

was highly indebted to the very liberal disposition of Mr. McGill, who had set such a praiseworthy example to his fellow citizens, whose duty it now became generally to aid his work and follow up his munificent views. The Archdeacon concluded his address by expressing his conviction that all who were present felt alike the dependence of every human understanding for its success upon the blessing of divine providence and would therefore be unanimously ready to join in the religious services with which it was proposed to conclude the business of the day and with which he accordingly proceeded.

Before closing this subject we deem it but justice to the Venerable Archdeacon Strachan to state that to that reverend gentleman this Province is greatly indebted for McGill College, as, to his suggestions on this subject, his friend and relative, the late Mr. McGill, lent a ready and willing ear, and was induced to frame the bequest which is now about to be employed according to the intention of its donor. To that gentleman, we understand, is also due the very liberal arrangement which was announced by the Principal with regard to the total absence of any tests for the admission of professors or students.

THROUGH WESTERN ONTARIO ON A BICYCLE.

To one who enjoys the pleasures of wheeling, and who that has mastered the silent steed does not, a fortnight's holidays in the summer cannot be more pleasantly spent than in making a tour through the beautiful counties of Western Ontario. One gets in this way a much better idea of the country than in travelling by rail, and besides such a trip is sure to be full of interesting and amusing incidents.

The writer of this article had the pleasant experience of such a trip last summer. The city of Hamilton was the starting point and a visit was first of all paid to Niagara Falls, the road all the way being splendid for wheeling and the scenery beautiful. A trip through the Niagara peninsula can be appreciated only by one whose time is at his own disposal, and who is able to visit at his leisure the historic scenes with which the historic old county of Niagara abounds. The land-sharks at the Falls may be successfully baffled by the wheelman who is independent of any other means of locomotion than his trusty bike.

Returning to Hamilton, a start was made for the west, the first seven miles of the ride being a continuous climb till Lancaster is reached at the top of the mountain, a quaint little village said to be older than the city of Hamilton. From here to Brantford the road used to be one of the worst in the country, but now in dry weather is very fair for wheeling and the distance may be covered in about an hour and

a half. Stopping to get a drink at the toll-gate near Brantford, the old keeper was attracted by the cyclometer on my wheel and examined it closely. As I was leaving he said, "Wait a minute, I want the old woman to see it," and then after enjoying her mystification he informed her with an air of quite superior wisdom "That's what tells the man how fast he's going." Leaving Brantford and the slow-running and muddy Grand River and passing through the county of Brant the village of Norwich, in Oxford county, was the next objective point. Here about the first person I met was an old college chum in the person of the Rev. John Millar. Together we planned a little side trip to Delhi, in Norfolk county, to visit another Queen's graduate, well-known to readers of the JOURNAL, the Rev. E. C. Currie. The roads were mostly heavy sand, the *pooh bah* of every wheelman. A pleasant time was spent, but the return trip was not so pleasant, for before we had got very far on our homeward way we encountered a maddened cow, which assumed a very aggressive attitude and compelled us to make a detour which included the crossing of two stump fences, an unpleasant task at any time but doubly so when it had to be done in a hurry and by one encumbered with a bicycle. As we resumed our journey and sped on it grew dark apace and I had the misfortune to run my wheel into a rut, which shot it and me into the fence close by, making a hopeless wreck of the wheel, though I escaped unhurt. The rest of the journey, five miles, had to be performed on foot. The next day the broken wheel was gathered up and left at a local dealer's, a new wheel secured and my journey resumed.

The towns of Paris, Ayr and Berlin were next visited. Entering Paris from the west a very fine view of the town is secured, lying far down below and across the Grand River. In approaching Berlin from the south the road is a veritable "labyrinth of intricacies," and the guide book does not pretend to describe it, consequently I had to enquire the way frequently, but as most of the inhabitants were of German persuasion it was only from a few that I could get any information of any moment. One old man said in reply to my queries, "Choost geep on this road till you durn; that's German Mills; then you go to Berlin from there." After reaching Berlin I turned east again and an hour's run brought me to Hespeler, past some picturesque places on the Grand and Speed rivers.

After a month's stay at Hespeler, during which I had many opportunities of visiting Guelph and Galt and covering a good deal of the county of Wellington, I proceeded on my way west, passing through Berlin, Stratford, St. Mary's and London. This part of the trip was delightful and includes one of