

# TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW

Of Literature, University Thought, and Events.

VOL. VIII.

TRINITY UNIVERSITY, TORONTO, MAY-JUNE, 1895.

No. 5-6.

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# Trinity University Review

A Journal of Literature, University Thought, and Events.

VOL. VIII.

TRINITY UNIVERSITY, TORONTO, MAY-JUNE, 1895.

No. 5-6.

## Trinity University Review.

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Literary contributions or items of personal interest are solicited from the students, alumni, and friends of the University. The names of the writers must be appended to their communications, but not necessarily for publication.

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## Editorial Topics.

### CANADIAN POETS.

WHEN a college produces a literary man whose name and fame is gradually spreading, or has spread to its greatest extent, old Alma Mater swells with maternal pride, and points him out, upon his high pinnacle, to her awe-struck freshmen as they yearly enter her walls. Of Lampman, for instance, whenever the talk drifts to Canadian poets, we say with feeling, "He is among the greatest; he is a Trinity man." Roberts, too, learned to sing in polished verse under the tuition of old Trinity, and is rapidly pushing to the foremost rank. Both are true poets of nature. Lampman especially breathes of the hills, the valleys, and the beautiful woods of Canada with dreamy, delicate touches of imagination that are the delight of the lover of poetry. It is a pity that the window-pane with Lampman's name scratched upon it was broken, for old names in various parts of the college throw a halo about the place, and bring back a host of old memories and recollections. In other fields of literature our men have made a world-wide name: Gilbert Parker, for instance, whose Hudson Bay sketches gave him such fame in England, and J. G. Bourinot, the great authority upon Parliamentary proceedings, looks upon his university with love and pride. It would be a great improvement to the common-room if we could get signed photographs of these men, neatly framed and hung above the fire-place as a slight testimonial of our pride in those who have enhanced the glory of Trinity.

### PRIZES.

WHETHER or no one object of the prizes is to furnish an excuse for releasing men from the whole or part of their just debts, the fact remains that it would be a very popular move should the authorities see fit to present them as

soon as won, rather than to continue the system in vogue for the first time this year of delaying the payment until the next occasion when the bursar is "in his office," and crediting the amount to the winner's college account. Of course it finally amounts to the same thing, but ready money to-day is preferable to credit to-morrow, and the prize-winner appreciates this fact. In any event, ample provision is made for the prompt payment of termly accounts. There is, too, another aspect of the question. To many men scholarships and prizes are not a necessity to their maintenance at college. How much pleasanter is it for these to have an opportunity of investing a certain amount, for instance in books, than—should they not happen to have an allowance—to make a round-about arrangement with parent or guardian by which they will be reimbursed from home? No doubt there are many excellent reasons to commend the present system, but the ones that we have mentioned will appeal to many who have won, and will in the future win, the many prizes offered by this University.

### THE LITERARY INSTITUTE.

It is a fact, strange yet true, that the Literary Institute is older than the College itself, and dates back to the days of old King's. When the "little unpleasantness" occurred the Divinity students and Faculty went to Cobourg and there founded the Theological Seminary. There, too, was carried the Debating Society; and lately, while rummaging in the University library two old minute books were brought to light bearing the dates 1849 and '54 respectively. These establish the relationship between the old Debating Society and the present "Lit." When Trinity was founded the "Theologs" moved here, and the debaters settled themselves within the new walls to decide the affairs of state with the same youthful arrogance as in far-off Cobourg. Many well-known names are recorded upon the list, and Dr. Langtry is mentioned as having "filled" the chair several times. Even then the Secretary bewails the scarce attendance and a record is made to the effect that the Librarian took summary means to enforce the return of a book—fancy that happening now. 'Tis beyond our ken. In 1854, on account of a miserable little quarrel—what great things often come from mean beginnings—the constitution was revised, the council changed and the Trinity Literary Institute was the shining result. Long may it live: the heart that pulses life into the Conversat. and the Common Room!

### MONEY.

"THE time has once more come round when college students are preparing to go forth and do battle for the great things of the world. For four years they have viewed the struggles of life with magnanimous calm from the sunlit heights of philosophy, but now they are beginning to realize that the world is not exactly such stuff as dreams are made of. They are at present preparing to gather to themselves all the collegiate honours they possibly can, and throughout the land the sound of the grinding is high. Some, perchance, think that their degrees will enable them to overcome all difficulties, but most of them on looking forth behold the future 'with dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms.' Those who look forward to earning their livings are suffering much disquietude because they realize that

their special knowledge is not of the kind calculated to make money. Young men whose mathematical knowledge would not be abashed at the thought of calculating the leverage required to overturn a mountain, tremble at the thought of prying loose a dollar from the adhesive palm of the ordinary business man. This is all very unfortunate, for it shows that after spending years in the study of philosophy they still cling to the American idea that the dollar is the one thing to be earnestly sought after. If there is one thing above another that a college education should do for a man, it should make him realize that this is not the case, but he will not realize it. The present condition of the world will not allow him to do so." The above appeared lately in an American paper. We always thought the Canadian Universities were ahead of the American—now we know it, for here at Trinity we live up to our philosophy most nobly in showing the utmost contempt for filthy lucre. If the writer of the above disbelieves this statement let him search the college, or, if this be impracticable he may wander the corridors to make change for a dollar bill.

### THE NEW BOOKS.

The following books will probably receive the greatest amount of attention during the summer months:

- "The Woman Who Did," Grant Allen.
- "Bog Myrtle and Peat."
- "Tales Chiefly of Galloway," Rev. S. R. Crockett.
- "Tryphena in Love," Raymond.
- "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," Thos. Hardy.
- "The Honour of Saville," S. Levets Yeats.
- "The Decline and Fall of Napoleon," Field Marshal Viscount Wolsely K.P.
- "Works of Tobias Smollet."

Upon glancing them over one realizes the varied character of the fiction which has appealed to the widely differing tastes of the reading public. What two authors could be more unlike than Smollet and Grant Allan? They are at antipodes. We are, however, loth to believe that Smollet has re-risen to any true popularity—not that his morals are any worse than Grant Allan's—but we ascribe his advent again upon the literary horizon to two very handsome editions of his works. The large sale of "Bog Myrtle and Peat" shows plainly the fact that Scotch dialect stories have not outlived their boom. "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" has appeared again in a new edition, while the "Honour of Saville," a romance after Stanley Weyman, is enjoying a good sale. Wolsely's "Decline and Fall of Napoleon" has been gathered from the pages of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, to be bound in a handsome volume. It is one of the many tributes to the great soldier in the last few years.

