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ASSUMPTION COLLEGE REVIEW

Sandwich, Ontario

MARCH, 1909.

Assumption College Review

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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.

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VOL. II.

MARCH, 1909.

No. 6.

St. Patrick.



FROM year to year, from age to age,
In old historic lore,
Are sung the praises of the saint
Who toiled on Erin's shore.

In a lowly dwelling on the Clyde
This noble Scot was born,
And in an Irish church he died,
Forsaken and forlorn.

He came a captive to that land
Which he has raised to fame,
And many years he suffered there
In Jesus' Holy Name.

For, came a vision to our saint,
While yet of tender years,
Of Irish babes with outstretched arms,
And eyes bedewed with tears.

He came to preach the Cross of Christ,
He came from Rome, to bring
That lone green isle beneath the sway
Of Christ, our Saviour King.

He came to save that noble race,
From heathendom and hell.
He came, and none before or since
E'er did his work so well.

For all alone, he braved the wrath
Of Munster's Pagan Prince,
And with that faith our hearts imbued,
Which never wavered since.

And just as he, from Erin's shores,
Each crawling reptile banished,
So from the hearts of noble Celts,
All guile and error vanished.

He now guards all his exiled race,
Who struggle to maintain
The noble faith, for which he fought,
For which his sons were slain.

Then may Old Ireland ever be
In faith and love and hope,
True to its patron and its lord,
St. Patrick and the Pope.

—WILLIAM C. MOFFATT, '09.

A Picture.



NOT long since, I visited an old baronial mansion house surrounded by a beautiful park. Near it is a pretty village lying peacefully among green meadows and wooded hills. The manor dating back to the 14th century is antique in every way, both externally and in the arrangement of its rooms. But its furnishings give evidence in every detail of modern taste and elegance. The Baroness herself accompanied by her little daughter led me through the different rooms.

Suddenly I stopped in one of them. On one of its walls, which was covered by a dark red tapestry with designs in gold, there hung a solitary picture, a so-called "Ecce Homo" which stood out in bold relief from its background. Melancholy, unspeakably sad, the eyes of our Savior met mine, like the embodied lament, "My people what have I done to thee? Answer me! I have brought you out of the bondage and slavery of Egypt—and you prepare the cross for your deliverer."

An antique lamp was suspended before the picture, a nosegay and garland of flowers stood before it. The little girl ran at once to the picture and mounting the heavy prieu-dieu, stood on tip-toe and touching with her finger tips the face of the Saviour, reverently kissed the hand which had performed the act of homage. Touched by this act I stood motionless.

The Baroness explained: "This is our oratory and we are accustomed to gather the whole family here for our daily devotions both morning and evening. My husband and I in turn lead the prayers and the others respond. And what a blessing it brings! One feels sensibly that the spirit of God is with us. When my husband or I prepare for the sacraments or before beginning anything important we kneel here; when one of the children has com-

mitted a fault, it is again here that it must ask pardon and acknowledge and abhor the sin before our Saviour." How wise and practical were not these views! However I did not wish to make any unnecessary comments on the virtue and piety of the noble family and merely remarked, "The picture seems to be a modern work, not certainly by one of the old masters." "That is quite true" replied a sonorous voice, that of the Baron who having just returned had sought us here. "Yes," he continued, "It is only a late work whose originator still lives. It has a history and a deep meaning for me." His voice was earnest and I felt that much lay in his words. That same evening I was privileged to hear the history of the picture. I give it in the Baron's own words.

"Before my marriage, when a young man of twenty-two, I spent six months in Berlin, where as a matter of course I learned to know and value the best element in the realms of art and diplomacy among the nobility and the army. I cannot claim that I was religious, for my early training prevented this; I was a spendthrift who sinned in taking no account of youth or fortune or the good God. But I can say that I was guilty of no base actions, and that I had a general regard for morality. It happened during that stormy period of my life that an art exhibition was opened in Berlin. A few days after I visited it and while strolling through the hall I saw there an "Ecce Homo" picture. It was surrounded by paintings of all sorts except—except of a religious nature. Indeed next to the "Ecce Homo" there hung a picture almost life-size which was like a blow in the face of christian propriety and modesty.

"I must confess that my blood seethed at the sight and my indignation grew when I observed hundreds standing there, and gazing at the form of our poor Saviour with a satisfaction which reminded me of Golgatha, only that here He was left to the mercy of modern pagans.

"'Good God in heaven!' I said to myself, 'If I had the means I would purchase the picture at once, just to

deprive those infidels and Jews of their hateful triumph. But money was scarce, and then I put faith in the assertions of some friends that the juxtaposition of the two pictures was unintentional and meant nothing.

"The next day I returned to view the picture again. Near me stood an old acquaintance together with a young stock jobber, the only and immensely rich son of a banker and speculator en gros. When I remarked the insolent manner and contempt in the face of the young man I would liked to have struck him. There are people with unspeakably impertinent eyes and faces. Truly the devil seems to speak in their countenances. The scorn and contempt in the face of the young man as he gazed was indescribable. Each look was blasphemy, I could not contain myself any longer. I stepped up quickly to my friend and said distinctly. "Do you not find it remarkable that the picture of Christ is hung next to such a one as that?"

"My friend was embarrassed but his companion answered: "This is no church; this matter pertains to art and in her domain one picture is as sacred as another."

"The picture of Christ seemed to say to me at that moment, "Be ye holy, as I, Your God, am holy?" I answered, "I cannot convince myself that you are correct. What would be said if the Emperor's portrait or that of Prince Bismarck were to be exhibited next to that of a notorious criminal, even though the latter's features were painted by Makartox or Kaulback?"

"The young broker eyed me insolently and replied: "In the domain of art there is no God and no Christ, but all are on an equality."

"Angered by the contemptuous coolness of the fellow, I exclaimed, "Then I will give you another proof that you are wrong. If your deductions are logical it would be immaterial to you if your mother's portrait were to be placed close to that shameful one there?"

"The fellow became enraged; one word provoked another, and it was with difficulty that we were separated.

I repeat distinctly that at that period of my life I was anything but a good christian. I seldom visited a church and looked upon religion as something concerning individuals alone, who could practice it or not as they chose. Only that my natural sense of justice protested against blasphemous frivolity.

"The following day found me fully justified in my action. By command of the Minister of Religion, Herr von Mueller the shameful picture was removed from its place near that of Christ.

"A universal howl of protest went up from the Jewish editors of Berlin, and the Minister was loaded with insults, scorn, and impertinence, because he dared to stand up for the honor of Christ. His only reply was: "These people do not know even the first petition of the Our Father, Hallowed be Thy Name."

