

# The Owl.



VOL. I.

COLLEGE OF OTTAWA, FEBRUARY, 1888.

No. 2.

## A LEARNED OWL.

At the edge of a wood deserted  
I came to a hollow tree,  
In the sad winds sadly moaning  
Its desolate song to me.

I peered in the inky darkness,  
And there in his feathery cowl,  
With eyes like big gold buttons,  
Was perched an ashen owl.

Oh, never a feather fluttered,  
And never a foot he stirred,  
But sat there softly brooding,  
A happy, contented bird.

"Toowho, toowho," I murmured,  
Right into his home of gloom ;  
To which he deigned to answer :  
"Pray, pardon me, sir, 'to whom' !"

"Tuwhit, tuwhit !" I shouted.  
He said : "I'll be explicit ;  
I'm the College Owl, and never  
Say 'to wit,' but 'videlicet' !"

*Adapted from Puck.*

## GEORGE ELIOT.

IN the literature of the present day the novel is an all-important factor. Everybody reads and the majority of readers draw from the novel their only intellectual nourishment. During the past few years, but few brilliant stars have risen on the literary firmament. Dickens and Thackeray were men of an earlier generation than ours, and their brightest laurels were won before the beginning of our period. Among the novelists of our

own day, Miss Marian Evans, under the *nom de plume* of George Eliot, has gained the highest distinction, and the charm of her fiction has extended far beyond the English-reading public. For psychological analysis, for earnestness of purpose in the pursuit of lofty ideals, she stands first among English writers of fiction, and her most noted works challenge comparison with the best contemporaneous productions of Continental literature.

What critical writers have said of the effects of culture upon genius finds an apt illustration in the career of George Eliot. Like Walter Scott, she was a close student, and by study acquired a great amount of scientific knowledge, as well as familiarity with general literature. Her literary career began as an essayist and a translator. She turned into English the theological works of Feuerbach and the study of the writings of this German champion of the theory of evolution and of rationalism, had much to do in the moulding of her intellectual faculties and in the shaping of her subsequent literary career. It is to this source must be traced her sceptical views concerning revelation and man's future existence. She regarded God and the divine as inscrutable ; immortality was to her a myth. Humanity was her idol and her religion consisted in an untiring and enthusiastic devotion to its advancement and elevation. These early studies developed in George Eliot a taste for metaphysics, and hence we perceive in her that which is seldom met with, a profound, speculative

intellect, combined with a bright, realistic imagination. George Eliot was of a poetic temperament; the poems she has written, such as 'The Spanish Gypsy,' 'How Lisa Loved the King' and the 'Legend of Jubal,' are exquisite in feeling and conception; still, in point of form, they lack the power and ease of her prose works. But, though her fine metrical compositions may not entitle her to a high rank as a poet, the poetic side of her mind was deep enough and true enough to lend richness and harmony to her romances.

In comparing George Eliot with other novelists, her powers are seen to the best advantage. Miss Austen and Anthony Trollope are what may be styled society novelists; they describe society in general, and when they develop characters they paint them by indirect touches and by a series of incidents, not by one or two bold strokes of the brush, as does Charlotte Brontë. Charlotte Brontë, however, is a powerful delineator of individual, though sometimes rather exceptional characters which she depicts on a very indistinct background of general social life. George Eliot embodies in her writings the best characteristics of both schools. There is in her novels the same easy delineation; less surface painting, but more depth of characters; less mannerism and more human life. There is none of Charlotte Brontë's *clair obscur*, but her colours are more evenly distributed over the whole surface of her pictures.

Justin McCarthy, in his review of the Victorian literature, says: Charlotte Brontë was genius and ignorance; George Eliot was genius and culture. George Eliot had an eye keen at observing external things, and her characters are not the mere creations of her fancy, but the result of close study of actual human nature.

Her English manners are those of the rural class. The personages she describes have not that educated reticence which culture imparts; they give open expression to what they feel. It was amongst such as these that George Eliot acquired her knowledge of human life, and it is this peculiar characteristic that gives George Eliot's novels such a pleasing freshness of

colouring. For this reason amongst others, we like to read her novels; the clatter and smoke of Rome, as in the days of Horace, grow wearisome, and we long to retire to the more subdued beauties of the country.

What we care chiefly to know about human characters is not so much their special tastes and humours, as the general depth and mass of human nature that is in them. It is in the power of delineating this that George Eliot surpasses all other novelists. In intensity and force she is not superior to Charlotte Brontë, but in breadth of range, in the painting of massive strength and the repose of strong natures, she stands unrivalled by any of the other novel writers. In Adam Bede and Romola, George Eliot shows broader religious views than any others of her craft; although scouting the idea of revealed truths, she sees far more clearly than Miss Austen, Miss Brontë, Anthony Trollope, or even Mr. Thackeray, the actual space occupied by religious motives in the life of man and the depth and beauty and significance of these in her characters.

A true vein of humour runs through all the works of George Eliot, but it is not of the satirical kind as Thackeray's. Thackeray, by the scalpel of his satire, probes human nature to the quick and seems to find nothing but what is weak and corrupt. George Eliot, on the contrary, depicts the healthier phases of human life, even more powerfully than the unsound ones. She does not expose, but paints human nature, its strength as well as its weakness.

When Adam Bede was published, George Eliot took the hearts of the English people by storm. There was in it a freshness which most found wanting in her later works. It is purely a picture of country life, and has many noble personages. Silas Marner is marked by broad humour. Romola is a historical novel; the hero is Savonarola, who is styled by her the Italian Luther. Savonarola's antagonism to the Church, as might be expected from her anti-religious bias, is a pleasing trait in her eyes. The Church does not receive fair treatment at her

hands, but the other phases of Italian life are described with great accuracy. *Midlemarch*, though from a literary point of view, one of her best works, lacks the clear moral perspective of her earlier productions.

*Daniel Deronda*, on the other hand, her last and from a moral point of view, one of her greatest creations, is perhaps the best embodiment of her noble aspirations after lofty human ideals, though it must be admitted that the story is almost too ethereal, considering the weakness and utter inability of men to do anything good or noble by themselves.

What is especially noticeable in her characters is her tender regard for her own sex and the sweetness and nobility with which she adorns the heroines of her tales. In one of her works, she says: "I think it must somewhere be written that the virtues of mothers be visited on the children, as well as the sins of fathers." This is a characteristic saying; for it is in painting persons of her own sex she is most happy. The women of the majority of novelists, and particularly of Dickens, except Agnes in *David Copperfield* and perhaps Florence in *Dombey and Son*, are vague, weak,

selfish, and in many instances, low characters. But Maggie Tulliver, *Romola* and *Dinah* are heroines that do honour to womankind; they are pure, magnanimous and unselfish.