Besides these volumes we may mention "Tales of Mean Streets," and "The Jewel of Yns Galon." The last is a tale of adventure after the style of Robert Louis Stevenson and though it falls far short of that facile writer, yet it is a good honest tale of blood, pirates and hidden treasure. Blood and unpronounceable Welsh names are a trifle too conspicuous, but for a summer book it can be recommended. The sight of this volume will cheer the heart of an American editor, who hails with joy the fact that real pirates have of late been marauding the Mediterranean. He claims that this will revive the drooping spirits of the romancers who have lately turned away from pirates as an extinct class, to present to our tired minds "bloodless studies of neurotic and over wrought society women, or insipid people who talk wishy-washy sentiment in impossible dialects." In the face of this comes "The Jewel of Yns Galon" as a proof of his foresight in prophesying the effect that the real flesh and blood pirates have had on piratical romance.

Captain Charles King knows how to write a slashing, swashbuckling story of the rather mildly, adventurous American army, and one wonders what he would do if a real army and a real war came under his observation. "Under Fire" deals with several Indian outbreaks; incidentally it brings in a vulgar idling civilian or two, with penchants for other men's wives. The story, however, is one which sustains the reader's interest, and, as virtue always triumphs, is an excellent contrast to the novel of the day, where vice is invariably in the ascendant. Captain King never misses a chance for a fling against the Eastern feeling for the service, nor the insufficiency and injustice (as he considers it) of the Washington authorities in their dealings with the United States Army.

### A MODERN MIDAS.

#### A CHARACTER SKETCH.

THERE was naught of the hypocrite in the old miser; he *looked* his character; he lived his life with a stern disregard of the opinions of the world that almost amounted to stoicism; he was not an admirable man—no one had ever called him that.

None could remember when he had taken up his abode in the old house by the lake shore—the house that stood on the bluff, within sound of the lake waves, and surrounded by the ceaseless music and deep fragrance of the pines.

A small garden-plot stood in front of the hut—it was little more—untended, in which every year a few flowers sprung up, flourished, and with their season passed away. Straggling vines had overgrown the tottering rail-fence that wandered around the house in grotesque zig-zags, and wild roses and honeysuckle trailed over the rude logs of the house itself, transforming the rough structure into a bower of fragrant, swaying blossoms. The path that wound down to the lake was bordered by clover, tiny blossom centers that nodded in the warm breeze distilling a subtle perfume more sweet than incense from before the altar. No sounds marred the peaceful stillness—a stillness approaching sanctity—except the soft twittering of birds, the long-wailing cry of the loon, or the plaintive wail of the plover.

In the springtime the orchard turned pink and white with the apple blossoms and scented peach bloom, and in the autumn glistened with the golden spheres of fruit that nestled among the green leaves. All tended to form a harmonious whole. The old miser was the sole discord.

His features, while they repelled, possessed a certain indefinable attractiveness. His white hair fell about his face softening and subduing the general contour. The deep set eyes were of a cold, steely grey. They were those restless eyes that are always probing, ever searching out the unfathomable—cruel eyes. In the lines of his mouth were the traces of a softer nature, as though at one time life had not been entirely gall and vinegar. Alone, uncared for, he dragged out his loveless, lonely existence, clinging to what he did possess with a grasping fervour that was almost pitiful in its intensity. He was afraid to die, afraid to loose the frail cord that held his life's craft, and to sail into the unknown. He was loth to part with his gold. It was his life, his love, his God.

Gold! gold! gold! He would touch with lingering caress the small cowslips that bloomed among the grass. The roses that clustered about his porch would have lost their charm had not their petalled cups been a deep, rich gold. He would watch with feelings akin to pleasure the small humming birds that came to feed upon the swaying sprays of honeysuckle, gazing intently upon their bronze breasts flashing golden in the sunlight.

In the spring time he would walk daily in his garden watching for the first glimpses of yellow daffodils, crocuses

and golden violets. In the summer the golden beauty of the roses appealed to him, and when autumn had come the nodding golden rod that grew to wild profusion about the hut, the glowing richness of the frost kissed maples, and the soft yellow of the sunshine itself filled him with an admiration close approaching love. All these were the shadows of his heart's idol—his gold.

\* \* \* \* \*

The soft rays of the moon stole through the miser's open casement, flooding the rickety wooden table with molten gold, resting upon the piles of coin and the old man's thin hands as he lets them dribble through his fingers and fall ringing upon the table. The music of those falling coins was the sweetest in the world to him. The soft murmuring of the pines could be heard, and the liquid sobbing waves rolling gently in upon the shore. The cry of a loon floated out upon the still night air, and the old man's hands trembled nervously as he clinked the gold. His cheeks burned feverishly, and his eyes glowed while he gloated over his treasure. The air swept through the window cooling his heated brow and rustling the rose vines that hung about the casement. The light of the moon illumined the rocks, the long, gleaming shore; a broad pathway of gold was limned upon the smooth waters of the lake. The miser's eyes wandered to the wide, trembling course, he started from his chair; the piles of gold lay unheeded on the table as he opened the door and stepped out into the fresh atmosphere.

Down the garden walk, through the creaking gate to the top of the bluff staggered the white-haired maniac; with a carefulness born of long years of experience he threaded his way down the rugged way that led to the shore. He plucked a sprig of golden rod as he passed and held it tightly in his hand, murmuring, "It is gold."

His voice was husky and his limbs shook beneath him. At last he stood upon the shore; before him stretched the golden pathway trembling far out into the lake. He did not hear the murmur of the waves, his hands were clasped, and in wild, quavering accents he exclaimed, "gold! gold! gold!"

The waves touched his worn shoes but he heeded not. Deeper, deeper, deeper, the waters rushed about his waist in tiny, gurgling eddies, but farther out he went muttering the while that word of words, "Gold! gold! gold!"

