



# College Times.



Vol. XII. DEER PARK, DECEMBER 18, 1898. No. 3.

## The College Times.

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(THE COLLEGE TIMES will be issued ten times during the College year.)

Yearly subscription fee, \$1.00; single copies 10 cents.

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Football is over this season and though our record of victories is not amazingly long, yet every one of our fifteen played his best and deserves all credit for so doing. We think that the giving of the colours might be managed so that all the boys could have them before the annual match with T. C. S. Without doubt it is the best possible team the College can put in the field that goes to play our sister school at Port Hope, so that the excuse of not knowing the team cannot be urged. Besides, although to obtain his colours is not the end each player has in view, yet it gives him great pleasure to be able to represent his College in the recognized dress of its best fifteen. Moreover, the number of shades of blue, one otherwise sees on the field detracts considerably from the harmony of the scene, and gives the spectators the idea that they are witnessing a contest between rural players, and the sharpness of the playing does not always over-

come this opinion. In the interest of the College and in the interest of his fifteen, we hope next year's captain will manage this successfully.

Although many of our readers may not have heard of it, a great discovery has been made within the last month. The happy discoverers are the Harbord St. Collegiate students and the discovery is that there is, what they are pleased to call, a barnacle on the Ontario system of Education. This barnacle is neither more nor less than our own College. It is sad that poor old College, who has turned out such warriors, statesmen, lawyers and merchants in the last half century, should be lost sight of when her toil is bearing fruit. But there is one consolation, the mighty and great Harbord, who has given to the world so many great men—although we have never heard the exact number—to supply her place with all the vigour of youth. Harbord is really very young to fill such an important place, and perhaps it would be well first to learn a thing or two from her elders before attempting to occupy such an exalted position. Youth is naturally impetuous and slow to bear defeat, so perhaps we can account for the ill-feeling they bear us, by remembering that the defeat which our smart young second fifteen gave them this fall must still be rankling in their breasts.

We will soon again have Christmas with its holidays, its mirth and pleasant thoughts and with its good wishes for all the world. Many presents must be thought of, and what discernment it requires choose appropriate ones. Those for our intimate friends are quite easily selected, but how difficult it is to please the fancy and suit the taste of the scarcely known uncles, aunts and cousins. However, we manage to do it, assisted by the universal benignity of the season which smiles at ordinary circumstances and laughs merrily over