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RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT IN CANADA.



It is a remarkable fact that amongst us sufficient attention is not generally given to Canadian history. Why is this? We do not know. Does not the history of this young country present matter as interesting as that of any other? None but the ignorant would deny it. The attempts at settlement, the difficulties and obstacles encountered by our fathers in this western world, their struggles for freedom, oftentimes accompanied by self sacrifice and heroic deeds, mark periods of our national progress, with which every Canadian should be thoroughly acquainted.

Men are by nature social beings; they live in community for mutual aid in attaining a common end. There must necessarily, then, be some rules or regulations by which all the efforts of the individuals will be directed to this end, and this gives us immediately the idea of a government forming and enforcing these rules or laws. According as the community so governed becomes a more perfect society, corresponding improvements will be made in the government, which thus becomes the index of a nation's progress.

Let us apply this to our own country, that we may see whether or not Canada's progress demands more attention from Canadians than it really receives. In our history, indicated in the rise and progress of our government, it will be seen how devoted sons of other climes came to this land to make it their home; what obstacles beset them at every step, and how they were removed; what heroic

struggles were required for the possession of these envied regions; how the thunders of war gave place to the hum of industry, as victors and vanquished joined hands in friendship, and wept in sorrow over the graves of the cherished dead; and how from a scattered colony on the banks of the St. Lawrence, Canada became the vast Dominion, extending from ocean to ocean. But let us not anticipate, this will all be found in the annals of our country; our business is to speak of the various phases of Colonial Government, from which was evolved the present Confederation of the Provinces.

The original Canada comprised the territory along the St. Lawrence from the Gulf in the east to Lake Ontario in the west, with that to the south-west known as the Ohio Valley. Attempts at settlement were first made by Cartier, Roberval and de la Roche, but proved futile. To Champlain is due the honour of effecting the first permanent settlement. This man had been appointed the agent of a fur-dealing company organized in 1603. He visited Canada, soon determined upon establishing a colony, and began with the founding of Quebec on July 3rd, 1608. From this time forward can be dated the existence of government in Canada, centred, however, in governors residing in France, and administered by Champlain in Canada during thirty-two years. These governors were frequently changed, much to the annoyance of Champlain, who experienced a great deal of trouble with the "Company of Merchants" whom he represented. This company failed to comply with the conditions of its charter, which was consequently withdrawn at his

suggestion, by Cardinal Richelieu in 1627. An idea of the indomitable courage and perseverance of the great founder may be gathered from the slow growth of the colony, as in 1620 there were only sixty inhabitants at Quebec. With the abolition of this company, a new one was formed, called the "Company of One Hundred Associates," under conditions much more favorable to Canada, while, better than all, Champlain himself was made governor. Thus was vice-royalty abolished after having lasted from 1541, the time of Roberval's appointment, until 1627. The restoration of Quebec after its capture by the English in 1629, and the return of Champlain with a large number of settlers and supplies, infused new life into the colony. The governor immediately set about repairing the damage recently done, and endeavored more than ever to promote the prosperity of his people, but his career was soon ended, and the country had to mourn his loss in 1635.

As early as the year 1647, a scheme of colonial union was set on foot. It was proposed that the English, French and Dutch colonies should form one great community, to be wholly free from European politics and wars, while each preserved its own language, laws and religion. Terms suitable to all parties, however, could not be arranged, chiefly in regard to the Iroquois, and the proposed union was unhappily never realized.

Another change in Canadian affairs occurred in 1639, when the second fur company was also abolished, and the country passed under Royal Government, with the introduction of the "Custom of Paris." This change was due in a great measure to the visit of M. Dupont Gaudais. This gentleman was sent out to make inquiries into matters of dispute in the colony, with the above mentioned result. Though the abolition of viceroys residing in France had been a marked improvement in colonial affairs, the introduction of the Custom of Paris was a much more remarkable change. It was now ordained that the governor should be assisted by a "Superior Council," possessing administrative and judicial functions, similar to the Parliament of Paris. This body sat at Quebec, and its members were chosen by the governor from among the leading residents of the colony. Besides, there were established, courts of justice at Quebec, Three Rivers

and Montreal, and a municipal form of government. The existing state of affairs required the appointment of a new officer, called the Intendant, whose duty it was to attend to civil matters. The governor was almost constantly engaged in war with the Iroquois, especially during the period called "The Heroic Age of Canada." Although the right of taxation was still reserved to the King, these ameliorations were very acceptable to the people. The influence of the Church in early colonial days is shown to have been at once powerful and beneficial; for it appears that Bishop Laval had procured the recall of Governor de Mézy, on account of his unreasonable conduct in the suspension of some of his councillors. Another inference to be drawn is, that the Canadians were beginning to take a deep interest in their own affairs, and were not prepared to submit quietly to the unjust demands of their governors. It was not now as formerly, when the governor ruled with absolute power. The colonists thus early manifested an inclination to be possessed of more freedom in the management of their country's affairs. The first to fill the newly created office of Intendant was Jean Talon, who had contributed more than any other man, since Champlain's time, to the prosperity and happiness of early Canadians. His object was to place the colony on a firm footing, and to free it permanently from such influences as had well nigh ruined it. He enabled the settlers to produce for themselves all the necessaries of life, and even so abundantly that exports were sent to the West Indies, with which colonies he endeavored to open up trade. Explorations were undertaken that brought to light the mineral wealth of the country, the prosecution of the timber and fishing industries was commenced, and soon these commodities were exported to France. At the same time, this devoted man procured for the people the *full* and *immediate* administration of justice, and carried out other useful reforms. Already then, we behold a new nation happily established on the banks of the St. Lawrence, living in peace and plenty, their old enemies the Iroquois being generally kept at bay in the west by an efficient body of regular troops. And all this was afforded the people by a form of government highly acceptable at the time. How different did their condi-

tion become later on, in days of adversity and misgovernment !

Count Frontenac arrived as governor in 1672 and entered upon a career of usefulness that entitles him to be ranked with Champlain and Talon. One of his first administrative acts was to convene the Sovereign Council, and organize an assembly of the principal residents of Quebec to meet twice a year for the discussion of public questions. Frontenac's view seems to have been, to govern in the manner most acceptable to the people. This measure was rejected by the King, as giving too much authority to the colonists. In 1677 reforms in matters of justice were introduced, and regulations concerning the tithes were published. The most appreciated enactment, however, was the imperial ordinance setting forth, that to the highest civil authority alone belonged the right of condemning persons to imprisonment. Gradually were the rights of the colonists being recognized, and the exercise of certain privileges decreed.

While yet Frontenac was filling his second term of office, the colonists had to complain of growing grievances; not that any oppressive measures had been enacted, or privileges withdrawn, but the government was badly administered. Frontenac was almost constantly employed with the Indian wars; and after him the people had to submit to the rule of incompetent governors and dishonest and rapacious intendants, notably Bigot, whose name has become synonymous with infamy. The maladministration of public affairs alienated, in some measure, the people's affection from the French crown, and as we shall presently see, powerfully contributed to the change in the country's history. War was waged with England at intervals during seventy years from Frontenac's time onwards. Finally a lasting peace was restored with the cession of Canada in 1760.

The change of sovereignty necessarily required a change of government, the first form of which was that known as "Military Rule." General Murray became the first governor, and divided the country into three districts, Quebec, Montreal and Three Rivers, over each of which presided a district governor assisted by a military council. This did not give sufficient satisfaction, and was itself in turn changed by the Treaty of Paris.

Various treaties affecting Canada had previously been concluded between France and England, but this was the most important, and diverted entirely from its former course the current of events in North America. By this treaty, dated October 7th, 1763, the inhabitants of Canada were accorded by England the full possession of their property, the free exercise of their religion, the use of their language, and the enjoyment of all the privileges and rights of British subjects. The French Canadians readily passed under the sovereignty of England, and what might seem surprising, they became as loyal to the English crown as they had been to the French, and even more so. A cause for other nations to stare—Frenchmen subjects of England ! But it is easily explained. The people at this time were essentially Canadian. They were the third generation in this land, that contained all that was dear and sacred to them; the graves of their fathers, cherished traditions of noble deeds, and their own homes. They loved France, no doubt, but they loved Canada more. Besides this, we have already pointed out that considerable dissatisfaction existed in the colony prior to the cession. Add to this, that England had made liberal concessions to them, which dispelled all notions of the presence of triumphant aggressors, and taught them to look upon the new-comers in the light of deliverers and protectors.

While general satisfaction prevailed, the French, however, protested mildly but firmly, against the inferior representation accorded them in the new council, and the introduction of English courts and forms of law. As a remedy the Home Government passed the Quebec Act of 1774. The passage of this act was due in a great measure to the influence of Hon. Guy Carleton, who became governor after Murray, and was always friendly to the Canadians. By this act it was ordained that the old laws should be restored to the Canadians, the Custom of Paris being again introduced as the law of Canada, with the addition of the English criminal code; that the French Canadians be allowed to hold offices of public trust, and that the Executive Council be composed of French and English residents. This council was empowered to frame laws, but subject to England's approval.

The English colonists strongly opposed this measure, but the British Government acted wisely in favoring the majority. This action of England is worthy of admiration. Such was one of the means employed by Rome of old in establishing her empire, the greatest the world has ever seen. How much better would it be to-day for England's name and honor, had she so respected *all* the nations subdued by her arms. On the other hand the Canadians are to be justified in protesting against such oppression, and in demanding their rights, for they thereby showed to the world that their subjection was by no means servile, but one to be respected, and not unworthy of the great and noble men who had gone before them. England's honorable conduct was duly appreciated, and through gratitude, the French Canadians have to this day remained firm in their attachment to the British crown.

