



MOST REV. J. T. DUHAMEL, *Archbishop of Ottawa.*

From a Photograph by Topley.

The



Owl.

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THE BRAVE DAYS OF OLD.



IF it were yesterday, although it is now four and twenty years ago, I well remember every incident connected with my first enrolment as a student of the College of Ottawa. A

quarter of a century is a long time in the life of an individual, and sometimes, too, in the life of a community. When first I entered the walls of the College, as a student, this city was an unpretentious, and to say the truth, a rather uninviting burgh of perhaps twelve thousand inhabitants—an ill-lighted, unpaved, unwatered, poorly-built and scattered town, all its hopes centred upon one object, the early removal to its limits of the seat of Canada's government. My mind goes back with distinctness to the days, when every "speech from the throne," delivered at Quebec, was eagerly scanned by the good people of Ottawa, whose trust in the future of their city, rose or fell as that document spoke, or failed to speak of the early transference of the government to the city. The founders of the College of Ottawa, the late venerated Bishop Guigues and his tried, as well as trusted friend, the ever-to-be-lamented Father Tabaret, were among those of Ottawa's citizens who had firm hope of the city's coming greatness.

How vividly these revered names recall the line of Ovid :

" Parsque est meminisse doloris ?"

But, if with sorrow we remember those who have gone, with pleasure we bear witness to the solidity and endurance of their works. In September, 1864, the time I speak of, the College edifice on Wilbrod street, hardly one-fourth the size of the present building, was among the largest and most imposing structures that our city could boast of. There are some old city maps or plans which show the College just as it then stood, towering off in the distance, in the then outermost south-eastern limits of the city. Many of the most flourishing streets of St. George's Ward had then no existence but on paper, and solitary-looking enough did the College stand, in the midst of the vacancy of the triangular-shaped block of land, between Nicholas and Rideau streets. Father Tabaret's promotion to the important post of Provincial of the Oblates of North America, had in 1864, called the Rev. Timothy Ryan to the presidential chair of the College. This reverend gentleman brought with him to Canada the reputation of fervid eloquence, lofty acquirements and genial manners. I first saw and heard him on the occasion of the St. Patrick's

Day celebration of 1864, when he delivered a panegyric of Ireland's Apostle, in the presence of a vast multitude of the faithful. The sermon established Father Ryan's reputation as a pulpit orator, and followed, as it was, by other equally brilliant efforts, no marvel was it that, upon the opening of the College term of '64, there appeared on the roll-books a larger attendance of pupils than ever before presented themselves. The number of students in my first College year was about 150, a very large aggregate for the time and circumstances. Father Ryan's administration extended over a period of three years and is chiefly memorable for the incorporation of the College as a university. This measure was passed through all the branches of the last legislature of Old Canada, which here met, for the first and the last time, on the 8th of June, 1866. Father Ryan's administration, not proving, for many reasons, the success it had promised at the outset, the Rev. Father Tabaret was, in 1867, recalled to the government of the College, and then followed a long and uninterrupted period of prosperity. I cannot, however, suffer Father Ryan's presidency to drop out of notice without an allusion to what I may term the Fenian scare of that period. Every one knows that from the year 1864 to 1868, the whole British empire was agitated and disturbed by the organized efforts of a vast secret organization, known as the Fenian Brotherhood, to secure Ireland's deliverance from English rule. Many of the things said and done everywhere, at that time, would now seem ludicrous in the extreme. But no incident of College life affords, I do venture to think, more hearty amusement than Father Ryan's discovery and frustration (!) of a College plot to overthrow Queen Victoria and subvert the mighty empire of Britain. A few of the students, none of them at the time, fifteen years old, had, it appears, out of sympathy for the struggles of Ireland against English misrule, and in protest against the super-loyal extravagancies of a number of their College comrades, organized themselves into an association, to which they gave the pompous title of the "Irish Republican Brother-

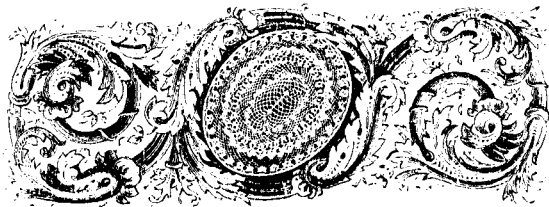
hood," which had its officers, designated as centres, head centres, and the like, its secretaries, its assistant secretaries, and of course, its poet. The latter was a very voluminous writer, who, evidently had more talent to compose, than discretion to conceal his poetic effusions. In a nocturnal visit of some of the staff of disciplinarians through the College, a large bundle of the poems of the I. R. B. was discovered, and, as might be expected, at once handed over to Father Ryan who, strange to say, attached great importance to those productions, and had the guilty writer, his aiders, abettors and accomplices summoned to the presidential bar of justice, to answer for high treason and divers other crimes and malefeasances. Vainly did the accused call the worthy president's attention to the fact, that the Irish Republican Brotherhood had, like so many other similar bodies, fallen, several months before, victim to the foul fiend, dissension. The poems were there, they breathed forth an intense love for Ireland, gross disrespect for the misgoverning tyrants, then ruling that unfortunate land, and were, in general, indicative of insubordination and disloyalty. Father Ryan would hear of no defence; the traversers were condemned, but . . . not executed. All have lived to laugh over the Fenian scare of 1867. Men of position as high, and talent as eminent as Father Ryan's fell, at the same time into errors of judgment as grave and as surprising on the subject of Fenianism, as to throw doubt on their sincerity.

I am here, too reminded of another episode of the days of Father Ryan. The boys of those days, like boys of all times would put nicknames on some of their masters. There was one very estimable master to whom a smart little female *soubriquet* was applied. He accused a certain number of students of gross disrespect to collegiate authority, in that they had on a certain day, at a certain hour, and in a certain place applied this nickname to himself. The delinquents had to appear before Father Ryan, and as it was not their first appearance for transgression of rules and disregard of solemn ordinances, they had good reason to fear speedy con-

demnation and severe punishment. Lo! a bright thought entered one of the juvenile's minds. The worthy master had not mentioned the term of disrespect with whose utterance he charged the accused. How, asked the bright young gentleman for the defence, how determine amidst the general clamour, prevailing at the time of the alleged transgression, the expression of disrespect charged in the indictment? To the surprise of the oft offending youths Father Ryan admitted the force of the objection, which the good disciplinarian himself strengthened by his refusing to repeat the name to him applied, and they left the presidential presence rejoicing at a very narrow escape from justice. Among the incidents of my early college years deserving of mention was the foundation of three college journals in the fall of 1867: the *Arrow* edited by the present worthy pastor of St. Patrick's, the *Chronicle* by M. J. J. Kehoe, County Crown Attorney of Algoma, and the *Sun* by my unworthy self. These journals were not as is the Owl, printed in clear type on excellent paper. They were written on sheets of plain foolscap, and could not of course pretend to a very large circulation. Their publication was carried on for several months despite Father Chaborel's powers of observation

and repression. Their regular appearance was looked for by a trusty few, who enjoyed the articles in which personalities, too largely, I fear, prevailed. Nor were those days of old devoid of striking examples of solid faith and piety among the students. I will recall but one, the erection of a magnificent altar to the Blessed Virgin, by the students of the classical course in May, 1868, in a large class-room on the south-east end of the College. This altar, much admired for beauty and taste, cost the students many hours of patient labour, and not a few dollars, willingly contributed from slender purses. These were, indeed, brave days of old, days of generous self sacrifice, even during friendships and no small success in the rugged path of learning. How many, alas! of those who then sat on professors' chair, or students' bench, have gone to join the majority! How many still living have dropped out of memory, or succumbed to misfortune! Our consolation as we survey the past's horizon is, that there is a record kept on high of every noble deed, achieved by young or old, and that there in the realm that knows no past, but all is present the worth of our by-gone times is ever in sight, ever prized, and for ever glorious.

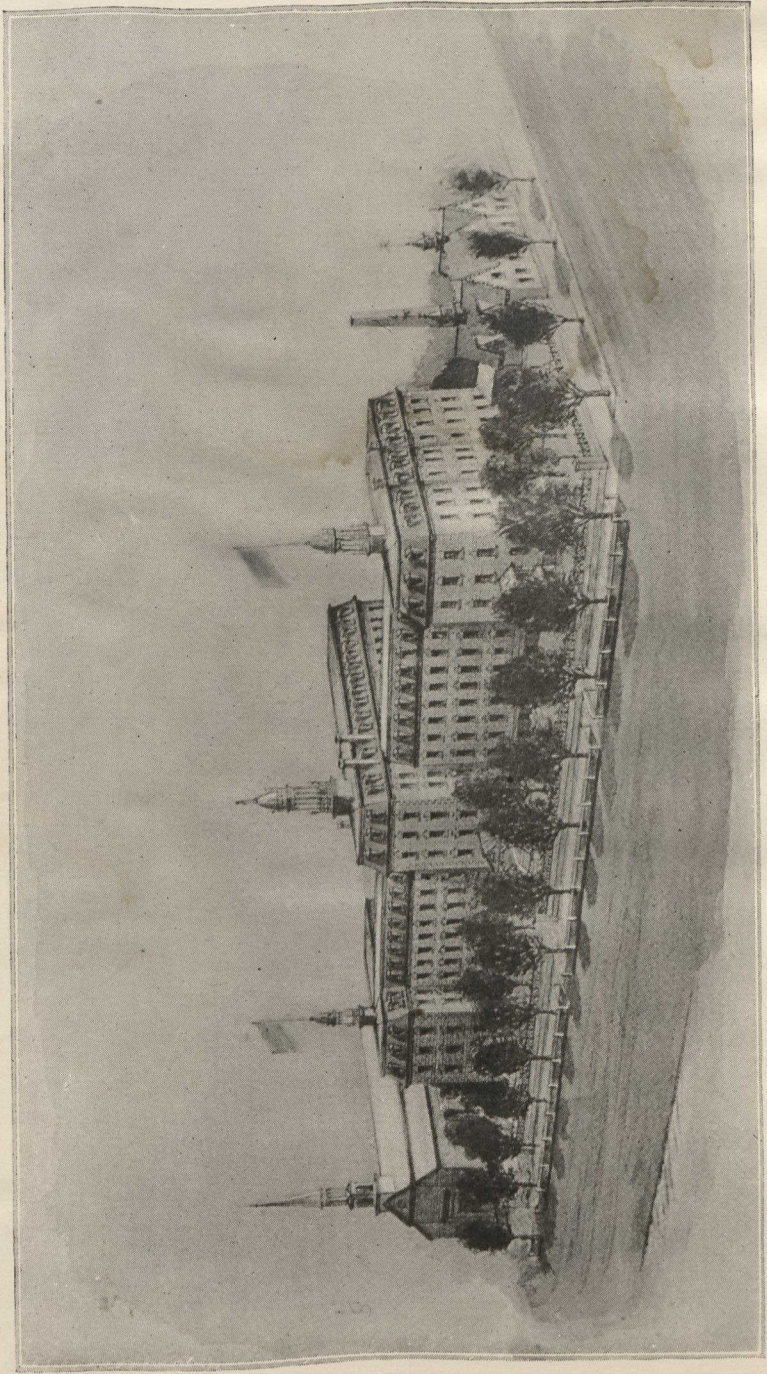
JOHN F. COFFEY.



PRAETERITA.

Should you ask me whence this story,
 Whence this tale of days long gone by,
 Coupled with the thoughts of loved ones
 Who have long since gone forth boldly
 From the walls of Alma Mater,
 From the care of those they loved so?
 I should answer thus your question:
 'Tis a history I tell you,
 Interesting not to many,
 Interesting but to students
 Who have passed from college struggles
 To the world, to there do battle
 For their God's and country's service.
 Thus 'twill serve to wake remembrance
 Of the days that were but are not,
 Of the times when future glory
 Was their end, ere they had tasted
 Of the bitter-sweets of glory.
 'Tis a tale well worth the telling,
 For 'tis joined to deep affection
 For our well-loved Alma Mater,
 That the heroes now who struggle
 "In the world's broad field of battle"
 May again for one short moment
 Pause amidst their occupations,
 And returning in their spirit,
 Will again as college students
 Live the past, and thus remember
 Friends and teachers who have long since
 Passed to distant fields of labor.
 Once again they will be comrades
 Of the happy days of college.
 And if thus one fond remembrance
 Of the days that were but are not
 Is awakened in their bosoms,
 My poor pen has done its mission.
 From the sunny land of vineyards,
 From the fair land of the lily,
 Leaving all the fond endearments,
 Father, mother, brother, sister,
 To the land where dreary winter
 Long delays to give to spring-time
 Her bright place among the seasons,
 Came the Oblates, came the Fathers,
 Who to plant the noble standard
 Of the Cross left all behind them:
 Who to teach the rising nation
 Of the means to gain salvation,
 Left their own dear land to come here
 As our fathers, guides and teachers.
 Foremost in this band of champions
 Came the founder of our college,
 Came our friend, the mighty teacher
 Who had e'er for all his children
 All the love of fondest mother
 Joined unto a father's prudence,
 Small indeed was the beginning;
 Few indeed, and far from brilliant
 Were the prospects of the Father
 Who from sunny France had come here
 As the guide and friend of young men,

But he prospered, and ere ten years
 Had passed by he saw his college
 Rise and take a place conspicuous
 Midst the greatest of the nation,
 And his fame spread far around him,
 And he saw a goodly number
 Cluster round him as their model,
 And he called them his dear children,
 And they loved him as their father.
 Midst the number of his children
 Who had gathered thus around him,
 Some have risen high in power.
 One, to-day, "Your Grace" is titled,
 Other some are called "Your Honor."
 Many serve Christ's holy altar,
 While 'midst loudest acclamation
 In the halls of legislation
 Senators are heard appealing
 For their country's right and honor.
 Some are doctors, others lawyers,
 While the busy life of commerce
 Claims some as its brave defenders.
 These are men who thus were moulded
 By the Father whom they loved so,
 Who to teach the hope of nations
 Left his home and friends behind him.
 And the places they left vacant
 Were refilled by ardent aspirants,
 Who succeeded in their labors,
 And success crowned their endeavours.
 'Twas a pleasing sight to witness
 In the busy hall of study,
 When preoccupied with duty
 Each one labored there in silence,
 With a ready zeal to gather
 Fruits from off the tree of knowledge;
 Or to see them on the playground,
 When the study time was over,
 Sporting 'neath the trees so stately
 Which the founder there had planted.
 Ah! how well each one remembers
 How the father was accustomed
 In the early spring and summer,
 And again in golden autumn,
 To, each day, his trees revisit,
 Which he loved to see there flourish
 For his children, whom he cherished.
 And because he loved them greatly,
 We, too, always took a pleasure
 In their welfare, for we ever
 Loved what was beloved by father.
 In the evening, when the daylight
 Yielded had to dusky twilight,
 Then began the "children's hour,"
 Which recalls thoughts sweet and tender.
 'Twas the time to us the dearest,
 When the great man, when our father
 Entered and, with eyes all beaming,
 Gazed around upon his children;
 And we said to him with gladness,
 While our hearts were full of true love,



UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

From a Photograph by Pittaway & Jarvis.

Said, "'tis well, beloved father,
That you've come in here to teach us."
And we listened then in silence
To his welcome words of wisdom
As they fell from lips so holy,
Coming from his heart so golden.
Then he told us of the Saviour,
Of the humble child of Mary,
Of our Lord, the only model
We should follow when hereafter
Duty hard should call us from him,
Or when he, the faithful chieftain,
Should be called to lands far brighter.
And we listened, yes, in silence,
And our hearts within said to him—
Said, "'Tis well, beloved father,
That you've come in here to teach us."
Now no longer is his voice heard
Speaking words of golden wisdom.
One bright day he spoke with pleasure
Of the great saint, of his patron,
To his children, whom he loved so ;
But before the shades of evening
Had descended on the college
We were lonely, for our father
Had been called to wear in glory
That bright crown which Christ has promised
To his good and faithful servant.
And we sadly laid an offering
On the bier of him we loved so,
Laid a wreath of choicest flowers,

And we wrote in golden letters,
"To our father," "To our loved one,"
Who has gone from us for ever ;
And 'midst tears as thickly falling
As the dreary showers in spring time,
Said farewell to him we loved so.
And the wintry breezes sighing
Through the leafless trees seemed saying :
Farewell to thee, loved one.
And we laid him 'neath the altar,
Where for years his soul had feasted
On the bread of life eternal.
And we left him there with sorrow,
For our hearts with grief were heavy,
As we said, Farewell for ever.
Thus departed our great teacher,
Our dear father whom we loved so,
In the glory of his manhood,
Ere the misty shades of evening
Had descended on his forehead.
Yet his spirit lives and governs
That dear place he loved so fondly ;
And we hope one day to meet him
In the land of joys eternal,
Where no sorrow, where no parting
Will forever tear asunder
Those who in the days now gone by
Forged the golden links of friendship
In our well-beloved college,
In our dear old Alma Mater.

