

THE OWL.

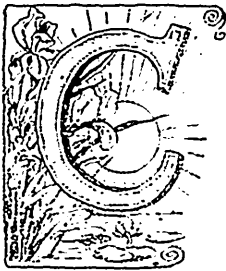
VOL. III.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY, JUNE-JULY, 1890.

Nos. 10-11

IN VOLLEM ERNSTE.

(To the graduates of 1890, Ottawa University).



COURAGE and courtesy! this for a Sesame, men;
And out and on and through the fray, dash each like ten,
As Arthur's pure-souled Knight. Steadily forward then,
In vollem Ernste!

Not noise, nor dash, nor brilliancy the old world lacks;
Simple and blatant follow in the genius' tracks;
Good men and true, we want, ready their strength to tax,
In vollem Ernste!

Howbeit, on life's wide field, success may come or nay,
The struggle yours and yours the carving of the way
To broader thought and nobler ends. Lead on each day,
In vollem Ernste!

Howe'er you work, clasp close your tools in glad content.
Nor let them rust, and aimlessly your days be spent.
Oh men, be men and work and live, while life be lent,
In vollem Ernste!

Let not the women's moaning louder grow through you;
Yours be the life that earns and wins their plaudits true;
Oh men of '90, go, all things to dare and do,
In vollem Ernste!

M. L. S.

A STORM AT SEA.



DO remember me, and I'm sure most of the boys of the '70s in Ottawa remember, with what peculiar enthusiasm our learned Professor of Natural Science, Father B——, used to hold forth on some particular studies. For instance, who can ever forget the care and painstaking with which the lectures on Physical Geography were given and those charts, so perfectly designed to illustrate some of the more interesting phases of nature's economy! For my part, being somewhat given, in those days, to weaving out fancies about some of my chums and even sometimes about some of my professors, I got it into my head once, while listening to the theory of revolving storms, cyclones, tornadoes, waterspouts, etc., that our learned professor must have had a personal encounter with some of these horrors; so peculiar was the gleam in his eyes while he was telling of the awful power of a cyclone at sea. I won't say how long it took me to make sure my fancy was well founded, nor under what peculiar circumstances we actually beguiled the silent man into telling us all about it—i.e. all about his coming over from *la Belle France* to these bleak shores, but he did, and how beautifully jolly I thought it was, and how I wished I had been on board the fated *Pereire*, that I might have a blood-curdling story to tell to my grand-children (prospective), knowing how everlastingly interesting are shipwreck stories to the youngsters, and as I feel gifted (!) with a peculiarly strong love of heroic fiction I would, of course, have piled on the agony a few hundred degrees beyond the veracious and concise and exact account given us. I shall not however try to enhance his thrilling story or description, rather out of respect for the narrator; indeed, I regret that this same motive compels me to suppress some points which I know would not have been told had he known one of us would ever turn traitor and put his words in the ears of the public.

It was in 1869, that our professor bade good-bye to his home and

country, to his kith and kin, not in search of adventure *a la* Crusoe but like all those noble victims of self-sacrifice, at the word of his superiors, he set out to labor and to suffer and to die in a strange land. Well for the missionary hero that, more truly than ancient philosophers could have understood, he is at home everywhere! In no land a stranger! Well for him that his faith is fixed on high and that those uprootings of heart tendrils that bind him to the land of his birth, to the home of his father, to the soul of his mother, in their very pain give him strength, and he goes forth with good cheer. I did not understand all this heroism while I was listening to the good father's simple allusion to the pain the good-bye to France cost him.—I could only wonder. I still wonder, but more comprehendingly; life is a great teacher. It was on a Saturday early in the January of '69, that the *Pereire* raised anchor at Brest and put forth to sea, with a good though rather a strong wind. The sailing day was Saturday, the day of Our Lady of the Sea, and our friend found a peculiar meaning in the mariner's hymn of *Ave Maris Stella* as he repeated the words to himself; the passengers were numerous, among whom were two Jesuit Fathers and two French Canadian priests. Sea sickness, for the first few days, claimed the good Father for its own but there was worse in store. On the 4th or 5th day out a tempest that had been giving most ominous premonitions burst upon them—well, who has ever yet been able to write a tempest! trying to tell one is equally useless, such a tempest as that must have been! even yet, I remember the fast succession of glow and pallor on our professor's usually well controlled face as he tried to give us an idea of the howling furies that seemed to have set themselves on the ruin of the good ship, the mad plunges of the poor creaking thing, its wild climbing of the mountain waves only to fall again into what seemed unfathomable darkness. It was a veritable cyclone at sea. With what a look of hopeless pity were we told of a ghastly accident that took place before our narrator's eyes! A poor sailor had lost his hold and fallen from the rigging and

lay there just beside him an indescribable mass of blood and mangled flesh! The cruel sea in another moment took him to her treacherous breast. This tragedy was a forerunner of the fast approaching disaster; the wind was blowing steadily from the west, from America, an ungracious forbidding wind; from ten in the morning till twelve at noon the advance had been perfectly null, it was only a weary, despairing effort. France was now more than a thousand miles behind, America more than a thousand miles ahead, it was clearly a case of "lost in mid-ocean." The passengers were locked in their cabins or in the saloons, our friend and another Oblate, his confrere, together with several other passengers were in one of the latter. Some had fallen asleep despite the tossing of the steamer, so little chance had there been for any-one's sleeping day or night since the second day out. Father B——, was trying to say some part of his office and just as he was reading these words: "*Noctem quietam et finem perfectum concedat nobis Dominus omnipotens,*" an awful crash was heard, the steamer seemed to have made a final plunge, only the sound told of something like a mountain falling on the prow rather than of a dashing against rocks beneath. In a few seconds those who had not lost consciousness at the shock were able to realize that a water-spout had burst and fallen upon them, the volume of water in its tremendous force breaking every thing in its way. The main mast snapped beneath it as a twig might snap in a child's fingers. The saloon in which the terror-stricken passengers were confined was broken in from all sides and for a few seconds all who could think at all, felt sure they were at the bottom of the sea; the water was rushing in, as if in reality the good ship had foundered. In the first panic, Father B—— did not realize that he felt the floor secure beneath him for they were actually struggling against drowning in the saloon. The next realization was to find himself, without having gone there, on deck and then he saw his confrere covered with blood painfully making his way to this only place of relative safety—relative indeed, for scarcely had they time to comprehend the shout of warning from one of the distracted crew, when a great mass of broken yards and torn rigging came down with a violence that must have been in-

stant death to all who stood in its way, and there where the horrified men had been standing by, in splinters and tatters lay the tangled debris. Now was the hour of direst distress, the wind had not abated in the least, the dismantled, crippled steamer was a mere plaything of the mad genius of the storm and panic had seized the crew and all on board but the valiant captain, whose coolness alone proved the safety of all. Some were beyond further agony, the first shock had killed them outright; among these was a Russian lady on her way to New York. She had exchanged a few words with the Fathers just before the catastrophe; when the blow came, she fell forward and her head struck the table beside which she was seated with such violence that her death was instantaneous. Other deaths were recorded afterwards, for a little while the two priests were sure they were the only survivors and there was nothing for them but to commend their souls to God, and there in mid-ocean wait in agony the next big wave that would bear them into eternity. It was an awful interval and though only of a few moments it seemed endless. A poor ray of hope came to them when in one of the short lulls of the wind they heard the captain's voice calling to them and pointing out a safe shelter. They scrambled through the wreckage on the two decks and were able to get some comfort in the smoking room which had not been much injured, still it was a cheerless refuge, drenched as it was by the disastrous wave. The wounded were lying stretched out on the sofas and tables, moaning, and some of them in their great suffering uttering piercing shrieks, women lying unconscious from the fainting that had mercifully saved them from the full knowledge of the peril, and strong men sat there helpless in their terror. However there were two exceptions. A couple of Americans, the first whom Father B—— had laid eyes on, were there nonchalantly puffing at their cigars and gazing out of the window apparently as secure as if they were looking out of the windows of a New York club house. The cook was a sorry, and at this late day, a most ludicrous spectacle. He was very lightly clad, and as the galley was in the path of the water spout, the dancing and breaking plates and cutlery literally scratched him all over, till he was covered with blood and unrecognizable as a human

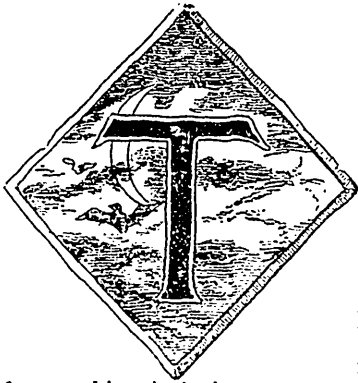
being, and could scarcely be distinguished from the mangled sections of beef that lay around him. What had happened seemed nothing to what must yet come, for still the storm raged, and the tossing was even worse than before the bursting of the water spout. It was a sublime moment for the valiant captain who, trusting no longer in the winds turning, had ordered the steamer to be turned eastward and trusting too in the power of her machinery announced in cool, self-possessed tones, that they were now making for Ireland, the nearest land. There was nothing else to do, every moment of delay was only hastening total destruction: the storm had been at what seemed its crisis since two in the afternoon, and apart from the few moments during which the steamer had been reversed, the tempest lasted with seeming increase of fury; during all that dreadful afternoon and all that more dreadful night, no one could think of rest in the cabins, which were full of water. It was such a night as no man could live through twice; at two in the morning the brave captain, who had till then shown no signs of despair, was compelled to give warning of their almost hopeless state, and bade them all evacuate the saloon and make for the decks, there to wait orders to man the boats, and there they waited with such feelings as can surely neither be told nor fancied; but with the daylight came the assurance that the worst was over, and now the only fear was would the steamer be able to get back to port? It was a slow

and tedious drifting, but after a few days the weather relaxed so that the boat was headed for France and it was clear the escape was certain and miraculous, and it seemed to all that the chief instrument of the miracle had been that steady captain. Many little details, however, that were mentioned in this account of that fearful experience and which I forbear mentioning affected me more even than the catastrophe itself, details that speak volumes for the power of prayer, and the simple beautiful trust in the "Star of the Sea." There were three killed outright, among whom were one of the Jesuits, with a lay brother of the order. Father B— had a few bruises to record, and much distress of heart and soul to keep to himself (I presume this), because this getting back to France was only to suffer the pain of leaving it again, for "outward bound" was he. The French Canadian priest had been able, thanks to the good will of the captain and to his Christian grateful heart too, to offer a Mass of thanksgiving on the day following the great trial and every day during the rest of that slow return trip. On the 12th of February, that is about six weeks after the first setting forth, Father B— said another good-bye to France, and this time, though the passage was rough, no disasters befell him, and on the 17th of March he began his career in Ottawa—where since then you all know better than you would dare say, what manner of heroism has been his.

M. W. '78.

NEW AND OLD MORTALITY.

(Continued.)



O look at these fragments from a mere literary point of view, or rather

from a historical view, a very peculiar interest is awakened, on reading over some of the "Ancient Scrolls," (the early newspapers,) relating thrilling events in the *present-tense*. From a mere newspaper point of view, it is amusing to note the soberness as to headings and descriptive adjectives used in relation with happenings which, if told after the fashion of to-day, would swell into 28-page supplements.

The order of time is ignored by the undersigned in mentioning some of the antiquated journals. Let us begin with some of the early copies of the *London Times*. There is one bearing the date *June 15, 1815*, telling in a dignified, subdued, rising inflection tone of the BATTLE OF WATERLOO; the report is intensely graphic however, comments supposed to be the reader's business. In the issue for *August 15, 1821*, we read, with a conviction that the *Times* is progressive, the details of the wrangling over the coffin of poor *Queen Caroline*: an interesting funeral that, whichever side you take, with the government against the parade, or with the people for it, some very ugly and unchivalrous characteristics are obvious on the part of the opponents, whatever their wise (?) reasons may have been for objecting to a peaceful exit of the dead Queen from a land where, surely, she had not found "joy unalloyed." In the *Times* dated *Nov. 1, 1805* we are given in a few lines the details of the last moments of LORD NELSON; we learn that "when Lord Nelson was shot and was set in the arms of the men who were supporting him his eye caught the tiller-rope which was unusually

slack. He exclaimed with great emphasis: "Tighten that rope" an eminent proof," says the reporter, "that his professional ardor still survived the brilliancy of the flame of life." When he saw his secretary and his friend, Mr. Scott, thrown overboard, uncertain in the disfigurement and the confusion of the fight, whether it was him or not he inquired with affectionate ardor, "Was that poor Scott?" An impression seems to have been made on Lord Nelson, for as the men were carrying him down the cock-pit he said: "Dont throw me overboard, tell Hardy to carry me home." Just below this condensed grandeur are some "ads" suggestive of a slight change in some things since then; for instance, under the head of 'wanted' we may feast on such a bit of cynicism as this: "A *genteel* youth is anxious to learn the PROFESSION of *Printer*; well educated" etc, Profession! mind, and he's *genteel*. No less interesting an *etude de mœurs*, are some of the notices of things *Losr*,—this among many others: "An old pointer dog has strayed away, he is white, with red spots, answers to the name of *Basto*, almost blind, in fact one eye quite gone. Any person bringing said dog to 153 Swallow St. Picadilly shall receive one guinea reward, all reasonable expenses paid. *N. B.* No greater reward shall be offered,"—where's that dog a-waggin his tail now? and the owner and the finder where are they?—do they come under the head of 'Lost, too? It is more comforting to go on with the paper, for we learn that "chill-blains are prevented by Whitstead's "ESSENCE OF MUSTARD." A certain pathetic yearning for *Auld Lang Syne* comes over one on reading in the *Times* of *Jan. 26, 1793*, that "Mrs. Siddons makes her appearance in JANE SHORE, Hay market theatre—doors open at *half past six*. Play begins at *half past seven*. Side by side with this announcement is the equally pleasing one that:" THE GENUINE PECTORAL BALSAM OF HONEY is a sure cure for CONSUMPTION. If you

open this copy of the Times you read—the thrilling yet soberly told account of one of History's ghastliest tragedies, the execution of LOUIS XVI. of France, There too, you may find edification, in reading the last will and testament of the unfortunate victim of Royalty, who had nothing to bequeath, in the way of earthly goods but who had some good thoughts to communicate anent the world's uncertainties. Most touching is the request he makes his son, the poor little dauphin who was never to know what had become of his papa. Among other counsels, is the following: "I recommend my son, should he ever have the misfortune to become King of France, to consider he ought to sacrifice everything to the happiness of his fellow-citizens—that he ought to forget all animosities and resentments, particularly those which relate to the misfortunes and disappointments which I experience, etc."—this noble document is sufficient apology for the kingship of the best if not the greatest of the Bourbons. Among the "Notes of the Day" it is said "M. de Sèze is dying of a broken heart" he was one of the counsel of Louis XVI., "M. de Malesherbes is no better."

