

Indeed, perhaps it was the utter absence of such features that led to the interminable and testy contentions between himself and two others of the Immortals whose names are writ in graphite on the walls of the quondam Index Debating Room. Encomiums of doubtful value were constantly exchanged anent each other's beauty; but which of the three possessed most of this abstract element I leave to others to decide.

If A. M. was a type of the stronger side of humanity in form he was by no means effeminate in intellect. He was the equal of any one of his class. His proficiency was of a decided type and when the *dies iræ* had come and gone and the result of a year's hard work had been disclosed he was found in the van of the class of '98. I say hard work, for inclination and will to study were backed by a good, robust constitution—an equipage sure to overcome the most stubborn obstacle in the path of knowledge.

Impelled by his love of study and his untiring energy he made "the night joint laborer with the day." Usually his "mid-night oil" was furnished by the scanty remains of a paraffine candle. This he used in preference to a lamp, if indeed he had an option, for it could be made to sit on a small area—a bed-post, for instance. Those whose veracity has never been and can never be called in question, and whose proximity to his quarters excluded the possibility of their being deceived, affirm that "jump at the dead hour of night" the Ghost of Hamlet was wont to caper and gesticulate about the flickering flame, whilst A. M. was conscious of nothing save his *reding*. "To be or not to be" he interpreted "to win or not to win."

At the meetings of the Debating and Literary Society our friend took a prominent part. Few indeed there were who would cross swords with him in discussion. Of a logical turn of mind, he was able at all times to keep within the latitude and longitude of the *question before the house*. When crossed by an adversary his language became as pungent as caustic to a fresh wound. His varied stock of information and his command of language coupled with his innate power of giving expression to his feelings were factors always at his bidding. In the political field he was a conspicuous figure. When, last year, this "Canada of ours" determined to place its interests in the hands of a Patriot Government his chagrin was deep, so deep indeed that it disturbed his peace of mind. That our country should be run by a pack of unconscionable boodlers was too much for his *patriotism* and