S.

SMALL TALK ANENT BOOKS, &c.



HERE I the "noblest Roman of them all," or a grim Spartan, or even a practical Yankee, with no more sensibility than a patent nut-meg grater, I would glance askance at my gossipy quill with

unflinching self-denial, and listen to the demands of all the great spirits who "rule us from their urns," (is that it?) and give the solemn readers of this solemn journal some solemn views, all in keeping with the solemn bird under whose wings so many solemnities shelter themselves: but inclination (dear, amiable creature!) chuckles softly to herself, "Scribble *small talk*." Nut-meg grater grinds out, "Be solemn," but of course inclination—being

a bosom friend—wins the day, and *Grater* wiggles off, with lemon-peel sweetness, unlike the buoyant "Mark Tapley," don't yearn to be "smothered in misery" for the sake of "coming out strong."

The afore-mentioned solemnities can be duly avenged in an autumn number of *THE OWL*, for *THE OWL* is sure to live 'till then, and considerably afterward. Besides, there's no reader of this stuff but can refute, as he reads, the heterodox opinions of the undersigned—who does not *pose* as a critic. No! He leaves that to George W. Curtis, in the rear pages of *Harper's Monthly*; and as for the solid Catholic views to be expressed on the popular writers of fiction—because fiction it is—why, Maurice F. Egan is your man. So here go a few random musings on

some of "them fellows," as I have picked up, of late—thanks to an enforced vacation, *i. e.*, to a sojourn in *Bohemia Howells*.

Yes! he is one of *them*. Not so *very* long ago I consigned him to the ranks of mush-room scribblers—but that was premature, and I was *young then*. It is kind o' dismal to have to take one's opinions out of the jeweller's cotton one has wrapped them in, to rub off the prejudice. Yet, I've done it, and feel a weak inclination to call upon the mountains "to clap their hands" in token of appreciation; but mountains are never effusive out of Rhetoric—and so, I *don't*; but I *do* admit Howells gives us the popular idea of a New England life, if not the real thing; we've always clamored for "black hair cloth sofas," "air tight stoves" "doughnuts," etc. Howells has pampered us all; after all, the idea of a thing is more interesting than the thing itself—!!—He is truer to the New England *menu* than he is to the New England female. One never dreams of calling his "beans" or "doughnuts" into question, they are ideally real, or really ideal, (which is it?) But! the women! They are not "ghouls," not exactly—only dress makers models. His "*Marcias*" are possible, but his "*Lurellas*" and "*Imogenes*"! Well! I'd know"! His men are better.

"*Mr. Erwin*" is excellent; an Englishman is too elephantine—in thought as well as action, to float gracefully into an extreme either of appreciation or prejudice. Nevertheless, *Mr. Erwin* is delicious "all at sea" though he is, with his outlandish Americanisms. I have read "*Silas Lapham*," and though I can't gush over him nor his makers, it ought to be read. I wish Howells had not such an awfully good opinion of himself. Everybody knows that he would not have tried to show the world *Dickens* didn't know how to write, if he, Howells, didn't think so much of his own capacity, but see here I'm waxing *Inquisitorial* and that's not my nature—"live and let live" is my motto—so... who next? Well in the order of time *Cable* comes next. In mean I read him after Howells, but in the order of ad-

miration—as well as in alphabetical order C precedes H—by a long run. It's not an age since I read "*Dr. Sevier*" and put him away in the snugest corner of my heart's cupola. "*Mrs. Ristofalo*" and "*Mike*," an the "*Twins*," and "*Narcisse*," (what an oasis he is), and the "*Stronghearted John*" and "*Mary Richling*" and all the rest, to say nothing of the interesting people related to the "*Grandissimes*"! What finer prose epic than the story of "*Bras Coupe*"? These must all be securely locked up with a goodly company of other folk. . . . Poor John Richling, a failure in one sense, that "*Dr. Sevier*" might be a success, I sometimes fancy that people, in their relation to one another, are like the lights and shadows in crayon sketch—one serves to bring the other out. How many Richlings there are! People who never master the science of life until the "old, old story, *Death*, has made it a "lost art."

Holmes. What about him? Oh, "an everlasting lot." So, very little here. That's my better sense's conclusion. His genial, quizzical face smiles on me, as I scribble, from the first page of the "*Autocrat*"—smiles, but at the same time says "beware! no foolin' with me, you young sprig;" I like his face, "crisp and fine, like a tight little grape-skin, full of wit instead of wine"—he has always seemed to me not *Oliver*, but a condensation of "*Little Boston*"—the model of all virtues;" yea, even the "woman in *Bombazine*," and especially the "young man" the boarders called "*John*." What becomes of the metaphysical diagnosis *Holmes* makes of the young *unscquelchable John*?—the three-ply *John*?—and which of all is the "*Simon-pure*" *John*? But this begins to have a mental arithmetic twang. Sometime, when "the melancholy days have come," and my quill gets sobered down, I may come down on this genial "autocrat" poet," "professor," etc., and say some certain hard things, which, as an orthodox Christian, I'm bound to say. But for to-day, let's be easy on him.

Emerson. Shall I venture on this sage in this mood? Guess not. He requires solemnly severe handling, and I'm in *Bohemia*, ergo. Suffice it to say, for the

nonce I've been living in the clouds of late—that is, *soaring* with the sage of Concord through hitherto unexplored ether. When I take up his essays, I wish to be of the *clouds-cloudy*, and because my feet are so securely glued to the solid earth, I find careering among *clouds*, even in company with a "*sage*," not the easiest thing in the world. Just as I grow ecstatic at having brushed the *cobwebs* from my mental vision, and succeeded in grasping a *thought*, it flits from me, and is a provoking example of "Now you've got it," and "Now, you 'aint." However, every now and then I manage to *grab* the *transcendental* coat-tails of an idea, and begin to flatter myself that the entire *coat*, buttons and all, will soon be in my possession, when the garment executes a complicated series of bewildering whirls and I am left in my common-place easy chair—an animated, or rather an *exhausted* refutation of Emerson's statement, viz: "That there is *one mind* common to all individuals." However, I stumbled upon something that made me long to shake the hand of the sage. It is where he speaks of the "scarcity of truth in society," and the artificial smile we are expected to assume at appropriate *crises*, and which never arrives at a *smile*, but stops short at an idiotic expansion of muscles he calls an "asinine expression." What a queer, honest, disagreeable old world this would be if society-fibbers never said "they had passed *delightful* evenings," when in reality they had been in metaphorical *hot water*, never smiled except *naturally* and never said sugary nothings while thinking of vinegar and spikes—I

think I'll think the sugar and say the vinegar, but I won't begin *now*, because Carlyle looms up just now and says: "What you going to do with me? I'm a sage too"—Yes I know you are, old man, and I love you with all your faults, but I would have to pull you to pieces "all the same," so, you'll get your due some time in the season of the "sere and yellow leaf." Then there's John Boyle O'Reilly and his "Moondyne" would like to parade him but that's too great a venture for this kind of a *Review*. The golden autumn days are coming and my lost wits may have been recovered by that time. *Au revoir* "Moondyne" and *Tolstoi*. What! That uncouth fellow? Yes, strange to say, he must needs wait too. I'm told by those that know, that Tolstoi's novels go off—like (a-hem!) hot cakes at the libraries, in Boston and elsewhere. The Dickens' land! I must keep out of that to-day for fear of not getting back in time to suit the OWL. What a "Happy Valley" it is though, mid-way between the *real* and the *unreal*; and how infinitely superior to "*Utopia*" or "*Arcadia*." I'm thinking of "*Peggotty*" just now, with his big heart, big enough to drown the wails of that exasperating "Gummidge" relict of the "old un"—more anon.

During the scribbling of these notes "inspiration" has snapped her fingers dangerously near my eyes and flounced off with a withering "will you have it now or wait till you get it?" I said I'd wait till I got it.

So I'm yours expectantly,

MERRY MACK.





LIFE.

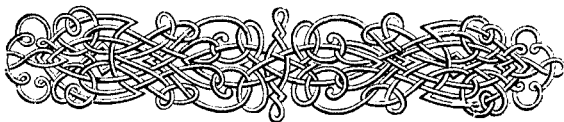
THE streamlet leaves its parent lake,
 Drawn down by destiny to ocean,
 Its waters scarcely seem awake,
 So gentle is their onward motion ;
 Thus infancy with feeble powers,
 First opens on this world of ours.

A torrent soon, with gathering force,
 Through dark ravines it whirls away,
 Rough rocks in vain impede its course,
 Foaming o'er all it spurns delay ;
 So youth, its pulse full strung with life,
 Seeks vantage in the world's wild strife.

The wild glens past, through level plains,
 Tranquil and deep the river glides,
 Its ocean home at last attains,
 And mingles there with boundless tides ;
 So through hoar age from manhood's prime,
 Man gently passes out of time.

Sluggish, or swift, or calmly going,
 Slow stream, fierce torrent, the deep river,
 Know neither rest, or pause in flowing,
 But seek their ocean home for ever ;
 From age to age so myriads tend,
 To life's inevitable end.

—W. '82



RECOLLECTIONS.



MADE my entry bow to St. Joseph's College on Thursday, 9th December, 1858. A year spent in idle freedom had not prepared me for the stern mandate which ordered me into a boarding school; and as I stood in

the parlor window watching the outer world, the tears came and would not be induced to hide themselves from Fr. Tabaret's keen eye. He took pity upon me, and his tact enabled him to see his way towards a temporary solace, and I was informed that the school was about to spend the afternoon skating on the Grand River, as it then was called. Skates were soon produced from my trunk, and under the guidance of Mr. Duhamel, (now His Grace the Archbishop), and of Fr. Lefebvre, we were soon on our way to the scene of our afternoon's pleasure. But when night came and we had climbed the interminable stairs to the dormitory, thoughts of home and liberty came back to my little soul, accompanied by visionary terrors of the hardships of college life. These tortured me till balmy sleep shut out the world and its woes.

The College of those days consisted of a plain building, fifty feet wide by forty feet in depth. The basement contained the kitchen, the refectory where we all dined *en famille*, a shoe shop where Brother Fortin pegged and awled when he had nothing else to do, and a hot-air furnace. In the rear was the only doorway communication on that side. The first floor, besides the parlor to the right of the main and only entrance, boasted of Brother Cooney's sanctum to the left, and two private rooms occupied by Fr. Tabaret and Fr. Trudeau, then the parish priest of the adjoining church. The Chapel filled the rest of the flat. The western end of the third story was our study room, and there were besides five class rooms and a shop where Fr. Mauroit

sold books and stationery. The next floor was reserved for the priests and the students of theology, while the attic was our den of repose.

The priests were few in number. Fr. Tabaret was president; Fr. Walsh came next, though what his duties were I cannot remember; Fr. Tortel had charge of the seminarians; Fr. Mauroit was bursar; Fr. Pian was usually absent in the Temiscamingue regions with Fr. Reboul, while Fr. Lefebvre was master of discipline and leader of the choir.

Br. Magrath had charge of the English Commercial Class and Br. Lebret taught French.

The Revd. Messrs. Brunet, Gay, Chêne, O'Connor and Duhamel presided over the different class rooms.

The boarders were a mere dozen, and the day scholars numbered fifty, more or less.

I was the youngest of the little family, barely able to peer over the dining table, and was treated more as a girl treats her doll than a real, live student, and this not only by my companions but by everyone connected with the institution.

Among the boarders were J. J. Curran, member for Montreal in the Commons of Canada; Angus McDonald, now physician at or near Lancaster; McGillis, son of the laird of Martintown, who died the other day esteemed and regretted by all, and by me particularly. Then there were Robillard, now one of our legislators from Russell, Major of Monte Bello, Lefebvre, now a notary, Perrin and Tremblay from Plattsburgh, Jessup, from Prescott McGill Roney, Faron, my brother and myself.

The day scholars included Fr. Phillion and his brother, Horace and Ernest Lapierre, Taillon, George and Telmont Aumond, Arthur and Alphonse Rocque, Turgeon, Baskerville, Conway, Keiley, Hillyard, Germain, Couvrette, Richer, Pinard.

Others were added as years rolled by.

Fr. Cooke came first, then Brs. Barret, McCarthy and De. buel, Frs. Guillard and Lavoie, Messrs. Agnel, Philippe, Lombard, Faure, Long, Marcellin and Mansippe.

Chris. Smith came shortly after me, and a host of others from all parts followed: R. Ryan, Ransom, the O'Mearas and McDonell, from the Upper Ottawa; Hagarty, Fallihee, Griffin, from the United States; Keough, (the *doctor*), from Guelph; Vaughan, from Huntly; Meehan, from Ireland; Corbett, from Gulgarray; Coffee and Whelan, from the city, and so on. How many went and came during my nine years it is difficult to say, and memory is too treacherous to allow me to recall their names.

In the spring of 1859, the College began to grow—a wing shot out to the east, into which the chapel and study room were transferred. A library, another dormitory and a refectory for the Fathers and other members of the order, were added. An infirmary was introduced, and we often revelled in its quiet, lazy seclusion from our fellows. Sister Leblanc had full charge of the invalids. Her pharmacopœia consisted of salts and senna for internal disorders, and poultices for sprains, swellings and the like. These with toast and tea would make a sick lad sound in twenty-four hours. My earliest ambition was to play truant. I feared to run away lest I should starve. My object was to escape study and lessons without too much discomfort, and I found that by swallowing the good Sister's decoction and pretending great pains, I could count upon two days of alloyed pleasure in the dormitory. I was not very strong, I presume, for it seems to me most of my time was spent elsewhere than in the class room.

Mr. Chêne was my first teacher of the French language. Early associations in my native village had taught me that a Frenchman had no rights which I was bound to respect, but when I attempted to put my dogma into practice, one look from the master's eye, a gnashing of his molars, and a threat that he "would grind me" made me quite orthodox. The good

man gave himself a world of trouble with us.

Br. Magrath was the essence of kindness, and as a consequence was harried by the Zulu boys from morning till midnight. Curran and Robillard were not quite as sedate in the dormitory as embryo legislators might be expected to be.

The classes were generally divided into two camps, headed by chiefs under rival banners, and so a gentle emulation was instilled in our youthful breasts.

The manner of correction was left to the teachers. Br. Magrath tried good nature and succeeded. Revd. Mr. Duhamel was fond of teaching the lads how to write, and would inflict a *pensum* of a thousand lines of Virgil to be copied during recreation. Br. Barrett improved on this: He would suggest now and again that fifty verses from Homer, done into English, during our hours of pleasure, might atone for our transgressions. The copying of Greek, he had found, was not a punishment, for no one could tell whether the production was a sample of phonography, an autograph of Horace Greely or a cover taken from a tea chest. Some of us wielded a pen during recess more frequently than our cricket bats. Fr. Cooke believed in one of Solomon's proverbs. Fr. Tabaret generally hit from the shoulder with his open palm, or, taking you in his arms, would rub your infant cheek against his bristling chin, and ask you why you were so very naughty. But he could be brought easily back to good humor. I remember one morning he took charge of our class unexpectedly. The problem we had to solve was how Cæsar had made a bridge. Not one of us knew whether he had given the contract to some politician, or had put the structure together by means of convict labor. The first word of the Latin chapter proved too much for the whole class. At last my brother was called upon to supply its meaning. A vacant stare at the President was all he would vouchsafe. The latter was fast losing his temper: "Why do you stare at me so?" quoth he, "the English of that word is not on my nose!" "There would be room for

it anyway," was the quick reply which made us all fear and tremble until a loud laugh from the dear old President re-assured us, and we had a half holiday that afternoon.

