

6-1908

Assumption College Review: Vol. 1: no. 5 (1908: June)

Assumption College

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ASSUMPTION COLLEGE REVIEW

A. M. D. G.

Vol. I. June, 1908 No. 5.



Sandwich, Ontario.

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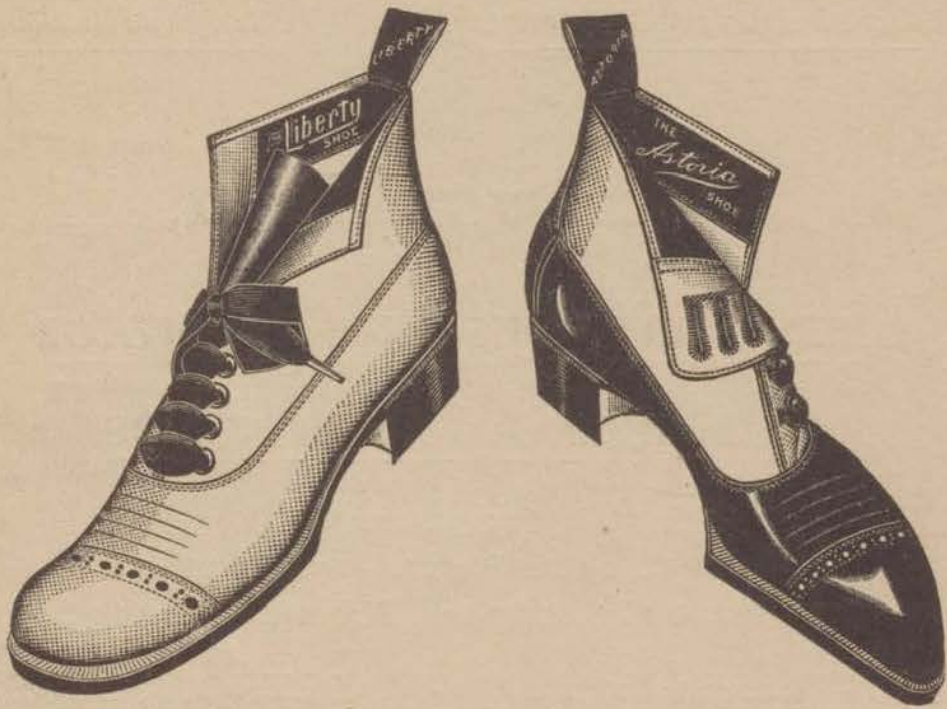
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The Assumption College Review is a literary magazine published monthly by the students of Assumption College. Its aim is to cultivate a taste for composition and to inspire a love for what is best and noblest in English literature. It is intended also to foster fraternity between the alumni, the student and their Alma Mater.

Subscription : One dollar a year, payable in advance ; single copies, 15 cents.

Address all correspondence to Business Manager, A. C. R., Sandwich, Ont.

VOL. I.

JUNE, 1908.

No. 5.

The Sacred Heart.



ALL night long toward the west
Have I run in wild despair ;
Fanged serpents haunt my breast,
Doubt that maketh soulless prayer ;
Till a shaft liquescent
From the horned crescent
Pierced the dark and made me stand and stare.

Deep the dark round me closed
In that far off vale of gloom,
Still the glim'ring light disclosed,
Hope against the threatening doom.
Good God ! Why this vision ?
Whence this sweet persuasion ?
" Lo ! this Heart will all thy cares assume."

The Texan Missions.



THE Missions of California have attracted such universal attention that the average individual knows little or nothing of those in "The Lone Star State." This is an unusual state of affairs, for these Texan relics of the pioneer days of the Church in America possess as much charm and picturesque beauty as any on the Pacific Coast, and in historic interest they may even be said to excel the latter. This region is really their home; and San Antonio, because of the great number in its vicinity, is called "The City of Missions." The building of so many in this district is easily accounted for once we understand the condition of the land, its owners and inhabitants.

It must be borne in mind that in the latter part of the seventeenth century the Spaniards were either in control, or rapidly assuming control of all the southern part of our continent. Their claim to the territory west of the Mississippi was bitterly contested by France. Now the former nation in all its conquests fought for two objects: the subjugation of the natives to the Spanish government and their conversion to Catholicity. To attain this double end they established the Missions which served the two-fold duty of church and fort. As the flag of the Montezumas stole up the peaceful waters of the San Antonio, it always waved side by side with the cross, and very soon the entire plain was dotted with fort-churches, whose soldiers repelled the Frenchmen, and whose priests baptized the savage.

As a stranger approaches one of these Missions he imagines himself drawing near to a strongly fortified village, built centuries before on the Rhine or the Rhone. A well constructed wall surrounds the institution whose only front entrance is the door of the church. This edifice, strangely enough, is entirely unprotected, as it stands out boldly from the fortifications protecting the remainder of the place. Finding his way into the sacred edifice

the traveller will especially note the finely executed sculpture work and hanging ornaments, or if perchance he has entered Mission San Jose his eye will rest in particular upon the large stained glass windows in the south baptistery, which is considered by competent judges "the finest architectural ornamentation existing in America to-day." In fact the decoration of each church afforded the life work of some Mexican artist; but the interior always showed that perfect symmetry and harmony which are ever the result of a single brain's planning and the same hand's execution. After a passing glance at the large marble altars, every portion of which was hauled on carts all the way from the Monterey quarries, hundreds of miles distant, the pilgrim steps out into the plaza.

This is the interior of the fortifications and resembles very much the quadrangle of the old English Universities. The buildings are constructed near or against the walls, and enclose a large area, which in time of peace, afforded recreation grounds for the inhabitants, and in troublesome times, offered a shelter to the cattle and horses, which were then driven in from more extensive pastures on the prairie through a large gate now discovered in the rear.

The interested visitor must now have guidance. For this purpose a lonely Franciscan brother takes his stand at his side and conducts him through the place. First the small chapel, which every Mission had in addition to the church, is visited, and here several red men may be seen staring in open-eyed wonder at the brightly colored windows, the rich hand-painted vestments, or the hardly less attractive altars. In a short time these savages learn about, and learning, love the story of the white man's God. Civilization and Christianity have their softening influence on these lately wandering tribes and they become excellent co-laborers with the Mexicans. They are of the greatest assistance in cultivating the Mission lands. For to each house the government granted immense farms,

extending back on both sides of the river, and embracing a thousand square miles or more.

The adjoining structure is the hospital. Kindness and attention were before unknown to these savages, but this was only another chapter in that great book of Civilization, that they were to learn. The simple lives of the Sisters in charge spoke to the hearts of the children of the forest, and the more outspoken amongst them declared in token of their appreciation that the gentle nuns were the re-incarnation of "the best of squaws" gathered to their fathers years before, and reluctant indeed were they to part with their pretty fancy when told it did not conform with their new belief.

The visitor's ears detect a low regular noise in the distance; it is the hum of the first rude machinery in the South. The guide explains, on entering the antique manufactories, that the process of rendering the Indian an efficient machinist was a long and tedious one. The close confinement was not congenial to his nature, he declared, and laughingly continued that in one meeting of the tribe, when the various duties were being assigned and all who desired to do the hunting were asked to step to the right, the left was entirely deserted. Not a brave but wishes to roam the trackless wild in quest of game. Thus the zealous fathers had unwillingness as well as inability to cope with, in training their strange, new pupils.

The dwelling places, situated well toward the rear, present another interesting scene. Low one-story buildings, serving as monasteries for the monks, barracks for the soldiers, and huts for the Indians, bespeak community life in its severest form. A scrupulous cleanliness prevails, but this is not to be wondered at, for all residences are little used, as a true Southern would rather live on his house than in it. In this vicinity is a spring—the only water supply in the place—and here, as the stranger sips the cool water from an old Mexican urn and wonders at the scenes about him, the open-hearted friar tells him of a day's happenings at the Mission. All arise at the

same hour, attend Holy Mass, after which an instruction is given the Indians, who then disperse to attend to their duties, some to the farm, some in quest of game, and others to the work-shops, where each must learn his trade. Evening advances and with it comes rest from labor. Vesper prayers are held in common, after which all retire, the Mexican to dream of his far-away home, the Indian of the freedom, and frolic and gambols of the chase. Soon a sepulchral stillness steals over the place, only broken by the occasional call of the night bird to his brother of the prairie or the gentle murmuring of the San Antonio sweeping down to the Gulf.

In this manner the days wore peacefully on and lengthened into years, till finally ruthless adventurers from other climes came in search of gain and drove back the Mexican and harassed the Indian so that now only the massive ruins of these noble institutions remain where, first of all in our Southland, the Cross was raised beneath whose shade the patient padre, forsaking home and all, preached and baptized, aye, and even shed his blood to win over a hostile race from the worship of the Great Manitou to the Living God.

A. M. FITZPATRICK, '07.

A Word.

In olden days, one smiling summer morn,
Afar in Eastern realms a deed was born,
A fair word spoken to a gentle child
By a lone traveller, who paused and smiled
To see low bending dawn caress his hair,
Yet dreaming of the deed He planted there,
His eye exulting dawn the centuries ran
For He was more than wanderer and man.

Then went He on His way ; the fair word grew,
A living splendor lost to mortal view
Beneath the shadow of the toiling years,
While ceaselessly Earth passed her sister spheres,
Unnumbered times the fires of night were quelled,
Their star-lit radiance by dawn dispelled ;
And men were awed to see one trifling seed
Spread forth and blossom into golden deed.

For some received the word with joy, and ran
Out to the thronging marts to tell each man,
Fearless to cry aloud that all might hear,
Brave to proclaim its glory far and near.
Vast gleaming armies sped their course through time,
Deep sullen tempests darkened every clime,
Swift flashing war clouds strove in vain to part,
The simple treasure of a trusting heart.