On the whole, it must be confessed that George Eliot, despite her irreligious tendencies, was a woman of noble aspirations. With a mind anchored firmly in the truths of revelation, she would have been one of the greatest intellectual personages of our times. Her imagination would have acquired that elasticity and assurance, the absence of which is its only artistic defect. Her noble ethical conceptions would have gained certainty and grandeur and her poetic feelings would not have been weighed down by that mass of sceptical thought, with which they struggled for mastery in vain. Few minds at once so speculative and so creative have put their mark on literature. Had her earnestness of purpose and her ardent love for mankind been joined with a faith in man's nobler destiny the possibilities of her influence for good with her time and generation would have been incalculable.

JOHN P. DONOVAN, '89.

### THE COUNTRY SCHOOL HOUSE.

There it stands, the country school house,  
As it stood in bygone days;  
Still a source of admiration,  
And the theme of rural lays.

Could the stranger's eye mistake it,  
As he wanders down the road,  
And not recognize the building  
There, as Learning's rude abode?

There's no structure half so homely  
In the country to be seen,  
As is this, with blindless windows  
And a gaping door between.

Every cottage by the wayside  
Boasts a fence or ruined wall;  
This alone has no enclosure,  
Being the free domain of all.

Like the fathers of the hamlet,  
On whom age begins to tell,  
This most humble shrine of learning  
Feels the hand of Time as well.

Of the former's ripe condition,  
Snowy-white locks render proof;  
While the latter's age is noted  
By its moss-o'er covered roof.

Still erect its walls are standing,  
And its timber still is sound,  
Save a few rain-rotted shingles  
Which lie scattered on the ground.

How familiar looks the play-ground!  
But the grass is almost gone,  
Like the merry band of scholars  
That have vanished one by one.

And its entry is unaltered!  
Where still stands the stairs that led  
To the prison of dread phantoms,  
To the garret overhead.

As of old, the winter's firewood  
Finds a place behind the stairs;  
Still upon the pile are scattered  
Legs and backs of broken chairs.

Ah! how well do I remember  
How the urchin, sent for wood,  
Used to slyly watch the garret,  
Whence, 'twas said, came nothing good.

For a story then was current  
That a master, years before,  
In that dark, unwholesome chamber,  
Chained a scholar to the floor.

There, the youth was soon forgotten,  
 —Never mortal heard his groans—  
 Till one ventured to the garret,  
 Where he found the chain and bones.

Of we heard the tread of spirits :—  
 Sounds I cannot well recall—  
 But who'd climb the stairs at ev'ning,  
 Was deemed hero 'mong us all.

Mostly all the ancient benches  
 Are replaced by new ones now ;  
 And the wrinkled, careworn master  
 By a youth with smoother brow.

Though its walls have since been whitewashed,  
 On them still the traces last  
 Of the names and hieroglyphics  
 Carved by students in the past.

'Round the school room fondly cluster  
 Mem'ries which each mark recalls ;  
 Visions of the youthful pleasures  
 Found within its hallowed walls.

How this rudely fashioned structure  
 Has long served its purpose well,  
 Could the son of many a farmer,  
 At the "helm of state" now tell.

But since institutes of learning  
 Universal here became,  
 The neglected country school house  
 Is unknown now, save in name.

Still it serves to fill the fancy  
 With the pleasant days gone by :  
 Though we leave its sacred precincts,  
 Yet we do so with a sigh.

C. C. DELANEY, '90.

### WINTER.

**W**INTER, the coldest season, lasts from the greater part of the year down to a few weeks, according to the distance from the equator and the poles. In countries near the equator, it is very mild, and can hardly be called winter at all, as there is no snow and ice, but only showers of rain. Farther north and south from the equator, in what are called the temperate zones, it is more severe, snow storms being very frequent, and all the small rivers, and in fact all the small bodies of water are frozen for the greater part of the season.

Still farther north and south, in what are called the frigid or cold zones, around the north and south poles, it is very severe, in some places lasting the whole year round, and the snow and ice never melting, even on the ocean, except for two or three months. Even then the snow only goes down a few feet, and there are still many feet of packed snow, as hard as ice, which the few months of summer have been unable to melt, and which cover the earth from the sun's rays, never allowing any trees or plants to grow, or in fact any signs of vegetation whatever to appear.

We have many sports in winter and all boys enjoy them very much. Before the snow has come and covered the ice with its white mantle, we have plenty of skating

and hockey, and when it does come we can go snow-shoeing and tobogganing to our hearts' content, until the end of the season.

Winter is a great time for curing anybody from being too particular about what he eats or drinks, as, when you come home, after having tramped three or four miles on snow-shoes through deep snow, or from tobogganing all the morning or afternoon, you feel hungry enough to eat anything that is put before you, and you find that things that you would never touch before, now taste very nice.

Winter is a very bad time for the poor, who, not having the money to procure them, cannot have comfortable houses, warm clothing, and sufficient good food to withstand the severe winter months ; so while we are enjoying that season as much as possible, they find it very hard to live at all, and have very good reason to wish for summer again, with its warmth and sunshine.

Winter is the lumbermen's season, the rest of the year is a comparative holiday to them, as far as lumbering is concerned. As soon as the snow has fallen on the ground, they go to the woods in gangs of ten or twenty and build huts, which serve them as habitations for the rest of the winter. They spend their time in chopping down trees and cutting them into logs, which in the spring are formed into rafts,

and floated down the river to some large town or city. There they are sawn into boards for building purposes, or else they are taken on board of ships and steamers, and sent to other parts of the world, where wood is not found in such abundance as here.

In some places the trains find it very hard to get through the immense piles of snow, which are drifted across the track, and often get snowed up. Then the travellers suffer very much, many having hands or legs frozen before aid can be procured to rescue them from their perilous situation.

Winter in the torrid zones, or in those countries around the equator, is very mild, and, as I said before, consists wholly of storms of rain, which comes down in quantities, that are never seen or thought of in this more temperate climate. Before these showers which occur in what is called "the rainy season," commence, the inhabitants of the countries where they occur take in a large amount of provisions, as it is very hard to procure them while the rain lasts, and it is also very unpleasant, going out of the house at all, as you are sure to come home drenched to the skin. Winter is a great advantage in these climates for, as soon as the rain ceases, vegetation springs forth, and in a week or two you would not believe that winter had so lately visited the country.

