

or they will lack a sufficient number of attendances to entitle them to votes, viz., four. If any one finds himself in this predicament he will have only himself to blame. We give all fair warning.

COLLEGE CUTS.

How prone is a parson, embryo or otherwise, to woman, and isn't it curious how the latter article sticks like a barnacle to *anything* in the sombre long coat and yoke collar. No wonder the susceptible deacon capitulates, throws up the sponge, and rocks the cradle in due time. Or, if he does manage to elude them, grows fat on teas and, sooner or later, assimilates too much of the "old woman" into his system!

They're having a great rumpus up in the Park at present, a roarin' time, a "loud 'un," if we may be permitted so to say. My dear fellow students, ladies, gentlemen, bucolics *et al.*, we admire your pluck; we sympathize with your noble efforts to restore the liberty trampled in the dust; we know that a worm will turn. But when the said worm becomes aggressive, and tries to eat through a stone wall, we'll put what we've got upon the stone wall every time. Perhaps you are right, the powers that be should be sifted and the chaff scattered to the wind, but, at the same time, don't you think that, with you, as with all other big universities, the overplus from the plow, with their great aspirations for the pulpit, the bar, etc., might follow the said chaff, and both lie down in their native element, or, as one of the dailies aptly puts it, carry home the mortar-board and let the old hen use it for a nest. Higher education is all very well, but, like everything else, must be confined within proper bounds.

One of the gallant wearers of the Queen's Own breeches has handed *THE REVIEW* the old roll book of the Trinity company, an interesting relic of many years ago. Several names of those who are now or have been Canada's famous sons are there enrolled, one of note being that of Col. Otter, who then held the rank of Captain and Adjutant. By the way, there are still some vacancies in I. Company's ranks for some good-looking soldier boys. We are sure Pte. Reed would put them through the preliminary "hay-foot, straw-foot." If there is room in the Divinity corridor for the dancing school, surely there must be for primary military manoeuvres!

The hockey team didn't come home *alone* from Berlin. Some enthusiasts met them at Parkdale, and the said team weren't so anxious to talk of their victory (modest mortals) as to point to the other end of the car at something in petticoats. "*Did we get any support in Berlin?*" replied one of the all-handsome septette, "You ought to have seen the way the girls held us up; that's what put the last three goals through in such short order." And then the gallant point looked, and she looked; he sighed, and she sighed. The team didn't say much going up in the van, and Monte Carlo didn't return from the north for a few days.

The Freshmen's supper took place in the Hall on the 30th ult., and even if it does not pass down to history as the most successful of its kind, it will not be the verdant ones' fault. The menu was excellent, and no fault can be found with the brand of cigarettes. Several old faces, *not familiar* at gatherings of the kind, made their appearance, or rather favored us with their presence, which presence they succeeded in impressing upon us forcibly during the evening. The programme was rather of an irregular character, but be it said to the performers' credit, that many of them supplied a long-felt want in furnishing us with something *new*. Mr. Bushell's recitations, delivered in truly dramatic style, are a pleasant departure. The pro-

fessor of etiquette asks us to say, for the benefit of those who have apparently neglected this branch of education, that to throw food at each other is not customary, at least no precedent can be found for so doing from our limited knowledge of the manner in which the best Toronto people dine. Yes, the Freshmen of '97 are good entertainers, but the composition of the invitations was apparently rather careless and hardly done on a steel plate!

"Lunatics, lunatics," remarks our learned professor of the transcendental, as he sees a healthy band of snowshoers off for their daily tramp. Perhaps we may be forced to differ from our ever popular professor, because, it may be, we haven't as yet reached our three score years, because, being young, we have a good deal of the animal predominant as yet; perhaps some member of the band may say snowshoeing goes better with classics than philosophy. However, the devotees of the said sport must have enjoyed themselves during the late cold spell, for did not they learn the latest English stride, even though they were nearly mangled by an express train!

AT THE CONVERSAZIONE.

The light was dimly flickering,
Turned down, *perhaps* by chance;
And in a cosy corner,
Far from the whirling dance,
Seated beneath the curtain,—
Strangely, upon one chair,
I, looking for my partner,
Espied a loving pair.

A hand, sweet, tantalizing,
Stretched out, picked up a book,
He helped to turn the pages,
Hands touched, a thrill, a look
Flashed love; strait, pent up passion
Spoke out in shortest way,
"Be mine, my life." "Yes, darling,
B-but—wha-at—will mother say?"

And then, as always happens
In cases of this kind,
Came long embraces, kisses,—
(Love must be truly blind)—
For, waiting, chafing, eager,
I stood, to seize a chance
To speak; it came: "Excuse me,
But isn't this our dance?"

The Chapel organ is evidently laid up—probably with "grippe." We wish to goodness the choir was too.

"Hear them cheering as they're nearing," etc. We wish the gentlemen who howl this mouldy chestnut through the corridors were "*nearing*" their end. And they will be, if they don't find a new ditty.

The St. Andrew's Brotherhood convention, held in Woodstock and which lasted from the 6th to 9th inst., was a huge success. Several Trinity men attended it and give enthusiastic reports of the benefit they received from the meeting, and of the hospitable treatment they received at the hands of the people of Woodstock.

Father Episcopon intimates that his loving children will do well to get a hustle on in the matter of handing in contributions. This is a serious matter. The success of "Episcopon" depends largely upon the honest efforts of the men to fill its columns with first-class articles.

People were wondering when the vans which went to the Union Station to meet the hockey team made their triumphal way through the streets whether it was a Salvation Army demonstration or an advance contingent of Lily Clay's company. The enthusiastic supporters of the hockey team having, probably, some doubts of any further