

Edgar Andrew Collard
loved to hear my
mother, Lois Winslow Spragg
tell her stories of the
early days in Montreal.
He included many of
them in his column

"All our Yesterdays"
I believed it was
he who asked her to write
some of her memories
of McGill and University
Street where both the
Dawson & Harrington
families lived.

These are just rough
copies she typed herself.
So they are far from
perfect. I don't know how

So I remember so
many of the details

so many years later -

She must have been
about 70 or so when
she did so.

Anne Byers

APT. 22

4643 SHERBROOKE ST. WEST

MONTREAL, QUE. H3Z 1G2

April 2, 1978

Mr. Donald N. Byers, Q.C.,
P.O. Box 27,
Place Victoria,
Montreal.

Dear Mr. Byers:-

Thank you very much indeed for sending me the most interesting material on Mrs. Winslow-Spragge. It arrived while I was away in Ottawa, where (as you might well imagine) I am now spending much of my time.

I always had the greatest admiration for Mrs. Winslow-Spragge. She very graciously gave me interviews, when she recalled for me her recollections of McGill in the days of Sir William Dawson.

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This material I had planned to use in connection with some later McGill writing. But I feel that at this time it should be used in my column, as a tribute to her memory.

This would also enable me to get around a difficulty. The Gazette for the last few years, as you have no doubt noticed, has almost eliminated the obituary biographies. The new policy is to hand this matter over to the Advertising Department and to run them on the Obituary Page at so much a line!

As this policy applies to me and my column, I have to observe it, especially as any exception would create a precedent. But an article on Mrs. Worslaw-Spagg's memoirs would avoid this problem and, by the way I would present them, would accomplish much the same

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aim and purpose. I have written an article for my column along these lines. It will appear next Saturday and will contain, I feel, some quite fascinating material, as Mrs. Winslow-Spogge was a superb raconteur, with the capacity to recall those details that make a description vivid and memorable. It has given me deep satisfaction to write this article, as I was thinking, all the time I was doing it, of her presence and the charm and wisdom of her wonderful personality.

You will be pleased to know that the work on my accumulation of historical documents and letter materials is going ahead extremely well. The people at E.A.C. ^{refer to a} ^{Cornwall Council} ^{have} ^{D.W.B.} ^{was} ^{able to} ^{get} ^{at con's} ^{suggestions}

(4)

the Archives are all very enthusiastic about the collection and believe it will add much to their reference resources in a number of departments. I am taking an Ottawa apartment and will be living there, at least for several years, to see the whole work of arranging, identifying, writing commentaries, indexing, etc., thoroughly carried to conclusion.

You can have no idea how much this all means to me. It is the culmination and fulfilment of a lifetime's work. Few men indeed are so fortunate as I am. And I am more grateful than I can say for all your interest, kindness and decisive assistance in bringing it all to pass.

Sincerely yours,
Edgar Andrew Collard

University St. was obviously given that name because it ran close to the McGill University, but of this I do not have any particulars.

It may be of interest therefore to take a walk up this street and stop here and there for a few minutes and recall some of the private homes and their occupants, as well as the public buildings of earlier days.

At the foot of University St. where it meets Dorchester Boulevard was the solid well built and handsome Saint James Club, this was a club for important and well to do business men. As my father was a professor of small means, he was not a member, so I being his daughter seldom went there except when I became grown up and occasionally would be invited to a dinner there. At one time when when my sister and I were about 17 & 19, we were skating at the Coliseum Rink on Guy St. and as we were skimming around a corner of the ice, a nice young man stopped by us and invited my sister to go for a turn with him, of course in those days this was a risky and terrible thing to do - to dare to speak to any young man who had not had a proper introduction.. his parents might not have been on your mother's " calling list " Be it as it may, off she went and thoroughly enjoyed herself. Some time later however, when she was going to the Saint James Club to attend some function she was surprised and embarrassed to see the door graciously opened by her boy-friend of the rink, who was all dressed up in a fine livery ornamented with shining buttons.

North of the Saint James Club and on the same side, was the old Oxford Cafe or tavern, to enter which one had to step several steps down from the side-walk to a sort of double wooden door through which people seemed to be continually coming & going. It was said by the students and other men that you got a very good meal there as well as excellent beer - but I only recall that there was a very unpleasant beery smell as you passed by.

