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CONTENTS:

Owl'd Lang Syne	Sheila	129
Christmas	T. F. Milton	130
Le Petit Paul	J. K. Foran	131
The After Glow		135
Heart Voices	T. F. M.	136
Paul T. Lafleur on "Frechette"	Prince Emilius	137
Guard Well Thy Heart	T. F. Milton	138
An Ear-ly Christmas Dinner	Will. Lee	139
A Basketfull of Bliss		142
Best Wishes of the Season		144
The Child is Father of the Man		146
When I was in College	"Gus."	148
A Sail		151
One Phase of Stupidity		152
EDITORIAL: Delenda Sunt Examina		153
How the Matter Stands		154
Merry Christmas, Notes		155
Literary Notices		156
Local Notes		158
Echoes of the Inauguration		159
Prioris Temporis Flores		160
OBITUARY: Charles O'Connor		160
The Debating Societies		161
Vision of the Exchange Editor		162
Harry's Adventures in Bedland		164
Apology		167
Ottawa College Football		168
Ontario Rugby Football	P. D. Ross	171
Our Players		173
Queen's Players		177
Ottawa vs. Ottawa College		178
Toronto vs. Ottawa College		181
Queen's vs. Ottawa College (at Ottawa)		184
Queen's vs. Ottawa College (at Brockville)		187
After the Battle		190
Laus Signiteris		191
Uluatus		193



CANADIAN RUGBY FOOTBALL CHAMPIONS, 1889.

Photo by PITTAWAY & JARVIS.

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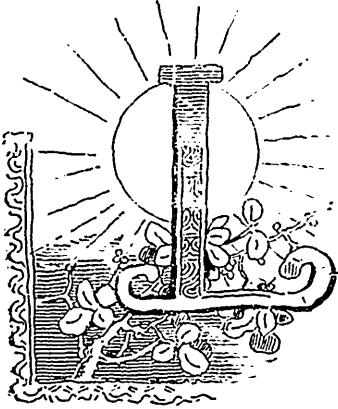
Owl'd Lang Syne.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
By Owls who know their duty,
Who'd face the foeman's snare and shot,
For Owl'dom, Fame and Beauty?

We're brethren of the stilly night—
Men seldom see our faces—
For in the dark we wing our flight,
And haunt deserted places.

Then here's a claw my frusty friend,
And one for you my brother,
We'll bear us bravely to the end
For home and one another.

Sheila.

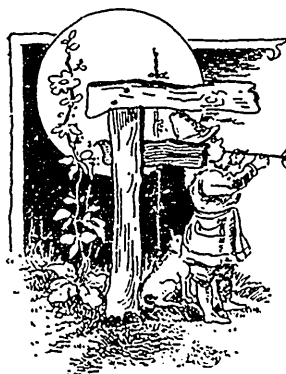
CHRISTMAS.

OW in the West the golden sun
 Sinks, bathing the earth in glory,
 The wintry wind seems lulled to rest,
 Scarce stirring the tree-tops hoary,
 Bent with their burdens of glistening snow,
 Nodding farewell to the dying light,
 Murmuring softly, whispering low,
 Welcoming songs to the shades of night.

Stealing soft o'er the drowsy earth,
 A holy calm bids strife depart,
 White-robed Peace, with soothing touch,
 Brings comfort to the willing heart.
 Far away, with a muffled ring,
 Sweet bells are joyously chiming,
 Telling the tales of long ago,
 Weaving them in with their rhyming.

Then, from above, celestial light
 Shone o'er the spot where Jesus lay,
 To-day the Church, with words of cheer,
 Guides the wanderer on his way.
 Oh, ye of little faith, look up,
 Ye who have sinned, take heart again,
 Hear your Saviour, hear his greeting—
 "Peace on earth, good will to men."

THEODORE F. MILTON.



LE PETIT PAUL.

AR away in the north, at the head-waters of the Black River, in the land of the Moose & the Tête-de-Boulé, there stands, surrounded by an

almost trackless forest, a strange and simple monument. It is a rough cross, six feet high and about a foot thick, hewn out of a block of bird's-eye maple. It occupies a small clearance about four acres large, and is directly upon the site of an old shanty. The traveller or hunter who suddenly comes upon this cross, is at once surprised and pleased: surprised at seeing the sacred sign of Redemption occupying that lonely glade, pleased to think that even here faith has shed its rays. The cross has its history; a short, simple and pathetic history. In rude letters—perhaps carved “by the unlettered muse,” upon the face of the cross looking towards the south east, are these words.

“LE PETIT PAUL: NOEL, 1849.”

* * * * *

Forty years ago a Christmas in a backwoods shanty was spent in about the same manner as that holy night is observed, in those forest homes, in our day. The scene is on Christmas Eve, 1849; the shanty is at the head of the west branch of the Black River, about one hundred miles from the mouth of that stream, and consequently about one hundred and eighty miles north of Ottawa—then Bytown.

Here is a miniature world—a world with all its joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, loves and hates, toil and rest. Here the greater world is reflected. The same ambitions flit, the same troubles molest, the same repose falls upon the weary, the same grades divide, the same order reigns, the same loneliness intrudes, the same anticipations arise, the same vices lurk, the same virtues embellish, the same God is adored. A world within a world!

Let us look in for a moment upon this strange yet not unpicturesque scene!

It is Christmas Eve; the cook is going his rounds, now speaking a word to one, now cracking a joke with another. Near the door the chore-boy is washing the dishes; just in front of the camboose a tall French-Canadian is holding an axe upon a girnding-stone and a low-sized, black-haired Celt is turning that “instrument of torture;” four teamsters are engaged in disputing the respective merits and demerits of their horses. There are three men seated on the camboose edge, eating bread and syrup, and near them are four others listening to a story the “handy-man” is telling. In the far corner, upon the *van*, there are four playing “forty-fives” for tobacco, and upon the end of a bed is seated a lad with a fiddle. With that old *Cremona* (?) he was amusing the motley crew.

When the tune ceased and due applause was given, one called for a song. Pierre L'Esperance, the hewer, who was the best singer in the shanty, agreed to sing “Brigadier,” on condition that the foreman (Alex. Malois) would favor them with a song afterwards. Malois consented and Pierre began. In his rich tenor he struck the key and for a space the very fire seemed to cease its cracking whizzing sound; the cook folded his arms over his poker, the card-players looked up; the story-teller paused; the axe-grinder suspended his work; and those in the bunks arose, and leaning on their elbows, looked out to listen. The song once over, each resumed his former occupations: but the singer insisted that the foreman would now sing. Malois was a good singer, but he seldom sang. Perhaps his mind was too full of the business in his charge to permit of such pastime; however, on this occasion, he broke his usual silence and consented to sing. Before beginning he said that he had a few remarks to make, and then spoke as follows: “Well boys, ye are all good fellows and bully workers, and to-morrow is a day of rest, you know this is Christmas Eve. Now I think you can guess what I want to say better than I can say it. We are all here

away from home and the folks down in Pembroke and Bytown and wherever we come from are just getting on their duds to go to mid-night Mass about now ; and the young ones are gone to bed to listen for old Santa Claus. Now, boys, you know that we are the Santa Claus ourselves, and God is good to the folks down at home, so how would it be, for a change, boys, to sing a Christmas hymn to-night ? I know one they sing in the church, so just join in lads and heave away. We are rough up here, but God can hear you in the bush just as well as at church." The men answered with a cheer of agreement and the foreman, taking his stand upon the camboose edge, sang in good style, "*Les Anges sur nos Montaignes.*" The chorus was a hearty one ; and many a one of those rugged souls prayed with fervor, that the new born Saviour would watch over his home, and not a few eyes were misty with tears, and the big strong men were not ashamed to weep.

While this scene was taking place inside the shanty the elements were unchanged without. The sun had gone down in a red sea that evening, and the stars one by one came out from their hiding places and gazed down upon the scene of a coming strife. Calmly they appeared to contemplate the ravages of an approaching storm, like Infinite Power, sublime, tranquil, omnipotent, looking upon the petty wars of pigmy man. Lazily the smoke curled aloft, and there was not a breeze to waft it one way or the other. Later on a loud and distant booming could be heard—a mighty noise like the roar of a giant flood. On it came, growing louder and louder. On it came like the tide upon the Atlantic, when its tempests lash the shores of the north. On it came like the hurried march of a hundred thousand men !

The wind howled and hissed through the endless corridors of the forest ; it raged and shrieked above and around the trees ; it squealed in agony as it struck headlong on a projecting rock. The giant of the north was on his march. The spectre of the Artic seas was approaching. White were his garments like the shrouds of the dead ; cold was his touch like the embrace of the dead ; and wild was his voice and hollow his tones like the sepulchral cries of the dead. "God help any one who is out this night," said the fore-

man, as the last notes of the hymn died away and the men sat burried in deep thought and listened to the tempest. Down he came, the grim giant, and all things bent before him. He crushed the maple, the birch and the poplar in his march ; he grasped the dry pines and snapped them asunder, and flung them to the earth ; he grappled with the living pines and shook them Sampson-like, until their lofty heads bowed and swayed and reeled before his might ; and finally he wound his arms around them and wrenched them by the roots from the earth. The tempest of the north was passing down until it would break itself upon the barrier of the Laurentians, and then scattered into fragments, would visit in divided attack the valley of the Ottawa. The partridges hid themselves in the snowbanks, the rabbits made for their burrows, the foxes crouched in their holes and the majestic moose, forgetting their own dignity and strength, in the presence of this great giant of the skies, sought the shelter of some rocks in the lowlands and there trembled before the terror of the storm. How like the mighty and powerful of earth ! Proud of their own strength until the hand of an unseen and more terrible power comes upon them ; exulting in their own vigor, until the pent up wrath of the Omnipotent is let loose, until the hand of death touches their frames and the trumpet-voice peals a note of warning in their ears !

The storm did not last more than a couple of hours. As it began to abate, the foreman went to the door and looked out. A slit in the clouds for a moment appeared, and through the rent he caught a glimpse of a solitary star that shone as bright and as calm as if no war of the elements had taken place. Like the star of the wisemen, it seemed to beckon him on, to inspire him with a desire to follow it, or rather stand and gaze long and fully upon it.

While thus contemplating the storm sky and the one jewel of the night, Malois thought that he heard a faint cry as if a child was in the snow beyond the main road. At first he thought it was a fox, or a noise made by the wind ; but again the cry was repeated louder and clearer than before. Malois, no longer doubting, turned into the shanty, lit a lantern, and with the cook sallied forth in quest of the

extraordinary stranger. About four acres from the shanty they found an Indian boy or child about four or five years old, half buried in a huge snowdrift, and partly crushed under a fallen pine branch. With all the care possible the men lifted the little fellow up and carried him into the shanty.

Then was there a scene of wonder. How came the boy to be there? It was at least six miles from the Tête-de-Boule camp over on Moose Creek, it was over thirty-five miles from the next nearest human habitation. Again, how did the little fellow live through the storm? Who was he? A thousand such questions suggested themselves; but no one could answer any of them. It was about ten o'clock when the foreman carried in his little burden; it was half past eleven before the urchin was able to open his eyes and look about him. At first he could not speak, but gradually as the camboose heat affected him he thawed out, so to speak, and at last he managed to ejaculate "*Sego! tite Paul, tite Jésu.*" These were the only words he could pronounce or perhaps that he knew—anyway he kept constantly repeating them for about ten minutes. All hope was given up of drawing anything farther in the way of information from the lad; but it soon became apparent that the boy was either dying or going to faint. Not only was he badly frost-bitten, but he had received some serious injury from the pine branch that struck him, moreover fatigue, hunger and thirst were playing havoc with his frail body. Towards mid-night it became evident that the child was dying.

"Come boys," said the foreman, "we will say a prayer around this little fellow. He can only say little or *petit Paul* and *petit Jésu*. No matter: the *petit Jésu* was born to-night, at this hour, and perhaps he will take the *petit Paul* to himself now. Come let us say a prayer."

They all knelt down—six and thirty rugged shantymen—and with eyes fixed upon the dying child they offered up a

prayer for the little Indian and a prayer for the dear little ones at home—little ones that were safe from the dangers and hard fate of *petit Paul*. When the prayer was ended the cook suggested that he should baptize the child, as it might have never received that sacrament. No sooner said than done! with thirty-six sponsors, for each one of the men wished to be a God-father to the *Petit Paul*, and with the word "*petit Jésu*" on his young lips, there at mid-night, Christmas 1849, just as the bells all over the Christian world were ringing out a peal of joy on the occasion of a Savior's birth, that hour, and in the far off woods the white soul of the red man's child escaped its frail prison and winged its flight to heaven.

The next day *Petit Paul's* father came to the shanty in search of his child. He said that down at the Caldwell Depot, last year the priests had baptized little Paul and that they told him to love Little Jesus. His mother nightly repeated the advice to the child; and he was taught that to say "Little Jesus, take care of little Paul," would save him from all harm. We had wandered away in the afternoon and getting into the net work of roads in the lumber works became lost and finally night and the storm overtook him near the shanty.

They buried little Paul behind the shanty, and the handy-man spent Christmas making the cross; the cook carved the inscription; the men planted the cross with all due solemnity—and there it stands until this day to tell the story of *Petit Paul*, and to remind the explorer, hunter or traveller, of the simple and glorious faith of those pioneers of our country. Such is my Christmas story—and its moral is that the "victory which places the world at our feet, is Faith." Glory to the missionaries who carried that light to the Indian's home. Glory to the simple sons of toil who revered that revelation! "Glory to God on high, and peace on earth to men of good will."

J. K. FORAN.





“THE soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master’s spell;
And feeling hearts—touch them but lightly—pour
A thousand melodies unheard before.

—Rogers.

"THE AFTER GLOW."

"This head hath its coronal,
The fulness of his bliss he shows."



LOOK at him, the dear old soul! Some veteran, garret-dwelling, favorite of the "Sisters Nine." Genius, ay! and even talent too, in these latter ages, continue to live on the heights, but not the Golden Summits of classic realms and times, our attics and our 9th flats are heights, though, all the same. This lover of the beautiful looks like a German, as we conceive the grand old Sebastian Bach; does he not? The skull-cap; the ample waist-coat, buttons and all; the ample upper-garment, to say nothing of the knee breeches under the table and the buckled shoes to match. The nose with a healthy glow at the point (?). By this sign we know he is not an extremist, he is a brotherly man, in fact, he bears the family resemblance, unmistakable proof, that grand-pa Noah was the father of all anti-diluvians, who, naturally, are averse to water without "a stick in it." Total abstinence is one

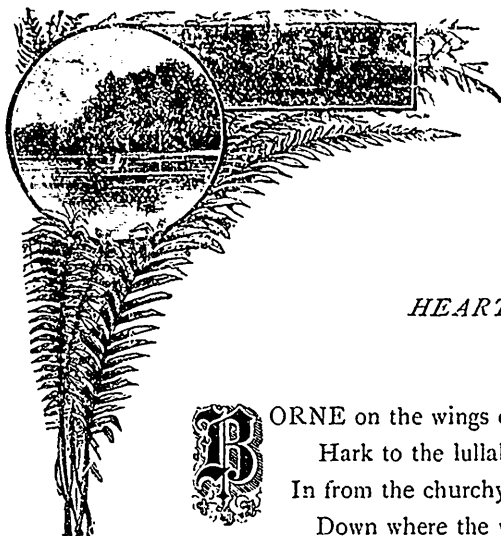
thing and moderate habitual sustaining of the inner glow by the essence of hops or of grapes is another. We won't call our genial artist to an account for the radiance of his central feature. The smile on that good face could not be so fascinating, so guileless, were all his enjoyments drawn from a mug. He may love and need his *lager* but he loves his music more and that is well.

Play on old man! would that those symphonies you evoke from that charmed instrument could keep the smile forever on your face; would its sound could go out to every one, and make all brooding faces serene, all hearts lighter. Cheer your soul, sweet player, with those far reaching melodies, live over the good old times (all *old* times look so good in the afterglow). Forget in the playing, that life has not kept all its promises, forget "the glory and the dream that lured thee on." Live only in the sweet possibility of forgetting that

"Shadows of the prison house
Began to close upon you
When you were yet a boy."

"The hearts of men throb faster than of yore!
We measure time by centuries no more:
Life, that but loitered, in ages gone,
Now winged with haste, and eager-eyed, speeds on."





HEART-VOICES.



BORNE on the wings of the night-wind sighing,
 Hark to the lullaby, drowsy and sweet,
 In from the churchyard, all silent lying
 Down where the woodland and water meet.

Hark to the child-voice lovingly calling,
 Seeming to whisper that all is well—
 Sweet words of comfort rising and falling—
 Hark to the story your babe would tell.

Courage! O, Mother, silently weeping,
 Safe with her Father, why should you fear?
 Think not of sorrow, she is but sleeping,
 Watching and waiting till thou art near.

Patience! the day of joy is nearing,
 Wondrous sweet is eternal rest;
 Dark though the night, the skies are clearing;
 Heaven is near, God knoweth best.

Borne on the wings of the night-wind sighing,
 Hark to the lullaby, drowsy and sweet,
 In from the churchyard, all silent lying
 Down where the woodland and water meet.

THEODORE F. MILTON.

PAUL T. LAFLEUR ON "FRÉCHETTE."



IN the August number of the Atlantic Monthly appeared a lengthy article from the pen of one Paul T. Lafleur, entitled "A Poet of French Canada," the purpose of which is to usher Mr. Fréchetle before the American reading public, as "the first landmark in the history of Canadian literature." The article fills twelve pages and gives a fairly correct estimate of the value of Fréchetle's poetical achievements. This from a purely literary point of view. We infer from the merits of the paper—we have absolutely no other knowledge of the man—that Mr. Lafleur is a respectable authority in matters of taste and literary criticism; that, in fact, in the treatment of any subject with which he is well acquainted, he is likely to produce something readable and instructive. But unfortunately he is not satisfied to remain in the province of certain knowledge. He has excursive tendencies, and as might be expected, in his ramblings over unfamiliar ground he occasionally comes to grief.

Thus, in his study of Fréchetle while he sticks to the main theme, the poet and his poetry, he appears at his best and proves himself well endowed with the qualifications of a good critic. But in tracing a genius for his poet through the past history of Quebec, he turns up another subject which, though thoroughly congenial to his pen is quite as thoroughly misconceived by his too fallible judgment.

An attempt to explain the relation of the Church to the French Canadian people, the nature, extent, and result of her influence over them, and the attitude of the people towards her and her ministers, is, or ought to be, serious enough work to merit a certain amount of preparation and conscientious investigation; but Mr. Lafleur has plainly despised these aids to success, and trusted entirely to the idle hearsay and tradition of ancient prejudice, or the resources of a lively imagination, for the trustworthiness of certain strange facts and statements which he unblushingly sets forth.

According to Mr. Lafleur the province of Quebec, which he emphatically describes as "almost the last stronghold" of the Church, is enjoying a Reign of Terror, of an unbloody nature, but otherwise appalling in its results. Here are some of the evils under which he finds her groaning:

Throughout her length and breadth she is "priest-ridden" and controlled by an "unscrupulous hierarchy." The unfortunate Canadian has no alternative between the acknowledgment of "practical supremacy"—whatever that may be—and "a stern law of taboo which makes him an outcast among his own people who literally boycott him." The "grinding power of the Church" has impoverished the people. "Ecclesiastical tyranny of the most inflexible kind" prevails in the land. There is an "organized despotism" exercising "systematic oppression" and supporting "a policy of obscurantism." Finally, he tells us, and thereby adds insult to injury, that her great men, frightened at—the Lord knows what—all these big words possibly, "find their *safest* and *pleasantest* activity (the italics are mine) in a region where the priest ceases to interfere."

Really when one comes to count up these horrors, it seems as if our friends in the neighboring province must be in a very bad way indeed.

But Mr. Lafleur's startling intelligence comes just a month too late. His monstrous charges against the Church in Canada were ably answered before they ever tasted printer's ink. In the July number of *The Catholic World*, a journal, by his own admission, not unknown to Mr. Lafleur, Rev. John Talbot Smith gave us "The Truth about the French-Canadians," and completely undermined the foothold of Mr. Lafleur and all who think as he does.

Fr. Smith understands what he writes about—a merit certain of his contemporaries would do well to emulate,—makes no attempt to pass off private opinions for infallible judgments, but furnishes a clear and concise statement of facts supported by tabulated statistics, which are simply unanswerable. We refrain from quoting him because any reader interested in the

question at issue, should make a point of seeing the entire article. The fact that it appeared a month before Mr. Lafleur's points to the disgraceful conclusion that the latter's method of work is deliberately unconscientious, since with every facility for acquiring correct information, he indolently chooses to dress out his own worthless opinions as facts, and coolly presents them as such to the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The editors of that respectable journal must take their share of blame for imposing such windy sensationalism on their subscribers; but we have seen more than once that a spirit of enmity to the Church is made to cover a multitude of sins in the literature of the day.

Well, since the days of Aristides, the just have been made to suffer for their justness, so it is scarcely surprising that the priests of the Church of Rome, the one thoroughly unselfish, unworldly, heroic body of men in the world, should lead the van in the class of martyrs. The frugality of their lives, the singleness of their aims, their lofty indifference to ease and distinction, the complete sacrifice of their indi-

vidual rights and privileges,—all these combine into such an urgent protest against the pride, sensuality and self-seeking of their more "enlightened" brethren, that it is small wonder the vanity of the latter should be irritated by the unflattering contrast, and frequently goaded into an unguarded expression of bitter feeling.

But it is all to no purpose. The man who enviously seeks to raise himself by dragging down better men from the eminence built by their own virtues, is an "engineer hoist with his own petard." In attempting to blacken others, he unconsciously proclaims his own worthlessness and reveals the ugly passions of jealousy and hatred which the sense of it engenders in his breast. He has the worst of the fight in every way, for the slandered priest, unversed in the art of mud-throwing, has recourse to a nobler weapon, and trains his heart to feel the spirit of the godlike petition which his lips often, in generous sincerity, repeat—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

PRINCE EMILIUS.



GUARD WELL THY HEART.



