

We have also suggested that, *ceteris paribus*, one of our own country, a native by birth and training, rather than an immigrant, would be more adapted to her present need. We have been outspoken upon this subject, and its vital importance is our apology. Our Provost is a Life-President nominally responsible to a close corporation, whose course of action he will, in most cases, inspire. The rule of the Provost is, in effect, autocratic, and that of the Vice-Chancellor but little less so. And wisely, no doubt. Upon those who may be chosen to select a fitting successor to our present eminently worthy Provost, we again urge the grave responsibility of their task. On their penetration and judgment depends the making or marring of our University. Our wants are obvious. Nothing can thrive, but the fabulous toad, when the fossilization of its surroundings is complete.

ABOUT COLLEGE.

—Subscribe!

—Who owns the piano?

—Wanted—a new chapel organ.

—Don't fail to have a look at the *drooping*.

—When and how often does the Shakespeare Club meet?

—“Cap” of the light artillery is again on hand to muster his forces.

—Congratulations to Messrs. Allen and Nichol on their first-class Honors in classics.

—Prof. Strathy's lectures on music are deservedly popular. Mus. Docs. in embryo are to be met on all sides.

—Among the Freshmen this year we find one of a term's experience at University College. Trinity will give a kind welcome to her sister's fledgling.

—What becomes of the terrace flowers in winter? Transplanted somewhere they certainly are, and y the dining hall window-sills are well adapted for their reception.

—What a transformation in the college grounds has taken place in the last few seasons! Old graduates will recollect the terrace mud walks, the thistle crop in the lawn and the coal cinders struggling with the avenue mud. To give the Dean his due, the improvements are mainly due to his exertions. Flowers and a rich sod, a lucrative, if inappropriate, oat field, and a good road, with the prospect of a handsome double row of elms, are no small gain. A more liberal growth of

Virginia creeper, and the substitution of gravel walks for the oft-turned planks, would be more steps in the right direction.

—Good Father “Episkopon”—venerable prelate—after having rivalled the immortal “Rip” in the length of his nap, has again appeared to the terror of evil doers. He is as good as ever, some of his contributors displaying a deal of humour and originality without outraging good taste as “Kritikos,” the late usurper, did. There is, we think, too little attention given to prose writing—it would be better if both forms of composition received their share. Some of Mr. D. Howard's drawings—for, we believe, it is an open secret that he is the rough outline sketcher—are very creditable. The frontispiece is very neat, showing the north view of the interior of our new Convocation Hall with appropriate figures. On the whole, “Episkopon” has proved that he is well worthy of a renewed support.

—The substitution of a coal stove for the dining-hall furnace is certainly an improvement. The former costly contrivance was practically useless. The gas jets in the hall used to try to warm it up a bit on a cold evening; but during the cold dip last winter, when the mercury got so far down in the zeros that it began over again and was found marking “boiling point” outside the science lecture-room, the very toast, it was said, was warmer than the hall. The temperature of the tea even put in the shade. Well, the remedy has been discovered and one more eyesore has been added to the building. By the way, whether thirteen large base-burners, with lecture-room warmers of miscellaneous pattern and some thirty grates as auxiliaries, are cheaper and more satisfactory than a steam furnace, is a question for the authorities. Whether the latter would be equally efficient in distributing through the corridors their due allowance of nastiness, in the shape of coal-gas, is also, perhaps, a consideration.

—There is a report current about college that this, our first number, was somewhat delayed by the “indisposition” of one of the management. We publicly deny the allegation and can lick the “allegator.” Apply at the office of our fighting editor—not a hundred miles from Professor Boys's quarters—between the hour of 9 and 10 A.M., on Saturdays. Bring a Doctor. While we are at it, we may as well warn Mr. S., that, if he intrudes again upon the editors' sanctum while

they are reviewing the latest work on Political Economy, just to suggest a pun like “Rooshan War,” and there is a bottle of the fluid any where around, there won't be an Inkie-man—Police!!

—Convocation day was rather late this year—on the 18th ult. It always has been an erratic festival, which, provided it confined itself to Michaelmas Term, was permitted to appear whenever the powers that be had spare time. It was unusually lively this year—though it is a question whether the boisterous element is thoroughly appreciated by our guests. We don't mean to dampen good spirits, some of their results—the songs—were very creditable. We must congratulate Messrs. Nichol and Greaves on their prose and verse respectively. We hope to be able in a forthcoming number to publish one or both compositions.

—A correspondent sends us the following:—

“Now that we think of it, why shouldn't Trinity have a little Quintette Club of her own, or something of the sort? We have three violins, a couple of cornets, a clarinet, and there is no lack of pianists. A guitar, too, could be added to the list. Why not have a band?”

Spare us! It is bad enough to know from experience that there are cornets and jew's-harps, fiddles of dubious date and sundry pairs of bones among us; but to have it suggested that these nerve-torturers should seek additional strength in union; that a band should be started, and that thereby we should be subjected to redoubled discord, is too much. The Dean has more than once proposed to grade the rooms, and fix proportionate rents; and if this idea is carried out, and some corridor is victimized as a practice hall, what then? A corresponding depreciation in the rentals of the neighbouring rooms, and, we hope, the formation of a vigilance committee. *Verbum sap:*

—We understand that the Ven. the Provost is to remain with us throughout the rest of the college year, a curate meanwhile supplying his place in his English parish.

—There are one or two things in the gymnasium that should be attended to immediately. One is, the vaulting bar, which some stout mortal in his resolve to cut down his weight managed to crack last term. It is a necessity and should be replaced. Again the sacks of sea weed which serve the purpose of kill-falls are torn a little, and an additional one is needed under the rings. Ambitious athletes are grumbling. Whose business is it to replace and repair?