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Accident or Design.

HEY say it rose by accident,
You mighty mountain towering vast
From Time's huge, seething cauldron cast:
Some aimless cause in blindness sent
Its grandeur veiled in purple mist,
Its dark robe tinged with amethyst.

That it gave perfume to the flowers;
Wings to the wandering breeze of June;
To all the woodland songsters tune
A careful dole of sun and shower
To earth's bright plains; o'er land and sea,
A snow-drops perfect frailty.

They say 'tis but an accident,
The endless, solemn sighing sea,
Earth's emblem of eternity,
Some vast misshapen darkness lent
It's gloom to touch with life each wave,
Each strand, each glory treasured cave.
Truth and her sisters, Love and Trust—
Man cannot see them, far too fair
For mortal eyes—all free from care,
They tell us that beyond this dust
There is a home called Paradise,
It's fair gates hid in summer skies.

Yet men will say that accident,
Gave shape to all this ordered vast,
No workmen labored in the past;
Some furtive, futile shadow sent,
To whirl their course through boundless space,
Worlds rolling on an endless space.

Would that some portent, flaming red,
Like yonder glowing planet, Mars,
That wanders with the firmer stars,
Might come with change ere hope is fled,
That through disorder truth might show:
And seeing, all could heed and know.

—W. J. Robinson, '10.
While it must be admitted that man is endowed with free-will in consequence of which he is capable of controlling and directing himself in the infinitely varying circumstances of life, yet it still remains true that he is, to a very great extent at least, the creature and sometimes, also, the victim of circumstances.

"He fixed thee 'mid the dance
Of plastic circumstance."

When we ask ourselves what makes up the life we live, not merely the daily routine of labor which our avocations demand of us, but that inner life, hidden from the eyes of men, patent to the self alone: whence originate in our intellectual life the thoughts we think and the opinions we form, in our moral life the operative practical principles and motives of our actions, and in our emotional life the joys and sorrows of our sojourn here; when we ask, in a word, what are the fountains of thought, action, and feeling, we are so non-plussed by their variety that even a long sitting before the vivograph of memory reveals very little, very little to the purpose, I mean. Data there are in abundance, whole burdens of facts: but mere facts, unrelationed by the mind, are likely to nauseate when they are intended to nourish.

Though such research would be extremely difficult in the case of any particular act, idea, or emotion, yet we can discover the great influences that have given the bent to our lives, viewed from any of the three points which I have mentioned. And as we know the great influences, so also can we influence them. This fact becomes vastly important in each sphere, and yet in the emotional part it is neglected much more than in the other two, owing to a false assumption on the part of both educator and student that the latter is a consequential appendage of the former, when, as a matter of fact, the feelings are the very life blood of intellectual and moral vigour.
Man is not a purely intellectual creature, nor does he act on abstract principles alone. Knowledge does not lead men to God, nor does Faith alone save. Man must be made to feel as well as to know, and all knowledge is capable of being coloured by interest so that the whole of our nature is attracted by it.

The reason of this is obvious. The world is full of interest; every nook and corner of the globe has its pleasure spots for someone. There is nothing which may not be to us a source of enjoyment—all the vast multitude of objects within the perspective of the intellect, which St. Thomas says is in a sense infinite, every number on the curriculum of human intelligence, every pursuit that the old philosopher, the lover of wisdom, made his own; the mystery of the starry heavens above us, the eternal hills around us, and the molten mass beneath, the little seedling slowly evolving and unfolding itself, and the swooping cyclone that engulfs whole cities without a moments warning, nay, even God Himself, who condescends to reveal His infinite perfections so that we can see His face as in a mirror.

Yet what would be the knowledge of all things but a barren treasure, were we to remain always unmoved by what the intellect has acquired? Imagine yourself put in possession of knowledge a thousand fold more extensive than ever entered the mind of Aristotle, but possessed of it in such a way that it has for you no interest, no power to inspire, no attraction to guard or multiply it; but the whole vast horde lying in the mind dead, inert and emotionally colorless. Then compare with this the little mite that you can truthfully call your own, but which you prize, nevertheless, more than all the world. I think that I am right when I say that you would not exchange the latter for the former. The mother would not give her puny sickly child for all the other children in the world. The associations that bind them are too sacred ever to be broken assunder. For the heart is the center of life.
"There is a grandeur in the beatings of the heart."

All that is sacred and tender belongs to it, and without the feelings and sentiments all experience is cold and colorless.

This great truth is the vital point in pedagogy. To create an interest in things of experience should be the primary aim of every teacher; this is the first of all pedagogical laws. The second law enacts that a nice discrimination be made in the choice of subjects in which interest may be centered. The two principles, based on the observation of human nature in its growth, are already admitted in the abstract, but in practice they are frequently disregarded. To illustrate their utility and application will, therefore, be more to the purpose than to dwell on their truth.

By way of illustration I may be permitted to draw out a contrast between an interesting figure among English authors and a type familiar to most readers or travellers in our day. For several generations literary men have been charmed by the delicious naïvete of “Pepys’ Diary.” Samuel Pepys was a practical man of affairs, whose administrative ability was mainly instrumental in placing the British Navy “first of first” among the armaments of the world. It seems marvellous that a man, so circumstanced, should be able, in his leisure moments, to write a book for posterity without art and without effort, containing too, nothing but a simple register of his daily interests. Its charm arises from the breadth of interest that the writer manifests. Nothing was too small or too great to be outside the range of his sympathy, nothing fails to interest him: he dilated on everything with gusto, and careful observation was for him a matter of conscientious duty. How many things would “make a difference” for us, also, had we more of Pepys’ breadth of sympathy and interest, where, as a matter of fact, we pause in dull inaction though it be possible to “shine in use.” And all this without the least tax upon our energies, without waste or tension.
Next, the reverse of the medal which life strikes. Can the reader imagine anything more pitiable than the life of him who spends his days amid the gloomy folds of a dark coal mine; who, as he plods along the streets on his way from work, looks neither to the right nor to the left, but with a sort of stolid indifference to surroundings and an instinct begotten of custom, threads his way along the less frequented streets with a minimum of effort and thought. Intellect in such a man is almost dead, while sense and instinct alone act where God intended the nobler power to rule.