Deeper—suddenly a laughing, mocking cry broke the calm stillness; the old miser's body disappeared beneath the waves, and above him floated the spray of golden rod that he had picked when on his way to his grave of gold.

The moon shone softly upon the coins on the table in the empty hut. Far in the distance the cry of a night bird trembled on the air for a moment and then died away into silence.

H. CAMERON NELLES WILSON.

#### THE TIME MACHINE.\*

MAN has ever looked with awe upon the mysterious evolution which changed him from a mere brute skulking among the rocks and forests, wrenching a miserable existence against the competition of the beasts; into a being who has obtained mastery over the earth, who lays bare secret after secret of Nature, and who transfers her laws, one by one into submissive servants. And his power is without stint or bound, for each discovery paves the way to greater and more wonderful.

When we thus contemplate ourselves in the Glass of Retrospection and see our manifold possibilities for the future we do not wonder when we note the hold that the subject has taken upon the minds of the romancers, who have lately turned out many books dealing with marvelous scientific investigations and inventions.

They are popular for we like to see our strength and our possibilities laid before us for contemplation, even though we read them as mere inventions of a creative and fanciful mind. In order to have this brought more vividly before us the ideas must be dished up with that semblance of logic and clear reasoning which will give them the scientific air necessary.

The scientific and sociological romances have dived boldly into the Mist of Time both backward and forward, but none, we think, in a manner so utterly staggering as H. S. Wells in the "Time Machine." Bellamy transfers his hero a thousand or so years ahead by causing him to go into the much abused hypnotic state, and makes no effort to bring him back to the present age. Mark Twain has his Yankee knocked back thirteen hundred years by the blow of a crow-bar and throws explanations to the dogs before he brings him again into the nineteenth century. But Mr. Wells is more elaborate, he argues, gives us theories, plays the logician and then makes us fairly drunk with Time as he whirls us through the centuries, even forward to the age when the old earth will lie gasping in her last throes, ———but we go too fast.

The scene is in the house of the Time Traveller, where the Journalist, the Psychologist, the Medical Man and the person supposed to be telling the story are dining, together with Filby the poet and the Very Young Man. For a time the conversation was of the ordinary after-dinner sort, but soon all were intent upon a discussion begun by the Psychologist and the Time Traveller. The Psychologist was greatly exercised because the Time Traveller declared Time to be the fourth dimension of space. He of the theory said:—"There is no difference between Time and any of the other three dimensions of space except that our consciousness moves along it"—much to the ridicule of the others. Then, "Scientific people," continued the Philosophical Inventor, or Time Traveller, "know very well that Time is only a kind of space. Here is a popular scientific diagram, a weather record. The line which I trace with my finger shows the movement of the barometer. Surely the mercury did not trace this line in any of the dimensions of space generally recognized? But certainly it traced such a line, and this line we must conclude was along the Time Dimension." "But," said the Medical Man, "if Time is really only a fourth dimension of space why is it, and why has it always been regarded as something different, and why cannot we move about in Time as we move about in the other dimensions of space?" The Philosophical Inventor then declares that in two dimensions only are we free, in the vertical we are limited by gravity and that without mechanical means we could have no freedom of such movement. The Medical Man admits this but declares that we are even more limited by Time, as we cannot get away from the present moment. Then the Time Traveller says: "We are always getting away from the present moment. Our mental existences which are immaterial and have no dimensions are passing along the Time Dimension with a uniform velocity from the cradle to the grave. Just as we should travel down if we began our existence fifty miles above the earth's surface."

The Psychologist, like the Medical Man, objects that we cannot move about in Time as we can in space. "You are wrong to say we cannot move about in Time. For instance if I am recalling an incident very vividly I go back to the instance of its occurrence—I jump back for a moment. Of course we have no means of staying back for any length of time, any more than a savage or an animal has of staying six feet off the ground. But the civilized man is better than the savage in this respect. He can go up against gravitation in a balloon, and why should we not hope that ultimately he may be able to stop or accelerate his drift along the Time Dimension or even to turn about and travel the other way."

\* New York: (Henry Holt & Co., 1895.)



"Oh this," begun Filby, "is all"—we may add "bosh" and be right, but still here is the scientific dressing of which we spoke.

It suffices to say that he produced a model which he made disappear—into Time as he said. He then showed them an unfinished machine of the regular size, and as the party left he invited them to assemble a few evenings later.

They arrive to find him not upon the scene, but a note tells them to dine at a certain hour, as he will return as soon as possible. It is not long before he turns up, tattered, and bloody, and travel worn. He has been Time Travelling and had covered many thousand years in the few hours before dinner! His tale to the assembled company occupies the body of the book and is a good specimen of plain, straightforward readable English, but here we can only occupy ourselves with some of the most startling parts and with the ingenious sociological speculations, advising the reader to obtain the book as part of his summer reading.

After he gets fairly started upon his machine the Time Traveller says: "As I put on pace day followed night like the flap, flap of some rotating body. The dim suggestion of the laboratory seemed presently to fall away from me and I saw the sun hopping swiftly across the sky, leaping it every minute, and every minute marking a day. I suppose the laboratory had been destroyed and I had come into the open air. . . . Presently as I went on still gaining velocity the palpitation of day and night merged into a continuous grayness, the sky took on a wonderful deepness of blue, the jerking sun became a streak of fire, a brilliant arch in space and the moon a fainter fluctuating band. . . . Presently I noticed that the sun belt swayed up and down from solstice to solstice in a minute or less, and that consequently my pace was over a year a minute, and minute by minute the white snow flashed across the world and vanished, and was followed by the bright, brief green of spring. . . . The landscape was misty and vague. I saw trees growing and changing like puffs of vapour, now brown, now green, they grew, spread, fluctuated and passed away. I saw a richer green flow up the hillside and remain there without any wintry intermission. Even through the veil of my confusion the world seemed very fair. And so my mind turned to the business of stopping." After this you will surely give the author the palm over all the others in his class, for imaginative ingenuity.

