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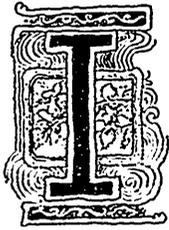
Owl.

VOL. II.

COLLEGE OF OTTAWA, JULY-AUGUST, 1889.

Nos. 11-12

THE FIRST DAYS OF THE COLLEGE.



HAVE now before me your note requesting a contribution for the "Owl" about college reminiscences of the olden time. We are just about to close a Parliamentary session where all kinds of traps have been set by insidious opponents. The Jesuits' Estates disallowance motion has been discussed and decided and we have disposed of a couple of attempts to make political capital by means of equally insidious motions to refer that question to the Privy Council in England. Many and varied are the connivances and contrivances planned, tried and exploded within arms length of where I now sit, and these things have made me suspicious. We all feel as though on the "ragged edge" and what would be considered a most innocent move under ordinary circumstances is now warily scanned lest it should prove of "the ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain." Naturally your little missive comes in for its share of cautious circumspection so let me frankly confess my questions on reading your complimentary invitation were "what are the boys up to?" In words never uttered by the class of *belles lettres* I exclaimed "do they imagine I am going to give myself away?" Is this merely a good natured attempt to find out if your humble servant has become *senex laudator temporis acti* or do they really imaginé I shall attempt to outrival Baron

Manchausen or a modern angler in coloring up some trivial incident of college days long gone by?

If so to disappointment deep and dire are you consigned my dear Publishers. *Primo: laudator temporis acti* is a vile humbug—the most unpersonable of all deceivers because in imposing on others he not unfrequently ends by convincing himself. *Secundo:* It is all very well for grave and reverend seignors delivering ponderous addresses at commencement exercises to dilate on college days as the happiest in life. All nonsense my young friends—this is a vale of tears and in each sphere, whether at the primary school, in the University, in the avocation of every day life, in the "*panem quotidianum*" struggle wherever fortune or whatever you may wish to call it, pitchforks us, the joys and the cares are pretty evenly divided. A triumph on the school stage is just as sweet as any achieved in the later life arena and the pains and penalties of Jack at college weigh upon the young heart as heavily and are felt as acutely as any knock or kick or cuff metaphorically administered and endured in the later periods of the existence of Master Jack, metamorphosed into John Esquire or laden down with prefixes more coveted but not less delusive.

By Jove! there is moralizing for you—are we really getting old? Well, away with dull care? *Carpe diem.*

You ask for my reminiscences. What more suggestive place than here at my

desk in the House of Commons, on this majestic hill to conjure them up. Let me see—it was in the year 185—. But why be too precise? A day comes when people do not care to fix epochs. The young and the very old indulge in doing so, but for those who have crossed to the shady side of forty the retrospect of nearly half a century of their life's brief span without achievement of profit or brilliancy is not very inviting! Let it suffice to say that upon the memorable occasion to which I refer there was no Parliament House on this hill, nor did towering Departmental buildings shoot their spires heavenward thereon. The boiling waters of the Chaudiere might be contemplated from this spot, you could look down at the Rideau Canal, the Sappers and Miners bridge was then a monument of military solidity reuniting the two parts of the town temporarily divided by the aforesaid canal, but apart from this and the trim little suspension bridge thrown across the big kettle chasm everything on this spot was in the same condition as when the red Indians met here upon their camping ground to hold their great pow-wows, smoke their pipes of peace, or determine upon relentless war. Poor old Colonel By had been discarded and disowned, By-town was no more, the city of Ottawa had taken its place. Just then Quebec, Montreal, Kingston and Toronto were all battling for the seat of Government in old Canada, but the day had not yet dawned when the magician whose wand has performed so many political miracles succeeded in convincing an amazed Canadian people that Her Majesty Queen Victoria would never smile again if Ottawa of all places were not chosen as the capital of Canada! Confederation was not even a dream in those days and the fool-hardy prophet who would have foretold that statesmen from Cape Breton and their colleagues from the Island of Vancouver should meet in 1889 and legislate on this hill for a united Dominion, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific would have been put down as a fit subject for a commission *de lunatico*. On the day I fyled my first appearance in the halls of Ottawa college there was a howling wilderness where your spacious edifice stands. Old St. Joseph's occupied the modest building now the Christian Brothers' Academy on Sussex street. There the late G. O. M. of the institution, the Rev. Father

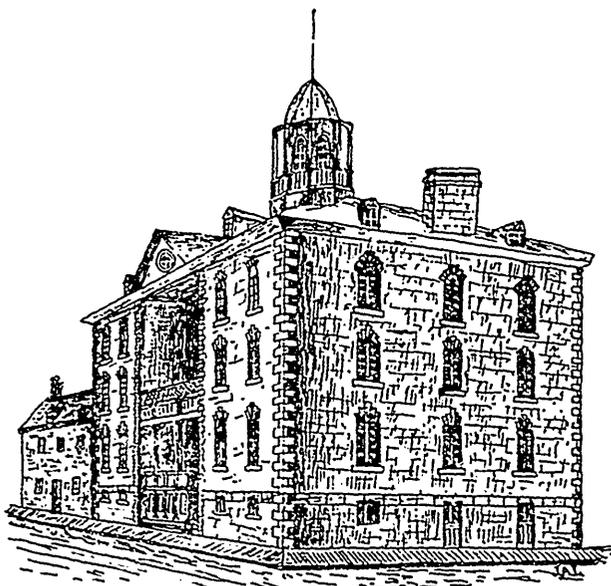
Tabaret presided. His name will ever be associated with the rise and progress of the Ottawa University. It only seems like yesterday. St. Mary's College in Montreal I had left behind me. Do not be startled! it is quite true I had been for three whole years a pupil of the Jesuits and despite the speeches of Messrs. Charlton and McCarthy recently delivered in the Canadian House of Commons on the total depravity of the S. J. and their unspeakable teachings, I was not a moral wreck!!! I held in my hand a certificate from good old Father Martin (*requiescat in pace*) making known to all whom it might concern that I had gone through Latin elements and syntax (*avec beaucoup de succès,*) may the Lord forgive him! and that I presented to Father Tabaret, who having eyed me from top to toe with that scrutinizing glance so well remembered by those who were confided to his pastoral care, ushered me into a class room where the first boy I chummed in with was "le petit Thomas" whom we now delight to honor as His Grace the Archbishop of the Canadian capital. We were always fast friends, we figured as *Angels* together in the Shepherd scene on Christmas eve. We sang together in the passion services of Holy week when by a trick I have not yet forgotten I startled and scandalized everyone but the late bishop Guigues by crowing like a veritable rooster at the inauspicious moment for the chief of the Apostles. His Lordship saved me from penitence dire by kindly interjecting *pour une fois passe*. As ill luck would have, just about the time I entered the institution an epidemic of practical jokes broke out, most if not all of which, were unjustly charged against me but I magnanimously forgave my accusers, no malice rankles in this bosom against them. Never were jokes more keenly relished, for their perpetrators observed most strictly the eleventh commandment, viz: "not being found out." There was no *cuisine* attached to the old establishment and the boarders were marched for every meal to the "Hotel Champagne" where the complaints usually levelled at College fare were never heard. There must have been enormous profits from the other guests in the house to enable mine host Champagne to satisfy the hungry appetites of that voracious band and not go into insolvency, but he struggled along bravely, poor man

growing fat on his own good fare and genial disposition, as great a favorite with the boys in those days as his son the Rev. Father Champagne now is with his parishioners at the Gatineau. After a few years the days of old St. Joseph's were numbered. The first wing of your new buildings had been completed and thither we

went but from whatever cause, we never had so much unbridled fun as in the old quarters.

Yours Sincerely,
1859.

*House of Commons, Ottawa,
May 1st, 1889.*



COLLEGE IN 1856.

A BIT OF CLASS HISTORY.



THE Third Form of '82 was one of which I feel proud to have been a member. It contained among its number the wits and mathematicians of the College, two synonymous terms in

those days and I feel certain that oftentimes the Faculty must have shaken their sides with laughter as they saw us start on our surveying expeditions. The days of our expeditions were days of rejoicing for the Third Form, because anything was preferable to class,

flags. An old man rather curious, as owners of property are wont to be when it is a question as to whether they must give up their title, asked, "what are you surveying 'round here for?" The answer was instantaneous "we're surveyors for the C. A. R. and intend to run the road through your land, but don't mind, old man, we'll rate your property high." The blush which came to the old man's face betrayed the peculiar feeling of delight which was taking possession of him interiorly, when suddenly a high soprano voice called out from behind the blinds "don't you believe them, father, they are College



FARM.

and for the students at large who were favored with a congé; not that our expeditions were the cause of the congés, but such days were provided for the expeditions, and when it came to a question as to whether a ten mile walk with a theodolite on one's shoulder, and a half a dozen chains and a few dozen stakes in one's arms, was to be chosen in preference to class, the voice of the class was loud in the affirmative.

Our first expedition was to the farm, now the site of the artistic scholasticate. At that time the Canadian Atlantic Railway Company were preparing to lay its tracks between Ottawa and Montreal. Martin Gatley, Owen Carroll and Jim Farrell were taking measurements, whilst Frank McGreevy, 'Dip' Hennessy and E. Dorgan manipulated the theodolite and

boys." If ever theodolite was more quickly shouldered on the approach of a rising storm, or chains rattled more loudly than ours, on this occasion, it would be worthy of record. Rev. Bro. Marsan, now Father Marsan, who had the expedition in chage was on the banks of the Rideau river, drawing plans, and knew nothing of this exploit, nor do I believe, it ever "leaked out," for we were a most prudent company. Ned Welsh, the favorite of all the students accompanied us on this occasion and busied himself with Mr. Mullen, now Dr. Mullen, driving stakes, whilst Mat. Sheridan whose hearty laugh forever kept our spirits light was engaged with Walter Herckenrath, the mathematician of the class, in taking measurements in other quarters.

This was but preparatory for our expe-

dition to Hull, a trial to test our skill in the practical science of Trigonometry. It proved a success so far as our ingenuity to anticipate was concerned. The next week we were to start for Hull. Another class missed! Another congé! How our hearts leaped for joy as we arose from our beds at 4:30 and were favored with a special breakfast on that beautiful May morning. The College wagon was prepared, the instruments put aboard, and the more favored ones took their places on the seats; while others sat where they could, a few of us with Father Gendreau and Brother Marsan wending our way to the ferry on the Ottawa river behind the Parliament hill. We knew we were going to Hull, but how far distant was the scene of our labor; was this ride in the ferry to compensate the walk we had before us? the thought of congé prevented the rise of similar questions, and we were happy. We paid a visit to the Oblate residence in Hull where we were kindly received. One of our number confiscated an extra large lump of maple sugar, but which proved to his disgust and to our delight, well seasoned soap. This was the subject of a minstrel joke at our next performance. Our objective point was distant about three miles from the residence, in a very thickly populated district near the mountains. We "cut up" the land into lots 66x99, ran streets through, etc., whilst old men, women and children gazed with wonderful eyes upon us, as we steadied the theodolite, set the flags and measured distances. One of the residents threatened to shoot the entire party if we attempted to interfere with his property which, in his eagerness to obtain his own, and according to the measurements, he had extended three feet into the public road. We wanted justice but our justice so riled this defender of the rights of personal property that we found it safer to leave him in possession of his *three feet*. Martin and Owen guarded the lunch basket, and if ever mortal did justice to the inner man, it was done by them on this occasion.

Father Gendreau had well provided, however, for the wants of our country appetites, and I must say, those wants were anything but small. We visited the country store and bought ginger ale; a dozen bottles of ginger ale! we ordered various delicacies, but the demand proved too great for the supply. Martin volunteered

to talk French to a young lady clerk but here again the demand proved too great for the supply, so Walter Herckenrath was called on to release Martin, to the amusement of us all.

The Third Form of '82 were admirers of nature, and this accounts for our weekly trips to the country, and that notwithstanding all the inducements which were extended to us by the students to join them and make things lively, we preferred to survey and view nature as she is in the country around Ottawa. My memorandum lies open before me and I see a rough plan of the country we surveyed on this expedition, and the names of those who took part in it. Our work was a success, or at least we thought so; and when we arrived home the students gave us a hearty welcome. They were a sympathetic crowd in those days. Professors at times were wont to praise our practicalness, much to their own disadvantage; for if there is anything calculated to inate self love it is the praise of a superior or a professor.

I remember on one occasion after an expedition we were told we had done a good day's work, that our measurements were correct, and that we would shine in the course of time as excellent first-class surveyors. We were free to believe that *Deo Gratias* in class should be ours, but we knew with certitude that it could not be had for the mere asking, 'though we had done a good day's work.' How could we get it? An idea was suggested and immediately put into execution: one of our number wrote an address beaming with flowers and figures of every description, the painting was the work of an artist; an address that was calculated to move the heart of any teacher, which showed our tender love for him, and how much we appreciated the sacrifices he was making daily for our sakes. A green ribbon was wound around it, and a beautiful bow showed the taste of a convent girl. Class time arrived and we repaired to the classroom. Father V. entered, and, after the *Viani Sancte Spiritus* was recited and all were seated, O'Gara arose and with a profound bow, began "Reverend and dear Father".....The Rev. Father immediately called upon John for the lesson, but again "Rev. and dear Father"..... amidst the uproar of the class. We got no "*Deo Gratias*" from Fr. V.

The next hour brought Fr. M. to the class-

room. The same profound bow, the same Rev. and dear Father, the same address ! This time success attended our efforts. The kind father listened patiently to the words of appreciation, and replied in terms of the greatest affection. We were left to enjoy our "*Deo Gratias* ;" and I believe never was a more pleasant hour spent.

Those days are now gone, and with them

the most pleasant of times. How little do we think of the advantages that are ours when within the walls of our Alma Mater ; but with how much pleasure do we look back upon those days, and recall old faces and the good old times when care and the turmoil of the world were yet for us.

STUDENT, THIRD FORM OF '82.



GOOD BYE, GOD BE WITH YOU.



GOOD bye ! Good bye ! O solemn word !
 What meanings underneath it lie !
 What other word was ever heard,
 So sad, so sweet as this, " Good bye ? "
 So sad—it falls like tears from eyes
 That never can be glad again,
 So sweet—its echo from the skies,
 Seems mingled with an angel strain.

From out the world's sad heart 'tis borne
 By bitter tears, by many sighs,
 And wafted in a cry forlorn,
 Up to the portals of the skies,
 Unto our Father's ears and there
 The sweetness shows, for to His ear
 Doth every sigh become a prayer,
 And glows in brightness every tear.

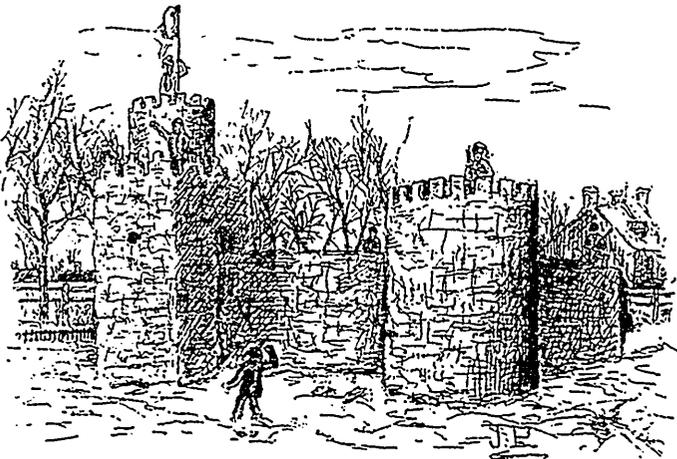
The proud world stands with haughty brow,
 'Mid battles, pomp and fury ;
 The word " good bye " can make her bow
 And shake with sobs—just like a child !
 Poor world ! she sees the sadness here,
 But not the blessing that is there ;
 She feels the hard word's bitter fear,
 But not its undertone of prayer.

What matters it the length of prayer ?
 For be it short or be it long,
 Our " God be with you " He will hear,
 Above the sweetest angel song ;
 God knows the answer to our prayer,
 And only this our hearts can tell,
 That meet we here or meet we there,
 He is with us—all is well.

" God bless you ! " from our hearts we say,
 Farewell to you ! the word seems weak,
 But all last words are had to speak.
 When this our last good bye is said,
 How will the grasses be as green,
 Or smile the sun as bright o'erhead ?
 So sweet, dear friends, the days have been!
 'Twill seem so dark when good bye's said.

God grant our future may make plain
 To all below, to all above,
 That holy counsels were not vain,
 Nor vain was sacrificing love.
 Good bye ! Good bye ! our tears flow fast,
 But sweet is sunshine after rain ;
 We know that all life's happy past,
 In Heaven will be ours again.

L. T.



THE SNOW FORT, 1888.

MEMORIES OF COLLEGE DAYS.



THE Editors of the OWL having asked "A contribution recalling memories of College days," I will endeavor to comply with their request in the following crude lines.

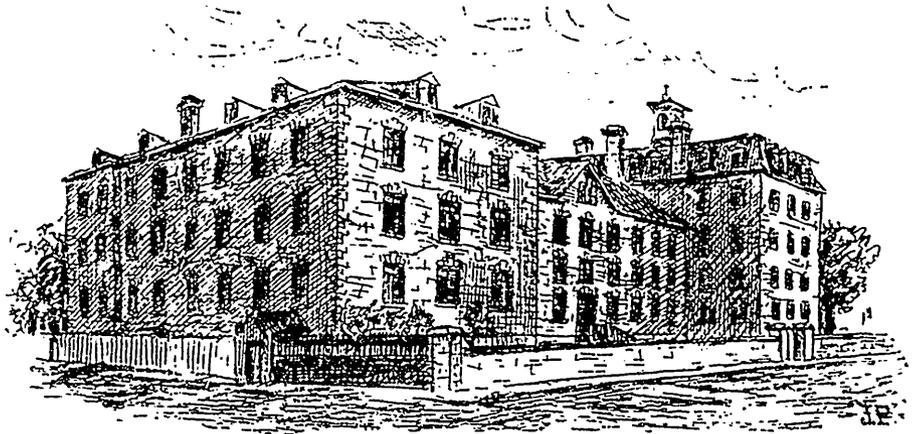
In the first July and August number of the OWL learned pens in master hands have described the humble birth and gigantic growth of the now great Catholic University of Ottawa, and how, under the fostering care and able management of the pious, learned, modest, unassuming Oblate Fathers, the fame of St. Joseph's College as an institution of learning, spread itself all over Canada and across the border into the Union.

It was in month of September, 1875, in company with other students that I boarded a train at Boston, Mass., for Ottawa. Along the route we were joined by former students of the College until our number filled two cars. It was an all

only served to increase the hilarity of the occasion, and gave the boys ample opportunity to rob Morpheus of an embrace.

In due time we arrived at the College where we received a hearty welcome from Fathers, Brothers and students. On such occasions the new comers were stared at scrutinized and made the butt of inquiry; the opinions of them formed then and there were put down on the tablets of the memory, which time has not changed.

The tocsin of silence was sounded and another scholastic year was born for us. With hushed voices, determined faces and resolute hearts, we began the march to knowledge. For some it was a race—a race for College honors acquired often at the expense of *true honor*, a race in which mates ran down mates, while under the influence of envy and jealousy. Some there were along the line of march who exhibited an immense territory of memory and a mole hill of brain; there were others, who, conscious of their inability, or from want of self-confidence, sat down



THE COLLEGE IN 1876.

night ride and during those fleeting hours many a joke was told and many a song was sung for "we were going back to Ottawa" Some of the boys took the place of the conductor and called out stations the name of which were never heard of in either hemispheres, others sold peanuts, popcorn and sandwiches to the great discomforture of a few old dyspeptic travelers whose growls and grunts of disapprobation

by the way side to loll away the hours whenever they had a chance, always called into line, however, by the threatening command of the faithful officers under whose surveillance the journey progressed.

Through every part of the curriculum of Ottawa College there continually flowed from the fountain of knowledge a strong stream which rolled on dashing and splashing over the rocks of ignorance and illit-

eracy, so that those who possessed the lowest mental calibre were able to draw a draught from the sparkling waters. The writer of this effusion is one who accidentally caught some of the spray, for which he does not cease to thank the good fathers of his College days.

School life is full of illusions and delusions, the chief danger is that one shall worship wrong. From the age of fifteen to twenty we build up many idols and bow down to our own ideas. We should bow down to nothing, if our ideas are good we should look up to them. What grand boys bow to mean things and low habits and prostrate noble characters before companionship? There are as many boys in College as there are men in the world who have not the courage to speak the simple "yea and nay" of honest independence. Such people do not belong to themselves, they belong to something or somebody as a dog belongs to a man, they may deny it but the daily emanations of their characters prove it is a fact.

