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Vol. II., No. 5.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE, APRIL 29, 1872.

WHOLE NO. 15.

The College Times.

Managing Editor, - - - - - W. A. LANGTON.

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All Communications of a literary character should be addressed to the Managing Editor.

All Communications of a business character should be addressed to the Secretary of the Committee.

The "COLLEGE TIMES" is issued every two weeks, by the Upper Canada College Literary Society.

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A DREADFUL STORY.

BY GULIELMUS AENOBARBUS.

"Oh, what a fall was there."—Shakespeare.

It is a well known fact that many people have, when looking down from any height, an almost irresistible impulse to throw themselves down. A hideous fascination, like that exerted by a snake over a bird, seems to paralyze the will and make the object utterly incapable of individual volition. Such is doubtless often the true history of a supposed suicide. But I was about to relate my own experience.

I have always been affected by extreme giddiness, even when at a comparatively slight elevation; and have once or twice gone so far as to experience the above mentioned feeling, though never in so great a degree as not to be able to control it by a slight effort of the will, but on this last occasion.—Oh, horrible! horrible!

I was, with a party of ladies and gentlemen, on a holiday visit to a magnificent public building in New York that is especially noted for a tower very much higher than that of the University of this city. After going all over the building, making a noisy and laughing exploration of every nook and corner, we were about to go, when our *cicerone* expostulated and said that it was impossible to go without seeing the fine view from the tower. We had never thought about it, and the proposal was carried by acclamation immediately. As for me, I could not say a word; the mere mention of the tower seemed to affect me with I know not what strange feeling, that paralyzed me for a few seconds, and then sent the blood to my head with a rush that made me reel. But I could say nothing against the wish of the rest of the party, and we began the ascent. In my thus allowing myself to be led up against my will, I felt that the first half of the battle had been fought, and that I had lost.

After a wearisome, winding climb, and much sighing and laughing, we arrived at the top of the tower, which had a wall about breast high all around. A most magnificent view lay spread out before us, extending miles and miles away into the blue distance. All the party immediately approached the edge, and in my delight I followed them; but hardly did I look directly down

when I was seized with extreme giddiness and nausea, and as I endeavoured to combat this feeling by strength of will, still persisting in looking down, I felt a mad fascination and desire to leap over. Quick as thought, I thrust myself from the edge, and in an instant found myself in the middle, trembling in every limb.

I was unnoticed by any of the party, and stood there in the middle, ashamed to withdraw, but not daring to move one step towards the edge. One of the party, calling to me to point out something, turned round, and seeing the plight I was in, stared at me for some time with a puzzled air, and finally burst out laughing. At that all the rest turned around and joined in the merciless laugh at my expense. No doubt I looked a laughable object; but who can describe the agonies I felt and what was passing within my breast. I had been rooted to the spot, but now their laughter dispelled my fears, and made me determined to look over the edge and brave the consequences. I took one step forward and all my agony returned. The ghastly fascination drew me slowly on, slowly on, and grew each moment doubly strong, till I seemed to feel its power; each step as I advanced the air about me seemed to swarm with grinning fiends who seemed to draw me on; the whole tower seemed to rock beneath the throbbing of my heart; I screamed aloud; with one mad bound I gained the summit of the wall, and then—

TO LYDIA.

A TRANSLATION OF THE EIGHTH ODE OF HORACE.

O tell me why, I beg you,  
By all the gods above,  
Do you seek to ruin Sybaris  
By your unnerving love.  
Tell me, 'luring Lydia,  
The reason why he loathes  
The sultry fields of summer,  
Where seldom now he goes.  
Why neither rides he warlike,  
With all his former ease,  
Nor manages the bitted steed  
From 'cross the Gallic seas.  
Why dreads he breast the Tiber,  
Or touch the yellow stream,  
Or shun the olive's oily coat  
As if 'twere viper's spleen.  
Nor wields he now his livid arms,  
Livid with weapons' skill,  
For oft he hurled the quoit afar,  
And spear upon the hill.  
O why does he lie hidden, as  
Achilles, great of old;  
The mighty son of Theis,  
In woman's garb enrolled.  
Before the Trojan beacons were,  
And mournful fires of death  
Had rolled their smoky volumes up,  
Unstirred by Auster's breath.  
Who hid for fear his manly dress  
Should bring him to the front,  
To face the slaughtering Trojan bands,  
To hear the battle's brunt.

X. Y. Z.

EPITAPHS.