The *Times*, however, is a product of yesterday compared to some of the other newspapers, none of which were dailies, yet all of which seem amply sufficient unto the good and evil to be told by a weekly. To take them all, would stretch out this talk beyond even an OWL's patience. I will note but a few as bearing on some of the most thrilling events of English History. There is a copy of the *Gazette* "comprising the sum of foreign intelligence, with the affairs now on foot in the three nations of England, Scotland and Ireland, for information of the people from Thursday, Sept. 2, to Thursday, Sept. 9, 1658." It was the organ of the Whigs, and whiggy it is, to be sure; a glance at the account of Cromwell's death (which occurred on September 5), suffices to show which way the wind blew. How is this for *hero-worship* and cheek? "Being gone, to the unspeakable grief of all good men, the Privy Council in assemblee and being satisfied that the Lord High Protector was dead, and upon sure and certain knowledge that His late Highness did, in his lifetime, according to the *Humble Petition* and *Advice* declare and ap-

point the most noble and most illustrious, the Lord Richard, eldest son of His said Highness to succeed him, it was resolved *nemine contradicente*, that His late Highness hath declared and appointed the said most noble and illustrious lord to succeed him in the government—*Lord Protector*," etc., follow assurances that the army and navy are for Richard. This son, says the *Gazette*, "is in all respects and appearances, the lively image of his father, the true inheritor of his many Christian *virtues* and person, who by his piety, humanity and other noble inclinations hath obliged the hearts of all and thereby filled his people with hope of much felicity through God's blessing," etc. Alas! poor Richard! the felicity and the blessing and yourself agra,—what of them? Is the following "book notice" sufficiently tinged with the *couleur locale* to vouch for the Puritanism of those days? "*A Few Sighs from Hell*," or "*The Groans of a Damned Soul*," being a commentary, says the author," on the 16th chapter of *St. Luke*." It would be interesting to know how much "filthy lucre" this dealer in brimstone realized. No doubt he had one eye on the proceeds, on whatever else the other eye may have set itself. The blueness of the above "ad" is relieved by the following: "Be it known that at the sign of the BOAR'S HEAD and the NAKED BOY at the end of Bread street are to be had the usual medicines prepared by the *Art Pyrotechny* according to the doctrine of Paracelsus & Helmot, by which is perfectly and safely and speedily cured all distempers incidental to human nature," so if the *Gazette* holds out sulphur, etc., for the soul, it is equally generous in pledges of blissful immortality for the body! there is only *embarras du choix*. The *Intelligencer* asserts itself as "a perfect diurnal of some passages of parliament and the daily proceedings of the army under His Exc. Lord Fairfax." This number vouches for "the Newes from Munday, 27 Jan., to Munday, 9th Feb., 1648, collected for the satisfaction of such as desire to be *correctly* informed (the 8th commandment hadn't been voted out of the press then). The news given in this issue was the Execution of Charles First, it reads very much like Peppy's Journal and Agnes Strickland's "Henrietta Maria," painfully, unavoidably realistic.

The awful reality of the "Great Plague"

is made more real and more awful to us, accustomed to read of this scourge as we read of other past events, with a certain grim indifference because all that was long ago, consequently not so dreadful as if an occurrence of to-day, but as we scan the *Newes* published "for the information of the people (with privilege)" we see, as no historian could make us see, how great was the desolation of London town during those days when "grass grew in the great thorough-fares." The number for July 6, 1665, states some of the precautionary measures to be taken "for the prevention of the further spread of the contagion," (that was before the microbe theorists had their say—more's the pity!) English surgeons in those days were nearer their French cousins than now, being called 'chirurgeons.' "Blotches and pimples" were the first outward signs of inward calamity, and "every master of a house must, on the first appearance" of said signs on any one in his domicile, "give knowledge thereof to the Examiners of health within two hours of appearance of the signs," "every house visited is to be marked with a Red Cross, one foot long, in the middle of the door, evident to be seen, with the printed words—LORD HAVE MERCY ON US!" A dismal sight it must have been to see the "Examiners' carriers," etc., going through the streets with a "Red Rod" three feet long, in their hands, which symbolism being interpreted in modern English meant this: "hands off, we be quarantined;" it is easy to believe, there were few sight-seers abroad and no particular call for constables. The "ads" all bear on powders and perfumes *versus* the Plague.

In the "*Weeklie*" called "*Mercurie*," published for the Prevention of False Reports (ye stars! and comets!) We learn how the loyal subjects of the Virgin Queen looked upon the adventurous Spanish sailors of Armada renown. The genuine, British phlegmatic contempt of all that is not British, is unmistakably perceptible in these cool views of a pretty hot scare.

The last paper which can be alluded to in this, already too long ramble 'midst relics and ruins, is a copy of the *Weeklie Newes*, dated 31st January, 1606. A certain serio-comic feeling grows almost very comical as we read of the trial and execution of Guy Fawkes and as many of his

ilk as were caught. The tragic story is told in the rude and crude language of the times, hotly seasoned with anti-Jesuitical pepper and salt; a few extracts from this paper, will more than suffice to show that these were not delectable times. The "Vile Traytors" richly deserved their fate, that's been agreed upon hasn't it? but as the "Scotch beggars were not blown back to their mountains," as the gunpowder man meant they should be, there's no need of over-doing righteous indignation, let the eight executed Traytors rest in peace, if they can. Here are a few bits concerning some of them as given at great length in the *Newes*, "The eight Traytors, four of which were executed in St. Paul's Church-yard in London, and the other four in the old Parliament Yard, Westminster. Digby, it seems, craved "mercy or favor neither of God nor of the king," but he made four requests, three of which refer to his money matters, and the last is a request to be beheaded and not hanged. "Rob Winter, in like manner thinking himself half a saint for his whole villany, said little to any purpose," (mind-readers are of all ages) "but only made a request to the king for mercy toward his brother, in regard of his offence; his brother said little, but swallowed up a concealed grief with little show of sorrow." Grant, "stubborn in his idolatry seemed nothing penitent for his villany, asked little mercy, but, as it were, careless of grace, received the doom of his desert." Rokewood "out of studied speech would fain have made his idolatry and bringing up an excuse for the foul deed, but, he had the judgment with the rest of the Traytors." The reporter enlarges with considerable *gusto* on the "doggedness of face and lack of prayerfulness of these poor devils, never seeming to pray unless by the dozen on their beads, taking tobacco, as if hanging were no trouble to them." The department on the scaffold of each condemned man, is given with a view to sensationalism worthy of a western scribe of to-day. Digby, a man of "goodly personage and manly aspect went up first, with a vain supercilious signing of himself he betook himself to his Latin prayers, mumbling to himself, refusing to have the prayers of the chaplain, he went up the ladder and with the help of the hangman he made an end of his wicked ways."

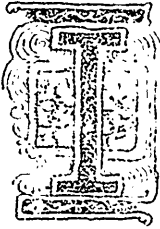
Winter and Grant and Rokewood appear to have snuffed out their brief candle with the kicking and puffing that might be expected from such robust subjects. Last of all, came the great devil of all, Guy Fawkes alias Johnstone, his body being weak from the torture and sickness, he was scarce able to get up the ladder, yet, with much ado and by the help of the hangman, he went high enough to break his neck by the fall. He made no speech, but with his cross and his idle ceremonies made his end upon the gallows and the

block to the great joy of all beholders, that the land was ended of so wicked villany."

Comment were idle on the fervency of this quoted indignation. "History repeats itself," no doubt of that, and plots and mis-carried conspiracies are of all times; yet there is a good time coming. In the meanwhile a ramble among antiquities is as good a pastime as any other, when it's only pastime that's wanted.

L. P.

A SUMMER LYRIC.



IN summer-time, o'er empires green,
Bliss sovereign rules, as rightful queen,—
Then, rich the radiance that flings
A halo o'er life's common things,
And makes the earth and Eden clime
Troughout the joyous summer-time!

The gates of Fairyland unclose
To yield its fays of flower and rose;
On hill and lawn, in lustrous fold,
Outspreads Sun's regal robe of gold;
Gay songsters weave their raptured rhyme
To gladden man in summer-time.

The valleys nurse the columbine,
On drooping trees fresh tendrils twine;
With brighter brilliance streamlets flow;
In wind-waved meadows clovers glow;
Thus Earth enwreaths her brow of slime
In honor of the summer-time.

Rejoicing earth! I stand apart
To bless the magic of thy art,
Or in thy perfumed dells I lose
The sadness of a cheerless muse;
For Hope and Joy are in their prime,
And hearts should have their summer-time.

ALFRED THE GREAT.



RARELY has a dramatic entertainment brought to the Academic Hall as large an audience as that with which it was thronged on the evening of the 20th inst., the occasion of the patronal feast of the Rev. Rector. Long before the curtain rose every available seat was taken, and the very aisles had to be filled with chairs for those who arrived only at the appointed hour. At 8 p. m. His Grace, Archbishop Duhamel, Chancellor of the University, entered the hall with the Rev. Rector, the Faculty and a large number of Rev. Fathers from different parts of the diocese, the College Band meanwhile playing for the overture Chagnieux's "La Croix de Fer." The tastily finished programmes distributed showed the performance of the evening to be Sheridan Knowles' "Alfred the Great," a drama in five acts.

The following students appeared on the *dramatis personæ*:

SAXONS.

| | |
|--------------------------|------------------|
| Alfred, King of England, | W. S. Woods. |
| Oddune, | F. L. French. |
| Oswith, | J. P. Smith. |
| Edric, | S. C. Hallissey. |
| Egbert, | R. A. Paradis. |
| Kenrick, | T. M. Donovan. |
| Edwy, | F. X. Brunette. |
| Oswald, | J. H. Brehehey. |
| Arthur, | L. J. Kehoe. |
| Edgar, | C. J. Gaudet. |
| Ailred, | R. W. Ivers. |
| Edwin, | W. S. Prodrick. |
| Conrad, | J. R. O'Connor. |

DANES.

| | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------|
| Guthrum, King of the Danes, | C. C. Delany. |
| Gurmund, his son, | F. A. Lamoureux. |
| Amund, | E. J. Perusse. |
| Oscar, | F. M. Doyle. |
| Haldane, | W. T. McCauley. |
| Otho, | I. A. French. |
| Inguar, | A. M. Plunkett. |
| High Priest, | T. J. Tetreau. |
| Boy, | H. A. Glasmacher. |
| Soldier, | W. J. Leonard. |

Soldiers, Attendants, etc.

Of the play itself, and its distinguished author, the favorable comments of the critics are widely known. The events represented are the struggles, at first almost hopeless, but ultimately crowned by the most brilliant success, of the great King Alfred against the Danish invaders. The costumes and scenery showed that much time and taste must have been devoted to their preparation and selection; in fact the scenic effects, from start to finish, could scarcely have been more in harmony with the nature of the play, and would do credit to the professional stage. As the curtain was rung up and the Saxons and Danes came in turn upon the stage, spectators could easily imagine themselves witnessing events really occurring in Great Britain one thousand years ago. The arms and mode of warfare, the altars and sacrifices, the peasants' homes and royal palace of that period were represented faithfully and strikingly. Before the performance began Mr. D. A. Campbell came forward and declaimed with ease and grace an appropriate prologue to "Alfred the Great" from the gifted pen of Rev. Æneas Dawson, LL. D., who, we are gratified to say, was present at the entertainment.