After having traversed some eight hundred thousand years or so he stopped his machine and very opportunely arrived in that far distant period during a thunderstorm. After he had gathered himself together he found he was upon a lawn before an immense building. The people who ran out to meet him were very small and delicately shaped. They showed curiosity over the strange being only for a short time and then wandered off like butterflies in quest of new pleasures. They showed no sign of fear and were quite indifferent whether he lived with them or not. As he wandered about he found the enormous and beautiful buildings were time-worn and ruinous, yet no effort seemed to have been made to repair them, and though all useless vegetation seemed to have disappeared and nothing but flowers and fruit-bearing trees remained, yet they grew in untended confusion. The fact that the great buildings were common living places full of sleeping rooms and dining halls pointed to socialism having been brought to a high state of perfection, in truth everything showed a complete subjection of nature many centuries before, but the Time Traveller seemed to have happened upon the wane of the race for they were utterly lacking in all the inventive and creative genius so prominent in their remote ancestors. As he contemplated the scene he argued that the restless energy which with us is strength, would become

with them weakness, when all danger and competition was reduced to a minimum. Humanity had been strong, energetic and intelligent and had used its vitality to alter the conditions under which it lived, and now had come the reactions of these conditions. He noted the beautiful architecture of the buildings about him and saw in them the last surgings of the now purposeless energy of mankind. Secure from all danger and trouble this energy had found outlet in art and in eroticism ere it fell into languor and decay.

Thus he thought he had solved the social theory of that future day, but as he stays longer he feels there are parts lacking in the great puzzle he is trying to put together.

He noticed that the thoughtless little people frolicked in the sunshine all day, that they did no manner of work and yet were clothed, also at night, they, who were so fearless in the day, slept huddled together and showed the greatest horror of the dark. All this to him seemed an enigma. Before long he noted deep wells in the earth, with strong currents of air ascending in some and descending in others. The presence of these he could not explain for some time. As he was stumbling through some very dark ruins he discovered a pair of flaming eyes turned upon him, and as he advanced he felt something soft brush by and run across the sunlit space—a strange object like a human spider—it held its head very low, and stumbling against a rock of granite it disappeared down one of the wells. Here he felt was one of the missing pieces of his puzzle, for he realized with a shudder that the flaxen haired pallid creature was human.

The little people showed such horror of these pits that they could not be induced to go near them, and for some time he, too, hesitated about descending, but at last he went down, and as a result has a narrow escape from being retained by the creatures below, as only by retreating with lighted matches in his hand could he keep them off, the retinas of their eyes being extremely sensitive.

He thus accounts for the great division in the race. "But at first starting from the problems of our own age it seemed as clear as daylight to me, that the gradual widening of the present merely temporary and social difference of the capitalist from the labourer was the way to the explanation. No doubt it will seem grotesque enough to you and wildly incredible, and yet even now there are circumstances that point in the way things have gone. There is a tendency plainly enough to utilize underground space for the less ornamental purposes of civilization, there is the Metropolitan station in London for instance, and all these new electric railways and underground work-rooms, restaurants and so forth. Evidently, I thought, this tendency had increased until industry had gradually lost sight of day, going into larger and larger underground factories in which the workers would spend an increasing amount of their time. Even now, an east end worker lives in such artificial conditions as to be practically cut off from the natural surface of the earth and the clear sky altogether.

"Then again, the exclusive tendency of richer people, due, no doubt, to the increasing refinement of their education, and the widening gulf between them and the rude violence of the poor, is already leading to the closing of considerable portions of the earth against the latter. And the same widening gulf, due to the length and expense of the higher educational process and the increased facilities for, and temptation towards, forming refined habits among the rich, will make that frequent exchange between class and class, that promotion and intermarriage which at present retards the splitting of our species along the lines of social stratification, less and less frequent.

"So in the end you would have above ground the Haves, pursuing health, comfort, and beauty, and below ground the Have-nots, the workers, getting continually adapted to their labour. No doubt, once they were below ground,



considerable rent would be charged for the ventilation of their caverns, workers who struck work would starve or be suffocated for arrears of ventilation rent; workers who were so constructed as to be miserable and rebellious would die. In the end, if the balance was held permanent, the survivors would become as well adapted to the conditions of subterranean life as the overworld people were to theirs, and as happy in their way. It seemed to me that the refined beauty of the overworld and the etioliated pallor of the lower followed naturally enough."

To suppose that such a division will take place in the human race we must make the extremely improbable hypothesis that the ethical principle, which makes our solid civilization such a contrast to the more brilliant one of the ancients, will disappear in future years. It seems growing in strength year by year, so it is highly improbable that such will be the case.

But the author's idea is not so much to solve social question as it is to cater to the taste of the day, so he uses sociological material out of which to mould startling ideas. After he has presented to our view the divided race, and put us upon the clew to the story, he gives us the climax that we could feel working to the surface throughout the book. He shows how Nemesis, the great leveler, planned horrid revenge upon the people who had pushed their brothers into burrows. He lays stress upon the fact that intelligent vigour and strength is the outcome of competition and danger, and how when it was removed the race above had sunk into a splendid decay, becoming mere shadows of themselves like the Carolingians of old. Because of the work they did the little dwellers in the dark below kept more of their intelligence, and the world above might have been theirs again but for the light they could not stand. Centuries and centuries before, food had given out, they were not vegetarians like the race above, and as all the lower animals had disappeared from off the face of the earth they turned upon the laughing unreasoning helpless people who were once their masters, and ranced them like cattle, stealing up in the dark of the night to pick the fattest. Here we have the climax, the reader shudders, Nemesis smiles her awful smile, and the author rests satisfied ere he takes his last great flight. And what a flight it is. The Time Traveller barely escapes cannibalism by leaping upon his machine and soaring once more into Time. Millions of years he flees in his panic, and when at last he stops, the machine is resting upon the banks of an arm of the ocean which has wormed its way, during the centuries, far up the Thames. The earth had ceased rotating, and had stopped with a face turned toward the sun.

The sky was no longer blue. Northeastward it was inky black, and out of the blackness shone the pale white stars, overhead it was a deep Indian red and starless, and southward it grew brighter, to where cut by the horizon, lay the motionless hull of the huge red sun.

In the vividest of language he pictures the perpetual twilight, the great silent pulsing ocean stained red with an everlasting sun rise, the brilliant lichens slimy and cold covering the rocks. Every word speaks of desolation and death, until when he sees a monster reptile making for him we fairly feel ourselves fly with him back to the present. This is a magnificent ending to such an imaginative romance, and we feel that he is a clever man indeed who can lead us spell bound through a future drawn from the recesses of his own brain.

