

CONVOCATION DINNER.

Convocation Dinner was held on October 27th, and was attended by upwards of a hundred guests, among whom were:—Bishop Sweatman, Archdeacon Bedford-Jones, Dr. Caesar, Dr. Fisher, Mr. C. R. W. Biggar, President Loudon, Dean Lauder, of Ottawa, Dr. Parkin, Mr. Edward Martin, Q.C., Dr. Geikie, Canon Tremayne and Principal McMurphy. Our much esteemed Chancellor, Hon. G. W. Allan, presided over the gathering. The speeches were far above the average in quality, and well it was for us that an intellectual feast had been prepared, for the dinner supplied by the caterer left much to be desired.

The toast of "the Queen" having been drunk, "Ye Mariners of England" was rendered by an ephemeral glee-club under the leadership of Mr. Huntingford.

Mr. Biggar rose to propose the toast of "Trinity." He said in the course of his speech, that he was glad to see that the religious element was not eliminated from seats of learning, and he did not suppose it likely that, so long as there were such institutions as Trinity, the country would be handed over to the tender mercies of Leo XIII. He said he agreed with Dr. Parkin when he spoke of the ideal of Trinity as being that of a robust Christianity.

The Provost responded to the toast; referring to a speech by the Minister of Education, who spoke of scholarship and culture being the ideal which all Canadian Universities should set before them, he said, that in scholarship, for the present at least, we could not expect to cope with the great universities of Europe, yet there was no reason why the culture of Canadian universities should not stand as high as the culture of Europe; culture, unlike scholarship, not needing a long time for growth and development. The pass degree of Trinity was, he said, fully as good, if not better than that of Oxford and Cambridge. He then dwelt on the advantages of a residential life, and closed with emphasizing the fact that the work of Trinity was the work of the Church, and that here a higher education was provided, based upon Christian religion.

Dr. Geikie replied for Trinity Medical College, and the Rev. G. H. Broughall for T. C. S.

"Our Guests," fell to the share of Rev. Prof. Clark, who spoke in his usual delightful and entertaining manner. In the course of his speech he observed that in many quarters, the idea seemed to exist, that Trinity paid special regard to men who were, what some call aristocrats; to this he makes answer: "We have no aristocrats, we have no lauded gentry. We are quite content to let our merits repose on some other basis."

President Loudon, in reply, alluded to the work of the late Bishop Strachan in founding Trinity. He spoke of the question of Trinity and Toronto Universities becoming federated, and said that it was a question not within practical politics.

Dr. G. R. Parkin also made an eloquent response, speaking of the esteem and affection which Trinity inspired in him, and also of the honour he deemed it to be officially connected with such a University. He expounded his views on Anglo-Saxon unity and applied the sentiment to Universities. He spoke of individuality of character and fixedness of purpose as being the basis of success, and of the community of interest as the sign of intellectual progress.

Principal Thompson, of Hamilton Collegiate Institute, also replied, observing that there was the true university ring about Trinity, and speaking in the highest terms of the work done at Trinity, which had come before him as examiner.

Other toasts were "The Ladies," proposed by Mr. Boddy and responded to by Rev. G. F. Davidson, both speeches being of a high order; "Sister Universities," proposed by Mr. Duncan Campbell and answered by representatives from Queen's, Osgoode and Trinity Med.; "Col-

lege Institutions," proposed by Mr. Kirwan Martin, answered by Mr. McEwen, and "The Freshmen," proposed in a speech full of eloquence and fire by N. D. Baldwin and answered by a trio of very promising speakers of the first year.

Then followed the breaking up and another Convocation Dinner was added to history.

NOAH OUTDONE! AND COLUMBUS LEFT IN THE SHADE!

THE CRUISE OF "THE UNDERTAKER'S JOY."

Wherein the adventures and hardships of two of the "Gilded Youth" of Canada are truly reported and other interesting circumstances observed.

(Concluded).

IX.

At this point your Historian is obliged to bring his veracious narrative to a close, for he has exhausted his supply of paper (and probably his gentle reader's also). He must needs omit all description of the events of the last two days—days fairly teeming with thrilling occurrences—the attack upon the bees' nest, (when the Undaunted Twain sacrificed their personal comfort and their beauty for the sake of the mellifluent treasures of the infuriated bees)—the sudden taking-off of the innocent duckling (when the Baron fired at the sixteen white ducks in the flock and hit the only black one)—the humorous incidents of the rainy afternoon and evening (when the Boy Trapper, worn out after preparing a savory repast in the rain, retired to the Poet's corner and composed the effusion given below, while the Baron took a short nap—of some sixteen hours duration)—the excursion next day to Port Credit, when the Brazen-Faced Two, regardless of their disreputable appearance and tattered garments, attended a Church Festival and amused themselves heartily, until they suddenly found themselves confronted with a lady friend from Toronto, which event sadly discomposed them and caused them to flee from the festivities as from the accursed thing)—last, but never-to-be-forgotten, the enthusiastic welcome and warm reception that greeted the travel-stained adventurers on their triumphant return to civilization and HOME.

NOTE—Your Historian here gives the effusion of the Boy Trapper, referred to above:

ODE TO THE CAMP COOK.

As hollow as an empty tub,
For hours I've watched you "getting grub,"
What joy convulses my feeble frame
When you shout—"Grub's ready! Get in the game!"
Unconscious of impending fate,
I seat myself to masticate—
Expect a pot of juicy meat,
And this is what you get to eat,
My teeth (accustomed to all weather)
Make no impression upon this leather.
My boy, your steak is out of sight—
For giving one an appetite.
Next course! Methinks with rapture utter
I now can eat some bread and butter.
No butter! Now, please, don't take
Our pound of butter to fry the steak!
We've bread and baked potatoes still;
Off them, perhaps, I'll get my fill.
Ah! loaf of bread! at thy fair form
The cockles of my heart grow warm.
The bread is wet! for Heaven's sake,
Don't drop our groceries in the lake!
You must have shingles off your roof,
To think that bread is waterproof.
I'll try potatoes! Several dozen
Will perhaps suffice to fill your cousin—
This piece of charcoal! Can you swear
This cinder was a "pomme de terre?"