

11-1908

Assumption College Review: Vol. 2: no. 2 (1908: Nov.)

Assumption College

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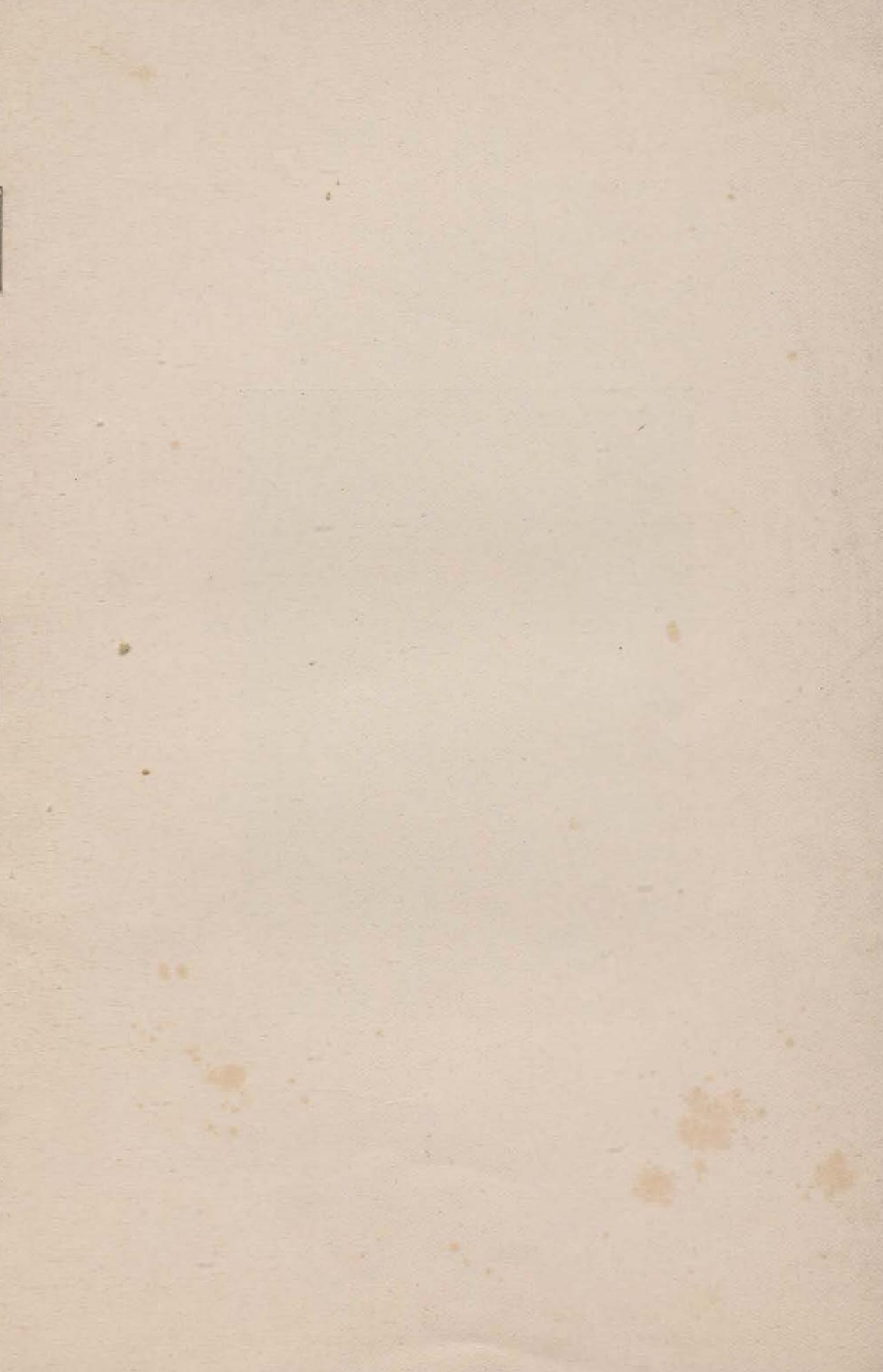
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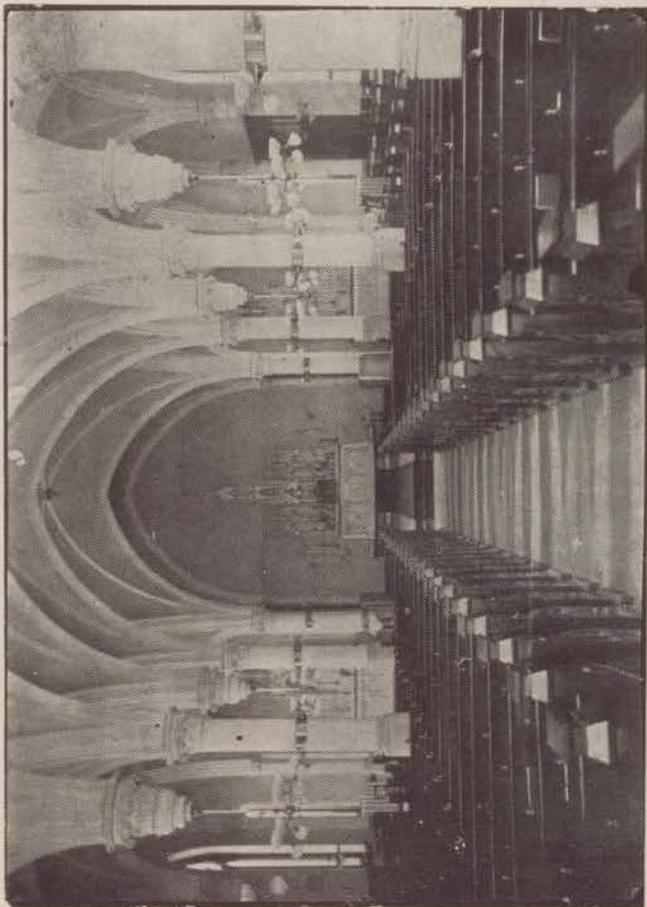
ASSUMPTION
COLLEGE
REVIEW



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INTERIOR OF COLLEGE CHAPEL

Assumption College Review

Entered at the Post Office at Sandwich, Ont. as second-class matter

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. II.

NOVEMBER, 1908.

No. 2.

The Sophists.



VERY many of the characters and events of Grecian History are presented to us in their worst light, and are received with little controversy or doubt as the authentic materials for history. But few characters in history have been so harshly dealt with as the so-called Sophists—the practical teachers of Athens and of Greece, who for centuries have been greatly under-rated.

In the first place the Sophists were wise and clever men, who stood out prominently before the public as distinguished by intellectual attainments of one kind or another. The greatest among them were Protagoras of Abdera, Gorgias of Lontini, Polus of Agrigentum, Hippias of Elis, Thrysimachus of Chalkêdon and Dionysodôrus of Chios—all of whom, both ancient and modern writers denounce as the moral pestilence of their age.

