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H.H.

THE OWL.

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No. 1.

A SEPTEMBER NIGHT.



QUIET sky, and shadowy—but its shade
Falls softly on the earth ; for though young Night
Has veiled her face in vapour, and with braid
Of silver mist her hyacinth hair bedight,
Yet shine her eyes with gentleness and might
Through silver vapour and the braiding mist,
As though, wide-lidded, all her deeps of sight,
Embracing God, to holy joy were kissed.
And in the grass the merry crickets sing ;
And, 'mid the trees, some bird within the nest,
More closely cowering, warm, with sleekèd wing,
Just lets the throbbing pleasure of his breast
O'erbubble in a few chance notes, half heard,
Yet lending God's wide love articulate word.

FRANK WATERS.

CLASS VALEDICTORY.*

YOUR EXCELLENCY, §
 YOUR GRACE,
 REVEREND GENTLEMEN,
 LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

We have finished our course. On the pathway of life we have made a goodly advance. The merry blissful days of childhood are no more, and what we may properly call the last day of our youth is fast speeding to a close. We know not the future or what it has in store "behind the veil"; yet we somehow trust that Providence, so beneficent in the past, will still guide us safely on. And though the star which has hitherto lit up our pathway is sinking beyond, yet there rises in the East another orb, brilliant in radiance and alluring in appearance. It is the star of Hope—hope enkindled by trust in a bountiful Deity and by confidence in the abilities which are ours as a consequence of skilful training under competent instructors. We owe it indeed to the honor of our Alma Mater, to the skill of her professors, and to the efficiency of her methods of teaching, that we go forth from her walls confident of successfully grappling with future contingencies.

Very naturally, of course, on this our last night in college, many and various thoughts engage the activities of our minds. A few there are which bring us heartfelt joy. We feel glad that we have reached the end, long-awaited, hard-won and eagerly-desired. Well do we remember to-night the first closing exercises we ever attended. Sitting

in the galleries, we saw the successful candidates receive their well-earned diplomas, we heard their farewell address, we saw the smile of satisfaction which played upon their countenances. And then came rushing in upon ourselves the thought of our own future, accompanied by a desire, a yearning for the end. How long seemed then the years which separated us from the night when we too would be graduated, and how uninviting those tedious intervening hours of study. But this night is so much the more gladdening and welcome, because it brings an end to all those trials, a consummation to our honest endeavours, the reward and crown of perseverance. Yes, we thank Heaven for having given us the courage to stand to the end, we thank Heaven that we have securely reached the hour of graduation.

There is yet another thought which stirs our souls to the very depth and engenders within us a spirit of wholesome gladness. We will be soon again amidst the scenes of our childhood days; we will soon sit once more at the old family fire-side; a few brief hours and we shall be at home. Home, so dear to the heart of every man, so cherished for its sacred, hallowed associations, the scene of blissful days, nearest approach to an earthly paradise. What better place wherein to enjoy a little rest after these weary years of toil. Dear parents, who through all this time have been the faithful guardians of the old hearth, may that joy which we know is yours to-night, rejuvenate your aged hearts. Now your

* Delivered by John J. Quilty, B.A., '97.
 Mgr. Merry Del Val, Apostolic Delegate to Canada.

anxieties in our regard are at an end, now your burden of care is lightened, now your fears are changed to hopes: we have reached the end, eagerly do we hurry home. Before we leave here we fain would fully express our gratitude to you, but in the attempt

“ Our thoughts o'er leap themselves,
And fall on th' other side.”

Brief must be our words, but he assured that they are heart felt. May heaven shower upon you her choicest benediction and lead you on through a blessed peaceful old age to the end of life, whereat may it be your supreme consolation to see those children upon whom you have lavished such care, upholding the honour of your name, and labouring zealously for God and their fatherland.

But our feelings to-night are not wholly those of pure unalloyed joy. That were too much to expect, for it seems the ordinary lot of men that their cup of joy should ever contain a few drops of sorrow. True it is, we have reached the end; true it is, we shall soon be at home. But then that other thought which strikes so swiftly across our minds to-night and almost threatens to counteract our joy and drown our confident hopes! However reluctantly we would meet the fact, true it is also, our good old college days are over. We must leave at last these sacred, old, familiar walls with their many uplifting influences, their thousand pleasant memories. We must visit once more, and then leave, perhaps forever, the old classrooms and long corridors of this institution wherein we have spent so many pleasant and profitable hours. And then (fain would we avoid the thought) we must bid farewell to these kindest and best of

masters, to the warm-hearted citizens of Ottawa, and to the truest companions and most faithful of friends, our fellow students.

To you, then, we first turn, Rev. Faculty and professors of the University, and to you our first words must be “ well and nobly have you done your duty”. We leave you to-night bearing in our hearts indelible impressions of your kindness, your goodness, your sterling qualities of mind and heart. We know full well that men of your calibre we can scarcely hope to meet often in the great world beyond the college walls. Perhaps we have not always thought so, perhaps at times we have not been as tractable as we might have been; but be assured that this was the result of the mere thoughtlessness of college students, who undoubtedly are not always in the right. We gladly avail ourselves of this occasion to seek pardon for whatever in the past might through any fault of ours have caused you grief, pain, or displeasure. It is our earnest hope and parting prayer that God may long spare you to guide the destinies of this University, and may it ever prosper, our beloved *Alma Mater*.

But we miss in your midst to-night the presence of one who for years shed a lustre on the professorial staff of this institution, one whom to know was to love, and whose demise at the beginning of this year cast such a gloom over us all, and occasioned such regret among his former pupils the continent over. We, who were his pupils for three years, know whereof we speak. Never can we forget that great and good man, Dr. Glasmacher. We can see him to-night as though he were before us, with his broad, characteristic smile, his warm heart

gladdening all around him. We well remember what an intellectual treat it was to listen to his lectures, how he used to bring to bear upon his subjects all the resources of his marvellous learning, now illustrating from science, again reconciling with theology, then calling in philosophy to his aid, and beautifying his discourse throughout with the fancy and polished diction of the litterateur. Yet though possessed of such wonderful knowledge, this was not his boast, but he gloried more in that he was a Christian and a Catholic. But he has gone to a better land, where in God's good time let us also hope to be with him in endless, blissful union. Till then, Rev. Fathers, permit the class of '97 to bid you farewell.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF OTTAWA:

It would not be well for us who have spent so many years in your city, to leave it without addressing you too a few parting words. We would indeed be ungrateful, were we to forget the many proofs you have given of the interest you take in our *Alma Mater*—in her successes on the athletic field, upon the stage, or in the class-room. We have reasons to say that your equals in generosity or hospitality it would be hard to find in any other Canadian city. We appreciate your attendance here to-night in such numbers. It seems but to add another link to the long chain of fond recollections we carry away with us of Ottawa and her citizens. Long may your city prosper and may its numerous spires and parliamentary towers ever look down upon a smiling, energetic and contented people. Ladies and Gentlemen permit us to bid you, one and all, farewell.

FELLOW STUDENTS:—

The moment has come when we

too must separate. For years have we trudged along together, living under a common roof, subject to the same rules and drinking from the same fountain of knowledge. Brothers we have been; like brothers let us part. To-morrow you go to your happy homes, but to return again; we go, to return no more. But in after years will you not sometimes think of the class of '97, and will you not to-night forgive what were our faults in the past, and extend to us the parting hand in the true christian spirit, which forgives and forbears, and wishes well? We know you will. We know your hearts and your disposition. Ever have we experienced your sympathy in our trials, your encouraging aid when our own powers threatened failure, your happy faculty of rendering cheerful the days of our college life.

And can we ever forget that old Varsity cheer—so often heard, so soul stirring, so electrical in its effects, so inspiring of courage and dash to the doughty warriors in garnet and grey! Well do some of us know from experience the wonderful influence of that old college cheer. We had but to hear its first syllable wafted over the calm airs from the campus fence, re-echoed from the side of Mount Royal, or resounded over the ravines of Rose-dale, and immediately all our surroundings were forgotten; of Ottawa College undefeated we thought, and Ottawa College undefeated we saw. Boys, cling to your football team as you have done in the past. Let there be no decline in that old college spirit—no indifference to success or defeat. But above all remember the motto, "Ubi concordia, ibi victoria," and drive away, far away, the least semblance of disunion. Then shall we who

leave you to-night ever hear of your athletic successes, we shall know that the same old spirit haunts these beloved walls, and we will always rejoice to hear the cry :

Grey and Garnet floating high,
Ever tell of victory."

But, fellow-students, remember that the goal towards which your college life should tend is your education, intellectual and moral. Let athletics continue to hold the proud position they have hitherto occupied, but at the same time let them be rated at their value, as simply means to a greater end, as something secondary, subordinate, instrumental to the perfection of the higher man. By attending to your class-work, lay broad and deep the foundations of knowledge. Build up, and strengthen, and round off the superstructure, by ever keeping converse with the world's great minds whose expression is found in the volumes of your libraries. And by taking advantage of your reading-rooms, literary and dramatic societies endeavor to put the finishing touch to the edifice of your education. You will realize ultimately, if you do not now, that the way of work, of honest, faithful labour, is the only one that leads to a successful end.

And now the trying moment approaches and strangely falls upon our ears this word "farewell." Gladly would we prolong our address in hope to keep back the final parting

word. But part we must, and who knows for how long? This much at least we are aware of that many of us shall very probably never meet again in this mortal life. How soon some of us may leave it we cannot tell. Its insecurity I feel to-night, when I remember that not so many years ago there stood in my position a bright and noble-hearted young man* with all the prospects of a successful career before him, and when I recall that mournful day last January on which we followed his funeral cortege to the last sad resting place.