A few days later the Time Traveller disappears into Time, and according to Mr. Wells he has never returned. Let us hope that his great-great-grand-children's grand-children will treat their ancestor with the due amount of respect.

A DELIGHTFUL evening was spent recently at Mrs. Laidlaw's. The dance was given for S. Hilda's, and the usual select circle of favoured Trinity men were there.

## SHYNESS.

SHYNESS is one of the inglorious heritages of the Anglo-Saxon race. Therefore those who loyally defend those things which are British reckon it as a virtue, or, at any rate, as having its origin in a virtue, viz., modesty; they are further inclined to put the absence of it down to bump-tiousness rather than to good-breeding. The American suffers less from it than the Britisher, but it was not unknown in ancient times, for our old gossip Horace tells how when he was first introduced to Maecenas he was prevented from saying much by "infans pudor," which means, as all '95 men know, not "infant modesty," but "speechless shyness." We are all, however, by nature inclined to make the best of ourselves; and so the man who is afflicted by shyness finds some compensation in saying that the unshy fancies himself too much, while *he* has his revenge on the other by saying he is always thinking about himself. But, say what you like, it is a fault, and one that is a great infliction upon others as well as yourself, whatever be the cause. The curious thing is that it should be hard to be natural; but it is so in behaviour, to many, quite as much as it is in painting or singing or playing cricket; the natural way is the right way, and most of us, when we begin things, do them the wrong way first, and come to the right and easiest way by practice and training. This means thinking about what you are doing; when the training is complete, you do right without thinking about it.

The person who is shy feels a great desire to hide himself: a screen or an earthquake would answer his purpose, but there isn't one on hand, and so he hides behind himself. He adopts the device of anyone who is meditating or detected in a crime—say a burglar or a young poet—takes an alias and gets behind it. What it is, of course, varies according to his temperament; but one thing is certain, it isn't himself, though the public often thinks it is. The boy who is merely not fully "ledged puts on a shyness of extreme loutishness, while another plays the goat exceedingly and seems to be showing off to those who do not see that it is done only in desperate self-defence. A man who is in reality as meek as Moses gets taken for a fire-eater by those who only see him in the shy; and there was a Dean of an English cathedral who was looked upon as a perfect incarnation of arrogance, the fact being that he was intensely shy and nervous, and had got accustomed to hide himself behind the impregnable defence of an inaccessibly dignified *hauteur*. Finally there is the gentleman who knows he is shy, but does not want to make others uncomfortable thereby, and therefore takes for his defence a somewhat exaggerated courtesy and politeness. If you scratch him you will probably soon see the natural man through (as they say the Tartar lurks under the skin of the Russian), and may find him a good enough fellow after all, or you may not.

## COLLEGE AND TOWN.

It is just about this time of the year that one may remember rather sadly the resolution once made about keeping up the Glee Club. In other words, we think that the praise offered up in our chapel is very doubtful praise, and it would not be surprising if the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Visitors should get out an injunction to prevent singing from being a part of our Sunday services.

"WHAT thoughts does spring suggest to you?" asked my friend, the poet. Not being a poet myself, I thought of little withered bunches of onions, of stacks of "tired" rhubarb, of the ice-cream man, and of the new canvas covers on the beer-delivery waggons. For these form a part of spring, and so I said. The discussion was adjourned.

So the Powers That Be have decided that if a man

comes to a lecture unprepared, the lecture may not count. Well, it is their right to do this, and they are evidently working for the good of all concerned. But if they insist on term-work being done, they should be prepared to grant marks on term-work, in the examinations. This is only just.

"Show me a man's college rooms, and I will tell you what he is." Tastes in decorations differ very much. This room has a pugnacious aspect; its pictures are of two sorts of heroes—soldiers and football players. Boxing gloves give the finishing touches. This one has actress and living-picture photographs galore. In another the portraits of horses, jockeys, and oarsmen struggle for chief notice. But the most interesting of all is the room which fairly teems with pictures of bucking bronchos, wild cattle, and a fine assortment of dare-devil cowboys, who, for reasons which do not appear, are continually firing off revolvers of 85 calibre or thereabouts. A long lasso is the crowning glory of the room.

THEY have come at last. The tennis court swarms with them, and we have discovered what that court *can* be made to look like under certain circumstances.

## Correspondence.

To the Editor of THE TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW :

Dear Sir,—I have hitherto kept locked in the recesses of what I call my brain a little incident which came under my notice whilst away on our recent tour, but, after mature consideration have decided to give it publicity.

Prowling around by myself on one of those memorable days I chanced upon a crowd, who were listening, open-mouthed, to the holding-forth of an itinerant phrenologist at a street corner.

"Yes, ladies and gentlemen," said he, sagaciously shaking the forefinger of his right hand, while his left wandered lovingly over the subject's "bumps," "this development indicates extreme modesty, not to say shyness."

The first faint glimmer of a smile dawned upon the subject's face.

"You see," continued the professor, "an instance of the retiring nature of this gentleman, in his reluctance to admit the possession of such an enviable characteristic before strangers. He is not one to push himself forward in any way."

The smile gradually widened into a grin.

"Yet, my friends, I can assure you his modesty would not prevent his bold championship of truth, if it were required, for there is here a decided indication of downright honesty of purpose. He would boldly speak out what he thought, though his other prominent characteristic would prevent him falling into exaggeration. No doubt these qualities will be brought into use in this gentleman's calling. Perhaps, sir, you do not mind saying what your occupation is?"

"Oh, dear, not at all, sir," remarked the modest one, rising with a radiant countenance, "I'm B-h-r of the 'Magistrate' company, and I assure you, ladies and gentlemen, that in all my wanderings by flood and field I have never encountered so unparalleled and magnificent an aggregation of the exponents of humour, absolutely free from vulgarity of any kind whatever, and—"

But with a wild shriek the professor had vanished, without even troubling to pass around the hat, and the pattern of modesty finished his harangue in great shape.

We had the best house that night.

Yours etc.,

Toronto, May 17, 1895.

MARTIN CLEWORTH.

