

# THE OWL

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

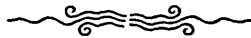
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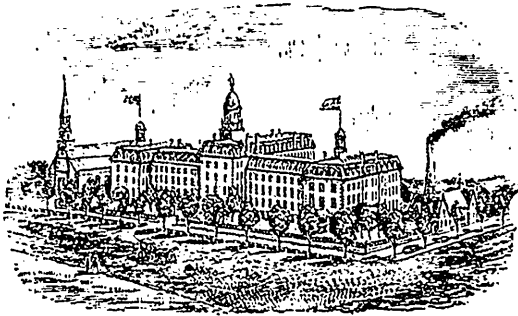
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# THE OWL.

VOL. III.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY, SEPTEMBER, 1889.

No. 1

## THE THREE ESSENTIALS OF CIVILIZATION.

Read in Academic Hall, June 20, 1889.



NORTHERN nations have always ruled the world and have each impressed on progressing civilization a characteristic quality. Indolence, effeminacy, physical and mental sloth are the prominent features of the people in southern climes; energy and manly vigor mark the northerners. Of all the nations of ancient or modern times Greece offers the only notable exception to this law. Yet the student of history knows that Grecian civilization was ephemeral; its rise and its decay of like surprising rapidity. So that, in geographical position, Canada is highly favored; nature has given her great possibilities; their realization depends upon the energy that may be accumulated in our national soul. If the future may in any way be inferred from the past; if like causes in like circumstances always produce similar effects, the highest aim of every citizen should be to bring his country into those lines of thought and action which history proves to have been productive of good results in the past, and to avoid every proximate or remote cause of national evil.

Guizot, the historian of France, first laid down the comprehensive generalization that nations must be classed according to their more or less complete civilization. And he shows how the extensive cultivation of one of the elements of civilization led to the ruin of the nations of antiquity. In India and Egypt it was the theocratic principle that took possession of society; in Syria and Asia Minor the democratic was supreme; the unity of social principle in Greece produced a brilliant but short

lived career of national grandeur; the like is true of Rome and the Great Empire of the West. Attempted perfection in one line, and utter disregard for the other essentials, precluded anything like stability of national character, or complete attainment of the highest ideal of a state.

Starting from this basis it is comparatively easy to measure a nation's progress, to calculate the chances of its success and to suggest remedies for its defects. What, then, is the lesson the past teaches us, what action should we take, what example hand down to posterity, so that in this "Canada of ours" no single element may ever become powerful enough to exercise permanent domination over the others, but that all may exist together, stimulating each other, restraining each other, making civilization rich and varied, imparting principles and powers that will continually replenish the impoverished sources of national welfare? The answer to this question will show what it is to live completely, what constitutes perfect civilization.

A state is but a collection of men bound together by common interest, and working towards a common end. Hence the perfection of the individual means the perfection of the state. Man is capable of perfection in his mind, in his will, and in his body; by science, virtue, and material goods. That state, therefore, will be nearest perfection in which truth, morality, and material progress are united in due proportion and in their order of dignity. The ancient philosophers and statesmen who regarded the moral and intellectual well-being of mankind first and the wealth of nations and of individuals second, pursued a far nobler

course than those moderns who place material welfare and progress above everything.

The perfection of truth in a society is represented by two developments—one religious, one educational, each the complement of the other. Religion without education easily drifts into superstition; education without religion lands in scepticism. What is the condition of religious truth in our country? Viewed through the most favorable glasses, it does not present a satisfactory aspect. The atheist with, "I don't believe;" the agnostic with, "I don't know;" and the indifferent with "I don't care" are ranged on one side and in large numbers; on the other is a small band of earnest and devoted workers, struggling against heavy and bitter odds. Between the two stands the liberal Catholic, who, with careless air, says: "It does not matter; both sides are equally right." On the American continent the spirit of indifference and liberalism is fearfully prevalent, and the strife should not be between Catholics and the various sects of Protestantism, as it so plainly is, but between belief and unbelief, for belief under any form is preferable to unbelief. First lead men to believe; then they may be brought to believe in the right lines. The issue then is between Christians and anti-Christians; of the ultimate result, there can be little doubt; will it come soon or late depends upon the energy and unity of Christian workers. A nation must first know the infinite good; then purge that knowledge of all error.

The condition of education is not more satisfactory. Macauley in his admirably written essay on the "Athenian Orators" says of the training given the citizens of Athens on their streets and in their public places:—"I know of no modern university which has so excellent a system of education." What education do our streets and public halls afford? What, but the ideas of the fanatic clothed in the coarse language of the demagogue? Our insitutions of learning in great part start from utility and inculcate selfishness. There is a want of high ideals and of broad views. Men clamour for such a training as will procure most dollars and the curriculum must be adapted to their desires. Stock in a great railroad, or shares in a promising mining speculation, find ready and eager purchasers at many points

above par; an educational institution is forced to close its doors because the profits are not realized in half-yearly 6% dividends.

Another serious defect in our education is the tendency towards specialism and consequent narrowmindedness, the developing of one branch of science to the absolute exclusion of all others. The mathematician is confined within his narrow sphere of figures and their combinations; Greek and Latin are the all of the classicist; for the physicist and the chemist the whole world is enclosed within the limits of a laboratory. If from a political standpoint no man is so much to be pitied as he who has never gone beyond his own city, with regard to education the same is undoubtedly true of him who has remained within the boundaries of a single science. "Know something about everything and everything about something" is a praiseworthy motto; modern education disregards the first part. The history of human progress gives no more striking lesson than that those who have made the deepest impression on the world have been men of almost universal knowledge. Such were Aristotle, Albert the Great, St. Thomas and Leibnitz; if modern times are sterile of genius, it is because the basis of our education is so narrow as to preclude a wide superstructure. What foundation have we laid of a national literature? Where are our scientists? Where our devotion to art of any nature? And yet these mark the civilization of a country. Place before the ordinary man the names of Ethiopia, Lapland and Senegambia. What do they represent to him? Little more than an unmeaning collection of syllables. But write opposite them the words Egypt, Greece, Rome. His eye brightens his features light up with intelligence. "I know *them*" he exclaims, though he has never set foot in either of the three. They are for him representatives of a noble enthusiasm for art, literature and science; their names are synonymous with greatness, goodness, power. Will the name of Canada be as Senegambia or as Greece in the future of the world? The shaping of the answer is left in the hands of true Canadians. What then must we do? We must aid in the development of philosophic, literary, scientific and artistic projects not as a mere matter of taste or



inclination, but as a patriotic duty. In opposition to the prevailing spirit of materialism and utility we must raise fortresses of religion and science. It is incalculable, the influence for good exerted over us by those high standards. Once we have become acquainted with them it is a difficult and painful task for us to descend to the little and the mean; from vines trailing along the ground and drawing nourishment from the slime of the earth, we become as mighty oaks that "dally with the tempest" and whose lofty tops are vivified by the purest winds of Heaven. Under the influence of those ideals our condition is like to that of the poet-priest in the Valley of Silence, which he thus beautifully describes when asked what he did in that valley:—

"Afar on the deep there are billows,  
That never shall break on the beach;  
And I have heard songs in the silence  
That never shall float into speech;  
And I have had dreams in that Valley  
Too lofty for language to reach,

And I have seen thoughts in the Valley  
Ah me—how my spirit was stirred;  
And they wear holy veils on their faces,  
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;  
They pass through the Valley like virgins,  
Too pure for the touch of a word.

I come now to consider the moral condition of Canada, that is, to investigate how truth is applied to the manners and customs of the people. There are three great reflectors of the morality of a country—the pulpit, the press, and political parties. When in these three we find sound moral principles preached and practiced, little need be feared. Do the utterances of those who fill our pulpits betoken a healthy moral state? Apart from the Christ-like doctrines of the Catholic church what is there of the Saviour's teaching in the words of those commissioned to preach peace and good-will? "Love one another" is no longer a precept. Is it strange that the common enemy should say "If these be your Christians we want none of them," or that the ranks of indifference and irreligion should teem with recruits from the best blood of Christianity?

Is the condition of the press satisfactory? Examine the various papers and answer. Freedom of the press and of speech are principles held in theory and in practice, so much so that no one is safe

from attack nor any cause so sacred as to be free from the ridicule of those who direct the columns of our journals. The innermost circle of the family is invaded and the most private affairs of individuals paraded before the public gaze to be made the subject of common gossip. Crimes, the most revolting and unnatural, are described in the most attractive style, and form the subject of mental reflection for many thousands. Thus has the press become a vast engine for the propagation of immoral principles. Public opinion is the great god; virtue and vice, right and wrong, go according to the likes and dislikes of public opinion. The people want liberty and the press echoes their cry. "Give every man a vote,"—whether he casts it for the good or evil of the country is not to be considered. Triumphant democracy is the shibboleth of those penny sheets with whom money and popularity are the only objects. Take a look at the free and lordly nature of this democracy. In it the great charm is that you can do what you like; you have no duty in the matter, you may go to war or make peace as you like, and quite irrespective of anyone else. How grandly democracy puts her foot on all our fine theories of education; "All the nation a workshop" is her motto. How little does she care for the training of her statesmen! The only qualification required is the profession of patriotism. Such is democracy—a pleasing, lawless, various sort of government, distributing equality to equals and unequals alike. People oft-times jump from the fear of slavery into slavery; out of the smoke into the fire; for liberty, when out of all order and reason, is the worst form of slavery. Democracy is but a step removed from this form of slavery.