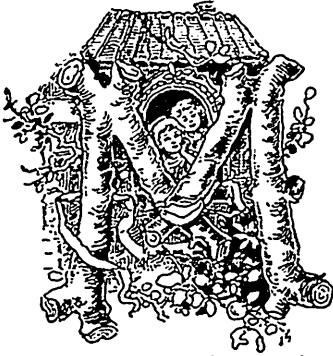
GUARD well thy heart lest passion sweep
The chords, and God's sweet melody
Be lost; lest from the ruins leap
The spirit of unrest set free,
And o'er thy life dark chaos fall.

Guard well thy heart! rest not content
With visions fair. Unwearied seek
Till thou hast found the true love sent
By him who watcheth o'er the weak,
Who heeds the suppliant's call.

Guard well thy heart! its throbbing life
Protect with jealous care. Be not
Dismayed, though bitter grow the strife,
And dark contention mark thy lot,
Fear not, He ruleth over all.

THEODORE FRANCIS MILTON.

AN EAR-LY CHRISTMAS DINNER.



E R R Y
Christmas was not merely a pleasant greeting with Dr. Donovan as he sat close to the stove

on Christmas morning, sipping something which the poet declares is pleasant to the lip and enlivening to the brain. Do not be alarmed, abstemious reader, it is the festive season, and the doctor has just come in from a professional call which has given him a drive of fifteen miles in this cold bleak morning. Fifteen miles is only an ordinary drive for a doctor on the Pacific Slope, so Dr. Donovan has found out since he came to this rising town of Oregon six months ago. He smiles as he thinks how this and much more he has learned lately would surprise his friends east. Feeling comfortable now, he rises, looks anxiously out of the window, then at his gold watch, and mutters:

"Jim is his old self, always behind time." He strolls about the room humming an old Christmas carol, and then just to pass time walks into the kitchen where his Chinese cook is giving the finishing strokes to the Christmas dinner. Half aloud he says: "What would they think back east of Chinese cooks, waiters and factotums?" and then aloud:

"John," for like all others of his race that is the name this celestial goes by here, "John, have they any Christmas in your country?"

"Yeh," says John, no all-e samee meli-can klismus him come."

John was about to give some explanation on that strangest of mathematical complexities, the Chinese calendar, when the door bell rang, and the doctor goes back to his snuggery to welcome his old college chum, Professor Jerrold who over the Christmas turkey is to recall with him the happy days of "auld lang syne" in the east.

"Merry Christmas, Professor" he greets the guest,— "late as usual."

"Merry Christmas, Doctor" replied the professor. I had no idea of finding you at home. I saw you drive hurriedly out on the Pine Creek road this morning, and supposed you hadn't returned yet."

"Oh! I got back nearly an hour ago, and was just investigating John's progress with the dinner when you rang."

Doctors dine early on Christmas day, they feel themselves called to live for their suffering fellows; they know their services will be in demand that afternoon, or next morning at latest. The two friends were ready then, when just as the clock rang eleven John the Mongolian appeared at the door, spruce and neat as usual, his little square head cleanly shaven in front and surrounded by a queue done up in a most inexplicable manner. He hums in his usual sing-song tone.

"Deenah leddy."

Though John can never correctly pronounce a single word of the English language, yet in an incredibly short time after his arrival from the flowery kingdom he acquires the knack of serving up American dishes with a nicety second only to that of the *cuisinier de Paris*. This was attested by the excellence of the roast turkey, plum pudding, and countless other good things under which, according to the eternal fitness of things, Dr. Donovan's table groaned, metaphorically speaking, this Christmas day.

Over the after dinner cigar, several humorous incidents of college life in the east were exchanged, and the heroes commented upon, and by a logical and excusable association of ideas, they passed from the class-rooms and campus of their Alma Mater to their present positions in this bustling town of the far west.

"Come up some time this week, Doc." said the professor pleasantly. "Christmas week, you know, and I have plenty of leisure." "If possible," answered his friend, "I see by last evening's *Standard*, you are getting in some apparatus for the scientific department."

"Well, yes; my worthy colleague, Pro-

fessor Michaels, lately received a number of valuable aids in *papier maché*, for his class of physiology, and I never saw more realistic work in my life."

But just then they were startled by the rattling ring of the telephone over head. "Christmas indigestions already," observed the doctor, and he stared towards the instrument, but before he reached it, it again pealed piteously. The professor of course heard the doctor's answers: "Hello! yes, Dr. Donovan," and then in an excited tone which showed the case to be very serious. "Where? where?"—"I'll be up right off."

"What's wrong doctor," anxiously queried the professor as the medical man nervously replaced the phone on its holder.

"Professor Michaelis' family poisoned. Come along?"

"Can it be possible? Why it's dreadful, and we were just speaking of him. Certainly I'll go."

The two men hastily donned great-coats, fur caps and gloves, and in a twinkling were seated in the cutter behind the doctor's trotter. The sleigh bells jingled merrily, the snow crackled crisply beneath the runners, the bracing, wholesome air of the afternoon had brought out large crowds, and Main street presented an animated appearance indeed, but nothing of all this did the doctor and his friend remark. They span rapidly over the frozen roads, now and then in an agitated tone striving to exchange a few hopeful remarks. The Academy, high, almost square, of brick, and surmounted by a dome, stood at the east end of the village. Its charming site, a quasi peninsula laved by the majestic Columbia, would not have passed unnoticed by the two friends at any other time.

"For heaven's sake, doctor, come in quickly," cried Prof. Michaels from the front door.

"Who is the sufferer?" asked the M.D. with professional calmness as they went up the stairs leading to the Professor's apartment on the second floor.

"Oh there are two of them, the two little ones, Harry and Mabel," groaned the grieved parent, and then, like the father of all, six thousand years ago, he unconsciously traced the blame to one weaker than himself.

"We had just sat down to dinner, and their mother passed them each a plate of

soup, but after the first spoonful—Oh heavens! I hope it is not too late."

The little ones in their distress had appealed to mamma for relief, and she, mother-like, had kept her presence of mind, whilst the usually grave professor, after telephoning for the doctor, and in his indignation also sending for the police, determined upon a speedy and exhaustive examination, had gone about wringing his hands and stamping in a comico-pitiful manner, that more than one wicked Academy boy would have sacrificed his Christmas dinner to see. Looking at the children, it struck the doctor that the poison was not very powerful. He administered an emetic, and in a few minutes Harry and Mabel declared that they no longer felt the nausea and nasty taste, and were well; then they began to play and to romp about in a manner that left no doubt as to their being out of danger. Prof. Michaels was pleased for a moment, then like a true professor of natural science, going from effect to cause, he burst out:

"The fiend that would rob us of our little ones, that would poison us all, I'll—then as a new idea, struck him—

"It is that almond-eyed, pig-tailed, saffron-colored, heathen Chinese, whom we have to put up with, since servant girls can't be kept from marrying; but he'll pay for it; and there they come," pointing down the lane which led up to the front door.

The professor's telephonic message announcing an attempt upon the lives of all nearest and dearest to him, told in his excited manner, had been received at police headquarters and considered, the consideration lasting some time, as the chief was anxious to prevent a meeting between his men and the fiends, and thus prevent further bloodshed. Finally, four of the most resolute men on the force were dispatched to the supposed scene of carnage, and these were now seen cautiously proceeding up the narrow lane. Fifty yards from the Academy, two turned to the right and two to the left, so as to come up together in the rear of the house, taking care to leave the front door to the fiends should they still be within and desirous of escaping. After five or ten minutes, judging that there was scarcely any further danger, they came warily around to the principal entrance. Prof. Michaels, at first mystified by their proceedings, now met them and delivered himself of another

tirade against the suspected Mongolian. Taking in the situation the heroic officers showed themselves ready to perform prodigies of valor. John was pounced upon and handcuffed, in spite of his plaintive protestations, the first unfeigned act in his dealings with Christians he had ever been guilty of. One of the men in uniform went to procure a sleigh, the three others remained striving to strike a military attitude and infuse terror into their diminutive prisoner. Prof. Michaels, meanwhile deaf to the entreaties of his friends, persisted in storming.

"Ah you villain, you would poison us, eh? What did you put in the soup?"

"Soup all ligh: me make meefo soup, cap hed soup."

"Calf's head soup! Then I hope your own head——"

"Where did you get the calf's head?"

"You buy em yourself yes'day."

Prof. Michaels delivered a frantic harangue to all present on the prominence of the bump of mendacity in the Chinese. He had never bought a calf's head in his life. Loud thumping simultaneously at all the entrances to the Academy here interrupted the speaker. One rumor had spread, somehow, that Prof. Michaels and his family had all fallen victims to a gang of murdering tramps or cow-boys. Four hundred exasperated citizens, armed and unarmed, now surrounded the house determined to capture the perpetrators of the ghastly deed; a few were for extreme measures forthwith. Excited shouts began to rend the air without, when the mayor of the town, who had entered the house at the head of fifty determined men, and learned the true state of affairs from Prof. Michaels, appeared at an upper window. By a lordly gesture he imposed silence and explains: they would be pleased to learn that Prof. Michaels and his family were safe: their Chinese cook had put something poisonous into the soup, probably the contents of his opium pipe; the arm of justice had reached the celestial; there was no need of further demonstration. The mayor's speech was applauded, and its closing words acted upon, but the majority of the citizens waited to see the culprit brought out.

Dr. Donovan, ever since the emetic had taken effect, had been carefully examining the matter and the soup. Having now

satisfied himself, he turned to Prof. Michaels saying:

"I find nothing precisely poisonous; there is something like paper floating through the soup, and it smells like glue and putty."

"Perhaps after all it was an accident," observed the mayor.

"Oh, how could it have been," grumbled the professor, "think of the villain's lies a'out calf's head."

Prof. Jerrold, having recovered his *sang froid* when he saw there was no real danger for any one's life, had been a cool spectator of all that had passed. The situation was rather too serious to permit one's indulging in a laugh; however, reflecting that after the prudence and heroism displayed by the police, the timely interference of the citizens, and the outburst of his colleague, an accident was probably the cause of all the trouble, he could no longer hold in his mirth, but withdrew to the scientific cabinet adjoining to give it out. He was about to return, when happening to glance at the glass case in which were displayed the *papier maché* figures lately received, the absence of the largest of these suddenly gave him a clue.

"Prof. Michaels," he said, controlling himself by a great effort, "what has become of the large ear in *papier maché*?"

"I don't know. Why?" returned the learned man addressed, a ray of suspicion lurking in his glance.

"You were examining it here last night Robert," put in Mrs. Michaels.

A general burst of laughter proved that more than Prof. Jerrold found the serious outweighed by the ludicrous, when little Harry, in answer to a question from his mother, told how the evening previous Mabel had carried the said ear into the kitchen and placed it in the meat basket, for fun; but forgot all about it in their excitement over Santa Claus' gifts.

Prof. Michaels did not want to give in; however, he too had to join in the general laugh when, a moment later, the mayor, slapping John Chinaman on the back by way of congratulating him on his release, felt something hard; and getting his hand inside John's flowing robe, drew forth a good sized fragment of some white substance.

"Hello! What's this?" said the official: "it must be some of the poison." The

cook hung his head abashed, while the doctor and the professor examined the object.

"It's labelled!" cried the doctor; "See here's a small strip of paper like those I found in the soup, marked 'temporal.'"

"And here's something written by hand" exclaimed Prof. Jerrold, reading:

"Auzoua doest. fact, anno 1876."

"Well, well! Prof. Michaels, you narrowly escaped being a cannibal. Ugh!

car-soup,—what a delightful taste you must have. I never took you for such a gourmand."

"It looked like a frozen calf's head, anyway, but I only wish John had taken a dose of the soup himself."

John was re-instated in the culinary department, more grieved over the loss of the supposed piece of calf's head, than for all the rough treatment he had received.

WILL. LEE, '88.



A BASKETFUL OF BLISS.



OW little it takes to make us happy, when we are only knee-high; the veriest straw can fill at least an hour with gladdest mirth, in the days when we could curl up comfortably in a basket. The "philosophic years" must come, and the blissful basket—years must go!

"And we are pressed with heavy laws,
And often glad no more,
We wear a face of joy because
We have been glad of yore."

It is well we can remember. Not necessarily must remembrance waking, "turn the past to pain." It is sweet to look back on those heedless days of ours, when we and our kittens ate out of the same porringer, three of them at a time, perhaps four. Alas: that kittens should become

cats, and rhyme with rats; that children should become men and rhyme with—nothing! :- Bless the memories of those days of facile content!

"See these kittens how they start,
Crouch and stretch and dart!"

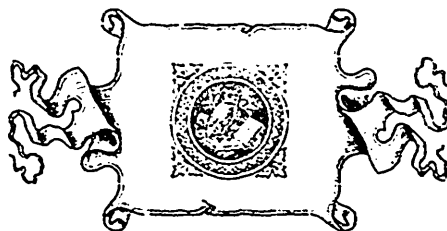
See that smiling, happy boy,

"He is light of heart, and light of limb
Over-wealthy in his treasures,
I almost could repine—
That his transports are not mine!"

* * * * *

Let us walk through life in such a way,

"That when time brings on decay,
Now and then we may possess
Hours of perfect gladness,
Pleased by any random toy:
By a kitten's busy joy,
Or an infant's laughing eye
Sharing in an ecstasy,
Find our wisdom in our bliss."





BEST WISHES OF THE SEASON.



STEREOTYPED, consecrated phrase, not at all newly coined; in fact, rather thread-bare. But what are we going to do in this old world of ours if we must eschew the stereotyped? What's left? And yet we must sometimes respond to that finely strung emotional faculty within us, vulgarly called the heart, and pour forth its too much silenced harmonies, its too severely repressed sweetness. We must do as others do at this time of the year and give vent to good wishes, even though we have no other conduit than the rusty and perhaps musty, consecrated phrase. The emotion is there, no mistake about it, and "Merry Christmas," "Happy New Year," are the very words we hear, forcing themselves up for loud and widespread vociferation from this particular nook. This greeting, though issuing from owlish haunts is not meant to be a homily, no nor a "brown study," but as we are all "kith and kin," (another stereotype) we readers and scribblers of the genus OWL, should a meditative mood steal upon us ere we toss this "spiritual bouquet" to you, why, forgive but don't forget—*i. e.* supposing the meditation be in the least suggestive of any thing bright or profitable—to think about or act upon it at the outset of the New Year. All the good wishes going round and round this world of many-hued significance, during these days of transition, from '89 to '90, will not, alas! be all realized. '90 will see pretty much all that '89 has seen of misery and woe—mental, moral and physical. It will see too, pretty much the same noble and tireless aspirations after goodness and happiness. Still it is well to wish one another, on a large scale, all that can possibly be conceived as merry and happy. Our good wishes may awaken our sometimes dormant sense of brotherhood, and gratitude well up in our hearts for our well-wishers. Now gratitude is the beginning of a disposition towards happiness, and happiness does not depend solely on material comforts, no, nor solely on mental banquets either, but it surely depends largely on a feeling of

kindness towards all, and on a conviction that we have much to be thankful for. Blessed be whatsoever customs and usages if they lead us to the habit of thankfulness. It is well indeed to "give grace before and after meat," but what is this to the grace-giving that is due at the end of a year, at the beginning of another? As Charles Lamb says: "It is not easy to understand why the blessing of food, the act of eating, should have a particular expression of thanksgiving annexed to it distinct from that implied and silent gratitude with which we are expected to enter upon the enjoyment of the many other various gifts and good things of existence" Without feeling exactly the same way as the lovable, though not perfect Charles, about the grace to be said before all his intellectual repasts, his "grace before Milton and Shakspeare," or after a saunter in the realms of the "Fairie Queen," it does seem right to give thanks oftener than three times a day, as we do over mere animal renovation. Thankfulness must be the beginning, at least, of Paradise, so let us not tire in the repetition of the thread-bare formula "Happy New Year." Let us summon all mankind to our humble retiring place, our sanctum, so to speak, and shake hands with every one, giving that brotherly grip by which the reality of our fraternity may be felt at once. Let us say to one another that this world is not quite "So bad a world as some would like to make it. But whether good or whether bad depends on how we take it."

Is it not sad that so many of us overhaul "life's catechism" without seeing that truth? We skip so many pages in life, the leaves haven't been cut and we're too lazy to cut them; thus sermon and poem, song and picture go unread, unseen, until a kind soul (not necessarily a Browning) happens along and bids us read. This is something to give thanks for indeed, to have been shown, even if only once in every year, a page full of a special meaning for us, that we, left to ourselves, would have turned over unnoticed.

Who is to be called to account, I wonder, for the immense number of Bunsbys, far sighted creatures, who fail to

recognize beauty and goodness (*i.e.* joy) unless they be labelled?

"Oh! world, as God has made it, all is beauty, And knowing this, is love, and love is duty."

What a really *new* year this would be could we only all live up exactly to the good feelings that come over us as we contemplate the turning over of the "new leaf" in our life? I'm wondering just now what the dominant tone of the world would be, by this time next year, if every man and woman in it had the true spiritual insight into things, and as far as social intercourse is concerned, if every man and woman during this blessed year of 1889 were true to himself and herself (themselves, of course, being in good faith) if they, I mean we, would follow that old foggy Sir Thomas Browne's advice:

"Be thou what thou singly art
And personate only thyself."

Sakes alive! What would become of ever so many of us—of the Pecksniffs; the Turveydrops; the de Veres; and the Byronic blondes; the ubiquitous *Dark Man* for that matter, whom we cannot escape, and who is no more to be dodged than fate or the measles; we all know *him*, at least by sight. I have him now in my mind's eye—dapper, black, shiney hair, (scollaped?) dimples, quarrelsome-looking mustache, white hands etc. etc. Oh! yes and a collar; I forgot. Is not the beginning of a new year a seasonable time to knock down some of our erstwhile ideals? Down with that much belauded type any way, we've had enough of him. The Pecksniffs and Turveydrops are more enduring, aye and the Micawbers too. There are some people who go in groups * * * but bless us, where am I drifting, I who am trying hard to cultivate optimism? I'll drop these psychological themes, though I feel much in the vein of patching up a few good fits for certain subjects, but that might lead to unkind surmises, and then, what would my good wishes signify? I am recalled

to my earlier sentiments by a glance through the only unfrosted pane of my window, I can see a few stars; is it really only a pious tradition that at this time of the year those "Forget-me-nots" of the Angels shine with a very peculiar lustre? Must cold science come in and say this increased brilliance is solely due to the increase of frost crystals in the air? Science be—silent! (to put it gently) Oh! why is this world so full of tin-lanterns? Why are there so few stars? No wonder the general tendency is to dimness. So many of us have been brought up on tin-lanterns—but then, come to think of it, we may kick the tin-lanterns aside, in fact we should do so, and there are stars enough to lead us on, if we really want to go onward, upward—a perfect galaxy of stars, if we would only heed them. This is getting "starrily inaccessible" I fear. Some of you, if any there be, who have gone on with me in my drowsy cogitations may be muttering soft and low,

"Twinkle, twinkle *little* star,
How I wonder *who* you are."

Never mind, I'm not one of the long-haired velveteen fraternity (sometimes called poets). So of course I'm raving without a "license," and that won't do in this correct era, though the "encircling gloom" is suggestive of volumes of queries and fantastic responses. An inner conviction, however, to say nothing of a peculiar downward tendency of my blinkers, suggests the advisability of a whispered good-night. "Good year!" luckily was said before those peculiar nasal quavers began to sound in my ears, and by which I know you are asleep—may you awake to the realization of all I wish you, for this and many more rounds of our earthly habitation through space, and may we all, when space and time shall be no more, be fully awake for all eternity to the complete sense of wishes gratified *in toto*. On tip-toe we withdraw hardly breathing, yet fully meaning "Merry Christmas, Happy New Year."

"THE CHILD IS FATHER OF THE MAN."



IT is not this darling chubby ; somebody's pet ; that would lead one to dire prophecies. Bless his little heart and his dimples and his little fists !

He seems destined to achieve great victories, if not in the very centre of the arena of life, at least somewhere within the "Ring," who knows ? He may be booked for exploits bold, upon the athletic field no telling how high *he* may kick the ball of fortune, no forecasting how easily he may "lose his base," but, I hope he will score high. I hope too, that is not a *bona fide* cigar he seems to relish so keenly ; if it is, don't show me the picture that would be the sequel to this. Were I given to the weed I might here confess, or at least try to relate, my emotions—physical and metaphysical—after my *first cigar*. The revelation might not be as thrilling as the tale unfolded by "An Opium Eater," still it would belong to sensational literature ; best not go further ; besides, what ghost of a relationship is there between the fragrant weed and the noxious seed ? I'm not the one to answer ; for I smoke not, neither do I chew, I'm not advancing any points, I even wish sometimes, my manhood could assert itself through the graceful curling fumes I see now enveloping the great majority of men. Smoke on, ye who can't help it. But you, my boy, sitting there, so happy in your counterfeit accoutrement of virility, don't smoke ; you won't look pretty in an hour from this if you do.

Isn't he complete, our embryo-man ? glasses too ! ah ! yes, bright eyes ! the day is coming when those pretty orbs will need "helps to read,"

"Helps to distinguish P from Q,
Helps even to get a correct view
Of faces dear, though fading too."

And the cap ; well, considering the styles that have been worn since Arabi Pasha came into fashion, there's no telling if this is grandpapa's night-cap or the boy's own parade head-gear. I hope it is a day-article. Nightcaps are not poetical, let's ignore them as long as we can.

Newspapers, that's more like it—I mean like him—the full grown man. This little man holds his spread out flat before him, proof that he has yet to grow, and learn the grips. Has it ever occurred to any of you to make out (mentally of course) the biographies of people in a crowded railroad car where faces are screened by newspapers ? A very interesting study of character this ! LaBruyere missed that type ; he was born too soon to have ventured on an exhaustive study of human types ; what man who hasn't lived in Chicago or New York or Boston can presume to study character ?

Don't mind that paper, my little boy ; time enough to grow blue or brown or red or white as your eyes will devour those morning and evening records of human interests, tragical, comical and complex.

Puff away at your *fancied* luxury and be a child, a boy, as long as you can.

And with thy heart of May,
Keep now thy holiday,
Strut round me, let me hear thy shouts,
Thou happy little boy.





Behold, my Lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead ; nay the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek ; his smiles ;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger,

— *Winter's Tale.*

WHEN I WAS IN COLLEGE.



I were an adept in short-hand writing, I might easily write a few lines for THE OWL, for I would get together a crowd of the old boys, and simply set the ball a-rolling, and then with pencil and note-book would transcribe the most delightful reminiscences. But unfortunately I am not versed in stenography and these few lines, written within half an hour of the receipt of your kind request, must suffice.