## College Chronicle.

### THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

WE can never be sufficiently grateful to Her Majesty for having been born on the twenty-fourth of May. No day could possibly be better for a holiday. Coming as it does after the dark, comfortless days of the latter part of April and early May, it is the first real summer holiday we have, and it is consequently thoroughly enjoyed.

Of course it sometimes rains on the twenty-fourth. Our friend the Cynic will maintain that it almost always does. We flatly deny any such statement. We insist that it is generally fine, and will hold our position against all comers.

The present twenty-fourth was no exception to what we consider (and stoutly maintain to be) the general rule. Now, we hold that this proves our point. It must be generally fine on the twenty-fourth because the present one was as perfect a day as ever dawned. Why, we ask, why should this one be different from all others? And so we told the Cynic, but its no use arguing with fellows like him.

Yes, the present twenty-fourth was glorious *as usual*. Of course the Cynic was on hand. He declared it would rain an hour after the match began. We merely withered him with a look of scorn, content to let nature herself settle him, and sang "God Save the Queen" as lustily as if rainy days and cynics were animals as extinct as the Great Auk itself.

Right loyally rang out the National Anthem from the terrace. It is a time-honored custom this, and we hope future generations of undergraduates will carry it out faithfully. There seemed to be a little lack of interest in this regard this year. We hope it was so, in appearance only. Remember in this we are doing what our predecessors have done for many a year.

And the cricket match? Well you will have to refer to another column if you want the particulars of that. We were only spectators, and did not see, I suppose, the fine points of the play. We knew that Trinity won and that was enough for us. We saw with enthusiasm the bails of three or four of the Toronto team's first batters fly in quick succession. We noticed rather anxiously that the others made a good stand for the rest of the innings, but were reassured when we were told that their score could easily be surpassed by our men. This was before lunch. In the afternoon there were so many things to see and they all looked so pretty and bright, and we were so busy running for ices and cake for them that we fear the cricket received the least share of our attention.

Trinity did look well in the afternoon with her lawns,

"With happy faces and with holiday."<sup>sonn</sup>

Pretty girls and pretty dresses do look well with a background of fresh green trees and grass. The harpers played very nicely and when they quitted the lawn for the Convocation Hall it was not long before most of the guests found their way thither too. Polka Valse and Two-step, Two-step Valse and Polka followed in quick succession. It was a trifle warm but who cared? It only make the lawn seem more inviting than ever.

But Trinity men are you degenerating? Is your civilization a failure? Where were you in the afternoon? Where were you, boasted knights and gallants? Shame upon such gallantry. The "little few" who were on hand did their best but we have caught the sound of murmurs. Look to your laurels.

All too quickly the afternoon sped away and with it the guests. Little groups were seen wending their way down the walk and soon the corridors and lawns were left deserted. Wide open doors, groups of empty chairs

mocked us in our loneliness and with a sigh we went down to tea.

It was a delightful twenty-fourth in every way and we enjoyed every minute of it. We hope our guests did too. But amid the pleasant memories which gather round it let us not forget the object of the holiday and its festivity. For many, many twenty-fourths have the loyal subjects of Queen Victoria celebrated her birthday and have wished her many happy returns; and it must be that we do it with ever deepened feeling as the years roll by. Let us this year, more than ever, join heart and voice in

"God save our gracious Queen."

THE LIBRARY.

The Librarian of the University Library wishes all outstanding books to be returned to his desk as soon as possible.

COLLEGE CUTS.

When the results are out, the mourners may well tune their harps and sing with the Psalmist, "The plowers plowed upon my back; they made long their furrows."

Poor Spot! While we chronicle the advent of one fox terrier we bewail the loss of another. We can sympathise with the Dean in his bereavement, and sincerely hope that "Spot" will turn up soon, so that he may take many another "little jog with his little dog."

In close vicinity to the chapel two handsome oaks have withered away, just as they were putting on their summer decorations. Should not this be investigated, to see whether it is worms at the roots or the chapel organ and choir, that have thus robbed our grounds of two such handsome ornaments?

The tennis-court has taken on that charm which femininity ever throws about herself. Little shrieks as the balls go wide and the rustling of skirts do not disconcert that court, not a bit of it, probably because it has grown too old and hard. How nice it would be if the S. Hildians could troop over the ravine, racquet on shoulder, from the house, now for rent, but which seems made for them.

Some weeks ago an itinerant photographer was tooling a caravan and sorry steed slowly through the neighbourhood of Trinity. Rumour has it that he stopped at S. Hilda's, and we have been inundated with inquiries respecting the result of his visit. So great was the secrecy observed and so many the safeguards that even the ubiquitous newspaper man was on this occasion nowhere. For the benefit of our readers, at great expense and risk a special scribe made a pilgrimage to Shaw street, and through superhuman exertions compassed a brief view of the proofs. Language fails us to describe the result that this mysterious photographer has attained, but we have it on the best authority that a copy is about to be presented to Trinity's common-room, where it will be enthroned among a mass of unregenerate cricketers, footballers and hockeyists to the confusion of dull-witted misogynists and the delight of future generations.

SPORTS.

SELDOM has a cricket season opened more favourably for us than the present one. With a goodly proportion of last season's XI still available and material, especially of bowlers, considerably above the ordinary, the outlook for success was particularly encouraging. Moreover, the negotiations in course of completion with regard to the International Intercollegiate match advised all candidates for honours that they would have ample opportunity of anguishing themselves.

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The summer term always brings to Trinity men a feeling of satisfaction and comfortable self-complacency. For

is it not the time for cricket, and is not cricket Trinity's game? Although taking an active share in all branches of athletics we have always given the chief place to the old game of England, and in it our greatest triumphs have been achieved. Acquitted of any charges of vanity or egotism we may then indulge in a feeling, at this time of year, of comfort and intensified self-respect, just as one always has a feeling of justifiable pride in the performance of that which experience has shown that he can do well.

