

CONVOCATION.

THE following corrections should be made in the list of members and associates in good standing published last month. Full members: Ven. Archdeacon Bedford-Jones, Rev. H. H. Bedford-Jones, Ven. Archdeacon Lauder, I. Travers Lewis, The Hon. Mr. Justice Osler, and in addition: Rev. F. Dumoulin, Rev. S. Tighe, Rev. M. G. Poole (assoc.), Rev. Capon Mills, Messrs. Wm. H. Jones and F. M. De la Fosse.

College Chronicle.

ANNUAL FOOTBALL SUPPER.

"It is success that colours all in life."

If this be true our mundane existence since November 28th must wear a very rosy tint indeed. The third annual football supper may be described truthfully as an emphatic success in every sense of the word. It has not been customary to have a large gathering on this occasion, in fact the four year teams and one or two outsiders have as a rule constituted the entire number. The advisability of this limitation has been questioned and next year the experiment of having as many of the men present as care to come might be tried. This year about sixty took their places around the festive board. The seats of honour were occupied by the guests of the evening, the noble '95, to wit, and the tables presented a very pleasing appearance decorated at one end by the prizes for the athletic sports.

Besides members of the year teams invitations were sent to Messrs. S. G. Beckett, E. C. Clark and Bay Reed of the Banjo and Guitar Club, to Messrs. Goldsmith, Tremayne, Bryce McMurrich and Gwyn Jones of the first XV., to Mr. Carter Troop, and last, but by no means least, to a number of our jovial Dons.

Steward Filby eclipsed all former efforts and provided an excellent supper, and tasteful menu cards the joint work of Messrs. Huntingford, Chadwick and E. G. Osler, had been arranged with quotations many and apt to the subject in hand.

After the discussion of the menu the first order of business was the presentation of prizes, which excited a great deal of enthusiasm among the different years. The winners of the events have already been enumerated in THE REVIEW. The championship medal decorates the manly breast of D. F. Campbell, the inter-year race provided four more pewters for the use of the bibulous '96, and the steeplechase cup, presented by Mr. Huntingford, goes to Heaven.

The musical and oratorical part of the programme began with a piano duett, and, after "The Queen," came the toast of the champions ('95). Mr. J. D. McMurrich followed with a song "Honey, O," and the Dean in his usual happy manner proposed the Athletic Association. The speaker touched the hearts of all present by his expression of his interest in Trinity athletics, and on resuming his seat received three hearty cheers.

Mr. Frank DuMoulin at some length responded in an eloquent speech to the toast, tracing the history of the Association and its good work since its inception.

Mr. Alexis Martin proposed the "XV.," and Capt. Chadwick responded with a brief review of the season's work.

"De Ring-Tailed Coon," by Mr. Huntingford here varied the monotony of the proceedings, and so well was it sung that an encore was insisted upon. The next toast, "The

hurried rush of words, checked and confused by a speedier gust of gurgling sound—I am in the habit of ceasing to argue the question. Bubbling is not to be met by arguing."

And here may follow a specimen of these two worthies' improving conversation.

"It wasn't that I wanted to ask you about," she continued, after she had indulged in a pensive sigh (with a dutiful bright smile and a glance at Archie's—the Earl of Mickleham's—photograph to follow. Her behavior always reminds me of a well-assorted *menu*). "It was about some thing much more difficult. You won't tell Archie, will you?"

"This becomes interesting," I remarked putting my hat down.

"You know, Mr. Carter, that before I was married—oh, how long ago it seems!"

"Not at all."

"Don't interrupt. That before I was married I had several—that is to say several—well, several—"

"Start quite fresh," I suggested encouragingly.

"Well, then, several men were silly enough to think themselves—you know."

"No one better, I assented cheerfully.

Let us conclude with a bit of an interview with old Lady Mickleham relative to a rumour which she had heard about a certain passage between Mr. Carter and her future daughter-in-law:

"Romping!" I cried.

"A thing not only atrociously vulgar at all times, but under the circumstances—need I say more? Mr. Carter, you were engaged in chasing my son's future bride round a table!"

"Pardon me, Lady Mickleham. Your son's future bride was engaged in chasing me round a table."

"It is the same thing," said Lady Mickleham.

"I should have thought there was a distinction," said I.

"None at all."

I fell back on a second line of defence.

"I didn't let her catch me, Lady Mickleham," I pleaded.

Lady Mickleham grew quite red. This made me feel more at my ease.

"No sir. If you had—"

"Goodness knows!" I murmured shaking my head.

"As it happened, however, my son entered in the middle of this disgraceful—"

"It was at the beginning," said I with a regretful sigh.

So much for the "Dialogues." "The Indiscretion of the Duchess" is a story told in the first person about the narrator (a young Englishman), two ladies, a nobleman and a necklace. It contains an intricate and well developed plot and many exciting situations, among which are included a burglary, a duel, and an attempted highway robbery. In the earlier part many clever bits recall the "Dialogues," but it bears a stronger resemblance to the "Prisoner of Lenda." As in the latter, the hero is a bit of a knight-errant. True, the lady to whose rescue he goes in the first place is by no means in distress. She is alone in her French *chateau*, her husband, the Duke of Saint Machon, having been sent by a kind government on a special mission to Algeria, but the little Duchess does not regard this as an unmixd misfortune. The hero, however, redeems his character by running into trouble and fighting like a fiend for the sake of every pretty face he sees. The story ends very happily with two marriages and the death of the inconvenient Duke.

W. H. W.