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QUIDQUID AGUNT PURRI, VOTUM, TIMOR, IRA, VOLUPTAS, GUADIA, DISCURSUS, NOSTRI EST FARRAGO LIDELLI.

Vol. II., No. 4.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE, APRIL 1, 1872.

WHOLE NO. 14.

The College Times.

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

Subscription Fee - Single Copy -

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 'ais institution, we do not hesitate to assert, though some would no doubt do so, "haud scio, an rocte;" 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 Hoya; and considers the correcting of their Latin papers such a rich troot, 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 worship. pers were to be clothed in a robe similar to that worn by herself. They see this dress in those beauteous gowns which decorate the illustrious (?) frames of them 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 roaders, 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 . Minus" tessa one of whom assures us, that he worked for hours at the first chorus of "Codpus Rex;" wearing away his substance over the leaves of a laddell & Sout Lexicon. where no doubt huge bits of thumb inight afterwards have been discovered; but with all its difficulties, he mastered u-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 Unian Modern.

The question becomes one of proportion, the solution of when we will leave to the first Mathematical, whose head well doubtless by more level, when the "notice for tender" has had the elect of infusing more fresh air new concernes sufficienting room. If it be so, then I

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 hoys, 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 unfrirmess 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 solomnly 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

The emulation for "places," caused thus by incite-... . to saily -- though not necessarily so-is urged in behalf of the eyelom; but we think that the masters would be able to create quite as much interest in the lessons by their exhortations, and if necessary commands which they can so easily cause to be obeyed.

The competition in many cases causes very unpleasant feelings, and many a feud has originated in the class that has been carried out into active life.

As to whether the system affords a means of ascertaining the diligence of a boy or not, we say it does not entirely. Many plans not at all commendable, are resorted to in order to gain places, and they must be, and are, apparent to the masters. To say that with these proceedings before their mind, they form their judgment on a boy's application, is to accuse them of abetting, cheating and jobbery; and, as the parent or guardians renew their information directly from the masters through the reports, neither can they look to them as correct.

We are not advocating an entire doing away with the system, but a thoughtful consideration of the matter by the masters and boys. Many plans may be devised in place of the present, but may have as great defects without the advantages. What is wanted is a system with little machinery and not easily abused. Without effering our support to any in particular, we might suggest a substitution of half-yearly examinations as the basis of promotion. That these should be the test is shown by the fact that the result of the half-yearly examination is entered into the report for the quarter in which they take place. This would evade the many tricks and modes of cheating, that are resorted to in classes, as the examinations are comparatively free from them.

While the present system is persued we would call upon the boys to aid the masters as much as possible, and keep in their mind our motto, "Palmam qui meruit ferat."

TALES OF EVENING.

I, a boarder, and a devotee of tea-shines, received a sealed letter guodam dis. I opened it unwitting. Behold an invitation to tea. How my heart leaped. My adored one would be there. Alas, had I known, ... but I anticipate.

The auspicious evening arrived. The gods were propitious. See me arrayed in faultless shirt front and Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes. I set off. Am rather late in starting, and to my horror discover my watch is alow. I must, and do, run for it. At last I arrive, and to my intense satisfaction am just in time. I am peinfully conspicuous by my late arrival, and my bashfulness adds to my discomfort. We enter the tea-room, and I perceive the table set substantially, partly for dinner and partly for tos. I sit boldly down with a fowl (of unblessed memory) in front of me, and with an old maid on one hand and a gushing damsel on the other. But it is not my darling. No; where is she?

Desperate thought.—She is not here to-night. I gaze eagerly up and down the table. O, horror! There she is, sitting with that odious, sneaking, chatterbox Jones. O tempera O merce!

Happy thought.—Out him out after tea. I am set to carra a chicken. I never carred before, but determine to put the best face possible on it. I have a vague idea that the breast is the part to give to a lady. Where is the breast? I make a desperate slash at a bone I see sticking up. The smile slips off, and enters a soft part just below. This must be the breast. But no. What is this black looking mixture.

Unhappy thought.—The stuffing. Another desperate cut and I get some flesh off. 'Tis done. I sink back, exhausted, and try to get up a conversation with the gushing damsel. At last I am helped, and I am beginning to feel more comfortable. I have a luscious morsel my plate. It is rather large for one mouthful.

Happy thought.—Never take two bites at a cherry. In it goes. It is bigger than I thought. My mouth is full, extremely full. What is that I hear. Somebody is asking me a question. I cannot answer. I turn my face beseechingly. I hear a suppressed giggle. I blush scarlet and inwardly devote to Hades the invitation, the question, the morsel, myself, everything.

Happy thought.—Tea will soon be over. At last tea is over. We go with the ladies into the drawing-room, and I look round for my beloved. Yes, there she is with Jones, in a snug corner, oridently eljoying some good joke. I go and speak. Why the cool, cruel reception? That Jones is laughing in his sleeve at me. Punch his head? No.

Happy thought.—I will go home with Jones, and he will be heard of no more. The hostess approaches. (Hostesses will persist in thinking that we learn singing at the boarding-house.) Do I sing? Oh no! She is sure I do. I am equally sure I don't. She appeals to my perfidious darling. I once was so foolish as to sing a boarding-house song for her entertainment, and she now perfidiously mentions this. There is no use trying to back out, and after protesting, and declaring I cannot sing just enough to appear very desirous of being pressed, I am forced, willy-nilly, to sing the detested song. I commence. I near a pathetic part. I see the fans go up before the ladies' faces.

Happy thought.—It's to hide their tears, I go on. A high note. I fail. I cannot get up so high, Fans again.

Unhappy thought.—Two more high notes before the end. At last I am through. A suppressed murmur of applause (?) greets me, mingled with something very like laughter from a certain corner. I cannot stay. I have some engagement forgotten till now. I cast a repreachful glance at that corner, and what do I see and hear? Too horrible. Let us draw the curtain.

