

WHO WE ARE.

S. H. BLAKE.—

Whose favorite song runs :—

“Come o’er the sea,

Cruising with me ;

While sea birds are calling and billows foam past ;

If the tide’s fair

We *may* reach somewhere,

And I’ll steer, while you sweep with a thing like a mast.”

ROBERT CASSELS.—

Called sometimes “The Ostrich,” in honest praise of a gastric juice
which has proved equal to digesting the judgments of the
Supreme Court of Canada.

*A. MONRO GRIER.—

Dulce ridens, dulce loquens.

Historian, Poet, Orator, Honorary Cook, P. G.

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.—

“Tho’ the dews of Kilmarnock fall héavy and chill,
My heart is aye warm if I’m close to the(e) still.”

HURON }
FRANK } CRONYN.—

The two of them don’t make one very big boy, but each has grit
enough for a grenadier.

*W. H. BLAKE.—

Soi disant chef de l’expedition.

*J. MCG. YOUNG.—

The real commander, diversely known as “James,” “Jim,” “Greg,”
“McGregor,” “McGruder,” “J. McG.” “Jacques McGregoire
La Jeunesse,” “Here, you—you”

HUGH ROSE.—

“The Jedge.”