The Christ Church Cathedral on the east corner of St Catherine & University seemed always to have been in this part of the city, its steeple pointing to the sky to remind people that there were better things to be sought than just money. In 1907 or just about that time, when Dr Symonds was Rector, the cathedral was a very popular place with the McGill students, and there seemed to be no trouble in filling its pews, especially at the evening services.

Across from the Cathedral & on the west side of University was the fascinating old departmental store, which went by the delightful name of " Scroggies " It was a child's delight, for one if permitted, could stand for any length of time & gaze at the exquisite display of ribbons, they were wide and narrow & in every shade. There were watered ribbons, satin, taffeta and soft velvets of every pastel hue. I saved my pennies to purchase baby ribbons to make bows to adorn my dolls dresses, these were 2 cents a yard. The other attraction of this place which I remember so clearly were the cash boxes which flew around the ceilings on tracks & which might suddenly come tumbling down on the counter beside you & give your mother her change. Scroggies was unfortunately built on shifting clay strata - & one morning we heard the shocking news that Scroggies had collapsed during the night. Later Goodwins was built on this same property, but by that time builders such as Anglin Norcross had learnt to do pile driving so such an accident would not occur again.

We have now arrived at Burnside St., now de Maisoneuve, and what could be more delightful than gazing into the windows of Walter Paul's old time grocery shop, a large premise containing supplies from near & far. Christmas was the best time to visit this store as delicious spicy smells would be sure to greet you & marvellous displays of Christmas crackers would excite the eye, and tubs of Xmas candies suggested that it would be good to taste - if by chance you did steal one you might find yourself sucking a little red fish that tasted strongly of winter-green & burnt your tongue, thus paying you back for your sin. Large packages of raisins and all kinds of nuts were in evidence as well as sugared dates & rosy apple, indeed there was everything that man's heart could desire, but only those with full purses could possess. During your search for possibly a piece of mistle-toe, you might run into jolly old Mr Paul himself who greeted you warmly with a great smile. He always had that little over.

lump or wart on his nose or was it his chin, these little details are hard to remember, but it was certainly there somewhere !

Across the road from Pauls on the north east corner was a much smaller grocery store which went by the name of " Brouillt & Guay " It was here that my mother did most of her grocery shopping, for the prices here were much more reasonable than Pauls. Mr Brouillet was a very agreeable and obliging man, he was tall and slight and most pleasing in his white apron. He always treated my mother with the greatest of respect, and spoke at all times very kindly to us children, and sometimes gave us a treat.

Continuing on up University on the easterly side and shortly before reaching reaching Sherbrooke St. we stop in front of the house owned by Sir John Kennedy the chief engineer and Harbour Commissioner of Montreal, and a very able man. His eldest daughter became the wife of Sir Herbert Ames of United Nation fame, and his younger daughter was our friend. Their mother Lady ^{Kennedy} Ames was a small sweet little lady with a bird-like voice and lived to a good old age. In the spring time when the St Lawrence river was jammed with huge blocks of ice, Sir John had to go out sometimes to inspect how the ice was moving, or for some other reason, and on several occasions my sister and I were invited to accompany him with his daughter, these were great times of excitement steering about amongst these huge slabs of shifting ice. We always seemed to make these trips starting early in the morning for we always had our breakfast on board, and how good things tasted, there were eggs and lovely luscious thick pieces of fried ham with toast and coffee.

Passing from the Kennedy house one could look west across the street and see the large square house surrounded by balconies in which Dean Moyses and his family lived - there was a garden before it, with some lilac shrubs and a wooden fence. I cannot remember many details about the interior of the house, except it has left in my memory a picture of a large very elegant drawing-room, daintily furnished presided over by Mrs Moyses who was an unusually sweet sympathetic and bright person, always prettily dressed, and her grey hair coiffed to perfection.