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There are certain features about our XI for 1895 that are worthy of comment. A severe loss is the absence of Southam, who has not yet sufficiently recovered from his late illness to take his wonted place on the team. One of our prettiest and surest bats and a consistently brilliant fielder, he leaves a gap difficult to fill. Fleet, reliable as ever, is with us again and is doing good work. A most encouraging sign and one which we chronicle with the greatest possible pleasure is the fact that the faculty of medicine has furnished us this season with two of our most brilliant cricketers. In Cooper and Goldsmith we have two men of exceptional merit. The former has already been honoured with a place on the International XI, and is one of the best fast bowlers in Canada. The latter is also an excellent trundler as his performance of four wickets for ten runs against Upper Canada College readily shows. Both men are brilliant batsmen, Cooper's performance of 66 not out against Toronto calling for special mention. At Hamilton both men punished the bowling to a degree, retiring with 20 and 25 to their credit respectively. As a bowling team the eleven of this season is quite phenomenal, comprising at least six first-class bowlers, while every man is able to go on for a change.

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An almost unbroken series of victories has attended the efforts of the XI this season. Eight matches, of which five were won, two drawn and one lost is a very creditable showing and reflects credit on the team and Capt. Rogers. The latter has played the most conscientiously good cricket of any man on the team and our best congratulations are due to him.

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On May 4th a victory was scored over Toronto Junction by 87 runs to 56. A feature of the match was the sportsmanlike action of the Junction captain in refusing to accept the draw when the score stood 87 to 43 against him for nine wickets. In view of the score he elected to play the game out. For Toronto Junction W. and C. Edwards piled up 14 and 16 respectively, and for Trinity Fleet scored 25 and Douglas and Bell made 11 and 22 respectively. The first game with Parkdale on May 11th was drawn on account of rain, Trinity having scored 75 in the first innings, of which Rogers got 22, Douglas 15, and Goldsmith 12.

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The eleven enjoyed a very pleasant trip to Port Hope on May 18th to play Trinity College School and suffered a defeat, the third at the hands of the school in a good many years. We congratulate the winners on their excellent showing this season. There are no signs of an immediate decline of cricket at the school. Strathy and Francis secured 37 apiece in capital style, Strathy giving but one chance and six bowlers contributing to their separation. Tucker got seven wickets for 30 runs. Trinity, be it said, were without the bowling of Cooper and also had the wet wicket for their innings. Douglas scored 29 runs.

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The next match was the annual game with Toronto upon the 24th. The usual quota of fair ladies and brave men were there, but for the social account of the day another part of the paper gives the record. The game opened with Toronto at the bat, Cooper and Wadsworth doing good bowling in the fact that Boyd's wicket fell for

six, while Goldingham, Laing and Street failed to score. McMaster secured thirty-one runs not out, and Saunders scored twenty-one before Douglas took his wicket. Trinity went to bat after lunch, Cooper and Bell making a magnificent stand, scoring sixty-six not out and twenty-two respectively. Rogers, Douglas and Mockridge also batted well for Trinity. Toronto went to bat a second time, and stumps were drawn at six p.m. with five wickets down, Trinity winning in the first innings by sixty-nine runs.

\* \*

On the 25th the team took the field against Upper Canada, upon the grounds of that school. Waldie won the toss and Cameron made fourteen runs, the highest score for the school team, all the others being in single numbers. When Trinity came to the bat they ran up seventy, Mockridge scoring 13, the only double figures in the innings. In the second inning Upper Canada made 59, and, when Trinity came to bat, Cooper made the winning hit, the game going to us by seven wickets.

\* \*

In Hamilton on May 29th Trinity took her innings first against the cricket club of that city. Fleet, Rogers and Goldsmith making the principle scores, nineteen, fifteen and fourteen respectively. For Hamilton, Martin and Riseboro ran up twenty-seven and twenty-one not out. Fleet, Goldsmith and Douglas bowled for Trinity. Trinity went to bat a second time, but the innings was unfinished, on the first innings the score was fourteen in our favour.

\* \*

The match looked forward to by every man in College is the one with the University of Toronto, for it is upon the cricket field that we wipe away the stain of defeat in other branches of athletics, and this year we were as successful as in years gone by. Trinity won the toss, and after Douglas and Bell got out for a small score, Rogers proceeded to fill the hearts of the Varsity men with terror, bowler after bowler tried to dislodge him, but still he batted on, piling up his score until it reached forty-three. His form is conspicuous, even among the Port Hope men, who are celebrated for their batting. Goldsmith stood with him, and by his usual hard hitting scored thirty-four before his wicket fell. Senkler made the third score with thirteen. For Varsity Greenwood made thirty-two not out, Culbert and Anderson doing well for twenty-two and fourteen. The last wicket fell before half-past six, Trinity winning upon the innings by fifty-four runs. The second innings was not played. Cooper, Rogers and Douglas bowled well for Trinity, while Counsell, Boultsbee and Anderson took the wickets of some of our best men.

\* \*

The last match before the dread exams closed in upon us was with Parkdale. We went to the bat first, and as Parkdale was unable to finish the innings the match was drawn, with Trinity 106 runs ahead. Cooper, Fleet and Rogers did the chief scoring for Trinity; for Parkdale, Chambers distinguished himself by carrying his bat for 32.

\* \*

A match has been arranged with Ottawa for the 22nd of June. It is doubtful if we can do ourselves full justice at that time, as we will have been in examination for three weeks, and unable to practice.

BATTING AVERAGES.

	To Bat.	Average.
Bell, C. W.	9	10
Broughall, L. W. B.	7	6
Campbell, D. F.	4	6
Cooper, W. H.	9	32
Douglas, J. H.	10	8.01
Goldsmith, T. G.	7	17
Mockridge, C. J. H.	7	7.28
McMaster, E. T.	5	5.4
Rogers, D. M.	10	18
Senkler, E. S.	9	6.14
Total		11.583

BOWLING AVERAGES.

	Balls.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
Cooper	431	130	19	6.84
Douglas	340	108	15	7.2
Rogers	332	96	11	8.72
Goldsmith	137	50	8	8.25
Senkler	164	67	4	16.75

PERSONAL.

AN evening recently given by Professor and Mrs. Clarke passed most charmingly. We have heard the most enthusiastic reports concerning the reception tendered those who were present.

MR. H. S. SOUTHAM has been spending race week in College. We are delighted to see our well-known sport and popular man back once more. We understand that he will be here again next year.

WE have noticed many "old familiar faces" about the place of late. Messrs. Sanders, Nelles, Bucke, Robertson and Hall, '94 men, and several others of different years gave the corridors an old-time appearance.

