

love, by some adroit question, to draw him off the given lesson into some by-path of the subject.

Thanks to the old Doctor, many of us appreciated, as we would not otherwise, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's eulogy of Canadian History this week before the Canadian Club, ending with the phrase: "When the spirit of history has left the land—merely rock, earth, and water remain."

English Literature was History's only rival with the Doctor, and "Julius Caesar," Longfellow's "Evangeline," and Scott's "Lady of the Lake" will never forsake us.

Our Sixth ('85) was a smaller class than usual—Sixth Science and Sixth Classical—in all eighteen boys.

Twenty-five years after graduation, when we came to count heads, we found that death had taken three; two more "had gone down hill." Of thirteen remaining, one was manager of a bank in a neighboring province and twelve still in Montreal, and all doing well, among them Messrs. J. W. Ross, A. F. C. Ross, General Meighen, Col. Victor Buchanan, D.S.O. (since killed in action in Flanders), Dr. Milton L. Hersey, etc., etc.

The trio of old teachers honored and so often referred to by my father of the class of 1857 were Rodger, Gibson and Howe.

Dr. Howe, Dr. Rexford and Dr. Kelley form the trio which will live in the memory of our class of 1885, and again Dr. Kelley dominates the thoughts of my eldest son's class of 1910.

All of us knew of his outlook on life outside of his profession, his presidency of the Y.M.C.A., his