

the Honorable Chief Justice Falconbridge, of the King's Bench for Ontario. I have already mentioned Thomas Hodgins, K.C., the Mastery-in-Chancery, and I have not forgotten the Rev. Professor Bryce, of Manitoba College, Dr. E. H. Smythe, K.C., of Kingston, Dr. W. H. Ellis, of the School of Practical Science, the Rev. Professor Scrimger, of the Montreal Presbyterian College, Professor Baker, of our own University, W. A. Reeve, K.C., the late Principal of the Law School for Ontario, Rev. Father Teefy, of St. Michael's College, H. M. Deroche, ex-M. P.P., John King, K.C., W. Macdonald, K.C., the late solicitor of the University of Toronto, and many others to name whom would overrun the limit assigned to me.

JOHN A. PATERSON, '66.

THE SURROUNDING OF THE LITTLE SIGNOR,

A DESCRIPTIVE FANTASY.

The Sabbath morning had passed somewhat wearily with me, so I had determined to go for a bracing walk upon the moors, in order that I might not only be at one with myself but with all the world. As I toiled heavily up the side of the highest Coyle of Muich, using the largest bunches of purple heather for rests, my spirits slowly became lightened by the increasing nearness of the cairn at the top. At last I was there, and seating myself on the granite cairn let my legs hang over so that my heels could kick freely against the rocks, while I idly surveyed the panorama around me.

Away to the northwest the grey granite turrets of Balmoral Castle loomed proudly above the rugged and stern surrounding of pine and birch, which cover the slope of Lochnagar. To the east the dreamy little burg of Ballater, nestled cosily against the side of Craigendarroch, which faced the brazen wastes of the River Dee. Westward-ho the silver sheen of Loch Muich could be discerned as it filtered through the highlands on each side.

After having my fill of the scenery I fell to dreaming, and who knows how far my mind might have wandered had I not been awakened from my reverie by a manly, musical voice reproaching me for my recklessness.

"Aren't you afraid that you will take cold there after that long climb?"

And that was the beginning of my friendship with David Macdonald, Signor Davidde, as the Brothers at Perugia were accustomed to call him, or the Little Signor, the term of endearment which the simple Italian folk used to apply to him among themselves.

We spent a happy month together that month, rambling over highland moor and through mountain glen, disturbing the grouse in their heather nests, and the frightened deer as they fled through the forests, pitifully fearful of the hunter's gun. And as we clambered over each castle ruin and frail foot-bridge, I grew to know and like him. It seems only yesterday when he stood beside me, barely five feet four, his kindly eyes set in a face covered by a well-pointed brown colored van-dyke, with the inevitable peak cap on his head. In the meantime, I gradually learned the cause of his even and simple life, its influences and hopes. But it is not necessary to detail to you the twenty-nine monotonous years of his office work.

One morning the Little Signor woke to find that his father, the architect, had left what seemed to him a fortune, and the aspirations which had lain dormant so long arose within him, and he deserted the work.

He had often heard that all roads directly or indirectly lead to Rome, and his first thought was to prove it. But before he had proceeded far in the proof he met two or three young Brothers of the Cardinal College at

Perugia. The first true companionship that he had ever known drew him to that quiet little Italian town, where the Church of the good Virgin appealed to him as his own kirk had not. And so he became the Little Signor to the good people, who looked up to him not as his own had but because he was the Brothers' brother. No wonder was it that he stood on the threshold of doubt whether to cling to the religion of his fathers or to assume that of the Brothers. But in his dilemma fate intervened and family interests called him back to the land of the purple heather where I had met him.

The heavy mists and the approaching chill of autumn, however, soon appalled me, and my restless nature drove me southward, where I stayed until London and Paris became dim with fogs and inundated with rain. But no matter where I went the bonds of friendship between David Macdonald and myself were never allowed to weaken, and so his letters were to me ever a source of pleasure, and added to that expectancy with which I looked forward to the time when we would be together again. For I knew that his private affairs would soon permit him joining me.

When the first influences of the Lenten season effected me with a joyful heart, I had set out for Nice, Nizza la Bella, the land of dazzling sunshine, of flowers and of palms, where the sea presents an unforgettable fairy-scene of opal and sapphire waters.

It was not long before I was comfortably settled on the neighboring hill of Cimiez, and ready to feast upon the languid scenery about me. The early morning generally found me on my way down the Place Massena, by its arcaded houses in quest of a bouquet at the quaint but animated flower-market; and on one of these excursions I met Nina Madison, who with her parents occupied one of the villas on the hill. After that we visited Nizza la Bella together, and mingled with the gay and happy crowd that breathed an air smelling of violets and mimosa, along the fairy Promenade des Anglais. Occasionally we would vary our walk by following the Cours du Paillon to the Monastery of Saint Barthélemy, when the conversation generally turned to my Highland friend David Macdonald, Signor Davidde. She then learned little by little all that I know of him, and came to regard the Little Signor as also her friend. And to tell the truth I knew that they would be good friends upon acquaintance, so that when one morning I met her on the portico with a letter in my hand and a face lit up with gladness, she knew at once that he was coming.

A day or so afterwards Signor Davidde arrived and accompanied us in our rambles over that historic Bourbon quarter. And as their friendship progressed we three wandered on into new ways, past the castle of Saint André. Again we would take the road to Villefranche, through the wooded path of Montboron, in order to view the light-house of Saint Jean at Beaulieu, sunlit in its baked whiteness. And in all of those pleasant jaunts the little Signor was happy as he had never been before.

But a cloud lowered on the horizon of his happiness, and the open doors of the Cardinal College, which had before been so inviting, seemed as distasteful to him as did the presence of Gerald Mathison, who had joined our small coterie of friends. Mathison was as handsome as he was good-natured. Since his banking house had given him a lengthy holiday he was determined to thoroughly enjoy it, and not knowing how keenly the little Signor was affected, proceeded to make himself especially agreeable in one quarter.

The time passed quickly, and it was not long before the carnival season was upon us, bringing my, wander-