In the far north, in what is called the frigid or cold zone, the only people who can face the extremely severe weather, which reigns there for three-quarters of the year, is a race, about five feet in height, called the Esquimaux. They dress altogether in clothes made from the skins of seals and other marine animals, which they capture with a species of harpoon, made altogether of bone. They eat a great deal of fat, that they may be able to endure the excessive cold, and live in huts made of square blocks of ice, which they place so exactly together, that they never fall in until spring. In a week or two after being built, they are entirely covered with snow, and present the appearance of a collection of small hillocks. The Esquimaux children play on the tops of these, and as the ice and snow begin to

melt in spring, when the weather grows milder, they sometimes go through, and are severely chastised by the family, into whose midst they fall, and whose dwelling they destroy.

These huts are very warm inside, as they are entered by a very low gallery, closed at both ends by doors made of furs. The tenants have sometimes to divest themselves of nearly everything, on account of the heat, although the only heating apparatus is a small lamp, fed with oil, obtained from the seal and other animals. This lamp serves the double purpose of lamp and stove, as the cooking is not extensive, and can be performed by it quite easily. The Esquimaux travel entirely on sledges, drawn by dogs, which are the only domestic animal they own.

People living in those parts of Europe where there is very little snow, have very queer ideas of our winter sports. For instance, a London paper informed its readers that snow-shoes were peculiar foot-gear used in Canada, and were made of pliant wood, going off to a point at each end, and covered with the skins of deer and other animals. It gave a picture of the valiant snow-shoer, with his snow-shoes tied on with the front to the back, and fastened in such a way that it would certainly take him a quarter of an hour to untie them. I think that that snow-shoer must have found it rather hard to get over the ground. Another time, a toboggan was represented as being a flat slab of wood, turned up at one end, the tobogganer was intended to sit with his back against this, I think he would find that position somewhat inconvenient, and would not likely keep it long, especially going down an ice hill.

I have now said about as much as I know concerning winter, so I will close with saying that although winter is a very pleasant season, yet we would get on very badly if it also took the place of summer.

L. J. BURPEE,

*3rd Grade, Preparatory Course.*

[This neat little composition was written by a young student in the third class of our junior department, and was not intended for publication].—EDITOR.

DE VITA OTTAVIENSI.

From downy couch we early rise,  
With heavy heart, but frisky eyes.  
We then proceed to don our clothes,  
Whilst on the bed we half repose,  
One listless hand at random shoots  
And clutches fast a pair of boots.  
And now to fit them on we try,  
But get them wrong, we know not why.  
The left boot courts the dexter side,  
But smoothly o'er it does not glide—  
Our dander up, "Oh, blame the thing,"  
And like endearments 'round we fling.  
By dint of knock and heavy hit  
The boots at last are made to fit.  
Next come the pants and here once more,  
The same's repeated as before.  
One leg the wrong position takes,  
Which to our temper mischief makes.  
Three quarters strike, which means beware,  
Or surely you'll be late for prayer.  
So full of zeal we robe in haste,  
No time to satisfy our taste.  
Now H<sub>2</sub>O against our face  
We dash, the lingering sleep to chase,  
And whilst our hair we're curling well,  
We're startled by the festive bell.  
We stop, and dashing for the hall,  
We make it, strange, without a fall.  
The prayer is said, and then, alas!  
We must prepare ourselves for class.  
With silent sorrow, sitting still,  
We tackle logic, bitter pill.  
Oh, readers all, we hope and pray  
That you will pardon what we say  
But if you take philosophy,  
The truth of this remark you'll see.  
You'll take it up, you'll put it down,  
Your brow will knit, your visage frown,  
And if you act no worse than this,  
You're ripe, we vow, for Heaven's bliss.  
But hark I that sound  
So full and round!  
It is the breakfast bell, hurray!  
Away with books  
And troubled looks,  
We'll see you later in the day.

The breakfast o'er, some students walk  
With classmates, then to have a talk;  
But six fair youths would rather play,  
Which is, I think, the better way.  
The alley reached, the sides are picked,  
Each bets the other he'll be "licked."

Merrily, merrily flies the ball,  
Now on the alley, again on the wall,  
Slipping through fingers, getting a kick,  
The ball is so nimble, the players so quick.  
"Go it, Rodolph! paste her high!"  
"Take it, Landry; watch your eye!"  
"Knock it, Foley! take it quick!"  
"Solid 'Roger! you're a brick!"  
"Good one, Con! you're playing well!"  
"One for ——. Moses! there's the bell."

And now once more with weary feet  
We straggle to our close retreat.  
We struggle hard, but gather naught  
From books they say with wisdom fraught.  
The mocking bell seems soon to say,  
Go show what you have learnt to-day.

With prayer to God for wit to know,  
The proper time for Yes and No.  
The class begins in some such style,  
As we shall now describe awhile.  
"Da Syllogismum, Domne K."  
"Utique Domne (what shall I say)?  
That omnis cat has one tail more  
Than nullum cat you've known before,  
But nullus cat has two, you see,  
Sic omnis cat of tails has three."  
"Bene, bene, Domne K."  
Domne McD., quaero a te  
Cui homini a Deo datur  
Lex quae ab eo non servatur?"  
"Non totum bene intellexi"  
Says D. and then becomes quite vexy.  
Our learned teacher then once more  
Repeats the question as before.  
Thus fly the hours, the bell's loud call  
Invites us to the study hall.

The dinner hour at last arrives  
Which from their hall the students drives.  
Down, down they go, the depths explore  
And like young "Twist" all call for more,  
Then recreation, study, class,  
All serve to make the P. M. pass,  
And evening shadows falling fast,  
Give warning that the day is past.  
The prayer bell rings and "Father D,"  
The night prayers reads most solemnly.  
Then up we climb to Morpheus' realms  
Where slumber sweet and peaceful dreams  
Our portion are, till morning light  
Drives o'er the hills the shades of night.

SHAKSPEARE AND THE BIBLE.

THE Bible and Shakspeare! These if I mistake not were placed by John Ruskin at the head of his list of "the hundred best books." Truly from a merely literary point of view the purest "wells of English undefiled" are

to be found in the works of the master dramatist and in the King James Bible. Prose and verse, they form the two mightiest monuments of that tongue, which according to Max Müller will ere long be the most generally spoken in the world.

But perhaps few if any of those who so glibly connect the names of the two precious volumes, have any idea how much of his inspiration was drawn by Avon's bard from Sacred Writ. The remarkable resemblance of some of Shakspeare's finest passages with the words of the inspired writers has not, as far as I am aware, been remarked by any English writers.

