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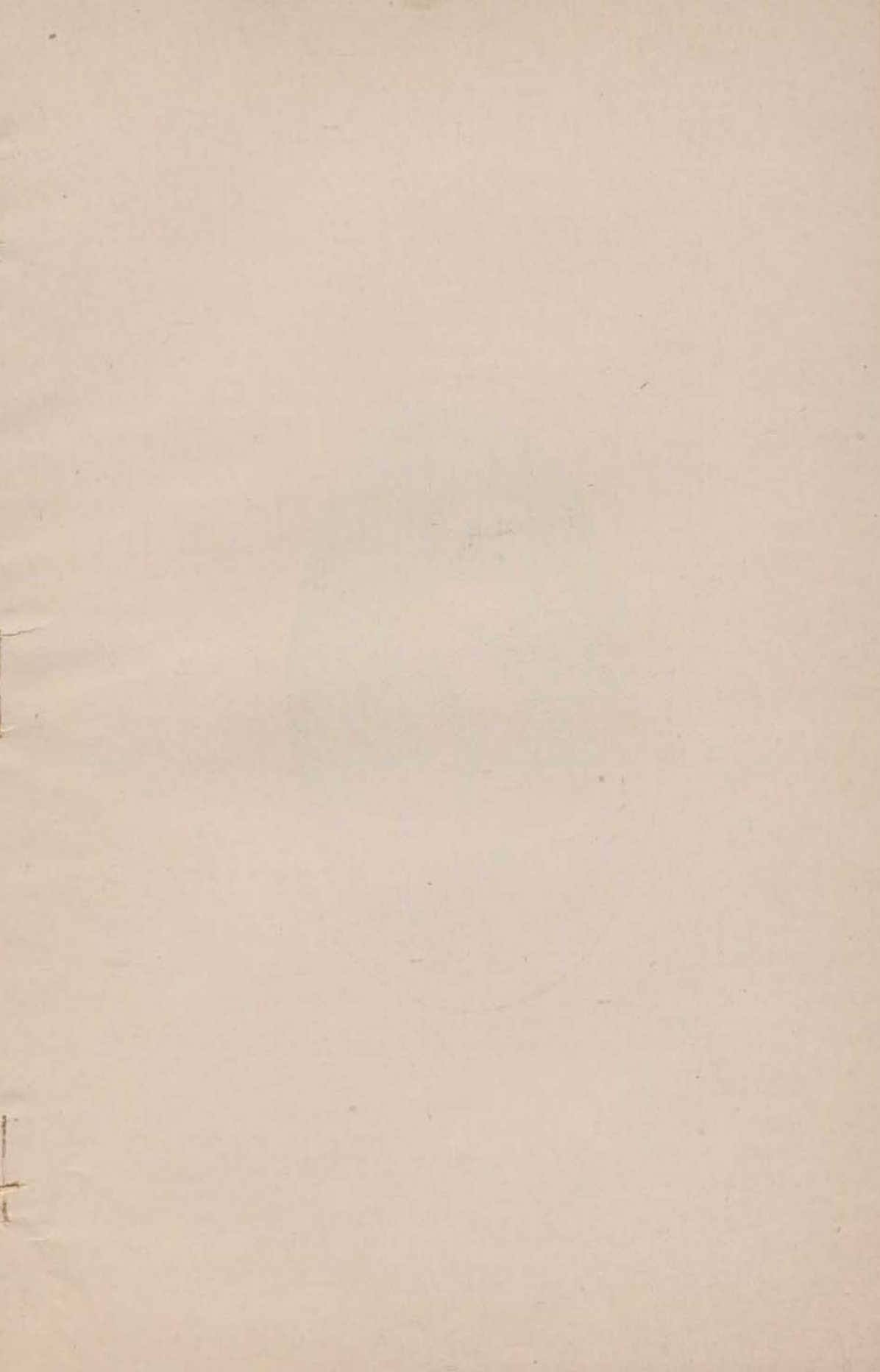
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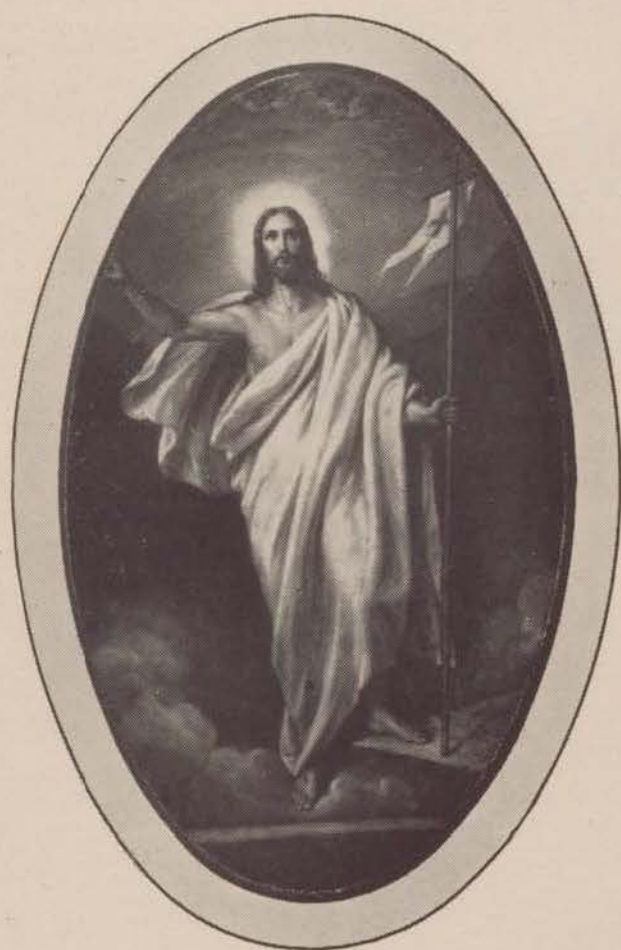
Sandwich, Ontario

