

gates were answered now and again, mountainwards, by those approaching the campus by the eastern entrance. Every man sought his tribe and his flag. Under the banners of Medicine, bearing their grim effigy of the skull and cross-bones, clustered a solid phalanx; Arts sought her pennants; and Science gathered around her University ravens; while few in numbers, but charged with enthusiasm, the students of Law stood guard around their venerable owl-emblazoned banner; and Comparative Medicine was there staunch and true. And now as the crowds increased, the excitement apparently became more intense. Everyone seemed to be under high pressure. There were clamors, and shouts, and commands, and the ranks forming seemed more than once in danger of giving way to "most admired confusion." Nor were there wanting of sights and sounds to rouse the spirit. "The spirit-stirring drum, the ear piercing fife" made music martial to the gloomy Moor: our soldiers would have despised such watery stuff. Nothing but the most diverse, incongruous, ear-torturing sounds could tickle them to the marching humor. Hence they had horns, and whistles, and jews harps, and bones, and many strange instruments as yet unnamed. One thing was wanting to add the last touch of hideous variety to the discord. Very blamable is the Committee for overlooking it: a half dozen good stout pipers scattered here and there, stopping vigorously to different tunes, would have made the musical programme complete. And of sights, there was no lack to rouse the spirit to heroic mood. There was no regulation dress, forsooth! It is not advantageous to the common soldier. Such an ardor-damping rule, such an infringement on the rights and liberties of the citizen would have been resented by our chaps. And so we had a fine display of headgear, not forgetting, in particular, many beautiful specimens of the beaver: they were there, young, fashionable and glossy, and some middle-aged, and yet some in the last stages of decrepitude. How those venerable and battered old heroes, foraged out from many a dusty garret, and pervading the ambient air with their ancient musty smell, must have rejoiced at that last and glorious windup to their long and checkered career! Perhaps they saw not a few of their ancient companions thereabout. Nor were the other habiliments wanting in the grotesque. Much we commend the valor of the infantry, who turned out with linen dusters and straw hats on that wintry night. And here Science easily took the palm. They *did* uniform, and in excellent taste, for such a jollification. The distinguishing feature of the dress was red hats for the first year, red sashes for the second, and white breeches for the third. A very artistic get-up. One pleasing feature was everywhere noticeable: not a man failed to provide himself with the colors of

McGill; and so the crimson and white, that familiar badge that has bound together in the past, as it will yet in the future, so many thousands of the men of Old McGill, was everywhere visible. Some indeed in the heat of their loyalty were prodigal to excess, decorating themselves with very many yards of the same; and Yale and Princeton colors were there profusely conspicuous.

But it was 7.15, and at that moment sounds began to float above the din by comparison, soft and melodiously sweet,—the band of the "Vics," no less. Then passed out of the gates of McGill into metropolitan jurisdiction, the first banner and the final men of the victorious trophy-capturing Faculty of Medicine, with their brother-delegation from Bishop's, and the Bishop's banner, and following, slowly disentangling itself, a long line of a twelve hundred men filed out towards St. Catherine street. The order of the procession was:

1st. Medicine	}	Final Years.
Science		
Arts		
2nd. Law	}	whole Faculties.
Comparative Medicine		
3rd. Arts	}	Third Years.
Science		
Medicine		
4th. Medicine	}	Second Years.
Science		
Arts		
5th. Arts	}	First Years.
Science		
Medicine		

The line of march lay down McGill College Avenue, St. Catherine west, Windsor, Dorchester east Phillips Square, St. Catherine to the Academy. Along this route went the enthusiastic legions, marching to the lively strains of the "Vics" band, and with all their banners flying. The banners of Medicine and Bishops had turned westward along St. Catherine before the last man passed through the McGill gates. It was a sort of triumphal procession. Never had the citizens of Montreal witnessed a larger University turnout. Crowds lined the streets throughout. Street car traffic was suspended; and more than once a jam seemed imminent. Passing the Windsor Hotel, the scene was one not likely to be forgotten in after years by those in the ranks. Here the enthusiasm reached its height, while the whole line of banners was illuminated by the blazing fireworks bountifully supplied to the column by the Committee.

Arriving at the Academy, extraordinary provision was found to have been made to give ready ingress to the crowd, and soon all were installed in "the gods." Here the veterans, having hung their banners over the railing, and disposed of the poles, proceeded