It is but two years since another gentle soul§ was sitting in this hall, happy amidst the honors of graduation. He is not here to-night, nor out beyond in a happy home, but he too has gone to rest with his fellow-student. Just lately cruel death has invaded our very midst and snatched away, almost without warning, a kind and unassuming comrade.¶ He knew not a few months ago that he would never again attend these exercises. Yet such is the case, and in such a way does Providence dispose of things human. Amidst these sad reflections, however, there is for us our consolation, our supreme hope. Now indeed we separate to pursue our several courses; but we know that if we only do the right, there is a future which will bring a lasting reunion, there is a place beyond in which let us hope to meet again.

* W. J. Kekoe, '89.

§ E. P. Baskerville, '95.

¶ Edward Cosgrove, 2nd Form.

'TIS EVER THUS.

HE long lost child is found again
 In story, tale, and poem.
 The wreck'd ship, righted, sails the main
 And comes in triumph home.
 The poor accede to sudden wealth,
 Mansion replacing hut.
 The wound to death is kissea by health;
 The gates of pain are shut.
 Friends side by side the daisied fields
 Traverse in joy and truth;
 And nature peace and solace yields,
 As in the world's lost youth.
 The rose of love blooms thornless
 Beneath a cloudless sky,
 And youths and maidens pluck it thus,
 To wear it 'til they die.
 Even death is as a myth, and not
 A giant grim and real,
 By whom both young and old are caught
 And crushed in grasp of steel.
 Eternal woe, eternal weal
 Are as the mists of night,
 Since Fiction too oft weaves a veil
 For our spiritual sight

E. C. M. T.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF THE NOVEL.

I

LOVE my books! they are companions true,
Sterling in worth, in friendship most sincere;
Here talk I with the wise in ages gone,
And with the nobly-gifted of our own;
If love, joy, laughter, sorrow please my mind,
Love, joy, grief, laughter in my books I find.

(FRANCIS BENNOCH.)

The novel is "feigned history," as Bacon says, the essential difference between it and true history being that the latter is a narration of events that have actually taken place, while the former is a recital of occurrences that have their existence only in the imagination of their author. The object of one and the other when fulfilling each its proper mission, is the spread of truth: history, the spread of real living truth in the sense that what is narrated has actually occurred at some time; while the novel is also the spread of real truth, but in the sense only of those relations felt to exist between persons or things under particular and expressed conditions, the impressions produced, and the conclusions drawn from premises and conditions laid down by the author. When nature is reflected from the pages of a novel, when she appears in her true and unrivalled perfection, then truth is made manifest. In this mirror she appears in all the splendor of her glorious beauty.

Prof. David Masson, in his excellent work on *British Novelists* divides the British Novels written since the

appearance of Scott into thirteen classes, viz:—1, The Novel of Scottish Life and Manners; 2, The Novel of Irish Life and Manners; 3, The Novel of English Life and Manners; 4, The Fashionable Novel; 5, The Illustrious Criminal Novel; 6, The Traveller's Novel; 7, The Novel of American Manners and Society; 8, The Novel of Eastern Manners and Society; 9, The Military Novel; 10, The Naval Novel; 11, The Novel of Supernatural Phantasy; 12, The Art and Culture Novel; 13, The Historical Novel.

This list is evidently not exhaustive, but it gives us a very good idea of the work accomplished by the novelists, and serves to impress us with the variety of subjects discussed by them. Porter divides novels into two great classes: the Novel of Incident and the Novel of Character, according as adventure forms the chief characteristic of a book, or as strong individuality on the part of the personages is emphasized. The former is the novel best suited to youth while the latter is adapted to the taste of more advanced age and riper judgment. What shall we say of those men and women whose sole reading consists of the sensational novel which for the most part depends for its interest upon the incidents? Their minds have evidently not yet outgrown the stage of development of the amusement—seeking child, have not yet arrived at that of the more discerning age of manhood.

For the youth the heroes of a sensational novel are real, objective

beings; they live their enchanted lives, fearless, daring, and invulnerable. To him they are more remarkable and impressive than the greatest heroes of ancient or modern history. Excitement is the chief feature that a book must possess in order to be attractive to the youthful reader. The story of Jack Harkaway, has a greater fascination than the enchanting tale of Corinne. It may be asked why these novels possess a more potent charm for the young than does true history. The question is easily answered; because their minds have an insatiable thirst for information, and naturally relish that which is the most pleasant, or rather, the most wonderful. The imaginative element is frequently lacking in history, while the novel generally possesses it developed to the highest degree.

In his search for suitable reading the youth does not look for delicate imagery nor for beauties of style. He is satisfied if the former be bold and highly-colored, and the latter hardy and even declamatory. He is insensible to the beauties of the Vicar of Wakefield, but follows with intense interest the adventures of Bob Rodney, and of Dick Light-heart, the Scapegrace of London. The cultured mother is astonished at the stories in which her boy revels. Through the enlightenment, however, that comes from true education and healthy home influence, this vitiated taste may be corrected, and the erstwhile devourer of dime novels may be brought to be satisfied with nothing but the artistic productions of the great masters.

The novel whose perusal is the most productive of pleasure to the reader, is the novel of Character. It is the one in which the individuality of the personages is set forth, not

necessarily in the descriptions of the author, but rather, in every act, in every word of the hero or heroes. Each of these stands out at a type and we see in each the thoughts that fill, the motives that guide, and the actions that distinguish the class he typifies. The Fat Boy of Dickens is asleep when we first meet him; he is asleep throughout his life, and most probably was asleep on his wedding day. We know that when we come near Mr. Wardles and the Fat Boy will come on the scene he will be found asleep. He will sleep while driving the horses; he will sleep while serving at the table; he will sleep between each mouthful while eating. Could we figure to ourselves Mr. Jingle without those wonderfully quick and cut-up sentences devoid of all connectives; or Wilkins McCawber without his pecuniary embarrassments over which he has no control? Such is the novel of Character; it leaves an indelible mark of the individuality of the characters it presents to its readers.

Having classified novels we shall now ask what distinctive traits a novel should possess in order that it may be acceptable to the reader of culture and refinement. To be useful and interesting it must be practical; it must reflect nature, and the actions of the characters must be such that the reader will not feel his moral susceptibilities wounded. The ethical element should be faultless; no moral law should be violated, and if a character is made to disregard the code of Christian morals, the story should include a recognition of the fault, and should visit merited punishment on the offender. No one addicted to lying, swearing, blaspheming or foul language, should be set up as a hero, because

the very idea of hero includes in itself that of model. Some authors introduce characters who swear and lie in such a way that a laugh is brought to the lips of the profane reader; such books should be shunned. The use of the initial letter and dash is of too frequent occurrence even in writers of good novels. Good society does not permit men given over to those habits to frequent it, and the question naturally arises, why does it delight in literature that literally reeks with these foul expressions.

Let the novel be interesting: yes, by all right means let it be so: it must be so. Now, in order to be interesting, an author need not present only surprises and uncommon occurrences to his readers. He may present even very common place scenes, but he must fill them with life and interest. His is a work of art, and as such must be artistic. Novels are not supposed to be written by tyros in composition, by novices in rhetoric. All the qualities of delightful description, of quick dialogue, of charming episode should pervade the work which should be written in the faultless style of a Goldsmith.

A good novel should be aesthetic and didactic. It should make us love and delight in beauty, thereby elevating our tastes and making us better boys and girls, better men and women. The didactic element is served by introducing us into new scenes of life, by descriptions of manners and customs unfamiliar to us, by sketches of countries through which we have never travelled. The purpose of the drama should be here enlarged. The dramatic and pathetic may be "charmingly blended with enchanting descriptions of nature." Superfluous explanations

are wearisome. The reader should be left the pleasure of exercising his own ingenuity and imagination. There should be spirit in the narrative, but the plot should never be overshadowed by the sensational.

The aim of every novel worth reading should be to purify the mind, and free it from the bondage of the passions by showing the fatal effects which are the natural results of indulgence in them: to bring into prominence all that is true, good, beautiful, moral, and wise; to engender love of virtue and hatred of vice. The novel which accomplishes these ends is worthy of an honored place in the libraries of all good men. The novel in great demand is the one which, possessing all the foregoing qualities in the highest degree, combines with them earnestness of purpose, critical insight, and profundity of thought.

The question naturally arises, who are the novelists? What qualifications of mind and heart must they possess to ensure us that their works will conform to the high standard which we have just outlined. We shall treat further on of the necessity for some tribunal for supervising the literature which is scattered broadcast for the people to read. We have examinations for teachers to ensure their fitness for the work they undertake, and we see no reason why novelists who are in reality teachers only with the whole world for a class, should not be subjected to a similar examination, or at least, why their works should not be submitted to a council for approval of the principles enunciated. But let us return from this digression to the question who are the novelists. If we omit the great ones among them and a few minor ones, they are persons who have been

failures in other professions, persons with more imagination than practical judgment, with more greed for money than love for spreading truth and correct moral principles. They resort to novel-writing for a living, and, knowing the propensity of a too large number of readers for the sensational, the low and the depraved, they pander to this taste and live princely lives on the dimes slavishly paid than by the least intellectual class of readers. These writers do not consult their fitness for the career they adopt. They heed not whether they possess the high standard of taste, and the qualities of mind and heart that are the prime essentials required in every author who would exert an influence for good on his fellow-man. Indeed, money is their chief object, and the word of Horace: *quæcrunda pecunia primum est; virtus post nummos* can be applied to them in the strictest sense. Their purse is their god, and this deity they serve most faithfully. Careless of their wholesale destruction of morals, regardless of the effects of their false principles, they inundate the world with a deluge of literary corruption. These writings form no addition to letters, but are rather the literary sewers overflowing with the filth of fallen man's mind. There can be no better proof that education without religious training is a failure; it only serves the bad by opening up a channel whereby they can send to the most remote parts of the world the evil thoughts of their wicked hearts.