Easy stage appearance, and perfect self-possession, so difficult of attainment by amateurs, were justly admired in almost every part; evidence of the commendable endeavors of each individual to thoroughly master his rôle, and the numerous ably conducted rehearsals of the past few weeks. The really fine acting of several of the performers merits special notice. Mr. W. S. Woods as Alfred undertook a more than ordinarily difficult part. That Alfred was able to adapt himself to so many situations in life; a model monarch, a contemned dependant in the peasant's hut, a shrewd observer under the guise of a harper in the enemy's camp, a hero on the field and a consummate legislator proves him indeed entitled to the surname he bears. These various situations are admirably brought out in the play, and Mr. Woods was natural in each, and passed from one to another with an ease, to say the least, highly creditable to any amateur. Mr. C. C. Delaney's personation of Guthrum, king of the Danes

could hardly be surpassed. Every sentence of his lengthy part was brought out with splendid effect, and every syllable was distinctly heard in the remotest corner of the hall. His bearing and gestures too, whether accompanying the affectionate words of the fond father, the passionate outbursts of the terrible Norseman, or the generous sentiments of the conquered hero revealed histrionic abilities of no common order. Messrs. J. P. Smith and S. C. Hallisey, taking respectively the rôle of the noble hearted patriot who preferred chains and servitude to the highest honors in the gift of his country's foes, and the despicable character, who to advance himself would betray his king and see his native land groan under the yoke of the barbarians, cleverly sustained the favourable impressions their former presentations on the College boards invariably left. Mr. Smith, especially, by his clear and energetic enunciation of lofty principles won round after round of applause. Perhaps no part in the play is more difficult to thoroughly enter into than that of Alfred's faithful retainer Conrad, where the deepest grief gives place to feelings bordering on despair, and these to hope, faint at first but steadily growing firmer, until it changes to happy certainty. Here, however, the acting of Mr. J. R. O'Connor was masterful and thrilling. He was followed with the most eager attention, and his excellent declamation highly praised.

Messrs. F. L. French, Ivers, Donovan, Brunette and Paradis approached perfection in their various parts, as nearly as the harshest critic could reasonably insist upon; Mr. French particularly, by his at times impassioned but ever natural patriotic utterances was more than once warmly applauded. Mr. Ivers turned every ludicrous point to the best advantage, and repeatedly brought down the house. Master Lamoureux, as Gurmund, the young son of the Danish King, fairly captivated the audience, and was a favorite throughout the entire piece. Mr. A. M. Plunkett took the part of Inguar, and neither in acting or speaking did he betray the fact that this was his first appearance before an audience, and acquitted himself in a very creditable manner. The soldiers were an important feature of drama. Their costumes, the outcome of a faithful study of the military dress of the period

were admirably done, and it was difficult to believe that the fierce and swarthy mailed warriors were beardless and peaceably disposed youths, who spend their days on the class-room benches.

The soldiers showed to the best advantage in the closing scene when the magnificent charge of the Saxons that resulted in the final overthrow of the Danes formed a realistic picture, which could not fail to please the most critical.

This patriotic performance, so attractive in itself by its beauty of expression, its thorough and striking reproduction of the manners and customs of the ancient Danes and Saxons, and the large number of exalted historical personages introduced, presented throughout faultlessly and at times superbly, early won from the vast audience an interest and sympathy which never once flagged. It was after eleven o'clock when the curtain fell for the last time, but it was the closing scene that one and all pronounced grandest. Mr. Woods, as Alfred, was at his best here, and the manner in which the greatest of Alfred's services to his country—the institution of the trial by jury—is made the conclusion of the play is happy and touching.

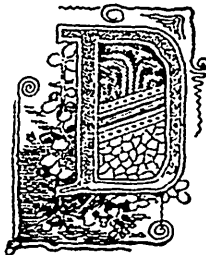
A number of well chosen pieces were discoursed by the College Band between the acts, among others Gouyette's "Les Sauterelles" Mullot's "Valentine de Milan" and "Le Manzanarez" by Marie. The excellent style in which these difficult selections were rendered was heartily applauded; it would indeed reflect credit on any band in the capital, and eloquently attests the highly satisfactory results our musicians have attained by constant practice under their efficient and pains taking leader, Rev. Father Gervais.

This brings our dramatic entertainments to a close for the present season. The members of the Association are to be congratulated on their splendid success during the past year; the large and intelligent audiences their different presentations have drawn, particularly that of Tuesday night last shows the high estimation in which their artistic powers are held by the people of Ottawa, and exemplifies the assertion of Edwy, that "the boy who proves himself a man does all a man can do." Had we to award the prize of excellence for individual success scored we would be embarrassed indeed to discriminate. The success scored by the students is

due to the untiring energy of the Director of the Association. No appreciation of his high artistic talents we could give would do him justice, his achievements in this line are but the old, old story: suffice it

to say no allusion can be made to the successes of the Dramatic Association without recognizing the ability of Dr. Balland.

DAY AFORE VACATION.



DAY afore vacation,
'Zamination's over,
Passed a good percentage,
Livin' jes' in clover ;
Tree-boughs tappin' sof'ly,
On the winder-sill,
Tears commence arisin'
All against yer will.

Teacher tellin' stories,
Days wen he wuz young,
Scholars sort o' res'less,
'Till the bell hez rung,
Feelin' kind o' lonesome,
Feelin' kind o' glad,
Know ye shud be happy,
Cant he'p bein' sad.

Hear the birds a-singin'
In the woods near by,
'Stead o' feelin' jolly,
Jes' begin to sigh.
Look up to the teacher,
Face's good 'nd kind,
Sees that aint much order,
Doesn't seem to mind.

Wonder how ye ever
Thought him hard 'nd cross,
Know 'at wen ye leave him,
Yours 'll be the loss.
Sort o' git to thinkin'
Mean things you hev dun,
Know they wasn't manly
Though ye *were* in fun.

Thus with idle dreamin',
Minutes travel past,
Hark ! the bell is clangin'
Time hez come at last.
Pack yer books away now,
Git up 'nd say good-bye,
Look out through the winder,
Er you'll begin to cry.

File out through the doorway.
Boys, why don't ye cheer—
This is what ye longed fur,
Bes' time o' the year.
What? The teacher's lookin',
Smiles, 'nd waves his hand,
Well then, cheer fur him boys,
Bes' teacher in the land.

Day afore vacation,
'Zamination's over,
Passed a good percentage,
Livin' jes' in clover,
Tree-boughs tappin' sof'ly,
On the winder-sill,
Tears commence arisin'
All against yer will.

THEO. McMANUS.

THE CRY OF THE HUMAN.



O many; so discordant, so extravagant are the human cries that it is no matter for surprise if the wise ones of earth, whose great aim would seem to show that they, thank ever so many powers! are not human, are prone to hoist their righteouseye brows at the least intimation of a plea for the human. Argument with these de-humanized, *i.e.* inhuman members of the great family, is out of the question. Let us ignore them *in toto*, and lend a sympathetic ear to some of these cries of the human, to one let us say. And without further begging of the question let us say that what interests us just now is the human cry for *Romance*. Yes "grave and venerable signors," solemn and super-human matrons, preternaturally wise youth and maiden. *Romance* is the theme: not the lack-a-daisical moon-shiney serio-comic extravagance most people of to-day take for such, but the ideal possibilities and impossibilities that have inspired the Artist since Art began to be spoken of among the children of men, the idealism that has warmed the heart, illumined the soul and guided the hand of poet, painter and sculptor from Homer to Tennyson, from Apelles to Millet, from Phidias to Canova, and from Cervantes to Hall Caine! The magic word would lead us far and high were we to yield to a desire of proving its divine right of existence. Everywhere limiting its meaning and its powers to the novel we shall escape the danger attending an undertaking a thousand times exceeding our ability of execution. Those whose starboard eye has been directed correctly on the phases of thought during the past fifty years must see, unless said eye has contracted one of the many optical diseases of these times, that there has been what might be called a complete face about in ever so many things, novels not excepted, indeed in novels especially, so complete has been the reversal of taste or judgment or caprice that it becomes a matter of serious query for the wide awake on-looker to see how it came about.

Has any great revolution any other

prime cause than a great abuse? The Philosophers of History will not say no to this question; even if they do, the truth is there and no where else. A great abuse requires a great remedy, and revolution is the extreme remedy. Have there been great abuses in this world of fiction as in the world of reality? alas, that there should be so many jarring yet undeniable responses to this question! No need to sully these pages with the names of the *sans-culottes*, and scarlet republicans, whose pens have done more harm than the horrible guillotine of another revolution not yet ended. But it is with a sense of awakening from a horrid nightmare that we hear the strong, clear voice of unsold humanity asking for the healthy food, the inspiring, refreshing draught that is all the sweeter and all the more invigorating that we were sick unto death with the nauseous food and drink served out to us as sustenance. In other words the repulsive realism concocted by the French caterers and clumsily imitated by their infatuated German and English brothers has reached the climax of exaggeration: hence its day is over and though we still want and always will want our fiction true, we want no more nastiness, no more *terre a terre* pastime for our immortal souls. The protest has been sounding all these years, from every refined and spiritualized, *i.e.* from every Christian, reader, but it was like the "cry of one in the wilderness" there seemed no hope, because there was only a cry, "a voice and nothing more," but now we have a protest, though of one individual, voicing what, all through this period of Zolaism and a few other isms, has been uttered with deepening pathos and most hopeful earnestness by the healthy section of the world.

And in proof that the protest is reasonable, Mr. Caine has given us two novels very recently that show that all isms of the whole modern era have not prevailed over the true instincts of humanity; he has dared to take us out of London and Paris gambling resorts, out of the

*Hall Caine, in the *Contemporary Review*, April 1890.

chiaro-oscuro of luxurious boudoirs into the open, free, cold and cutting air of Iceland, and some other hitherto ignored spots on the globe. He has shown us that human nature is incorrigibly the same everywhere, but he does not make us loathe human kind and convince us that life is not worth living, though he surely has given us some harrowing pictures to look upon. He has shown us as he pleads in that recent article of his, that the "true consort of imagination is enthusiasm, the man of imagination has never lived who was not also an enthusiast, and that enthusiasm is the great force that has ever done any good in the world, since the world began, that it is the salt of the earth, the salt without which the earth would rot, that enthusiasm living in the hearts of great men has again and again set the world aflame and purified as well as ennobled every nature it has touched, save only the natures that were already touched with fanaticism." Such enthusiasm cannot live at peace with realism, hence, the effort of the myriads of victims of realism to appear cynical. Men and women, girls and boys have been studying cynicism, with what ghastly results we know too well, but the redeeming portion is strong and many who are sick unto despair, must be glad to hear of a change. Yes, the "old order changeth" but for one older still, and the outlook is hopeful, for men and women and their children will go on reading novels, and the safe novel, the exhilarating, cheering though truthful, novel is being written, the novel which will convince us that heroism exists outside of a duelling enclosure, that "all the human heart can do is to be heroic" that this heroism is natural though an artist gives it that peculiar aloofness which constitutes Romanticism. Such novels as will show us that indeed "poor and petty are the passions of men, and God's hand is over all,"* novels that show that this world is a queer lottery but on honest principles, that show how "the Almighty tears our little passions, and works his own end in spite of our calculations." The romantic novel, in the beautiful sense of the word romance, is a power the true teacher and preacher will not ignore. "The innings of realism" says the *Contemporary Review*, "is over, it has scored badly or not at all and is

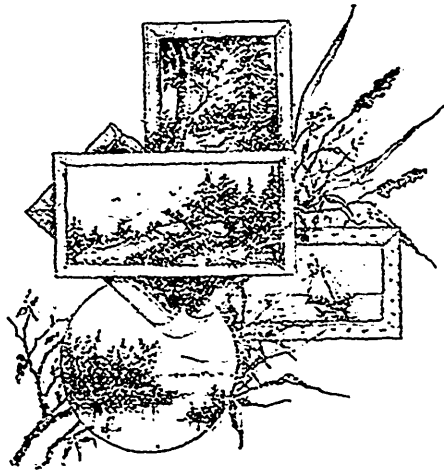
going out disgraced." Who has the 'vital spark' in him at all aglow, but will utter a devout *Deo gratias* to the above assertion? Though the danger of romanticism is possible we must hail the return to idealism in literature as one of the many healthy signs of the times, and join fearlessly in the cry for Romance *versus* Realism. The world has always "wanted to be lifted up, inspired, thrilled, to be shown what brave things human nature is capable of at its best." This can be done by the Romantics working in concert with the anointed preachers and teachers; it could never be done by the Realists and their progeny, the Cynics. As Caine says: "the Idealist must be a believer in God, a believer in man, a believer in the divine justice whereon this world is founded," and in the mercy, let us add, wherewith it is governed. Thinking in this manner, my reader will pardon me if I say a few words anent a recent work, the writer of which seems to have grasped the necessity of a change in modern literature. Is not William O'Brien's book another and a beautiful proof that enthusiasm, eager, sublimely mad enthusiasm is a power to be spoken of reverentially? Could an Irishman be other than an idealist? Has not Ireland been the home and asylum of Romance, since its green shores first echoed the songs of its wandering bards? And have we not grown into the habit of believing that there was no practical hope for Ireland, just because of its enthusiasm? Let political economists and physical analysts settle this. Certain it is that if the Irish novel is to gain a recognition, it will be because of its romanticism, not of its matter of fact cup-and-saucer realism. Anthony Trollope speaks emphatically of the absurdity of writing an Irish novel; it wouldn't sell, or as an American school-boy would say, it would be a "great sell," and why? It is an undeniable fact that Irish literature is not so rich in the line of novels as in any other line. Is it because the Irish act out their novels too well to be patient to read them, or is it because they are too eloquent, too well fitted to scale the heights of oratory and song? What is the reason that we must reluctantly say Trollope was not altogether wrong? We won't wait for the answer to this problem to assert that William O'Brien has given the lie to the Trollopien dogma. From a pecuniary point of view,