What is life to such a man! how barren, wearisome! What appeal have natural objects—the treetop mountain or the starry moonlit sky, Niagara's emerald sweep or the majestic St. Lawrence struggling to free itself from countless tons of broken ice when winter plays at harnessing its irresistible flow! What a world of difference between this slow, coarse brain and the teeming mentality of Pepys, whose gossiping diary is a most valuable memorial of the domestic life of his time, giving us details of the plays, concerts, processions, fires, banquets, weddings, christenings, merry-makings, school examinations, legislators, fashions, etc.! Because the poor miner possesses no susceptibility to impression from objects of beauty and interest, he pays no heed to them. The dark obscurity of his soul excludes the rays of glory in the universe, for his senses have not been refined to that transparency which gives entrance to the light of God's countenance in the world. There is, consequently, very little response to the stimulus and but faint lighting up of the inner self.

Obviously here is some great lack, a lack not of power but of training. In training, the first factor to be calculated upon is variety in the raw material. Not all are gifted alike. Our susceptibilities to impression are dependent, partly upon heredity and partly upon personal experience. In youth the range of our susceptibilities is almost unlimited. Not that we find ourselves, from the very beginning, fully equipped with a vast number of i-
APPerceptive Centres

The dreams of youth are not all visionary; the ambitions of age are often so. The sapling can be bent in any direction, but experiment in the same way with the gnarled oak and you labor in vain.

Partly by way of preparation but chiefly in concert with the development of interest-centres must go the conscious aim of personal refinement. Just as intellectual power increases by intellectual labor, so does emotional refinement develop in conjunction with increase in artistic interest. The lack which I have remarked is emotional blindness. Now no power is worth much which has not been trained. Heredity does much in a few cases to confer the culture and refinement necessary to a rich emotional nature; but for the mass of men it alone is not sufficient. Thus it becomes a duty which every man owes to himself, even a moral obligation to cultivate his emotional powers, to refine his nature, to create what the Psychologist calls "Apperceptive Centres."

To prove the reality of this obligation, and to make clearer what we may now call apperceptive centres for what is good and beautiful, is the aim in the remainder of this paper.

Few, I believe, will fail to be attracted by the magnetism of Shakespeare's genius, and very many, at least, will respond to Wordsworth's call:

"Let nature be your teacher.  
She has a world of ready wealth,  
Our mind and hearts to bless—  
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,  
Truth breathed by cheerfulness."

But poetry is only one among many centres of interest. The vast range of biological science includes an indefinite variety of genera and species from the lowest form of organized cellular life to man, "the paragon of the world"; and in all of them the scientist finds exem-
plified the most perfect unity amid endless variety—the very definition of beauty. Science after science, each in its peculiar way, radiates attractions to the mind of man, and speaks to his heart of splendour and truth. And art, too, even more manifestly, exhibits a still more powerful charm for its hierophant. To all those who have the opportunity of obtaining a liberal education belongs the inestimable privilege of admission to many of nature's inner shrines, from which the blind multitude are excluded; excluded not merely because their occupations or conditions in life hinder them from coming, in leisure moments, to worship at these shrines of lofty joy and all loveliness, but far more because they have not the capacity to appreciate what nature has to reveal. Their emotional nature is dull, unrefined. In this matter, too, we find a stumbling block in modern social conditions. The richest treasures in nature's cabinet seem dull and uninteresting to eyes that have lost their delicacy by the chloroform of artificial glare and tinsel. Far better is the state of those who have never awaked to the falsity of vulgar meretriciousness:

Whether the senses be crude, uneducated and lacking the necessary training which produces acuteness and delicacy of perception or benumbed by the false and meretricious in art, there is, in either case, need of training and refinement. With some the process is simple and easy, for nature has been kind to them; but with others, with whom she has been niggardly, careful and judicious guidance along a few special lines, which do not demand any special gift, is paramount.

Again and again we meet with persons who have no appreciation of what is noblest and purest in life, who are attracted by low vulgar pleasures alone. How many a young man have we all known, who finds his freetime unbearable, that is not spent in sinful pleasures in catering to sensuous appetites. The low theatre or the saloon is his place of recreation. To understand how anyone can find pleasure in books, in communing with nature in
the open fields, in meditating on God and his works is to such an one a problem utterly inexplicable. He has no susceptibilities to the nobler things of human experience.

And yet how incomparably more delightful are the purer pleasures. They never pall, they never nauseate; their interest is perennial and their enjoyment ennobling. How sad is the lot of the vulgar, and yet it might have been otherwise with them, for all of us have a greater or less capacity for refined pleasure. In this, as elsewhere, there are grades and degrees. True, only the chosen few are admitted to the innermost shrines of nature's temple. These are the priests who worship at her shrine, day and night, and who reveal to those eager ones without some few of the countless secrets they have learned. Of these few, some enter by one door, some by another; but all call to men to come and see how beautiful God is in his works. They are all preachers for their works are living voices, immortal echoes of the Divine Voice. Of these chosen spirits we are most familiar with the poets. Their songs appeal to the greatest number of men. Shakespeare's votaries are legion.

In order, however, to make clearer what I mean by the development of apperceptive centres, and sensitive refinement let us stop to consider the strange sensitivity of Wordsworth to impressions from natural objects. Everyone is aware that the majestic Alps or the Lakes of Killarney exercise a powerful charm over men; no one can look upon them for the first time and remain indifferent to their influence. This influence, which Wordsworth calls "The Influence of Natural Objects," is exercised by thousands of spots and objects. In the charming Lake district about Grasmere, Wordsworth found a paradise on earth. The open hillside and the wide undulating meadow spoke to him a language which he alone could understand, a language of love and of joy.