As yet no responsible government had been given the people of Canada. Thus far, each grievance had been redressed, except in the case of the English colonists, in the Ohio Valley especially, who termed the Quebec Act an oppressive measure. This dissatisfaction became one of the causes that precipitated the war of Independence, chiefly on account of the denial by this act of responsible government.

After the American Revolution there was a large influx of United Empire Loyalists into Western Canada. The English party became considerably strengthened, and the disputes with the French were correspondingly intensified. The former petitioned for the repeal of the Quebec Act, and the latter sent counter petitions to England. There were then two young nations growing up in Canada, different in blood, customs and creed. The chief cause of trouble was the system of land-tenure then in vogue, called the "Seigniorial tenure," obnoxious to the English, who wanted it abolished and clamored for "Freehold tenure" instead. In addition demands were made for responsible government. The English government was perplexed. No doubt the American war had taught England to act with extreme caution. A remedy was devised in the Constitutional Act of 1791. By it Canada was divided into two provinces, Upper and Lower. Each was ac-

corded a separate system of government composed of a Lieutenant Governor, a House of Assmby elected by the people, and a Legislative Council chosen by the governor. He was also allowed to choose an Executive Council as an advising body. All monies arising from duties levied on commerce and from the sale of crown lands belonged to the Legislative Council. It was further enacted that "all laws and ordinances made under the Quebec Act were to remain in force until altered by the new parliaments." The English colonists (in Upper Canada) obtained the power to fix the right of holding land by Freehold tenure, while in the lower province it was to be fixed by the Legislature. There were also set apart large tracts of lands called Clergy Reserves for the support of the Protestant clergy in the two Canadas. Worthy of note among the first acts of the Upper Canada Legislature, was one abolishing slavery.

The privileges embodied in the Constitutional Act set at rest the chief disputes that had agitated the two provinces. However as years passed on it was found that too much power had been conferred on the Legislative Council. The right of disallowance had been reserved to the King, but practically this power was vested in the Council, which was in no way responsible to the country. Moreover it has already been pointed out that this body was perfectly independent of the Assembly, as it had a revenue of its own. Thus it was that the passage of an act emanating from the Assembly, but displeasing to the Council could be effectually impeded, and consequently the real wishes of the people despised. Here was an appalling defect in the new system.

In Upper Canada a new institution, incompatible with freedom, had arisen. It was the fruit of the arrival of the United Empire Loyalists with their principles of aristocratic government, that had restrained them from joining their fellow-countrymen in their struggle for independence. This faction obtained control of the Council, and held at defiance the interference of the Assembly. This organization has become known as the "Family Compact," a veritable oligarchy, that was in no way responsible for its deeds, and allowed no one to question its acts. The Assembly complained that judges were members of the Council, that

justice was improperly administered, and that crown lands were sold to a favored few, to whom also all public offices were entrusted. Another cause of dissatisfaction was the unfair distribution of the Clergy Reserves. Loud complaints were heard on all sides, and a terrible storm threatened to burst.

In Lower Canada similar grievances existed together with difficulties of nationality and creed. The British residents in this province had revived the ill-feeling of former years against the French, who cordially reciprocated. The Lower Canadians were attached to the British Crown, but were compelled by circumstances to entertain less tender feelings towards some of its representatives. Catholics were excluded from office, and the French were told that the conditions of the Treaty of Paris were merely matter of toleration and not acknowledged rights. Such falsehood was exceedingly annoying to the French Canadians.

A great deal of dissatisfaction pervaded the two provinces, when finally the feeling became so intensified by the rejection of several bills in the two Legislatures, that the disaffected broke out in actual rebellion in 1837. The act was hasty, but they were goaded on to violence. A bold stroke was made for freedom. A powerful attempt to crush the Family Compact which held sway in all the provinces. The rebellion was put down, but it had its effect. It is true the English Government had appointed a Commission of Inquiry in 1835, but it effected nothing. England now remembered Bunker Hill, and was roused from her passivity and tardiness, for might there not be another "American shaking-off" of European power? Colonial grievances were now seriously considered, with the result that the Union Act was passed in 1840. The two Canadas were united under one Legislative Assembly, and "the benefits of responsible government were accorded for the first time to the British colonists in America." This was one triumph for the people, the second was "the concession to the House of Assembly the complete control over the revenue in all its branches, and the supervision of the entire expenditure of the country." The Clergy Reserves dispute was also settled, by the award of all funds arising from future sales to the different municipalities for educational purposes.

Thus was finally removed from Canadian politics the influence of the Family Compact, famous for its despotism, absolutism, illiberality, and every quality inimicable to the spirit of freedom.

The union of the two provinces gave general satisfaction, but it was foreseen that differences of race and religion distinctly marked, would in the near future necessitate further modifications of the government. Events occurred as anticipated, and in 1857 a scheme for the confederation of the British Provinces was proposed, with the result that four out of six complied, and in accordance with the British North America Act of 1867 the "Dominion of Canada" entered upon the first year of her national existence on July 1st of the same year. The area of the Dominion was further increased by the subsequent admission of Manitoba, British Columbia and Prince Edward Island, and the acquisition of authority in the North-west Territories. A discussion of the benefits of our present system would be very interesting, but the limits of this paper prevent it. Suffice it to say, that each province has a separate government of its own and full power to legislate on matters of provincial concern, while the Federal Government has authority in matters of national import alone.

Looking back on what has been said can we not say that the constitutional history of this country is of the deepest interest? Is there not shown in clear and unmistakable characters a vigorous and successful fight for freedom? Every one who knows anything about our present form of government will readily admit that we in Canada possess, in an eminent degree, that freedom which is necessary for the building up of a great nation, free, united and prosperous. If we can judge from the past, such, in the near future, we are destined to become. We are at a loss then to know why there are Canadians who clamor for annexation to the neighboring republic, while others manifest a loyalty that is not *true* loyalty in advocating Imperial Federation. The former are easily deceived if they believe their favorite scheme will forever do away with commercial depression in which alone they interest themselves. We speak only of material interests, for the additional discussion of the influence of the government on religion and education would

have afforded too vast a subject. Let all these people, Annexationists and Imperial Federationists, set about improving what they find defective, and not remain content with speculation as to what may be had from the United States or from England. No nation was ever solidly established but by those most deeply concerned, and here, we Canadians are they. Let us

all unite in carrying on the grand work handed down to us, show ourselves worthy of our fathers, imitate their good deeds, avoid their mistakes, and we shall then, and then only, attain the end ordained by Divine Providence, in the establishment of a strong and independent nationality.

D. R. MACDONALD.

BETWEEN THE WAYS.

A RONDEAU.

Between the ways of day and night,
Fades blankly, utterly the light ;
And sleepless souls feel keener care,
Less stifled promptings to despair
Than when apace creeps on the night,
Or when the night leaps into light.
A pause of chilling, rusting blight
Comes with the hours that weight the air,
Between the ways !

Scarce are there wakeful souls who dare
Let this grim time their whole selves bare.
Shadows, like fingers long and slight,
Upon the wall no longer write
The trees' faint swayed—unspoken prayer,
Between the ways !

M. L. S.

*ESTABLISHMENT OF THE MISSION OF INCHICORE.**(Continued.)*

Counting up the hours that were spent in the building of the wooden chapel at Inchicore, we find that they amounted to ten hours and a half. No payment of any kind was made for labour, and the only expense was to cover the cost of wood and nails.

The size of the chapel was seventy-five feet in length, by twenty-eight feet in width. Within twelve months from the date of the foundation-stone of the wooden building being laid, the chapel was found to be too small for the congregation that assembled within its walls, and it had to be lengthened to one hundred and twenty feet. I have already mentioned that the owner of the house purchased by Father Cooke for the future residence of the Community had told him that he could not vacate it for several months.

Father Cooke returned to England as soon as he was convalescent, leaving me in sole charge of the new Mission. I went to live, therefore, with one of the most venerable and holy women I ever met, Mrs. Lynch, the mother of the late Archbishop Lynch of Toronto. I was in the habit of remaining near the chapel all day long, and superintending the additions and decorations which had to be carried out. After dismissing, with many thanks, the good men who had laboured for the completion of the frame of the chapel, I secured the aid of a few amongst them, and we remained there all night preparing for the High Mass which I had to sing there on Sunday morning, the Feast of S.S. Peter and Paul, at eight o'clock. With the help of evergreens and flowers the chapel presented a very devotional appearance. I had hired a harmonium in Dublin. The good Augustinian Fathers lent me a chalice, vestments, and all that was necessary, and the choir of their church came to sing the Mass. There were no seats nor benches, but the congregation was so large that more than half of them had to kneel on the grass outside: it made but little difference, as those who succeeded in obtaining admission within the wooden walls were also kneeling on the

grass which was still growing there. The contractor for keeping the Barracks in repair had kindly lent me all the windows that were required. I regret to say that these windows have never been returned to Her Majesty since then. Every week that passed by, the chapel was being adorned and finished. Flooring was laid down. The walls inside and out were painted, and made weather proof. A sanctuary was arranged, and a beautiful High Altar was placed within it. A niche over the altar contained a lovely statue of that Immaculate Mother to whom the Mission and church were dedicated. There were two small side altars, one for the Blessed Virgin and the other for St. Joseph, and finally a pulpit was erected. The people that continued to assemble there were comfortably seated, and Confessionals were made for those who came in great numbers from all parts of Dublin and even from country districts.