A talisman it proved for raging storm
And when dread darkness seized the living form
In icy clutch of death, it laughed the while
The fearful reaper seemed himself to smile ;
The wavy thorn-crowned One with heavy load,
Ceased for a space to heed the stinging goad,
As through the mists his gladdened eye was bent
Where ceaseless song rolled o'er each continent.

* * * * *

Beholding all, the child in heaven saith ;
This were not mine had'st Thou not whispered,
" Faith."

The Two Midshipmen.

URRY up Joe, we'll take a rest at the next corner and that will do until we reach the river."

Both boys, their lean muscular arms swinging easily at their sides, put forth another effort and skimmed over the ground like rabbits.

"That was a good idea of yours Frank, to take that big jump over the cliff; we have gained a few minutes by it."

"I think so too—every little cut counts now. We are still a mile or two from the ship."

"Curious thing how the time flies in a strange land. I never dreamed we had gone so far inland."

"Nor I, either—but if we don't make the coast in an hour we'll be in a fine mess, for the Captain has to leave sharp on time."

So the chatter went on, as unbroken as the sharp trot that carried them over mile after mile of sunny country side, past many a smiling cottage and through a hamlet where the black-faced little urchins crowded the streets and highways, to admire the strange sight of two agile figures, in white canvas shoes and smart blue uniforms, hurrying past as if for life and death.

Joe Murphy and Frank Holland, clean-limbed and deep-chested, were good to look upon. Both, in their college days, had been frequent rivals in tests of athletic skill and even in their classes. To Holland had been given talents above the average, which, however were forced to give way when pitted against Murphy's quiet steady energy in both game and study alike. On the campus both boys were leaders, whose pluck, knowledge and skill upheld the college colors when defeat would have been no disgrace. Like all great leaders they commanded the admiration and fealty of the smaller fry and the respect and friendship of the great ones.

Yet they moved in different circles and although

friendly, were not intimate. Holland, like many another talented youth to whom work is always a bore, and who spends much of his time in dreaming of glory on the campus and honors in the gymnasium, did not come up to the expectations of his relations. There were many boys in his class, from whose social circle he was debarr-ed. Hazy rumors of his shady dare-devil escapades began to circulate. His masters distrusted him, while his reckless bravery and fearless bravado endeared him to the hearts of the smaller boys, who loved to watch his every move.

Then there was the famous scene in the gymnasium one summer afternoon when Joe Murphy knocked Holland down and defied the whole Holland clan. They had had an argument at table that morning and Joe had heard some insulting remarks on Ireland fall from his companion's lips, to which no Irishman would listen. He was not afraid to let his views be known, and as is usual in such cases "right conquered might." Afterwards, stung by the taunts of his companions and the sneers of the Murphy party, he repeated the offence on the campus and was immediately sent sprawling by a vigorous blow from Joe, who, standing over him with flushed face and flaming eye, cried :

"See here fellows, I'm no bruiser, and don't pretend to be one, but I'm Irish and I'm not ashamed of it, and if any man here speaks such insulting words as that foul-mouthed cad there," pointing to Holland who had not yet risen, "I'll do the same for him as long as I can see or stand."

This was a long speech for quiet Joe Murphy, and as he finished, an involuntary cheer in admiration of his pluck arose from friend and foe alike.

After this he and Holland became more friendly, but they did not become fast chums. There was always a strained note in their laughter and a dry mirth in their banter. Holland was still the same happy-go-lucky school rake. Joe Murphy, jolly student that he was, knew when

to work and when to play, a staunch Irishman and Catholic, who was ashamed neither of his country nor his creed. At times, like many another good man, his ideas of regulation did not agree with those of the college and he sometimes had "to stand up and take his punishment like a man." Thus, full of joys and sorrows, the college days passed and Graduation came, showing our heroes first on the roll.

Strange to say, these two young men, so different in character, held a passion for life on the ocean. Their fathers, being men of influence, obtained for their sons midshipmen berths on H. M. S. Drake—a troop-ship transporting soldiers to Africa.

So it came to pass that on a bright spring morning, two young men in the nobby uniforms of the British Navy, stood on deck watching for the last faint flicker of the handkerchiefs waved by their friends on the wharf, now rapidly receding from their view. For a short time their life in the navy had been very friendly, owing to the bonds of past associations, but there was always that "something" which tended to separate them, until at last they drifted widely apart. Then they avoided each other as much as possible.

Both were great favorites with their messmates, and even with their officers, who did all in their power to bridge over the difference between them. The first officer, Captain William Alexander, a fine old Scotchman from Glasgow, who was credited with being the bravest man in the service, had known their fathers in the old days, and was sorely grieved to see the rivalry between the boys.

The soldiers had all been landed safely at Cape Town, and the orders came for the "Drake" to proceed at once back to Ireland. But on the day of sailing, the Captain, wishing to bring the boys together again before going home, sent them both on some trifling errand to the city which was five miles distant, with strict orders to report at five o'clock.

The boys having performed their mission resolved to do a little exploring in the interior. The sights were new to them, who had never before been in a foreign land and the time passed so quickly that they did not notice it until they heard, far away in the distance, the dull boom of the ship's gun, calling the men to return. A look of blank dismay passed between them as they realized that they had gone too far, and their hearts sank at the thought of making the Captain disobey the orders of the King by waiting for them. But being good athletes and noted for their running powers they started at a brisk run towards the sea.

Between them and the sea flowed a narrow river with a strong current, which they had to cross. They soon reached the river bank and paused in their run. Below them, for here the bank was high and sheer, the waters flowed deep and swift to the falls a hundred yards farther down. The deep channel between the mainland and the island on which the ship was moored, was bridged by a tree, long since dead and rotted by wind and wave.

"I say Joe, what's the matter with shinning across this pole. It's much shorter than going around by the road."

"All right Frank, we'll gain at least ten minutes, so here goes." Joe slid down the steep incline and ran lightly over, landing safely on the bank. Holland followed more slowly, picking his way cautiously along the frail bridge. He was barely half way across when he was overtaken by disaster. The last half of the tree having been more exposed to the current was unable to bear his weight, and with a snap it broke, precipitating the young "middy" in the swiftly flowing current. His horrified companion saw him sink and rising, strike out manfully for the island. For a moment or two he held his own with the current. Then in spite of his desperate efforts he was slowly swept into its strong embrace and drawn down towards the falls.

"Strike out for the shallows, Frank! Swim hard! swim for your life!"

The swimmer made a supreme effort to reach the shallow waters, but the merciless current sucked him back, and he saw this hope go by as he was swept on to the narrow gorge where the river deepened in a sharp curve and rushed forward in a mad effort to the falls. As the waters closed over his head his whole life flashed before his eyes, and his thoughts flew back to the good old College days when life had been so sweet. He saw himself the proud young hero of many a hard fought field, surrounded by his admiring companions and their cries of "Rah! Rah! Holland," floated back like sweet music to his ears. He saw his jovial happy rival, Joe Murphy, and oh how he longed to shake his hand and say he forgave that well-merited blow. He saw himself again on Graduation day with Murphy by his side. He saw his dear old father and his kind old mother standing on the dock waving to the boy whom they would never see again. He saw the little vine-wreathed cottage beneath the gloomy walls of Carrick's ruined castle, and on the porch sat two bowed figures reading the letter which would tell them of their son's sad end. He saw himself again, the pampered idol, sink to oblivion in a watery grave. He saw—yes death—creeping on him slowly and surely, stretching forth its bony hand—

"Holland!" a voice sounded in his ear, "when the current carries you around the bend it will sweep you up against the bank on this side; hold on with hand and foot till I get down to you."

The boy in the water, roused from his lethargy dug hands and feet into the soft clay, but he had no chance whatever of climbing up that steep wall towering above him. From one resting place he bumped on to another, while the sullen roar of the falls grew louder, like vultures clamoring for their prey. Above, Murphy could see no way out. His eye sought the perpendicular line of

bank to where the wild water arched over the falls; everywhere it was steep and impossible to climb. A tree bending over the river filled him for a moment with the foolish hope of climbing out on its branches and reaching down to his comrade—but only for a moment—its branches were far too high. Then with a thrill of exultation he shouted, "Hold on another minute, Jack." About seven feet above the water's edge an old root looped out from the bank, offering secure hold to the rescuer. Down to it he slid and grasping it with both hands let himself hang down till his feet nearly touched the water.

"Now, Frank grasp my feet when you pass." Then a cry of joy escaped him as he felt the clammy hands grip his ankles and climb steadily upward to his knees. The strain was almost unbearable, his taut muscles began to crack and the gnarled root to loosen in its bed. It was a stiff climb up for Holland, numb as he was, but his athletic climbs in the old days helped him greatly now, and years of strenuous training had made his muscles equal to the task. They shook hands silently when it was over. "How much time have we?" Asked Joe.

"Boom," resounded the cannon.

"Ten minutes—last signal. There is yet time."

And over the country they sped, as if no tragedy had darkened their path and no youthful heroism had cheated death.

There was little sleep for the two boys that night. They lay watching the angry waves beat vainly against the huge iron-clad, and listening dully to the monotonous thud-thud of the ship's machinery. That awful face from the dark waters haunted Murphy. The full terror of the adventure came home to Holland, and he thought of how heroically the young Irishman, whom he had wronged, had saved him from a watery grave.

Morning dawned at last and when breakfast was finished Holland linked his arm in Murphy's and a few hushed words passed between them. The officers and sailors wondered much at seeing them continually walk-

ing side by side, but good old Captain "Sandy" chuckled audibly as he saw their hands meet in the silent hearty clasp that sailors only can give? All wondered at the remarkable change in Holland's life, and no one, not even the Captain, knew what a world of good lay hidden under that haughty exterior.

