

first annual Arts' tramp became a *fait accompli*. The heavy snowfall, which had been going on for some twenty hours, did not seem in the least to diminish athletic ardour, for at the appointed hour, 5.15, about 40 men assembled at the gates with banner and song, especially song. Starting from there, some in shoes and some without, away the trampers went at a rapid pace, bound for the back of the mountain. H. Jaquays, '92, led the way on shoes. Past Dr. Johnston's, where a pause was made of sufficient duration to cheer the Dean, up Côte des Neiges at a rate which seemed to tell on the entire band, especially on those who were destitute of snow-shoes, and found the deep snow rather in the way of their feet. Woe to the leader of these guardians if the "dangerous rear" had once overhauled him, but to do this they had neither speed nor wind. In less than an hour after the departure from the College portals, the boys had gathered in the Club House porch, and forming up, quivered in a voice of thundering unanimity—"What's the matter with old McGill?"

Warm as they were from their quick march, the boys did not seem at all oppressed by the glowing coals that illumined the immense fire-place and cast a cheerful glow over the surrounding scene.

Coats and shoes were quickly doffed, and while our hungry trampers were awaiting the call to supper, Mr. Botterell made his appearance, and was duly presented to the "intelligent assembly" as "Our guest."

Seven o'clock was drawing near when A. R. Hall, President of the Faculty, took the lead to the festal board. What a supper! Medicine had advised future tramps (!) to have a menu submitted for approval, and here, dish by dish, the menu was submitted, and met with hearty and practical approval. The way the soup disappeared was a caution, and as some one facetiously observed, the boys seemed to be training for the approaching University Banquet. With many gay stories and much bright repartee the heavier part of the meal was disposed of, and the table quickly cleared of its load of cold turkey, beef, and ham.

Amidst ringing cheers, Hall rose at the head of the table to propose the time-honored toast of "Her Majesty's" health. "The Faculty" followed, proposed by G. MacDougall, '91, in an easy and pleasant manner, which is peculiarly his own. Hall, '90, responded, urging a closer union of the several years, the want of which Mr. MacDougall lamented.

S. Carmichael, '92, "as an Irishman should," called on the company to drink to the "Directors and Advisory Board of the Club House." In answer to this, Mr. Botterell gave a short and interesting sketch of the building's existence, pointing out its advantages to young men in general, and to students in particular.

Donahue, '93, having failed to appear, Davey, '92, was called upon to propose the "Class of '90." In his few but telling remarks, Mr. Davey showed his ability for extemporaneous speaking. S. W. Mack, '90, answered on behalf of his year with his usual eloquence. He called the attention of the students to College institutions, especially the Literary Society

and THE GAZETTE. Upon his resuming his seat, J. Taylor, '92, offered as a subject for toasting, "The Freshies"—"the children of the College, yet men and gentlemen, every one of them." Mansur and White, both in this state of apparent greenness, though they see it not themselves, spoke on behalf of that influential body, showing forth their victories in the field of war.

W. Kollmyer, '92, introduced the toast of "Our Guest." Once more the water-glasses tinkled together, and once more the well-worn words, "For he's a jolly good fellow," stood in good stead. Mr. Botterell thanked the students for the reception they had given him, closing his remarks by some good advice to the Freshmen, to the effect that they should show their superiority in the William Molson Hall. But when did Freshies ever receive good advice, least of all of this nature?

No individual rose to toast "Our College," but with, undoubtedly, intense feeling and sensibly intense voices, the entire gathering joined in "Another health before we part—the health of old McGill, boys."

In a wonderfully short time the table was cleared away, the curtains drawn, and the large dining-hall ready for action.

Hall, '90, opened the programme by rendering, in fine style, "The Boatswain."

Roller skates had been brought out, and an open race on these animated contrivances occupied the attention of the onlookers. Three laps were to decide the event, and it was astonishing to see how often one gentleman examined the floor in this short distance. Won by Pritchard, '92.

Immediately after this followed the most exciting item in the evening's programme—the Church vs. the World. Six stout Theologs. declared they would pull any six picked men; they said it, and what's more, after two minutes' hard pulling, they did it, with  $1\frac{1}{2}$  ft. to spare.

Next came a three-legged race in three heats, the honors of which were carried off, amid much laughter and excitement, by Carmichael and Williams, '92.

J. Anderson entered ained the lads with selections on the mouth organ, and was immediately pressed into service to play for a cotillion.

In this set the ladies, who were distinguished by having their arms draped in white, seemed to have lost all decorum and sense of propriety, and so shocked their partners that these, too, seemed affected.

MacDougall, '91, led the boys off in several College songs and choruses, making the old room ring again. So the fun went on. Noisy, but who cared?

All evening a quieter group had been gathered around the billiard-tables outside, one man retiring only to have his place filled by another. The clicking of the ivory as the red and white spheres went rolling over the green filled up the intervals, if such there were, in the hubbub going on in the adjacent room.

At 10.45 the bugle sounded, and everything had to be dropped. Reluctantly a retreat was made to the cloak-room, snow-shoes were tied on, and a start made for home. Not quite so quickly as when pursuing