

FLORES ALIENI TEMPORIS.

Rev. Thos. J. Cronin '81 now exercising the ministry at Norwich, Conn. writes us that "THE OWL is just what the doctor ordered."

M. F. O'Farrell, commercial graduate of '87 holds the position of book-keeper for the firm of F. G. Johnson & Co., Ottawa.

M. J. McKenna, B. A. '85, is principal of a school in Portland, N. B.

Wm. P. Barry, '74, is principal of the Pawtucketville Grammar School in Lowell, Mass.

Jos. E. Ball, M. D. '76, is engaged in the practice of his profession in Chelsea, Mass.

Rev. John Kenny, '81, is pastor of St. Matthew's Church, Indian Orchard, Mass.

Lionel Dansereau, '87, is at present on the staff of *La Presse*, Montreal.

Alfred E. Lussier, '87, has undertaken the study of law in the office of Scott, McTavish & McCracken, Ottawa.

J. W. Kelly, '78, is a member of the reportorial staff of the *Boston Globe*.

Wm. A. Leonard, '80, has removed from Hoosic Falls, N. Y. to Lawrence Mass., where he is organist and choir director of St. Mary's Church.

Archibald McLellan, '78, is a successful land surveyor residing at Margaree, C. B.

Wm. Haggerty, '84, was in the city this week and paid us a visit. He has just been appointed a member of the Dominion Labor Commission.

J. E. Bellemare, '74, has a large and flourishing tailoring establishment in this city.

Louis McGreevy, '84, died at his home in Quebec last month.

Michael Dineen and Chas. J. Welch, former members of the class of '89 are at present the former in St. Joseph Seminary, Troy, and the latter in Victoria Medical School, Montreal. Sheehan, Dineen and Welch were as fine a trio as Ottawa ever numbered among its students.

Thomas McTiernan, an alumnus of the class of '91 who left the College some months ago, has accepted a lucrative position as clerk in the Union Club, New York city. We are glad to hear that "the people" is succeeding.

Rev. P. T. Ryan, '84, preached the panegyric of Ireland's apostle in Pembroke on St. Patrick's Day. His sermon is spoken of very highly by the local press. At the dinner given by the St. Patrick's Literary Association on the same day, the toast of "The Day" was responded to by E. O'Meara.

Frank Endress, who was killed in a railway accident last summer, and whose untimely death was mourned in the College, sends us a subscription, not from the other world, but from his home in Altoona, Pa. Glad to hear you have another life left, Frank. It is not everyone who lives to read his own obituary notice.

ULULATUS.

Oh! Mickey, don't!

"Amid the gathering clouds of the thunder-storm."

"Whisky has existed since the beginning of the world." "So have snakes!"

Tay-Pay made a noble endeavor to smoke a cigar in honor of Ireland's Saint.

"Our Lordship" made a most successful chairman on the occasion of the St. Patrick's Day banquet.

"Gentlemen," said the honorable member from Wolfe Island, "You know how much reliance is to be placed on Justin McCarthy, he is a *scititious* writer."

What about that article on "Architecture oriental," Jack? Send it in, we will put our *veto* on it, and it will be published.

We notice that a couple of juniors are growing very *saving* and are beginning to *bank* their money. It is to be hoped that they may not have to meet a heavy *check*, and that their business may not end in a *smash*.

Chaoun n'agh pot 'a pighe,
Chaoun n'agh pot 'a morah;
Chaoun n'agh pot 'a morah,
Chaoun n'agh pot 'a pighe.

Some one, knowing the insatiable appetite of one of our North Adamites for milk, concocted a tempting glassfull, the chief ingredients of which were salt and water, and placed the coveted liquid where our young friend could reach it. He reached it.

The game was very exciting. All eyes were bent upon our hero. He had a fine hand, an exultant look was upon his face and he puffed his pipe contentedly as he waited to euvre his opponent, when sh-h-h—snap—bang,—a brilliant seething flame shot up from the bowl of his pipe and lighted up his now blanched countenance into an impressive *tableau vivant*. Recovering his presence of mind he heroically dashed his nicotine retort against the wall amid the applause of the audience.

If the baker says dough,
And if rivals say pooh!
Why don't tailors say sooh
And the color is blooh.

Though the driver says whoa,
And the pussy cat mew,
Why they should I don't knoa,
But its certain they dew.