It is then with the hope of presenting some considerations not made heretofore by commentators that the Abbé Daniel, evidently a thoughtful student of the greatest of our poets, speaks in a literary *causerie* in the Paris *Univers* of the striking similarity which exists between certain portions of the works of Shakspeare and texts of Scripture.

It is quite evident to even the most superficial reader of his plays that Shakspeare was a Christian. But it would seem that he was not vaguely so, as are now so many who bear the name. Some have contended, and brought a mass of evidence to prove that he was a Catholic, and of this we may say more at the end of the article. M. Daniel shows conclusively, at least, that he must have been an earnest and reverent student of the Holy Scriptures.

Let us begin our series of comparisons by citing the passage from Act 2, Scene 2 of *All's Well that Ends Well*, where Helena addressing the King says :

"He that of greatest works is finisher,  
Oft does them by the weakest minister :  
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,  
Where judges have been babes ; great floods have  
flowed  
From simple sources ; and great seas have dried  
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.

In 1st Corinthians, i. 27, St. Paul says : "But the foolish things of the world hath God chosen that he may confound the wise ; and the weak things of the world hath God chosen that he may confound the strong." And in St. Matthew xxi. 16, we read : "Out of the mouths of infants and of sucklings thou hast perfected praise." "When judges have been babes," recalls the story of Heli, and "great streams have dried" evidently refers to the passage of the Red Sea, when Pharaoh and his court denied the miracle.

Cardinal Wolsey's soliloquy in *Henry VIII.* is full of Scriptural phraseology and imagery, and the moral of "fling away ambition : by that sin fell the angels ;" is worthy of Holy Writ.

The numerous prohibitions of our Lord against rash judgments have been reproduced in many of the pages of Shakspeare. Let us take an extract from *Measure for Measure* where Isabella addresses Angelo as follows :

"Go to your bosom ;  
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth  
know  
That's like my brother's fault ; if it confess  
A natural guiltiness such as is his,  
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue  
Against my brother's life."

Is not this but a paraphrase of "He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone !"

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just" finds its similitude in Proverbs xxviii. 1. "The just, bold as a lion, shall be without dread."

The 146th Sonnet, a very beautiful one, a veritable pearl *de stercore Envi* was surely inspired by the Epistles of St Paul.

"Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,  
Fooled by those rebel powers that thee array,  
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer death,  
Painting thy outward walls so 'costly gay !"

We have not space to follow further the learned Abbé in his interesting parallel ; but perhaps the proofs of the thesis are already sufficient.

Now, as to Shakspeare's religion. His reverence for the inspired writings has been made evident. But it must also be noticed that amidst the vast variety of character descriptions found in his works, there is not even one sneer at Catholicity, at its adherents or observances. When we consider that the dramatist lived at a period immediately subsequent to the Reformation, when ridicule and abuse was heaped upon everything pertaining to the ancient faith we have a strong negative proof that Shakspeare was not a Protestant. Was he a Catholic ?

Theological questions are treated by him only incidentally, but from a Catholic rather than a Protestant point of view ; and passages in the *Merchant of Venice*,

*Hamlet*, and *Richard III* seem to reprobate the principal tenets of the Reformation.

Add to this the testimony of Richard Davies, Anglican rector of Sapperton in Gloucestershire, who in a biographical

notice of the dramatist written within half a century after his death says "he dyed a papist," and we may be pardoned for doubting whether the religion of Dante and Tasse was not also the religion of Shakspeare.

D. V. PHALEN, 89.

### VIVE LE CASTOR.

**ON** the 19th ult. the members of the Castor Snow-Shoe Club, to the number of about thirty-five, faced the wind and storm, and tramped out to Gatineau Point, where one of the most pleasant afternoons in the Club's history was spent. The start was made about one p.m., and as the snow was in excellent condition, the merry wearers of the garnet and gray saw no reason why they should not have a most delightful tramp, and for the majority of them, it was a most delightful one. But there are not wanting in the ranks of "Le Club Castor" those who are ever the victims of a defective snow-shoe or some other hindrance, and unfortunately for themselves at least, they attempted to accompany the Club to Gatineau, but before reaching there, they found the service of a friendly farmer's sleigh more valuable than that of their snow-shoes. As the long, solid column moved down the Ottawa, Joe. Landry in the van trolled out "Allouette! O gentille allouette!" which coming down on the wind became transformed into "Are you wet? O Johnnie! are you wet, O?" and as such was taken up by the rearguard. Arrived at Gatineau we were met by the genial Mr. Daoust, by whom we were given a most hospitable reception. After the fatigue occasioned by the walk had been overcome, we found ourselves seated around a sumptuous table, and it is needless to say that ample justice was done to the good things with which it was laden. The meal over, Mr. Masson, President of the Club, in response to numerous calls, addressed those present in a few well-chosen words. He was followed by several other speakers, who made happy allusions to the way in which the members of the snow-shoe club were in keeping

with those of our other organizations as regards that spirit of unity and concord which characterizes all our undertakings. Lastly, Mr. J. P. Smith, of our contemporary *The Busy Bee*, made an exceedingly felicitous speech, in which, *en passant*, he commended THE OWL so warmly that our representative was obliged to rise in modest deprecation. An adjournment to the parlor was followed by a select musical programme, the presentation of which occupied the remainder of the afternoon. Old snatches, the common property of all colleges, were sung and additional verses added for the occasion. One of these we must mention with grateful acknowledgement, even though as S. O. T's., we would be unable to take part in the action suggested.

"Here's to the good old OWL!  
 Drink it down, drink it down!  
 Here's to the good old OWL, drink it down!  
 Here's to the good old OWL!  
 For it's going to make things howl  
 Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down."

They were indebted for no small amount of pleasure to Mr. Owens for having rendered in his usual good style several of his choice selections. Mr. Troy whose fine tenor voice was heard above all others, also added greatly to the enjoyment of the occasion. With "Auld Lang Syne," and three cheers for the host our visit was brought to a close. The run home brought to view several promising young "knights of the shoe," but as often happens, the prize was not for the best, and the veteran John Meagher could not cope with his younger rivals, and the reliable Craig, although surely "coming" had to be content with a place in the rear ranks. The College was reached about 6:30 p.m., without the occurrence of any mishap, and everybody brought back the happiest recollections of the trip to "The Point."





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## "TROOLY-LOIL."