ON Sunday, June 9th, Messrs. Madill, Davidson, Card, Chappell and Baynes-Reid, were ordained at St. Alban's, by His Lordship, the Bishop of Toronto. In the next issue we will give a full account of the ceremony.

ANOTHER DOG.—A fine fox-terrier has been a prominent object in the corridors for some time past. "Tough" is a sensible pup, and we are all very fond of him. He is looking a little subdued just now, having discovered by a painful experience that it is bad policy to "sass" a dog bigger than himself.

REV. C. W. HEDLEY, B.A., spent the 24th at Trinity. Mr. Hedley has recently passed through a very severe illness, and is looking very well, considering. He sails next month for a trip to the Continent. THE REVIEW congratulates him on his safe recovery, and wishes him a pleasant holiday.

A PARTY of Trinity men went to see the performance given by the Victoria Dramatic Club, in which one of the ladies in the caste of the "Magistrate," on tour, took a leading part. The performance was followed by a very jolly dance, in which a set of lancers, composed wholly of "Magistrate" people, was conspicuous.

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HERE AND THERE

*The Poet.*—"Have you read my last poem?"

*She.*—"No, only your first."

"You know I only live to make you happy," murmured the young man. "Dear me!" she said, "you oughtn't go to all that trouble."

*Dollie.*—"Yes, Miss Fethers is a pretty girl, but she doesn't wear very well."

*Pollie* (kindly).—"I know, but the poor thing wears the best she has, I suppose."

*Riding-master.*—"Miss Pinkly, your seat is not firm enough."

*Miss Pinkly.*—"Well (jolt) this (jolt) old (jolt) saddle (jolt) is."

*Wife.*—"Do you really love me, my pet?"

*Husband.*—"I adore you, my sweet, and am prepared to give you any proof of the fact not exceeding a hundred francs!"

*Prospective tenant.*—"I like the top floor best. Why doesn't the fire-escape go lower than the third floor?"

*Agent.*—"It isn't needed. The first three floors are empty."

"EICHBLAUM vas lookin' thin; vat's de matter?" "He was carrying out de plans of his peezeuss." "How vas dat?" "He represents a reduced figure in men's clodings."

*Perdita.*—"If you continue much longer to play poker with my father I won't marry you."

*Jack Dashing.*—"If your father continues to play poker much longer with me, I won't need to."

"You are right in it," remarked the whale to Jonah. "You bet I am in it," was the answer; "and what is more, if I am not out of it in less than a week, I will give you the biggest case of appendicitis on record." The sequel is history.

"I OBJECT, my dear, to your asking that woman to dinner. She's the greatest gossip in town," said Mr. Perkins. "I know that John, but we can't invite the reporters, and I don't know how else to get an account of our dinner in the papers," replied Mrs. Perkins.

"HERE is one faulty passage in your story," said the editor: "Ha! Villain! I have found you out, have I?" he hissed. Now how could he 'hiss' those words?" "He might have had a hairlip, sir," replied the gifted young author, rising to the emergency.

*Station-master.*—"I think some one will get into trouble on account of that train starting three minutes late."

*Assistant.*—"Why? Any of the passengers kicking?"

*Station-master.*—"No; but the restaurant man swears he'll make it hot for whoever is responsible."

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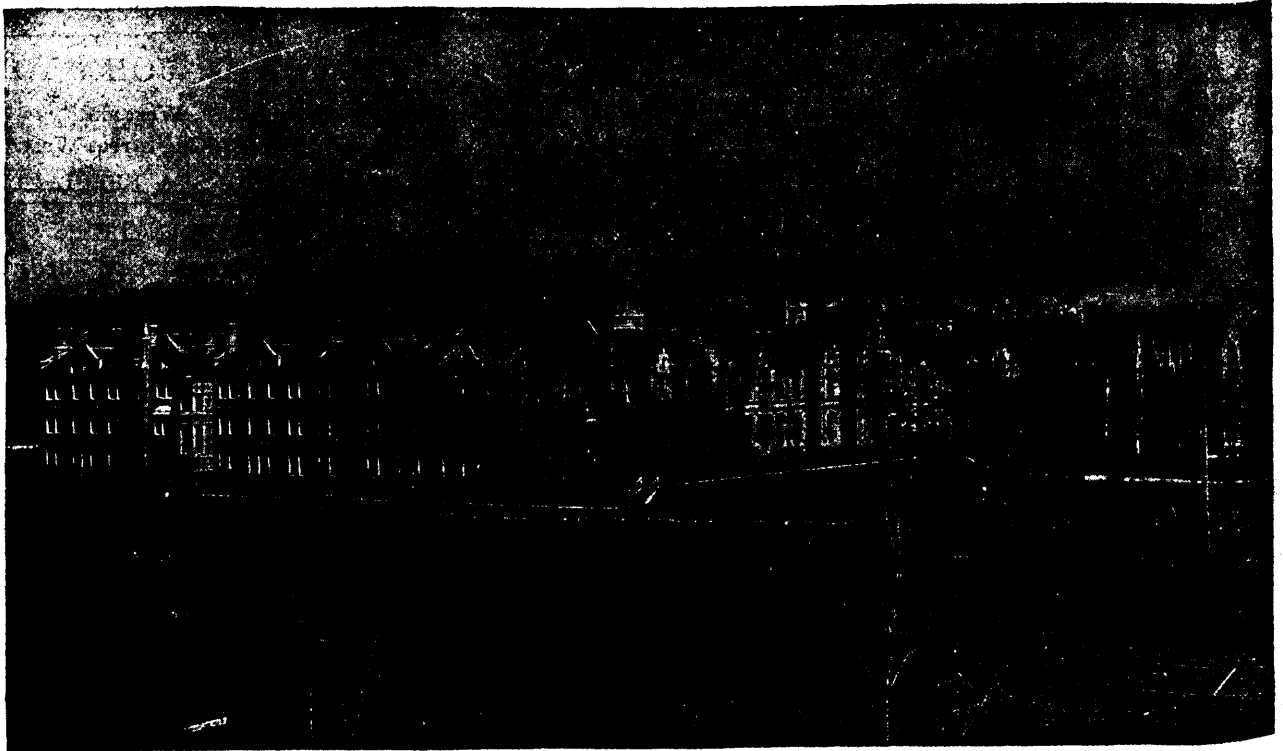
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