

old hulk, isn't it?" I had meanwhile been throwing stones at it, with more vim than accuracy, I must admit, and at length suggested that we go down and have a look at it.

"Here's a chance to place your name by that of Marcus Curtius and Rushan Beg, and other famous leapers," grumbled Jess.

We made up our minds to it, however; not to the leap, but to scrambling down the best way we could. So planting our sunshades on the bank we prepared for the descent.

"Wouldn't it be nice, Jess, if we had wings? We could float down like snowflakes."

"No, Eve, no wings for me, thanks. It's hard enough to keep one's hair smooth without the additional trouble of feathers, besides—" and as we worked our way downward Jess's voice might be heard between gasps picturing the different state of things if mankind should develop wings, the changes in our social system, in economics, in architecture, till at last we reached the narrow strip of sand at the bottom between the bank and the water's edge. Large lumps of clay, fallen from the bank, lay about, half petrified by the action of the water.

The dismayed vessel lay half on its side, its bow driven into the sand, and its broken rudder causing a little eddy as the waves broke upon it. There was certainly nothing interesting to be seen as we stood there, and as Evangeline and I were seeking a way to mount the wreck we heard Jess warble—and Jess *can* sing—"We'll call all hands upon deck!" We obeyed as promptly as we could and proceeded to explore, but our field was limited. We peered down into the hold—all was black; we dropped a piece of rusty chain down—splash!

"We can't go down there, that's sure," observed Jess in a disappointed tone.

"We don't want to, I hope," returned Eve, who was sitting disconsolately on a heap of rubbish. "The fate of this poor ship is too sad for you to make it the object of your curiosity," she added severely. "Think of the morning years ago, girls, when she stood in the harbor ready for her first cruise; and the sailors said good-by to their sweet-hearts, singing as they came on board and hoisted the sails; and she bounded forth over the water kindled by the summer dawn, and the fair breeze blew and the white foam flew. And as she came proudly home, bearing her cargo—"

"Fish, I know," broke in Jess, "it hasn't lost the perfume yet."

An awkward pause followed.

"Sing, Jess," I said.

"Something appropriate," suggested Evangeline.

"H'm, how'll this do?" And she sang—"I as Friday morn when we set sail."

I was sorry for Eve, her "mood" was having a hard time of it.

It was becoming a trifle monotonous; we sat and stared at the water till we were getting black in the face. Several times I thought of suggesting that we go back, but each time I looked at the clay bank and was silent. I had the impression that the same conflict was going on in the minds of Eve and Jess. Suddenly Jess started up:—

"I shouldn't wonder, girls, if that cow we saw in the field up there has eaten our parasols by this time."

The thought inspired us. We provided ourselves with long sticks and set our faces nobly to the task, which didn't prove an easy one, by any means—scrambling now to the right, now to the left, wherever footing could be gained, holding on by tufts of grass when we could. Jess was ahead, Eve was climbing sturdily a yard or two behind her, while I painfully brought up the rear.

"Let's imagine we're Swiss mountaineers," I heard Evangeline say, "and this is a slope of the Alps, and that is lake —, lake —, tell me the name of one—Constance—that will do; it is a pretty name, isn't it?"

I have never seen the Alps, and perhaps the two or three pounds of wet clay adhering to each foot clogged my imagination, so I couldn't follow her, but I hadn't any spare breath wherewith to offer my objections. She must

have taken silence for consent, for, in a few moments, she veered to the left, exclaiming, "Ha, my friends; the Edelweisz! I'll have it, though—"

"That's Camomile, my dear," mildly explained Jess; "be careful you don't fall."

Jess was first at the top, and reached her trusty alpenstock to the aid of Eve and me. We found our sunshades where we had left them, and started across the field meditating how best we could improve our appearance before reaching home. As we walked along we came to a low bridge of planks over a drain, whereon we sat,

"And the rivulet at our feet  
Rippled on in light and shadow,"

bearing away pieces of clay from our laden shoes.

Homeward over the fields and fences we went, and, as we passed at dewfall up the gravel walk, we thought on all we had seen, and felt a great longing—for something to eat. X.

## THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

The Engineering Society met in No. 2 Lecture Room on Tuesday, Nov. 3, at the usual time, there being a good attendance. There was a goodly number of new members proposed and elected, after which came a report from the Library Committee which had been appointed last meeting. The report was brought in jointly by Messrs. Lea and White, and referred to the use of the Library, and also contained a new draft of the by-laws. There has been of late considerable doubt as to the ownership of the Library and reading rooms, some maintaining that they are for the use of the students of the school, and others that they are the exclusive property of the Engineering Society, by virtue of an agreement with the Council. Consequently a committee was appointed a few weeks ago to look into the matter, and hence the report. It was found, after considerable "delving among the archives" and interviews with the authorities that the Library was intended to be under control of the Engineering Society, subject to such regulations as the Council determine, such students as are not members of the Society to be charged a fee for the use of the room. According to the sense of the meeting this report was entirely satisfactory, and was adopted. The next order of business was the election of First Year Representative—always a proceeding of more or less hilarity. As usual, the aspirants for office composed an imposing multitude; but after the first ballot was cast, the number was reduced to two, and upon the second ballot Mr. A. T. Fraser was elected. After excitement had settled down, the programme was proceeded with. The Corresponding Secretary read a short letter from Mr. Haultain, '89, who is now manager of a tin mining company in Bohemia. With the letter came a paper from the same gentleman upon "Mining Engineering in Connection with Civil Engineering." The paper was a plain exponent of the principles and work of mining, and contained much valuable information for those not versed in the ways and means of obtaining the treasure of mother earth. The writer showed how closely mining and civil work were united, and how, in the onward march of civilization, they must go hand in hand as sister professions. The paper was well received, and served to fill the bosom of the aspiring and ambitious freshman with that reverence and regard which always attends a voice from the distant alumnus. After several small items of business were disposed of the meeting was adjourned.

We were honored during the past week by visits from several graduates. Mr. Hutcheon, '90, came around to see the new buildings and hear about the fourth year. He has been up in the North-West for a considerable time, and is now taking a holiday in the city. Mr. Moore, '91, strolled around to see how the "civils" were getting along, and to find what was going to be done about the large \* \* \* class. Mr. Moore is on the C.P.R. engineering staff, and is in the city for a few days.