APRIL, 1909.

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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.

APRIL, 1909.

No. 7.

Easter.

I.

With joyous hearts, the faithful wend
Their happy way to church this morn,
Each face is beaming faith and love,
Reflected in the day new born.
The sun o'erhead is strong and bright
As a summer morn in May,
As if it gloried in the thought,
That Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

II.

Through forty dreary days and nights,
Did Christ, the God-man strive to be
The one to ope the heavenly gates,
By Death—the sole redeeming key.
Then wonder not at festive looks,
Which greet the chancel's grand array,
Telling to all the Christian world,
That Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

III.

He bore the cross and thorny crown,
He felt the tyrant's cruel spear,
He suffered infamy and shame,
That He might draw the world more near.
Now, stricken Earth is glad again,
The trees bloom forth in grand display
And roses bloom where brambles grew,
For Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

IV.

For us He bore the rabble's taunts,
And heard the soldiers' cruel jeers,
He saw His Maiden-Mother and
St. John, beneath the cross in tears.
But Lo ! the golden sun shines forth,
On a tomb, dark, cold and gray,
Whose guards lie stunned upon the ground
For Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

V.

Afar and near the glad bells ring,
Throbbing the air from sea to sea,
With notes of triumph and of joy
That tell—the glory yet to be.
From tower and steeple, spire and dome,
Ring out the news in gladsome lay,
Singing the joyous Easter song,
That Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

—WILLIAM C. MOFFATT, '09.

Joan of Arc.



ON February 2nd, the beatification of Joan of Arc occurred at Rome; an event which vividly illustrates how the Omniscent brings to light good actions as well as criminal ones; an event, too, which ought to fill every Catholic breast with wonder and thanksgiving for the benign and ever-present providence of God. By a decree of Pope Pius X, Joan of Arc has been declared beatified and on Easter next she will be canonized with unusual pomp and splendor. The bells of Rome will ring the glad tidings and she will be honoured the world over. Joan of Arc, who was looked upon by her enemies; nay, even by some of her friends, as a sorceress and a witch, is now to be declared a saint. It seems but fitting that on such an occasion we briefly recount the events of her heroic life.

Joan of Arc was born at Domremi, Lorraine, in or about the year 1412. Her real name is supposed to have been Jeanne D'Arc, the other having been given to her by the English. She was the daughter of poor parents and received no education whatsoever, but was very remarkable for piety and devotion. During childhood she tended her father's sheep in the green vales and hills about her native village. Often would she wind wreaths of wild roses while in the meadows, and place them on the Virgin's altar when at leisure to do so.

The times were superstitious and a tradition among the peasantry that a virgin would save the nation never left Jeanne's mind. She seemed to know, most likely through some Divine revelation, that it was no other than herself. At the age of thirteen she began to hear voices and witness apparitions almost constantly, and these seemed to tell her to go forth and save her people. These did not leave her until she had accomplished her mission.

She mentioned the matter to her parents and to the parish priest, but they, thinking it was mere fancy, did all in their power to dissuade her.

However, soon after this the Burgundians made a raid upon the province and Jeanne became restless. She sought an interview with Bondicourt but was roughly refused by that haughty governor. Then through the influence of an uncle she was received by the Dauphin, who, in his despair, was ready to seize upon the faintest ray of hope. He was then holding his court at Chinon and dressed exactly like his courtiers; but Jeanne when brought into the hall recognized him at once. How could a poor humble peasant maiden, who had perhaps never seen a courtier before, do this without some interposition from above? Again and again was she examined, but she could be found guilty of nothing but innocence. A suit of pure white armour was made for her, she was presented with a golden sword, and under the waving furls of a silken banner studded with fleurs-de-lis she began her victorious march.

In May, 1429, at the head of 10,000 men, she rushed upon the English who were beseiging Orleans and utterly routed them. Then followed victory after victory until three months afterwards Charles was crowned at Rheims, with Joan of Arc standing by his side.