The third reflector of morality is political opinion. Are we safe on this respect? I think not. Politics has degenerated into an unworthy struggle for office, in which all means are good, and out of which the fittest seldom survive. It is no longer the science of good government. Each of the two great parties is capable of no good in the eyes of its opponent; mutual condemnation is the order of the day. The poor elector is bothered completely and can scarce be expected to cast an intelligent vote. Can this state of affairs last? Emphatically no. "Something is rotten in the state of Den-

mark." What is the remedy? Plato laid it down centuries ago in sketching his ideal state. "Until kings are philosophers or philosophers kings cities will never cease from ill; no nor the human race; nor will our ideal polity ever come into being." So spake the wisest Plato; his words hold good for the nations of to-day. In political life our statesmen must unite both speculative and practical power. True the philosopher-statesman has never been popular with the mass of man-kind who feared that in his search for high ideals, he might forget the common needs and disregard the events that "were tumbling out at his feet." But if the pure philosopher is apt to be a political failure, the ordinary statesman is incapable of guiding the state through any extraordinary crisis. He stands by his old party maxims utterly oblivious of the signs of the times or unable to interpret them. While the world goes forward, he, by remaining stationary, goes backward. He cannot accommodate himself to circumstances; learns nothing, forgets nothing, and has but "wise saws and modern instances" to offer for the solution of the gravest questions. Neither the pure philosopher nor the ordinary statesman can successfully rule a nation; but the union of both in a constitutional state is the ideal of a statesman.

The third element and, in as much as body is inferior to soul and matter to mind the inferior element of the civilization of a country, is its material prosperity. Yet the cardinal point of American morals, and in the word American I include Canada, is worship of matter. There is not with us, as with the ancient Greeks, an aristocracy of talent; nor even, as with the French and English, an aristocracy of blood; ours is the aristocracy of dollars. Men whose millions stretch far beyond the fabled wealth of Croesus are the masters, and by their side other men, fellow-creatures but slaves, great before God, but nothing in the eyes of the world, men who cannot fill the tiny mouths that cry to them for food, nor bring color to the hunger-pinched cheeks. It is the old, old story of Dives and Lazarus, with this difference that the second part is at present beyond our ken. Can we blame those poor creatures, maddened by the contrast between the luxury of the rich and their own unmerited misery, for cry-

ing with Prudhon "property is robbery"? Well might the noble Bishop Freppel wish for a Christian socialism in which both rich and poor, capitalist and laborer, could unite with aims of mutual interest and fraternal charity. True Christians cannot be happy when their fellow-men suffer; they are bound by a most sacred duty to alleviate suffering. The conclusion forces itself upon us that many rich men are not Christians, for they view unmoved the direst want and hold themselves aloof from every charitable enterprise. Have they no sympathy? Sympathy! There is a class of men in this country who would banish the word from the language or limit its application to brute animals. "Rest with comfort" is their motto; let who may, suffer.

A short time ago a meeting of prominent men was held in an important town of Massachusetts. Grand speeches were made on the evils of poverty and the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few. I suppose a banquet followed the meeting. Next morning a poor woman was found dead in her home within a stone's throw of the place of meeting; she had died of starvation while those prominent men were busy lamenting the prevalence of poverty. Commenting on this, a writer in the *Boston Pilot* had the following severe, but just, remarks: "Dollarism is powerful, greedy and utterly selfish. It pervades all sections of the country, and is becoming paramount to all other *isms*. It has forced upon the country a false standard and men are now measured by the number of dollars they can exhibit, just as the Indians judge a warrior by the number of reeking scalps he carries at his belt. Dollarism, in its headlong career never stops to consider the wretchedness it produces; it is heedless of the sorrow and suffering it leaves in its track; heedless of the blood and sacrifices it forces humanity to render. It respects neither religion nor the state. It will spare nothing that stands in its way."

This monstrous increase in wealth is attributable to two causes, both evils. Firstly, to the spread of a false democratic sentiment, whereby men are distinguished from each other only by the difference of their credit at the bankers. This being the source of distinction men are driven to amass wealth. Secondly to the loss of the idea of, and reverence for, God. Caring

not to know God, we are of the earth and all our ideas and aspirations are cast in a worldly mould. When people are asked now a-days to contribute to any noble work the almost invariable reply is "Oh! we have enough to do with our money," or "we cannot be continually giving," seemingly forgetful that they receive but to give and they are not absolute masters of what they have. It was not ever thus: this spirit did not animate the great men of antiquity. Socrates left no fortune save his example; history make no mention of Plato and Aristotle as men of stocks. Millionaires were to be found only among barbarous tribes. It was not this spirit that built the magnificent churches and monasteries of the middle ages and sent to Paris, Oxford and Cambridge their ten thousand students. It was not her "bulls and bears" that earned for Ireland the title of "Isle of Saints and Sages," nor was it the reputation of making good stock-brokers that caused students from every quarter of the known world to flock to the Irish Colleges. St. Patrick was not cramped by being obliged to suit his doctrine to the manipulators on 'change, or to mince his words lest they might offend the wealthy members of his congregation and imperil his salary. Wall Street and its methods are of comparatively modern origin. There is only one parallel in antiquity and that is suggestive; we all remember how the Saviour drove the money lenders from the temple with the words:—"My house is a house of prayer, but you have made it a den of thieves."

Is wealth then an evil of itself? Not at all, but one of the most powerful aids for good and necessary for the accomplishment of any great intellectual or moral reform. The Catholic church has always taken this view of wealth: has blessed and spiritualized objects destined for the production of wealth. Still wealth is not everything; it is a means, not an end; and its only use—to forward good and repress evil; it should never be the term of life, man's supreme good. But the church has always considered also that the best state for man is the golden mean between extreme poverty and extreme riches, for each is a fertile source of sin and crime.

The voice of the church is, however, little heeded; the spirit of the world is upon us, and the future is far from bright. If the rage for dollars increases, what shall happen? I look forward one hundred

years, but a drop in the ocean of the world's duration, and I see the student of mediæval history in the flourishing University of Ottawa with a new text book in his hand. It is titled "The Rise and Fall of the British Empire" and the frontispiece shows Macauley's New Zealander sketching the ruins of St. Paul's. Below it are two lines from a long-forgotten poet:

Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,  
And honor sinks where commerce long prevails.

In the preface the author announces that a companion study is soon to be issued on the "Decline of the American Republic" and the professor takes occasion of this to deliver the following remarks:—"If we decipher the inscriptions on the tomb stones of great nations, we find that the disease that brought them to the grave was luxury. Disobeying that law of the moral universe which requires riches to be diffused, not concentrated, they swept together the wealth of the world, and heaped it up at home, till from excess it stagnated and bred a fatal corruption. Hardy and vigorous in youth, their energy brought prosperity; prosperity brought luxury; luxury, ruin." Men will not be taught in this matter by experience; neither will nations; and herein lies the great danger for our young country. Nations press forward to reach the summits of their desires—power and wealth, and find, the bottom of their enjoyments; for I am satisfied there is more genuine discontent and wretchedness in a community where all are rich than where all are poor. Multiplied pleasures engender pain; a continual grasping at material enjoyments weakens the pleasure faculty, blunts it, destroys it. "*Terra potens armis atque ubere gleba*" "A land strong in arms and in the richness of the soil" is not the supreme good. There are things above this earth. Strive, therefore as young Canadians to mould your country's future for higher aims, to direct your legislators to loftier fields than the consideration of tariff changes and the progress of the mercantile spirit. If you wish to be higher, nobler, better, more worthy of human honor and more certain of the divine blessing, it is your duty as Canadians to work for truth and good, to labor that you may leave something behind you better than dollars, to unite the three essentials of civilization intellectual, moral and material development.

M. F. FALLON, '89.

## OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



THE grievousness of one's errors is always more or less modified when the entire blame of them does not rest on the individual alone. Ergo, if in attempting to form a correct estimate of the personal character and literary achievements of Oliver Wendell Holmes, I shall only betray my inability to deal with a difficult subject, I trust that the mild coercion which the OWL exercises over all his readers will be a sufficient excuse for what might otherwise appear to be an unwarrantable liberty.

It is well, however, at the outset, to explain that this paper makes no pretence of teaching a new interpretation of Holmes, but is a mere transcription of what the writer has personally learnt from his delightful and inimitable pages, and suggested by the recent "Holmes" celebration.

American literature, in its several departments, has been variously enriched during the nineteenth century, and Oliver Wendell Holmes is one of those who has most contributed to that enrichment by his successful delineation of the social life of his country.

I regret exceedingly that after availing myself of all the resources at my disposal, I have yet been unable to glean the slightest information about the personal life and characteristics of this distinguished man. It would undoubtedly be deeply interesting to follow up all the circumstances and influences, which, from his earliest receptive period, fostered the development of such a highly-gifted intellect, and moulded the noble character which was its fittest accompaniment. But until some more definite account of his boyhood and early training is vouchsafed to us by those who have enjoyed the rare privilege of his intimacy, we must be content with the not unsatisfactory portraiture of him, which is presented to us in his own books.