It may be asked why then do we read novels at all? It is indeed true that a large share of the evil in the world may be justly attributed directly or indirectly to the bad novel; but, on the other hand, there

is also no more delightful intellectual enjoyment than the reading of a good novel. Nothing else affords so complete a rest from the ordinary occupations of life. It does not entail the mental strain that accompanies study and deep thought; it makes us forget our cares and sorrows; it banishes our fears and relieves our weariness. Our minds are refreshed by an everchanging panorama of beautiful scenes. We witness the ever busy scene of life in its many and varied phases, and enrich our minds with noble thoughts that, perhaps, never would have entered them but for the ingenuity of the novelist. And all this is not monopolized by the rich; it is the common property of the world. The millionaire may have a monopoly of the expensive binding, but he has no control over the ethereal conceptions, the imperishable thoughts of the world's great writers.

The reader becomes acquainted with the history of past times; he learns the customs and manners which obtained at other periods of the world's existence, and those that prevail to-day in other parts of the world, without the tiresome and costly luxury of actually visiting them, a luxury that can be enjoyed but by a very small number of readers. He sees the human mind in all its various aspects, and learns lessons of experience from the best students of humanity. The personages represented by the novel may be, indeed they are, ideal, but they are not beyond the range of our conception of greatness and goodness, and many may even be taken as models upon which to mould our daily life.

In well regulated households the novel is looked upon as a contraband article. This is a good sign as it

proves that some parents at least, are alive to the fact that a healthy moral development is incompatible with indiscriminate novel reading; that they are aware that the elements necessary to form the characters of good men and women are not to be found in the great mass of popular novels. Indeed the novels that may safely be placed in the hands of a young person can be counted almost on one's fingers.

The vast majority implant in the minds of their young readers "absurd ideas of love and friendship, of society and parental authority, of unrestrained freedom and liberty of action." The religious element is rather avoided than thrust upon the reader, and where it is dwelt upon it is more apt to undermine than to strengthen the faith implanted by the care of a thoughtful mother. As shall be shown this applies in a particular manner to Catholic readers. As for morality as inculcated in these productions it is generally of a very questionable character. Virtuous principles wither away under the influence of the continued reading of these books; unlawful attachments are associated with depth of passion and devotion; false maxims are taught, and wrong principles that will inevitably bear their unwholesome fruit are instilled into the mind.

The class of reading commonly known as light literature appears under the form of novels, novelettes and story-papers. It is only too

true that the general effect of such publications is injurious.

They teach that riches may be acquired without toil and economy; that one may be attractive and amiable, though the very incarnation of hypocrisy and selfishness; that happiness both in this life and in the next may be obtained without living so as to deserve it in either. The effects of this reading are deplorable. It makes a father rude, vulgar, supremely wicked, and unable to entertain his children with one elevating thought; it renders a mother incapable of fulfilling her divine mission; it trains the son to be an incendiary, a robber, a despiser of law and an enemy of God; and it prepares the daughter for a life of infamy and shame by weakening her virtue till, no longer possessing a will of her own, she plunges headlong into that valley of despair whence so few ever return. There she passes her miserable existence despised even by those to whom she could point as the authors of her downfall. It has been said: "One can never see a bale of books or papers of this sort without thinking there goes a package of the seeds of robbery and lust. It were almost better to import living lecturers in behalf of sensualism and crime, and furnish them with pulpit and hall, for then we should have the disgusting facts of sin to give the lie to its flattering words."

L. E. O. PAYMENT, '99.

MUSIC.

ROSY child amid earth's blossoms fair
 Started, as, harmonizing with his mood,
 And concentrating all life's future good
 In blithe allegros, echoed music rare ;
 But, anon, changed to requiems was the air,
 And a dark man who, yonder, listening, stood
 Grew paler in the shadow of the wood,
 Clenching his hands with aspect of despair.
 But, now, majestic anthems thrill the strings,
 And a grey Christian, sorrow-sanctified,
 On bed of pain sighed, "'tis an angel sings ?"
 Smiled like a dreaming infant, slept, and died
 Waking in rapture 'mid the sound of wings
 And harps, where bliss and music are allied.

ETHAN HART MANNING.

A PLEASANT RE-UNION.

ON the evening of Thursday, the 29th of last July, there took place at the Hotel Marlborough, New York, the first formal re-union of Ottawa College alumni ever held outside of the city of Ottawa. The meeting was in every way a marked success. It was occasioned by the presence in New York of four members of the college faculty, Rev. M. F. Fallon, O.M.I., Rev. H. A. Constantineau, O.M.I., Rev. G. A. Gauvreau, O.M.I., and Rev. W. Patton, O.M.I. Among the old students who called upon them during their stay was the Rev. Owen Clarke of Orange Valley, N. J. To him is due the honor of first suggesting the idea of an alumni dinner. The proposal was received with enthusiasm, and, despite the short time for organization and the inconvenience of the holiday season, was carried into successful execution.

One of the splendid private dining-rooms of the Marlborough was put at the disposal of the committee in charge of the affair, and on the appointed evening there gathered around the festive board a goodly company of former college acquaintances. The Rev. M. F. Fallon, O.M.I. presided. With him sat down to dinner the following: Rev. Owen Clarke of South Orange, N. J., Rev. C. J. Gibney of Brooklyn, Rev. H. A. Constantineau, Rev. G. A. Gauvreau and Rev. W. Patton of Ottawa College, Messrs W. A. Herckenrath, George Murphy, James Cushing, Charles Cushing, Charles Mitchell, M.D., William Wall and Joseph Devlin of New

York; C. O'Hara of Brooklyn; Dr R. J. Ivers of Bridgeport, Conn., and Wm Clancy, of Naugatuck, Conn. Dr Collins of New York represented Holy Cross College, and T. F. Clancy, the present students of Ottawa.

Letters of regret were received from Rev. J. Brehency, Rev. W. Mulcahey, Dr George Smith, Messrs Louis Herckenrath, Joseph Murphy, Thomas McTiernan, George W. Wallace and William Pound of New York; from Rev. T. Donovan of Morristown, N.J.; from Dr W. J. Spellman of Brooklyn; and from Louis Paladeau of Jersey City.

An excellent dinner was served by the steward of the Marlborough, and for a length of time that "The Owl" refuses to disclose, the gay company did full justice to the good things of the bill of fare. Stories and reminiscences of "the brave days of old" made the hours speed by all too quickly. After dinner the following impromptu toasts were proposed and their reception was most enthusiastic.

The University of Ottawa—Proposed by W. A. Herckenrath, M.A. Replies by Rev. M. F. Fallon, O.M.I. Rev. G. A. Gauvreau, O.M.I.

Former Students—Proposed by Rev. H. A. Constantineau, O.M.I., reply by R. J. Ivers, M. D.

Present Students—Proposed by Joseph Devlin, reply by T. F. Clancey, '98.

Future Students—Proposed by Rev. C. J. Gibney, reply by Rev. W. Patton, O.M.I.

Sister Institutions—Proposed by Rev. M. F. Fallon, O.M.I., reply by Dr. Collins of Holy Cross.

Dr. Ivers and Mr. George Murphy favored the company with excellent songs, while Messrs. James and Charles Cushing were heard to advantage in two well-rendered recitations.

On the conclusion of the toasts the Rev. Owen Clarke spoke of the desirability of forming a permanent Alumni Association for the district of New York. The suggestion met with unanimous approval and an immediate organization resulted in the election of the following officers.

President, Mr. W. A. Herckenrath of New York.

1st vic-president, Rev. Owen Clarke, of Orange Valley, N.J.

2nd vice-president, Rev. C. J. Gibney, of Brooklyn.

Secretary, Mr. George Murphy, of New York.

Short addresses were delivered by the newly elected officers, who promised faithfulness to the interests of University, the association and its individual members.

A custom of the closing nights of olden times in Ottawa brought the evening's programme to a close. All those present joined hands around the table and sang, standing, "For Auld Lang Syne." It was a fitting and touching termination to the first annual re-union of the New York alumni of Ottawa University.



May every golden hour of pleasure
As our college days we measure,
Round our hearts a golden treasure
Ever cling.



THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CAP.

TO commence my history properly I must take you to my first beginning on the back of a sheep. The earliest thing I can remember is running around in a beautiful green pasture among many sheep. This meadow was a delightful place. How we enjoyed the days spent there! We roamed about from sunrise to sunset, and then a jolly little lad used to come and drive us into the sheep-cot. For about a year we enjoyed this sort of life, but we felt a presentiment that something would happen to put an end to our joyful life. Something called "shearing time" bothered us. Alas! Our trouble came only too soon.

One day we noticed great commotion among the sheep at the other end of the pasture. At once we knew that our fate was sealed—the sheep-shearer had arrived. Oh! if we could only get out of his way! But no; we were among the first captured and brought into the cot, where we were scrubbed until we were as white as snow; then the sheep-shearer caught us roughly and with a sharp bright shears, suddenly clipped me from the back of the little sheep. Henceforward I shall use the singular pronoun "I" instead of "We," for indeed I felt alone now. I disliked very much the parting with my little companion, and saw with emotion that he did not want to part with me. Still it must be, for we could not help ourselves. After this I was gathered up and packed into a coarse bag, and was very much frightened at first, at

being shut up in this manner, but as no harm came of it, I recovered somewhat from the nervous feeling. I was put on a waggon, heard the driver speak to his horses, and off I went. I think we passed several meadows such as the one I was brought up in, for though I could not see, I could hear little lambs bleating.