*Caine's "The Bondman."

this book has sold, is selling at a tremendous rate. Is it because it was written under the same dismal circumstances as *Don Quixote*? Oh, it is easy enough to guess at the success of this Irish novel, though the critics cannot be gainsaid if they point out some defects, in fact a good many. It is a success in spite of defects, and a book that churchman and statesman, men in every state of life, women high born and low born, must read and agree in declaring a most interesting book. Will it hasten the solution of the Irish question? Will anything solve that question save the cool constitutional doggedly persevering agitation of the Parnellites? Fenianism surely will not hasten the "sunburst," enthusiastic poetic effusions in the *Banner* may fire the young Irishman but then there's the cool unfired Englishman, who doesn't read the *Banner*, and he is more than "one hun-

dred thousand strong"! It is cheering to know that Wm. O'Brien did not need to have recourse to fiction to give us some most lovable ideals; men and women like Ken Rohan and Mabel Westropp, like Father Phil and Dr. O'Harte are not exceptional characters, no more alas! than such people as the Dargans and McGrudders. *When we were boys*, all in all, is never a past time in Ireland and with such a pleader in Westminster as Mr. Parnell, and such a novelist with enforced leisure and seclusion as Mr. O'Brien, should'nt we look hopefully towards a near settlement of the vexed question as to England's adjustment to Irish views? For the thousand men who are working in the great cause are there not tens of thousands of women who are weeping and praying? And is it not true that "prayer availeth much?"

L. P.



THE OWL.

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LOQUITUR BUBO.

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

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

"Ring wild bells and let them die."

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

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

we'll be the witnesses thereof to future generations of boys.

It has been agreed upon, that this is not a sermon, yet I must yield to the spirit moving me to urge you boys, though I'm eight or nine of yourselves, to ignore the righteous indignation that will be unreservedly shown towards you, if you don't at once fall into a comfortable position and assert yourselves as ready made wise-acres. There are some, who "sit in the chair of Moses," (editorially gotten up chairs), who make it a point at this time of the year to write long columns of wisdom anent the absurdities of college graduates. These scribes, are deliciously unique in their happy faculty of throwing cold water in the wrong direction, they are a kind of mammoth joker in the way of humanity; and so alas, let us admit, is the college man,

"With all his honors fresh upon him,"
but time improves every thing and why not every body? so be of good cheer ye youths, as you look out into the near future of your usefulness, don't be snubbed by editorials or by anything else, but if ye are as I know ye are,

"Upright men in downright earnest"
go forth hopefully, fearlessly, though cautiously.

I'll switch off this theme of the college graduate for a few reasons, needless to state, leaving it to the editors, Catholic, Protestant, and neuter, to relieve themselves of much suppressed wisdom, at the cost of the youthful M. A's and B. A's. Quixotic of course are these masters and bachelors, but leave them alone, they will see soon enough that there is something more interesting than "wind-mills" to combat with, they will see soon enough that windmills are not the prime evil of these times, though they are rather old-fashioned.

So boys. here' to your enjoyment of the

first few weeks of your long vacation! A few bright weeks, perhaps a few months of delightful rest and freedom from routine, then to your serious work, and may the said work be so plainly marked out for you, that you may fear no mistake as to your mission for doing it in downright dogmatic earnest. The OWL begs you to bring down all your philosophy to this condensed form; viz that the highest philosophy consists in living without *opium*, i. e. in going through life with

"Conscious clear-eyed endurance,"

You may find it easier to remember this in Longfellow's simple lines, live

"With a heart for any fate,"

laboring even while waiting; *dilettante* looking on is the mistake you must not make, through it is like a great art to wait, hard to be mastered; proof, the number of young men who have failed, and on whose slab we might write: "His career was fast. brief and furious" and "Here he lies"

"Unmourned, unhonored and unsung"

The "Psalm of Life" is not a sensational novel, yet it is worth your while to dip into it, once and a while. And now, while saying farewell and God-speed to to the class of '90, the OWL would desire to repeat a farewell made about this time last year, though fortunately, ere the vacation was over, the *adieu* changed into an *au revoir*. With this number, the connection of Rev. J. J. Griffin, solely to whose efforts were due the inception and subsequent progress of the OWL, with the magazine and college ceases. We know that it is the "proper form," as it is our inclination, to feel a few twinges akin to sadness at the thought, yet dread of the chief's remorseless and unfeeling blue pencil which still retains its potency, and his remark that "there was enough of that sort of thing last year" deter us from committing our feelings to paper. We can however, enjoy the manager's satisfaction at his re-

lease from work that he persisted in considering as uncongenial, despite so many dissenting voices, and at the very favorable opportunity he now enjoys of giving his time entirely to his favorite science, and this in the foremost seat of learning on the continent.

*A SHORTER COURSE OF
STUDIES.*

The report has reached us that the question of shortening Harvard's university course to three years is being seriously discussed. Our information being necessarily unsatisfactory, we give it but little credence, and hope that it is a misstatement, a mere canard evolved from the brain of some zealous reporter, who suffered from dearth of news. We deem such an action noxious to higher education; and this for many reasons. The student of the high school, by the system of "cramming," would find very little difficulty in passing the entrance examination to the University. He would be received, his mind a chaos, filled with vague undefined notions, and the shortness of the three years course would preclude the possibility of purging it of what was bad, and of preserving what was good. Thus he would proceed, continually receiving new ideas, still more shadowy than those with which he had entered. He would, of course, graduate, obtain his degree, parade it ostentatiously and would be chagrined, perhaps to find that it did not serve as a passport to every position of importance. Contact with men who could understand and appreciate worth would expose the incompleteness and hollowness of his acquirements, and the standard of education at present low enough would be of necessity lowered; under this new order of things, the graduate would indeed be a pitiable sight. Ignorant of the practicalities of life, he would be entirely unprepared to struggle with the great pro-

blems that so intimately affect our social well-being; and with these questions, it is the college-bred men who must grapple. Every security would be withdrawn from those who contemplated educating themselves seriously for the fulfilment of duties attendant upon the pursuit of a profession: every security would be withdrawn from those who are under the necessity of placing the management of many important concerns into the hands of those graduates with an insignificant smattering of knowledge. Honorable ambition would be checked; and a breach made by which serious abuses might easily enter. Another disastrous out-come of the proposed move would be the overcrowding of the professions. The trouble of obtaining a degree would be so slight, that many thoroughly incompetent candidates would present themselves for the study of some one of the liberal professions; and the consequence would be that these pursuits which now flavor so much of nobility, would be dragged into disrepute; and, in the struggle for existence, many indeed there would be, whose ruin would be painful and appalling. It might be argued that the country is large and that its requirements are such as to demand recruits for the different professions. No doubt the country is large and its requirements urgent, but how many of those who had passed through the university, would be willing to remove themselves to newly settled districts? Few indeed—to the majority, life would be unendurable were they separated from the excitement of the city, or withdrawn from the whirl of society. Centralization, in this respect, would be one of the most deplorable effects that could possibly arise from this few system. It might again be argued that we are severe in condemning a project which would render it possible for the children of fairly well-to-do citizens to compete for distinction in these professions. Fully as we recognize that the admission

of these students to the studies preparatory to their callings, would give an impetus to proper intellectual development, we cannot admit that the argument changes, in any way, our views upon the matter. We hold that the primary aim of a university is the furtherance of the public good, and that the shortening of the course to three years, would be antagonistic to this end which should not be sacrificed to any sentimental consideration.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

This year, more than heretofore, has the OWL been fortunate in its friends. Those who have favoured us with the work of their pens in the past have kept with us, and we have also made the acquaintance of several others who can justly be classed among the *literateurs* of the day. Among the latter we must mention our most recent ally, Mr. Archibald Lampman, of Ottawa, whose sweet verses depicting nature in all its various moods and tenses are favorites wherever the English tongue is spoken. We trust that the gem from this gifted pen in our last number is but an earnest of more to follow. Another rising recipient of the divine *afflatus*, whose melodious voice has often softened the harshness of the Owl's note, can be recognized in the following reference from a Buffalo paper:

"There's a good deal—for evil—in a name sometimes. I have known bright geniuses to be borne down by a too big *nom de plume* and so I was sorry when I saw one of the most promising young poets in Buffalo bearing the name of the author of "Paradise Lost." I was surprised when he told me the reason. It was no attempt to carry big feathers. Milton is a family name, and being too modest to sign his own at first he compounded with his uncle's and made the *nom*. I am glad to see he has reached the stage of American assurance necessary to drop it. Some of his verses appear to-day in

The Sunday News over his own name—Theodore McManus—now used for the first time. It looks better and will be more useful than the other, and if he continues to write as well as he has begun, he need never be ashamed of it. Success to him, and to all who bring down to the groping world the glimpses of light divine they and all true poets catch above the clouds that hedge in the most of our narrow lives."

We are happy to state that one of the most beautiful, if not the most beautiful, poems of our gifted young friend, "Guard well thy Heart," which appeared in the Christmas OWL has been extensively copied, and is still circulating in the best journals of the country.

Others of our contributors having persisted in hiding behind initials, or a *nom de plume*, we are precluded from giving their merits the public recognition due to them. They can rest assured that there is nothing Owlsh in our gratitude to them. There is another contributor to our pages more reluctant than all others to encounter the public gaze, to whom, more than to anyone else, does the OWL owe much of its excellence, both in prose and poetry. We unhesitatingly avow that but for these friends the OWL of 1889-90 would have offered very meagre fare to its readers. We will ever hold ourselves grateful to them for their assistance, and in conclusion, we can wish nothing better for our successors than a body of contributors as numerous and capable as ours have been.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

An abundance of literary matter is not all that is required for a journal, especially a college journal. But couple with this an abundance of advertising matter, the value of an advertising medium depending on the number and class of its readers, and prosperity will smile upon it. We are

happy to acknowledge that this has been the case with THE OWL, and to our extensive advertising patronage was due in great part our ability to issue the Inauguration and Christmas OWLS on such an extensive scale. We accordingly offer our sincere thanks to the patrons of our advertising pages and we bespeak a continuance of their favor to the OWL of next year. We have always endeavored to turn the trade of the students in their direction, and we know we have succeeded to a certain extent. But hereafter the THE OWL being entirely the property of the University, the interests of its advertisers can be more advantageously secured.



HOLIDAYS.

After the long months of study, of rule and routine, the holidays appear glorious in their liberty. We shall be free from the endless round of

Latin and Greek and French
French and Latin and Greek,

as well as from a great many other things that can be set to no known metre.

Well, THE OWL smiles benignantly on the boys as they expand, for THE OWL knows that when pressure is removed expansion takes place. It is perfectly natural therefore, and good besides. But there is withal a serious look in the wise old bird's eyes, and we shall tell you what he whispered to us.

Boys are rational animals even in the holidays; most of us regard pleasure as our business for the next few months, and quite rightly too. If some have made up their minds to study during the vacation we can only say that it is a laudable resolution; especially if they have been more or less remiss in this respect during the year, or if a "supplementary" looms up before them in September. None of us,

however, will bid farewell to books for three months. We may not study, exactly, but we shall read for pleasure. It is precisely in this reading that we wish the rational nature of the student to assert itself. The pleasure derived from reading does not surely depend on a haphazard selection of the book to be read. Let each one ask himself "what shall I read this vacation?" Each must answer for himself, as it will depend on his previous reading, his age, his tastes, his advancement in course, etc. With all the earnestness of a Cabinet Minister, let him "take the matter into his most serious consideration," and decide a general line of reading with a definite object in view.

Just now there is a literary activity among Catholics at once encouraging and inspiring. Literary Circles, and Reading Unions are meeting with unqualified success, and their promoters have the hearty co-operation of Catholic *literati* and of Catholic readers generally. Brother Azarias' "Books and Reading" is a valuable production called forth by this revival, and should find its way into the hands of every student.

Not the least admirable characteristic of these Unions is their eminently practical method. They willingly furnish lists of books, and other information for the guidance of readers; students may therefore derive material aid from them.

At all events let us think over the suggestion and whatever means we may take to carry it into execution we may be assured that much real good can be accomplished without in any way lessening the pleasure of holiday reading.



SOME PRESUMPTUOUS RE-MARKS.