In these early days one could take ones time in crossing Sherbrooke Street one might even dare to look beyond the crossing and admire the stately newly erected building of the Royal Victoria College for ladies, with its fine statue of Queen Victoria half way up the front steps. It was a fine building, and the property on which it stood reached to University. At the time I remember best Miss Hurlbatt was the lady principal, and a very good one she was - though she looked extremely mild, she ruled with a firm hand, and though the girls did not exactly love her, they were fond of her. Miss Hurlbatt was tall and very English looking not very shapely, but this was possibly because her clothes did not have much cut to them and were usually of a tweedy nature. Her feet were rather large and as she walked she set them down firmly showing her strong nature. Her face with her lovely pink complexion had a certain radiance which expressed a pure and clean heart. Her graying hair was done simply and her eyes were kind and clear. It was in 1915 when I was living in Sherbrooke that I invited Miss Hurlbatt to come and stay with us for a few days - this she did, arriving in her usual tweed suit. She was a very delightful guest, everything seemed to please and delight her. On one of the days she was with me, I took her for a drive in the country, I had an open carriage & a big white horse. As we were chatting and speeding merrily along our vehicle suddenly slipped into a deep rut and we all but upset, I was terrified for a moment thinking how terrible it would have been if the dignified and important lady had shot out into the hayfield and broken some bones - but Miss Hurlbatt was not in the slightest bit upset and smiled over the whole incident. Before she left our house she presented my children with little pots of honey which she had carried out with her all the way from Montreal.

As a small girl my father took me with him to visit some people who lived in the house that became the McGill Conservatorium of Music - this was a spacious house and had cool looking light tiles on the floor, which looked exceedingly different from the floors in our house. Later when it was taken over by McGill, I took a course there in the theory of music, which I did quite well at, but remember finding it rather boring and difficult. This building was quite close to the

depression in the McGill grounds next the Physics building. The little burn often spoken of used to flow through this part, later the stream must have disappeared for several tennis courts were made here for the use of the students. A fence ran west from the Conservatorium and divided this hollow from Sherbrooke street. This section of Sherbrooke St was reserved for the old cab stands, a row of them stood there with their aimable looking old horses hitched to open victorias in summer, and low sleighs covered with buffalo robes in winter. Beside the fence were several benches where the cabman sat smoking and gossiping while waiting for calls. There was a small wooden house by the roadside in which was a telephone and a Quebec heater, and no doubt it was crowded on winters cold days.

Miss Lichtenstein was one of the outstanding teachers at the conservatorium somewhere about the years of 1900 to 1905, she taught both piano and singing, and my two older sisters both took lessons from her, she divided an hours teaching between them when both piano and singing were taught. My father had quite a friendship with her and was able to help her in a number of ways. He was greatly touched, when on the occasion of his setting out on a trip to Europe, she sent him a large box of flowers to the ship.

The boys of the ZetaPsi fraternity were quite to the fore at this time (1906) their house was the most northerly one of a group of four on the east side of University next to the old Bethune property. Here they lived laughed carried on their magic and did a bit of studying. Some of the familiar members one heard spoken of then were George Hale, Walter Molson, Doug Ross, George Stephens, Pic McConkey, Gordon Glassco, Con Harrington, and last but not least Ed Winslow. Then there was one with the odd name of " Fizzer Smith " who according to tales, spent time with one of the other boys concocting stories, and many of them were clever and extremely funny, these they would send off into the air by word of mouth, and make a small bet as to how long it would be before these same stories would return to them usually somewhat embellished.

Just a little bit farther up the street and across the road was the Thomas Molson home, a substantial and dignified dwelling. Mr Molson unfortunately was an invalid for the greater part of his life, but his wonderful wife, with the sweet name of Aunt Jenny carried on in a capable and gracious way. There were daughters and sons, one of the daughters married the well known Dr Colin Russel - one son Percy was an outstanding athlete and won many races for McGill as well as breaking records of previous times, another Col. Herbert Molson did much for McGill and became a governor. This house was evidently built on the same type of ground as the ill fated Scroggies, for the lower part of the house began to buckle, and it was eventually declared unsafe and had to be pulled down.

As we move farther up the street on the old board side-walk, we are nearing Milton Street, where one of the first entrances to McGill is found. Close by and on the same side of the street as the Molsons was another large and handsome house, this was the Coristine home. Mr Coristine was a dealer or importer of fine and luxurious furs. There were a number of children both boys and girls who were all friends of ours. Mrs Coristine was somebody to remember, she was of medium height stout and well figured, vigorous and bright and always fashionably gowned. At Christmas we were always invited to one of the Coristine's most wonderful parties, a childs fairy dream. In the large drawing-room stood a huge Xmas tree practically touching the ceiling, this covered with sparkling tinsel and shining coloured ornaments, and below on the lower boughs and on the floor were parcels and toys, large dolls, balls fire engines and everything you could imagine, it was an enchanting vision and everybody got some lovely gift. The party ended off with a fine supper with lots and lots of ice cream. The house as I remember it was a very comfortable and pleasing looking place, with large handsome pieces of furniture and oriental rugs deep in pile.