On the journey I became acquainted with the coarse cloth bag, and learned from it that I was going to a factory where there were great piles of wool. What was to become of me after that, it could not say, for the bags were always emptied and brought back to the farm house. Still there was some consolation in being told that I need not feel alarmed for the bag had never seen anything dreadful at the factory. Well I found the factory to be a large building. I was taken from the bag and thrown into a huge basket. I could see into an adjoining room, where many persons were busy; soon I was brought into this room, and before I had time to think, I was wound on wooden pegs called spindles. When these spindles were started to work, I was twisted and turned until I was very dizzy from the effects. When the spindles were stopped I scarcely knew myself. Even my name was changed. I was no longer addressed as "wool" but "yarn." I was taken out and started on another journey which ended at a large establishment where I was to be made into cloth. This place was not so far off. On the way I did not have a chance to say a word or ask a question of anybody. I had but a short rest when I was

carried to a loom. As I was about to be put on it, I felt myself strike against something hard. The man who was carrying me had dropped me on the floor. He picked me up again and placed me on the loom.

After this machine had worked its will on me, I went through a few more ordeals before I was laid aside as finished cloth. But though the farmer, the shepherd boy, the sheep shearer, the wool comber, the yarn spinner, the dyer, the cloth weaver, and the finishing, folding and packing man had done with me, my troubles and trials were not yet at an end. I was expecting to have a little rest now but in this I was bitterly disappointed. One day I was brought forth for inspection and several persons examined me closely. One of them, who seemed to be a hatter, spoke and told the clerk that this piece (meaning me) suited him very well. I was wrapped in a heavy paper and put in a waggon with many other parcels. When the paper was removed I found myself in a room, in which was a long table, scraps of cloth all over the floor, many sewing machines, and several persons sewing. I was spread out on the table and ready to be cut up and made into a cap. Of course I was curious to know what was coming next, and at that time had no idea of what the man meant to do with me. In all my hurry to find out, he stopped and began fumbling about for something in one of the drawers. He dumped the contents on the floor, scratched his head, and shoved his hands into his pockets, as if trying to recall where he had left the object of his search. At length he found it; it was the pat-

tern after which I was to be shaped. He placed it over me and the next thing I knew, I looked in shape like the paper he had placed upon me. After a short space of time I was sewed and lined and soon brought forth a completed cap, just as you now see me. Not much time elapsed before I was packed into a box and sent to a clothing store in answer to a call for caps. I remained in the clothing store quite a while, but at last a sturdy little roguish lad about twelve years old came in and wanted a cap. He gave his name as Jimmie Campbell. He tried on several caps, but seemed best pleased with me, so he took me away with him. I liked the dear little fellow very much, for he took great care of me. Yet despite my utmost efforts to look prim and neat, I began to get shabby. One chilly day about a week ago, I found my young master giving me to a boy who had lost his hat. I am almost sure I heard someone call my present owner "Lebel" and if so you can easily imagine the life I am leading. When he does not actually sit on me, I am thrown in a corner or, worse still, under his feet. Just at the present moment, I am fortunate enough to be poked into his desk, so I am making the most of the occasion. I have got hold of his pencil and pad and am trying to write a history of my life, but it will go hard with me if he catches me. You see I am using his pencil vigorously. Hush! I hear him coming. Good-bye and forget me not.

D. O'BRIEN,
2nd Grade, Commercial.

IN THE PALACE OF THE WOODS.

VENUES of brown mould
 To sylvan mansions sweeping ;
 Carpet of red and gold,
 Where fallen leaves enfold
 Eternal rest, in' cold
 Death and beauty sleeping.

Arches o'er arches built
 Of branches interlacing,
 Their banners green are gilt
 And blazon'd where atilt
 Heaven's blue and gold is spilt
 O'er them in splendid tracing.

The birch in white arrayed,
 A chaste Carrara column,
 Gleams 'gainst the maple's shade
 By elm and grey pine stayed,
 A stately colonnade
 Ornate and grand and solemn.

The bittersweet's blue frieze
 Adorns each royal chamber ;
 The woodbine's draperies
 Sway in the vagrant breeze,
 Hung, as the sunbeams please,
 On shafts of molten amber.

Sweet fern sheds perfume
 In our conservatory ;
 Lobelias are in bloom,
 The asters star-lit gloom,
 The golden rod's bright plume,
 The sumac's crimson glory.

THE OWL.

Is't the cicada's drone,—
 The insect music leader,—
 In tensive monotone,
 Or bumble bee's soft moan,
 Or Zephyrus alone
 In harp-strings of the cedar.

The birds, our fellow guests,
 Loquacious and merry,
 Feast with us on the best,
 On prunus, nector-drest,
 Wild honey adds its zest,
 With many a luscious berry.

Nor is the palace void
 Of an imperial presence;
 For lo! God walks beside,—
 Adam such bliss enjoyed
 In Paradise, allied
 To a celestial essence.

Far from the world's disquiet,
 Its passions and self seeking,
 Those halls of peace invite,
 As ancient eremite,
 To infinite delight
 Of spirit to spirit speaking.

E. C. M. T



FRAGMENTS AND FANCIES.

(By an Old Timer.)

"I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please. . . you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here they are coming to perform it."

AS YOU LIKE IT.

1. How valuable a possession is an ideal in education! What a treasure does the student possess who has fixed his standard and is determined to work up to it! And consequently what can be more important than a judicious choice in so delicate and difficult a question. Were one a German or a Frenchman, there need be no embarrassment. In such case the choice would be already made. In Germany, students know what they want and decide, at an early age, the means necessary for its attainment. The national ideal in education is knowledge for its own sake. In the acquirement of knowledge the German student allows no obstacle to deter or overawe him. Health, wealth and time are sacrificed lavishly and without regret. The satisfaction of being a profound scholar outweighs every feeling of personal loss or discomfort. The French student has a somewhat different ideal set up for him. In his country culture is the object, that ease of manner, that grace of life, that charm of conversation which mark the educated Frenchman.

Of the English standard it might be almost truthfully said that it makes no account of knowledge, as such. What a shock to the professional pedagogue to hear the hero in "Tom Brown at Rugby" say of himself: "I went to school to get, among other things, enough Latin and Greek to take me through Oxford respectably." His father makes matters worse, for he declares: "I did not send him to school mainly to make

him a good scholar. Neither his mother nor I care a straw for the digamma or the Greek particles. If he will only turn out a brave, truth-telling Englishman and a gentleman, that's all I want." Nor can these views be singular, for the great French critic, Taine, says of them: "Remarkable words these, and well summarizing the ordinary sentiments of an English father and child." This opinion would seem to be supported by the weighty authority of Dr Arnold. "It is of no importance" he declared in the early days of his headmastership at Rugby "whether the students of this school number five hundred or fifty. But it is important that they be gentlemen." And every reader of "David Copperfield" will remember the parting advice of Betsy Trotwood to her young nephew, as she left him at Mr. Wickfield's, a pupil for Dr Strong: "Be a credit to yourself and to me, and heaven be with you. Never be mean in anything, never be false, never be cruel. Avoid these three vices and I can always be hopeful of you."

But the man who realizes the possibilities of his nature and the grandeur of his destiny will scarcely rest satisfied in any or all of these national standards. He will seek an ideal that will correspond to every need of his being, both physical, intellectual and spiritual. He will repeat without ceasing the prayer of Royal David: "Teach me goodness and discipline and knowledge", and he will note that the order given by the Prophet marks the relative importance of the various parts of true education.

THE CHANCELLOR'S VISIT.

THE annual visit of the Chancellor is, as it were, a sign for common rejoicing within the walls of the University. The students are always pleased to have His Grace in their midst. They are fully conscious of all he has done for the cause of education, and, in an especial manner, of the many sacrifices he has made for the furtherance of the interests of their common *Alma Mater*, and for their own welfare. It is, therefore, most heartily that they welcome him, when he comes to visit them for the first time during the scholastic year.

Thursday, September 23rd, was the date of his visit. At 8.30 a.m., His Grace, attended by the members of the Faculty in their academic robes, entered the chapel, where, during the celebration of High Mass in the presence of the assembled body of students, he assisted at the throne. Rev. Father Poli O.M.I. acted as celebrant, with Rev. Father Villeneuve O.M.I. as deacon, and Rev. Bro. Sullivan O.M.I. as sub-deacon. The whole student-body acted as choir on the occasion, and, under the able leadership of Rev. Father Lambert O.M.I., performed their part admirably.

During the course of the Mass His Grace preached a most eloquent, and, needless to say, a very instructive sermon. He chose as his text the following words: Seek ye, therefore, the kingdom of God and his justice, and all these things will be added unto you.

Many have forgotten, he said, this command of our Redeemer. We

belong to God. He gave us a body and soul, and, therefore, he has a right to command us. Christ became man and dwelt upon earth in order to remind men of their duty towards God. In order that we may rightly seek heaven he has established on earth his own church, and has transmitted to her his own authority. It was God's will, God's intention that the church should provide us with all we need, and, therefore, we must look to her for all we need. The church has provided for the salvation of the whole earth. She sends her missionaries and priest into all countries. Moreover, the church has provided for the intellectual wants of all peoples. She has established institutions all over the world, where a perfect education is imparted to all her children. No educational institutions can be compared with Catholic Universities. The present Pope has established these Universities in all countries. And yet there are many Catholics who think that the Church is behind the times; some who even malign her institutions, the very institutions in which they have received their education. There is no reason why Catholics should not patronize and encourage their own institutions. His Grace then congratulated the old students on returning to resume their course, and the new ones on the choice they made of a seat of learning. He spoke then briefly of the devotedness of the teachers. Both secular and religious instruction is imparted to the students. Man, he said, without religion, will do harm. If a person observes the

teachings of religion he will be a useful member of society, and will exert a salutary influence. In closing he exhorted the students to pay great attention to the religious as well as to the secular branches, and to have always before their eyes the words of the Redeemer which he took for his text.