Let us here learn the thread of events for an instant, and reflect more carefully on the spiritual side of her career. A meek maiden, seventeen years of age, dressed in a suit of armour, leading an army of 10,000 rough soldiers,—where has equal bravery and heroism been witnessed before? Or rather, how could such a person possess such fortitude and courage unless she were supported by some supernatural means? We are forced to answer that it would be impossible. It is no myth that St. Michael appeared to her and bade her how to act; it is no fable that angels surrounded her in her sleep, and filled her with purity and devotion. Nor were there diabolical apparitions; for, how could such a fountain of meekness

and piety have anything to do with Satan or his devouring lions?

After the crowning of the Dauphin she begged to be allowed to return to her parents as those consoling voices had left her. The Prince, however, elated by success, persuaded her to remain in the army. After some time she consented, but her mission was over. While making an attack on Paris she was severely wounded, and in 1430 she was captured at Campione by the Burgundians who sold her to the English. She was imprisoned and having failed in an attempt to escape by jumping a trench she resigned herself to her ignominious fate.

Then followed a series of trials, or, better called, mockeries in which she was accused of countless crimes which she had never dreamed of committing. The English did not want to execute her, it was the University of Paris, a school of that sort of long-nosed pagans who prized patriotism and sanctity, but who have no more of it than either Martin Luther or Mahommed. The honourable bishop of Beauvais, a full fledged hypocrite, stole all her clothes while she was buried in slumber and placed a man's suit in its place. Of course when she awoke, finding no other dress, she donned the pantaloons and waistcoat. The honourable bishop made this a pretext of heresy and schism, and she was condemned to die at the stake as a sorceress, witch and heretic.

On May 31, 1431, a large pile of fagots was placed about an iron pole in the market place at Rouen. Drums beat and bells tolled while not far off a band of ruffian troopers could be seen leading the spotless dove to sacrifice. Jeanne was bound to the shameful stake and the kindling lit. Again did that consoling angel descend by her side. She bowed her head and with the name of Jesus still lingering on her lips the still budding bloom faded away to a better life, a martyr to her religion, her country and her king. An English officer who was standing nearby was heard to exclaim, "We are lost; we have murdered a saint."

The English and French are both heavily to blame for her death. The English showed themselves cowards by burning a humble peasant girl for having defeated them in battle. The French showed themselves still greater cowards by not defending one who had saved them and their country from utter ruin. However they have long since found their error, and almost every city of the Republic has its statue of the "Maid of Orleans." But these can never repay the ingratitude which they showed towards their pure, innocent and modest Deliverer.

—L. C. LEBŒUF, '12.

An Ode to a Robin.

Come ! thou pretty red-breast,
From thy sunny home,
With thy songs, the sweetest,
Heard where'er we roam.

Come ! from where thou passeth
Dreary winter days,
Making cheerful summer
With thy roundelays.

In the vines most verdant
Bowers wait for thee,
Where, quiet, unmolested,
Thy blue eggs can be.

Welcome ! to our orchards,
With thy saucy song,
Come ! and dwell among us
All the summer long.

Teach us to be merry
Thro' the dreary days.
Teach us true contentment
In life's tortuous maze.

—L. C. LEBŒUF, '12.

Before Lucknow.

IN the library at old Ruxford College, a crowd of boys, breathless and excited from running and play, stood grouped about a tall young fellow, whose bearing and important manner marked him out as a senior and one of the "Old Boys." In his hands he held a newspaper from which he was reading aloud, while the boys, eager and anxious, gazed at him, listening greedily to every word that fell from his lips.

The Indian Mutiny had excited great interest in the young collegians; many of whom knew intimately the two "alumni" who were at the front, fighting for the glory of old England. In order that every boy in the college might know the history of the war, one of the seniors had been ordered to read his paper each day to the assembled boys—every one of whom followed the events of the war with feverish interest, not knowing what day the paper would announce a casualty. They all knew by heart, how Sir Henry Lawrence had died defending Oude against the rebels—how the massacre at Cawnpore had taken place—how Delhi had been besieged and taken and how Sir James Outram, with his cavalry in which were the two alumni, was eagerly advancing to relieve Lucknow. These events they knew, and now they were waiting for more, expecting every morning to read of the threatened engagement and fearing to turn the page upon which they knew the fatal list was published. Ruxford waited and one day, came news of a great battle, of a glorious victory and this too was read to the assembled multitude.

II

It was the eve of Lucknow. Darkness had fallen and before the walls of the beleaguered city lay the two armies, watching eagerly for the sun. In a little cone shaped

tent, a cavalry officer lay, stretched flat upon the ground smoking and idly watching the smoke as it curled in tiny rings and floated lazily around the tent. A pleasant smile hovered about the corners of the firm unbearded lips, for he was thinking of the many changes that had taken place in his brief period of life. He, a soldier's son, after graduating from Ruxford College, England, had relinquished his university career and all his athletic triumphs for the army, which had always appealed to him. He loved sport and study, but the blood in his veins, descending to him, from many ancestral warriors, yearned for a military career. So when the war broke out, he obtained a commission in the Scotch Greys, that regiment which had eclipsed forever the mighty Bonaparte and had made history at Waterloo, and sailed for India. For two years, honours fell thick upon him, for, being continually on active service, many opportunities offered themselves, which he was not slow to grasp. Tall and straight as an arrow, with waving brown hair, and eyes of steel-like blue, hot tempered and impetuous, Bert Conlon had the form as well as the bravery of a soldier, so that when in due course, he was made Colonel, no one was surprised.