THE OWL has been honored during the year which is just closing by many

favors from the professional press, for which the editors desire here to make an acknowledgement. Several of the best Catholic weeklies have been generous enough to consider us worthy of a place on their exchange list, showing thereby a noble interest in the success of amateur journalism. The Catholic press of America is doing a grand work, notwithstanding the battle for existence it has been obliged to fight. The half-hearted support which their own press has been receiving and even yet receives from the Catholics of this country is saddening. No better subject for mournful meditation could be chosen than the subscription lists of the Catholic papers as given in Rowell's Directory. Yet it would be wrong to say that the fault has been entirely on the subscribers side. Not even lack of support can excuse the carelessness with which certain papers are conducted. In their anxiety to fill their columns they frequently contract with some of the large news syndicates for a certain number of columns of reading matter to be furnished weekly. And thus they give a cause of deep and earnest complaint to the majority of their readers. It is not because the very same reading matter appears in hundreds of papers at once, but because in most cases the matter is unfit for the columns of a family paper. How mortifying for a father who after perusing several excellent editorials upon current topics written in the best Catholic spirit, finds on turning the page that six columns are devoted to a "thrilling story," trashy of the trashiest, by "the author of Dora Thorne," or some other author of similar gifts. Of course the editor, very often the reverend editor, knows nothing of this. He writes the second or fourth page himself and leaves the rest to the business manager. But the business manager, with the best of intentions, believes it his duty to have an eye to business, and he finds that a column of

"Wedded But No Wife," stereotyped in celluloid, can be had from the So and So Co. of New York for 25 or 50 cents, whereas to set up the same amount of type in his own office would cost \$1.50 or \$2.00. What a great chance to save money! But the paterfamilias already referred to prefers that his daughters should not fill their hearts with the sentiments contained in "Wedded But No Wife," therefore he sacrifices the pleasure he himself receives from the excellent editorials, and writes the business manager a curt note. "Stop my paper." This is the evil of the "patent insides" in Catholic papers, and it is not exaggerated in the slightest. But a short time ago a case came under our notice, but instead of the "stop my paper," there came from some influential friends a "stop that story" and one of the sensational novelists of to-day at once lost a large body of readers. At the present moment we have before us a copy of a good Catholic weekly, good on seven pages at least, but having on the eighth a serial which a modest girl should blush to read. Even when the matter of the inside pages is not obtained from the syndicates the selections are very often such as must have been chosen by the office boy or some one equally incompetent. One of the best Catholic weeklies in the United States, remarkable for the vigorous animation which pervades its editorial page, is equally remarkable for the inanity of its inside pages. The evil is growing rapidly and cannot be checked too soon. Happily, the very syndicates which have caused it are beginning to provide a remedy. Some of them now prepare reading matter not merely not offensive but not useless to Catholics. Many of the secular newspapers desire now and then to throw a sop to the large portion of their subscribers of the Catholic faith, and as soon as the news companies discovered this they began to supply the demand. Of our own papers

many are already taking advantage of this, why cannot all do so? Then the Catholic reading public will have no excuse for not supporting their own papers, they will give them a large patronage, and the result will be most beneficial to the cause of truth.

LAST WORDS.

Ere transferring to others my responsibility as managing editor and proprietor of *THE OWL*, a few remarks in regard to my connection with the journal will be opportune.

After listening for some time to the oft repeated wishes of past and present students that Ottawa College should be represented among the collegiate press, knowing the devotion of our old students to their Alma Mater, and having a high regard for the abilities of the higher students of the time, I ventured, with the consent of all concerned, (for I belonged to the scientific, not the literary department of the University,) and the assistance of an able board of editors, to establish *THE OWL*. From its first flight into the diverse scattered haunts of old Ottawa students its success was assured, and soon a bulky mail, containing words of commendation accentuated with legal tenders, astonished the local post office clerks with the strange address "*THE OWL*."

The new venture prospered and made rapid progress, and eight months after the appearance of the first number, it began its second volume in an enlarged form and with a handsomely engraved cover. Having proved beyond doubt that Ottawa University students could be as successful in journalism as in other lines, I was anxious that others, to whom the task might prove more congenial, would relieve me of my responsibility. But no one coveted the honors of the editorial chair, and the third volume began under the old management. The duties of the position continually increased till they be-

came so onerous as to interfere seriously with my own legitimate work in the scientific department of the University. Consequently a few months ago I determined that there must be a change. After some consultation with the faculty, a mutual agreement was entered upon, resulting in *THE OWL*, after this issue, becoming entirely the property of the University.

Though I cannot say on what lines *THE OWL* will be conducted in the future, it is evident to all that the change can be but for the advantage of the journal. The fact that *THE OWL* can now speak authoritatively for the University will increase its influence with the contributors both to its literary and to its advertising pages, and this means nothing less than prosperity.

With a ready-found subscription and advertising patronage for the starting point, the new management can easily make *THE OWL* a financial success, not to speak of its benefit to the University in being an aid to the students and an advertisement of the University itself. That the progress of the paper under the new regime will be as rapid and as extensive as it was under the old, is my sincere wish.

As in former years, I desire to close the current volume of *THE OWL* with a testimony of my gratitude to the students who so kindly shared the labors of publication with me. To Messrs D. A. Campbell, M. F. Fitzpatrick and T. Curran, I owe no small measure of thanks for their work in the various departments of the paper, following the editorial pages. No less grateful am I to Messrs D. Murphy, J. P. Smith, C. D. Gaudet and J. P. Collins, for their work, which though of minor importance, was that assigned to them, and was well and thoroughly done.

But the work that told most was that performed by Mr. J. P. Smith, who, at times aided by Messrs D. Campbell and M. F. Fitzpatrick, explained in glowing terms to the business men of Ottawa, the

value of THE OWL as an advertising medium, so eloquently as to secure from many of these gentlemen a monthly contribution to our advertising pages and to our exchequer.

The chief of the mailing department, which position was no sinecure, was Mr. T. A. White, an evidence of whose careful work is the fact that we have had very few complaints about missing copies.

Though a position in the editorial staff of THE OWL meant plenty of hard work and the sacrificing of many a *conge*, I have always found the students with whom THE OWL has brought me in contact most obliging and desirous of doing all in their power to further its interests. To all these, and to the student body at large whose subscriptions and contributions aided the work, I am sincerely grateful. While these dispositions exist in the students of Ottawa, the future of THE OWL will be bright.

JNO. J. GRIFFIN, M. A.
Managing Editor.

A TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE.

The editors of THE OWL cannot lay aside the pens which they may never again take up, without paying a slight tribute to one who has greatly befriended their journal not only during the present year but since its foundation.

The coming to Ottawa of Prof. Henry Glasmacher, marked an epoch in the history of the University, and it was within this epoch that THE OWL had the good fortune to take its first flight. Previous to this there had been a period of decadence in the literary studies pursued here. Father Bennett's death having left the chair of literature vacant. For a time it seemed that no worthy successor could be found, it was then that study in this department languished. But the discriminating choice of the senate at last selected Prof. Glasmacher and with the first days

of his professorship the revival began. Besides the regular class of Rhetoric and English Literature there was now established a class of General Literature for the benefit of the students of philosophy. It is here that Prof. Glasmacher's remarkable attainments, have been most fully displayed. His philosophical, religious and literary reviews of the great novelists of the world showed him thoroughly acquainted with Goethe, Hugo and George Eliot in their respective languages. His lectures on the great epics proved that the languages of Homer, Virgil and Tasso were just as familiar to him as those of the modern writers. Several discourses upon the Principles of Art, though mainly with relation to literature, nevertheless permitted the students to see that their professor was quite conversant with the transcendental and rationalistic as well as the scholastic philosophy and at the same time an art critic of no mean ability. But their admiration gave away to amazement, when, having been requested to contribute to the winter course of lectures of the Scientific Society, he chose a subject from Bacteriology and treated it in a manner not unworthy of Pasteur himself. How was it possible that one man should ever have won such mastery over all branches of learning, was the question they now asked themselves. No other answer could be found than that this one man was a German. It would never be guessed from his speech or writing, but the depth of learning betrayed the secret. Germany alone has given such scholars to the world.

If THE OWL has gained a reputation for the ability and originality of its literary articles, it is to Prof. Glasmacher that thanks are due. Under such a master no student could fail to acquire a love, nay an enthusiasm for the study of literature. And that the students of the University did not fail, let the pages of THE OWL bear witness. It is to be feared that the writing of these lines will shame the

humility of one who is as modest as he is learned, but there are times when pent-up feeling must find some mode of escape and this is the mode which it has chosen at present. Long may Prof. Glasmacher continue to brighten the University of Ottawa with the lustre of his learning is the fervent wish of the retiring editors of THE OWL, and, we may safely say, of every student within the walls of the University.

ORDINATIONS.

The usual Trinity Ordination Service was held on Saturday the 31st ult. His Grace Archbishop Duhamel conferred the following orders :

PRIESTHOOD.

- Rev. Germain Gauvreau, O.M.I., Hull, P.Q.
 Rev. Camille Desrochers, O.M.I., Joliette, P.Q.
 Rev. Basile Campeau, O. M. I., Ste. Therese, P.Q.
 Rev. Moise Desjardins, O. M. I., Ste. Therese, P.Q.
 Rev. Joseph Dozois, O.M.I., L'Assumption, P.Q.
 Rev. Joseph Tranchemontagne, O. M. I., St. Cuthbert, P.Q.

DEACONSHIP.

- Rev. Joseph Gascon, St. Thomas d'Alfred, Ont.
 Rev. Odille Chevrier, O.M.I., Rigaud P.Q.

SUB-DEACONSHIP

- Mr. Alex. Motard, Ottawa, Ont.

MINOR ORDERS.

- Mr. Alphonse Arnauld, Ste. Elizabeth, P.Q.
 Mr. Onesiphore Lemay, Ste. Emilie de Lotbinière.
 Mr. James T. Foley, Ottawa, Ont.
 Mr. Alfred Myrand, Quebec, P.Q.
 Mr. Joseph Leclerc, Quebec, P.Q.
 Mr. Albert Forget, St. Elizabeth, P.Q.
 Mr. William Murphy, O.M.I., Westminster, B. C.
 Mr. Charles Devriendt, O.M.I., Belgium.
 Mr. Peter Deguire, O.M.I., St. Laurent, P.Q.

- Mr. Arthur Guertin, O.M.I., St. Hyacinth, P.Q.
 Mr. Elie Jeanotte, O.M.I., L'Assomption, P.Q.
 Mr. Leon Lamothe, O.M.I., Champlain, P.Q.
 Mr. Octave Martin, O.M.I., Quebec, P.Q.
 Mr. Joseph Guinard, O. M. I., Three Rivers, P.Q.
 Mr. Simeon Perrault, O.M.I., Montreal, P.Q.

TONSURE

- Mr. Eugene Groulx, Ottawa, Ont.
 Mr. Deuseddit Belanger, St. André Avelin, Ont
 Mr. William F. Kehoe, Ottawa, Ont
 Mr. Michael F. Fallon, Kingston, Ont.
 Mr. Donald R. Macdonald, Alexandria, Ont.
 Mr. David V. Phalen, North Sydney, C. B.
 Mr. Chas. Lefebvre, O.M.I., Montreal, P.Q.
 Mr. Joseph Chaumont, O.M.I., Montreal, P.Q.
 Mr. Joseph Duchesneau, O. M. I., St. Hyacinth, P.Q.
 Mr. Francis X. Martel, O.M.I., Sherbrooke, P.Q.
 Mr. Wm. Patton, O.M.I., Ireland
 Mr. Gedéon Bellemare, O.M.I., Three Rivers, P.Q.
 Mr. John P. Reynolds, O. M. I., New York, U.S.
 Mr. Lucien Laganiere, O.M.I., Three Rivers, P.Q.

While congratulating our young Levites, we pray that they may persevere unto the end, and faithfully fulfil all the duties of their holy calling.

EXCHANGES.

One of our most interesting acquaintances is the *Round Table* from Beloit, Wisconsin. It is neatly gotten up, attractive beyond the average in appearance, ably edited and a credit to the institution from which it hails.

The May number of the *Pacific Pharos* ventilates editorially some supposed grievances of the student body, which have resulted from the custom adopted, of allotting special seats to the different classes, during church service. We must believe that the grievances referred to are

not wholly foundationless, else the *Pharos* would not have referred to them, but propriety, we think, demands that such little friendships as may exist between the members of the various classes or bodies of the community, should not prove an obstacle to the proper performance of their religious duties. There is time for all things.

The *University Gazette* for June is just what the organ of the student should be. It is replete with matter which must be of the deepest interest to students of McGill. The lengthy report of the convocation exercises together with the different validictories, will serve as a valuable souvenir to the young graduates. The *Gazette* has had an upward course during the past year, and it has our best wishes that it may continue in that direction.

The *University Mirror*, from Bucknell University, Pa., besides being one very attractive, from its outward appearance, among our numerous exchanges, has a table of contents which places it on a level with any other journal which visits us. The number before us has an article on the Lady of the Lake, which, although the subject may be a little commonplace, displays a thorough familiarity with the poem and a deep and fruitful study of the ideas underlying it. Webster's reply to Hayne, cannot fail to be attractive to every young American, while it also contains many pertinent suggestions on the study of oratory.

