

Men follow men, and new ideas are introduced, and rightly, too, but care should ever be taken to mould them to the fashion of ourselves, to *hold fast the traditions*.

For long years Trinity men observed a day, as someone once remarked, they shared its glories with the Saints Simon and Jude. That was the day of the steeplechase; that the night of the supper. Soon, unless something be done, both will be forgotten, or so altered as no longer to bind the past and passing with the present. The steeplechase developed into college sports, and yet last year the sports, by that time well established, were given up, postponed at first, it was said, until spring, then dropped for other things that brought us little glory. Something, too, might be said about the gymnasium—about a running track and other projects.

An article has already appeared in the winter past about the loss of June Convocation, and from the many expressions of opinion from our graduates the article met with a very extensive sympathy. A Convocation in June, too, appears a stern necessity to men going up to Osgoode, and so, to meet the case, one such was held whereat degrees, without a shade of disrespect, were said to be ingloriously bestowed. The Tiger, the trappings, the pomp and vanities, not to mention the cream and cakes and ladies, of that glorious afternoon in June are still in lively memory. There may be good reasons for it, indeed, reasons which satisfy the Executive must perforce be good. But all are not on the executive, nor can we be.

In another column may be seen the official announcement of the tenth University dinner which, it will be remembered, is the successor of the S. Simon and S. Jude's supper. It was a good old supper that, exempt from married men and clerics. The dinner is, of course, much more grand, but it is also more expensive, as wine is more than beer, and for that reason it has not the patronage of all, and there are many divisions and searchings of heart about those who go and those who go not, which is a great pity. Each year, just before and just after the event, there is much talk about its utility, and certainly it is quite debatable from the standpoint of the men whether the function is deserving of their support or no. This question is the more momentous from the fact—for such it is almost acknowledged—that the dinner, as at present managed, depends largely for its success upon the attendance of the men. It is certainly a nice affair, the idea of past and present gathering once a year around the board is one which should do much to bind our sons together. But so long as it is not supported by the men as a whole its usefulness is much impaired. Worse might be done than discuss the question in college meeting and there, with due respect to its importance, decide once and for all whether the college take in the dinner or whether the old supper be not revived. One thing, however, is quite certain, the dinner being fixed by now, the men should all come down, and to the honour of this college, bring this event of '97 the success it well deserves.

Much discussion on the part of the men, and that upon many of those subjects, may come up throughout the year, and of them all it were well to have the counsel of the college. Executives, in referring to this, in no way derogate from the honour of their offices. They are, in fact, as in name, *executive* bodies, upon whom has not been imposed all the weight of consideration and decision regarding projects, and let our Trinity men remember well the precept:—"Hold fast the Traditions."

Somebody once wrote to the late Henri Meilhac to ask his advice as to how to become a dramatic author. "It is a difficult career, and the trade is not easy," wrote back Meilhac; "above all, it needs success. Yes, success is the thing if you want to have talent."

## HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR, ETC.

Some years ago when the country was excited over the alleged inefficiency of the French schools in eastern Ontario, one of the Toronto dailies objected to religion and deportment receiving the large share of attention they did receive. One question in particular provoked it to laughter—"What is the proper manner of addressing an Archbishop?" Now, we do not all hobnob with Archbishops every day, but upon occasion we may have to write to them or to lesser dignitaries, and we should all know exactly how we ought to approach them. Though this is a professedly democratic country (whatever that may mean) none of us is so democratic, it is to be hoped, but that he is willing to give honour to whom honour is due, provided that deference be not demanded in arrogant fashion.

Etiquette Books do not help us, Complete Letter Writers are no faithful guides; moreover, we pride ourselves (at least most of us do) upon not reading such books and we leave them to the man of artificial, affected manners which fit him no better than his coat, perhaps not so well as that garment does. As to etiquette books, I was reminded by a clever woman one evening when I was railing at a man whose manners are of the non-fitting-coat kind, that I had been reading etiquette books all my life in the training I had received at home and elsewhere. That being the case, I am going to set down a few things I have learned about addressing letters, things, to be sure, which no University man worthy of the name ought to be ignorant of, but which my observation tells me some men do not know.

To begin with the Archbishops, as they have been already mentioned:—

THE

MOST REVEREND,

THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF ONTARIO

would be the proper way of addressing an envelope to the Metropolitan of the ecclesiastical province of Canada. The Roman Catholics, I believe, usually substitute *His Grace* for *The Most Reverend*, omit *Lord*, and give the Archbishop's name, but, in any case, in beginning the letter itself, one would write *Your Grace*. The Right Reverend, The Lord Bishop of Toronto (written in three lines) will do for an example of the address for a Bishop, though one would not be committing a heinous crime if *Lord* happened to be left out. *My Lord* begins the letter itself. In the United States, there being no Lordships, the Bishop's name usually appears, thus—The Right Reverend Dr. Rowe, Bishop of Alaska, or The Right Reverend Bishop Rowe (in three lines). Something similar is done with us if a Bishop has resigned his See, for, as the old Scotch proverb says, "once a baillie always a baillie."

I happened once to see a package addressed to a newly-consecrated Bishop in this fashion:—

THE

RIGHT REVEREND SMITH.

For anything of the kind there is absolutely no excuse any more than there would be for addressing a letter to a barrister as Lawyer Smith. Nor is it allowable to drop an ordinary clergyman's name or initials unless Dr. or Professor crowds them out. The Reverend A. C. Smith, The Reverend Dr. Smith, and The Reverend Professor Smith are all right, but The Reverend Smith is all wrong. I do not dogmatize about writing *Reverend* in full, as *Rev.* is so widely used, but against *Prof.* I protest with all my might. A witty American once said that "pants is correlative to gent, the one wears the other." With pants and gent I class Prof. Professor, by the way, is much misused and should be placed only before the names of those who are entitled to it. To use it before the name of a man not entitled to it lays one open to a charge of being a gross flatterer.