THE Ontario Readers are a great improvement on the old Canadian Series. We say this at the outset, lest we should be misunderstood. The compilers have evinced great care and good judgment in making the selections. They truly say in the preface to the Fourth Reader, that "the selections in prose and verse are poetic gems, whose lustre and value time will never lessen." It is precisely about one of these gems, a favorite of ours, that we wish to say a few

words. Every one is familiar with Burns' "A man's a man for a' that." One stanza is the following:—

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,  
Wha struts and stares and a' that,  
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,  
He's but a coof for a' that.  
For a' that and a' that,  
His ribband, star and a' that,  
The man of independent mind,  
He looks and laughs at a' that.

We always thought that this was at least harmless. Indeed, we confess, we admired the sentiment expressed therein. We should not object to having our children (if we had any), learn to look on toadyism with contempt. But the Argus-eyed compilers saw treason in the verse and decided that it must go. And it went! Not because the selection would have been too long, for there are only five such stanzas in all. Laugh at a lord! Oh no! The youth of Ontario must be saved from such rank radicalism. Perhaps the unsophisticated innocents might think it inconsistent to endorse this gem in one lesson and in the next to eulogize "the greatest emanation of human wisdom" under which lords have a hereditary right to legislate. A lord may be a "coof" and hundreds may "worship at his word," but they are not to be laughed at.

Who could say where the evil influence of the expunged stanza might have stopped? It might, oh horror! it might have lessened the reverence for our Governors-General.

## "C'EST ANGLAIS."

THE French-Canadians just now come in for a great deal of consideration with many politicians and political writers. Indeed this has been more or less the case since Confederation. Grits and Tories alike have taken their turn in abusing them. "A menace to

Confederation" is among the milder terms, applied to them. Now we have here in Ottawa College on a small scale this same problem. But here the problem is solved. In all the societies of the house, and they are many, in all the games, and they are not a few either, all meet on equal footing and each, on knowing more of the other, learns to appreciate the good qualities characteristic of the various nationalities. This intercourse has a liberalizing effect on all. He would be very enthusiastic or very stupid who would think any college in the Dominion perfect. Perfection we do not claim for our Alma Mater; but we know that she has retained much that is good in the systems both of Ontario and Quebec, while she has discarded some of the cherished evils of both. It is not surprising then that fault is found with her by critics on both sides of the Ottawa River. Ontario men, otherwise intelligent, condemn Ottawa College in such unanswerable terms as these "It is managed by priests!" and the not less bigoted cry is heard from some Lower Canadians "C'est Anglais." So on the appearance of THE OWL we were not surprised to see in a journal representing the latter class, the laconic but significant comment "C'est Anglais."

It is gratifying to us, and must be suggestive to others, that our French-Canadian fellow students generally are not imbued with the same spirit. Instead of condemning THE OWL because it is English, they take the broader view that since English is our official language it is conducive to the best interests of the College that it should be so. Our experience warrants us in saying, that were bigotry removed, and some steps taken to let French speaking and English speaking Canadians know more of each

other, the French-Canadian question would soon cease to trouble any but pessimists.

#### THE WATER ANALYSIS.

THE good people of Ottawa have been naturally very much interested in discovering the cause of the fever epidemic. Hence the action of the City Council in having the water analysed, was generally commended. Rev. Prof. Marsan, O. M. I., furnished them with a complete and accurate analysis which showed that there was no reason for apprehension from our water supply. Still, many argued that the fever germs "must be in the water." "Besides, Father Marsan is a Catholic priest, who, doubtless, is engaged half the time in trying to realize the dreams of the alchemists of the dark ages, and would find the analysis of water a dry subject. Let us have some enlightened Protestant perform the analysis and you'll find that the water is impure."

So another analysis was made, and appended to the report was the conclusion (?) that the water is unfit for drinking. "Good," triumphantly exclaimed the told-you-so sages, "now we have the worth of our money. Let us buy 5,000 filters." Anyone endowed with the faintest trace of natural logic, however, would have seen that the "conclusion" was arrived at in a very remarkable way. The figures for each substance tested for, and the particular conclusions drawn therefrom, were almost identical with those of Father Marsan, as he himself pointed out in his letter to the *Citizen*. To justify his sweeping condemnation of the water then Mr. Shutt had to rely on the results of his tests for bacteria, which showed from 96 to 145

micro-organisms in a cubic centimetre of water. "Those who have made," says Mr. Shutt, "such investigations the object of research give it as their opinion that water containing 50 micro-organisms per c. c. is very pure, while water containing 1000 micro-organisms should be subjected to some cleansing operation before being used for drinking purposes." Therefore, concludes this logical prodigy, the Ottawa water is "unfit for drinking." And the city journals, in a Gilbert and Sullivan chorus, shout "unfit for drinking." A little prejudice is a wonderful aid in coming to a desired conclusion.

However, after the appearance of Father Marsan's letter, many (judging from the discussion since), have been converted to the opinion that perhaps a priest can know something about chemistry.

THE City of Ottawa can boast of many societies having for their object to facilitate the attainment of scientific knowledge or to popularize the same. First among these is the Field Naturalists' Club, which counts among its members some of the most devoted students of the natural sciences in Canada. We take this opportunity of thanking the Club very cordially for the kind invitation to the College students to be present at the lectures delivered before it. Professor Macoun, whose name is familiar to every Canadian, recently lectured on the Forest Trees of Canada. He described the various states of vegetation of the country since the first geological ages, concluding with a vivid picture of the "forest primeval" which greeted the sight of Champlain. The practical suggestions of the Professor deserve earnest consideration, and we hope that the Government will without unnes-

sary delay take some means to prevent the rapid deforesting of the country.

We are thankful to the *Ottawa Citizen*, *Free Press*, *Evening Journal*, *Toronto Globe* and *Niagara Index* for kindly and favorable notices,

BISHOP COX said that he would prove from the Jesuits' own writings that they taught the infamous doctrine that the end justifies the means. Being challenged to do so he quoted from the *Encyclopedia Britannica* (!) "Finis determinat probitatem actus." We hold the same opinion, and we are prepared to defend it against all comers. But to save time we would advise anyone who is as rusty on Latin as the fighting Bishop appears to be, to look over the grammar and invest in a dictionary.

We commend the following clipping from *The Western Watchman* to those who are fond of instituting comparisons between the states of education in places where different religious beliefs prevail:—

"The population of Belfast is 52,000 less than that of Dublin, but it shows 700 more illiterates. The population of Derry is more than a third less than Limerick, yet it has nearly twice as many 'illiterates.'"

WHAT about the proposal to have Prof. Bell give us a couple of evenings in the Dramatic Hall? Has it fallen through? Could not some of our societies take the matter in hand, and without pecuniary loss, furnish the students with an entertainment at once pleasing and instructive.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of *Sport*, *Fordham Monthly*, *Niagara Index*, and *Our Dumb Animals*.