One night when I was about to leave for my lodgings, the proprietor of the house announced to me that he was unwilling to put me to any further inconvenience, that he had cleared out his belongings, that the house was empty, and that I might remain there that night if I wished to do so. He agreed to leave a large watch-dog to take care of me and of the empty house, as well as to keep away the rats, with which the place was swarming, from the proximity of the canal. Having by this time obtained many valuable gifts in the shape of altar furniture, I was afraid to leave the place unprotected, so I determined to take possession of the empty house. I wandered from room to room, but there was no chair, nor even an old box on which I could sit down. I had dismissed the good men who had remained with me until ten o'clock, and locked the gate. In a short time one of them returned and knocked at the gate. When I admitted him he pretended that he had left something in the house. After visiting every room and finding that there was nothing but emptiness, he returned to his companions who were awaiting him in the

road, and told them of the state in which I was left. At eleven o'clock there was a thundering knock at the gate, and on opening it I found my friend and his companions again there, but they had brought with them a cart-load of furniture which they had borrowed from house to house. After making everything as comfortable as possible they again left me, and returned to their several homes. I mention the above incident as a proof of the wonderful charity with which we were welcomed in our newly founded mission at Inchicore.

It was not long, only ten weeks, before two Fathers and a lay brother were sent to me by Father Cooke, so that we formed a small but happy community. One of these fathers was Father Richard, who was appointed the first Superior. He died a holy death in the following year, and was buried in the cemetery adjoining the chapel. In this same cemetery lie the remains of Father Ryan, a former Rector of the College at Ottawa.

It can easily be imagined that, in the hurry in which the roof of the chapel was finished, especially as the men were working for two hours after dark, a great many nails were wasted, a great many holes were made in the wood that allowed the rain drops to filter through them, and moreover, that the heat of the sun had caused the boards to shrink, so that a shower of rain was not considered to be any aid to devotion if it occurred during Mass or Vespers. In fact it was absolutely necessary, now that the rainy season in early winter had commenced, to have the roof of the church slated. I applied for contracts and found that this could not be accomplished under £70. But how was this large sum of money to be obtained? Surely by a charity sermon. I therefore announced one Sunday in November that on the following Sunday a sermon would be preached on "Rain," and a collection made for the purpose of slating the chapel. I secured the prayers, during that week, of as many pious people as I could communicate with, (more especially of old women and young children, in whose petitions I have always had the liveliest faith,) that next Sunday, the day for the rainy sermon, should be a wet day. To our great disappointment, the day was a glorious one, the sun was shining as it had not shone for many weeks, and the fineness of the day had tempted an unusual number of Dublin Catholics to come and see the wonderful

chapel at Inchicore, that was in everybody's mouth, as having been built within a few hours. I was the celebrant of the Mass, as well as the preacher, and I must confess that my spirits were considerably damped by the absence of rain, and I feared that the strangers at least would go home convinced that my appeal was altogether uncalled for, after having given, or perhaps not given, their donations accordingly. But I had not been long preaching before a change came in the weather, the sun was hidden behind a black cloud, down came torrents of rain, up went my spirits, and those of my sympathisers, and from the altar to the door, up went the umbrellas also in the hands of all those who were fortunate enough to possess them. The sermon was over, the collection was made, the mass was finished, and the congregation dispersed with light hearts for the sun was again shining out brilliantly: but I venture to assert that no heart was lighter, nor more grateful than mine, for when the collection for the offertory was counted after mass, it was found that it amounted to exactly £70: and I need not add that the slating of the roof of the chapel was commenced on the following day. For years afterwards this appeal was spoken of as "the miraculous sermon for rain." During the ten weeks that I was left in sole charge of the dwelling-house, I used to make several trips in the day to Dublin, on what is well known as an Irish jaunting car, and bring home with me various articles of furniture, which were visible to all, such as tables, chairs, bedsteads, brooms, mops, frying-pans, kettles, etc., and the goodwill and personal interest of those that dwelt by the roadside of that drive of a mile or more, would be manifested by their leaving their houses, and cheering me until I was out of sight and hearing; but as this was repeated at every house, it was like a triumphant drive during the whole route. One circumstance may be mentioned here as a proof that this permanent Mission of the Oblate Fathers was the work of Almighty God. I have already said that there were bands of professed infidels among the railway employees. There was a leader to each gang, but the leader of the Voltaire branch was recognized as the chief or president of all. This man was a baptized Catholic from the West of Ireland, but his religion began and ended there. As a mere boy, after the eviction of his parents by one of those

tyrannical landlords whose existence is but one among so many reasons why Home Rule is so necessary for the peace and happiness of Ireland, he went to England, and found employment, together with his father, in the immense railway works at Crewe in Staffordshire. He became a talented workman, but unfortunately he lost his Faith. However, he married a pious Catholic girl, and soon after obtained employment in the railway works at Inchicore. They had but one child, a bright little girl, who had been gifted with a prodigious memory. I called to see this unfortunate man one Sunday afternoon, but he treated me with the greatest insolence, and to prove his contempt for me, by his actions, as well as by his words, he never rose from his seat, nor asked me to be seated, and that which is regarded as unpardonable in an Irishman, he continued smoking his pipe until I took my departure. But although he had no love for God, in whom he did not believe, he simply adored his little girl, and was proud of exhibiting proofs of her extraordinary memory. Thus it happened that one day when some of his neighbours called in to see him, he told the child, who was only eight years old, to stand up on a chair and deliver the sermon which she had heard preached that morning. This was done, from beginning to end without missing a word, or omitting any action performed by the preacher. Those that now listened to the child, and who had also heard the priest in the pulpit, were amazed, but soon the tears were coursing down the cheeks of the poor father: and when the guests were leaving the house, he said to one of them "ask Father Fox will he come to visit me again. I want to beg him to forgive me for the way in which I received him not long ago, for I am ashamed to go to him myself." Of course I visited him; he became a true penitent; it was not long before he received his first communion; the branches of Infidels were completely broken up: and in the following year when a Confraternity was established, he who had been so active and efficient in the service of the devil, was elected to a prominent position in that pious Confraternity. Never were the words "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise" more literally fulfilled.

I have now finished my reminiscences of the commencement of the mission at

Inchicore. The neighbourhood underwent a complete transformation. A vote of thanks was unanimously passed to me by the board of railway directors, together with a perpetual free ticket for their own, and in course of time, for all the railways in Ireland, on account of the steadiness, sobriety, and application of their men who had been evangelized in our wooden chapel. The old priest-catcher's house has been pulled down, and a large and handsome edifice has been erected in its place, which goes by the name of the House of Retreat of Mary Immaculate. The wooden chapel still stands in its place, not merely as a relic of the pioneer days of the mission, but as a large and convenient hall for confraternities to assemble in, as well as for meetings concerts and the like. A spacious and beautiful Gothic church now supplies the spiritual wants of the numerous Catholics living in its neighbourhood. An excellent school house has also been built, and is well attended. The large grounds connected with the house have been laid out in the most tasteful style, and frequent processions take place there, especially on the Sundays in the month of Mary. One of the lay brothers has made a realistic copy of the grotto and shrine of our Lady of Lourdes. In these grounds there are also a devotional chapel in honour of St Joseph, and an altar built of shells from whence Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is given during processions. On the antependium of this altar may be read these words, formed of shining pearl oyster shells: "Regina Concharum, ora pro nobis," respecting which Cardinal Cullen once humorously said that I had invented a new and unauthorised invocation for the Litany of Loreto. But the greatest attraction at Inchicore has always been its famous Crib. It is generally admitted that there is nothing outside Rome to be compared to this Crib. Tens of thousands flock to this large and beautiful representation of the Cave at Bethlehem every Christmas time, and many remarkable conversions have taken place, both among indifferent Catholics and those who were non-Catholics. To conclude, the history of the Mission of Mary Immaculate at Inchicore, and of her Children, the Oblate Fathers, has been but another proof of the truth of the language of the Royal Psalmist, "unless the Lord build the house they labour in vain that build it."

L. C. P. F.

TENNYSON AS A POET OF NATURE.



VERY near to Mother Nature are her poet children; the others play about her feet and catch a chance word, a passing caress perhaps. Her bright smile that shines out from beyond the sunset glow—the calm tenderness of the harvest moonbeans—the joyousness in the song of woodland birds, are common property; but the poet, Nature carries in her strong arms against her heart, and in his ear she whispers hints of mystic wonders wrought on land and sea. She lulls his coarser faculties to sleep with crooning lullaby of forest trees and murmuring rivulet, and teaching him her language she tells him to interpret to his brothers the ever-new old story of love and beauty, and to show them how to live in harmony with the laws that weave the universe into the visible garment of its Creator.

Still, even for the most favored, the time is gone by, when genius could dispense with study, when men were slowly opening their eyes to the knowledge that mountains might be something more than simply obstacles to be surmounted; that the river was worth looking at for its own sake, independent of the use it might be put to as a highway for merchandise. A vague cry attracting attention to the exceeding fairness of earth and sky, was all sufficing; but now that the earlier poets have made the surface-beauty that lies around us our own possession, we ask those of to-day to explore for us hitherto unthought-of regions, to distil fresh nectar joys of wandering vines and bring us the exhilarating draught that we quaff at our leisure.

And not far away need we send our caterers of beauty. The man who unfolds new charms from bracken and daisy-studded meadows, is more akin to us than he who sings of distant splendors.

More definite knowledge about the common things around us, is the cry of the age, and art as well as science must be ready to meet our growing wants, or fail to find an abiding place with us.

