

"Do you know," he said, and his eyes twinkled like a rat's, "do you know why a miller wears a white hat?"

The next morning I found that the purser had arranged our seats at the table, and that I had been placed near the captain and just opposite my friend.

I was a little late when I took my seat, and my friend had already begun a conversation with the captain.

"Can you tell me," he was saying, "when is a sailor not a sailor?"

And all over again I heard in almost precisely the same order the riddles he had given me on the previous evening and which he had afterwards inflicted on the inmates of the smoke-room. We made calculations based on the price of a herring and a half; we deducted two from twenty sick sheep and made the result to be twenty-four; we divined what it was that made more noise than one pig under a gate; we discovered what was the thing in this world most nearly resembling a monkey looking out of a window; we gave up the reason for a hen crossing a road on a rainy day.

Fortunately it became rough after breakfast and our tormentor was prostrated. He was violently sea sick, and many of us hoped that this would be a good opportunity for throwing off a few old conundrums for ever. At any rate we had a respite, and as the gale increased and our friend took to his berth for a whole day, we who were not sea sick began to breathe quite freely.

That night the gale became a tempest and we had a tossing in our blankets from Father Neptune. In fact, so strong did the gale become that the captain had the engines stopped and waited for the tempest to blow over.

What a strange sensation it is when in mid-ocean the propeller suddenly ceases and there is no more the noise of the engine or thud of the screw. It caused quite a commotion, especially among the ladies. All sorts of costumes appeared in the saloon, and the beings wrapped up in them enquired, in excited tones, what had happened to the ship, and in still more excited tones what was likely to be about to happen in the paulo-post-future tense.

In fact, the excitement was only equalled by the appearance of a rat in the saloon; and then, strange to say, the tables were turned, and the ladies who had been most alarmed about the storm were cool and collected, and the ladies who laughed at the terrors of the ocean jumped on to the seats, lifted up their skirts and screamed.

The next morning our friend reappeared, but not quite as he had been before the storm. He still asked conundrums, but they came now as minute guns, at intervals; and no longer in one unbroken succession. I think, however, that if anything the result was even more appalling than before.

For instance, in the smoking-room, when an animated conversation was going on on the subject of Home Rule or the character of Mr. Gladstone, our friend, who sat quietly in the corner and took no part in any discussion that was not enigmatical, suddenly threw a bombshell into the midst of us all with some such question as this:

"Why should Benny marry Annie?"

Or, at dinner, in the midst of a discussion about the last novel, a voice would be heard, "I beg your pardon, Mr. B., but could you tell me what is the difference between an alligator and a piece of cheese?"

Or in the evening, when we sat in the saloon and played cards, he would ferret his little sharp face into the midst of a whist party with some such question as this: "Can you tell me why no one need starve in a desert?" or "By the way, did you ever hear the answer to this question, 'Why does a miller wear a white hat?'"

And then he would relapse into moody silence, and you would see him in some remote corner of the saloon mutter-

ing to himself with his *pince nez* up to his eyes and before him a little French novel which he never seemed to read.

Outside his conundrums nothing interested him. We had our athletic sports, with obstacle races in which the fattest men were expected to crawl through windlasses, and cock-fighting matches in which missionaries and merchants allowed themselves to be trussed like chickens and floundered about the deck to the great delight of everybody, especially the Chinese steerage passengers. But when the fun was highest our friend retired to the saloon, and when he emerged it was with a twinkle in his eye and

"Did I ever ask you which member of the House of Commons wears the biggest hat?"

Then again we had our concerts and varieties, entertainments where missionary ladies read improving fables about grasshoppers, and a clergyman stood up side by side with a consul and in an insane way flapped his arm and cawed like one of the "three old crows upon a tree"; and everybody in general shouted themselves hoarse with choruses to noisy songs. But these things moved him not. He sat with his *pince-nez* before him and read his book, and when all was over he turned with a sigh to his neighbour and said:

"Can you tell me if brass screws cost £6 a ton, how much must I pay for a ton of iron screws at the same price?"

We had our flirtations and our "promenading couples" on board, but these things even moved him not. Only once, when he became the half-unconscious witness of certain hand squeezings which took place behind the smoke-stack, was he heard to murmur to himself:

"Why should Benny marry Annie?"

At last the voyage was over, my boxes had been delivered from the hands of the custom house officials at Yokohama, and I was just getting into my jinrikisha to drive to the station.

"Can you tell me," said a voice close behind me, "can you tell me when is a sailor not a sailor?"

TRINITY COLLEGE, Nov. 8, 1890.

## College Chronicle.

**DARKNESS STILL REIGNS.**—The corridors in the new wing and all the sitting rooms save those of the two happy Fellows are still without gas. Who is to blame for this dismal state of affairs? The gas man? If so, we respectfully suggest that the students go down in a body and rout him in the good old-fashioned manner.

**THE CHOIR IN CASSOCKS.**—Some steps should be taken towards providing every member of the Choir with a cassock. If a member is unable to afford one himself some assistance should be given him. We understand that cassocks are made very cheaply by some private societies in Toronto in connection with the churches. Cannot something be done at once about the matter?

**THE PORTER IN UNIFORM.**—Why not put this important functionary in uniform? And the bell-boy in buttons? They should certainly be distinguished by their dress in some way. It looks much more respectable, and decidedly more "smart" to have gate officials in uniform. *THE REVIEW* begs to call the attention of the authorities to the matter, and bespeaks their favourable consideration of the plan.

**THE first meeting of the Science Association for the Academic year** was held on Thursday, 13th inst., at 8 p.m. The President, Prof. Smyth, occupied the chair. After the transaction of general business, Mr. E. W. Chilcott read a highly interesting essay on the Frog. This essay showed