While writing this screed, recollection brings scenes and incidents before my view, and while I gaze upon them I smile and laugh by turns and feel myself a college boy once again. I will relate one of the acts which for down right foolhardiness, folly and yet for courage, manliness and honor has not been equalled in the annals of the College :

It was in the month of May '76 the Ottawa had overflowed its banks, moving buildings from their foundations and carrying logs, lumber and "shanties" on its powerful bosom. The city of Hull had almost disappeared beneath the limpid waters, the people were in consternation and the raging waters were making a most determined descent upon Ottawa through the streets of the city. Such were the exciting reports brought to the College by the "exterris." Our curiosity was roused, we must go to the river especially since two of our comrades were allowed to go. Permission was refused; denunciatory speeches were made in which we did not hesitate to avow that we were unjustly treated, excitement ran to fever heat, and twenty-five boys sallied forth through the College gate without a professor for a guide to the scene of desolation. We moved in a solid phalanx, the ranks were never once broken. For soldiery bearing, gentlemanly conduct, and ready obedience to

our leaders, that march surpasses any ever headed by Napoleon or Sheridan. In the language of a hero of yore but in a lesser degree. "We came and saw but *we were conquered* on our return. The other boys, who remained at home were taking their supper. Conscious that we were guilty of a great breach of discipline not one of our little army dared to enter the refectory; after some parleying two of our number more daring than the others volunteered to reconnoitre. No sooner had they crossed the threshold than they were quickly sent to the right about by the stern command of the disciplinarian, Father D——. A deep gloom of suspense settle over the College for a few days. Some said that we were to be ignominiously expelled, others said that some of the leaders were sure to go. At last some of the wise heads among us suggested that we go in a body and apologize to Father Tabaret, our Superior. Accordingly we crossed the street and entered the garden wherein the good Father was taking his after dinner walk. With uncovered, bowed heads, and confusion stamped upon our countenances we stood before him: he listened patiently to our words of regret and sorrow. In a sad sweet voice he said, "Go back to your places, I will consider what you have said." The sight of that group of penitent youths pleading for mercy, moved the great heart of Father Tabaret, and we returned to our places to remain until the close of the year.

I cannot lay down my pen without saying a few words of the gentle, childlike, pious Father Bennett. Perhaps some who read this will recall the Greek class of that holy man. "Well Dr. K—— tell us something about the lesson to-day." The newly created Dr., who never had any affection for Greek, in order to avoid a recitation, would endeavor to draw the attention of the class to the Rev. professor by asking him to explain the meaning of some hieroglyphics which the Dr. had been unable to decipher. The learned and worthy Father in his great kindness and zeal would explain, generally connecting his explanation with some passage in the life of our Lord or His blessed mother—until his hour was called.

Father Bennett is now in Heaven, but he has left indelibly stamped upon the minds of the pupils lessons of piety and goodness.

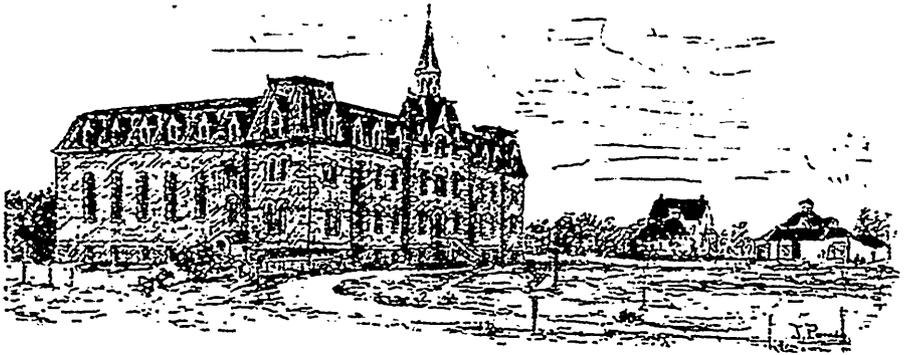
Often, very often I revisit in spirit the scenes of my College days. I am again on the campus where the O. C. S. are contending for the championship in a closely played game of baseball with the boys of the city. I walk again to the Farm House, and over the placid waters of the Rideau the boats are sped on by the powerful stroke of muscular youths. These and many other scenes come crowding back upon my memory, but where are the companions of those days? Some are sleeping peacefully beneath the sod, others hold good places in Church and State with a bright future before them, others again have been blown down by the storms of life into the abyss of obscurity.

We also had our fooscap journals, but ours were improvements on those of our elder brothers, in the way of illustrated numbers. Frank McGair was the Nast of the College in those days; when he was disposed he showed a literary genius of a high order.

Those journals are now gone, and with them the hands that made them. When we, too, shall have been placed in the grave, may the University of Ottawa continue to send out great men for the Church and the State.

J. F. K.

Kansas, May 15th, 1889.



SCHOLASTICATE, AT THE FARM.

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COLLEGE REMINISCENCES.



HAVE always had a large amount of sympathy for poor "Verdant Green," in his early experiences at Oxford, as some of my own were of a very similar kind. My impressions, on my first entry, as a very raw country youth, into College life some eighteen years ago, were more bewildering than agreeable. My being "sent to College" was the result of a long cherished conviction on the part of my friends, that I had a vocation for the Church, and I therefore expected to find my self ushered into the company of a number of studious young men of solemn mien and grave discourse. I found myself instead, suddenly thrust into the midst of a crowd of noisy boys of all sizes and shapes, whose only object in life appeared to be to devote as much time as possible to play and as little as possible to study. One soon accustoms oneself to one's surrounding however; and though I was then only a novice in most of the games played at the College I very soon acquired the universal longing for the extra *congés* which were the delight of the youthful heart, and which we used, in our juvenile wisdom, to think, were far too sparingly given.

Very few of the professors of my early years now remain in the College. The late sainted Father Bennett was my earliest and best friend, and spoke many a kindly word of comfort and encouragement to me, when I had a grievance, real or fancied, to depress my spirits. Of the late lamented Father Tabaret, I was always, in common I think with the most of the boys, considerably in dread; but we believed that "his bark was worse than his bite;" and, for my part, I always found him, under a brusque exterior, a warm hearted and impartial administrator of College discipline. With the two stern "soldier priests," Fathers Balland and Chaborel, I have become more intimate since I left the College than I dared to during my schoolboy days; and I have learned to appreciate all the more, the genial and sunny side of their natures. My principal experience with the former during my College days, was his persistent and successful effort to convince me that I

was utterly devoid of any musical talent. I have also an indistinct recollection that I still owe the latter, several uncopied pages of "histoire," the transcribing of which he had from time to time imposed on me, for various infractions of study hall discipline in which department he then reigned supreme. I was in the first class taught by Father Nolin, when he came to college as a simple *frère*: and I still cherish grateful recollections of his kindness to me, in allowing me to make my Greek and Latin translations into English, instead of into French as was then the rule, for my knowledge of the latter language was then about as extensive as of the classical ones. The amiable Father Barrett was Professor of Mathematics in my time, and he could not be cross even if he tried. So well was his gentle nature known that, when he would stamp his foot in class, and shout "boys!" in a stern attempt to obtain silence, the "boys" would only good-naturedly laugh, and continue their fun.

During my time, the students did not number quite 200, and the College buildings were only about one-third of their present size. The little addition to the rear of the east wing was made during that time, and was considered by us as a gigantic undertaking on the part of the College. None of us ever dreamed of seeing such magnificent extensions as were afterwards undertaken and successfully accomplished. In nothing, however, has the College changed, and I should say, progressed, so much since my time, as in the freedom allowed the students, of coming in contact with the outside world. One of the many beneficial results of this change is, that the College has become known in places where it would never, otherwise, have been heard of, and another is, that the College football team holds the proud position of champions of Canada. The greatest latitude ever allowed in my time, was to go to Sandy Hill on Thursday afternoons, to play baseball; but we never had the temerity even to hint at the possibility of a match with any outside club.

The examinations were not then conducted with the system and precision which they now obtain. They were almost wholly oral, and were not therefore

as fair a test of proficiency as written examinations would be. If I believed that I sometimes did not receive a prize to which I was entitled, I, on one occasion at least, got a prize to which I had no right whatever. The examination was, as usual, held orally, in the class room, by Father Tabaret : and each member of the class was examined in a certain subject in turn, except myself, and with very little credit to themselves. I knew, if possible, less about it than anyone, but, just as my turn came, the bell rang, and the class was dismissed. Judge of my amazement when my name was called out at the distribution, for that particular prize.

The College "farm house" was built during my first year, and was inaugurated with a *grand congé*. The walk there and back on Thursday afternoons, continued to be a favorite exercise with the bigger boys thereafter. On one of these walks, only one master—the genial Frère Gaspard—accompanied us, and when we arrived at the farm, some of the boys wanted to go for a sail on the Rideau river. Poor Frère Gaspard was too kind hearted to refuse, so he appointed the eldest boy present as master over the boats and we started up the river. I fear however that the college authorities did not quite approve of the pranks that were indulged in on that occasion, as it was shortly afterwards officially announced that nautical expeditions of this kind, without the watchful eye of a regular master, were strictly prohibited in future.

My first attempt at learning to smoke was made at the college farm, and was attended with disastrous results. I secured possession of an ancient meerschau, belonging to one of the boys who was already sufficiently "seasoned" to smoke it ; and I undertook to complete the task, which he had abandoned half way, of smoking it to the bottom. The inevitable consequences followed. First I feared I was going to die, and then I feared I was *not* going to die ; but after a couple of hours

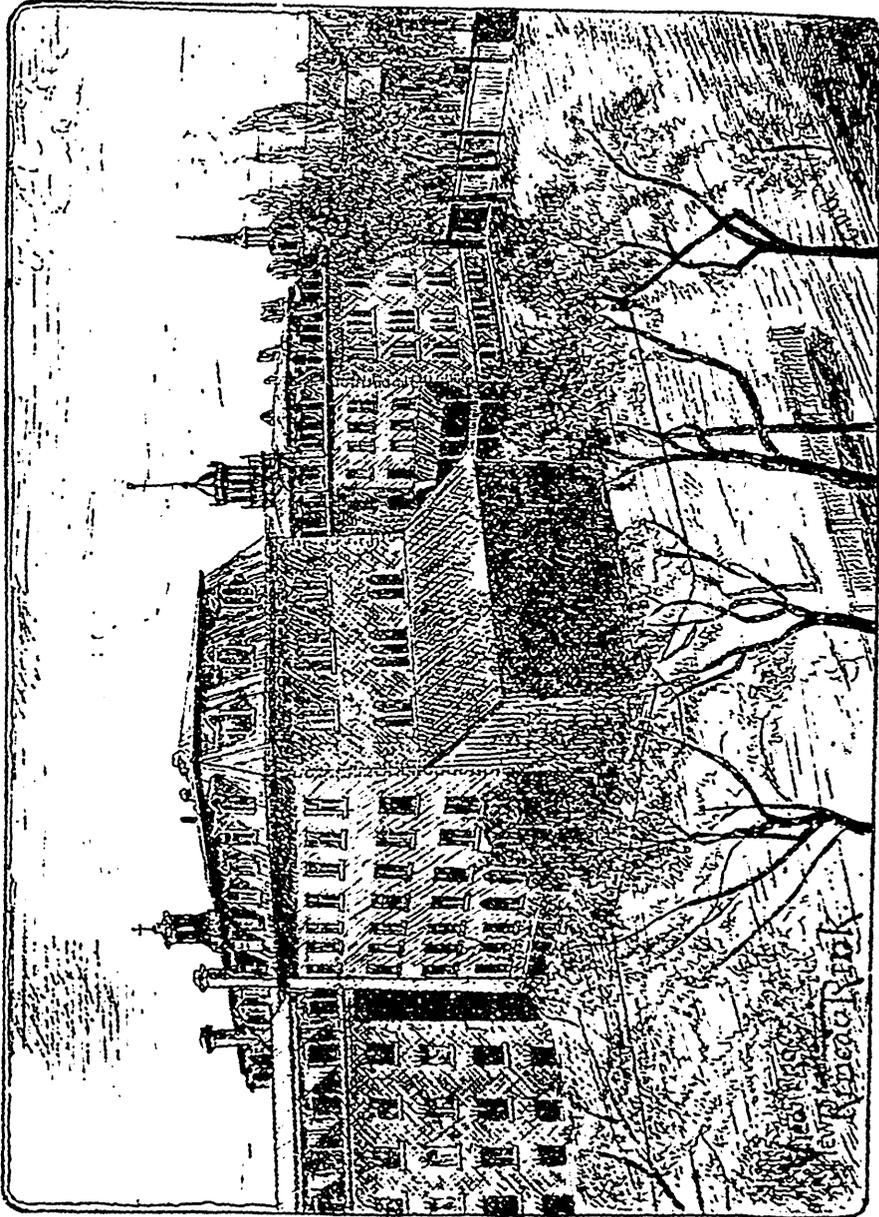
of indescribable misery, I began to recover, and when the time to return had come, I was able to drag myself home ; but, in addition to having deposited my dinner in a secluded spot at the farm, I went to bed supperless that night. It was many years afterwards before I renewed the attempt to learn to smoke.

Like most other boys at the College, I longed to shine as an actor in our amateur theatricals ; but my ambition was not always gratified, as those responsible for the proper production of the plays, did not see in me the great histrionic ability of which I believed myself to be possessed. After creditably filling the exalted position of "dummy" in military plays on two or three occasions, I was promoted to a "speaking part" of considerable importance in a play for the end of the year : but Father Bennett, who had been rehearsing us, had to devote his time to something else ; and Father Balland, who took his place, promptly relegated me to a minor position in which I had to be killed off early in the play. In this way the world was deprived of the pleasure of witnessing an impersonation outrivalling Booth or Irving ; and I revenged myself by refusing ever afterwards to appear before the footlights, except to read an address or receive a prize.

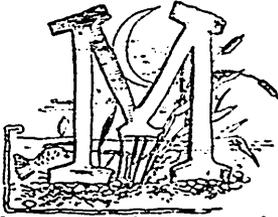
The class mates of my last year are now scattered over the continent, and some I have lost track of entirely. One is in Winnipeg and one is in Brazil ; one—the gentle Robert Gillie—is dead ; two have become doctors, two are engineers, one is a devoted Oblate Missionary in the North West, and I am the only one who adopted the law. We are nearly all married and have families, and are becoming steady, sober-going old men. So wags the world. But it makes one young again to revisit, even in spirit, the scenes of one's school days, and to live over again what were, after all, the happiest days of our lives.

M. J. GORMAN.





RECREATION THIRTY YEARS AGO.



MEMORY goes back, at all times, with reluctant pleasure to the scenes of early childhood, and loves to picture the sports and pastimes, the phantom ills and the petty triumphs of early years; but the daily turmoil of life, its strifes, and passions, its hopes and disappointments, dim the picture impressed upon the sensitive plate of recollection; and, through the vista of twenty-five or thirty years, details are lost, and nothing remains but a faint outline, coupled with a *sensus intimus* of the good which was implanted.

I have already recalled in these pages my recollections of the daily routine of college life in the days of my youth. Our moments of pleasure will be my theme to-day.

The rigorous rule, during the winter season, gave Thursday afternoon, and that alone, to the *congé*. When summer came, and the leaves began to deck the landscape, we managed, now and again, with astute perception and winsome argument, to gain a half or whole Tuesday to ourselves. When things went well and the classes were satisfactorily repressive of boyhood exuberance, our claims were never denied; but when the day's disaster loomed up in the Superior's face and it became known that the boys of some one or other of the divisions had not been adequate to the occasion of an unsuspected visit on his part, our efforts were vain and our hearts were not in our prayer for relaxation.

In those days, the college farm, like many other things, had no existence, unless, perchance, it came within the grasp of that wonderful mind which animated all things collegiate, from the contraband letter received by some Tityrus to the financiering of the institution.

Our usual place of relaxation in summer was Sardy Hill, south of Daly street, and bounded on the other sides by a deep ravine, the ignoble Rideau and the progressive city. There we enjoyed cricket, which had not as yet succumbed to the nascent baseball,—prisoner's base, where

skill and fleetness were put to the utmost test, and rounders or *palette*, which in my eyes was the embryo of the modern American national game. Lacrosse was unheard of. Our military ardor was sometimes displayed in battalions of skeleton companies which when ordered to advance in skirmishing order, disappeared in the quagmires surrounding the spot, to reappear in detail when the supper bell rang.

Our all-day *congés* enabled us to cross the Ottawa river from the wharf at the foot of Sussex street to Bédard's Landing on the north shore. There the pious shantymen had erected a chapel in the woods, for Hull was still the forest primeval, and the squaws and Indians were to be found on the beach repairing canoes, fashioning baskets, and stitching the tanned skins of the deer they had brought from the woods.

We had the solitude of the pines, the smell of the balsam, the gentle glade and the refreshing brook to ourselves, and hampers diminished in weight as appetites grew.

Sometimes we returned by hoat, but more often we struggled, tired and happy, through the narrow path which led to the Suspension Bridge, thence down the empty sides of Wellington street, and on to the suburban home of our rest—the College. Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep, closed in a gorgeous day.

In winter time we travelled the same ground over the snow and ice, sometimes varying the routine by a trip to Gatineau Point, or along the south or east bank of the canal to the intersection of the present Bank street road, and thence home through the cedar swamp, which is now hidden by the comely residences of Maria and Albert streets.

Our mid-day recreation in summer was taken up with the playthings of boys of our era,—spinning tops, marbles, handball, and the like. In winter, a few of us would trot around the playground on snow shoes. The ring was exactly 160 yards. Football, not the civilized game of to-day, in which the present students are so much admired, but the crude, unrefined article, was indulged in betimes. The rear of the college and the fence,—were the respective

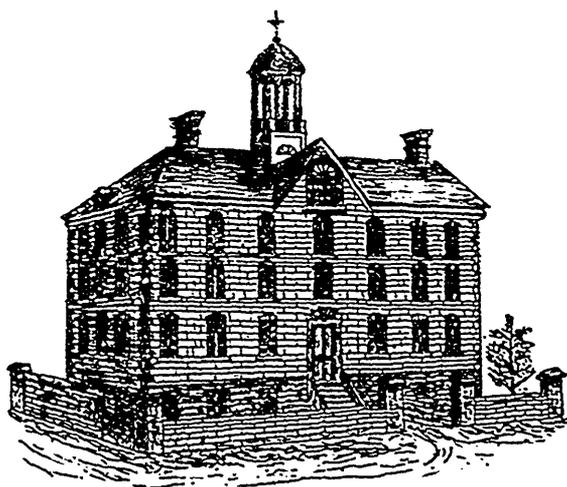
goals, and that side won which by hook or by crook got the sphere against the foe-man's palisades. In the snow drift the ball might disappear, and woe betide the teacher who there met the pupil he had that morning admonished not wisely, but too well.

The 19th of March, the feast of St. Joseph, Patron of His Lordship Bishop Guigues, of Father Tabaret and of the College, generally brought forth a proclamation that we had budding Roscii in our midst. Brother Cooney christened such amusements tom-fooleries, and he was almost right. But when the dawn of vacation appeared at a greater angle than eighteen degrees below the horizon, and the days and hours from June 30th back to the actual moment, began to be regularly counted in vulgar and decimal fractions, and we who were to be the William Tells and Geslers of the occasion, were

called upon to display our immense powers of elocution by screeching forth and emphasizing every syllable as if it were our last, and those whose knowledge of *do, mi, sol, do*, made day hideous and night horrid with saxhorns, trombone and the Battle of Prague, there came to one and all that thrill of exciting pleasure which school boys feel who know that a day of recreation is at hand, which they may give up to boundless enjoyment, that the night coming on will see them decked with laurel or with bay, and that the routine of college life is about to end in the liberty of their dreams. They little suspect that, in after years, when the day dream is over, their thoughts will fondly cling around their study hours, while the play-toys of childhood drift back into the night of forgotten things.

T. P. F.

Aylmer, 15th May, 1889.



COLLEGE IN 1860.

IMMORTAL.



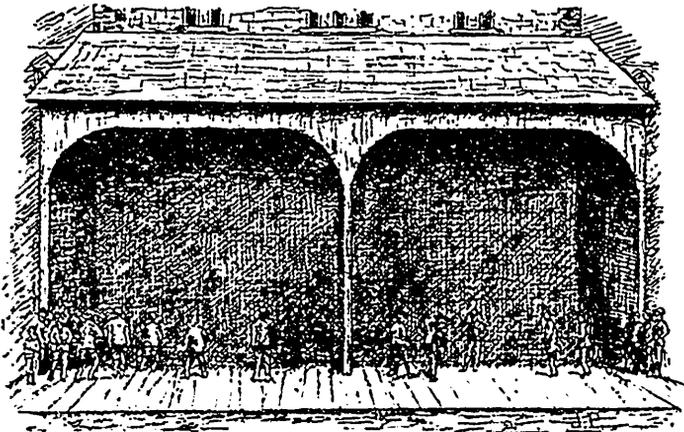
RIGHT things can never die
 E'en though they fade ;
 Beauty and minstrelsy
 Deathless were made.
 What though the summer day
 Passes at eve away,
 Doth not the moon's soft ray
 Silence the night ?
 Bright things can never die,
 Saith my philosophy,—
 Phoebus, though he pass by,
 Leaves us his light.

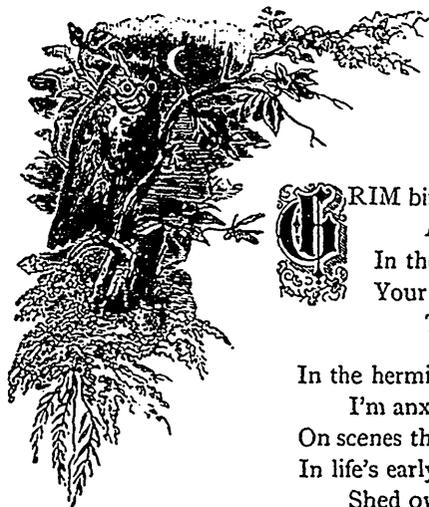
Kind words can never die,
 Spoken in jest,
 God knows how deep they lie,
 Stored in the breast ;
 Like childhood's simple rhymes
 Said o'er a thousand times,
 Aye—in all years and climes,
 Distant and near.
 Kind words can never die,
 Saith my philosophy,—
 Deep in the soul they lie,
 God knows how dear.