These men, whose Philosophy consisted in reducing truth to the level of opinion, made man the measure of

all things. Their vocation was to train youths for the duties, pursuits and successes of both private and public life.

Teaching for pay, they drew on themselves not only the envy of inferiors, who coveted their riches and their influence, but also the antagonism of great men like Socrates and Plato. These great thinkers considered such bargains as nothing less than servitude, declaring that the relation between master and scholar was thoroughly dishonored by the intervention of money payment.

Again, they are called impostrous pretenders, who, for their own personal gain, encouraged their pupils to the unscrupulous prosecution of ambition and cupidity, and who succeeded in corrupting the general morality to such an extent that Athens became miserably degenerate and vicious.

Finally, the very point which Socrates seeks to establish against the Sophists is that they courted and flattered and bowed to the Athenian people with degrading servility, and that they looked to reward merely, and not to the improvement of the people. He further maligns them when he says that, not having the courage to address to their pupils any unpalatable truths, they "beat about the bush" in such a way that they escaped giving offence, and, at the same time gave the people to understand that no man who sought to advance himself in Athens had any hope of success unless he became corrupted to the core.

Plato, too, described them as men who pursued Philosophy for the sake of display or gain. If the accepting of money for tuition be held as a reproach, what are we to say of the numbers of learned men who, in our own day, pursue the profession of teacher by which they may derive an income or win fame for themselves—although they have no particular relish for the profession as such? Yet these same moderns, taking the cue from Plato, sneer and hurl sarcasm at these monsters, whose

sole crime—asking and receiving remuneration in return for services rendered—has been so magnificent that now many men style them as mean, greedy and exorbitant.

Now, not only is there no proof that they were dishonest but even Plato, their deadly enemy, inadvertently witnesses to their integrity and honesty in the "Protagoras," in which that Sophist thus describes his terms of tuition: "I make no stipulation beforehand. When a pupil parts from me, I ask from him such a sum as he thinks the time and circumstances warrant: and I add, that if he deems the demand too great he has only to make up his own mind, what is the amount of improvement which my company has procured to him and what sum he considers an equivalent for it. I am content to accept the sum so-named by himself, only requiring him to go into a temple and make oath that it is his sincere belief."

It is not easy to imagine a more dignified manner of dealing than this, nor one which places a more honorable reliance on the conscientiousness of the student or on the pupil's sense of gratitude for improvement realized, which to every teacher constitutes a reward, not inferior to the financial stipulation, and which in the opinion of Socrates formed the only legitimate reward. Such is not the way in which the "corruptors of mankind" go about their work, nor in this respect is there much room for self-complacency on the part of these modern writers themselves, who see "the mote in their neighbor's eye but not the beam in their own." Neither is it true that they were men of mere words, who moulded their pupils on the same shallow standard.

One of their greatest accomplishments—the cultivation and improvement of the art of public speaking—has been denounced as corrupt and immoral by Plato and many other learned writers who argued that Rhetoric was not an art at all but a mere unscientific knack of enabling their students to second unjust designs, to make the worse appear the better reason, and to delude their hearers by

trick and artifice into a false persuasion and show of knowledge without the reality. Here, too, it might have been expected that modern writers would have refrained from reviling the Sophists; the more so, as they have before their eyes, in every country of the world, the profession of lawyers and statesmen who, by their powerful eloquence, further the cause of justice, and who, instead of being regarded as "corruptors of mankind," are usually looked upon as indispensable auxiliaries to a just administration of law and government.

Besides teaching, the Sophists also published several treatises on Rhetoric, the Ambiguities of Words, Wrestling, Gymnastics and many other important topics, which showed to the whole world that they were not "men of mere words," but men of wisdom, tact and skill.

Most of the pupils of the Sophists were young men of wealth, and so the Sophist had much to lose by corrupting his pupils and much to gain by sending them forth, virtuous and learned; for the best-taught youths were decidedly the most free from crime and the most active towards good. The most valuable ideas and feelings that a young man had in his mind, came mainly from the Sophists. Were this not so, the nobles and merchants of Athens would have discontinued paying money to men, who, by teaching their sons, lead them in the path of vice and crime.

The esteem in which the Sophists were held, was made manifest by the enthusiastic receptions accorded Protagoras, Prodikus, and others, in the various cities they entered, and by the readiness of rich young men to devote much time and trouble for the purpose of acquiring a personal superiority apart from their wealth and station.

Their nobility and dignity, too, were evident from the ardor with which the highest and grandest nobles of Athens opened their houses and purses to these men, who had nothing to recommend them but superior knowledge and intellectual force, combined with an imposing personality and bearing which made itself felt both in their lectures and in their conversations.

—WILLIAM C. MOFFATT, '09.

The Race to Save St. Antoine.



IN the Spring of 1685 the inhabitants of Eastern Canada were terrorized by the numerous accounts of the fierce tribes of Indians who were spreading over the whole country, from their settlements in Northern New York. An indescribable dread filled the mind of every settler who had any recollection of the previous raid, when those merciless savages left nothing save ruin and devastation behind them in their cruel pursuits.

West of Quebec, about fifty miles, lay a little village called St. Antoine, pleasantly situated on the eastern shore of Lake Shiguwonk, which was one of two, termed by the settlers East and West Shiguwonk. Those two lakes stretch north and south about ten miles, while the distance between their outer shores was about two miles. Between the two stretched a marsh, impenetrable, save by the little river that connected the lakes. In the spring-time this river overflowed its narrow banks, owing to the excessive fall of snow and rain at that period of the year, thus making it a torrent of water leaping headlong in its wild rush over the marshy district, and to ford it at this season meant almost certain death to the adventurer.

St. Antoine was a type of what we should expect in such a lonely spot. Its population consisted of a little band of settlers eking out a miserable existence in the New World, yet contented with their simple mode of life. They labored mostly in the forest, each having a few acres of land cleared for growing corn and vegetables, which, together with the game captured from the forest, constituted their livelihood. The town proper consisted of a few little log houses stretching along a narrow road, terminated on one end by the Eastern Lake, and on the other by a forest trail which led off in the direction of Quebec. In one of their former attacks the Iroquois had nearly exterminated a tribe of Hurons away to the west, the sole survivor being a boy of twelve years, who had

afterwards wandered into the village and had been adopted by an old settler named Buten, who was moved to sympathy by his sad story. Monsieur Buten had no children, and was glad to have his humble home brightened by the cheery face of the little Indian. Together they lived as father and son for many a year, and while the old settler instructed the boy in the ways and manners of the white people, the honesty and fidelity which were displayed in all the little Indian's actions, were a continual delight to the mind of the old man. He adapted the family name, and at his baptism received the name of Louis. The young Indian soon came to honor and respect his white father, and as he grew to manhood loved to roam about the forest in search of game with which he always kept the house in an abundant supply.