The *Argus* for May is particularly interesting on account of its article on "Nationalism." We expected to see a discussion introduced into some of our exchanges from beyond the boundary line, as a result of the appearance of Arthur Bellamy's "Looking Backwards." The writer in the *Argus* has a vast deal of faith in the solution of the social difficulty which Bellamy advances, but the verdict of the people will be in the opposite direction. Nationalism loses much of the charming ring which it has about it; when it is understood as synonymous with the worst kind of socialism, and, it requires no extra amount of foresight to see that Bellamy's nationalism only paves the way to a greater and more serious evil. The millenium is not yet in sight, and until then nationalism is as absurd as it is impracticable. We also read with

interest "Municipal Government." The *Argus* comes from the Philadelphia Manual Training School, and does honor to those who have charge of it.

Few of our exchanges claim more attention at our hands, than the *Sacred Heart Review*, from East Cambridge, Mass. There is a fascinating charm about its prose and its poetry that makes it pleasant to turn to its columns, after wading through a huge pile of college news, exchange notes, ill-timed editorials and labored essays. The *Review* is published weekly and enjoys the support of an able and energetic staff of writers. Its columns include whatever is best regarding the Church, the labors of her children and the success with which she has met in her efforts to elevate and improve the condition of humanity. At the time we write, there is being published "The Cross in conflict with the Crescent" or the story of the dangers with which Christian civilization was once threatened by the Turkish power. It is ably written, and is an interesting bit of history, of which no Catholic can afford to be ignorant. The *Review* has our best wishes for continued success.

Though many of the leading Catholic newspapers, both of the United States and Canada, have been regular visitors to our sanctum, we have, up to the present, made no acknowledgement of this courtesy, as the newspaper is not included in the subject matter of the exchange column. A sense of justice, however, makes us on this occasion say a word about our friends of the public press. And the first we come to, and the first to exchange with us, is the *Catholic Record* published in London, Ont. The editorial department of the *Record* is conducted with marked ability, and is ever characterized by that firmness and calmness which accompany the conscious possession of truth. In the struggle that is now going on the *Record* is doing inestimable service and has earned for itself the distinctive title of guardian of Catholic rights and interests in Canada.

The *Boston Republic* needs no commendation from us. It has for a long time held its place in the first rank of Catholic journals in the Eastern States. It is newsy and brisk, affording a weekly digest of all that is important in the political social and commercial world. Demo-

cratic in its political tendencies, it does not fail when right calls for it to speak out its convictions, in pointed and forcible language. The *Republic* is a power for good and we wish it continued prosperity in the prosecution of its good work.

We have also been favored with the Ogdensburg *Courier* and the Prescott and Russell counties *Advocate* published at L'Orignal, Ont. The former is a model eight page weekly, always replete with carefully selected and instinctive matter. The *Advocate*, though enjoying little more than local prominence, keeps well in touch with the times, and deserves to be better known.

With this issue we make our farewell bow to the many acquaintances in the journalistic field with whom we have spent the past few months, and as we acquaint our friends of the fact, we are conscious of a peculiar feeling which is strongly indicative of sorrow. And this we say in all sincerity, for our task has been throughout of the most pleasing nature. We did not propose to ourselves at the outset, to do anything more than we have, as we think, accomplished—to deal fairly and in a friendly spirit with each and every one of our contemporaries. But the credit of our success is not due entirely to us. We frequently found much to our liking and when we were obliged to criticise, our remarks were taken in the spirit in which they were given. We have exchanged greetings with upwards of eighty "Ex" men, with how much profit, we will not dare to intimate, but with the elevated and elevating tone of most of exchanges, it must indeed have been large. We have learned to appreciate and estimate at its proper value the college journal, which deserves to be ranked first among the advantages which the student enjoys. To our confreres is due our sincerest thanks for the uniform courtesy which THE OWL has ever been accorded at their hands, and also for many kind words of encouragement that went far towards lessening the weight of our task

They, like us, will soon have entered upon the enjoyment of the holidays; to one and all of you our parting wish is that they may be pleasant and beneficial.

Following is a list of the College journals and other publications that have been so kind as to exchange with us during the past year:—Harvard Lampoon, Cambridge Mass; Sacred Heart Review, East Cambridge Mass; The Tuftonian, Tuft's College, Mass; The Northwestern Evanstown Ill; Coup d'Etat, Galesburg Ill; College Rambler, Jacksonville Ill; St. Viateur's College Journal, Kankakee Illinois; The Chaddock, Quincy Ill; Ottawa Campus, Ottawa Kansas; St. John's University Record, Collegeville Minnesota; High School World, St. Paul Minn; Bellevue College Star, Bellevue Neb; The Hesperian, Lincoln Neb; The Round Table, Beloit Wis; The Amitionian, College Springs Iowa; The Delphic, Desmoines, Iowa; Fayette Collegian, Fayette Iowa; The News Letter, Grinnell Iowa; The Pharos, College Park California; The Napa Classic, Napa, Cal; The Texas University, Austin Texas; Dakota Collegian, Brookings Dakota; Randolph Macon Monthly, Ashland Va; The Messenger Richmond Va; Athanaeum, Morgantown, West Va; North Carolina University Magazine, Chappel Hill N. Carolina; The Oracle, Danville Kentucky; Kentucky University Tablet, Lexington Kentucky; Hamilton College Journal, Lexington Kentucky; The Cadet Denver, Col; The Highlander, Denver Col; Tennessee University Student Knoxville Tenn; Acta Victoriana, Cobourg Ont; The Portfolio, Hamilton Ont; Queen's College Journal, Kingston Ont; Catholic Record, London Ont; The Censor, St. Mary's Ont; The Alma Filian, St. Thomas Ont; The Sunbeam, Whitby Ont; High School Gazette, Lynn Mass; Williams Literary Magazine, Williamstown Mass; The Critic, New Haven Conn; The Alfred University Alfred Centre N. Y.; Fordham Monthly, Fordham N. Y.; Hobart Herald, Geneva N. Y.; The Catholic Review, New York N. Y.; Columbia Spectator, New York N. Y.; The Mail and Express, N. Y.; Niagara Index, Niagara University, N. Y.; Concordiensis Schenedtady, N. Y.; Syracuse University News,

Syracuse N. Y.; High School Recorder, Syracuse N. Y.; The Polytechnic Troy, N. Y.; The Muhlenburg, Allentown Penn.; The Geneva Cabinet, Beaver Falls Penn.; Dickinsonian, Carlisle Penn.; Ursinus College Bulletin, Collegeville Pa.; The Havertordian, Harverford Penn.; The University Mirror, Lewisburg Penn.; The Campus, Meadville Penn.; The Argus, Philadelphia Penn.; The Temple College News, Philadelphia Penn.; Swarthmore Phoenix, Swarthmore, Penn.; The Washington-Jeffersonian Washington Penn.; The Speculum, Agricultural Col. Mich.; The College Index, Kalamazoo Mich.; The Current, Athens Ohio; The College Transcript, Delaware Ohio; High School Times Dayton Ohio; Baltimore City College Journal, Baltimore Md.; Emery Phoenix, Oxford, Ga.; Doane Owl, Crete, Neb.; Webster Journal, Grove City Penn.; The Student Grand Forks, N. Dk.; The Carletonia Northfield Minn.; The Undergraduate, Middlebury Vt.; Wasburn Reporter, Topeka, Kansas; The Dial, St. Mary's, Kam; The Advance, Salina, Kam; The N. S. H. S. Exponent Denver, Col.; The University Carolinian, Columbia, So. Carolina; Salva Regina, New Orleans Louisiana; The Acamedian, Washington Iowa; The Mount, Wheeling, W. Va.; O. A. C. Review, Guelph Ont.; The University, New York, N. Y.; The Lyceum, Syracuse, N. Y.; The Cadet, Reading Pa.; Pennsylvania College Monthly Gettysburg, Pa.; The Academy Monthly, Germantown (Phil) Pa.; The University Beacon, Boston, Mass.; High School Journal, Lake Forest Ill.; Twinks, Wilnington, Delaware; The Tatoc, Gambier Ohio; The Woodstock College Monthly, Woodstock, Ont.; The Phironian, Bath Maine; The Bates Student, Lewiston Maine; The Cadet, Orono, Maine; Colby Echo, Waterville Maine.; University Cynic, Burlington Vt.; Donahoe's Magazine, Boston Mass.; The Republic, Boston Mass.; The Kenyon Collegian, Gambier Ohio; The Denison Collegian, Granville O.; Oberlin Review, Oberlin, Ohio; University Voice, Wooster Ohio; The Wabash, Crawfordsville Indiana; De Pauw Adz, Greencastle Indiana; Moore's Hill Collegian, Moore's Hill Indiana; The Scholastic, Notre Dame Indiana; Ave Maria Notre Dame Indiana; The Earlhamite, Richmond Indiana; Western Maryland College Magazine, West-

minster Md.; Georgetown Coll. Journal, Georgetown D.C.; The Review, Washington D, C.; Trinity University Review, Toronto Ont.; College Times, Toronto Ont.; Manitoba College Journal, Winnipeg Man; St. John's College Magazine, Winnipeg Man; The Argosy, Sackville N. B.; The University Monthly, Frederickton N. B.; Dalhousie Gazette, Halifax N. S.; Acadia Athenaeum, Wolfville N. S.; King's College Record, Windsor N. S.; L'Etudiant, Joliette Que.; University Gazette, Montreal Que.; The Raven, Bah Eng.; Stonyhurst Magazine, Stonyhurst, Eng.; Revue Athletique Paris, France; The University Forum, New York, N. Y.;

LITERARY NOTES.

The close of our Lady's month brought us the silver jubilee number of the beautiful magazine, founded on May 1st, 1865, for the furtherance of the honor of the Blessed Virgin. In a modest little article, Father Hudson tells the story of the trials through which the *Ave Maria* had to pass before gaining its present hold on Catholic affections. "There was a time when it would have been far easier to found a new periodical, than to make it what it now is," when "it has even been proposed to publish a French and German edition, and quite recently a zealous servant of Mary in Mexico suggested a Spanish edition, with an assurance of cordial support." If these "probabilities," as the editor calls them, can be realized, it will show that there is at least one Catholic periodical receiving from Catholics, at least a little measure of the appreciation which is its due. The present number of our Lady's magazine opens with an excellent engraving of Bourgereau's beautiful *Notre Dame des Anges*. After this is found a wealth of poetry and prose of even more merit than usual. Aubrey de Vere contributes a sonnet, Prof. Egan, one of the strongest poems he has written of late, and Katherine Tynan, Eliza Allen Starr, Charles Warren Stoddard and William D. Kelly a poem each. In prose, Prof. Egan brings "The Disappearance of John Longworthy" to an agreeable close. Dr. John Gilmary Shea, in "The Soldier of the Blessed Virgin," narrates some of the brave deeds done by Paul de Maison-neuve, Lambert Closse and Adam Dol-

lard, while defending Ville Marie against the terrible Iroquois. The Comtesse de Courson sketches the life of Father Just de Bretenieres, martyred in Corea, in 1866. Dr. Reuben Parsons writes on "The Middle Ages an Epoch of Enlightenment" with his usual erudition, and points out that this was a period of genuine political liberty. These with several Marian articles, charming tales for younger readers, and judicious literary notices make the jubilee number of the *Ave Maria* a genuine intellectual feast.

We have been favored with a copy of a neat pamphlet under the title of "St Joseph's Society of Clergy and Laity, for the Negro Missions." This little work, gotten up with a view to informing the American Catholic public of the work which is being done by the above mentioned Society, and to show the great need there is for such missionary labor, will doubtless be instrumental in swelling the ranks of devoted workers who sacrifice all personal consideration for the benefit of their less fortunate fellow-men. The labors of this Society commenced among the negroes of the States in 1871. At present the missionaries number nineteen, and their good work is being done throughout all the Southern States. We cannot too highly commend the project of evangelizing this heathen portion of mankind, nor too loudly praise the zeal and devotedness, which mark those personages, who make it the aim of their lives, to secure the end. Certainly nothing less than love for Him who first did and then taught His followers to do likewise, can prompt such action. It is to be hoped that St. Joseph's Society will speedily add to the number of its members and that the negro will, under the guidance of these zealous missionaries, soon be released from the ban under which he now labors. The pamphlet is the work of Rev. J. R. Slatery, St Joseph's Seminary, Baltimore, Maryland.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT NOTES.

Those of the juniors who expected to spend a merry day on May 20th were sadly disappointed when they looked out in the morning and saw the rain pour down in torrents. There was nothing for it but to while away the hours as best they could, and keep their muscles in con-

dition till the weather would be more favourable. The morning of Tuesday May 27, gave promise of a very pleasant day—in fact just the kind of weather for a Gala Day. This fact was forcibly impressed upon the prefect of discipline, not by the athletes alone, but also by those who liked to have a "day off." After a few minutes of consultation and suspense, the announcement came—"A *grand congé*," and hats and caps were flung into the air, while cheers burst from a hundred throats.