The time passed rapidly and again the stately ship rode slowly and majestically into Carrick's historic harbor. Great was the joy and many were the tears of two old couples standing on the dock, as they saw two manly boys, pacing the bridge, the proudest officers in the British Navy.

WILLIAM C. MOFFATT, '09.

The Mystery of the Drama.



HE drama is made up of tones and shades arranged and blended with wonderful order and beauty. We can see and appreciate the effects, but we find difficulty in explaining and accounting for them. With the use of expressions and ideas that seem almost identical our emotions are carried along through the lighter tones, the farcical and humorous, into the loftier, more elevated regions and sombre shades of serious, tragic, and heroic.

In the *Tempest*, for example, we are little more than amused by the attempts of Stephano and Trinculo against the life of Prospero, while the efforts of Antonio and Sebastian against Alonzo excite our indignation. The circumstances are all the same, the characters, their motives, and their very words are similar, and yet the emotions which they arouse are not the same. The plots of *Lord and Lady Macbeth* arouse the deeper feelings of repugnance, utter detestation, and horror. The circumstances are varied but slightly, the characters and their motives are identical. Why, then this remarkable difference of interest and emotion?

Genius cannot explain its own laws, and it is not for us to attempt the solution of this great secret of the drama. We can merely surmise and conjecture, placing one block upon another, tearing down only to rebuild again. For if the laws of the drama were known, the play would become a mechanical contrivance, and the dramatist would be an inventor, a discoverer, a scientist, perhaps, but not a poet.

No more striking instance of variety in passion tone united with similarity of thought, form, and action can be found than in a comparison of the romantic love scenes of Ferdinand and Miranda, the airy happiness of Lorenzo and Jessica, and the passionate earnestness of Romeo and Juliet. Here we may compare the serious, the light, and the tragic, but we are at a loss to account for the emotional interest which they arouse. Love itself is an inexplicable mystery, and the dramatist is at his best when dealing with mysteries. He delights in the mystic cloud which casts over all lovers a veil of poetic imagery and splendor. Ferdinand and Miranda form, as it were, the glowing nebula of a boundless dream, but it is not the joyless realm of Romeo and Juliet, nor is it the blithe fantasy of gay Jessica and gallant Lorenzo, who murmur with murmuring brooks, or sing with the nightingale whose only cage is the vast airy dome of stars. They frown with each fleeting cloud that overcasts the earth and smile with every sudden burst of light.

But like the tranquil river, Ferdinand and Miranda are content to wander onward with quiet imperceptible motion, yet with a hidden might that all the world would try in vain to curb or swerve. In the passion of Romeo and Juliet the poet has found a river too deep and darksome for prosaic light of day. It wends its course in solitude through subterranean darkness and its thunderous tones are muffled in the gloomy caverns of the earth. No light shines upon this ill-fated love, save that cold gleam which filters through some sparkling crevice in the rock, or where it plunges forth at dead of night to bathe in the

cold radiance of the distant stars. Yet what a passion, what a boundless depth of human passion this sad and perverted stream contains !

What is the secret with which the dramatist unfolds these emotions ? Words seem so simple and expressionless in themselves. The one intrinsic quality of genius is its inexplicableness. Genius ! Educated by Providence, taught instinctively to pick and choose your vocabulary from the world, which like the Parthian quiver is filled with the choicest words that fall with the sweetest music and accord. Idealities, not realities ; fancies, not facts ; treasures of beauty, harmonies of sound, eloquence of grace ; these are your endowments. But in the knowledge of your own instruments you are lacking. Your work is not to question but to obey. You touch the keys and create the harmony, but are ignorant of the materials that compose them.

Delving vainly in illimitable wastes of sublimity and grandeur, seeking with futile effort to comprehend the marvellous beauties of the soul, whose graces you so easily portray, you cease at length to wonder and question. But you recognize its substance in an Ariel and an Oberon ; its passion in a Macbeth and an Othello ; its humanity in a Lear, a Timon, and a Prospero. You picture the sublimity of its dependence upon others in the Tempest, its majesty in Theseus and Cæsar, all its infinitude of gifts and glories ; and yet the primal cause of them all, the soul itself, arrayed in the beauty of its own graces you cannot see.

That is why genius cannot comprehend its own work. That is why we cannot unravel the mystery of the drama. For even should the great genius reach the source of all emotion he might admire but could never comprehend this creation of the great, all powerful Being. Far beyond he would see the great shadow of the mysterious God whose work would ever remain incomprehensible to him because the Power and Wisdom, from which it arose, is infinite.

W. J. ROBINSON, '10.

The Eleusinian Mysteries.



IN the religion of Greece we find several mystic rites and ceremonies, celebrated in honor of some particular diety. Amongst the special rites and orgies of this nature, the Eleusinian mysteries, performed in honor of Demeter at Eleusis in Attica, enjoyed probably the greatest Pan-Hellenic reputation. Although all the mystic rites were to a certain extent analogous and confused through the variety of views held in regard to the gods themselves, and the importations from Egypt, Asia Minor and Thrace, which largely adulterated the old religion, these have come down to us less obscured in myth than all the others of ancient times.

In the Hesiodic Theogony, Demeter is represented as the mother of Persephone, by Zeus. Hades, the god and ruler of the lower regions, becomes infatuated with the beautiful Persephone, and, through his powerful influence, obtains permission from Zeus to carry off the young maiden, without the knowledge of Demeter. Hades appears suddenly before her while playing amidst the green meadows and flowery fields with her companions, the Oceanic Nymphs. Unseen by the rest he snatches her up in his chariot and disappears. Demeter is inconsolable at the loss of her daughter; she wanders about the island through nine days and nights searching everywhere for the lost one. At last Helios, in answer to her urgent prayer, reveals to her the rape of Persephone by Hades at the instigation of Zeus. She is filled with anger; in her despair she renounces the Olympian society of the gods and abstains from ambrosia and nectar; she disguises herself in the garb of an old woman and by fasting and hardship, renders wretched her beautiful form until her divinity is wholly concealed. In this condition she comes to Eleusis, the court of Prince Keleos. Sitting down to rest by the side of a well she is found by the daughters of the Prince. They feel compassion for her

feebleness, and, by interceding with their mother, obtain for her a permanent place in their household, as nurse to their young brother Demophoon. The goddess soon conceives a strong attachment for the child, and, in her love for him, she attempts to confer on him the favor of immortality. She has nearly completed her work by feeding him on nectar, anointing him with ambrosia, and bathing him in flames when she is discovered by the unbelieving mother. The goddess, in her indignation at being thus thwarted in her benevolent work, assumes her proper form and discovers to the mother her divinity. She then orders the people of Eleusis to build a temple, in which they shall perform certain orgies, prescribed by herself, in order to propitiate her favor.

The temple is speedily erected by Keleos on the spot indicated by the goddess. At its completion Demeter, still sorrowing for her lost child and disdaining the company of the gods, takes up her abode in it. In this state she remains for a whole year, refusing her beneficent aid to mankind. The earth refuses to produce its fruits ; the country becomes a barren plain ; the human race is threatened with extinction, and the gods themselves are deprived of their customary honors and sacrifice.

Zeus is at last forced to harken to her prayers for the restoration of her child. He prevails upon Hades to allow Persephone to spend two thirds of the year with her mother and the remainder with him in the lower kingdoms. Overjoyed at the restoration of her daughter, Demeter consents to this arrangement, and at last extends her relieving hand over the earth. Once more the buried seeds spring forth ; fruits and foliage adorn the trees ; and the earth assumes its former appearance. Demeter is then persuaded to return to the society of the immortals on Olympus. Before departing, however, she communicates to the family of Keleos and to Triptolemus, Diokles and Eumolpus the solemnities and orgies which she required them to perform in her honor. Thus the

renowned mysteries of Eleusis were instituted by the "dictation and presence of the goddess herself, just as the Bacchic rites were, according to the Bacchæ of Euripides, first communicated and enforced on the Greeks by a personal visit of Dionysius to Thebes, the metropolis of the Bacchic ceremonies."

This account of the institution, together with a commentary on some of the rites prescribed, are set forth in the Homeric Hymn to Demeter. It seems to be the best authority which modern critics can produce, in connection with these mysterious ceremonies.

Another legend, with reference to the visit of Demeter to Eleusis, has also come down to us. The goddess was supposed to have communicated to Triptolemus at Eleusis the art of sowing corn, with the command that he should make it known throughout the earth. This legend originated in the ancient Gens, called the Phthalids, with reference to a temple dedicated to Demeter between Athens and Eleusis, and likewise among the Megarians, near whose city there was an ancient Demetrium. The story, however, is not found in the Homeric Hymn to Demeter, and as there are no authorities which give it credence, it is probably merely an expansion of the legend familiar to Homer.

In regard to the mysteries themselves, history has made them comparatively well known considering the mythical cloud which enshrouds all the other ancient mysteries. They were divided into two solemnities. The first, known as the lesser mysteries and celebrated in February in honor of Persephone, were a kind of preparation for the greater mysteries celebrated in August to the honor of Demeter herself. Thus both were jointly patronesses of the temple, and both were important in the eyes of the Eleusinian.

Several incidents in the Hymn have special reference to the different events in the legendary visit of the goddess. A peculiar posset prepared from a mixture of barley meal and mint was tasted by the mysts after the pre-

scribed fast, recalling the earthly draught which Demeter prepared for herself while abstaining from the food of the gods. Again, during the processional march, a free exchange of personal jokes was permitted in commemoration of Jambe, the servant maid in the house of Keleos, whose homely wit was instrumental in turning the mind of the grief stricken goddess from her sorrowful thoughts.

