

Peterson, as Chairman of the Carnegie Pensions Board.

An incident illustrating Sir William Macdonald's sense of the fitness of things in this context, occurred at a Convocation ceremony. ~~Let my memory serve me right,~~ If my memory serves me right, the occasion was the granting of the L.L.D. to Mr. Carnegie. The students were in jovial mood, and their programme of enthusiastic accompaniment once started, got a little ahead of the game, and the reverend gentleman who opened the proceedings with prayer, did not secure the decorous silence appropriate to his office. Sir William was deeply and sincerely mortified.

When the student body got out of hand in those days, and removed the Star bulletin boards, or fell foul of the police, the old gentleman was inclined to take the matter almost as a personal affront and I mention this, not to recall past lapses of deportment by our student body - no student body at a first-class University has fewer or milder lapses - nor to dwell upon an old man's amiable foibles, but to illustrate my main thesis, which is that the motive of Sir William's generosity was a very human and quite tremendous emotion of responsibility and affection for the young men of his time and country. He had ^{no} family, and so, dedicating the increment of his fortune to the rising generation, he felt very much as a decent parent does when his children appear indifferent to such advantages as he has provided for them. Impersonal charity was not in him. He delighted in the sight of the crowded campus, more especially so long as the crowded campus behaved decorously.

There was a fine style about Sir William. On the small, finely arched feet, so characteristic of a high-bred Highlander, he wore the shiniest of boots, and it was a sight to see him skip, with antelope dexterity, across the March mud of Sherbrooke Street (macademized and rutted in those days) and arrive with unspecked footgear on the far pavement.

He could spend hours on a building under construction, from wallhead to basement, without bumping his tall grey felt hat or rubbing plaster on an elbow. Moreover, his visits never did the conduct of the work any harm, and often much