I went to Ottawa in the 70's, and was very young then. One Sunday evening I heard some of the "boys" speaking about returning to Ottawa. One of them surprised me by saying that he was going to buy a horse for 75cts. I didn't know as much then about *Horace* as I do now; else I would not have said to my "Pop" when I got home, that "Con." couldn't buy much of a horse for 75cts. This brilliant remark of mine opened my father's eyes to my benighted condition, for he thought a moment and then said: "Well, boy, I guess you too had better go to College." Wasn't I glad? Not to leave home, however, for no one ever had a better. The day of departure came, the usual depot scenes, farewells, warnings, and we started. The trip to Ottawa was a memorable one, but another pen has well described it in "Railroad Reminiscences," last July. We made a happy mistake that night by not changing cars at Concord. We soon learned of our mistake—but we were content. What a night of it we put in at Tilton! and next day and all through the journey, what magnificent scenery we passed! I have since crossed the Alps—ascended on foot to the top of Vesuvius—panted and gasped for breath on cloud-capped mountains in famous spots of Ireland, France, Switzerland and Italy, yet never have enjoyed scenery as I did that of the old Granite and Green Mountain States. However we went onwards and upwards to Canada. I wonder if the student, who, when we were enjoying our beans and coffee at St. Alban's, shouted out "all aboard" so much like the conductor, that it lead to a very heated dis-

cussion between the proprietor and the conductor,—I wonder if that student, now a doctor in the Spindle City, ever tells his patients any stories of the old times. 'T would be good medicine. We arrived at the College. Good Father Tabaret asked my name. I said Mister—. The boys laughed—and again, amused, the venerable old man questioned me. I again said Mister—. But he soon knew me by a more familiar name.

A day or two afterwards we took our first walk to the College farm, and there on the banks of the Rideau we enjoyed ourselves as only students can. Some of us thought that a feast of frogs' legs would be a novelty, and indeed they were delicious, especially as they were cooked by the wife of the red-shirted "Garibaldian," who had charge of the farm. A few of us fixed some of the legs on a switch, and were cooking them in a fire built in a hollow. Mike L— and I were would-be athletes and were wrestling—when down both of us went into the fire, frogs, etc. A broken collar bone and fourteen weeks spent in the infirmary was my prize. This was the beginning of my College life; and as I think of the years that followed, many happy thoughts come back to me. Poor Con. McG—, "Feeble" as we called him edited a very witty journal printed in red and green ink. He had a rival in J. O'C—, and they did show themselves to be real geniuses. Both of these embryo editors have since gone to meet their reward. I saw Father Chaborel completely outwitted, but for a time only, by Con, one day. Con had a little music-box in the leg of his boot, and as it was grinding away sweetly, Father Chaborel came down the isle—looked over Con's shoulder, but saw nothing. Nonplussed he went back to his place. He kept an observant eye in our direction. I looked around and was immediately called up. He said: "You have a music-box." "No Father," said I. "All right." Then the music stopped, and Father Chaborel called Con. He went to him—but just as he reached him kri-kri-kri-kri-buzz—went the music-box to the tune of "Home Sweet Home." "Bien, bien," exclaimed Father Chaborel, as he grabbed Con by the boot, out of the leg

of which he drew forth the music-box. Wasn't he happy! Poor Con wasn't—for some one's knuckles tapped him on the head, and he went to his seat with his spirit saddened beyond the power of music to enliven. Nor was our meal-time free from amusing incidents. On a certain day a student, now a Newfoundland statesman, who was at one time made a citizen of the U. S. by J. Q.—and his cane, was reading earnestly in the refectory A. M. Sullivan's "*New Ireland.*" Some time before he had been reading Father Burke's *Lectures*, but these caused too much excitement and Father Barrett who had charge of the reading in the refectory, had to dispense with Father Burke. But this day our future M. P. was eloquent in his reading of "*New Ireland,*" and the enthusiasm and emotion expressed by that rich, clear bass voice of his rattled the dishes. The students applauded—"Hear! hear! hurrah!" Father Barrett cried out: "Boys! will I have to put A. M. Sullivan out like I did Father Burke?" Henry M.—, now a prominent base-ball manager, whispered across the table—"Who was

Father Burke? Did he have charge of the grub?"

But all this is ancient history. It is pleasant to go back and recall these scenes, but we, old students, are just as anxious to hear of the doings of our successors, for with the increased number, with an enlarged family, what were so pleasant in our days must have become proportionately more numerous. For boys are boys—and the spirit of fun will always crop out through the surface.

At the banquet closing the ceremonies of the inauguration in October last, I, with the others, was tired and hungry. I gave a small "tip" to a young man, whom I took to be a hired waiter. But we were the only waiters that night. Judge of my surprise when the "tipped" one came back, not with food, but a receipt of payment for a memorial number of THE OWL.

Hoping that I have not trespassed too much on your space and fearing to put the patience of the readers of THE OWL to too severe a test, allow me to finish by tendering all, at this happy season, the best wishes of

"Gus."

WE have read how fierce in battle shone the Eagle's conquering glance,
 When Napoleon filled his legions with the fiery youth of France;
 So, victorious and glorious the issue of the fight,
 When young manhood flings the gauntlet for the good, the true, the right,
 Triumphs, more than flushed the legions of the Emperor-ill-starred,
 Wait, when youth shall bear the banner, in the world's *Imperial Guard.*



A SAIL.

S it homward bound, that frail craft, with sails unfurled and proudly swelling? Is that eager hand raised in welcome or is it the last good-bye? What emotions of wildest joy, and darkest woe have not been awakened by the sight of a sail, on the broad expanse of waters? How many hearts are buried in the sea, even though the semblance of life goes on? How many hearts have come back to life at the first glimpse of a piece of canvass and at the shout, "a sail, a sail!" A fisherman's wife and a fisherman's boy, these two standing there, and a fisherman sails in that boat, and he is coming home, let us say; and his

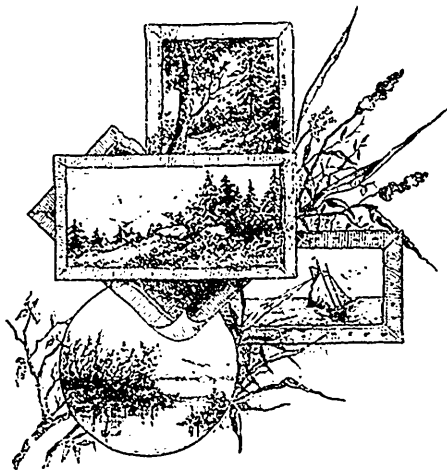
rough hand brushes the glistening drops from his ragged beard, drops of the spray. Is it the spray that glistens too in his eyes fixed on that signal, waving to him from the wooden quay? No matter, for "all human hearts are human." And a fisherman's claims to joy are as sacred as the claims of all.

Though none know better than he that "men must work," and who knows better than she that "women must weep?"

* * * * *

If that sail be a receding one, ah! then good-bye she tries to say,

God guard the sail that wafts my love from me;
 God speed the sail that brings him back to me;
 While he works, I'll weep and pray,
 And, child, father'll be back in a "year and a day,"



ONE PHASE OF STUPIDITY.



SAYS a French writer—(and if my respected Elder, THE OWL, will bend his wise head for a moment, I will whisper into that sapient ear of his, the fact that this same Frenchman dwells and has always dwelt in the happy hunting-ground of English younger sons and Yankee "boodlers" and the elysium of all cultivated mortals—far be it from me to say otherwise! called Canada!)

Now that's only a parenthesis, but don't fancy for one benighted moment, that I have lost the beginning of my sentence and the thread of my discourse: I do assure you I have not. Both are at my elbow, clear as day, untangled as an old lady's darning thread; as proof positive, I resume my beginning—Says a French writer of the day, or of the late afternoon of yesterday: "Cela n'a moute bien, je vous le jure, de voir que toutes les choses de ce monde sont si petites, si bornées, et que la bêtise seule n'a pas de limites."

I dare say M. Buies was quite right and that we all, once in a while, feel like cordially agreeing with him in his remark, with which begins the above quotation, "Je voudrais pouvoir jure à mon gré de la bêtise humaine!"

Human stupidity does sometimes seem an illimitable ocean of folly and crime, and our own share in it, an ever-growing wave engulfing our life from end to end.

An interesting study would be the investigation and classification of the different phases of stupidity manifest to-day on the earth. I don't suppose our investigation would be apt to take a personal turn or that we would be any more likely "to see ourselves as others see us," than we were before setting out on our candle-lighted chase; but we would enlarge our ideas of our neighbors' shortcomings, which is always a good and advisable thing to do and one likely to snap back with a sudden and disturbing force upon our own consciences and consciousness.

One of the most prevalent and far-reaching phases of modern stupidity is, I take it, the easy assumption of universal information, the mud-pie-making-and-baking-and-standing-up-in-swiftly-hardening-rows, so to speak, of our fragments of half-knowledge. Half-knowledge, vague, cloudy, scrap-bag-sort of information on everything and any-

thing under (over and around also) the sun and its attendant system, is the bane above all banes, that to-day effects our young men and our young women—in fact, men and women of every age and every rank. Who does not know a little of everything? and who knows anything thoroughly? We have an awesome delight and respect for our own opinions: we have a fatal facility for converting our friends into *protégés* when we fancy we have detected in them any faint reflection on our own line of peculiar abilities, we have the art of making as expansive a use of their confidences as of our own beliefs, opinions and experiences.

If one of the ancient philosophers, whose gavel of truth fearlessly broke through shell and wall, in the old dark days, could again visit the earth in these days of light, for the purpose of twigging the ears of everyone who failed to take a more than half-hearted interest in the public questions of the time that concern us all, so vitally, what an ear-twigged world we would speedily become!

It was well said of the great Burke; "he was endlessly interested in everything."

Weighing carefully the gravity and meaning of that word endlessly, we will discover that such an interest on public affairs, in great and stirring events, precludes and banishes superficiality.

The death of superficiality means the death of some self-satisfaction, which mars us all. It means that we would no longer constitute ourselves echoes of the wisdom and cleverness that we listen to, in voice or books, but we would push steadily for ourselves, to work out our salvation and the fullness of our knowledge, "in fear and trembling," perhaps, but no longer in faint-heartedness.

And then—what has become of M. Buies' theories on stupidity? Heigh! Presto! There is no longer a need of them, the thing itself is dead. It has drawn its last feeble breath, unnoticed and uncared for. The verdict? Death from inanition—and after the crematory's blaze a fine monumental urn, we will reverently store the ashes in, for future generations to marvel at or grow curious over. asking wonderingly: "What was that monstrous thing that the people in olden times called *stupidity*, and inscribed this monument to?" And there will be none to make answer.—

OWL.ET.

THE OWL.

PUBLISHED BY
THE STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE OF OTTAWA.

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

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

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VOL. III. DECEMBER, 1889. No. 4

DELENDÀ SUNT EXAMINA.

Among the new departments introduced into that high-class journal, the *Catholic Review* by its present editor, is one devoted to the discussion of educational questions. It is to this that we are indebted for the reprint of a powerful article on the vexed subject of examinations by Mr. Barr Ferree. Like Cato of old, Mr. Ferree lifts his voice and cries loudly for the destruction of a national enemy, the destruction of that which he believes to be the greatest enemy to the solid progress of education, viz., the examination system. It is to be feared, however, that his criticism, able and forcible as it is, must be

regarded as based largely on exaggerations. That the examination system is in many respects imperfect cannot well be doubted, but its total abolition would surely be an act of homicide where amputation merely is necessary. The principle that the object of examinations is to find out what a student knows, and to force those to study who have no wish to do so, is but partially correct. An examination is most certainly a means to discovering the amount of a student's knowledge, but it is not the only means. The prospect of an examination will doubtless have the good effect of making the average student work more regularly and systematically, but it is of little consequence to "those who have no taste or use for the knowledge they are gaining." What do they care for examinations or the honors to be won therein? Their contempt may be of the good humored or it may be of the sneering kind, but contempt it really is. In their eyes the "grind" or the "plug" is the most despicable of beings. Nor is that complaint too well founded that the passing of examinations demands specific rather than general knowledge. For who can doubt that a certain amount of specific knowledge is necessary to a thorough education? What vague unsatisfactory notions shall we have of history, if we do not familiarize ourselves with the great landmarks which separate the various epochs. It is useless to overburden the memory with dates, but it is no less useless to study history without learning any dates. No greater folly can be imagined than that of memorizing formulas of mathematics without understanding them, except the folly of never memorizing them at all but expecting to evolve them whenever they are required. But although some specific knowledge should be and is required from every student, it is unjust to say that examination papers look for knowledge solely and unreasonably specific. Mr. Ferree when making this general

statement had no doubt in view the public schools—and had he confined his criticism to these he would not be so far astray. But to include all schools higher as well as lower in this general charge is either grave ignorance or grave injustice. We venture to state that the examination papers in history and kindred subjects to be found in many college calendars are such as could be answered only by the thoughtful student with something better in his possession than a brain crammed with facts. This proves that the number of competent examiners who understand their functions is already very large, though Mr. Ferree would have us believe that such do not yet exist. As to dishonesty among those who go up for examination, we believe that it has been greatly exaggerated. Even if it were not, the only conclusion to be drawn is that the whole system of education and not merely the system of examination must be looked into. The study of the classics is greatly impeded by students using translations, but who will say that the study of the classics should on that account be given up? Rather is it necessary to pay more attention to the moral portion of the educational system, too much neglected at present, even threatened with abolition by secularism. But we fear that Mr. Ferree is one of the secularists, for his conclusions, far milder than were warranted by his premises, are thoroughly secular—good and sensible in themselves but imperfect, lacking the soul which only a spirit of religion can give. “The great need of the lower schools is the abolition of catch questions, the propounding of difficult problems, the insisting on unimportant details, and a thorough circulation of good common sense among the teachers.” “Good common sense” is certainly a useful quality, but it will not destroy those dishonest principles which Mr. Ferree says, after being fostered by the deadly examination system in all the institutions of learning, increase and grow

strong till at last they threaten to undermine the whole social fabric. The examination system is not capable of producing stupendous results whether of good or evil—it has its own good offices and its own defects; but these defects can be remedied and the good offices performed still more satisfactorily. For performed they must be, and it has yet to be seen what other system will perform them.

HOW THE MATTER STANDS.

Mr. P. D. Ross' article in this issue of *THE OWL* is perhaps the most important statement regarding football in Ontario that has been published for years. No one doubts Mr. Ross' qualifications to speak on this matter. Joined to an active experience on one of the best teams in the Dominion is the fact that for years he had charge of the sporting columns of the best Canadian dailies and, that since his advancement to the higher departments of journalism, he has ever taken a deep interest in the progress of the Rugby game.

Mr. Ross makes a strong plea for a faster game, as the only means of making football popular. “Heeling out” should contribute much towards this end, as well as a strict adherence to the rule that the ball must be put down immediately after being “held.” We quite agree with him, and would urge also that the number of men on a team be limited to twelve; there is nothing that increases scrimmaging so much as a large crowd of players.

Mr. Ross counsels forbearance. Yes; forbearance is a virtue—when the laws of the division of labor are not too evidently transgressed. Forbearance then might become a fault. It is hard to forbear when we are told that the Union “views with grave apprehension” our style of play; when we know that the rule regarding the

playing of graduates was amended, as the mover expressed it, "to meet the case of Ottawa College;" when an executive committee sitting in Toronto, decides that the season in Ottawa shall close at its discretion; and when, despite the protests of our representative, the "neutral grounds" rule was added to the constitution, and the inducement held out to every club in the Union to challenge the champions a second time and thus draw them away from home. Yes; there is cause for forbearance here, and if we forbear it is because any other action, on our part, would give cause for much secret rejoicing.

— •• —

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS."

This is the season when we naturally open our hearts to our fellow-men and give unbridled scope to our holiest and best impulses. Once in the year we forget that we are eking out a personal existence and we cast our lot with the multitude and join in the universal wish "to live and let live," to be happy ourselves by rendering others happy. The world over, the holy festival of Christmas is the trysting point for the settlement of petty differences, the weapons of worldly conflict are laid aside, the sword of hostilities is sheathed, and the mantle of happiness throws its peaceful folds over all men. For nineteen centuries, the return of this festive season has not failed to revivify the flame of gratitude and love. Gratitude for favors lavishly bestowed, and love, not only in man for his fellow-man but for The Supreme Being, the Fountain of all love, and the Distributor of every grace and benefit. This time is upon us with all its joy and blessedness. Let us who realize the true import of the Divine precept fittingly and becomingly abbrate it. This implies more than the mere gratification of our sensual longings, though even in this more than

ordinary latitude is accorded. Our first duty is the elevation of the nobler part of man, in unison with his Cr and in sympathy with the feelings of his fellow-men. May this Christmas season thus be spent by the College students, and by the readers of THE OWL, to whom we fondly say "A merry Christmas to all."

— ♦ —

Despite the probability of Santa Claus being a myth, THE OWL is going to "hang up its stocking," metaphorically speaking; the stocking in this case being its mail bag. It hopes for a generous response from its friends, several of whom have been promising since the birth of the bird to contribute their quota to its support. Besides, this is the time when many of our subscriptions expire, and renewals will be especially welcome with the burden of the last two numbers pressing heavily upon us. We trust that this hint will be acted upon.

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With no small amount of pleasure, do we acquaint the students of Ottawa University with the results of the recent examinations in the Gregorian College, Rome. Of the seven hundred students at that famous seat of learning, thirty are members of the Oblate Order, and out of thirty-six premiums offered, twelve fell to the lot of the ardent and earnest young scholastics. This is especially gratifying, not merely because it establishes their superiority over rivals from several sister institutions, but chiefly because, among the honors above-mentioned, four are of the highest and most meritorious order.

In the schools of Theology and Philosophy the young Oblates are exceptionally proficient, as is evidenced by the fact, that four of their number were judged worthy of the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and four others were honored with the Doctorate in Philosophy. Ottawa University hails with delight the success that has crowned their efforts, and trusts that

more than one of them will find his future home within our walls.

To some of our friends the present number of *THE OWL* will doubtless appear to have little in common with the previous issue. We beg however to remind our readers, that the solemn exercises attendant upon the inauguration of Ottawa University demanded the production of a more serious publication than it has usually been our custom to send forth. To the alumni we wished to tender some tangible souvenir of the renewal of their connection with their Alma Mater. Our obligations to the students however, and more particularly the season, necessitate the changes apparent in the present issue, and as the columns of *THE OWL* have so far this year neglected the discussion of Athletics, we feel justified in adding, to the matter which ordinarily goes to make up our Christmas number, a somewhat detailed report of the development of our favorite pastime, during the season just closed.

At the closing exercises of the Normal School, presided over by Dr. MacCabe on December 17th last, Sir James Grant spoke as follows of our University:

"There was another institution in their midst (the University of Ottawa), which had grown gradually to be one of great importance. There a literary and scientific and a classical education could be received. The institution was a credit to Ottawa. It was attended mostly by young men from the United States. It was presided over by men, masters of the highest professions, who had spent years in the chief centres of Europe, and who were selected by council and brought out here. There, the young men were turned out masters of the highest professions, and everywhere they had shown a brilliancy of talent which reflected much credit on the institution. There, also, French as well as English is taught, and he was far from thinking that use of the French language

was detrimental to the progress and prosperity of the Dominion of Canada."

We are glad to reproduce the words of such a careful observer of the progress of education as is Sir James Grant. They are also most pleasing as indicative of the appreciation which all classes of the citizens of the Capital exhibit towards our work, and which we will continue to merit and foster.

LITERARY NOTICES

BONNIE DUNRAVEN: a Story of Kilcarrick. By Victor O'Donovan Power. Boston; T. B. Noonan & Co.

To those who wish to visit in spirit "the old land" to gaze "across the fields and hedges to the cliff tops, and the dun-ribbed sands and the wide weary ocean;" or who wish to wander in Erin's old groves and among her historic ruins, we recommend this genuine Irish tale. The book abounds in delightful descriptions of scenery, and the conflicts of the human heart are painted in language that fixes the attention and keeps the interest of the reader awake from the beginning to the end.

ESSENTIALS OF THE METRIC SYSTEM: by George Jackson, A.M. Boston; De Wolfe, Fiske & Co.

This is an excellent, an opportune little manual. The tenacity with which we cling to old methods in science and art is but an outcome of the conservatism in our nature. But why we continue to use our irrational and time-wasting systems of weights and measures, when such a perfectly easy method of computation is at our disposal, is difficult to comprehend. What a bugbear to the child at school are the various tables of weights and measures now in vogue: what time is wasted in committing them to memory! Contrast this with the speed and facility with which the decimal table of currency is mastered and we have one reason why the metric system should be now universally used. To promote this reform, by placing at the disposal of all a manual of self-instruction in the metric system is the end of this little volume. Cloth, 106 pp., price 50 cts.

NATIONAL KINDERGARTEN MANUAL:—
Practical Model Lessons, Rules, and Lectures for the Kindergarten and Nursery. By Mrs. Louisa Pollock, Principal of the Washington Normal Kindergarten Institute. Boston; DeWolfe, Fiske & Co.

Among the books that are being brought out for the holiday trade by The Worthington Co., New York, none will be more welcome to the rising generation than their new edition of Mayne Reid's works. These books have already been sold by the hundreds of thousands and are favorites with parents on account of their tendency to the formation of an honorable and manly character. This new edition comprises 18 volumes and is printed on heavy, beautiful paper, with numerous artistic drawings. They sell for \$1.25 per volume.

No teacher of little ones, either at home or in the school, can dispute the claims of this sensible and withal charming book to a careful study. The stories and little songs and recitations to be made use of for the entertainment, *i.e.*, the instruction, of the bairns, are charming in form and substance. THE OWL takes it for granted that every experienced teacher of the very young ones has an endless treasury of ways and means always at hand, but as all who are engaged in the all-important work to be done in the Nursery and Kindergarten are not persons of experience—such suggestions as Mrs. Pollock so wisely makes must be most acceptable. THE OWL is particularly impressed with the lucid, practical tone of this book throughout, especially in those sections treating of moral discipline and hygiene. If the size and general "make up" and price be of significance, this one can be recommended as neat in appearance, of a comfortable size, and all for 75 cts.

