

THE COLLEGE.

BIRTH.—On Monday, the 20th instant, at U. C. College, the wife of James Brown, M.A., of a son.

IMPORTANT.—In accordance with a vote on Friday afternoon, the 17th May, a prize for the best essay on a given subject will be offered by the U. C. College Literary Society for competition among its ordinary members. The subject will be published as early as possible in the *College Times*, as well as all regulations, and the name of the judges. Full particulars will be given on application to the Editor. Mottoes must be appended, but observe that "*Nil sine labore*," will not this time be allowed, and "*Labor omnia vincit*," will be damned.

ACCIDENT.—On Monday last, at the eleven o'clock intermission, Coleman of II. B., fell in the Gymnasium, and broke his arm. Fortunately, Dr. Barrett was walking out on the boards, and set the arm on the spot, taking Coleman into the Boarding House to bandage it.

CRICKET.—As the College was so badly beaten in its match against the Fifth Form, a return match was played next week to give Fortune a chance to change. At first appearances were much in favour of the College. They sent their opponents to the bat, and succeeded in getting them out in a very short time with the trifling score of 29 runs; however, they were themselves soon disposed of with a score of but 4 more than their opponents. The Fifth went in again, and when the dinner-bell rang were rapidly closing on 100, with only three or four wickets down. Spragge—who went in second—and Brown carried their bats, both with a large score against their names.

Ever since the grass began to grow green the minds of the Cricket Committee have been much disturbed by a diminutive Slough of Despond which made its appearance at the corner of the cricketers' crease, and obstinately refused to dry up with the hottest sun. Indeed it seemed so much on the increase, that about a week ago exploratory excavations were instituted by the Principal to see if the cause were not some secret spring. At a few feet below the surface, the workmen hit upon an old drain, of the existence of which the oldest inhabitant had never dreamt. It comes from somewhere in the John Street direction, and must have stopped up somewhere, though it seems to run very well in the trough that is left. It will, we believe, be opened into our own drain; but, in the mean time, the trench that has been dug is left open, and, at the time of going to press, nothing has been done to disturb this valuable archaeological treasure. If this has been done to allow the smell to evaporate, the experiment has not been successful, and perhaps it would not be amiss now to try the other plan of bricking up and filling in the drain.

CRICKET MATCH.—A challenge was received a little while ago from Hellmuth College, inviting our eleven to play them on the Queen's Birthday, either on their own ground or at any other place of meeting we should propose. This match has been often attempted, but have never been brought about, owing to the distance that lies between us. This time, however, it was proposed to meet the Hellmuth eleven half-way, and the Hamilton Club having kindly lent their ground, the match will be played at Hamilton on the 25th. A challenge has been received from Trinity College, Port Hope, but as it was for the same day, this match has been obliged to be postponed till some future Saturday.

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COLLEGE TIMES.

MR. EDITOR,—Whose dog is that with the doleful voice that nightly "bays the moon" in such close proximity to the Boarding House. Nightly he lifts up his nose and howls in the manner commonly known as the crying of a dog.

It is a sound of bad omen to be heard at night, and ought to be enough to freeze the marrow in the bones of any boarder but lately escape from the apron-string of a garrulous nurse. But whether superstitious or not, any one who is courting sleep in vain is not likely to be over delighted at this nightly serenade.

If it is "the moaning of the *tied*," perhaps it might cease with the discontinuance of restraint.

BOARDER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COLLEGE TIMES.

DEAR SIR,—A short time ago there appeared in the *COLLEGE TIMES* a communication from a correspondent signing himself P. R. E. P. Who he is, or what these four letters are intended to signify, I know not. I could, however, readily discern the connection if they were put for "proposterous," as characteristic of the ideas, or even of "preparation," referring to his sanctum of study, or if each letter represented a different writer, indicative of the fact that the communication was the joint production of four minds, all united under the one "P" for the sake of appearance.

This last idea is suggested by the form and style of the communication, which to my mind consists of four separate parts as blank and unconnected as they could well be. However, out of pity, we will not consider it the work of four, as there is barely enough in it to show that even one wrote it.

