

nity, grave and reverend senior, what an example to set the all-absorbent FRESHMAN.

WHEN a man is honoured by a place on a team of any sort, he should always do his utmost to show his appreciation of the honour, his utmost for the best interests of the team, and, never, if he has a reputation, rest upon that alone. A certain gentleman of the 2nd fifteen, whose name, with characteristic charity, we will withhold for the present, did not turn up in the match with T.C.S. on the 3rd inst. His name had been daily posted as on the team, and the delinquent was himself a spectator of the match, so no excuse can be offered on his behalf. Seniority and the best of reputations never entitle a man to act in this manner, so let the said gentleman take this to himself and inwardly digest it. Nuff said.

HE's an enterprising individual, our theatrical man of the lower eastern, saturated with the true spirit of the noble, the elevating, dramatic art. A stagey odor pervades his whole sanctum, the walls reek with it. Henry Irving, Della Fox, Beerhom Tree, Corinne as she appeared before the left Paradise, and hundreds of others, contribute to the odor, and hallowed are all their names. A brow dramatic, a face dramatic, hair truly so, and dress in keeping with all, stamps him the man we truly think him. Moses he has in tow and Scrubby too, and says in time they'll make excellent supes. For latest reports re stranded companies or actresses apply to room 79.

"YES," said Professor Divinity, as he discoursed fervently and eloquently on some point of But's analogy, "yes," said he, with a frantic wave of his hand towards the windows on his right, "the men of science in vain try to grasp these great truths, but they flit by them like so many transient Venuses." And just then the St. Hilarians passed by in a body, and the Professor blushed, and My Word saw the point and laughed.

HE was such a modest little fellow, this freshman, and so delightfully verdant. He had just tucked away his full share of Webb's excellent repast, and as he pulled very gingerly at a cigar a-la-Glyn, and wondered why it wouldn't draw, he discussed in learned tone the extracts on the Menu Card. "Do you know," said he to his neighbour, "these quotations are excellent, especially those by Ibid, strange I never heard of him before." And then he wondered why his neighbour was prostrated for half an hour.

"THAT minister of ourn ain't no chicken neither," said a youthful St. Clementite to a boon companion as they discussed a red herring and a piece of chewing gum. "Me and Jim was out to his college on Queen west yisterday, and saw him do the jumpin' act, and he jist played rings round' the hull lot of them. De sports call him Martha out dere, I guess that's the name of his wife. He happened to see us somehow, and took us up to where he hangs out. He giv' us lots 'o grub, and did the square biz. There was a dog lyin' on his bed, wot had temper, the minister said. He didn't shew none tho', while we was there, fur he was the sickest lookin' dog I ever seed. We saw the gold stick wot the ladies here giv him, as they got on bargain' day at Eaton's for \$2.50, the gilt ain't worn off yit. Yes, sir, our minister's quite a sport, but I didn't think as he'd marry on the sly."

HAS Dod's, '97, lived so long in the shadow of this noble institution, midst corpses and coffins, as to be so painfully ignorant of its many states and actions? To be ignorant of the 'Varsity game, the Banjo Club, the Dramatic Club, and many other things within these walls, is ignorance fit to make angels weep, let alone '96 men. To abate their grief, serious debates are in progress, re brightening up the

said ignoramus by putting him through the cleansing process, recently tried on a boon companion with great success.

MAN slept—"twas past the midnight,
The plotters, ill at ease,
Had filled the Beaver Dago
With beer, biscuits, cheese,
"Another favor, Dago;"
"More jobs? 'nuff rocks I've flung;"
"Dump prowling dons"—"Dem ministers?"
"Excuse me to be hung."

Hallow-e'en is not a "big night" at Trinity, but the solemn tones of the chapel bell ringing out on the lonely midnight air and the clamorous electric bells awakening the sleeping echoes of the corridors, showed that some of the more energetic undergraduates were resolved that the evening should not pass unnoticed. We are informed that the Dean and the steward were impelled to make a midnight ramble through the college; and what more could the soul of the average undergraduate desire?

To the reorganizing of the Dramatic Club this year there has been a good deal of serious opposition. This was caused by the fact that the performances last year did not result in a very brilliant financial success, though there is no actual deficit. We consider this opposition a mistake. There is no institution in the university which is a better advertisement to her than this. We quite admit that last year's performances reduced the reserve fund, but it was the first year the club had ventured to have their performance in the Grand and, as a practically unknown institution, could hardly hope to have full houses. But with a little more judicious advertising and with last year's business experience to go by, we are confident that the thing would be a success. Any way there is no particular reason why we should have the performance in the Grand. Two years ago it was held in St. Andrew's hall and the result was a fine balance in the bank. Why should not we do the same again? The good results are perfectly assured. We therefore think it folly to stamp out the Dramatic Club. It is simply throwing away a sure thing. If the consensus of opinion is against hiring the Grand then let us have the performance somewhere else.

Notwithstanding the general excellence (!) of our chapel choir we note occasional slight difficulties in rendering the music. Seriously there ought to be regular choir practice and men ought to make a point of attending them. For goodness sake let us have tolerable singing at any rate.

THE WEATHER.—Late pressure over the Don region relieved.—Local storms throughout '95, '96 and '97 have passed over. Decided depression over Divinity corridor, but on the other hand weather beautiful in '95. Probabilities—"A good time a-comin' boys, wait a little longer."

The rage for keeping dogs seems to have passed off, but its place is taken by another cane-ine fad. There has been an irruption of light brown walking sticks lately.

Why not have a new college song in English? "Metagona" is a magnificent song and is hallowed by a thousand memories—far be it from us to desire it supplanted by an English one. But why not have both? What is the use of having poets hanging around if they are not employed?

A woe-begone bleary-eyed pup was proudly introduced to the Divinity corridor by Madill a few weeks ago. After a short but exciting career Napoleon Bonaparte (that was his name) died. The cause of death is unknown—probably had company. His pedigree is too complicated to give in these columns. It may be obtained from Madill, who is anxious to sell it along with a dog collar and a bitter experience.