For many days past, the quiet happiness of the villagers had been disturbed by a fear of the approaching Iroquois, who already were encamped about three miles from the western side of the lakes. The garrison at the village had gone to Quebec to aid in putting down an attack at that place, and their return was eagerly watched for by the villagers. On the day before the garrison was expected to arrive, Louis was wandering about the woods when his keen ear discerned a rustle among the dry twigs and branches at a considerable distance off. Thinking it to be some woodsman he paid little or no heed to the noise and continued in his quest for game. A second time he was suddenly attracted by the noise, and looking in that direction he saw the dark form of an Iroquois, and knowing that he was there for no good purpose, he determined to watch his movements. He had heard of the expected attack, and being acquainted with the customs and habits of the Indians, he knew that he was none other than an Indian scout creeping stealthily towards the village to reconnoitre and to announce to his camp a favourable opportunity for an attack. Knowing that the Indians would most likely attack the village that night, he fully realised that if the happiness and safety of

himself as well as that of the villagers were to continue, that man must not return to the Indian encampment. On the other hand he knew that the Indians, desiring to take the village by surprise, would not venture to attack unless the scout returned to announce that it was unfortified. Meanwhile the scout had disappeared in the direction of the village. But thinking the Indian would return by the same way whence he had come, Louis made a bold resolve to lie in wait and shoot him on his return. He was an excellent marksman, and would undoubtedly have shortened the career of the scout. However, he had not lain there long, when he was aroused by the beating of hoofs in the direction of the trail, and upon looking he saw the Indian scout mounted and galloping away at full speed towards the south, around the lakes to the Indian encampment. He had hidden his horse near the trail, and wandered away from it in going towards the village that his means of escape should not be discovered should he himself be seen. But upon returning he had made straight for the horse, thus avoiding the hiding place of the boy by nearly a quarter of a mile. For a moment Louis stood still as if dazed by some sudden blow. Then, realizing the danger, he struck the trail for the village, running as fast as he could to warn the unsuspecting citizens of their danger. At every step he could picture the Indian scout bearing his bloodthirsty message away to the south at full speed. At the village the people were aroused to such a state of anxiety that the least commotion was the cause of inquiry. Thus the reader may be able to realise the condition of affairs when the boy reached the village. Soon the news was spread everywhere. Excitement was depicted on every face. Groups of settlers could be seen in hurried conversation, while the children ran wildly about, questioning anyone who seemed to have any knowledge of the affair. The women showered kisses and blessings upon the younger members of the family, whom they expected would, at any moment, be severed from them by the cruel tomahawk of the

merciless Indian. Some suggested the river as a means of cutting off the escape of the Indian, who would follow the trail around to the western side, where lay the Indian camp. But the dangerous rapids and rushing torrent rendered useless any plan of action in that direction. Others, inspired with a deadly fear, suggested a refuge in the forest, but the thoughts of abandoning their homes to the ravaging savage banished from their excited minds any hope of safety in flight. Still others ventured to say that the Indian might be overtaken, but this also was impossible as the Indian had a long start and would certainly lose no time in disposing of his important message. Such was the condition of affairs in the village.

But meanwhile a bold and hazardous plan was being sought out by the brave little Indian. In the midst of the excitement he appeared cool and determined, and stated his plan to a few of the citizens, saying that he was willing to attempt a passage down the river and intercept the scout at the farther side of the lakes. The bold courage of the youth brought a smile of gratitude to the lips of his listeners, but they endeavoured to point out to him how his attempt would be vain and would mean certain death. The venturesome youth was not to be swayed from his purpose. Finally a number of citizens, seeing the persistence of the young man, promised to aid him in his project. Soon they were hurrying towards the shore with an excited crowd in the rear. Having fitted out the most durable canoe that could be procured with a rifle, a paddle, and a little pouch of cartridges, Louis was soon pushing off in the direction of the river on his dangerous journey. Knowing that every moment counted for his destruction or welfare, he strained every muscle to the utmost in the race for life. Tears filled the eyes of the settlers as they stood watching the canoe with its solitary charge drawing nearer and nearer to what they considered almost certain death. As the youth shot speedily across the eastern lake to the mouth of the torrent a general prayer was offered up on the shore to the Merciful Lord to

guide the boy in his bold pursuit. Meanwhile Louis was approaching the river, and its roar could be distinctly heard in its wild rush through the marsh. For many years the river, when normal, had been his favorite haunt, and probably no one was more acquainted with its curves and dangerous rapids than he. This knowledge proved to be of great importance in aiding him to keep the main channel of the river. A few minutes would tell the tale.

As the people stood gazing intently, the canoe was suddenly caught up by the swift current and borne away amidst the floating trunks of trees and branches in a swirl of disorder. Soon a wild wave threatened the destruction of the canoe, but the wary youth plied the paddle dexterously, driving the bow straight at the waving wall of water and exultingly rode its crest. Again he was swept into the current and borne away to a new danger. Suddenly the bow struck a fallen tree just beneath the surface of the water, precipitating him headlong into the wild flood, and he sank beneath the angry waters. It seemed as if the struggle had ended before it had fairly begun. But again he appeared above the water and seeing his boat still riding the waves struck out vigorously for it. It was a terrible struggle. How those great waves drove him back, how he resisted, how he struck, how they attacked! The distance between him and the boat seemed to be widening. It was sheering off, and the waters, as if prompted by some evil spirit, rose higher and higher. Suddenly another wave seized the boat and it seemed as if it must capsize in the struggle, but she righted herself and rose again as if in noble shame. The next moment it was entangled among the branches of a fallen tree. Luckily the branches held it upright at a short distance from the swimmer. With a mighty effort he reached it and clinging with one hand to the branches he was soon in the boat. But how should he get out of this dangerous position, being broadside to the torrent and without a paddle. However it was not difficult to find a substitute

among the floating debris and he grasped a floating board which served his purpose. Having pushed the boat around the end of the tree he was borne out of sight among the floating timbers. The villagers had meanwhile watched the performance and it did not occur to them until now to send someone around the trail to bring him back should he live to reach the other side. Finally, after a desperate battle with the torrent, Louis reached the farther shore pale and exhausted.

The success of his expedition now depended upon precaution. After carefully concealing the boat beneath a clump of bushes which overhung the shore, and taking his rifle, which had been unheeded in the bottom of the canoe during the fierce battle with the waves, he stealthily crept up the bank towards the trail. Taking a few hurried glances to assure himself that he was not seen he carefully examined the trail for any evidences that the Indian had passed. Having quite satisfied himself on that point he took up his position among a clump of bushes which commanded a good view of the trail to await the course of events. He had just loaded his gun from the little pouch of cartridges when he discerned a beating of hoofs in the distance. In a moment he was on his knees with his gun resting on a branch before him and ready to fire should the rider be he whom he had risked his life to meet at this place. The sound grew louder and louder and the beat of hoofs could be distinctly heard. Closer and closer came the steady beat of hoofs; more and more at every beat did the youthful hand that grasped the trigger tremble in its deadly purpose. At one leap the horse appeared around the bend of the trail; at that leap the gun flashed. A loud report echoed and reechoed through the still forest. When the lingering smoke cleared away, evidences showed that the bullet had struck the rider. At the sound of the gun the horse leaped to one side throwing its rider to the ground. There he lay motionless while the horse, maddened with fright, galloped past with the

empty stirrups swinging at his side and the loose rein dangling about its neck. The scout lay there mortally wounded gasping for the last few breaths of life. As he bent over the prostrate form, the dying man gave one last convulsive shudder and was still in death. Taking the body up in his strong arms he carried it back into the forest where he covered it with twigs and branches until he would have an opportunity to bury it. Returning to the trail he set out for the village around the lakes. He had not gone far when to his surprise he met the villager who had brought a horse for his return. Having mounted beside his companion he repeated his bold adventure as the two rode along the trail, lately traversed by their deadly foe.