Childhood can never die,
 Wrecks of the past
 Float on our memory,
 Many a happy thing,
 Many a daisied Spring,
 Flown on Time's ceaseless wing,
 Far, far away.
 Childhood can never die,
 Saith my philosophy ;
 Wrecks of our infancy
 Live on for aye.

Sweet fancies never die ;
 They leave behind
 Some fairy legacy
 Stored in the mind—
 Some happy thought or dream,
 Pure as day's early beam,
 Kissing the gentle stream
 In the lone glade.
 Yet though these things pass by,
 Saith my philosophy :
 Bright things can never die,
 E'en though they fade.

W.





AD BUBONEM.

GRIM bird of the night-time, come forth from the shade,
 And list to the verse I would sing;
 In the broad-branching tree of science you've made
 Your nest, from that lurking-place, be not afraid
 To venture abroad on the wing!

In the hermitage where you linger all day,
 I'm anxious to muse for a while,
 On scenes that I knew when my bosom was gay,
 In life's early hours, as the first golden ray
 Shed over my future its smile.

Then leave me alone, for a short thoughtful hour,
 To dream of the days that have fled;
 My road has been strewn with many a flower,
 A garland of mem'ries I'll weave in your bower,
 To twine round the sacred and dead!

Dear shrine of St. Joseph, as here I recall
 The days when I first trod your ground,
 The twilight of mem'ry seems darkly to fall
 On the features, the names, the voices, and all
 To whom my affections are bound.

But that memory shall fade when it ceases to know
 The one who was father of all:
 The one from whose spirit our spirit did flow,
 Who shed on our youth the soul-stirring glow
 That illumined the old College Hall.

He laid the foundation broad, solid and deep,
 And he carved out a future sublime:
 O'er his tomb there are thousands of children that weep,
 Whose footsteps he guided up life's rugged steep,
 When first they attempted to climb.

On the great corner stone inscribed is his name,—
 Doctor Tabaret—our first loving friend:
 His heart was aglow and his spirit aflame;
 Oh! long may he shine in the annals of fame,
 As Father and "Priest to the end."

THE OWL.

But where have they gone, all the others I knew?
 On the billows of life some are toss'd ;
 In the new stately halls there remain but a few,
 While to many we've spoken the last long *adieu*,
 But their mem'ry never is lost.

From good " Brother Cooney," who ushered us in,
 To the highest professor, how many I saw
 Pass on through the gate, from a dark world of sin,
 From its joys and its woes, from its silence, its din,
 And succumb to Mortality's law !

On the field of existence some " fight the good fight,"
 In the ranks of the noble and true ;
 Some shed on professions new gleamings of light ;
 Some passed from our lives as they passed from our sight,
 And those who remain, are *the few*.

To these let me say, " do not lag in the race,
 Keep up the traditions we love.
 Of those that are gone you are holding the place,
 Continue the work and Divinity's grace,
 Like manna will fall from above."

And *thou*, sage-like bird with thy gray, sombre wing,
 Watch over that sacred old sod,
 Their labors to cheer and their triumphs to sing,
 While Science and Truth o'er the future shall fling
 The light of the blessing of God.

JOSEPH K. FORAN.

House of Commons, Ottawa, 15th May, 1889.



R. R. R., OR RAIL-ROAD RECOLLECTIONS.



AY I never ride on a rail again if I fail to appreciate the honor conferred upon me by THE OWL in asking me for some recollections. My Ottawa College days were relatively long and relatively happy. The years from '78 to '86 represent a goodly number of days, but let me spare you all the musings those college days might awaken; let me leave to others the pleasant task of recalling "Auld Lang Syne" within the College walls, while I jot down a few reminiscences *extra muros*, so to speak; considerably *extra muros*, as the three R's seem to indicate.

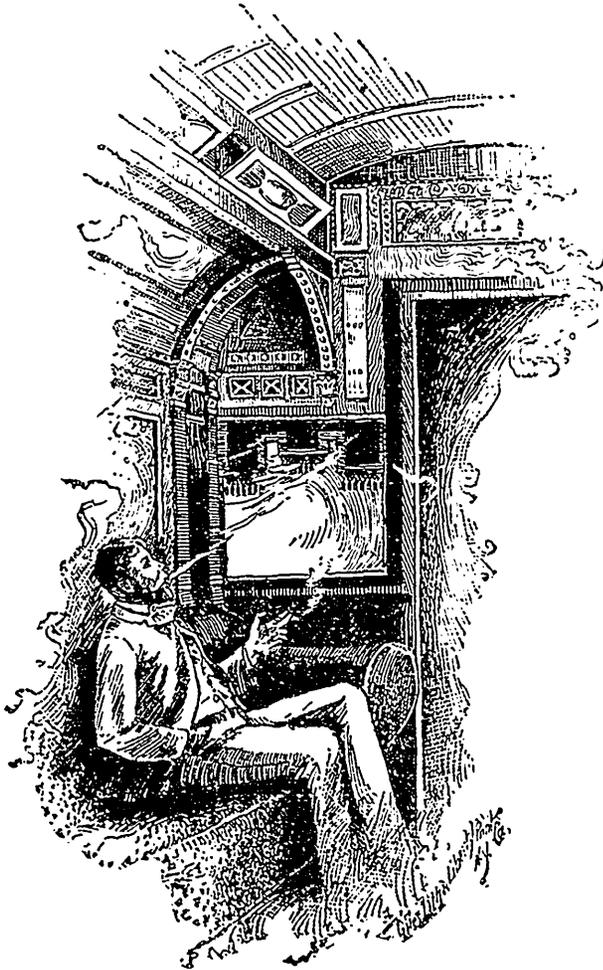
Before recollecting, let me assure THE OWL it is sweet to be remembered, and I make no mincing about acknowledging my due share of the sub-celestial virtue of conceit. Speaking, I trust, in the name of the whole Alumni, I'm quite sure we would all agree that to suspect one's self overlooked and on the way to oblivion is a feeling rather humbling, tending perhaps to self-mortification, *i. e.*, perfection, but the greater number of us haven't "got there yet." Thanks then, for the request, and here's something without form or method, by way of a tangible return.

It was the year '78 that witnessed the remarkable exodus of the youth of Yankee-chesetts to Ottawa College, and the party that left the Boston and Lowell depôt, in Boston, that September evening, was a numerous and jolly one. It grew in numbers and jollity when we reached Lowell, and at Manchester the contingencies from Lawrence and other points increased our party so as to tax the capacity of the car. At nine p. m., we rolled northwards out of Manchester, and the boys began to settle down to "make a night of it." The new students were introduced to the old, and to each other, old acquaintances who had been separated for two months chatted together over the incidents of the vacation, the baseball prospects of the coming year were discussed, conjectures made upon the *personnel* of the baseball clubs, and college songs sung.

'Twas no wonder then, that when the conductor cried out, "Concord, change cars for points on the Passumpsic road," but a few of us new students who were seated near the door, heard him. We paid no attention to the call, we were in the hands of our friends, and supposed that the older students knew all about the route. At Concord a short stop was made, and several of the students went out to take the air. We again steamed onward, and when the conductor came around for the tickets, we found to our dismay, that we were on the wrong train; we were now on the Central Vermont, and not on the Air Line. A council of war was immediately held, participated in by the older students and the train officials, from the conductor down to the peanut boy. Despite our persuasive eloquence, we could not convince the conductor that we were on the right train. We should have changed cars at Concord, where the C. V. and B. C. & M. trains diverge after forming one continuous train from Boston to Concord. The conductor dealt very kindly with us, telling us we could stop off at Tilton, a station 18 miles above Concord, blessed with a hotel where we could find accommodation for the night, and that he would take us back to Concord on his return trip, at four next morning. We were ripe for an adventure, or for anything that savored of one, and so a half-an-hour later found us marching through the streets of Tilton, N. H., at 10:30 p. m., headed by the station agent with a lantern. The night was pitch dark and chilly. The villagers were all in bed, not a light glimmered through a window and a deathlike stillness prevailed. This state of affairs seemed unnatural to us, and we resolved to impress upon the "early to bed" villagers that a body of healthy students had come down upon them for a night's lodging. We did the storming of the place right well, if martial music counts for anything. Had we a brass band? No, but we had Joe Q., who was very proficient in mimicry, and who had a stentorian voice. Remarkings,

"let's see if there's any life in the place," he formed a speaking trumpet of his hands and shouted with all the power of his ten-horse-power pair of lungs:—"Blueberries! Blueberries! tin cints a quart." Taking this as a signal, the whole crowd struck up "Johnny Morgan," a popular song of those days. What impression the startled

itants that there was more noise than danger, for in popped the various heads and the green shutters were soon as tightly fastened as before. At last we reached our destination. The hotel—bless the mark!—was small like the village, a staid New Hampshire village after the standard pattern of New England smallness, meetin'



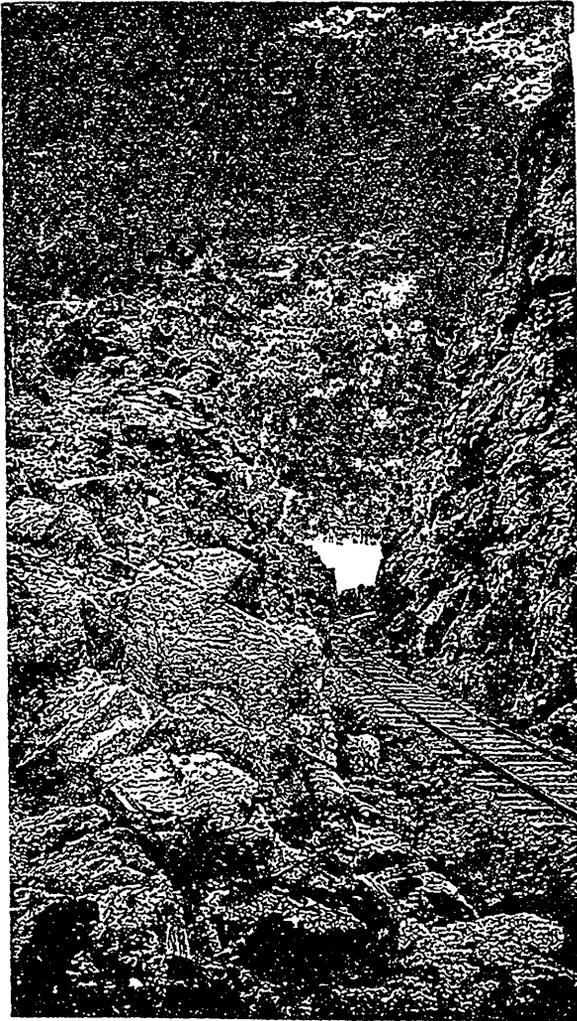
A SEAT IN THE SMOKING COMPARTMENT.

inhabitants of Tilton had when thus rudely awakened from their slumber, I know not, but in a few moments, dogs were barking, lights appeared in windows, many a green shutter flapped open and many a night-capped head, masculine, feminine and neuter, popped out of hurriedly raised sashes to see if it was the day of doom, but a few peculiar vociferations on our part seemed to assure the alarmed inhab-

house in sight of hotel, everything in sight of everything else. After registering, our first inquiry was not for supper or for rooms, but for a piano. "Is there a piano in the house?" yelled our leader, and "yes, where's the piano?" chorused the rest of us. Having succeeded so well in the open air, we were anxious to try our voices in a chamber concert. The landlord, dismayed, begged us to consider the lateness of the hour, and the fact that several of his boarders were sick with hay fever and needed rest. We yielded to his entreaties, and asked for rooms, telling him to call us at 3 a.m. This early hour was another source of consternation to "mine host," who feared the effect of the early rising of thirty students on his sleepy boarders. His remonstrances brought to our knowledge the fact that a stage coach left the hotel every morning at 8 o'clock for Franklin, four miles distant, on the Air Line. This was welcome news, it meant that we were not obliged to ride back to Concord, it meant more—a sleep-over! Some of us had already shown signs of succumbing to the "balmy," so up the creaking stairs we went, to

make the most of the few rooms the place could offer us. By managing to go five in a room and by improvising "shakedown" on the floor, we were all accommodated. I leave it to the collegiate imagination to fill the gaps in this part of my narrative—the main thing to record is that we did get a few short snatches of restorative slumber, thanks to the lullabies of our impressario.

One of the older students, who wished us to "do" the town before leaving it, awakened us and the whole hotel by rapping on all the room doors and giving the pious salutation of *Benedicamus Domino*. We enjoyed it, but the responses of some of the dyspeptic boarders were far from orthodox.



THROUGH NARROW GORGES.

We whiled away the time before breakfast by giving a concert on the hotel verandah, which was soon surrounded by an appreciative audience. Every farmer going by with a team was greeted with a chorus of "Whoa! Whoa there!" that never failed to bring the team to a stand-

still. We were preparing to auction off the hotel when the breakfast gong sounded. And such a breakfast! Who of that happy, youthful company that reads these lines, but does not remember the india-rubber buckwheat rolls which would stretch a yard before breaking—the what'll-you-have-tea-or-coffee? maiden, who invariably replied to our order, "we have no tea, you must take coffee,"—the square inch of beefsteak fried almost to a crisp, which increased our hunger instead of diminishing it—the landlord rushing out to the butcher's and returning with a pound of beefsteak done up in brown paper! At last we left the village with flying colors, figuratively speaking, to the tune of a rollicking song, the villagers playing an accompaniment on fish horns. Arrived at Franklin, we found there a gathering of Shakers of the gentler sex waiting for a train. Most of us had never before seen any members of this strange community, and we wondered if they were to travel with us. Fortunately, they took a train going in the opposite direction. At eleven o'clock, we boarded the Montreal train much less boisterously than usual. We were beginning to feel tired, our fun-loving spirits subsided, and we coiled up in the seats in as comfortable a position as possible and there dozed off, or taking a seat in the smoking compartment, gazed out of the car windows at the passing scenery. Those of us who were making the trip for the first time, considered our missing the night train a most

fortunate occurrence, as it enabled us to pass through the most beautiful scenery on the American continent, by daylight. First, famed Winnepisogee came in sight, and the train passed for miles along the edge of this splendid sheet of water, so close to it, that its waves laved the track.

Then we entered the mountain region, and several of us ventured on the rear platform of the cars. We sped through narrow gorges where the overhanging masses of granite threatened every moment to fall upon us, and whose jagged sides we could almost touch. Now we shuddered and clung tightly to the hand railings, as the train rattled over a high trestle bridge spanning some mountain torrent whose bed was in the ravine beneath us, and which turned the mill we saw far beyond in the valley.

The head waters of the Merrimac are pointed out to us and we compare the force of his sparkling silver thread with the mighty stream that keeps so many thousands of hands busy in Lowell and Lawrence. It seemed as if we could gaze on such grandeur for ever and we regret the shortness of the day when night begins to place her sable veil before our eyes. Going to and coming from Ottawa for eight years I have travelled with students by every possible route from Ottawa to Boston; but no trip pleases so much in amount and variety of the beauties of nature as that through the Switzerland of America in the elegant cars of the Canadian Pacific Railway. When the mountain region is reached detours to the thousand and one attractions of the place can be made, and worthy indeed of even a matter of fact sturdy Yankee's attention—and close study are these grim yet beautiful mountains, even though no Washington Irving has clothed them with the beguilement of romance. The White mountain tourist is well repaid from a practical point of view as well as from the sanitary for his summer pilgrimage thither! The Catskills with all their Rip-Van-Winklish charm cannot surpass in solemn and soothing interest these great, yet only

partially told, heavings of Nature. Verily, they make me think of sobs and sighs, of a great passion loathe to subside. The atmosphere of the New World is not tradition laden; more's the pity, because what more suitable place for all sorts of romantic possibilities than these wild haunts? Although this region be



IN THE HEART OF THE MOUNTAINS.

not classic ground, still we must needs go there with a leisurely, loitering, dreaming spirit. Spinning through such suggestive scenes at "fast express" rate does not suffice, and I doubt if there be many of those who have taken in as much of all this grandeur as the railroad line of travel

permits, who do not avail themselves of their first vacation to return and by means of the convenient branch roads get into the "Heart of the Mountains" and linger here for days and weeks, trying to probe the secret of his awful heart, trying to get something out of the "Old Man of the

mer who come back and tell you "all" about the queer old fellow! For a change we may—nay, we must—go into some of the dells, for dells there be, and lovelier nooks it seems this earth cannot show. We have here the veriest of Vallombrosas, even if we have no Plutarch to sing their

charms. Here are "dim, complaining retreats" where "fear and melancholy meet." Just turn to the other side—a sunny, cheery stretch of meadow land readjusts the soul, prepares it for the perfect tranquillity of some lovely hollow just a few turns beyond, where "even a convent's hush, a hermit's cell, would break the silence"—and look up at those mighty trees whose gnarled roots are so high above your head. Not the least of the splendors of this region are the great forests that seem to hang from the sides of the mountains. Here, in some of those rugged oaks, why may there not be some pent-up dryad, "bewailing some bitter wrong?"

"Those rocks rudely heaped and rent,
As by a spirit turbulent,
Where sights and sounds are wild,
And everything unreconciled!"

All these delightful meanderings and rough scramblings cannot be indulged in by students travelling in a body, yet it is well for those students whose homeward and collegeward journeys furnish such sights.

Talk of the impoetic locomotive as much as you like, yet much we owe the iron steed of a C. P. R. train that brings us by such pleasant places. Much as we may regret the absence of poetic legends, much as we may deplore the lack of picturesque ruins, I wonder how many of our genuine Ameri-



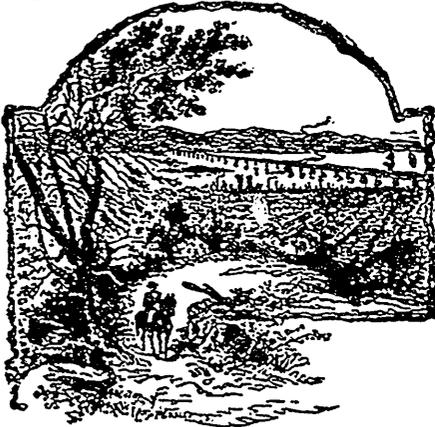
THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS.

Mountain" whose strongly-marked unsmiling face seems to have much to reveal.

"He dwells apart, though not alone,
He stands among his peers unread,
The best of thoughts which he hath known,
For lack of listeners, is not said."

Yet there are crowds of people every sum-

cans would like to see planted on those naked heads of the White Mountains "the crest of an imperial castle." Even from a car window it would look like a reproach—pleasanter to look up at those unstained summits, and then look down, especially when you are standing on a car platform, upon a sea of foliage tossing in the gale. So with only one Rip Van Winkle, with no Robin Hood, nor Rob Roy to put their personal attraction into these wilds, we can not forbear most sympathetic yearnings to linger here; but the locomotive is no lingerer, and we were going to college, then! So with the farewell gleam of evening light lingering on those hoary summits, we look our farewell on those scenes "to memory dear," and get into shape for new dominions.



While we thus digressed we had been drawing nearer and nearer to Montreal and soon the deafening sound of the train, clouds of stifling smoke, and the closing of the car windows tell us that we are passing through the Victoria tubular bridge. The students of the present day crosses the St. Lawrence on that feat of engineering skill, the C. P. R. cantilever bridge. We reached Montreal at 9 p.m. Father Durocher who having been in a sleeper did not get "left" with the rest of us at Concord, was waiting with busses at the depot. I will not dwell on the particulars of our stay in Montreal that night. We announced our presence as usual by regaling the Montrealers with the latest melodies of the "Hub" and found the pianos in the Richelieu hotel, (our stopping places) unlocked. Nor need I more than mention the misplacing of the boots left out side their doors by the hotel guests

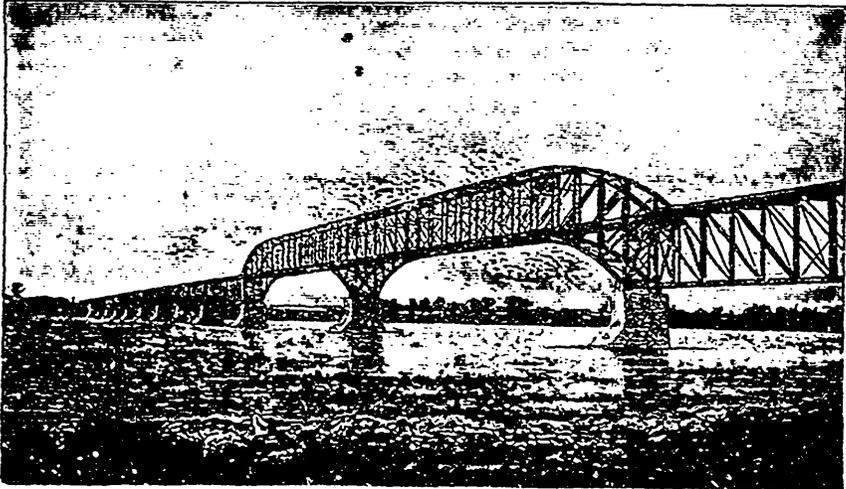
by a youth who has long since sobered into an Augustinian monk in the Quaker city, and the warm reception and hasty departure from a room which he mistook for his own of a popular Boston clergyman, at that time a student.