Opposite the Coristines on the eastern corner was the Cassel's grey stone mansion set far back from the road with a formal garden and high fence surrounding it, I never had the opportunity of going into this house, but often peered through the fence in the springtime to look at the colourful tulips growing in the formal beds.

Stepping carefully across the puddles on Milton street, and walking a short distance, we find ourselves in front of a rather quaint little row of small houses with wide steps leading both to the front door and to a small veranda. In one of these small dwellings lived Mrs Carpenter or "Carpy" as we called her. She was the wife of Prof. Carpenter who gave the famous shell collection to McGill. She was a sweet old lady with white curls around her face and her first name was "Minna" probably a German name, which we thought was a funny one! We as children quite frequently went to see her, and strange to say, she seemed quite fond of us, but we had to mind our manners when there, for if we did not, she would not produce the little brown tin box so full of those tasty brown ginger finger shaped cookies that we liked so well, nor would she reach up to take a Crown Derby jug from the top of chiffoner filled with lemon drops, which was her special treat for good behaviour. My mother was much devoted to this old lady and cared for her unselfishly through all her latter years.

In another of these small houses and probably a few years later, Prof. Cox and his family dwelt. There must have been yards and yards of Coxes for they were all very tall. There were two daughters who were friends of my older sisters - one was tall and pretty and might have been clever, and the other was tall and clever but not pretty - they were both good companions and were often with my sisters, their names were Kathy and Rachel.

Across from these small houses and on the corner of University and Wallbrae place was a tall but not lovely selfcontained house with high steps leading to its front door. Here lived the wife of Dr T. Sterry Hunt - I do not remember him, but she was a very deaf and eccentric person. At one time when health was poor, her doctor advised her to take up horse-back riding, she evidently did not like the idea of live horses, so she ordered herself a large rocking-horse, which she took to rocking on without evidently much benefit to her health, for before long she presented this dappled grey horse to my mother for her children. I remember Mrs Hunt as always rustling in gowns of stiff black taffeta silk. She frequently visited my mother and when she came always brought her hearing trumpet with her. We children did not like speaking into this trumpet, and my brother once naughtily said that if he had to speak into it again that he was going to pour some green peas down it! In spite of our uncharitable feelings towards this poor lady, she was always very kind to us sending us each a book at new Years, my eldest sister was the exception she always received a beautiful satin lined basket filled wit Joyce's best candies. Through the years she received so many baskets that her wardrope was stuffed with them!

Climbing on up the slope, and here it was quite sloping, we have now arrived at the south side of Prince Arthur and University streets. Here on the corner was situated the fraternity of the Kappa Alpha Society, commonly known as the "Kaps" a body of good men who were prone to pranking. When the warm weather of spring began to be felt they would gather on their front steps to sun themselves, and often my sister and I who were quite shy would have to pass them in order to reach home, and as usual whenever we did, they would all begin to whistle a tune which fitted in with the speed of our footsteps, much to our discomfiture. On one occasion at initiation time, a young prospective member was sent to our house and told to ask for me, and when I appeared the blushing boy was to say "Please tie this bib around my neck and give me a drink of milk" My father was much annoyed over this incident and thought it was going quite too far. - Dr Joe Arton of Bermuda, General MacDonald, and Ged Zimmerman the famous foot-ball player were all members of this fraternity.

Above Prince Arthur we come to the semi-detached and rented house where lived Mr and Mrs Tunnel Browne as they were called - he was the engineer for the tunnel under the mountain, and she was a bouncy unusual but interesting person and quite unconventional. At one time she tried to induce my mother's housekeeper to leave us and go to her, saying that she had had a vision in which her ancestors directed her to take her away - fortunately my sister arrived at this point and quickly brought to an end this foolish conversation, some of which she had listened to before entering the room.

North and east of the Brownes house was a quiet looking dwelling where two genteel looking women lived, nobody seemed to have much to do with them, but it was said that they liked snakes, and even housed a few of the species. My nature loving brother had made friends with these ladies and had been admitted one day, and vowed he had seen the snakes !