At the conclusion of Mass the students repaired to the Academic Hall where a most hearty reception was tendered His Grace. Addresses were read in English and French by Messrs J. T. Hanley '98 and R. Lafond '00.

The following is a copy of the English address:

To His Grace the

*Most Reverend Archbishop of Ottawa
and Chancellor of the University.*

MY LORD ARCHBISHOP.—The day on which you annually visit our college home to pray with us for the blessing of God on the work of the new scholastic year, to witness the Profession of Faith of our teachers, and to address words of encouragement and advice to masters and students, ever awakens peculiar and lasting feelings in us all. We have faith enough to believe that the visit of Your Grace secures us choice favors from Heaven, and we feel it our duty to express our gratitude for the fatherly interest and affection you manifest towards us, as well as to assure Your Grace that we are determined to profit of the advantages which we find in this institution.

Last year's students have returned in large numbers, and there are many more

new-comers here than for some time past; Your Grace, we are sure, will rejoice to see by the increased attendance that the University continues to win confidence and golden opinions far and near. During the fortnight which has elapsed since studies were resumed, our classes and the majority of our college societies have been satisfactorily reorganized; and the harmony and good-will which prevail give promise of a most successful year. Your Grace, we are confident, will remember us in your prayers and thus continue your favors of to-day by striving to obtain for us the earnestness and perseverance in the discharge of duty which ever deserve success.

We shall always feel honored and gratified to see you present at our entertainments and other college events during the course of the year. These visits, we are aware, are often made by you at the sacrifice of time and personal convenience, but they bring us encouragement and joy, and we hope they may be our privilege as they have been that of past generations of students. In conclusion we thank you once more for the great kindness of which you have given us so many proofs, and we ask Your Grace's blessing.

His Grace in reply spoke of the fame the University had acquired. There were students who had come from far-away Mexico. The fame of the institution, he said, depended greatly on the students themselves. He then expressed the hope that this year would be a happy one for all the students and closed by exhorting them to observe strictly the rules of the house in every detail.



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A CRYING SHAME.

Certain newspapers have recently endeavored to stir up a tempest in the "political" teapot by spreading broadcast, the report that the famous "Catholic League" was to be revived, and once more do battle on behalf of the Catholics of Ontario. We have neither received, nor do we desire to receive any brief authorizing us to plead *pro* or *con* in the matter. We think however, that it is high time to call the attention of the public to the petty system of slow, silent, artful and heartless per-

secution which has been long wasting the strength and exhausting the patience of our young Catholic graduates in all the learned professions.

"An open confession is good for the soul." We confess that we have employed pretty severe epithets. We will not abate one jot from their severity. Those who are really cognizant of hard, head-smashing facts, are thoroughly convinced that our case will, both figuratively and literally speaking, stand on its own merits. If constant, unrelenting, unwearied persecution of young Catholics by their brother exponents, in law and medicine, of both their own and of a different religious denomination is not heartless and artful, then we admit that we have not read aright the voluminous pages of "The Schoolmaster of the Republic."

Some poppy-headed individuals may consider that we have said too much; we do not believe in penning sentimental cant about the pure, unadulterated, nineteenth century "milk of human kindness" that flows alike for Tom, Dick, Harry *et al.* Such forget and forgive, mild-mannered freaks of human nature are from selfish, personal motives, apprehensive forsooth, that the kindly and generous feelings which form the basis of voluntary religious toleration will be utterly dissolved and melt away before the fire of hard, adamantive facts. Having created their own little Klondyke, they can easily

afford to overlook the Herculean labors of the young Catholic as he fritters away his strength and staggers along beneath the weight of an unjust oppression on his weary way to the golden regions of fame and wealth. They would doubtless stand aghast, were they told, what is nevertheless true, that the mutual charity which they would fain portray in such ethereal and unearthly guise coincides with the grossest and most vicious form of earthly, professional ostracism. If this vaunted charity really exist, there must be deep stores of brotherly love laid up in the dark corners of the mine which we can never hope to explore.

Our proposition is clear and lucid: professional firms whose heads are Catholic or non-Catholic, invariably have a large Catholic clientage. Young Catholic graduates have a right to expect in return a proportionate share of advantages in the shape of entrance as members into these firms. That return they do not receive, and it is past endurance that those who profit by their co-religionists should turn around and systematically seek to deprive them of the paltry occasional pittance that is doled out to them. Into firms of ample greenback-drawing proclivities, we might well look with an excusable degree of curiosity because they indicate one of the remarkable fashions in modern learned professions—in plain Anglo-Saxon, the ascent of those denominationally titled into the vocation of

those who have no other titles except such as their industry and intellect can acquire. The offspring of such alliances are grotesque and picturesque in the extreme, furbished as they are, with every device of external embellishment and internal nothingness.

Were this religious rule applied to Catholics and non-Catholics alike—all well and good. But, no! Let young Catholics ring at the pretentious office-door of the great, or timidly knock at the semi-cottage door of the lowly professional man for admittance, and he is at once met with the very consoling reply: "services not required." We do not accuse non-Catholics of bigotry. Far from it! Catholics are just as great sinners, in this respect at least. If a non-Catholic desires a new partner, he admits a non-Catholic; if a Catholic wants a help-meet in his office, he takes to his professional bosom a non-Catholic. The writer is aware of many amiable specimens of this impartiality, charity and justice; many others from different parts of Canada, whom we have consulted, report the same sad state of affairs. If hitherto, the covert workings of the system have enabled it to escape the notice of the public, we are not obliged to allow it the chance of lying concealed any longer.

The result is that young Catholic men must necessarily eke out an impoverished and precarious existence and labor under an enormous disadvantage. The question is how

are we to better the standing of our young men? Their professional brothers are evidently unwilling to help them; they give them a stone when they ask for bread. Whether there is a real need for a political "Catholic League," it is not our province to decide; that there is a genuine need of Catholic combination in aid of our young men, we know only too well. That our young men are as bright, intelligent and skillful as their uncharitable opponents is beyond question; the man who would dare deny it is more to be pitied than laughed at.

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BY THE WAY.

Volume XI; Number I. Somewhat behind hand, it is true, but we found it exceedingly difficult to shake off the habits of vacation and begin hard work again. *The Owl* for 1897 salutes its friends, trusts to be more punctual in future, and hopes to increase in interest for all its readers.

* *

In our June issue we published the list of those who had so generously donated medals for competition among the students. Two medals arrived after *The Owl* had gone to press. They came from W. L. Scott, B.A., Master in Chancery, Ottawa, and W. P. Lawlor, B.A., M D., Lowell, Mass. To these gentlemen, loyal and distinguished alumni of Ottawa University, we desire to return the sincere, if somewhat tardy, thanks of the students.

The present scholastic year, has brought very few changes in the administrative staff of the University. Rev. Father Mangin, after many years of devoted labor, retires from the direction of the theological department, and is replaced by Rev. Father Poli. Rev. Father David becomes prefect of studies in the commercial course, and his place as prefect of discipline in the senior department is taken by Rev. Father Hénault. The Junior students have as their prefect of discipline Rev. Father Campeau. The smoothness and harmony with which things are running prove that the changes have in no sense meant deterioration or disorder.

* *

The addition recently made to the college athletic grounds make them second to none in Canada. The recently acquired property, which includes all the land between the present field and Nicholas street, comprises about four acres, and will give us ample space for a distinct baseball diamond, football field and lacrosse ground. With proper sodding and the contemplated new grand stand, Ottawa College will present a magnificent campus to the view of its golden jubilee visitors.

* *

Before the October *Owl* shall have made its appearance, an important event of the college year will be numbered among the things of the past. We refer to the annual retreat of the students. We are

exceptionally favored this year in having for our preacher the Rev. Wm Ring, O.M.I. of Dublin, Ireland. Rev. Father Ring is one of the most widely known and universally respected priests in the old land, and we bespeak for him a cordial reception to Ottawa University. Let us hope that his wisdom and experience and eloquence and piety may be fully taken advantage of by every student who will attend the forth-coming retreat.



EDITORIAL NOTES.

Many little incidents which happened in connection with the late visit of Mgr. Merry del Val will serve to keep his memory fresh in the hearts of all Canadians. The Ablegate was proud of his connection with the Irish race and perhaps none will remember this better than the young ladies of St. Joseph's Academy of Toronto, who failed to have Old Erin represented in their programme of welcome to His Excellency. His ability to chastise without offending is evident from his reply as found in the *Mail* and *Empire*: "I see myself surrounded by welcomes expressed in different tongues, in English, Spanish and Italian. I see in the numbers of the programme that Germany by her Mozart, Spain in the hymn which we have heard—"Flores de Mayo," and other nations are represented; but I see nothing from the dear land of Erin. I suppose the answer to that is found in the performers being young girls who bear such names as Cassidy, Walsh, Shannon, Quinn and so on; and that the omission is made up for by the performers

themselves, who, representing such names, are competent to produce everything representative of all other countries and of Canada."

—*Northwest Review*.

General Sir Evelyn Wood who was lately promoted to be second in command in the British army is the first Catholic to occupy so high a military position since the reformation. Is England about to experience another reformation? The wonderful advance made by Catholics and the Catholic religion during the last sixty years is startling, when we consider that when the present Queen was born the unjust laws against Catholics were still in force. Less than a century ago Catholic England was something unthought of; to-day it occupies the minds of the Island's greatest thinkers.

The *Catholic Register*, commenting on the refusal of a Toronto lady who recently appeared in court, to "kiss the book," says: "Invariably those who kiss testaments used in courts also, without being aware of it, kiss the sign of the Cross. Take up any book employed by court officials in the ceremony of swearing, and it will be seen that it is tied round both ways with a string or tape which forms on either cover the sign of the cross. This is one of the oldest of legal usages; but few are now aware that it had its origin in medieval times, and that the intention was to make the deponent "kiss the cross." The ceremonial of the oath was oftener performed on the crucifix attached to the book."