## ATHLETIC NEWS.

WINTER sports are now in full blast. With commendable enterprise Fathers Guillet and Forget have undertaken, in the face of many difficulties, to flood part of the yard for a skating rink. Their endeavors have been highly successful, and the rink of this year is far superior to that of any former year in our remembrance. Considerable fancy skating is done, and one can see also very much that is not fancy. However the chief end of the rink is attained—to give the students an opportunity of taking pleasant and healthy exercise. We should like to see a good hockey match on the rink before long. No winter pastime reaches hockey in excitement, and none requires such skill and dexterity, that it may be played with success. By all means let hockey be inaugurated.

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For several days past work has been in progress on the ice palace. It promises to eclipse all previous efforts in this direction, and is certainly a credit to those students who have volunteered to spend their recreation hours in building it. We shall have more to say of it when it has undergone a few of the vicissitudes of ordinary ice palaces.

But for the present we would like to remark that there is just one thing wanting to complete our circle of winter sports—a toboggan slide. Only those who have indulged in this exhilarating pastime—tobogganing—know anything of the charms it possesses. It holds the highest place among Canadian outdoor winter sports, giving quite as much pleasure with much less danger than our more common amusements—skating, snow-shoeing, or coasting. Now we think that the energy which built the ice palace and which keeps the rink in good condition, will aid us in answering the following question—when shall we have a toboggan slide? There are many suitable places in the neighborhood of the College, and we feel sure that if a slide were only begun, its completion and success would be but a matter of very

short time. It is, perhaps, too late in the season to begin now, but we hope the matter will meet with the attention of the executive committee, and that some provision will be made toward having a toboggan slide next winter.

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Though we are quite a distance from the balmy breezes of spring and but few thoughts are directed towards the campus, it may not be altogether inappropriate to refer briefly to what we expect to see done next spring. In all probability there will be no first class football games. Here then is an excellent opportunity for settling the question as to which is the third team of the College. If we remember rightly three teams claimed that honor last fall; a few matches were played, but no definite result reached, and all interest in the contest was lost when the first team's championship series began. It would not be so next spring. A schedule of games should be prepared and the teams allowed to test their relative strength. Excitement and interest would be great, as each team is supported by a large following.

We cannot see why the good old Greek-Trojan game has been so sadly neglected during the past three years. The excuse might be offered that there was no material for it. However valid that excuse might have been then, it cannot hold now, for there are certainly more than thirty students here now either know nothing about football or who have never played the game. Let us return then to this old love, and give the new men a chance to show what they are made of.

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From time to time we hear from certain journals a whine about too much attention being paid to athletics in colleges and universities. There would be much need for their remarks if such a state of things, as they portray, really existed. But we can see no reason for alarm. Judging from experience, we would say that there is not enough attention given to physical development and that as a consequence mental progress is retarded. What makes so many of our colleges so dull and

uninteresting? Because no provision is made for the relaxation of the mind by affording enjoyment to the body. Why do so many students leave college with an abnormally developed brain and a wrecked physical constitution? Because they were made to understand that their sole occupation while within the walls of the college was to be continually bent double over their books. We would be loath to appear as champions of exclusive physical training, but the other extreme is far more to be dreaded and entails more injurious consequences. Exclusive physical training would, in all likelihood, make man a pugilist or professional athlete of some other description. Exclusive mental training makes man a half-witted mope continually in his own and every other person's way. A due regard to both will give us the polished and educated gentleman, elegant in bearing and keen in mind.

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NOTES.

P. J. O'Malley, Manager and Captain of last fall's Champion Football Team, has returned after an extended vacation. His absence will be felt in next year's fifteen.

It is understood that J. Themistocles Foley, of the corridor, and F. Lucretius French have, as a result of a challenge, agreed to skate a race on the rink within the next week. Great interest is being taken in the event, and both men are training hard.

We should have had an entry in the recent snow-shoe steeplechase for the championship of Ottawa. But a couple of years ago and we had one of the fastest sprinters on the shoes, as well as several good long distance men. Are they all gone.

The recent arrival of Messrs. O'Brien, Wheeler, Rigney, Branigan and Baker has placed the Limestone nine upon its former strong footing. The members of this nine are determined to continue next spring their victorious career of last fall. Pay attention, Pittsburg, Buffalo and Syracuse!

It is with grateful pleasure we mention that *Sport*, of Montreal, has placed us on its exchange list. It is no exaggeration to say that this clever journal is written with more ability than any other Canadian paper, whether daily or weekly. It has proven satisfactorily that a sporting paper can be clean, and has erased the impression that chronicles of vice must form part of such a journal's equipment. We are glad, moreover, to notice that it is a sworn foe of theatrical shams, and immoral plays. Its criticism of Sardou's latest infamy was a noble one.

The evening of the attack on the ice palace might be utilized also by a fancy dress carnival on the rink. Let a committee take charge of the matter and run it through.

The following students are taking regular work in the gymnasium preparatory to the great championship tug-of-war on the 24th instant: Cadets—D. McDonald, T. Curran, N. Pound and A. McDonald. Zouaves—H. Levecque, A. Brunette, H. Glasmacher and L. Hawson. The contest, it is expected, will be an exciting one as both teams are very evenly matched.

At a recent contest at Parry Bar, Birmingham, England, 27,000 people paid admission at the gate, and the receipts of the ticket box alone were \$5,500. Last fall 17,000 people witnessed the game between Harvard and Yale on the Polo Grounds, New York. And still people will be heard saying that there is no interest taken in football.

We expect to see the baseball manager arrange for a series of class games next spring. Several classes claim first place, and it is but right that they should have an opportunity of deciding the dispute.

J. W. Wheeler has returned and already fondles the lacrosse stick. He practices daily, and makes the life of a great many miserable by using them for targets and endeavoring to see how near he can come to them without hitting them. His accurate shooting would make him a valuable acquisition to the home of any team in the country.

## COLLEGE SOCIETIES.

THE SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN has purchased an exquisite statue of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, half life size, which, placed on a marble stand occupies the centre of a temporary oratory during the recitation of the office. This statue is really a gem, and shows the excellent taste of the one or ones who selected it.

THE SODALITY OF THE HOLY ANGELS, whose members are in the Junior Department, has been re-organized, with the following officers: Director, Rev. D. N. Forget, O.M.I.; Prefect, A. Bedard; 1st Assistant, A. Sabourin; 2nd Assistant, J. W. Woolsey; Secretary, W. Davis; Treasurer, O. Carrier; Sacristans, A. Plunkett and P. Paradis; Councillors, W. Bourgeau, A. Ryan, G. Constantineau, E. Valin.

