

FLORES ALIENI TEMPORIS.

ULULATUS.

Rev. Mark E. Purcell, '74, is pastor of Holy Trinity Church, Greenfield, Mass.

C. A. Evans, '83, is assistant editor of the Pittsburgh Post-Despatch.

Frank Nelson, '80, resides in Hamilton, where he is the *Toronto Globe's* special correspondent.

Rev. T. J. McLaughlin, '80, is attached to St. Joseph's Church, Pittsfield, Mass.

John J. McDonald, of '86's commercial class, is employed in the audit office of the Colorado and Maitland Railway Co., Puebla, Col.

Rev. T. E. Purcell, '79, is assistant priest at St. John's Church Webster, Mass.

Fred. Gaudet C. E., has been appointed Lieutenant attached to Battery C., Victoria B.C.

Rev. W. D. McKinnon, '84, has been raised by Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco to the position of secretary to his Grace.

Rev. A. M. Leyden, '80, since becoming pastor of Toronto, Ohio, has built a beautiful church and dedicated it to St. Francis of Assisi.

Thomas O'Hagan B. A. '82, M. A. '85, whose volume of poems is noticed in another column, holds the position of Classical and Modern Language Master in the High School, Mitchell, Ont.

Leo. Herckenrath, commercial graduate, '82, represents in Chicago the Herzog Telephone Co of New York. Leo had always considerable electricity about him.

D. J. Sheehan who left the class of '89 to enter the seminary writes a cheery letter from Baltimore. Beneath the religious habit "Dan" still wears the habit of punning.

T. V. Tobin and P. J. Griffin former members of the class of '88, gained highest marks in the January examinations at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore.

James Kehoe, '67, a flourishing barrister of Sault Ste. Marie recently visited the sanctum. He informed us that for the past twenty three years the College has not been without a Kehoe, and apparently will not lack one for twenty three years to come. He promises us so reminiscences of "shameskehoesaytepeats" times.

Edmond Moras of the class of '86 writes us from Harvard Medical School, at which he was entered one year before the graduation of his class. His fine football playing, genial manners and keen logic will long be remembered.

Mumps!

"The spirit of uncouthness is now rife among us"

At the last meeting of St. Thomas' Academy, the members were well *posted* in metaphysics.

Invitations are out for the Owens-McDonald "At Home," which is to take place in room 29, senior dormitory.

The students have already begun arrangements for the St. Patrick's day banquet. The management of the affair is in the hands of a committee of ten, and great results are anticipated.

Quite an interesting lacrosse match was played on skates a few days ago. Wheeler failed to distinguish himself; the skates were dull, and then "that coat, ye know."

Under the tutorship of Mr. Jobson Paradis, the younger students are practising some graceful movements for the athletic entertainment on Easter Monday.

"Mathematics I understand,

Of Greek verbs I've the upper hand;

But never can I get into my head,

How it is that a *Black* mustache is red."

When a man has a felon on his finger he makes an ungainly barber. So thought Gingras when the oil was accidentally applied to his head and shoulders by McDonald, the other day.

We see from one of our Western exchanges, behind time on account of the snow, that a brilliant mathematician of our fourth form, during a recent visit to his natal place, dropped into the district school of his boyish days. He addressed the pupils a few well chosen remarks on the trisection of the angle. The pupils reciprocated by singing "Are you there, Moriar-i-ty."

"Out of the garden of Eden,

Adam and Eve were cast;

Cain and Abel last conge,

In one of our class-rooms passed.

This story to some may seem curious,

Perhaps everyone's views 'twill not suit,

That the family should dearly be punished,

For eating the *forbidden fruit*."

Will not the two gentlemen who amused the members of the Philosophers' dormitory in the capacity of the bear and its keeper reproduce it some evening before all the students? We think their sphere of action too small for such remarkable talent.

What have the students of a certain table in the refectory done, that they should endure such punishment? Every day they are treated to a conversation in French between "Tuck" and "Mark" ending with a characteristic rendering of "Maid of Athens, ere we part."