THE WRECK OF THE GREYHOUND: by C. M. Newel. Boston, DeWolfe, Fiske & Co.

A tale of the era, written for boys by one who evidently knows all about this kind of life. It is full of adventure and once begun, will be kept in hand till finished.

Hardly have we begun our university

life and taken to wearing gowns ere we found in our mail box a fashion magazine—*The Canadian Queen!* According to its prospectus, devoted to Fashion, Art, Fancy Work, Flowers, Toilet, Home Decoration, and Household Matters. It is handsomely illustrated, and is equal to any of the high priced English and American publications. It should be in every cultivated home. To introduce it the publishers offer to send it three months on trial for only 25c. Address THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto, Ont.

Under the title of "Germania" a novel journalistic venture, printed in the German language, has come to our table, and aims at nothing less than to unite the practical usefulness of a progressive reader with the attractions of a literary magazine. And, if the copy before us presents a fair sample of what the pretentious little paper is able to do, it must be conceded that the difficult problem set before it has been admirably solved. Nothing has been neglected; grammar, correspondence, translation, vary with fiction, poetry and criticism, and all selections are made with such discernment that although every portion of the contents must prove attractive to all readers, yet every student will find abundant matter especially adapted to his own particular stage of advancement. Therefore, by its varied and interesting topics it will not only relieve the tedium of the classroom, but will be of especial value to him who pursue the study of the German language without instruction. A. W. Spauhoofd and E. Spauhoofd, Editors. P. O. box 90, Manchester, N.H.

We have before us one of a class of papers seldom met with, but whose utility cannot be questioned. The *Sacred Heart Review* is a parochial weekly paper devoted to the work of St. John's parish, East Cambridge, Mass. The issue bearing date Oct. 12th, is to hand, containing, in addition to a good portion of appropriate selected matter, several original articles from the pens of the children of the Sunday School. We cannot too highly recommend the efforts of the *Review* for the encouragement among youth of study and research among religious topics. The *Review* thus makes known its object: To gather and publish every week, what the best writers, Catholic and Protestant,

have written regarding the labors of the church to elevate and improve man's condition.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, for January, 1890, is a superb number. There is a portrait and biographical sketch of one of the leading Catholic merchant princes of the country, Joseph J. O'Donohue, the Napoleon of Commerce. The second article is the speech delivered at the Catholic Congress by the silver-tongued Demosthenes of the country, Daniel Dougherty, with an excellent portrait. The interesting series of articles on Canada and her Neighbor are concluded. The great sermon of Archbishop Ryan, at the Centenary in Baltimore, is given at length. The platform of the Catholic Centenary is given entire. A Christmas story by the author of *Bonnie Dunraven* is given complete, together with many other articles too numerous to mention. The Juvenile department is enriched by the Christmas Crib, contributed by L. W. Reilly. Now is a good time to subscribe. One dollar for six months—two dollars a year.—Address Donahoe's Magazine, Boston, Mass.

A CHARMING SOUVENIR.

The Youth's Companion Double Christmas Number is a charming souvenir. Its delicately colored cover encloses a wealth of stories and pictures that are intensely interesting to readers of all ages. Some of the features are, "Christmas in a Wagon," by J. L. Harbour, a story of pioneer life in the Rocky Mountains; "A Double Decker," by Mrs. Frank Lee, a story for the boys, and another for the girls entitled "Beth's Memorial Stocking," by Mrs. H. G. Rowe; an interesting description, by Emory J. Haynes, of the famous "Minot's Ledge Light;" Arabella B. Buckley's "Sleep of Plants, and What it Means;" "Attacked by Cheyennes," by K. L. O. F. Wolcott, a story of wild western life; "A Christmas Night's Sensation," by Clinton B. Converse, and "Alice's Christmas," both fresh and appropriate to the season; highly beneficial editorials on "Thoroughness" and "Stanley's Return," with a beautiful page for the very young children, together with anecdotes and bits of fun, combine to make a complete treasury for the whole family.

NOTES.

The students of the College desire to express their sincere gratitude and heartfelt thanks to their many friends in the city for the grand reception recorded the 1st team on their return from Brockville.

The members of the reading-room committee are to be complimented for the thorough manner in which they are discharging their duties. One remarkable feature noticed of late, is the admirable silence maintained, which allows the few short moments given each day to perusing papers and magazines, to be employed without distraction.

The following is an extract from a letter written on the 20th November by Mr. Daniel Brophy, K.S.G., then in Limerick. He says: "I went down with the Bishop of Sandhurst and two priests to see William O'Brien in prison; he was much pleased to see us, and said 'he would never forget our kind visit.' I told him that his old friends in Ottawa desired to be remembered to him. He was very much affected, and said that 'he never could forget his old friends in Ottawa, more particularly the College boys who were his guard of honor, and whom he believes helped to save his life.'"

The newly organized band, composed exclusively of students, is, under the able direction of Father Gervais, making rapid and marked improvement. At the annual banquet given by the Rev. Fathers Forget and Emard, to the members of the O. C. A. A., and also at the entertainment given by the Rev. Fathers Balland and Griffin in the Academic hall, the young musicians acquitted themselves most creditably. The following are the members: *Bass*--R. Paradis, L. Lanthier, Omer Lavallo; *Barytone*--Jos. Landry, Wm. Woods; *Alto* Geo. Tessier, F. Doyle, Arth. Sabourin; *Cornets*--P. Brunelle, R. Letellier, T. Tetreau, L. Bonin; *Piccolo*--F. X. Brunette; *Drum*--N. Cormier; *Cymbals*--Leopold Christin.

Shortly after the great victory at Brockville, a meeting of the citizens of Ottawa was held, at which it was unanimously agreed that the College Foot-ball Team deserved some testimonial from the Ottawaites, for the splendid manner in which they held the championship during the last five years. Accordingly a committee was appointed, with the following

officers: Chairman, Rev. J. J. Coffey; Treasurers, J. P. Curran, John D. Grace; Secretary, M. J. Whitty. We are very happy to be able to state that the project has met with the utmost success. Liberal contributions have been received from men of all classes, including many of the members of the cabinet. The list of contributions published some weeks ago, showed that up to that time, the handsome sum of \$360 had been collected. It is the intention of the committee to present the champions with a trophy in the form of a magnificent silver cup, on which will be engraved the names of those who composed the teams of each year since they won the proud title of "Champions of Ontario." The presentation of the trophy, we have learned, will be made about a month from the present time, and it is proposed that an entertainment be given by the O.C.A.A., on the occasion. To the committee who have worked so zealously to bring the affair to a successful issue, and also to the citizens at large who have so generously contributed to the testimonial fund, the Athletic Association, and especially the first fifteen, tender their sincerest thanks.

Now that winter has fairly set in, lovers of out-door exercise are thus prevented from participating in their usual sports. Some there are, in this as in every college, who never engage in anything like sport, but who mope about, apparently deeply engaged in calculating the number of days, weeks, etc., that must elapse ere they will be liberated from their onerous, and to them, distasteful studies. To these, and these alone, do college days become long and wearisome. And why? Simply because in study and out of study, in class and out of class, on the play-ground and off the play-ground, they always exhibit the same lifeless, inactive and mopish dispositions, forgetting that one of the most important features of a college training, is to arouse students from such morbid drowsiness and prepare them to encounter difficulties, surmount obstacles, and thereby engage in victorious battles in after life. In order that inducements may not be wanting for such as these to take part in some healthy exercise, the committee of the O.C.A.A. has named a sub-committee, whose duty it will be to encourage winter sports of all kinds, but particularly "hockey," which of late years has found many

enthusiastic admirers, and which, when played with earnestness and skill, is almost as interesting to spectators as a game of lacrosse or football. The following gentlemen constitute the committee:— Rev. J. M. Quinn, Director, D. McDonald, C. J. Kennedy, J. Meagher, O. Clark. We have no reason to doubt, that under the supervision of these gentlemen hockey will become one of our most exciting and interesting pastimes. Already teams have been organized, and these will no doubt follow the good example of the football team, so that by practice they will be able to compete successfully with teams outside of the college.

ECHOES OF THE INAUGURATION.

During Senator O'Sullivan's address at the banquet, all his references to Massachusetts brought forth from John Donnelly the cry: "New England, Senator, New England."

We are requested by the Treasurer of the Tabaret Memorial Fund to correct the omission from the list of subscribers of the name of Rev. S F. Carroll, Omaha, Neb., who contributed \$5.00.

The boyish face of Rev. A. Leonard, especially when set in his sombre Augustinian cowl, left little for the imagination, to supply to see "Gus" dressed for a rehearsal of one of the old plays.

One of the guests at the banquet gave a waiter a quarter, thinking that a "tip" would cause him to move with a little more alacrity. Judge of his surprise when the "waiter" drew forth an order blank for a memorial number of THE OWL and completed it in favor of the guest.

During the unveiling of the statue, Messrs Pittaway & Jarvis succeeded in taking some excellent views, which may well be prized as worthy souvenirs of the inauguration. Information as regards sizes, prices, etc., may be obtained from the above mentioned gentlemen, whose address will be found in our advertising columns.

The pedestal of the statue of Father Tabaret, as also that of Bishop Guignes, are from the works of the Canadian Granite Co., of Ottawa. The two beautiful marble side-altars in the College chapel

are the work of the same company, who have established in Ottawa an industry which bids fair to render the capital famous in this branch.

It is with deep regret that we noticed when too late the omission of two names from the Historical Sketch of the University, published in last month's Owl. We refer to Rev. D. Guillet and Rev. N. Forget. The former succeeded Father Durocher as Prefect of Discipline in the Senior department, having already filled the same position in the Junior department for several years. As Prefect of Discipline, Father Guillet had a general supervision of the students' sports; and under his careful direction and guidance did the students gain the prestige in athletics which they now enjoy. He was always popular with the students and will be remembered with feelings of respect and esteem by the thousands of them who were so fortunate as to experience his friendship. Father Guillet occupied the post of Director of the College during the session of '88 and '89 and is now engaged on the mission in Montreal.

What Father Guillet was to the Senior students, Father Forget was to the Junior. Succeeding Father Guillet as Junior Prefect, by his paternal care he soon found his way to the hearts of the juniors. Indefatigable in his zeal for their welfare, he was ever ready to make any sacrifice to promote their pleasure and make the College a home for them in every sense of the word. Father Forget was last year Prefect of the Seniors, and now holds the position of assistant Bursar.

PRIORIS TEMPORIS FLORES.

Jos. Masson, '89, has gone to Lille, France, to complete his medical studies.

Rev. Farragh Brogan, exercises the sacred duties of the ministry at Kansas City, Mo.

J. A. Martineau, B.A., one of the boys of '80, is now a student in a Montreal Law Office.

L. A. Dansereau '87, now fills the editorial chair of "Le Samedi," a Montreal weekly paper.

S. J. McNally, a member of last year's sixth form, has entered the Victoria Medical School at Montreal.

Aristide Benoit, who was in College in '84, is now accountant in La Banque Nationale, Quebec City.

E. J. Leonard, B.A. '89, has undertaken the study of Law in his father's office at Sweetsburg, Que.

E. Groulx, '89, and W. F. Kehoe, '89, are with the great majority of their classmates in the Diocesan Seminary, Ottawa.

Rev. C. A. Poulin, '84, lately curate at St. Patrick's, Ottawa, has gone to Almonte, as assistant to Rev. Father Foley.

Rev. J. Gascon, '86, received the Holy Order of Sub-Deaconship in the Archbishop's private chapel on Saturday, Dec. 21.

OBITUARY.

Another boyish voice is forever hushed. Another smiling face has left us. Death has claimed another victim. With his old associates on the playground, Charlie O'Connor will never again mingle. Little did we think one month ago that, in so short a time, his pure young soul would have taken its flight from time into eternity. But the ways of God are inscrutable and we can only bow in reverence and say, "Thy will be done." To know him was to love him; and those who knew him best loved him most. His splendid constitution, but beginning to develop, gave promise of a long life; but he was unable to withstand the ravages of that cruel malady, typhoid, which has brought sorrow to many a heart, and clouded the sunshine of many a home. Young, healthy and vigorous, he entered with singular enthusiasm into all the games, and in all was he the recognized leader. Nothing could have been more pleasant than his kindly laugh at having outplayed some of his older opponents. His classmates and teachers of the second grade unite in the expression of their heartfelt sorrow at his demise, and desire to record their appreciation of his kindliness as a comrade, and his devotion as a pupil. To his bereaved parents and sorrowing family, the Owl extends its sincerest and deepest sympathy. Those who have known a son's attachment or a brother's love can understand their loss, and grieve with them over it. We will only urge them to bear their trial with fortitude, knowing that Charlie

has escaped the sorrows and miseries of this world, and the taint of the sins by which it is corrupted. He was but fourteen years of age, a short term of existence indeed, but it is well that he has lived, for it is well that we possess the recollection of what he was, of his admirable qualities of mind and heart, so that, imitating them, we may become better men and better Christians. *Requiescat in pace.*

THE DEBATING SOCIETIES.

The three debating societies have been lately re-organized, and their increased membership and enthusiasm give promise that they will even surpass the records of preceding years.

The good results of past work is evidenced this year in the marked improvement in fluency of speech and weight of argument of several who, a few years ago, scarcely dared to address the society.

The senior society, in existence now for seven years, has again secured its old and efficient director, Rev. Father Nolin, whose pertinent remarks and suggestions afford much encouragement and instruction to the younger and more timid debaters.

It is a noticeable fact that this year more gentlemen from the audience rise to speak than in the past. It is to be hoped that this will continue.

The Rev. Director, together with the following gentlemen, constitute the Senior Executive Committee:—D. A. Campbell, '90; M. F. Fitzpatrick, '91; J. P. Collins, '92; H. J. Canning, '93.

The opening debate was

Resolved,—That a scientific training is better adapted than a literary training for man's intellectual and moral development."

The question was ably discussed by Messrs. J. C. Moriarty and J. P. Smith in the affirmative, and F. L. French and D. Murphy in the negative. The society decided in favor of the affirmative.

The following week the question under discussion was

Resolved,—That the poetical works of Longfellow are superior to those of Tenneyson." Affirmative—Messrs. C. Delaney and W. Cavanagh; Negative—Messrs. J. McCabe and A. Newman. The decision favored the affirmative.

At the third meeting Messrs. C. J. Kennedy and H. J. Canning maintained "that the introduction of machinery into a country was prejudicial to its best interests." Messrs. D. A. Campbell and J. P. Collins upheld the contrary, but were defeated.

The Juniors have a strong society under the direction of Rev. Jas. Quinn. The Committee comprises the Reverend Director and Messrs. L. Kehoe, S. C. Hallissey, T. Gillespie, B. Murphy and A. McDougal.

The first subject, "*Resolved*,—That Country life is to be preferred to City life," was debated by S. C. Hallissey and H. Doyle in the affirmative, the negative being sustained by A. C. Reddy and Jas. Murphy. The persuasive powers of the affirmative predominated.

The following week Messrs. W. McGreevy and Wm. Davis maintained, and A. McDougal and T. Nihan denied, "that Steam is more beneficial to society than Electricity." The latter gentlemen won after a very close vote.

THE FRENCH DEBATING SOCIETY.

A meeting was held by the French students on Sunday evening, Dec. 1st, to reorganize their debating society.

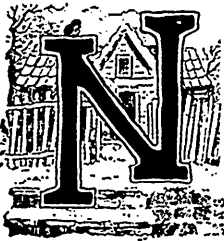
After the nomination of R. Paradis as chairman, Rev. F. Antoine, who has kindly accepted the position of director for the coming year, addressed to the society a few practical and well chosen remarks. A vote of thanks was tendered to Rev. F. Duhant and to the outgoing committee.

The election of officers, which was the principal object of the meeting, gave the following results: President, R. Paradis; Vice-President, C. Gaudet; Secretary, J. Landry; members of the Committee, F. Brunette, L. Raymond and P. Belanger. The first debate took place on the 15th inst. Several Fathers and Brothers assisted.

The question under debate was:— "Whether or not music should have pre-eminence over athletic games in the education of youth. The question was ably debated by both sides. The gentlemen who defended the negative proved victorious. Messrs. Brunette and Archambault, Gaudet and Charron, spoke for the affirmative and negative respectively. Lt. Garneau also favored the assembly by the declamation of one of Victor Hugo's select passages.



THE VISION OF THE EXCHANGE EDITOR.



NIGHT'S darkening shadows slow around me fell,
 Withdrawing from my eyes th' immortal page

On which some too short hours I fondly dwelt,

Bewitched by words of the great Florentine.
 Yet, though the imprint faded from my sight,
 The thoughts, new of the reading born, remained
 And grew to shapes and forms most fanciful
 'Till I, a wondrous vision too, beheld.

Again to gloomy shores of grief's sad stream
 Returned I. And with dread around I looked,
 Thinking the poet and his guide to see.
 Alas! I was alone. I gazed upon
 The dark and rolling tide that swiftly ran
 Its course before me; fearing to behold
 The demon boatman's piercing glance. And e'en
 Before my gaze, the inky depths their darkness lost.
 Blanched not as erstwhile by the surging foam,
 But to their utmost depths. A vast white sea
 Now lashed the shore. The breaking waves did
 throw

Some fragments and they fell close to my feet,
 And I, by wonder fixed, saw them move not,
 But their location keep fast where they fell.
 In limpid streams they coursed not home
 Unto the parent channel. Yet askance
 I gazed with intent deep to solve
 What to my thinking a strange mystery was,

My trembling body, Curiosity
 To nearer aspect of the waves inclined,
 To ascertain the reason of their stay,
 Discovering if the torrent rushing by
 Had frozen been, while still it dashed along.
 A glacier even in the fragments strewn
 Along its rugged banks, yet in movement
 A mountain torrent. Fear consenting I
 A fractured portion grasped. Nor cold
 Nor weight, as ice, it seemed to possess, but
 Like paper, rustling, it evaded me.
 With more success again I tried, and to
 My eyes approached the buoyant mass. Amazed
 I saw its belettered surface. It was
 A chronicle rich with men's thoughts and deeds,
 A paper from the living world. And each
 And every wave with like imprint
 Was seen. The struggling stream a river was
 Of journals various in tone and hue,
 But with the form of each was I acquaint.
 All did I know. Oft through the stilly night
 Their well-filled pages have I turned.
 Oft had my reflections centered, now on
 The merits they possessed, their successes,
 Now on most signal failures, not a few.
 Often with pleasure joyous followed I
 Their youthful writers, by ambition led
 To facile pens and words most eloquent.
 'Till no longer my anxious scissors I
 Could restrain, but into the laden page
 It plunged, to pluck from their environment
 Jewels—bright pearls of thought and expression.
 Oft, with shame do I confess it, drooped

Heavily my weary sight's leaden gateways,
 As I their meaningless prattle measured,
 And to the fire's devouring flames consigned
 Their pages, for all other uses null.
 As thus I mused, unkent by me approached
 A noisy, joyous, youthful band, arrayed
 In varied bright apparel, denoting
 Kinship to one or other newsy wave
 That flowed in motion fleet and fast before.
 Close to the shore they halted, and with hands
 Above their eyes outspread, intently peered
 Towards the farther shore in darkness held.
 Curious, their gaze I followed, and
 Ere long upon mine ears there fell a sound
 Of roaring waters, so it seemed, that hushed
 Our torrent's voice e'en to a whisper low.
 And now protruding through the distant gloom
 I see a tower, from whose top belch forth
 Great clouds, darkening still more the shadows
 Of these darksome nether vaults. The smokestack
 Of a strange craft, which I now discerned,
 It was. A craft not like that of Charon :
 But seemingly a gigantic raft, from
 Each of whose four angles uprose a post.
 On either side a band of canvas stretched ;
 Showing a hand, an index that to the
 Centre pointed, where portrayed in faithful lines
 I saw Niagara's far-famed torrent.
 And then below, as if to give a name
 To the strange vessel, I "Our Table" read.
 Our shore attained, by unseen hands, behold.
 A gangway was run out, and then embarked
 Most merrily the noisy band, until
 The weird vessel no others could admit.
 With speed unheard-of and loud alarum
 In quick embrace by distant gloom 'twas seized.
 In slight delay it lingered, then returned
 To freight with others for the distant shore.
 Thus it continued till my presence seen,
 There drew towards me two familiar forms :
 The jester and his fowl. With jingling bells,
 Timing his ambling gait, appeared now Lampy,
 And his grallatory friend. His greeting was :
 "Going to the ball?" To which—"Foot ball?" I
 gave,

Unmindful of Fair Harvard's late reverse.

Wild with delight, the Ibis screeched the words :
 "Park's musty *ale* you'll need, to wash that
 down."

Alas ! the wrathful jester grasped with grip
 Of iron, by its slender limbs, the bird,
 As if it were a bludgeon, belab'ring
 All proximate. In terror flew we all
 For refuge to the shelter of the barque,
 Hardly had we stepped upon it, than its
 Rapid motion my former fears renewed,
 But cheered by my companions' joyous moods
 My terrors vanished. And now a woody
 Jutting headland, brilliant with a thousand
 Lights, wrenched from us th' encircling gloom,
 Revealed an opening in the mountain side,
 Where we stayed our course and disembarked.
 Archiform the opening was, and above
 The portal, carved in gleaming golden letters,
 shone

A legend, showing that I now had reached
 "The Paradise of College Editors,"
 In all Scheherazade's wondrous tales
 Did I never a fairer scene behold,
 Than met my gaze within its portals wide.
 A festal day it was, a masquerade
 To welcome in the new born year. And all
 The guests the spirits were of the white waves
 O'er which we sailed to this fair scene.
 And now the grand march forms. Concealed
 Behind a friendly curtain, I observe
 The happy throng. The elders lead the line,
 The music swells, the march begins, and I
 Too, wish to join the merry moving throng.
 No partner do I see. Ah ! there's a step,
 A form draws near. Forward I move to greet—
 But halt as it takes shape. I see its wings,
 Leathern and vampire-like. Out from its head
 Protrude two horns—its eyes burn into me,
 I see a trident barbed and sharp, I turn,
 I flee, but the shape follows me, it grasps
 Me by the shoulder with clutch of iron,
 And shrieks into my ear with accents harsh
 "More copy—printer waits ! Yours, The Devil."

HARRY'S ADVENTURES IN BEDLAND.