II

"But now the young broker gave full rein to his malice, and by his endeavors the vile picture was lauded to the skies, while the "Ecce Homo" was denounced as sinning against all the canons of art. When for two weeks this cry was kept up by the infidel and anti-christian press, he bought the lewd picture for a large sum, placarding it in large type, "Purchased for \$20,000 by Banker Willman,"—the entire liberal press announcing the event, at the same time heaping renewed ridicule on the "Ecce Homo" and its poor talented painter.

"Their Jewish malice was too much for me, and accordingly I went one day and wrote under the picture, "Bought for \$25,000 by Baron Dovel."

"I knew not at the time where to obtain such a large sum of money, but I managed it, and now a return to duty began. I took the painting home, and as I viewed it that evening I was forced to my knees, and I wept and prayed, promising to be a better man. Whatever good I thought and did, planned and wished after that, was connected with the painting. I had to save in every way

A PICTURE

to raise the money for it. But this taught me many things I had not known before—retirement, love of solicitude and silence, the study of sacred truths and good books, the society of worthy men, to pray, to return to God and the church—to find, in other words, true peace.

“And that was worth more to me and my father, as he afterwards confessed, than \$25,000. I returned home, learned to know my present wife and became happy with her. I have nothing to wish for, because I am a good christian, a Catholic from conviction. And the picture I purchased is now in our oratory. Though it may not be the work of supreme art, it is the visible rallying point for us in our devotions and has brought us untold graces. It will remain in our family—I have made that certain—and have written its story for my son. It shall be our joy and crown, our second coat-of-arms, the shield under which we will live and die.”

During the recital the young Baron had opened the door of the oratory, whence the picture seemed to gaze on us, serene majestic filled with blessing. When he finished he approached, saluted it with reverent lips and continued: “Recently I visited a friend in the Suabian Highlands. We went to Altshausen where there is a crucifix in a certain chapel, venerated because it was fired upon long ago by some sacrilegious wretch. But believe me, my “Ecce Homo” has the same meaning for me, for it has been pierced, not with one shot, but with thousands of glances filled with diabolical hate. But when some day it hangs above my bier I trust I shall be among the saved.”

I was deeply moved by such piety, asking only: “And the other picture?”

“I will let another answer your question,” replied the baron.

He entered his study, took a letter from his desk and allowed me to read a part. The writer was a faithful catholic of Berlin well acquainted with the baron. I read as follows: “As regards the young broker, the buyer of that infamous picture, this will interest you. After his

marriage, by consent of his parents and his infidel wife, he hung the picture in the principal room of the house. Many a revel was held there, and many a stale witticism may have been voiced there. Then came a panic and a financial crash in which, many, among others our young broker, was involved. Although still very wealthy he worried over his losses. He became more quiet and reserved each day. One morning he was missed. Search was made until they came to the room of the infamous painting. What a sight met their gaze. The picture had been cut into strips, not a square inch remained in tact. He himself had become insane, and in his rage had taken his own life. That was his end and that of his picture."

The end of the sinner is an unhappy death, but where Christ is, there is blessing, peace and unending happiness.—*From the German of Kuemmel.*

REV. R. L. MARKER.



To My Alma Mater.

THERE'S a thought which craves expression,
Ah ! more than a thought, 'tis to me,
For 'tis woven with gold threads, that lessen
The distance between me and thee.

That thought, a word seeks for imparting
A full meaning, to carry beyond,
From the bourne of the mind and heart starting,
But entwining the whole soul in its bond.

'Tis "Respect" says my mind, but denying,
My soul tells me 'tis something more,—
'Tis "Regard" I say in my doubting,
But chained still is the thought as before.

By sweet mem'ry those chains must be broken,
And my spirit transplanted I find,
To the days when I cherished each token
Of the scene that is now left behind.

In the light then of mem'ry, my spirit
Lays bare the defects of poor words,
Out of mists formed by words' merits
Comes my word the sweetest e'er heard.

'Tis "Love," thought and feeling encircling
Enkindled in youth's happy years,
Increasing as age comes a-stealing
O'er me with its tears and its fears.

To Thee then dear old Assumption,
I breathe the sacred word "Love,"
In beauty surpassing all others' presumption
From eternity uttered in realms above.

—AN ALUMNUS.

Sir Richard Steele.



ICHARD STEELE, born at Dublin, Ireland, 1672, A. D., was the son of English parents.

His father was the secretary of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Duke of Ormond.

Steele received his earlier education at home, but later he went to Oxford where he met Addison who was his dearest friend during the greater part of his life. After a few years of college life, Steele becoming enthusiastic over the army, left the University without taking a degree. When he informed his friends of his determination to join the army, they tried in every way possible to persuade him to choose a different profession. It is said that when a rich relative of his, heard about this affair, she threatened to disinherit him if he joined the army. But Richard Steele or, as he was better known among his friends, "Dick" Steele was too fond of independence and too regardless of money to pay any heed to her threats. As all his friends were against him and he himself could not buy a commission, he enlisted as a private in the Horse Guards at the age of twenty years. He was a gay, impetuous youth, fond of company and overflowing with wit.

Throughout his army career he led a dissipated and reckless life. If his debauchery was as has been represented, in the midst of it all he kept up his literary tastes. A year after his entrance into the army he wrote "The Procession" on Queen Mary's funeral and dedicated the book to Lord Cutts. This Colonel, quite pleased with the honor bestowed on him, rewarded Steele by giving him a commission in his own regiment. A few years later he published "The Christian Hero," a short manual on religious ethics, a curious production for a dissipated army officer. His fellow officers scoffed at him for writing such a poem. They ever afterwards spoke of him as "Captain Dick, our Christian Hero." In speaking of

this, Steele himself says, "From being thought no unde-lightful companion, I was now reckoned as a disagreeable fellow." However we see that he was only in one of those moods of contrition, so frequent and so transient with him. Shortly afterwards "to enliven his character and to win back his old friends," he wrote "The Funeral," a satire on hired mourners and will-making lawyers.

By the death of King William III in March, 1702, he lost all his opportunities of promotion in the army. Resigning his office as captain, he turned his attention to politics and literature. A few years after this he was appointed Gazeteer by Sunderland, at the request, it is said, of Addison. By this appointment he was made, as he facetiously styled himself, "The lowest Minister of State." As he now received foreign news earlier and more authentic than the ordinary newspaper writers were wont to, he formed the project of publishing a periodical paper on a new plan. It was to be published three times a week. The first number appeared on April 12, 1709, under the name of "The Tattler." Its scope, as originally planned by Steele, may be gathered from his prospectus: "All accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment shall be under the article of White's Chocolate House; poetry under that of Will's Coffee House; learning under the title of Grecian; foreign and domestic news you will have from St. James' Coffee House; and what else I shall on any other subject offer, shall be dated from my own apartment." Steele was a man well qualified for this work. Through the Gazeteership he received his news from the most authentic sources. He was well acquainted with the different operas in the city, and had read more than the dissipated men of his time were wont. His natural and lively style was always pleasing to his readers. But besides being pleasing his works also contained solid moral teaching. We might say of Steele that he was at once a satirist, critic, humorist and story teller.