Never before that still spring evening as the sun went down behind the village did it look upon such acts of veneration, praise and thanksgiving as were there exhibited among the citizens, whose joy over their deliverance knew no bounds. But still with an anxious dread they watched for the coming of the garrison during the whole night. Next morning at break of day their peace of mind was fully restored, when after a sleepless night they heard at last the measured beat of the drum announcing the arrival of the garrison.

—LEO KENNEDY.

The Alumni Meeting.



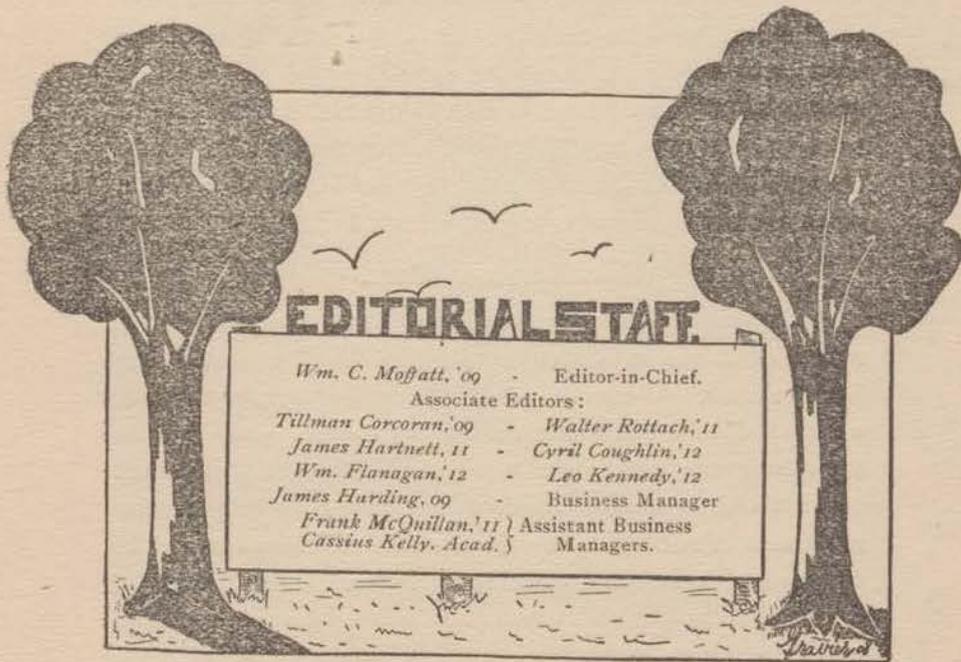
THE Alumni meeting of '08, we prophesy will go down in the annals of the association as the smallest in its history. A number of causes combined to hinder the members from attending, and as they are not likely again to occur simultaneously, we venture the above prophecy. No, the meeting was not well attended but it was full of enthusiasm and much important business transacted, which will bring results more than enough to counter-balance in some measure the paucity of attendance.

As usual the exercises opened with solemn high mass. The officers of the Mass were : Celebrant, Very Rev. J. J. McManus, Port Huron, Mich. ; Deacon, Rev. A. Weber, Fostoria, O. ; Sub-deacon, Rev. J. Tobin, London, Ont. ; Master of Ceremonies, Rev. F. White, London, Ont. ; Censer Bearer, Rev. H. Robert, Windsor, Ont. Under the direction of Rev. E. Pageau, the college students sang the Mass in excellent style.

At the conclusion of the religious part of the ceremonies the visitors and students assembled in the refectory to partake of the banquet tendered the guests of the occasion. After the refreshments had been partaken of, Rev. J. Calahan, Marshall, Mich., who acted as toastmaster, made a few brief introductory remarks and introduced the Right Rev. Monseigneur Meunier, Windsor, Ont., who replied to the toast, "The Pope." He recalled some incidents in the life of Pope Pius X., and urged the students to endeavor to imitate the wonderful perseverance in the face of difficulty which has marked the career of our beloved Sovereign Pontiff. In introducing the Rev. J. Hally, the toastmaster expressed an interest in the word "Wyandotte," and had been unable to learn whether it was an Indian name or derived from the well known brand of egg-layers. Fr. Hally reminded the Alumni that while a good beginning had been made by the association, much still remained to do, and that the need was most pressing. Prof. A. Langlois met with frequent interruptions by way of applause in speaking to "The Old Boys," and boasted that students prior to 1878 were as loyal as any, despite the inconveniences which they had to undergo in their days. In the name of the present students, Mr. W. Moffatt welcomed the visitors and thanked them for their disinterested efforts in behalf of the college. Fr. Cahalan then called on Fr. Ferguson, the dean of the college faculty, to speak in the name of the staff. The venerable speaker compared the staff to the machinery which guided the ship forward through the storm and danger to the harbor. Then in reminiscent mood he

recalled the difficulties which the staff had to overcome in early days. Among other inconveniences he declared that the Chapel, unlike the present beautiful structure, was so small that the mass server was forced to kneel outside the Chapel door. This appealed to Fr. Von Antwerp as exceedingly realistic, and his applause was very profuse. The Rev. President, Fr. Forster, concluded the speech making, thanking the alumni for the many kind things they had done for the college. Among the guests, besides those already mentioned, were Rev. A. P. Ternes, Detroit, Michigan; Very Rev. P. Grand, Toronto, Ont.; Revs. M. Comerford, Pinckney, Michigan; T. Hally, Milford, Michigan; T. Luby, Mt. Morris, Michigan; D. Egan, Stratford, Ontario; D. J. Downey, Windsor, Ont.; L. Beaudoin, Walkerville, Ont.; M. Fleming, Adrian, Michigan; Messrs. J. Gougeon, Bay City, Michigan; J. Britton, Bay City, Michigan; J. Creque, Deerfield, Michigan; P. Greiner, Mt. Clemens, Michigan; Revs. L. Renaud, Detroit, Michigan; P. McCabe, Maidstone, Ont.; J. Tobin, London, Ont.; P. Donohue, Pt. Lambton, Ont.; J. B. Collins, Detroit, Michigan; A. H. Nacy, Grosse Point, Michigan; C. Laliberte, Windsor, Ont.; C. Krebs, Detroit, Michigan; J. Halligan, Windsor, Ont.; H. Robert, Windsor, Ont.; D. Needham, Whiteford, Michigan; J. Griffin, Detroit, Michigan, T. Ford, Ingersoll, Ont.; F. White, London, Ont.; J. Dowdle, Grosse Point Farms, Michigan; D. Dillon, Fenton, Michigan; D. Hayes, Coldwater, Michigan; E. McCormick, Detroit, Michigan; E. Glemet, River Rouge, Michigan; D. Forster, Mt. Carmel, Michigan; E. Von Mach, Detroit, Michigan; T. Hussey, Detroit, Michigan; H. Sullivan, Adrian, Michigan; F. Parent, Tilbury, Ont.; J. McCabe, Hubbarston, Michigan; Dr. Amyot, Windsor, Ont.; Mr. J. Clarke, Detroit, Michigan; Revs. E. Taylor, Ann Arbor, Michigan; T. Hussey, West Lorne, Ont.; J. J. M. Aboulin, Detroit, Michigan; A. J. Morley, Detroit, Michigan.