The few dry facts and dates which mark the more important events of his life, are briefly these: He was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, nine years after the century, or as the Autocrat would say, in the year eighteen hundred and ever so

far. He graduated at Harvard at the early age of twenty and began to study law. Finding this profession un congenial, he soon abandoned it for medicine and with this view went to Paris where he spent three years as a student. Shortly after his return home he was appointed professor of Anatomy at Dartmouth, and, some years later held the same post at Harvard. He finally retired from the practice of medicine in 1849 and gave himself up to the production of those charming works in prose and poetry which won for him an immediate and universal popularity.

This meagre outline of an honorable and successful career, may in a measure be filled in by an attentive reader of Holmes, for every line he has written is eminently suggestive of the man's striking individuality. Dr. Holmes has given us some very sweet lyrical poetry, but it is in his prose works and more especially in three books of the breakfast-table series, that we must look for the highest manifestation of his genius and the most faithful reflection of himself.

"The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table" has grown to be another name for Oliver Wendell Holmes and indeed, in the literary world bids fair to supplant the older and more legitimate appellation. But, besides this, it is the title of a very charming book one of those sweet household treasures of which after we have learned to enjoy it, we never ask "Have you read it?" but "Do you read it?"

The book is a collection of prose papers supposed to contain the substance of conversations held during breakfast in the not too fashionable boarding-house frequented by the Autocrat. The talk, we are told, is like the breakfasts, sometimes dry toast, and sometimes dipped, but that is the author's opinion which we decline to share. To us the interest is unflagging. We never weary of the dear quaint humorous, wise, but never dull, old Autocrat.

The other guests who were wont to meet around the famous Breakfast-table were of various ages and acquirements, from that precious youngster, Benjamin Franklin (the landlady's youthful progeny, called B. F. for convenience's sake) to the

pale schoolmistress dressed in black with whom the Autocrat took such pleasant walks occasionally, after breakfast. There is also the landlady's daughter of whom I cannot forbear quoting the full description by the Autocrat :

" ( Act 19 + ) Tender-eye blonde, long ringlets, cameo pin, gold pencil case on a chain, locket, bracelet, album, autograph-book, accordeon, reads Byron, Tupper and Sylvanus Cobb, junior, while her mother makes the puddings. Says 'Yes' ? when you tell her anything."

An angular female in black bombazine, who, when the Autocrat soars too high for her, likes to stick a fact into him and bring him down a flight or two ; and the meek landlady who is like to be ruined with the price of beef, complete the feminine portion of the interesting company. There are besides, a rich old gentleman who sits opposite the Autocrat, and a divinity student of an earnest inquiring mind whom the Autocrat treats very kindly on the whole, even going so far as to tell the reader that he is a very nice young man (but that was one day when the divinity-student had paid him a very pleasant compliment.

I am terribly afraid that I sh. all beforever convicted of a fondness for low company, if I confess to a decided liking for the saucy, punning, winking ! young fellow answering to the name of John. It is surely a case of one's feelings getting the better of ones judgment, but so it is. There is at least something honest in his impudent manner of interrupting the Autocrat's monologues, though I admit that the practical inferences he draws from the latter's profoundly philosophical remarks, are, to say the least, astonishing.

No one, I think, can accuse Holmes of not having availed himself of the unlimited range of subjects for conversation, which in his character of Autocrat he was at liberty to enlarge upon *à discretion*. He has touched on a variety of interesting questions as, science, literature, character, manners, and —love, ( for of course he married the school-mistress ) but he seems to have expended his greatest force and persuasion on all matters, bearing directly or indirectly upon our relations to one another and upon the duties and obligations, which are the outgrowth, I had almost said the penalties, of these relations. Very few men of the same mental *calibre*

as Oliver Wendell Holmes have been so deeply imbued as he with a real sense of brotherhood, for the race, of which after all, he forms but a single though important unit. This is the indestructible charm that underlies all his utterances. With far greater intellectual endowments than have sufficed to ruin many a brother author with vanity and egotism Holmes never once loses sight of the principle of true democracy.

I could multiply quotations from his books to illustrate this noble trait, but a few will suffice to reveal its extent and sincerity. We all know, that Holmes was by birth, education and natural sensibilities, a gentleman. Yet far from despising his fellow creatures, who do not share the privilege, hear what he says :

" It is such a sad thing to be born a sneaking fellow, so much worse than to inherit a humpback or a couple of club feet, that I sometimes feel as if we ought to love the crippled souls, if I may use this expression, with a certain tenderness which we need not waste on noble natures. One who is born with such congenital incapacity that nothing can make a gentleman of him, is entitled, not to our wrath, but to our profoundest sympathy."

No one will question Dr. Holmes' reputation as an accomplished scholar and yet it was he who wrote these lines :

" How sweetly and honestly, one said to me the other day, ' I hate books.' A gentleman, singularly free from affectations, not learned of course, but of perfect breeding, which is often so much better than learning, by no means dull, in the sense of knowledge of the world and of society, but certainly not clever either in the arts or sciences, his company is pleasing to all who know him. I did not recognize in him inferiority of literary taste, half so distinctly as I did simplicity of character and fearless acknowledgement of his inaptitude for scholarship. In fact, I think there are a great many gentlemen and others, who read with a mark to keep their place that really " hate books " but never had the wit to find it out nor the manliness to own it."

And then the Autocrat must have his laugh, so he writes in parenthesis : "*entre nous*, I always read with a mark."

Again it is he, the clever amusing talker, who speaks thus of his less favored brethren: "What a comfort a dull, but kindly per-

son is, to be sure, at times. A ground glass shade over a gas lamp does not bring more solace to our dazzled eye than such a one to our minds. There are men of *esprit* who are excessively exhausting to some people. They are the talkers who have what may be called the jerky minds. They say bright things on all possible subjects, but their zigzags rack you to death. After a jolting half-hour with these jerky companions, talking with a dull friend affords great relief. It is like taking a cat in your lap after holding a squirrel."

After these evidences of a magnanimous nature, it is easy to believe that the delightful humor which runs through all of Holmes' writings, is never indulged at the expense of the reader's more sensitive feelings. In this respect, he closely resembles the French Moralists whose hearty enjoyment of the ridiculous, is as unlike as may be to the sneer of the English satirist. He has a light pleasant way of showing up the foibles of humanity, which is so far from being offensive that we laugh with him at our very selves, and take his well meant lessons to heart notwithstanding.

A cursory reader may not immediately detect the didactic efficacy of the Autocrat's discursive talk; if he did, he would probably read but little of it. Yet, no one I think, can fail to profit by contact with the wise and kindly spirit from which it flows. The good is wrought silently in us as all good should be wrought. We begin by feeling uncomfortably conscious of certain unmistakable blemishes of character in ourselves, and certain equally unmistakable virtues in our neighbor until by dint of trying to rid ourselves of the first and emulate the second, a wholesome impetus has been given to our better impulses and a corresponding check put upon our worst ones. There is something salutary in such a result.

With all this, Dr. Holmes is not by any means, as far as I can see, a religious man. I will go farther and say that to my thinking, the spiritual element is wholly wanting in him, or at least, in his works. It is true that he has a certain reverence for holy things, that he has acknowledged his belief in Christ and, like every good Protestant, aimed a shot or two at the Catholic church. But notwithstanding all this if we probe to the bottom of his philosophy in search of a religion I fear we shall not be a little startled to find in its stead—paganism pure and simple.

In other words, the springs of human action seem to have for him, no higher source than a sort of poetic aspiration after an ideal of beauty. His love of truth and virtue resolves itself into an æsthetic refinement of thought and feeling. His decalogue is neither more nor less than the code of honor of a gentleman. He has fallen into the error against which Newman has warned us, that subtle but fatal error which makes good breeding supersede religion as a motive, and beauty or materialism, for they are the same thing, take the place of Christ, as an ideal. The error is all the more dangerous as man is more prone to serve the world than God. He is more jealous of his honor as a gentleman, than of his valor as a Christian.

It would in nowise please me to draw this paper to a close at a point which might leave an unfavorable impression of an author, who, in spite of the charge I have laid at his door holds a very high place in my affections. Let me sum up as briefly as possible the better qualities and more pleasing characteristics of the subject of our study.

Dr. Holmes is undoubtedly entitled to a place in the front rank of modern authors. For fluency and correctness of style, for exquisite refinement of thought, feeling and language, for rich quaint humor, for shrewd wisdom, for utter freedom from aught that is gross or impure, for almost feminine tenderness for the weak and unhappy, he is unsurpassed if not unrivalled. We cannot read his books without loving him, and feeling that he in a measure loves us in return.

For the country, Holmes has done an unparalleled amount of good. He has elevated her standard by refining her ideals. He has taught the world that his people is something more than a money-making race, and that his climate favors the growth of art and poetry as much as that of corn and sugar cane. In fact he has left his mark upon his age and I have no hesitation in prophesying that his name shall be a household word in every English and American household for more years to come than I would dare compute—and right gladly may we join in the throng, who wished him a few days ago on his 80th birthday, "Many happy returns," though it is sad to realize how few returns either happy or otherwise, are likely to come to one who is eighty years of age.

PRINCE EMILIUS.

## RELICS OF OLD DECENCY.

"From my father's great ancestors,  
It decended with galore.  
It's the relic of old decency,  
The hat my father wore."