Although Steele had many friends who would have assisted him in publishing the "Tattler," nevertheless the

first few issues were written by him alone. His old friend, Joe Addison, on hearing about this paper, at once determined to give him assistance. However, we see that this assistance really amounted to as much work as Steele himself did. With two great men, such as these, at its head, the "Tattler" was raised to a greater thing than Steele had at first intended. Politics were gradually dropped. Its main purpose soon became "to banish vice and ignorance out of the territories of Great Britain" and "to bring philosophy out of the closets and libraries, schools, and colleges to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea tables and Coffee Houses."

The paper was quite a success. There were more copies of it sold than of any other paper in the country. Everything went along smoothly until about 1709. At this time, by writing a political treatise against the party in power Steele was deprived of the *Gazeteership*. On this account the article of news which had once formed about one-third of his paper was omitted. It now became nothing but a series of essays on books, morals, and manners. Steele therefore resolved to bring it to a close and to commence a paper on an improved plan. On the 22nd of January, 1711, the last number of the "Tattler" appeared. In the beginning of March he started the "Spectator," which while having almost the same end in view as the "Tattler," was conducted on a more definite plan. It professed to contain the adventures and reflections of an imaginary club, of which "Mr. Spectator" was the central figure. The events related of the life of "Mr. Spectator" were every-day occurrences. Each essay in the series may be read with pleasure separately; yet the five or six hundred essays form a whole which, although it contains no plot, has the interest of a novel.

From the essays which appeared in the "Tattler" and the "Spectator" we see that Steele was far surpassed by Addison. His command of words was far inferior to Addison's; his choice much less felicitous. If Steele was a little more ready than his friend to take up the

initiative, Addison was more capable of arresting the interest of the reader unaided. Steele's and Addison's styles are summarized by Steele himself, "The elegance, purity, and correctness in his writings were not so much my purpose as, in as intelligible a manner as I could, to rally all those singularities of human life, though the different professions and characters in it, which obstruct anything that was truly and great." Steele's chief praise is the elevating tone of his teaching. In these periodicals he sets himself the task of improving the morals and manners of society. That his writings really did raise the moral standard of his time, is an undisputed fact.

After the discontinuance of the "Spectator" in December, 1712, Steele set on foot the "Guardian," but soon becoming enthusiastic over politics he placed the management of it in the hands of Addison. The "Guardian" was soon followed by the "Englishman," which was entirely devoted to politics. About this time Steele started to publish several other papers, but none of them add to his fame as an essayist.

In the beginning of his political career he was made a member in the English House of Commons. However, he soon lost his seat in the Commons for writing "The Crisis" an intensive political pamphlet. Soon after, coming into favor again, he plunged into politics deeper than ever. During his political life, which followed, he was, at different times, Surveyor of the Royal Stables at Hampton Court, Commissioner of the Forfeited Estates in Scotland, and Governor of the Royal Company of Comedians. While he held this last named office he wrote the "Conscious Lovers," the last and best of his comedies. What has been said of his prose writings may also be said of his comedies. There is very little to be admired in his style but it is his lofty teaching which must be praised. It was left for him to bring back decency to the comic drama.

After about ten years of political life Steele left London broken in health. He spent the remainder of his life obscurely, partly at Hereford, partly at Carmothen, where he died on the first of September, 1729, forgotten by all his forgotten friends.

ERNEST DEPUYDT, '11.

St. Patrick.



IN retrospection of the history of the Catholic Church, is there upon its pages the name of a saint whose deeds of sacrifice, love, and suffering shine more resplendently than those of St. Patrick—the patron of Ireland?

His name is rendered illustrious, not alone by his disinterested and self-sacrificing life, but chiefly by the marked results of his labours—the Irish People as it is to-day. Innumerable lights of sanctity, which though planted by his labours in the most remote and barbarous corners of the then known world, would have not ceased to burn with the most ardent love of Christ's Church for many ages during which they were, and are yet conspicuous to the whole world.

The most exact detail of St. Patrick's life is found in his Confession. This work was written when he was old, not indeed to commemorate his trials and sufferings, but to serve as a testimony of his mission upon earth. His birthplace, he informs us, was in the small village of Bonaven, Tibernoe, which seems to be the town, Keepatrick in Scotland, on the river Clyde, between Glasgow and Dunbriton. His nationality, which is a much discussed question, is according to his own statement, both Briton and Roman. At the age of fifteen he seems to have committed some crime, which, though slight in itself, appears as a subject of tears for the remainder of his life. In his sixteenth year he was carried a captive to Ireland by barbarians where he suffered the greatest privations, being obliged to herd cattle upon the hillsides in rain, hail, or shine. Sometimes in an almost naked condition, and deprived of food. He had great recourse to God—praying and fasting much, and it was amid these hardships that the grace of God became strong in him. He was warned by God in a dream to return to his own country.

Following the inspiration, he miraculously procured transportation, for he had no money. After many vicissitudes he was again and again with his parents. It was at this juncture that God made manifest to him the great work of the conversion of Ireland. He could see the miserable men, women and children stretching forth their hands and imploring him to come to their relief. From this time his heart yearned for the moment when he should be able to fulfill the great end for which God had destined him. He clearly foresaw that his life was to be full of sacrifices, yet the love of God surpassed all difficulties, and he determined to suffer any trials given him. He was ordained priest in his own country. But to be consecrated bishop he had to encounter the greatest adversities. His relations sternly objected and his enemies protested against such a step, yet he rejected all earthly goods, considered with the great crown awaiting him. He forsook his home and family, sold his birth-right and for what? To devote himself to the conversion of barbarous pagans in a strange land. To be condemned as the least of men, to endure all kinds of persecution for the cause he was espousing, and to shed the last drop of his blood if God should demand it—with these sentiments he passed into Ireland.

Established at length in his allotted field, we find him preaching to the people, his very words and actions bespeaking the humility and meekness of his heart. He baptizes many, ordains many clergy, establishes convents and schools. It is not alone by his miracles and preaching that the people are converted, but by fruitful benediction from Heaven, he renders Ireland a flourishing garden in the church of God.

Nations, which for ages had esteemed all others barbarians, did not hesitate or blush in receiving from the utmost boundaries of the world their guides and teachers in the greatest of all sciences—that of the saints.

