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VOL. II., No. 4.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE, APRIL 1, 1872.

WHOLE NO. 14.

The College Times.

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

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

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THE COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT OF THE COLLEGE.

Since this dignified and talented portion of the College is now so extensive, and is moreover increasing, in numbers at least, we have thought it proper that some portion of the *College Times* be occupied in asserting its rights.

That it is a talented and dignified part of 'his institution, we do not hesitate to assert, though some would no doubt do so, "*haud scio, an recte*," for a proof of its extensiveness we refer the reader to the elaborate and short (?) circular issued by the Principal, and that it is assuming a more important place in the College none can deny.

All can recall with feelings of joy the period when that first step was taken in the right direction, by dividing the third form into two parts, one being the Commercial III. and the other the Classical. To say that such a plan succeeded would be entirely needless—every one knows it—but we may as well mention that, owing to all the more frivolous characters being collected in the Commercial III, no one master could keep them orderly, or avoid them getting into those innumerable rows, which distinguished their career, so that ere long they received the coveted title of being the worst form in the College. This just suited their ideas of what school boys should be, and they made more capital out of that renown than if they had worked themselves half dead. Most of them passed their examination well, and without any trouble—How? was not asked; and found themselves promoted, though, to what form, few of them knew.

Next year, however, found the Fourth Form also divided, and one part filled by the promoted Third Commercial.

The term "Commercial" was dispensed with as being too common for them; and, at the request of a leading master, who entertains a very high opinion of both Forms, the names Upper and Lower Modern were applied instead.

We will not state at whose request this was done, but we can assure those Forms that he is a true lover of Commercial Boys; and consequently the correcting of their Latin papers such a true treat, that it is only

owing to his untiring efforts to please the Sixth Form, that he allows the latter body the happy privilege of underlining every word as wrong, and then counting up the number of mistakes.

Although much has been done of late in the way of giving Commerce a better position in the College, yet it should not be assumed that any one leaving the Upper Modern is educated sufficiently to enter into business. Yet such is done. Nothing higher is thought requisite, and no further can the Modern Student go in the College. But stop! Surely we are wrong in this assertion! For some unaccountable reason, we have forgotten that there are in the Fifth Form a few members of the Commercial Branch of the College, "*honestissimi viri*" too, who have been allowed to dispense with all other studies than those considered really necessary to fit them for their future pursuits. Alluding to these, we cannot help noticing a remark of one of the potentates a few days ago. We allude to no less a personage than the Principal, who, having requested the members of that Department to remain behind a few moments, wittily remarked that the "gentlemen"—referring to the Classical portion—of the Fifth might move on.

But it is not the Chief alone who thus makes the Commercial Students the object of his slander, but many of the minor deities, probably from the example of him whom they revere, indulge in the same little innocent amusement. It seems to us that, when reading the "Life of Lucian" (we have read the translation), they have become charmed with the words of the daughter of learning, and expect no doubt to receive the many good things promised to all who follow her. One of the gifts they already possess. Her worshippers were to be clothed in a robe similar to that worn by herself. They see this dress in those beautiful gowns which decorate the illustrious (?) frames of their all. These alone is it the exclusive right of the learned to wear, and truly they deserve them; for in the youth of our Masters "fagging" was attended with many difficulties unknown to the present day, chief among which was the scarcity of cribs to the hard Greek and Latin authors, the Choruses of Sophocles, especially, being almost unintelligible to those deprived of that boon—a translation.

How slavish indeed must have been the toil of our "Magistri," (we would impress upon the mind of our readers, as it has been stamped on ours, that the derivation of this word is "Magis" more, and that "Master" has nothing to do with "Minister" from "Mimus" less) one of whom assures us, that he worked for hours at the first chorus of "Oedipus Rex;" wearing away his substance over the leaves of a Laddell & Scott Lexicon, where no doubt huge bits of thumb might afterwards have been discovered; but with all its difficulties, he mastered it—yes, sir, he did.

But to return to the question of the robes, the coveted gift of learning. As these gowns, gained by so much drill and fatigue, only raise the wearers to the rank of "tailors of this establishment," how much more, we ask, would they require to "fag" in order to gain the position hoped for by the aspiring members of the Upper Modern.

The question becomes one of proportion, the solution of which we will leave to the first Mathematical, whose head will doubtless be more level, when the "notice for tender" has had the effect of infusing more fresh air into the suffocating room. If it be so, then

that the gowns only raise the wearers to that rank, and "which of these things can you disprove O Luminaries" (one of Iliad's works), why tamper with the choice of those who have sought to leap over such primary rounds of the ladder, and become sub-supernumeraries at the outset.

We decidedly think that the Commercial Department is one which ought to be sustained, and in its defence we have "timidly and in a few words" (Cicero or some other Greek author. However, it is of no account who, since we in the Commercial line are not expected to know the names of any Greek writers, and, if wrong, are pardonable) written this article.

If, however, we may not have treated the subject as it should be treated, or if, at any time, we have got on the wrong side of the question, the arguments still hold; for we need only follow the example of the mistaken lawyer, and say, "Gentlemen, these are the fallacious arguments of the other side."

C. O. D.

THE MARKING SYSTEM.

There is a general opinion prevailing that the "Marking System," needs reform if not an entire overthrow. The advantages which it brings are not great enough to counter-balance its defects. This opinion is held not alone among the boys who get the "benefits," but also by the masters who are the "machines" by which the system is carried out. The feeling is the result of every day experience. The object in introducing the system was to afford a means of ascertaining at "convenient" periods the *status* of each boy. Without mentioning any particular case, as many will occur to the boys, if not to the masters, we feel bold to assert that in many cases the object is not realized. In general the proper order of promotion is obtained under the present working of the system, but yet the number of times it fails is large enough to demand some action to be taken to remedy these defects. The objections are not to the system itself, but its working is ponderous and easily abused. Much time is lost at the beginning and end of each hour. The many divisions into which the duties of each day are divided are a necessary part of the system; these, we think, might be lessened with advantage to the boys, though not to the system. When a boy has been absent, his return often causes an unfairness to the others, and many a dispute. Under the present system there seems no help for it. Amongst the masters no less than three different ways are followed to their endeavours to interpret the meaning of this part of the law. Each solemnly declaring, if his plan is objected to, that because the other masters do wrong that is no reason why he should. As this is intended for the consideration of the masters and boys, who know the working of the system, there is no need of mentioning circumstances to which we allude.

So defective and unfair is the rule with respect to resuming and losing places, that a modification of it is found necessary in the higher forms, and amongst the boys of the lower forms. This rule, then, which is supposed to be a general one, is applied only to those to whom it is of little moment whether there is a rule or not.

The emulation for "places," caused thus by incidental—though not necessarily so—is urged in behalf of the system; but we think that the masters

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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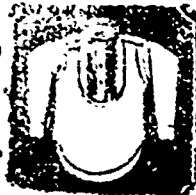
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