LD students who were in the college in the year 1875 remember with what truth the above lines could be applied to the hat worn by Billy G—y. Why he wore the hat, and from what remote period it dated could not be determined, yet the moral courage of Billy in wearing this hat and a saffron colored vest during his three years at college will always claim our admiration though we must deprecate his want of respect for old age in so doing. Some of the students claimed that it was a well preserved *petasus* that the wearer had picked up on his European travels. Another opinion claimed it to be the "hatte of biever" described by Froissart as worn by one of the "nobels of the lande mette at Clarendom" in the 12th century. These ideas however cannot be trusted, for the hat was evidently from a manufactory and the first hatters we find spoken of in history were the *Filzkappenmacher*s of Nuremburg, who did not date anterior to 1360. The most reliable accounts placed the *debut* of G—y's hat in the reign of Elizabeth, because it came with in the following description taken from a writer of that period, who bewailed the great number of styles then worn:—

"Sometimes they use them sharpe on the crowne pearking up like the spire or shaft of a steeple, standing a quarter of a yard above the crowne of their heads; some more, some less, as please the fantasies of their inconstant minds. Other some be flat and broade on the crowne, like the battlements of a house. Another sorte have round crownes, sometimes with one kind of bande, sometimes with another, now black, now white, now russed, now redde, now grene, now yellow, now this, now that; never content with one colour or fashion, two daies to an ende."

However, the purpose of this paper is not the discussion of such a dead issue as Billy G—y's hat; we have to deal with the living present, with the great variety of

shapes and colors adorning to a greater or less extent the heads of the students of '89-'90.

Amongst students especially is the hat an important article of dress. It is generally purchased at home before departure for college, and packed away in the trunk, every thing being so arranged that it will suffer no injury in the various gyrations of the trunk and the baggage smasher. If the journey to College is a lengthy one, how futile will have been all this care! With what feelings will he gaze upon the homogeneous mass into which the contents of his trunk has been churned. After a diligent search he finds the object of his care in a most disreputable condition. It is smoothed out carefully, pulled into some sort of semblance to its former self, rubbed and brushed till it becomes presentable. It then descends to the campus on the head of its owner. Here it meets many companions in a like misfortune. Our students, coming as they do from all corners of the continent, naturally represent the styles of their respective localities, and for the first few weeks at least, there is a great variety to be seen. I say the first few weeks, because all individual oddities in the shape of head-dresses, are driven into the wardrobes by the keen attacks of student ridicule, and only those that harmonize together remain. But even amongst these, the most fastidious can satisfy his taste.

The hat, to an observant mind, indicates much in regard to the character of the wearer or the locality from which he hails.

For instance we see here a broad-brimmed, low crowned felt hat, of the style seen on Wm. Penn. in the engraving so frequently seen in school books representing him making his famous treaty of peace with the Indians. It is not a Quaker hat however, for its color is black, not the sombre gray worn by the Society of Friends. This is a hat that is a hat, a hat made for utility, a hat that will keep the sun and rain off as the occasion requires. Such

a hat is not common on this side of the Atlantic, it must have been imported and perhaps its owner is an importation also. To test the truth of this we remark. "That's quite a hat you have, we don't see many like it around here." "Indeed and we don't sir, it's a clatty sort of a hat" is the reply with a county Cavan accent. Our next test is made on an individual a little above the ordinary height with an abstracted air and full, large well rounded Derby which fails to harmonize with the angular features below it. "Here's a man that jumps to a conclusion too rapidly, one who decides first and thinks afterwards," we opine and again we are correct in our reasoning, for the question "why did you buy such a hat," brings forth the ready reply "Poor judgement, sir, poor judgement." Then we see the "pass round the hat" style: a nice brown felt, surmounting a phiz so winning and confidential that you imagine you see the hat coming off and you instinctively put your hand in your pocket. A few minutes afterwards you see this bland smile "borrowing" some tobacco from a new student. A yawn close by startles you; turning you see leaning up against a tree box in a most nonchalant attitude the wearer of a well fitting Derby, but the hat rests as if it had been thrown negligently on the head, it is inclined to one side, and you immediately surmise that the youth himself is inclined—to be lazy.

"Pretty as a picture" you exclaim, not at sight of a hat alone, but at the view of a combination in wool—a grey felt hat and a mustache, the curves of both harmonizing so well that you suspect they were made to plans and specifications. You hear the owner humming a versse of "Hurrah for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee" and upon inquiry you find this article is quite a proper party. But not a whit more painstaking is he than this young man who takes a pocket mirror out and adjusts his hair beneath a diminutive brimless—I'm at a loss to name it, but had it some flowers on it I would call it a "duck of a bonnet." "You see that? I came near being shot this vacation" is a remark that startles you as a student hands his hat for examination to several friends. You draw near to investigate and perceive a somewhat delapidated looking hat marked on the sweat band "Real Goat Leather" and with what appears to

be a bullet hole through the crown of the hat. "I was out hunting this vacation with a chum, when I was tackled by a bear. I tried to choke him off, but t'was no go, and I was almost a goner when my chum shot the bear. But the bullet went clean through my hat, I tell you it was a close call." "He's a blower" you say, for you observe from the location of the bullet hole that either the wearer of the hat had a remarkably thick skull, or else it was worn by the unfortunate bear.

But why multiply examples. There is no need of mentioning the cerulean blue hat from Alfred, Ont., or the "ailing fawn" tinted one from Springfield, Mass. We will have to pass by the brown canopy that covers the citizen of Picton, Ont., and the antique tile that allows the rain to trickle slowly on the sprig of Clan Ronald.

There is one species of hat which we have not yet dwelt upon, it is a fragile article and does not bear much handling. I refer to the hat rejoicing in the various and euphonious titles of beaver, castor, tile, stove pipe, etc. This is the professorial hat, very uncommon amongst the students. One shocking example has come to my notice. It happened to a friend of mine and is the history of his first tall hat. He had worn it but a few days, when, placing it upon a chair for a moment it was inadvertently and emphatically sat upon by a very dear friend upon whom gravity exerted considerable attraction. It was crushed as relentlessly as ever the car of Juggernaut ever compressed its victims. After treatment in a hospital for diseased hats it was made once more wearable by a man of considerable courage. And this my friend proved to be. A few days afterwards the lightning struck again, but not in the same place. Riding in a horse car one day, the wearer sat in a draught which he tried to prevent by closing the door, a sliding one. The door was tight and resisted his efforts. He bent forward to see if the door was fastened outside, at the same time tugging vigorously at it. All of a sudden the door gave away and he barely escaped suicide by guillotining. He saved his head, but the hat—it was a pitiful sight. All the passengers were in tears. Again it went to the hospital and issued a few days afterwards in splints. Once again my friend's courage stood him in good stead. He wore it. But not for long. This time the very elements



warred against it, and they conquered. One day a coat of ice on the pavement was lubricated by the falling rain. Walking was very tiresome and our hero stopped to rest on the pavement. It is needless to say that he was assisted by a friendly piece of ice. The hat however kept on. Left to itself it soon began to gambol gaily in the gutter. The young are always venturesome and this hat scarcely two weeks old ventured beyond its depth and found a watery grave.

That one cannot be too careful in the selection of a hat is illustrated by the following incident which happened during the past vacation.

A professor wished to visit one of his students in a city of Western Massachusetts. His stature was augmented, as he himself would tell us to 25% above par, by a tall hat. The professor was met at the depot by the student.

This young man we will call Dick; we refrain from giving his real name in deference to his feelings. After the usual greetings, the pair walked down the main street together, conversing as they went along. The visitor, while admiring the architectural beauties of the place, began to observe that the city possessed an unusual number of whistlers; and continued observation made known to him that, bird-like, the notes whistled, formed a short strain and this was repeated again and again, in various keys and all sorts of expression. In the beginning the performers were timid, and the music was low, thus:

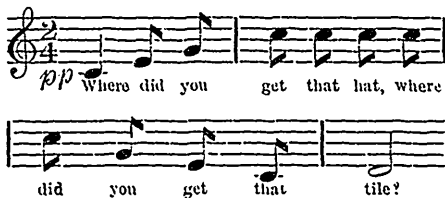


but as they proceeded, the whistlers grew bolder, and as their dread of the stranger entered upon a *diminuendo* movement, their warbling began a *crescendo* one, and now at every street corner they turned they were saluted with



Still they were totally innocent of the thought that one of them was the object

of the whistling serenade. They though a whistling epidemic had befallen the town and rather enjoyed it; indeed we have well grounded suspicions that our friends themselves were humming the tune. However, a change in their ideas occurred. In every well regulated concert vocal music alternates with instrumental and the local gamin was well aware of this. The prelude has been played, let us have the song. It came.



Softly at first, of our friends Dick alone caught the words. He seized their full import at once. He wondered why he did not think of it before, but now he did not wish to alarm his friend by telling him that he was the centre of attraction. He had read that the first man who carried an umbrella was nearly mobbed. What would not the present mob do, spurred on by the words of a stirring popular melody? "Dick" said our traveller, "What did he say?" "O, nothing" said Dick, "he asked if I was going back to college." This subterfuge did not last long. The chorus was heard from. Strong and voluminous it came, each note emphasised.



