

Tremeer, Kirkwood and Webster, came to the front and began the last number, which for lack of a better name, we will call "The Psychology Song." It set forth the difficulties encountered by a Normal College student in studying Psychology. Kindly responding to an encore, the club played by special request one of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Tunes" entitled "Das Schweigen." This was rendered in the same high class style as the preceding numbers, though at times the fish-horn became unmanageable and threatened to mar the quiet harmony.

On the whole, the Symphony Club won for themselves golden opinions on every side, and it is to be hoped that it will not be long before we shall have the pleasure of hearing them again at the Literary Society.

No account of this very enjoyable affair would be complete without mentioning the splendid arrangements that had been made to minister to the wants of the inner man. Small tables were spread in the hall on the west side of the assembly room, and here throughout the greater part of the evening light refreshments consisting of sandwiches, cake, lemonade and ice cream, were served by a large staff of waiters whose only care seemed to be to satisfy the wants of their guests. Behind the scenes, in the pantry, things were kept running smoothly through the indefatigable efforts of Miss Hinch, who superintended the dish-washing department.

When at length all had been served, and the orchestra had reached the full limit of fourteen numbers, the weary pleasure-seekers began to prepare for home. Anon the building was deserted for the freezing air outside. One by one the lights went out, then the doors were locked, and the W.A.A. "At Home" was henceforth to exist only in the memories of those who were fortunate enough to be present.

G. M.

## An Adventure.

IN THE month of November 1893, I was awakened one cold, windy night by a loud peal of thunder and the beating of rain against the panes. Unable to go to sleep again, I rose, dressed and on going down the stair-way, was very much surprised to find the hall-door ajar. I supposed that my father had forgotten to lock it on the previous night and the wind had blown it open. I closed it and thought no more about it. On entering the study on the left of the hall, I was amused to find it only half past two. As it was somewhat cold, I slipped into my father's overcoat, which was hanging in the hall, and sat down to read.

Just as I was comfortably seated, I heard a light footstep outside the study door. I blew out the light—why, I do not know—took off my slippers and went out. I was unable to see clearly owing to the darkness of the night, however I thought I saw some large object glide quickly out of the hall and I heard the closing of the door quite distinctly. I followed the form whatever it might be, and went out on the veranda and was confronted by a very large man who was standing perfectly still with his right arm outstretched. As we stood there, silent and motionless, there came a vivid flash of lightning. In a second I saw that he had long, sandy whiskers and very dark piercing eyes, was dressed in black and wore a derby hat. There was one thing I noticed particularly: on his right hand there was no thumb.

How long we stood there I do not know. It seemed ages to me. I wished he would break the silence for it was becoming unbearable. At last in a very deep voice, he said, "Well, you are a bold one." I answered nothing, but stood still wondering what would next happen. I determined to present a bold front, thinking that if I did not seem afraid,