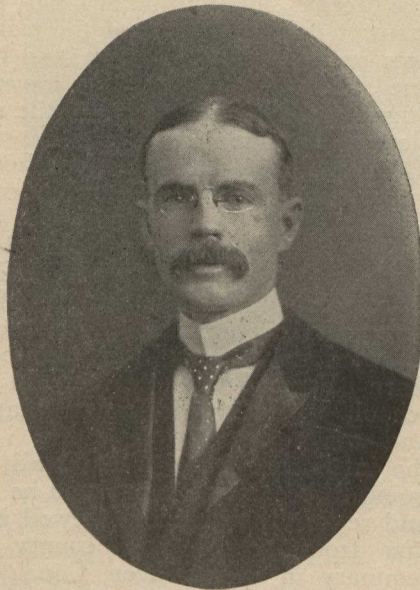


## THE CLASS OF 1906

### Biography

One was heard to murmur two or three days since just as examinations were under way in a strange, yet not strangely familiar tone: "How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood." Thereupon one of THE JOURNAL's detectives of family history and closeted skeleton, scenting untold mysteries within the sepulchral sounds which dreamily, if not musically, wafted the singer back to bygone years, with magic key secured entrance to Mr. A. R. Ross' early thought and experience.

A child beyond his years he sits upon the southern banks of the St. Lawrence, a few rods from his St. Lambert home—making castles or building pyramids of sand! Not he, for our Sandy was made for better things. Mighty purposes trouble his mind, perplex his brow, cause him to run his fingers through his hair—some think they have reason to believe this mental or manual trick, or both combined, have left their mark upon him in his latter days; but suddenly a change comes over his features enthusiasm is pictured there for his imagination has been fired. The stretch of water fronting him has become a broad expanse of sea separating him from India's distant strand and further off on the horizon Green-



A. R. ROSS, B.A., B.D.