Gymnastics were introduced as a means of recreation about 1865. Fr. Chaborel blistered one's sides with the fencing foil, while Mr. Shattuck trained our muscles on the horizontal bar and swinging rings. At the time of the Trent imbroglio in 1861, our recreation hall was expropriated by the military, and squads of the Royal Canadian Rifles came down from their barracks to drill the awkward volunteers. After the Fenian Raid of 1866, cadet corps became the rage, and one was formed in the College. Prior to that date a uniform of blue cloth and brass buttons had been made obligatory, but it disappeared shortly after to our great relief.

Death visited us rarely. We lost the Revd. Mr. O'Gara, (brother of the genial police magistrate) by drowning in the Rideau, and Alderman Heney's darling boy, whom we all loved, was cut down at the dawn of life.

It is pleasant to recall the days of one's boyhood, and one grows garrulous as he speaks of them, forgetting the while, that his idle talk may be of no interest to others than himself. These papers, however, may be deemed readable by those who are attached to St. Joseph's, and my affection for the old walls wherein I acquired what little knowledge I may possess is my only excuse for this prosing.

The acorn of 1858 is the oak of 1888. Its trunk has grown strong, its branches have spread, while its roots have taken firm hold of the soil. From beneath its shade thousands have gone forth refreshed and invigorated by the fountains of knowledge and religion which flow thereunder; and in almost every town and village in Canada or the United States, there is one, at least, who in his moments of retrospective thought, visits anew the College of Ottawa and enjoys once again the happiness he experienced there.

J. P. FORAN, '67.

Aylmer, 4th June, 1888.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES OF '79.



THE near approach of Commencement time, brings back to the memory of those who have gone forth into the arena of life, the days, not long since gone by, when former students of the college looked forward with much gladness to the closing day and prepared with so much earnestness for the exercises, which were the necessary accompaniments of the end of the scholastic year. There is one Commencement, on which, more than on any other former students, I feel assured, allow their thoughts to linger with pleasurable emotions—the year of '79. At the beginning of the second

term we were told that the closing exercises would be unusually interesting, as on that occasion, a reunion of the former students would be held at their Alma Mater. The object of the reunion was two-fold, to bring together the old students renewing the friendship of other days, and also to do honor to one, now no more, and whose loss will be ever felt by those who had so often listened to his words of counsel and advice, Rev. Father Tabaret.

We had heard from his Grace, the Archbishop, that our Holy Father, Leo, had bestowed on our beloved President the dignity of Doctor in Theology, and we were also well pleased to learn that in the presence of the former students, Father Tabaret was to be invested with

the robes of his exalted position. Months before, we began preparing for the great events—and busy times they were. Willingly did the members of the singing classes give up their hours of recreation to spend them in the “piano room,” there rehearsing the beautiful harmonies that were to gladden the ears of the old alumni; cheerfully did the members of the college band pass many hours in that dusty crowded tinder box known as the band room, in which place, nevertheless, some of the most beautiful selections ever rendered by the band were given during that year under the master hand of Father Balland; for kind reader you must know that those were the days when the fame of the Ottawa College Band was in its zenith; those were the days of *Le Cheval de Bronze* and *La Dame Blanche*, of *The Siege of Paris* and *The Star of the North*. But I am digressing. Actively the work of preparation for the reception to the Alumni and for the Commencement exercises was going on. I would recall to those of the “Old Fifth Form” who may read these lines, the busy days of study, aye and the nights too, spent amidst the intricacies of Calculus, and the tragedies of *Æschylus*, *Sophocles* and *Euripides*, for we were then preparing for our first B.A. examination and some, as well, were working for the prize essay on Greek Tragedy. The manner in which the hopes of certain ones were shattered, was tragic indeed, and not according to the *unities* of Greek tragedy, either, as expounded by the best writers on the subject.

At length the last week arrived. Examinations were over, and the thoughts of all were concentrated on the closing exercises of the year. The old students from near and far assembled in large numbers, and on the morning of the 27th of June, at the hands of the Archbishop of Ottawa, Father Tabaret received the robes and insignia of office as a Doctor in Theology. Immediately after this ceremony the College Choir sang the beautiful hymn *Ecce Sacerdos Magnus*, while many of the students past and present went forward to congratulate their beloved

Father and friend on his well earned honors. Happiness and pleasure were depicted on every face, save that of the modest recipient of this great distinction. His features were a study. Never a man to seek honors, the newly made Doctor of Divinity was a striking contrast to those gathered around him. It seemed, that, in his humility, he considered himself as unworthy of the high office bestowed on him. This however to those present only went to prove how worthy he was to receive any reward that could be given for true merit and virtue.

In the afternoon the old students roamed through the College and grounds, some visiting the various rooms, some surrounding themselves with the younger generation and relating for their edification the pranks and exploits of their College days. Others spent the time in renewing old friendships with their teachers who had grown grey in their life work. Others still essayed a game of base ball, and here, more than anywhere else great amusement was afforded to the young and old. Some of the players remembered how to “play ball” and others—Well, their excuse was “Base ball wasn’t known in our time.”

Towards evening the bell summoned all together, again to pay a tribute to their former Director and always friend. In the presence of the Archbishop and of the assembled students, a beautiful oil painting of Father Tabaret, done by a celebrated Canadian artist, was presented to him by the former pupils of the College. His response touched the hearts of all, for now he could give full expression to the feelings which had been overpowering him all day. With great earnestness he spoke to those assembled before him as a father would to his children, and his words sank deep into the minds of his hearers. Of all the interesting events connected with the two days celebration this presentation was the most enjoyable of any to the old students of the college.

The last day found hundreds of students, old and young, eagerly awaiting the closing exercises. In the afternoon occurred the banquet and what a notable

gathering! Old students who had lived a life since their departure from the College, and young aspirants for collegiate honors, sitting together. Men high in the councils of the nation, and mild looking priests in the humble garb of the mission conversing with each other. All were there; rich and poor; high and low, for the present all alike. Joy and happiness shone on every face. From without, the harmonious strains of the College Band were heard, while within the merry voices of the assembled hundreds, as they cheered to the echo the eloquent words of praise given to Alma Mater, was something never to be forgotten by those who had the happiness of being present on that occasion.

The banquet finished, preparations were made for the last exercise of the day and of the year—the conferring of degrees and the awarding of prizes. A large and brilliant audience was assembled in the College Hall, notable dignitaries of Church and State. The parting song was sung; the award for the year's work were given; the address to the graduates was made: the valedictory—the last farewell was said and the exercises of '79 the most memorable in the history of the College were numbered with the past. For many it was "*Vale, vale in Æternam*" but the recollections of those happy days will never be forgotten.

OLD STUDENT '82.

MY COLLEGE DAYS.



It is now twenty four years since I commenced a course in the Ottawa College, which course lasted six years. This period was when the building was about one sixth its present size, and the degree conferring power was not then exercised. The Rev. Father Ryan, who died in Dublin in 1877, was President at the beginning of these six years, and the late Rev. Dr. Tabaret, President at the close. Rev. Father Pallier was for a few months President between the close of the administration of Rev. Father Ryan and the beginning of that of Rev. Dr. Tabaret. This was the second time Rev. Dr. Tabaret became head of the College, having been President from the time of its foundation in 1853 until 1864, and afterwards from 1867 till the time of his death in 1886. Of all the college professors and students of my time, not one is now in the College who was there when I began, and Revd. Fathers Chaborel and Balland only are left, of all those who were

in the College when I quitted its walls. I have not mentioned Rev. Father Pallier, who was always parish priest of St. Joseph's Church, and did not belong to the institution except for his brief term of President alluded to above.

Looking back to these old times I find that my recollections are for the most part pleasant, my chief source of regret being, as dear old Father Tabaret once told me in a kindly way, that I was "a very lazy boy;" he rapped me on the head as he told me so, and I ran away from him and I remember well the sweet smile of reproof with which his eyes followed me. The last time I saw him was about six years ago, when being in Ottawa, I called at the College; he and I were walking in the yard when some of the boys came up and asked for a *congé*. He refused them until I joined in and pleaded for them; he rapped me on the head as he did many a time of old, but he gave the *congé*. The boys, none of whom I knew, gave a cheer for me, and I am sure that they did not enjoy the *congé*

any more than I did getting it for them. The publishers of the OWL having asked me for some "reminiscences" the request prompted me to take down from my library an old book which I kept during my college days. In this book are compositions written for it by students of my time. I got it up thinking that I would like in after life to have something of the kind to remind me of my student days. On its first page is written in an attempt at ornamental penmanship the following.

"PROSE AND POETICAL COMPOSITIONS BY
COLLEGE FRIENDS,

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

This book has been carefully preserved; my life since I left college has been a good deal of the rolling stone kind, but I have brought it from place to place. I am glad that I have it, and will keep it as long as I can. In another book I have the autographs of all the students of my last year at college, and many a time I have looked over it and thought of them and their scattered fortunes. It brings a flood of recollections of the living and the dead, of those upon whom success has smiled, and others whose fates have turned out differently, some who have—but I must not write a lecture—I am asked only for "reminiscences."

My old college friends who have contributed their student compositions to my book, did not so contribute them expecting that I would ever cause the unripe productions of their college youth to be afterwards made public in the columns of the OWL. Some of them who now occupy prominent positions, would hold up their hands in horror if I were mean enough to do so, well they know I am not mean and that I would not "go back" on old "chums." There is however, one little gem in the collection which I cannot refrain from quoting, and I feel all the greater liberty in doing so, as besides its having intrinsic merit, its author has ended not only his college but all his days in this world. Some old students will remember Dan O'Sullivan, of Worcester Mass. He was genial, kindly, clever and a favorite with the students of his time. If

he were living he would not be ashamed of the following lines:—

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

There's music in a mother's voice,
More sweet than breezes sighing ;
There's kindness in a mother's glance,
Too pure for ever dying.

There's love within a mother's breast,
So deep, 'tis still o'erflowing ;
And care for those she calls her own,
That's ever, ever growing.

There's anguish in a mother's tear
When farewell fondly taking,
That so the heart of pity moves,
It scarcely keeps from breaking.

And when a mother kneels to heaven,
And for her child is praying——,
Oh ! who can half the fervor tell,
That burns in all she's saying.

A mother ! how her tender arts
Can soothe the breast of sadness,
And through the glooms of life once more
Bid shine the sun of gladness.

A mother ! when like evening's star,
Her course hath ceased before us ;
From brighter worlds regards us still,
And watches fondly o'er us.

We had college journals in those days. There were three of them. I can remember the names of two only, *The Harp* and *The Examiner*. The then editors are now respectively Revds. M. J. Whelan and John Coffey, and the writer of these lines. I cannot remember which paper was edited by either one of us. I can only remember the names of the two papers, that the three of us had each a paper, and that we tried to make it lively for one another. The papers were not printed, we wrote them out on a sheet of foolscap paper week by week, made three or four copies and distributed them among the boys. I regret that I have not a copy of any of them ; they were the precursors of the OWL, and a comparison would be interesting—for the publishers of the precursors.

In our days there was not a teacher in the College who was not known by a peculiar cognomen, each one for himself. These cognomens were all invented by two students, who are now in holy orders; I will not give their names, but they and their fellow students will remember them. These cognomens were just given for ready use, as it were, and not intended as disrespectful to our worthy professors. Nor was it with any ill feeling that we mimicked them; it was just for the fun of the thing. There was Brother B——, now Father B——. He had a rich sonorous voice, and was famous as a footballer. He would look through his "specs" at a ball coming down, with his foot ready to strike, and we would always hear him roll out in his rich voice "Voilà un bon coup." Well, Louis B—— was a good mimic, and often imitated Brother B—— to perfection. One day in the year when Louis

thought Brother B—— was not present, he gave a kick to the football, and imitating his very gesture and voice to a nicety, he used the familiar words "Voilà un bon coup." It happened that the reverend brother was right behind him, however, and coming up gave Louis a knock on the back of the head, saying "Voilà un autre."

These recollections of mine are of the most random kind. If I were to do justice to all I might write, I could cull out some things that would revive old days more forcibly. If the OWL will give me permission, I may write something about them again, when my leisure is greater. I have only to say, that hurriedly written as they are, I have not made them as interesting as otherwise I might have done.

J. J. K.

Sault Ste. Marie, June 4, 1888.

THE FIELD DAY.



OUR annual field day has always been a pleasant episode of the closing months of the college year. As soon as the snow disappears the boys begin to practice running and jumping, and the more ambitious ones to subject themselves to that process of slow torture which is called "training." Plain diet, more than usually frequent baths, much running and excessive perspiration seem to be the principal necessities. A severe course of treatment, surely, but then the reward is great. To stand proudly on the turf before half a thousand fellow students who are screaming for joy, and to know that the compound fracture which one of the college records has just suffered at your hands (or feet) is the cause of the general jubilation. Have not men gone through flood

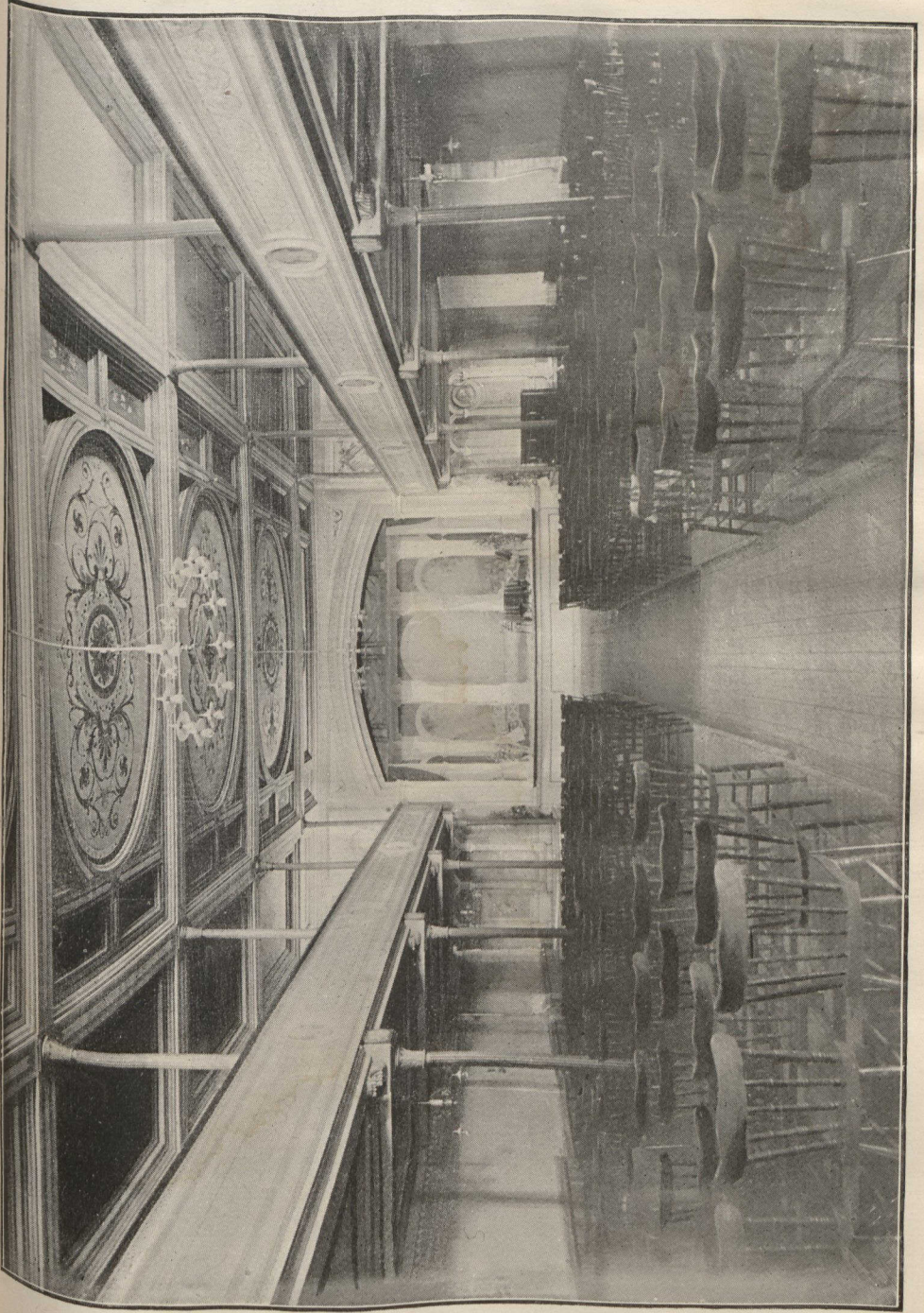
and fire for no warmer applause? If Riley, or Bannon, or McCarthy should read these lines, they will remember without any great effort the days not so very long since when they were the idols of the hour. And say, dear boys, just make a note of this, and in after years look back to see whether your manhood has tasted such genuine pleasure as that experienced when you heard your names called forth in rapturous acclamation, by the voices of a thousand Stentors (algebraically=500 fellow students) on a field day.