His meditations were rudely interrupted by the entrance of a fellow officer, Sir James Geraldic, of the Queen's Lancers, who, after a cheery "hello" proceeded at once to fill his pipe for a friendly chat—perhaps the last on earth—"Going to be a big time to-morrow, Conlon. I hear that you and another are to lead the troops since old Outram can't ride with that bullet in his side. You and—er—oh yes, the Earl of Gartcraig." He spoke the name with some hesitation, for it was known that Gartcraig and Conlon had never spoken, since that memorable day, in old Ruxford, when Conlon, having been elected captain of the foot-ball team had been publicly snubbed by Gartcraig. "Yes, you are right. By jove, I'd like to make up with that fellow before the fun begins. It's a toss-up whether either of us will come out of it alive. Egad! I feel sorry for the poor old Countess if he falls.

He's an only son and the last of the line. He'll be missed. Now it wouldn't matter about me, there are three more at home and no title to vanish for want of a holder."

"What you say is true," spoke up the young Lancer quickly, "but the report is that you are already booked for the next vacant Earldom. After to-morrow we will probably be calling you the Earl of so-and-so."

Conlon looked up quickly and answered with a laugh, "I'm not out of that fight yet, better defer that title till the morrow."

Thus they chatted, changing the subject from time to time until a roll of musketry away off in the distance, caused both officers to run to their regiments, buckling on their swords as they went. The sun had already risen and they could see the Sepoys advancing—a huge disorderly horde, in flying white garments, brandishing glittering spears and old flint-locks, beating their war drums, blowing their horns, and shouting the war cry. There was very little excitement in the British camp. Conlon and Gartcraig rode at the head of the troops, which were advancing, side by side, as if on parade, troubled neither by the shrapnel shells which burst in pieces above their heads, nor by the rifle fire which spluttered brokenly from the advancing mob.

Lord Gartcraig and Colonel Conlon were cantering along in unbroken silence, for they never spoke except on military topics. A bullet grazed Conlon's sword belt and a man behind fell with a sickening sob, his horse tearing riderless across the field. By four o'clock the fight was at its height: Geraldic had fallen at the first onslaught—officers and men were falling fast on every side—yells and moans—cheers and prayers—all added to the deafening roar of the British cannon and the deadly clash of steel. The whole brigade, following the sword gleam of their leader, and keeping time with the furious roll of the inspiring drums, swept down like a torrent on the black host. Many fell at the first volley but the line never faltered, and as the smoke cleared away, Gartcraig and Con-

lon were seen in front of the line riding steadily on—the Earl's head bleeding freely from a sabre cut and the Colonel's left arm hanging limply at his side—but still leading the charge across the field. Over the dead and wounded—over breastworks and fallen foe—over cannon belching forth their fire of death, went the conquering Scots, while Nana Sahib strove in vain to rally his scattered forces. The Cavalry and the Lancers rode into them like demons, thrusting, hacking, cutting and slaughtering.

Conlon dashing along at the head of his train, glancing around discovered that Gartcraig was missing. Thinking that the young Earl had been stricken down, he charged on, while the bullets whistled and sang about his ears, for even now the enemy were fleeing and firing a few last despairing volleys at the hated foe.

A bullet struck him in the shoulder and he fell headlong from his horse. The troops pressed on, eager to avenge their leaders' deaths. As the young Colonel lay upon the ground, a flutter of white and the flash of steel caught his eye, behind a thicket in the part of the field they had just cleared. Mounting his horse with difficulty he dashed across the intervening space and wheeling into the thicket, saw Gartcraig unhorsed in the midst of a dozen furious devils who were each trying to beat down the plucky Scotchmen, and add another officer to the slain before they left the field. Recognizing his old school fellow and forgetting the past, he let out the old yell, "Rah! Rah! Ruxford," and plunged into the seething mob, in the old style at Ruxford as if seeking a touchdown. The young noble hearing the cry, took courage and aided by Conlon managed to beat off the bloody foe until he could also mount beside his rescuer. Then, slashing with their sabres, they managed to cut a way through, only to find at their heels, a score of Sepoys who seeing the scarlet coats and the plumed helmets, had come back to aid their friends in destroying them.

Reaching back in the saddle the Earl grasped the ready hand of Conlon and in a quivering voice cried out,

"Forgive me old chap." The hearty clasp which followed told him he was forgiven. Then the young Colonel spoke, "Sure old man, but say! this horse can take but one of us to safety. To stay means death. I am already wounded. You are an only son, the last of your race. I am one of four. Give my love to all at home. Good-bye old chap," and slipping off his charger he gave it a resounding slap in the thigh which sent it tearing madly back to camp. When Garteraig at last had it under control he turned and guided it back to the place where his new found friend had left him. He saw him fighting manfully and thanked God that he was in time. But hardly had he uttered the prayer when he saw the young leader stagger and sink to the ground. Standing erect in the stirrups he ploughed his way through until he reached the triumphant Sepoys. Five times his sword flashed in the air and as many of the foe fell, never to rise again. The remaining few took to their heels and he, dismounting, raised the Colonel from the ground.

