

such beautiful cricket. Sims was bowling, you know Sims?" The victim disclaims any knowledge of the gentleman. "What, not know Sims?" in a tone of disgusted wonder. "Oh, you must remember that grand average of his in 1873—5 wickets for 9 runs. How bad your memory must be," adds the insulting tormentor. The victim is too crushed to repel the unjust accusation. He would like to rise in his wrath and consign Sims to the place immortalized by Dante, but the bore has fixed him with his glittering eye and—humiliating confession—he daren't. And so the bore proceeds, and having given a short biographical sketch of Sims and another of Sprodgkins, with a brief review of all the latter's scores for the last fifteen years, he diverges into some one else's doings, and so on until his unhappy hearer writhes with anguish and impotent wrath. This is bad enough, but there is an old saying, there is nothing so bad but what it could be worse, and it holds good here too. Perchance the bore has a small record himself, and then the agony is increased tenfold. He dilates on the score he made in what he considers the match of the season, the Sheboygans versus the Mudpouts. He tells, with much amplification, the story of how he went in and demoralized the opposition bowling, what a grand cut he made, &c., illustrating with dramatic action. "You see Snooks bowls this way"—much action of arm—"and I knew if one stepped out or back, as the case may be, you could get him. So I just stepped out like this"—more dramatic action—"and got a splendid cut at him. It was a good ball too, deucedly hard to play." And so he goes on, while the victim sits regarding him with an inane smile, intended to be amiable, on his face, and rage in his heart, and devoutly wishes for an earthquake or that the ceiling might fall or that he would dissect his tormentor had he the chance. The latter is bound to have his say, and when finally he concludes and says, "he guesses he must go," he leaves behind him a wilted individual, a mere shattered wretch of his former self. Worst of all, the bore always takes it for granted every one is just as much interested as himself, and if the victim has, what is very rare, the pluck to assert that he doesn't care a hang what Sprodgkins made, or how Snooks bowled, the tormentor will regard him with a look of mingled pity and disgust at once humiliating and aggravating.

There are, of course, species even worse than the athletic, but space will not allow us to dwell on their baneful characteristics. One of the most virulent is the religious, who usually takes the form of a mild monomaniac on some knotty point of doctrine or ritual, to which every conversation, no matter how foreign, must eventually veer. I can recall one of this class who dragged in his favourite topic in some marvellous way in a conversation on the Zulu war. He always excited my admiration, he had such a marvellous faculty of looking at everything through his own particular glass.—T. B. A.

Rouge et Noir.

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NOTWITHSTANDING our frequent strictures on the subject, the Museum remains in the same deplorable condition. There is no earthly excuse for this as there is at least one gentleman in College who is fully competent to undertake the task of classifying and arranging the now heterogeneous mass of objects, and has already signified his willingness to do so. We hope this matter will be attended to at once.

We would suggest that in the next Calendar the curriculum of the Divinity Class and the books required be inserted. At present the books are selected by the professors without any apparent reference to any but a very uncertainly defined plan. If this suggestion were adopted, men proposing to enter the Divinity Class would know for a certainty what is required of them, and what books will be needed as the men taking the Arts course.

ON January 28 an important meeting attended by a large number of clergy and graduates of Trinity was held at the College for the purpose of forming a Society in College with missionary objects. Though a large amount of outside work has been done by the students of the Divinity Class it has been done in a haphazard way which deprived it of much of its effect. This Society has now remedied this, and in future any clergyman in the diocese requiring assistance will have it afforded him, if possible, on application to the Rev. Prof. Schneider. At the meeting in question the Provost took the Chair, and after some interesting remarks from the various gentlemen present, the Society was formally constituted; Mr. Haslam, B.A., being appointed Secretary. The good effect of this important work being done in a systematic manner has already become apparent, as the applications last week were so numerous that all the members of the Divinity Class were engaged in outside work on Sunday. Two gentlemen, Messrs. Kenrick, M.A., and Davidson, B.A., have started a Mission in Seaton Village, on which they report very hopefully. A sub-Committee is now engaged in drawing up a Constitution for the Society.