

is very neat in appearance, and nicely printed. The salutatory editorial certainly shews that them anagement is not lacking in assurance, and perhaps it would have been better taste to have acknowledged the source from which they obtained the apology for translating their name *Astrum Alberti*, viz.: from Byron's note to the "Maid of Athens." For the rest, the paper will probably improve with age. There is room for it.

The *Berkeleyan* has informed us that our last number "presents a less lackadaisical appearance" than of yore. This we presume implies that a certain aroma of lackadaisicalness still clings to us, but however that may be, since receiving this carefully diluted commendation for the present and appalling censure for the past, we have made a careful perusal of all our obtainable back numbers, in the hope of spotting this objectionable tone or feature, or whatever it is that has pervaded our columns in times past, but nary a *lackadais* could we find. However, we have hopes of its being brought to light before long, as a suitable reward has been offered by our management to any one finding the offensive article. For the present we must keep on the even tenor of our way until some more reliable information than the *Berkeleyan's* statement can be obtained.

#### ABOUT COLLEGE.

And he made them a great feast in his house, but who paid the shot no man knows, more than this, that means to do so were *found*.

The gentleman's dressing-room on the night of the conversat. presented examples striking enough to prove conclusively to any well-balanced intellect the truth of the theory of the survival of the *fittest*.

So have we heard in dim-lit corridor  
The herculean trumpet's greivous roar,  
And now a second brays—ye gods no more!  
The first was bad enough, the last's a bore.

The dust and spider-haunted library has undergone a transformation since Professor Schneider took it in hand, and we doubt if the elderly graduate would now recognize that scene of—to him many and varied memories.

From the ashes of the defunct Choral Club hath arisen phoenix-like, another band of songsters, only it seems to perish of inanition and the sneers of a cold and heartless world that is but "fit for stratagems and spoils, and now "Men sit sad that were glad for their sweet song's sake !!!?"

A well-known and hospitable denizen of the "wilderness" has thought fit to cast in his lot with the members of the L. W. C. As he brings to them a patriarchal appearance and a stainless reputation, two characteristics much needed in that desirable abode, his reception will probably be warm.

We regret that Mr. Charles Scadding, one of the most efficient and able business managers we have ever had upon our staff, has been obliged to resign. We trust, however, that the circumstances over which at present he has no control will allow—somewhere in the not too distant future—of his acceptance of the old position.

Several members of the L. W. C. having of late expressed by their actions at least—strong predilections for protracted repose, and the inducements offered by morning chapel and breakfast seemingly having lost all their former attractiveness, the cause of this somnolence

became the subject of much discussion. As far as we ourselves are concerned, the following theory seems plausible; that the lowness of the temperature within their classic retreat during the late cold snap, led the inmates to believe that in some miraculous manner or other they had been transported within the arctic circle. This alarming state of affairs having become known, they at once proceeded to deliberate upon the best course to pursue under the circumstances. Among the various points that came up before them for discussion was the fact related by some one who had "seen it in a book" that in the Arctic regions during the winter months the night was in the habit of extending itself over an indefinite period of time. This was indeed a joyful surprise, the idea of passing the remainder of a dreary term in blissful oblivion of chapels, lectures, and all the other evils that the flesh is heir to, was too much for them, and they unanimously decided to *sleep it out*.

The Annual Conversazione, given by the Literary Institute, was held on the evening of the 1st, and was even a greater success than any given in former years. There were over 900 guests present, and had it not been for the long corridors and sitting-rooms thrown open for their convenience, the Convocation Hall would have been uncomfortably crowded. Mr. Thompson commenced the programme about eight o'clock, and sang "Toreador Song" from *Carmen*, in his usual finished manner, and was warmly applauded. Miss Nellie Hillary followed in "La Mandolinata," from the same opera. Apart from the fact that she is a great favourite at Trinity, her rendering of the song would have secured her the hearty encore she received. In acknowledgement she sang "A Summer Shower." Her voice is still of excellent quality, and her method as artistic, and manner as pleasing as ever. Mr. Hirschfelders flute solo was a new feature in the programme, and though difficult, was well performed. Mr. Schuch was in excellent voice, and sang "The Warrior Bold" effectively. Later on he sang with Miss Hillary in the duet, "Wanderer's Night Song." Miss Munro gave a piano solo, "Martha," and was loudly applauded for her brilliant execution. Mr. Phillip's organist at St. George's, proved an excellent accompanist; he also sang "The Children's Home," with taste and expression. The Band of the Queen's Own Rifles supplied the music, which was all that could be desired. Messrs. Hudspeth, Brent, and H. C. Scadding, the members of the music committee, are to be congratulated on the arrangement of the programme, and on the successful manner in which it was carried out. Their efforts cannot be too highly appreciated by the Institute, and it is to be hoped that in the future, arrangements of this kind will fall into as competent hands. The main hall, lecture rooms, and corridors were tastefully decorated, under the direction of Messrs. Hague, Ritchie, and Rogers, who transformed these otherwise gloomy places into bright and comfortable resorts, well patronized by stray couples. The refreshment committee deserves praise for the goodly display made in the dining hall. To them, Mrs. and Miss Strachan were invaluable advisers, and the Institute is deeply indebted to these ladies for many kindnesses. It is to be regretted that there should have been any confusion in the gentlemen's dressing room, but it was brought about by the inordinate haste of two or three individuals to secure their coats, and therefore no blame can be attached to the management. An impromptu dance was given after the programme was finished, which went far towards making the evening an enjoyable one.