

Of course he shouldn't have looked for encouragement so soon: but it's a way men have. He met her several times before this Reception, and then their friendship, no longer platonic, was, by mutual consent, replaced by something more intimate. I naturally told him that it was the effect of the softened lights: that the contemplation of the skulls of departed races had unbalanced his brain; that the shadow of the Megatherium——; but he was too far gone to be moved by such pleadings. And as his subsequent conduct plainly showed that he was lost to us, I ceased to argue. He used to come in now and then and expatiate on the charms of "Daisy." One time he brought a valentine he received from her. It was painted by herself, and represented a student to whom a dozen or so little "Loves" were bowing and crying "Classis I." When I saw that, in my ignorance of feminine ways, I said that she must reciprocate his love, and since he was so fortunate bore my loss with stoicism.

I went away in the spring, it was my last year in that Faculty, and I needed a rest before starting on again. I did not hear from or of him for more than six months. Then I got a very sad letter from him. It ran: "I lived in a fool's paradise." etc. You all know the symptoms, mayhap have passed through them, so I need not give any more of that..... "I went to see Miss—— when I returned to college, and was very graciously received. 'How do you do, Mr.——?' 'she said. 'I hope you have enjoyed your holidays?' 'She was perfectly self-possessed or I should have thought she was acting. Was this the Daisy I left?' etc..... It is well that I have been busy or I should have become a misanthrope" I have reached the end of Byron's ode.

"This motto shall forever stand:
Woman, thy vows are traced in sand."

Daisy married a clever young doctor that winter. I returned the following spring, and saw Harry take his degree. He was pale but in good health and apparent good spirits. What surprised me most was to see him strolling down the Avenue with Daisy and her husband after Convocation, discussing something that seemed to interest them greatly. This was explained by a card I got a week or so after:—

Mr. and Mrs——

Request the pleasure of your Company at the marriage of their daughter

—May—
to

Mr. Henry——

WYDOWN.

A VISIT TO THE ST. LAWRENCE BRIDGE.

Last Monday afternoon several of the 4th year Science decided to make an excursion to the above Bridge works. Prof. Bovey kindly gave them letters to Mr. Peterson of the C.P.R. and Mr. Duggan of the Dominion Bridge Co., which was all that was necessary to get permission to cross over the St. Lawrence Bridge and to go through the Bridge Co's. works. The party

left town at noon and arrived at the office of the Dominion Bridge Co. in good time, where they found Mr. Duggan, who not only gave them permission but accompanied them through the works. After looking over a number of designs, including those for the new Wellington Street bridges, the party were shown the Emery Testing Machine, which is the same as the one in our Testing Laboratory.

Mr. Duggan then took the party over to the shops, where all the machines were seen in operation, viz., punching and riveting machines, shears, hammers and rollers. The enormous power required for running all these is a 100 H.P. engine with a twelve foot fly wheel and a 75 H. P. air compressor, all the riveting being done by compressed air.

The party then left the works, and after a walk of about a mile arrived at the St. Lawrence Bridge. The Bridge itself is about three-fourths of a mile long, and consists of eight deck spans of the Double Intersection Pratt type each two hundred and forty feet long; and a girder continuous over five piers, the side spans being each two hundred and sixty-nine feet, and the middle or channel spans each four hundred and eight feet, the latter being "through" trusses. In crossing the Bridge all the details were looked into as carefully as the limited time would allow and many "pointers" obtained for future use.

The next point of interest after re-crossing this Bridge was the Swing Bridge where the C.P.R. crosses the Lachine Canal. This one is of the triangular pattern and is two hundred and forty feet long. The important feature here is the rocker links, at the centre, which tend to equalize the pressure on the turntable, and to examine which several of the party mounted to the top of the truss, a height of forty feet.

The party then took the train home, satisfied that they had been well repaid for the loss of an afternoon so close to exams.

L. G.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editor of the MCGILL FORTNIGHTLY.

DEAR SIR:—

In many Universities journalism is encouraged by the offering of prizes for the best contribution to the different University publications. And since competition is one of the greatest incentives to hard work, it naturally produces good results. I would therefore suggest to the incoming Boards, both Editorial and Financial, that something of this sort be adopted here. You are well aware yourself, sir, of the lack of any active interest in the FORTNIGHTLY among the majority of our fellow-students. They are content to read their paper and criticize the editorials, but they decline to exert themselves in its behalf. This failing may be due to modesty, or it may be due to indolence,—that is not for me to decide; whatever the cause, the fact remains that on the Editors is thrown almost the entire burden of the work. Their duties should rather be those of choosing and arranging contributions from the students whom they represent.

I enclose an extract from a letter I have just received from Yale. Of course we cannot expect to arrive at such results, but the account of the Yale Daily News may be of service to the Board.

Yours truly,

A. RIVES HALL.