

To the Reverend Father,

R. O. Filiatreault.

Reverend and Dear Father,—

We the students of Ottawa University assemble here to-day to give expression to the feeling of gratification which they experience at your elevation to the sublime dignity of Christ's ministry. You have always looked forward with fond hope to the time when you would be raised to the sacred office of the holy priesthood, but to-day your cup of happiness is filled to overflowing, when the cherished goal has been reached.

As students of the University from which you graduated just four short years ago, many of us still remember your familiar face, and recall with delight the many occasions on which you did yeoman service in upholding the honor of old Varsity in the department of athletics. Emblems of the many battles in which you participated upon the gridiron, and in which the colors of the garnet and grey were victorious, still hang upon our walls. Your studious application to duty, and the uniform excellence of your conduct during your college course, won for you the confidence of your professors and the esteem of your fellow students.

As Catholic students of a Catholic University, we naturally entertain profound respect for the priest, whoever he may be. Much more is this veneration felt when we behold one of those whose student life has been passed in our intimate companionship, or who has drunk from the same fountain of knowledge as that from which we are now obtaining the science that will fit us for our future careers. We wish to extend to you to-day our hearty congratulations and our best wishes. In turn we ask you not to forget us when officiating at the altar. Implore God to bless and guide us, that we also may be crowned with success in attaining to whatever vocation God may have called us.

Rest assured, Reverend and dear Father, that you go forth to fulfill the sacred duties of your high calling, accompanied by the earnest prayers and sincere good wishes of

THE STUDENTS OF OTTAWA UNIVERSITY.

The agent: "I would like to call your attention to a little work which I have here."

Gau-t-er: "Well, let me call your attention to a whole lot of work which I have here. Good-bye."

Bu-ke: "What prompts your jokes—inspiration?"

Br-n-n: "No, desperation."