

slowly if we are going far, and intend to push his pace. And it is laughable to note how the novice takes everything that is offered him, pouring beer on claret, brandy on cider, and champagne on port, until almost before he has tasted the liquors, he is unable to drink them. Yet, it seems to me, on reflection, that I have never yet, at a dinner, seen a man helpless or quarrelsome, and I have attended more dinners than I should like to say. It is after the dinner only that the wild ones pass the limits.

Knowing that Clooney would be occupied with his guests, I got an invitation for Charley, so that I would have, at least, one bosom friend near me. Cutler happened to be a delegate from Medicine, and, spurning etiquette, sat beside me.

At the beginning of every dinner there is always a period of constraint, which, however, wears off towards the end of the fourth or fifth course. Waistcoats and hearts expand in the same ratio, as a scientific friend of mine remarked recently. We soon passed the stage of constraint, and after we had been smoking our cigars—some of us for the first and last time—for a few moments, Clooney, resplendent in a dress suit, arose, tossed back his hair, and gave us the opening speech. A good dinner disarms criticism, and we did not criticise Clooney. He had the usual terms—"Meet on this occasion," "Future will bring forth," "Our dear *Alma Mater*," and concluded with the strikingly novel expression, "Hoping that my brief speech will not have tired you, I will now resume my seat." He did so amid cheers. Clooney was not an orator in his young days. He might have said, in the words of the immortal Shakespeare, as used by Percy Brown, "I am no orator, as Brutus is," but he covered his confusion by a sip of coffee or a puff at his cigar whenever language deserted him. Of course, "The Queen" was toasted. She has been drunk now for fifty years at nearly every table where the English language is spoken, and may she live to be drunk for many more years. The sentence is ambiguous, and I am tempted to joke upon it, but loyalty forbids me.

Toast was drunk quickly upon toast, until a few enthusiastic persons were very much in the condition of the toasts. Music and songs formed interludes, with now and then a dance. It was late in the evening when Cutler rose to speak on behalf of Medicine, and he had not wasted his time. Charley and I propped him up, and he began to elocutionize:

"Gentlemen," he said, "I was coming home from the hospital one morning. I was tired, and a policeman wanted to help me home. I told him 'Gosier mischief.' He wouldn't go. I yelled for McGill, and four Arts students came round the corner. I didn't ask them if they had been at the hospital, too. I just said 'Arts for ever,' and sat down, while they ran the policeman about four blocks. I never see an Arts man now but what I say 'Arts for ever.' I would do anything for an Arts man. I would dissect him; oh! so carefully. I'd be glad to saw off his leg for nothing, and if he had a big head I would reduce the swelling tenderly—and I have had great experience in that line, gentlemen. And law, what would we do without law? We faculties form a mutual aid

society. If a poor, helpless Arts man gets into a row, we Medicals treat his wounds, and the lawyers carry him victoriously through the courts."

The cheers that greeted this speech sent the fumes of wine rapidly to Cutler's head. He staggered, and his voice got less controllable.

"Ladies and gemmen," he continued, amid laughter, "policeman's natural foe of students, policeman's justice, lawyer's foe of justice—love law students. Lawyers like the bar—come and have a drink, lawyer." He stretched out his hand, with an empty beer bottle in it, towards the law representative, and then gracefully slipped into his chair and under the table, from which predicament he was drawn amid laughter.

We were served by male waiters, but the female servants of the hotel had been looking at us from the kitchen for some time back. Charley, remembering a trick done at sea-side resorts, and who was quite at home among the students, sent a whisper round the table, which was greeted by a smile wherever it was received. In a few moments he rose, waved a wine glass in the air, and cried out, "Choose your partners for a waltz." A musical genius struck up a lively tune, and a rush was made for the kitchen. The girls fled with screams and laughter, but the modern Sabines returned in a few moments each with a blushing partner, and for a quarter of an hour dancing went on, and very pretty it looked. At the end of this time the girls vanished mysteriously, and the boys resumed their seats and the speeches went on. Clooney and Charley and myself had had partners, and found our French very useful in whispering airy nothings.

The dinner was over at about two o'clock, but the night of adventure was not finished: far from it.

Charley and I undertook to see Cutler home, and Clooney joined us with another delegate, whose overflowing heart had got the mastery of his head. Neither of the delegates would go into a carriage. They insisted on seeing us home on foot.

Just after we started, Cutler leaned up against a lamp-post, tilted his hat on the back of his head and began to lecture Charley. "Smithson," he said, "you're a good flow, deuced good flow, an' I'm sorry to see you taking to drink. What'll your ma say when she sees me bring you home?"

"That I'm in rum company," whispered Charley to me.

"Once knew a flow" continued Cutler, "who took to drink. He began with cider. Never drink cider, it gives you gastric neuralgia. He went on, an' on, an' on, an' one day he drank a pint of coal oil, and lit his pipe. He's dead now."

We got Cutler away from that lamp-post, and arm-in-arm with Snooks, the other delegate. Charley, Clooney, and I were beside and behind them. Snooks was a poet whose verses went to fatten the waste-paper basket of the MCGILL GAZETTE. He was in a sentimental mood, and pointing to a distant lamp, he wailed to Cutler: "Ah! Cutler, see yon steady star shine out through the cold beauty of the midnight sky. I gaze at it, and vanishes all doubt that I shall live to reach it by-and-by. Yet comes the morn, and o'er yon