CYCLOPS.

Y* PRINCIPAL.

SMITTER WITH THE CACUETIMES POINTERDI, SEERETE TO SET ARIDE THE DECISION OF THE MARTIES MERTING, AND GET HIS SPEECE CONCERNING TOFFY PUT IN

"THE COLLEGE TIMES."

SCRIER I.

A BROWN STUDT.

The Principal discovered in it, walking to and fro, with hasty strides.

Paincers Loquitur.

It must be so! Cockburn, thou reasonest well! And now this pleasing hope, this fond desire, This longing after typographic fame, Shall be indulged. I'll to him straight, And boldly b.d him, as he loves his peace, And fears the sting of jokes unnumbered—Pointed, personal, and keen—or else

[Laying his hand upon his purse.

As he is not averse to ovil's root, He instantly insert my grand address, My speech, the work of many a weary night And countless humid towels.

Exit.]

SCENE II.

A LONELY PLACE.

The Billor is discovered leaning against a tree, thinking. He is others in a servid cost, and halk ink on divers parts of his person.

THE EDITOR.

Musch.

The waning effuence of the god of day Doth permeste the blue atherial realms, Doth on the water shed a tinge of gold, and doth anhance the crimson of the nose. The daily Sun's eclipsed, and all the world Is now illumined by the COLLEGE TIMES.

The Principal is heard in the distance, singing.

THE EDITOR.

Ab I hark! what songs of love, what soul-like sounds, Bewitch the tranquil hair, and make it stand On end with very agony.

[The troubadour draws nigh, and, approaching the mighty potentate of the pen, with a few light flourishes on his bassoon, bursts forth once more into song.]

Song

Come, Mr. Editor, do
Grant me this boon;
I'll fill your coffers full with di-i-imes;
I'm dying to be put in pri-int;
Oh, put me in the COLLEGE TIMES.

THE EDITOR.

Not if we know it.

Tue Ecno.

"Oh, put me in the COLLEGE TIMES."

THE EDITOR.

Not if we retain our consciousness.

THE PRINCIPAL

T' A SAAD

A man, who did refuse a ti g as you,
Applying to the pocket of his coat
The swelling contour of a well-filled purse,
The which with cunning look and greedy grip
He eager grasped; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for, urging from within,
Were felt impatient promptings, by the which,
To his belief, the monitor expressed
The firm conviction that he'd acted wrong
To so refuse.

Holds forth a purse.

THE EDITOR.

Vile wretch, and dost thou think to thus persuade The mind of one who filthy lucre sooms As doth he dirt—nay, more?

[Tukes hold on the purse.

Man's little mind
d delight in such a toy as this!

Doth find delight in such a toy as this?
But what is that? That monstrous parchment roll,
That doth protrude its volume 'neath thy arm.

THE PRINCIPAL.

My speech.

THE EDITOR.

A speech, didst say? A written essay it:-

[He peruseth.

[Pockets the purse.

The red fire. R.

THE EDITOR. THE PRINCIPAL.

The red fire.

THE CURTAIN.

THE 3PEECH.

A little lowly tony shop there is,
Just to the rear, hard by the College gate;
And there a certain woman doth dispense
Melasses, boiled, and spit upon, and pulled,
To make seductive sticks (the price one cent),
And then styled tony. These voluptuous sticks
The boarder epicure delights to suck.
His cash he boards until he can display
The requisite so get a single stick;
Then firm resolved he goes, with "head erect,
Cheet out and belly in," across the road,
And on the counter flinging down his coin,
With air like him who went to buy New York,
Demands "A stick of tony, if you please,
And wrap it up in paper." Then he goes
And gets three friends. These four then bear aloft
And carry off in triumph that lone stick,
To share it with six girls. Then the joy
And thandrous shoutings make the welkin ring,
And turn the milk of human kindness sour
Across the road. And then—

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' choler 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 tody treat;
But wos, we 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.

CHURUS OF YOUTHS.

We still may go over for Taffy—
Toffy was all that he said..

NO POR ST

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 "gintleman who came of dacint people;" but the probabilities are that the weakers of the green filched their badges from a sister's store of vanities.

This Issue—As the Easter holidays come in the middia 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 befreve 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 mentralist we wish our contemporary every success and if it should ever require halp we give it carts blanche to draw from our columns: We cannot however exchange as we have been compelled, to deny this privilege to other papers.

COLUMNICATION OF MPITAPHS.

U. C. COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETY.

FOURTEENTH MEETING.

It was Friday afternoon, the 15th of March, and the "bleating orators" had assembled outside the Prayerroom 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 of till to-morrow what you can Lo to-day," likewise "Procrastination is the thief of time;" therefore, I will commence. 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 Collège Times, and last, not least, the filthy lucre belonging thereto.

R. Atkinson stated that he had handed over the aformentioned 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 remarily were loudly applauded.)

A metion was then brought forward relating to the expulsion of members. F. E. Hodging, in a brief and pithy speech, stated that this motion had been the derling wish of his heart for years, that it had gradually shaped itself in his expansive brain till the brain 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 helds carried.

The debate and readings were then preceded with, the well-known amateur, G. Cope; giving "Lochiel's Warning" in a manner that we have never seen equalled 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

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 deings 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 worle. 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 structurating 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 h-Against your will.

What is that which people wish to have, and then wish to get rid of !—A good appetite.

last?—Being abort of weight, he gives a roll over.

Why is a conscientious baker like a ship without bal-

Why is a clock bashful f—Because it keeps its hands before its face and rung down its own works.

Why is a forged bunk-note-like a whisper?—Because it is uttered, but not allowed (aloud).

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