"Hurt much old boy?" he tenderly asked. The wounded hero slowly opened his eyes and feebly murmured, "I guess they've done for me, Gart. Take my sword home to mother. Tell her how I died. I have fought my last fight. Good-bye old fellow. Remember the old,—I'm gone. Rah! Rah! Rux—" His voice low and indistinct trailed off into silence. Garteraig reached for his canteen but a glance told him all. Colonel Bert Conlon was dead. As the young peer knelt beside the gory body, memories of the past surged up; this was the man he hated; this was the man who died that he might live. "But we shook hands," he murmured. "I am glad that we shook hands. But why did he do it? This battle would have made him a peer, and my death would have made him Lord of Garteraig. Why did he do it? Why? Because he was a man. And to me he gave his dying message—to me, his old enemy. Will not old Ruxford mourn his loss? Poor old Ruxford! Poor old Bert."

An hour later the victorious troops returning to camp,

found him there, holding in his arms the dead body of their beloved leader. Silently they dug a grave for him who a few short hours before had galloped gaily at their head, and there in sight of the troops who stood about with uncovered heads, did the haughty Earl of Gartcraig kneel beside his comrade's grave and holding aloft the dead man's bloody sword—his last legacy—swear vengeance on his slayers.

III

Back in old Ruxford the account of the battle was read to the assembled students, until they came to the place where the fatal list was displayed in black type. To-day one glance was enough. These in glaring black letters among the slain was the name :

“NORBERT B. CONLON”

“Colonel, Scotch Greys.”

Silently the boys withdrew from the room and stood talking in awed whispers about the grounds—those grounds which had so often rang with the cry of “Rah ! Rah ! Conlon.” Within their rooms the seniors read again the tale of battle,—the story of their school-chum's heroism—how he had saved another's life ; how at the end of the fight he had fallen ; how his gallantry had been witnessed by others and duly recorded. Through a thick mist they read the paper, then turned instinctively to the desk to gaze at a picture of an athletic youth in a purple and white uniform. They looked again at the paper and their thoughts travelled far across the sea to a bloody battle-field where a few broken spears beneath Lucknow's gloomy walls, marked the last resting place of the youngest Colonel in the British army.

—WILLIAM C. MOFFATT, '09.

Silvio Pellico.



THE name of Silvio Pellico is like solemn music in the ears of those who are acquainted with it. We became acquainted with this remarkable man in the book entitled "Le Mie Prigioni," (My Imprisonment,) which is the tale of his sufferings, and it forms at once the beautiful expression of the soul of a poet, a philosopher and a Christian.

We find few men of his calling so steeped in deep religious feeling, in beautiful thoughts and in sound practical principles as Silvio Pellico.

He was born at Saluzzo, a city of Piedmont, June 27, 1789. His father was Onorato Pellico, and his mother Savojarda Fournier, of Chamberg. Rosina, a child of rare beauty, who exercised over him an important influence throughout his life, was his twin sister. In his tenderest years the good seed of piety, charity and toleration were implanted in him by his good parents.

Silvio was a delicate child and thrice during his youth his life had been despaired of. Fortunately, however, he passed the age of twenty-one, which was considered the time of the third and last critical stage of his disease; and to his country was spared a fervent patriotic and a model Christian man.

The first instructions were given him by a priest named "Don Manorella," who taught him with his brother at their own home. The class consisted, in fact, of dialogues and recitations composed by their father. Silvio drew from these an inclination to dramatic composition, and he was only ten when he made a remarkable attempt at composing a tragedy,

Later he went to Pinerola and Furin with his father, who was sent thither on political affairs. At Furin, Don Manovella continued to be his teacher. Here, amongst

the boys and girls of his age who attended the same class, there was one soul towards which he felt himself drawn by a strong attraction; this was a certain Carlotta. She died in early youth, leaving the impression of her beauty and goodness engraven in his heart.

When he accompanied his twin sister to France on the occasion of her marriage he remained there, and his studies were made wholly in French till 1805, when an event came to reawaken interest in Italy and the Italian language. There appeared a poem entitled '*Il Carme dei Sepolcri*' (The Song of Sepulchre) by Ugo Fosculi. It was sent to Silvio by his brother and he read it with great avidity. "Reading," says his great friend Riero Maroncelli, "he felt himself changed into an Italian again, and a poet, a poet do I say! He well knew that he was one before."