But although a tinge of sadness passes over the memory of those whose thoughts go back to other days, and busy themselves with those who "were and are not," yet to come down to plain matter of fact, it must be admitted that our last field day was as great a success as any previous one. It has come to be regarded as an axiom that there never was, is or will be any man in College of such surpassing excellence

in any department, that he cannot be replaced, that no man's shoes are so large but a successor may be found whose toes they will pinch. It may be, that taken as a whole, the students are a more athletic body now than those who dwelt within those walls "in the brave days of old." Let us take a glance around. Kehoe is at the top, but he may be considered one of the "old 'uns," the only one of that group who remains for a degree. And what's the matter with McCauley? Why, he's all right! Not quite enough spring in him to successfully compete with the elastic, india-rubber limbed Kehoe, that is all. And there are the McNallys'. Hasn't the *major* "devilled up" wonderfully? Well I should express pleasure on my features. And the *minor* is following closely in his footsteps. Look at Barney Campbell. Only a little fellow four years ago, and now, what?—well, he jumped 17-2½ the other day. And take care that he's not one of the Champions of the Dominion next fall. Fitzpatrick—a genuine "dark horse"—came in without any training or practice and carried off two prizes. If he will only say, as the gentlemen of the duello used to do, "I place myself in the hands of my friends," he will be classed A 1 at Lloyds for next year's running, and the "trophy" may very possibly come to decorate one the chambers of "the corridor." We had forgotten to speak of the trophy. When the Athletic Association was formed four years ago a trophy was promised (no matter by whom, for it never was given) to the winner of the all round championship of the College at the spring sports. But the Association itself gives a medal emblematic of such championship, and around the competition for the medal centres the greatest interest. Events in which points are acquired for the medal are, 100 yds. dash, 220 yds. dash, 120 yds. hurdle race, putting 16 lb shot, 440 yds. run, running high jump, pole vaulting, running hop step and jump, standing broad jump, running broad jump. The winner of each event receives five points, the second three, and the third one. This year the championship was won by W. F. Kehoe who made

40 points, W. F. McCauley coming second with 24 points. The competition in many of the first-class events was not very close, but in the second and third class the entries were numerous and the contests very exciting.

Saturday, June 2, the day chosen for the sports dawned in murk and gloom, anything but a good omen. But it was hoped the rain would hold up, and so it did for the forenoon. During this time but few of the contests took place, among the few being the hand ball game in which Con. Kennedy, Ronald McDonald and Frank Sullivan were victors, and the mile walk in which Dan McDonald and Duncan McDonald distanced the other half dozen pedestrians. As the rain began to come down in torrents at noon the remaining games were postponed to the next Thursday, June 7th, when weather as beautiful as could be wished for rewarded our long suffering patience. Many citizens were present during the afternoon and evinced their interest and enjoyment by liberal applause. Messrs. M. M. Pyke, F. R. Latchford and Capt. Pouliot were the judges, and Messrs. Harry Myers and A. G. Pittaway respectively time keeper and starter. These gentlemen deserve the thanks of the students for their kindness in thus devoting several of their business hours to the encouragement of College amateurs. Perhaps the most interesting race of the afternoon to those looking on was the obstacle race. The entries were so numerous that the race had to be run in three groups, and wasn't it funny! A dash from the gate across the cinder track, clean jump over the railing enclosing the field, over an eight foot board fence away down the field, crawling under a saw horse, through a barrel, and then a dive through a rope netting before the final home stretch. Bill McCauley's attenuated frame easily slipped through the netting, while Bob's roly-poly body squirmed its way with some difficulty. The former won the race easily but he was pretty well used up, and when he shows Gerald Griffin's handsome gold medal to his friends he can tell them that he didn't get it for nothing. McCauley gave up the



ACADEMIC HALL.

From a Photograph by Pittaway & Jarvis.

pole vaulting almost without an effort, so that Kehoe had no competition there. But he had the bar raised to 9ft. 6in. at the request of the spectators who wanted "a taste of his quality," although most of them knew that he could go 10ft. with just as much ease. The second class vaulting exhibited a very close contest between Campbell and McDougall. The 220 yds race course was found to be but 195 yds. therefore an addition should be made to the time given for these races. McCauley pushed Kehoe very closely in the 100 yards dash and had it all his own way in the 220 and quarter mile. The running of Donovan and Connors and the jumping of the former were remarkably good, while Troy seemed not to be desirous of doing his best. In the two mile go-as-you-please Murphy, Branigan, Masson and Labrec started, but only the two former whose powers of endurance had been well developed on many a hard fought lacrosse field remained till the close. Tom came down the last hundred yards at racing speed, apparently as fresh as a daisy.

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

Handball—C. J. Kennedy, F. Sullivan, and R. A. McDonald.

Running broad jump—1st class—1st, W. F. Kehoe, 17 ft. 9 3/4 in; 2nd, M. F. Fitzpatrick. 2nd class—1st, B. Campbell, 17 ft. 2 1/2 in; 2nd, T. Troy.

Running high jump—1st class—1st, W. F. Kehoe, 5 ft. 4 1/2 in; 2nd, S. J. McNally. 2nd class—1st, W. Proderick; 2nd, W. McNally. 3rd class—1st, J. Collins; 2nd, Louis Kehoe.

1 mile walk—1st, D. R. McDonald; 2nd, Duncan McDonald.

Putting shot—1st class—1st, M. F. Fitzpatrick, 32 ft. 11 in; 2nd, W. F. Kehoe. 2nd class—1st, Robt. Macaulay 28 ft. 2 in; 2nd, D. A. Campbell. 3rd class—1st, F. Sullivan; 2nd, J. Paradis.

Running hop step and jump—1st class—1st, W. F. Kehoe, 43 ft. 6 in; 2nd, S. J. McNally, 2nd class—1st, T. Troy; 2nd, B. Campbell. 2nd class—1st, W. McNally; 2nd O. Clark.

Vaulting with pole—1st class—1st, W. F. Kehoe, 9 ft. 7 in; 2nd, W. F. Mc-

Cauley. 2nd class—1st, B. Campbell, 8 ft. 7 1/2 in; 2nd, F. McDougall. 3rd class—1st, J. Paradis; 2nd, J. Craig.

Standing broad jump—1st class—1st, T. Donovan, 11 ft. 6 in; 2nd, W. F. Kehoe.

100 yards dash—1st class—1st, W. F. Kehoe, 10 4/5 seconds; 2nd, W. F. McCauley. 2nd class—1st, T. Donovan, 11 1/5 sec.; 2nd, B. Campbell. 3rd class—1st, C. O'Hara, 11 1/5 sec.; 2nd, D. Cahalan.

220 yards—1st class—1st, W. F. McCauley, 23 3/5 sec.; 2nd, W. F. Kehoe, 2nd class—1st, B. Campbell, 21 sec.; and T. Donovan. 2nd class—1st, J. Connors, 22 sec.; 2nd, D. Masson.

120 yards hurdle race—1st class—1st, W. F. McCauley, 17 3/5 sec.; 2nd, W. F. Kehoe. 2nd class—1st, S. J. McNally, 17 4/5 sec.; 2nd, B. Campbell. 3rd class—1st, W. Proderick, 18 2/5 sec.; 2nd, W. McNally.

440 yards race—1st class—1st, W. F. McCauley, 57 sec.; 2nd, W. F. Kehoe. 2nd class—1st, T. Donovan, 58 sec.; 2nd, B. Campbell. 3rd class—1st, D. Cahalan; 2nd, J. Connors.

Obstacle Race—1st, W. F. McCauley, 58 1/5 sec.; 2nd, O. Labrec; 3rd, J. Connors; 4th, H. Globensky.

Two mile run—1st, T. P. Murphy; 2nd, E. Branigan.

The various prizes won in the games were distributed on Monday, June 11th, among them being the championship medal, a handsome gold one stamped with the coat of arms of the Association, silver cups, silver medals, etc. The following gentlemen had offered prizes: Rev. J. P. Kelly of Boston, a gold medal; Rev. J. J. Griffin, a silver medal; Mr. Louis Carrier, of Levis, P. Q., a gold medal; Mr. M. Owens, of North Adams, Mass., a silver medal; Mr. E. Z. Paradis, of St. John's, P. Q., a gold medal; Mr. C. Addison, a gold medal; Mr. J. G. McCarthy, of Sorel, P. Q., a silver medal; Dr. Prevost, a silver medal; four friends, a silver medal each; Mr. J. F. Hanrahan, a gold headed cane; Mr. Chas. Logue, of Maniwaki, a gold headed cane; a friend, a

silver headed cane; Principal McCabe, a silver cup; Mr. H. Myers, a silver cup; Mr. P. H. Chabot, gold studs and buttons; Mr. M. M. Pyke, gold studs. Other prizes of various kinds were offered by Messrs Esmonde, Bate & Co., Allan & Co., Craig, McDougal & Cuzner, Ogilvy, Martin & Co., Pigeon & Co., Richard et fils, Geo. Murphy, Masson, Stephens, Casey, Hope & Co., Durie & Son, Cushing, Cassidy, Spencer, Lalonde, Rainville, Napoleon & Belanger, Pittaway & Jarvis, Duford, Birkett, Latchford, Faulkner & Son.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

As the annual field day approached nearer and nearer the excitement of the junior students grew more and more intense, and the smaller the athlete was (and all our juniors are athletes) the more excited and anxious he became. Every one of them had heard more or less of the long and tedious training undergone by professional athletes, and every one of them had on several occasions witnessed the efforts of our seniors in their preparations. Each of the many prospective competitors had his own ideas about training and applied them either to himself or to one of his friends, and it is needless to say that save in the matter of diet all the systems were given a fair trial. Never before did our juniors possess such incentives to their ambition, for this year the prizes were especially handsome and costly, we mention particularly a silver cup presented by Mr. Addison, of Ottawa; a beautiful gold medal, the gift of Mr. G. Baskerville, of Ottawa, and a fine silver medal from Mr. Reynolds, of St. John, N. B. The threatening aspect of the day did not dampen the ardor of the youngsters to any extent and despite the warming rain drops that fell at intervals, they remained upon the field and at 9 o'clock clamored for the commencement of their sports.

The first event was the 100 yards dash, 3rd class. Among the competition were the two smallest of our juniors, Hector Leveque and Louis Hawson, and three

others who towered head and shoulders above them. At the word "go" the two mites shot ahead of the others and spun down the course amidst great excitement. Almost side by side they ran till three-fourths of the course was passed over, when Hawson forged slightly a head and was declared the winner with Leveque second. The rivals were at once received by their friends and the cheering, hand-shaking and rubbing down they underwent repaid all their previous exertions.

The 100 yards dash, was immediately followed by the potato race, egg race, wheel-barrow race, three-legged race, hurdle race, one mile race, batting base-ball, kicking foot-ball, hand-ball, and pole vaulting. Interest was manifested in all of these events, some of them having as many as ten entries. There was a very close competition in the pole vaulting, hurdle race, and mile race, all of them counting in the all-round championship contest. The rain now coming down in torrents, the remainder and more important part of the days programme had to be postponed. The other events, running high jump, running long jump, running hop step and jump, 100 yards dash, first and second class, 220 yards, first and second class, and obstacle race took place on Thursday afternoon, June 7th. The competition was close and it was not before the last event had taken place that the possessor of the all-round championship could be named with any degree of certainty. This proud title was won by Lawrence Burpee who scored 21 points, next in order came L. Rattey with 17 points. The following is a complete list of the different events with the names of the winners:—

Hand-ball—J. McDougal, A. Bedard, and G. Constantineau.

Batting base-ball—1st, A. Gervais; 2nd, R. Provencal.

Kicking foot-ball—1st, A. Sabourin; 2nd, A. Gervais.

Egg race—1st, E. Paradis; 2nd, L. Belanger.

Potato race—1st, O. Carrier; 2nd, E. Paradis.

Hurdle race—1st, A. Sabourin ; 2nd, L. Burpee.

Mile race—1st, D. St. Pierre ; 2nd, L. Rattey.

Three-legged race—1st, O. Fauteux and E. Paradis ; 2nd, O. Paradis and R. Robidoux.

Wheel-barrow race—1st, P. Paradis ; 2nd, A. White.

Pole vaulting—1st, A. Sabourin ; 2nd, O. Paradis.

Running high jump—1st, L. Burpee ; 2nd, J. O'Connor.

Running long jump—1st, L. Burpee ; 2nd, L. Rattey.

100 yards dash—1st class, 1st, L. Rattey ; 2nd, O. Fauteux.

100 yards dash—2nd class, 1st, P. Clancy ; 2nd, A. Gingras.

100 yards dash—3rd class, L. Hawson ; 2nd, E. Leveque.

220 yards' race—1st class—1st, L. Rattey ; 2nd, L. Burpee.

220 yards' race—1st class—1st, P. Batteredton ; 2nd, J. Murphy.

Running hop step and jump—1st, L. Burpee ; 2nd, B. Fraser.

Obstacle race—1st, O. Carrier, 2nd, E. Paradis.

On Monday afternoon, June 11th the students of the Junior and the Senior Athletic Association assembled in the college hall to witness the distribution of prizes. It was particularly pleasing to the successful competitors, on being called to receive their premiums, to be greeted by the hearty applause and congratulations of their fellow students.

The all-round championship medal went to L. Burpee, the gold medal to D. St. Pierre, and the silver cup to A. Gervais. Many minor prizes presented by the friends of the junior association were also distributed. On the same evening the proceedings were brought to an appropriate close by the grand banquet tendered by Rev. D. Forget and Rev. D. Guillet to the officers of the two associations and the other students who did so much to bring about the success of the gala day. On the whole the sports of 1888 were most enjoyable and it is to be hoped that all future occasions will pass off with the same degree of success.

MODERN ART IN ITS RELATION TO ANCIENT ART AND TO CHRISTIANITY.



To show this relation, we have only to consider what modern art is, and in what it differs from that of the ancients.

The pagan sought little beyond the present, and was totally ignorant of the

true end for which man was created. His whole genius, consequently, was concentrated upon material perfection. In representing his gods and heroes, he endeavored to clothe them in a most perfect, most beautiful and most attractive garb, and to bestow upon them, by external grandeur, qualities and attributes of which, in reality, they were devoid. Hence it is that the

ancients, especially the Greeks, have excelled all succeeding nations in the production of artistic works (if the form alone is taken into consideration).

All their works exhibit the most delicate, the most exquisite traits of natural beauty ; but their aim was not directed towards rendering their art expressive of the nobler attributes of the soul, nor of giving to it that power of inspiring holy and pious emotions in the heart of the beholder, and of teaching him that all beauty and all happiness lie in a future existence, beyond the undulating ocean of matter.

Modern art, on the contrary, has been, and is still inspired by the grand idea of an Almighty God, of a future life for mor-

tals, and in its general tendency, keeps constantly in view the great object of all science—the advancement of man towards his true destination, God.