A rather pretentious stone house came next to that of the snake ladies, this was where Mr Burland lived - I do not recall what he looked like, but from various things which happened he showed himself to be a crusty old fellow. One spring when the snow was beginning to melt, and the boys as was their wont were making dams on the street, one of these dams, and a very large one broke and all the water went rushing down the street and veered into the Burland's driveway & from there descended in to their cellar and on to their Sunday pies What an explosion of anger took place ! Of course he had a right to be cross, but his anger went beyond all bounds - he became most abusive and the boys were terrified.

Now crossing to the west side, we pass quickly the houses of Heward, Daylis DeLisle and Parkin, and find ourselves in front of a large square brick house set in a spacious garden - it stood high above the street and a long flight of steps led to the wide front veranda. This house belonged to a man by the name of LeClair, I believe he and his family were French. By the time my father had moved his establishment to the upper part of University St. no.295 it was most pleasant to look across the street and see this nice house and have this large open garden which gave plenty of light and the feeling of good air to us all - but alas came the day when this property was taken over by McGill, and the erection of the new Medical Building took place. We all knew that this was a wonderful thing for McGill, but it seemed as if a prison was arising before our eyes.

Later on ~~my~~ Grandmother and Grandfather moved from the College house to upper University St. and lived in the next house to ours. My father had a door cut through the wall inside, half way up the stairway, which conveniently connected the two domains. A passage way was also contrived between the houses which led to the back doors and then to the gardens behind. In our garden was a most magnificent horse-chestnut tree with the best chestnuts for miles around. In the autumn when the nuts were beginning to fall, urchins of all types and nationalities would arrive to steal these much desired shiny brown treasures.

What a delightful mental adventure to travel up ~~University~~ University street of memory... and now we are right at the top, and can look east and west on Pine Ave. and across to the slopes of Mount Royal where stands the castle-like structure of the Royal Victoria Hospital. This building of such fine tradition was in grave danger at one time, when the whole upper part of the central construction became engulfed in fire. The nurses in the wings where the large wards were, calmly drew the blinds and continued with their duties as if nothing were happening. It was said later, that owing to the behaviour of the nurses, that not a patient knew that there was a fire. Outside of the hospital building, all was action, the reels and fire engines were there, and tubular fire escapes were being attached to the balconies in case of emergency. People all up and down University St. were offering assistance and beds if need be. Fortunately the fire was able to be controlled and the fear of what might have been a great disaster was over after an hour or

so. A Canadian once remarked to my father while they were sitting having lunch in London England " Well this hospital will always be a great show place, but I doubt if it will serve any practical purpose, it will not appeal to the people " Well, how wrong people can be, for this hospital together now with the Neurological building is world famous, it adorns and crowns the top of this busy and well-known street.

The name of this street has remained unchanged since the early days, though it could be changed at any time to " Rue de L'Universite ", but the character of the street has greatly altered..... One never sees any more the milkman carrying his large cans of milk into the houses from which he measured the requirements of each householder

nor does one see the ice man with his enormous pincers carrying in blocks of dripping ice to feed the old wooden refrigerators, while his kindly old horse waited patiently by the curb of the unpaved street. Occasionally the knife and scissor man made his rounds, ringing a little bell to attract attention, and call for blunt and dull carving knives etc to be brought to him. Then there were the rag and bottle men that rattled about in the back lanes in their untidy carts - His cry was loud and could be heard all about " Any old rags, bottles or papers for sale "..... We will not miss the above too much, but it is truly sad to know that the voice of the banana man or the strawberry man will never be heard any more, for every child's heart jumped with joy when they heard the lusty voice of the Banana man gradually growing louder as he climbed up the hill on a hot early summers day, the bunches of golden bananas lying on straw in the open back of his cart " Banans, banans, nice ripe banans for sale " his voice called " only 15 cents a dozen " or " strawberries, fine ripe strawberries, only 10 cents a box " Many mothers egged on by their children bought many dozens of bananas at this tempting price ! Well all these picturesque together with all the horsedrawn vehicles have gone, and with the disappearance of horses, the hundreds of twittering little homely sparrows have gone, to be replaced with hooting tooting motor cars, busses, vans bicycles etc. Even at night the raucaus noises continue, and it would scarcely be possible to search for the lunar and other big moths around the street lights as one did in 1906.

by h.w.s.