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

It carried his sensitive spirit away in raptures of song.
Every moment of the day and night revealed charms, ever ancient, ever new. The cuckoo is to him "a wandering voice," "a mystery," that makes the earth appear to be "an unsubstantial, fairy place;" the green linnet is to him "a life, a Presence like the Air, scattering gladness without care." Nature had chosen him for her priest, became to him both law and impulse, and flooded his soul with vital feelings of delight. True to the gospel he had received he goes forth crying out to all men:

"Up! Up! my friend, and quit your books;*

Let Nature be your teacher."

In spite of ourselves we admire the wonderful soul that could so fully understand the ennobling words of Nature. Few could approach to that delicacy of perception. This communing with nature would soon pall on the ordinary man, who has not in himself to understand what Tennyson could find in a quiet little brook that would keep him intent and alone gazing at one spot during a whole hour. We are absolutely blind to the finer things about us. Helen Keller, with all her wealth of learning, can have no true idea of light or color. Were sight suddenly given her she would be compelled to admit that the concept of color which she had formed for herself was utterly unlike the reality. To know such things it is absolutely imperative that we feel them directly. It is the same with the ordinary man in respect of those things which demand for their perception a previous culture. The vast wealth of infinitely varied interests which earth and heaven afford must be taken by violence, and only the violent shall gain the prize of noble pleasures. In the great majority of cases a rich emotional nature and a delicate sense of the beautiful and true and good, is an acquired perfection and not a natural habit.

To the reader who has followed my argument it should be sufficiently obvious why I have set as the first law of pedagogy, that the teacher must aim above all at creating interest-centres. A few words of explanation
will make the second equally obvious. The present day life, as we are only too painfully aware, abounds in attractions that are vulgar and sinful and easily attainable. Their very propinquity tends to limit the freedom of movement which would permit of a wider range of objects, among which more worthy ones would be found. As a light close to the eyes where, all around is dark, limits our range of vision to the distance of the light, so do these lower attractions put in shadow all other objects. We must, therefore, endeavor to bring the things which are hidden more to the foreground. How many these are, we can never estimate, and it behooves us to choose among them all, first, those most likely to elevate and secondly, among these, the particular object with which each individual can most readily bring himself into sympathy. The nature of the individual must be carefully learned and objects chosen accordingly. Of course, the individual is himself likely to manifest preferences and exhibit susceptibilities that will serve as a guide. Herein is contained the second law: a nice discrimination among objects is of the very greatest moral consequence.

All must not, however, be left to the teacher. The pupil, too, must realize the necessity of cultivating the finer instincts of his nature and of forming interests in what is most ennobling. And in this matter, we never outgrow the state of pupilage. And because we are early beyond the eye of governor or tutor, we must be both tutor and pupil. Environment gratuituously supplies us with books that give us pure delights to ennoble our dull natures. Let us therefore nourish in our bosoms a heart that "watches and receives." If all were but thus.

"How soon all worldly wrong would be repaired!
I think how I should view the earth and skies,
And sea, and when once again my brow was bared
After thy healing, with such different eyes.
O world, as God has made it! All is beauty:
And knowing this, is love, and love is duty,
What further may be sought for or declared?"—BROWNING.

—REV. W. J. ROACH, C. S. B.
Lady Macbeth.

It is one of the greatest proofs of Shakespeare's surpassing genius that in the work of carving out his various characters, he has never produced one whose form has been lacking in symmetry. No matter what has been the form of the model chosen, every limb and every lineament have been traced out in perfect harmony. So that when apparent defects occur, as they sometimes do, it becomes us as humble admirers of that great artist to conclude that the real defect is in ourselves rather than in the artist or his works and with this conclusion before us, to re-examine and find wherein our judgment has been lacking. A remarkable instance of such an apparent defect is found in the case of Lady Macbeth.

The striking contrast between the bold regicide of the murder scene and the helpless woman of the sleepwalking scene would seem to indicate a dual personality in the actor. In the first she appears like a Fury of old amid scenes which cannot be conceived without terror, planning, directing, and even executing. Though the "valiant Macbeth" is unnerved by the horrors around him, her spirit bears up unbroken, relying upon its own innate energies, requiring no support from without, and exulting as it dabbles in the blood of an aged benefactor. How different this human tigress from that tottering, wasted form that gropes its unconscious way about the guarded chamber enacting again the scenes of that dreadful crime. As imagination reproduces, in ghastly vividness, the terrors of that night to her diseased mind, not even a weak semblance of her former power now appears. Despair is seated where an iron will held sway; unconscious mutterings are heard instead of stern commands and heartrending sighs, in place of vaunts of boldness. She is but the wreck of a once noble woman, upon which we gaze with that feeling of awe and reverence with which we are wont to look upon the ruins of the mighty and the great. At
first glance it seems scarcely credible that any relation or congruity can exist between such contrasting pictures, and yet an examination into the character and actions of Lady Macbeth proves that the one is but the natural outcome of the other.

Lady Macbeth has been presented to us under circumstances very unfavorable to herself. Her early life is entirely hidden from us. Yet if we note Macbeth’s attitude towards her, before her finer nature had been deadened by crime, and the esteem in which she was held by Duncan.

"Fair and noble hostess.
We are your guest to-night."

We may infer that she led both an honorable and a happy life. She comes before us just at a time when the crime proposed by Macbeth and managed by herself is beginning to cast its gloom upon her. Our first impression of her therefore is an unfavorable one; and, as the first impression is always the most enduring, it is likely to lend its coloring to all her actions. Moreover she is a type of the inner life whose workings, being the actions of the soul alone, do not reveal the character of the actor as plainly as do the impetuous deeds of the practical person. In such a nature as hers we are in danger of making the unwarranted inference that what does not appear has no existence. Such is the case with Lady Macbeth. Her finer qualities were an impediment to her in the task she undertook, and so in order that they "might not shake her fell purpose" she held them in constant subjection.

