen horses—hackneys I think, and the little shaft horse was a most restive colt—always nipping the haunches of the nag in front of him, in order to make him move ahead a little faster. I observed that there were four spare sets of harness stowed away under the seat—I presume for that many additional horses by and by.

The cart had red and white stripes painted around the box—thirteen, I think I counted, and one oblong panel had a lot of stars in it.

The driver was a fine young fellow, I should say about 6.333 ft. tall, and he looked well on the high seat. He remarked to me that he had a fine team—most of them thirty six hands high. I said he was talking nonsense. He said he had measured them and showed me the scale. I called his attention to the fact that he had used the $\frac{1}{8}$ inch instead of the $\frac{1}{4}$. He then said they were eighteen hands high, and proceeded to demonstrate the fact. I then showed him that he had included the dead ends of the scale and that they were just fourteen hands high, fair measurement. He then remarked that they were "goers, anyhow".

On the lower seat I noticed a smallish man, with sandy whiskers of Lord Dundreary type. He wore a stove-pipe hat about nine inches high, innocent of curve or entasis, and with a flat rim. Its color was faded and ancient—about the shade of the India ink seen on the drawings of the students in the exhibition. It was a pretty old hat, though still useful.

The old gentleman wore a fob, and a large seal graven with the letters O. A. A.

The young chap had a large white tag pinned to his coat, on which was printed A. L. A.

The old gentleman smilingly listened to my conversation with the young man, occasionally nodding his head, whether in approval of what I said or what the other chap said I could not discover.

The A. L. A. chap then tickled the shaft horse with his whip. The shaft horse thereupon nipped the rear elevation of his neighbor, and as they were vanishing in the distance the old gentleman shouted, "we are going to drive through the suburb of Hamilton, then on to Suspension Bridge and then on to the Great American Art University at Buffalo". I thought he emphasized the word "Suspension"—possible it had no connection with the University.

Just then my front gate clicked again, and the iceman tumbled a cake of ice on the side steps. I slept no more after that.

Gentlemen it has been an inspiration to me, and I feel sure to the other members of our Association who have heard the discussions at your Convention on art matters. I regret that we as an Association have not been able to show you much attention, but you have been so well entertained and your time has been so fully occupied that there has been no opportunity. We hope, some day, to meet you again and to have this opportunity.