We left Montreal next morning taking the train for Ottawa at Hochelaga. The North Shore line had just been completed; and trouble between the contractor and the government necessitated the placing of some soldiers on guard at the railroad. This gave many of us our first sight of Her Majesty's "red coats." Our ride to Ottawa was a little tedious. At that time, we had not the splendid cars and rapid travelling of the C. P. R. We stopped for dinner at Shut—I mean Calumet. At last we reached Hull, the terminus of the line, on the Ottawa river, opposite the Capital. We drove across the Suspension Bridge to Ottawa, and in a short while were in the College, where we met with a most kind reception. Yes, tired, and with preconceived notions of the cold comfort college life is to give us, something in the fatherly greeting the kind, good, ever to be regretted Father Tabaret used to give, went far towards putting down that lump which will rise in even young men's throats sometimes. We felt we would have friends here. Father Bennet, blessings on his gentle memory, was a fatherly friend, and he knew how to get into a youth's heart no less than the lamented Superior. Father Provost, too, since gone to his reward, was there ready to supply all our wants. And what good cheer was there in Father Barrett's greeting, as he clasped your hand between both of his! He too, has left the College, and is now exercising the ministry in Buffalo, N. Y. However, I'm off the track, and you don't expect me to give a history of our college career—that remains to be told in the great deeds, or in the useful life of every one of us. I have given you an idea of what I experienced in my first trip to Ottawa College. The return trip, from the College to our homes, is not so full of incident as the trip to the College. The student has often pleasure enough in the anticipation of his vacation, and is content to get home as soon as he can. On one trip, however, we had a little extra fun. On this occasion, we had persuaded a Newfoundland student (at present he signs M. P. after his name),

to go home via Boston in order that he could see some of us Americans at home. He was a favorite with the students, of large proportions and with a genuine Hibernian accent. He had a pleasant time till we reached the border and the train stopped at the U. S. Customs in Richford. "Boys!" shouted one of us, "we have a British subject amongst us, he must be naturalized ere he sets foot on Uncle Sam's territory." The suggestion took. A Bible Society's testament was found; candles were procured from the brakeman and lighted, and coerced by Joe Q's cane; our guest was forced to his knees, made to renounce his allegiance to Queen Victoria, and swear allegiance to Uncle Sam. We then formed a procession and marched our newly fledged citizen three times

around the train. Within twenty-four hours he was viewing Boston and vicinity from the top of Bunker Hill monument with as much patriotic feeling as a grammar school boy speaking "The Sword of Bunker Hill." That sword has been sheathed these long years—long may it rest and may we the prospective heroes of our land have never cause to bare the blade. Perchance some of you have settled it in their mind, it's the pen we prefer, and that our preferences are rather long winded. Whatever be the issue of the dispute as to the respective merits of pen and sword—I'll wipe mine on my coat sleeve (a college-habit) and sheathe this stuff for the nonce—hoping the R.R.R. have been as pleasant to you as to me.

CON DUCTOR.



C. P. R. CANTILEVER BRIDGE AT LACHINE.



"THE CHAMPEEN FOOT-
BALL GAME."

DEDICATED TO "THE GARNET
AND GRAY."

Y ES Wife thar's no denyin'
Thar's right good stuff in Jim,
He's built jes' like his father,
'Nd b'gosh, I'm proud uv him.
He's taught his Dad a lesson,
'At 'll do him lots o' good,
Fur learnin's made him healthy,
Jest ez he sed it would.

Ye know I'm gittin' feeble now,
Not so peart ez I used to be,
'At my legs is rather shaky,
Kind o' weak about the knee.
But ef you'd beer along to town,
When I saw that boy to-day,
Ye'd a thought I'd finished agein',
'Nd jest turned the other way.

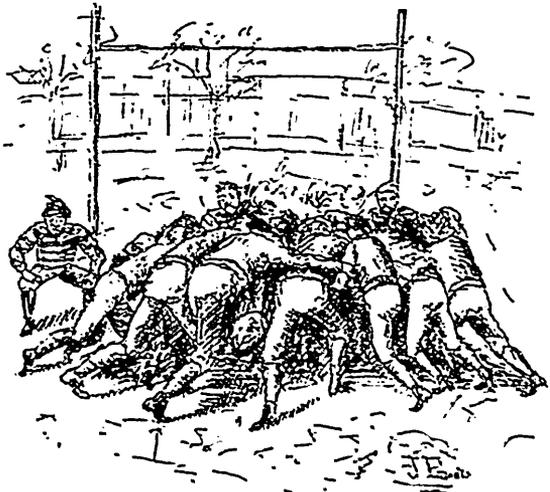
He were'nt up to the college,
When I took the team around,
But they told me I cud find him,
Down tew the foot-ball ground.
Well, I set off, 'nd axed my way,
'Till I kem across the place,
'Nd me 'nd the champeen players,
Wuz soon standin' face to face.

There they wuz; one side big men,
'Nd tother naught but boys,
Scootin' round the field like mad,
With a most alarmin' noise.
Their uniforms wuz scrumptious,
'Nd they all looked purty strong,
Though sum uv them wuz short
'nd fat,
'Nd others lean 'nd long.

Wat's kum o'er the town, thought I,
Letin' people fight that way,
Pleccemen standin' there a-grin
nin',
Has'nt got a word to say.
"Bub" sez I to a passin' youngster,
Kin you giv this row a name?"
"Wy" sez he with eyes a-flashin',
That's the champeen foot-ball
game."

Sum wuz jumpin', sum wuz kickin',
Sum fall'n, head o'er heels,
The way they slid around that field,
Ye'd think they run on wheels.
'Nd right there in the scrimmage,
Nearly allus at the head
Wuz Jim, the little varmint,
With his face all fiery red.

Crowd wuz yellin' fit to kill,
I jined in fur sympathy,
Blood went whizzin' through my veins,
Got so mixed up could'nt see.
Down one side 'nd up the other,
Jim a-tearin' 'fore the rest,
Shootin' round the place like fury,
Foot-Lall clasped agin his breast.



Up I got with hat a-wavin',
 Shouted 'till I thought I 'd drop,
 Minutes travelled on like lightnin',
 Still that youngster did'nt stop.
 But at last some grate big feller,
 Hit the lad an awful whack,
 Whizz ! Bang ! he got the foot-ball,
 'Nd Jim wuz sprawlin' on his back.



Well at that I just got hoppin';
 Made a bee line for the field,
 But the crowd all got around me,
 So at last I had to yield.
 But ef I had laid my fingers,
 On the man 'at hit our Jim,
 I'd hev quietly but firmly,
 Made a foot-ball out o' him.

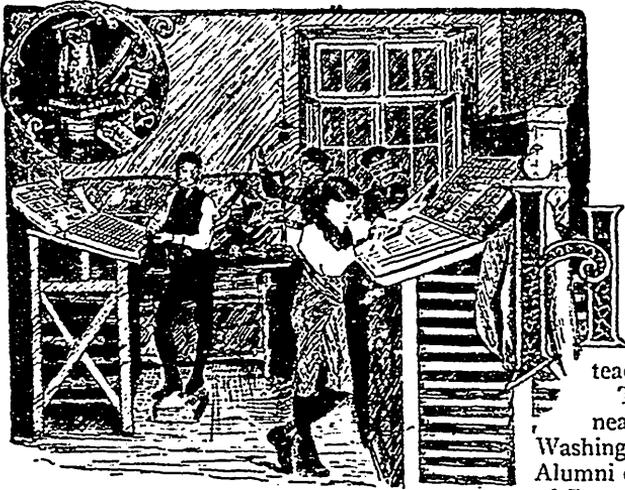
But Jim he did'nt mind it,
 Got up ez good ez new,
 'Nd taught 'em al! a lesson,
 Afore that game was through.
 His playin' *wuz* tremendus,
 Jest took the crowd by force,
 Ev'rybody got right up,
 'Nd yelled 'till they wuz hoarse.

Then, when the game wuz over,
 (Of course the young 'uns won)
 The players lifted Jim right up,
 'Nd started on a run,
 Yellin' jest like demons,
 Pitchin' the lad so high,
 I felt afeared he'd never drop,
 But linger in the sky.

Lord, but I wuz proud uv him;
 Could hev danced a jig fur joy,
 Did'nt seem quite possible,
 'At *this* cud be my boy.
 But the lesson he hez taught me,
 Ez I sed 'll do me good,
 Health 'nd learnin' go together,
 Jest ez he sed they should.

THEODORE MILTON.





*A BACKWARD
GLANCE.*

HELLO ! Father, whither
goest thou with thy
best apparel on ?"
"To Canada."
"Canada ! Ottawa ?"
Yes, I am going to
teach again."

This conversation was held near the old State House, on Washington street, Boston, by two Alumni of Ottawa, one an official of Boston, the other a priest of the

diocese who had been called to fill the chair of Physics in his Alma Mater. Their attention thus turned to Ottawa, the conversation naturally drifted into reminiscences of College life. The aforesaid official wondered why it was that Ottawa, so progressive in other respects, issued no paper, and he expressed his wonder very emphatically, assuring his friend that many old students would be delighted to be kept informed of the doings of the College and its Alumni. The future Professor of Physics ruminating over this on the train, mentally determined to do his best towards establishing some medium of communication between the College and its widely-scattered friends.

The idea of establishing a College journal was not entirely new. Several attempts of the kind had been made in times gone by. Most of these publications, it is true, were produced by the somewhat slow and laborious method in vogue before Coster or the Guttenbergs were born ; but there was nothing slow about them except their manner of production. Indeed, their editors appear to have been the wits of their time, who desired to put their good things in a form in which they would reach all the students who could enjoy a joke. Two, one in English, the other in French, made their appearance in all the glory of print, and though a little more serious, were rather less successful than their manuscript predecessors.

Undismayed by these failures, Father Griffin resolved to utilize a small 6 x 9 hand press which was in the College, used for printing programmes, etc., in getting out a Christmas number. An annual would be better than nothing ; the edge of the wedge being inserted, we could hope in time to drive it home. Accordingly, he conferred with several of the senior students, who at once took kindly to the idea. It only needed some one to take the initiative, as the event proved, to make the thing a success. When the matter was handed in, it was found that the size at first intended, eight pages, would have to be increased to sixteen. This so encouraged the promoters, that instead of an annual, they decided to publish the first number of a monthly journal and to continue its publication if they could see reasonable grounds to hope for success. A board of editors was organized and the permission of the Faculty was obtained, on condition that the financial responsibility should be borne by the managing editor. This will surprise no one who knows that the Oblate Fathers are not, as some suppose, fabulously rich, and that they had just incurred great expense in enlarging and equipping the College.

"What shall we call it ?" was the next important question to be decided. High-sounding titles did not ensure success to its short-lived predecessors ; still the editors thought that there was a good deal in a name, Shakespeare to the contrary, notwith-

standing. The managing editor had a list from which the most fastidious should be able to choose one that would satisfy him; he had a predilection, however, for THE OWL and it was agreed that no better could be found. All were too thoroughly imbued with a respect for mythology to care a fig for a vulgar modern proverb which associated this name with stupidity. The choice, nevertheless, shocked some of our friends at first, but they soon saw its propriety. A western exchange regretted that THE OWL bore such a "horrible name," but six months later this same exchange appeared in a new dress, and in a conspicuous place on its cover was—a horrible Owl!

The fever epidemic and the consequent closing of the College, Dec. 4th, precluded the possibility of utilizing THE OWL as a Christmas card. On re-opening in January work was begun with a will. Owing to the size of the press and the scarcity of type, each page had to be set up, printed, and the type distributed before the next could be printed; this, too, by boys who never handled type before. Masters W. J. Cleary and Paul Paradis deserve our sincere thanks for the time they devoted to this tedious work. Here, we must thank Rev. Father Emard also, for his kindness at this time. The indefatigable managing editor was never wanting when work was to be done, but most of the type setting necessarily devolved upon the boys.

Strenuous efforts were made to get THE OWL out for Jan. 20th. The last page was set up the preceding evening, and it was some consolation to those who worked hard, to know that they were going to be able to keep their word: Jan. 20th. Everything looked "lovely" when the whole page was accidentally *pick*! Profane language was never heard in THE OWL sanctum, but on this occasion a few harmless expletives were pronounced with an energy and emphasis that would delight a master of elocution. By the time the page was re-set and locked, the Angelus announced 6 a.m. Jan. 20th.

But THE OWL came out on time and was favorably received by a respectable number of the students, past and present. The many kind words received during the first couple of months more than the number of subscriptions encouraged the promoters of the scheme to continue. Some of the Alumni among whom might be

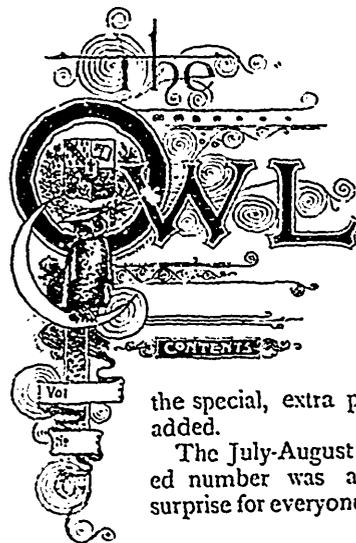
mentioned Mr. J. J. Curran, M. P., Dr. Gibbons and Mr. T. P. Foran, Esq., showed their interest in the matter in a way so practical and opportune, that it left no room to doubt of their sincerity.

In the smoking room the inspiring strains of "Here's to the good old OWL," could sometimes be heard in a tone that showed at once both good will and confidence.

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

If the business men of the city who were dubious as to the value of THE OWL as an advertising medium, could have visited the smoking room at such a time, their doubts would have been dispelled. As it was, we received a pretty generous patronage from our friends. The first exchange that noticed THE OWL had nothing but good words to say for it, and when the editors saw the fearless and vigorous style in which this journal expressed its disapproval when necessary, they were vain enough to feel a little pleased. All things considered, the outlook if not very bright, was not discouraging.

To make room for an account of the St. Patrick's Day proceedings, the April number was increased to twenty pages.



This plan so early adopted, has been ever since followed; instead of crowding out the regular matter to insert

the special, extra pages are added.

The July-August illustrated number was a genuine surprise for everyone. Though the College assisted in

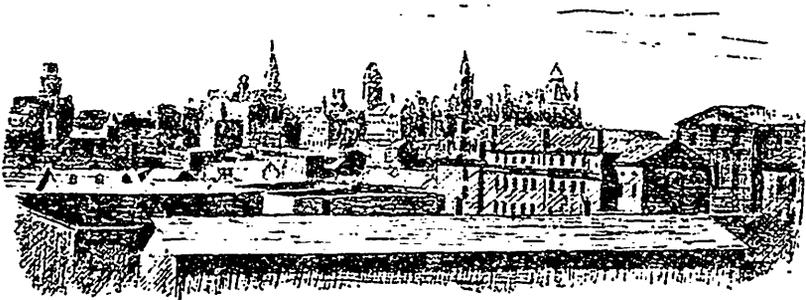
procuring the engravings which were afterwards used for the Prospectus, and though interest instead of generosity now impelled shrewd business men to insert advertisements, still it was something which older and better established college journals might have hesitated to undertake.

On beginning the second volume, Sept. '88, THE OWL appeared as a 24-page journal, in a new and becoming cover, a cut of which we insert here to give those who receive only the bound volumes, an opportunity of admiring.

To supply the demand for back num-

bers, the issues for January and February, '88, were reprinted on the same old press from which the first number was turned out: the young typos, Masters A. White, Oscar Paradis, A. Christin and C. Vadner doing the entire work of composition. We should have mentioned that after the first issue the printing was done by A. S. Woodburn, of Ottawa.

THE OWL is now firmly established and its subscription list is steadily increasing. The present number speaks for itself. All the sketches representing local scenes and events were drawn by students.



OTTAWA FROM THE SANCTUM.

"FAIR BALL."



LOOKING up the 'Varsity Archives of the year '74 we read, "Influx of American Students." Most Americans, as Max O'Rell says, may be colonels, but every American is a Base-Ball enthusiast. From lisping childhood to effete old age, he follows the game and speaks copiously about the "Only Kel," "Baby Anse," "Buck Ewing," "Tim Keefe." Ergo

base-ball was "boomed" in '74. Who did the "booming?" Let my spirit return to the "halcyon days of my youth" (this phrase was copyrighted by T. A. P., to whom I apologize for the theft), when I, too, was a student and participator in many a well-fought battle on the College campus. There were Willie Barry, of Lowell, who covered the first bag with glory during his whole course, Fahey, Holland, Poulin, Burns, Casey, McGannon, Goulding, O'Brien, Butler, Anderson and many others. Sandy Hill was the trysting place. No velvet campus in those days, for Ottawa College was then simply embryonic. '75 and '76 came, and the Faculty found the College too small for the number of students. The diamond lights began to increase in number and brilliancy; Lyons, the king of back stops, the three "Kels," Petit, and the two Jacks—I believe the Jacks were distinguished from each other by the color of their thatching—Conway, from the classic shades of Ithica, McGovern, from Lawrence, Cahill, McDonough, the Collins boys and many others, not forgetting our Andy Doherty. There were strange rumors about the extent of Andy's curve. It went the rounds that Andy said he could stand at second base, face the third bag, and pitch a curve which would cross the third bag and fall into the hands of the catcher at the home plate. I never believed this. It must have been a vile fabrication; for, although Andy had a good curve, still there is a limit! How-

ever, I think it must have been one of those curves that went over that *Coyne* of 'vantage, the chimney, sent whizzing there by the irrepressible Jimmy.

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now,
You all do know those suits, I remember
The first time they put them on,
That day they overcame the Ottawas."

Pardon me if I write this dark page in the history of the first team, but truth, the historian's guiding star, leads me on. The campus shed tears that day when the flower of our baseballers, the pride of the College, the erstwhile invincibles, who had downed Elmore, Boston O'Brien, Kinsella, Duffy, and their city aggregations so many times, had to succumb to disgraceful defeat at the hands of—shall I say it—the second team, managed by that never to be forgotten, rollicking, roaring Joe Quinn. This was the most unkindest cut of all, for Joseph, as you know, was Andy's angel. Seated on the fence which divides the *via sacra* and its shady bowers from the profane campus, the manager, now Napoleonic, now Wellingtonian, directed the onslaught and when victory appeared, there was a universal shout that Rideau trembled underneath her banks to hear the replication of the sounds made on her shores, and Billy Patterson, struck dumb with amazement under a bush, dropped his well-colored T. D. and—fainted.

The *congé* par excellence in my time was the Queen's Birthday, 24th of May. This was the day when the laurels fell thick and fast on the noble brows of our modest athletes. St. Patrick's picnic at the Exhibition grounds, was where we crossed bats with all comers. The Unions and the Olympics were generally our opponents and how we did down them every time! Conway's cyclonic curves and Lyon's catching were notable features of those games. I remember one 24th, we divided our teams, sent one to St. Patrick's picnic, and the other to St. George's. We played four games that day and won them all. And what excitement there was on the campus that night, cannon-crackers, fire balls, bonfires, choruses, etc!

The Glee Club, led by Bill Leonard, was always an important factor in all our sports. This calls to mind one of the

effusions of our Poet Laureate, Dan O'Connell, of Watkins Glen, N. Y.

Little Bill L—d,
Three feet high,
May he live
And never die.

Old students must remember fiery Dan. He was a good soul—but he would “effuse.”

Then we had Rocked-in-the-cradle-of-the-Deep Carroll; La-même-chose-comme-ça Purcell; Eileen-Alanna Barry, and the serio-comic Ethiopian delineators, Crowley and Dunn. But I must not leave out Billy-Barlow Cronin. How these artists did vocalize when we celebrated our victories.

In Sept., '79, I took the cars at Boston. There were thirty of us on board the train, all bound for Ottawa College. Soon we began to speak of the baseball prospects for the coming year. It was mooted that there was a new student on the train, whose abilities as a catcher far eclipsed anything outside of the professional ranks. I was told that this new man had a record. I did not put much faith in records in those days, for I remembered Bill Kelley from the State of Maine. Nervous Bill had a record. Pursuant to a suggestion of the Worthy Grand Master of the Wood Choppers, he sent home for said record, had its veracity attested by the town clerk, and if I mistake not, the town seal was attached thereto. What was the result? Bill became so rattled on account of his record and his moustache, that one day, while playing left field he muffed seven flies, nearly broke his neck by falling over the plank walk, and completely demoralized the Wood Choppers, to the great disgust of Captain Duhig and the intense delight of the Amazons, their doughty opponents.

