

## OUR TRIP TO VERMONT.

"Twas Friday morn, when we set sail." So run the opening words of our "McGill Medley," and the scene at Bonaventure Station, on the morning of the 21st, would certainly have impressed one, that the members of the McGill Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs follow out the words of the old song in a practical manner.

And what a scene! Our private car is rapidly filling up with coon-coats, banjo and guitar cases, dress suit cases, and general impedimenta. On the platform an enthusiastic band of "McGilligans" watch for late comers, and each new arrival is noted. At length the train moves off to the accompaniment of the slogan of "Old McGill." Everybody settles down for the journey. Heads are anxiously counted and all are here, from the towering form of the Doctor downwards. Even our worthy leader is on time, although the first notice of his arrival is a breathless shout, "Had to go to Shaw's Music Store."

Our private car rapidly assumes the appearance cars generally have on a concert trip.

Here a whist party is formed, there our genial accompanist has hid himself behind the "Gazette," while over all floats the familiar residue of "Old Chum" and kindred mixtures.

Snugly established behind a barricade of portmanteaux, etc., sits an individual with an anxious expression of countenance. He is busy figuring in a little book, and is the object of much anxious regard on the part of the others. Many see him, and try to sneak off to the smoking car, but it is no use.

Suddenly his face lights up, the book is shut with a snap, and a radiant smile, behind which is the wild man from Gananoque, bones every man half a dollar for extra expenses. However, we are accustomed to this, and soon nothing is heard but the familiar hum of the wheels, with now and again various interjections: "Are they going to give us a dance?" "Give us a light." "When do we eat?" "They say it is a prohibition State." "For our fourth encore we will sing—," and so on.

Various musical sounds are occasionally heard above the din. Perched on the backs of two seats sit our banjo-duet, who make life miserable with an interpretation of "Just tell them that you saw me." with variations, (the latter predominating). Some genius reminds the performers that their beloved instruments may get hoarse, which

brings about an abrupt close. From one end of the car comes the well-known warning, "Come in on the fourth beat;" at the other end an enthusiast warbles, "Bea! Bea! fill me right up to hea," and accompanies himself on his instrument with the air of a Van Biene.

Rapidly whirling over the flat fields of Quebec, we are soon over the line, and in due time run into St. Albans.

A shout at the end of the car proclaims that our old friend and ex-business manager of the Club, scenting the "Old Chum" from afar, has basely deserted his better half, and is once more on the war path. Truly a concert trip would not be worth its name without him! We arrive in Burlington about half-past one, and are met by a contingent of U. V. M. men, all sporting the picturesque green cap of the Glee and Banjo Club.

After dinner at the "Van Ness" House comes a rehearsal at the Opera House, a tastefully decorated building somewhat smaller than the Queen's Theatre here.

We then scatter, some to the hotel, others to the homes of the people with whom they have been billeted, and a third contingent, under the capable guidance of Mr. Hamilton, Business Manager of the U. V. M. Glee and Banjo Club, go for a tour through the Varsity Buildings.

We first go through the Arts Building, a somewhat severe looking brick structure, in the centre of the campus. At one side is a large hall, on entering which we are surprised to find a pretty little chapel—stained glass, pipe organ and all. Visions of McGill Students meandering peacefully to morning chapel are broken in upon by our entrance into "Science Hall," a very pretty building just finished.

We go upstairs, only to encounter the familiar odours indigent to chemical labs in general. The space given to chemistry and physics takes up most of the building, so that the study of engineering is carried on in a separate building, a little distance off. As we enter the Engineering Department, our delegates from Faculty Applied Science give a sniff of great confidence, and wander about at their own sweet wills.

We now go through the various machine, blacksmith, and carpenter shops, and also foundry,—all small, but neatly equipped. All seem to have an unmistakable businesslike air.

Passing through a door leading from the carpenters' shop, we come into a hallway from which