Fortunately Dick's home was near. They entered, the door was closed, and taking off his hat and examining it closely, the visitor said to his host: "Now, Dick, what is the matter with my hat?" "Nothing at all," replied Dick, "It fits you first-rate." "Then what are they all shouting at?" "Ah, that's a new song that's just out. All the people are crazy over it. They don't mean you."

Our friend remained in doubt while his stay in the place lasted, and even on the

train as the cars sped over the rails, their rattling seemed to say in a tone of mockery "Where did you get that hat, where did you get that tile?" and when the brakeman appeared to call out stations, it filled him with a dread that in place of a station the awful phrase would be hurled through the train. Several other stops in Western Massachussets, gav him an idea of the popularity of the tune and convinced him that the people of this section had no design upon his life or his property.

The writer regrets that his article is not more complete. There are many fine specimens of the *genius* hat in the College that he has been unable to describe. They were hid away in trunks and wardrobes upon the first intimation that information was wanted concerning them. We will endeavor however to describe their features in another column, as they reappear in the light of day.

K. D.



THE TENTH MUSE.



ALL may the bard forego his song,  
 The seer from mountain top descend ;  
 The Man of News—to him the times belong  
 And to his mastery bend !  
 The modern epic, to its unguessed end  
 Grows under his prosaic pen.  
 What shall escape his sweeping ken ?  
 The hamlet's gossip, the great town's uproar,  
 And all the loud report of men ?  
 The light tick of his dropping type resounds again.  
 His to explore  
 And flash the torch in darkest nooks of earth.  
 A wizard he : his sheet a magic glass  
 Wherein the mirrored world doth shine.  
 And all its diverse energies  
 In hurrying throngs approach and pass,  
 Weaving a texture fine  
 From verge to verge of farthest alien skies,  
 Till far and foreign are brought near  
 And myriad threads of destiny intertwine.  
 And ever to the ear  
 From this same wizard concave rise  
 The gusts upblown from every shore and clime;  
 The multitudinous voices, blent, yet clear,  
 Of the vast surging earth, the din  
 Of traffic, the low sough of sighs,  
 The laughter and the cries  
 Of many peoples, and the roar of time.  
 And lo ! Humanity, dismembered, marred  
 Of visage, comes, looks wondering in  
 And sees, despite the stain of sin  
 And features battle-scarred,  
 And cruel wars endured beneath the sun,  
 Her face still bears the mould divine,  
 Her mighty, many-nationed heart is one.

DAVID GRAY.

# THE OWL.

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## TO OUR FRIENDS.

For the third time does THE OWL claim the suffrages of the students and Alumni of the College. Launched but eighteen months ago as a doubtful venture it steadily worked its way forward to its present position, and now enjoys a measure of success that bids fair to be lasting. Both in contents and make up it compares favorably with all other College Journals. Few others surpass it in circulation, though our efforts in this regard were not strenuous ones. But this year we wish to push its circulation to a point deserved by its merit. We ask the assistance of all our friends, particularly the Alumni, in this

endeavor. We have sent specimen copies of THE OWL to all addresses of former students that were found on the College books. Many of these were the names of students twenty or more years back, and the greater portion of papers sent did not reach the parties addressed.

The coming reunion, which, from present indications, will bring to Alma Mater a greater number of her children than have ever before congregated in her halls on any one occasion, will furnish many with an opportunity of appreciating our efforts by making known to the business manager the addresses of those former students of their acquaintances who do not receive THE OWL and to whom it would prove welcome. If this is done we can confidently promise that the progress made by our paper in the past will continue and its sphere of usefulness be much enlarged.

One more consideration. We have several times urged upon old students to send us for publication reminiscences of their college days or even any after-life experiences of themselves or friends likely to interest our readers. The writer has often met with former students who were enthusiastic in their praises of THE OWL, who were most anxious to know who wrote such or such an article, and who would immediately recount incidents of their own career in college, oftentimes more interesting in matter and manner of telling than the very article which recalled these recollections to them. It is to such as these we make this appeal. If you find any delight in these retrospects would not others be equally delighted with your own? We are anxious to have many of our friends favor us with their reminiscences. We would gladly publish one of these articles every month. We hope therefore that those who have heretofore felt an inclination to open the treasures of their memory will procrastinate no longer. We also urge the students of the current scholastic year to take more

interest in the work of THE OWL. They can do this by subscribing for it themselves and getting others to do so. Another way of aiding us is by patronizing our advertisers. These gentlemen encourage us and aid us greatly, hence we should reciprocate, by purchasing whatever we need, in their respective lines off them—they are the leading merchants in the city and are prepared to give to students inducements that can not be found elsewhere. But one of the objects of THE OWL being “to aid the students in their literary development” it follows that we expect all to contribute to its columns. We would like to see more students’ work on our pages. We are confident that there are many amongst us whom timidity or modesty prevents from going into print. Their class work, their work in the Scientific and Debating Societies, and their eloquence in other society meetings give ample evidence of their talent and ability. Let us then work together and make Vol. III of THE OWL equal to, if not better than, its two predecessors.

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#### THE REUNION.

During the past vacation the university issued a circular letter inviting all the former students who could possibly do so to visit Alma Mater on the 9th and 10th of next month in order to evidence their affection for the memory of the good and great Father Tabaret. A handsome bronze statue of the Founder has been erected on the university lawn and the ceremony of unveiling it is to take place on this occasion. Moreover, an opportunity will be taken to confer in due form the honors granted by the Sovereign Pontiff to the university and some of its principal officers. It should, therefore, be a pleasure of the purest nature for the students of the past to come together and join with the

students of the present in this glorious celebration. No doubt a very large number of them will do so, and let us hope that they will not part without planning something which will be of practical benefit to the university. Why should not our alumni agree that each of them will act as an agent for the university in his district, and will try to procure for it as many students as possible. This would not necessitate any outlay of time or money, it would merely require an occasional seed dropped upon good ground; an occasional word in the right place and at the proper time. If the alumni should be of opinion that they can render any assistance to forward this end, then let them do so as they love their Alma Mater and their religion.

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#### THE NEW YEAR.

Never has a term opened more auspiciously in Ottawa University than the one in which the present number of THE OWL makes its appearance. Few old faces are missing save those of the graduates, and even a goodly number of the latter, mere shadows of their former selves, however, may occasionally be seen stalking sedately in the vicinity of Divinity Hall. The influx of new students is large and promising both from an intellectual and physical point of view. Nature has been more kind than is her wont at this uncertain season, and a magnificent series of sunny days and moonlit nights gladdens the heart of the homesick freshman in spite of himself. The reorganization of the university government has been completed and several important changes made, by which some officers and instructors are transferred to more congenial positions, and others relieved of a portion of the burdens which had begun to hamper them. The learned and gentle Father Fayard, late Superior of the College, enters upon the labors of the mission in

British Columbia, a position for which his deep earnestness and burning zeal eminently fit him. Rev. Father McGuckin comes to us from beyond the Rockies as the first rector of the Catholic University of Ottawa. His learning, his experience as an educationalist, and his vigorous practical intellect will, we have no doubt, enable him to discharge worthily the various duties of the rectorate. Father Guillet, whose name is beloved by the thousands of students who have known him, leaves the university for a time to take a much needed rest—the only rest that can be allowed an O. M. I., viz: change of scene and labor. His successor, Father Vaillancourt is seeking relaxation in a similar manner by exchanging the chair of a professor of classics for the no less arduous duties of Prefect of Discipline. Father Balland, who for many years has done the work of two men in the Prefecture of Studies has at last obtained a valuable assistant in the person of Father Constantineau who is now Prefect for the Commercial course. Thus do these valiant soldiers of Christ march and counter-march at the bidding of their commander, never for a moment thinking of their personal wishes or interests, for is not self-sacrifice the first duty of a religious? The reward of this obedience is the success which they attain as well in their new as in their old positions. Almost two hundred students have already registered for residence and there is no falling off in the number of externs. There is good reason to expect, therefore, that at the time of the re-union of old students in October they will see within these walls a body of present students such as never greeted their eyes during their own college days. This reunion will mark an epoch in the history of our Alma Mater, for occasion will then be taken to formally inaugurate the faculties of theology and philosophy, the crowning of the work begun by the venerated

founder, the unveiling of whose monument is the immediate cause of reunion.

### OBITUARY.

“ Our life is like the summer. Ere we know  
That yet we live  
Our time is past ; our souls to God we owe,  
To God we give ”

Death has been very busy amongst us of late. Since Commencement Day four of our number have been called away, all of whom, at the beginning of the last scholastic year, had apparently many years of life before them. But it had been decreed otherwise. They were cut off just as their youth was about to bloom into promising manhood.

The first whom the angel of death visited was George McClean of Troy, N. Y., a student in the commercial department. He fell sick last winter and spent several weeks in the hospital. Having partially recovered, he left for home in charge of his parents. But consumption had already fastened upon him and despite all the endeavors of skilled attendants, he died on the 20th of June, the day on which his fellow students left college for the summer vacation. George McLean was of too retiring a disposition to be rightly known to the mass of the students. But those who were intimate with him speak in the highest terms of his goodness and kindly conduct. May his soul rest in peace.