The *Missionary*, the official organ of the Catholic Missionary Union, gives much interesting information concerning the progress of the Paulist Fathers in their missions to non-Catholics. Among the articles

is a long list of notable conversions which have occurred during the last three months. The *Missionary* deserves the assistance which will, no doubt, be accorded it by all fervent Catholics. This is a work which all Catholics should aid in promoting. Our separated brethren are for the most part totally ignorant of the true doctrines of the Catholic faith. Unfortunately too many catholic young men are not as proud of their religion as they ought to be. They prefer to show themselves *manly*, when in the company of Protestants by ridiculing their Mother Church and her practises. It is too bad they are so blinded by vanity as not to see that in this way they render themselves odious not only to their own friends but also to all right-thinking and respectable Protestants.

So often do we hear of the heroic deaths of Catholic priests while attending to the wants of their flocks, that we sometimes fail to appreciate the noble character of these holy men. A late despatch from Scotland announces the death of the Rev. George Rigg who contracted fever while ministering to one of the families of his parish. The Catholic priest is truly the father of his flock. He has no other family to provide for, and consequently all his time and labor can be devoted to his people. Among the clergymen of other denominations we do not find such heroism, and one of the reasons which can be assigned is that they often have a wife and family dependent on them. And still some people claim that Catholic priests should marry. Such people forget that he is wedded to the church which requires the benefits of all his pious prayers and labors. A few more Damians and Riggs is what this world mostly needs.

The year 1897 will be a memorable one in the history of the English nation. By the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, England has astonished the world with a display of power almost too great to please her sister nations. The thirteenth centenary of the landing of St. Augustine on England's shores was fittingly celebrated by the Catholic hierarchy throughout the country. Pope Leo XIII has definitely declared against the validity of Anglican orders, and as a result of this action the English Church has been deprived of some of her noblest sons and daughters. But the crowning act of all was the recent conference of Anglican bishops held at Lambeth, England, and which has been the greatest subject for ridicule with which the English press has so far been favored. A few more like this and then the great old game of bluff should be dropped forever.

The attention of scientists is just now directed to the possibility of telegraphing without wires. An Italian named Marconi, at present in England, claims to have solved this difficult problem. Should the invention be a success the benefits to be derived therefrom, will certainly be of great importance. Communication could be held between armies with apparently little difficulty, and since the currents can also be made to pass through water, telegraphing between ships at sea could be accomplished. Islands within a few miles of shore would receive freer communication with the mainland. The invention is said to be applicable also to trains in motion, but as yet the inventors have given little definite information of the success of the apparatus.

RT. REV. BISHOP DONTENVILLE, O.M.I.

Only a comparatively short time ago we had the pleasing task of recording in these columns the promotion to the arch-episcopate of an old friend and professor, the present Archbishop of St. Boniface. And now we find similar subject-matter for our willing pen in the consecration of Right Rev. Bishop Dontenville, formerly for many years student and professor in Ottawa University.

The ceremony, which took place in the Cathedral of New Westminster on August 22nd, proved a very impressive one, especially as events of its kind are of unfrequent occurrence in that part of the continent. It is little wonder, then, that the stately edifice was crowded to the doors, long before the service commenced. The consecrating prelate was the Most Rev. Archbishop Langevin, O.M.I., while many other prominent members of the clergy occupied places in the chancel.

After Father Dontenville, with all the solemn grandeur of the Catholic ritual, had been raised to the sacred dignity of Bishop, the Right Rev. Bishop O'Dea, of Nesqually, Wash., ascended the pulpit and preached an eloquent sermon, taking for his text: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church." Afternoon service was held in St. Louis College, where hundreds of Indians had assembled to honor and offer their fealty to the newly consecrated Bishop.

In the evening the Archbishop of St. Boniface held the wrapt attention of all present in the again crowded cathedral, as, with his characteristic energy, and in clear tones, he discoursed on the words: "For this was I born, and for this

came I into the world, that I might bear testimony of the truth." Immediately after Divine service, addresses of welcome were presented to the Archbishop and other visiting prelates, and of congratulation to Bishop Dontenville; to all of which suitable replies were made. Congratulatory resolutions from different societies in the city were also tendered to the new Bishop, all of which go to show the high esteem in which he is held by the people of New Westminster. Nor can we easily see how it could be otherwise, for, while with us he was a general favorite; and our most fervent prayer is that for many years to come, his success in the episcopacy may be as great as that which ever crowned his efforts on the student's bench or professor's chair of Ottawa University.

"OVERLAND TO CARIBOO."

The tales of gold and its miners which at present attract the eyes of the world towards the western bounds of Canada, render very opportune the appearance of an interesting volume entitled "Overland to Cariboo." The agitation concerning Klondyke should give an especial zest to the reading of this book which details an eventful journey of Canadian pioneers to the gold-fields of British Columbia in 1862. Its authoress, Margaret McNaughton, wife of one of the pioneers, proves herself a clever pen-painter in graphically depicting the many toils and dangers encountered by the hundred and fifty intrepid young Canadians who were the first to cross overland from the East to British Columbia; and who well deserve to be honored in history among those who did most towards opening up and developing this fair land of ours.

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

Under the editorship of Henry Austin Adams, M.A., Donahoe's has by no means fallen from the high position it has held as one of America's leading Catholic periodicals. In the September number we find two articles which call for special attention:—The first entitled "Our Young Men", by the Rev. William T. McGuirl is of interest to us as students, and the second is a description of a journey through Holland,—"the Land of Wind and Water" by Mr. S. Leverett Johnson. To the untiring and energetic Father McGuirl is due the success of the congress of the Young Men's Catholic Club's held recently in Boston. His words concerning the position of the young men, of today are worthy of thought,—“this is the age of young men, Bismarcks, Gladstones, Leos are the few; younger Pitts are the many... men must act else events crowd them aside and they are of yesterday. The world is growing precocious and youth is triumphant.” Mr. Johnson gives a delightful picture of Dutch life. His descriptions of Breakfast at a Dutch Inn, where “Dutch cheese, black bread, cold dried beef in slices, gingerbread made with honey,” etc., were served, and the chimes which were so horribly out of tune and time that it took a day or two to understand them, are highly amusing.

The readers of the current issue of the Rosary magazine are favored with a short but comprehensive article on “The Catholic Church in India” by Rev. William Gleeson of Oakland, California. Those unacquainted with the history of the church in the Orient will be surprised to learn, that, to St. Thomas the apostle belongs the

honor of bringing the light of the gospel into India. About the 9th century however the Nestorian heresy was propagated and the whole Indian church fell into error; remaining in that state until the year 1599 when the archbishop of Goa persuaded the faithful to return to the faith. But there is one great impediment which will always stand in the way of the progress of christianity in India, it is the system of caste. The caste to which a man belongs determines his social position. Ability, riches, nothing will suffice to raise a man higher than the caste into which he has been born. This causes the Indians to look with distrust upon the democratic spirit of Christianity and they are slow to adopt its principles. But in spite of this from the statistics given, we rejoice to see, thanks to the zeal of our devoted missionaries, that Catholicity has made rapid strides “in that distant pagan land.” The paper of Rev. William D. Kelly—“Where Klondike Gold Glitters” contains a passage of local interest. Speaking of the probability of the Klondike region having been traversed by missionaries years ago, he says:—“In the annals of the Canadian Oblates, who were the first to evangelize the Great Canadian Northwest, were they are still laboring with apostolic zeal, it is recorded that on one occasion Mgr. Clut O.M.I. of the vicariate apostolic of Athabaska—Mackenzie, accompanied by Rev. Father Lecoire O. M.O., superior at present of the Providence mission in that vicariate, while making an official visitation of his vineyard, found himself one fine day on Alaskan soil; and knowing that he was then outside of his vicariate, he and his companion refrained from undertaking to establish any missions there. Unfor-

unately, the records fails to mention the exact place where Mgr. Clut and his companion crossed the boundary line; but as the vicariate of Atabaska-Mackenzie lies directly to the east of Alaska, and has missions in about the same latitudes as Klondike district, it is quite possible if not probable, that the good missionaries traversed the very region whither the gold seekers of to-day are hurrying."

The October number of the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart," contains several admirable articles of a historical and biographical nature "The carable of the Lake" by the Rev. C. W. Barraud S.J., illustrated by copies from some of the best artists, is a pious interpretation of the four miracles which Our Saviour performed on the sea of Galilee. The concluding portion of Francis T. Turey's history of New York Diocese 1826-1834, gives us a good idea of the wonderful progress of the church in that part of the great republic. Those desiring to learn something of the life of St. Peter Fourier, one of the recently canonized saints, would do well to read the article entitled "A Champion of Christian Education in the seventeenth Century."

The latest issue of the "Ave Maria" is bright and varied. Mariolatry: New Chases of an old Fallacy", is a short but convincing paper on that much handled subject. In all cases where testimony is needed, the words of broad minded protestants have been quoted. This must appeal to all those who are seeking the truth as to whether Catholics are not misrepresented when that are said to pay divine honor to the Blessed Virgin.

The October number of that bright and cheery magazine, "The

Catholic World" contains a striking paper by Lelia Hardin Bugg on "the Art of Lying". It is a forcible and rather satirical criticism on the veracity of historians, and the tendency of this progressive century of ours to tell the truth, but not the whole truth. The writer jestingly points out how different historians have time and again contradicted each other in their works. One has Queen Elizabeth as a wise, prudent and virtuous sovereign, another paints her as a personage given to intrigue and jealousy and of a vindictive persecuting disposition. At one time we find Mary depicted as most of the most vile and blood-thirsty tyrants that ever disgraced the English throne; at another we find "that she was only eminently human, with conflicting currents of good and ill". So much falsehood do we see surrounding us that we are almost at loss to know what truth is or where to find it. Altogether the article is highly instructive and shows deep study on the part of the writer.