HARRY was frightened. Alone at midnight in a large dormitory was not the place a timorous little boy would fancy. What came of all the boys? They all had gone to bed, for he was with them—and now the weird moonlight streaming in through the windows showed rows of empty beds, the coverings tossed up, the shoes and stockings that usually were on the floor at the head of the beds were missing, a few garments hung here and there on the bed-posts. The pathetic little cries of mamma, etc., that used to disturb the monotony of the night; choruses of snores of all degrees of sonorosity, were gone. Harry was the sole occupant of the dormitory. He shuddered and covered his head with the blankets. What if the ghost of some former troublesome student who had often disturbed the dormitory during his wicked life, should appear, visiting at this dread hour one of the scenes of his manifold transgressions. But—hark! didn't something creak? Harry scarcely breathed. He wanted to crawl beneath the blankets, but was afraid to move. He covered his face with his hands, but still peeped through his fingers. The sound came again to his ears, seemingly from the centre of the dormitory. He cautiously looked in that direction and listened attentively. Some one appeared to be moaning, and a faint, piping, metallic voice was heard: "Oh! dear, will they ever send me to the hospital! I'm here six months and not a mite better." Who could it be, thought Harry. None of the boys had such a strange voice—and it came right from the broken bed. Could it be the bed itself, soliloquized the frightened youth. The idea was ridiculous. Beds don't talk. Still there was the voice heard again: "To think that after so many years of faithful service I am to be treated like this; left uncared for, my broken back continually aching. Ugh! its terrible, and then to have all the bags of washing thrown upon you as if you were a clothes-basket. I'll not stand it; I'll double up; I'll collapse, so I will." "Give us a rest," came from another shrill little voice, from the bed on the right of the broken one. "If you had to carry for nine hours every night such a lump of humanity as I do! And its not only the carrying that bothers me, I have to keep his clothes in order for him; but I hope Santa Claus, who is so late to-night, will bring him some needles and thread."

"And see what I have to stand every night without complaining," said the bed on the left.

"You, why you carry one of the quietest boys in the dormitory," squeaked the broken bed. "Quiet," was the reply, "yes, till he gets asleep, and then I catch it. You see my burden is quite a pianist, and he dreams he's playing a grand descriptive piece called 'The Storm,' in which the pedals are used very often, and you'd ought to see him kick when he tries to put a pedal down. If I only had his little brother for a change, he sleeps quietly enough."

"Yes," retorted the neighboring bed, "I've no fault to find with the bird that nestles in my bosom. If he makes a stir, I have simply to squeak 'ghost,' and he is as still as a mouse. Its all on account of a little cigarette he got a hold of and smoked one grand *congé*, and that night he saw ghosts enough to scare even me."

"My ghost will soon be going around if I'm not taken care of," murmured the lame bed.

"Let go, leggo, that's mine," whined a bed further down the line. "No, it ain't; it's mine," was the response. "You always want to keep everything you get your hands

on ; what do you want with three pillows anyway ? Every other bed has two ; I have only one," whimpered the first speaker, and the tears coursed down its sides and rusted on its legs. "Didn't you take off a sheet from me ; this'll make it square," retorted the other. "I didn't take the sheet ; your sleeper used it to drape his wardrobe with." Brothers shouldn't fight," interposed the next bed. "I have a pair on each side of me ; you're always fighting, but those on the other side are always kind to each other." "But see the size of them," replied one of the fighters ; "one of them is hardly big enough to use for a handball ; why he has to stand on a chair to get into bed ; and the other makes his bed look like a broken-backed saddle-horse ; and he's good to his little brother because he wants to get his pennies, for he's saving up to buy a sixteen dollar pigeon-hole.

"That's so," said the other fighter ; "and its none of your business what we do ; you needn't *make a big nose over it*," striking the offending peacemaker with a bed *stater* *ere he* had time to dodge it.

"Seeing all you folks are going to keep on talking, I'm going to put in my word," was heard from the bed next to the "ghost." "I've got the most affectionate sleeper in the place ; the dormitory is hardly open before he is in my fond embrace." "He's no quicker than our two brothers," chimed in the next two beds ; "the little fellow comes in like a kitten crawling into a basket, while the larger one makes quite a circus over it. You see, he sits bolt upright in the middle of his bed, draws the coverings up to his neck, and one, two, three, he's asleep and the music begins. Why, we have a regular duet here every night, that fellow that sleeps near the door snores also, and as he takes his meals at home, the difference in the tunes beats any Italian opera."

"Meals at all hours," how's that for a sign," shrieked out a voice from the other end of the row of beds ; "I'm going to hang it out and start a hotel. I've three looking-glasses bought for furniture, and have always something to eat and some one to eat it about me." "Won't you give me some," came a plaintive, tremulous voice, full of *emotion*, from the spring bed in the corner.

"Ugh ! it's worse than the tooth-ache," again squeaked the broken bed, "and I

can get no sympathy from you iron-hearted creatures. I'll appeal to the other side. Say, you big and little fellows over there, don't you think it hard to be kept here suffering like this all the year round." "Don't make so much noise," whispered the first bed in the row, right in front of Harry ; "it's time for Santa Claus to come along ; he's going to bring a pair of boxing gloves to my little passenger ; he wants to be able to defend his pa when anything attacks him in future." "I'd like—ah—to tell what—ah—Santa Claus is—ah—going—ah—to give my little—ah—load ; but—ah—as—ah—I feel a weight—ah—upon me, and—ah—suspect that he's in bed, I think—ah—I'd better not," panted Harry's bed ; every word shaking our thoroughly frightened hero ; "but if Santa Claus brings—ah—along any—ah—soap and—ah—a towel, I could—ah—teach someone how—ah—to use it—ah—before the year is out."

"Santa Claus'll never bring me anything," chimed in the next bed in the front row. "When he sees all the things hanging around me he'll take me for a pawn-broker's shop and pass by, and then what'll *Robby do* ?" "As for me," broke in the bed behind, "the best thing I could get would be a pair of sheets all printed over with pages from the dictionary, so that he can learn English." "If he wanted to please me," said his neighbour, "he'd put some padding of fat on the bones that rattle in me all night ; why it sets my teeth on edge every time my little tin soldier moves. It's worse than that sewing machine in front of me whose *cunning hum* is heard every night." "I wish my neighbor would use his sewing-machine to sew a tent for my occupant," came from the other side. "He can't get on his stockings without making a tent out of the blankets and he has them about spoiled."

"Say do any of you fellows know what's the score," squeaked the bed in the rear of the last speaker, "my little black-board tells me every night but he is not in just now, and I am anxious to know the score." "Four pair of short pants against three pair of long ones," was the response that *all heard*.

"Who knows why my friend in front is a historic spot ?" "Give it up, why ?" squeaked the other in unison. "Because Spain was peppered here." "Oh," shrieked all the beds, and there was a

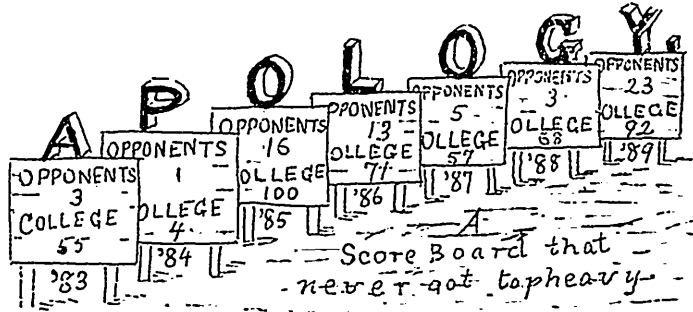
crash in the centre of the dormitory that made Harry hide beneath the bed clothes in fear and trembling. The broken bed had collapsed! All was silent for a few moments and then came a whisper from the other end of the dormitory: "Did you get back?" There was no reply and the voice again exclaimed: "Thank goodness, 'twasn't he; when he's here I have no rest, for he's a regular talking machine and keeps going all the time. Oh! I am so *wearry*." "He doesn't make you so tired as my jumping jack makes me." sighed the brass-mounted bed in the corner.

It's too bad we are not all treated alike. Here's my brother gets dressed over every night, his child is so careful of him. It's a shame how we are neglected," came from a bed near by.

"I *d'know* of any one so negligent as my blackbird; he's always hammering up pictures in his gallery, and he doesn't give me one." "And my man pops every morning at 4 o'clock, at this early hour deserting me. He thus *towers* above all of you." "You ought to give him *fits*," came from his neighbor, across whose feet was thrown a blue checkered night-shirt. "And *you may* count on me to give him a free kick when I am in the first team," was heard from the bed behind. "I wish Santa Claus would hurry up," whimpered the neighbor to the last speaker: "he's promised to put a railing around me, so that my young *eagle's son* won't fall out of the nest when he stretches out his head to see who goes by." "Why am I like a person reaching a book?" propounded the bed in front. "Don't, please," chimed in the others, "we're too weak after the last one." Regardless of their feelings, the fiend shouted: "Because I often turn a *page over*." And this time the dormitory re-echoed with a succession of prolonged "Ohs," and Harry's bed forgot itself so much that it threw him right out into the middle of the floor where he lay

half dead with fright. The silence was next broken by a squabble between two boys who wanted to use the same wardrobe at the same time. You needn't *murmur 'f I go* in first," smilingly creaked the smaller one. "No you don't," was the reply, "you ought to have settled that when my dear friend the referee *came round*." "Stop that fighting," cries a voice in front; keep quiet till you see the fine hand-ball that's going to be put into my bed." We'd like to *see a* hand-ball in you," was the answer by one of the parties addressed. "Why the great player sleeping there would have it up against the sides of the dormitory in less than no time." "What do you expect 'ill be your present?" This to the other front bed. "I'm expecting to get a patent combination pillow, one that can be used as a trunk; for everything my fragile occupant takes off goes between the pillows; hat, boots, clothes and all. He even tries to get himself there."

On the other side of the drapery concealing the Prefect's bed, some others were discussing the respective merits of their patrons. The first bed in the front row was complaining that a circle of bells was not placed like a *chain* around its occupant. "I really don't know when he is in bed, he goes in so easily; he's too quiet altogether." "I can easily tell when my deck-hand gets on board; he makes fuss enough about it. Anyway he's too long for me, and if they don't put a bay window in the end of the bed to make room for his feet, he'll be apt to catch cold," said the bed behind. The two neighboring beds presented a queer combination. Though it was a little dark in the corner where they were, they seemed to move; and Harry thought he could distinguish a *fountain* playing too and *fro barely* touching the surrounding beds, when—click, the turning of a key in a lock, the flaring up of the electric lamps—and Harry's strange dream was over. A. W.



WHY should we offer an apology for devoting more space than usual to the victories of the champion footballers? Are they not justly admired and praised on all sides for their incomparable skill and unrivalled record? If others shout loud and long, why should not THE OWL set up its hoot and bow approvingly its wise old head? Let those who can, answer.

Students of Ottawa University strongly favor the classics and the preservation of classical antiquities. Hence their ardent enthusiasm for foot-ball. For amongst the games with which modern men recreate the body or relieve the mind, foot-ball rightly claims precedence by reason of its great age and illustrious descent. Before the days of the Argonaut's expedition, during the heroic ages of Greece and Troy, while Virgil and Horace passed their childhood in playing at top, foot ball counted among its devotees the greatest men among all nations. It was sung by poets and celebrated by orators—in the resounding hexameters of Homer and the glowing periods of Seneca.

True it is that foot-ball, in common with other ornaments of civilization, suffered from the invasions of the Huns, Goths and Vandals; like the other classics it went down before the inroads of those ravagers; but at the renaissance it came forth from the tomb where, for several centuries, it had lain—not dead, but sleeping. Henceforth it seemed to like the air of England, where it rapidly established itself as the sport of both peasantry and nobility.

The first of those celebrated contests—North vs. South—that even to this day arouse all England, took place on the 5th December, 1815, at Carterhaugh, Eitrick Forest, between the men of Yarrow and the men of Eitrick, captained by the Earl

of Home and Sir Walter Scott, respectively. Sir Walter composed two poems for the occasion, from one of which, entitled "Lifting the Banner of Buccleugh, at the great Foot-ball Match Carterhaugh," I quote the following stanzas:—

"From the brown crests of Newark, its summons extending,
Our signal is waving in smoke and in flame,
And each forester blithe from his mountain descending,
Bounds light o'er the heather to join in the game.
* * * * *

Then strip lads and to it, though sharp be the weather
And if by mischance, you should happen to fall,
There are worse things in life than a tumble on heather,
And life is itself but a game of foot-ball "

Shortly after the capture of Quebec, foot-ball was introduced into Canada by an English officer who had been on General Wolfe's staff. It worked its way slowly but surely into public favor, and became a popular game especially among the students of our colleges and universities. In 1880 the Ottawa College foot-ball club was organized. Good results were almost instantaneous, and the young club soon took its place among the leaders; a little later held undisputed right to first place. It can hardly be denied that Ottawa College footballers inaugurated a new and decidedly better style of play; it is likewise evident that their opponents are becoming dangerous just in proportion to their ability to adopt the new game. Ottawa College may have to evolve from the potencies of the unknown some new foot-ball lessons for their opponents to learn, or Jack may become impudent to his master.

However let the future reveal itself. It is the triumphs of the past five years that THE OWL celebrates—the brilliant series of twenty-five victories over the best Canadian clubs without a single defeat. All Jenas and Austerlitzes and Maregas—without a Waterloo. Is there any need of an apology?

OTTAWA COLLEGE FOOTBALL—A RETROSPECT.



L.L. must allow that, by great achievements or great self-sacrifices, is the history of any organization, as well as of any nation, made interesting. Encouraged by that belief, we feel that to describe the progress of Football in Ottawa College will not fail to delight the readers of the Owl. We know that some will scowl at our exultation—those who have never, perhaps, felt the satisfaction of triumph. By the citizens of Ottawa, as well as by the students of the College, ought the efforts and services of the Varsity football team to be appreciated. If the Capital city of the Dominion to-day occupies a high position in the athletic circles of Canada: if Ottawa is referred to as a place where honorable manly sport is fostered, we must attribute it, in a great measure, to the deeds of our football club.

In 1880 '81 the project to form a football club originated here. The idea was eagerly grasped and, in a short time, took tangible form. Innumerable difficulties had, of course, to be overcome, prejudices against the game had to be dissipated, and, in consequence, its advance was at first slow. Success in any undertaking depends considerably on enthusiasm, and this essential quality was found in the institutor and first manager and captain of the team, E. F. O'Sullivan. He sang the praises of football on every possible occasion. Undaunted by reverses, he clung tenaciously to the idea that there were great possibilities dormant in the team that might be organized in the College. His efforts were ably seconded by J. H. Lyons. The first team was, forthwith, organized and therein was found the nucleus of that splendid organization of the present time, known throughout the length and breadth of the country as the Ottawa College Football Club. A keen rivalry, which has existed continually up to the present time, then sprang up between the Varsity and the Ottawa city teams. Several matches were played but

the question of superiority during the years '81 and '82 was an undecided one. Each club blew its own horn, and each was unwilling to yield the title of city champions to the other; considerable newspaper gossip was indulged in, the effect of which was to place the two teams on unfriendly terms. Happily however both the College boys and city men have outlived this spirit of petty enmity. As time went on and strength increased, the ambition of the boys soared to more exalted heights than the worsting of a local team, and their eyes were directed towards Britannia and Montreal. They knew the powers of these men, but they had also great confidence in their own abilities. In their matches with Britannia, the routine of alternate defeat and victory became monotonous, so that, in the game between them in the spring of '83, our boys went in with a determination that could not brook resistance, and after a hard battle emerged from the contest, their brows bedecked with the victors' wreath.

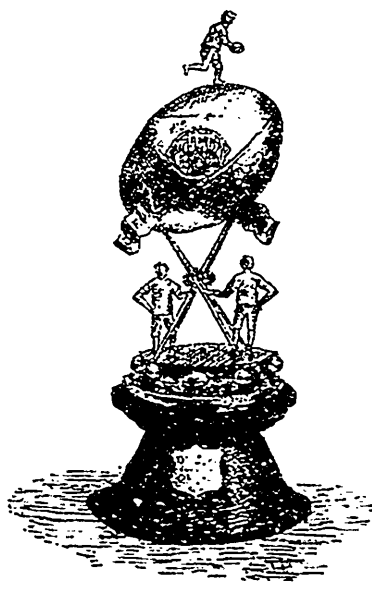
Up to this time no general organization of the students took place; the football team worked on its own responsibility, transacted its own business and controlled its own affairs. The evils and disadvantages of this system soon became apparent, and to remedy them was a task of formidable proportions. Several proposals were submitted, many of which were entirely impracticable; among others was the one to form an Athletic Association that would have supervision of the different games—football, base-ball and lacrosse. A meeting of the students was convened and the decision arrived at that an Athletic Association was a necessity; at a meeting held shortly afterwards the election of officers took place, and what was once a necessity now became a reality, and the Ottawa College Athletic Association sprang into life and being. We do not desire to become extravagant in our praise of that organization, but we feel constrained to say that its services in the interests of athletics in the College have been immense. What has it done? may be asked. It has cleared away difficulties that before appeared insurmountable; it has

brought together students of different nationalities, different temperaments, different feelings and sentiments, and made them bury their differences, destroy these petty prejudices which are the bane of student life; it has united them into one body with one aim and one object—the advancement of Ottawa College in the sphere of athletics; it has, in fine, created the champion football team of Canada. Could it well have done more? may now be asked.

The initial act of the first executive of the new organization was to apply for admission to the Ontario Rugby Union. Their application was favorably considered, and the early fall of '85 saw them making preparations to battle for the Provincial Challenge Cup.— Their first season it was—but what a brilliant one: club after club succumbed to their prowess, and had to admit their superiority.— In the collegiate series they had a comparatively easy task in defeating their opponents—Queen's, the Royal Military College and Toronto University fell easy victims to their admirable method of play, and as, in the town series, Ottawa held the lead, the final tie was, therefore, between this latter club and the College boys. To many readers of the Owl, the recollection of that struggle is still vivid. They will remember with what earnestness both teams went into training in preparation for the fight, what wild imaginings and conjectures were afloat as to its possible outcome, what strange reckonings were indulged in as to the respective strength of the teams, and what ceaseless endeavors were made to discover their formation. The day arrived, the battle fought, and another victory achieved by Ottawa Col-

lege. After the contest unrestrained enthusiasm prevailed, congratulations flowed thick and fast upon our heroes. The season ended and the challenge cup was ours. Stoics murmured against our demonstrations of joy, they knew not that events, such as this was, make up the history of our miniature world. Six games played, 100 points to 16 in our favor. Can any other Canadian organization point to such a record?

The season of '86-'87 arrived, and the boys went into active training preparatory to expected struggles. Queen's was the first whose hopes were crushed by the indomitable collegians.— Then followed a journey to Toronto, and the eventful struggle with the University of that city which ended in a draw. Nothing disheartened by the decision of the Rugby executive obliging them to once more travel to the home of football in Western Canada, they went in with a will to condition themselves for the contest that was to decide who were to be champions. Upon the evening of November 4th, 1886 it was flashed to Ottawa that the College boys were victorious in their fight with Toronto University. We could not better describe the



THE ONTARIO RUGBY CUP.

game than in the words of Gerald Griffin in his short and pithy message, announcing the triumph of the garnet and gray: "The boys played like demons and beat them in the first five minutes." It remained for the Ottawa College and Toronto city teams to wrestle for the coveted championship. The game was played in snow knee-deep, and the continued scoring of the boys completely disheartened the westerners, who left the field before the completion of the first half, in utter disgust at their own impot-

ency. The match was awarded to the Collegians, and the cup was doomed to remain in Ottawa for another year.

'87 opened most propitiously. The default of the Military College left the struggle for honors in the collegiate series between Toronto and Ottawa Universities, old but friendly rivals. For the third consecutive year did our boys force the University of the Queen city to yield up the ghost. Hamilton came out on top in the city series, and for the first time since their organization, were the wearers of the garnet and gray pitted against the Hamilton footballers. Owing to this fact, danger was apprehended and extra precautions were taken to get into proper condition, so that, if defeat were met with, it could be only owing to the superior strength of the representatives of Western Canada. The game, however, was a veritable walk-over for the Collegians. For another year would their eyes gaze with delight upon the challenge cup. This continued attainment of provincial honors became rather irksome, and the desire to contend for the Dominion Championship became deeply rooted. Admirers of the College team surmised that, in event of the game with Montreal the chances for victory were not over-promising. "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady," however, and they determined to try their luck against the Quebec champions. A challenge was sent, accepted, and the day fixed. The memorable 5th of November at length arrived, the students, accompanied by a few associates left the Union Station for Montreal, amidst the hearty good wishes of their numerous friends. The game commenced, old footballers marvelled at the skill displayed by the "boys from Ottawa." The game finished, the Ottawa College team were champions of the Dominion. Montreal admirers, chagrined as they were over the defeat of their favorites, were forced into the admission that the best team had won. At last they had arrived at the summit of their hopes—there

remained no other fields to conquer. When the news of victory first reached us it could scarcely be credited, but when it was confirmed by the message of Father Guillet, the walls of the old Ottawa College were made to tremble by our shouts of exultation. We were proud of our footballers, proud of their deeds and daring. Thus ended the season of '87, the most memorable in the annals of our Athletics.

'88 found us prepared to add fresh laurels to those already attained. A departure was made in the system of competition, the games played by challenge instead of by series as previously. Ottawa challenged twice and were twice defeated. Hamilton was obliged once again to exclaim: "It is impossible for us to defeat those college students." Montreal though not defeated saw their hopes of bringing the championship into Montreal vanish into thin air. We found ourselves, for another year, Provincial and Dominion champions.

Many of those, who, up to the present season, have assisted in building up the reputation of the Ottawa College in athletics are no longer in our midst. Some are engaged in mercantile pursuits, others find a field for the play of their faculties on the political arena, while others are encircled by the cassock, and wrestle with theological difficulties. Law and medicine have their quota of representatives. To old footballers of the College, whom this issue may reach, we extend our greetings, and assure them that, though far away, they are not forgotten, and often, indeed, to wondering ears do we recount their surprising achievements. We cannot but express the hope that they may be as successful in their different callings as that team was, of which they were honored and devoted members. We assure them that time will only serve to make us cherish more fondly the recollection of the splendid part they played in making the Ottawa College football club what it to-day is.

ONTARIO RUGBY FOOTBALL IN 1889.