ON SIR JOHN VANDURGH, ARCHITECT.  
Lie heavy on him, Earth, for he  
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

ON A TALKATIVE OLD MAID.  
Beneath this silent stone is laid,  
A noisy antiquated maid,  
Who from her cradle talked till death,  
And ne'er before was out of breath.

IN CUNWALLON CHURCHYARD, CORNWALL.  
Shall we all die,  
Die shall we all,  
All die shall we,  
Die all we shall,

ON A SMUGGLER.  
Here I lies,  
Killed by an X I S.

ON A CORONER WHO HANGED HIMSELF.  
He lived and died  
By suicide.

ON A CELEBRATED COOK.  
Peace to his ashes.

ON A COAL-HEAVER.  
Cease to lament his change, ye just,  
He's only gone from dust to dust.

SHUTTING UP AND WALKING OUT.—There was a singular plan, first adopted by Sheridan, of getting rid of untimely visitors; but then his visitors were creditors. They came early, at seven in the morning, to prevent the possibility of being tricked with the usual answer "not at home," and of course they would not go away. One was shut up in one room, another in another. By twelve o'clock there was a vast accumulation; and at that hour the master of the house would say "James, are all the doors shut?" "All shut, sir." "Very well, then open the street door softly." And so Sheridan walked quietly out between the double line of closed doors.

A lawyer, somewhat disgusted at seeing a couple of Irishmen looking at a six-sided building which he occupied, lifted up the window, put his head out, and addressed them thus—"What do you stand there for, like a couple of blockheads, gazing at my office. Do you take it for a church?" "Faix," answered one of them, "I was thinking so, till the devil poked his head out of the windy."

Among the curiosities found on the tombstones of New England is the following, to be seen at Burlington, Massachusetts,—

"Here lies the body of Mary Ann Lowder;  
She burst while drinking a Seidlitz powder,  
Called from this world to her heavenly rest,  
She should have waited till it effervesced."

Dr. Archer once met at dinner an effeminate young man, who wore his hair in girlish length down upon his shoulders. On taking leave the old doctor went up to young Languish and taking one of the long curls in his hand admonished the youth in the following way, laying strong emphasis on the first word:

"Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long."

## CRICKET.

Not long ago, I chanced to hear the conversation of some boys about the Fourth Form standing. One of them was holding forth upon himself and his liberality, stating for example how he had on the day before, at one sitting disposed of 60 cents upon coffee and something for it to wash down at Coleman's. The others, not to be beaten, declared that to be a trifle to what they could swallow in a single afternoon, and thereupon, on the spot, they one and all gave astonishing statistics of the amount of their internal revenue on a Saturday afternoon. At the time I only felt a passing inclination to covet my neighbours' odd cents, but since then, when the Cricket subscription list was given out, I rejoiced for the sake of cricket, to think what a ready support might be expected from the long purses of my liberal schoolfellows. How could I believe my eyes when I saw my generous friends, with one exception, in the front ranks of those who cried out against the subscription fee. Wondering how they could call 75 cents a large subscription to any game of a season's duration, when they thought nothing of squandering the same sum, in one afternoon, upon a brief appetite. I asked one or two if that was all their objection to cricket. No! there were other objections behid, but thrown in the shade by the almighty dollar.

They complained that they could not play, and could never practice as the first eleven monopolized the ground. This may have been an objection while there was a first eleven, but it ought not to have been so; the lesser lights should not have expected always to play with the first eleven, and be a drag on their game—they should have formed a game for themselves, as was done once upon a time. But last year as long as a sufficient number could be mustered there was a game every afternoon, and the system of half ends was never resorted to, nor will it this year if the injured ones can get over their Boottian inertness, enough to play in a regular game. Without entering at present upon the respective merits of cricket and base-ball, it may be well to consider which has the better right to our patronage.

The base ball supporters say that as there are so many Yankees here, we ought to play their game. Now the Yankees may be very nice fellows, but I should like to know what right they have to dictate to us. Are a set of foreigners to come in and make us throw aside the game our fathers played because their game is simpler? That is the true reason why so many would like to make base-ball the game of the College.

We all played a milder form of base-ball before we left off playing with our sisters. Should we not now aim at something higher—something more difficult?

But cricket is not so hard to learn as it appears. After a little practice of eye and hand it seems not impossible to learn the game, and from that moment the skill required to play it, only adds a zest to the game—a peculiarity which I fancy not a few of those who object to the subscription fee, have discovered in a certain game called billiards, which, in addition to its other bad qualities, make much larger and more frequent demands than cricket upon the almighty dollar.