ST. THOMAS' ACADEMY held its first meeting for the new year on Jan 23rd, when E. P. Groulx analyzed Act III, Sc. II of *Julius Caesar*, which contains the speeches of Brutus and Antony over the body of Caesar. On Jan 31st, T. P. Murphy read a very finely written paper on "Law" which evoked considerable discussion.

On Jan. 22nd, the SENIOR DEBATING SOCIETY, or rather the Debating Society, for it seems that the Juniors do not intend to organize this year, met to consider "the danger of foreign immigration to the United States." P. J. O'Malley made a very strong case for his side, insisting that the American workmen should not be obliged to compete with cheap foreign labour. He was ably seconded by M. F. Fitzpatrick, whose *debut* was most successful. On the negative, J. P. Donovan and D. A. Campbell pointed out that foreigners had built up the Union and said that their work was not yet done. Contrary to the expectation of many, the question was decided in favor of the affirmative by a ballot of eleven to nine.

"Resolved, that the cultivation of the arts and sciences is not an evidence of soundness of natural life," was the subject before the society on Jan. 29th. The sudden illness of E. J. Leonard, the principal speaker in favour of the affirmative, left his place vacant, but the debate was carried on by Messrs. Murphy, Regan and Moriarty on one side, T. Donovan and Phalen on the other. It was thought better in the circumstances not to take any vote, and the Rev. Director suggested that it be considered an undecided question. The vacant position on the committee of this society has been filled by the election of Mr. F. L. French, '91.

On Thursday, Jan. 26th, the Dramatic Association was re-organized. Its prospectus will be found in another column.

On Jan. 11th, before the MINERALOGICAL SOCIETY, J. T. Foley read an excellent essay on "Spectrum Analysis." But the most interesting event in the history of the society for the past month was M. F. Fallon's paper on "Darwinism" on Jan. 18th. Though intended only as an introduction to the subject it afforded material for a very lively discussion. The essayist's aim is to

cause the question of evolution to be regarded in all its bearings, and with the broadest possible view, and his defence of a development hypothesis promises to be a gallant if not successful one.

At the next meeting of this society, Jan. 25th, the Rev. Director, Father Marsan, gave by special request the history of his analysis of the Ottawa river water, and the newspaper discussion that ensued. The result was that which seemed a rather dry and uninteresting subject when studied in the papers, was made both profitable and entertaining when treated in a lecture of crystalline clearness.

The half-yearly election of officers for the Mineralogical Society occurred on Feb. 1st. The only resulting change is that J. Landry becomes Treasurer, *vice* W. F. Kehoe, resigned.

## DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.

Among the popular amusements of the day there is certainly none which, deservedly or undeservedly, stands higher in public favor than theatrical exhibitions. This being so, it becomes the duty of any institution which aims at the complete education of youth, to direct their natural liking for these performances into the proper channel by giving them a taste for legitimate drama. In our college this matter has always received due attention, and with the eminently satisfactory results of creating a refined taste for high-class comedy and tragedy, and of developing considerable histrionic ability among the students. The citizens of Ottawa have, in days gone by, witnessed many agreeable performances within these walls; and the representations of *Julius Caesar*, *Richelieu*, *Cross of St. John* and *William Tell*, frequently surpassed, *sic jama habet*, what might be expected of amateurs. But for a few years there was a falling-off. The college hall with all its scenic paraphernalia was burned, and for some time a lack of accommodation and of stage properties greatly impeded the efforts of the Rev. Director and his assistants to keep the standard up to its accustomed height. Then Death's sad ravages in the Faculty necessitated an abstention from public appearances through respect for the memory of our beloved President and saintly proessor.

Last spring, however, saw the renaissance, and the production of Schiller's *Wallenstein* was equal if not superior to anything in the dramatic annals of the college. A noble drama, inferior only to those of Shakespeare, turned into majestic English verse by Coleridge, a truly kindred spirit to Schiller, superbly mounted, with a splendid cast of characters, it was, as was well said by a competent critic in the *Citizen*, an intellectual treat to witness.

To Rev. Father Balland, who, as Director of the Dramatic Society, has never spared either time or pains to render these scenic representations worthy of the college, is pre-eminently due whatever success has been thus attained.

As he saw that several plays could not be rehearsed and produced during the winter months of one year, the only time available for such purposes, the Rev. Director, on the reorganization of the Dramatic Society on Jan. 26th, 1888, suggested that it be placed on a new basis. It was proposed that the usual course of entertainments to be given as heretofore should be supplemented by the occasional production of a scene from one of the best writers either of English or French drama, such scenes to be given fortnightly or tri-weekly. This would give all the members of the society an opportunity of becoming familiar with the works of the best dramatists, and also of cultivating whatever scenic talent they might possess. The proposal was hailed with enthusiasm, and immediately acted upon. Samuel Lover's comedy, *The White Horse of the Peppers*, is now in rehearsal, and will probably be given for the first time at the American students' entertainment on Washington's Birthday.

The officers of the Dramatic Association are :  
 President, J. T. Foley.  
 Vice-President, Rodolphe Paradis.  
 Secretary-Treasurer, M. F. Fallon.  
 Committee on English plays, Messrs. Foley, Fallon, Fitzpatrick and Phalen.  
 Committee on French plays, Messrs. Paradis, Groulx, Leonard and Landry.  
 Stage Managers, J. J. Ryan and J. H. Paradis.

### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT NOTES.

Our junior students make the most of the recreation hours at their disposal ; and from the degree of skill they attain in athletics, and the marked development they exhibit, one is safe in predicting that there will be no dearth of material for the various senior clubs. Labrecque, who distinguished himself in last year's junior fifteen, is now ripe enough for the first fifteen. Bourgeau, Burns, Sabourin, Ryan, Bisette, Clancy and Gervais bid fair to figure prominently in the future annals of the Athletic Association.

It is not a little gratifying for the juniors to remember that they can justly claim some of the honor won by the clubs of the Senior Association ; for quite a number of the present champions learned the first principles of the sports in which they now excel while they were yet in knickerbockers among our junior students. In this regard we may mention that Valois, the lightning pitcher of the Ottawas, first practiced his juggling curves in the small yard ; Guillet, the catcher of the same club, first donned the mask there ; Blanchard, the famous back of the football team, which first secured the Ontario cup for the college, practiced his drop kick while in our junior department, and Joe Connolly, whose ball-tossing last year was so effectual against the Ottawas, had been, up to then, pitcher in one of our junior clubs.