Returning to Milan in 1810 he made the acquaintance of Byron—whose "*Manfredo*" he translated—and of many other men of literary fame. His "*Francesca da Rimini*," a tragedy, gained universal applause, and placed him in the highest rank among playwrights. Some of his other tragedies are "*Gismonda da Mendrisi*," "*Tommaso Moro* (Thomas More), "*Eufemio da Messina*"

Together with other men of prominence he established at Milan the newspaper called "*Il Conciliatore*," which was a potent factor in the reformation of Italian literature. "It gave a new generation of writers," says Marenello. "It had in view to revive the old ideals, to lead men to good by means of the beautiful." In this paper appeared Manzoni's "*Carmagnola*" and his own "*Eufemio da Messina*."

The paper was as liberal in political principles as it was in style, since it aimed at instructing the people in their rights. On this account it was persecuted by the Austrian government, which ruled at the time over those regions of the Italian peninsula. At last the tyrannies of this persecution culminated in the arrest of the club of "*Il Conciliatore*." Silvio Pellico was arrested on Octo-

ber 13, 1820, and detained at the prison of "Santa Margherita" in Milan, at the "Piambi" (Leader Prison) and at San Michele in Venice. On February 21, 1822, he was condemned to death, but a rescript of the Emperor commuted his sentence to fifteen years of severe confinement, (Prigione Dura), to be served in the prison house on the Spieburgh, near Brun, the capital of Moravia. Here Pellico spent eight years of confinement in a cell with his ankles in heavy fetters. To the rigours of prison life, ill-health added to the severity of his sufferings.

There exists a hymn occasioned by a false report of his death in prison, which shows the tender sympathy his confinement in this dreaded penitentiary, far from his fatherland and shrouded in dark mystery, had inspired in the heart of Italy.

It is remarkable that this esteem was suddenly dispelled in some of his admirers when, after his return from prison, they noticed in Pellico's conduct what disappointed their expectations. "Le Mie Prigioni," written and published at this time, shocked those that had hoped to have in him a partisan in some of their perverse doctrines, especially those of a revolutionary character; concerning which he says in "Le Mie Prigione": "Among the motives which made me condemn the recent revolutions accomplished or attempted, it is certainly necessary to mention my full adherence to the principles of the gospel, which do not allow such undertakings of violence. Not that I had become a favorer of bondage and an enemy of light; but I was convinced that the light should not be diffused unless by just and lawful means, never by throwing down a constituted power, and by hoisting the flag of civil war."

Here are his very words on the purpose for which he wrote "Le Mie Prigione."

"In writing these memoirs, my motive has been that of contributing to the comfort of the unhappy by making known the evils I have borne and the consolations I have found attainable under the greatest misfortunes; that of

bearing witness that in the midst of my long-sufferings I have not found human nature so unworthy of indulgence, so deficient in excellent characters, as is commonly represented; that of inviting noble hearts to love much, to hate no human being, to feel irreconcilable hatred only toward mean deceit, pusillanimity, perfidy and all moral degradation; that of repeating a truth well known but often forgotten; that both religion and philosophy require an energetic will and calm judgment; and that without the union of these qualities there can be neither justice nor dignity, nor strength of principle."

The book, in fact, is a striking confession of Catholic faith. The author in describing his sufferings in prison mentions in particular the consolation and strength that he derived from prayer and the reception of the sacraments. He tells of the fatherly care which certain zealous priests exercised over him and makes apparent the darkness of false philosophy when put in contrast with the light reflected from the gems of his own experiences.

There are thousands of volumes from pious authors which we may regard as trees in the well kept garden of the Church and living waters from their abundant springs. But this book, because it is the work of a layman who was connected even strenuously with the affairs of the world, is like a fruitful tree in the wilderness, or a fountain of clear refreshing waters isolated amid the desert.

At this open self avowal for the cause of the true faith the enemies of the Church were chagrined, and heaped reproaches upon him. Some made him out to be a weak, cowardly man, retiring from the field of liberalism and flying to the shadow of superstition; others despairing of being able to substantiate this charge called him a hypocrite and rebel (*carbonaro*).

During the years following his imprisonment, Pellico had for his spiritual director the abbey Giordano, curate of his parish, a learned, holy and aged priest. This gentleman, who had exhorted him to write "*Le Mie Prigione*," called upon him with amiable importunity to write a book which

might be concerned wholly with morals. In answer to his wish he wrote "*Dei Doveri degli Uomini*" (Of the Duties of Men).

The last part of his life was spent in retirement and in the practice of piety. He died near Turin at the villa of Moncagleri, January 31, 1854. His soul, which shone with edifying virtue upon earth, will ever shine with immortal glory in the eternal abode of the blessed.

—ANTHONY SCARNECCHIA, '09.

A Word.

Fire and sword may threaten, not conquer
The word that is sent
To fill the world with love of honor
And noble sentiment.

Redemption.

Back rolls the ponderous portal stone,
As forth from out Death's citadel,
Triumphant passed the Lord of life, and shone
More triumphant than the angel Israfel,
To greet the sun across Judea's walls
As Magdalen, the sinful, first beholds.