With the Greeks, art was cultivated for art's sake; with the moderns, it has been made an effective instrument to uproot evil and to implant good.

But, from what source has modern art drawn its ideals? Christianity is the inexhaustible fountain whence all that is good and perfect flows; and from this spring, has modern art imbibed its wonderful inspiration.

That modern artists have copied from the models of the ancients, is an incontestable fact; that our poets, orators, painters, sculptors and architects have imitated the Greek masters, is undeniable; but, that their ideals and inspirations emanated from the same source also is something impossible.

Homer, still unrivalled in form, has always been the model for the epic writer. Tasso, Milton, Voltaire, and a host of other minor lights have all looked upon him as their guiding star, and have, at all times, judged his writings as the most correct criterion of epic composition. In some respects a few have equalled, and even surpassed him; but their merits they owe, in a great measure, to the religion of Christ from which they drew, in abundance, those sublime conceptions, which render their works so valuable. To the modern bard, the lyric muse still points out Pindar, sitting on Helicon's classic heights; and none, save the fearless Shakespeare, dared to swerve from the path laid out by Aristotle, and trodden by Eschylus, Sophocles, Euripides and Aristophanes. The young orator still reads Democritus, Isocrates and Æschines with profit; and the historian meekly follows in the footprints of Herodotus, Thucydides and Xenophon.

In painting, as well as in literature, the moderns have accepted, with pleasure, the masterpieces of the ancients as their best models; and none ever became a Raphael without studying the art of Apollodorus, nor a Rubens, unless he had first mastered the trash of Zeuxis and Parrhasius.

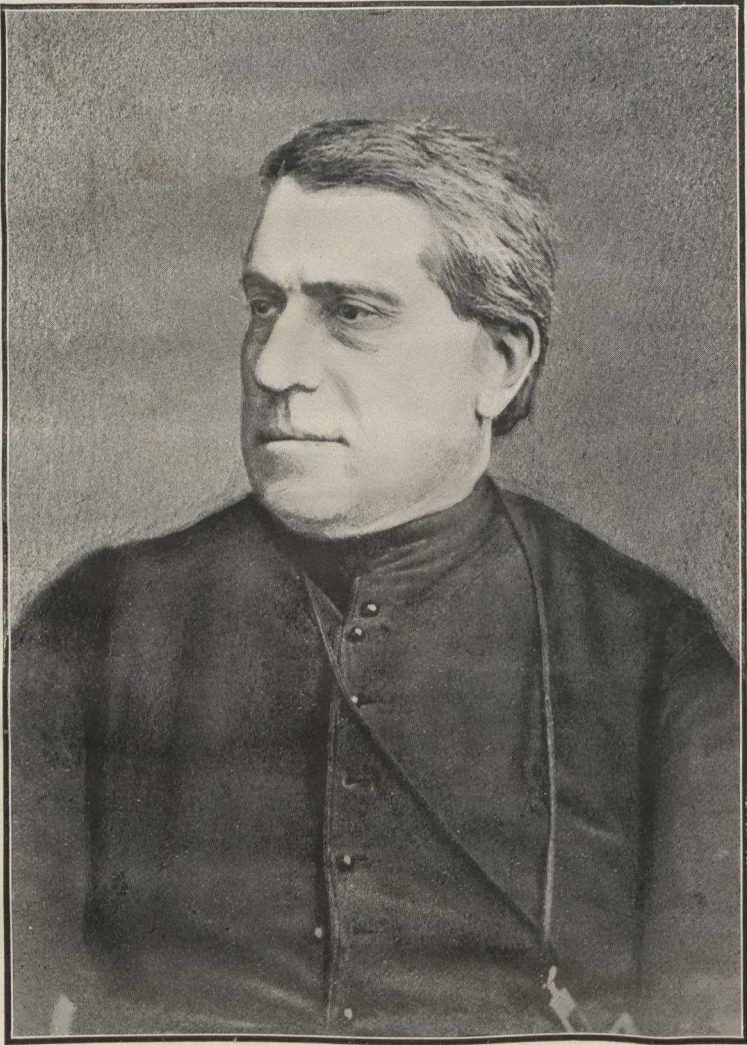
Michael Angelo, upon whom the world looks with wonder and admiration, acquired an abundant store in the Grecian school of sculpture and architecture. That he improved upon this knowledge of the art, cannot be denied; that he infused into the comparatively inanimate forms of the pagans a new spirit,—a Christian spirit, that produced, in the cold marble images of the Greeks, such a change as was effected in the body of our first parent by the breath of life, breathed into it by the Creator, in the Garden of Paradise, must be admitted; but still, we must also concede, that the grand monuments of workmanship, left by Phidias, Callicrates and others, are unsurpassed in beauty of form and exquisiteness of delineation.

The gods and heroes were the subject of pagan art. The wrath of an Argive chieftain furnished the theme of the celebrated Iliad. The doctrine of Destiny inspired the greater number of Eschylus' dramas. The combats of warriors afforded many a scene for the colors of the painter; and the mythical deities, such as Jupiter, Apollo and Pallas Minerva, were the loftiest ideals, upon which the genius of the sculptor was wont to be displayed.

How different became art upon the entry of Christ triumphant into the world! The same outlines remained—the same forms were copied; but as the morning light casts a new lustre upon images seen through the hazy mist of night, so the glorious dawn of Christianity threw a glow of splendor and magnificence upon the artistic productions of the Greeks.

The Saviour and his Blessed Mother, in all stages of life, became the ideals of the modern pen, pencil and chisel: in the mind of the artist, the illustrious saints and the heroic struggles of the martyrs took the place of the debauched gods of Greece and the sanguinary combats of cruel gladiators; and the beauty of Christian virtue, in lieu of the sullied deformity of vice and licentiousness, afforded an ample field in which modern art could exhibit itself to advantage.

So, in the study of the pagan and Christian world of art, it will be found that all



REV. J. H. TABARET, D.D., O.M.I.

From a Photograph by Topley.

the great writers, all the famous painters and sculptors, since the teaching and prevalence of the doctrine of Christ, have studied, with the greatest care and assiduity, the models of the Greeks, and have followed their plan, as regards form and

design : but, that they have received their ideals and their inspiration from another source—from Christianity, whose all-pervading and genial spirit animates all their works.

C. C. DELANEY, '90.

VERY REV. JOSEPH H. TABARET, D. D., O. M. I.



O all the students that have passed through the College of Ottawa since 1853, with the exception of those who arrived during the last two years, the face of the Rev. Father Tabaret is quite familiar. Although his learning and virtue are

well known and duly appreciated by all those who have come in contact with him, a short sketch of his life will be welcome to all his friends and admirers.

Father Tabaret was born in the Department of l'Isère, France, on the 10th of April, 1828. His religious and missionary training began in the novitiate of Notre Dame de l'Osier, and was completed in the scholastic house of the Congregation of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate at Marseilles. In the autumn of 1850, he came to Canada, where, after two years' missionary labor, he was placed, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Guigues, at the head of the Ottawa College. That responsible position he held with the exception of two years—1866-1867—during which he exercised the functions of Provincial, until the time of his too early demise in 1886. In February, 1854, he was nominated by His Excellency, the administrator of Government, to be a member of the Senate of the University of Toronto. Some years later

he was chosen and appointed Vicar-General of the Diocese of Ottawa.

Under his able management, Dr. Tabaret saw the College gradually improve. From being a mere incorporated institution it was endowed by an Act of Parliament with University powers. This charter was afterwards extended. Before his death, he had the consolation of seeing the College hold a foremost place amongst the educational institutions of the Dominion. The new programme of studies which he introduced in 1874, and the inauguration of the University method of teaching were very successful.

In 1879, the Right Rev. Jos. Th. Duhamel, Bishop of Ottawa, an alumnus of the College, submitted the programme of studies to the Holy Father, Leo XIII., who approved of it, blessed it, and as a mark of his appreciation of the valuable services rendered to the cause of education by the President of the College, conferred upon him the title of Doctor of Divinity. Although chosen both by the religious, as well as the civil authorities, to hold exalted positions, he was the humblest of men, never speaking of his merits, and never so happy as when he could cause the good qualities of others to shine. This modesty but enhanced his other sterling virtues. To say that he was universally beloved during his life, and universally regretted after his death, by those who knew him, is but a cold repetition of what is daily said of our good Father Tabaret.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.



AMONGST the poets of the present day Algernon Charles Swinburne is one of the greatest. The reason of his preeminence lies less in the grandeur of his conceptions than in the power of execution. Swinburne is a pagan and a voluptuary in thought but a consummate artist in the expression of his ideas. He is a poet that deserves extended criticism both on account of the matter and the manner of giving voice to his sentiments—sentiments which are most frequently detrimental to morals and religious belief. In almost every instance where he has attempted to portray historical personages he has perverted history and has turned the great genius with which God has endowed him to the destruction of belief in that God and of his law. He has imbibed much of the democratic spirit of the age and revolutionary asims have furnished inspiration to his muse and the love for freedom of oppressed nations has been his theme. But in the last sentiment he displays much narrow-mindedness: for if a poet desires freedom for the oppressed his desire should be universal and Swinburne's is not. The man who designates Mr. Gladstone, "the hoary henchman of the gang," because of his wish to do justice, to a country really oppressed, does not merit the name of a true lover of freedom.

Swinburne is both a dramatic and a lyric poet. His principal dramas are *Atalanta*, *The Queen Mother*, and *Rosamond*, *Chastelard*, and *Bothwell*. His lyrical productions have also been very numerous; what especially strikes us in his poems is that combination of softness, strength and lightness in a language to which they were thought strangers, he is a word painter. In *Atalanta* there is an attempt made to revive the Greek drama and in conception and execution it is Greek. In it is manifested that disposition of the poet to rebel against all

authority. God is the supreme evil and the fatalism of the ancients is one of main features of this drama. His lyrical poems have appeared from time to time and in these we see and feel the man more perceptibly than in his dramas. Love is one of his favorite subjects, but it is love detestable and unworthy of the Christian. The Venus of the ancients and of the Goths has infused her spirit into many of these productions and her praises give colour to his poems. Love with him is sensuous and voluptuous, degrading rather than elevating, but this is a false view, for true love arises in the intellect is a spiritual affection and must ever have reason on its side. There is another light in which we may examine Swinburne and contrast him with his compeer Tennyson; it is in their different views regarding women. With Tennyson woman's office is to raise man up and to enoble him by softening his manners, but woman's influence on man according to Swinburne is of a nature detrimental to him. She is his curse, and the cause of discord to all mankind. His ideal women are Circes and Sirens whose only occupation is to lure men into their meshes and to accomplish their destruction. It is the light and scandalous treatment of love and women that will preclude Swinburne from ever becoming a favorite with Englishmen of the middle class for these are things at which they never sneer. His earlier lyrics were so indecent as to draw a torrent of well deserved censure on their author. Want of decency is want of sense, says Pope, and with truth, for when a writer becomes indecent he is treading on sacred ground and the good sense and better nature of the majority of men and women will repel the invader with impunity. Another feature in many of these poems is the openly blasphemous nature of the expressions used by the writer. He does not accept the authority of god but rather resists all authority. Humanity is his highest ideal, and to its perfection all his efforts tend. These

characteristics are especially evident in the "Watch in the Night," "Hertha," "Hymn of Man" and "Perinde ac Cadaver." In "Herethe" there is proof of great faith in pantheism. His "Songs before Sunrise" which narrate a conflict between night and day is an allegorical image of the dawning of the coming golden age.

It is now time to say a few words of his poetry and his mode of expression. He is a scholar and his allusions are those of a scholar but they are too enigmatical and none but the educated can understand them. By way of illustration he makes use of analogies which are unnatural and immoral. His dramas are works of art, but like the productions of a poet whom we have lost a short time ago, Matthew Arnold, are closet works and fit for the student only. It is doubtful whether the dramas or the lyrics of Swinburne will survive him, for the latter displease by their immorality and blasphemies, and the former by their excessive length. The stage at the present day demands something more sparkling and something shorter, and cannot wait to hear the poet make so many reflections or even sing the sweetest music which tires by its great length.

In the two dramas of *Chastelard* and *Bothwell*, is represented a historical character, but so distorted as to be scarcely recognizable. Mary Stuart, is a queen about whom more has been written than any one else occupying a like position. No one either has been treated so unjustly, and Swinburne had to join the ranks

of her bitterest enemies. Mary Stuart was educated at the court of Francis I. under the best masters of Europe. She was considered the most beautiful and at the same time the most cultured lady on the continent. In intellectual power she was the equal of her cousin Elizabeth while in fire and grace and brilliancy of temperament she stood high above her. She married Francis II at the age of sixteen, but being left a widow at nineteen she was forced by circumstances to return to Scotland, and there a persecution began which ended only in her death on the block twenty-three years later. The many crimes which are attributed to her, have been proved to be but fabrications of her enemies, and none but a falsifier of truth like Swinburne could revive the calumnies which ought by this time to be exploded. Swinburne has in the treatment of Mary Stuart's character proved himself incapable of forming a judgment on such personages. He would have us believe that Mary was continually surrounded by her paramours and that thus at last she brought on herself a deserved punishment. This is equal to Swinburnes general estimate of females character. A poet who is so openly immoral and so inconsistent as to one day laud Byron and Whitman to the skies and the next day to drag them down to the lowest possible depths, and who is at all times so great a crusher of truth must ever merit the reprobation of right thinking men.

JOHN P. DONOVAN.



OUR CHAMPIONS.



OXFORD and Cambridge have their boating crews and cricketers, Harvard and Yale their baseball and football clubs, but not one of these organizations can point to a more creditable record of hard fought contests and brilliant victories than the Varsity F. B. C. of Ottawa. In the last three seasons this club has played seventeen matches, winning every one, and making a score of 214 points to their opponents 34 points.

For genuine amateur athletics the Ottawa College Association has few, if any equals, and certainly no superior in Canada. The chief outdoor sports are fostered, and a high position attained in each. The baseball nine holds the amateur championship of Canada, the lacrosse team is fit company for all intermediate clubs, but it may well be claimed that in football lies the chief excellence of the association, and thence it has drawn its greatest fame. The Canadian Rugby Football champions is composed of twelve English and four French speaking students, thirteen Canadians and three Americans. This combination of Celtic blood and energy has had but little difficulty in overcoming all opposition. Kingston's crack clubs beaten, Toronto humbled, the crowning glory came when the Montrealers, for several years the proud champions of Canada, were forced to bow to the boys in "garnet and grey." A short individual notice of the members of this famous club may prove interesting:—

F. M. Devine, '91, full-back, is perhaps the lightest man that ever played the position on a first-class team. He weighs 136 pounds. Considerable doubt was expressed as to the wisdom of putting such a light man in such an important place and against very fast and strong players. The best comment on this opinion is the fact that since he has been back not a man has crossed the goal line from a run in; he

has accepted every chance, and made but few mistakes.

J. Murphy, '90, half-back, has not an equal on the Canadian football field. When it is remarked that he is playing where Riley and McCarthy distinguished themselves, we must form a high estimate of his abilities. He is a fast runner, sure tackler, clever dodger and kicks beautifully. Until this season he played full-back, but was advanced to fill McCarthy's place on the latter's retirement. The old captain has a worthy successor.

W. F. Kehoe, '89, half-back, is well known as a general athlete. He holds the all-round championship of the College. His play at half has always been admired, his graceful dodging, swift running and long punting having often averted a threatened disaster.

P. J. O'Malley, '88, quarter-back and manager and captain of the team, may well be called 'the indescribable.' To be sure he does not possess the quality of bilocation, but he can be in ten different places in the shortest imaginable space of time. He has no particular position, being quite at home in any, but his quickness makes him a desirable quarter. He kicks equally well with either foot, and at times indulges in another kind of kicking indispensable in a good captain. He is one of the old veterans, and has been a member of the first fifteen since its formation. As he graduates this year, his familiar curly head will be missed in future teams, and one suit of garnet and grey will wait long before it is as worthily worn.

