

Convocation supplies all these." "It may be *intended* to do so," thought I, "but does it?" The reply was in the negative, on careful consideration. And why? Why is the said body a nonentity, as far as the majority of the students and younger grads. are concerned? Why do they know nothing about it, bar an excellent dinner, at which few can afford to be present, and some eloquent speeches on anything but Convocation delivered on that occasion. Yes, the students may be largely to blame, but the visionary character of Convocation is largely responsible for the complaint of my friend.

The strength of every university depends largely on the interest her old members or grads. take in her, and let us hope, for Trinity's sake, that those who have left us, or are about to do so, will be enabled to take that interest by the powerful body which has the means. In short, it has been a case of grave misunderstanding on both sides heretofore, and I sincerely hope that the meeting suggested by the graduates and called by Convocation for next month will be largely attended, the question thoroughly thrashed out and a new era witnessed in Trinity's existence.

Vox.

CONVOCAATION

THE following letter, which explains itself, has just been sent round to all the graduates of Trinity residing in or near Toronto. Somehow or other, many of those who have left us of late years have got out of touch with the affairs of their University and have not taken the active interest in Trinity and Trinity's welfare which might reasonably have been expected of them. As Trinity needs the active support of all her friends, and especially of her graduates, the Executive of Convocation intends to do all in its power to retain a hold on them, to remove grievances, if any are felt, and to make our graduates feel that Convocation might be made to more than accomplish all that other universities attempt, by the formation of alumni associations, which, after all, never possess half the influence in the affairs of their University which our Convocation exercises in those of Trinity. The letter is as follows:—

DEAR SIR,—Some seven years ago, a meeting of fifty or sixty Trinity graduates succeeded in reviving Convocation, thereby, as you are doubtless aware, affording the means of materially increasing the equipment and efficiency of our University. Active as Convocation has been in the past, however, a number of the younger graduates have suggested that the time has come when another general meeting of Trinity men should be summoned to take counsel for the further promotion of the welfare of our Alma Mater.

In accordance with this suggestion, the Executive Committee of Convocation has called a meeting of Trinity graduates, residing in or near Toronto, for Tuesday evening, March 12th, at 8.15 o'clock, at the College. It is hoped that one result of the meeting will be to make Convocation more of an alumni association than it is at present.

The freest discussion by all will be welcomed at the meeting, whether they are intending members of Convocation or not. Will you make a point of being present yourself, and of influencing all the Trinity men of your acquaintance to come also, that the meeting may be thoroughly representative?

J. A. WORRELL,
Chairman.

H. H. BEDFORD-JONES,
Clerk of Convocation.

Mr. T. W. Percyval, a leading member of Mr. Wilson Barrett's company, dined in the Hall, on Thursday, the 21st instant.

"THE MAGISTRATE."

February 15th and 16th.

WHETHER the object of the Trinity Amateur Dramatic Club is to raise money, or to provide occupation for the unemployed, we are a little uncertain; but if it is to give a really good performance, it has certainly fulfilled its mission.

The theatre taken was the Academy of Music, a pretty little house, which looked particularly pleasing when adorned with black and red draperies for the occasion.

"The Magistrate" is essentially a play for men; the ladies' parts, though excellently taken, are a good deal eclipsed by the men's. The impression which will survive longest and dearest in our minds is a picture of Osborne digging "Mr. Posket" in the ribs:—"I say, guv! you are going it!" and the mild hilarity of Pottenger's "Am I, Cis, am I?" Mrs. Cecil Gibson made a charming Mrs. Posket, and we really felt that allowances could be made for the worthy Magistrate's easy acceptance of his wife's age. This lady, a widow of thirty-six, having had only a fortnight in which to bring Mr. Posket to propose to her, "lets him off" five years of her age, and so is compelled to represent Cis, her son, as fourteen instead of nineteen. How or when the clock was put back in his case, or how his own age ever came to be concealed from the boy, is "one of those things which no fellah can understand," but on the authority of a well-known critic named Aristotle, we may pass it over as not occurring in the play. Meanwhile the "boy of fourteen" is up to all sorts of precocious tricks, teaching his step-father cards, and winning heavily from him; falling most innocently in love with his music mistress, the housemaid, etc., and keeping rooms at the Hotel des Princes, where he "goes it," in a grown-up dress suit, with his friends, and persuades the Magistrate to take advantage of Mrs. Posket's absence one evening, and "go it" there with him. Mrs. Posket has gone with her sister to "square" the newly arrived Colonel Lukyn, who was her boy's godfather nineteen years ago; not finding him at his lodging, she follows him to the same Hotel des Princes, while her son and husband are heard making merry in the adjacent room. They stay too late, and the hotel is raided by the police. Cis and Posket escape, owing to the fall of a balcony, but the others are captured after some resistance, and are informed that they will come before Mr. Posket at Mulberry street police court in the morning—tableau and sensation. The Magistrate arrives at his court in a very delapidated condition next morning, having run as far as Fulham from the police, and having had no time to change his dress clothes, or brush them either. Colonel Lukyn gets a private interview before court opens, and implores him to let off the ladies without seeing them. But Posket, having no notion who they are, forgets his own condition and lectures the Colonel upon his evil ways with the most ludicrous magisterial gravity. In a few minutes he comes back in a fainting state from court, having given his wife and the whole party "seven days hard." He was, in fact, so overcome that he could do nothing, but his most efficient clerk (McMurrich, with the red tie) had put the words into his mouth which ordinarily applied to such cases.

The knot is unravelled by Ballamy, the other magistrate, relieving them all on a technical point; whereupon Agatha confesses her age to her husband, and Cis is married to his music mistress and packed off to Canada.

So excellently was the leading part taken by Osborne that he hardly seemed to be acting at all, he was the part; it was quite a revelation after his "butler" of last year.

The whole play went off smoothly and well, and did not impress on one's mind the fact that one was looking at amateurs; in fact the general lead of the acting was dis-