

Rev. Hugh B. Kelly, pastor of Fairfield, Iowa, paid a visit to the College the day of the opening. Father Kelly is a brother of our former student, Rev. Jas. P. F. Kelly, of Somerville, Mass.

On Thursday, Sept. 19, a solemn High Mass was sung in the Chapel by Very Rev. Vicar-General Routhier, assisted by Father Portelance as Deacon and Brother David as Sub-Deacon. After the first Gospel a sermon suited to the time was delivered by Father Nolin, on the text: *Emitte spiritum tuum et creabuntur.*

On Sept. 23rd, the statue of Father Tabaret was placed in position. The statue is of bronze, and with its handsome pedestal ranks among the finest ornaments of the city. Previous to being veiled, it was viewed by all the students, and a photograph taken, which we will endeavor to reproduce in the next number of THE OWL.

It is our intention to make the next number of THE OWL a fitting memorial of the great occasion of the inauguration of the University and the unveiling of Father Tabaret's statue. We are going to spare no expense in getting a complete account of all the proceedings, and the engravings will be of the finest workmanship attainable. Our past endeavors have met with success and we are confident that our subscribers will appreciate the Tabaret memorial number of THE OWL by sending in their orders for extra copies.

COLLEGE HUMOR.

"HE CALLED me an ass," exclaimed an over-dressed, excited dude. "Well, you ain't one," replied a kindly cop, "you are only a clothes-horse."—*Highlander.*

DURING the Alpha Delta Phi Convention at New Haven. Stranger (to student)—"Are you a Yale man?"

"Yes."

"Tell me where I can get a drink."

A BALD-HEADED professor, reproving a youth for the exercise of his fists, said: "We fight with our heads at this college." The youth hesitated and replied: "Ah! I see, you have butted all your hair off."—*Miam Journal.*

"WHAT is an echo?" asked the teacher of the infant class.

"It's what you hear when you shout," replied a youngster.

"Is it caused by a hill or a hollow?" again asked the teacher.

"Both" was the ready reply.

"How so?"

"The hill throws back the holler."—*Oracle.*

AFTER DINNER speeches are sometimes treacherous. Things get mixed, and ideas flow faster than words. The following is an instance: In comparing the literary merits Dickens and Thackeray, and after-dinner orator in London said: "It's the wonderful insight inter 'uman nature that Dickens gets the pull over Thackeray: bnt, on t'other hand, it's in the brilliant shafts of satire, t'gether with a keen sense o' humor, that Dickey gets the pull over Thackens. It's just this: Shickery is the humourist and Dackens is the satirist. But, after all, it's absurd to instoot any comparison between Dackery Thickens!"—*Highlander.*

CURIOSITIES OF TRANSLATION.

Q. From what is *parens*, a parent, derived?

A. From *appareo apparere*.

Q. However do you get it from that?

A. Because *apparere* means 'to be a(p)parent.'

Q. "Parse *quibusdam*."

A. "Indefinite pronoun, masc. gender, plural number, ablative case."

Q. "Why in the ablative?"

A. "Governed by the preposition *dam*."

Q. "In what meter is this written?"

A. "In Anabaptists, Sir."

The following are extreme instances of tolerably recent date.

He left Rome: "*Il gauche Rome.*"

The horse was broken-winded: "*Le cheval etait casse-fenetre.*"

Horace's promise to the Fount of Bandusia, "*cras donaberis haedo*" becomes, "to-morrow you shall be given to a goat," a very pleasing prospect for the crystal rill.

Consules cornua tenuerunt: "The consuls held the trumpets."

Obsessumque testudine limen: "The threshold was obstructed by a tortoise."

Les chemins de fer furent livres pour circulation: "The railways had circulating libraries."

Il tourna le coin: "He tossed up a piece of money."

Ce heros blesse: "This blessed hero."

A student was construing Thucydides' account of the burial of those Athenians who had fallen in war and after the description of the collective coffins of the various tribes, this is what he managed to make out of the passage next following, "and there was besides an empty coffin, full of the bones of those who could not be found."—*Stonyhurst Magazine.*