M. Guillet '88, quarter-back, is another one of the 'old guard,' and undoubtedly one of the finest quarters in the country. It was a grand guess that transferred him from the rush line to his present position, for, although he made a capital forward, there was a bad gap in the backs, and Modeste fills it to perfection. He takes all the tries at goal and rarely misses his kick, while in drop kicking he is a wonder.

C. J. Mahoney, '91, centre rusher, is a



FOOTBALL CHAMPIONS.

From a Photograph by Pittaway & Jarvis.

very powerful man and uses his strength to the best advantage. He takes possession of the ball on the line out, and as he has remarkable control of it, invariably places it in the proper spot. As a defence player he has few equals; once the ball is within his own twenty-five yards line, Mahoney takes possession of it, and it is his personal property until he lands it again in the enemy's territory.

W. V. Kavanagh will never again take his place by the side of Neil Mahoney, and his absence will be missed. When the typhoid visited Ottawa last winter, Kavanagh was one of the first to be stricken down. When he left the College for the hospital, he did so in the best of spirits, and smilingly said that he would take a few days rest. Little did anyone dream that the end was near. He had played a grand game in Montreal. Scarcely three weeks later those who stood shoulder to shoulder with him against the Montrealers, or who cheered him in the struggle, were called upon to perform the last sad duty. His comrades on the field bore him to the grave. Mahoney, Kavanagh, and McDonald were a trio whom no three men need care to face. The right arm is gone, and the whole correspondingly weakened. The memory of Bill Kavanagh will remain green in the minds of Ottawa students for many a day.

D. McDonald, '91, is the largest man on the team, standing 6 feet $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and weighing 184 pounds. He is rather too good natured for the ordinary footballer, and for a strong man is a most gentle player. This does not prevent him from being the best rusher in the line, if not in Canada. It is an amusing sight to see him swoop down upon an opposing player, wrest the ball from him, lay that worthy gently on the grass, and stride towards the other goal. He is an adept at passing, and hence rarely holds the ball. In this his action is to be commended, for the tendency is to do away with this long and tedious scrimmaging.

J. Masson, '89, began service with the first team last fall, and went through the whole campaign. He weighs 170 pounds and is a strong energetic player. He uses

his head, perhaps more than any other man in the rush line, and to this, as well as to the fact that he is always on the ball, may be attributed the position that he holds among the forwards.

A. Hillman, '90, is an exceedingly powerful rusher. He runs beautifully, tackles well and is a very hard man to stop. It is a common sight during a game to see him rushing down the field at a ten second clip, carrying three or four of his opponents on his back. He plays football for the love of the game, and the benefit and amusement it affords him. He actually grows fleshy at it, and in his unconcerned good nature answers compliment or kick, encouragement or objection, friend or foe, with his ever ready ha! ha! ha!

F. L. French, '91, is a graduate of the second fifteen, and one of the most promising players in the association. By hard work and strict attention to the game he has come to be one of the main stays of the forward line. He is an all-round player, excelling in no particular line, but running, kicking, tackling and passing so well that the result of his efforts is far above that of the specialist.

A. Ouimet, '88, was spare man for the first fifteen last season. A first class second team man, he would no doubt have developed in time into an excellent player. The second team missed him in their matches, and in the only first-class game he was called upon to play he displayed considerable ability, though the company was undoubtedly too fast for him.

A. Delaney, '91, second left wing, is another graduate of the second team, and is a credit to his school. This is his first year among the big guns, and his performance has shown him to be in every way worthy of his promotion. He is possessed of indomitable grit and is very fast and sure. As first wing or quarter, either of which he will certainly play next year, he would be an exceedingly valuable man.

W. McCauley, '90, left wing, reminds one of the deep villain in heavy tragedy; he is so cool and calculating. He sports with chance just as a Turkish juggler tosses up the knives; everything is arranged before hand, and must come out

so. McCauley plays football with mathematical precision. It is all a matter of calculation with him, and he never undertakes a piece of play without first settling in his mind the means and the end and all the concomitant circumstances. When one of his own side is kicking the ball or running with it, McCauley calculates exactly at what angle he must cross the nearest opponent so that his own man may not be hindered in his kick or run. And Bill never misses his mark. When one of the enemy is playing the ball, the calculation comes in again; Bill knows by what part of the body that man must be tackled, how he must fall, and then, seeking the spot where the grass is thinnest, he drops his freight there; of course he must not let him fall where the grass is thick, for that might hurt the grass, and of two evils always choose the less. McCauley has played many games of football, but he never met a man for whom he was not more than a match.

T. P. Murphy, '88, second right wing, is an example of a man who has worked up from the ranks by perseverance and energy. Two years ago he was a member of one of the three teams that were striving for third place in the college. At the end of last session he found himself foremost amongst the Canadian Rugby Champions. T. P.'s style of play is most peculiar. He can run all day—something in the style of that "long hard galop, which could tire," &c. He wears a perpetual smile, pleasant for himself, but painful for an opponent, and his patent hopping run seems to act both ways; it relieves himself and certainly amuses him immensely, while it has a correspondingly depressing effect on the poor victim who is attempting to watch him. I can imagine no greater purgatory on earth than to be apportioned the task of covering Tom Murphy on the football field. He is a standing (?) example of that saw. "Now you see me and now you don't." The ball is in the air, and you are ready to receive it. Tom is standing innocently by. Your arms are outstretched to receive the elliptical messenger; a slight

giggle at your side causes you to turn around, and there you see the ubiquitous Tom pegging down the field, the ball tucked snugly under his left arm, his head cocked jauntily to one side, and just enough of the face visible to exhibit that exasperating catch-me-if-you-can smile. Tom feels that he has fooled you, and gives vent to his feelings in a prolonged he! he! he! Tom rarely plays a game without fooling at least four men, and rattling quite as many more.

J. M. Hughes, '88, right wing, is an ideal footballer, and as a wing player is the superior of any man in Canada. The football never travels faster than Hughes, and that man will be a sprinter who can pass him in a field sixty yards wide. There is something positively fascinating in the earnestness which Hughes puts in his play. When he goes after the ball or a man the expression of his face is such as to make one believe that upon the issue of the struggle depended the continued existence of the world, and rather than endanger the world he succeeds. Hughes is the terror of backs. Many a well meant kick has he brought to grief, nipping some in the bud, and crushing others just as they were blooming into dangerous maturity. The 'Varsities will look long before they find such another wing for their proud bird.

We take the liberty of inserting here a poem dedicated to the 'Varsity F. B. C., and entitled "The Garnet and Gray." It appeared in the *Ottawa Free Press* some months ago.

GARNET AND GRAY.

Air: Hurrah! for Old Ireland.

O come every student, light hearted and prudent,
Come join all your voices in chorus to-day,
In a song to their praises whose victories amaze us,
The gallant fifteen who wear Garnet and Gray.

O could some bard Grecian, or even Milesian,
Have witnessed our boys in the thick of the fray,
Than Homer far greater of their deeds the nar-
rator,
Greek heroes before ours would shun light of day.

There's columnar Mahoney, whom Ajax the stony
Own brother would call as 'gainst Trojans he
toiled ;

And O'Malley the crafty, how often loud laughed
he
At those whom the wit of Ulysses had foiled.

That sprig of Clan Ronald, the giant Macdonald,
You'd think him as harmless as baby at play ;
But on his own heather when facing the leather,
More terrible he than a lion at bay.

Kehoe is a skilled man, as is Masson and Hillman,
Guillet and Tom Murphy are not very slow,
And McCauley the gritty, whose play is so pretty,
He alights with a bound on the neck of his foe.

Hughes' tackling and running I call simply
"stunning";

Devine and Delaney are good men and true ;
Bill Kavanagh's ready and Frank French is steady,
A strong pair of rushers present they to view.

Although to retreat you consider not meet, you
Can show your opponents a *back* I opine,
Whose equal if sought for is not to be bought, for
Jim Murphy ne'er lets a man pass the goal line.

You've beaten the 'Varsity, of points they'd a
scarcity :
A problem you gave unto science that day,

A solution quite muddy for chemists to study,
Blue-White precipitated by Garnet and Gray.

Dame Fortune so fickle, for whose gifts all stickle
Ever favors the brave, so the old writers say ;
Though Hamilton wooed her and hotly pursued
her,
The colors she wears yet are Garnet and Grey.

We're proud of your prowess, and if you'll allow
us,
Your foreheads we'll garland with leaves of the
bay,
Best sign of approval, which bears no removal,
For palsied the hands that would snatch it away.

Then come every student, lighthearted and
prudent,
Your voices unite in a grand melody,
With our cheer for its chorus, till from the sky
o'er us,
'V—A—R—S—I—T—Y ! an echo shall be.

Sing King Foot-ball forever ! he's so jolly and
clever,
To the bluff, hearty monarch all honor we pay ;
Let's cheer in like manner those carrying his
banner,
Three 'Varsity cheers for the Garnet and Gray !



THE PHYSICAL LABORATORY.

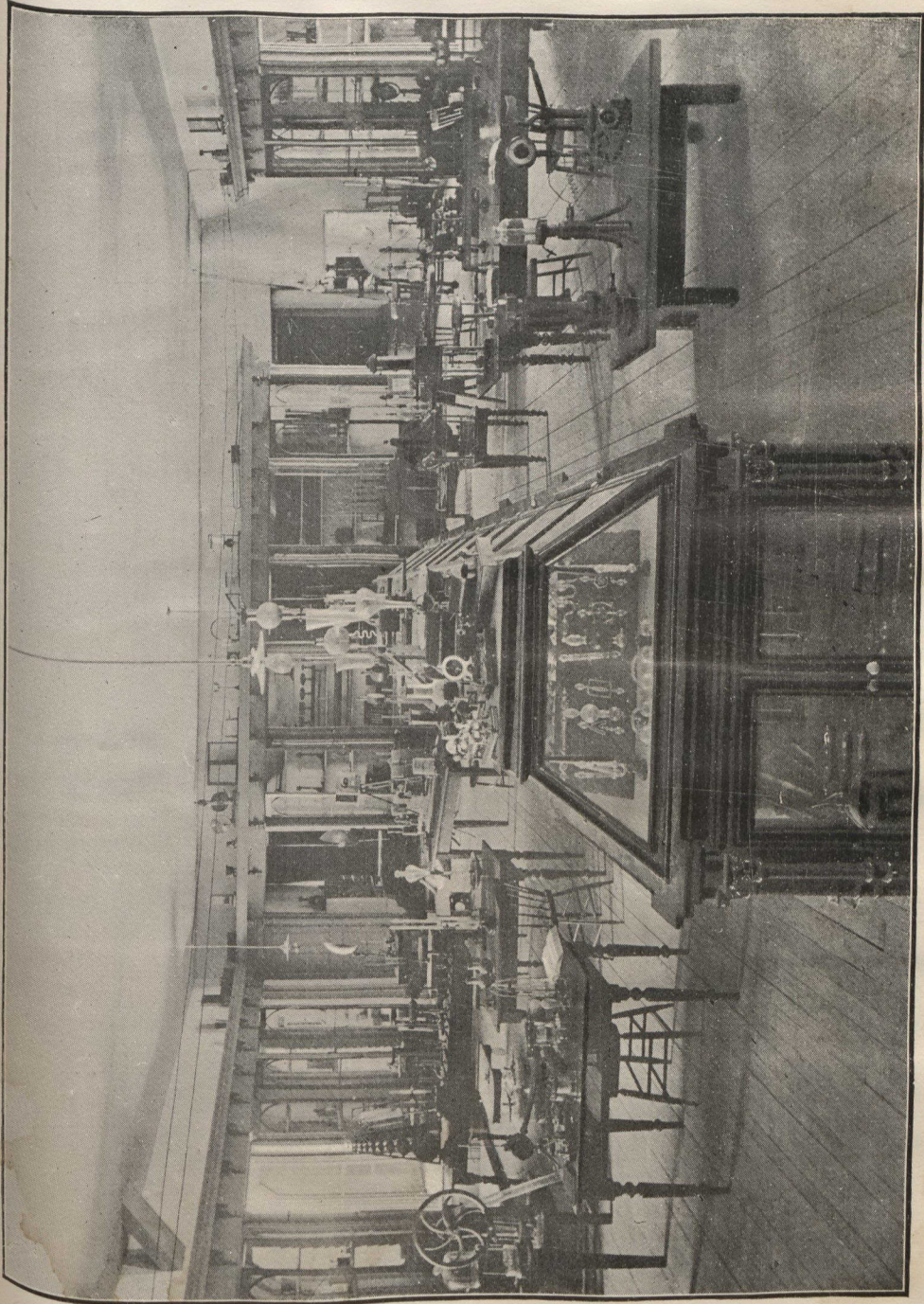


LD students of the days when the physical laboratory occupied the long narrow room behind the study hall, in the Cumberland street wing of the College will find the view of the physical laboratory which we herewith present a veritable wonder land. This long narrow room contained the physical laboratory when Brother Balland took charge of it. His predecessors were Fathers Derbuel and Lavoie, and the apparatus left by them consisted of but a very few pieces. These were a set of pumps, an old much used lever air pump, a plate electric machine, some Leyden jars, and a Breguet telegraph set. To illustrate the phenomena of sound there was nothing; for light nothing but one small window at one extremity of the room, and for heat the apparatus was as scarce as was the force itself during the long winter months of this period. In selecting Brother Balland as Professor of Physics, Father Tabaret shewed that he knew the requirements of this department, and one who had the energy to supply all its needs. Immediately upon taking charge, Brother Balland began the untiring labors which gave the University of Ottawa a scientific equipment second to none in Canada. When we consider that the Physical Laboratory of this period was a long narrow room of 12 by 48 feet, and was also used as a band room, we can readily surmise that the first effort of the new Professor was the location of the Physical Laboratory in a place where it would have room to expand. Accordingly, two years afterwards, the laboratory was transferred to the museum, then a room over the present sacristy. The museum itself began to be enlarged and the physical apparatus (it did not take much time or labor to make the change) was transferred to the library, on the same floor, but in the front of the building. Its stay there was not of long duration; and Brother Balland

carried it in his arms to the room directly below, where it remained some time and received a good portion of its growth.

It was in this room that the electric light first glimmered in Ottawa. Those who now enjoy the light from hundreds of electric lamps which makes the College one of the most brilliantly lighted institutions in the land, will be surprised to learn that the electricity which worked the first electric lamp in the College was generated in a kind of Bunsen battery of 60 cells, the outer vessels consisting of tin preserve cans heavily shellacked; and the porous cup consisting of a flower pot, the hole in the bottom being plugged with a cork. The positive plate was a piece of sheet zinc, the negative a lump of coke. However, the lamp worked well, and was a great novelty. While the laboratory was here, Brother Balland was called to the Holy Order of Priesthood. This room of which we now write, was amply large enough for the amount of instruments the College possessed; but Father Balland procuring tools, began the construction of various kinds of apparatus. Now, the position of bandmaster stood him in good purpose. Every battered cornet, every pistonless bass, and dislocated ophecleide found a use; it was cut up, turned, twisted, polished and lacquered into some optical or electrical instrument. Many of these instruments are still in the laboratory, homely and crude enough they look, too, but they served a good purpose, and even now are used occasionally in connection with some more recent apparatus refulgent in all the *eclat* and finish that mark the work of the most skilled artisans of Europe and America.

Besides this, Father Balland interested many in the laboratory, organizing entertainments and in other ways procuring the funds necessary for its development. and the room was soon filled. Upon the enlargement of the College to its present size, a large room 50 by 70 feet, the upper



PHYSICAL LABORATORY.

From a Photograph by Pittaway & Jarvis

story of one of the new wings, was assigned to the laboratory; and here it is that the visitor of to-day finds it. The few instruments that formed the original cabinet are now relics. Every department of physics now possesses nearly all the appliances for an exhaustive course; and the instruments are such as are used in all the leading universities. The departments of mechanics and hydraulics are replete with apparatus illustrating their various laws; the latest addition being Cailletet's recently invented machine for the liquefaction and solidification of all gases, and the most improved form of Atwood's machine; both of them are from the house of Ducretet & Cie., Paris. In heat we have, besides the ordinary apparatus, the celebrated Melloni thermopile with all the accessories. The department of sound is almost wholly equipped by the distinguished physicist Rudolph Koenig, of Paris, who personally visited the laboratory in 1877. Here we find rows upon rows of organ pipes of all kinds, a grand series of tuning forks giving all the harmonics, apparatus for the projection of Lissajou's curves, Helmholtz's apparatus for the analysis of sound, electrical arrangements for rendering the waves of sound visible, Chladni's plates, etc., etc.