McGILL RINK.

If you happened to be in the McGill grounds towards evening when afternoon lectures were over, one could have observed students both male and female making their way across the campus on a narrow snow path to the McGill Rink, this about the years 1906, 07 and 08. as they neared the small grandstand on the west side you might have observed them craning their necks to see if the ice was in good condition. The skaters were allowed to put on their boots in the dressing-rooms of the football players under the grandstand - the girls to the right and the boys to the left. There was a small stove in each place to keep the temperature reasonably warm. Boots were laced up as quickly as possible and in a short time the skaters were on the ice - the girls usually glided to a bench on the far side where they sat momentarily, but never for long for students were quick to steer towards them to invite them to skate. The youth would place his right arm under the girl's left holding her hand tightly, and off they would speed. The best day of the week was when the students brought in a hurdy-gurdy, this barrel-organ resembled a small upright piano on wheels, it was drawn to the centre of the rink, where the little man who owned it stood endlessly turning the handle no matter how cold it was watching the skaters in pairs gliding around him. Nothing could have been more delightful than skating to the strains of the Blue Danube and other old tunes that seemed to belong to those enchanting instruments so long disappeared. One pleasant crisp day a student thinking to be funny sprinkled sulphuric acid all about one end of the rink - the odour was awful and nobody could stand it, and the rink became empty very quickly - everyone was much annoyed, and the men students vowed vengeance on the culprit, who they said they knew. One of the best skaters of this period was Gordon Pitts, who I think was well known in College circles.

We girls students thought it was rather exciting to be allowed to use the same dressing-room as the famous football teams used. This little grand stand with its rooms below and which McGill was quite proud of at that time, stood right at the edge of the cinder track used for racing and which encircled the campus, and when we were fortunate enough to have a seat on the stand to watch a game, we were always nervous to see a man tackled near the track, for if he fell, as some did, they could get badly cut. One sometimes heard a loud cry from a girl in the stand when she saw her true love, perhaps playing outside wing, being brought to the ground. The best game of that time was when the McGill champions of 1908 played the Hamilton Tigers and almost beat them. George Stephens who became head of the Royal Victoria Hospital was the McGill captain that year - little Ged Zimmerman was a fast and spectacular runner who was able to dodge everybody and make many points for his team.

by L.W.S.

SNOW-SHOE PARTIES. and SUGARING*OFF PICNICS.

Snow-shoe parties were quite the vogue about the 1905's and onward - usually the Pat Johnson's of Prince of Wales Terrace would have one or two of these during the winter season - One day, you might receive a small note by the 9 o'clock mail inviting you to come to a snow-shoe party and supper afterwards. The guests would meet at their house at 8 o'clock. When we were all assembled at the Professor's house, we were told to choose partners and that when Miss "Laight" blew a whistle we would start. Snow-shoeing was really a great sport and everyone looked forward to these tramps. Well the whistle blew and out of the house we filed and walked west on Sherbrooke street and then straight up Peel to the top - as soon as we had passed over Pine Avenue, we put on our snow-shoes and proceeded to climb along and up on to the mountain side. We were told to keep together and when the whistle blew again we would change partners - but this was a little difficult to regulate as often couples got lost, often I fear probably on purpose - eventually, however, everybody turned up for supper, all glowing with health and eager for food.

The Johnson family not only had snow-shoeing parties in the winter, but when spring arrived they usually had a Sugaring-off party - this took place at St Bruneau where there was a sugar camp. There were usually about 20 in these parties. We took the train from Montreal to St Bruneau and then walked ~~on~~ a rough road across fields and up a slope to the camp. Our first treat was sticky maple taffy cooled on pans of snow - when lunch time came we had all kinds of good things to eat and were always offered scrambled eggs covered with maple syrup, a really unpleasant mixture. After lunch at one of these picnics, a few of us went for a walk further up the mountain beyond the camp - after a little we came to a wide pool in a hollow, this caused by melting snow, one of the students dared me to cross over it on a long fallen tree, I took his dare, and started gingerly with short and carefully placed steps - towards the centre the tree began to wobble ever so slightly, and I put out my hand to balance myself on a slim little branch nearby, unfortunately this branch was dead and broke off - my balance was lost and alas I fell in ! The water was of course ice cold, and my companions were in a great stew over this sudden happening even though it was quite laughable. So back we had to go to camp with some sort of a trumped up tale. I was at once made to remove my soaking wet garments behind an improvised screen and sit quietly, swathed in an assortment of odd things lent me till my own clothes got dry. One man stuffed my boots with newspaper to keep them from shrinking and another endeavoured to dry my skirt, which due to the fashion of the day was at least 3½ yards around the bottom. Everybody was very kind and most solicitous for my welfare, when really I should have been much scolded.