Soon after the banquet the Alumni Association met in the students' library to transact the business of the



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Editorial.

The Recent Forest Fires.

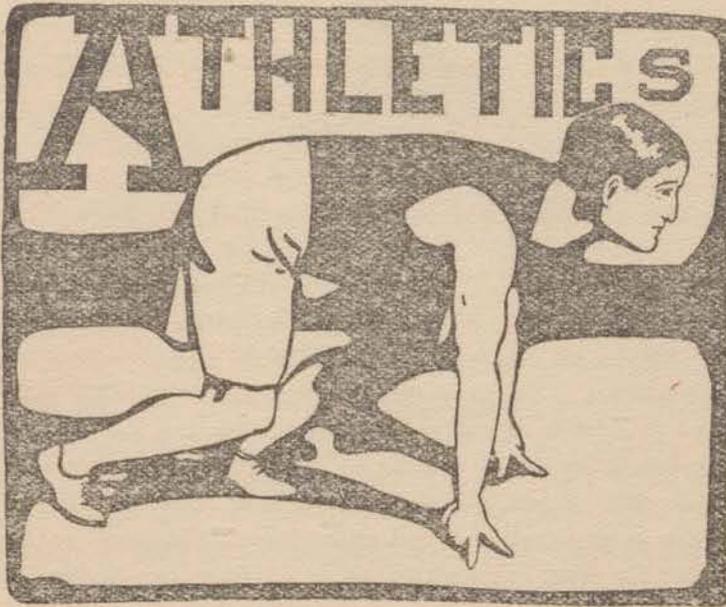
The frightful disaster to the relief train at Metz called the attention of the country to the seriousness of the fires in Northern Michigan and Ontario. Though some may have known the peril to the country in case of such a drought as we have just passed through, few, indeed, ever realized the possibility of such appalling destruction to life and property as actually has occurred. A repetition of such disasters is impossible in the same districts, but still there are many districts similarly situated in which the inhabitants should take warning. It is a matter in which governmental interference could eliminate many of the conditions that have caused these fires. In the midst of all these horrors one cannot fail to be impressed by the acts of bravery and self-sacrifice of the fire-fighters. Many instances have come to public notice in which brave men and women have performed deeds of

the loftiest heroism to save not only their friends, but even total strangers from the very jaws of death in its most painful form. Add to this the generous response of public charity to the call of the distressed sufferers and we may learn lessons not only of wise foresight but also of noble heroism and true philanthropy.

Elections are Over.

The tension on the public mind arising out of the recent elections in Canada and the United States has been relaxed. We have awaited eagerly for the returns, we have watched the electoral score board, and we have seen the game out. We now go back to our personal cares, satisfied or dissatisfied as the case may be ; but the aftermath is not likely to be so full of the usual cry of corruption as in other elections. Never in the history of either country has so little money fallen into the hands of party machines, and while we may boast of the fact that there never was an election so free of corruption as the one just passed, we cannot attribute it to our growing honesty. The machines have made a virtue of necessity, and they are welcome to all the credit that will actually come to them from discerning minds.





Association Game.

ASSUMPTION VS. WALKERVILLE, OCT. 3.

The new Association suits brought the team more good looks than good luck. But even the best of teams sometimes meet defeat, and so it was with Assumption on Saturday, Oct. 3rd.

The score of 3 to 0 against us seems to indicate a rather one sided affair, but we must take into consideration that two of these scores were the results of penalty kicks. Both of these decisions gave rise to heated arguments, and the Collegians claim that the referee was unfair at all stages of the game. The third score was a grand mix-up in which a majority of the players were crowded in front of our goal when we were vigorously kicking out and the visitors as vigorously kicking in. As luck would have it Bowman kicked the ball through. Emery and Benny were the stars for Walkerville, while the visiting backs are strong kickers. Costello, Murphy, Quigley and Mooney played excellently for the College. During the first half the College forwards threatened the

opponents goal frequently, the visitors always clearing through the excellent work of Leishman. Towards the end of the first half Walkerville brought the ball down to the college goal, and as the ball was passing across the line near the goal, Wilson struck it with his hand, and J. Moran, to prevent it going through, used his. The referee gave a penalty on Moran, which Leishman converted into a goal. This seemed to dishearten our players, and the second half was in favor of Walkerville, who scored twice, once on a foul and once from the scrimmage in front of our goal. Our boys seemed to tire but they firmly declare it will be the last time that they will do so this season. The practice from now on will be harder than usual, and the boys hope to be in tip-top shape for next Saturday's game. The line-up is as follows:—

ASSUMPTION.	WALKERVILLE.
F. Busch	<i>Goal</i>R. Wilson (capt.)
J. Bell	<i>Fulls</i>Leishman
J. Moran (capt.).....	"
Quigley	<i>Halves</i>Sutherland
Mahoney	"
W. Moran	"
Mooney	<i>Centre</i>Eveson
Costello.....	<i>Forwards</i>Bowman
Murphy	"
Murray.....	"
Condrick	"
Benny

Goals: Leishman, S. Wilson, and Bowman. Referee, J. Oswald (Caledonians).

ASSUMPTION VS. SONS OF ENGLAND, OCT. 10.

