

THOSE who knew the old Mahlstick Club, now so sadly scattered, will remember those fierce arguments on Art in which McKechnie laid down the law bare-naked, as his conviction urged; always dogmatic as became a Scotchman, always convinced and clinched in his own opinion, yet tolerant withal—and kindly.

POOR Mack! It's a sad business to hark back to those old Mahlstick days now.

THEY'VE scattered—those good fellows—one by one, and now it's Mack.

THE mystery of the North got his heart—its wildness, its sombreness, and most of all, its strength. Strength itself was beauty, and the raw strength of the granite-ribbed wilderness best satisfied his longing.

AND now the North has got him altogether. He's run his last rapid. He's finished his trip. His paddle is flung ashore. Poor Mack! He'd hardly got round the first bend!

MACK, you ever-cheerful, ever-honest, ever-dogmatic Scotchman, we'll miss you, old chap, next winter—at the club—when the model comes down from the throne and it's time to call for a song. There'll be no life in it at first—that song—for we'll miss you—miss you—we will.

SID HOWARD.

ED. Note.—Neil McKechnie, a young artist of strong promise, from this city, was drowned while running a rapid on the Metagami River, New Ontario, on Friday, June 24th. The artists and art students of Toronto had always expected much from McKechnie, because from his temperament it seemed likely he would go far and straight in the direction of Canadianism in art. The above appreciation, written by a close friend of his, expresses pretty closely the general regard in which young McKechnie was held among the Toronto artists and their associates.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, JULY 9TH, 1904