When Eleusis had lost its independence and had become a possession of Athens, the worship was extended to the latter city, undergoing at the same time a decided expansion in mystic rites and ceremonies. The lesser mysteries were still celebrated in Athens in the month of Anthesterion (February); but the greater mysteries, in honor of Demeter, commenced on the fifteenth day of Boedromion, (the third month of the Attic year,) and continued for nine days, partly at Athens and partly at Eleusis. The chief feature of the ceremony was the procession of the initiated from Athens to Eleusis—a distance of twelve miles—on the sixth day of the festival. Those taking part in the procession were crowned with myrtle and bore torches in their hands. The torch-bearing Hetate was introduced into the worship, especially the nocturnal ceremonies, in reward for her compassionate affection for the goddess while vainly wandering in search of her lost daughter.

With this extension of the worship to Athens at the time of the Athenian ascendancy, the popularity of the worship was greatly increased. The law of Athens compelled every free-born citizen to become initiated into the mysteries. Exception was made only in the case of slaves, prostitutes and persons who had forfeited their right to citizenship. Moreover it was unlawful to seize or arrest anyone taking part in the ceremonies during the period of the festival. These enactments serve to show the universality of the mysteries—which might now be called more properly the state religion.

Although several serious discrepancies crept into the legend of the alleged visit of Demeter to Eleusius and

the institution of the worship which was the immediate result of the visit, the faith of the Eleusinian remained unshaken. The Homeric Hymn, written probably about 600 B. C., pictures the town as it was just before it became a tributary of Athens. Although the legend by this union becomes more widespread and assumes a greater dignity, as we have already seen, the essential beliefs and orgies are practically unchanged. Grote remarks that the divine legend of the sufferings of Demeter and her visit to Eleusis was to the Eleusinian, "that which the heroic legend of Adrastus and the siege of Thebes was to the Sikyonian, or that of Erechtheus and Athene to an Athenian—grouping together in the same scene and story the goddess and the heroic fathers of the town." And it is probably this linking together of the goddess with the four princes of the legendary town in the Eleusinian mysteries that caused the ready acceptance of the worship and the strong attachment to it. But there seems to be a still further reason for the implicit faith of the people. Demeter came upon earth in grief and sorrow for the loss of her child. She was separated from her associates, thrown in, as it were, with a race inferior to her own. Yet she assumes the appearance of a child of earth, and suffers in the same way as an earthly mother. Surely such a representation of the goddess could not but influence the people strongly! She, the sorrowful mother among the Pagans, first becoming an agonized sufferer, to be finally glorified, commanded their love and veneration in the same way as the Mater Dolorosa of the Christians.

The exoteric significance of the mysteries as a whole is very variously interpreted. The ancients themselves believed that the doctrines revealed to the myst or initiated gave them better hopes than other men, both in the present and the future state of existence. A distinct meaning has been given by many critics to the mythical return each year of Persephone to her mother. They claim that it is an allegorical representation of the dying away and resurrection of the vegetable world. During the win-



EDITORS OF THE REVIEW

From left to right.
Top row - F. Murch, P. Jordan, M. Walsh, J. Hackett, W. Robinson, W. Gannon.
Bottom row - P. Mahoney, J. Harding, T. Kelly, W. Sharp.

ter months, while Persephone dwells in the kingdom of darkness, nature appears clothed in mourning for her lost daughter. And in the Eleusinia, we find even a higher meaning given to this myth. It was to the initiated a picture of the immortality of the soul. Every human being, like Persephone, passes from this world of shades, but rejoices in the knowledge that it will undergo a resurrection into a state more glorious than before. Probably the best and most comprehensive interpretation of the mysteries is that of Bishop Thirlwall, who finds in them "the remains of a worship which preceded the rise of the Hellenic mythology and its attendant rites, grounded on a view of nature, less fanciful, more earnest and better fitted to awaken both philosophical thought and religious feeling."

P. MAHONEY, '10.

A Fond Remembrance.

Oh ! what is this we greet with such a grace ?
Is it some relic or some legend old ?
Are we with some enchantress face to face
Or charmed by tales that tell of heroes bold ?
'Tis but the fond remembrance of a time,
Which ever to our memories seems so bright,
When we were free from every taint of crime,
Enchained by bonds of discipline to Right.
The hands of Time are ever on their way
To change the Vivid Future to the Past ;
With them we enter on a brighter day
And leave another clinging to the last.
And now we toil on many a distant strand
To reap from life the faithful steward's share,
As looking back we feel our hearts expand
With firm resolve to strongly do and dare.

LEO KENNEDY, Acad.



Editorial.

The Editor on Athletics.

The Editor spends much of his time in the belfry where he has an excellent view of the College campus. His aim is perfectly honest and his intentions kindly. He is delighted to see boys and young men at play that he may study character as it manifests itself without mask in the full sense of unabashed freedom. He has observed many things during the year now drawing to a happy close, and being of a reflective temperament has drawn some general conclusions, and he takes this occasion to set down a few salient features of the year's athletics which are likely to escape the Athletic Editor, whose point of view is too limited to note them.

He has observed that the main motive of play is rivalry, a determination to win the game and to defeat the opponent. This rivalry has certain distinctive features which mark it off from rivalry in many other spheres of life. It is friendly and impersonal. The effort to win is

stimulated by a desire to place the class or team in the first position. Commonly, the effort to defeat another has a tendency to centre thought on the self and to nurture selfishness. In this sphere, on the contrary, the player struggles for his associates and in so far his aim is disinterested. There is no gloating at the discomfiture or chagrin of the defeated rival, but a satisfaction, all the more unalloyed because its source is the success of ones teammates. The defeated, also, are free from ill-will towards those who have snatched the enjoyment of victory from their grasp. Instead their thoughts are occupied with the hope of winning the next contest, and with the ways and means by which success may crown their efforts at another time.

Like the proverbial horse race, the winner in college games is hard to pick. Victory is not always to the strong or skilled. Pluck, endurance and confidence count for a great deal, and these are hard to discover till the game has far advanced. But even more effective than any of these, is class spirit. The class or team in which there is perfect unity, works better than the all-star aggregation. Their confidence is not self-centered; it looks to combination and united effort. Nay, the very distrust in personal superiority leads each player to work with every other, thus making team-work more conspicuous in their style of play; and in games union is strength.

While watching the games the editor has been attracted occasionally by the work of individuals. There are two classes of players who have attracted his notice above the others. He has remarked the cool calculating player who is always in the place where he is most needed and where his efforts are most effective. He has sought to learn the methods and the calculations of such a player but with indifferent success. It is evident that this player's foresight is the result of studying the opponent's methods and style of attack, of generalizing from past experience and watching closely for the first move that will indicate what he may expect. But these fea-

tures of his style of play do not account fully for many individual plays, which seem to come from lucky chance ; and yet their frequency of occurrence forbid that explanation. Our observant editor therefore opines that there is a sixth sense, which, in lieu of a better name, may be called the athletic sense, and which may be defined as a sense or instinct, by which the athlete foresees what his opponent will do and is prepared to meet that contingency most effectively.

This player is often unobserved by the majority of spectators. On the other hand, there is another player who attracts the admiration of all. He is the plucky youth who has no thought of danger, who is ready for every emergency and plunges headlong into the midst of the struggle and into situations which the wary avoid. The remarkable feature in this player's experience is his immunity from injury. Where others who are always on their guard are frequently injured, he escapes unhurt. When the inevitable collision comes he is on the aggressive and the timid player must go under, and usually the under man is the one who needs the impromptu medic and the water boy.

Many other features of real interest in the year's athletics might be included here but space forbids lengthier writing.

The Bane of School Discipline.

We read in legend that a certain woman was the mother of several children, in all of whom she was blessed by their filial respect and obedience, with the exception of the youngest. Unlike his brothers and sisters he was a thorn in his mother's side. As he grew from childhood to youth, he became less and less tractible, his selfishness was unbearable and his ingratitude shocking. One day the enemy came from a neighboring country, broke down their walls and was proceeding to raze the city by fire and sword, before the news of their approach had time to spread. The wretched mother was beside

herself with anxiety about her youngest child, and taking him in her arms, though he resisted her with tooth and nail howling all the while, she hastened out of the city to a place of safety abandoning the others to a miserable death. Legends, of course, are generally fictitious in the concrete but true in the abstract, and never, perhaps, in the history of man had this legend had wider significance than in our own day. Foolish mothers, and fathers too, numerous. The majority of children can easily be spoiled by the misguided affections of parents through no fault of their own. As Cassius says of Cæsar :

“Poor man ! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he see the Romans are but sheep.
He were no lion were not Romans hinds,

The petted child, if encouraged, will in nine cases out of ten indulge the natural instinct to tyrannize over others who are his “willing bondmen.”

When he passes from the fond embraces of his mother to the less indulgent though saner treatment of a teacher there often comes a terrible awakening. One day Percy is warned to observe the rule of silence, to study harder and to be more prompt. Percy is not accustomed to obey, and refuses. The ordinary means of enforcing obedience are used, and he is astounded at the very preposterousness of this mode of treatment. Between sobs he tells his parents how barbariously he has been used; they sympathize and call the teacher a brute, or some such endearing epithet. Henceforth the teacher is a monster in Percy's eyes, and school a prison. He soon learns to dislike study and books, makes little or no progress, and, if forced to go to school, becomes a truant.

