

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,  
From this abode of knowledge,  
I see that crowd of girls and boys  
To rearward of the College.

Their quips, their pranks, their wanton wiles,  
Disturb the quiet air;  
The neighbours shut their windows down,  
And mutter low—a prayer.

My little boys, my little boys,  
Oh why do you act thus,  
And make the neighbours' cholers rise,  
And make them blasphemous?

Now little boys, now little boys,  
Ye know me, what I am:  
If I submit to this, then I'm  
A parallelogram.

I promise punishments most dire,  
Such as you can't conceive,  
To all who out of College bounds  
Take one step without leave.

All this to such as only do  
Themselves to toffy treat;  
But woe, woe to those amorous ones  
Who make love in the street!

To the Editor I'll hand their names,  
Coupled with fitting rhymes—  
Posterity shall read their shame  
I' the mighty COLLEGE TIMES.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

We still may go over for Taffy—  
Taffy was all that he said.

N O P Q R S T  
U V W X Y Z

GUILIELMUS 'AHENOBARBUS.

THE COLLEGE.

It has been complained that the reports of the Society, as recorded in this journal are slightly wearisome. This week a new hand has been at work at the report and we hope that his airy touches will prove more palatable to our readers than the former dry facts.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.—We hope it was one of our advertisers who provided that huge display of green ribbon, with which so many of the little (?) boys thought fit to honour the anniversary of the "gentleman who came of dainty people;" but the probabilities are that the wearers of the green filched their badges from a sister's store of vanities.

THIS ISSUE.—As the Easter holidays come in the middle of one of our two week intervals of publication, it was thought better to hurry through with this issue and get it out before we part for the holidays.

THE MAIL.

We have seen that the old Metropolitan Hotel is metamorphosed into the office of a new paper to be called the Mail, that is going to be started in this city. We wish our city contemporary every success. We are at liberty to do this much, although party politics are. I believe understood to be strictly excluded from our columns, as of course is only fair to both houses. We should let them have fair play, and do as best they can without us. However in strictest neutrality we wish our contemporary every success and if it should ever require help we give it *carte blanche* to draw from our columns. We cannot however exchange as we have been compelled to deny this privilege to other papers.

COLLECTION OF EPITAPHS.

- For a Sailor, - - - - - Anchored.
- For an Auctioneer, - - - - - Gone.
- For a Watch-Maker, - - - - - Stopped.
- For a Telegrapher, - - - - - Despatched.
- For a Wheelwright, - - - - - Tired of life.
- For a Betting Man, - - - - - "Bottom off."
- For an Angler, - - - - - Waiting for a rise.
- For a Razor-Grinder, - - - - - Underground.
- For a Boot-Black, - - - - - With the shining ones.
- For a Baker, - - - - - He needs no more on earth.
- For a Beggar, - - - - - I asked for bread and they gave me a stone.

U. C. COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETY.

FOURTEENTH MEETING.

It was Friday afternoon, the 15th of March, and the "bleating orators" had assembled outside the Prayer-room door, waiting for the Principal to abdicate his lofty seat. Meanwhile knots of youths might be seen with pens behind their ears, and huge documents in their hands cracking, the friendly walnut and discussing the Society's affairs, while some more boisterous members were engaged in pushing each other around in a rough, not to say, unseemly manner.

But lo! The Principal descends from his throne of regal state and walks away. In swarm the debaters, the President takes the Chair amidst great applause, and the Secretary proceeds to call the roll and read the minutes. Then quoth the President, "Is-it-the-pleasure-of-the-Society-that-these-minutes-be-adopted—Carried." Upon which a voice cries, "Lost;" then the Secretary yells "Carried," that being a favorite word of his. The President says, "Shall-it-be-as-in-the-motion—Carried—any-new-business."

James A. Paterson, Vice-President of the Society, then rose, and amidst a clamorous greeting, proceeded to scratch his head, preparatory to bring forth an idea, he then said:—Mr. President and Gentlemen of this Society, Friends, Fellow-students, Quirites: In the words of the bard, "Time flies fast;" also "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day," likewise "Procrastination is the thief of time;" therefore, I will commence. Oh yes! Oh yes! Oh yes! Atkinson you are hereby informed that you are requested to hand over the report of the Committee of last year's *College Times*, and last, not least, the filthy lucre belonging thereto.

