

ary 18th, and lasted for some days. Those in attendance were President Thornton, '04; Director W. Y. Archibald, B.A.; stringed instrument virtuoso, Mr. Smedley; Business Manager H. P. Cooke, '05; Secretary-Treasurer Davies; Curator R. Harrison; C. E. Clarke, B.A., and R. McKimmon, baritone soloists, and the following chorus boys, viz.: Bilkey, Barelay, Hutton, Thompson, '05 Arts; Daniels, McCurdy, S. P. S.; McIntosh, Earp, '07 Arts; McNally, Hogan, Jackson, Heath and Doherty, Dents, and Munn, B.A., Medicine. Miss I. M. Weaver gave valuable assistance as elocutionist, and Mr. Weaver was the pianist. There also accompanied the aggregation the conundrum, "Which is the front end of a ferry boat?" the undisputed property of C. E. Clarke, a sleight-of-hand performance entitled "The Watch Trick," belonging to McNally, and a further specimen of prestidigitarian art known as "The Card Trick."

This accumulation of talent, by the exertion of much will power, and total abstinence from breakfast, met at the Union Station at an early hour on Monday, the 18th. After indulging in that species of vocal exercise known as the Varsity yell, we all repaired to our special private car. This latter, being the property of the Grand Trunk, we were caught in the very act of seeking histrionic honors as understudy to a cold storage car. But in time the Arctic atmosphere lessened in vigor, and on our arrival at Hamilton almost a normal temperature had been attained.

Hamilton, as is generally known, is the habitation of inertia, and it was only to be expected that the train would slow down and come to a dead stop. When it did we learned that we had an hour to read the inscriptions to the departed. Report had come to some of our ears that somewhere in this wilderness certain distinguished graduates of last year had sought themselves out a quiet spot in which to meditate. As with all villagers, the people of Hamilton are given to exaggeration, and they call their institution for the distribution of knowledge the "Normal" School. There we found Messrs. Sprung and Sexsmith, not to mention the "friend" who Davies unearthed, all looking somewhat sleepy and blinking at their sudden awakening. However, we soon left them to their innocuous desuetude—I think it is called—and returned to the station. Others of the more playful sought out the toy department, bought blue and white ribbons, and, in reminiscent mood, looked askance at the policeman.

Grimsby, our first opportunity for harmonic effects, we soon reached, and on getting out of our car we were all impartially presented with a puzzle entitled "Find your billet." A billet is that portion of the immediate vicinity where in pairs the personnel of the club is housed, fed and entertained, and before I proceed a step further I wish to state that the royal and hospitable treatment accorded us as "billetees" cannot be surpassed in any portion of this hemisphere. Indeed, we all swear that each one of us had the very best billet the town in question possessed.

I am just a trifle afraid that there lurks amongst the younger and less experienced members of the club a tendency to hope with more or less anxiety that their particular billet be also the habitation of at least some of the local fair sex. That anticipation, at any rate, seemed indirectly to accompany me in the person of my "co-billetee." But he, being possessed far more than myself with the musical temperament, that desire for the poetic can readily be forgiven. Enthusiasm of any sort is contagious, and his intense desire for inspirational influ-

ences could not but reflect itself in my sympathetic spirit. So it was with anxious anticipation, on his part at least, that we approached our successive billets.

The concert at Grimsby was a distinct success. During the rendering of one of the numbers the directors had occasion to let fly his baton at the president, who, it seems, was making surreptitious "goo-goes" at one in the audience whose name strict propriety forbids the mention, but this playful bit of pugnacity not effecting its purpose, the director gave up in despair, and the chorus proceeded without any apparent interruption.

Next morning—so soon does sentiment solidify—it was with no little difficulty that our full complement reached the station. Barelay, McNally and Heath, especially, we are pained to relate, had to be driven from their billet by the irate parent, and it was not without trouble that we persuaded them to allow the crowd to remain intact. It was here also that McIntosh first began to droop and pine, and for the next few days his abstracted and far-away look commanded much sympathy. Little did we dream of the fickleness of that same McIntosh, nor of the degree to which his susceptibility had been tampered with. Truly his breach of promise trial, which we were eventually forced to precipitate, is a warning to all impetuous swains. It pains us also to mention that our staid and sober, our keenly practical business manager, also found the strings of sentiment too strong to be broken. But it was absence rather than presence that did its effective work with Cooke. Toronto, as we all know, is the home of many a heart beat, and the stream of telegrams, all of them in feminine handwriting, were only too potent in compelling Henry, with much assumption of sorrow, to leave us.

It was at Grimsby also that a tendency towards Socialism first manifested itself in McCurdy. This little boy was a freshman, and we all felt in duty bound to shield him as much as possible from the results of his own indiscretions. But when with calm self-possession he laid too familiar fingers on Clarke's conundrum, the latter gentleman, with all the dignity of a recent graduate, felt that the rights of private property demanded attention. That attention developed later.

We reached Chatham in the rain. Chatham has been in the rain for some years now, and appeared thoroughly accustomed to it. With colors flying, the town was paraded, the Varsity yell, in all its intonations, exhausted, and the concert given at the First Methodist Church, all in one breath. The only thing worthy of mention at Chatham was the way in which Harry Thompson (or whoever it was brought up the rear of the procession) impersonated the steam calliope. The one regret was that the steam was exhausted.

But I must hasten on to St. Thomas. I am oppressed with the inadequateness of mere words. Beauty and wit thrive at St. Thomas; so did we. To mention the concert would be the merest commonplace. Not so the reception Mr. Coyne tendered us. He had gathered together, marshalled, as it were, all that St. Thomas can boast of in vivacity and grace, and we all rose to meet the onslaught. At the first impetus of the attack Clarke stepped forward and propounded his conundrum. This routed those in the van; then McNally did his watch trick; then Hogan sprung the card puzzle, and beauty felt itself matched by wit. During lulls in conversation McIntosh was discovered deep in intellectual profundity with one of the fair ones. This we felt to be irregular and unfair to Grimsby. Bilkey endeavored to correct this rashness, but to no avail—they still held out. When all the casu-