After a dreary, drizzling rain of several hours duration, which converted our football field into an area of mud, the Sons of England and Assumption College ventured to play a league game. Fast work could not be expected. Our boys were lighter on their feet, and consequently fell fewer times. The visitors were handicapped on such a

slippery field by their weight, but nevertheless it was the Assumption spirit that won the game. During the first half, much sliding was engaged in, and the ball sea-sawed back and forth until one of the Englishmen kicked the ball into his own goal. This mistake gave us a lead which was sufficient to put spirit into the Collegians, and had it not been for the mud they would have shot many more goals than they did. But the score in the second half was a neat piece of work by Blackwell and M'Keon. During this half the ball was nearly always in front of the visitors' goal, but we could not shoot until Blackwell received the ball and made an excellent pass to "Pee-wee," who was there with the big foot and made the score two to nothing in our favor. On the line Costello and Mooney were fast, despite the mud, and they handled the ball so well that our backs had very little work to do. The Englishmen were fortunate in having such a star goal tender as Chissus. During the last half he was kept almost continuously busy stopping the swift shots of the Collegians. Murphy, Condrick, and "Tiny Tim" Moran were out of the game, but the new men did well in their positions. We must compliment the Sons of England on the good game they played as it was certainly a clean contest throughout. We have now won two games and lost one, and if the boys continue to play as they did against the Englishmen they will be right there at the finish when the Walker cup is given to the winners. The line-up is as follows:—

Busch.....	<i>Goal</i>	Chissus
Bell	<i>Fulls</i>	Warren
Moran	"	Cook
Mahoney	<i>Halves</i>	Carter, T.
Quigley.....	"	Cullom
Kennedy.....	"	Brown
McKeon.....	<i>Centre</i>	Ransome
Costello	<i>Forwards</i>	Bennett
Murray	"	Carter, A. E.
Mooney	"	Laurence
Blackwell	"	Butterby

Soccer Game.

ASSUMPTION VS. WALKERVILLE, OCT. 17.

In what was undoubtedly the fastest game of the year, the two leading teams of the league battled for an hour on Assumption's grounds on Saturday, October 17th. The forwards of both teams did excellent work, Walkerville playing a little better game on the line, but the star works of the backs was always thrilling and called forth numerous bursts of applause. Bell was easily the star of the game and was ably assisted on the defence by Busch, J. Moran and Quigley. Mooney was Assumption's star on the line, although Costello also played a hard game. Benny and Leishman were the Walkerville heroes. The former often threatened our goal but the onslaught of the Walkerville forwards was no match for Assumption's stone-wall defense. Leishman, on the other hand, repeatedly dashed to the ground our hopes of scoring, and his strong foot was a feature of the game. By this game the boys showed that they can give any team a good fight when the referee is impartial. And Mr. McCullough is certainly a first-class referee. Not a single one of his decisions were questioned by either team, and this is all the more remarkable when we remember that the leadership lay between Walkerville and Assumption. During the first half our boys kept the ball near their opponents goal, due principally to Mooney and Costello. Time and again our valiant left wing would bring the ball down only to have Leishman or Lindsay avert an almost sure score. But Assumption's sturdies stuck stoutly to the game and time was called at the end of the first half with the score 0 to 0. The play during the second half was even more brilliant. With wind in their favor Walkerville pressed in on the College goal, and only the great kicking of Bell and Moran saved us from defeat. They allowed few shots,

and these Busch handled in fine style. At the end neither team had scored. The line-up:—

ASSUMPTION.		WALKERVILLE.
Busch.....	<i>Goal</i>	R. Wilson
Bell.....	<i>Fullbacks</i>	Lindsay
J. Moran.....	".....	Leischman
Mahoney.....	<i>Halfbacks</i>	Eveson
Quigley.....	".....	Bowman
Kennedy.....	".....	Stewart
Brighton.....	<i>Forwards</i>	Sutherland
Blackwell.....	".....	S. Wilson
Murray.....	".....	Graham
Costello.....	".....	Tarbot
Mooney.....	".....	Benny

Referee, McCullough.

PENINSULAR LEAGUE STANDING,

	Won.	Lost.	Tie.	Points.
Walkerville.....	2	0	2	6
Assumption.....	2	1	1	5
Sons of England.....	1	2	1	3
Caledonians.....	0	2	2	2

H. U. U. League.

So far this year the Yannigans seem to have the "Indian sign" both on the Yard, last year's winners, and the Philosophers. The games, however, have all been close, and in all the games played no team has scored more than one goal in a single game. Twelve games have been played, and the total number of scores by all teams is only 13. Seven of these games have been ties, while of the other five the Yannigans have won three, the Yard one, and the Philosophers one. The games have all been fast and interesting, and the friendly rivalry of the students is at a high pitch. Each and every game is a good example of clean sport, and the league is developing some fast players for next year's team. The standing is as follows:—

	Won.	Lost.	Draw.	Per Cent.
Yannigans.....	3	0	6	1.000
Philosophers.....	1	2	6	.333
Yard.....	1	3	4	.250

—JAS. C. HARTNETT, '11.

Rugby.

Oct. 7, '08.

Our opening game was indeed fast, and we only hope that all the others will be as interesting. Although we were outweighed we were not outclassed, despite the fact that the D. A. C. Reserves are reported to be a team of stars. The Reserves showed good team work, and used the forward pass to good advantage, being penalized only once. Assumption, on the other hand, adhered to the old game of line plunging and kept the ball on the visitors' territory nearly all the time. After the kick-off the Detroiters brought the ball back to our 20 yard line by several clever forward passes. But here they fumbled and spoiled their only chance for a touch down. The rest of the first half was about evenly divided and punting was frequently resorted to by both teams until the Collegians forced their opponents across the line for a touch-back. The second half showed a decided improvement in Assumption playing, and then sturdy backs plunged repeatedly through the visitors' line until they had the ball within the 5 yard line. But on the next play we lost 10 yards and after that neither team approached within 25 yards of their opponents' goal. Edwards, for the visitors, played a star game at full-back and his forward passes were perfect. Dick Burke and Johnson also deserve mention, while for Assumption Drouillard was the star, although the two halves and also the ends played an excellent game. Brehler was good at quarter, and his playing was always effective. On the whole the team is fast and should stand a good show against Detroit Y. M. C. A., Northwestern A. C., Ivanhoes and Lincolns, who are on our schedules.

—J. HARTNETT.

ASSUMPTION VS. DETROIT Y.M.C.A., OCT. 17, '08.

The rugby game played on the College gridiron on Saturday, October 17, was a case of weight against science. Although outweighed 25 pounds to the man, Assumption

made a good showing, holding the Detroit Y.M.C.A. to three touch-downs. The visitors line was a little heavy for our backs, and most of our gains were on the "criss-cross" and end plays. The visitors did considerable hurdling, and in every possible instance used their weight to good advantage. Slowly but surely their weight told on our line, and after about ten minutes of play McConnell scored a touch-down. Stone kicked a pretty goal, and the fray started once more with the Collegians 6 to the bad. By this time our line was practically exhausted, but fought stubbornly for every inch of ground. Just before the end of the first half, Stone, by some clever dodging, carried the ball to our yard line and Troit then carried it across. Stone again kicked the goal. During the second half Assumption braced and held the visitors to one touch-down. In the first part of this half Assumption rushed the ball down the field, and were not stopped till they were on their opponents' 35 yard line. Here, however, they were forced to punt, and the Detroiters then carried the ball straight down the field until Troit made his second touch-down. Stone once more sent the ball spinning over the bar. This ended the scoring. Our ends were good ground gainers, along with Drouillard and F. McQuillan, Brehler played a star game on the defence. "Tex" O'Rourke played a hard game, but against such heavy weights he was unable to show his real value. The line-up is as follows:—

ASSUMPTION.		Y. M. C. A.
Toolan	Centre	Keading
Blackwell	R.G.	Longe
Gazalla	L.G.	Connelly
Egan	R.T.	McConnell
Darling	L.T.	Sibley
E. McQuillan	R.E.	Reader
Longe	L.E.	Runkel
Brehler	Q.B.	Smith
F. McQuillan	R.H.B.	Stone
O'Rourke	L.H.B.	Montgomery
Drouillard	F.B.	Troit

Touchdowns : McConnell, Troit, 2.