In the department of light besides an ordinary dissolving stereopticon and thousands of views embracing every subject; we mention specially apparatus for projecting experiments and opaque objects upon a screen; and a finely mounted optical table, made by Duboscq of Paris. Here we can repeat all the most delicate confirmatory

experiments of the undulatory theory of light; such as interference, diffraction and the measurement of the infinitesimally small wave lengths of light. We can here investigate all the phenomena of polarization, or experiment to our heart's content in the domain of spectrum analysis. In electricity our laboratory has no superior in Canada, this department having increased greatly the past few years. It is but a short time since our experiments in statical electricity were depending on the working of an ordinary plate electric machine which was very susceptible to atmospheric influence and seldom gave a spark more than an inch in length. Now, a few turns of a crank or the switching of part of the current lighting the room into an electric motor and sparks 6 to 12 inches in length are discharged between the poles of a large Toeppler Holtz machine like shots from a Gatling gun. Galvanometers, voltmeters and ohm-meters abound. All the laws of currents are illustrated by Ampere's table. Ruhmkorff coils illuminate numerous Geissler tubes; and all the every day applications of electricity in electro-motion, electroplating and electric lighting are seen.

What often surprises visitors to the laboratory is that these instruments are not kept in glass cases on exhibition, but are in active use by the students in various portions of the room. Father Balland still retains an active interest in the laboratory, but his work is now shared by Rev. J. J. Griffin, M. A. who took charge of the classes of physics last year.

We have no hesitation in saying that the present issue of the THE OWL surpasses all other journalistic enterprises hitherto undertaken by students.

Invitations are being issued for the Alumni meeting and Banquet on Tuesday evening June 20th. We expect a great concourse of the Alumni, and hope some of them will endeavor to make the acquaintance of the business manager of THE OWL.

The electrical seance given by the class of Physics on Tuesday evening June 5th was a great success, though the great fire in

Hull in the afternoon and evening diminished the attendance somewhat.

The audience were well pleased and instructed, and many of them expressed a hope that scientific lectures of this sort would become more frequent in the College. The thanks of the Faculty and class are due the Canada Atlantic Railway Company, for the use of a set of the storage batteries used in their admirable system of train lighting; to Messrs. Ahearn & Soper, the Bell Telephone Company, and the Ottawa Telephone Company, for apparatus loaned.

CHEMICAL LABORATORY.



THE growth of the Chemical Laboratory of the College of Ottawa, was far more rapid than that of the Physical Laboratory. This is no doubt due to the fact that the outfit costs considerably less and does not require the space and mounting necessary or physical apparatus. Yet, despite its rapid growth our Chemical Laboratory had its various migrations also. The apparatus was first gathered together in 1875 by Rev. L. N. Paquin, now of Ludington, Mich. The pieces were few in number and very fragile, and this is the reason why the present Chemical Laboratory possesses very few relics of the original. The first laboratory was in a room in the old recreation hall which at this period was a very interesting place, especially to the dwellers in the neighborhood, for the students in recreation, the college band laboring at the "Siege of Paris" and fre-

quent explosions in the laboratory, all tended to make the locality lively.

When the recreation hall was removed to another portion of the yard to make way for the extension of the college, the laboratory was transferred to a class room in what is now the centre block of the college. When the new wing was completed, chemistry took an immense stride. Rev. C. F. Marsan was given charge of it and in a short while the large room in the upper story of the western block, separated from the Physical Laboratory by the lecture room, was filled to repletion with alembics, retorts, crucibles, and the countless oddly shaped glass vessels which mystify all strangers to the science.

In the laboratory there are thirty six benches, one for each student. The Chemical Laboratory is in perfect accord with the other departments of the college, and its high state of excellence is evinced by the fact the examinations of government analysts have been held here for some time past.

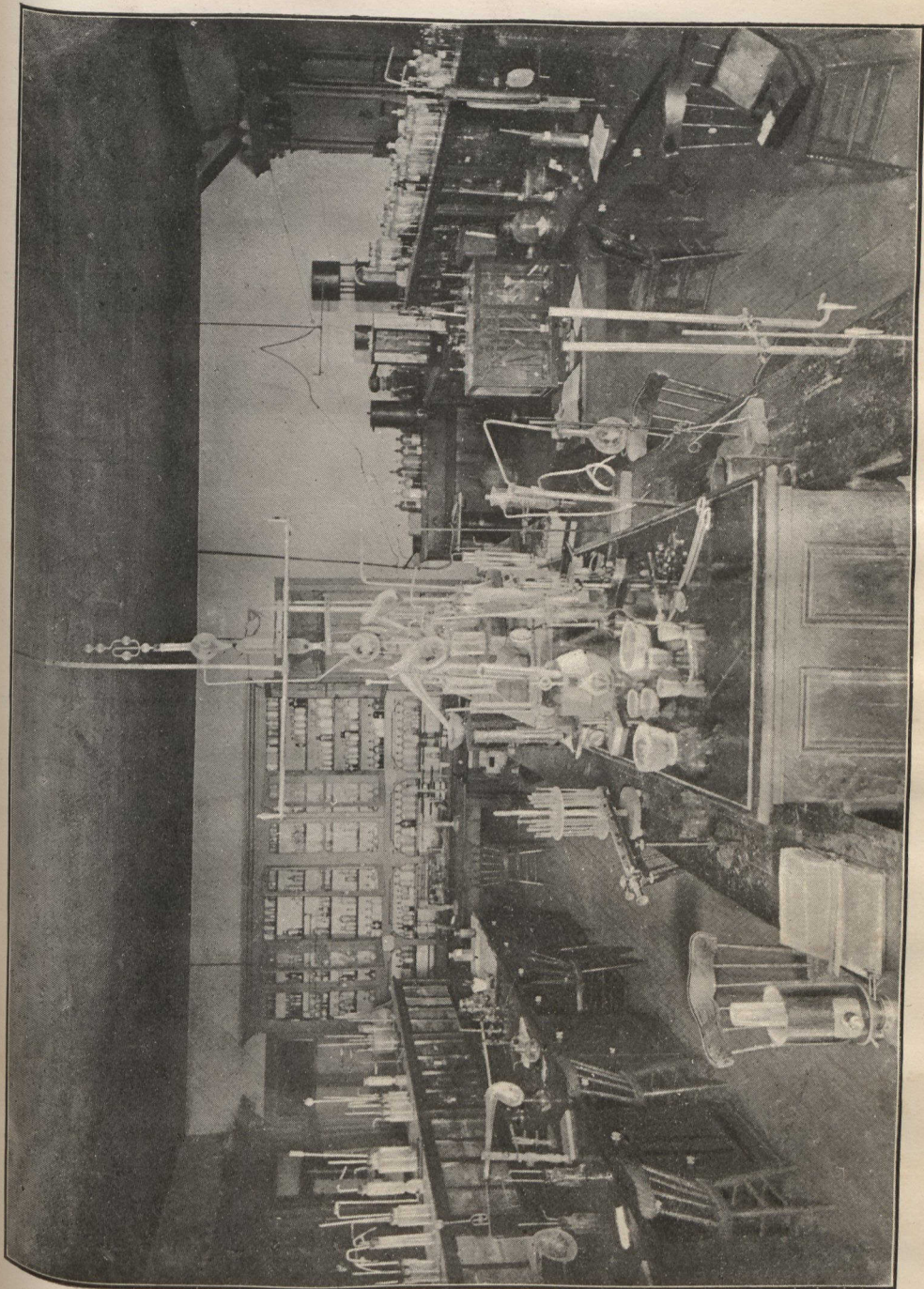
ARCHBISHOP J. T. DUHAMEL.



AS first pastor of the Diocese of Ottawa, as an alumnus and as a devoted friend of "the University" where the THE OWL is published, Archbishop Duhamel deserves a place of honor in our illustrated number.

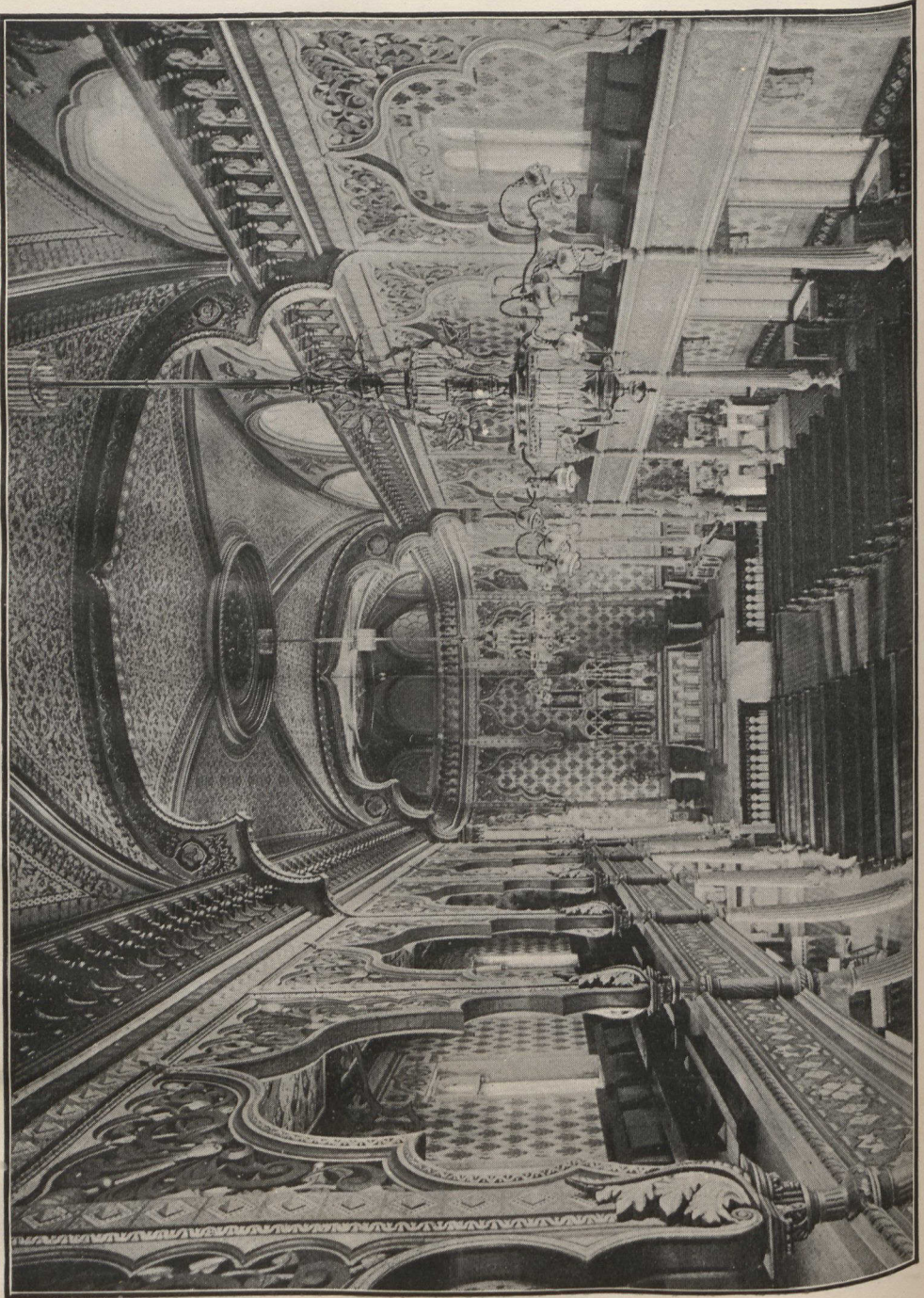
Joseph Thomas Duhamel, second Bishop and first Archbishop of Ottawa, is a native of the Province of Quebec, dating his birth at Contrecoeur, November 6th, 1841. He was educated at the College of Ottawa, and took the ecclesiastical dress September 1st, 1857. Having

received the tonsure and the four minor orders before 1862, he was ordained sub-deacon June 21st, 1863, deacon Nov. 29th, and priest on the 19th December, of the same year. Fr. Duhamel was parish priest at St. Eugene, Co. Prescott, Ont., from November 1864, to October 1874, and while there built a fine church. On 1st September, 1874, he was appointed Bishop of Ottawa, as successor to the lamented Bishop Guigues, and was consecrated on the 28th of October; being only thirty-two years of age. Since his consecration, Bishop Duhamel has taken great interest in the cause of education,



CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

From a Photograph by Pittaway & Larvis



COLLEGE CHAPEL.

Engraved & Photographed by W. & A. G. & J. & J.

giving every encouragement to Catholic educational establishments of the City of Ottawa, and the diocese at large. He has stimulated, on several occasions in his pastoral letters, the zeal of both clergy and the parents for the secular and religious education of youth. Not only did he, in his writings, call the attention of his priests and their flocks to the importance of imparting to the rising generation a sound Catholic education, but, he also materially encouraged those who devoted their lives to the laborious task of the teaching of youth. He obtained the title, honors and privileges of Doctor of Divinity for the Revd. J. H. Tabaret, Superior of the College of Ottawa for upwards of a quarter of a century, as a just reward for the services of this great man, and as an encouragement to the professors of that College. He moreover presented to the College of Ottawa, to the Literary Institute of the Grey Nuns, and to the educational establishment of the Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame, silver medals to be awarded to merit. He has likewise shown great interest in parish schools. In 1880 he obtained from Pope Leo XIII. a silver medal to be awarded to the best

student in philosophy at the College of Ottawa, which proved to be a great stimulus to the pursuit of this all-important study.

The Cathedral Church having been, in 1878, raised to the dignity of a Minor Basilica, was in the course of a few years, during Archbishop Duhamel's yet short administration, entirely renewed inside, so that it presents a neat, rich and beautiful appearance, and may be numbered among the most magnificent cathedrals of Canada.

Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, with its progress achieved, and with its brilliant future before it, was in June, 1886 chosen, by his Holiness Leo XIII., to become an archiepiscopal see. Bishop Duhamel, whose high personal qualities and untiring efforts in the advancement of religion were appreciated, justly deserved to be raised to the dignity of Archbishop. Since his elevation he has been not less active and devoted than before. If the City of Ottawa and the archdiocese at large can bear testimony to his energetic and successful labors, the University has special cause to feel proud that he is not less a great protector than he is a devoted alumnus.

THE CHAPEL.

IN order to give as beautiful a dwelling as possible to the Eucharistic King, and also provide a suitable place for the devotion of their students, the faculty of the College determined three years ago to erect a chapel

far more beautiful and commodious than their former one which had already become far too small to accommodate the ever increasing number of students. An entire wing of the College buildings was devoted to this work, and has become so strangely metamorphosed that any former student straying to the haunts of his Col-

lege days would look in vain for the well known spots to which his memory clings. The completion of the chapel was effected during the month of June, 1887, and on the 22nd of the same month was solemnly blessed by His Lordship the Archbishop of Ottawa assisted by their Lordships the Archbishop of St. Boniface and the Bishop of Kingston. This day must remain as one memorable in the annals of the College, proving as it did a veritable red letter day to those who had the happiness of assisting. The chapel is 118 ft. in length, 38 feet in breadth and 30 feet in height. It is of purely mozarabic architecture, and is the first one of its

kind ever erected in the country. Two immense electric chandeliers of twenty-seven lights each are used for illuminating purposes, the light being diffused through delicately tinted globes. The floor consists of inlaid wood, while the pews are of choice cherry wood, highly ornamented. The altars, seven in number, are exceedingly beautiful. The main altar is of bronze inlaid with precious stones. The altars situated on the right and left of the main one are very unique in design, and are composed of many different kinds of marble. Statues of different saints are placed in niches around the sanctuary, the most beautiful being those of St. Joseph

and St. Patrick which are placed on either side of the main altar. All the sacred vestments and vessels are in proportion to the magnificence of the surroundings. Indeed we scarcely believe that a more magnificent sight could be witnessed than that presented on feast days, by the richly vested ministers, officiating at the beautifully decorated altars. The students of the College have to be congratulated on the possession of so beautiful a chapel. It must surely tend to raise their hearts to God, while teaching them at the same time that no place can ever be found sufficiently magnificent for the Lord of Hosts.