The travelling rings and horizontal bars have a special attraction for the youngsters, and their performances thereon are such as to give one the

impression that india-rubber enters largely into their composition. The feats of Oscar Paradis, E. Gleason and L. Belanger are especially commendable.

The junior "fire brigade" deserve the thanks of all the students for the excellent condition in which they keep the skating rink. They can get out a line of hose and flood the rink with an alacrity second only to that of the city brigade. Bourgeau, St Pierre and Foster hold prominent positions in the brigade.

The Senior Athletic Association being a marked success, a like organization was formed by the juniors. The officers are : President, N. A. Sabourin ; Vice-President, F. J. Burns ; Secretary, G. J. D'Orsonnens ; Treasurer, D. A. Bedard ; Committee, W. J. Cleary, O. Carrier, A. Ryan and H. Pinard ; General Managers, W. A. Bourgeau and D. St. Pierre.

The Junior Snow-Shoe Club enjoy very much their weekly tramps. They think nothing of a march to a point three or four miles from the college. The ruddy glow on their cheeks tells better than words the benefit they derive from these excursions.

One of our Boston boys has evidently heard too much of John L. Sullivan, and resorts too readily to fistic arguments in matters of discussion. Youngsters should not get *riley* so easily.

The game of "hearts" is now the rage. One store in the neighborhood has already disposed of 3,000 marbles.

Those who have not seen "Maloney" in his inimitable face distortions, have missed a great deal. He illustrates perfectly how one side of a face may represent a winking, smiling trickster, while the other, which, by the way, may be the one visible to the professor, displays the gravity and earnestness of a serious student.

The following document was picked up in the Philosophy class-room. The owner can find it in the fighting editor's *sanctum*. It reads as follows :

*Whereas*, it is generally conceded by the common consent of mankind, that a short bunch of hair, about one eighth of an inch in length, on each side of the face, and in close proximity to the ear, greatly enhances the beauty of the countenance ; and,

*Whereas*, we are led to believe by certain potent signs, that, with proper attention and care we might become the happy possessors of this desideratum :

*Be it resolved*, that we, the undersigned, constitute ourselves a Society for the Cultivation of Whiskers.

And in furtherance of this, we hereunto affix our names and seals.

W. F. KEHOE,

L. J. WELDON,

J. P. M. DONOVAN,

M. F. FALLON,

R. J. MCEACHEN,

J. J. RYAN,

T. CURRAN,

T. MURPHY.

## FLORES ALIENI TEMPORIS.

Gerard Brophy, '72, is a leading lawyer, of Winnipeg, Man.

Charles McGreevy, '77, is attached to the Department of Harbor Commissioners, Quebec.

Thos. Duhig, M.D., '78, is practicing at Rat Portage, on the line of the C. P. R.

Wm. Turner, '81, resides in Hamilton, where he is extensively engaged in the leather manufacture.

Alf. Gouin, '80, dropped into our sanctum a few days ago. He is agent of the Ontario & Richelieu Navigation Co. at Three Rivers.

Charles Collins, '81, is practising law in New York.

John Farrelly, '84, is a reporter on the staff of the *New York World*.

Louis Herckenrath, '82, one of our commercial graduates, is at the head of the New York branch of the Boston house of Gould & Co., importers.

Rev. A. J. Timon, '81, rector of St. Joseph's Cathedral, Manchester, N. H., sends us a kindly *viveat, floreat, crescat*.

John S. Concannon, '81, is one of the legal lights of the "Hub."

Rev. T. J. Cole, '78, ministers to the spiritual wants of the large parish of Cantley, P. Q.

Wm. Haggerty, '84, is Principal of the High School at Sydney Mines, C. B.

Thos. Ahearn, '66, of the firm of Ahearn & Soper, eminent electricians, is at present engaged in connecting Montreal and Three Rivers by telephone.

Thos. J. Foran, '67, who is practising law in Aylmer, P. Q., was one of the first to extend a hearty and substantial welcome to THE OWL. We hope in the near future to print some pleasing reminiscences from his pen.

"Mike" Conway, '80, who, during his college career always occupied the "box" for the first nine, and was the terror of every batsman, is now practicing medicine at Auburn, N. Y. During his last vacation, "Mike" pitched for a north-western league club at a salary of \$300 per month.

Rev. John F. Kelly, '78, the esteemed rector of St. Teresa's Church, Hutchinson, Kansas, has been visiting his relatives and friends in Newburyport, Mass. Father Kelly is enthusiastic over Catholic progress in Kansas, but if he is to be accounted a fair specimen of the Western missionaries, that rapid and enduring growth is easily understood.

Rev. M. Boisseau, parish priest of La Conception, P. Q., and Rev. J. Pilon, parish priest of Perkin's Mills, Ont., dropped into the editorial sanctum one day last week.

## ULULATUS.

Prodigious!

Look after Brown!

"Man is a rational animal." For proof, *vide* Gannon, Tom. II, Lib. IV., Sect. 13.

Under the supervision of Rev. Father Guillet, the ice palace on the campus is assuming large and picturesque proportions.

Who got the bogus cigarette package that was returned to the store in exchange for a full one, last week?

Quite a number of old and new students put in an appearance on the first. We have now almost our full quota of boarders.

We respectfully suggest that each member of the choir be served with a cup of chocolate on the mornings that we are treated to singing in the chapel. But perhaps a soporific administered before the service would be better.

Skating still holds its own. One of the best toboggan slides in the neighborhood is at the farm-Boys, one ride down that slide would repay you for the walk over.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss," said a Pittsburg youth, as he propelled a marble along the dormitory floor as the inmates were "in slumber softly sinking." His opinion changed next day when he was given other sleeping apartments.

The Cuban Government has conferred the title of Don Jonovan upon a student of the sixth form. Congratulations, Jack!

Does not the Faculty show too much discrimination between the two divisions of the third grade? Every day, the first division gets "Fitz" while the second has "Con J."

Tom Murphy is likely to be a delegate to the next Berlin congress. His famous assertion that "Egypt is a sand bag for all nations to practice upon" will precipitate another crisis when it gets to Paris.

How is this for a Partingtonian definition? It comes from the 1st grade, preparatory course: Cubic—The god of Love!

Would it not be better for all concerned if a certain young gentleman in the Third Form gave less of his attention to the encouragement of pugilism among his companions?

It is a very pretty sight to behold the attentions bestowed upon each other by two young gentlemen who eat at a table near the centre of the refectory. Examples of even more than brotherly affection as exhibited between Hawgin and Grasson, are seldom met with.