In reality Lady Macbeth was of a very refined nature, capable of conceiving high thoughts and noble aspirations; but ambition, the fault so common to all great minds, swayed her from following the dictates of her better nature. Had religion furnished the guiding principles of her life, she would have been a glorious saint rather than the greatest of sinners. For what sacrifices would have been too great for that inflexible will and un-
daunted spirit, had its object been, not a temporal, but an eternal crown? If she committed disgraceful acts it was not because she did not realize the full extent of their horror. On the contrary, all her deeds were carefully considered beforehand, and the decision she then arrived at was final. If the deed was hazardous in itself, she “screwed her courage to the sticking-point,” and went about it with the assurance of success; if revolting to her nature, she renounced that nature and allied herself with the powers of evil, rather than forsake the object of her ambition.

It was because the murder was revolting to her nature that she made that impassionate entreaty:

“Come you spirits
That tend on mortal thought, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of natures
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman’s breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substance
You wait on nature’s mischief! Come, thick night,
And po.lil thee in the dimnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry ‘Hold, hold!’”

No naturally cruel temperament would, at the thought of committing the crime, have conjured up such grim images. Such a temperament would rather look upon the deed as Macbeth does who makes the “firstlings” of his cruel heart “the firstlings of his hands,” and stops not to think of the “compunctious visitings of nature.”

Another consideration which explains that apparent indifference to blood and death, which she exhibited on the night of the murder, is the manner in which she regarded the deed once it was committed:

“Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what’s done is done.”
Though she could not murder Duncan, yet when the deed was done she did not waste time lamenting over him because he bore the resemblance of her father. With natural shrewdness she began to form plans for avoiding suspicion. Macbeth's courage had forsaken him at the critical moment and it remained for her to arouse his drooping spirits by a display of boldness. Moreover "that hope wherein she dressed herself" had not "been drunk" but was the result of calm reflection, and so in the moment of trial was not "to look green and pale on what it did so freely." She "screwed her courage to the sticking point" and therefore did not fail.

That nature, however, which was called upon to support her in this awful violence to itself had been taxed beyond its strength. The first sign of this weakness is manifested when it fails to respond to the dictates of that mighty will, by being unable to slay the sleeping King; an act which up to the time had seemed so easy to her.

"What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan?"

The next instance of this interior constraint finds expression when she sinks in a swoon on hearing of the murder of the grooms. These are but the beginning of the reaction resulting from the awful strain to which her sensibilities have been subjected. Neither time nor the possession of the coveted crown could "raze out the written troubles of the brain" imprinted there on the night of the murder. Neither could "all the perfumes of Arabia" sweeten that hand, which, she once boasted, "a little water" would cleanse. Finally her condition was made more unbearable by the cruel neglect of Macbeth, who no longer made her a sharer in his plans or a partner in his deeds. This neglect weighed heavily upon her sensitive nature and deprived her of the only refuge from remorse by compelling her to remain alone with her own tormenting thoughts. That spirit more accustomed to lend aid than to solicit it, not knowing where to look for succor
gave way to despair, sought relief in death, and thereby attested the truth of her own statement:

"Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy."

—Maurice Welsh.

HE sultry days of waning summer had come, and Bob and Mort, as well as myself, had begun to see visions of forest dimmed with golden rod and sombre dells where long-beaked Mosquitoes lay in wait for weary loiterers. Vacation time was almost upon us and we were to go camping in a few days. For several years four of us had gone together, but now there were only three. Solomons had refused to go again. Solomons was a jeweller. He was unused to sportive woodland ways and perhaps we had taken too much advantage of his ignorance the year before, but it had been all in fun.

I remember the eventful day that we persuaded Fatty Blumbleigh to join our party. It was the hottest day the city had known for fifteen years, otherwise we should never have won his consent. Mort looked gloomy and Bob had lost much of his cheerfulness, because we had not yet found a fourth man to make up the necessary number.

"Have you tried Fatty Blumbleigh?" I asked at random and half in jest.

But I saw that I had scored. Bob yelled with delight and pounded me on the back, "How did you ever think of it," he exclaimed admiringly. Mort shook my hand gravely.

I pitied them from the bottom of my heart to think that they had reached the point where even Fatty Blumbleigh appeared welcome to their eyes. We went at once
to gain Fatty's consent to our taking him along. We found him puffing and perspiring as usual behind his ribbon counter. He was in his shirt sleeves. He weighed two hundred and fifty pounds, but looked somewhat heavier at first glance.

We made our proposal, but Fatty appeared reluctant. He was afraid we would not take good care of him. Bob, who had once been a book agent for three days, and during that time had passed through many harrowing experiences, was undaunted by this show of spirit on the part of Fatty. He took him in hand and talked to him for fifty minutes straight about shade, comfort, rest, fresh air, exercise, food, smudges for mosquitoes, twenty hours per day of solid sleep, and everything else, not giving Fatty time to say a word in self defense. Fatty was somewhat dazed. He didn't quite understand it all. He said that he had never been in the woods in his life. Bob assured him that there were no wild animals, that the mosquitoes were the same size in the country as in town and not as big as the pictures he had seen in Judge, and all swore solemnly to preserve, protect and defend him against all danger. At last we wrung from him a partial consent, whereupon we all shook hands and told him that he was a good fellow and that the bargain was sealed.

I never saw Mort look so happy before except once when he caught a big twelve pounder. He actually almost smiled; but not so with Bob. "Don't be so sure about it," he said, "The trouble with Fatty is that he is too lazy to make up his mind to anything definite; and too stupid to know that he has given us his promise. He is just like a child."

"We'd better give him up, then," said Mort in sepulchral tones.

"Not on your life," answered Bob, "a book agent never gives up. I will treat him like a child if he is one."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"What do they usually do with children that will not come along? Why they take 'em anyway. That's
what we are going to do with Fatty. After we get him in
the woods he will be lost, won't he? and then we can
train him."