## CRICKETER.

(If the base-ball supporters have anything to say for their side of the question our columns are open for their contributions.—Ed.)

**HICKEY OF POLITENESS.**—A servant of an old maiden lady, who was ill, had orders to go every morning to the doctor's to report how her mistress was, and was strictly charged to add always "with her compliments." One morning she brought the following startling message: "Miss Smith's compliments, and she died last night at eight o'clock."

## U. C. COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETY.

## FIFTEENTH MEETING.

The Society met in the Prayer-room, March 23rd, the President in the chair. The minutes of last meeting were then read and adopted. The only business was the passing of a motion, ordering the Committee of the *College Times* to pay over certain funds of the paper to the Treasurer of the Society, for the printing of the Laws of the Society. This produced much discussion and was resisted by the Committee.

R. D. Richardson then took the chair for the readings and debate. H. Ridout read a selection from Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," and H. E. Morphy a poem of J. G. Saxe.

The subject "Was the execution of Charles I. justifiable?" was next proceeded with. The debate was an open one, and the Affirmative was sustained by P. Bryce and W. A. Langton, and the negative by J. A. Patterson and C. C. Robinson. After a long debate the chairman decided in favour of the Affirmative.

The Secretary read a notice from the Committee and the Society then adjourned.

## SIXTEENTH MEETING.

The Society met Friday, April 12th, in the Prayer-room, the President in the chair.

After the roll was called, the minutes of last meeting were read and adopted. E. B. Brown gave notice that next meeting he would propose G. Smith for membership.

The President then read a communication from the members of the *College Times* Committee, regretting that they could not concur in the sentiment embodied in Paterson's motion, passed last meeting, that the funds of that institution of the Society (the paper) were not to be applied for its benefit. This reply was accepted by the Society.

No debate having been prepared, the following announcement was made for next Friday:

Readers—R. D. Carey, J. C. Harstone.

Subject for debate—Is the Nine Hours' Movement, if adopted, likely to prove disadvantageous? Affirmative: E. B. Brown (leader), Wright and Blackstock. Negative: A. W. McTaggart (leader), McKenzie and Mowat.

The Society then adjourned.

## SEVENTEENTH MEETING.

The Society met, Friday, April 19th, in the Prayer-room, the President in the chair.

After the roll was called, the minutes of last meeting were read and adopted. G. Smith was then elected a member of the Society.

A communication was also read from E. B. Brown, pleading that illness the day previous had prevented him from preparing the debate. The Society did not receive his excuse as sufficient, probably thinking that the debate ought to have more attention paid to it than is shown by deferring its preparation till the day preceding.

This being the last meeting in the term the nomination of officers was the next order. J. G. McKeown was nominated for President, and elected by acclamation. P. Bryce and E. B. Brown were proposed for Vice-President. R. D. Richardson, P. Bryce and W. B. Northrup were nominated for Treasurer. R. Atkinson was proposed for Secretary, and as there were no other nominations, was declared elected. The following Committee was also similarly elected: W. A. Langton, E. B. Brown, and J. A. Paterson.

On account of the absence of the debaters, the debate and readings were postponed a week.

The Society then adjourned.

## U. C. COLLEGE CRICKET CLUB.

At a meeting of the boys on April 16th, for the purpose of organizing the Cricket Club for the ensuing season, the following officers were appointed *pro tem*: W. H. Biggar, Chairman; J. G. McKeown, Secretary.

A motion being carried that there should be a Committee of seven. The following were appointed: W. H. Biggar, J. G. McKeown, W. A. Langton, R. D. Richardson, J. L. C. Cronyn, A. W. Spragge and E. B. Brown.

J. Martland, B.A., was then unanimously elected President, and W. H. Biggar, Vice-President.

The following rates of subscription were then decided upon for the various forms.

For the VI., V., IV., and Up. Modern ..... 75 cents.  
 " Low. Modern and III. .... 50 "  
 " II. and ..... 25 "

Immediately after the Committee met for the purpose of electing its officers, when W. H. Biggar was appointed Chairman; J. G. McKeown, Secretary; A. W. Spragge, Treasurer.

After the appointment of collectors for the various forms, the meeting adjourned.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE PRESIDENT OF  
THE — — RAILROAD.

Our holidays are over now,  
 To work we must repair,  
 The pleasures we enjoyed at home  
 Are with the joys that were.