by L.W.S

G O N E A R E T H O S E D A Y S

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Pulling open the massive door of the Redpath Museum not long ago, I passed in to the hall, where my father's portrait hung at the foot of the stairs. Immediately I felt as if I had stepped back many years, and I became lost in thought of the early days. I passed from one familiar object to another, all the things I had seen so many times in my childhood the huge prehistoric monster's skeleton, the plaster model of a town in Palestine (?) that looked like icecream, the models of the largest diamond and the largest nugget of gold, the ossified trees, and the footprints in the sand and the rocks and multi-coloured minerals. Then at the top of the stairway my Grandfather's portrait, with the words from the bible written beside it. Half way up the stairway on a landing were the huge sections of B.C. fir trees, that had so many rings, we were never able to count them. On the second floor, the cases containing fine and rare collections of shells, the delicate spirals of many showing the utmost perfection - the stuffed birds mounted and standing amongst artificial grasses and ferns. The famous collection of butterflies each one mounted separately. The skate-fish from Metis, and the shark from the Gulf - the stuffed bald headed eagle, the little green frog in pickle and the yellow prickly crab with the very long legs. Then the little furry brown bear, with black shining eyes, leaning on his little tree and peering through his glass case - and now the best loved of all, the two realistic beavers, gnawing logs beside an artificial water-lily pond. And now to the front upper windows overlooking the old campus, where my father always took me to see the football matches. In the corner of this part of the building was the natural coloured and roughly hewn totem pole, which was two stories high, and not far off the fascinating mummy, which always brought up the story or remarks, "What's that Mummy dear? Oh, it's a mummy dear"! It seemed a long time ago, but all was still fresh in my memory. It almost hurt to think that I was nothing to McGill any more - I wondered how many of the modern women at the college knew anything about these wonders which seemed part of me.... and so with a sigh I passed out of the doors again - that happy life of past years was no more.

A N O T E D F U N E R A L

Sir William Dawson's
Funeral

All day long the door of the old Molson Hall kept opening, closing, opening, closing, as steady streams of students, professors, and men from all walks of life, rich and poor kept passing through it. There in the centre of the hall amidst flowers and ferns lay the form of the departed teacher, simple and beloved. All had come to pay their final tribute. The following day I passed through the same door clad in a little black dress with black sash. I sat quietly in a corner with the rest of the family feeling very forlorn, for our dear Grandfather had left us, he who was always so kind and good and loved us so much. The hall was crowded with people looking quiet and mournful. After some prayers were said everybody sang "Oh God of Bethel by whose hand thy people still are led" it was his favourite hymn. I tried to sing but could not, there was such a lump in my throat. Presently he was carried out of the door into the bright outside light, with many beautiful flowers about him. That was the last we saw of him - My mother and my Grandmother were very sad.

L.W.S.

M Y F A T H E R

(B.J. Harrington)

With what excitement we awaited the arrival of our father.

After his long day of work, the door opened and he came into the hall preceded by a gust of cold crisp winter air, which met us as we came clattering down the stairs to meet him.

He was always in an affable frame of mind, and smiled and talked to each one, as he took off his hat and coat, and greeted our mother. Then he would say, " what is it going to be tonight ? " as he walked across his library, and opened a small cupboard below his book-shelves, where he kept his many treasures. Perhaps he would choose the large mechanical fly which he wound up carefully and set on the floor, the rug having been turned up - it flashed ruby and green as it whizzed and buzzed around in eccentric circles on the hall floor, dashing first at one, and then another, amid screams of delight. Another day it was the yellow water canary which sat on a perch, and when my father blew through a tube it whistled and warbled the most estatic notes of beauty. On other days the German moving picture books were brought forth, these were worked secretly by my father. One picture showed a dog that stuck its head out of its kennel ~~to bark~~ to bark at a donkey with a sack of corn on its back, the donkey on seeing the dog tried to kick him, who in turn retired to it's kennel. Another book had an artist who climbed over a fence leaving the picture he was painting unguarded, and before he was able to climb back, a nanny-goat took advantage and licked off the scenery. And there were many more such as the stork that bent its long neck to take fish from the water - the hens pecking grain from a trough and the mother-bird swallow feeding her baby birds with flies. All were enchanting to us.

