



Dr. W. H. Drummond is the central figure in this group. This picture was taken at Cobalt last autumn.

His Last Portage

THE death of Dr. W. H. Drummond brings a sense of personal loss, not only to the many who knew the imaginative, warm-hearted writer, but to that wider circle of friends who knew him only through his poetry. His writings form a distinct addition to our national literature, giving as they do, an idealistic interpretation of the "Habitant." Simple and homely in subject, they are infused with the true poetic spirit that finds the eternal romance in the midst of the commonplace. The picturesqueness of Quebec, the stern cliffs, haze-crowned hills, the sparkling mountain lakes, the wind-swept pines—all these form a background for the naive yet shrewd Jean Baptiste who lives and toils and dies near the "reever" which Champlain and Cartier loved. He has given us many a song of quaint humour and light-hearted adventure, of humble love and simple heroism, this brilliant Irish-Canadian poet whose generous heart is stilled. Not Montreal alone, but the wide Dominion mourns the untimely passing of William Henry Drummond.

The words inscribed on his coffin plate are those of England's poet of the sea which describe the effect of the old school motto on her sons:—

"And falling fling to those behind,
Play up! Play up! And play the game!"

The Late Speaker of Ontario

THE death of Hon. Joseph Wesley St. John last Sunday brought to the close a fortnight's fight with the great foe. The late Speaker of the Ontario Legislature was "ever a fighter" and it was hoped by those who knew him best that his splendid vitality would enable him to conquer in the struggle against the disease which so suddenly developed.

Mr. St. John was born in 1854 in Ontario County and was educated at Cobourg Collegiate Institute and Victoria University, taking his degree in arts from the latter in 1881. He was an enthusiastically loyal son of "Old Vic" and at the time of his death was a member of the University Senate. He entered the profession of law, finally becoming senior member of the firm, St. John and Kappele.

In 1888 he made his first appearance in political life, in support of the late Hon. N. Clarke Wallace, the Conservative candidate in West York. In 1892 and 1898, Mr. St. John was defeated in contesting West York for the Legislature; in 1894, however, he defeated Mr. Hill, and

since 1902 West York has been regarded as a "St. John constituency." On the accession of the Conservatives to power in 1905, Mr. St. John was elected Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of Ontario, a position which he filled with dignity and impartiality for nearly three sessions. While his ardent political strife had never been mistaken for partisan rancour, it was not until his entrance upon the duties of Speaker, that the members on both sides of the Legislative Assembly realised his essential manliness and geniality of disposition. He was as courteous to the page as to the member of long standing, and created an atmosphere of goodwill that too seldom pervades a legislative chamber. There was in his heart that spirit of "eternal boyhood" which made him a host of friends, such as few public men have possessed. Clean and honourable in public and private life, true to the highest claims of church, state and fellowship, he has left a noble record.

From Drummond's Last Poem

Read at St. Patrick's Day Banquet.

His eye may never see the blue
Of Ireland's April sky,
His ear may never listen to
The song of lark on high;
But deep within his Irish heart
Are cloisters, dark and dim,
No human hand can wrench apart,
And the lark still sings for him.

We've bowed beneath the chastening rod,
We've had our griefs and pains,
But with them all we still thank God,
The Blood is in our veins;
The ancient blood that knows no fear,
The Stamp is on us set,
And so, however foes may jeer,
We're Irish yet! We're Irish yet!

The McGill Fire

EARLY on the morning of Friday, the 5th, the Macdonald Engineering Building at McGill University, Montreal, was destroyed by fire. It was opened in February, 1893, by Lord Stanley, and was the gift of Sir William Macdonald. The planning of it was done by Dean Bovey, to whom the applied science section of McGill owes almost all of its present efficiency. The building was a five-storey structure standing by itself and having for its neighbour the Workman Mechanical Building. The two were connected, but heavy fire-doors saved the latter.

The building and contents were worth at least \$600,000 and were insured for \$320,000. The loss to McGill will thus be fairly heavy. It will be rebuilt at once and no doubt Sir William Macdonald will materially assist in restoring the building which bore his name and which was a standing reminder of his generosity to that institution. The loss in instruments and museum specimens will not so easily be overcome.



The Fire at McGill University.

A realistic photograph of the Macdonald Engineering Building, as it appeared just after the flames had broken out in the early morning of April 5th.