

its situation, immediately ran down an old wharf and dislocated several of its timbers, and entirely demolished the screw wheel. On account of these extraordinary accidents the first part of the tour had to be accomplished by rail, but while the Club was down at Brockville another unfortunate little yacht was pressed into service and four of the boys got aboard to take her to Kingston. Poor little thing—she tried hard to burst her boiler, and when that attempt was frustrated succeeded in setting herself on fire. But her hard-hearted passengers were evidently born to be hanged, so the fire was put out and the city reached in safety.

The first of the series of concerts was given, on May 2nd, at Gananoque, to which place the Club went in a large van. Precisely at 8 o'clock p.m., the Club, full of exuberant expectation of dazzling their hearers, lined up on the stage. The curtain was lifted, and for two hours the large and fashionable audience of pine benches, foot-lights and a few people were held spell-bound and entranced by the inspiring strains of "Saw My Leg Off" and other similar anthems. The drive home was a quiet one. A glance into the van about 1 a.m. would have disclosed to the view a mingled array of gowns, boots, boxes, song books and mortar boards, while the easy undulations of the vehicle, resembling somewhat the motion of a wheel-barrow on its way down stairs, had lulled the weary singers into a quiet slumber, and silence, broken only at intervals by the loud crack of the driver's whip or a melancholy snore, reigned supreme till the city was reached.

On Thursday, May 5th, Brockville was visited, and here the club met with a hearty reception and a very good audience. The boys didn't give all the programme here though. They were assisted by the chairman and one or two others, but especially by the chairman. It was a most remarkable concert in its way too, quite novel as it were. The vocal quintette given by four members of the orchestra (*ch soft*), and entitled "Gas-lights," was particularly striking. The boys thought it rather hard lines that they had to leave this interesting town next day, but, notwithstanding the almost irresistible attraction possessed by their fair friends in Brockville, they had to sorrowfully board the train on Friday, at 4 p.m., and arrived in Prescott shortly afterwards. A large and appreciative audience again met the students here, and their stay in the town was rendered very enjoyable by the kind treatment accorded them till a start was made at midnight for Kingston, at which place the rather sleepy, but nevertheless jolly, crowd tumbled out to separate till Monday.

At 6 a.m. on Monday, the stalwart fireman and engineer, Mr. H. McFarlane, '88, had steam up on the yacht, and with a few of the boys, who had spent the night on the little steamer, waited patiently for the arrival of the passengers. About half an hour later Harry Wilson, B.A., proceeded to call the roll, preparatory to starting up the raging Rideau for Newboro.

Now ensued a lively discussion as to what would be done with the late comers. Some were for towing them behind the yacht for a mile or so, others thought that they should be compelled to sit in the audience for one evening as listeners, but before any conclusion had been arrived at all but two were on hand, and shortly afterwards these came in sight and were treated to a warm reception at the hands of the irate crowd. At 8 a.m. the yacht backed out from the wharf and began its 40 mile trip to Newboro. As the weather was fine, the scenery magnificent and the company, of course, all that could be desired, the trip was enjoyed exceedingly and a lively time was spent at each lock where the deck-hand abilities of the boys were taxed to the utmost. The two pilots, H. Wilson, B.A., and J. V. Anglin, M.D., although not professing to know everything about the Rideau, generally managed to steer in the right direction and always got there—more or less. And indeed it is no easy task to steer on this river, for its bed has a most uncomfortable and irritating habit of suddenly humping up at most inconvenient places, while often the shores would apparently walk straight across the pathway of the little steamer, and to all appearances block the way. As there are also more stumps a good part of the way than there is water it was found necessary several times to send skirmishers on ahead in a small dingy to look out for snags, while the yacht followed them in "dead march" style with a wide-awake and excited guard on the hurricane deck scaring off any particularly cheeky stumps. So Newboro was reached without the boat being struck by the bottom more than once. However, that once was efficient to fracture the screw wheel and compel a stoppage at Washburn's locks till a new wheel could be placed. Two brave medics got into the water here to assist the engineer in the operation, but in spite of this it was quite a success and the yacht proceeded entirely convalescent. The delay, however, was so great that when their destination was reached an audience was patiently awaiting them on the streets and in the town hall. No time, it was decided, could be wasted in donning black suits and chokers, and, much to the chagrin of the dudes of the party, the yachting costumes were declared sufficiently dressy under the circumstances. To attempt to describe these forsaken-looking youths as they lined up before the astonished villagers is almost useless. No coats, no cuffs, no collars, no neckties, jerseys of all kinds, full dress camp shirts (low necked and short sleeves), high-water pants, pealed noses, hair on end—scarecrows every one of them, rigged out in academic costume. Yet that audience didn't laugh—we doubt if they smiled, they only gazed. It was rich to see that picturesque crowd of students frantically yelling such glees as "Pharo's Daughter," "Michael Roy," and looking in vain for a sympathetic smile; to see them getting off huge jokes and mechanically laughing until the perspiration poured off their faces before a silent audience; and to see the elocutionists vainly trying to stir the humor and provoke the laughter of their hearers,