

we only know "that it is good to be here;" and the fact that we have a three mile tramp through the snow, home, disturbs us not—"sufficient for the day is the evil thereof"—and for the present we are quite content to sit still and build castles in the air.

"Now he's got you, Gunter—no, by Jove!—did ye see that canon? Well done, old boy!" So some of the boys are playing billiards, others are at pool, while a tremendous tramping overhead gives the idea that some sport is going on; so, throwing the cigar away, and going upstairs, a cry of "look-out, forwards!" and a general scurramge, and we have a veritable football team game. Just now a couple start a swinging waltz, the contagion spreads. Hayes, seeing that someone has been listening, redoubles his efforts on the piano, and soon the whole room is occupied by the dancers; but their exertions begin to tell, and one by one they drop off and take a seat; and now Feron, accompanied by Wells (of the Faculty of Comparative Medicine) on a guitar, give us a song, "If the waters could speak." At this juncture "the father of the year" comes in, and is duly bounced—not very high, though—and then a walking match takes place. Gorrol tries hard, but Maurice tries harder, and comes in half a lap ahead; but, alas! he knows not when to stop, and goes on alone for another lap! Bowie next gave us an exhibition of what he could do on the mouth-organ, during which Mr. Bottrel was observed standing at the door, and coming into the room at the conclusion of the harmonica solo, was given three and a tiger. In reply, Mr. Bottrel said "he just wished to say a word or two with reference to the membership tickets. He had seen, in a previous issue of this paper, that he had presented the tickets, but that this was a misunderstanding; he had merely suggested it and helped to carry it out, and that they had their own professors, principally, to thank. In conclusion, he welcomed those who came for the first time, and hoped that the present 3rd year, when they were 4th year men, would do all in their power to make the Club House a popular winter resort." Chabot here sang "Lac St. Pierre," followed by Feron, who was duly presented with a bouquet in the form of a whisk, with several layers of newspaper wrapt round it. The tug-of-war rope was now handed down, and R. Webster, Evans, Ellis, Parker, and Kingston thought they could pull Kellie, Clarke, Beers, Bisset, and Webster, but found their mistake when pulled all over the floor. After another song and chorus, Parker and Kellie faced each other in a cock-fight, and amid intense excitement Parker won the first toss, and after some 10 minutes Kellie's patience gave out, and Parker again tossed him over. In the elephant races, Curtis and Lambert won, after several trials. The first three-legged race resulted in a tie between Harris and Clarke and Lambert and Armstrong. In the second heat, Lambert and Armstrong fell when turning, and Harris and Clarke came in victorious. Another song and chorus gave the boys time to get their wind for a dance, and then formed up for two sets. We must not forget an important item in the evening's programme—a fancy drill march, under command of Evans, '90, and Walker, '93, and which was very commendably done.

In the mean time the clock hands had been travelling slowly along, and now stood at five to ten. On a vote being taken, it was decided to remain until 10.30. For some few minutes previously a thoughtful looking man had been surveying the scene, and judging (rightly) that after the active exercises indulged in, a ride would be preferred to a walk in, approached Evans, and intimated his willingness to take the crowd in for 15c. a head. "Agreed," was the vote, and at 10.30, about, the band struck up, and as the sleigh was moving, it may be safe to presume the notes were in harmonic progression, and so we reached home. "Tired?" Well, yes; but then, that's what we went out for. "Did you enjoy yourselves?" We did. "What about the supper?" Well—apart from the chronic kickers, who will kick at anything, from a football up, and who would feel grieved and hurt if there were nothing to kick about—apart from these, there is really ground for complaint that the supper was not really worth what it cost, viz., 60c. a head, but it must be borne in mind that 25c. of the 60c. was for the room, and only 35c. for this supper; and taking it all in all, it was as good, if not better, than could be obtained in the city at the same price, and there was plenty of it; and further, over 100 promised to come, and arrangements were made accordingly, and only 50 showed up; whereas, had the hundred come, it would have been much cheaper individually. When the Emeralds had their supper about a fortnight ago, it cost 50c. a head. In the meantime, I would suggest that the committee which takes the tramp in hand next year, will come to some definite arrangements about the *menu* card before the night of the tramp.

With reference to the Club House itself, it has admirable accommodation, and is comfort itself; but we would criticise one portion of it—that is the bar. It seems a pity that while the Club House is run on temperance principles (and may the day never come on which it will be otherwise), it seems a pity that the art of mixing pleasing temperance drinks should be left in the hands of those who sell them to induce the sale of demoralising and brain-destroying beverages. The ginger-ale, cider, or ginger-beer on sale would warrant one in a strong suspicion that the bottle had just been taken off the stove, and is served in a small, thick glass, which has to be allowed to settle (effervesce) before it can be filled; as a result, it is warm, insipid, and not only tasteless, but rather nauseating. Why not make our temperance drinks as pleasing to the palate as possible? If only half the care were bestowed on temperance drinks that is given to alcoholic mixtures by bar-tenders and others, the temptation would not be so great to call for something that had a taste to it.

In conclusion, I think the complete rest and change of scene for one evening is invaluable as a refresher to the brain, and one returns to his books twice as intelligently as if just free from lectures; for this reason, it is to be hoped, that next time a goodly turn-out to the Club House will take place.

OMEGHA.