Impressed by the apostle's pure and simple character the people bestow upon him worldly gifts in compensa-

tion, as it were, for the gifts of Heaven he bestows upon them. But he does not accept of these worldly honors and pleasures, choosing rather to mortify the fervent than to scandalize the weak. He gives freely of all he possesses, loving to be poor in Christ. Thus all through his confession may be found manifestations of his great humility and meekness, until, his mission fulfilled here upon earth, he is summoned to take possession of his eternal reward.

And now, even after so brief and incomplete a sketch of our saint's life, it does not seem strange that the heart of every true son of Erin beats fondly at the repetition of his name, that he dons the shamrock on that day dedicated to St. Patrick's memory and shows to all about him that the memory and love of his great father still flows in his heart as of old. And may he not truly be said to have been the Father of the Irish People? He has elevated them from the low and barbarous state they once occupied, to the prominent position they now hold among the nations of the earth. By his loving words and perfect example he has enkindled in their hearts the spark of faith which was later to distinguish them, for though Ireland has not given to the world an exceptionally large number of active missionaries, still by the many colonies of saints who have peopled foreign countries, the Divine Hand has been propagated to a wonderful degree. St. Patrick was, it would seem, as a great light placed among the Irish People in the days of antiquity to shine through the mist of centuries, guarding and guiding them, wherever they be upon the face of the earth, back to their home and God.

It devolves upon the Irish generation of to-day to preserve and cherish in their hearts the love for the faith and the fond memory of him who enplanted it there, that have for so many centuries been manifested by their forefathers, and to incite in the generation of to-morrow that same true love and veneration, enabling them in after years, upon the occasion of her great saint's feast to sing in exulting strains, "All Praise to St. Patrick."

ED. MCQUILLAN, *Academic.*

Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

WHEN a nation is greatly oppressed, when a country is severely persecuted, when a people's religion is ruthlessly desecrated, then, history tells us, its anger, its complaints, and its cries for help burst forth in the most brilliant oratory, fiery prose, and soul-stirring poetry. Ireland, with her lively spirited sons, was by no means an exception to this rule and many are the famous writers, orators and poets produced during her period of oppression. Among the foremost of these is Thomas D'Arcy McGee. Born at Wexford, County Louth, of parents belonging to two of the most illustrious of patriotic families, he passed his youth in this wildly beautiful region and, by living close to nature and imbibing the beauty of his mother's sweet Gaelic songs, his soul was early stirred to a love of poetry and music.

He attended day-school at Wexford and at the age of seventeen, seeing that his own land was lacking in opportunities, he emigrated with his sister to America. Arriving at Boston in June he made on the fourth of July his debut in America by delivering, to the Irish Americans of that city, a speech which won him such fame that he was given a position on the staff of the Boston Pilot. He remained some time defending his race in America but, having accepted a position as editor of the Dublin Freeman's Journal, he returned after three years absence to the land of his birth.

The Journal, however, was too conservative for his fiery patriotism, and he soon left it to join the editorial staff of the Nation. Through this paper he and his associates won great popularity and finally caused the War party to secede from O'Connell who, had this not happened, might have accomplished many great things for Ireland. At this time the famine broke out and the Rebel-

lion was quickly stirred up among the people. It was, nevertheless, unsuccessful, and Mr. McGee, who had just recently married, was compelled to leave his young wife and flee, disguised as a priest, to America.

On his arrival in New York he started to publish a new paper, the *New York Nation*, which, owing to his great reputation, both in the Old World and in the New, and also to the name and purpose of the paper itself, immediately became very popular. In this paper, being blinded by his intense patriotism, he blamed the priesthood and hierarchy of Ireland for the failure of the revolution. Bishop Hughes, of New York, entered into a controversy with him and showed beyond doubt that the clergy had, by opposing the rebellion, saved their people from inevitable ruin. Shortly afterwards Mr. McGee's piety, instilled into his mind by his beloved mother, and also his natural Irish respect for the clergy regained their ruling places in his mind, and he acknowledged his error. One might here add that for a public man, and a man known far and wide, and a man whose opinions are greatly relied upon by the people at large, to thus admit his error is entirely without precedent in modern times. In this most praiseworthy action his respect for the clergy assisted him, his piety justified him, his nobility of character demanded it of him and his lofty and true principles compelled him.

Although Mr. McGee made ample amends, he could not recover the loss which the *Nation* had sustained on account of the controversy. Accordingly in the year, 1850, he, together with his wife and daughter, moved to Boston and began the publication of the *American Celt*. This paper became more conservative than his former journal which had been quite revolutionary in tone. We must not here imagine, however, that his patriotism for Ireland was growing cold. It was, if such a thing were possible, stronger than before, but it was a strength well governed and well regulated by his powerful intellect and providential insight into affairs.

Despite the fact that he was remarkably successful in Boston, after a few years he yielded to the earnest requests of his friends and moved his publication office to Buffalo. He was becoming at this time very much sought for as a lecturer, and was fast winning praise both in Canada and the United States. Having, by the aid of his lectures and writings, instituted a movement to induce the people of his race to settle in the prairies of the great West instead of in the tenement houses of cities he called together at Buffalo, for the furtherance of this end, a convention of one hundred influential men from both sides of the border. This proved to be the turning point in his life for he gained so many Canadian friends that they prevailed upon him to move to Montreal.

He then started a new journal, called the *New Era*, which was also greeted with great success. Meanwhile his fellow-countrymen nominated him as a candidate for Parliament and, after a fierce struggle, he was elected. However, in spite of the fact that the country was new to him, his great and brilliant genius and his straightforward and noble nature soon attracted great attention, and thereafter for three successive terms he was elected by acclamation. A remarkable proof of his wonderful powers, is afforded at this stage of his career by the fact that at the time that he was president of the Executive Council, he also performed the onerous task of Provincial Secretary and in addition wrote his *History of Ireland*.

In the year 1867 he visited several European countries, and later joined at London his colleagues in the cabinet who were commissioned to lay before the Imperial Parliament a plan for the union of the provinces. This proposed union was exactly in accordance with Mr. McGee's lofty principles and marvellous talents, and for years he had been working upon the project. When after much effort, the Confederation was finally accomplished, he showed his great patriotism and high sense of honor, by declining an office in the new cabinet to allow one of his fellow-countrymen to come to the front.

It was at this time, when Mr. McGee had been elected to the first Dominion Parliament as a Montreal member, that the Fenians were most active and he, knowing that they could not in any way help Ireland by invading Canada, strongly opposed them. How many Irishmen were living satisfied and peaceful in Canada? In making war upon the latter would not the Fenians be murdering Ireland's sons instead of assisting Ireland to freedom? The Fenians, however, did not view the matter in that light and continued to carry out their plans.

