

A BIT OF CLASS HISTORY.



THE Third Form of '82 was one of which I feel proud to have been a member. It contained among its number the wits and mathematicians of the College, two synonymous terms in those days and I feel certain that oftentimes the Faculty must have shaken their sides with laughter as they saw us start on our surveying expeditions. The days of our expeditions were days of rejoicing for the Third Form, because anything was preferable to class,

flags. An old man rather curious, as owners of property are wont to be when it is a question as to whether they must give up their title, asked, "what are you surveying 'round here for?" The answer was instantaneous "we're surveyors for the C. A. R. and intend to run the road through your land, but don't mind, old man, we'll rate your property high." The blush which came to the old man's face betrayed the peculiar feeling of delight which was taking possession of him interiorly, when suddenly a high soprano voice called out from behind the blinds "don't you believe them, father, they are College



FARM.

and for the students at large who were favored with a congé; not that our expeditions were the cause of the congés, but such days were provided for the expeditions, and when it came to a question as whether a ten mile walk with a theodolite on one's shoulder, and a half a dozen chains and a few dozen stakes in one's arms, was to be chosen in preference to class, the voice of the class was loud in the affirmative.

Our first expedition was to the farm, now the site of the artistic scholasticate. At that time the Canadian Atlantic Railway Company were preparing to lay its tracks between Ottawa and Montreal. Martin Gatley, Owen Carroll and Jim Farrell were taking measurements, whilst Frank McGreevy, 'Dip' Hennessy and E. Dorgan manipulated the theodolite and

boys." If ever the theodolite was more quickly shouldered on the approach of a rising storm, or chains rattled more loudly than ours, on this occasion, it would be worthy of record. Rev. Bro. Marsan, now Father Marsan, who had the expedition in chage was on the banks of the Rideau river, drawing plans, and knew nothing of this exploit, nor do I believe, it ever "leaked out," for we were a most prudent company. Ned Welsh, the favorite of all the students accompanied us on this occasion and busied himself with Mr. Mullen, now Dr. Mullen, driving stakes, whilst Mat. Sheridan whose hearty laugh forever kept our spirits light was engaged with Walter Herckenrath, the mathematician of the class, in taking measurements in other quarters.

This was but preparatory for our expe-