

and Hedley, who, though unendowed with the element of song, contributed much to the fanciful renditions indulged in by way of chorus. J. Coleman, B.A., called the assembly to order and, by way of grace, shattered some of the crockery the steward had kindly provided—a proceeding which grew commoner as the night advanced. Carter Troop, B.A., then in a neat speech toasted "The Freshmen," and by way of introducing his remarks, proclaimed himself well fitted to propose his toast on grounds somewhat similar to those of Mr. Verdant Green, of Oxford. The Head of '95, Osborne, replied gracefully, and, after the manner of the ancient apostle, tried to set the rival parties among the senior years at variance, for which he was promptly squashed, along with sundry fragments of Canadian Stilton. ὁρμικῶς αὖτε αὖτε then rang out, and the assembly settled down to work, well filled with figs, beer, cheese, apples *raison d'être*, and so forth. To the accompaniment on the piano of Osborne, Troop gave a fine rendering of the "Widow," which, however, was lost to the ear through the chorus of B-W bottles. Then the Freshman Jack McMurrick gave "Susan Brown." Freshman and senior alternated, some accompanied by Osborne, some by Mockridge, others by Hoots, until Vernon worked off his first gag on Troop as a continuation of Baynes Reed's song "They're After me." Thereupon Seagram, a bloodthirsty freshie, murdered "The Porter," and was made to sing "He Never Came Back," whereupon Algy got in another hit, which will bring a sigh to the lips of the Hash-President:

I went down to the dining hall
As hungry as a bear,
And when they said "Quee hodie"
I sat down in my chair.
"We've cold corned beef and ham and lamb and 'ciscoe, stew, and mince,"
Our gyp he said—then went away.
And he has not come back since.
He never came back.

I went down to the telephone, and gently rang the bell,
To speak to a friend at Trinity—his name I need not tell;
"Ello, sir—there," the porter said—"Oh, if you please," I say,
"Don't know, sir," then he rang me off, and he must have gone away.
He never came back.

This reads like a Greek chorus. Certes the metre is of that go-as-you-please kind.

The monstrous form of Middy Smith then rose to the tune of "Patsy Brannigan," the closing verses of which ran—

Our Patsy's the pride of the College,
Last week they gave him a degree,
And when he went up with a hood on his back
The sight was a grand one to see.
And he knelt down before the Chancellor,
Who clapped both his hands on Pat's head,
And gave him a beautiful new B.A.,
And all the boys cheered, it is said.

For his name it is widely known here,
Do yez know him, boys?

Who?

Patsy Troop, boys, and some day he'll be Lecturer, and won't that be fine, now, hurroo!

He's a regular lally colly at a tea, sir, de yez see, sir?

Yes!

At a tea, sir,

He's a humpty doodle doo

And he edits the *Revoo*,

Do you know him, boys?

Who?

Patsy Troop, boys!

Osborne then followed with "To the Bowery," and in an encore to the tune of "Cynthia" retaliated on Algy with a scathing question as to the why and wherefore of that little man's big bow-window.

A Fresh representative of B.C. came to the conclusion that "It is funny when you feel that way," and it really must

have been remarkably funny, though the referee has not yet decided if the laughter was off side or not. Mac-Tavish saw "Nellie Home," and this is odd, because there was not a soberer man that night than that genius of chaos.

To the cries of "Gentleman Jack," that sportive parson, Ballard, sang "We'll All go A-Hunting To day," a good old song such as Pius Æneas used to sing under Dido's window. Gwyn finished up the evening with "That's English, You Know," and when he appealed to the meeting to know who got full on a bottle of beer, there was a frantic yell of — quite —, you know!

The single file then marched to the hall, where "Auld Lang Syne" brought a tear of regret to the stuffed fish and birds that there await in glass prison house the Friday that shall see them served up in hall.

On the whole, however, it must be said that beer is impotent to evoke the necessary good feeling requisite for such meetings, and that the fellows should be very cautious in attempting songs unsuited to their voices. Trinity men are too lenient in this respect. There are good singers in College, but they hide their light, or at best only take off the extinguisher under the good cheer of the vine. Possibly the new Banjo club may enhance the pleasures of these suppers, but at present the private wines in the fellows' rooms are more provocative of the right sort of good fellowship necessary to the hearty enjoyment of an "evening in."

ARMA virumque cano—or, as it is rendered by "Bohna," fide classics, "Love the man with a dog." And indeed so we all do, and were delighted to see our venerable Dean take to himself a companion of his rambles. Daily was this long-suffering Achates taken for his master's walk on the latest improved style of a chain-gang. Daily on the return did the keen scent of the canine assert itself, as the Dean was kept a patient onlooker to the sportsman-like sagacity into which his companion ferrets out tomato cans from the thirsty cinders, with which our quad is strewn. Blithesome dog, happy Dean—but alack! the bonds of friendship are sundered, and the chain is broken at the well, and the College knows the collie no more.

On seeing our Professor at the Varsity match with a patent ear-and-hair protecting cap, the referee, Mr. Smellie, hailed him as a boon companion, and the confidences elicited evidently enlightened them with mutual bewilderment.

THERE is a story being whispered over the fires, which, though it refers to those in high authority, is really too good to be missed. At a recent "At Home," given on a magnificent scale, whither half the celebrities of the Hemisphere congregated, the announcing lacquey with the proverbial dulness of hearing of men in that vocation, proclaimed the advent of "Prophet and Mrs. B." Prince Michael is, however, not a Trinity man.

ALREADY "Rouge et Noire" has reached its second sheet, which has, with due secrecy, been posted on the notice board. "Rouge et Noire" has been asleep for some years, and we believe the last editor thereof was the clergyman, whose energy in our corridors recently raised an inordinate sum for the building of a church in St. Catharines. At any rate, the said rash youth proclaimed himself as a quondam editor, but then he had not seen the recent numbers. But the princess had awoken, and shaking the drowsiness from her wings, the "Rouge et Noire" is preparing for a mighty flight, but has at present got no further than the roof tops, whence, along with Virgil's Fama, its wings are rather sooty; but it is a fine bird, and when the atmosphere is more suitable, will, no doubt, raise quite a dust. At present it is merely published as a sort of delicate hint as to