Mr. McGee's career in the new Parliament was more brilliant and more successful than ever but, alas, it would have been better had he not been elected. For, returning one evening to his temporary home in Ottawa, he had just reached his own doorstep when he was brutally shot and killed by a cowardly assassin, who had approached him from behind to do his dastardly work. The great Irish Canadian had fallen! Who had done so much for Ireland and her sons? Who had done so much for Canada and her people? The esteem in which he was held is best shown by the great pomp and ceremony of his funeral rites which were first celebrated in the cathedral at Ottawa, then in the churches of Notre Dame and St. Patrick at Montreal, and finally in the cathedral at Halifax.

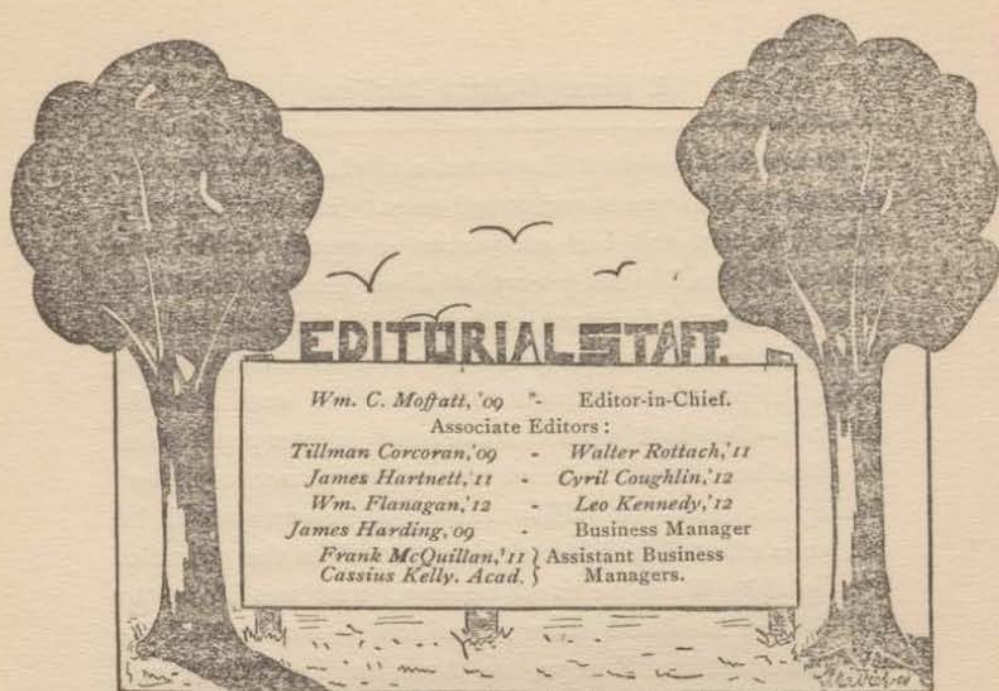
Mr. McGee had wished to soon retire to a private life, to devote himself to literary pursuits and to study that ancient lore of Ireland which in his boyhood had so delighted him but, alas, his remarkable genius and his patriotism always showed him some further opportunity to do good and he remained in public life. At his death we lost a man who was ever a true friend and counsellor, who was a brilliant poet, an energetic statesman, a powerful historian and a fiery orator. His poems are to-day as widely read as any in America. They are intensely—to use his own clever words—"true to the Gaelic ear," and they never fail to strike the chord of patriotism in the Irishman's heart. Many of them are stirring and patriotic songs; others are legendary and historical stories; while

a few are of a religious character, and also a few are addressed to his friends and loved ones. He was indeed a true Irish poet and has even been correctly styled the "Bard of Erin." His poetry is full of genuine Irish sentiment, purest of the pure, rollicking, joyful and sad by turns, while there is also present in it a fineness of humor and a delicate beauty both in expression and thought which is often lacking in the poets of greater reputation.

We have seen in a brief way what he accomplished during his short life. How much, therefore, would he not have effected had he not been cut off in the prime of manhood? While he lived, he loved and was loved by all. When his death came so sudden, so unexpected, he was mourned in Europe, in America, in Canada and in United States.

JOE M. MALONEY, 12.





Editorial.

ALL PRAISE TO ST. PATRICK.

The Deferred Hope.

During the month every loyal son of Ireland from Dublin to New Zealand, will unite to do honor to the Patron of the Emerald Isle. Through the misfortune of environment her sons have been forced to abandon the land they dearly loved, to seek shelter and food in lands far distant. As we look back to those dreadful famine years little more than half a century ago when Irishmen voluntarily exiled themselves hoping in other climes to find life more bearable ; as we look back to the rebellion of '98 or to the invasion of Cromwell ; as we pass in review the names and the deeds of Sarsfield, Swift, Grattan, Burke and O'Connell and a host of other household names in Ireland's history ; and still find her struggling, fighting in vain, ever in vain, for rights that are hers by every title of justice and humanity, we must feel as did the saddest of Irish poets.

"O Ireland, my country, the hour of thy
pride and thy splendor hath passed,
And the chain that was spurned in thy moments
of power hangs heavy around thee at last ;
There are marks in the fate of each clime, there
are turns in the fortune of men ;
But the changes of realms or the chances of time
will never restore thee again."

Exit Theodore Roosevelt.

On the fourth day of this month, the office of Chief Executive of the great United States shall have passed from the hands of President Roosevelt to those of President-elect Taft. After seven years of intense activity, one of the greatest of American Presidents passes on that anomalous occupation of ex-President. What judgment the future will form of Roosevelt, we cannot say ; but undoubtedly there has seldom been an occupant of the high office which he is just vacating, who was more popular in his own day. Never, perhaps, since the first Presidents, who fought and labored with Washington, has any American so won the confidence of the people.

