

reading he had come across the following couplet, in which he clearly saw a hidden reference to our worthy Dean :

“Cane Decane, canis ; sed ne cane, cane Decane,
De cane—de canis, cane Decane, cane.”

But the Dean has not got grey hairs. How then shift the onus of such an epithet on Spot? This it was that puzzled this second year person, and, we may add, that in his attempts at re-editing he clearly showed the imprint of Cain on his brow by barbarously trying to murder the scansion.

Mr. Nicholas Flood, who was unfortunately plucked in his first year exams last July, has, we hear, taken unto himself a partner for better or for worse. What could not be achieved in Flood may be now perhaps taken by storm, and so we hope to see him back again. Formerly when a freshman got plucked he used gracefully to retire to his native village to teach others—presumably to get plucked, too. This new departure of Old Nick's will no doubt recommend itself to freshmen when the 'Xmas exams loom up.

While on the subject of freshmen, we beg to urge Class '96 not to commit the folly of having their year photographed at large. Of late, with the increasing numbers of each first year, their class photo is beginning to assume gigantic proportions. For goodness sake let the men get groups taken that will not be too cumbersome to take with them when they leave College.

Owing to a disagreement with 'Varsity in the matter of a payment of a fifteen dollar fine, we have now the pleasure of counting in '95 a former wearer of the blue and white. We applaud his business acumen. Fifteen dollars is a great deal to pay as a fifth share in the sack of an ancient building on Hallowe'en. Why, here, for \$2 and three days' vacation you can have the Fellow in Classics swarm up the rain pipe into the upper western corridor with the Fellow in Divinity—or was he Professor then?—to search under every bed for malignants. For the benefit of our readers we may offer suggestions as to how Mr. Bruce can put in his time till 'Xmas : (1) Career down the lower western on the hose reel, \$1 ; (2) Carry from Hall a plate of beef, presumably for vivisection, \$2 ; (3) Help Harry to a bath, \$2 ; (4) Syphonise the steward, when the doctor will allow such treatment, \$4 ; (5) Kick the Provost's door in, 50c. This is a mild form of recreation that, we hope, will not allow Mr. Bruce's hair to turn grey with over-excitement,

“What treasure, Uncle?” “Tennis-balls, my liege.” Thus might Mr. Cattanch, when presented with a certain bill from P. C. Allan's, have exclaimed with King Henry. It appears tennis balls were ordered and charged to the Club last July when none of the men were up. A matriculant would hardly have done such a thing ; who then could have had this astounding impudence?

Complaints are being raised on all sides against the men who will persist in knocking at sported oaks. The Divine Idler must surely be very confident of his popularity if he thinks a man will be so overjoyed at his visit as to forget the energy of a life time he has had to expend in getting his oak shut. Almost always such pleasant visits could bear postponing. Of course we allow that the cause of sporting is often trivial, but whether a card party, a supper or a grind are on hand, the men should see that this unwritten rule of the College be upheld, and anyone interfering with the privacy of an oak be suitably snubbed for his crude lack of manners.

Last week the Dean was awakened by an alarm at midnight. Groping his way to the Hall with Spot holding up one corner of his *robe de nuit*, he encountered the Porter

with candle and face of ghastly white. The noise appeared to their heated imagination as of a fall of part of the College building, but we believe it was the Sarnese Hercules, who tried a rapid transit down the stairs on his heels.

There was a curious Individual haunting the Corridors about Convocation time. Such curious ideas had he, too, about THE REVIEW being the same as *Rouge-et-Noir*, about *Episcopon* not being able to cope with the freshmen, and other points of interest. What a Parliament of wit and intelligence must Trinity have been in his time, and how sadly has Time told on her—and on the Individual, too, for where was his vaunted wit? We cannot incline to his opinion ; we imagine he was Shutt Off.

Would it not be well if the Steward would institute an examination to be passed by all gyps upon the subject of “The Nomenclature of Food?” If this could be done, we should more frequently recognize the connection between the dainties set before us and the description previously given of them. Moreover, we should no longer be invited to partake of such doubtful delicacies as “friscoes” and “quinine jelly.” (Poor fellow! he meant “quince.”)

THE FOOTBALL DINNER.

On the 21st the Annual Football Dinner was held in the Hall, with A. F. R. Martin, M.A., '92, as President of the Association, in the chair. After disposing of the sumptuous repast, in which the Steward outdid his former efforts, the men began, 'mid the fumes of tobacco, to call on J. C. H. Mockridge, B.A., '93, to take his seat at the piano. Mr. Martin then arose for the distribution of the prizes, and after a neat speech on the new institution of Games, second only to their predecessors the “Olympics,” called on the lucky winners to present themselves. As each athlete stepped up he was greeted with his class yell—that paean which excels all others in bringing College Spirit to a fever heat. McMurrich then sang a topical song of his year, which the Dean afterwards described as a Poetic Fancy, savouring strongly of Fact. It was sung to the well-known tune of “We'll all go a-hunting to-day.”

Then to the Toast of the Divinity Class, the football champions of the inter-year league, Mr. Chadwick, B.A., '93, spoke appropriately, and was followed by a song by Ballard, who sang of the Divinities and Ninety-four, the champions of the race-track. Frank DuMoulin, B.A., then, in a lengthy and sparkling speech, proposed the Faculty, to which the Dean, in his inimitable and old familiar way, responded. The toast of Ninety-four was adequately replied to by the head of that year, Saunders, and Rev. A. M. De Pencier rose in answer to “'95.” Meanwhile the challenge cup, with its three handles, the presentation of A. F. R. Martin, was wending its way round the table. It is an interesting cup this, and we hope, when space admits, to give some account of its origin in tradition. Among the guests of the evening were conspicuous Dr. Warbrick, Tremayne, Pottenger, '93, Fletcher and Carter Troop, M.A. Of these Mr. Fletcher, of the Trinity Medical College, gave some fine renderings of songs during the evening, as did Dr. Warbrick and Mr. Troop. The toasts of Captain Southam and ex-Capt. Robertson, proposed deftly by Jess Hamilton, were responded to in speeches highly characteristic. 'Mid shouts of the chorus of Frogs in Aristophanes—which, by the way, seem to have lost their harmoniousness in endeavouring to rhyme with “'96”—Reed proposed the toast of the Freshmen, to which Rodgers replied with due meekness. Beecher's topical song of the Freshmen met with great applause, as did the similar football song of De Pencier. Conspicuous on the coats of '94 were bits of the