It required but a few minutes for the competitors to get into their costumes, and then the games began. In the forenoon they took place in the yard, the more important events being reserved for the afternoon, when the boys went to the field. Many of the events were closely contested, but yet all were satisfied with the decisions of the judges, except, perhaps, Beauchemin, who came in first in the egg race, but was not given the prize, because he had held his thumb on the egg to keep it steady. The events and the names of the winners are as follows: Potato race—1st Class—1st C. McGee; 2nd A. Bourgeois
2nd Class—1st C. Kavanagh; 2nd J. Cunningham.
Throwing Baseball—1st L. Belcourt; 2nd A. Bourgeois.
Fattening Baseball—1st A. Bourgeois; 2nd O. Lafleur.
Kicking Football—1st Class.—1st H. Cameron; 2nd A. Charron.
2nd Class—1st E. Baskerville; 2nd E. Landry.
Three-legged race—1st O. Lafleur & A. Charron; 2nd W. Weir & J. Donovan
Wheel-barrow race—1st E. Baskerville; 2nd J. Robert.
100 yard dash—1st Class—1st A. Desrosiers; 2nd O. Lafleur.
2nd Class—1st C. Kavanagh; 2nd F. Lamoureux.
220 yard race—1st Class—1st Lafleur; 2nd J. Deslauriers.
2nd Class—1st H. Cameron; 2nd E. Landry.
Hurdle race—1st E. Gleeson; 2nd O. Lafleur.
Egg race—1st A. Noble; 2nd G. Flores.
Running long jump—1st Class—1st E. Geeson, 14 ft. 8½ in.; 2nd O. Lafleur, 14 ft. 4 in.
2nd Class—1st A. Beaulieu, 12 ft. 7½

in. ; 2nd C. Kavanagh, 12 ft. 6½ in.
 Running hop, step and jump—1st Class
 —1st E. Gleeson, 35 ft. 1 in. ; 2nd O.
 Lafleur, 34 ft. 9½ in.
 2nd Class—1st C. Kavanagh, 28 ft.
 9 in. ; 2nd W. Weir, 28 ft. 2½ in.
 Throwing lacrosse-ball—1st O. Lafleur ;
 2nd E. Gleeson.
 Obstacle race—1st Class—1st O. Lafleur ;
 2nd A. Charon.
 2nd Class—1st Ed. Baskerville ; 2nd
 G. Lamoreaux.
 Hurdle Race—2nd Class—1st J. Dono-
 van ; Ed. Baskerville,

—•••—
 "AS ITERS SEE US."

For the very same reason with which we preceded the comments on the OWL printed in the final number of the last volume, do we again present to our readers many of the encomiums passed upon THE OWL during the past year. As the students, especially, are interested in the OWL and see but very few of our exchanges, it is due to them to know how their work and our work is appreciated by the world at large. Moreover, as THE OWL in future will be issued by another management, we trust that the words of praise that follow will stir up in them even greater enthusiasm than exists in those whose work is herein measured, and encourage them in their arduous task, replete with difficulties only too well known to us.

The OWL is one of our favorite exchanges ; its articles are always interesting, and its editorials well written.—*Quill*.

The first "exchange" we happen to select from the large accumulation before us, is THE OWL, which is a regular and much prized visitor to our reading room. It comes from the capital of our Dominion. We have frequently had the pleasure of glancing through its well-filled columns ; and judging from the very favorable notices, under the heading "as iters see us," this paper must be regarded as one of the leading journals in the college world.—*University Monthly*.

THE OWL, of Ottawa University, Canada, makes its appearance on our table for the first time. Its general make-up is a credit to its editors.—*News Letter*.

THE OWL, published by the students of Ottawa College, is one of our brightest and neatest exchanges. The commencement number compares

favorably with any college journal which we have seen.—*The Chaddock*.

We cannot go to press without noticing the commencement issue of the OWL. It is, indeed, a journal creditable to any school. Cold, in the regions of Ottawa, must have the same effect on literary talent as on water, that of expansion, and the OWL is to be congratulated on the entertaining and instructive issue which has found its way to so many colleges. It is a true index of what can be done in the way of a literary college journal,—a rare thing, by the way, in these times.—*Dickinsonian*.

The commencement number, also the September number, of the OWL have arrived at our Sanctum. The former is replete with reminiscences of the school, which it so ably represents. The paper is profusely illustrated, which is a novelty for a college journal. The latter number sustains the liveliness of the former, and is among the best papers that greet us.—*Ottawa Campus*.

The OWL, whose resting place is in Ottawa College, is a student's paper in which Canadian colleges may rightly take pride. The institution has lately been advanced to the position of a University, and in this wider sphere the OWL will be quite able to make its influence felt.

—*University Gazette*.

We welcome the OWL, published the students of the College of Ottawa. This journal's commencement number was one of the best we have seen.—*Athloneum*.

It indeed is a great relief to come across THE OWL after the editor has encountered the most uninteresting matter until "past twelve." The excellency of the articles cannot be too highly praised. It is brimful of bright, readable articles, and it is very pleasant to read its exchange column.—*High School Times*.

The OWL, the organ of Ottawa University, is one of our new comers. The journal, although launched but eighteen months ago, compares favorably with the best papers that come to our table. The different departments are well sustained.—*Muhlenburg*.

Of all our college exchanges the most pleasant and certainly the brightest is the Ottawa OWL. It contains in the issue at present on our table an interesting account of the University recently opened, particulars of its inauguration, and also of the unveiling of the statues of the late Bishop Guignes and Father Tabaret. The illustrations and whole make-up of this unique college monthly is most creditable to the University of Ottawa, and to the individual students who have its management.—*Ogdensburg Courier*.

The last number of the OWL, published by the students of Ottawa College, is a double one, and is devoted exclusively to reports of the recent proceedings connected with the institution's entering upon a full university existence. Among the attractions of the number are admirable portraits of several of the prominent men connected with the University, of the late Father Tabaret, and of I. J. Curran, M. P., and other gentlemen who took part in the unveiling of the Tabaret statue. The number is a credit to the students.—*Citizen*.

We have, so far, received but few exchanges. THE OWL commences the third volume of its existence, and justly demands a large share of praise

and support in the literary world. A paper on Oliver Wendell Holmes is one of the best productions, while its "Athletics" department is full of interest.—*Trinity University Review*.

The October and November number of the OWL is on our table. This excellent college journal has in the production of this issue displayed an industry and enterprise of the most commendable character. Father Griffin has made of the OWL one of the very best monthlies on the continent. We tender the reverent gentleman and his able staff our hearty congratulations and very best wishes.—*United Canada*.

The OWL, a most readable and interesting monthly published by the students of the Ottawa College, for October and November is before us. It is a splendid number of 132 pages. The students deserve great credit for their enterprise in publishing such an elegant and well-printed volume.—*Glengarian*.

Among the most enterprisingly conducted and the most ably edited of college journals the world over, the OWL, which watches over Ottawa College, holds a foremost place. The occasion of the inauguration of the University, gathering as it did in the college hall the eminent prelates of the church, distinguished statesmen and prominent professional men, has led the editors of the OWL to produce a special number resplendent in an illuminated cover, adorned with well executed engravings, and replete with a hundred pages of ably written articles * * * It is safe to say that few colleges in America have ever produced a journalistic publication equal in extent to the present number of the OWL.

—*Toronto Empire*.

This magazine which is published monthly by the students, reflects great credit on them for the literary and artistic taste which it displays.

—*L'Original Advocate*.

The OWL is doing much to bring Ottawa University into prominence.—*Notre Dame Scholastic*.

We are in receipt of the October and November number of the OWL published by the students of the College, now University, of Ottawa. The number is a magnificent one, both in the subject matter of its contents, good typographical work and superb illustrations * * * The portraits are as finely executed as any we have seen in magazine work. The OWL is a worthy representative of Canada's great Catholic University.

—*Iowa Catholic Messenger*.

The OWL needs no praise from our humble pen, because it has attained and ever kept an enviable position among the world of college journalism.—*Georgetown College Journal*.

We congratulate the students of Ottawa University on the October and November numbers of the OWL, which form a memorial volume of the ceremonies in connection with the inauguration of Ottawa University and the unveiling of the statue to Father Tabaret, the founder of the institution * * * The volume apart from its typographical excellence is of value as the record of the growth of one of Canada's great seats of higher learning.—*Toronto Catholic Weekly Review*.

The management of the Ottawa College magazine have achieved a triumph with this month's number of the OWL. In typographical appearance and the artistic quality of the numerous portraits with which the pages are adorned, the present number would do credit to any publishing

house in America. The issue is devoted to the recent university inauguration. The number is in every respect a credit to the College and City, and will serve as an admirable souvenir of the University inauguration.—*Evening Journal*.

The taste and enterprise of the faculty and students of the University of Ottawa, as evidenced by the beautiful and appropriate souvenir of the recent inauguration, are certainly very great. The October and November numbers of the OWL, combined, contain 125 pages, and several appropriate illustrations done in excellent style.

—*Ave Maria*.

The OWL, the paper of Ottawa college, has gotten almost beyond the bounds of college journalism and is now almost a well-managed magazine. The recent number is a special issue to commemorate the inauguration of Ottawa University and the unveiling of the Tabaret statue. It is rich in illustrations, containing excellent portraits of the faculty, and is by far the most ambitious attempt that has yet been made in Canadian college journalism.—*University Gazette*.

The OWL once more shows its solemn visage within our *sanctum*, and winks a grave and thoughtful wink of recognition at us, as we try, for duty's sake to make our way through old and new exchanges. It is only the profoundly wise and peaceful look of the "bird of night" that can put us at ease and keep us from growing weary of the mound of literary ware before us. We turn to him for rest, and find it in his bright and varied papers. They are refreshing, and especially the exchange column. Pithy, pointed and interesting, there is a breeziness about it which, though out of keeping with his solemn aspect, is just what in our opinion a well-conducted exchange column should be.—*Fordham Monthly*.

They are making things 'owl at Ottawa University. Athletic sports have so frenzied the student body that the exchange editor has actually taken to poetry. The latest number of the OWL is the Christmas edition, and is double the ordinary size. Ottawa boys take plenty of time to do things, and they do them well.—*Scholastic*.

The Christmas number of the Ottawa College monthly, the OWL, is to hand. It is a howling number, with splendid illustrations. All the reading matter is of an exceptionally character. Considerable space is given to football, in which pastime the College boys are known the world over. Altogether the number is in every sense a credit to the College.—*Glenarian*.

The OWL is a model college paper: at least that is what the *News* thinks. We desire to extend our hearty congratulations to the students of Ottawa College. Judging from the OWL they are not only the pioneers of Canadian football, but also in college journalism.

—*Temple College "News"*.

The Christmas number of the OWL (College of Ottawa) has just been received, and is by far the best publication that has reached us this month.

—*College Student*.

The OWL is ably edited and reflects credit upon its managers.—*Donahoe's Magazine*.

We had read much of this monthly, and eagerly awaited its coming. We are happy to say its merits equal, if not surpass, what has been writ in its favor. * * * We mark the OWL as one whom we shall deem it an honor to call friend.—*Saive Regina*.

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Season of 1889-90.

RULES AND REGULATIONS OF O. U. A. A.

1. Each club under the jurisdiction of the Association shall have a manager, who shall be appointed annually by the Committee of Management. He shall attend to the training of his men, and have control of them when travelling.
2. The managers of senior teams only should be empowered to conduct correspondence.
3. Each club shall elect its own captain annually.
4. A special committee consisting of the Prefect of Discipline, the manager and captain of each club, and two other members appointed by them shall select the players for all matches.
5. All correspondence carried on by the various managers must be laid before the Executive Committee.

COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT.

| | |
|--|-----------------------------------|
| <i>President</i> | M. F. FITZPATRICK. |
| <i>1st Vice-President</i> | R. PARADIS. |
| <i>2nd Vice-President</i> | F. L. FRENCH. |
| <i>Recording Secretary</i> | D. A. CAMPBELL. |
| <i>Corresponding Secretary</i> | J. P. SMITH. |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | P. C. O'BRIEN. |
| REV. F. JACOB, O.M.I. | D. McDONALD. W. T. McCAULEY. |

SUB-COMMITTEES.

Foot-Ball.

Rev. F. Jacob, O.M.I., F. L. French, P. C. O'Brien, D. McDonald,
and M. F. Fitzpatrick.

Lacrosse.

Rev. A. Duhant, O.M.I., D. A. Campbell, W. T. McCauley, D. McDonald,
and R. Paradis.

Base-Ball.

Rev. J. Quinn, O.M.I., O. Clarke, D. McDonald, R. Ivers, and T. Donovan.

Hockey.

Rev. J. Quinn, O.M.I., J. Meagher, C. J. Kennedy, W. McGreevy,
and D. McDonald.

Snow-Shoe.

Rev. A. Gratton, O.M.I., J. Collins, J. Landry, D. Masson, and C. Gaudet.