Loudest, aye, and sweetest among the

voices that express our mighty Nineteenth Century, ring the clear English notes of Tennyson. Hand in hand with the Pre-Raphaelites, and going straight to Nature, he gives her to us in the new-born freshness that comes from looking so closely as not only to read the generalities, but the individual characteristics that belong to one special object.

There are many lovely valleys in poetry that we only catch vague glimpses of, through the golden mists of the poet's fancy. Not so with the vale that lies in Ida:

"Lovelier than all the valleys of Servian Hills."

We feel ourselves there, in that valley and no other:

"Watching while the swimming vapor
Slopes across the glen,
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine
And loiters slowly drawn. On either hand
The lawns and meadow ledges midway down
Hang rich in flowers, and from below them roars
The long brook falling thro' the clov'n ravine
In cataract after cataract to the sea.
Behind the valley topmost Gargarus
Stands up and takes the morning."

We wander with the forlorn Ænone
breaking into mournful plaint of faithless
Paris, and the pathos of her cry:

"Dear Mother Ida
Hearken ere I die!"

sweeps through

"The noonday quiet
That holds all silent but her sorrow."

* * * * *

"The lizard with his shadow on a stone,
Rests like a shadow
And the Cicada sleeps.
The purple flowers droop;
The golden bee is lily-cradled;
I alone awake"—

The scene is complete; we are not so much told about it, as that we have it placed before us, to feel its influences for ourselves. We are not wearied with an enumeration of needless details, but every one tells, and could not be omitted without injury to the picture.

Combining the Pre-Raphaelite accuracy of detail, with the entrancing suggestiveness of the impressionist, Tennyson transports whither he pleases. A prose writer would labor long to describe to us "Mar-

iana's Moated Grange," and in the end perhaps fail to interest us in the inconsolable maiden.

A painter would spend much time and pigment before he could give us the color of the :

" Clustered marsh mosses
Creeping o'er the sluice
Where blackened waters slept."

* * * * *

" The shaken poplar all silver green with
gnarled bark."

would need all his care to accent the desolation of

" The level waste
The rounding grey "

as Tennyson makes it do in half a sentence. His rural pictures are the result of closest observation. His keen eyes note every curve taken by the capricious brook, every silvery waterbreak

" Above the golden gravel."

" The water-lily that starts and glides upon
the level
In little puffs of wind."

He gives us science steeped in poetry, by which we gain in fact as well as fancy. From out the harmony of woodland sounds he gathers each particular note, and with delicate exactness expresses its part. The blackbird

" Flutes his song from the elm tree ";
" The swallow *cheeps* and twitters
Twenty million loves."

* * * * *

" To left and right the cuckoo tells his name
To all the hills."

Not only does he interpret the actual scene that lies spread out before his bodily eyes, but the land that he creates for himself, is given to us through the magic lens of his rich imagination, to have and to hold for our own.

The " Lotus Eaters " sitting upon the yellow sand :

" Between the sun and moon
Upon the shore,"

are not in Egypt or in India, or anywhere else that can be found upon the map of the world known to geographers; still we know that land

" Where it is always afternoon."

We see

" The slender stream along the cliff
Fall, and pause, and fall—
The charmed sunset lingering low adown

In the red west .
Thro' mountain clefts
The vale is seen far inland,
And the yellow down
Bordered with palm
And many a winding vale and meadow."—

We wade

" Thro' the cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep.
And in the stream
The long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledges
The poppy hangs and sleeps."—

The witching spell comes over us and we seem to hear

" The music that gentler lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes."—

From us slip, like a garment, the rush and hurry of our many-dutied life; we break from the swirl of ambition's eddying vortex, and all-content with the mild-eyed, melancholy " Lotus Eaters " dream away the drowsy hours.

We all remember the pathetic story of " Enoch Arden "—how coming home from China, laden with wealth for his dearest treasures, his ship was

" Storm driven under moonless heavens
Till hard upon the cry of breakers
Came the crash of ruin."—

and Enoch Arden was stranded upon an istand,

" Rich, but the loneliest upon a lonely sea."—

Here Tennyson's exact knowledge furnished him with a most practical description of desolate loneliness, and refutes the fallacy, that science deadens the imagination.

" Nor save for pity, was it hard
To take the helpless life
So wild, that it was tame."

suggests in an instant the centuries of joyous life untouched by the fear, that human presence soon arouses and hands down a heritage of terror for generations; and prepares us for Enoch's feeling of utter desolation, as

" He sits beneath the slender cocoa's drooping
crown of plumes."

We feel with him the yearning for what

" He fain had seen but could not see,
The kindly human face."

" Nor ever hear a kindly human voice
But heard the myriad shriek—
Of wheeling ocean fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef.
The moving whisper of huge trees, that branch'd

And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave."—

* * * * *

"No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices ;
The blaze upon the waters to the east ;
The blaze upon his island over head ;
The blaze upon the waters to the west ;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in
heaven,

The hollower bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail."

Enoch Arden's long imprisonment came to an end at last, a ship blown by baffling winds, touched the island and carried back, "The long-haired, long-bearded mariner," to encounter worse solitude than distance could give, deso-

lation so merciless, that in its iron folds, the brave stout heart was crushed and broken and could only wait within sound of the English sea, for that sail that was coming to bear him to eternal rest.

To us, Enoch Arden left his island, for ours are the lands the poets give us, where our tired spirits may wander and find refreshment. Close to us they bring snowy mountain peak and tropic sunshine, new kingdoms they discover for us in the dewy meadow at our feet, and of all our broad domains, foremost in our grasp we hold the varied glories of land and sky and sea, shut up in two small volumes known as "*Tennyson's Poems.*"

H. M.

THE MUMMY OR THE MUFFIN!



Who should say, "The Antique; the far Eastern Antique, or the Modern, the practical, home-made Modern?"

Reading, or rather hazily perusing, an elaborate and very emphatic account of a learned lecturer's performance in a western American city, I fell to thinking and blinking (taking after my parent) about men and things and women, some women in particular, concentrating, as much as an owlet can concentrate its thoughts upon one in very particular. I have never seen her, nor do I pine to see her, but she has led me to ponder much and to query more; and, alas, to answer less, the great question of respective spheres, etc.

Amelia B. Edwards, that's her name. She seems to have taken the various centres of high culture by storm. What next, or who next? Think of a woman exhuming Egypt! (an Amelia at that.) Shades of Richardson and Smollett rest in peace! your day is forever gone; you lived too soon. This Amelia, I fancy, must have reached the bronze age when spiritual *Verde Antique*, I suppose, makes interest in things above ground out of the question; and yet what is there to prevent one

from pursuing a course of under-ground study if one feels inclined? Isn't it one of the strong-minded who says: "The proper sphere for all human beings is the largest and highest they are able to attain." Anyway, whoever said it I feel like saying *Ann Koar!* in spite of myself. Stir up your Egypt, Amelia, while your suffering sisters stir their puddings, and your brothers attain *Worth* or skill in millinery. After all, it's the old query in another guise: Which is mightier, the *Mummy* or the *Muffin*?—the sword or the scissors?

Entre nous, home, fair readers, should there be any in this case, let me urge you to "build your stronghold on cookery" and *Miss Parloa*, and let Miss Amelia B. go to—Egypt! There is something very pleasant in the thought of *one* woman in these negative days coming before the public with a comfortable affirmation, even though it's no more than that man *has* digestive organs. We are all tired of negation. Not long ago I read about an "elderly maiden lady," who having heard Ingersol and Mrs. Jenness Miller, (?) felt there could be nothing further in the matter of negation. Bless her! I should think as much. What is the world coming to? A long-drawn out *No!* evidently. If anybody wants to *negate* this let him come.

OWLET.

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IS QUEEN'S DENOMINA- TIONAL?

A late issue of the *Queen's College Journal* takes THE OWL to task and accuses it of narrowness in not accepting the time and again reiterated statement that Queen's University is undenominational, and, parenthetically, a fit educator of Catholics. "If Queen's is the Presbyterian University of Kingston," we quote from the *College Journal*, "why is it that on her council board, amongst her supporters and her students, are found men of every class and creed? We have only to point to these facts to prove that she is undenominational." What a conclusive argument! Because one or two gentle-

men, of other beliefs than that of the great majority of Queen's councillors, sit on her council board, (and do so for some special purpose,) because men of every class and creed are found among her supporters, Queen's is undenominational! On the same grounds could we, if we so desired, claim that Ottawa is undenominational. With the same logical acumen could we reason that, because the Catholics of one of our parishes consulted a Protestant architect, and received Protestant support in building their church, they were undenominational! Absurdity. You do not even convince yourselves, *Queen's*. Allow us to hold up the mirror to your face. The very next editorial paragraph following the convincing facts quoted above, reads as follows:

"Students who wish to engage in missionary work during the coming summer have been asked to place their names before the Home Mission Committee of the Church." What church, might we ask, if Queen's is undenominational? But Queen's is not denominational, and everybody knows that the Presbyterian Church is meant.

Another glance at the mirror, *Queen's*. On page 144 of the very same issue of *Queen's College Journal*, whose notice of us we are now reciprocating, we read in Dr. Williamson's history of Queen's: "Such persons as shall be appointed to professorships, not in the theological department in said College, shall, before discharging any of the duties, or receiving any of the emoluments of such professorships, subscribe such a formula declarative of their belief in the doctrines of the aforesaid (Westminster) confession of faith, as the Synod (what Synod, may we ask?) may perscribe." Were we compelled to point to all the facts at hand bearing on Queen's sectarianism, every finger we possessed would soon be in the position of an index.