THE READING ROOM.



DEPARTING entirely from the prevalent custom in many colleges, that news papers should be as forbidden fruit, during the long ten months of the scholastic year, the Rev. faculty (in 1879) decided to allow a student's reading room, wherein could be found all the standard journals of the day. The charge of this undertaking devolved upon Rev. F. Durocher, a man of indomitable energy, who speedily realized the designs of his Rev. Superiors in this regard. As yet however the space devoted to this department was exceedingly limited and the reading room and recreation hall formed but one compartment, yet, so sweet was the privilege granted that those who frequented it willingly bore the inconvenience of dust and noise, necessarily found in a recreation hall. Thus matters stood until 1884 when the building, commonly known as the "old rec," fell a victim to the flames, and for the remainder of the year there was no organized reading room. At the beginning of the year 1885, Rev. F. Guillet, the worthy succes-

sor of Rev. F. Durocher, obtained the use of the room now occupied by the third grade, second division, and for the remainder of the year the members of the association found there a quiet retreat in which to read the different journals. In November, 1886, the new extension of the central building was completed, the second story of which is devoted to the recreation hall of the senior department and the reading room. The latter department is now thoroughly organized. The board of management consists of a director, chairman, two secretaries, treasurer and four censors. A yearly fee is levied upon all who desire to become participants in the privileges of the reading room, and only they have a right to enjoy its benefits who thus subscribe. Open as it is every day immediately after dinner and supper, and on Sundays and holidays from 11 to 12 and 2 to 5, the students have a very pleasant opportunity at hand of spending these free hours, which often during the long winter months must become tedious unless some means were found to serve as a medium to while away the time.



STUDENTS' READING ROOM.

From a Photograph by Pittaway & Jarvis.

The Owl.

PUBLISHED BY

THE STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE OF OTTAWA.

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

Address all letters to "THE OWL," College of Ottawa, Ottawa, Ont.

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VOL. I. JULY-AUGUST, 1888. No. 7-8

ALMA MATER.

"Every man, however brief or inglorious may have been his academical career, must remember with kindness and tenderness the old university comrades and days." With this truthful and touching sentence Thackeray beings the 17th chapter of the "History of Pendeniss." And it is next to impossible to have a kindly remembrance of College friends and College days without associating with it the place where these friendships were formed, these days so happily spent. But

a few hours more and those, who for the past session have been students of Ottawa College, will have crossed her portals to enter on the dubious pleasures of a long vacation. Some will go forth never to return. Their College life is ended, and the little republic, wherein perhaps, they have played an important part, will know their face no more. The campus and the class-room give place to the more manly pursuits of an active world. The church will claim some, commerce others, and the learned professions will, doubtless, receive their quota. Friends who have gone arm in arm throughout their College course, who have shared their joys, and borne their sorrows together, will be separated by necessity and must bid adieu to the old familiar haunts and to each other, to push forward on their path and make or mar their lives. There is in the breast of each graduate a vague satisfaction that at length he has reached the first goal in the great race, but mingled with this, and tinged with a shade of sadness, is the wish that the long-looked for day had been prolonged a little further. But will all forget and be foregotten? Let us hope not. In future years when weighed down by the cares that surround a citizen of the world, an hour of leisure may be given to the past, and a glance cast back upon the scenes of youth. Then the lips will form that welcome, though unbidden exclamation—"Oh! happy College days; how happy now you seem when you are gone forever." For each of her sons Alma Mater offers up a heartfelt prayer for his success and welfare. The only return she asks is that which any grateful child owes an affectionate mother—love. She expects that her sons will so deport themselves that she may always point to them with pride and the knowledge that they have followed her wise counsels.



AU REVOIR.

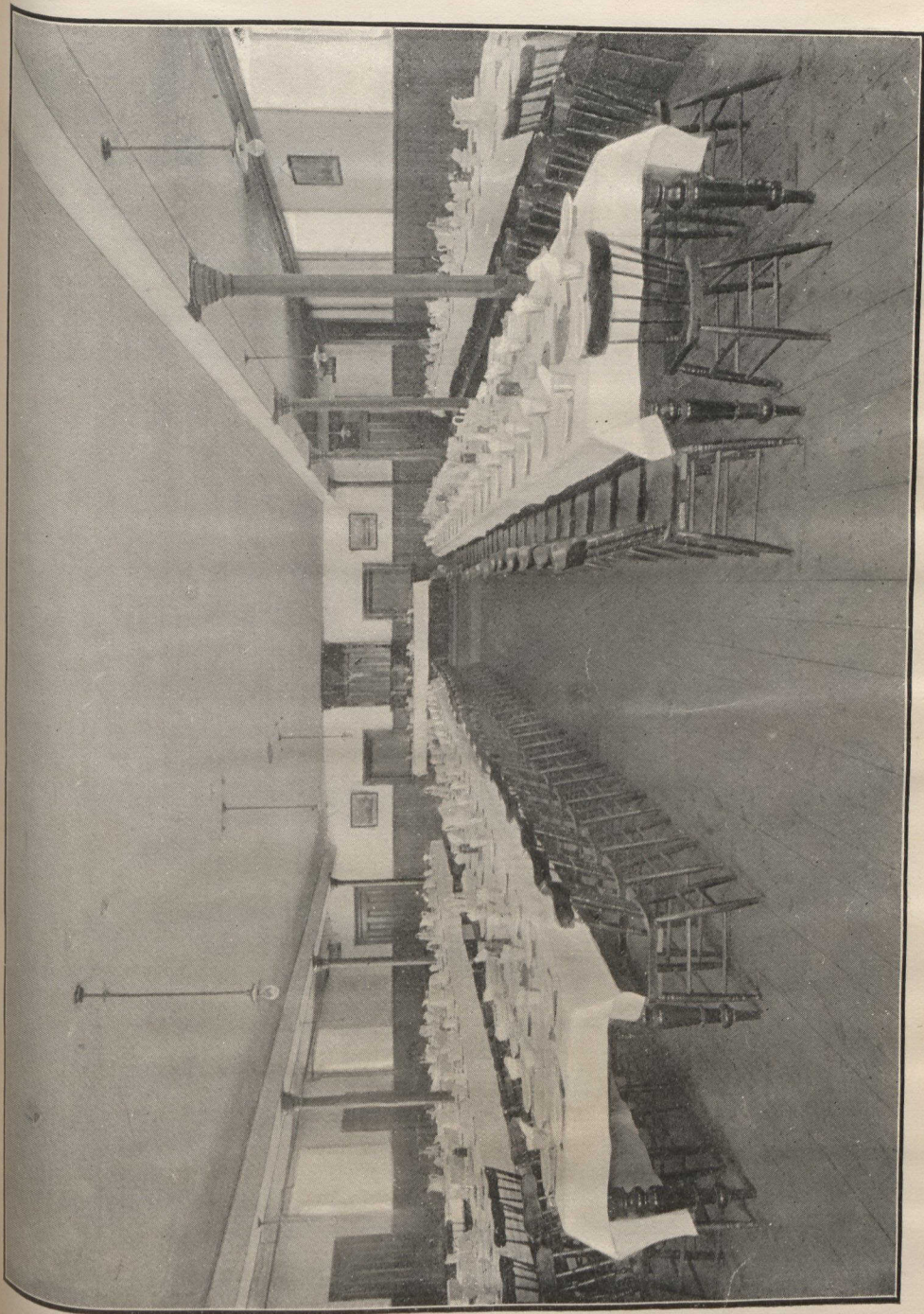
The July-August issue completes the first volume of *THE OWL*, and with it cease the labors of the present editors; with the September number, the first of the second volume, will come a reconstruction of the cabinet. Before making our bow, however, we cannot but express our sincerest thanks for the uniform kindness and courtesy with which our efforts have been received on every side. The students, proverbially shy in taking to new ventures, showed the greatest interest and enthusiasm in the establishment and success of *THE OWL*. Our articles have, we flatter ourselves, been generally interesting and instructive. No serious attempt has been made on the life or property of any of the occupants of the "easy chair," and their work has been throughout a labor of love bringing with it its own reward. On the whole our course this year has been pleasant sailing in calm waters, and we have every reason to be thankful to the past. The future looms up before us, enveloped in its impenetrable shroud, and bearing no sign by which we may interpret its contents. So it behooves us to bestir ourselves and be prepared for whatever it may bring forth. The future of *THE OWL* rests with its friends, particularly the alumni and students. We should be glad to have a larger number of old students on our subscription list, and hope that they will not postpone what they are certainly willing to do. To those who have so

kindly helped us with contributions, both literary and financial, we are sincerely grateful, and request a continuance and increase of their favors in either line. The present students could not better assist their college journal than by inducing a few of their friends to subscribe, or by writing during vacation some interesting articles for future numbers. In laying aside our editorial responsibility we wish the board of '88-89 unlimited success, and hope that their energy will be such ability, wisdom and truth.

REFLECT!

There is a growing and dangerous tendency among our young men to enter prematurely and without a proper foundation in the liberal arts upon the study of law, medicine, or the other professions. And in this matter, to our departing students we would say one word—reflect. There may be circumstances which would justify an early closing of a college career and the immediate adoption of professional studies, but in the majority of cases such a course is but the result of a hasty and unwise decision. Besides being an accomplishment and a great aid in the successful prosecution of future studies, a liberal education is a debt which every man owes himself, and which is absolutely necessary, if he would avoid shipwreck on the rocks and shoals of modern error.

"Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow,
He who would seek for pearls must dive below."
Consequently he, whose education is but slight and superficial, is in a pitiable plight, and absolutely at the mercy of all the philosophic and scientific absurdities with



STUDENTS' REFECTORY.

From a Photograph by Pittaway & Jarvis.

which 19th century books and magazines are choked. "Twere far better had he heeded the salutary advice to "drink deep or touch not the Pierian spring," where a slight draught intoxicates, but "drinking deeply sobers us again." Unfortunately this desire to quit college as soon as possible is rife among Catholic youth, and hence they are seriously handicapped in the great competition of life. Who are the leading physicians, lawyers, statesmen of the country? Undoubtedly those whose later studies were based upon the solid ground work of a liberal education. We trust that this consideration will lead those who may be wavering to pause and reflect before taking a step which may greatly impede them ever afterwards.

OTTAWA AS AN EDUCATIONAL CENTRE.

The capital of a country should lead the way in everything indicating progress and enlightenment, but especially in educational matters there should be no laxity at the seat of government. All eyes are turned towards the halls of legislation, and a seat of learning derives much benefit from being in close proximity to the founts of legislative wisdom. The Bishops of the United States showed their appreciation of this in choosing Washington as the site of the great Catholic University, and there is little doubt but that the educational legislation that may emanate henceforth from the United States Senate will bear the impress of consideration by the university professors.

Ottawa is highly favored in its educational establishments and facilities. The debates in the House of Commons and the excellent library attached to the Par-

liament offer inducements to be found nowhere else in Canada. Well equipped and efficient public schools, in addition to a Ladies College, Normal School, and a Collegiate Institute complete the circle of non-sectarian institutions. But it is to Catholic students that Ottawa should be especially attractive, for our houses of education in Ottawa are second to none. For young ladies, two well known convents, that of the Grey Nuns on Rideau street, and the Gloucester street Convent of the Congregation de Notre Dame, offer courses embracing all the branches of a useful and elegant education. The attendance at both of those houses is very large, and the rapidly increasing number bears testimony to the excellence of the training imparted. Ottawa University is too well known throughout the United States and Canada to need any words of approbation. It is but a few years in existence, but has already attained a high place among Canadian institutions of learning, and when the day comes, as come it must, for the establishment of the Canadian English-Catholic University, there is but little doubt that Ottawa will be the chosen spot.

The interval between the appearance of the June and July-August numbers of the OWL has been too short to enable us to obtain all the details about the establishment of the Faculty of Law in the University. The arrangements are not yet completed, but it is hoped that they will be perfected in time to appear in the annual prospectus soon to be issued.

The prospectus of this year will contain most of the illustrations given in the present number of THE OWL.

PRIORIS TEMPORIS FLORES.

ULULATUS.

Rev. Jas. F. Maher '75, is stationed at St. Charles' Church, South Adams, Mass.

Rev. P. McGair, '75, is the respected pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Poincville, Ill., in the diocese of Peoria.

Rev. P. Byrne, well known in '75, by the soubriquet of "Lord Byron" is pastor of St. Mary's Church, Ridgefield, Conn.

Michael J. O'Meara, M.D., '82, is located in Worcester, Mass. The Worcester trio, Purcell, Carroll & O'Meara are now practicing medicine in the same city.

Rev. G. A. Leonard, O.S.A., '84, who has been in Rome for some years is now located in Philadelphia.

Rev. J. J. Lyons, '82, is chancellor of the diocese of Ogdensburg.

D. J. Murphy, M.D., '79, is practicing in Malden, Mass.

A. P. Doherty, '82, is a druggist in Trenton, N.J.

Rev. Wm. A. McCarthy, '75, has charge of four parishes in the diocese of Savannah, and resides at Brunswick, Ga.

Louis Carrier, a commercial graduate of '86, is now conducting very successfully the business of his deceased father in Levis P.Q.

Ronald McDonald who was in College '85-'86 is now employed by the firm of A. T. Stewart & Co., New York.

E. A. Dorgan & J. J. Farrell, both of the class of '87 received tonsure at the recent ordinations in the Grand Seminary, Montreal.

Moses Viau, commercial graduate of '86 has undertaken the study of law in Malone, N.Y.

John S. Concannon '82 has gone over to the ranks of the Benedicts. The ceremony which united him to Miss Gertie Kavanagh, of Ottawa, was performed by Rev. M. J. Whelan assisted by Rev. J. J. Filliatre, Director of the College. Congratulations and felicitations on your connubial relations, Con!

We clip the following from the editorial columns of the *Boston Pilot*. Father Coffey is a B.A. of '73. "Our esteemed contemporary, the Canadian *Freeman*, is to be congratulated on having secured that able and experienced journalist, the Rev. John F. Coffey, for its editor-in-chief. He was for a long time at the head of the *Catholic Record* of London, Ont., and was an extensive contributor to leading Canadian dailies"

"A cane!"

"Picture of fort and a pipe!"

"I have a solution which fits the case exactly; I just circumscribe a circle around the four sides of the triangle."

A *lapus linguac* of the 3rd grade examination—"Mary Queen of Spots."

Is it not about time for the lacrosse team to get ready for the reception of that cup?

The examinations have been pretty severe on some. One of our hardest students was seen to rise the other night and go through his morning ablutions without water, mistaking a trunk for the wash-basin.

It's hard to satisfy some folks. The winner of the six fine shirts presented by Mr. W. H. Martin on the occasion of our spring sports, astonished that gentleman by calling at his place of business for the collars, cuffs and buttons!

In the obstacle race two weeks ago one young gentleman found it much easier to go *through* the barrel on the *outside* than another did to get through *between* the hoops and the staves.

Our fighting editor is at work on a drama. He kindly allows us to print a synopsis of it.

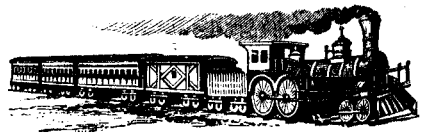
ACT I.—Secret Meeting of the Alpha Beta Society.—The Conspiracy.

ACT II.—The public denunciation—"You'll get a sweet answer in the *Citizen*."

ACT III.—The midnight assault.—The villains oiled.—"Where do you come from my boys?"

ACT IV.—Return of the villains at early morn.—Their prey has fled.—Virtue is its own reward.

ACT V.—Remorse begins its work.—The apol—"get out of here."—Tableau *tres vivant*.



"All Aboard!"