RUGBY football in Canada during the past season was probably of higher class than any previously in the history of the game in this country. By

higher class I mean more scientific and faster. The changes in the rules of the Ontario Union contributed to this; in addition, there happened, whether by accident or development, to be stronger teams than usual in the field.

The principal change in the rules was, of course, the legalizing of "heeling out," enabling teams so disposed to play a more open and fast game than under the old rule which necessitated close packed scrimmages all the time; and enabling also surer and prettier passing between the backs.

Then, the leading teams of the season in Ontario were mighty men in their line. The Ottawa College team was practically the same in composition as in 1888, with the added strength of another season's practice and experience. The Toronto fifteen, claimed by their club to be the best team ever placed in the field in the Queen City, proved this by giving Ottawa College a very close match, and by administering first-class thrashings to Hamilton and the Montreal Britannias. Their accidental defeat by Toronto University in a hap-hazard scramble of twenty minutes at the close of the season was no test of their true form, although the Toronto University fifteen were undoubtedly strong, as shown by their defeat of McGill. Kingston Queen's team was the surprise of 1889. Fast and tremendously strong in their rush line, sure and skilful in their back division, they proved by their play this season that the hard shake they gave the Montrealers the previous year was no accident. Their team this year, greatly improved, was probably superior in material to anything ever seen in Canada, and succumbed only to the skill and suberb condition of their famous Ottawa rivals.

A game may develop and improve without a corresponding development of

interest on the part of the public. Was this the case during the past season? In Ottawa, there was excitement enough—probably in Kingston also. But that there was any general increase of ordinary interest in the game is doubtful. Why not? Rugby football should be one of the most popular of games in this country. No other game equally satisfies, in an honorable way, the fighting instinct which all races of men worth their salt possess, and which Canadians should and do possess. If such a game is not popular here, it can only be because its good points are muffled up by the players or the rules. That has been the case in the past. Rugby matches as played before the "heeling out" rule, were often merely exhibitions of the persistence with which twenty men could lay in a mass on top of a ball for an hour and a half. What satisfaction is that for spectators? and if it is no satisfaction for spectators, spectators will not come, and if spectators will not come, what proper chance is there of the development of the game? If the game is to improve, players must have a fair number of first-class matches each season. Now, this is a big country, and traveling is expensive. Our players can not afford to travel much, purely at their own expense, and our clubs cannot afford out of their ordinary funds to frequently pay the expenses of players. The game will never be what it should until there are good gate receipts, and there will never be good gate receipts until the game is played in a way to please spectators—scrimmaging must be minimised, and kicking, dribbling, running and passing developed instead.

Now that heeling out is legalized, there is no reason why the fast open game should not be played, if one other rule of Rugby football is enforced—a rule which has been in the laws for years, and for years been a dead letter. It is the following:—

21. In the event of any player holding or running with the ball being tackled and the ball fairly held, he must at once cry down and *immediately put it down*. . . . The ball shall be at once scrimmaged at the place where it was so held.

The custom has been and is, not to crimmage off the ball at once, but to wait until the forwards on both sides all gather up, be they slow or fast in doing so. Players, captains and referees have alike ignored the spirit of the law. No other rule of the game would, if enforced, benefit so greatly teams in good condition. No other law could, if enforced, tell as much in favor of such a team as Ottawa College invariably puts in the field; a team which plays faster and harder in the last ten minutes of a match than in the first. It would necessitate a lightning game. Off the ball would go again the moment after a successful tackle. No rests for winded players, slowly trotting up to join the scrimmage; no prolonged musses in the field, giving tired half-backs and quarters a new life; no long waits disgusting spectators. The play would become so fast that players in really good condition would soon do up any opposing team not in proper shape. Rugby football would become, like lacrosse, a game worth seeing; it would be an exhibition of speed and skill instead of a business in which a drove of steers could make a pretty good showing.

Now is the time to improve the style of play. In the notable spread of athletic sports in Canada, Rugby football has its share. The development of the sport is particularly noticeable west of Toronto. Clubs are springing up in many of the smaller towns. But the Rugby game is not prospering like the Association game, and will not unless it offers more attraction to the public, and if Rugby men wish to see the noble old sport, one of the manliest and best of all games, made honored and popular, let them make up their minds that it must be played faster. More, if they wish to see it safer to skin and limbs, let them play it faster. Players are oftenest damaged in the scrimmages. In the States the system of making up a new formation every time the ball is downed is leading—has led—to a most brutal and unmanly style of play, a style of play in which the only check upon cowardly kicks and blows is the referee's eye, and where it is almost become a credit to a team to break as many of their opponents' bones as possible.

Ottawa College should take the lead in reforming our Rugby game, if only for the reason that the more open and fast the

game becomes, the better for college teams in general, and Ottawa College in particular. College men if they choose, can invariably get into better condition than city teams. As a rule, the majority of the members of city clubs are put to serious inconvenience in getting practice, and unless they are very enthusiastic, they do not get into proper shape. College men can fit their hours better for sport and exercise; they can also usually make more opportunities to practice a combination game.

In retaining the Ontario championship, and practically the championship of Canada, for the fifth successive year, the Ottawa College club has made a remarkable record. It is very regrettable that this splendid showing should wind up with such a mess as that in connection with the Ontario Union Cup. That the Union rule under which the College team are declared to have lost the cup is a mistake is admitted by the great majority of players and fair-minded men. At the same time the rule is there, and unless some new light is thrown on the subject by the College protest, I do not see how the conclusion can be avoided that the cup is sacrificed to the Union. The law is bad but it was the law. As I understand the matter, the Torontos, with sportsmanlike and manly spirit have refused to accept the cup. The Union thus having entire control of it, might, it seems to me, fairly ask Ottawa College and Toronto to play for it at Kingston or Brockville next season and at the same time amend the championship law so as to provide that in the future those who want the championship shall go after it, as is the case universally in the world of sport where championships are decided by challenge. It might merely be enacted that a second challenge from the same team shall be met, if practicable, on a neutral ground in the champion club's town.

In conclusion, it is to be hoped all Ontario clubs will stick loyally to the Union. Whatever mistakes may be made by the Union, the advantages to the game arising from organization and co-operation are far greater than any drawbacks from occasional blunders. All our organizations, political, social and sporting, make mistakes; that is human. We've all got to exercise forbearance. None can do

this with better grace than the Ottawa College football club. In a football experience of fifteen years or so, active or retired, I have seen a large number of the first-class matches played in Ontario and Quebec, and I can fairly say I never saw a team which played a more straightforward

game, or made less fuss about the adverse decisions of officials than the College fifteen of the past two or three seasons. The College club deserves considerate treatment from its sister clubs in the Union.

P. D. Ross.

OUR PLAYERS.

RODOLPH PARADIS, '90, to whose lot it fell to guard the goals during the past season, is a worthy addition to the long list of full-backs who have figured on the College team. Grave fears were manifested, when it became known that Devine would be unable this year to take his old place among the champions, and considerable difficulty was anticipated in the selection of his successor. Paradis, however, answered our most sanguine expectations, and it would be hard to decide whether the position was ever more ably filled than it was through the season of '89. Like all who have preceded him as full-back, Paradis is among the smallest men on the team, but he would judge rashly who would make his appearance the criterion of his worth. He weighs 144 lbs., is a fleet runner and an expert dodger and hence, true to the principles of his predecessors, he never fails to relieve his goals, either by one of his long punts, or by a clever run out.

JAMES MURPHY'S name is not new to the foot-ball enthusiasts of Canada. As left half-back, he is admittedly without his peer. Ever cool and collected, he stands, apparently indifferent, yet no movement of the play escapes his scrutinizing gaze, and when the advantage is on the side of his opponents, Jimmie seldom fails to counteract it. Though by no means a heavy man, tackling is his forte, and not unfrequently has a too ambitious wing man or an over-daring quarter-back, been brought to grief as the result of one of his never-failing charges. He kicks beautifully, and more than once his clever punting "in touch," has added new vic-

tories to the proud record of his team. He weighs 152 lbs., and is the best general athlete on the team.

N. CORMIER, '91, right half-back has just completed his second season as a member of the first fifteen and well and nobly has he acquitted himself. He is an exceeding swift and forcible runner, and woe to the team whose flank is unguarded when Cormier comes into possession of the ball. He plays throughout with excellent judgment, is at all times sure in his catch, and may be relied upon to prevent any opponent from encroaching too far on his territory. He is robust and hardy, and judging from his steady and constant improvement in the past, he has not yet reached the zenith of his excellence.

MODESTE GUILLET, to whom has been conceded the distinctive title of "Prince of Quarter-backs," is a typical foot-baller. Of a most pleasing and agreeable disposition, he is above resorting to lowly tactics, and relies entirely upon his skilful and scientific powers as a player. When we remember that he is the last of the "old 'uns," we are all nigh to believe in the "survival of the fittest," for though brilliant stars have disappeared from our athletic firmament, we cannot help thinking that the brightest of them all still shines, and leads us on to victory. Guillet is a powerfully built man, weighing 190 lbs., yet he is a runner of no mean merit, and the man who undertakes to stop him has a doubtful task. He takes all the kicks for goal,—and in this respect, some of his achievements have been phenomenal—and in drop-kicking

he is truly a wonder, being at once the admiration and the discomfiture of his opponents.

CHARLES D. GAUDET, '92, is a comparatively young player, whose services were brought into requisition upon the retirement of Mr. W. F. Kehoe. Few quarterbacks can lay claim to a greater amount of calm self-possession under trying circumstances than Gaudet. Though his association with the veterans has been of short duration, he has already made his presence among them a necessity. He kicks admirably with either foot, but it is in quick and accurate passing that he particularly excels, having, apparently, full control of the sphere. To his excellent work, behind the scrimmage last fall, is due in a great measure the fact that the champions so effectively availed themselves of the advantages of "heeling out." Of him great things may be expected.

DUNCAN McDONALD, '91, centre rusher, deservedly enjoys a national popularity. He is the biggest man on the team, standing 6 feet 4 inches high and weighing 188 pounds, yet he is without an equal for mildness of character and gentleness of play. As a rusher, he undoubtedly possesses all those qualities which go to make him what he unquestionably is—the first of his rank in Canada. Few are more secure in handling the ball, and, though it is a favorite trick of his, he never errs in passing. But it is in dribbling that his merit principally lies. A good runner, when we consider his size, it is by no means rare to see him break through the scrimmage, the ball at his feet, and with a gentle tip carry it onward to his opponents' goal. He was the first to introduce this feature into forward playing, and no one who has witnessed him upon the field will question its efficacy, as it is in pleasing contrast with the unsightly scrimmage. "Big Dunc." always draws the heaviest card, but he has never been known to shirk its weight.

M. F. FITZPATRICK, '91, one of the fastest men in the forward line is a tower of strength in himself. He plays in the position which, in days gone by, reflected credit upon Cunningham and Gascon, and he creditably performs the labors it involves. He is tall and fully developed, weighs 165 lbs., and uses his strength to the best possible advantage. He is an adept in bringing the ball in

from touch, having perfect control over it, and never failing to place it where it can be most profitably used, a point which he is not slow in discovering. In the scrimmage his great strength serves him to good purpose, and is of immense advantage to his team. Being an excellent runner, a safe tackler and a powerful man, he can fill any position in the front line, but his proper place seems to be by the side of "Big Dunc."

THOMAS CURRAN, '91, is one of the main stays of the rush line, though to the casual observer, this may seem paradoxical, for Curran is the personification of gentleness, and no one who knew him only in his moments of unconcerned ease could be forced to believe that he is one of the most tried and trusty members of the champion fifteen. He weighs 175 lbs., possesses a strong healthy constitution, and, when called upon is capable of playing football as we delight in seeing it played. He is an essential factor in the formation of the scrimmage, and few are willing or able to oppose his furious assaults. For a heavy man he is very fast, persistently following the ball, and ever ready to profit by the errors of his opponents. He is perhaps the most powerful man among the forwards, and more than once his strong arm has turned the tide in favor of his side. Of him we may truly say, he has "made his mark" on the football field.

A. CHATELAIN, has seen the champions through many a stormy contest, and few have labored more faithfully than he. He is not a big man, as he weighs only 158 lbs., but he is endowed with indomitable grit and energy which seem to grow in intensity as the game progresses. He plays football coolly and systematically and when he has resolved to do anything, his first act is to abolish the possibility of his aim being defeated. His position is among the scrimmagers, but it would indeed be difficult to appreciate the full amount of work he is accustomed to do. He pays throughout, the strictest attention to every motion of the game, and the ball is constantly his centre of attraction. He is an exceptionally fast man, quick and sure when dealing with the ball, and with McDonald, Fitzpatrick and Curran, he can boldly take his place, to form such a combination as "all the elements could not stem."

DAMIEN MASSON '91, is a graduate from

the second team, but he early proved that his promotion was deserved. Though found among the forwards, he is among the smallest men on the team, yet no one does his work more efficiently than he. He is exceedingly strong and hardy, and with becoming grace takes his place against opponents double his size. It is highly amusing to remark the haughty air generally assumed by those who find Masson opposite them as the opposing teams line up for a game. We have seen it, but we doubted not that the tables would turn, nor were we mistaken. Masson covers his man if he does anything, and he has invariably proven himself a rather formidable obstacle to the progress of his opponents. In following the ball he never tires, and his efforts in this direction have not been without their reward. He bids fair to do greater honor next year to the team of which he is a worthy member.

J. McDUGALL '91, is a new man who first did service on the team last fall, and a very desirable acquisition he has proven himself. He is of a strong muscular build, weighing 165 lbs., and takes his place among the strongest men on the team. He is an energetic worker, going into the struggle with a dash and spirit that does not heed opposition. As an outside scrimmager, he cannot easily be replaced, being especially proficient in frustrating the efforts of his opponents. Constantly on the alert, he appears to have been personally charged to follow the ball throughout its travels—a task in which, we must say, he has attained no small amount of success. He is a thorough athlete, a promising lacrosse player, and a foot-baller, from whom we should have liked to have heard sooner.

P. O'BRIEN '91, figured prominently in all the championship games except the last. Throughout the fall of '88 and during the term of his connection with the team last season, he gave ample evidence of his worth as a rusher. Though somewhat lighter than his associates in the scrimmage, he more than supplied the deficiency in weight by the earnestness of his efforts and his close application to every feature of the play. He excels in no particular position, but his general showing in tackling, kicking and scrimmaging was sufficiently good to merit for him a high rank among the College forwards. He weighs 155 lbs. and plays at all times a steady, careful and reliable game.

FRANK MCDUGAL '92, was promoted from the second team last fall, and, as second right wing, did faultless work during the whole season, in every way justifying his elevation to the upper rank. He is a small man for the position, but we have never seen it more ably guarded. As a tackler he is exceedingly brilliant, accepting every opportunity that is offered him, and under ordinary circumstances, allowing no man to pass him. He kicks well and would, with a little experience, be a desirable man among the backs. His presence, however, will be required next year at outside wing, and as he has the necessary speed, and a vast deal of grit he should be a decided success. He weighs 156 pounds.

W. T. MCCAULEY '90, outside wing belongs to the school of Hughes and Bannon and an apt pupil he is. His words and deeds may often lead us to think him an enigma, nevertheless, we must allow that he has succeeded in reducing football to as near a science as it is possible to bring it. His *modus procedendi* is founded on the principle that to win a match the prime requisite is to defeat his opponents individually, and with this object in view, the ball is no sooner set in motion than he engages in a vigorous and unceasing warfare against the opposing backs, and though he has played in every match since '85, he has yet to meet the man he could not baffle. The ball cannot travel any faster than he, and as a natural consequence it never drops to the ground before McCauley is there, either to prevent an opponent from returning it, or to capture it himself and hurry it on, at a ten-second pace, towards his own goal. Nor are his efforts directed solely against the enemy. He never loses sight of the opposing wing man and is particularly careful that no play on the part of his friends is interfered with, from that direction. He is a superb tackler and particularly delights in giving his man a little the start of him, apparently enjoying the pursuit more than the conquest. Few men have played on McCauley more than once, for his triumph over an opponent is invariably so complete, that one is loth to expose himself to a second degradation. As he graduates this year, his absence will be sorely felt, and his equal will be hard to find.

B. MURPHY, '90, is another of the new men who last season made "their bow" among the champions. By hard and per-

severing practice, he, in an incredibly short time qualified himself for the position of second-wing man, and won for himself no low place as an exponent of Rugby football. Though slightly built and weighing only 152 lbs., he is among the most forcible runners on the team. Besides being exceedingly swift, he manages to utilize every ounce of his weight when he makes a dash, and whoever collides with him is sure to rebound. His manoeuvres with the ball are graceful and easy; he passes accurately and tackles equally well. He was a source of immense strength last season, and the team of '90 would possess a treasure in him.

O. LABRECQUE, who played as second-wing in several championship matches last fall, is an exceedingly valuable man. He weighs 165 lbs. and possesses staying powers of as great account as any member of the team. Labrecque is earnest and conscientious and during the season he scrupulously avoids whatsoever might in any way render him incapable of defending the honor of his position. In this respect his example is highly commendable, and one that pointedly suggests itself to the serious consideration of more than one of our more experienced stalwarts. His absence next year will cause a gap. Let him who would fill it, make Labrecque his model.

A. HILLMAN, left outside-wing, is peculiarly adapted for the position he holds. "There is a foot-baller," one involuntarily exclaims the moment he appears on the field. His structure is perfect, of medium height, limbs admirably proportioned, and, when in training, burdened by no superfluous flesh. On the field he makes a

happy combination of gentlemanly behaviour with sportsmanlike determination, and his graceful and easy movements, ever telling and effective, are the admiration of the on-looker. Hillman does not vanquish his man, he gains the whole battle, he conquers him, and, though perhaps reluctantly, wins from him a hearty shake of the hand and the complimentary remark, "If football is played in your style, let us have more of it." He weighs 158 lbs., and is an exceedingly fast and powerful runner.

THOMAS TROY, '92, at the opening of the season, gave fair promise of taking a foremost place among the champions. Soon after his return to college however, he fell a victim to typhoid fever, and for a considerable time had a stubborn fight of a different nature. In the single match he played, he appeared entirely at his ease, showing himself to be the possessor of no second-rate powers. He kicks farther than any man in the Association, is an expert tackler, a fast and forcible runner, and is in every way qualified to take his place among the backs. He weighs 165 lbs.

O. W. CLARKE, '92, is the lightest man that ever played on the College team. In the last match of the season he replaced Gaudet at quarter-back, the latter, who was suffering from a disabled leg, being forced to retire. He weighs only a 136 lbs., nevertheless, he successfully tackles the most powerful opponent. He kicks splendidly with either foot. With him in reserve, there is little doubt that the position of quarter-back will be well filled for a few years to come.

166

QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL

LITERATURE

OUR FOOT-BALL TEAM

WE'RE A set of foot ballers as you can see,
 Fresh from the militia a brace more,
 Lattered and lattered all covered with mud
 keenly to use the all cleansing sud

We've a rattling good team perhaps you don't know,
 But give us a chance and we're ready to show it,
 Sometimes we lose but that's not our fault,
 It's the stupid old referee, not worth his salt

At half we have Pirie, Taittie and Ebb,
 And Parkyn with his long kicks plays our full back;
 While Smellie and Farrell look after the quarter,
 Though compared with the rest they're quite a bit
 shorter.

In the centre we've Marquis all muscle and bone,
 But when in the scrimmage he's not quite alone,
 For help he has Cameron, Copeland, Morgan and Cheam
 Who showed the McGill boys how to "do things up
 brown."

Then Gilles and Gus, two brothers, have we,
 A fine pair of Gandlers, as you usually see;
 And Sherry McCammon who by look or by crook
 Settles disputes not by rules in the look

And as for our wings they are pretty well feathered,
 Six feet if one, when properly measured;
 On the right we have Rankin, on the left we play White,
 And to see them "get there" is an elegant sight.



QUEEN'S

PLAYERS.

THE CANADIAN POETS-C*

*THE Introductory post-
 essay, at the 1st

We had hoped to be able to give in this issue a short notice of the players of the different teams that opposed us last season. To this end we requested the Secretaries of the different teams to furnish us with the personnel of their club. Queen's kindly gave us the required information; Ottawa promised to do so, but unfortunately the matter was not received in time for the press; and for some reason unknown to us, we received no reply from Toronto. We accordingly introduce to our readers the members of the Queen's College Foot-ball Club:

J. WHITE, wing, weight 170, was Captain in 1888 and again this season. He is also an Association player.

HARRY PIRIE, half-back, weight 160, is in his third year in medicine and is a graduate in Arts. Has played on the team for a number of years, and is also an Association player, and played with the Canadian team in England last year.

LEO PHELAN, wing, weight 168, is an Ottawa College graduate, and of course has been on the team every year that his studies would permit.

J. F. SMELLIE, quarter, weighs 160, learnt his foot-ball at Sorel, and has been on the team for three years.

W. RANKIN, wing, weight 170; has played on the team for four years, and was captain in '87. Acquired his knowledge of foot-ball at Kingston Collegiate Institute.

E. B. ECHLIN, wing, weight 175, has been on the team several years. Is also a good Association player.

A. GANDIER, forward, weight 180; was on the team in '87, '88, and '89. He also is a former K. C. I. student.

H. A. PARKYN, full-back, weight 180; played on team in '88 and '89. Played on Sarnia team before entering Queen's.

F. J. MACCAMMON, wing, weight 155; on teams of '87, '88, and '89. Learned his football at K.C.I.

J. FARRELL, forward, weight 156; on teams of '88 and '89. Also from K. C. I.

I. G. CAMERON, forward, weight 198; on teams of '88 and '89. Had not played before entering Queen's in '88.

T. G. MARQUIS, centre forward, weight 194; has played for a number of years both on the Rugby and the Association teams. Is one of the stand-bys of the team.

E. MORGAN, forward, weight 155; was on team in '88 and '89.

A. ROSS, forward, weight 166. Played for the first time on the team this year.

T. H. FARRELL, half-back, weight 150. Also put in his first year on the team this season.

J. GRANT, forward, weight 185. Entered Queen's this year and was on the team. Acquired his football knowledge at Ottawa Collegiate Institute.

OTTAWA vs. OTTAWA COLLEGE.