As Bob had foretold, the day before departure we
received a hesitating note from Fatty, half beseeching,
half apologetic, in which he sent his regrets that he could
not accompany us.

"When does the train leave in the morning?" asked
Bob.

"About 8.30," answered Mort.

"Very well, be in front of Fatty's house at half-past
seven," he answered.

The next morning we met at the place appointed.
Bob's oily tongue, boldness, persistence overcame all ob­
stacles. In less than two hours we were on our journey
and Fatty's contented snoring could be heard above the
rumble and roar of the cars.

"I'm afraid we've got a baby elephant on our
hands," spoke Mort in solemn, prophetic tones, and the
rest of us agreed with him.

Bob's knowledge of human nature failed us when we
tried to yet Fatty over the five mile tramp through the
woods. He was puffing and blowing before the first five
hundred yards had been traversed, and at the end of the
first half mile he was entirely exhausted. He sat down
to rest declaring that he would proceed no further. But
after Mort had fanned him, and called him a hero, Bob
had prodded him gently with a twig, we succeeded in get­
ting him about a hundred yards further. Then we ap­
plied our shoulders and rushing forward altogether we
made a gain of about twenty yards. Then Bob and I
thought of making a basket with our hands, but the
scheme wouldn't work. Mort tried rolling him along, but
Fatty protested too vigorously. After two hours of stren­
uous work we succeeded in making three miles. Night
was coming on and camp was two miles away.

Fatty wanted to return to the depot and catch the
next train for home. At length the climax came, and in
spite of all our pleadings and proddings he refused to go further. He said with all the dignity he could command, "Gentlemen, I have an important engagement in town and must return. I thank you for your kindness, and only regret that I am obliged to give up the trip."

We tried to persuade him to stay with us, but in vain. He set off through the thickets in the direction from which he thought he had come, but instead had taken an almost opposite direction.

"Let him go," said Bob, "he will follow the river around to the camp." However we thought it best to let Mort follow along at a safe distance behind him, and Bob and I pushed onward to the camp together.

Soon we had our baggage unpacked and supper ready before a great roaring fire that sent sparks high up among the branches above our heads. The old charms of outdoor life had come upon us, bringing back a lost sense of freedom and a long lost appetite too. We waited impatiently for the coming of the others.

Fatty had made much better time when he thought himself bound for home, but when he reached the river he realized that he was lost. Then for the first time in many years Fatty began to think for himself. Deep down in his soul he was a sensible chap. He began to regret that he had disappointed his friends. The strange situation in which he found himself at first produced anxiety, but this was soon forgotten by the pangs of hunger that he experienced. Then too the long dormant associations of boyhood awoke within him. He had not been hungry before for many years.

However, this did not trouble him, nor the fact that the thirty yards to the street car now seemed to him a very short distance to walk, a strange recklessness and exhilaration seized him as he realized that he was alone in the open woods, beyond all human aid and dependent solely upon himself. He followed the river through the waning light until it became too dark to see clearly, and then he stumbled onward until he spied the gleam of our
camp fire. When he saw us he was at first too surprised to speak.

"Just in time for supper, Fatty," said Bob, with a careless nod, "Glad to see you've changed your mind about going home."

"Oh, quit your chaffing," cried Blubleigh, in a tone of voice that we had never heard him use before, "I may be a tenderfoot, but who's going home I'd like to know?"

We looked at him in surprise. His clothing was torn by briers, he was hot and dusty and evidently tired out, but there was a wide awake look in his eyes that we had not before seen.

Bob gasped for breath. "Do you mean to say that you've been joking us?" he asked.

"I don't mean to say anything about it, only that I know that I am hungrier than Sam Hill for supper. Hurrah for the wilds!" he exclaimed, seizing a big loaf of bread and brandishing it before the fire, "Why this is just like being a boy again in the old woods back in Vermont."
The Connaught Ranger.

Beside the pathway to the school,
A boy sat bowed in tears,
His poor proud spirit wounded,
By companions' laughs and jeers.

For his father, once a soldier,
Had died at Singapore,
Though his mother long had striven,
Each year brought sorrows sore.

By his talents in the class-room
He had fanned deep hate to fire,
And in self-defence had stricken
The son of Bantry's squire.

Right angry was the Squire then,
And from her cottage old,
Drove he, the widowed mother,
To perish in the cold.

Down the roadside went the orphan
Forcing back the cruel tears,
For the lad of fourteen summers
Was a man, despite his years.

* * * * *

Long years have fled and war's alarm,
Has brought with clash and din,
The British troops into the field,
Majuba Heights to win.
The gleaming bayonets round them pour
Their death light on the plain,
And the balls and bullets flying,
Strike the soldiers like a rain.

Long and stubborn waged the battle
Till the British left the height,
All forgetful of their Colonel,
Stricken senseless in the fight.

But wheeling on the plain below
They saw a Connaught Ranger,
Dash madly up the fatal slope
To share the Colonel's danger.

Three goals in his heroic breast,
Three hissing bullets found,
As staggering down the slope, he laid
His burden on the ground.

When morn was come, the Colonel looked
Upon that ghastly face,
Till the lonely orphan's features,
In the hero's, he could trace.

A cry escaped his bearded lips,
His strong face seemed to change,
In anguish, muttering low, he moaned
"Oh God! Thy ways are strange."

—WILLIAM C. MOFFATT, '09.
Drifting in Space.

HE repeated occurrence of a certain phenomenon will invariably, as our everyday experience teaches, cause one to note that event in a particular manner. No wonder then that the following criticism should impress us as having unusual importance attached, coming, as it did, in substance at least, from men who are above the average American business men in education and social standing.

