

and I turned away. One second more to live I thought and after taking a hurried glance at the green meadows and blue sky, I jammed my hat down well, stuck a testament in my breast pocket in case my body was found, shut my eyes and insanely shouted "let her go, Gallagher," which extracted a feeble cheer from S— who was hanging on like grim death to the flag staff. It broke with his weight at a ticklish moment and he would have assuredly perished had not the watchful Moses grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and laid him in a place of safety. Luckily Lachine is a very short rapid—little, but oh my! On opening my eyes the extreme grandeur of the scene overcame me. It was a retrospective view and perhaps on that account I enjoyed it the more. All had gone smoothly with us. The gable of the shanty was evidently the spot *par excellence* on which to shoot a rapid. I was not even wet. An oak dram was at that minute balanced on the edge of the dip; it hesitated an instant, as if to draw a deep breath, and then plunged with its living freight into the towering maelstrom that yawned below. I counted twenty before I saw that dram again and was about to start a subscription for the widows and orphans when it burst through a wall of green water and followed us down.

"And we have passed the terrible Lachine,
 "Have felt a fearful tremor thro' the soul,
 "As the huge waves upreared their crests of green;
 "Holding our feathered bark in their control,
 "As a strong eagle holds an oriole."

Strange to say, at the foot of the rapids, there is a calm little lagoon, formed by a layer of rock, in the shape of a half moon. In here there were numerous canoes and dorys waiting for "salvage." We held on our course, however, and soon came in sight of the mighty Victoria bridge and the city of Montreal.

No stoppage is made here by the rafts. They wait till they reach Hochelaga, about four miles below the city, and there tie up while the steamer takes on wood and supplies and the men throw ashore the heavy bundles of oars. There is a regular car-yard established at this place. Each raft unloads on the way down and the tug on the return journey picks up a supply and carries them back. Soon after we had accomplished the feat of running Lachine and were lazily drifting along on the broad river, highly satisfied with the result of the manœuvre, our dram ran hard and fast on a shoal. This was provoking. Not that we minded the bare fact of running aground. There was no fear of springing a leak to disturb us or harassing doubts as to whether the stoker had left the doors of the air-tight compartments swinging loose or the dread of having any red paint or varnish scraped off the hull. No, it was the humiliating ordeal of seeing the other drams slipping past us and perhaps having to submit to a few derisive cheers. If the late Mr. Fahrenheit had been asked to indicate the warmth of Arine's feelings at this juncture he would have given 212° as the figure. Hat after hat went to the happy hunting grounds,

under the influence of the old man's heels, and it was only from sheer exhaustion that he ceased the flow of his oratory. S— and I concluded that to remain any longer on the dram would be to utterly destroy our moral tone, so we decked ourselves out in war paint and feathers and determined to face the music of St. James street and the Windsor Hotel. We felt we were martyrs, *mais que roulez vous?* As we shoved off from the dram, Moses told us that the tow would leave Hochelaga that night somewhere about 11 o'clock. Our jaws dropped. How were we going to make connections at that time of night? We had almost given up the expedition, when visions of a dinner at that splendid hostelry and an evening on shore came floating up before us. We bade Moses farewell. July is not a particularly delightful time of the year to pay a visit to Montreal. The heat is usually terrific and in our case no exception was made. Rowing down the current with the wind at one's back and a scorching sun overhead is anything but pleasant. When, in addition to this, there is nothing to meet the eye but tall chimneys and dusty roads, with perhaps a railway train or two moving sluggishly along, it becomes absolutely unbearable. As soon as possible we sought the cool corridors of the hotel and drowned our woes in copious libations of etc., etc., etc.

(To be continued.)

COLLEGE NEWS.

OUR SENIORS.

BEFORE the curtain falls on the class of '89 we would like to line them up and give our readers the opportunity of seeing what kind of men we manufacture here. If they are not exactly perfect they are at least infinitely better than they were before Queen's got hold of them, although a good number of them were never intended to be angels. Strange to say there are no sweet girl graduates this year, so that the chancellor need have no fear of disarranging bangs and back hair when he taps the heads of the supplicants before him at convocation.

JAMES BINNIE is one of the heavy men of the class. He is slightly addicted to football, the gymnasium and singing bass, but also does some philosophical work for recreation. He will enter Divinity Hall next year.

WILLIAM BROKENSHIRE is more commonly known as "Hallelujah Billy." His face by actual measurement is half as broad again as it is long and wears at all times a drop-a-nickle-into-my-mouth-and-see-me-smile expression. We understand that he is going to spend the rest of his natural life visiting his friends, the heathen.

FRED BROWN.—Well, that's about as far as we can get. He is so quiet that we do not know much about him except that he looms up about the college occasionally looking for something. We hear that he is not a bad fellow when one knows him, but we don't.