

THE OWL.

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THE OWL is the journal of the students of Ottawa University. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely the students of the past and present to their Alma Mater.

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LOQUITUR BUBO.

When we were boys, not in Ireland, nor anywhere in particular, but just to use a consecrated phrase, oftener put thus: "in my time," we used to feel pretty much the same (in spite of all sage head-shakings to the contrary), we used to feel sort of glad to get away from college, to get "back to our mountains," so to speak, and I fear we, as well as the generality of students of to-day, used to forget that the college had any right to expect sad good-byes from us, or gracious recognitions of the "happiest time" of our life coming to an end, etc. This is no sermon with gratitude for a text. Just at this crisis of conflicting emotions, sermons are apt to miss their aim,

though something seems hanging from the blunt end of this quill which might sound like an exhortation to the boys, as to fine points of good behavior, something might be jotted down here that might induce them, as busses rattle away towards the R. R. Stations, to cast a lingering, longing (?) at least *remorseful* look behind, but this quill can repress its feelings; besides these boys, seemingly so heartless, so full of the immediate future, will ere long, like the rest of us elders, be all they ought to be and, thanks to the "retrospective maturity" that comes to us all, they too, will condescendingly shake their heads and talk wisely of when they were boys. As I, or at least the fourth part of the staff which collectively constitutes the OWL, am one of those prospective wise ones myself, I say, boys, let's wish one another a Happy New Year. We, who are going out to see what there is for us to do in this great arena! We whose college days are at an end, the days when we "know more than we shall ever know again," as far as text books are concerned! Yes this our last year is dying;

"Ring wild bells and let them die."

That sounds like a heartless way of disposing of the poor old year. Tennyson's manner of officiating at the obsequies of a departed year has always grated on my moral ears.

Somehow or other, I can't bid the year '89-90 a gleeful farewell, because after all, its been a very respectable year as years go, and contained much of pleasantness, and when we of '89-90 shall have got as far at least as the "5th stage" we will be proud to tell of some of the sights and various red letter days of this our last year at college. Sometimes there is a kind of similarity of difference between fellows of the same class with the same views ahead, but I am pretty sure we will all agree that this year has a significance of its own, and