When we review the events of the past seven years we cannot, it is true, point to wars successfully waged and a people liberated, nor to the greatest national calamities, a civil war, deliberately undertaken for the cause of humanity, and concluded only when that cause had triumphed. These mark eras in the history of the United States. They stand out and will continue to stand as the central events around which, all the history between, must cluster, and from which we must view other events if we are to study them in the correct perspective. But are we attaching too much importance to the present endeavour of governmental effort, set in motion mainly through the instrumentality of President Roosevelt, to regulate the relations between capital and labor, when we say that he has had to deal with the most difficult and important problem that has yet arisen ? The country, at this moment,

is on the verge of a contest more terrible than any which it has yet known. The climax will come infallibly. That it may not be an irreparable catastrophe, let us hope and pray. What the abolitionists did for the slaves when they aroused the nation to a sense of its duty towards the colored race, Roosevelt has done for the cause of the laboring man. He has not hesitated to enlist himself against the greedy rich, he has been called "The Grand Chief Muck-raker." Nor has he been content to receive meekly the stings and arrows of partisan criticism, but with characteristic aggressiveness he turned the laugh on the other fellow by giving as much as he took. In consequence, his famous Ananias Club has a large and distinguished membership. To an outsider this is the one weakness in his otherwise admirable administration. Certainly it had been much more graceful and nearer our conception of the dignity proper to the highest office in the nation to have awaited till the facts had vindicated his policy and his conduct. We are diverted by O'Connell who, with the face of a judge and the eye of Puck, returns billingsgate for billingsgate in a mortal combat of vituperation with a garrulous old beldam. But when President Roosevelt—and we wish the reader to put the accent on "President"—descends from the chair of state and in all seriousness pitches into this one and that one, whom, after all, we are not going to believe without proof positive and facts by way of substantiation; when he enters the arena of newspaper controversy with clenched fists and eyes flashing fire the sensibilities of most of us at least are somewhat offended.

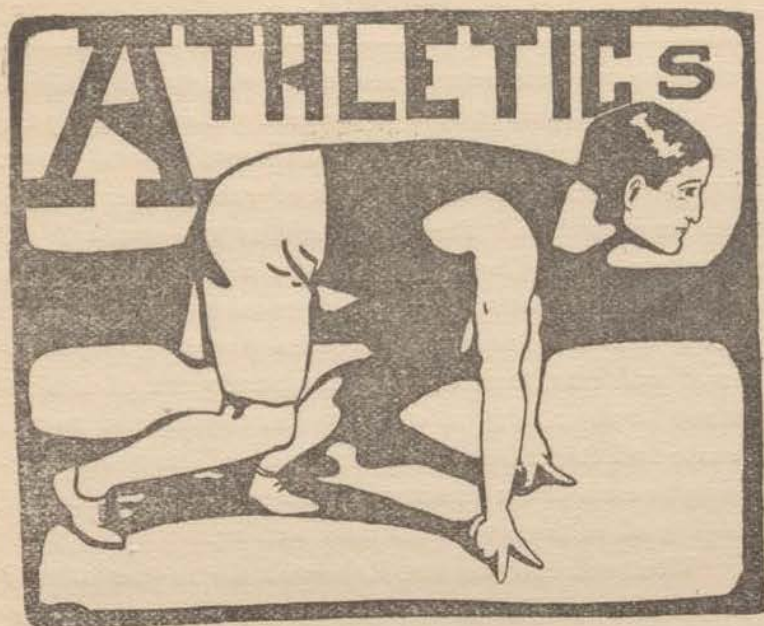
This pugnacity of the man is but an appendage, a sort of luxurious growth of his innate firmness and will power. The firm set jaws and clenched teeth for a moment give the impression of unnecessary tenacity, but only for a moment. Straightway we read in his decided and almost vivacious manner an habitual self restraint, as if his will power were more exercised in checking the inner exuberance of spirit and native aggressiveness than in

gathering up vital energy to meet external difficulties.

Above all things he is in earnest. He acts firmly because he feels strongly. Nor is his intensity vital waste. At least there are never any signs of exhaustion. Physically he is tireless. The man of affairs who can ride 98 miles in a day without showing any signs of weariness must have enormous powers of physical endurance. His mental endurance seems to be even greater. The number of problems, their variety, the vast amount of data required for their solution which he has despatched to the Senate and Representatives reminds one of Napoleon dictating to each of six amanuenses on different topics and keeping all of them together busy writing.

What will ex-President Roosevelt do in the future? will he enter the Senate? Will he retire into the peaceful quiet of a private life like Cleveland; or will he seek what is said to have been for some time the last ambition of his life, the Presidency of Harvard University. The latter would come in pat on the time, had the authorities at Cambridge delayed a little in choosing a successor to President Elliott. But we will not speculate on what is soon to be verified one way or another. We might be mistaken.





ARE WE DOWNHEARTED?

What is the reason that the old spirit seems to be drooping? The reason is certainly somewhere among the fellows, so let us cheer up and start things going! Let us root for our class in the handball league and let our voices be heard during the basketball games! And, by the way, how about that baseball team? It is about time to reorganize that and the rooters club! Let us get busy? All together now, fellows, and let us regain that spirit for which Assumption has been noted in past years.

HANDBALL.

The handball league has now developed into a fight between Belles-Lettres and Third Year. Rhetoric has fallen behind into third place, striving hard to keep ahead of Philosophy 1. Philosophy 2 and the combine are fighting it out for the cellar championship. The fight for first place is especially interesting, each team having lost but two games. Third year has lost to Belles Lettres while the latter have lost once to Third Year, Robinet and Ryan, and once to Hartnett and McQuillan, of Rhetoric. From

present appearances there will be a tie at the end of the third series unless Rhetoric can again down Belles Lettres. Busch and Fillion seem confident, though, and some hot games are promised. At present the teams stand as follows:—

	Won.	Lost.	Per Cent.
Belles Lettres.....	11	2	846
Third Year.....	11	2	846
Rhetoric	8	5	615
Philosophy, 1.....	4	7	363
Philosophy, 2.....	2	10	167
Combine.....	1	11	083

WYANDOTTE H. S. VS. ASSUMPTION.

Our fondest hopes were dashed to pieces when the first team was defeated on Saturday, February 13, by Wyandotte H. S. Lack of practice and poor team work tells the whole story. The visitors depended almost entirely on our old friend, Fred Rieg, who shot most of their baskets. Drouillard was the star for Assumption while Curran deserves mention for his work at guard. Blackwell, Busch and McGinnis also played well, and with a little practice we shall be able to hold our own with any team in the vicinity. The following is the line-up of the two teams:—

Wyandotte H. S.		Assumption.
Rieg (Capt.)	Forwards	{ Drouillard (Capt)
Woodruff,		{ Blackwell,
Long,	Center	Busch.
Steitor	Guards	{ Curran.
Pearson,		{ McGinnis.
Field Baskets—Rieg, 8 ; Woodruff, 2 ; Drouillard, 5 ; Busch.		
Baskets From Fouls—Rieg, 2 ; Woodruff, 1 ; Drouillard, 4.		
Officials—Crooks and Hartnett.		

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

On February the twenty-second, the international contests took place. The honors of the day were even,

the Americans easily winning at basketball, while Robinet and Theoret, for the Canadians, won two hard fought games of handball. In the morning the handball games were played which the Canadians won by scores of 21 to 12 and 21 to 14. After dinner the basketball game took place, and the Americans revenged themselves for the morning's defeat. At the end of the fray the score stood 33 to 6 in favor of the Yankees. For the winners, Drouillard, Busch and Curran starred on the line, while the work of McGinnis and Blackwell, as guards, was excellent, as is seen from the low score of their opponents. Thomas Moran, Finn and McIntyre excelled for the Canadians.