O, no. No records for me that trip. However, we decided to size up this new student. He was pointed out to us. “Third seat to the left, next to the window.” Several of us passed that third seat and eyed him from the rear. Stocky, well formed, wore a duster and was smoking a pipe of huge dimensions attached to a two foot stem. “Big enough to hit the ball anyway.” “Looks as if he had endurance.” Such were some of the remarks anent the occupant of the third seat. At White River Junction we made his acquaintance and were struck by his modesty. He would talk on anything, but when we broached our favorite topic, he became an oyster, *tout de suite*. Arrived in Ottawa, we tried to have him play, but he said he was tired, so we had to await his pleasure. At last, after much coaxing, he consented to play short stop in a scrub game. Alas! talk about Kelly and his record, this man from that “third seat to the left” could not catch a balloon. We had been fooled, and there stood Jerry with a smile which clearly proved that he was the *causa movens* of the trick. We forgave this wonderful catcher for his part in the joke: because if he did not turn out to be a ball tosser, he turned out to be one of the finest fellows that ever crossed the threshold of Ottawa College.

In place of giving an account of the Base Ball of the seventies, I have but penned a few random reminiscences. I regret that the time at my disposal did not permit me to give a systematic history of bat and ball in Ottawa College, and send you this meagre sketch as an evidence of my good will in at least trying to do something for THE OWL.

JUDGEMENT.



THE COLLEGE, FROM THE ROAD TO THE ATHLETIC GROUNDS.

A VOICE FROM LOWELL.



Looking back to the time when I registered among the students of the College of Ottawa, I find that twelve long years have glided by since I first entered its classic halls. Though this is quite a long period in the lifetime of an individual, the recollections of those happy youthful days are so vivid and clear, that memory once more brings them before my view in all their original splendor; and I feel almost at a loss to account for those several years, now past and gone, since I bid adieu to Alma Mater.

Well do I remember the day of my entrance into the city of Ottawa. Feeling like an exile that had been banished from his native land—for my thoughts and affections were still centered on home—I gazed upon its church spires and Parliament towers, that first came into view, with an air of indifferent curiosity. My fellow companions, many of whom had previously spent some years in the College, pointed out to me places of special interest and endeavored to entertain me, but 'twas of no avail. For mine was a case of that malady, commonly called the "blues." In regard to this melancholy disease, I must say that no mention of it is given in medical literature; but its symptoms are so manifest and peculiar to every youthful collegian who has left the paternal hearth, that I deem a description of them entirely unnecessary.

But I am happy to say that this melancholy state of affairs was of but short duration. After crossing the College threshold these gloomy forebodings were quickly rent asunder, and gave way to the feeling of contentment and happiness that ever seemed to hover about the shades of this noble institution.

Here I saw for the first time the late and ever-to-be-lamented Father Tabaret. As President of the College, he extended a warm and cordial greeting. The words of paternal kindness that on this occasion fell from his lips, and the broad affectionate smile that spread o'er his priestly face, were such as to inspire the most incredulous with feelings of entire confidence and filial respect. One could readily see after a little observation, that there was something extraordinary about this great man.

Whilst we were discussing the different studies of the class to which I aspired, I could not refrain from observing his large fascinating eyes that seemed to be reading my innermost thoughts; his familiar gesture that every old student will remember, and his countenance open and dignified, "with an expression of high refinement, but at the same time a frank cheerfulness and an engaging affability." His whole demeanor was easy and natural, "with that lofty grace and whole frankness," which have given such a lustre to his memory. From that very moment I looked upon him as a firm and magnanimous friend, and as such I ever found him to be.

After examining my credentials and instructing me about my future course, he left me in care of the Bursar of the College, at that time the good and generous Father Provost, since deceased. His duty, among other things, was to look after the wants of the inner man, and judging from the repast he set before me that morning, I must say he was very successful in the discharge of them. Father Durocher, the

prefect of Discipline, who always endeavored to be the students' friend, and who on all occasions exerted every means within his power to make the Freshmen feel at home, soon appeared upon the scene and kindly assisted in entertaining us. Through his courtesy I visited the various apartments of the institution, all of which impressed me very favorably.

Suddenly there occurred a grand change of scene. I was now ushered into one of those private class-rooms marked "Fourth Form," over the door of which was inscribed the name of some Saint, and there made to "run the gauntlet" which is the terror of all new comers. This was the entrance examination. Fathers Bennett, Paquin, Barrett, and Nolin, each armed with abundant ammunition, soon appeared on the battle ground and opened a continuous cannonade upon my defenseless self. These venerable Profs. bore very grave countenances, at least I imagined they did, for their presence alone made me quail lest my ambitious hopes would be frustrated; and I longed to be with the rest of the boys whose shrieks and yells on the play ground over some exciting amusements were distinctly audible. But it was not long ere I discovered that the men who were to decide my fate were perfectly harmless, and each on taking his leave uttered a few words of kind encouragement. The result of their preliminary skirmishing was quite satisfactory, and on leaving this little sanctum I drew a long sigh of relief and breathed more freely.

As I stood on the sacred ground of the campus for the first time, the place appeared to be just bursting into life and bloom. Many of the students had not yet returned to their College home, but those that were there seemed to be full of animation. Base-balls, foot-balls and hand-balls were flying in all directions. Some, of a more philosophical turn of mind, were promenading in groups. But the large majority, from the dignified Profs. down to the smallest urchin, were engaged in some kind of athletic sports. It was on this occasion that I fully realized that pedagogues were only mortal. For previous to this time I had always entertained the idea that they belonged to a superior class of beings, and that there was something superhuman about them. But, after seeing those venerable Professors and stern Prefects kick a football and run and

jump after a "flying sphere" with as much enthusiastic vigor as the more pronounced athlete, I learned with much pleasure and consolation that the real nature of professor and student was not essentially distinct, and that there was much in common between them.

As I mingled more intimately among the boys, I could hear such familiar queries as these: "Who's the new feller;" "Where's he from;" "Wonder if he can pitch the curve;" etc., etc., some of which made me feel a little uneasy. This uneasiness, however, soon wore off, for I had now become an active collegian. That night I joined the boys at supper and was initiated into the ranks.

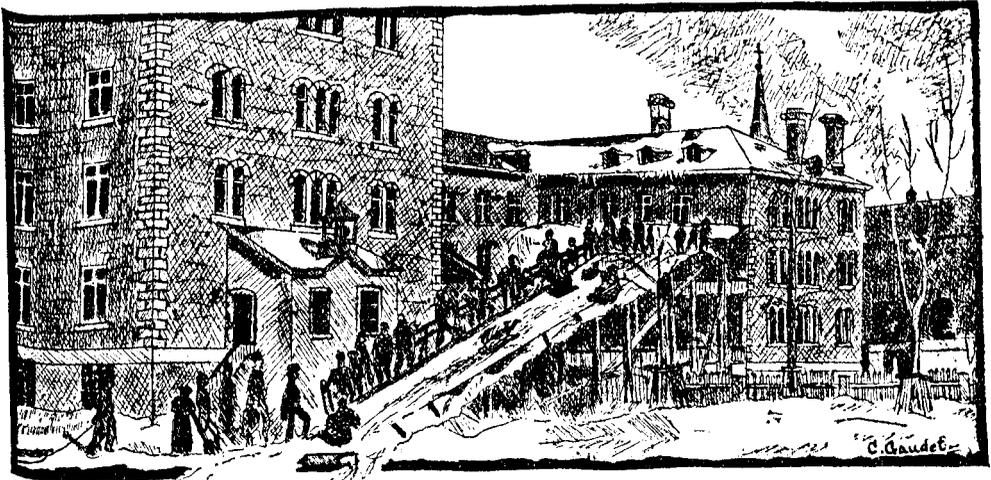
My recollections of those good old days are fraught with the greatest pleasure. There was always an air of cheerfulness about the institution, and everybody connected with it, that could not but inspire the stranger with confidence and contentment. The students were like one large family, the faculty acting as its parents and guardians. The Professors were kind, zealous and learned; the students friendly and willing. Here peace, plenty and prosperity seemed to reign supreme.

The long and otherwise tedious hours of the study-hall and class-room were adequately interrupted with intervals of recreation. All kinds of sports and amusements were open to the option of the student. When the elements permitted, baseball and hand-ball were freely indulged in. In baseball they made a brilliant record. The 'Varsity nine, most of whose members are now in holy orders, had no peer in the neighborhood of Ottawa. The "second" nine of those days knew considerable about the national game, and always made the 'Varsity team earn their victories. The "Wood-choppers" and "Amazons" were not professional ball teams, but they played many exciting games on the old campus. Football and cricket in my time received but little encouragement. It seems that football was left to be developed by the students of a later day, and I am glad to see that they have acquitted themselves with so much honor.

Nothing could be more delightful on a pleasant congé than a journey to the old college farm. This lovely spot was full of "storied and poetical associations." A stroll along the shady banks of the beauti-

ful Rideau, or a row over its smooth, glassy waters, was most refreshing to the wearied student. There many a youth seeking fame in the poet's bower, invoked the Muse—some with good success. 'Neath the shade of a wide-spreading oak, the older Stoics in search of the Philosopher's stone, held many an animated discussion. Those who boasted of a superior muscular development, measured oars with each other. Not a few Freshmen, whose "freshness" exceeded their skill in the art of canoeing, received an unwelcome bath by being capsized from their frail bark, much to their own chagrin, and to the delight of their more wily companions seated along the banks. Many old students will remember the bridge situated some distance up the river. This was not the bridge that Cæsar built,

Among the various out-doorsports skating, tobogganning and snow shoeing held first rank. The skating rink and coasting slide were constructed by the students themselves, and during the hours of recreation were ever full of life and activity. In regard to in-door amusements there seemed to be no limit. In the old recreation hall one could freely indulge in a quiet game of cards, checkers, chess or dominoes, or amuse himself with the various apparatus of the gymnasium. The smoking-room during my time became a part of the institution, and the reading-room attained very large proportions. Games were contested here with much zeal and enthusiasm, and oftentimes the greatest excitement prevailed. Some of the boys were considered quite "clever" at the cards. John Sullivan of New Hampshire was never



THE OLD SLIDE.

neither was it fashioned after the suspension bridge of Niagara, or the far-famed bridge of Brooklyn. It was a simple unpretentious structure. There was something very romantic and attractive about this bridge, but its secret history has never been divulged.

Piscatory achievements were rare. But bull-frogs were slaughtered in large numbers, and many a young American learned to relish this peculiar delicacy after seeing the victims prepared and roasted on the rocks by some adept Seniors.

In the winter season there was ample amusement for all classes of students.

known to lose a game: at euchre so long as he held the two bowers in his hand and the joker in his sleeve. I hope none of the readers of the Owl will think for an instant that my old friend was "crooked," for John was one of the most frank and best natured fellows that ever sat in the old smoking room. But occasionally he would enjoy a grand game of "buff."

During my time at College the military company was organized. This was something novel but attractive, and the boys entered into it with that full, ardent vigor so characteristic of zealous youth. Our "Gallant" Captain is now seated among the grave Senators in the legislature of

Massachusetts. Some two years ago, whilst reading in the New York papers of the doings of the Hon. William O'Brien in Canada, I was delighted to know that the College Cadets were not afraid to do escort duty, in the very stronghold of the enemy, to the patriotic hero.

The College stage in those times was not without some brilliant stars. Tragedy, comedy and roaring farces were produced with great success. Among other things, Shakespere's "Julius Cæsar" and "Merchant of Venice" were presented in a very creditable manner. These were the days when "Cinna, the poet," and "Artemidorus" were drowned in applause; and, if my memory serves me right it was about this time that "Billy Patterson was struck" The students of those good old times will remember "Casca, the conspirator," for some years the principal orator in the College. After leaving Alma Mater, he entered the theatrical firmament, and has since built up for himself quite a reputation. Only a few days since he appeared in Boston with a dramatic company. He played one of the leading parts, and the press was unanimous in speaking his praises. Some of his College-fellows were on hand to greet him and give him a hearty shake hands. He is the same old "Henry" as of yore, and I am certain many readers of the OWL will be pleased to hear of his success. The noble, fiery "Cassius" of those days has since gone to join the majority. Alas! poor Charley Sullivan! He died in the prime of life—in the very bloom of his existence—a priest of God. He will be remembered as one of the brightest and most talented youths that ever entered Ottawa College. His untimely death will be deeply regretted by those who knew him; and I do not hesitate to say that by his early demise the Church lost a thorough and fearless champion of the faith.

Music in those days was cultivated to a high degree. Through the zealous, untiring efforts of Father Balland, the College band had reached the zenith of its fame; The glee-club possessed many sweet, powerful voices. The rich melody and beautiful harmony rendered at the commencement exercises of '79—when the Alumni had assembled to do honor to Alma Mater and its Father, the Reverend Doctor Tabaret—were of that superior classical order which sent a glow of en-

chantment over all present, and which would have reflected credit on professional musicians of higher pretensions. Hundreds of old students will be pleased to hear that the leading musician of the College in their time is now the leading musician of his native city. The appellation "Prof." which he honestly merits, has been prefixed to his name, though he does not covet it; for he is just as plain and unassuming with his new title as in his College days when he was simply called "Bill." He has become a composer of some distinction, but his "stature" has not increased any with the lapse of time. Only a short while since I had the pleasure of attending a grand concert given under his direction. 'Twas a pleasing sight to behold our humble College-fellow, with baton in hand, leading an orchestra and chorus of some two hundred voices in perfect unison and harmony, emulating as it were, the example of his old Preceptor—the renowned Father Balland. The local press was a unit in lavishing praises upon the author of this gigantic undertaking, and I feel confident that many readers of this article will be delighted to hear of his successful career.

But I am deviating from my course, wise OWL. I fear I have already abused your patience and imposed upon the kind indulgence of your readers. If so, I hope to be pardoned; and when the reader recalls those touching and ever-truthful words of Thackeray:—"Every man, however brief or inglorious may have been his academical career, must remember with kindness and tenderness the old university comrades and days," I trust many allowances will be made for the writer of this article; for the recollections of one's college days and companions are so enchanting, that in speaking of them one is liable to wander off into a recital of events, which, though full of pleasure and interest to himself, may be but of little concern to others.

But in looking back to those delightful days spent at College, memory is forced to recognize some events that are tinged with sadness and regret. Since my time at Alma Mater, the good Fathers Tabaret, Bennett and Provost have passed away. I shall pronounce no eulogy upon their characters and lives. They need none. The seeds of knowledge and wisdom and piety, which they sowed in the suburbs of

Ottawa, took deep root and reaped abundant harvests. Their fame is not built on the rotten foundation of vanity, but founded on the incorruptible basis of merit ; and the hearts of a grateful posterity are the guardians of its surety.

Of the large number of students that attended college in my time, there are many, who in the various walks of life which they adorn, reflect honor on the institution to which they owe their education. There are others still, whom no words of ours can reach. Burns, Sullivan, Kinsella, Robert, O'Connor, and McGreevy ! What grateful memories, yet what sad regrets, does the mention of their names awaken ! Death marked them

for his victims ere the bright promises of youth were fully realized, and, one after another, they passed away to the silent land.

To those old college-fellows who still survive, and to all the readers of the OWL, I wish a long and prosperous life ; to the Reverend Gentlemen of the Faculty, who have bestowed upon us so much of time and thought, I offer once more my grateful acknowledgments ; and to thee wise Owl, who art doing so much for the entertainment of the Alumni, I wish a long life and a successful career.

W. P. L. '80.

Lowell, Mass., June 1st, 1889.



THE LITTLE BROWN BIRD.

Oh ! the day is cold and the wind is high,
And the clouds are black in a leaden sky,
And the trees their branches bend and wave
Like the wringing hands of them that grieve ;
But down below with folded wings
A little brown bird sings and sings.

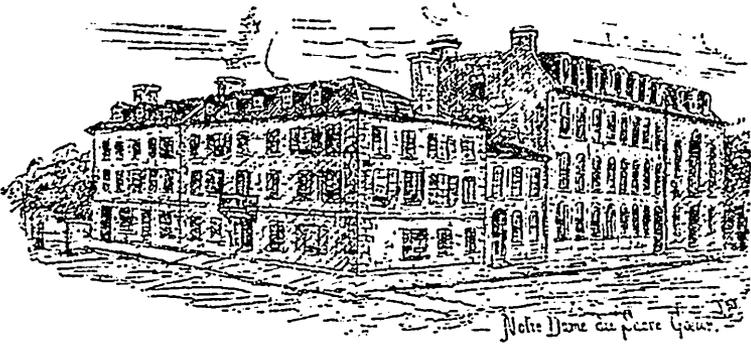
Oh ! the waves are high and the laden ships
Stagger and plunge, while with blanching lips,
The bravest sailors must helpless stand,
With never a hope of reaching land ;
And all the time with folded wings
The little brown bird sings and sings.

And my heart that was sad, now's glad again
For I know as I hark to the sweet refrain,
That wind and wave will both go down,
And every boat come safe to town ;
As in the nest with folded wings
The little brown bird sings and sings.

E. R.

In remembrance of a wild day down by the sea, 1888.





EXTRACT FROM "NOTES ON OTTAWA,"

BY A TRAVELLER.



HAVING visited the splendid public buildings of the Capital, having given my readers an idea of the beautiful and varied scenery that surrounds the city of Ottawa, I think it but proper to glance, for a moment, at the public institutions—educational and otherwise—that embellish this first and central city of the Dominion.

* * * *

There is an establishment on Rideau street, within a short distance of the University above referred to, and which is known as the Convent of Notre Dame du Sacré-Cœur. The Sisters of Charity, or grey nuns, have charge of this educational institution. It sprang into existence in the early days of old By Town, and has progressed, step by step, with the advancement of Ottawa. In 1845, the sisters came from Montreal and opened a free school. Four years afterwards they established an academy and boarding school. The 15th October next will be the 40th anniversary of the establishment. From a small school house this convent has developed into two splendid edifices; the one, the mother house, on Water street in connection with the High School which sends its graduates to the Normal School—the other on the corner of Rideau and Waller streets, and it is with this latter that we shall have to deal in the course of the next few paragraphs. There are institutions in every land, and in Canada as well as elsewhere, in which the highest

class of instruction is given to the youth of the country. But in few institutions do we find blended together both instruction and education as in the convent of Notre Dame du Sacré-Cœur. To some there may seem to be little or no difference between the words instruction and education, yet they differ vastly. A young lady may be intimate with a number of languages, be familiar with history and the sciences, know how to write a most beautiful essay or to analyse a masterpiece of eloquence or poetry, and still be an uneducated person. On the other hand she may be adorned with every womanly virtue, easy and polite in her contact with others, friendly and sincere with all who chance to meet her, competent in every way to pass to the world's highest honors, modest and simple, happy herself and rendering happy all who move in her circle of life—in a word she may be a perfectly educated woman and yet be unable to solve a problem of geometry, to recall the divers events which work out the past, to explain the beauties and the grandness of our present literature and arts, or to plunge into the deeper and more abstract sciences which comprise both the past, the present and the future. All will agree that a young lady well educated and with a limited instruction is preferable to one whose knowledge is too extensive when weighed in the balance with her educational requirements. But when these two grand features or qualities are united in a person there is something magnificent in the contemplation of that character which is the necessary offspring

of true instruction and real education. In no institution are these two factors more thoroughly blended into one system than in the establishment in question. It takes in a very wide scope, including several branches most useful and often indispensable, and the mode exact and effective of imparting that knowledge, of which I have just spoken, deserves high praise. Nor are the more practical branches omitted: domestic economy, needlework, and a multitude of like tasks and studies give evidence that if ever the warps of instruction were well and properly woven into the woof of education, it is in this home of learning and piety.

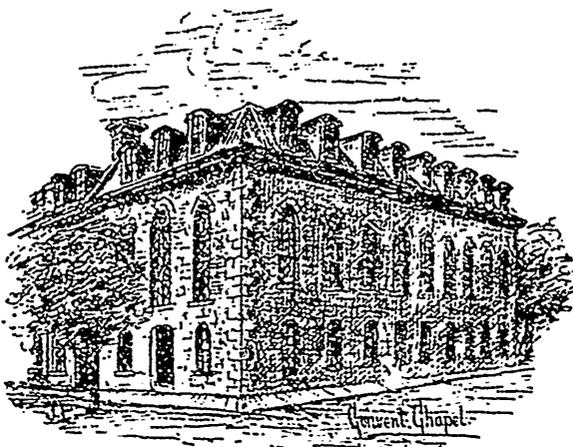
The grand aim of the good sisters appears to me to be two-fold—to fit the pupil for this world and to prepare her for the next one. The course of studies is complete in both

languages, English and French; for the little ones is the kindergarten system employed, while professors of eminence assist the nuns in teaching music, painting and such-like accomplishments. Nor in the midst of all these preparations for life's battle, is the sacred consolations of religion omitted.

Twice weekly, a course of religious instruction is given by a professor from the Ottawa University. Pupils that come there young enjoy the benefit of seven, eight and even nine years of training—a training that is the more agreeable on account of the home like life that is afforded to them.

I will be excused for dwelling so long upon this question of education, when the reader reflects upon the great importance it is for the country and for the future—temporal and eternal—of the rising generation. But I must not lose sight of the fact that I am merely recording my impressions of the Capital and its establishments. The convent as it now stands occupies a whole block facing upon three

streets. The apartments are large, the halls ample, the air excellent. Moving through the corridors I was struck forcibly by the cleanliness of the walls, the light, the ventilation and the heating system of study and class rooms. The large, airy and lightsome dormitory alone should suffice to indicate the care taken, from a sanitary standpoint by the sisters. The music hall and the recreation hall are worthy of any institution upon the continent. But even at the expense of dwelling somewhat longer, than would seem consistent with these notes, upon this subject, I cannot pass over in silence the magnificent Convent Chapel. It is no exaggeration to say that it is one of the handsomest I have ever had the pleasure of visiting. It is an ornament at once to the institution and to the city.



