

"NOT DEAD YET."

The *College Times*, phoenix-like, has revived at last, and lies before the reader in its second infancy—infancy, let us hope, only inasmuch as it is once more starting on its course, for with the slight amount of experience that must have flowed in last year, this paper ought to be, and we shall try to make it, an improvement on the last. But this is rash. It is a great piece of indiscretion on our part to draw any favourable conclusions before hand about the merit of the paper. It would be more politic for us to qualify any brilliant expectations the reader may, perchance, have formed, because "blessed is he that expecteth little, for he shall never be disappointed." But yet we would plainly state that we do modestly cherish hopes that we shall be able to lay before the proverbial "gentle reader" a publication better than that of last year. We imply no disparagement of those who conducted the work last year, for they had great difficulties to close with, and the wonder is that they did not come out worse. Yet though we do thus publish our propitious auguries, we would recommend ourselves to mercy.

Let the considerate reader pause and reflect one moment by whom it is written. Milton was the greatest epic poet that ever lived, but yet the few scraps of his boyish effusions that he was so foolish as to hand down to us are decidedly poor. Therefore, though each particular boy of this school should be "some (hitherto) "mute inglorious Milton," yet must not our readers, outside the College, blame or despise us if we do not produce anything equal to Milton. And as for our readers *inside* the College, they have no right to criticize at all. They must help. If they see anything that they do not approve of, let them send in their improvement, for surely no body can criticize a production unless he thinks he can do better himself.

We should like to make a College paper, and to realize that end, we would encourage and ask for a more general contribution—length is no object, in fact brevity is preferable. "Not good enough" would then be no excuse, for, if we had a large number of short articles from different hands there would be enough variety to afford pleasant reading without such a glaring display of wit, as might be necessary to make a longer article palatable. And besides the paper would then be a true College paper. The College mind and opinions would be more truly represented than they were last year when the paper was left almost entirely in the hands of the odd half dozen who interested themselves in it. Let there be no lack of correspondence in the paper in which every one may engage. There are many who would and could write if they were accustomed to writing. Let them contribute frequently and acquire the habit of writing. There are others who are possessed of the *coactha scribendi*—who have an itch for writing—and will be only too happy to take up the pen occasionally, and scratch off something for the paper. Let those contribute too "for *ubi dolo, ubi digitus, one must needs scratch where it itches.*"

Is it not strange that the "best man" at a wedding is not the bridegroom? This must be the reason of so many unhappy marriages.

Mr. Brown (fiercely). "I owe you a grudge." Mr. Jones: "A grudge, sir; remember that!" Mr. Jones (coolly): "Oh, that's nothing, I shan't be alarmed, for I never knew you to pay anything you owed!"

A man was present at the funeral of a neighbour, of whom no good could be honestly said. But everybody was saying something, and this man not wishing to appear singular, but being incapable of a lying eulogy, remarked that it was "a nice quiet corpse."

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COLLEGE TIMES.

SIR,—It has occurred to me during the Christmas holidays that we might, with benefit, introduce among the exercises of the Society, a custom which in all Literary and Debating Clubs, has been recognized as useful and improving. I refer to the reading of essays by the members at the regular meetings of the Society. It is well-known that when we, for very good reasons, split off from the old Debating Society, we revised and amended its laws to suit our peculiar position. At that time the question of essays was touched upon, and it was then thought that we could not get enough among our members who would take the trouble to compose and read an essay every week, especially when our Society was but an experiment itself, and we were nearing the close of the college year.

But now we have got a Society in good working order, and after our late President's assurance that we had among our numbers unlimited talent, surely we should not be afraid to make this attempt.

The chief objections—the benefits are well understood—will be, I presume, first, that it will be much labour on some few of the members who will be willing to write, and next that the *fin* of interesting subjects for the essayists is very *un*difficult. With regard to the first objection it must be borne in mind that there are some forty members in the Society at present, and that the greatest number of essays that will be required to be read is only twelve, or even less, that is, having one essay every second meeting, which is, in my estimation quite sufficient. So, surely out of forty members, we might be able to get twelve who would be content to make some effort in this direction.