No, *Queen's*, we must persist in con-

sidering you as the Presbyterian University of Kingston.

But granted that it is not so ; considering Queen's as undenominational and wholly unsectarian, can it be on that account the less objectionable to Catholics ? Not at all. We believe, as did the founders of Queen's, that religion is an essential element of education. A course of studies not in harmony with the tenets of our faith, does not educate Catholics, and this has been the idea of the Church from the earliest days, as is evidenced by the following extract from the letter of our Holy Father Leo XIII. to Cardinal Gibbons, dated April 10, 1887, in reference to the establishment of the new Washington University.

"Perpetua enim Pastorum Ecclesiæ præsertim vero Pontificum Maximorum laus semper exiit, veri nominis scientiam strenue provehere, studioseque curare ita disciplinas, imprimis theologicas ac philosophicas, ad fidei normam in scholis tradi, ut conjunctis revelationis ac rationis viribus invictum inde fidei propugnaculum constitueretur."

Nor can we separate education into two portions, one considering the subject as a Catholic, the other training him as a man and a citizen. Our duties to the State, to our neighbors and to ourselves, are interwoven too closely with our duties to God, to permit this. Moreover, this idea has been expressly condemned by the Church, as is seen from the following, No. 48 of the Syllabus of condemned propositions :

"Catholicis viris probari potest ea juventutis instituendæ ratio, quæ sit a Catholica fide et ab Ecclesiæ potestate sejuncta, quæque rerum dumtaxat naturalium scientiam ac terrenæ socialis vitæ fines tantummodo, vel saltem primario spectet."

And finally, that there may be no doubt concerning the attitude of the Church toward undenominational schools for Catholics, allow us to quote from a letter of Pius IX. to the Archbishop of Friburg, declaring that,

"Ecclesia non solum debeat intentissimo studio omnia conari, nullisque curis unquam parcere ut eadem juventus necessariam christianam institutionem et educationem habeat, *verum etiam cogatur, omnes fideles monere, eisque declarare ejusmodi scholas catholicæ Ecclesiæ adversas hand posse in conscientia frequentari.*"

This, *Queen's*, is Catholic doctrine. It may not suit you, you may call it narrow and sneer at it, or taking pride in your consistency and past record, you may turn to the files of last year's *Queen's College Journal* and quote a certain editorial pregnant with most virulent abuse of Catholics and their doctrines, and having more narrowness to the square inch than you can find in the entire files of THE OWL.

No, *Queen's*, your solicitude for those of other beliefs is too recent and of too rapid a growth to inspire a conviction of disinterestedness, in these days of scriptural and creed revisions. Knowing that we have the Truth, we are anxious that all of our fold should retain it ; those of other faiths are welcome to share the same advantages, if they so desire, but we shall not give a false color to our methods or systems in order to attract them. We, nevertheless, are sincere in our congratulations to *Queen's* on her increased prosperity, and we congratulate her mindful of the fact that she is the Presbyterian University of Kingston. There is room for all in Canada, and provided that the enlightenment shed by these institutions is real and that they inculcate principles of truth, and justice, and honor, Catholics do not dread the result.

COLLEGE JOURNALS.

The Catholic College Press is often sneeringly told by some pretentious and unimportant writers, in some pretentious and unimportant journals, that its chiefest distinction lies in its lack of editorials ; and these writers proceed to

explain this fact, by stating that our papers are supervised by some "Boss," or Rev. Father, who does the thinking for them. Underlying this assertion, there is a vile and cowardly insinuation, to which we consider it our duty to refer. We can well surmise the impelling motive of such a charge. Prejudice, thou art the fruitful mother of abuse! A college journal is, as the very name implies, a journal devoted to the interests of the student. Its aim is, or at least should be, as far as the editorial columns are concerned, to instruct him upon what are his duties and obligations; to aid him in the pursuit of his studies; to suggest methods of procedure; to regulate what is palpably wrong in his ideas of discipline; to criticise his unbecoming conduct with the desire of reforming it; to keep alive the kindly feeling that should exist between him and his "Alma Mater," once he has passed her portals. We have always endeavored to proceed upon these lines; we have studiously and judiciously kept aloof from the discussion of topics that are foreign to the nature of a college journal, because we have always striven to be, what a good paper should be, interesting and readable; and for this, we are told by some confident observers, through a desire, no doubt, of appearing profound, that we have not as yet grasped the spirit of the age. They condemn Catholic college papers for not being independent, because no rupture exists between them and the faculty. Let that rupture once exist, and behold! we are put down as being outspoken and independent. Between assumed and real independence, there is an unmeasurable distance. The latter we claim, the former we will graciously concede to our critical friends elsewhere. We claim it, because we enjoy the independence of being just, true and honorable. We will, for the sake of argument, admit that some Rev. Father *guides*, not *does*, the thinking, and what

does this prove. Is not how to think a part of our education? Is it not the duty of those to whom our education is entrusted to teach it to us. Besides it must be evident to all, whose mental vision is not sadly distorted, that this Rev. Father has at heart the interest of the student, and, in consequence, the interest of the students' journal. The Rev. Father may be, moreover, a man experienced in the affairs of life, acquainted by long experience with the tastes and inclinations of his students and alumni, and hence capable of pronouncing upon what would be expedient to publish, in order that the college journal might be interesting to those whose interest is its aim, a chronicle of real serious student work, not of student "fun." He is much better informed upon these matters than those youthful prodigies who rush into print, and consider that the highest flight of literary genius is the indiscriminate and lavish scattering of abuse. One of the strongest arguments to establish the judiciousness of the Rev. Father's supervision is had in the publication of the articles to which we have referred. We verily believe that should the faculties of the institutions whence these journals emanate view some of the productions of their youthful subjects, they would have been loath to allow their becoming public property. We regret that occurrences have made these few words of reproof necessary, because we regret that these outpourings of malice should have blackened the pages of a paper, that presumes to style itself a college journal.

ATTENTION?

The question of our spring pastimes should now engage our attention. With our splendid facilities, there is no reason why we should not make as enviable a reputation in the other spheres of Athletics, as we have already

done in football. There is, at present, a very unfortunate lack of that earnestness which permeated our College atmosphere in former years: and, when we question ourselves as to the cause of this, we find it difficult to reply. We generously presume, however, that the students do not as yet wake up to the reality that they are now expected to shed their winter habiliments, roll up their sleeves and set to work with a will. Let it not be marvelled at that we have opened our editorial columns to the ventilation of the question. We hold, with the citizens of Ottawa who lately presented the trophy to the College Champions, that these outdoor exercises "encourage manliness, self-reliance, and vigor in the young man," and that success in them "reflects credit upon our young manhood and indicates a valuable training for the duties of after life." This brings to mind the fact that we are no longer members of the Ontario Rugby Football Union; but for whatever little annoyance the action of the Rugby Committee may have given us, we can find comfort in the reflection that the American game will furnish us with means of more fully displaying our capabilities. Why then do we not make endeavors to acquaint ourselves with peculiarities of the Rugby game as it is played in the United States? We would suggest this, and would urge the consideration of this suggestion for the reason that our belief is strong and well founded that we would soon wring from our sister Universities across the border, what we have already wrung from the teams of Canada, the acknowledgement of our unconquerable powers upon the football field. With the commendable aim in view, therefore, of building up and strengthening our physical constitution, which must be well nigh shattered after our long winter's lethargy, let us set to work to prepare the yard for our spring pastimes; let each one generously and unselfishly put his

shoulder to the wheel, so that the onus of the labor may be lifted from the shoulders of the few. Let us always have before our mind this definite end, that we desire to prepare for these games, because we desire to acquire that strength of arm, and vigor and suppleness of limb which are such requisite qualities for the encounters of after life. Having this in view, together with thoughts of coming enjoyment, we will work with greater ardor, for we know that aimless work can never be earnest work.

In Memoriam.

GEORGE P. RILEY '86.

In the two short years since THE OWL has come into existence we have had from time to time to record the death of a fellow-student, called away when life seemed to hold out to him its brightest promises. Never has a like duty been performed by us with more real sorrow than in the present case. In that sorrow many of our readers will share when they receive the news of the death of George P. Riley, '86. He contracted a cold some six months since and relying on his robust constitution, neglected it until it developed into an incurable pulmonary disease. He could not believe that his sickness was serious, and until a short time before his death he was around attending to the duties of his profession. For about two weeks only was he confined to his room, during which time he grew rapidly worse, until on the 21st of March, fortified by the sacraments for the dying, he passed quietly away at his home in Lynn, Mass.

After leaving Lawrence High School, Mr. Riley came in 1882, and remained with us for three years. With ability above the average he made a successful student. Ottawa College has never known

a superior all round athlete, and as a foot-baller he has never been equalled in Canada. He was captain of the College team during the years '84 and '85. Lovers of manly sports will recall his magnificent physique and his gentlemanly bearing on and off the field. In musical circles, and throughout the city generally he was well known as a member of the famous college quartette of his time. After leaving College Mr. Riley took a course in the Boston Conservatory of Music. He was engaged since that time in teaching music, and had attained considerable eminence in his profession.

His unaffected manliness, his independence of character and his kindly disposition bound his fellow-students to him by the ties of true friendship. Those who knew him best loved him best, and those alone knew the depth and truth of his friendship. During his illness, while he yet had hopes of recovery, he proposed returning to the College to recuperate. One of his College-mates, his most intimate friend, was with him shortly before his death and they talked much of the old days and friends of Ottawa College. At length George said "Oh Dan, dont talk any more about the College, it makes me sad to think of those, the happiest days of my life." Poor George, it was hard for him to realize that he had to die—it is hard for us to realize that he is dead. He was only 26 years old. The funeral took place from St. Joseph's Church, Lynn, on March 24th. Soleman High mass of Requiem was celebrated by Father Coleman. The remains were taken to Lawrence in charge of a delegation of the Lynn lodge of the Elks of which the deceased was a member.