Goals : Stone, 3. Time : 25 × 20.

Referee : Stockholm.

Umpire : Thiede.

ASSUMPTION VS. D.A.C. RESERVES, OCT. 21st.

In a one-sided game at Assumption College, Oct. 21, the D.A.C. Reserves defeated the Collegians by the decisive score of 28 to 4. The Detroiters were superior in all departments, and it was only by the means of a drop kick, following a well-executed on-side kick, that our players were able to score. The Deltas exhibited a lot of new football, including on-side kicks and forward passes, whilst the backs were able to plow through the college lines for good gains. As the Y.M.C.A. team of Detroit was able to score but 16 points on the college eleven in a recent game, the Deltas are much pleased with their showing. The line-up;—

RESERVES.		ASSUMPTION.
Williamson	L.E.	Longe
Cullen	L.T.	Egan, Fillion
D. Bourke	L.G.	Gazalla
D. Johnson	C.	Toolin
E. Johnson	R.G.	H. Blackwell
Hetts	R.T.	Darling
Guiney	R.E.	E. McQuillan
T. Bourke	Q.B.	Biehler
S. Dickinson	L.H.	F. McQuillan
J. McCallum	R.H.	T. O'Rourke
Edwards	F.B.	Drouillard

Final score—D.A.C. Reserves, 28; Assumption, 4.
 Score first half—D.A.C. Reserves, 16; Assumption, 0.
 Touch downs—Guiney, 2; Edwards, Cullen, McCallum.
 Goals from touch downs—Guiney, 3. Goal from field—
 E. McQuillan. Referee—Craig. Umpire—J. Hartnett.
 Time of halves, 20 minutes.



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.

Rev. Dr. Gallena, '04, is stationed at Holy Family Church, Cleveland, Ohio.

Andrew Lynn, Classics, '00, now enjoys a good position as time-keeper with McKenzie & Mann, Washington Territory, U. S. A.

Edward Clark, '06, of St. Thomas, Ont., has enrolled in the Electrical Engineering Course at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Charles Connolly, Commercial, '06, now holds a lucrative position in the Michigan Central Railroad offices, in his home city, Detroit, Mich.

Stanley Mickiewicz, Classics, '07, is now a member of the Sophomore Class at the Baltimore Medical School.

George Witteman, '06, now making his course in

theology at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md., has been appointed sacristan of the Seminary. This is one of the highest honors conferred upon a student in the Seminary.

Frank J. McIntyre, '96, does not find it necessary to expend all his energy in the theatrical world, but is using his abilities in other lines, as well, judging by the following extract from a Pittsburg daily :

" Frank J. McIntyre is an analytical chemist of no mean ability, and devotes all the time he can spare from his stage duties to laboratory work in connection with the by products of petroleum. Mr. McIntyre will shortly put on the market a process of treating the lower grades of gasoline and petroleum for use in automobiles, engines and motor-cycles, whereby a saving of 25 per cent. will be made in the matter of fuel, with an increase of $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. in explosive power."

Rev. J. F. Stanley, '98, has sufficiently recovered to leave the hospital and is convalescing at St. Peter's Palace, London. He delivered an interesting sermon on the life of Madam Barat at the Sacred Heart Convent in that city recently, the occasion being the exercises held in honor of the founder of the order.

Rev. P. J. McKeon, '91, and Rev. D. Forster, '90, of Mt. Carmel, acted as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. Rev. J. Tobin, '90, acted as master of ceremonies, and among others present were Rev. M. O'Neill, '99, Rev. F. P. White, '01, and Rev. Theo. Valentine, '91.

Rev. F. J. VanAntwerp, '77, delivered an interesting sermon at the dedication of the Church of Our Lord of the Lake, Walkerville, Ont., October the eleventh.

The Detroit Free Press, of Oct. 28th, contains the following account of the death of one of our former students, giving his photo along with the article. "We extend to his sorrowing friends and relatives our heartfelt sympathy in their sad bereavement."

William T. May, the eldest son of former County Clerk William May, and the late Helen Oakes, 30 years old, died at his residence, 816 Woodward avenue, this morning at 1.30 o'clock, after an illness of two years.

He was born in Detroit and was graduated from the Detroit Central High School, and later from Assumption College, Sandwich. Upon attaining his majority he enlisted in the regular army, serving through the Spanish-American war. He served a re-enlistment for three years in the Sixth Cavalry in the Phillipines.

Upon his return to Detroit he engaged in business with the Wolverine Manufacturing Co. After his marriage, three years ago, he purchased a controlling interest in the Detroit Bath Tub and Brass Manufacturing Co. He was president of the company at the time of his death.

—T. CORCORAN, '09.

Contributions to the Chapel Fund—

Previously acknowledged.....	\$11142 55
Rev. A. Ternes	20 00
Rev. Fr. Krebs	5 00
Rev. J. Dantzer.....	25 00
Rev. J. E. O'Brien	7 00
Rev. T. Luby	25 00
Rev. F. Parent	15 00
Rev. D. Needham.....	10 00
Rev. T. Hussey, West Lorne, Ont.....	10 00
Rev. M. Fleming	15 00
Total.....	\$11,274 55

Chronicle.

On November eighteenth, in the College Hall, Mr. Sidney Woollett, the famous poetic reciter of Boston, will give one of his great Shakespearian recitals. Mr. Woollett has for over thirty years been engaged in the vocation of reciting plays of Shakespeare and poetic literature, and has probably the largest and most varied experience in that direction of any one now before the public. He has given his recitals in nearly every country in Europe, and in many of the important cities in the United States. The proceeds will go to defray the expenses of fitting up the students' club rooms.

We have to take off our hats to "Dick Burke" and his "Gladiators." Yes! and the Philosophers will have to do the same to the Yannigan poet. His verses are to be sung to the air of "The Lost Chord."

The Yard used to boast of their football team; now they apologise for them.

The Rugbyite boasts of the long punts he has made,
The soccerite of his fast shots;
But the man who is going to make them all fade
Is he who sells pies in job lots.

The new athletic dressing room was baptized before the shingles were all on. The signs are favorable.

Will some learned astrologer explain what the prevalence of Yard quartets presage? One oracle has declared that they are signs of evil to come—to the quartets.

The first meeting of the sodality of the Immaculate Conception of the B.V.M. for the year '08-'09 was held recently. Rev. Fr. Semande, Spiritual Director, spoke briefly on the purpose of the Confraternity and the duties of its members. The officers were then elected. Rev. Fr. Semande, Spiritual Director; Prefect, J. Harding; Assistants—W. Rottach, first assistant; A. Scarnecchia,

second assistant; J. Gleeson, secretary; Sacristans, W. Rottach, E. Depuytd, L. LeBoeuf, C. Robinet.