ARE, perhaps, are the occasions when 25,000 people gather to witness a game between even Yale and Princeton, and evince unlimited enthusiasm in its progress, but if they do it is due to the system of play followed in the United States. It is a game in which science, good judgment, coolness and nerve play a most important part, and where combination and activity are more necessary than mere brute force. Heretofore Rugby football

in Canada was, more or less, an exhibition of the respective physical powers of the teams; and people clamored against constant and wearisome scrimmaging. The consequence was that, at the last meeting of the football representatives of Ontario, the question of reform in the method of scrimmaging was agitated; and the rule referring to this point was amended so as to permit what is called "heeling out." Ottawa College for one was pleased at this revision of the rules, and had strong hopes that, like lacrosse, football would grow continuously in popular favor. Little wonder, therefore, that at the opening of this season, they anticipated, with some solicitude, their first contest.

The Ottawas, firm in the conviction that this year they would break the monotony of defeat for themselves and victory for us, took the initiative step in the season's work and challenged. October 19th was set apart for the game, and the afternoon of that day saw the wearers of the "yellow and black" and the "garnet and grey" meet to test each other's strength. The god of the elements was in a generous frame of mind, and dealt with lavish hand, perfect football weather. The brilliancy of the sun was softened by playful clouds; the leaves of the trees were not stirred by a zephyr; the atmosphere was such as would bring roses to the palest cheek.

OTTAWA COLLEGE VS. OTTAWA CITY.

AS THE TEAMS LINED UP.

		IN TOUCH.			
IN GOAL.	Guillet ■	Fitzpatrick ■	■ Chittick		
	J. Murphy ■	Labrecque ■	■ Bowie	■ Trudeau	
		Masson ■	■ Sparks	■ Clendinnen	IN GOAL.
	■ Paradis	Chatelain ■	■ Bentley		
		McDonald ■	■ Taylor	Stowe ■	
		Curran ■	■ McJanet		
	Cormier ■	O'Brien ■	■ Smith		
	Troy ■	B. Murphy ■	■ Vokes	■ Lay	
				■ Pardee	
		McDougall ■	■ McKay		
		McCauley ■	■ Little		
		IN TOUCH.			

Three o'clock arrives and with it the crisis of commencement. Ottawa defends the western goal. Guillet gently tips the ball and, without an instant's loss of time, punts far over the heads of his opponents. Excitement prevails; the friends of either team anxiously watch the efforts of their favorites. A line-up follows Guillet's punt, but neither team gains any advantage. The first scrimmage now takes place, and "heeling out" receives its first trial. A murmur of dissatisfaction is heard from the spectators, and exclamations of "let the ball come out of the scrimmage," and "play the open game" issue from a hundred throats. But no! the players seem to have been seized with a dogged determination to stick to the old worn out tactics, and the sphere remains perfectly motionless, hedged in between 2 lines of opposing rushers. The Ottawas are at length overcome, their rushline yields and the ball is forced gradually into their territory. Another scrimmage, which is but a repetition of the first, follows:

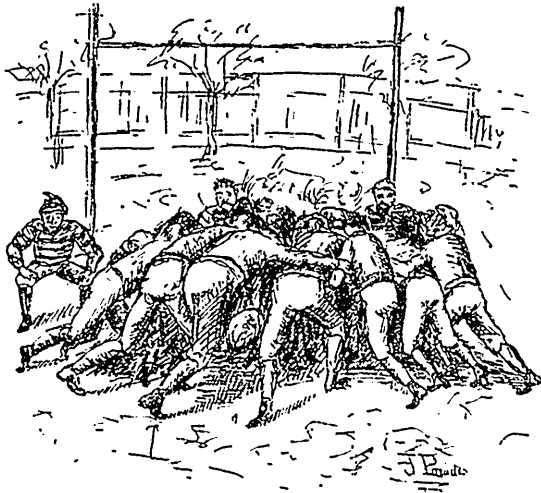
By accident

or design, it is difficult to say which, the ball rolls between the legs of the College forwards; Guillet, seeing his opportunity, seizes it, passes it quickly to Troy who, by an admirable dash, plants the ball safely behind the goal line of his opponents. The welkin rings with enthusiastic cheers. In the eyes of his comrades "Timmy" is a hero. The ball is placed; Guillet poses himself for the kick; his movements are carefully noted. He walks deliberately towards the sphere, touches it with his toe, it rises in the air, but by some miscalculation the kick is not converted into, what "it might have been," a goal.

From the 25 yard line Smith kicks off for Ottawa; Cormier receives it, makes a short run and punts well up into Ottawa territory. Trudeau is on hand to welcome it, but before being able to use it as he would wish the College forwards are upon him, and another long and tedious scrimmage ensues. Again do the Ottawas bow to the superior strength of the College, not, however, before exhibiting splendid pluck and perseverance. The leather is gradually worked towards the western goal, and at length emerges from the scrimmage only to be punted by Troy across the Ottawas' goal line. Trudeau, fearful of running

lest by some mishap he should lose it, rouses and adds another to the College score.

"To the 25 yard line," shouts the referee, and the ball is kicked off by Ottawa's half-back. It is not returned, and the Ottawas, goaded on to the extremity of their hope, pull themselves together, renew their efforts, which, however, are met by the steady, cool and confident play of the Collegians.—



THE SCRIMMAGE

A protracted scrimmage now takes place about midfield, but from it no good results for either team. Up to this point the backs of both teams looked weary and lonesome, and listlessly watched the progress of the game. The forwards, jaded by their continued exertions, now longed for the open game. They themselves were the arbiters of their own fate. Knowing this, and for the purpose of recovering their almost exhausted strength, they concluded to allow their backs to have a hand in the fun. From the scrimmage in centre field the ball is seen to move out, and Guillet is upon it; being

closely pressed, he passes to Troy. The latter is surrounded by his opponents in such a way that a kick or a run was an impossibility; seeing Cormier uncovered, he passes to him quickly as a flash; a short run, a beautiful kick into touch on goal, and the Collegians' score is increased by one. The ball is again kicked off from the 25 yard line by the Ottawas, and Murphy returns it. From a free kick Little sends it well up the field into College ground. Murphy receives it, but somehow fails to send it back with one of his usual long high punts. A scrimmage follows close to Varsity's goal. The lines of rushers break; the ball is free, and a splendid kick by Bowie sends it behind the College goal posts. It falls into Paradis' arms who, despite his plucky endeavors to avoid it, is, however, obliged to rouse.

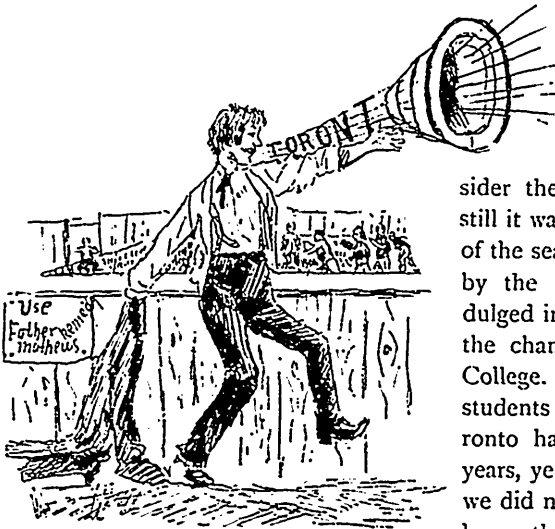
Guillet kicks off from the 25 yard line, the wings follow up admirably, and in a twinkling the ball is motionless near the Ottawas' goal line. Scrimmage after scrimmage now ensues with ceaseless monotony. Suddenly big "Dunc's" lengthy form is seen to move through his opponent's rush line, and e'er they were aware of it, he touches the ball down and scores another four points for the College. Again is the ball brought out by the Ottawas, again is it returned. In the remaining five minutes considerable open play was indulged in, and in consequence the spectators were greatly delighted. Another rouse for the College and half time is up. The usual intermission of 10 minutes was allowed. Score—Ottawas 1, Ottawa College 12.

The ten minutes having elapsed, the teams again appear upon the field. The fatigue of their previous labor has worn off and the players appear prepared to make use of every legitimate means that would lead to victory. The countenances of the Ottawas indicate determination; of the Collegians, determination and confidence. The referee's whistle sounds, the ball is placed in centre-field and Smith kicks off for Ottawa. The ball lands close to Varsity's 25 yard line, but is soon transferred to the same point at the opposite end of the field. Here a series of hot, fierce scrimmages ensued; the ball is gradually worked down in closer proximity to the Ottawas' goal line, and escaping from amidst the players it is carried over by McDougall. The goal was beautifully kicked by Guillet, and the Collegian's score ran up to 18. The ball is again put into

play from centre-field. Now it is that the superior "staying powers" of the boys tells upon the Ottawas. Far from giving up, however, they play with whatever dash and spirit was in them, but it was evident that their strength was well nigh spent. The ball from the kick off is returned by Murphy only, however, to be again returned by Pardee who throughout played a magnificent game. Again do a series of uninteresting scrimmages take place, the Ottawas are slowly but surely forced down the field, the ball crosses the Ottawa goal line, is seized by a College player and a try allowed, swelling their score to 22.

For the remaining fifteen minutes, the Ottawas seem to have lost all heart. They recognized that victory was an impossibility, and played an ineffective defence game. Five times during the fifteen minutes they were forced to rouse. They could not repel Varsity's onslaught upon their goal. The game ends and our boys are the victors. A feeling of general dissatisfaction and disappointment prevailed among the spectators. They expected great things from the new method of "heeling out," but their expectations did not materialize. That both teams were to blame for this cannot be questioned. It rested with them to make the game interesting or uninteresting—they chose the latter. Three causes might be given for their actions; selfishness, fear, or forgetfulness. Mr. F. C. Anderson who referred this game, although otherwise strictly conscientious, was somewhat lax upon this point. As to the score, it is not a fair indication of the respective merits of the teams. The Ottawas are a strong team worthy foemen of any set of players. The large score that was piled up against them was due to the superior play of the Collegians, to a little hard luck, and to a lack of that telling combination play, which is an absolutely necessary quality of good football. For the Ottawas, Bowie, Pardee, Little and Smith played an excellent game; while Guillet, Troy, McDonald and Cormier were the most conspicuous for Ottawa College. An admirable feature of the game was that it was devoid of all roughness, no unpleasant episode occurred to mar its smoothness. It was gratifying to see how heartily these "old veterans of many a well-fought field" cheered each other as they left for their dressing-rooms. We only trust that these friendly relations will long continue to exist,

TORONTO VS. OTTAWA COLLEGE.



ON the 26th of October, the Champions were pitted against the Torontos, and though the match was less stubbornly contested than subsequent ones, if we consider the mere physical efforts put forth, still it was by far the most interesting game of the season, and the Western men showed by the purely scientific football they indulged in, that they have the first claim to the championship when it leaves Ottawa College. Ottawa City had scarcely put the students on their mettle on Oct. 19th. Toronto had not been heard from for three years, yet their fame had reached us and we did not underestimate their worth. We knew that the strongest combination that

Western Ontario could muster, had sworn to make the wearers of the "Garnet and Grey" step down from their proud position and, for once, feel the burning anguish of defeat. Yet we anxiously awaited their coming, and a little more assiduous training was the only effect that the threatened catastrophe brought about. Ottawa College placed the same team on the field as on the previous Saturday, with the exception that Gaudet replaced Troy at quarter-back, and Fitzpatrick was transferred from the wing to the scrimmage. Toronto was represented by the team which so handily defeated Hamilton the preceding week, and when the ball was placed for the kick off, the opposing forces were arranged as indicated below:—

OTTAWA COLLEGE VS. TORONTO CITY—AS THE TEAMS LINED UP.

		IN TOUCH			
IN GOAL.	Guillet ■	Labrecque ■	■ Van Kaughnet	■ Senkler	IN GOAL.
	J Murphy ■	B Murphy ■	■ Broughton	■ Cameron	
■ Paradis	Fitzpatrick ■	■ Craig	■ Saunders ■		
Cornier ■	Chatelain ■	■ Flemy			
Gaudet ■	McDonald ■	■ McCulloch			
	Curran ■	■ H. Smith			
	O'Brien ■	■ W. Smith			
	Masson ■	■ Kingsmill			
	McDougall ■	■ Henderson	■ Boyd		
	McCau'ey ■	■ Gale	■ Muntz		
		IN TOUCH			

The weather was superb ; the wind was not strong enough to aid either side and the sun just gave forth enough heat to suit the requirements of the spectators, and when Boyd kicked off for Toronto it sailed clear into the arms of the College full-back, only, however, to be returned by a neat punt into touch. The scrimmaging now set in. In the first few trials of strength, Toronto seemed to have the advantage, and by degrees worked the sphere into College territory. From a pass by Senkler, Muntz secured the ball and punted it behind the College goals. Murphy, however, was ready to receive it and sent it flying across the field to Boyd, who immediately returned it. Six times within as many minutes, did the oval cross the College goal line, but our backs were playing football and never failed to relieve their stronghold. The Torontos, however, flushed with the thought of victory, redoubled their efforts, and once more carried the ball behind our goal. Cormier secured it and made a beautiful run, but carrying the ball into touch, gave the visitors their first point. Guillet kicked off, but the advantage was but momentary. The Toronto backs who were playing a faultless game, returned it to Murphy, whose kick was abstracted by the opposing wing men. Scrimmage followed scrimmage in close order, until finally, Senkler securing the ball, passed it to Muntz, and the latter by an able and powerful dash placed it behind his opponent's goal line. The touch-down was not allowed, as the worthy Torontonian ran into touch before placing the ball. Toronto 2, Ottawa College 0; the words had a strange jingle in the ears of the champions. They were feeling their way cautiously, but now knowing their men they commenced to play football. Guillet again kicked from the twenty-five yards line. Had anything occurred? The visitors thought a new team had faced them, but no, the College boys had only taken a resolution, the purport of which was that the Torontos had completed their score, and they faithfully adhered to it. From the kick off the ball travelled to Boyd, McCauley and McDougall were on like a flash, and a scrimmage ensued. The superiority now seemed to belong to the champions, and they carried their opponents before them. The resistance,

however, was stubborn. Cameron attempted a run, but being closely pressed, passed to Senkler, who kicked to midfield. Cormier here received it and returned it into touch. From the throw out, the ball was passed to Gaudet and by him to Guillet, who kicked to within a few yards of the Toronto goal line. Muntz returned it across the field, and a long series of close scrimmages were in order. The College team was playing as one man, and only awaited the signal for a determined onslaught. It came at last. The ball rolled from the scrimmage and in less time than it takes to relate it, Bernard Murphy had dribbled it past the opposing backs, and touched it down within the enemy's goal. All Ottawa became aware of the fact in an instant, such a cheer went up. It was a difficult try to take, and few dared to hope that it would be converted into a goal. But Guillet seldom fails, and this was an occasion when the possibility of a failure was shut out from his calculations. It was a phenomenal kick, and one that caused a depression of spirits among his opponents proportionate to the increased enthusiasm which it aroused among his friends. Saunders kicked off and Paradis was next to handle the ball. The latter who, throughout the game played excellently, landed it into touch in Toronto territory. From the throw out Muntz secured it and dashed up field, Labrecque brought his run to a sudden termination however, and a scrimmage followed, out of which Senkler emerged with the sphere and kicked to J. Murphy, who immediately returned. No advantage however fell to either side as yet, but Guillet, just at this time getting the ball, placed it in touch by his opponents' goal line, and from the ensuing scrimmage, it was carried to within goal and the visitors roused giving Ottawa College another point. The Toronto's were playing exceptionally well, but nothing could check the impetuous rush of the College forwards. From the kick off Cormier secured the sphere and his kick placed the enemy again on the defensive. The ball going into touch, Boyd got possession of it from the throw out, and kicked it well across the field, where Murphy was waiting for it. The Toronto forwards followed well, and a scrimmage was in order. It was a gallant rush: Big Dunc broke through the oppos-

ing forwards and was soon among the backs. He was tackled however, but not before he had passed to Gaudet who kicked to Saunders. The latter player fumbled and a costly error it was. McCauley ever with the ball captured it and touched it down behind the Toronto flags. Though quite as difficult as the first try, Guillet again proved equal to the occasion, and by an accurately judged kick placed the sphere neatly over the rope, amid the wildest excitement on the part of the students and the vast throng of spectators. Thirteen to two were formidable odds against the Torontos, yet they were not dismayed, and in fact a return of fortune seemed near shortly after the kick off. Muntz securing the ball ran well up field and kicked. Paradis, however, was ready to oppose its progress, and kicked it to the vicinity of centre field. A few moments now remained, and nothing but scrimmages occurred before half time was called, the play then being within the College twenty-five yards line. Ten minutes rest is of no small consequence, and when the Torontos again took the field, they were able to redouble their efforts, and offer a more serious resistance than they did during the first half. The ball being kicked off from centre. Muntz received it, and transferred it to the opposite end of the field. A scrimmage was formed from which Senkler secured the ball and made a brilliant dash. Being tackled he dropped the sphere and it was forced onward to the College goal. Paradis alone remained to be passed, but with commendable courage he dropped on the ball and averted what looked like a disaster. The College forwards pulled themselves together, and soon after Jimmie Murphy made a dangerous run, and narrowly failed in securing a touch-down. The Torontos could not raise the siege however, and Saunders rouged. From the kick off Murphy again secured the ball and returned it well up field; Gale took possession of it and made a nice run, only to be tackled by Cormier. A long scrimmage followed, the Toronto

forwards giving ample evidence of the prime condition they were in, and fighting fiercely for every inch of ground they were forced to yield to their redoubtable opponents. Gradually the play was forced towards the enemy's goal, until finally Gaudet securing the ball passed to Guillet who kicked behind, and Saunders was again forced to rouge. The game for the next few minutes was more open, and both sides seemed to be enjoying a breathing spell. Wright, who replaced Boyd in the second half, though perhaps unfit company for the finished athletes he had to oppose, was playing a good game, and taking advantage of an opening, rushed the sphere well within College territory. Paradis again came to the rescue, but was tackled and the ball was placed for a scrimmage. The College forwards overpowered their opponents, and their goal was soon in danger. Murphy securing the ball ran and passed neatly to Cormier, who kicked into touch within the Toronto goal and added another point to the credit of his team. It was now a question of increasing the score, and the College boys renewed their efforts, but the resistance was serious and desperate. Urged on by the encouraging cries of their fellow students, the College forwards made a grand rally, and carried all before them. Macdonald was tackled a few feet from the goal line, but in the scrimmage which followed the ball was forced over the line and Toronto rouged. Three minutes of hard fought scrimmaging followed, but without any advantage to either side, and the call of time, brought to an end the grandest exhibition of football ever witnessed in Ottawa, and exposed the emptiness of the lofty hopes of Western Ontario's crack combination.

Mr. Robert Campbell, formerly of the Montreal club, officiated as referee, to the full satisfaction of both teams. Mr. M.F. Fallon captained the Collegians and Mr. J. Bayly, acted in a like capacity for Toronto.

rushed through the line of the visitors forwards. Parkyn being unable to return it—the College wings being upon him—rouged—and thus the first point was scored by Ottawa College.

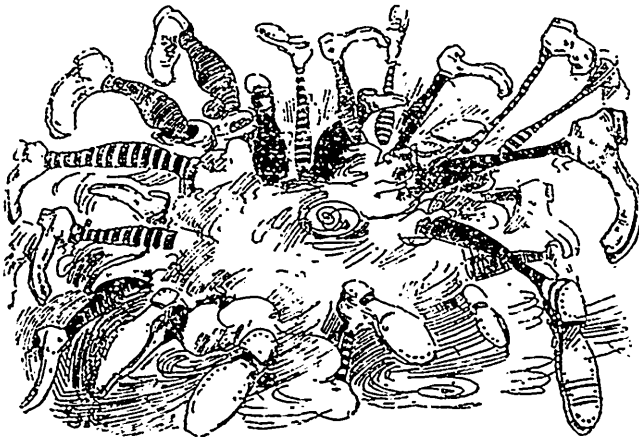
From Pirie's kick off the ball was not returned. A scrimmage ensued and Marquis was seen forging his way through Varsity forwards. Weight with some activity is powerful, and Marquis is not without a good share of both, he proceeded a considerable distance before he was collared. Again did a long scrimmage take place, and the ball being heeled out was received by Smellie and punted well into College quarters. Guillet returned but Pirie was vigilant and relieved the fears of Queen's by a magnificent flying kick.—

The ball was not sent back and the scrimmage being formed the College rush line gave way and the ball was forced over their goal line. A touch-down without the privilege was allowed. THE OWL happening to pass near the tree again a bo ut this

time heard the enthusiastic young art critic up there remark "now they're a gittin there! I guess we're goin to git the worth of our money to-day!" Intense enthusiasm now prevailed. The wearers of the "garnet and grey" were surprised but not daunted.

Guillet kicked from the 25 yard line and Smellie returned a splendid punt, which, however, Guillet caught, made his mark, and was allowed a free kick. The ball travelled up the field, fell into Parkyn's arms, and he, desirous of emulating Guillet's tactics, made his mark and was also allowed a free kick. He punted well up into College territory. Hillman by an unfortunate misplay did not return the ball as he might have done, and the op-

posing team's forwards being upon him he was obliged to rouge. From the 25 yard line Guillet again sent the ball down the field. The play now became fast and furious. The College boys awakened to the fact that the score was 5 to 1 against them, and with an overwhelming rush the ball was carried far up into Queen's locality. Out of the scrimmage McDonald emerged and after considerably improving Varsity's position, he was tackled, not, however, before he had passed the ball to Hillman, who made a desperate dash, but was forced into touch before he could carry the ball behind goal line. The referee's whistle now blew and half time was up. Score 5 to 1 in favor of Queen's.