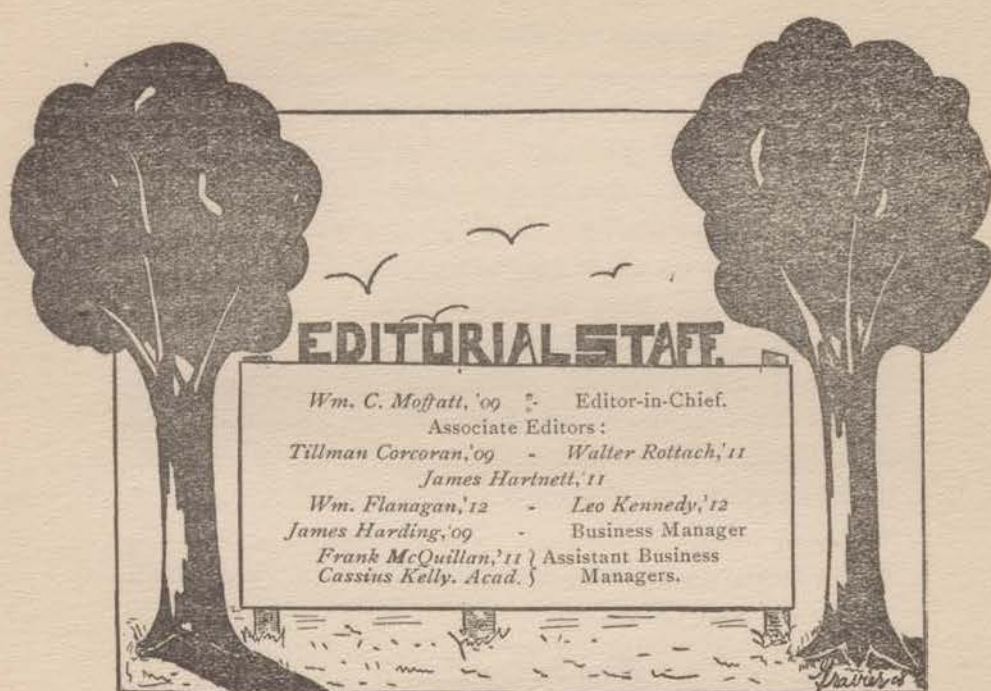
Burst forth the song, the chorus sound !
Glad anthems ring the world around !
To-day is risen the Saviour-Son,
With Father and Holy Spirit, one.

No more in bonds of funeral cerements—
And emptied of his native majesty,
Helpless and weak in Death's habilaments,
He lies ; but clothed in His divinity
He issues forth by sole and sovereign might
Bringing Redemption in dark Death's despite.

Burst forth the song, the chorus sound !
Glad anthems ring the world around !
To-day is risen the Saviour Son
With Father and Holy Spirit, one.

O Death, where is thy victory ? O Death,
Where is thy sting ? Thy darkening reign is done.
Now John and Paul proclaim in every breath
That He who died as low Good Friday's sun
Sank into evening's red and misty skies
Has risen again and all with Him shall rise.

Burst forth the song, the chorus sound !
Glad anthems ring the world around !
To-day is risen the Saviour-Son,
With Father and Holy Spirit, one.



Editorial.

"This is the day which the Lord hath made ; we will rejoice and be glad in it."

Cardinal Newman has a beautiful Easter sermon on "The Difficulty of Realizing Sacred Privileges." If there is a difficulty in attaining to a full sense of the gifts of God even among those who have in their souls the influence and light of the infused virtues, what sort of realization will the indifferent world possess ? Not even a moiety.

The sacred privileges that the feast of Easter commemorates are cases in point. The religious significance of the season is almost entirely lost. The religious meaning is gone. It is a brief holiday season and the world knows how to spend a holiday. The world in fact is always ready for a celebration, and were it not for the expense, it would celebrate all the time. The philosophy of the worldly spirit is the philosophy of the struggle between avarice and pleasure. In one man avarice dominates ; in another, pleasure.

Unlike Christmas, when sensuality for a season loos-

ens the locks which avarice forges, Easter relies for its power on the vanity of worldlings. Perhaps it is due to the lurid advertisements in the daily papers, or to the necessity we are under of changing the winter supply in our wardrobes for something more gaudy and more gauzy. Whatever be the cause, men's brains and women's too, are engrossed with the moulting process. Were some powerful medium to materialize the mental pictures prevailing just at this time, we should see such a phantastic phantasmagoria of styles and fashions as would startle the ladies of the court of Versailles in its palmiest days. Such is Easter in this vain world. The airiest and least revolting of vices, it is, nevertheless the most directly opposite to the spirit of Christ.

Who Is the Fool?

The first of April is the practical joker's fete day. The ordinary sane man is willing to concede him a little more license on that day than any other. We like to associate ourselves, at least in our own minds, among sane mortals. Hence when we are sent on fake messages or false alarms we take it good-naturedly on that day. The joker has his laugh at our expense, and we cheerfully stand the expense.

We have been fooled, and fooled to the top of our bent. We admit it. But on such occasions we never could quite yield the palm for sanity to our witty friends. We always felt that we had done the natural thing under the circumstances, and whatever of mental crotchet or aberration there was, came, we thought, from his part in the transaction.