When our father thought we had tired of the toys and books, and no doubt by that time he was tired himself, he would resort to playing his auto harp or the piano. He played everything by ear, and almost every night we went to sleep listening to his music..... Those were happy days, which can only be lived through the door of memory.

A R E A L D O C T O R

(Dr. J.Francis Shepherd, Dean of Medicine)

I was very ill with whooping-cough, I had all but whooped myself out... I lay in a darkened room, holding with tired little hands a doll dressed in crimson corded silk and black lace. I had been put in my father's dressing-room so that I would be near my mother. As I lay thinking of nothing in particular, I heard a heavy footstep on the stair, and a gruff voice asking my mother how I was ? then he came quietly into my room and he looked at me gravely - I looked up at him and said weakly " It is my birthday, I am five today " Slowly I saw his hand go in to his pocket, and he pulled out 25 cents, saying " Do you think you could get better , if I give you this to buy something for yourself with ? " then he smiled at me so kindly, his gruffness all gone - The delight of his generous gift, and the radiance of his smile, made me feel better all at once, and I was soon up.

By J.W.S.

B.J.H. and Student party.

Every so often my father would have a student's party, at which time he always tried to have some little original entertainment. I remember on one occasion, he had placed in our upstairs sitting-room, known as "The Palace of Delight" a large tub filled with water and electrically charged with a low power current. When the guests were assembled, and all was ready, my father threw into the bottom of the tub a number of Canadian coins of different values, then he invited the students to put their hands into the water and help themselves. Students came forward two or three at a time, and pushing up their coat sleeves dipped their hands deep into the water to gain a coin - but no sooner did their hands touch the water, than their fingers crumpled up and became powerless, and just as some student thought he could gain a prize of perhaps 50 cents or even a gold piece he could grasp nothing, much to every ones entertainment - but there were always a few brave souls that could control the muscles of their hand in spite of the current, and so the coins went to them and disappeared gradually one by one. As far as I can remember this entertainment created much fun and was a very great success.

On another occasion, I remember my father had several students from England at our house, and he surprised and delighted them by showing them how to light a gas jet with an electric spark, created by scuffing their feet up and down the carpet - of course on a very cold day. These lads thought this the most amazing trick they had ever seen, and wanted to light the burner over and over again to the detriment of my mother's carpet.

Students were always welcome to call on Sunday afternoons, when my mother presided at the tea table and usually offered them sally-lunns and a three cornered type of cake with maple icing. On cold days, a fire in the grate was lit which created a cosy and friendly atmosphere, and must have appealed to the men, for we always had some with us. On the centre of the mantel above the marble fireplace stood a rather ornate but lovely clock under a glass dome, at either side of which were a pair of deep blue vases in the shape of semi-reclining horns of plenty, there were also two other tall elegant vases with glass flower receptacles held up by charming little gold cupids which we as children thought were most lovely. In front of the clock was a little carved yellow marble shoe, which always contained matches for lighting the fire. Students who came for tea were frequently invited to stay for supper but if they accepted this invitation, they understood that it meant that they must go to the evening church service, probably with the Harrington girls. This was no hardship to them, as the service attended was usually at Christ Church Cathedral, at which time Dr Symonds was the Rector and was most popular with the students. He was a vigorous and fine preacher and the church was always full. Sometimes by way of a change, I would beguile my favourite student to go to the French protestant church at the foot of St Famille St. This because by going there we could listen to French that was easy to understand, and also we had a lovely long walk with time to enjoy ourselves.

Supper was ready for 9 o'clock when we returned, we all sat around the big family table, with places set for each one. We partook of cold meat, salad and always some nice desert - coffee or sometimes cocoa were served with the meal, never wine or strong drink, such things never entered our house - my father partook of beer at different periods, but this was said to be a tonic for his health.