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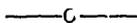
OUR BRETHREN.

In the face of a declaration twice repeated, that the exchange column of the OWL was suppressed for ever, and somewhat at variance with our better judgment, we yield to the frequent request to come into closer contact with our brethren of the college press. Our objections to an exchange column were chiefly that it imposed much labor and no corresponding profit on him who was charged with editing it, and that it too often degenerated into a distressing litany of commonplace criticism and self-seeking commendation. Yet the advantages of an exchange column cannot be denied, nor were we ever

blind to them. It affords an opportunity for friendly intercourse and honest advice; if properly conducted, it should do much to engender that fellow feeling which makes us wondrous kind. Its criticism should ever be judicious, firm and fearless, but never harsh, cynical or needlessly cruel.

These are the views of the OWL as it re-opens its exchange column.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* is the only exchange to reach our table so far. Its two latest issues show no descent from the heights it has long occupied among college journals. "A Modern Euphanor" and "Some Thoughts about the "Merchant" are comprehensive and scholarly essays. The fiction is fair, though the incident in "Red Head" is rather commonplace and undignified.



PRIORUM TEMPORUM FLORES.

At the opening of every scholastic year, it is the very pleasant duty of THE OWL to chronicle the success of former students of Ottawa University. This year we learn with great satisfaction of the triumphs achieved by "our boys" in nearly every walk of life. At McGill, at Osgoode, at Montreal, at many other institutions of learning have graduates of Ottawa surpassed all. This however is but the same old story, though ever new and welcome.

The class of '97 has given the majority of its members to the service of the Church. Messrs. Foley, Prudhomme and Fitzgerald have returned to Ottawa, to pursue their theological studies in the same school where they acquired their classical and philosophical training. Messrs. Ryan and Quilty are in the

Grand Seminary at Montreal, and D'Arcy McGee is studying law in the office of O'Gara and McTavish in Ottawa. Mr. Aurelian Belanger is a tutor in Ottawa, and has been very successful.

To all these gentlemen THE OWL in the name of the students offers its sincere congratulations and best wishes for their success in their chosen vacations.

At the ordinations in June last, three old college students were ordained priests. They were Rev. A. Newnan, now stationed at St. Bridget's Church in Ottawa; Rev. W. Cavanaugh, now at Gloucester, and Rev. L. Raymond, who is at Buckingham. These three gentlemen were made the recipients of an address of congratulation by the students on the afternoon of their ordination. In connection with these, Brother Tighe, O.M.I., and Brother Villeneuve, O.M.I. were also ordained priests, and participated in the congratulatory address. Besides these the following theological students advanced nearer the goal of their ambition: Revs. J. Barrette, A. Gagnon, D. Sullivan, O.M.I., and B. J. McKenna, O.M.I.

The Rev. J. A. Gillis was ordained priest on the tenth of August, in the Cathedral of Antigonish, Nova Scotia. The Rev. Father Gillis will do missionary labor at Bay St. George, Newfoundland, as assistant priest to the Right Rev. Bishop Macneil. THE OWL offers its sincerest congratulations to him whom it knew, as student and teacher. He was a frequent and valued contributor to our columns, and the Wise Bird will miss the articles from his facile pen very greatly.

The *Catholic Union and Times* of August 19, 1897, has these kind and

expressive words to say of a former student here, the Rev. Father Quinn, O.M.I.:

"Never has a Buffalo parish had a more popular or beloved chief shepherd than has the Holy Angels in the person of Rev. James H. Quinn. Nor is this affection between pastor and people built on a slender foundation. To great executive ability, Father Quinn adds a charming personality and a fervid devotion to his sacred calling that wins all hearts and makes of him indeed an ideal priest.

When some nine months ago Father Quinn had a paralytic stroke that incapacitated him from duty and made his retirement from the city necessary, there was deepest sorrow in his parish, and heartfelt and countless were the prayers offered for his recovery.

From time to time reports have come that Father Quinn was improving, but few were prepared for the surprise that awaited the parishioners at the eight o'clock mass Sunday morning, when they beheld their beloved pastor at the altar, and heard his voice in a fervent sermon on the beautiful lesson of the Assumption of Our Blessed Mother. The news spread rapidly, and the Holy Angels parsonage has been receiving a constant stream of congratulatory callers ever since.

Father Quinn returned Saturday morning, and was in the confessional the same afternoon and evening, and has once more taken his place in the daily life of the parish, completely restored to health. That he may long remain with them is the prayer of every man, woman and child in the parish, and of hundreds beyond it."

Some of the present pupils will remember with pleasure Father Quinn, as a student, professor, and

prefect of discipline. They will also be happy to hear of his recovery from a very dangerous illness.

As the football season draws on apace, we begin to think of our former players who have departed. Of those none was more popular than Owen Clarke, and it is with our most sincere felicitations that we publish a notice of his ordination to the priesthood in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Newark, New Jersey.

Another Ottawa graduate has given himself to the service of God in the person of Stephen Hallssey, who was ordained in Springfield, Mass. THE OWL congratulates the young priest, and feels sure that his friends will be numbered by legions.

We beg to congratulate Mr. Joseph Vincent on his recent marriage to Miss Gratia Barron during the last vacation.

During the early days of the vacation Dr. William J. McNally '91 was married by his former professor Father Nilles, in the college chapel. He was assisted by his brother Dr. Simon J. McNally '90. This was the first visit which they have made to their *Alma Mater*, and it is earnestly hoped that they will soon return if but for a short stay.

The students at Osgoode Hall do honor to themselves and to us in their selection of T. J. Rigney as manager of their football team. Victory is within their grasp if they will but follow his counsels.

At McGill the "old boys" are taking all the honors. Among them we notice J. R. O'Brien B.A., Martin Powers B.A., P. B. Mellan, J. R. Goodall and A. Mousseau. There are many others from Ottawa College, but of them no accounts have reached us. However we surmise, from past records, that the honors are all theirs—and ours.

The members of the Commercial Graduating Class have not informed us of their whereabouts. We have learned however that Messrs. Belliveau and Gobeil have secured good positions in business firms.

We welcome back to our midst the Revs. Brothers McKenna and Madden who have spent some time already in our college.

Students of the olden days will learn with pleasure of the well merited honor conferred on Doctor D. Phelan of Kingston, by the Dominion Government, in his nomination to the important post of physician to the provincial penitentiary at Kingston. Dr. Phelan's appointment called forth congratulations from every quarter, and was as popular as it was well deserved.

The recent alumni dinner in New York brought together a large number of old Ottawa College students. The readers of *The Owl* will be interested in knowing something of their whereabouts. The Rev. Owen Clarke is curate at Orange Valley N.J.; the Rev. T. Donavan at Morristown N.J.; the Rev. J. Breheny at St. Jerome's Church New York; the Rev. N. Mulcaly at St. Lucy's Church New York; the Rev. C. Gibney at Deveboise Place, Brooklyn. W. A. Herckenrath is one of the assistant city engineers of New York; and his brother Louis is a prominent real estate agent. J. Cushing is in the New York city Post Office and his brother Charles is a traveling salesman. George Murphy occupies a responsible position in the National Bank of the Republic, Wall St.; his brother Joseph is a most successful salesman for the goods manufacturer by the New York Protectory. Tom McTiernan still has his headquarters at the Union Club. Dr

Charles Mitchell is a homeopathist with his office on 5th Avenue. W. Wall is a telegraph operator in a stock exchange on Broadway. Dr George Smith heals the sick on the West Side, and Dr W. J. Spellman performs a similar charitable work for the people of Brooklyn. Charles O'Hara is a civil engineer in Brooklyn. L. Paladeau is book-keeper for the Henderson Seed Company in Jersey City. Dr R. J. Ivers is established in Brigeport Conn. G. W. Wallace is practicing law in New York, and Joseph Devlin is a professor at De La Salle Institute.

We were greatly pleased, to say the very least, to see a former editor and staunch friend of *THE OWL*, in the person of the Rev. M. F. Fitzpatrick, now curate at the Peterboro Cathedral. This is the first visit paid by the rev. gentleman since his ordination, and as some one remarked, it brought back old memories to see him send the football soaring in the air with his old time drop-kick. We wish him continued success and prosperity.

At Osgoode Hall the following gentlemen, all Bachelors of Arts from Ottawa, passed their final examinations and were called to the bar of Ontario: J. H. Vincent, '93; L. J. Kehoe, '93; Joseph McDougall, '93, and John R. O'Connor, '92. *THE OWL* predicts a brilliant future for all these gentlemen, and is sure that they will be the leading lights of the bar in Ontario.

Same old "Dan" is Mr. Daniel McGale, '00, who paid us a short but welcome visit a few days ago. He is going to Montreal, there to accept a lucrative position in a pharmacy. Any college student will always be warmly received by Dan, and he invites all to call upon him.

Mr. Wallace MacDonald has secured a position with a prominent firm in Ottawa, and his visits, which it is hoped will be many, will be greatly appreciated by his former classmates, now the graduating class of '98.

Of the rev. gentlemen from our seminary who were ordained last June, the Rev. Father Newman is curate to Rev. Canon McCarthy at St. Bridget's Church, Ottawa; the Rev. Father Cavanagh is assistant to Rev. Father Dunne of South Gloucester, Ont., and Rev. Father Raymond is curate to Rev. Canon Michel at Buckingham, Que. THE OWL wishes all success to those young priests in their sacred ministry.

