

night at Cartier Square *in plain clothes*.— Singular coincidence). However in deference to the wishes of authority, the arms and uniforms were left in the College. A rushing business must have been done that day by some dealers in walking-sticks, but they had to be sticks "as were sticks" or they were contemptuously rejected. The feeling of a portion of the city may be guessed from the conversation of a knot of true blue loyalists standing near the Russell House corner, who were over-heard to say that they "*would not be out-done by Toronto*." The spirit was willing, gentlemen, the spirit was willing, and under other circumstances no doubt you would have covered yourselves with glory.

Arrangements, simple but effective had been made at the College, and the Committee whose duty it was to decide who were big enough to go had an unenviable task. The way some lads begged to be allowed to go was enough to gain premission from sterner men; we could take none who would be of no use in an emergency.

It was decided that we should neither provoke nor invite any attack, but before any harm should come to our distinguished visitor the quality of those sticks were to be put to a severe test.

An immense crowd had assembled in the rink, even at the early hour at which we arrived. In about half an hour Mr. O'Brien, accompanied by Mr. Kilbride and the reporters, entered. The whole vast crowd rose to their feet and a tremendous shout of welcome and sympathy went up from thousands of throats. Hats and handkerchiefs were waved and cheer followed cheer. "Hold on, boys! Wait till the cheering of the crowd is beginning to subside." It did grow weaker at length, and then two hundred of us, standing on the seats, each one as if he remembered the cowardly hooting of the Toronto students the day before, gave out a great, thrice-repeated O! B! R! I! E! N! Rah! Rah! Rah! O'BRIEN!! The visitors were startled at first, but were soon reassured by their companions on the stage, who had often heard a similar victory-inspiring shout on the foot-ball field. I shall not attempt to describe the burning eloquence of the tenants' champion, nor his scathing arraignment of the Luggacurran evictor. The whole world read it at the time, thanks to the 'lambs' of Toronto, Kingston and Hamilton.

The speech being over Culbert's voice rang out "Fall in Ottawa Cadets! Fall in!" A hollow square was formed around O'Brien and party and we started for the Russell. It may seem somewhat selfish on our part to take this honor to ourselves; many a stalwart friend of O'Brien must have been thunder-struck to find himself unceremoniously evicted or excluded from the charmed circle, or rather square. Why? Because we knew each other thoroughly well and there was, therefore, no danger of friend and enemies becoming mingled together. This is what we feared if it were left to men from all parts of the city to form the escort. And this is what was confidently hoped by the ambitious flunkies who felt it incumbent on them to sustain the honor of Ottawa. Alas for them, they realized that "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang oft agley." On the way cheers for the queen and Lansdowne were answered by counter cheers for O'Brien and Ireland; curses were answered by laughs and occasional twirls of the sticks. Arrived in front of the Russell we found the whole street blocked by the dense crowd there assembled. "Make way there!" "Stand back, gentlemen!" The unlooked for sticks seemed to shout "Faugh-a-ballagh!" A passage was cleared after a little difficulty and O'Brien passed into his hotel, smiling and bowing his thanks. After singing "God Save Ireland," and giving a rousing cheer for O'Brien, we started for the College.

Oh the disgrace of it! An Ottawaite would never be able to hold up his head in Toronto. But a bright idea seemed to have taken possession of some of the disappointed ones, (they were all in plain clothes). After we got a short distance from the Russell a motley crowd followed, shouting, and singing their determination "to hang Bill O'Brien to a sour apple-tree." The mob became larger, noisier and more insulting. A few stones were thrown, but without doing any harm. Still the quieter spirits of the boys restrained the more ardent, resolved that no charge of rowdysism should be brought against them. The temptation was great, though, to run that rabble into the canal. Some well known faces were recognized. Could we have exchanged our sticks for horse-whips, things might have been more interesting. As we neared the College they stopped