The occasion was an article, published in our first number under the title Modernism. "Modernism; Modernism;" reiterated Mr. B., as his eyes examined the word, and sagely shaking his gray-tinged head while drawing himself up to the full height of his American manhood, he continued with decisive finality, "The less we say about that the better." "Why?" we anxiously queried, "What has happened?" The strange mysterious spell which seemed to envelop these men lead us to believe that something direful had taken place—and truly in this marvelous age we may expect anything to happen. But surely Mr. B. had his reasons.

"A few encyclicals like the last one," continued Sir Oracle of Uncle Sam "and it is all off with us Americans, too much limitation, too much narrow-mindedness."
Why (very decisively) the Catholics in America aren't in it. Science is leaving them entirely in the lurch, and if this thing continues an American cannot be a Catholic and be an American." Mr. B. rambled on in this strain until he had exhausted all his weapons of attack: never getting, however, beyond the fact that Americans want no limits put to their speculations in science, whether that science be sacred or not. It was impossible to induce Mr. B. or Mr. C. to go beneath the surface, to leave generalities and speak on principles and their application to individual cases; neither one had time to justify his unwarranted assertions, and accordingly we must treat them as gratuitous. We mention the matter simply as a sounding to show how far America has gone in the wild and blind rush into the infinite space of a speculation where already, more than one European nation grope and struggle in the midst of doubt and scepticism.

To the Manner Born.

Many customs and manners are traditional in various parts of the universe, some most honorable and appropriate and some "More honour'd in the breach than the observance." Where is the college that has not its traditions, where the college that does not take pride in keeping up the customs handed down through generations and glory in passing them on unbroken to successive changing years!

Chief of Assumption's time honored observances and the latest of note, is the hearty cooperation of our Canadian friends in paying tribute to and honoring the immortal name of Washington. The twenty-second of February means a great deal to Americans at home and it means a great deal more to them when residing under a foreign flag; for unlike the observance of other national days he has, on this day, not only Americans but the whole world united with him in praising and extolling, through motives of respect if not of patriotism, the ster-
ling character and heroic deeds of the beloved Washington.

Our Canadian brothers have never taken exception in this regard but are ever eager and pleased to do all in their power to make this day as truly homelike to us as possible. We are, after all, children of the one Great Father, members of the one body, and are assembled as children in the one household, and so it is triply fitting that we should forget all national differences, and nominal distinctions, to unite in peace and harmony, and by song and eloquence to give expression to our love of virtue, wherever and in whomsoever we meet it.

St. Joseph.

Let us not forget that this is the month of St. Joseph, that wonderful silent patriarch saint. Few indeed are the words of Scripture pertaining to his life, and yet many volumes have been written extolling his eminent sanctity. The unique part which he played in the drama of man's redemption entitles him to rank second only to Mary among God's pure creatures. That hidden life must have been dear to Jesus. Each day of the life of Our Lord at Nazareth witnessed new acts of kindness, greater deeds of generosity and stronger pulsations of affection, each serving to strengthen the dual bond of divine and human love that bound together the three lives which alone were supremely indispensable to the human race. And when that day broke over the little house of Nazareth, on which the foster father of Jesus was to depart from the company of the Son and the Mother to the home of the Eternal Father, sad or sweet—which shall I say?—was the parting: sad, in that the final dissolution of ties so strong must inevitably wrench and tear; but sweet to die conscience-clear, with Jesus' hand in yours, and Mary anxiously bending over your death-bed, smoothing the way to eternal years. Words are weak to paint this scene, but it would be far from vain, each in the privacy of his own soul, to dwell in imagination on the death of St. Joseph.
During the past five or six years the question as to whether Rugby would be introduced by the College has been much discussed. Prospective students, looking at a catalogue of the college, given to them by their parish priest, have noticed in the section devoted to Athletics, the heading "Senior Foot-ball Team." It has brought forth from many, expressions of satisfaction at the prospect. But they have been very much disappointed on arriving here to find that it was not Rugby but the old game of Association football. And so the cry has been raised year after year: "Let us have Rugby."

Several attempts have been made by the students to introduce the game, but each attempt has been a failure owing to the opposition of the faculty and a general lack of interest on the part of the students. It has become quite evident to all, however, that if we wish to keep abreast of the times we must do as other schools in our vicinity do. And what school of any importance has not its Rugby team? Early last fall a delegation of students
TAI-KUN SOCCER FOOTBALL TEAM
waited on our new Superior, who, without much discussion, gave his consent. Nothing ever caused more enthusiasm and rejoicing, especially among the younger element, than did this permission. A ball was purchased and every evening saw the older boys, who favored the game, racing back and forth across the yard in practice. Not many days elapsed before a fair team was in the field, bidding defiance to the amateur teams of Detroit and Windsor. Quite a number of games were scheduled, and, while we did not win them all, yet a steady improvement was discernible in every department of the game. The Barstows, of Detroit, had the honor of playing the first game ever played on the College field.

The introduction of the game brought out quite clearly how famous the College is in athletics in this vicinity. No sooner did the Detroit papers come out with the account of the first game than challenges began to pour in. So many in fact were received that we could not accommodate all. A number were refused games. We had a game every holiday, sometimes two, and on one occasion a game each was played by the first, second and third teams.

In years past the refusal on the part of the faculty to introduce the game was based on the supposition that the campus was unsuitable and that as a consequence serious accidents might result. The south end of the yard however made an excellent gridiron, and in the total number of games played not one player on the College team was injured seriously enough to be taken out of the game.

Next season will see a much better team in the field. A goodly number of this year's squad will return, and with the new material that the introduction of the game is expected to bring, the College should win from some of the best school teams in Detroit and Windsor.

The Senior squad of '07 follows:—Busch, Flory, Robinson, Gannon, Longe, W., Cosgrove, Burke, McQuillan, E., Hetherington, McQuillan, F., Longe, J., Minich, Blackwell, Flattery, Graham, Maher.