We have to thank the railroad men  
 For tickets at half fare,  
 We must except the "Narrow Gauge,"  
 They have not done their share.

The other roads might well refuse,  
 They have a just excuse;  
 The people built the "Nipissing,"  
 "Toronto, Grey, and Bruce."

We neither beg nor pander,  
 We think we have a claim;  
 We'll try their liberality,  
 When we go home again.

England's aristocracy,  
 With gold and silver mines,  
 Could not sustain the conflict  
 Against the "London Times."

The lover that upsets the world,  
 Is founded in the press,  
 If we are wrong, like honest boys,  
 We're willing to confess.

Now all who read the *College Times*,  
 Give us your sound opinion;  
 We'll circulate it far and near,  
 Throughout this vast Dominion.

The President may see our views,  
 Expressed in these few lines,  
 The course that he may yet adopt,  
 Will rule the *College Times*.

And if he grant us our request,  
 Each boy will ever pray;  
 The controversy's ended—  
 We have nothing more to say.

J. O. A.

Admiral Duncan's address to his officers previous to the engagement with Admiral De Winter was both laconic and humorous: "Gentlemen," he said, "You see a severe Winter approaching; I have only to advise you to keep up a good fire."

THE COLLEGE.

**THE PAPER.**—The Times has been out of joint for some time past owing to the printers' holiday; but now that our publishers have started work again we hope, though the time be short, to get out the rest of our ten issues without much difficulty.

We regret to learn that the College is about to lose the services of the Rev. Arthur Sweetman, M. A., who has been connected with this institution only since last September. He has been appointed Bishop's Chaplain in the diocese of Huron and will leave shortly to take the Incumbency of Grace Church, Brantford.

**NOTICE.**—It is requested by the Committee that all boys who wish to join the Cricket Club, hand in their subscriptions immediately to the collector for their respective forms. The collectors are—

- For the VI. and V. Forms..... J. L. C. Cronyn.
- “ IV. “..... W. A. Langton.
- “ Upper Modern..... J. G. McKeown.
- “ Lower “..... W. H. Biggar.
- “ III. Form..... E. B. Brown.
- “ II. “..... R. D. Richardson.
- “ I. “..... A. W. Spragge.

(Signed) J. G. McKeown,  
Secretary.

Our readers must pardon any lack of interest that there may be in some of our articles, as the strike has kept them so long on our hands, that they have lost what savour they had.

Correspondence.

(Here is a communication that comes to us in a lady's hand).—ED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COLLEGE TIMES.

DEAR SIR,—I do not know much about the College or the College boys, but in reading your last issue of the Times, I could not help noticing a very ridiculous piece of poetry in it. I think it is a pity that the little boys of the College have not something better to occupy their time than in the composition of such nonsense. I think young ladies have generally more than one copper to spend on toffy, and they have as much right to get it at any store they please, as the little College boys have. I remain, yours truly,

B. G. D.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COLLEGE TIMES.

SIR,—I see in your last issue that a correspondent desires the omission of the reports of the Literary Society's meeting, which have hitherto appeared in the College Times. His reason is that they interest merely the members of that Society, and not any other readers of our sheet. On the same ground, I think, he ought to counsel the omission of all items and news relating to the College itself, as they would of course interest only College boys. But I believe he would be the last to think by analogy of such a step, though, "reasoning by analogy," one seems as natural as the other. The reason given for the insertion of the reports is, I understand, that since the paper is an institution of the Literary Society, it is but just that the meetings and interests of that body should occupy some space in the columns of its own organ. I think, however, that it would be a desirable reform to condense the reports somewhat. Hoping that your reporter will "take heed and govern himself accordingly."

Yours truly,

MICHAEL FORD, JUN 19.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COLLEGE TIMES.

DEAR SIR,—In the last issue of your valuable paper, I notice a letter from a correspondent who signs himself Michael Ford, 98, condemning the insertion of the reports of the meetings of the Literary Society.

I am much surprised to observe this, because everyone with whom I have ever had any conversation on the subject of your paper has expressed, not only his entire approval of these reports, but also the delight he took in their perusal. (It may be remarked that I have here mentioned only the approbation of the sterner sex; for this, I feel I ought to apologise to your numerous, fair and gentle readers, and may here state, as it is never too late to mend, that all the ladies that I have heard, and they have not been as angel's visits, express their opinion on the subject, have heartily concurred in commendation of the insertion of these reports.) I may also add, although I am fully aware of the fact that the opinions of "Old College Boys" are not held in much esteem among their former associates within "those ancient walls," that no part of your edition is more earnestly sought for or perused with more pleasure by me than that which contains a resume of the doings of the Society.