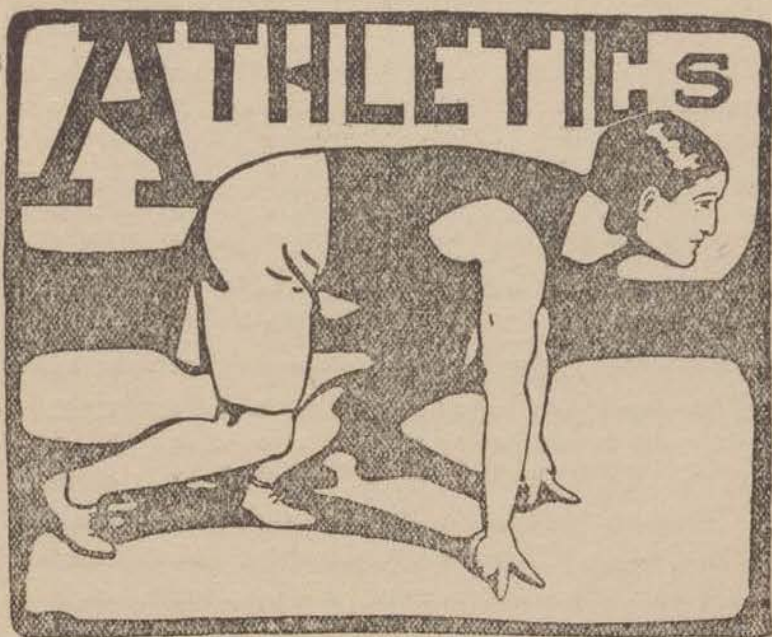
Such is the result, almost invariably, unless the home co-operates with the school. The parents throw the blame on the teacher for what they themselves are responsible. So long as parents cherish the delusion that their children are so perfect in every respect that they can do no wrong collision with school discipline is inevitable, and they will refuse to believe that teachers are not hasty and preju-

diced, while the work of education will in consequence be greatly hampered. It would be well for them to remember that the loss is their own, and that the injury resulting falls on those they love so fondly, but so unwisely.

"At College."

The impression which a few years spent at a college such as this leaves upon the mind and character of the individual is traceable throughout the whole of after life. It was at college that he first learned that he had no one to depend upon except himself. There it was that training and discipline were firmly impressed upon his mind, and respect for lawful authority, the first requisite for a good citizen, was engendered. At college too, he first felt the longing for home, and there did he resolve to overcome his boyish desire, and thus the first battle with the world was fought and won. At college, that moral training, started at his mother's knee, was nourished and perfected. In that place he learned, unconsciously it is true, to judge human character, thrown, as he was, among boys whose tastes and temperaments differed widely from his own. Within its hallowed precincts was built up that integrity of character without which there can be no lasting success. And finally it was at college that he entered a boy, and departed a man.





ASSUMPTION IN THE NINTH.

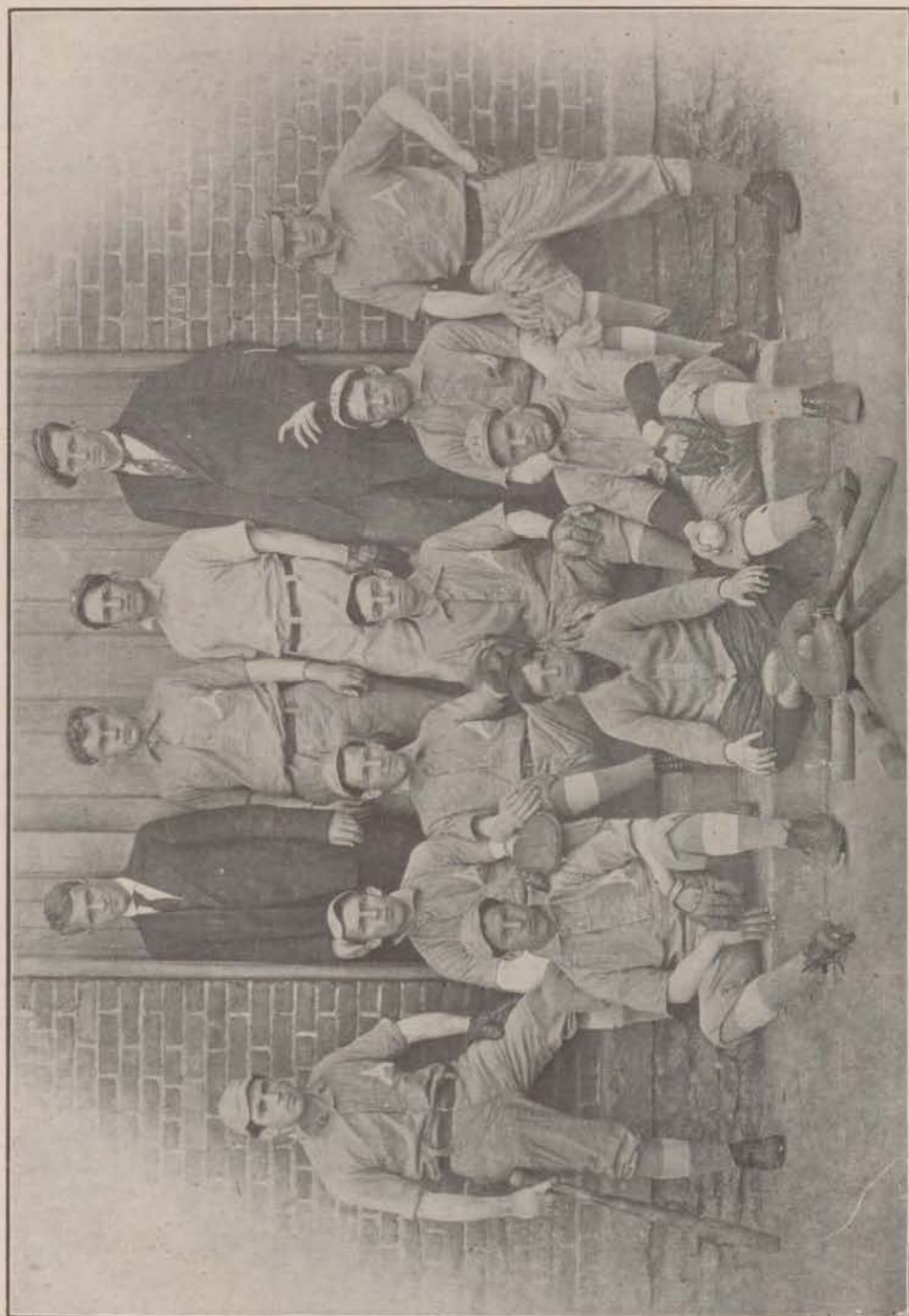
April 25th was the first time Assumption ever stacked up against the strong Kelsey-Herberts, of Detroit, and when these two teams did clash there resulted a game that would have done any fan's heart good to see. Viewed from a pitching standpoint it was a battle royal with J. Klick showing up stronger in the finish than Renner, who had things all his own way in the early innings. Owing to the muddy field errors were plentiful. They did not however effect the scoring to any extent. Up to the seventh inning the score stood 4-2 in favor of the visitors. As has so often happened the seventh again proved a lucky one for Assumption, for by bunching hits we managed to squeeze over enough to tie. In their halves of the eighth and ninth the visitors could do nothing with J. Klick's benders. In Assumption's half of the ninth McQuillan led off with a three bagger, and Brighton gave the ball a clout that would have been good for a three-bagger but for the fact that only a single was needed to win the game. As the scorer saw it:

KELSEY-HERBERTS						ASSUMPTION					
	A.B.	H.	O.	A.	E.		A.B.	H.	O.	E.	A.
Barney, s	3	1	2	1	3	Brighton, m	2	2	1	0	2
Rigley, i	4	0	2	0	1	Murphy, 2	3	1	1	3	0
Featz, 3	3	1	2	1	1	Klick, p	4	1	1	4	0
Benoit, 1,	3	1	1	0	0	Kelly, r	3	0	0	2	0
Denk, c	3	1	13	1	1	Minich, s	4	2	1	0	1
Noah, m	4	0	0	0	0	Longe, c	4	2	10	0	1
Krause, 2	3	1	4	0	0	Busch, l,	4	0	12	0	0
Hughes, r	3	0	0	0	0	McQuillan, 1	4	1	0	0	1
Renner, p	3	0	1	2	0	Condric, 3	4	0	1	2	0
Totals	29	5	35	5	6	Totals	32	9	27	11	5
Innings		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9.	R. H. E.
Assumption		1	0	0	1	0	0	2	0	1.	5 8 5
Kelsey-Herberts		0	2	0	0	1	1	0	0	0.	4 5 6

Two-base hits, Denk, Benoit, Brighton. Three-base hit, McQuillan. Sacrifice hit, Murphy. First base on balls, of Klick 1; off Renner 1. Hit by pitcher, Brighton 2. Struck out, by Klick 10; by Renner 11. Passed ball, Longe. Umpires Tiernan and Hartnet.

PITCHED NO-HIT GAME.

It was a shame to do it, but it's baseball. No hits and ten errors account for the 12-0 score by which the home team took the Y. M. I. nine into camp on May 9. The game was too one-sided to be interesting. Individually the visitors were good enough players but showed a lack of practice, and consequently their playing was decidedly off-color. Kummer pitched a good game, and deserved a much closer score. This he would undoubtedly have had but for the costly errors that the team made behind him. Although the home team also made plenty of errors behind J. Klick he proved so effective in pinches that the needed hit was not forthcoming. He showed a glimpse of his last summer's form. Besides allowing no hits he caused twenty of the visitors to fan the air. The team on the whole displayed considerable ginger, both on the field and in running bases. The errors made were due, in a great measure, to over-confidence.



ASSUMPTION COLLEGE BASEBALL TEAM

From left to right. *Top row*—C. Drouillard, J. Longe, F. Minich, C. Costello. *Second row*—T. Kelly, J. Busch, J. Condrick, T. Murphy, J. Brighton, F. McQuillan. *Lower row*—L. Moriarty, M. Martin, J. Kilk.