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.

William Kelly, '05, and Denis O'Connor, '05, who have completed their course of study for the holy priesthood at the Grand Seminary, Montreal, have left that institution and are now at St. Mary's Rectory, London. These two young men were ready for ordination at Christmas but on account of the vacancy in the Bishopric the ordination had to be postponed. However, it is expected a bishop will soon be appointed and their ordination will likely take place before Easter. L. P. Lowry, '03, who is to be ordained at the same time, is staying with Very Rev. C. E. McGee, Stratford, Ont.

Rev. F. P. White, '01, London, Ont., has been ill for some time, but is rapidly recovering.

Rev. P. J. McKeon, '91, London, Ont., Chancellor of the Diocese of London, who had charge of the collection for the Messina earthquake sufferers, has published a list

of the amounts contributed by the different parishes and forwarded the amount to the Pope to be used in relief work. Nearly \$1500 was collected in the diocese.

Rev. Frederick Rupert, '76, of Fremont, Ohio, has recently completed a magnificent parochial school. The building, which contains three stories and basement, is built of brick and ornamented with stone trimmings. No modern conveniences or means of safety were overlooked in the plan, the building being made strictly fire-proof in all particulars. The stairways are built of steel. The cost of the structure was about \$70,000 and despite the large cost was paid for at the time the school was opened for use.

Rev. J. F. Stanley, '98, has again been taken ill and has been removed from Woodstock to St. Joseph's Hospital, London, Ont., suffering from a mild form of typhoid fever. Great sympathy is felt for Father Stanley from the fact that it is not very long ago since he recovered from the effects of an operation. But his speedy recovery is looked for.

Rev. J. R. Command, '94, Trenton, Mich., recently delivered a lecture on the "Fine Arts" before the Art Study League of St. Mary's Academy, Windsor, Ont.

Chronicle.

Notice.—Skaters are requested to bear in mind that there will be no more skating on the "Canal" unless someone donates the ice.

What do we care, we'll roller skate instead.

Who saw W. J. F. crossing the Atlantic with a horse doctor on a raft?

Rev. Jos. Smith, of Cleveland, Ohio, who is one of our former students and graduate of '84, called to review a few old familiar scenes. No doubt he appreciated the game of handball into which he entered so vigorously.

During the month, we enjoyed visits from J. Creque, of Clarey's Business College, of Ypsilanti, Mich.; F. Minich, Lansing; F. Schulte, Detroit; S. Skrzycki, Detroit; and Edw. Sullivan, who is attending the Seminary at Rochester, N. Y.

Many are enquiring why Gleeson puts his watch under his pillow every night, but the question is an easy one, if we would stop and consider that he loves to sleep over-time in the morning.

Lent is here with its good resolutions. Let us see Easter Sunday how many can say: "I have finished, as I have begun."

Among the clerical visitors here during the month, were the Reverends: J. Nacy, Grosse Point; J. Dowdle, Grosse Point Farms; J. J. Aboulin, C. S. B., Detroit; J. Stapleton, Detroit; A. Bourke, Battle Creek; and P. Cullinane, Yale, Mich.

When "Georgie" stole a little smoke,
He was always sure to catch it,
He'd say: Father, I cannot lie,
I did it with my—little pipe.

Rev. J. Van Antwerp, of Holy Rosary parish, Detroit, was one of our first visitors during the month. The loud and hearty applause of the students on his entry to the "Refectory" signified the favor he had won from the "Boys" during our Retreat, which he so efficiently conducted for the past two years.

A few of our old "Grads" in the South became curious and went to Washington, D. C., during their holidays to hear a few Teddy Bear stories, but "Boys will be Boys."

We all join in extending our sincere sympathies to our Very Reverend President, who mourns the late loss of a sister: also to Mr. W. Byrne, who was unexpectedly called home on the sudden death of a brother.

To many among our ranks the New Year has borne with it, sad tidings announcing the entrance of Death's dark Hand into their home circles, and undoubtedly to the greater number it was least expected.

A very interesting meeting of St. Basil's Literary Society was held Feb'y 2nd, in the Dramatic Hall. After the adoption of the minutes Mr. W. Moran gave a panegyric on Pope Pius VIII. He was followed and seconded in his motion by Mr. F. Busch who graphically narrated the noble qualities which the great leader of his ancestry, Frederick the Great, possessed. Mr. Jos. Bell opened the regular program with a sketch on "Noses," which appealed very much to the sense of humor as well as to that of smell. The "Ould Sod" was well defended when Mr. Gleeson took the floor to refute the many accusations concerning the criminality of the Irish people. Another panegyric on Pius IX by Mr. McKeon closed the program for the evening. A few suggestions were made by Messrs. Gannon, Fillion, and McQuillan concerning the production of a Mock Trial in the near future. We expect to see those men unite their ability with their good intentions, and bring the matter to a successful issue.

The meeting of the 9th ult. was the most enjoyable meeting held by the Dramatic Club for some time past. Rev. Fr. Howard, President, opened the evening's program by a short discourse on the nature of Physical Culture and the benefits derived therefrom. Following the instructions were a few vigorous drills, and then the usual program was carried out. The assembly was next entertained by selections from Messrs. Gleeson, Bell, Finn and Leboeuf, who contributed the entertaining portion of the evening.

Messrs. W. C. Moffatt and James Hartnett have resumed their studies, having been detained at their homes after the holidays, the former on account of the illness of his father, the latter having undergone a surgical operation.

Our secretary looks quite at home in his new position, and is filling his office with all justice.

At the usual hour, Feb'y 17th, St. Basil's Literary Society held the second meeting of the month. In the absence of the Rev. President during a portion of the meeting, Mr. Gannon, Vice-President, acted as chairman. Mr. F. Costello moved the adoption of the minutes, and followed with an entertaining historical sketch in which he pointed out William Pitt's noble qualities as a statesman. After Mr. F. McQuillan had seconded the minutes he delivered a very interesting speech on "The Man of one Book." A very popular and current topic was next discussed by Mr. Leboeuf in a short sketch on Jean D'Arc, to whom he did ample justice. A. Brehler attempted to modernize affairs by a vivid description of "Ice Boating." It was happily chosen and interesting to all. As if to defy Mr. Brehler's account of the popular American sport, Mr. Maloney next took the floor to defend the Canadian game of hockey. He described the game throughout, and no doubt his essay if enclosed within proper covers would make a splendid "Rule Book." Last, but not least, was Mr. J. Moran with a story entitled "Net." It was a very good description and held the audience throughout. In the meantime the Rev. President had entered and closed the meeting, with a few remarks on a debate which will take place next meeting.