—F. M., '08.
On Feb. 12 was played here the first game of basketball in the history of the College, the visiting team being the Wolverine All Stars, of Detroit. The name of the visiting team caused our boys to feel a bit shaky before the game, it being their first experience. The visitors, to be sure, were everyone stars, but showed a lack of combination. The College team, despite the lack of coaching, went into the game with such vim that the old timers were completely at sea and outplayed at every point. Like that of the visitors, the combination work of our boys was not of the best, but their speed and ginger made up for this defect. The features of the game were the shooting of Hartnett and the excellent work of Busch at center. On the whole our boys put up a very good game, as the score, 26-10, in our favor, indicates.

As the scorer saw it:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ALL STARS</th>
<th>A. C.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Redmond</td>
<td>R. F.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Campbell</td>
<td>L. F.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deegan</td>
<td>C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Atkinson</td>
<td>R. G.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frutig</td>
<td>L. G.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Field baskets</td>
<td>Hartnett, 8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Kelly, 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Busch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mooney</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Blackwell</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

In a practice game on Feb. 15, the Holy Redeemer Greys, of Detroit, defeated Assumption Seconds by the score of 15-5. The visitors did not inform us of their coming and consequently we were quite unprepared for a game. Only three of the regulars appeared in the lineup. We especially missed our star center, Busch, whose height and wonderful reach, had been such a factor in
winning the first game. Being but a practice game, only the score and line up were kept.

H. R. G.  
Delaney  R. F.  Blackwell  
LeBlanc  C.  Maher  
Clark  L. F.  Hartnett  
Leyes  R. G.  Longe  
Binder  L. G.  Mooney

The League.

All the league games up to date have been finally contested and won by close scores. Each team goes in with the determination to win, and until the whistle blows it is hard to say which has the better of the argument. Team No. 4, consisting of Drouillard, Longe, Flattery, Hacket and Coyle at present leads the league. As yet they have not lost a game.

Handball.

With the schedule about half played the Senior League has divided into two sections, Team I. and III. are battling for honors in the first section and the championship. The remaining five teams are making a merry chase of it for the leadership in the second section. Fierce struggles, such as we were treated to last year, are seldom seen. The players are showing a gain in speed and accuracy, but, in most cases, there is a lack of generalship—more brawn than brain—but this feature will soon be eliminated, as most of the players are in the big league for the first time.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Won</th>
<th>Lost</th>
<th>P. C.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I.</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>.833</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III.</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>.817</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VII.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>.456</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VI.</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>.400</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>.400</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>.333</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>.250</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The Junior Handball League has been organized, and the youngsters have played several games. The race
in this league is always interesting. The positions of the teams have changed so frequently that it is impossible to name the probable winner.

The names of the players and the standing of the teams follow.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Won</th>
<th>Lost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I.</td>
<td>Brennan</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Brehler</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II.</td>
<td>Francis, C.</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Francis, V.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III.</td>
<td>Merkle</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>McIntyre</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV.</td>
<td>Nedeau</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Sharpe</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V.</td>
<td>Tansey</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>O’Neil</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VI.</td>
<td>Richardson</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Lankin</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Baseball.

On February 16 the Senior Students held a meeting to organize the Stella Baseball Club. Mr. L. Moriarty was elected captain and Mr. F. Minich, secretary. Although only two of last year’s team remain, the outlook is promising. The number of players looking forward to make good includes several of last years juniors, and some who “almost” made the team a year ago. With a likely bunch of “almosts” and raw recruits to operate on, the manager is confident that something can be done and he will put them through some indoor work at once, though Old Sol has some heavy work in store for him before he has the diamond clear of snow. Already games have been arranged with the husky lads from the Polish Seminary, who are determined to avenge the defeats handed them in the football field.

Games are being scheduled with other Detroit teams and J. Klick solemnly declares that June will see the D. A. C. scalp hanging at his belt. The absence of Rev. F. Powell is the one difficulty to be surmounted, but the manager has his eye on a youngster named Flory, whom he says will deliver the goods.
Alumni Notes.

We ask the assistance of the Alumni in making this department as interesting as possible. Without your assistance it is impossible for us to secure all the items that we shall need. Do not forget us. A line or two will suffice.

It is very important to the success of the Review that intending subscribers should forward their subscriptions at once.

Fr. Dennis Needham, of Whiteford, Mich., and Mr. John Griffin, of Jackson, were our visitors during the early part of the month. Mr. Griffin is now studying Theology at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, and is completing his last few months of study. At the time of his visit he was about to return to the Seminary after a sojourn of more than a month at home in quest of health. His many friends will rejoice to hear that he has recovered sufficiently to resume his studies.

Rev. Frs. J. B. Collins and A. J. Morley, of St. Anne's parish, Detroit, and Fr. Fuma, of Amherstburg, all former members of the college faculty, paid us a short visit. Fr. Collins is especially remembered by his long service in the office of treasurer, and as the special friend of all the boys. Fr. Fuma returned from a visit to France last November.

Frs. J. S. Hogan and Hubert Robert, after a long absence at the Seminary at Montreal, returned to the scene of their former triumphs and enjoyed meeting old friends.

John Faucher, Commercial, '03, of Saginaw, intends to take up the study of law at the University of Michigan next fall.
Robert Keating, Commercial, '06, is now employed as assistant cashier in the First National Bank at Canadian, Texas.

Rev. John B. O'Leary, '02, who was ordained shortly before Christmas, has been appointed assistant to the pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Galveston, Texas.

Fr. W. Marron, assistant secretary of the Bishop of Detroit, who contributed an article on Pragmatism in our first issue, is numbered among our list of guests for the month.

Fr. P. Cullinane, of Yale, Mich., honored us with a visit after a long absence.

Justin Clark, better known as "Nig," whom many of the younger priests know, and who graduated with the commercial class of '94, after which he spent several years in the classics, is a frequent visitor at our handball alleys. His hand and eye retain the same skill, for which they were famous when he was leader of the handball league for six years. His ability as a baseball catcher is well known and his success assured. He has lately purchased a small farm near the city limits of Detroit, where he intends to live when his baseball days are over.