ASSUMPTION						Y. M. I.						
	A.B.	H.	O.	A.	E.		A.B.	H.	O.	A.	E.	
Brighton, r	3	0	0	0	0	Langlois, i	4	0	0	0	0	
Murphy, 2	5	1	1	1	1	Ward, s	4	0	0	0	2	
Klick, p	5	2	0	5	0	Spilaine, l	4	0	10	0	0	
Kelly, l	5	3	0	0	0	Kummer, p	4	0	0	3	0	
Longe, c	5	2	17	2	3	Purvis, m	3	0	2	0	0	
Minich, s	5	2	0	1	0	Colford, 3	4	0	2	2	2	
McQuillan, m	4	1	1	0	0	Keating, c	3	0	10	0	4	
Busch, l	4	0	7	0	2	Shea, r	2	0	0	0	0	
Condrick, 3	4	0	1	0	0	Leakey, 2	3	0	0	1	2	
<hr/>						<hr/>						
Totals	40	11	27	9	6	Totals	31	0	24	6	10	
<hr/>						<hr/>						
Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
Assumption	2	3	1	0	0	0	1	5	0	12	10	6
Y. M. I.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10

Three-Base hit, Kelly. Home-run, Minich. Stolen bases, Brighton, Murphy, Minich, Kelly 2, Kummer, Shea, Colford, Purvis 2. First base on balls, off Klick 2; off Kummer 2. Hit by pitcher, Shea. Left on bases, College 4; Y. M. I. 4. Struck out, by Klick 20; by Kummer 9. Wild pitch, Kummer 1. Umpires, Drouillard and Shea.

ASSUMPTION VS. DETROIT ATHLETIC CLUB.

Is the D. A. C. our hoodoo? This is the question that has been going the rounds since the game. Assumption yearly has had an unbroken string of victories until they tackle the D. A. C. Then the seemingly inevitable happens; the boys go up in the air, as the fans say. That is not all. Generally a team has one or two bad innings and then settles down. Not so with the home team when battling with this club. This year especially the boys went from bad to worse, and when the smoke cleared away the D. A. C. had piled up a total of eleven scores while our boys had been able to squeeze in but one measly little run. According to scorer Hackett the home team helped the visitors considerably in piling up the scores by making eight errors. As luck would have it, nearly every one of them featured in the run getting. Although the visitors connected with J. Klick's curves quite frequently he kept the hits well scattered and would have had a much closer score if his support had not been so ragged

at opportune times. The hit column, it will be observed, records only two singles for Assumption, and no wonder, an American League pitcher was twirling for the D. A. C. The Detroit Free Press, in recording the game, says: "If Manager Jennings is in doubt as to George Sugg's ability to deliver the goods he is hereby referred to John Klick and his fellow players at Assumption College." He certainly delivered the goods here, striking out sixteen men and allowing but two hits, which were made by J. Klick himself. Lathers, of the D. A. C., furnished the fielding feature of the game, a great one-hand stop and perfect throw.

D. A. C.						Assumption						
	A. B.	H.	O.	A.	E.		A. B.	H.	O.	A.	E.	
Hudson, s	5	2	4	0	0	Brighton r	2	0	2	0	0	
Utley, m	5	3	0	0	0	Murphy, 2	4	0	4	4	0	
Reid, 2	3	1	1	3	0	Klick, p	4	2	0	0	0	
Lathers, 3	5	2	0	2	0	Kelly, 1	4	0	0	0	2	
Kelsey, r	5	2	0	0	0	Longe, c	3	0	5	2	3	
F. Lerchen, 1	5	1	7	0	0	Minich, 2	3	0	2	5	1	
B. Lerchen, 1	4	0	0	0	0	McQuillan, m	3	0	1	0	0	
Suggs, p	5	1	0	1	0	Busch, 1	4	0	8	0	1	
McConachie, c	5	1	15	2	0	Condrick, 3	3	0	3	2	1	
<hr/>						<hr/>						
Totals	42	14	27	8	0	Total	29	2	26	13	8	
<hr/>						<hr/>						
Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
D A C	0	1	2	0	3	4	0	2	0	12	14	0
Assumption	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	8

Two-base hits, Hudson, Suggs, Lathers, 2, Utley. Bases on balls, off Suggs, 2; off Klick, 3. Struck-out, by Suggs, 16; by Klick, 6. Left on bases, D. A. C., 7; Assumption, 3. Double play—Minich, Murphy and Bush. Passed balls, McConachie, 4; Longe, 4. Time, 1.50. Umpires—Fox and Tiernan.

KENNEDY SHOWS CLASS.

For the second time this year the representative team on May 21, trimmed the Polish Seminary aggregation of Detroit, this time, however, with Leo Kennedy, the Belvidere southpaw in the box. It was Leo's first attempt at pitching an outside game for the Stellas, and although a bit wild he acquitted himself very creditably, allowing but five hits and striking out seven men. The

visitors had Wozniki, also a left hander, on the mound. He proved easy however, eleven hits being garnered off his delivery. The features of the game were McQuillan's hitting and Kennedy's stop or a line drive to the box.

ASSUMPTION.						P. SEM.					
	A.B.	H.	O.	A.	K.		A.B.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Brighton, r	4	2	0	0	0	Gospodwki, l	4	0	0	0	0
Murphy, 2	4	2	2	3	0	Peplowski, s	5	1	2	1	1
Kelly, l	4	0	3	0	0	Tomkiewicz, c	3	0	7	2	0
Longe, c	3	0	7	1	0	Texas, 3	4	2	2	3	3
Minich, s	4	0	1	1	0	Milcioski, l	3	0	7	0	0
McQuillan, m	4	2	2	0	1	Hoffman, 2	5	1	2	0	1
Kennedy, p	4	2	2	2	0	Gorney, 1	4	1	1	0	0
Busch, l	4	1	9	0	0	Giges, m	3	0	2	0	0
Condrick, 3	3	2	1	2	0	Wozniski, p	2	0	1	1	0
Totals,	21	11	27	9	1	Totals	33	5	24	7	5

Two-base hits, Hoffman, Gorney. Three-base hits, McQuillan, 2. First base on balls, off Kennedy, 3; off Wozniski, 4. Struck-out, by Kennedy, 7; by Wozniski, 5.

ASSUMPTION VS. SAMARITANS.

In what is conceded to be the best game played here this season, up-to-date, the College team, on May 23, won from the Samaritan Lodge team of Detroit, by a 4-2 score. The team was made up of the best fielders who have visited our campus this year, and their defeat is due wholly to J. Klick's masterful pitching. He was in rare form and had the lodgers guessing the greater part of the game, striking out eleven men and allowing but six hits. The game was a close one from the start. The home team gathered in a couple in the third and fourth only to be tied in the fifth, the scores resulting from a hit and some ragged fielding on the part of our boys. The lodgers drew ciphers the remainder of the game while the home team batted in one each in the seventh and eighth. There was considerable kicking in the eighth by the visitors when Krapp slid under Condrick at third and was called out by Hartnett. While the decision was a close one, there was no call for such a howl as the Samaritans set up. In the earlier part of the game their umpire called Brighton out at second when it

was evident to all that he had beaten the throw by a good margin.

ASSUMPTION.						SAMARITANS.					
	A. B.	H.	O.	A.	E.		A. B.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Brighton, r	4	2	1	0	0	Goudie, s	4	1	2	1	0
Murphy, 2	4	1	0	2	1	Wilson, m	4	2	2	0	0
Klick, p	4	2	1	2	0	Krapp, l	4	0	2	1	0
Kelly, l	4	0	1	0	0	Ray, 2	3	2	2	2	0
Longe, c	4	1	12	2	0	Hempel, r	4	0	2	0	0
Minich, s	4	0	0	2	0	Oswald, 3	3	0	2	1	1
McQuillan, m	4	2	0	0	1	Hughes, l	3	0	9	0	1
Busch, l	2	2	11	0	0	Smith, 3	4	1	6	0	0
Condric, 3	3	1	1	4	1	Fracy, p	4	0	1	2	0
Totals	34	11	27	12	2	Totals	33	6	27	7	2
Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—R.	H.	E.
Assumption	0	0	1	1	0	0	1	1	0—4	11	2
Samaritans	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0—2	6	2

Two-base hits, Brighton, Wilson, Longe. Three-base hit, Klick. First base on balls, off Klick, 2; off Tracy, 1. Struck-out, by Klick, 11; by Tracy, 6. Left on bases, Assumption, 3; Samaritans, 5. Passed balls, Longe, 2; Smith, 1. Umpires—Hartnett and a Samaritan.

DOINGS OF THE STELLAS.

The College term is drawing to a close, and with it another successful baseball season. Early in the spring it was predicted that this would be a poor season for the College owing to so many of last year's team having left us. Such has not been the case, however, for up to date the Stellas have won seven out of nine games played.

The boys have worked hard and have shown such a decided improvement that the team now ranks with the best teams Assumption has ever produced. One thing is certain, we have not, in the last ten years at least, had a pitcher to compare with J. Klick, who has done the twirling for the last three years. Were he not a candidate for the holy priesthood he would certainly be a big league prospect.



CHAMPIONS PENINSULAR SOCCER LEAGUE

From left to right. *Top row* - W. Murray, T. Moran, J. Rooney, T. Kelly, W. Gannon, F. Busch, J. Bell, J. Quigley.
Bottom row - J. Condrick, F. Costello, F. Mooney, H. Powels, F. Mahoney, J. Moran, T. Murphy.