To his bereaved family and friends THE OWL on behalf of the College, tenders its heartfelt sympathy. May his soul rest in peace.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association held to take action on the death of

Mr. Riley, the following resolutions were adopted.

Whereas, we the members of the O.C.A. A. have learned with deep regret of the untimely demise of our friend and college mate, Geo. P. Riley, and

Whereas, the late Mr. Riley was, during his term in the university, one of the most esteemed and active members of our association, and had by his many manly qualities won the love of his associates, be it hereby

Resolved, that, though we humbly reconcile ourselves to the decree of the Almighty, yet we cannot refrain from giving expression to the sorrow we experience on hearing of the death of our late friend, and we take this opportunity of extending to his family our heartfelt sympathy in their affliction, trusting that they will bear the loss with true Christian fortitude, and that the hope of life everlasting will console them in this their bereavement, and be it furthermore

Resolved, that copies of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, to THE OWL and the Lynn *Item*.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

The great trouble with the juniors at the present time is that all of them have not had an opportunity of distinguishing themselves in the noble task of divesting the yard of the useless coating of ice with which its surface is covered. The boy who managed to get ahead of the rest when coming from dinner, and thereby secured an axe or a pick, was envied like one raised over the heads of his companions to fill a position of honor. His companions who could not run so fast as he after a hearty meal or who, perhaps, had a more lasting affection for the dinner-table, had to stand around during the recreation hour, like a lot of statues, and enviously watch him chop off fine large chunks of the water-soaked ice; while he on the other hand proudly swung his axe and never gave in that he was the least bit tired, as he knew full well that the eyes of all were upon him. His young friend might beg to have the axe "just to strike two or three blows over here to let the water run," but no; he clings to his weapon as if he were paid by the hour,

and never desisted until the bell announced the hour for the cessation of manual, and the commencement of intellectual labors.

Already the plans for the baseball season are being talked over. Groups of young sports may be seen almost every day in the recreation hall, discussing the prospects and choosing the players for the different teams. All are doing their best to get up a team that will be as formidable as any of the teams of former years. It is probable that the first game of this season will be between the boarders and the externs, and from the past it may be presumed that the victory will rest with the boarders, as they have several of last year's best players on their team. Those who are not interested in base-ball are lounging around, waiting for the time when the yard will be sufficiently dry to allow of their kicking the football, and rolling one another in the dust. Others, again, have taken into their heads to introduce cricket into the small yard. They have already procured all the articles necessary for playing the game, and are determined to make it as popular as any other game that engages the attentions of the juniors.

During last month a game of hockey was played on our rink against the "Rideaus," a team of young stick-handlers from the Rideau Rink. This match should have been mentioned earlier, but through mistake it was overlooked, and must, therefore, be noticed at this late date. Our juniors came off victorious, of course, though the score was very close—2 to 1. The playing on both sides was very fine considering the youth of the contestants. For our boys, Connolly in goal, did splendid work; and among the home players, Weir and Slattery showed up remarkably well, each of them scoring a goal. The other players were Kavanagh, Paradis, Riendeau and W. Brophy, all of whom acted their part nobly. It is pleasing to see the juniors following in the steps of the seniors in taking up the game of hockey. Of course not much could be expected in this line the first year, but it is to be hoped that next winter a regularly organized hockey-club will be formed by the members of the Junior Athletic Association. Many of our noted footballers acquired their skill while playing on the teams of the small yard, and there is no reason why the juniors should not do as

much for hockey as they have done for football. They can develop the game among themselves, so that when they graduate to the senior division, they may be able to take a place on the first team and fill it with honor.

HOW THE "NIGGS" AND THE "HOWLS" CELEBRATED THE FIRST OF APRIL.

"Say, Mr. Fitz, will you act as umpire?" "Umpire for what? Don't try to fool anyone, Snowball, even if it is the 1st of April." "Oh yes, reely: I'm in earnest for sure. We are going to play the first base-ball match of the season to-day." "But you can't play while the yard is in that state, can you?" "Oh never mind the yard, we will let you stand on the steps if you are afraid of wetting your slippers, and you can put on your fur cap if you wish. You know, last year the yard was dry early and we had a big game just this day twelvemonth, and the fellows don't want to be behind last year's club—That is why we are going to play to-day—And besides my team has got a challenge from the what d'ye call 'ems, and I want to get them out to practice or they wont be in condition for the game—You know Harold and Lucier want to be trained down a lot before they will be able to run the bases—Harold is "thick" now, and the other fellow is not very thin, and I don't know how I am going to get them into shape—And Barry is as slow as cold molasses; he can't run worth a cent; you'd think he had leaden shoes on him—Freddie, our "catcher," is all broken down from skating last winter, and I will have to"—Here he stopped to take breath for the first time from the start, and the umpire, seizing the opportunity, interposed, "Oh you needn't take a week to explain matters, get out your team and let us see them; if they are worth looking at, I will stay and umpire the game for you." So off went our friend to gather his sturdy followers. In a remarkably short time he returned with his aspiring ball-tossers, and was quickly followed by Maloney, the captain of the "Howls." "Well, are you ready yet?" asked the umpire. "Yes, all ready. Let us toss for innings." Up goes the coin. "Head" yells Maloney. Down it drops, but un-

fortunately lands on its edge in the mud. Both captains claimed the toss, but the umpire promptly decided in favor of the "Niggs." At this the captain of the "Howls" took offence, and of course abused him for not knowing better how to "humpire" (with the accent on the "pire.") He said he was being cheated, and was going to throw up the game; so Snowball in order to smooth matters over, gave the "Howls" the first innings.

The placing of the "Niggs" wasted a lot of time. Barry being the most powerful of the players was unanimously chosen as pitcher. Freddie, of course, was "catcher." Beenie wanted to play "sirst base" on top of the sewer grate, but as there was danger of his falling into the sewer through the bars of the grate, he had to give way to Snowball. Harold went to "thecond baith" which was situated in a pool of water. Brunet took third. Beenie was made short stop, as he was the shortest of the crowd. Lucier took centre field, with Ernest Leveque to the right and Gregorio to the left.

The plate of last year could not be found, so Snowball procured a block of ice which served the purpose admirably. Donovan went to the bat first. Barry gave a short dry cough, looked dangerous, and then let fly the ball, which went ten feet wide of the mark. Nigger gave him a pointer on how he should pitch, and the next time the ball came almost over the plate. The umpire, however, decided "two balls." The third one was still better, and Donovan, thinking this was his chance, made a vicious swipe at it, but missed. Feeling somewhat cheap, he fastened his heels deeper in the mud, and when the next ball came, he sent it whizzing to left field, where it landed in the snow-fort. Gregorio ran to find it but got lost in the ruins. Lucier went to his rescue, but before he got out with Gregorio and the ball, Donovan had waded around to home base. Maloney went wild with excitement, while Barry hoarsely attacked Lucier for not throwing the ball to him sooner. Next came small Malo, who stuck out. "Oh you're a dandy" said "Catcher." Of course Arthur wanted to fight then with all of the "Niggs," who had to ask the umpire to save them "a Malo." Catelier next took hold of the bat, and managed to make a strike, but the ball got to first base before he

arrived there, and the umpire decided "out on first." Maloney got impatient and began to rail against Catelier, who explained the matter by saying "I did have time for go."—"Two out."

Glasmacher came to the plate smiling, and the first fair ball that Barry delivered, went spinning from the bat across 2nd base, and over Lucier's head. Before the "Niggs" pulled themselves together, Henry had arrived at second base. Then Captain Maloney took his stand, and waited for the pitcher who was looking vicious on account of Glasmacher's success. Barry shrugged his shoulders, and sent the ball directly over the plate. "One strike." "A—w say, that no strike. Can't you see? While Maloney was thus protesting against the umpire's decision Glasmacher managed to sneak a base, and got to third. The second ball seemed to come pretty straight, so the batter made a powerful drive at it, and missed. He evidently was rattled, but still he hoped to bring home his man from third, so he planted himself firmly, and waited for a fair ball. Barry began to realize his own abilities, and laughed with his eyes as he saw Maloney get excited. He jerked up his shoulders, and sent a hot in-curving ball right over the plate. Maloney was taken off his guard. He thought it was going to be just a "ball," and therefore made no attempt to strike. "Three strikes!" cried the umpire. Maloney objected and stuck to the bat till told by the umpire that he had struck out. Then he flung it on the ground, and his eyes grew to twice their natural size. "A—w, say you ought to go and learn a little base-ball before you try to humpire a game. You don't know what is a strike; you say 'strike' 'strike!' all the time." But all his talk was of no avail; the decision was "three out."