The next objection is the finding of subjects. This is easily overcome. Let the subject of the debate at one meeting be the subject for the next essay, and let the essayist take notes of the speeches of the different debaters in order to supply himself with sufficient materials. Thus the subjects will be provided, and what is more, the substance of the essay.

Hoping that this contribution will be but the commencement of a well filled correspondence column in your paper I have the honour to be, sir,

Your obedient servant,

F. K. H.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COLLEGE TIMES.

MR. EDITOR,—As I have been once or twice asked why the Christmas entertainment was put off, and moreover as the enquirers seemed to have got hold of a false reason for the postponement, I have thought advisable to write to you, and request your insertion of this note in explanation.

The cause that prevented the carrying through of the entertainment was the illness of the Prince of Wales. On the Thursday and Friday of the week, before that on which the entertainment was to take place, the telegrams reported that he could not possibly live long, therefore on Friday evening the Committee of Management met and agreed to postpone the entertainment. They did not think themselves justified in engaging the scenery, lights, costumes, &c., whilst the Prince, whose death would put a stop to all proceedings, lay in that precarious state. If he were to have died when, on the one hand, the scenery, &c., had been engaged and put up; and on the other, the tickets had been all sold—we should have had to put it off at a disadvantage with little bills pouring in from the property owners on the one side, and, on the other, gentle requests from the ticket-holders to refund the value of the tickets we had disposed of. With these few explanatory remarks,

I remain yours truly,

ONE OF THE COMMITTEE.

COLLEGE MARKING.

I think as this is the age of progression and reform, there should also be reform in our College. In the first place, I think marking is a farce, and a loss of time, energy and principle, to the Principal, masters and boys: "As to loss of time; when a form enters a classroom there is about ten minutes taken up in getting started; after which the master is worried by, "Please sir, I did not hear my number," or, "Please sir, there are two eighteens or tens," as the case may be, at the end of the lesson, there are from five to ten minutes taken up in marking the numbers, and more especially at the end of the quarter, when the reports are made out, what adding and dividing! It is a wonder it is kept up, yet the perseverance to a supposed duty is worthy of praise. In taking places one loses what another gains, and is decidedly against the principle of "fair exchange is no robbery." This produces ill-feeling among a certain class of boys, of course not every boy, nor even many boys, yet even a system which causes a feeling of envy or anger in a few boys, which may arise from ill-humour, disappointment, or a feeling of injustice, is worthy of censure. Again the principle of honour of not a few boys is at stake, and what are all the advantages that may be derived from this system, compared with the ruin of the boys' morality or honour? There are cases of this, I have no doubt, of which we are not aware, but there is one case known to not a few, of a boy who left this College, and entered a bank in this city, and was found guilty of defrauding his employer, owing no doubt to the fact that while at College he began by cheating for places and honours that he never fairly won. I think it is hardly necessary here to enter into a detailed account of all the different styles or rather dodges of cheating, it would neither be edifying nor perhaps pleasant. I think it would be well if the masters instead of talking and lecturing about cheating, would go to the root of the matter and put a stop to the marking system. But if they are too conservative for reform, I think as descendants of the British, whose honour was their glory, we should shun all cheating: as Canadians we should strike for our own honour, and as College boys we should uphold the honour of the College, that we may enter the world with a true principle of honour when we have no Principal to guide us.

REFORMER.

TO MINERVA.

FROM THE GREEK.

My temples throb, my pulses boil,
I'm sick of song, and ode, and ballad—
So Thyrsis takes the midnight oil,
And pour it on a lobster salad.

My brain is dull, my sight is foul,
I cannot write a verse, or read—
Then, Pallas, take away thine owl,
And let us have a lark instead.

HOON.

MANNA.

When, through the wilderness, by Moses led,
Food for the faithful fell from Heaven each morn,
They wondered much to be so strangely fed,
Because they were not *to the manna born.*

THE FIRST TEMPTER.

'Tis said that we caused man to grieve;
The jest is somewhat stale:
The devil it was who tempted Eve;
And is not he a male?

A LADY.

Long absence frequently makes the heart grow fonder
—of some one else.