Of late we've noticed Louis J.
Has started inhalation ;
He rules no Trusts like old "John D."
But owns a corporation.

"Georgie W." certainly never told a lie if he said that we were going to have a holiday at his expense.

The day was fine and the holiday enjoyed by all. The sun came out from behind the clouds, resplendent in all its glory, as if in commemoration of the fact that he whose birth we celebrate on that day "Nover told a lie." Several international handball games were contested dur-

In the evening the Dramatic Club furnished an entertainment in honor of "The Father of American President's." The program was as follows :

"God Save the King."

L. W. KENNEDY, '12.

Exchanges.

All of the February Exchanges are for the most part dedicated to the heroes of that eventful month. They are most opportune, considering the great achievements these men accomplished either on the battlefield or in the field of literary work.

The Patrician exhibits its patriotism by devoting its entire issue to Washington, Lincoln and Longfellow. The essays, "George Washington," "Abraham Lincoln" and "Longfellow," give us a brief but concise review of each one's career, while "Beautiful Mt. Vernon," acquaints us more in detail with Washington's life, after his retirement from public life. "The Deserted Village" is both interesting and instructive. "Longfellow and His Appreciation of Catholic Thought," shows deep study and gives material for further meditation. It is written in a clear, convincing style and when we have read it through we must conclude that Longfellow was indeed a portrayer of "Catholic character and doctrine."

The *Exponent* also does honor to Washington and Lincoln. "Washington's Words on War" is well written and made interesting by quotations from his annual addresses to Congress. The author fittingly compares him to Theodore Roosevelt of the present day, who has similarly urged Congress each year to enlarge the army and navy. "God Bless My Mamma," and "A Mother's Sacrifice," are very clever short stories. The former is one of the best we have seen in our Exchanges for some months. The *Exponent* sets an example in the way all available space is filled in with beautiful cuts illustrating places or persons notable in the lives of Washington and Lincoln. We congratulate the staff on the artistic taste and general make-up of its paper. Bright bits of verse also adorn its pages.

The article, "We Should Read Critically," in *The Dial* for the month of February, is a very interesting one

and contains much wholesome advice for the Catholic students of the present day. Its author dwells in particular on the fact that a student ought to read critically, as a large number of books are written by Protestant authors who very often give only one side of the question. The author concludes by showing how Catholic critics have in late years, since Protestants are now willing to consider both sides of the question, been able to put a stop to books of different kinds which were unfair to Catholics. "The constructive side of English," is a well written essay and gives evidence of great care in composition.

A belated January number of the *Columbiad* arrived at our sanctum too late for acknowledgment in our last issue. It contains many excellent articles as it usually does. "Some English Dramatists," is an appropriate essay for a college magazine. It is an article of some length, treating of the English playwrights. In an essay entitled "The Ghost in Shakespeare," the author contrasts the Ghosts of Hamlet and Macbeth in a pleasing and forcible style. "Christian Charity," and "The Nickelodeon," are interesting editorials. We failed to find an Exchange department in this issue of the *Columbiad*.

We also gratefully acknowledge the following: *Xavier, Notre Dame Scholastic, Catholic Record, Angelus, Augustinian, Niagara Index, Agnetian Monthly, Fordham Monthly, St. Mary's Messenger* and *St. Mary's Sentinel*.

"By Path and Trail."

By Dean Harris.

By publishing in book form the story of his travels in Mexico, and California, Dean Harris will increase the already wide circle of readers who followed his history of Fathers Lalemant and Breboeuf. Of course he is chiefly interested in the Indian tribes of these countries, their customs and history, but the natural features of that section of the Rockies nearest to the national boundaries between United States and Mexico, Indian tribes, which

were little more than names to the great majority of readers, the towering peaks of the Rockies, the canyons, the wonderful cactus plants, all are vividly described and made real. The author writes as he travels, without book and without brief. He is intensely interested, he has observed with an accurate eye, and he feels keenly all he sees. There is just one conviction that he would have the reader share with him, viz : that the American traveller, who seeks for recreation, and objects of interest, has all along made a great mistake and unpatriotic blunder in putting his baggage aboard a steamer bound for Europe, Egypt and the Far East. Here are mountain scenes, grander, nobler, more inspiring than the Alps, here are natural wonders more extraordinary than Etna or the Nile, and here too are people, nearer to the primitive savagery, in which they were found by the white man, than in any region of the globe which is at all accessible to the traveller who is seeking recreation. Each chapter is complete in itself, as they were evidently intended as newspaper articles. There is consequently no connected historical narrative, each object receiving its share of notice according to the interest attaching to it. Thus we find many digressions into the past which acquaint us with the struggles, the sufferings and the noble self-sacrifice of the early Spanish missionaries who were chiefly from the society of Jesus. In this way he contributes his quota of recognitions to the great men who made possible the present progress in these difficult and remote regions. To those who are fond of history presented in an interesting and readable style, the book cannot be too highly recommended ; and if you are one of those who would receive much of the educational value of travel without the expense, this is the very book you need.

Nona et Vetera.

Eng. Teacher—O. K. is not permissible in good composition.

Roberge—That's why I used it in this one.

Philip M.—I heard you singing in the music room this morning.

Truman D.—Oh, I sing a little to kill time.

Philip M.—You have a good weapon.

Willie Wonder—In what language did Dante address the spirits in the infernal regions?

Smart Alex.—In the Hellenic, of course.

Grammar Teacher—In the sentence, "The boy, stung by the bee, cried"; which is the participle?

Ellard (confidently)—"Bee," of course.

Gr. T.—Look again!

Ellard—Oh! "Stung."

Examiner—What are you doing with that "Camp-fire"?

Skiver—Trying to keep warm.

SOME SMOKES.

The Indian with his pipe of peace

Has long ago gone by;

But the Irishman with his piece of pipe,

Will never, never die.

SPRING FEVER.

"Oh, doctor, I'm sick; my head is so thick,

And I really feel all out of whack,

I'm all out inside, and to you I'll confide,

There's something gone wrong with my back."

"No more, please, confide, of your troubles, replied

That medic, who knew what was what,

"I know your affliction, write down this prescription,

"T will cure you as quick as a shot:

" Each morning translate, and after collate,
Seven pages of old Pro Milone
Then tackle some Greek, until you 'gin reek
From Homer, say a hundred lines only.'

" Next to look into Green, until you have seen
What happened to Henry the Oneth,
Then an essay or song, about thirty yards long,
You will write for the paper next month."

When this you have done, till June 21,
The yellow streak you will sure banish.
Spring fever you see, thus treated by me,
Will very soon totally vanish.

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PARISH OF THE ASSUMPTION,
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