Barry came in smiling, and waited for his turn at the bat. Lamoureux took the stick first, and "fetched" the second ball thrown to him; but before he could make his run, it was thrown to Bessète, whose position was on top of the sewer grate, "or in other words" at first base. Snowball thought it was all up with him, and everyone expected to see him turn pale. But he didn't. Brunet came second, and having got his base on balls, sneaked round to third. Barry came next. There was a vicious glare in his eye,

and his hair was fairly curled with determination. He fixed his eyes upon the ground, and didn't seem to take any notice of the ball or of the pitcher. Jean Baptiste, who was in the box, thought he was going to "have a snap," and began giving easy balls. But Barry was not by any means so nearly asleep as he looked, and pulling himself together suddenly, he gave the ball a thwack that sounded as loud as the report of *three pistoles*. By a noble dash he made 2nd base, while Brunet got home from third. Some one congratulated Brunet on his good play, but he very generously gave all the credit to Barry, saying in his usual style "*C'est lui qui l'a fait; pas moi.*" "Me's nex" said Ernest. He took the bat and, of course, struck at the first ball and missed it; then laughed at himself. After letting a good chance pass, he struck at another ball and the umpire cried "foul tip." Ernest protested. "No sir; sure; I did not do foul tip." The umpire, seeing him so earnest over the matter, took his word for it, and the game went on. Finally Ernest knocked the ball into a pool of water, and before Donovan got it out, gained first base. Barry, had stolen a base, came running in from third with his face wrinkled up as if all the skin on it was trying to get into his eyes. Lucier came to the bat and struck out. He just said "Pshaw," then went and sat down on the steps. Beenie was next. "Now I'm small; giz me a good ball." J. B. happened to be in a generous mood just then, as he had received two splendid fish on that day, in the forenoon and afternoon, "respectively." He therefore gave Beenie easy balls, who made two attempts to strike, and missed. Shortly afterwards the umpire announced "three strikes." Aw, now, Mister, Mister, call that a 'ball'; g'won now, Mr. Sitz, that's a 'ball.'" Another chance was given him and he got his base on balls. Meanwhile, Ernest made home base. Gregorio took the bat and struck out. "You're no good" said some of the other players. "No, you no good, you no good" responded Gregorio. "Three out" was announced. Score:—"Nigs," 3; "Howls," 1.

The "Howls" brightened up a bit, and thought they still might win the day. But events proved otherwise. Besette took the bat, and sent the ball to right field; then struck out for first. But on his

way he accidentally stepped on a piece of ice and fell forwards. A terrible mud-puddle lay before him, and into this he plunged headlong. There he lay helpless, completely swamped. Friends and foes gathered around to assist him, but he was stuck so fast in the mud, that they could not extricate him. They called the umpire who ran down, and seizing him by the shoulders tried to raise up his head at least. But like Samson of old, he found that his strength was all gone. Some of the other boys who were removing the snow and ice from another part of the yard came running to the scene of the accident. They shoveled away some of the mud from around him, and pryed him out with the crowbar. His helpless form was then carried into the recreation hall, and laid on a table, and restoratives were applied. In a short time he came to, and is now almost over the effects of his mud-bath. Before the excitement ceased the bell rang, and all hands had to repair to the study. No descision was given by the umpire, and as both captains claim the victory, it will have to remain an open question till Bessette is again able to take his place on the team.

EXCHANGES.

Stonyhurst has again been heard from after an interruption of several months. We note with pleasure, that athletics has its devotees among our English friends. Football, it appears, is their game as it is ours, and we extend our congratulations to this year's eleven on the success which was theirs in so many of their encounters. The *Magazine* for March with good reason bewails the death of the late Father Perry. Not only in Stonyhurst will his presence be missed, but for the students in Astronomical Science in general, Father Perry's death causes a gap which time will not soon succeed in filling.

Among the latest of our new arrivals, is the *Purdue Exponent*, coming from Purdue University, La Fayette, Ind. It is a brisk and bright addition to the field of College journalism, and promises to be deserving of its company. Its literary department is extensive, yet lacks seriousness. We enjoyed however the reading of "John Chilton" in the number before us.

The *University Monthly* continues to be the spicy and interesting journal, that we have ever found it to be. The March number opens with an apt quotation from President Whitford's address in Milton College, Wis. The aim of the article is to prove the efficacy of a college training and the invaluable aid it furnishes the graduate for fighting the struggle of after life. The point is clearly established. "Mind Culture" runs in the proper strain, for next to the aimless and thoughtless student, the one who effects the least and will alternately achieve the least, is the one who is given to wholesale and promiscuous reading. The *Monthly* has the interests of Frederickton University at heart, and boldly puts forth its claims upon the legislators who are shortly to open session. Their clever presentation of their case deserves to be successful in securing for them the required patronage.

We have the March number of the *Allegheny Campus* before us, though the preceding numbers seem to have failed in reaching us. "First growth ideas" is written in a pleasing style, but the writer is evidently not at rest with himself on several questions which sound philosophy places beyond discussion. Truly enough a man's birthday is not the first link in the chain of his existence, just as the day of his death is not the last, yet it is utterly absurd to suppose that this chain extends back through our first parent Adam into apedom. Nor, in the second place, does a heritage of a speculative spirit and a religious nature make a stormy life a necessity, because of their apparent opposition. Religion has remedies for all the evils that may beset us, and it can always furnish us with the strength to overcome and subdue inferior and oftentimes destructive forces. The *Campus* devotes considerable space to local and fraternity notes.

Trinity University *Review* for March brings to light the existence of rather strained relations between the students and faculty. The trouble arose from an infraction by the former of a mandate forbidding the cruel though time-honored custom of hazing, or "routing" as it is called in Trinity, initiation and such like. The students were loth to forego their old habits and several freshmen were brought before the High Court of the Inquisition. The authorities being made aware of the facts, immediately expelled the leaders

and imposed a fine on the remaining seniors. Little inclination was at first shown to comply with this ruling, but the faculty remaining firm, the students eventually gave in and upon promising unconditionally to abandon the objectionable customs the fine was reduced and the expelled ones reinstated.

The *Kenyon Collegian*, from Kenyon College, Gambier, O., is decidedly improved by the addition of a new cover. The editorial department of the *Collegian* though not extensive is cleverly edited, its contents being racy and thoughtfully chosen. The number before us has an excellent article entitled "Shakespeare—the man and his mind," which is to continue through several numbers, and which promises to be interesting and instructive. We were interested with the reading of "Modern Heroes" and think that the high tribute of heroism which the writer pays to the humble workman, is fully merited. The man who toils unnoticed, and without the least hope of worldly recognition ever being his, is a greater hero than he who in the performance of deeds of valor, is encouraged by the flattering praises of the world around him. The former is urged by a pure and noble motive, whilst the latter not unfrequently acts for the empty glory his deeds may for a short time shed on him.

St. John's University *Record* for March opens with "An Ode to St. Benedict," a lengthy poem in blank verse, which indicates no low order of poetic ability on the part of the writer, "A Mediaeval Scholar" describes the early life and labors of one of the noblest of the Popes—Sylvester II., but the most important article of the issue is "Glimpses of Four Continents," descriptive of European customs and places. It is written in an easy style, bordering on the humorous and well repays perusal.

We notice the following piled upon our table, but have not been able to reach them yet. *The Chronicle, News Letter, Temple College News, The Delphic, Moore's Hill Collegian, The Messenger, Alfred University, Manitoba College Journal, Carletonia, College Rambler, Niagara Index, De Pauw Ads, Censor, Acta Victoriana, The Critic, Campus (Ottawa), Polytechnic, The Dickinsonian, Hamilton College Monthly, Coup D'Etat, Concordensis, Earthamite* and the *Oberlin Review*.

ATHLETICS.

The most surprising success achieved by the students in the athletic games since the organization of the Association is that won by the hockey team during the season just past. The foot-ball team has acquired skill and dexterity by years of hard and earnest practice, coupled to a strict adherence to the rules of the game and obedience to the orders of the manager. The hockey team entered the arena at the beginning of the season, without the advantage of having even seen the game played, while their opponents in every contest were long experienced players. Notwithstanding these facts they did not despair of success, but following the example of the foot-ball team, began systematic practice with the following good results :

College vs. Rebels, 7 to 2—won.

College vs. 2nd Ottawas, 0 to 4—lost.

College vs. Rideaus 1 to 0—won.

College vs. 2nd Ottawas, 0 to 1—lost.

College vs. Rebels, 5 to 1—won.

College vs. 2nd Ottawas, 2 to 2—draw.

College vs. 2nd Ottawas, 1 to 4—lost.

College vs. 2nd Ottawas, 2 to 2—draw.

The score for the season standing College 18, opponents 16.

The following are the names of students who constitute the hockey team :—D. McDonald, J. McDougall, M. Meagher, E. Morel, R. Paradis, C. J. Kennedy, C. Sparrow, A. McDougall, A. White and W. McGreevy.

The base-ball team is already organized and will begin active practice as soon as weather permits. Though many of the old reliables are seen no more on the College campus, still a few remain to cheer and encourage those who will appear on the diamond for the first time. The committee intrusted with the management of the game is composed of the following gentlemen :—Rev. Mr. Quinn, D. McDonald, O. Clarke, R. Ivers and T. Donovan. Already several challenges have been received, and we anxiously look forward to the opening of the season, when some lively and interesting matches will no doubt be seen.

At present the only game that affords relief to the dull monotony prevailing consequent upon the arrival of spring, is hand-ball. The alleys are in capital con-

dition, thanks to the efforts of many of our smaller boys.

As this is a game which almost all the students delight to take part in, would it not be well to have for it, as for other games, certain definite rules to guide the players. The game, except on a congé, should not exceed ten points, and the winners of two successive games should not persist in holding their places till beaten. This is, to say the least, very unsatisfactory and should not be continued.

Matches could be easily arranged among the several classes, that would certainly prove exciting to all. An emulation such as this would go a great way towards enlivening our few short moments of recreation.