R. Atkinson stated that he had handed over the aforementioned F. L. to the Treasurer of the present Committee, and moreover that it would not do for to press him about it, as he need not, unless he liked for to hand over the said rhino.

A gentleman, whose name we were unable to ascertain, then got up, and in a telling speech, denounced the last speaker as one who had no right to have kept the money so long. His remarks were as follows:—Gents—There ain't no use our botherin' and a-beatin' round the bush. I ask what right had the honorable gentleman to have this money in the first place? (Hear, hear.) He was Treasurer of last year's *College Times*, so he thought he'd keep the money did he, and spend it on hair oil? (Cheers.) It was his duty to send it to the first Treasurer of the Society this year. He moved that a vote of censure be passed on Atkinson. (No one seconded, but the gentleman's remarks were loudly applauded.)

A motion was then brought forward relating to the expulsion of members. F. E. Hodgins, in a brief and pithy speech, stated that this motion had been the darling wish of his heart for years, that it had gradually shaped itself in his expansive brain till the breaker nearly bust, he hoped the Society would not reject this motion, as it would bring down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, and moreover that he "never loved a dear gazelle but it was sure to die" (Anon.) He took out a dirty handkerchief, and wept tears of joy on the motion being carried.

The debate and readings were then proceeded with, the well-known amateur G. Cope, giving "Lochiel's Warning" in a manner that we have never seen squallid seldom excelled. We may venture to assert that nary a dry eye was there among that little band when the reading was concluded.

Atkinson, as Chairman, for debate, decided that Wellington was a greater warrior than statesman. He evidently had expended some thought on the matter, and had not spared the sweat of his brow.

After the debate, Atkinson favoured the Society with some impromptu remarks upon impromptu speaking. He did not go for to take up much time, but his remarks was rapturously *encored*.

The Society then adjourned, their paper collars in a pulpy state, from the "heat of the argument."

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COLLEGE TIMES.

Sir,—A great part of your columns appears to be taken up with the reports of the meetings of the Literary Society. Now I have no doubt that this is very interesting to the members of the Society, but, as these only number about forty, I think that they do not quite counterbalance the other four hundred (as I suppose there are) of your subscribers to whom these reports are if not unintelligible at least very uninteresting.

The reports of the Parliamentary proceedings are put in the daily papers because every man is interested in them. From the houses of Parliament emanate the laws by which the people are governed; but I do not think the Literary Society, great as it may be, the Parliament of the College, or that all from the Principal down to the foot of I A feel that their fate is bound up in the doings and sayings of the Upper Canada College Literary Society.

Yours truly,

MICHAEL FORD, 98.

Punch has the following; A capital answer: Self-made man, examining a school of which he is the manager—"Now boy, what's the capital of 'Olland?" Boy—"An H, sir."

"Dar are," said a sable orator, "two roads through this world. De one am a broad and narrow road dah leads to perdition, and de udder am a narrow and broad road dat leads to sure destruction." "If dat am the case," said a sable hearer, "dis cullud individual take to de woods."

An affected young lady, seated in a rocking chair, reading the Bible, exclaimed,—"Mother, here is a grammatical error in the Bible!" Her mother lowering her spectacles, and approaching the reader in a very scrutinizing attitude, said: "Kill it! kill it! It is the very thing that has been eating the leaves and the book marks!"

CONUNDRUMS.

How many kings were crowned in England?—Only James the first; the others were all princes.

Why is the letter D like a naughty boy?—It makes Ma Mad.

Why is the letter Y like an extravagant son?—It makes Pa Pay.

When you fall out of a carriage, what are you most likely to fall against?—Against your will.

What is that which people wish to have, and then wish to get rid of?—A good appetite.

Why is a conscientious baker like a ship without ballast?—Being short of weight, he gives a roll over.

Why is a clock bashful?—Because it keeps its hands before its face and runs down its own works.

Why is a forged bank-note like a whisper?—Because it is uttered, but not allowed (aloud).

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