DROPPING ON THE BALL.—*Boston Globe.*

After ten minutes much needed rest the teams again appeared on the field.— During the first half the high wind that was blowing militated against the usually long punts of the College backs. During the second half they had whatever advantages were in it. Pirie kicked-

ed off and the ball was returned into touch by Cormier. The leather was thrown out and caught by Curran who was pounced upon before he could dispose of it. The scrimmaging now became close. Every inch of ground was fiercely fought. "Do or die" was written on every countenance. From a scrimmage at centre field the ball was worked up into Queen's 25 yard line. Once more did the rushers of both teams get their heads down to push, squirm and fight for supremacy. McAuley now saw his opportunity and securing the ball punted far over the goal line of the Westerners. McDougall followed up like a streak and Farrel, prevented by him from kicking, was obliged to rouge. Pirie kicked off

and the ball was sent back by Guillet, and Pirie did the needful for his side. Murphy caught the ball but Queen's forwards were upon him before he could kick. In the succeeding scrimmage Marquis and Grant did great work and carried the ball midway between the College 25 yard line and the goal post. Not long was it destined to remain there, the Varsity players redoubling their exertions changed the scene of operations to the other end of the field. Another scrimmage followed and the ball escaping from it was received by Farrel, who, before being able to do anything with it, was forced into touch 12 yards from his own goal line. Queen's was now entirely rattled, and the "garnet and grey" played with the "yellow, blue and black" as they wished. Parkyn's long punt was returned by Murphy and Queen's once more rouged. The ball was again put into play, and in a short time Pirie had a free kick. He punted well down the field, but Guillet returned and again did Queen's rouge. 5-4 against the College. At this point Queen's forwards seems to have pulled themselves together and played splendid football. Breaking through their opponents rush line they dribbled splendidly and transferred the play into College quarters. The scrimmage that followed was noticeable on account of the dash and fierceness exhibited by the players. The sphere moved from among the forwards and Guillet was upon it, he punted but Pirie was under it and attempted a goal from drop but failed and the ball rolled into touch-in-goal. Phelan and Gandier followed up well, with the result that they had the ball motionless upon the ground but within touch-in-goal. Queen's claimed a try. Ottawa College objected on the ground that the ball was in touch-in-goal. The referee after listening, as a matter of form, to the discussion upon the point decided it a touch-down with the privilege of a try. A shout of indignant protest greeted his decision. Spectators and players alike qualified his action as unjust and partial. Ottawa College players are not kickers, but we then held and still hold that the referee

in allowing that touch-down acted unconscientiously and contrary to what he himself knew was right. Impartial observers who were in a position to note whether the ball had gone into touch-in-goal or not, declared most emphatically that it had. It was a splendid display of partizanship in a referee. May a like exhibition never again occur. The ball was brought out but Farrel failed to kick the goal. But 15 minutes remained, and for once in five years Ottawa College players felt a little disheartened. "What do you mean?" from their field captain was, however, sufficient to fire them with renewed determination. The ball was brought to the 25 yard line and kicked off by Guillet, but was returned by Pirie into Murphy's arms who being closely covered passed to Cormier who kicked up past centre-field. The two rush lines now formed for a scrimmage and the ball being passed out was thrown across the field to Murphy who hoisted it over the visitor's goal line and the Queen's back was obliged to rouge. Pirie kicked off but Gaudet, the new but reliable quarter back of the College team, sent the ball back by a long quick punt. It struck the goal post and rebounded striking a Queen's man; McDonald caught it, rushed forward and secured a touch-down. Queen's men seeing the cup vanish into the dim distance were loud in their protestations against the fairness of the touch-down. It being a question of fact and the referee being near at the time, he allowed the touch-down. It was converted into a goal by Guillet, making the score 11 to 9 in favor of the College, and so it remained when time was called. The Queen's men accuse the referee of giving the last decision unfairly in favor of Ottawa College. Oh, no! "Harry's" record during the game made such a charge highly ludicrous.

Our youthful observer picked his way cautiously down the tree singing all the while: "Down goes McGinty to the bottom of the sea," till he got to the bottom, and then began to give "Joe" all the points about the game as they wended their homeward way.

the College team, whilst Mr. J. B. Pardee filled the same position for Queen's. The latter team was the same as met the champions the previous Saturday, with the exception of Farrell, who replaced Phalen on the wing. O. Clarke replaced Gaudet at quarter-back for Ottawa College, the team otherwise remaining the same as in previous matches. The champions won the toss, but choice of position on the Brockville Commons was of little consequence, and at 3.30 the teams lined up. The referee's whistle gave the signal for the kick off, and from the fifty yards line Pirie sent the sphere to Queen's hands, by whom it was immediately returned to midfield. Farrell was next in possession, and from his punt Clarke secured a free kick. The College wings followed closely up, and the scrimmaging set in. Guillet and Cormier assisted in transferring the play to Queen's territory, but the advantage was momentary, Grant and Cameron breaking through the College forwards carried the ball with them, and aided by White placed the champions on the defensive. Paradis returned a long punt by Farrell and Smellie to within a few feet of the College goal line. A stubborn scrimmage ensued, from which Smellie securing the oval, passed to Pirie, and the latter placed it behind his opponent's goal and forced them to rouge, giving Queen's their first point. Guillet kicked off for Ottawa College, and Pirie returned it well up field. In the scrimmage which followed Queen's were punished for their persistent lying on the ball, and Ottawa College was granted a free kick which brought the play well within Queen's territory. The powerful rushers of the Queen's team, averaging twenty pounds more than their opponents, told fatally against our boys, and the ball gradually moved towards the Ottawa goal. Pirie at half and Smellie at quarter-back for Queen's, were doing brilliant service whenever an opportunity presented itself. The latter secured the ball, and passing it neatly to Pirie, a good run was made, followed by a clever punt among the College backs. J. Murphy was there to receive it, and made his mark for a free kick, but being within his own goal, Ecklin charged upon him, and securing the sphere touched it down behind the champions' goal. A touch without a try was granted by way of a compromise, as the

ball had been fairly held by the College half-back, virtually constituting a safety touch. With the score five to nothing in their opponents' favor, the College boys made a determined effort but to no avail, as Farrell returned Guillet's kick off, and the College goal was again besieged. Cormier and Murphy frequently relieved their goals, but the opposing forwards too closely watched them, and another rouge was soon added to the score. During the remainder of the first half, little was done except scrimmaging, the advantage being in favor of the champions, and at the call of half-time the ball was within the enemy's twenty-five yards line. The change of position gave Ottawa College the advantage of the hill, but Labrecque, who had been hurt towards the close of the first half was forced to leave the field, Bernard Murphy taking his place at second wing. The kick off from centre was of little advantage to the champions, as Parkyn immediately returned it, and some loose play on the part of the College backs followed. Rankin tackled Murphy and the scrimmage again commenced. Smellie attempted to run but was quickly collared by McCauley, but not before he had passed to White, who by a well directed kick secured a touch-in-goal for his team. From Guillet's kick off, the sphere was at once sent back to Paradis, who kicked to centre field. Here Smellie secured a free kick and landed the ball in touch on the College twenty-five yards line. From the throw out Pirie came into possession, and in attempting to run collided with Hillman and twisted his leg, which necessitated a somewhat prolonged stoppage. Upon the renewal of the struggle, a Queen's man made an off-side play, and Ottawa College was granted a free kick, which transferred operations to midfield. The College forwards frequently attempted to play an open game, but the close, heavy forward work of the Queen's men, made this impossible. Heeling out was entirely lost sight of, and by dint of determined struggling, the ball was slowly worked into College territory. From a scrimmage Smellie finally secured the ball, and passing to H. Farrell, the latter kicked to Cormier, who being closely pressed, kicked into touch-in-goal, making the score 8 to 0 in favor of Queen's. The champions now started to rush matters, and when Guillet

kicked off, all the forwards were ready to prevent its being returned. A heavy scrimmage followed, from which Clarke secured the ball, and passed to Murphy, who kicked to centre-field, McDougall was charged with an off-side play and Smellie was granted a free kick. Queen's forwards closely followed, and Cameron and Grant by a brilliant and powerful dash, rushed the ball over the College goal line and forced the champions to rouge. Ottawa College now made its determined and effective effort. Guillet kicked off and Hillman was on Pirie before the latter could return it. A stubborn scrimmage followed and Guillet next played the ball, sending it well up field, where Smellie was tackled by B. Murphy.—From the scrimmage which resulted, "Big



MASSON GETS THE BALL.

Dunc." was seen to emerge with the ball at his feet, and the giant rusher was not slow to profit by the opportunity offered him. Queen's back division was close to the scrimmage and in an instant Smellie and Farrell were passed. F. McDougall kicked into Parkyn's hands, and the latter fumbled and J. McDougall secured a touch down directly behind the enemy's goal. Guillet by a beautiful kick placed it between the posts, and raised the score of his team to 6 points. The Queen's were now helpless. From the kick off, the ball went to J. Murphy, only to be returned to Farrell, who was unable to kick as the opposing

wing men were closely on him. From the scrimmage which followed Guillet secured the ball and dropped it behind the Queen's goal line, and the College rushers quickly following, a rouge was secured. Pirie again kicked off and the giant rushers made a last effort. The College backs were playing a steady game, however, and bravely resisted the attack. Smellie kicked well into the College territory, but Paradis returned to centre-field, the ball rolling into touch. From the throw out, Hillman secured the ball, and passed to B. Murphy.

The latter being tackled passed to McCauley, who kicked behind the Queen's goal, and Masson who followed up in magnificent style, secured a try for goal. The kick was a difficult one, and the spectators crowded on the field so that Guillet failed in his

attempt to convert it into a goal.—The score now stood 11 to 9 in favor of Ottawa College. Three minutes still remained, during which time no further score was made, and the call of time left Ottawa College masters of the field. Queen's was by far the heavier team. They played a forcible game, but their football was not that of our day. Ottawa College was lighter, faster, and admittedly more scientific, and when an opportunity was afforded them to play as they can play, they demonstrated the fact, that no team in Canada has yet reached that perfection which they years ago attained.

FROM QUEEN'S.

NOTES BY TELEPHONE.

"Queen's would rather die than be defeated in Brockville."

Nov. 11th.—"Marquis, '84, never talks football now; neither does Rankin, M.D., late of Edinburgh."

"To be beaten by those little fellows; and they didn't have Devine, Hughes, Kehoe and O'Mally either."

"Let us put our heads together and get up a Queen's cheer to drown that infernal Rah! Rah! Rah! next Saturday."

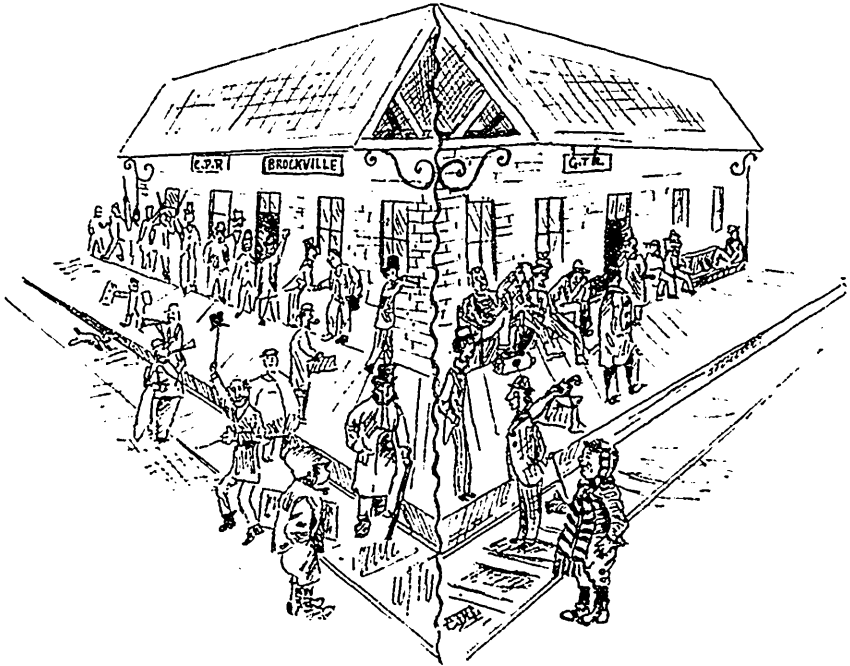
Nov. 4th.—"Nothing but the complete and final defeat of Ottawa College will satisfy Queen's now; we have a grand team."

"The good citizens of Kingston went to bed early on the night of Nov. 9th." (The

citizens of Ottawa formed a torchlight procession two miles long.)

"Well," said one of the victims, as that funeral train neared Kingston, "the Champions have made 1,500 glad hearts today." "Yes," was the snappy response, "and they have made 3,000 mourners."

A grand reception was prepared in Kingston for the Queen's heroes. Brass bands, bugles, bunting, torches, etc. It was also known that the boys had a trunk filled with kazoos and fish-horns at Brockville. But the *principal* feature was the case of Cameron's Old Scotch, hurriedly ordered from W. R. McRae's when the news came "We've got them, 9 to 0." We haven't heard whether that order was countermanded or not.



SCENE AT BROCKVILLE STATION.

Tommy Dobs (newsboy): Say, Billy, what's dem fellers doin' over dare? We're havin' a great circus over here."

Billy: "Dey don't da nothin'. Dare's more fun at a funeral."

AFTER THE BATTLE.



AND so the battle's over, and all is ours. Surveying the field and seeing nothing left to conquer, Alexander-like, we weep for more worlds to satisfy our thirst for glory.

A glance around reveals but ruins—the remnants of former glories—inevitable results of the progress of even the most generous army of victors. Yet we would that our victory had been bought with less destruction to ardent hopes. For there can be no doubt that at the beginning of the recent campaign the allied forces congratulated themselves on the certain downfall of the common enemy. "Ottawa College is very weak, you know, and the recruits are not coming up to championship form," such was the joyous whisper from Montreal to Hamilton.

Ottawa city was the first to put out a feeler; the result was not exactly what was expected; but then Ottawa was out of condition and would improve vastly before the next match, while the champions were in their best possible form. The old rivals met again; it was a repetition of the same story. After this Ottawa forsook the Triple Alliance. A wonderfully fine lot of footballers, those members of the Ottawa club—fast, strong and plucky, capable of great things. But they have a long and difficult lesson to learn—it is to bring into practice that certain fact that 15 men working intelligently together towards a common end are 15 times stronger than 15 men, each striving to realize his own dreams. Learn this, Ottawa, and we shall begin to fear you.

Two years had passed since Toronto made its last effort to defeat Ottawa College, and they were two years of preparation. Then with the laurels of recent victories fresh upon their brows, the Toronto footballers came to crown their career. In the west, no doubt existed of

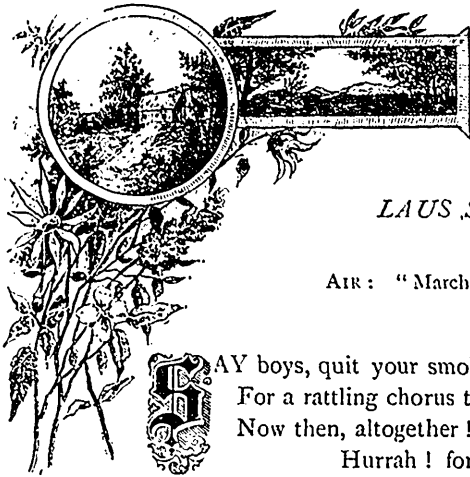
their ability to conquer; in the east the champions trembled. Yet, after the game the unwilling wire ticked to Toronto the doleful message, "Lost 17 to 2." What a magnificent game it was! No such football was ever before played in Canada, and certainly not since. The two fastest, surest and best organized teams in the country were pitted against each other on the 26th of October, and the struggle was one to which both may point with excusable pride. A few such games would make football as popular as was lacrosse in its halcyon days. Ottawa College pays willing tribute to the prowess of its opponents. Yes, Toronto, we regret not to have met you a second time, and should the Union decide that we are no longer champions, we know of no such worthy shoulders as yours upon which to rest our mantle for a while.

Change your tactics, Queen's. Strength never enjoyed a lengthy triumph over science and skill. Yours is undoubtedly a strong team, (why should it not be so with an average of almost 180 pounds?) but in your strength lies your chief source of weakness. Your style of playing was in vogue five or six hundred years ago, but it is ancient now. Of you did the poet think when, in the reign of Edward III, he wrote,

"Care of victory

Makes them salute so rudely, breast to breast,
That their encounter seems too rough for jest."

We rejoice in our double victory over you, because you were so anxious to defeat us and so confident, but we rejoice especially because we would not wish to see your game put forward as the highest standard of Canadian football. Your aspirations, O! Queen's, were lofty; your realizations little; your desserts less. And it is well that such is the case. The high honors of champions of Canada would receive but scant increase in being won and worn by a team that considers football as a game of mere physical strength.



LAUS SIGNIFERIS.

AIR: "Marching Through Georgia."

AY boys, quit your smoking, here we're gathered in the gym.
 For a rattling chorus that will thrill through every limb.
 Now then, altogether! and we'll give it with a vim
 Hurrah! for our glorious old Varsity!

CHORUS: Var-Rah! Var-Rah! we're champions again,
 Var-Rah! Var-Rah! bring on some better men,
 Who are not afraid to beard the lions in their den.
 Hurrah! for our glorious old Varsity!

First we played the Ottawas, good fellows in the main,
 Lots of fine material, but they don't know how to train,
 Now, as in the past indeed, their efforts were in vain.
 Hurrah! for our glorious old Varsity!

Next the stout Toronto men a gallant onset made,
 Sportsmanlike and manly was the spirit they displayed,
 "Finest game of Rugby," said the *Empire*, "ever played."
 Hurrah! for our glorious old Varsity!

Gladly would we overlook that first affair with Queen's:
 Sixteen men to fifteen, boys, you all know what that means.
 Prithee, noble Union, spare us any more such scenes.
 Hurrah! for our glorious old Varsity!

"Brockville Pasture" now has won a title deed to fame,
 O'er its hills and through its valleys surged the final game,
 'There we crushed our mighty foe, and Dennis was their name.
 Hurrah! for our glorious old Varsity!

"Marquis, do you mean to say those kids have played with you?"
 Sadly smiled the giant as he said "I guess it's true."
 When the game was over, the spectators thought so too.
 Hurrah! for our glorious old Varsity!

Yet there was a time that day when anxious backers thought
 That no skill or courage could blot out a 9 to 0,
 'That our game was up, unless a miracle was wrought.
 Hurrah! for our glorious old Varsity!

"Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,"
When they thought we'd lost the cup, the cup we'd held for years;
But their joy was changed to grief, our silence into cheers.

Hurrah ! for our glorious old Varsity !

"Now then," said the captain, "boys, you must commence to score!
Plenty time to beat them yet, you've fifteen minutes more!"

"Windle!" cried the Kingstons, "this was planned the night before!"

Hurrah ! for our glorious old Varsity !

Not a moment's halt before obeying his commands,
Swept we Queen's before us as a hurricane the sands,
Then were carried from the field by scores of willing hands.

Hurrah ! for our glorious old Varsity !

"Veni, vidi, vici," wrote old Julius, and 'twas grand,
Worthy of the mighty brain that could the world command,
'Twasn't half so w(h)itty, though, as "Hire Barrett's Band!"

Hurrah ! for our glorious old Varsity !

Seemed as though the city had turned out the team to greet,
Music, torches, rockets were our escort through the street,
And what all remarked was this: "Those boys are hard to beat!"

Hurrah ! for our glorious old Varsity !



He won't be happy till he gets it!

WITH APOLOGIES TO THE MESSRS. PEARS.

Now a piping little voice is heard from Montreal
Saying "Varsity has made a most apparent crawl."
"Till the baby gets it," he will never cease to bawl.

Hurrah ! for our glorious old Varsity

ULULATUS.

Specimens of recent translations from the French :

“ Presqu'île ” :—A little island.

“ Pommes de-terre ” :—Pumpkins.

“ L'Univer-sité fait face à la Rue Willbrod ” :—The University makes faces at Willbrod Street.

“ L'Orient dit cousin est le berceau de la civilisation ” :—O'Ryan says his cousin is the bane of civilization.

Teacher.—What is the meaning of Orthopody?
General silence.

Teacher.—Well, what signifies orthos?

All.—Sraight.

Teacher.—Good, and païs, païdos?

All.—Boy.

Teacher.—Then what does the word mean?

Smart Student.—Good boy.



M'CAULEY'S TACKLE.

On the 1st of January there will be a reunion of the Freshmen to celebrate the recovery of their class poet.



FISH TACKLE.—Columb a Spectator.



A FULL BACK.

Has that third form man found the site of Aurelian yet?

Bring back, bring back, oh bring back my role to me.

Teacher.—With what reagent are you most familiar?

Student.—(with alacrity) Alcohol.



A RUN IN.

One of the members of the sixth form confesses that he is addicted to rationalism.

The young debater from Marlboro', who gave such a vivid description of the exterior and interior of the "Wayside Inn," should be careful lest he might awaken strange suspicions in the mind of his hearers.

A member of the calculus class has succeeded in resolving 0 into its prime factors.

Prof.—You have seen what is meant by the term “substance,” now tell me what is an “accident”?

Student.—S', s', something that may happen to a person.

A new kind of wheel has been devised by a sixth year man ; it consists of “spokes and spaces.”

The new song among the juniors : “There’s a hole in the bottom of the rink.”



TAKING A DROP.

Look out for the brown bread bill. It will come heavy this month.

The French style of farming doesn't seem to take in the debating society.

Who is the mistress of the seas?
2nd Grade Boy.—Mississippi.

Aspiring matriculate: Alfred the Great founded Ottawa University.

Though the season of touchdowns is over, the Philosophers are yet touching “down.”

New translation: Erat mortuus, the rat is dead.

The Sanctum is open for Christmas boxes.

Keep cool, boys, it is not a fire alarm : only a watch with the balance-wheel *tuck* out.

Tragedy in one act. Scene, Study-hall. Dramatis Personae : two embryo Philosophers, a piece of bees-wax, a small mirror, and two incipient moustaches.

Scene I.—Vigorous application of bees-wax to moustaches.

Scene II.—Moustaches begin to bristle.

Scene III.—Standing out defiantly with a slight inclination towards the zenith on the part of a few hairs at the extremities.

Scene IV.—Warning signal from the study-room. Immediate and complete wilting of fierce moustaches and disappearance behind desk-covers.

POOR APPRENTICE, *loquitur* : “Oh, last night I had such a beautiful dream ! I thought that my master’s wife had cut her hand so badly that she had to let me butter my own bread !”

—*Fügende Blatter.*

DE TOMPKYNS (who has been narrating an incident in his career) : “Oh, I’m no fool !”

Paperwate : “N-n-no, you’re no fool, but (enthusiastically)—what a substitute you would make !”—*Fun.*

Fresh.—“Dont you think, Miss —, that my moustaches are becoming ?”

Miss —, “They may be coming, but they haven’t got here yet.”—*Denison Collegian.*