

## HERE AND THERE.

THE collection of corals and shells purchased by the corporation from Mr. Woodman of New York has attracted the attention of all our visitors. It is said that the variety of the specimens of corals is superior to that of any other collection in the Dominion. When gazing on the shelves one cannot help recalling Mrs. Heman's address to the Coral insect:

"Toil on! ye Ephemeral train,  
Who build in the tossing and treacherous main.  
Toil on! for the wisdom of man ye mock  
With your sand-based structures and domes of rock."

But we may leave the freshmen to look up the rest of the lines. Indeed, truth is stranger than fiction in the history of corals. Although they do not build their habitations like the busy bee, yet they form reefs by leaving their little skeletons to accumulate with those of their ancestors. Beyond the dreams of the poet is the fact proved by Agazziz that the whole peninsula of Florida has been formed by coral agency, and the reefs are still growing there. Popular interest is increased by the strange forms and the beautiful colors of the living animals, looking like a flower garden under the sea, whilst the gaudy colored tropical fish brouse on the soft parts of the live coral. But scientific men bring us nearer home, and point to the corals and shells found abundantly in the rocks throughout Ontario. They assert that all limestone is of organic origin, corals being the principle land builders. Thus has been formed the Niagara limestone which is the crest of the abrupt cliff running from the cataract up through Grimsby, Hamilton Mountain, Caledon, to Cabot's Head, and on through Manitoulin Island. When this great cliff was under the ocean what myriads of corals and molluscs and canoids and star fish must have been required to form such an immense mass of limestone. After this journey from Florida to Manitoulin we need not cross the Pacific to Australia, where there is a recent coral reef eleven thousand miles long. Returning to the museum we cannot fail to notice the splendid specimen of phosphate presented by Mr. Lockart Gordon. It was brought from the mines of Monmouth and is valuable, not only from a scientific, but also from a commercial point of view.

In addition to the improvements in the museum, rooms have been fitted up for photographic, microscopic, and anatomical work in the Natural Science Department. All the appliances have been carefully selected, and are highly appreciated by the students.

## THE EDITOR'S TROUBLES.

THE Editor sleeps in his old arm-chair:  
His intelligent face wears a troubled air;  
His labours of love have tired him out:  
He sleeps: but what is he moaning about?

The Editor's life may enjoy no gleams  
Of peace or quiet; but e'en in his dreams  
He's fighting, pulling like fifty expresses,  
Contributors of "Rejected Addresses,"

Who, wrath at the slight he's paid to their trash  
Seem to run at him, and with a fearful crash  
Shove him right over a cliff to Gehenna;  
He feels himself go down, down; when a

Bump at the bottom quite suddenly shakes  
The Editor just where he sits, and he wakes  
To find he has slipped from the chair to the floor,  
To find his nethermost quarters so sore!

While groaning in pain he rolls o'er the floor,  
Pipes a well-known voice, "Please five pages more!"  
Forgotten are pain and all manners civil:  
The Editor "makes for" that Printer's Devil.

## \* Correspondence. \*

To the Editor of THE TRINITY REVIEW:

DEAR SIR—Mr. Locke's motion that the Literary Society should hold its meetings every two weeks instead of weekly, may be viewed in either of two ways; either that the mover is desirous of a better meeting, or, that he grudges the two hours weekly. In the first place this society's primary object is debate, and this is not encouraged by limiting the number who may debate to sixteen in a year; no doubt some of us are already speakers, polished and finished and forceful in a manner that needs little improvement, but some of us are in need of the Society's healing touch. We listen to some poor speeches, but how much worse they might be is best not inquired into. But in the second case the remedy is, for these already-formed orators, not to come more than once or twice a month, and not dim us strugglers with their brilliancy. We would, of course, lose a certain aroma, but this we will endure, even if we also lose a Trinitified burlesque from Jacob & Sparrow's.

But perhaps a song might enliven the meeting if it were not too old or too "funny."

But a real help might be the appointing of a critic of the programme who would "criticize."  
X.Y.Z.

To the Editor of THE TRINITY REVIEW:

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR—May I call the attention of the readers of THE REVIEW to the advertisement in another column of my translation of the "Laches of Plato," which will shortly be issued?

I say nothing of the quality of my forthcoming book, but I would like to say a few words about future plans. It seems to me that one of the main functions of a university is to teach that books are a great means of teaching, and that Trinity, if she aspires to be a great teaching institution, should publish to the world something more even than the TRINITY REVIEW.

My translation of the "Laches" is a feeler. I want to see what market there is for books of the sort.

Should my venture be a success, I should like to follow on with a series of—shall I call them *Trinity Tests*.

May I ask your readers kindly to help me to make a success of my first venture?

I am not asking this merely for myself; I have an ulterior aim of earning a little money for our Alma Mater. As soon as I have cleared myself from the burden of a responsibility connected with my late work in Japan from which I am not yet quite free, I should like to devote the profits accruing from such a venture to helping the many laudable works undertaken by the Convocation of Trinity University, and I think, sir, that if a wise selection of books be made, we ought to be able to realize a profit.

At any rate, I am the *corpus vile* of the present experiment. There is not much that I can do for Trinity. I am a poor hand at begging for her, but I am not above doing a good share of digging. Yours very faithfully,

ARTHUR LLOYD.

To the Editor of THE TRINITY REVIEW:

DEAR SIR:—I would like to ask you one or two questions in regard to the new regulations concerning the supply of beer.

The old system worked presumably well for the past forty odd years, and certainly to my knowledge excellently well for the past four years. New regulations are now issued