

Why should I wail? Why ought I weep?
 The grave—it is not dark and deep;
 Why should I sigh? Why ought I moan?
 The grave—it is not still and lone;
 Our God is sweet, our grave is sweet,
 We lie there sleeping at his feet,
 Where the wicked shall from troubling cease,
 And weary hearts shall rest in peace.

G. E. BASKERVILLE, B.A., '95.

The death of Eddie Baskerville, though not altogether unexpected, came, nevertheless, with a shocking suddenness in the end. There were very sad circumstances in connection with his early demise. Only a few months ago he left Ottawa for Denver, Colorado, accompanied by his devoted father. Some time later the father returned, but brought with him the germs of a fatal illness. He died about the middle of last October. Eddie heard the news alone, sick and in a strange land. Soon afterwards he was joined by his brother, sister and uncle, but only the last two of these were with him at his death.

George Edward Baskerville made his complete commercial, collegiate and arts course in Ottawa University. He was for ten years a student in our midst. By his gentle and amiable character he had made himself beloved by all, while his mental qualities allowed him to rank with the best in his class. It was his intention, we are told, to join the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, after his graduation. But that event found his health threatened, and he was advised to postpone his entrance to the novitiate. A year's rest did not avert the danger. Consumption declared itself and he was sent to Colorado, in the hope of rebuilding his shattered constitution. Some slight improvement was at first noticed, but it was only momentary, and he gradually failed until he passed away in the week preceding the blessed Christmas-time. His remains were brought to Ottawa for interment. The absence of the students on their holidays prevented them from paying a last tribute of respect to his memory, but the sorrow at his early death was sincere and universal. Eddie Baskerville left no enemies behind him, for he had made none during life. All those who knew him were his friends, and they will not now neglect him in their prayers, nor fail to extend to the afflicted relatives, the consolation of their sincere sympathy.

Out in Our Lady's cemetery Eddie Baskerville and his father sleep side by side. May their souls rest in peace.

JAMES QUINN.

In the death of James Quinn, so well known to junior students of two years ago as "Jimmie" Quinn, there has been removed from his family circle an only and beloved son. This circumstance adds additional sorrow to the lot of the bereaved parents. Jimmie Quinn was but two years a student with us—in the second and third grades of the commercial course. Even then he was not strong, and ill-health, eventually obliged him to leave school. For a while he struggled against the inroads of consumption, but at length he was forced to succumb to that insidious disease. He died at the early age of seventeen years. May he rest in peace.

JOHN LYNCH

From far-off Rossland, B.C., comes the sad news of the death of