The next victim claimed by death from amongst the students was William Binks, who at the early age of sixteen departed his life at the home of his parents in Ottawa, on August 16th last. He had been ill with dropsy. The deceased, during his attendance at College, had by his general disposition and strict observance of duty won the love and esteem of all. *Requiescat in pace* is the prayer of all his College friends.

Death at all times comes unexpectedly, “ like a thief in the night ” as the inspired

writer puts it. The death of Bernard Campbell was far from the minds of those who bade him good bye as he left for his home at South Finch, Ont., a few months ago, suffering from what all thought but a slight injury to his knee. After reaching home he was confined to bed and the injured limb attended to. When everything looked favorable to his ultimate recovery he contracted that dread disease—consumption. His wasted body could offer but little opposition to its inroads and after enduring with great resignation his long sickness he had the happiness of a good death. Bernard Campbell was a graduate of the commercial course and was in the third year's work for matriculation when he left the college. He was a universal favorite and left many sincere friends who deeply regret his untimely death. They, in common with all the students and professors in the institution, have already besought and will continue to beseech the God of mercy to look with compassionate eyes on the soul of their departed friend.

To mar the pleasure of meeting again college companions, to augment the pain of parting with the friends at home, the old students heard on their return of the serious sickness of Mr. A. A. Delaney of Burlington, Vt., who matriculated with the class of '91, but who has been recently on the staff of "*United Canada*." Brain fever was the malady and its progress was so rapid that the sufferer died on the ninth day of his illness. His parents and relatives had been summoned and were present at his bedside in his dying moments. The news of his death was a dreadful shock to those who knew him in college. By his kindness, his good nature, his invariably gentlemanly conduct, and his genuine piety he had endeared himself to his companions and formed friendships which even the rude hand of death can not destroy. As a mark of respect and love the students followed his remains to the C. A. R. station whence they were

taken to his late home in Burlington. On the following morning a solemn requiem Mass for the repose of his soul was sung in the College chapel and those whom Anthony Delaney had left behind united their prayers at the foot of the altar in his behalf.

We also tender our sympathies to Fred Lamoureux, who on the morning of Sept, 23rd, received a telegram from Lowell apprising him of the death of his father Noel Lamoureux, by apoplexy.

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### OCTOBER 9th AND 10th.

Acceptances of invitations to the inauguration of the Catholic University of Ottawa, are coming in with sufficient rapidity to predict the success of the great celebration. All the former students are invited, though it is probable that on account of changes of residence there are some whom the letters of invitation have not reached. It is to be hoped, however, that they will know of the celebration through the press and otherwise, and consider themselves most cordially invited. Blanks entitling the holder to a free return ticket, when stamped by the agent selling the ticket, and countersigned by Father Balland, can be obtained on application to the latter.

The following is the order of exercises on the occasion.

#### WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 9.

9. A. M. Pontifical Mass in the Basilica.  
Installation of the Chapter.  
Unveiling of the statue of  
Bishop Guigues.
4. P. M. Public Argumentation in the  
College Hall, by Candidates  
for Theological Degrees.
- 8 P. M. Official Inauguration of the  
Catholic University of  
Ottawa.

#### THURSDAY OCTOBER 10.

- 8 30. A. M. Pontifical Mass in the  
College Chapel.
3. P. M. Unveiling of the statue  
of Father Tabaret.
6. P. M. Grand Banquet.

## EXCHANGES.

The new exchange editor, as he crowds through the fanlight of the sanctum, being reduced thereto by the negligence of the departing editor in having left the door fastened on the inside, gloomily remarks that he will not have an excess of material to work upon. He would like to know where are those seventy exchanges which his predecessor boasted of receiving monthly. He is inclined to fancy that said boast was "a vile and fallacious innuendo, also a lie, which is to say a ridiculous falsehood." At this moment his foot catches in a rent in the brussels carpet which covers the floor and as he falls his head strikes a huge mass which lies unmolested in the corner. When he recovers consciousness several weeks later he finds that he has been in collision with a solid and serious fact instead of "a vile and fallacious innuendo." Said fact is the aforesaid seventy exchanges covered with piles of dust and forming a miniature Mt. Everest. Not to lose any more time he draws from his pocket a quill toothpick and tearing from his notebook a morsel of paper begins upon that which he finds nearest to hand.

The *Stonyhurst Magazine* brings us the welcome news that the memory of the recently deceased politician and philanthropist, known to the police as Richard III., at present believed to be serving an after life sentence in Gehenna, has been receiving a few coats of the most modern whitewash. We are glad to hear this as it gives us reason to expect that although the processes of the Special Commission may take longer to evolve themselves than those of the Stonyhurst Debating Union the vindication of Mr. Parnell by the *London Times* will not date later than the year 2400 A.D. Cricket is evidently "the craze" at Stonyhurst that football is at Ottawa, but we must confess that we don't like to see so much space devoted to sporting matters in a college journal. "The Red Lion of the Poquessing" is a very readable sketch of a day in an American country place haunted by memories of "the Father of his Country."

The *Raven*, another English contemporary, is almost all cricket too. The editors have something to say in defence of "fagging," which we would not entirely

endorse. The most admirable feature of this paper is its manly, outspoken tone of criticism of affairs at St. Gregory's. If the subscription list does not suffer thereby it is a sign that an exceedingly healthy sentiment exists in the school.

The *Acadia Athenæum* notwithstanding its *Police Gazette*ish hue is *facile princeps* among the college press of the Maritime provinces. Brief, sensible and pointed editorials on suitable subjects occupy more space than is generally devoted to them. And justly so. Our own editor-in-chief says that he would follow the example but for the limited number of subjects at his disposal.

The latest number of the *St. Viateur's College Journal* which has reached us contains a report of the proceedings on Commencement Day, and the valedictory and the salutatory read on that occasion. The valedictory is the briefest we have seen, but it is well written, and the sentiments expressed have a ring of sincerity about them.

*St. John's University Record* would be improved by "doubling up." But then everything is immense in the great North-West. The present number is especially interesting to alumni and contains a history of the college and its societies, and many other articles which will recall old memories to the former students.

The *Dakota Collegian* is not a very pleasing paper either in appearance or contents. Some very sensible editorial remarks are nevertheless made upon the value of a college education. We willingly scratch our initials on the back of this: "A man with a college education is better able to grapple with the questions of finance, government, and morals than one who has not received the strict discipline of a four or six years hard study."

The *Speculum* informs us that there is no haysced on their faculty when they come to dealing with brutal hazers. If a few more college officials would only do likewise the hazing problem would soon receive a satisfactory solution.

The writer of the neat essay on "John Smith and Father" in the *High School World* is not unduly severe upon "the young man of the period," and upon the purblind parents who believe that it is

necessary for said young man "to sow his wild oats." The school which is represented by this journal is the fortunate possessor of a ready-made Bill Nye and James Whitcomb Riley rolled into one. "The Fire at our Flat" and "Machine Poetry" are by no means bad of their kind.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic*, it appears, knows not the delights of vacation. The number before us is dated Aug. 17th and contains a florid essay on an exceedingly hackneyed subject "Irish Soldiers on Foreign Fields," a rather heavy attempt at a light and amusing account of "A Fishing Excursion," a reprint of John Boyle O'Reilly's virile tribute to "The Pilgrim Father's" and the usual amount of local and general news.

It is with a great deal of pleasure that we notice that excellent weekly for Catholic boys and girls, the *Catholic Youth* of Brooklyn. Bright, readable and wholesome it is well fitted to perform the work of rearing youthful readers from the perusal of the pernicious trash placed before their eyes at every newstand, at least to give those who are not altogether depraved in this respect a taste for that which will keep them from ever becoming so.

The *University Voice* appears this week in a new dress, with a new board of editors, and a decided improvement announced in the following words: "We have discarded the use of Talmage and feel assured that the reverend gentleman will not be so offended thereby as to discontinue his weekly ministrations in other quarters. We propose to use the additional space thus obtained for matter of a more local nature and trust that the change may meet the approval of our readers."

Handsome commencement numbers of the following journals have been discovered at the last moment: *College Student*, *Tuftsion*, *Censor*, *Hobart Herald*, *University Monthly*, *High School Times*, *Napa Classic*, *Censor*, *Argus*, *Harvardion*, *College Transcript*, *Colby Echo*, *Amitonian*, *College Journal*, *Cadet* (Maine) *King's College Journal*, *College Rambler*, *Concordensis*, *Scarborough Phoenix*, *University Magazine*, *University Cynic*, *Dicksonian*.

The following are not to be found in last year's list, therefore we conclude them

to be newcomers. Space does not permit more than the mention of their names at present but we shall be pleased to notice them again: *Cadet* (Denver), *College Rambler* (California), *High School Recorder* (Syracuse), *Oracle* (Danville, Ky.), *Wesleyan Lance* (Salina, Kansas).

### LITERARY NOTICES.

"IS ONE RELIGION AS GOOD AS ANOTHER," Rev. John MacLaughlin. This book was reviewed at length in THE OWL some months ago. We are glad to see that its sale now reaches its 15th thousand.