The daily papers tell us that the Rev. J. T. McNally is soon to arrive in Ottawa as curate at St. Patrick's Church. Rev. Father McNally has spent the last five years studying at the Propaganda, Rome. His many friends will welcome him back to Ottawa.

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ATHLETICS.

At the first meeting held this year by the Executive Committee of the Athletic Association, topics were discussed relative to the outlook of our different clubs for the coming season. The prospects were thought to be of a most satisfactory nature, and each and every member of the executive has set his mind upon making the coming year in athletics one of the most successful in the history of the University. It is to be hoped that all the students will see fit to join the association, and to give in other ways that hearty co-operation and encouragement which it seems only proper they should extend to college athletics.

At the same meeting Mr. Joseph Dulin was unanimously elected manager of the football team. With that energy and tact for which he is noted, assisted by his past experience with the hockey team and other clubs, we confidently expect that "Joe's" exertions will terminate with the same encouraging results as have hitherto fittingly crowned the labours of our managers in the past.

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Below is the * schedule of the Quebec Rugby Union for the fall of 1897 :

Oct. 2, Montreal vs. Ottawa City, Montreal.

Oct. 9, Ottawa City vs. Montreal, Ottawa City.

Oct. 9, McGill vs. Ottawa College, McGill.

Oct. 16, Ottawa College vs. Ottawa City, Ottawa College.

Oct. 16, Montreal vs. McGill, Montreal.

Oct. 23, Ottawa College vs. Montreal, Ottawa College.

Oct. 23, McGill vs. Ottawa City, McGill.

Oct. 30, Ottawa College vs. McGill, Ottawa College.

Nov. 6, McGill vs. Montreal, McGill.

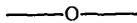
Nov. 6, Ottawa City vs. Ottawa College, Ottawa City.

Nov. 13, Montreal, vs. Ottawa College, Montreal.

Nov. 13, Ottawa City vs. McGill, Ottawa City.

It will be noticed that owing to the adoption of the new rule regarding home and home matches, we will be required to play six games on six successive Saturdays. This is a state of affairs previously unheard of, and consequently may require certain changes in the managing of the team. In past, years 16 or 17 men were selected at the be-

ginning of the season, who as a rule were all the material required to finish our engagements. This fall we cannot expect to act similarly; in fact we may at once decide that before the fall of '97 is finished, at least 20, and possibly 25 men will be called upon to fill positions in the senior ranks. We mention this fact chiefly to encourage those who may aspire to a place on the champion fifteen. In filling vacancies the committee invariably picks the best men. But remember, natural ability is not in their opinion the sole criterion in judging players. Proper condition is always first choice.



JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

On our return from a well-earned vacation, we were at once made sensible of a decided change in the atmosphere of the small yard. The temperature seemed to have fallen away below the freezing point. There was no trace of that noisy open-hearted welcome which characterized the reunions of former years. Instead, the members seemed to be in deep contemplation of some weighty matter, the issue of which would influence the course of nations. Little cliques were gathered here and there, eagerly discussing the all absorbing topic but everything was dark and secret as the grave. We could give no reason for such disturbing signs, for had we not that day encountered John Baptiste in all the glory of unabridged trousers? Was not the "boy orator" again in our midst? And had not the wizard's smile beamed upon us lighting up the innermost recesses of our editorial heart? We were gradually pining away under the long continued suspense, but a day of reckoning was at hand. On Wednesday,

September 15th, the Junior Athletic Association held its annual meeting with Thomas Lauzier presiding. When the meeting was called to order, the chairman addressed the members in the following strain.

GENTLEMEN:—I feel the importance of the honor bestowed on me by my election to the chair on such a momentous occasion. As you are all aware, we are here assembled for the purpose of selecting our leader for the coming year. Before calling for nominations, I must ask you to look back on the bright and rosy term we have just completed under the skilful direction of King Charlebois, and I trust I may find a responsive echo in the heart of each and every member of this association, when I say "Long live the King." When the chairman resumed his seat, Sylvain's applause was so long and continued that Jimmie Mills turning on him a look of withering scorn, inquired if he imagined this to be a Gatineau Point concert hall. But although some signs of approval greeted the chairman's speech, low murmurs of discontent were heard throughout the hall, and finally matters reached a crisis when John DeChadenes arose in all the might of his 3 feet 6 inches and proceeded to enlighten the poor deluded members as follows:—For the space of ten long weary months have we submitted patiently to the tyrannical rule of one who is known to you as the King of the Small Yard. Many a time and oft have the hot tears of indignation coursed down upon my pillow, as I lay awake till dawn, reflecting upon the manifold iniquities inflicted on us through this despotic autocrat. My blood boils within me as I call to mind the hated "decalogue" published during his administration, the first precept

of which : "Thou shalt pass me the ball at all times" was sufficient to foster the spirit of rebellion in the heart of any self-respecting citizen, be he white or be he black. Well, gentlemen, the day has come when we must throw off for ever the arbitrary yoke of monarchial government. No doubt there are those present who would persuade you that we enjoy a vast amount of privileges under our present system. The vanity, restlessness, petulance, and spirit of intrigue, of several petty cabals, who attempt to hide their total want of consequence in bustle and noise, and puffing, and mutual quotation of each other, make you imagine that our contemptuous neglect of their abilities is a mark of general acquiescence in their opinions. No such thing I assure you. Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, whilst thousands of great cattle reposing beneath the shadow of the college oak chew their cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field; that of course they are many in number; or that, after all, they are other than the little, shrivelled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome, insects of the hour. I venture to affirm that not one in every hundred amongst us, could stand up, and with his hand upon his heart, declare in the face of the universe that the office of kingship is not burdensome and dangerous. Gentlemen: the day has come when we must establish a republican form of government. We must lay the foundation of an institute, which shall extend far down the shadowy vistas of future ages. Baptiste shall be king no longer, but in his place

shall sit a president. Brethren: who shall it be?

"There was silence deep as death and the boldest held his breath, for a time." Then a voice whispered O'Leary. Then ten voices shouted O'Leary. Then one hundred voices howled O'Leary. The excitement produced by the speeches of Daniel Dougherty or William Bryan was as nothing compared to the stampede which followed John's passionate outburst. When the ballots were counted, they showed a majority of 213 for President O'Leary. Then the exuberant joy of the revolutionary party burst forth and when the president arose to make his speech the excitement was so intense that the perspiration stood out in beads on the face of the eight day clock. O'Leary's maiden speech will be recorded in the annals of the J.A.A. as the most brilliant oratorical effort ever inflicted on the members of that association. We give it verbatim: Byes, yez can not tell me the pleasure it affords you in returning my most heartfelt thanks for your kindness in electing me to the vacant position of ex-king of the small yard. Before you join me in the national anthem "Rule Britannia" allow me to move an adjournment." Here poor Mike's feelings overcame him and he was led away by his hilarious supporters. The dejected crest-fallen ex-king turned his back upon the haunts which had known him so long, and hied him to the protecting embrace of the Seniors and as he departed for ever the scene of his former glories; from the little German band on Theodore St. came the soul-inspiring strains "He may have seen better days."

JOACHIM'S LITTLE COUPLET.

Baptist, Baptiste, once so big and
 so bold
 Has been deposed and is out in the
 cold,
 He might be a proud and a haughty
 czar
 But he lost his head and went too
 far.

III. GRADE.

PROFESSOR:—What is the mean-
 ing of "gastric"?

GROULX:—The stuff from which
 we make gas.

The following officers of the
 Junior Athletic Association were
 elected for '97.

DIRECTOR - Rev. Father Campeau.

PRESIDENT - - - M. O'Leary.

1ST. VICE-PRESIDENT O. Landriau.

2ND. VICE-PRESIDENT W. Richards.

SECRETARY - - - G. Sylvain.

TREASURER - - - C. Gervais.

COUNCILLORS { - - J. Ebbs.
 { - - E. Groulx.
 { - - E. Plouffe.

MANAGERS { - - A. Richard.

F.B.C. { - - E. Durocher.

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ULULATUS.

Get in trim.

Frank being released for the
 season, says football is too rich for
 his bleed.

Pat.—Hello Lorne, did you see
 lap?

Lorne.—No, but I saw Dunlap.

SALUTORY.

With regret we announce to whom
 it may concern, that the interven-
 tion of vacation has robbed us of
 our treasured Joking editor. The
 results might have been serious;
 this column might are now have
 gasped its last, had not old Camden
 East sent forth a budding youthful

aspirant. Asking you not to be too
 critical, kind readers, we will imme-
 diately introduce to you his first
 attempt. "THE EDITOR."

Elias headed his unfinished prob-
 lems "On Light." And the profes-
 sor "lit on" him.

(At Exhibition Grounds)—Doran.
 —Say mister, boy's half price?

Doorkeeper.—Yes, sir.

B—n—n.—Well give me three
 tickets, we're a few of de boys.

J. B.—Say, Rod; why have you
 no bell on your bicycle?

Rod.—Oh, we use dumb-balls up
 our country.

All persons investing in blacking
 should be careful that the label
 reads, "for boots and shoes," and
 not for stoves and ranges.

Since the return of an old profes-
 sor, the corridors resound with the
 the new chorus: "On the night
 walks in New York."

"Don't be uneasy," remarked
 Pete as he tackled Kelly. "You're
 in the hands of Providence."

All rejoice to see Bis back. He
 is just as good as gold.

Alphonse has just returned from
 the Autumn school, where he lec-
 tured on "Universal Comfort."

The latest out—T. F. C.

Joe D's smoking concerts are post-
 poned until further notice.

Popular Fiction:—

"A Patrolman's Perils"—by P. C.
 McCarthy.

"Looking for a Job"—by P. C.
 McCarthy.

"A Night in the Tombs"—by T.
 F. C.

"The Victim's Revenge"—by
 T. F. C.