The style of the chapel I cannot better describe than by calling it a combination. The windows are gothic and present that demitwilight appearance that stained-glass imparts to sacred edifices and which harmonizes so beautifully with the solemnity that encircles them. The pillars are Ionic,

—lofty, slender shafts that support the fan-like orientalism of the roof. That portion of the chapel is after the design of one of the chapels in Westminster Abbey. When the Governor General, Lord Stanley, visited the convent some time ago, he compared the interior of the chapel to that of Winchester in England. But what most attracted my attention was the "Way of the Cross." The fourteen stations, each representing a scene in the dread event of redemption—from the house of Pilate to the summit of Calvary, and to the tomb of Christ, were, not ordinary daubs or chromo-like representations such as we find in many churches,—they are each and all exquisitely finished oil paintings, fresh in design, expressive and eloquent, telling

the sad and glorious story in lines of artistic grace and exactness. But what still more enhances their value and renders them objects of a special admiration, is the fact that they were painted by pupils of the convent, and underneath each picture will be inscribed the name of the young lady who painted it. There they will hang, serving the two-fold purpose of objects of devotion and objects of encouragement. Those who will come afterwards will there read a constant lesson of

industry and success. With these few remarks I will pass on and out of the convent of Notre Dame du Sacré-Cœur; but in so doing I must bend the knee, in spirit, in that elegant Chapel and offer up a sincere prayer for the welfare of those good nuns, for the success of their sacred mission, for the future progress of their grand institution, and for the glory of the country whose capital holds no prouder and no more valuable monument than this home of noble and Christian education.



WHAT IS LIFE? WHAT IS DEATH?

Life! Life, and what is life?
 A little time of peace and strife,
 A little day, a little night,
 A shadow and a gleam of light,
 A reaching out for things afar,
 The glory of a shooting star.

Death! Death, and what is death?
 A little laboring for breath,
 A little gasp, a little sigh,
 The closing of a languid eye,
 A fading of all earthly things,
 And then the sweep of Angel wings.



AVOIRDUPOIS vs. ATHLETICS.

“ ζωμὸς ὕψους ὁ βίος ἀθλοῦτος ”



KNOWING me as you do, dear Owl, your request, or rather your demand, that I should give you a few notes on the rise and development of athletics in the College, savours somewhat of sarcasm.

How did you come to pitch upon me? What did I ever do during the number of years that I sat on the College benches, to merit this recognition? I wasn't very prominent as an athlete. To be sure I umpired a baseball game once—but then I tried to please both sides and got whipped for it. It was well known that I was a member of the Fire Department of my native city, but that could not be a reason. Nor did proficiency in my studies cause any envy or jealousy in the other members of the class. I must confess I liked (if liking can mean dreading less) English. I hated Latin; Mathematics, I detested; Greek, I abhorred. I know that the motto at the head of this paper is Greek, because I found it in an old autograph album of mine. It was labelled "specimen of Greek." I don't know what it means. I had it put here not that I wished to appear learned. I knew that something unintelligible and learned at the head of an article would cause many to skip over it. I know I would, especially during the hot weather.

To those constructed otherwise, who will not skip over this paper, and who, despite my warning, have persisted in reading thus far, I will say now that I am not going to write of the rise and progress of athletics in Ottawa College. No, I am going to write of the rise and fall of an athlete. 'Twas sometime in this nineteenth century that I discussed with a medical friend the economy of nature in clothing some mortals with just enough flesh to keep them out of dime museums; whilst others were encircled by layer upon layer of adipose tissue, to such an extent as to make them think that they were whole families in themselves. I asked my friend if he knew of any means by which I could reduce my surplus of corporal matter, let it go back to its original components, and

go to increase the body of some one more scantily dealt with by Nature. He replied: "Exercise, my boy, is what you want. In the words of the poet:

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth who bore 'mid snow and ice
A banner with a strange device,
Exercise."

These may not be the exact words used by the doctor, but they express the same idea. When, therefore, my friend and I attended the next Alumni meeting at the College, I borrowed the key of the Gymnasium, and calling the M. D. aside, asked him to come down there, and give me a few points on exercise,—in other words, I wished to form an anti-fat society of one, with him as medical adviser. He consented, and we entered the gymnasium. The very atmosphere of the room served to infuse new life into me and I imagined that I possessed once more all the suppleness of limb of my youthful days.



Vain thought. I essayed to stoop over without bending my knees, and touch my toes. All my stiffness returned. I tried again and again, but it was no use. There was something in the way. I could bend over till I formed a pretty accurate 90° angle, but my hands could not reach within a foot of my toes. Do what I would, I could not double up any more. As it was, I was so bent up that the watch in my pocket was far beyond the reach of the most skilful pick-pocket. "Give it up," said my friend, "you'll have to begin with the dumb-bells." So dumb-bells it was. But not for long. I determined to try a good sized pair. I saw a pair on the floor that I thought would suit. But they were on the floor. "What difference did that make?" I hear you ask. The greatest difference in the world. I tried to bend over and raise them up. The same obstacle that prevented me from touching my toes, again prevented me. Again my watch disappeared to play "two hearts that beat as one," with the other ticker in my interior. By perseverance and by getting into a quasi sitting posture, I man-

aged to get them. I couldn't get up. It's hard enough to lift myself these times, but when fifty pounds of iron are thrown in, the task was herculean—so I gave in.

Still, I wasn't tired. I knew that if I only got the right sort of apparatus to exercise with, everything would be all right. I asked my medical friend what he thought about it. "Yes," he said, "it stands to reason that your lower muscles have quite enough exercise already in manipulating the three hundred pounds of flesh you have to carry about. Exercise the upper portion of your body first, then the reduction in weight you will enjoy, will ease the load on your lower limbs, and then they can be exercised." This sounded logical, and accordingly I spat on my hands and

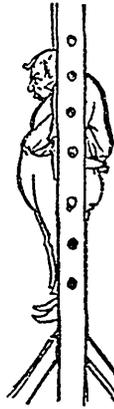


essayed the travelling rings. Again disappointment stared me in the face. I could not pull myself up. It was no use. I was only transferring the weight borne by my feet to my hands, which were less able for the work. A bright thought struck me. "Eureka," I cried, "could I not divide the weight." Certainly I could. The rings were lowered, and by standing on a box, I managed to put my feet into them, using them as stirrups while I steadied myself by the rope with my hands. The box was removed, and I was at last a gymnast. I soon became a contortionist. In trying to gain a perpendicular position (my feet were a little in advance), the first thing I knew my feet flew apart, and I thought I was torn to pieces.

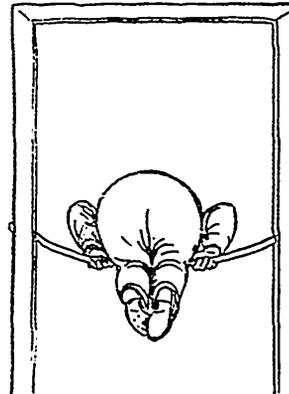
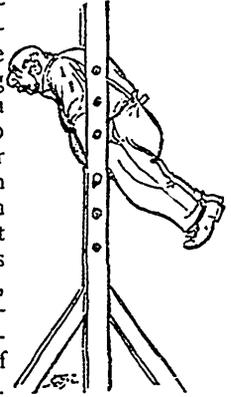
Assistance was called, and I was extricated from my perilous position. But I didn't give up. I was there to do something, and I was going to do it. No gymnasium was going to make a fool of me. "I'll try every instrument of torture in the place or die in the attempt."



This was the conclusion I uttered as I rose from the mattress on which I had been sitting. Above the mattress was a horizontal bar. By dint of great caution, I managed to support myself upon it. Could I turn over and alight on my feet on the mattress? I thought so, and I began. Slowly, slowly, as became a great mass, I moved. But I couldn't turn over. The ballast was too low down, and my arms could not raise the centre of gravity any higher. I let myself down gently, and



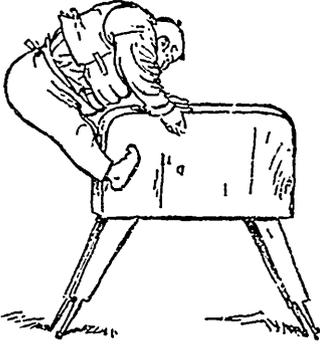
began to feel discouraged. The doctor tried to reassure me: "You are doing well," said he, "you must not expect to be an acrobat after spending an hour in exercise. Even though you have not succeeded as well as a professional would, yet your performances are very creditable for a man of your age and build."



Try the German horse. You will surely do something with this. Listen, and I'll tell you just what's going to happen. When you run up the spring board prior to leaping on the horse, the *gastrocnemius* muscles will

come into play; the act of leaping on the horse develops the *rectus femoris*; when you spread out your legs to em-



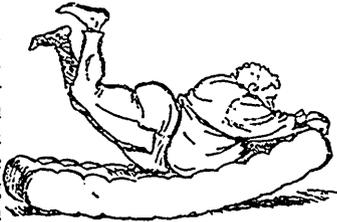


brace the horse the *vastus extensus* (I got these names all right, because the Doctor revised this), will be exercised; as you raise your three

hundred pounds in leaping forward on the horse, you bring into action the *triceps*; and then when you leap off the horse on to the mattress, your great weight will cause you to fall flat on your abdomen.

And just lay so.

You see, your exertions will have tired you; the bringing into such

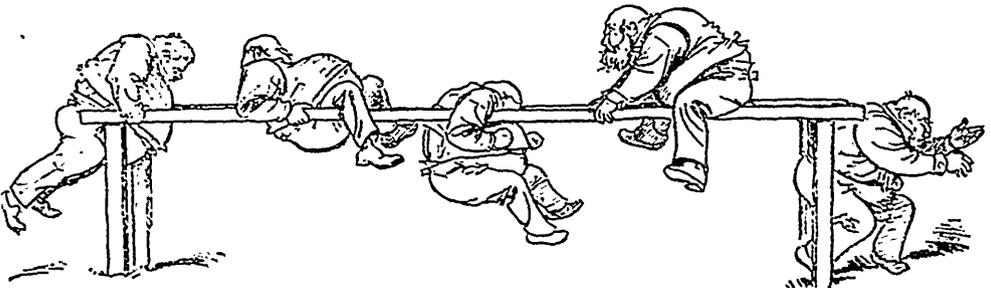


rapid motion so many of the motor muscles of the body, will weaken you, and if you attempt to rise immediately, you are liable to strain yourself." This was clear as daylight, and it turned out just as he predicted. And wasn't I tired when I struck the mattress! I couldn't get up even if I wanted to. I felt satisfied with this performance, and thought of leaving the gymnasium. But just then four of my old classmates who were attending the reunion of the Alumni, entered the room, and my vanity chucked me in the ribs,

and said, "stay and show these fellows how you have improved yourself since you left college." I remained. There was one thing I had not yet tried—the parallel bars. I stood off a few yards from them, and gave a preparatory "hem" and then ran and swung on to the bars. Before I got to the centre, every one of the four had their coats off and were swinging on the parallel bars, two behind me, and two before me. "Come, old fellow," said they, "don't think that you are going to monopolize the whole business; we're going to have a little fun ourselves." And they had their fun. I got indignant, but it was of no use. What more could I do then, than to leave the gymnasium to the "big four." As I walked home with the doctor, I felt much improved. I had a fine appetite that evening at supper, and I resolved to spend an hour a day in the gymnasium thereafter. When I perceived the numbness and stiffness of my limbs as I attempted to rise the next morning, my resolution vanished. I haven't set a foot inside a gymnasium since. And now, dear Owl, you have all I can give you on Athletics. There is no style about this article to be sure, but you did not ask for style. And I can't write long sentences no more than I can speak them. As is usual with people of weight I am short-winded. Had I succeeded in reducing myself to the meagre proportions of literary men, I have no doubt but that this paper would abound in long well-rounded sentences, rare exotic flowers, and elaborate metaphors. But would it be as interesting? I await the verdict of my readers.

THE ALDERMAN.

Vergennes, Vt., June 3, 1889.



'VARSITY' '88-'89.



THE history of the progress of Athletics in Ottawa College would form interesting reading and would be a remarkable confirmation of the theory of gradual evolution in every branch of human energy. The primordial protoplasm of our athletics whence has sprung the almost perfect organism of to-day, had its origin back in the seventies, and was of the genus *baseball*, though, as subsequent developments proved, it contained germs of lacrosse and football. The primitive mass under the combined action of the forces of nature and the energy of art soon assumed definite shape and became the most perfect of its kind in the Ottawa district. But its sphere of evolution being limited by circumstances it reached its culmination at an early period of its estence. Then began the struggle for life which ended in the survival of the fittest. The lacrosse and football germs began to show themselves and a friendly three - cornered rivalry sprang up. Circumstances again interfered, however, to prevent the full development of the lacrosse germ and football remained the great object of care and attention. But the two others did not vanish completely, they remained and showed at irregular intervals signs of inherent vitality but only to sink back overcome by the force of their own efforts. Football developed spontaneously and easily became monarch of the athletic kingdom.

But to drop the metaphor and speak common sense (for we know that evolution in any form is nonsense). Once football was adopted as the game most suited for the students in general, the object was to reach the front rank. The other games were played for amuse-

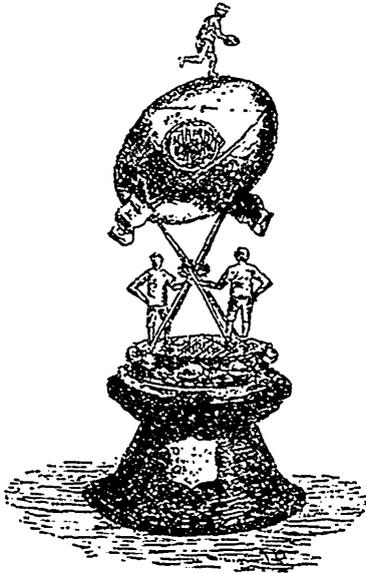
ment and exercise ; football for conquest. Four years after the formation of the Rugby club, Ontario was forced to yield an unwilling assent to its claim for superiority and to hand over the trophy emblematic of supremacy—a handsome and valuable cup, still in the custody of the boys in "Garnet and Gray." Two years later all Canada bowed to their powers (but oh ! how ungraciously, let the Montrealers and the shades of November 5th, 1887, say).

Thus did the team of '88 succeed to the inheritance of a well earned reputation. They had but the reputation to sustain, for how can they add anything to it? asked their friends. "*Aut viam inveniam aut faciam*" said the Roman general. The members of the first fifteen

put the saying in the plural. October 11th was a grand day for record smashing ; Ottawas 0, Ottawa College 39—the best record for any championship match ever played in Canada. Ottawa twice more and Hamilton once and the record for the year was 66 to 3, beating any previous record of the 'Varsity team, and a very creditable score for four games by our slow Canadian rules

November the 15th came along with a rush, so did the Montrealers. Our boys tasted sparingly of the Thanksgiving turkey ; they felt that they were weak, and they looked just a little despondent ; as a consequence though the team was able to play Montreal to a standstill, the result was a draw altogether in favor of Ottawa College except in the score. The championship however remained with us.

If anyone should ask what was the distinguishing feature of the team of '88 the facts would undoubtedly answer—"the presence of contradictory attributes." They began the season by establishing a record in the fastest game ever played by an Ottawa College team, and they ended the



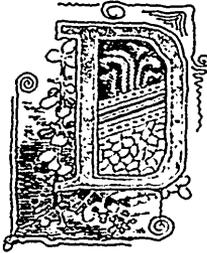
season by establishing another record in the slowest game ever played by an Ottawa College team. They blanked the Montrealers—a thing unheard of before; they were themselves blanked,—another extremely rare occurrence; and they actually went to sleep on the field during the first half of the Hamilton match, just through pure contrariety, for Ottawa College has the reputation of sending out a pretty wide-awake team. Last and most inexplicable inconsistency—they allowed the Ottawas to score—a thing the like of which is beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant. To explain all this, it must be remembered that the team of '88 began

the season with the determination of out-doing all previous efforts; and originality is the strong point of '88. As the curtain is now about to drop and hide them from the gaze of their admirers, with calm confidence in the impossibility of their record being equalled, they quietly murmur "next!"

The names on the list of University examinations are mostly active footballers. I look from those names to the owners; sprightly, well-knit, healthy-looking lads. Theodore F. Milton is right when in his poem in this number of THE OWL, he says:—

"Health 'nd learnin' go together,
Jest ez he sed they should."

THE ANNUAL FIELD DAY.



DURING the past few weeks the question had been going the rounds, "Will we have our annual Gala Day?" and the rumor spread that such a thing was not in the order of probabilities.

The boys' faces wore, in consequence, a glum and decidedly unpleasant expression. But rumor is unreliable, for the committee, in their wisdom, thought it altogether unbecoming to establish so unworthy a precedent, and did not desire to call down the wrath of gala day enthusiasts; and, with the commendable object of creating a generous rivalry amongst the "Athletes," fixed Tuesday, the 4th June, as the date upon which the vexed question of superiority in running, jumping, ball-throwing, etc., should be finally and satisfactorily decided.

Preparations were not of so elaborate a nature as in former years, but the zest and enthusiasm which accompanied the anticipation of the day, betokened, on the part of the students, a determination to make it, as far as the contests were concerned, a pronounced success. With this object in view, the entries rapidly filled, and, from a glance at the list, it would have been indeed a difficult task to foretell the results in the different events.

Tuesday came, and the weather could

not well have been better, and the spirits of the contestants were lively, in consequence. Amongst the many events, so keenly contested, it is difficult to particularize; suffice it to say that the football match in the morning created perhaps the greatest interest, and conflicting opinions were ventured as to the probable outcome. The "Society" was strongly represented, it having been foolhardy enough to wager several "plugs" that Sir Hugh's team would come out on the top of the heap. The teams, captained by J. C. Moriar t and H. Canning, showed by their playing that with practice they would make worthy rivals of the most famous teams of Canada, but Captain Moriarty evinced too strong a desire to play "offside," and Referee D. V. Phalen, acting on the strength of the revised edition of the "rules" he held in his hands, very justly imposed upon him the task of taking care of the fence. If a word of advice is in order, it might be well to tell the worthy "Captain" that it would be wiser in future to calm his temper, in order to be able to take good-humoredly the rough treatment he will receive when forced into contact with teams that play "a la Montreal." To Captain Canning we would give the advice that he should be more pugnacious, should fight with greater earnestness for his rights, and we feel sure that better success will attend him next time. However, with all these drawbacks, it was a splendid exhibi-

tion of a particular kind of football. John at *back* was a marvel, while "Cahey," from his excellent play, may be regarded as an aspirant for first-class honors next year.

Appended is a list of the winners in the various events of the Senior department:—

Hand-ball match—L. J. Kehoe and G. Constantineau.

One mile race—1st, Clarke ; 2nd, E. Paradis.

Climbing Pole—1st, E. Paradis ; 2nd, Belanger.

100 yds. dash (first class)—1st, Cahallan ; 2nd, Sullivan.

100 yds. dash (second class)—1st, Fauteux ; 2nd, E. Paradis.

Kicking Football—1st, Troy ; 2nd, McAuley.

Potato Race—1st, Globensky ; 2nd, E. Paradis.

Throwing Baseball—1st, Sullivan ; 2nd, McAuley.

Throwing Lacrosse Ball—1st, Sparrow ; 2nd, Devine.

Sack Race—1st, Cahill ; 2nd, Carrière.

Wheelbarrow Race—1st, Nihan ; 2nd, Sparrow.

Three-legged Race—1st, Fauteux and Paradis ; 2nd, Cahill and Campbell.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

The Colts were not to be outdone by the Seniors, and prepared a programme which included the different athletic events, all of which were keenly contested. A spectator, watching the earnestness with which they entered into these contests, and the agility they displayed in competing for first place in the several events, would be safe in predicting that, amongst the Juniors, more than one would, in future years, merit the enviable title of "Record Breaker."

The following is the list of winners:—

Baseball Match, "Ems" and "Gems," won by "Ems."

100 yards dash (first class)—1st, Robillard ; 2nd, Lafleur.

100 yards dash (second class)—1st, Lamoureux ; 2nd, Cameron.

Running Long Jump—1st, Gleason, 2nd, Lafleur.

Running Hop, Step and Leap—1st, Gleason ; 2nd, Shea.

Hurdle Race—1st, Gleason ; 2nd, Robillard.

Wheelbarrow Race—1st, Beaulieu ; 2nd, McGuire.

Kicking Football—1st, Capbert ; 2nd, McKenna.

Batting Baseball—1st, Shea ; 2nd, A. Christin.

Throwing Baseball—1st, Daigneault ; 2nd, McGuire.

Egg Race—1st, Charron ; 2nd, A. Christin.

Three-legged Race—1st, Robillard and McGee ; 2nd, Laplante and Carrière.

Potato Race—1st, Leger ; 2nd, A. Christin.

10 minutes go-as-you-please—1st, St. Pierre ; 2nd, Robillard.