His first paragraph contains the wish to come out as an outside supporter of the *COLLEGE TIMES*—one who takes great pleasure in seeking and obtaining the opinions of thinking (?) people on the propriety of printing the doings of the Society—opinions, indeed, both of the fair and unfair sex, to which latter sex he evidently belongs. Then follows an attempt at a little "withering sarcasm," hurled with hostile hand against the obtuse and stupid Michael Ford.

We next have a collection of terms derived from an article which graced last year's paper (we beg him not to be ashamed of this, as the *COLLEGE TIMES* furnishes ideas to greater heads than his), and also a short extract founded on Cicero, showing the advantages of literary culture.

And lastly, the statement that many arguments could be brought to bear on the subject, the whole noble peroration ending with a grand master-stroke of wit, no doubt more flashing than the rays of the noonday sun, but, alas! much less apt to strike one very forcibly.

In his first wanderings he vividly portrays his conversations with the outside world, particularly with ladies, all of whom, he says, consider these reports the most pleasant reading in the whole paper. Oh, how I wish I were a lady, if only to take delight in reading of the Society's doings! However, should my wish be granted, I prefer being unknown to him, in case he is always as complimentary as he has shown himself in the letter. "Their visits have not been as *angels'* visits." Certainly he cannot call himself a lady's man and say that. I am very much afraid he stands unsupported in this statement, at least among the *COLLEGE TIMES'* staff. He is both true and in error when he says that "the opinion of the old College boys is not much esteemed by their former associates." I confess this to be a fact with regard to the opinions of some, and possibly his own experience gives him some foundation for that assertion; but I can assure him that as a rule, the opinion of the "old boys" is held in the highest regard.

His next argument is that the Society sits with doors closed against the masters. He is certainly wrong here, as I am sure that if one of the shining lights from that opposition conclave, held on the same evening as our Society, would make his appearance, either as the bearer of a message of greeting, and desire to be on a friendly footing with us, or even in order to gratify his love of good debating (not at all wishing to infer that such is not a predominant feature in their meetings), his entrance would be hailed with rapturous applause. As regards those boys who have a curiosity to know of the Society's doings, is it true that your correspondent has not noticed that only those are not *admitted as members* who would take no interest in *hearing* the debates and proceedings, much less in *reading* the reports of such in the *COLLEGE TIMES*?

I do not wish to reflect at all on the writer of the letter. I wish to be liberal, and am willing to grant him his sole request, and give him (an outsider, as he claims to be) "credit for fair abilities, mingled with *perhaps* a grain, here and there, of common sense." I cordially agree with him that the Society's meetings are for good, but I am much mistaken if the report of one debate after another being postponed, of readers being absent and consequently no readings, of the difficulty incurred in levying a tax of *ten* cents on every member, and other matters of this kind, can be very instrumental in gaining for it the approval of the outside world.

In conclusion, allow me to say that the reports, as they appeared in one of the first issues of this year, were calculated both to afford amusement and to awaken an interest in the Society. I think the idea of making them light reading is a good one, and feel sure that many of your readers would be pleased to see a repetition of that style in the future.

I remain, my dear sir,

Yours, etc.,

ANTI-P. R. E. P.

TO OUR DEARLY BELOVED AND VERY AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

B. G. D.,

(With whose business we very unwisely interfere.)

We sincerely hope that she will continue to patronize the old lady across the way, and also enrich the *COLLEGE TIMES* by her contributions:—

Our correspondent, B. G. D.,
Assumes that we have her offended;
We hope our friend will pardon us,
We're sure offence was *not* intended.

Our poetry is not the best,
Nor yet at all our composition;
Our nonsense now we must give up,
And try to better our position.

It's not for us to interfere
Where ladies buy their cakes and coffee;
But all who have a cent to spare
Support the *taffy shop* for *toffy*.

If our fair friend would let us know
When she would come, and not be fooling,
We'd have her *sticks* already made,
And have them "spit upon" and cooling.

Our hats we'd doff at her approach,
Our love for her is growing hotter;
We hope *her* purse may never fail,
Since we'll then never want a copper.

J. O. A.

In the course of an examination for the degree of B.A. in the Senate-house, Cambridge, under an examiner whose name was Payne, one of the questions was, "Give a definition of happiness," to which a candidate returned the following laconic answer: "An exemption from *Payne*."