I would suggest to Michael Ford that it would be as well if he would get over that obnoxious habit of judging other people by himself. If he be too obtuse or stupid (as it would appear from his letter he is) to understand and enjoy the reports of the Society, he might at least give other people (including outsiders) credit for fair abilities and understandings mingled perhaps with a grain, here and there of common sense.

Again there may be, and I have no doubt there is, among the boys, and even the masters, a little curiosity to know what these highly intellectual personages do when they meet together in solemn convocation. This I look upon as no idle curiosity, and I therefore think it ought to be gratified; now, there is no means of accomplishing this, if that body decide upon meeting with closed doors. Moreover, when the aforementioned dignitaries and shining lights (the masters), as well as the inhabitants of the great world without, perceive that these meetings are not convened for mere amusement, but that they also have in view mutual improvement and advancement, together with the attainment of excellence in certain branches of literary culture, they may be, and no doubt will be, induced to lend your Society their material approval and hearty co-operation. This end is one which I think all will admit, is worth striving for, and in my humble judgment it can be procured or obtained in no more speedy or certain way than the continuance of the reports in question.

Many arguments could be brought to bear upon the subject, but as it appears to me that the benefit and propriety of the insertion of these reports must be plain and evident to the meanest understanding. I will not further impose upon the good nature of your readers nor trespass, to a greater extent than I have already done, upon your valuable space by the production of further argument, or the refutation of those of Michael Ford (which, by the bye, I had some difficulty in discovering).

I remain, my dear sir,

Truly yours,

P. R. E. P.

**WET AND DRY.**—On one occasion, when coming to Church, Dr. Macknight, a better commentator than preacher, was caught in a shower of rain and entered the vestry seeking relief. Every means were taken to relieve him of his discomfort, but as the hour of service drew near he became much distressed, and kept ejaculating "Oh, I wish I were dry; do you think I'm dry enough now?" To which his colleague, Dr. Henry, returned: "Bide a wee, doctor, and ye'll be dry enough when ye get into the pulpit!"

SHALL WE HAVE SENSE?

BEING REMARKS ON "SHALL WE HAVE ESSAYS," BY "A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY."

"Pithy, brief, and spicy writing is, I presume, what the committee of the College Times wish from all their correspondents." Truly it is; and so, very naturally, the question arises, after having read that elegant exordium, and then waded through what follows—why not give us at least one of the three above mentioned ingredients to feast upon? But no. Ten lines are consumed in telling us what is going to be done, and the remainder in doing it not.

Pithy, I believe, means containing condensed substance, vigour, and closeness of thought. As to the last two attributes I very much resemble the man who hunted for some time in a bundle of straw for a needle. With regard to the condensed substance, your correspondent seems rather in the dark. If it means spread out, he has succeeded admirably. But this cannot be his meaning, for has he not promised to be brief, and does not this remarkable sentence occur, "I shall not, therefore, trouble you with saying what I have to say, in as many words as I possibly can use, as did your correspondent on this subject in your first issue?" But yet it does strike one as slightly singular that the "correspondent in your first issue," who used as many words as he possibly could use, succeeded in concluding his letter within half a column, whereas this pithy one, who condemns bombast, should be unable to stop for a whole column.

He also intended to write a spicy article. We will in pity pass over an examination of this feature, conspicuous only by its absence.

I don't intend to discuss whether essays are beneficial or not. "Most sensible members" understand that they are, and "it is for them that I am especially writing."

I suppose that the talent of this year's Society may not seem to your correspondent so grand as the talent of that of last year, in which he was *pro sud summa copia ac singulari facultate dicendi* (as it seemed to himself), a leading member. Since he seems to make a great point of this, let him have it, especially as I never made any comparison in the first letter concerning this subject.

But stay! here is truth. He has hit the nail on the head when he speaks of the chairman's summing up as a mere "rehash." He has summed up several times himself, and the Society cordially agrees with him.

In conclusion, allow me to say that though I consider it most "unlikely that the Society will ever entertain for a single moment the preposterous ideas" of our friend, the "enthusiastic correspondent," [observe the promised absence of high-flowing language], in your third issue, yet I can assure him that his own preposterous ideas have very highly entertained the Society.

Yours, &c.,

ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY.

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