NOTES.

Sullivan's throw of 110 yards claims the merit of being the longest in this district.

Troy's "drop" would have made a Brogan's eyes shed tears of bitterness.

Belanger's antics, in preparing to climb the greasy pole, were ludicrous in the extreme, and could not call for favorable comment, to say the least. The success of the day is due, in a great measure, to the efforts of the judges, Messrs. Kennedy, McNally, R. Paradis and Campbell, not, of course, forgetting Father Forget, who was indefatigable in his exertions to make the time pass pleasantly.

Father Emard, with Messrs. Fitzpatrick, Brunnette, Gaudet and Ivers, worked like Trojans for the proper carrying out of the Juniors' programme.

The baseball match in the morning, between the "Ems" and "Gems," captained respectively by Peter Brunnelle and "Al" Plunket, was a splendid exhibition.

Congratulations, "Gus," on receiving the all-round trophy in the Junior Dept.

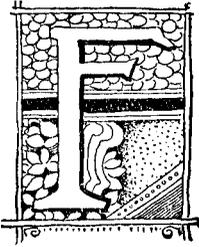
Unfortunate that you fell, Eh, Reddy!

The familiar forms of McAuley, McNally and Kehoe were missed this year from the cinder.

By all means let the "Gala Day" be an event as regular in its coming as the semi-annual *Exams*.



THROUGH FLOOD AND FIRE.



IVE o'clock of a raw June morning and the boys astir in all the dormitories! No need to repeat the "Benedicamus," no need for the masters to go around and shake the sleepy heads. What

had become of the students' devotion to Morpheus? The drowsy god must have bitterly bewailed this abrupt abandonment of his choicest devotees. O, but this was not an ordinary work-day, and the boys were "going out on a time." After breakfast they lined up in full force and marched down to the Queen's wharf. There lay the magnificent steamer *Peerless* reposing swan-like upon the water. Dense clouds of thick, black smoke pouring from the funnels betokened an activity within, strangely at variance with the outward repose. It took the boys but an instant to fill the two decks and occupy every available seat in the saloon. While awaiting the hour of departure they busied themselves in visiting every portion of the floating palace, and concluded with all the confidence of experienced (?) sailors that the boat was "in good order and condition." Of course, a few of the unwary ones had to drop their hats into the river before they were long on board. But what would an excursion (and this was to be the excursion of the season) be without a few of these interesting little accidents?

A whistle, a long, hoarse, plaintive (or rather those who listened to it were plaintive) whistle which thrice encored itself, and then with a rumble of machinery which made the *Peerless* quiver in every part, the splendid boat moved out from her moorings, her paddles churning the black waters of the Ottawa into foam. The boys gave the "regulation" cheer as the wharf receded from them and the College band (which for the nonce was composed of a big bass and a bugle) struck up a lively air. It was rather chilly on deck, the scenery was not particularly inspiring, so the gay excursionists preferred to remain in the saloon where they grouped themselves around the piano and made the chandeliers rattle with the castaneous strains of "Bridget Donahue,"

and other familiar ballads. Every chorus ever heard on the College campus was repeated again and again. The somewhat monotonous sail was varied by the occasional stoppage of the boat at some spot on the river bank where three or four rickety planks resting on equally dubious piles, jutting forth into the stream, and called themselves a wharf.

"Montebello! Montebello!"—"where? where?" asked the freshmen. They were much disappointed when the old-timers pointed out a straggling group of houses with a spire peeping over them. Poetical youths! if they expected to find a place worthy of the beautiful name they had indeed cause to be sad. Soon we were on terra firma and the *Peerless* continued her trip to Grenville, to return for us in the middle of the afternoon. We again formed in line and marched to the Church accompanied by a troop of admiring, ragged urchins. Mass was celebrated and the boys sang. The organ, however, is a little out of repair, and "Dip" in trying to keep his voice in accord, finds that "The Star of the Ocean has risen" so high that it can by no manner of means descend again, but must needs stay up. After mass we repaired to a beautiful pine grove and began the exhilarating pastime of unpacking the eatables. They were soon spread out on the grass and the picnic proper began. After the good things had been discussed, the party separated and spread in all directions. Some lay under the trees and smoked; others sought means of gratifying their entomological and botanical tastes. Manager Sheehan and his staff of assistants were not slow about organizing a baseball game, but the best grounds that could be procured was a potato field, and this dampened the ardor of even the most enthusiastic. A considerable number paid a visit to the chateau of the Papineau Seigniory and gave it a critical inspection. The quaint old buildings, built with a view to withstanding Iroquois aggression; the museum containing a host of native curiosities, wampum, weapons, etc., were a splendid object lesson in Canadian history. Soon, too soon we thought, the bugle call rang out and we hurried back towards the wharf whence the *Peerless*

might be seen approaching. As the steamer touched the wharf the boys began to scramble aboard and all seemed in readiness for departure. The last whistle blew and the order "let go the lines" was given. "Wait! wait!" Rushing down the hill came the bandsmen puffing and blowing like so many porpoises. They reached the side and were clambering upward when "Fire! Fire!" rang out from every part of the ship. No smoke or flames could be seen, but nevertheless all was panic. The affrighted students began to pour headlong out upon the wharf, crushing and pushing one another without any care. Some rushed into the saloon, but it was now full of smoke,—nobody seemed to know where the fire had started or what progress it had made, which made it all the more frightful. A British Columbia Senator who had happened to be on board was crying out that there was a large sum of money in his stateroom and that he would give a large reward for its recovery. No one, however, could win the reward. There was really no serious danger to life as there was plenty of time for all to get ashore, but all could not realize this. One fellow had jumped into the water at first and was now being fished out with much difficulty by his comrades. Another found himself shut up in a stateroom, and not daring to come forth into the saloon which he imagined to be in flames, plunged through the window and gained the outer deck with his hot Spanish blood flowing freely from numerous gashes in his head and hands. There were some ludicrous incidents. A grave and reverend senior who happened to be on the side of the boat next the river, persuaded himself, forgetful of the wharf at which the steamer lay, that the only chance of escape was to swim to the opposite bank, half-a mile away. He accordingly with much coolness, divested himself of his shoes and prepared to take a header. "O Dan! Dan! take me with you," piped a small voice at his side. "All right, Shorty," replied the iron-nerved hero, "get right on to my back. I guess I can carry two or three of you kids." Only the heavy laying on of friendly hands prevented "Dan" from performing a feat worthy of Paul Boyton. He soon safely landed on the wharf—but minus his shoes. "Roger" too was on deck or rather on the wharf. No cooler head than his that day as he stood calmly

at the steamer's side receiving the trembling youngsters into his strong arms and calming the nerves of the older boys by his sensible words. At length all were ashore and standing in groups to watch the fated steamer. The smoke was now pouring in volumes from every window, but as yet no flames could be seen. The burly form of Captain Bowie was seen moving about as he gave his orders in quick firm tones. He ordered the fastenings to be cast off and the boat moved into the stream lest the wharf and the cordwood with which it was covered should take fire. The pumps unfortunately refused to work and buckets alone could be used. Soon the flames began to be visible, making their way through the crevices of the decks and shooting forth from the windows. The captain now stood on the pilot-deck, the only spot where it was possible to remain. The flames made rapid progress and we momentarily expected to see the deck fall in carrying the gallant officer with it. At length he was forced to enter a small boat and hardly had he done so than the spot where he had been standing was ablaze. The heat was intense enough to be felt on shore, and the cracking and the falling of the bulwarks and deck timbers could be heard a considerable distance. Then the smoke stack tumbled into the river and at length the steamer's bell which had been hung on the upper deck, being no longer supported dropped from the charred beam ringing as if fell a funeral note for the ill-fated *Peerless*. The fire continued its destructive work till nothing was left of what had been a palatial steamboat but the iron hull. The students again assembled and proceeded towards the village church. Gratitude filled every heart for we knew that all were safe—but we also knew that if the fire had not been discovered till five minutes later than it was, a portion of our number would surely have met a watery grave. The boat would have been in the middle of the stream and nothing could have prevented many of the panic-stricken boys from jumping into the river, when there can be no doubt that some would have drowned. The *Te Deum* that we sang then was no perfunctory task but a genuine out-burst of praise. Afterwards with the accustomed thoughtlessness of boys we quickly forgot our previous dan-

ger and enjoyed ourselves in various ways till dusk. Telegrams had been sent to Montreal asking the C. P. R. Co. to attach some extra cars to their Ottawa train ; they did so, and by 9:30 p.m. we were all safe back at the College. Father Tabaret met us at the door candle in hand and none of us will ever forget the look of fatherly anxiety in his face till he had

seen for himself that we were all safe. That was the last big excursion enjoyed by Ottawa College students. Burning a steamer is considered too expensive a treat and a slightly dangerous one as well. Those who were in College in '84, '85 will not readily forget their trip to Montebello on the Peerless.

MEMO. '85



WHAT THE YEARS TAKE, AND WHAT THEY LEAVE.

The years fly by—what pass on with the years ?
 Our days with all the cares and comforts which they bring,
 Our little hours, each bending 'neath the weight
 Of our brief joys and our long suffering.

Across the threshold of eternity
 They pass ; but leave us struggling here
 The memory of the love that soothed pain,
 They leave us faith and hope that conquer fear.

What the coming years to each of us shall bring,
 We know not, we can toil and pray, that's all ;
 But this we know : our God's ear is o'er us bent,
 We know he harkeneth to each earthly call



THE JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

A COMPOSITION IN WORDS OF ONE SYL-LA-BLE.



THE Jun-ior
De - part-
ment of
Ot - ta - wa
Col-lege is the
Small Yard. The
Jun-iors con-sist
of Sev-en Boys
from Low-ell and
the Rest of the
boys. The Low-
ell boys play Base

the small boys come here for the First time, man-y of them get Lost when they go out in the Cit-y. They al-ways find the way Home by Din-ner time. Some-times a small boy, gets the Blues. Then he oft-en starts to Walk Home.

In this Picture the Kind Heart-ed Po-lice-man has found a case of the Red, White and Blues. You can-not see the Red un-less the Kind Heart-ed Po-lice-man takes off the lit-tle boy's Hat. If you scrape the Dirt off his face you will see how white he looks. His whole De-mean-or shows that he is Blue. He has since Re-cov-er-ed, and will nev-er do it a-gain. Near-ly all the small boys have made their Plans for the Va-ca-tion. Some are go-ing Fishing. Some are going to play Bail. At least one is go-ing to Sleep. They have all prom-ised to write Let-ters to each oth-er a-bout their Va-ca-tion. But they will not put a-ny Stamps on their Let-ters. One little boy who is Dressed in black ev-er since he was born, has writ-ten an Ad-dress to his Fa-ther and Mo-ther. He was go-ing to have it Print-ed in THE Owl, but they could not print the Red Rib-bon that was Ty-ing it up. Some boys are go-ing to pass the Va-ca-tion in the Coun-try. It is ver-y nice to Live in the Coun-try and drink Real Milk and hear the Cows Talk and Wear Old Clothes and Pick Ber-ries.

Ball very well. So do the Rest of the boys. When the Col-la-tion is Given out, the Low-ell boys get There first. So do the Rest of the boys. All the Small Boys are very Good Boys, with a Few Ex-cep-tions. These are too Num-er-ous to men-tion. We have a great man-y base-ball clubs, also Bawl clubs of a-noth-er sort. The boys in the Small Yard come from Hull and from All over. Many of them are For-eign-ers. The For-eign-ers come from Some Other Place. We have some very Smart Boys in the small yard. I know one who is Al-ways writ-ing. He is writ-ing a Dic-tion-ary. So far he has writ-ten from A to C. This is the Time when the Small boys change into Big Boys. I know one who is Go-ing to change this time. He is a Low-ell boy. His Long Pants came to-night. He will put them on for the First Time at 3 o'clock Thurs-day morn-ing, June 20, 1889. When he gets home no one will know him. When

This Boy is go-ing to Pick Ber-ries. You can guess why his mo-ther makes him eat a Big Piece of Bread when he starts. He might get ver-y Hung-ry while pick-ing the Ber-ries. End of the com-po-si-tion.




 The Owl.
 

PUBLISHED BY
THE STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE OF OTTAWA.

TERMS: one dollar a year (12 issues) in advance.
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THE OWL is the journal of the students of the
College of Ottawa. Its object is to aid the stu-
dents 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.

MANAGING EDITOR:

REV. J. J. GRIFFIN, M.A.

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Students are requested to patronize our adver-
tisers.

VOL. II. JULY-AUGUST, 1889. Nos. 11-12



VALEDICTORY.

With the July-August
issue of THE OWL end
the labours of the pre-
sent board of editors.
They have been al-
together of a plea-
surable nature, and
were it not that we
sometimes found it difficult to give
them the necessary time their accomplish-
ment would always have been a work of
love. Those who read the article entitled
"A Backward Glance" in the present

number will be enabled to form an idea
of the difficulties under which our journal
has been conducted. But these difficulties
had not to be overcome by any of those
whose names appear under the heading of
the Board of Editors. Their duty was to
fill the columns of THE OWL with readable
matter, to examine and pass sentence upon
the contributions received. When the
Rev. Professor of Physics, who has from
the very beginning been the sole proprie-
tor of the paper, first conceived the pro-
ject of starting a journal in Ottawa College,
he was but attempting to realize what had
long been the wish of the students. The
latter had never been in a position to lay
the requisite solid financial basis, but had
been ready to assist in every other way.
Then came Father Griffin's proposal to
found THE OWL if the students would
give him a staff of editors. Such staff was
selected and the work was begun. The
proprietor and managing editor did every-
thing for the paper except write for it—
this he did too but only as a casual, not a
regular contributor. Yet he exercised a
general editorial supervision and proved
himself possessor of the premier qualities
of an editor-in-chief, excellent discern-
ment as to the value of articles, and ability
to choose those special subjects for his
contributors which they could treat in the
most interesting manner. Such then were
the lines upon which THE OWL was con-
ducted; such was the spirit which ani-
mated all its staff of writers. The aim of
the proprietor was to make his journal a
worthy representative of his Alma Mater.
How he has succeeded can better be
judged from the quotations we print on
another page than from anything we can
say. As the journal was published under
the auspices of the University of Ottawa
it was natural that the Faculty should al-
ways exercise a certain measure of super-
vision. We were not permitted the free-
dom of criticism in regard to home affairs
which is so conspicuous in other college

journals, therefore we sometimes went abroad and discussed questions which some of our contemporaries occasionally intimated to us were rather of a foreign nature. Still we could see no valid reason why we should not have a word to say upon those subjects which were agitating the general public, and we accordingly kept on our course. We noticed that many of the best of our contemporaries published articles from the pens of others than alumni and students; and we thought it not unbecoming to sometimes follow their example. Some of the cleverest pens in Ottawa, wielded by those who had the entry to the best periodicals, occasionally inscribed something in prose or verse upon our pages. Most of these contributions have been anonymous, but there are two whose graceful verses have supplied what would otherwise have been one of our deficiencies and whose names we are happy to reproduce here. We refer to Mr. T. J. Richardson of the *Hansard* staff of the House of Commons, and Mr. Theodore F. Milton (a *nom de plume*) of Buffalo, New York. The former is a gentleman whose broad culture and excellent literary taste are prevented from having their proper influence, owing to his extreme modesty. The latter is a rising dialect poet of the school of James Whitcomb Riley, and is already favorably known to the American press. But there is within our own walls a gentleman who has been a valued contributor to THE OWL since its formation, whose name is well-known to our readers, but of whose anonymous editorial work we desire here to make a formal acknowledgment. Mr. J. P. Donovan, soon, we hope, to be styled A. B., has conducted the exchange department for the past few months, and he was even brave enough to ascend the editorial tripod when the first fierce gust of the examination cyclone had swept away its former occupant. To these and all of

our other contributors the retiring editors of THE OWL desire to express their gratitude.

As to the future of this journal it cannot be forecast by us. The next management will, it is most probable, be a new one, and we cannot therefore write their prospectus. If they follow the lines already laid down, we believe they will be successful, if they make any new departure we hope it will be for the better. We cannot do more than wish them a continuance of our success.

One word more and then we say farewell. For the first time we have requested Father Griffin, the editor-in-chief and proprietor of THE OWL to allow something of ours to go to press without its being read by him. We have requested this as a favor and he has granted it. Were he to read what we have written about him we know he would not consent to its publication. But we felt that it was time that some hitherto unknown facts in connection with the management of THE OWL should not be lost to the light. And now to all their friends and patrons, subscribers and advertisers, the present editors of THE OWL must bid farewell.

A CARD

To Messrs. D. V. Phalen, M. F. Fallon, J. P. Donovan, and C. J. Kennedy, of this year's editorial staff who, though already burdened with a surplus of overwork, accepted the arduous positions of editors of THE OWL, I not only tender my heartfelt thanks, but I also presume to offer them the thanks and congratulations of the Faculty of the College and of the Alumni, for the eminently successful manner in which their duties were performed. To their endeavors and to the efforts of Messrs. D. A. Campbell, and M. F. Fitzpatrick who represented THE OWL in its dealings with the business men of Ottawa and obtained the "sinews of war" which

turned THE OWL's battle for existence into a victory, is due the high position held by THE OWL in the Collegiate press of America.

To the other members of the Board of editors, whose duties, though of a much lighter nature than those of the gentlemen above mentioned, were, nevertheless, most satisfactorily performed; to the student artists whose sketches adorn the pages of this present number,—Jobson Paradis, Chas. D. Gaudet, J. A. Laferrier,—and to the young typos, T. A. White, A. Christin, C. Vadner and O. Paradis, who undertook and carried through successfully the reprinting of the first two numbers of the magazine, I offer my sincere thanks and trust that succeeding managing editors will always find within the walls of Ottawa College students as obliging and able in mind and hand, as those with whom THE OWL has brought me in contact.

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

LEISURE HOURS.

The scholastic year is over, but the work of education goes on forever. Men are ever learning and are ever anxious to learn something new. Schools, colleges and universities, furnish but one phase of mental training: a severer one it is true than that followed in the world, but one nevertheless which should be the solid basis of the vast and varied edifice to be erected outside of school. For nine or ten short months we pore over text books and surely even the dullest student must have found some study more congenial to his tastes, one to which he might return with pleasure and profit at moments when other pursuits become heavy and irksome. During the coming holidays might not our students pass many an hour which otherwise will come and go without anything to mark them, in pleasant intercourse with some standard work?—with

books the best companions of all, who never offend, and if properly used will always instruct. Every book will not however do this: but the best should be selected and studied till they live within us and are the mainspring of our actions. Nothing should be read which is of low nutritive power but what is solid and enlarging, and spiritually sustaining. One thing our students might do, is to put themselves in communication with the Reading Circles which have been established in New York for the purpose of spreading Catholic literature and of which notices can be found in every Catholic paper and magazine. These Reading Circles are making efforts to bring Catholic novelists to the knowledge of Catholic readers and we hope they will be successful. There are novels written by Catholic novelists, as Rosa Mullholland, Christian Reid, Mrs Dorsey, Lady Fullerton and others, the reading of which will give more pleasure than all the works of Dickens, Thackeray or George Eliot, whose naturalist religion is but a poor substitute for the truly Christian spirit which is breathed by our Catholic writers. Whatever they do our students should not let the whole summer glide by without reading some book which will ever come back to them as a thing agreeable and profitable.

CATHOLIC CONGRESSES.

The movement in favour of the Temporal Power of the Holy Father is every day growing stronger and more aggressive. Meetings of the leading Catholic societies have been held in several cities of Europe and resolutions have been adopted declaring the absolute necessity that the Pope should again rule the states which formerly belonged to him. News has come to us lately that an international committee is likely to be formed soon in defence of the rights of the Holy See. The moment is favourable, the State of Italy is

certainly not the best possible. The government is heavily in debt, higher taxes are imposed and the people growing dissatisfied. At assemblies held in Turin and other cities want of confidence was shown in Humbert and Crispi. A greater than Humbert, Constantine foresaw fifteen hundred years ago that the Pope and a temporal prince could never rule in the Eternal City and that the presence of an emperor would be always an impediment to the Father of the faithful. Hence Pepin but confirmed what Constantine had established—Rome is the city of the Popes and the centre of Catholicity and even the worldly interests of one nation must be sacrificed to the far higher and more common interests of Christ's Church. Rome the city of saints and scholars, will soon grow weary of her present rulers; we may say of her now with as much assurance as did St. Ambrose of old, *sæpe tentata, nunquam mutata*.

AN OLD STUDENT HONORED.

It is with pleasure that we announce to our readers the selection of Rev. John Keough '66 as Vicar general of the Diocese of Hamilton. The elevation of Father Keough, though giving much pleasure and satisfaction to the people of his diocese, pained his own flock, the Catholics of Dundas, Ont., who were very much attached to him. Accordingly before his departure for Paris, Ont., his new charge, meetings were held and addresses congratulating the Rev. Father on his appointment and regretting the severance of those ties that bind a pastor to his people were read, to which Father Keough replied in a very feeling manner. THE OWL tenders Father Keough its best wishes and expresses the hope that his present position is but a precursor of a higher one.

THE TEMPORAL POWER.