The following is a complete schedule for the season :

April 11	A. C.,	8 ;	Sandwich, 1.
18	"	8 ;	" 6.
23	"	6 ;	Polish Seminary, 0.
25	"	3 ;	Kelsey-Heberts, 2.
29	"	- ;	Good Luck, -, (Cold).
May 2	"	- ;	Samaritans, -. (Rain).
7	"	- ;	Polish Seminary, -, (Rain).
9	"	12 ;	Y. M. I., 0.
16	"	1 ;	D. A. C., 12.
21	"	8 ;	Polish Seminary, 3.
23	"	4 ;	Samaritans, 2.
28	"	1 ;	Sandwich, 3.
30	"	- ;	Windsor, -, (Rain).
June 6	"	- ;	Kelsey-Heberts, (to be played)
10	"	- ;	Miles B. C., -, "
13	"	- ;	Borroughs, -, "

Of the games remaining to be played the one with Borroughs should be a close one, as this team is considered one of the best in this part of the country and has an excellent record.

The batting and fielding averages of the team, up to date, follow :

	Fielding.	Batting.
Longe,	.820	.280
Klick,	1000	.348
Busch,	.984	.272
Murphy,	.928	.324
Condrick,	.851	.204
Minich,	.860	.228
McQuillan,	.600	.315
Brighton,	.715	.272
Kelly,	.567	.180

THE BELVEDRES.

Not for some years has the Belvedere club had a team to equal the one which represents the middle campus this year. It is made up of "comers" of whom Leo

Kennedy, their star southpaw, is the most promising. When J. Klick leaves us next year his place will be well filled by this promising youngster, should he continue to improve as he has done during the past two years.

On the whole the team is made up of good fielders and exceptionally good hitters. They have had no trouble in hitting every pitcher who has opposed them this season, and up to date have an unbroken string of victories to their credit. Much credit is due to Maurice Blackwell, the captain, for their excellent showing.

THE TAI-KUNS.

If the Belvedere club is made up of "comers," much more so is the Tai-Kuns division. Boys in knee breeches, to be sure, but men when it comes to baseball and a knowledge of its fine points. They play the game, field, hit and run bases like old leaguers, and it is freely predicted by some of the older heads that several of these same Tai-Kuns will some day be wearing Major League uniforms, not as figure-heads but as players holding their own in this great American game.

And when it comes to spirit they outclass every other squad in the yard. They are "game to the core," and although they may be on the losing end of the score they keep up that fighting spirit which is such an important factor in winning games and eventually pull out on the large end. Like the Belvederes, they have won from every team that has opposed them this year.



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.

The new College Chapel will be dedicated on June 16.

The Alumni and friends of the college are cordially invited.

The Dedication Services followed by Solemn Mass Coram Episcopo, commence at 10.30 a. m. [Eastern Standard Time.] Rev. P. Corcoran, Pres. of Alumni Ass'n, will celebrate the Mass. Rev. J. Halley, V. Pres., will be the orator of the occasion.

Contributions to the Chapel Fund:

Previously acknowledged.....	\$10,299 55
Rev. M. Eardly	10 00
Rev. Jas. E. O'Brien.....	20 00
Rev. Jas. Cahalan	60 00
Rev. J. A. Powers	10 00
Rev. M. Crowley	20 00
Rev. E. Wolfstyn.....	10 00
Mr. F. McIntyre.....	30 00

Total.....\$10,459 55

John Judge, Commercial, '05, is employed as book-keeper in the offices of the Copper Range Ry., at Houghton, Mich.

Thos. Daly, '93, after serving for several years as clerk of the court, at Butte, Montana, has been elected to the office of Justice of the Peace in that city.

Frank McDonnell, '88, is now one of Detroit's best known physicians, and his large offices are located on Woodward Ave.

Benjamin McManus, '09, is engaged in the wood, coal and ice business at Cleveland, Ohio.

Dr. Edward DeGurse, '92, enjoys an extensive patronage at Anchorville, Mich.

Sylvester Wheeler, Commercial, '03, is now engaged in the plumbing, heating and lighting business with his father at Kalamazoo, Mich.

Fr. J. Stapleton, pastor of the church of the Annunciation, Detroit, Mich., and Fr. A. Burke, '94, pastor of St. Phillip's Church, Battle Creek, favored their friends at the college with a visit during the month.

Wm. Talifaro, Commercial, '04, is studying law at the University of Notre Dame.

Fr. D. Cushing, '77, a former President of Assumption, visited his friends at the college during the month, in company with Rev. Fr. Marijon, the late Provincial of the Basilian Fathers in America.

Wm. Fister, Commercial, '05, is now engaged in the market gardening business at his home town, Lexington, Ky.

Fr. P. Dwan, pastor of St. Agatha's Church, Gagetown, Mich., is among our visitors for the month.

James Elliot, '89 is now one of Windsor's staid business-men, and is engaged in the ice cream and confectionery business.

Fr. W. J. Christian, '03, who was one of Assumption's greatest athletes, called upon his friends at the college during the month. Fr. Christian is now assistant pastor of St. John the Evangelist's Church, at Syracuse, N. Y.

Thos. Mulcahy, Commercial, '05, lately joined the Christian Brothers, at Georgetown, Md.

Henry Conlon, '03, is meeting with great success in the law profession at Toledo, Ohio.

R. Farrell, '92, is now an editor upon the staff of the Pittsburg Post-Dispatch.

Thomas Heenan, '88, enjoys life as proprietor of a flourishing grocery store in North Branch, Mich.

Mr. Quarry, '98, is now one of the local agents of Metropolitan Life Ins. Co., and is meeting with great success in this line of work.

Ernest Phaneuf, '03, for the past three years has been teaching school in Saskatchewan, and thoroughly enjoys his work.

In our last issue, it was stated that Wm. Mess, Commercial, '03, was president of the Catholic Young Men's Club of New Bavaria, Ohio. On receipt of a letter from him we find that we were misinformed, and we gladly correct our error. Mr. Mess is the Financial Secretary of the Catholic Knights of Ohio, an office to which he has been elected for the third successive term. He has been very successful since leaving Assumption and is at present engaged in the general merchandise business in partnership with his brother. He has our best wishes for success.

Very Rev. Dean McGee, of Stratford, Ont., celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood during the past month.

Wm. McIntyre, '90, has just recovered from a long illness at Ann Arbor, Mich.

Ray Millenmeyer, a former student of Assumption is engaged with his brother in the Nursery Business, at Lexington, Ky.

Dr. Philip Loranger, '93, has been very successful in the pursuit of his chosen profession and enjoys an extensive practice in Detroit.

Mr. D. Maillieux, Commercial, '01, was one of a class of dentists graduated from the Detroit College of Medicine, May 28th. He has our best wishes for his future.

Frank Burns, a student of recent years, is now studying philosophy at St. Mary's Seminary, Cleveland.

Mr. John O'Keefe, pitcher of the famous college nine of '87, '88 and '89, is meeting with great success in the field of journalism at New York City.

Rev. P. J. McKeon, '91, another member of the above-mentioned nine, has just completed a handsome parochial residence at St. Mary's Church, London, Ont.

Charley Hodgekinson, '91, still another member of the team, now holds a lucrative position in the postoffice at Toronto, Ont.

Rev. George Maurer, '88, is building up a very fine parish at St. Clair Heights, Wayne County, Mich.

Mr. Edward Clark, a former student, visited his friends at the college during the past month.

Most Rev. D. O'Connor, who was formerly President of Assumption College, and successively Bishop of London and Archbishop of Toronto, has resigned his See, owing to ill health and declining years. His resignation came as a great surprise to all who knew him in the old days. Certainly he was not a man to falter in the face of difficulty, or to turn a deaf ear to the call of duty; but just because of this characteristic in the man, the great Archbishop did not hesitate to yield his place to another, when he felt that the burden of office was too great for

shoulders bending under the weight of age and failing strength. Like a true religious he will seek retirement and freedom from the distraction of official duties in order to prepare for the end, which he feels is not far distant. No act of his whole career so conspicuously reveals the character of the man as this of his resignation. It is our sincere wish that he may find in retirement the peace and spiritual consolation which came to the monks of the desert.

No event of recent years has excited greater regret among the students and faculty of the college than the announcement that Rt. Rev. F. P. McEvay was to be transferred from the Episcopal See of London, to the Archbishopric of Toronto. While we rejoice that honor has fallen to the most worthy, we cannot but recognize that the college has lost its best friend and most ardent patron. It was not entirely unexpected, for when the news came that the Archbishop of Toronto had resigned, we were assured that no worthier successor could be found than our beloved Bishop. From the very first moment of his arrival among us, the Rt. Rev. Bishop has taken a deep interest in everything concerning the College. Recognizing the need of higher Catholic education, he has striven to promote the welfare of the College both by moral and financial support. Whenever possible, he visited the college to encourage the students in their work, and to his endeavors is due in a great measure the beautiful chapel which has just been erected. Now that he is about to assume the more onerous duties of a higher office, we wish him God-speed, and we pray that God in His infinite goodness may bestow on him the grace and help to enable him to continue to be the ornament and the glory of the hierarchy in Canada.

Chronicle.

'Twas awful what Suggs did, but we'll be cheerful.

The bank of the Detroit is the favorite resort now on clear evenings. The cool breezes from the river drive away the anxiety of mathematical calculations as to the number of minutes and seconds before June 16th.

Wm. Robinson, '10, was awarded the prize for the best work in St. Basil's Literary during the year. "Bill" has been untiring in his efforts to make the Review a success, and, as the paper is largely dependent upon the members of this society, the boys did well to award the only possible material remuneration to the one who has placed the success of our periodical before every other consideration.

On Wednesday, May 6th, the Dramatic Club closed one of its most successful years. During the winter and spring their entertainments for the college have been exceptionally good, and we do not hesitate to say that the production of "More Sinned Against Than Sinning" last fall has not been excelled by any of the public entertainments given in previous years. The closing meeting was taken up largely by speeches from those who are about to transfer their names from the Student to the Alumni Roll, and the discussion as to whether the society should have the advantages of professional training in elocution during the year. A vote of thanks was given Fr. Murphy for his efficient work as president of the club. Much of the credit of the year's success is due to him.

