

Again boarding the yacht next afternoon a start was made for Merrickville, which was reached about 5 p.m. Here the boys were met by Donald Munro and Dr. A. J. Errett, who introduced them to their several abodes and helped to make their visit a pretty lively and enjoyable one. A good audience heard the club in the evening, the chair being taken by our friend and late graduate, Dr. Errett, who would have made a pretty fine speech at the close of the entertainment had it not been for a very inopportune "hear! hear!!" which drove the speaker to announce "God save the Queen" prematurely.

The yacht next day on her way to Kemptville met a broken lock, which effectually blocked the way for that day and compelled the club to return to Merrickville, where they hired conveyances and, without any tea, except some cakes, which a few charitable young ladies—bless their dear hearts—threw into the vehicle, drove to their destination, reaching there just in time to jump a fence, cross a graveyard, and enter the hall by 8 o'clock. After being kindly entertained over night, the boys hurried away on Thursday morning to Merrickville. That is to say, they hurried until they got into the waggons, when their speed became considerably modified. It would have been a good deal of fun for the reader had he been able to witness the laborious efforts of the travellers in trying to compel the horses to keep in the middle of the highway and cease from devouring the grass and small herbs by the wayside. Those animals seemed to think that the cart behind them was a new sort of steam plough, and their duty was merely to keep ahead of it. Merrickville was reached in fine style. Standing up in the vehicle was a sympathetic student engaged in supporting by the reins the drooping heads of the animated machines in front, while beside him an excited M.D. flourished the whip and yelled "Hi!!"

In front, tugging hard at the bridles, struggled two tired youths, and puffing away behind showed a muscular medico endeavouring to make the cart travel as fast as the rest of the equipage. In this way the livery stable was reached, and though the owner seemed mad, the boys were quite satisfied that they had adopted the best course, feeling assured that had they not done so they would most likely have spent next Christmas on the road.

The last concert of the series had been given, and with mingled feelings of regret and satisfaction the club boarded the yacht, bidding an affectionate farewell to the kind and charming people of Merrickville, and then set out on the return trip to the limestone city. Running on that evening till 11 o'clock the lock at the Narrows was reached, and here preparations were made to spend the night on the little steamer. With a good deal of scientific packing and unscientific crowding a corner was found for every one in which—and in many cases painfully on which—the night was passed in comparative comfort. The comfort disappeared, however, about 4 a.m., when the yacht's cabin was invaded by myriads of blood-thirsty mosquitoes, which soon emptied the yacht

and filled the little dock with a set of wild, animated wind-mills. A convenient milk can in the shape of a cow being found near by, a good breakfast was indulged in, and a start made at 6 a.m.

Kingston was reached that afternoon about 5 o'clock, few incidents happening on the way. The few incidents were: First, the arrival of a letter to the professional lady charmer of the crowd, accompanied by several tender messages on lozenges from a very youthful admirer in Newboro; second, the consumption of these lozenges by every one but the gentleman interested, and the simultaneous consumption of the contents of the letter by the aforesaid interested gentleman; third, a slight collision with the bed of the river near Washburn's locks, and a consequent stoppage for repairs; and fourth, the remarkable sickness and recovery of a usually very healthy and hungry member of the club, resulting apparently from the consumption of one lozenge, which had unfortunately been doctored.

On Saturday afternoon, May 21, a business meeting of the club was held in the University buildings, where Mr. Harry Leask, the business manager, made his report and arranged the finances, after which the long-suffering and patient director, the dear little tenor, the dignified medical elocutionist with a long, black coat and lots of popularity, dear Evalena's young man, the parson who didn't ever know how to behave himself properly, the deutsche Brüder, the hungry man, the organ grinder, the chronically sad Bohaneus and his junior comrade in tears and history, Bohuncus, and the trusted treasurer who didn't abscond, all joined hands, and having thus sung "Auld Lang Syne" together, broke up for the summer thoroughly delighted with the success of their enterprise.

#### A LIMB OF THE LAW.

A LIMB of the law's work is not always continuous. Some days he has not a moment to spare from the time he reaches the office in the morning till he leaves it in the dusk of evening for his boarding house. On other days his principal's business is not quite as brisk, and he can find time to sit for hours gazing at the calendars, maps and other works of art which relieve the monotony of the wall in front of him. Usually, on these occasions of enforced leisure, there is so much noise being made about him that study is next to impossible. To pass the time he finds himself unconsciously reflecting on his changed state. He longs again to see the classic halls of his Alma Mater, but fate has environed him with the musty paraphernalia of a law-shop. Resigning himself to the force of circumstances, he undertakes to criticize the legal documents and tomes with which his chosen profession brings him in contact. He wonders where the authors of these interesting productions went to school, and if they were taught literature and grammar. He cannot understand why it is necessary, when a lawyer desires to express a fact, that he must needs hunt up all the adjectives, nouns and verbs that are applicable thereto