Father John R. Slattery, justly styled the apostle of the American negroes has issued a little pamphlet concerning a new institution recently founded by him. This is the "Epiphany Apostolic College" Highland Park, Baltimore, and its object is a most laudable one—to prepare students for the seminary where they will be trained for the colored missions. The work is worthy of all the praise and assistance of whatever kind that can be given it.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for October, is the most interesting number yet issued. Its principal features are—biographical sketch of the late Archbishop Hughes, with a portrait and engraving of the statue to be erected to him Oct. 2; the interesting papers on Canada and Her Neighbor are continued; The Know-Nothing Riot in Providence, described by a Sister of Mercy; Newfoundland and Its Early Settlers: Their Trials and Triumphs; Irish National Education, a paper interesting to all; Irish Literary Men of New York; The Catholic University of America. These are but a few of the articles in this number, which comprise in all forty articles, besides the events of the month.

THE AVE MARIA.—The current monthly part of the *Ave Maria* more than fulfils the promise of that popular magazine's earlier issues. The comtesse de Courson's admirable "Footprints of Heroines" is concluded, but the serial story "Harry Considine's Fortunes" continues charmingly. Besides Marian articles and editorials on questions of the day, short stories, biographical sketches, and travels furnish matter of interest to every class



and taste. The "Readings" this month are specially readable, and the poetry really beautiful. The editor's "Notes and Remarks" have their usual characteristics, and the notices of books and literary notes are written with the care and discrimination for which the *Ave Maria* is everywhere praised. The contents of the Youth's Department are pleasantly varied. "Johnnie's Travels" are happily concluded, but the mystery of Miss Dorsey's "Jose-Maria" remains to be cleared up. It is one of the best and brightest of her stories.

THE ROMAN HYMNAL compiled and arranged by Rev. J. B. Young, S. J. Choir Master of St. Francis Xavier's Church, New York. Published by Pustet & Co., New York.

We have received from the publishers a copy of the Fifth Edition of *The Roman Hymnal*, the most complete and convenient work of the kind which has come to our notice. Containing all the hymns and chants which may be required throughout the entire year, so arranged as to require the least amount of rehearsal, it is admirably adapted for congregational singing. Though earnestly desired by all thinking and observant Catholics, though supposed by the Liturgy of the Church and practised in Catholic ages, congregational singing will never become general until the children receive some suitable instruction in this way in our schools. It is for this especially that *The Roman Hymnal* is in our opinion eminently suitable. We are assured moreover that in certain parochial schools where this work is in use, the children have been enabled in a few months to sing Vespers, several Masses, and a large number of hymns, without taking away from the regular singing lessons. The size, binding and general make-up of the book are in perfect keeping with the objects of its compiler, and reflect credit on its enterprising Catholic publishers.

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### ATHLETICS.

Every year Ottawa College loses several of its footballers and the first fifteen is obliged to draw on the second for recruits. Among the new comers this year are some very promising players and the second fifteen contains as usual reliable material.

Considering this and the number of old players that have returned, the prospects for football are very bright. All the old backs have returned, except that coolest of full backs, Devine. No great changes are likely to be made in the rush line, but some new men will figure on the wing. The team will this year be under the management of Mr. F. L. French who played in the "rush" of the famous team of '87. His practical knowledge of the game will no doubt prove beneficial in the training and selection of his men. Unless, however, he meets with the co-operation of the players themselves all his efforts will be in vain. Hence it behooves each and every footballer of both the first and second teams to be punctual at practice and gymnasium work if they wish to cope successfully with the strong teams that Western Ontario will undoubtedly send in quest of the much coveted championship trophy.

\* \*

Baseball does not receive very much attention from the seniors this year owing to the nearness of the football season. Of the old players Rigney, Donovan, Kehoe, B. Murphy, and Paradis have returned, and in the few games that they have been played Clark, Hale, Woods, and Kelly, all new comers, have given evidence of no mean ability on the diamond, so that in the spring when more time can be devoted to baseball, we may expect to see some exciting contests.

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The disappointed spectators of the Capital-Sherbrooke misunderstanding, on the 14th, were by no means reticent in abusing the Capitals and all concerned. For the sake of the fair name of the Capital Lacrosse club, be it said, that never have they been implicated in any of those transactions known in sporting life as "crooked," and it is to be regretted that anything should occur, especially so near the end of the season, that would tend to injure the good reputation so long enjoyed by the Capitals. However, let it be a warning to all teams, lacrosse and otherwise, to settle definitely all arrangements with regard to referees and umpires before the day of the match and thereby avoid disappointing the public.

The handball alley is well patronized.

The contests last spring gave a great impetus to the game. During the vacation a wall was built in the centre, and the full length of the alley. This makes a great improvement in the manner of playing on one side of the alley, but is very bothersome to those on the other. However the experts are becoming quite accustomed to the change.

The rule introduced this year, allowing the "heeling out" of the ball from the scrimmage, will, no doubt, render football more interesting to spectators than the old system of close "scrimmaging."

Hamilton has taken time by the forelock and we have had the pleasure of filing its challenge. The ambitious city hopes to wrest the cup from the champions.

The Montrealers have kindly invited us to play an exhibition game in the Metropolis at an early date, but we are not in a position to accept their invitation.

Come boys, wake up! Hard practice and lots of it is the only thing that will insure success. Reputations are all very well in their proper place, but that place is certainly not on the football field.

The Athletic Association is the source and support of all the sports in the College. Since its organization in the spring of '85 it has received the most liberal support that the students could possibly give, and this year the membership exceeds that of previous years. The students and those in college know full well how important are the duties of the Executive Committee of the Association, and outsiders may form an idea of the same from the fact that all sports carried on in the College with the exception of handball are subject to their jurisdiction. Hence the selection of that committee is a matter which deserves the serious consideration of all the members of the Association. On Thursday, Sept. 19th, the Annual meeting of the Association was held in the Recreation Hall. Nearly all the members together with the Rev. Director were present. The following is the result of the various elections:

President.....	M. F. Fitzpatrick.
1st Vice Pres.....	R. Paradis
2nd Vice Pres.....	F. L. French
Recording Secretary...	D. A. Campbell
Corresponding Sec'y...	J. P. Smith
Treasurer.....	P. C. O'Brien
Councillors .....	{ W. T. Mc Cauley
	{ D. McDonald

The above mentioned gentlemen in

connection with the Rev. Director form the executive committee and will no doubt do all in their power to conduct successfully the sports of the coming year, and uphold the reputation of the Ottawa College Athletic Association.

A vote of thanks was then tendered the Rev. Father Forget for his painstaking efforts in behalf of the association during the past year. A similar vote was tendered also to Mr. M. F. Fallon the retiring president of the association and the manager of the football team of '88.

In recognition of their valuable services to the Association in past years the following gentlemen were unanimously chosen honorary members of the same:

M. F. Fallon, B. A.  
 J. P. Donovan, B. A.  
 D. R. McDonald, B. A.  
 D. V. Phalen, B. A.  
 E. J. Leonard, B. A.  
 F. M. Devine.

It is customary for the Executive to hold a meeting on the same day as the annual meeting, to select managers for the various departments and strike off the sub-committees, but this year it has been deferred to the 23rd inst.

When football season closes, and the weather confines us for the most part within the walls of the College, many a holiday hour is whiled away in perusing the various dailies, journals and pamphlets of the reading room; and not alone amusement, but also much instruction is derived therefrom. True, some confine themselves to baseball, others make a specialty of lacrosse, but there are others also well posted in the various questions of the day. Not a few there are who in "session" time can give you the details of every bill that has come before the House, what bill is to be introduced, and even go as far as to conjecture what will be votes thereon.

Last year, owing to the untiring efforts of the President Mr. J. P. Donovan, the reading room was conducted most successfully. On the evening of Thursday Sept. 19th, the members held a meeting for the election of officers for the ensuing year. Mr. Donovan, who visited us en route for Montreal, acted as president for the last time. The following gentleman were chosen as officers of the reading room.

President.....	D. McDonald.
Secretary.. ..	T. R. Curran,

Treasurer . . . . . Jas. Landry.  
 Librarians . . . . . { R. Paradis.  
                               { W. T. McCauley.

Mr. F. L. French then rose and in a few chosen words paid a well deserved compliment to Mr. Donovan for the able manner in which he had discharged the duties of the presidency, and concluded by tendering him a vote of thanks which was carried unanimously. After a few remarks from the Rev. Director and the newly elected president the meeting adjourned.

### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT NOTES.

The small yard again resounds with the merry shouts of the Juniors. The Lowell contingent, headed by Beauchemin, has returned considerably reinforced. The redoubtable Maloney has not yet put in an appearance, but is daily expected by his many friends in the College.

A few of last year's boys are missing, while many others have graduated to the Western division of the Recreation Grounds. Some of the latter, in order to effect the desired change came back at the beginning of the term, fitted out in long pants; but as soon as they were firmly established in their new quarters, they again donned their knickbockers, and relegated the awkward things to an unused corner of the wardrobe.

Already the familiar forms of Murphy and Glasmacher, armed with lacrosse sticks, may be seen every day at each end of the campus. They have lately taken with them a recruit hailing from Pittston, who manifested a desire to learn the art. It is needless to add that he is progressing rapidly under their guidance.

On their return, the boys found many changes from last year. The Rev. J. E. Eward, so long a favorite with the small boys, has this year been appointed their prefect of discipline. The kind regard he has always shown for the boys will encourage them no doubt to still look on him as a friend, while, they respect him as their master.

This year the juniors are completely separated from the seniors, except in the Chapel and on the field. A high wall now divides the two alleys, so that the juniors

may play their game undisturbed by those playing on the other alley.