Rev. Fr. Boubat celebrated his golden jubilee at St. Alphonsus church, Windsor, about a month ago. A large number of the clergy, together with the Rt. Rev. Bishop McEvoy, were present. Fr. Boubat himself celebrated high mass at nine o'clock. His ordination took place in our chapel where his first mass also was said. His career of activity has extended over no fewer than fifteen charges in Ontario, the last of which was Ridgetown. Fr. Boubat gave up parish work a little over a year ago and is at present living in Windsor.
Henry Henser, who graduated from Commercial at Christmas, '04, has recently joined the fire department of Detroit. He always professed a liking for this line of work, and is now assigned to Engine House No. 10, on the east side of the city.

Charles J. Rogers, a student of the College during the early eighties, and now living at Chisholm, Minn., has a son here who is taking up commercial work.

Rev. Fr. Grand, formerly pastor of St. Anne’s Church, Detroit, and recently appointed Provincial of the Community of St. Basil, made his first official visit to the college during the month.

We have just received the following from an old student: “Am greatly pleased with the 'Review.' Read it with as much gratification as I used to eat Joe McManus' candy and the pies we often stole from 'Mag.' (God rest her soul) the cook.”

D. J. Murphy,
Toledo, Ohio.

A list of subscribers to the College Chapel Fund will appear in our next issue.

The severe loss recently sustained by the Diocese of Detroit is keenly felt by all who have the interest and the welfare of the Church at heart. The deaths of Frs. Baart and Sadlier mark the passing to their reward of two most earnest and faithful toilers in the vineyard of our Lord. Both of these priests were pastors, truly exemplary, and each had administered to the welfare of his respective parish for a long number of years. Fr. Baart, by reason of his extensive knowledge of Canon Law, was known to the clergy throughout the United States and Canada. Their funerals were attended by the Rt. Rev.
Bishop Foley and over one hundred and fifty members of the clergy. Neither of the deceased made his course at Assumption, but Fr. Baart lived at the College directly previous to his ordination. Each was a true friend to the College, and their loss is sincerely mourned.

May their souls rest in peace.

Word has just come to us from Mrs. C. Cavanaugh, of Dayton, O., to the effect that her brother, Mr. D. Earl Cain, who was at the College '01 and '02, had died in Albuquerque, New Mexico, after a short illness. Several of the older students remember Earl, who would have graduated last year had he continued his studies. His classmates will hear with regret of his sudden demise, and his student friends will not be unmindful of his sister's request, bespeaking their prayers in behalf of the departed soul.

Great interest is being taken in our College Orchestra this year. The addition of several wind instruments has improved it very much, and it is fast becoming the chief factor of our entertainments.

St. Dionysius Literary Society, composed of the Academic and Commercial Classes, is continuing the good work of former years. Fr. Collins has the faculty of making the boys realize the importance of the work, and inspiring them with a deep interest in the society. A leading feature is the extemporaneous debates, which are entered into heartily, and have already been productive of much good.

The meeting of St. Basils' Literary Society, held on Jan. 14, was remarkable for the excellence of each of the essays. Mr. Robinson's paper on "James Whitcomb Riley," composed largely of quotations from that author, aptly selected and skillfully interwoven in story-form, made an excellent characterization. Mr. Condrick's es-
say on “The Elizabethan Drama” was equally interesting and very instructive. Mr. Rottach’s “By Airship to the North Pole,” and Mr. Scarnechia’s “An Extended Trip on the Mississippi,” gave proof of the imaginative powers of the writers.

Our new play hall, which was opened at the beginning of the month, has proved a very popular resort. Messrs. Bell and Condrick have been added to the staff of Dramatic Officers to aid in caring for the room.

The grip, which was epidemic throughout the country, did not fail to visit us. Though none of the cases were serious, yet they were so numerous that the regular class work was interfered with for a time.

On the evening of Feb. 21, our refectory was converted into a temporary auditorium for the celebration of Washington’s birthday. As the programme was largely musical, the orchestra took the most prominent part. A solo by P. Jordan, which called forth an encore, and a coon song by A. Hetherington, were the songs of the evening. Wm. Moffat, J. Harding, W. Corcoran and W. J. Flannagan, in presenting “The Player’s Rehearsal,” from a Midsummer Night’s Dream, met with universal applause, while F. Mooney, W. Long and A. Hetherington created a great deal of merriment in a short minstrel, “The Original Texas Coons.” The panegyric on Washington was delivered by W. Robinson. The speaker ended a glowing account of the life and character of that great patriot by a brief poetic allusion to Mt. Vernon, where

“He sleeps beneath the willows,
First in peace, and first in war.”
Moonbeams.

An Heirloom.

If poor old Sisphus were wise,
Condemned to fate so stony,
He'd do like me and cease his sighs,
And buy himself a pony.

For I have driven this old mare
Through Graeco-Trojan races,
Egad! She never turned a hare,
Nor slackened up her traces.

—J. J. C., '93.

Sandwich Grape: "Bon jour, Rad, you look very much excited."

Petite Cot Radish: "Oui, ba gosh, sixteen muskrat kill ma fader 'fore breakfas' wit' de handle of one axe."

The thermometer never takes a drop this winter without taking a drop too much.

The Editor's sanctum is already flooded with poetic effusions. What will it be when spring arrives.

"Could you lend me a yard rule, please?"

"How long do you want it?"

"Why! I thought they were all three feet."

THREE BALL TALK.

Isaac: "Why do you like that novel so much?"

Abraham: "Because the heroine's eyes flash diamonds and her words are golden."

Cross-eyed man: "Why don't you look where you're going?"

Pedestrian: "Why don't you go where you're looking?"

The Editor of this department requests our readers to apply to him for whatever information they need regarding the point, the age, or the perpetrator of any of the above.

(Signed) JAS. HARDING.
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