The "Blue Caps" were the first base ball team to organize this year. The following is the membership of the club : P. Brunnell, catcher and captain ; J. McNamara, pitcher ; R. Belanger, 1st base ; A. Sabourin, 2nd base ; E. O'Neil, 3rd base ; A. Lavallée, shortstop ; A. Bowie, right fielder ; Al. Plunkett, centre fielder ; Gilbert, left fielder ; T. Sherlock, substitute.

LITERARY NOTES.

The March number of the *University Magazine* is more than excellent. There are descriptions of the installation of Hon. Seth Low as president of Columbia, and of the alumni dinners of Princeton, Yale and Harvard, accompanied by several fine photo-engravings. Then the Delta Kappa Epsilon club of New York, is written about by one of its officers ; General Howard defends classical instruction ; Prof. Vail, of Hobart, sketches the life of Hobart's President ; Dr. Wickham, the oldest living graduate of Yale, tells how they lived there in his day. Altogether the contents of the Magazine are such as any college student or graduate will take pleasure in reading. Such a periodical is, as it were, a bond between the different universities and should be made stronger by encouragement and support. The publisher is James Wilton Brooks, 570 South street, New York city.

THE PREPALEOZOIC SURFACE OF THE ARCHÆAN TERRANES OF CANADA AND THE INTERNAL RELATIONS AND TAXONOMY OF THE ARCHEAN OF CENTRAL

CANADA, is the title of a neat little brochure containing two papers recently read before the Geological Society of America by Mr. Andrew C. Lawson of this city. The first paper is of peculiar interest in as much as it takes up the discussion of the rocky character of the surface strata of the Archean beds in North America, the actual cause of which rocky elevations, Geologists have as yet failed to discover. Mr. Lawson, on the strength of personal observation, feels safe in rejecting the two most generally accepted hypotheses, and affirms that the hummocky aspect of the Archean surface, in its essential and prominent features, antedates the glacial epoch, and consequently cannot be explained by the transporting power of the glazier. The writer furnishes evidence, though necessarily brief, from the different Archean formations of Canada. In his paper on the internal relations and taxonomy of the Archean of Central Canada, the writer deals, apparently with much familiarity, with the composition, structure and gradual metamorphism which has taken place in primitive lithological strata of our globe. Mr. Lawson is a member of the Editorial staff of the *American Geologist*, to the March number of which, he contributes some valuable notes on the occurrence of native copper in the Animikie rocks of Thunder Bay.

*LECTURE BY REV. FATHER
FOX, O.M.I.*

On Monday the 7th inst. the Rev. Father Fox, of Winnipeg, delivered a lecture in Academic Hall, on "Conversions; or all roads lead to Rome." Himself a convert and a missionary priest of long experience, Father Fox is exceptionally well qualified to treat such a subject.

The Rev. lecturer divided the Catholics of Great Britain, among whom he spent nearly the whole of his eventful life, into three classes: the Irish Catholics or their descendants; the English Catholics who remained true to the faith of their fathers; and the converts, a class ever increasing in numbers and influence. In reviewing the position, influence and part played by each of these classes, the lecturer pointed out the attitude of non-Catholics toward the Church, accounting for it by their education, surroundings and literature. He then gave numerous instances of conversions, most of which came under his

own personal observation, and closed with an appropriate and impressive peroration. Referring to those who fall away from the Catholic Church, he pointed out how remarkably they differed in their character and motives from those who sought admission to her fold; while many of the former were, when dying, sincerely desirous of returning to their religion, it is unheard of that any of those having once received the light of faith, wished at the solemn hour of death to return to the heresy which they had forsaken.

The lecture throughout was extremely interesting and instructive; indeed the working of Divine Grace in the human heart must be at all times interesting and instructive to true Christians. But Father Fox's history, his vast experience in Great Britain and Ireland, his pleasing voice, and faultless English, lent an additional charm to a subject in itself of the highest interest. Were lectures of this kind more frequently heard here, the mere announcement would suffice to fill the hall to overflowing.

ORDINATIONS.

On Easter Sunday morning, at the Scholasticate, Archville, His Lordship Bishop Clut conferred sacred Orders as follows:

Priesthood:

Rev. Herménégilde Brunette.

Deaconship:

Revs. J. A. Gratton, G. Gauvreau, P. J. Tranchemontagne, M. Desjardins, J. P. Brochu and L. J. Laniel. All the reverend gentlemen are members of the congregation of Oblates of Mary Immaculate.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

Owing to the expense incurred by the management during the past year; and to the fact that the number of pages in this volume of THE OWL has already exceeded the ordinary number, it is likely that the May number will bring Vol. III. to a close.

With this number we will publish a title page and index. Those of our subscribers who desire back numbers, with which to complete their files, can have them by dropping us a postal card specifying the missing numbers.

PRIORIS TEMPORIS FLORES.

G. F. Smith, '88, is one of this year's graduates in medicine, of Laval.

A. W. Reddy, the medalist of last year's First Form has entered the Harvard Law School.

Rev. T. J. Cronin, '82, lectured with marked success, on St. Patrick's eve, at Stamford, Conn.

Rev. P. Gagnon, O.M.I. '85, holds the post of Bursar of the Sacred Heart Novitiate, Tewksbury, Mass.

Wm. F. Tye, C. E., '81, is now engineering the Great Falls and Canada railroad through the wilds of Montana, U. S.

Charles F. Hamilton, B.A., of '86, now adds LL.B. to his name, the Dalhousie Law School having conferred that degree upon him a short time since.

Rev. A. Valiquette, O.S.A., a member of the rhetoric class of '84, and recently ordained at Villanova, Pa., sung High Mass in the University chapel on Sunday, March 30th

C. E. Devlin, of the engineer's of '86 is now pursuing his profession in search of "black diamonds" in the mining district of Pennsylvania, with Scottdale for his headquarters.

The financial ability of Rev. Thomas Ferron, O.M.I. has been of such aid to Rev. Father Poitras of Mattawa, that the worthy missionary looks forward to the near completion of the grandest church edifice north of Ottawa,—St. Anne's of Mattawa.

The *Irish Canadian* of March 20, comes to us enriched by the scholarly and inspiring address of F. A. Anglin '85, on Patriotism, delivered under the auspices of the I. C. B. U. Toronto, on St. Patrick's day. Mr. Anglin though but a few years in his profession, (the bar) is rapidly and deservedly winning for himself a name and fame that betokens a brilliant future.

Rev. D. O'Riordan, O.M.I. who was in the college in the old pioneer days, and is now pastor of the Holy Angels' Church, Buffalo, N.Y., has signalized his first years' pastorate by transforming the church into one of the most attractive places of worship in Buffalo. The entire interior has been redecorated by master hands, and the local papers are effuse in their praise of the work.

Rev. P. F. Sexton, who was a member of the faculty some five years ago, and whose fame and popularity as a lecturer brought within the walls of Academic Hall the largest gathering that ever assembled there for a like purpose, has recently met with like success on the lecture platform in Plymouth, Mass., and also in Jamaica Plain, of which latter place he is the assistant pastor. We congratulate Father Sexton on his success on both occasions.

When a man receives the highest gift in the suffrages of his fellow-citizens for the fourth time, it is indicative of a popularity and success in the method of fulfilling the duties and bearing the honors thrust upon him that may well be a just source of pride. An old student of Ottawa, Mr. A. A. Taillon, has again been unanimously elected chief magistrate of Sorel. We congratulate our friend and wish that his fourth term in the mayoralty will be marked by the same degree of success that characterized his previous administrations.

ULULATUS.

"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," as T. D. G. found out.

Dick says that he can hold second base, but that he cannot hold the ball.

A friend of a prominent footballer inquires "What's inside the football."

The left pawphenom of the first form is a candidate for the twirlers position.

Lussier wants a position on the first team as mascot, or catcher's breastplate.

"Jack," the old point of the Railton Lacrosse team, is a graceful stick handler.

Brock's got back with an improved smile, and in consequence the snow and ice have rapidly disappeared.

The people of Carleton Place are of the opinion that the persons who signed themselves as professors there recently, are rather young for such positions.

Cahey's handball alley promises to be well patronized this spring. The annual meeting of shareholders, and the election of officers will take place at an early date.

"We lacrosse players must shake ourselves, and get into condition." Words taken from Albert, speech 1, sentence 1, at a recent meeting of the Athletic Association

LOST! The friendship that once existed between two members of the Junior Philosophy class. The finder will please return it, as it is of no use to anyone but the owners.

The United Order of Hibernians is the name of a newly ordered base-ball nine. By a unanimous vote of the Committee, a rule was adopted to the effect that all coaching must be done by signs.

A *Con-spectuous* hockey player recently met a rival player on a city team, and tendered him his sympathies on the loss of his grandmother. Both parties were considerably surprised.

"The Spanish Rebels; we want freedom if not your life" was the inscription on the paper badges worn by many of our juniors a few nights ago. Fortunately the terrible enemy distanced.

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears,
Or rather one of them, for one I need.
The evil done last night, is evident
To you all. Behold the perforations
Rendering useless my left auricular
Ah me! that rats should be ambitious,
And leave the pantry with its myriad stores,
Of prunes and dates, and dates and prunes
And mount 'twixt stone and plaster to this height
A journey e'en to me a task fatiguing,
And then to whet its slainy appetite
On—ah me! I cannot say it,
But mark my ear. Behold!
Here ran the rodent's sharp incision through
And here—and here—accused holes
That gaped until my veins discharged
In pulsing flood their ruddy stream,
Dyeing sheet and coverlet a hue
That Albion's brilliant ensign e'en might envy,
Ah me; that rats should be ambitious.

T. C.