In Dramatic Hall recently the first musical and literary entertainment of '08-'09 was given. This new feature, which has just been introduced into the Dramatic Club, was a decided success.

The College orchestra, under the directorship of Prof. J. Klick, rendered the overture in fine style. In the opening address Mr. J. Moran outlined the course to be followed during the year in the Dramatic Club.

William Egan in a clear, strong voice, sang "The Sea is my Sweetheart." He was so vigorously applauded that he had to reply with "My Rosy Rambler." William Gannon's recitation of "Leap for Life" was very acceptable. Master Walter Maundley made his first appearance in Dramatic with a song "Games of Childhood Days." He is the possessor of a very sweet voice, and received a hearty encore.

The College orchestra followed with "Violet Waltzes." J. Harding's reading of "Movement Cure for Rheumatism" was a very humorous selection, and was received with applause.

Prof. Langlois gave an interpretation of an Irish song so humorously that he would not be allowed to go without repeating. When he had favored the audience with a couple of selected songs he was allowed to go. Mr. Curtin, of Detroit, who accompanied Mr. Langlois, pleased us with a very fine piano solo.

The humorous part of the programme was contributed by Messrs. Moffatt and Gleeson in a sketch—"The Haunted House." The sketch abounds in humorous situations, which gave both men good opportunities to display their dramatic talents. The sketch was greatly enjoyed by all. While the orchestra played the Tri-State march the audience dispersed.

The entertainment as a whole afforded pleasure for

all present, and these monthly meetings have suddenly become very popular.

The Programme.

Overture,.....	College Orchestra.
Chairman's Address,.....	Mr. J. Moran.
Song,.....	"The Sea is my Sweetheart,".....W. Egan.
Recitation,.....	"Leap for Life,".....W. Gannon.
Song,.....	"Games of Childhood Days,".W. Mondaly.
Violet Waltzes,.....	Orchestra.
Reading,.....	J. Harding.
Song,.....	Selected,.....Prof. Langlois.
Piano Solo,.....	Mr. Curtin.
Sketch,.....	"The Haunted House," Moffatt & Gleeson.
Tri-State March,	Orchestra.

The Dramatic officers for the year:—President, Rev. P. J. Howard, C.S.B.; Vice-President, J. Bell; Curators, J. Bell, F. McQuillan, F. Costello, W. Flannigan.

Another item worthy of mention in the Dramatic notes is the taste shown by the officers in decorating the club room and reading room.

Rt. Rev. F. P. McEvoy, Archbishop of Toronto, paid a short visit to the College on the tenth of October.

Rev. F. J. Van Antwery, '77, of Detroit, visited the College for the first time this year on October 12th. The Rhetoricians, assisted by Fr. Van Antwerp's persuasive powers, succeeded in obtaining a holiday. We take this opportunity in behalf of the student body to thank him for the interest he manifests in our behalf.

Ed. Clark, a student of Assumption in '03-'05, visited us recently on his way to Ann Harbor, where he is attending the University of Michigan.

Rev. D. A. Hayes, '96, Durand, Rev. A. Burke, '94, Battle Creek, and Rev. Fr. Bourke, Annunciation Parish, Detroit, were among our visitors during October.

Rev. P. J. Cullinane, '93, Yale, Michigan, and Rev. Wm. Hayden, Deerfield, Michigan, visited Assumption during the last week of October.

Assumption now boasts of a "Club House." The Alumni came to the rescue, and in our athletic field we have a very respectable looking building that answers to the above name. The "Club House" is due chiefly to the efforts of Fr. Murphy, and the athletic men of Assumption ought to appreciate the interest Fr. Murphy manifests in the College athletics. But do they? Why is it that the football men kept away with so much care when the building was in progress? Joe Toohey and Prof. J. Klick, the steady lieutenants of Fr. Murphy, would not harm them. Why was it, then? Get busy, fellows, and see our "Club House" is kept in order, and prove a benefit to athletics, not an eyesore on the Athletic field.

C. COUGHLIN, '12.



Exchanges.

The first exchange to make its appearance at our sanctum for the new scholastic year was *St. Mary's Messenger*, which is to be complimented for promptness. A few excellent essays, a bright story with a well conducted Alumnae department make this issue an interesting paper. Among the essays, "The Worker's Champion," stands first. This interesting article traces for us the life and works of one of the greatest men in all walks of life—Henry Edward Manning, who for the reason that he took such an interest in the affairs of all, both spiritual and temporal, was called by the late Pope Leo XIII., "the archbishop of the world." Another interesting essay, "Milton and Tennyson," acquaints us with the close parallelism between these two famous poets, who were both students of nature, loyal to their country and who experienced similar shocks in their natural years.

The Xavier is also a prompt caller. "Silhouettes of a Summer" is a well written narrative, and abounds in vivid descriptions. "Garcia Morena" convinces us of the patriotism of Ecuador's true hero. "My Friend the Jap," must have required a lively imagination to write such an article.

We found *The Collegian* an interesting visitor this month. One of the most noticeable features of this Monthly is the way in which the athletic department is conducted. A true spirit of encouragement and college glory seems to pervade this department. In an article entitled "True Culture," the writer undertakes to explain what culture is, and succeeds admirably by illustrating it with examples of our most famous poets and writers.

Other exchanges received during the month, but too late to give notice of their good or weak points, were the following: *Niagara Index*, *Agnetian Monthly*, *Laurel*, *The Dial*, *Exponent*, *Columbiad*, *The Nazarene* and the *Fordham Monthly*.

—W. ROTTACH, '11.

Nova et Vetera.

Teacher : Who was Shakespeare ?

Student (not from Assumption) : Shakespeare was the fellow who wrote the trial scene in the Merchant of Venice.

Most of the candidates will be free from the kissing bug for the next four years.

Saved.

I fell into the river deep,
And prayed kind heaven my soul to keep ;
But when I was about to sink,
My head began to swim, just think !!!

Kind reader, have you ever dreamt
Of wicked men on mischief bent ;
If e'er your thoughts by Morpheus led
Have conjured round your lonely bed
The forms of victims pain-convulsed,
From Mercy's arms by Hate repulsed ;
Or ever dreamed of hydras green,
Of crocodiles or guillotine,
While all your heart to soup distills,
Why, bless your soul, see Dr. pills.

(With apologies.)

"There is one advantage in bad sidewalks, you are not bothered with roller skaters," remarked the crank.

What's a libeller ?

Answer : One who is liable to do anything.

Pee Wee : "Tiny Tim is a sound sleeper."

Mori : Yes, he snores like a fog horn."

Bell (who has only short-necked collar buttons) :
There is one place where I admire "neck"; that is in a collar button.

"O. S." Moran : They say Fillion sings with great expression.

Kennedy : Yes, his own mother would not recognise him when he is singing. (Adapted.)

There will be no more urgent telegrams saying, "Come home at once," until the next election.

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