MANAGERS.

| | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------|
| <i>Foot-Ball</i> , | F. L. French, 1st team. |
| " " | C. Gaudet, 2nd team. |
| <i>Lacrosse</i> , | D. McDonald. |
| <i>Base-Ball</i> , | O. Clarke. |
| <i>Snow-Shoe</i> , | J. Landry. |
| <i>Hockey</i> , | C. J. Kennedy. |

Champion Foot-Ball Team of 1889.

| | | | | |
|--|---|---|---|---------------------------------|
| R. Paradis, McCauley, Curran, Clarke, | J. Murphy, F. McDougall, Fitzpatrick, B. Murphy, | Cormier, Labrecque, O'Brien, J. McDougall, | Guillet, Hillman, Chartelain, Proderick. | Gaudet, McDonald, Masson, |
|--|---|---|---|---------------------------------|

Record, 1st Fifteen for 1889 :—

| | | | | | |
|---------|------------|-------------------|-------------|----------|------|
| Oct. 21 | University | vs. Ottawas..... | 27 to 1 | | Won. |
| Oct. 28 | " | vs. Torontos..... | 17 to 2 | | " |
| Nov. 4 | " | vs. Queen's..... | 11 to 9 | | " |
| Nov. 11 | " | vs. Queen's..... | 11 to 9 | | " |
| | | | Totals..... | 66 to 21 | |

Record, 1st Fifteen for 1888 :—

| | | | | | |
|---------|---------|--------------------|-------------|---------|-------|
| Oct. 10 | College | vs. Ottawas..... | 39 to 0 | | Won. |
| Oct. 20 | " | vs. Ottawas..... | 7 to 0 | | " |
| Nov. 3 | " | vs. Ottawas..... | 10 to 2 | | " |
| Nov. 10 | " | vs. Hamilton | 10 to 1 | | " |
| Nov. 15 | " | vs. Montreal | 0 to 0 | | Draw. |
| | | | Totals..... | 66 to 3 | |

Hockey Team of 1889—90.

| | | | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------|------------------------------|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| D. McDonald, C. J. Kennedy, | J. McDougall, C. Sparrow, | M. Meagher, A. McDougall, | E. Morel, W. McGreevy, | R. Paradis, A. White. |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------|------------------------------|---------------------------|--------------------------|

Record :—

| | | | | | |
|----------|------------|----------------------|-------------|----------|-------|
| Feb. 3 | University | vs. 2nd Ottawas..... | 0 to 4 | | Lost. |
| Feb. 6 | " | vs. Rebels. | 7 to 2 | | Won. |
| Feb. 22 | " | vs. Rideau. | 4 to 0 | | Won. |
| Feb. 28 | " | vs. 2nd Ottawas..... | 0 to 1 | | Lost. |
| March 11 | " | vs. Rebels. | 5 to 1 | | Won. |
| March 25 | " | vs. 2nd Ottawas..... | 2 to 2 | | Draw. |
| March 27 | " | vs. 2nd Ottawas..... | 1 to 4 | | Lost. |
| March 29 | " | vs. 2nd Ottawas..... | 2 to 2 | | Draw. |
| | | | Totals..... | 21 to 16 | |

Base-Ball Team of 1889—90.

| | | |
|---|---|--|
| O. Clark, P. J. Shea, C.F. W. Codd, 2 b. J. Donnelly, C. | T. Donovan, R.F. R. Ivers, M. Guillet, 1 b. | B. Murphy, s.s. H. Murphy, 3 b. R. Paradis, L.F. |
|---|---|--|

Record of 1st Team, 1890 :—

| | | | | | |
|--------|-------------------|----------------------|------------|----------|-------|
| May 8 | Ottawa University | vs. Burlington . . . | 5 to 16 | | Lost. |
| " 15 | " | vs. Normal School. | 15 to 2 | | Won. |
| " 22 | " | vs. Normal School. | 16 to 5 | | " |
| " 28 | " | vs. Arnprior..... | 25 to 2 | | " |
| June 7 | " | vs. Ogdensburg... . | 19 to 3 | | " |
| | | | Total..... | 50 to 28 | |

THE OWL.

Lacrosse Team of 1890.

| | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|--------------|
| Goal | W. Proderick. | |
| Point | W. T. McCauley. | |
| Cover-Point | A. McDonald. | |
| Defense Field { | 1st | L. Kehoe. |
| | 2nd | D. McDonald. |
| | 3rd | Thos. Troy. |
| Centre | A. White. | |
| Home Field { | 3rd | C. McCarthy. |
| | 2nd | R. Paradis. |
| | 1st | D. McDonald. |
| Out Home | C. Sparrow. | |
| In Home | Geo. McCrea. | |

Record :—

May 31 University vs. Independents 2 to 2 Draw.

READING ROOM COMMITTEE.

| | |
|---------------------|--------------------------|
| Director, | REV. J. M. QUINN, O.M.I. |
| President, | D. McDONALD.—91. |
| Secretary, | THOS. CURRAN.—91. |
| Treasurer, | JOS. LANDRY.—91. |
| Librarians, | { R. PARADIS.—90. |
| | { W. T. MCCAULEY.—90. |
| | { TIMOTHY RIGNEY.—93. |
| Curators, | { CHARLES GAUDET.—92. |
| | { DAMIEN MASSON.—91. |
| | { TIMOTHY DONOVAN.—90. |

Papers and magazines are received from all the Provinces of the Dominion, the United States, Ireland, France and England.



THE FIELD DAY.



HERE is no day in the whole scholastic year, which is looked forward to, by the great majority of the students, with more pleasure than the Annual Field Day.

This year the date was fixed for June 4th, but owing to the rain on the previous day, the Athletic grounds were not in fit condition for sports, so they had to be postponed till June 10th.

As soon as the Executive Committee decided that a gala-day should take place, the athletes with their accustomed readiness, began at once to practice running, jumping, vaulting, etc., so that long before the eventful day, many of them could tell to an inch, nay, the one-twentieth part of one poor line, how far they could jump or vault.

The athletes of this year are not a whit inferior to those of former years, as is plain from the scores in the various events. However only three, Donovan, Troy and McCauley, felt safe in contesting for the all-round championship, which is a splendid gold medal, stamped with the coat of arms of the Athletic Association. The marking of points for the champions was somewhat different to that of previous years. To avoid any difficulty, only those who entered for the all-round were awarded points, no matter who won the prizes. This proved a most fair method, and gave general satisfaction.

Until the last event was over, no one would venture to say who the successful athlete would be, so closely were the events contested. In the running Donovan, contrary to expectations had things much his own way. He is one of the fastest men that has been in the College for years.

In the jumping, Troy had an easy victory over his opponents, except in the high jump, where he was beaten by McCauley.

During the first six events McCauley, who was all along looked upon as the best athlete in the College, did not apparently exert himself, and seemed quite satisfied with second place, but in the last four he got in some pretty nice work, and thus raising his score considerable.

At the close it was found that Donovan had scored thirty-two points out of a possible fifty, Troy and McCauley thirty points each.

The entries for second and third class events were more numerous, and created considerable excitement.

Jas. Collins proved to be the fastest runner in the second class, and will very probably be the next all-round champion. W. McNally captured all the prizes in the jumping. He is without doubt the neatest athlete in the College.

St. Pierre who graduated from the small yard at the beginning of the year, proved too much for some of our well-known footballers in the two mile race.

The following is a list of the winners in the various contests:—

| | |
|------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| No. 1—100 yds. dash—1st class..... | { 1—T. Donovan—10½ seconds. |
| | { 2—W. T. McCauley. |
| " " —2nd class..... | { 1—J. Collins—11 seconds. |
| | { 2—W. Prodrick. |
| " " —3rd " | { 1—Byrne—11¼ seconds. |
| | { 2—Skelly. |
| No. 2—220 yds. dash—1st class..... | { 1—T. Donovan—25 seconds. |
| | { 1—W. T. McCauley. |
| " " —2nd " | { 1—J. Collins—25¾ seconds. |
| | { 2—B. Murphy. |
| " " —3rd " | { 1—G. Robillard—29 seconds. |
| | { 2—Byrne. |
| No. 3—440 yds. dash—1st class..... | { 1—B. Murphy—52 seconds. |
| | { 2—T. Donovan. |
| " " —2nd " | { 1—W. Prodrick—54 seconds. |
| | { 2—J. Collins. |

| | | | | | | |
|---------|------------------------|--------------|-----------|--------|---|----------------------------------|
| | " | " | -3rd " | | { | 1—W. Leonard—55 seconds. |
| | | | | | { | 2—G. Robillard. |
| No. 4— | Putting | 16 lb. shot— | 1st class | | { | 1—M. F. Fitzpatrick—34 feet. |
| | | | | | { | 2—Thos. Troy. |
| | " | 12 " " | -2nd " | | { | 1—D. A. Campbell—34 ft. 10 in. |
| | | | | | { | 2—C. Sparrow. |
| No. 5— | Hop, step and a jump— | 1st class. | | | { | 1—Thos. Troy—42 feet. |
| | | | | | { | 2—M. F. Fitzpatrick. |
| | " | " | " | -2nd " | { | 1—W. McNally—39 feet. |
| | | | | | { | 2—R. Paradis. |
| | " | " | " | -3rd " | { | 1—Gilbert—36 feet. |
| | | | | | { | 2—A. White. |
| No. 6— | Standing broad jump | | | | { | 1—T. Donovan—11 feet. |
| | | | | | { | 2—M. F. Fitzpatrick. |
| No. 7— | Running broad jump— | 1st class | .. | | { | 1—M. F. Fitzpatrick—18 ft. 3 in. |
| | | | | | { | 2—Thos. Troy. |
| | " | " | " | -2nd " | { | 1—W. Prodrick—17 ft. 4 in. |
| | | | | | { | 2—J. Collins. |
| | " | " | " | -3rd " | { | 1—Olivier—16 feet. |
| | | | | | { | 2—Gilbert. |
| No. 8— | 2 Mile race | | | | { | 1—St. Pierre. |
| | | | | | { | 2—O. Clark. |
| No. 9— | Throwing Lacrosse ball | | | | { | 1—C. Mc Carthy. |
| | | | | | { | 2—D. McDonald. |
| No. 10— | Throwing base-ball | | | | { | 1—J. Donnelly. |
| | | | | | { | 2—B. Murphy. |
| No. 11— | Kicking Foot-ball | | | | { | 1—M. F. Fitzpatrick. |
| | | | | | { | 2—Thos. Troy. |
| No. 12— | Smoking race | | | | { | 1—F. L. French. |
| | | | | | { | 2—B. Murphy. |
| No. 13— | Wheel-barrow race | | | | { | 1—A. Newman. |
| | | | | | { | 2—J. A. French. |
| No. 14— | Pole Vaulting— | 1st class | | | { | 1—Thomas Troy.—8 ft. 10 in |
| | | | | | { | 2—W. T. McCauley. |
| | " | " | -2nd " | | { | 1—R. Letellier. |
| | | | | | { | 2—O. Laplante. |
| No. 15— | Running high jump— | 1st class | .. | | { | 1—W. Proderick—4 ft. 11 in. |
| | | | | | { | 2—W. T. McCauley. |
| | " | " | " | -2nd " | { | 1—W. McNally—4 ft. 10 in. |
| | | | | | { | 2—C. Sparrow. |
| | " | " | " | -3rd " | { | 1—R. Letellier—4 ft. 7 in |
| | | | | | { | 2—O. Laplante. |
| No. 16— | Hurdle race(120 yds.)— | 1st class | | | { | 1—T. Donovan. |
| | | | | | { | 2—W. T. McCauley. |
| | " | " | " | -2nd " | { | 1—F. L. French. |
| | | | | | { | 2—W. McNally. |
| No. 17— | Obstacle race— | 1st class | | | { | 1—F. L. French. |
| | | | | | { | 2—W. Proderick. |
| | " | " | " | -2nd " | { | 1—A. Skelly. |
| | | | | | { | 2—H. Skelly. |
| No. 18— | Three legged race | | | | { | 1—Murphy & Donovan. |
| | | | | | { | 2—Paradis & McCauley. |
| No. 18— | Consolation race | | | | { | 1—Thomas Curran. |
| | | | | | { | 2—D. Masson. |

To procure suitable prizes for so many events, might seem a difficult task, and no doubt it would be, were it not for the liberality of our numerous friends in Ottawa and elsewhere.

We take this opportunity of expressing our sincere thanks, to those who so kindly contributed to make of our Annual Field Day, what it proved to be a grand success.

The following is a list of the donors :—

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-------------|
| Rev. Father Burns, Lowell, Mass..... | Gold medal. |
| " " Guillet, Montreal..... | Silver cup. |
| Mr. Warnock, Ottawa..... | " |
| Mr. C. Logue, Maniwaki, P. Q..... | \$ 10 00 |
| Mayor A. A. Taillon, Sorel, P.Q..... | 10 00 |
| Mr. Baskerville, Ottawa..... | 5 00 |
| Rev. P. Ryan, Pembroke..... | 5 00 |
| " J. A. Sloan, Fallowfield..... | 5 00 |
| Mr. D. Phalen, M. D., Kingston..... | 5 00 |

Other valuable prizes of various kinds were offered by Messrs. Malo & Beauvais, Latour & Belland, Topley, Pittaway & Jarvis, Uglow, Miles, Coté, R. J. Devlin, Brankin, J. McCaul, Waters, Masson, Peche, Rosenthal, Ross & Co., P. O'Rielly, Bryson, & Graham, Mills, Brown, Edmondson & Co., Jarvis, Hanratty, Wallis, Claffy, Murphy, Hope, Casey, Doney, Giihausen, McMillan, Addison, Martin, Durie & Son, Pyke, Nolin Codd, McCormick, Blythe, Hillman, Ebbs, Enright, McCarthy, Portelance, Walker, Lelande, Leblanc, Trudel, Buchanan, Olmstead, Neville, St. George, Graham, McCarthy and Senclair.



ULULATUS.



“‘OWL’ Aboard!”