The Rev. Father Vaillancourt, who took such delight in teaching the boys to play hand-ball, and to whose encouragement much of their success in the game was due, will be greatly missed by them.

Baseball still occupies the attention of the boys and constitutes their chief sport. A very lively game took place on the afternoon of the 15th between the Externs and the Boarders. The teams were made up as follows:—

<i>Externs.</i>	<i>Boarders.</i>
R. Beaulieu . . . . c. . . .	Lamoureux
Belcourt . . . . p. . . .	Allard
Connolly . . . . 1st b. . . .	Donovan
A. Beaulieu . . . . s s. . . .	Gibbons
Gray . . . . 2nd b. . . .	Robidoux
Copping . . . . 3rd b. . . .	Cameron
Ryan . . . . 1 f. . . .	Glasmacher
Slattery . . . . c f. . . .	W. Murphy
Malo . . . . r f. . . .	McCabe
<i>Referee</i> . . . .	Lucier.
<i>Scorer</i> . . . .	E. Vallerand.

The externs were the victors. The official score stood 15 to 10, although one of the Externs backers managed to run up the score of his own side to 17. The most noticeable players were Belcourt, as pitcher, and Robidoux and Allard as batters. In fact the last mentioned struck the first ball so hard that he sent the bat flying in splinters. The portly Referee evidently did not fill his position as well as he does his clothes, as the Boarders claim that he cheated more for the Externs than he did for the others. This was by no means fair. The Referee should always endeavour to cheat as much for one side as for the other. The Boarders are anxious to arrange another match with their opponents at an early date. They believe that they can down the Externs if they only get a good day and a referee who will cheat the same for both sides.

Nothing has been done at football as yet, except trying to catch the ball and not getting it. The prospects for a strong team however, are very good. With Leveque as captain, and Gagnon and Lucier in the centre of the rush line, the Juniors should carry everything before them this season.

The Annual Meeting of the Junior Athletic Association was held on the 22nd

inst. As usual it was a lively one. Great excitement prevailed over the election for President which was closely contested. There were two candidates in the field, and each party felt sure of electing its own man. When the ballots were counted, however it was found that the majority chose to have Omer Allard as their President for the coming year, he having defeated his opponent, E. Baskerville, by a majority of two. E. Gleeson, being nominated for Secretary, was elected unanimously, as were also the two Councillors, H. Quesnel A. Vallerand. The list of officers for the coming year is as follows:—

President	.. .. .	O. Allard
Vice-President	.. .. .	E. Baskerville
Secretary	.. .. .	E. Gleeson
Councillors	{ .. .. .	H. Quesnel
	{ .. .. .	A. Vallerand
Managers	{ .. .. .	H. Quesnel
	{ .. .. .	W. Murphy

Among other things the meeting decided that only those who are *bona fide* members of the Association shall be allowed to take part in the different games. This decision may be objectionable to a few but it is for the interests of all. It is but fair that those to whose efforts the success of the Association is due, should enjoy the fruits of their labours, and that those who are not willing to do their share in getting up the sports, should be allowed to look on while the games are in progress.

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#### PRIORIS TEMPORIS FLORES.

J. A. McCarthy '92 has entered the Jesuit novitiate at St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. A. J. Timon, '83 has been appointed pastor of Franklin Falls, N. H.

Rev. J. E. Emerson '83 is now located at the Cathedral, Manchester, N. H.

Rev. J. H. Lyons, '84, has been transferred from Ogdensburg to Lawrence, N. Y.

Rev. Thomas Cronin, '82 has been transferred to St. Mary's Church, Greenwich, Conn.

Rev. A. Paquet, O.M.I., '81 has been recently transferred to San Antonio, Texas.

L. L. A. Grison, '75, now represents the wholesale house of Roon & Co., Toronto.

M. J. O'Farrell, commercial graduate '87, has lately joined the ranks of the Benedicts.

Rev. Wm. D. McKinnon, '84 exercises the Ministry in St. Vincent's, Marin Co., California.

Rev. P. Gagnon, O.M.I., '84 is one of the instructors at the Oblate Juniorate, Tewksbury Mass.

J. A. Devlin who left '89 in the junior year, is pursuing the course of law at Ann Arbor, Mich.

Jno. P. Donovan, '89, has entered the Grand Seminary, Montreal, and will there pursue his theological studies.

Rev. Farragh Brogan, '85, paid us a visit at the opening of scholastic year, before his departure for Kansas City.

F. M. Sullivan, commercial graduate '89, is now express clerk on the K. & P. Ry. between Kingston and Renfrew Ont.

W. F. Kehoe, B. A., the valedictorian of '89, has undertaken the study of law in the office of one of Ottawa's prominent legal firms.

D. J. Brady and Alex. Kelly, formerly members of '91, are now professors in the commercial course at Bourget College, Rigaud, P. Q.

Messrs. D. V. Phalen, M. F. Fallon, and D. A. Macdonald, all of '89 are pursuing their Theological studies in the Ottawa Diocesan Seminary.

A. E. Lussier, B. A., '86, was at the recent law examinations in Toronto admitted to the degree of barrister-at-law. While studying his profession Mr. Lussier succeeded in carrying off two scholarships. If brilliancy and success in studies be any guarantee, we may safely predict a bright future for our esteemed alumnus.

Wm. P. Hayes, an alumnus of '89, who graduated fourth in a class of 48 at the Boston Law School, in sending his subscription adds the following: "THE OWL continues to be a welcome messenger reminding me of associations formed during my stay at Ottawa. I consider it the true model for a college journal and have great hopes for its future success."

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

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

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

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

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### COLLEGE HUMOR.

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

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

"Yes."

"Tell me where I can get a drink."

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

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

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

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

"Both" was the ready reply.

"How so?"

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

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

### CURIOSITIES OF TRANSLATION.

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

A. From *appareo apparere*.

Q. However do you get it from that?

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

Q. "Parse *quibusdam*."

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

Q. "Why in the ablative?"

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

Q. "In what meter is this written?"

A. "In Anabaptists, Sir."

The following are extreme instances of tolerably recent date.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Ce heros blesse*: "This blessed hero."

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

## ULUTATUS.

Shake !

Back again !

What's the latest news from Picton ?

Going to take THE OWL this year ?

Hale, hearty and strong, he's back again.

"I'm 'bout as near dead as it's possible to git."

The Business Manager carries the office about with him these days.

According to a Gatineau Point classicist, Cæsar lead his army with a rope.

Clarke, Collins and Carleton Place were a cool combination on the morning of Sept. 21.

A member of the corridor in order to get down in time for breakfast, washes his face the night before.

Bellevilleites must enjoy a high degree of culture when they speak of tillers of the soil as "farmists."

The committee on base-ball have decided to put our coaches "in cotton" and preserve them till next spring.

A 5th Form student recently *ayered* his knowledge of the dead languages by writing his Latin composition in English.

The members of last year's tobacco trust are looking for a new treasurer. They have lost all hope of *canning* their tobacco this year.

The manager of the football club has an insatiable craving for cucumbers, brought on by his desire to keep cool on the field.

The Lilliputian Glengarian has manifested wonderful proclivities for the game of pigeon-hole. He has succeeded in hitting a ball once in ten times.

The scout is putting his knowledge of chemistry to a practical use. He captured a bat the other night by putting some Trioxymethylanthraquinone on its tail.

All the attractions in town during fair week were not on the Exhibition grounds. We had two giants at the College, one longitudinally, the other equatorially.

"Now you're off—watch him—make him throw—he can't pitch take another yard that's it you're safe, r—r-r-r-rh slideslideslidewhatdidItellyou you're safe of course.

Two prominent footballers are preparing a treatise on "Football Playing in its relation to Physical Development." They are assisted by the College physician.

The senior member from Calumet has returned, and is once more a worthy aspirant for the second fifteen. He is also president "pro tem," of that famous tobacco society.

An agent of the S. P. C. A., from Peterboro' was seen the other day mercifully feeding two of the animals in our zoological garden with licorice drops, through the grating.

The obelisk from Eganville was well wrapped during the recent cold weather. It would be wise to protect it with lightning rods before the thunder-storm season comes around again.

Two of our young disciples of the manly art had a little bout with the gloves the other day. The gloves were rather hard, and now one of the boxers is called Igo, "with the accent on the eye."

Neither great nor grand  
He took command,  
In sunshine and in rain,  
And now they cry in the little yard,  
"Maloney's back again."

A student in one of the lower grades wrote out the rule he follows, for his brother at home. We give it verbatim: supper, 7 o'clock; study, 8; bed, 9; levez, 5½; etude, 6; messe, 7; dejeuner, 7½; study, 8. What a fine time must he not have, all day long!

One of the members of the 6th Form is at a great loss to understand why Cardinal Zigliara, when writing his Philosophy, should have made mention of *scriptura phonographica*. "Why" says he with the utmost frankness, "it is not more than three or four years since the phonograph was invented."

A hungry 'skeeter' of Raliway, N. J.,  
A youthful prodigy swallowed,  
And flew with his morsel far, far away,  
Where his pa and ma no longer followed.  
To tough for digestion his victim proved,  
(Ee was used to a diet of porridge,)  
And tortured whenever his captive moved  
He dropped him on Ottawa College.