

Professor Max Müller, but left Oxford without a degree. He returned to Canada and was entered as a student of Medicine at Toronto. While there he was a member of the University Volunteer Corps and was a capital rifle shot. I recollect his taking the prize at one of our annual competitions, after which we had a picnic, provided by Mrs. Croft, the hospitable wife of our captain. After lunch we drank to the health of the winner. Oronhyatekha replied in a fluent and, I have no doubt, eloquent speech, and finished by saying: "I've just proposed Mrs. Croft's health, but you don't seem to take any notice!" There is no need to say that the toast was duly honored.

After he took his degree he was appointed medical attendant in the Indian Reserve. I can testify to the interest which he then took in the welfare of his people. He used to lecture to them on physiology and hygiene, and had a number of drawings and diagrams to illustrate his lectures. I remember being amused at his showing me one demonstrating the evils of tight lacing. It had not struck me before as a danger against which Indian women needed much warning.

Of the further career of the chief of the Order of Foresters there is no need to speak here.

Mr. Atlay tells us "He never ceased to correspond with Sir Henry Acland, and would often send him small specimens of his handwork, and on his visits to England on business connected with the Foresters, he seldom failed to pay a visit to Oxford and to Broad street. He once brought with him his wife and daughter to show them, as he said, the man but for whom he would still be a wild Red Indian."

#### A JOURNEY ROUND MY ROOM.

It was while I was detained in my room nursing a wounded eye that I made this famous trip. The cause of my detention was this: For supper one evening my landlady provided us with what she thought were lovely tea biscuits. Indeed, they were lovely—to look at, particularly if you had no eye for appearances. However, our main purpose in the entering the dining room was to eat, so our regard for the beautiful had to be sacrificed to our appetites. I, however, was a little late and found no tea biscuits near me, so one of the boys volunteered to toss me one. His aim would have been true but for the fact that as he released the biscuit his arm was struck up, and with a sudden upshoot the dainty morsel of food encountered my eye. Now, I have played many games and had all kinds of luck. I have stopped a puck (unintentionally) with my head instead of my stick; many a hard thrown baseball has broken its flight against my ribs; but never have I been waylaid by such a proposition as that tea biscuit. Stars, whose brightness was never equalled by any in the blue sky, in the theatre or in May, lighted every corner of my throbbing brain; comets and shooting stars added their touch of realism. But words fail me. My greatest problem was how to spend the days which must elapse before my eye could face the light and sunshine of the outside world. I was weary of study; novels were too tedious; the house was new and no cracks had yet appeared the ceiling whose counting might while away the time.

Suddenly—a thought. Now a thought to me is valuable; a thing not to be despised. How often have I murmured as I sat in the examination hall—a thought! a thought! my kingdom for a thought! But a thought at present I had. A Frenchman has wearied to death

the candidates for Junior Matric with his "Voyage Autour de ma Chambre." Why could I not revenge myself on the world by a similar brilliancy?

Forthwith I settled myself comfortably on my bed and began. Before me flashed a bevelled mirror above a handsome fireplace. Gracefully draped over it is one of my pet furnishings—our family tartan. How the blood swelled in my veins as I dreamed of my ancestors trooping over the Scottish hills and dales with their noble plaids streaming in the wind. But my spirits fell; I had been conquered—by a biscuit. On the lower shelf of my mantle a dainty water color, as yet unfinished, holds the central position. On each side stand a few photos of old schoolmates. Further along, like sentinels, stands a pair of vases whose beauty's only serious rival was probably their cheapness. Gracefully leaning against the posts of the mantel are Torontoensis '02 and '03; shall I ever be able to add '04?

The upper shelf is lined with photos. What different scenes do they all bring back! One, particularly, reminds me of my happy Collegiate days. Harry's twinkling eyes even yet fill me with longing for those days of yore. What jolly times we had at school—we, the midgets! I can see him yet, as he disappears backwards down the aisle at the urgent request of a heavy hand on the back of his collar. Again, I hear his laugh as I slide rapidly in the opposite direction with a large strong hand around each foot. Has the janitor ever discovered why the floor there was always so free from dust? I do not know. How jolly it seemed to climb out of the window when the master's back was turned; to fire up the old boiler on a cold winter's morning and burst a flue! But "those days of yore will come no more."

To the left of the mantel hangs a picture so ugly in its hideous gold-painted frame that I have covered it up with invitation cards. 'Tis here I preserve my bogus bid to the '07 receptions. Below hangs a dainty panel—"The Lady in Scarlet." Why was she? What was she? When and where did she live? Did she dance? Did she sing? Was she the mere fancy of an artist's brush or the evil genius of some daring novelist? Alas, I do not know; she is all mystery.

In the far left-hand corner stands my dresser with its array of necktie covers and such other necessities as are usually found in a boy's room. Two ornaments—the property of house—also occupy a prominent place there. One might more properly be described as a "hornament," as it consists of a pair of horns embracing a small mirror, a tray of horn, and matchholders of the same likeness. The other consists of a brass frame enclosing a small mirror, a tray and two perfume bottles. The latter are very dainty affairs which were originally intended to stand erect, but at present one has a slant of about forty-five degrees. Despite the fact of the slant it is not full and never has been since my arrival. Another distinguishing feature of this bottle is that its cork will not fit in, which seems to prove that at one time it has been so full that the cork has not yet recovered.

Passing the triple window through which enters the light which arouses me every morning after breakfast is over, I come to the picture of a man who is apparently respected even in a Tory house—the Hon. Geo. Brown. As if, however, to lessen the affect of his noble presence, my landlady enclosed him in one of her hideous gold frames whose glaring brassiness disturbs the eye. Immediately below stands the dispenser of heat,