The records of June are the happenings of May, and certainly we have nothing more interesting or beautiful to chronicle than the May Devotions, just past. Fr. Ferguson again opened the devotions to our Blessed Lady on the evening of May 1st. His varied erudition and long experience makes it possible for him to entertain, instruct and edify the students every evening. Never have we known the venerable preacher to surpass the magnificent series of addresses with which he has favored us this year. To retain the interest of the students even a

few evenings in succession is a difficult task, but to hold that interest evening after evening for four weeks would be considered next to impossible ; and yet he not only did so during the entire month, but even created in all a desire to be present at every exercise and to catch every word as it fell from his lips. His fluency and rhetorical power and above all his earnest looks and gestures made his words of practical wisdom come home to each with redoubled force. We are pleased to place on record the deep sense of gratitude we feel to the dean of the college faculty.

Another fact worthy of special mention is the taste and fidelity displayed by the sacristans in decorating Our Lady's altar during the month.

Another year's work in the St. Dionysius Literary Society has closed and another class is prepared to enter the more advanced work of St. Basil's Literary. The task of this society is a most important one, for in it is laid the foundation of success in after life. While the society can hardly be expected to cope with the literary efforts of the more advanced club, at least it can boast of a life and interest far superior. Under the guiding influence of Fr. Collins and Mr. Murray the year has been most successful. The closing meeting on March 31st was merely a continuation of the good work of the year. R. Farrell, L. Maher and C. Cosgrove were the orators of the evening ; L. Snitgen, Clement Kelly and Cashes Kelly recited, and essays were read by E. MacKay, H. Ne-deau, M. Whalen and A. O'Neil. The extemporaneous debate was : "Resolved, that we do not read what we should." This closing feature in each of the meetings has done much to raise the value of the club's work, and many good results are apparent.

The closing meeting of St. Basil's Literary Society was much similar to some of the closing meetings of previous years. However there was one particular feature in this one which has not been equalled for some time. It was interesting to watch Coyle weep at the thought of

departure, and at the same time wear that smile which never comes off. Messrs. Hackett, Kelly and Pitre also spoke, but Mr. Minich, who was absent in the interest of the Review, failed to answer to his name. After votes of thanks had been tendered the Secretary, Mr. Rooney, for his criticisms during the year, and Fr. Roach for his skillful direction of the society's work, both within the club room and in connection with the Review, the Rev. President commended with unstinted praise the work of the Society during the year, and urged upon those who will continue it in the coming year the necessity of realizing the responsibility which they have upon them.

The three days before the feast of the Ascension in each year at Assumption are always given up to retreat. On Sunday evening previous to its opening the campus rang with college choruses and hearty laughter, and at the toll of the Vesper bell, one long hearty cheer, which rose from every throat, betokened by contrast the earnestness with which the exercises were to be observed. Fr. Van Antwerp, of the Church of the Holy Rosary, of Detroit, preached the retreat. All were carried away by his eloquence and earnestness to thoughts of higher things and nobler aspirations while the beloved preacher became more and more dear to the heart of every student. His magnificent series of sermons were listened to with the greatest attention and a strict silence was observed by all from Sunday night to Thursday morning, when each received his Lord with the firm determination to rise with him to a higher and nobler life.

We take this opportunity in behalf of the students and faculty to thank Fr. VanAntwerp for his kindly interest and earnest endeavors in our behalf. That he may be with us often is the wish of every one in the college.

Graduating Commercial are busy in preparation for their examinations which begin June 3rd. Those who will make the attempt to join our Commercial Alumni are: L. Snitgen, E. Deen, L. Schoendorf, C. Kelly, C. Francis, J. Gougeon, J. Creque and J. McIntyre.

"Quorum pars magni fui" might well be said by those whom Assumption sends out this year, for although the class completing the philosophy course is small it includes some of our best and most earnest workers. Fred. Minich and Terrence Kelly, both hailing from Lansing, have made their entire course here and have been leaders in athletics and every movement that tends to increase college spirit. Mr. John Rooney, of Sarnia, entered the class in its second year. He has, during the past two years, instructed the elementary grades in English. The true philosopher, John Hackett, coming from Dowagiac, joined the class in their third year, and was followed in the succeeding fall by Joe Coyle, of Northfield, Mich. We mention these two together for that is where they belong, and we feel that no two graduates will be more missed next fall. Gilbert Pitre, one of Tecumseh's sons and a most worthy member of the class, with the exception of a year and a half at a Redemptorist college in Quebec, has made his entire course here. Mr. Wm. Brophy came amongst us at the beginning of his philosophy studies from St. Michael's, Toronto. During his two short years he has won a host of friends both among the older boys and those of the preparatory school, over whose study hall he has had charge. The majority of this class in whose number are three editors and two teachers will, in all probability, be in either American or Canadian Seminaries during the coming year, but they go with the hearty good wishes of all at Assumption, and an earnest "God speed" will follow each in his new field.

P. J. J., '10.

Exchanges.

The April issue of *The Laurel* is quite up to that high standard we found in the preceding numbers of that journal. In "America's Intrinsic Power," the writer, or rather, the speaker sees no signs of that much-talked-of weakness in his nation. Webster-like he has not accustoming himself "to look beyond the Union to see what might be hidden in the dark recess behind," but, in its existence, "has high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before him." "The Key to Success" is an edifying story skillfully worked out so as to suspend the interest to the very last word. A great deal of salutary advice is contained in "The Need of Literary Discrimination," a rather dry topic which the writer has polished and brightened into an attractive essay. But the one quality which has especially attracted our attention in this journal is the distinct literary tone pervading the whole and adapting itself to the nature of the subject at hand, now rushing forth in bursts of oratory, now light and happy in the records of the sports and pastimes of the college, and now subdued in the pathetic annals of death.

Another Exchange that we always greet with delight on account of the pleasant moments it is sure to afford us, is *The Xavier*. The various articles of this journal have ever that air and sense of perfection about them which is the result of long experience and careful supervision in the several departments of college journalism. In the short story "In The Shadows Of The Evening" the conversational style which contributes to the interest of such a tale, and which presents a difficulty to most story writers, is very cleverly handled. The "Traveller's" description of Switzerland is vivid and beautiful, and "The Book Reviews," which in this journal takes the place of the Exchange Department, while perhaps, not containing as much local interest as the latter would, is, however, a valuable guide to those who desire to be au courant in matters literary.

The *April Schoolman* is a very patriotic issue. Inspired by the thought of the approaching Canadian tercentenary celebration, and furnished with the abundant material by the rapidly increasing wealth of our country, the contributors give us a glowing account of the future prospects of the Dominion. We are pleased to note, however, that enthusiasm over present prosperity and future greatness, has not caused them to forget the honor due to the early heroes who laid the foundations of our nation, Champlain, Wolfe, Montcalm and the heroic Indian missionaries, all receive special mention in articles which do honor to their illustrious subjects, and reflect credit on the writers themselves.

The new arrivals during the month are : *Our Lady's Corona*, adorned with a little gem of poetry and several rather short but pretty stories ; *The Student*, a handsome and lively periodical from Central High, Detroit, and *The Mercury*, more philosophic in its nature, contained several meretorious articles on social questions of the day. To all we extend a hearty welcome and only regret that we have not had the pleasure of an earlier acquaintance. Besides these, we gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the regular exchanges.

Psychic Psamples.

The golden moments gliding go,
By our elders oft we're told ;
I've seen the moments pass quite slow,
But I've failed to see the gold.--*Hartnett.*

The man who died before his time certainly made a grave mistake.

Teacher : What is an obsolete word ?

J. McIntyre : A word that has fallen into disgust.

VOCAL.

Music Teacher ; Do not jump from note to note, that way.

Holmes : I can't prevent it ; I have a frog in my throat this evening.

Damp—close—bright—cold—fine—fierce—any old thing—the weather.

PROHIBITION PENCILINGS.

The agitator emits a wail
Worse than the baseball fan,
“ If we cannot fill the dinner-pail,
Let us ‘ can,’ at least, the can.

The dog that was struck by a fast express, hurled over the telegraph wires, and then ran off as if nothing had happened, certainly was a lucky dog.

Never tell a man who is drawing vigorously on his imagination that you do not believe his story. If it hurts you, abide your time and tell one yourself.

Trouble knocked at the door, but hearing merry laughter within hastened away.

Mooney ! has he been trying to get into print again ? Yes. The other day he said something about Sharpe being deeply re(a)d.

A Murphyism—Love is a fine lunacy in the brain of youth.

Hackett : (Waking up at 5.30 a. m.) Monday morning ! and tomorrow’s Tuesday, and the next day is Wednesday. Half the week gone and I haven’t done a stroke yet.


The popular orator fires oftener at the dust he has raised than at his opponent’s arguments.

Teacher (peremptorily) Cease that filing at once.

Bell : Pardon me, I was not filing. I was winding my watch.

My uncle John says, and he knows what he is talking about, that the man who always wants to die, generally changes his mind when he is really sick ; and that he is best prepared who has found life worth living.

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Besides careful instruction in English, students are given a thorough training in Book-keeping, Stenography and Typewriting.

Academic Course—

Students are prepared in this Course for University Examinations.

Arts Course—

The work in this Course is modelled on the matter contained in the Curricula of Canadian Universities.

This Course includes efficient instruction in the various branches of Philosophy as required in Catholic Seminaries.

ATHLETICS are encouraged and systematically directed. The Campus is very large.

The moral and religious training of the students receives the most careful attention.

The College will commence its 39th year on Sept. 7th, 1908.

Rev. F. Forster, C. S. B.,

President.

Rev. F. Semande, C. S. B.,

Treasurer.