We reprint from the recent pastoral of His Grace the Archbishop of Ottawa, the reply to the resolutions adopted at the mass meeting held in the Academic Hall, June 24th last, protesting against the present treatment of the Holy Father by the Italian Government. The reply was addressed to Archbishop Taché, who presided at the meeting, Archbishop Duhamel at that time being in Rome:

S. Congregation of the Propaganda
No. 1654 of the Protocol.

ROME, April 16th, 1889.

OBJECT:

The meeting held at the Ottawa University.

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS AND MOST REVEREND
LORD,—

The letters and documents forwarded to this Sacred Congregation concerning the wishes expressed for the independence of the Apostolic See at the magnificent and numerous meeting recently held at the Ottawa University, were received with suitable gratitude and favor. They indeed show that the Catholics of Canada are no less attached to the Apostolic See than the faithful of other nations.

I then offer the thanks that are due for this laudable proceeding to Your Lordship, to the other promoters of the meeting and to all those who were there assembled.

At the same time, I beseech God to spare you for many years.

Your Lordship's attached Brother,
JEAN CARD. SIMEONI, *Prefect*,
† D. ARCHB. OF CYR, *Sec.*

His Grace Archbishop TACHÉ,
Archbp. of St. Boniface.

TRINITY ORDINATIONS.

On Saturday June 15th, His Grace Archbishop Duhamel held an ordination service at the Basilica. The number of candidates for orders, was the largest in many years. The following is the list of those who received the various orders:

PRIESTHOOD.—Messrs. Boulet, Corbeil, and Tremblay. Brs. Portelance, O.M.I. Moloney, O. M. I.; Naesens, O. M. I., Dorais, O.M.I., Coullée, O.M.I.

DEACONSHIP.—Mr. Garon. Bros. Subrochers, O.M.I., Campeau, O.M.I.

SUBDEACONSHIP.—Messrs. Legendre, Dunn. Bro. Dozois, O.M.I.

MINOR ORDERS.—Messrs. Jos. Gascon, A. Motard. Bros. Desjardins, O.M.I., Chevrier, O.M.I., Buquard, O.M.I., Vales O.M.I.

TONSURE.—Messrs. Lemay, Foley, Leclerc, Lortie, Myrand. Bros. Dubois, O.M.I., Devriendt, O.M.I., Deguire, O.M.I., McAvonne, O.M.I., Guertin, O.M.I., Jeannotte, O.M.I., Lamothe, O.M.I., Martin, O.M.I.

EXCHANGES.

At the closing exercises of Queen's, Principal Grant delivered an address which has called for a somewhat spirited reply from Vice-Chancellor Mulock, of Toronto University. The Principal holds that the standard of matriculation should be raised, and that another conference might be called to consider the possibility of a rational and uniform examination. There is reason in his sayings; but at the same time that the Provincial Government can demand a certain uniformity in the matriculation standard, there are inalienable rights which should be preserved to each university. Centralization in education should receive almost as strong opposition as it is receiving in political matters.

Childhood in Greek and Roman literature is well treated in an article in the *Fordham Monthly*. Homer and Virgil are the principal sources of examples. The study of Homer is beginning to assume a new phase, and one too, which will be productive of much good. The more prominence is given to a philosophical analysis of the two grand epics of the father of poetry, the more students of Sociology will find much to admire in the life of the Homeric Greeks. The most beautiful incident in perhaps all literature is the parting scene between Hector and Andromache, which is but poorly rendered by Pope's translation. The 'laughing a tear' is an expression whose equal in beauty cannot be found in the whole range of literature, ancient and modern. But children did not occupy the same position which they do now. Christianity has ennobled them and we can admire the faith of the holy martyr, Leonidas, uncovering the bosom of the

child Origen to adore the Holy Ghost, whose temple the infant was.

A second copy of the *Stonyhurst Magazine* has reached us. It is almost exclusively devoted to local notes, which, however, show that some excellent work is done: the philosophical, scientific and literary societies. Questions of constitutional government are discussed in the debating society and must certainly be of great interest to English students, and if carefully studied, will keep them in touch with the political life of a country whose transactions attract more attention from the civilized world than those of any other country. An interesting description of Stonehenge; a poem, *Quant je puis*, the motto of the magazine; a review of the third volume of the *Stonyhurst* series of philosophical text books and a sketch of Ven. Thomas Garnet, the proto-martyr of *Stonyhurst*, make up the remaining contents of the number. We are always glad to welcome anything coming from the first of English Catholic Colleges.

Scientific students should take particular delight in a description given of a visit to Edison's laboratory in the *Notre Dame Scholastic*. Edison's lamp, tasimeter, telephone, and especially his phonograph, are objects familiar to all students of physics. Like all truly great men, Mr. Edison loves his work, and believes that in labour alone success is to be attained: his discoveries have placed him in the front rank of physicists. We hope our friends of the *Scholastic* are not too credulous of all that even Canadian writers choose to say about annexation. Canadians do not want it, and we think we are right when we say that the United States does not want it. The territory of the latter country is sufficiently large, and quite extended enough to be governed properly.

"The poet of all circles and the idol of his own," as seen in his *Melodies*, is the subject of an essay in the *Colby Echo*. There is hardly a mood one can find himself in that Tom Moore has not interpreted, and the writer speaks correctly when he says that Moore's chief characteristic is that he is *Irish*. It is pleasant to compare Moore's poems with many of the Latin and Greek translations made by the celebrated Irish wit and scholar, Father Mahoney—translations which the latter

wished readers of *Fraser's* to consider as the original of the Melodies much to the annoyance of Moore and the amusement of Prout. Moore is certainly the greatest song writer of our age or of any age.

Now that once again we are to bow ourselves out and part from our contemporaries in the field of college journalism, a few words may be in season. During the past year upwards of seventy college papers have visited our sanctum, and in that vast mass of matter we have found much to praise, little to blame, and we have tried to perform our duty as well and as kindly as it was possible. But we must say our task has been a pleasant one; not that we wish to establish a bad principle of passing over defects where they are to be found, but that we had few things to censure.

"Those best can bear reproof who merit praise," says Pope, and we believe him. The tone of our journals in general is very good. The brushing of mind upon mind has certainly a broadening effect and cannot but be of great benefit to education. Eclecticism broad and discriminative will always be considered as an excellent method of perfecting one's self in every branch of knowledge and industry. But now the year is over, and visions of rest and holidays are looming before us. North and South, East and West, we send you, college friends, our best wishes for a pleasant vacation. *Au revoir*, ladies and gentlemen.

During the year we have received the following papers: *Haverfordian*, *Portfolio*, *Queen's College Journal*, *The Censor*, *Alma-filian*, *Varsity*, *Trinity University Review*, *Sunbeam*, *Manitoba College Journal*, *St. John's College Magazine*, *Argosy*, *University Monthly*, *Dalhousie Gazette*, *Acadia Athenaeum*, *King's College Record*, *L'Étudiant*, *Le Courant*, *University Gazette*, *The Raven*, *Stonyhurst Magazine*, *Phi-Rhonian*, *The Cadet*, *Colby Echo*, *University Cynic*, *Our Dumb Animals*, *Harvard Lampoon*, *Tuftonian*, *High School Gazette*, *The*

Critic, *Stray Shot*, *Alfred University*, *Fordham Monthly*, *Hobart Herald*, *Chironian*, *Concordensis*, *Syracuse University News*, *Quill*, *Dickinsonian*, *Penn Charter Magazine*, *Swarthmore Phoenix*, *Phi-Sigma Monthly*, *The Argus*, *College Index*, *College Whim*, *College Transcript*, *High School Times*, *University Voice*, *The Scholastic*, *Earlhamite*, *Western Maryland College Monthly*, *Georgetown College Journal*, *College Rambler*, *St. Viator's College Journal*, *Chaddock Monthly*, *Ottawa Campus*, *St. John's University Record*, *High School World*, *Bellevue College Star*, *Amitonian*, *Fayette Collegian*, *The Pharos*, *The Napa Classic*, *Dakota Collegian*, *The Stylus*, *Randolph Macon Monthly*, *Athenaeum*, *The Messenger*, *North Carolina University Magazine*, *Kentucky University Tablet*, *Hamilton College Journal*, *Williams Lit.* besides the *Ave Maria*, the *Catholic Record*, *Donahoe's Magazine*, *Boston Republic*, the *New York Mail and Express*, and *United Canada*.

BOOK NOTICES.

DIGEST OF REPORTED CASES TOUCHING THE CRIMINAL LAW OF CANADA, WITH REFERENCES TO THE STATUTES, AND INDEX, by Thomas P. Foran, M. A., B. C. L.

We would like to express our opinion upon the above work, but at present all our legal acumen finds sufficient exercise in the criticism of the laws of football and baseball. We are sure however that it is good because it comes from Mr. Foran. To show that we are not mistaken, we print the following letter from Sir Andrew Stuart, Chief Justice of the Province of Quebec, to the distinguished author.

Quebec, 17th May, 1889.

My Dear Mr. Foran,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your digest of criminal cases of Canada, with the references to the statutes, which you were so considerate as to send to my address. I have gone through it cursorily, but sufficiently to congratulate you upon the practical utility of your digest. It affords me much pleasure to say that the same industry and accuracy that characterize your code of civil procedure are patent in your digest. In cases tried before a jury, as all criminal cases are, the easy access to practical in-

formation such as the digest furnishes, is of the greatest utility and I feel sure the bar will hail with a feeling of obligation to you. I cannot allow this opportunity to pass without felicitating you upon the great practical utility to the bench and bar of both your works.

I am, My Dear Sir.

Yours very faithfully,
A. STUART.

THOMAS P. FORAN, ESQ.,
Advocate, etc.
Aylmer.

"AS ITHERS SEE US."

Under the above heading we once before gave the readers of "THE OWL" a couple of the opinions of our contemporaries regarding us. We were not in the habit of doing this, however, although if we had followed the example of some of our brethren we might have devoted the whole exchange department to this purpose. But now before handing over our charge to the care of others, we think it not inappropriate that we should let our readers, particularly the present students of Ottawa University, see how we are estimated in the college world. We shall accordingly print a few of the criticisms which have been passed upon us.

"THE OWL is written with much dash and spirit, and its articles are so varied as to provide a morsel for every palate."—*Catholic Press, London, Eng*

"THE OWL is neatly printed and cleverly edited, sparkling too with humorous paragraphs and witty allusions."—*Catholic Record, London, Ont.*

"It gives on every page evidence of ability, good judgment and scholarship."—*Canadian Freeman, Kingston.*

"It now ranks with any of its contemporaries in Canada."—*Free Press, Ottawa.*

"THE OWL is already a journal of such merit as to predict for itself a brilliant future."—*College Whim, Baldwin University.*

"The journal is very neatly and tastefully arranged. . . . The editorials, though neither numerous nor long, are well and ably written."—*Acta Victoriana, Victoria University.*

"The July and August No. of the OWL is certainly beautiful and reflects great credit on its talented managers."—*St. Viateur's College Journal.*

"The former (the July-August number) is a superbly illustrated double number, and is the finest specimen, typographically and otherwise, that has thus far reached our table."—*St. John's University Record.*

"We are safe in saying that it (the July-Aug. number) is an uncommonly good issue."—*Fordham Monthly, St. John's College.*

"The neatest and best college paper we have seen lately is the large double number of the OWL."—*Stylus, Sioux Falls University.*

"We hold THE OWL among the foremost of our exchanges."—*King's College Record.*

"One of the most interesting and instructive of the college papers which comes to us is the OWL from Ottawa, Ont. It is attractive in appearance, ably edited, and an honor to the school from which it comes."—*Athenaeum, University of West Virginia.*

"The November number of this racy little college periodical contains an unusually large amount of original matter. . . . The editorials are timely and judicious."—*Empire, Toronto.*

"The publication which comes very near our ideal of a true college paper is the October number of the OWL."—*College Journal, Georgetown University.*

"Though a comparatively new publication, being now only in its second year, it has taken a high rank among college periodicals. It is much more tastefully gotten up than most of its contemporaries, while the articles which appear in it are oftentimes of considerable merit. . . . Take it all in all, the OWL is in the front rank of college papers and does honor to the progressive institution from which it emanates."—*Ave Maria, Notre Dame, Ind.*

"It is bright, learned, varied—in fact one of the best examples of college journalism that Canada affords."—*Gazette, Montreal.*

"The OWL from Ottawa is a remarkably well-edited sheet. Its tendency is decidedly literary."—*High School World, St. Paul.*

"Its literary department is excellent."—*Dickinsonian, Dickinson College.*

"With the current number, the OWL celebrates its first anniversary, and it has no reason to be ashamed of its sturdiness and general evidence of health. The reading matter is substantial and solid, and large questions are discussed."—*University Gazette, McGill University.*

"The OWL, of Ottawa College, Ont., always meets with a welcome reception. . . . When we say that the OWL is an excellent paper we only give it praise which it deservedly merits."—*Western Maryland College Monthly.*

"The OWL, although as yet young in years, is one of our most worthy exchanges. . . . With your present standard a successful future is before you."—*Earlhamite, Earlham College.*

"The OWL for January comes to hand as a neat and attractive journal, its pages well filled with interesting and instructive literary matter."—*Argosy, Mount Allison University.*

"The OWL has, during the past, been one of the most welcome journals received at Victoria University."—*Acta Victoriana.*

"An ever welcome visitor to our sanctum is the OWL of Ottawa University, Ottawa, Ont."—*Niagara Index, Niagara University.*

"The Ottawa College Owl is one of the neatest of our exchanges."—*Queen's College Journal.*

"Among the best of our exchanges is the OWL, published by the students of the College of Ottawa. In the first place the OWL has a very neat dress, which gives it the appearance of a standard literary magazine, and secondly the contents prove it not wanting great literary worth."—*College Index.*

"The OWL, of Ottawa College, is neat and spicy."—*Delphi, Drake University.*

"It is much of a relief to come across the OWL after wading through the dismal and interesting papers which beset an exchange editor. Were it only for its outside appearance the OWL would deserve much praise, but when one turns to its pages and comes across such a strong and sensible plea for the retention of the classics as is contained in the "Study of the Classics and Modern Liberal Education," he is well aware that everything is not for show, but that the OWL stands among the leaders of college journalism by the excellency of its contributed matter."—*Critic, New Haven.*

"One of the most valued of our exchanges is the OWL, of the College of Ottawa. . . . The departments are well and ably conducted, showing a vigorous and progressive policy on the part of the editors. . . . Its literary productions are all well worth reading."—*Randolph-Macon Monthly.*

"The OWL Ottawa, Canada, is a model college paper in every respect. It is replete with articles of which its editors may well be proud. Its exchange column is highly interesting and instructive. Our wish is that we had on our list a few more papers like it."—*High School Times, Dayton, Ohio.*

"Column after column of the OWL for May is filled with reading matter, of which any paper might be proud. . . . The literary department reflects a vast amount of credit upon its staff of editors."—*Sunbeam, Ontario Ladies' College.*

"Among our best exchanges we must note a monthly publication edited by the students of Ottawa."—*Fayette Collegian.*

"The Ottawa College Owl for June gives the text of the Papal brief elevating Ottawa College to the rank of a Catholic University. In the number are several interesting papers which show that the students, foremost in athletic sports, are able to hold their own with the best intellectual efforts. . . . The OWL is managed with an enterprise that deserves success."—*Evening Journal, Ott.*

COLLEGE HUMOR.

What is the difference between a luxurious pillow and a man with an empty purse? One is soft down and the other is hard up.

"Emile," asks the teacher, "which animal attaches himself the most to man?" Emile (after some reflection): "The leech, please, sir."

FATHER (to son whose school reports ran low): "Charlie, I see no improvement in your marks I have spoken about this several times."

Charlie—"Yes, father, and if you don't have a serious word with the teacher, he'll go on in this way for ever."

A Vassar girl, in speaking of Homer, her favorite Greek, said: "I have not read his Aeneid, but his Idiocy is perfectly sublime."—*Ex.*

VERY SMALL BROTHER (looking over Jack's room).—And here's a package of Old Judge cig—

JACK SMOKER, '92.—Gosh! have you found those? If you won't tell mother I've got them, I'll give you one.

VERY SMALL BROTHER (drawing himself up contemptuously).—I never smoke anything but Richmond Straight Cut!—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Gleaned from the diary of a true poet of nature, but alas! poor fellow, he died shortly after producing the following. His powerful brain exploded:

APRIL FIRST.

"Spring is here, and its a hummer,
Of a rosy posy thing;
Pretty soon it will be summer,
Then, of course it won't be spring."
—*Messenger.*

YE EDITOR.

Past twelve, and yett beholden me,
Here atte mie deske a porynge
O'er rhymes, whene I'd much rather be
My soule in sleepe restorynge!
And harke! forsooth would I were he;—
That manne next door a snorynge!
—*Brunonian.*

BASE-BALL BATTER.

A weak backstop—the stern of our office chair.
A past ball—the Centennial.
A fast liner—the "City of Paris."
A fearful throe—Freshleigh's after his first summons
In the box—Jack.
A "buzzing grass clipper" [Boston Globe]—the lawn mower.
A foul fly—one emerging from the jam pot.
Off his base—Prof. Silliman of Yale.
A balk—invariably on the horse-car track.
A double play—The two Dromios.
Never will get in—that last pig.
A "short" fly—the cashier's to Canada.
A high fowl—the Shanghai. —*Lampoon.*

ULULATUS.

SPECIMENS OF UNDERGRADUATE SMARTNESS.

Professor of Social Science—"What becomes of all the pins?" Student—"I suppose they go into the earth and come up as terrapins."

Professor.—Mr. R. give me an example of the Cognate Accusative." Mr. R—"I mowed down the down on my face."

Professor in Physics—"Can you think of any reason why a locomotive does not last any longer?" Pale Freshie—"I suppose it would last longer if it didn't smoke so much."

Professor in Astronomy—"Why is Venus more brilliant when farthest distant?" Student—"Why, simply from the analogy with the whole female sex, that 'distance lends enchantment.'"

Recitation in Moral Philosophy: Dr. G.—"For example, Mr. D., after breakfast I am not hungry. Are you?" Mr. D.—"Why, yes, sometimes; I board up at the Hall."

"You are getting so," said the Professor of Modern History, "that you can never repeat a word of the lesson." Junior—"I didn't think it necessary. Always heard that history repeats itself."

Professor to student who writes, not for the masses, but for the educated few—"You should write so that the most ignorant of your audience can understand all that you say." Student—"What part of my production is not clear to you, sir?"

Professor to hesitating Sophomore—"Sir, you seem to be evolving that translation from your inner consciousness." Sophomore—"No professor, last night in my devotions I read that 'by faith Enoch was translated,' and I thought I would try it on Horace."

Professor—"If there be a place where all energy is transformed into heat, it must be a pretty hot place." Senior—"Are scientists I to find that place professor?"

Professor—"When a glass of soda water is drawn out, how much pressure is it under?" Student—"It depends on the place; the usual pressure is 5 cents."

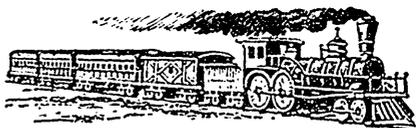
Professor—"If I should tell you that ice could be heated so hot that it could not be held in the hand, what would you say?" Junior—"Well professor, knowing you as I do, I should ask you to prove it."

Professor—"Mr. W., do you understand that it is not proper to read during recitation?" Mr. W. (a classical senior)—"I am not reading, Professor; this is a Greek book, and I can't read Greek."

A bald-headed professor, reproving a youth for the exercise of his fists, said: "We fight with our heads at this college." The youth hesitated and replied; "Ah I see; you have butted all your hair off."

SCENE—Four examiners sitting on the body of one more unfortunate at the divinity school. Ignorant of anything Scriptural was he. "Is there no text in the whole Bible," said one in grim despair, "that you can tell us?" A light beamed in the young man's eye. "Yes," said he, with a steady gaze, "I do remember one; And I looked up and saw four great beasts." The young man was bounced

—Mail and Express.



That last potato was a heavy one.

During the hot weather, Tony finds a refuge from the solar rays under Francis' awning.

We know of one youth who can describe a circle better with a wheel-barrow race than he can on the blackboard.

Our Business Manager had an altercation recently with a delinquent subscriber which resulted in someone receiving "three or four black eyes."

One of our seniors is conducting an examination in hair cutting. After experiencing the skill of two barbers in the city he has suspended operations pending the arrival of more hair. The examining fees amounted to thirty cents.

HUMOR OF THE EXAMINATION.

In History: Prof.—"Name the two political parties of Canada?" Student—"The Torys and Deliberates."

In Physics: Prof.—"What is hydrostatics?" Student—"An instrument by which we find the specific gravity of water."

In English: Prof.—"What figure is expressed in 'he smokes a pipe?'" Student—"Personification."

In Algebra: Prof.—"Now sir, how do you get rid of that x ?" Student—"Illuminate it."

In History: Prof.—"What serious loss befel the English in this battle?" Student—"General Braddock was killed and died four days afterward."

William, I charge thee, fling away ambition. By that sin fell great John L. How can you then On the lacrosse field, hope to win by't? Keep on the track, cherish the tan-bark roadway, Persevere in running races. Still in thy right hand carry crumpled grass, And not the lacrosse stick. Run fast and fear not. Let all the ends thou aimest at, be the goal post, The judges' stand, and if thou fallest, O William, Get up and run again.



NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