There are a large number of jokers in the world to-day, and a vast number of practical jokes turned upon the unwary. But of all the institutions for the perpetration of practical jokes none has yet appeared to receive the approval of sound-minded men so commonly as the initiations into fraternal societies, and certainly none has reached its extreme of absurdity; and strange to say no

one condemns it. By way of justification, many of those may lay claim to cleverness. But whether clever or awkward, they all bear the characteristic of going contrary to the ordinary order of social intercourse.

Closely akin to the practical joke is another and a still vaster number of clever tricks foisted upon the credulous of our kind. These are more serious and the funny side is entirely lacking. The sleight-of-hand artist with the shell and pea, fools the unsuspecting to his pecuniary loss; and here the justice is not merely a passing injury to our personal dignity. Such tricks are generally practised for the sake of diverting your honest gains into the artists' pockets. The same practice, only on an immensely larger scale, is the source of many of the unwieldy fortunes which are the admiration and the envy of our age. The process is, in last analysis, the same as that of the April fooler. That is, that which we expect, judging by the ordinary standard of honest commercial intercourse, does not happen and we are made the dupes of our honesty. Evidently this is not quite so excusable as the innocent practical joke. We have here also, the consolation that in spite of our ingenuousness and our confidence in the natural order of human affairs, that to the practical joker is attributable, the mental stultification which has ensued—poor consolation, it is true, but something to a philosophic mind.

Christianity and Civilization.

It is a common thing among men of our day to confound civilization with Christianity. Ask such a man to enumerate what Christianity has done for man and he will not fail to lay most stress upon the progress which has been affected in the conveniences of life. He will instance the great improvement on transportation, the multiplied means of commercial activity, the street car, the telephone and the personal comfort to be found in a well-furnished city home. If questioned closely upon the essentials of Christianity he will admit that his descrip-

tion is not a definition. He has said enough, however, to convince a clear mind that his concept of Christianity is basically false. By civilization is meant the progress which man has made from barbarism to his present position in learning, arts, educational methods, commercial status, and all that men hold desirable in the present life, viewing these out of all relation with the life to come. As a matter of fact not one of these enter into the essence of Christianity. To be a good Christian one need not be highly educated; a poor man has as good an opportunity to enlist himself among the true followers of Christ as a rich man; the nineteenth century offers few advantages over the first in this respect; nor is genius the open door to the Christian life. Christianity is a new dispensation of Divine Providence, which has replaced the older or Jewish dispensation. It is a fuller manifestation of the Divine mercy towards men. It implies a religious system in its widest meaning, its beliefs and practices, its organization and ritual, and finally its actual history throughout all the ages since its inception.

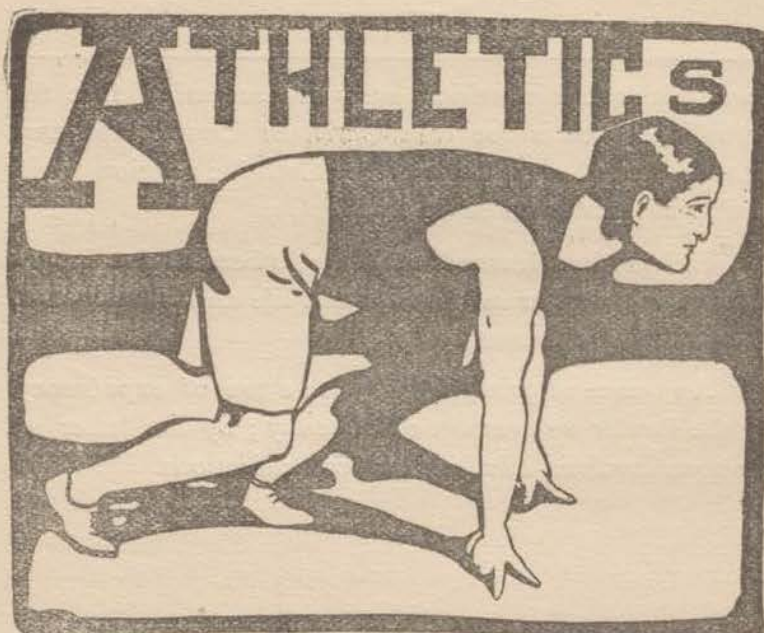
When, therefore, we look back over the ages since Christianity first began to insinuate itself into the daily life of man, we must judge it, not by the conditions of men in some past age, when brought into comparison with our own; but by weighing carefully the work it did in that particular age. Thus it would be unfair to Shakespeare to judge his morals by modern standards of propriety. It is equally unfair to Christianity and to its proper exponent, the Catholic Church, to condemn them because in the middle ages or in the still more distant periods of the barbarian invasions of Rome many customs were tolerated, and even laws enacted, which the present generation would severely condemn. A broader view of the past would obviate the necessity of much apologetic writing which concern these early periods, and a more profound knowledge of history would correct many of the narrow and bigoted aspersions which have been cast upon the Church by its enemies. It would do

more. It would convince every honest mind that the Catholic Church is the true Christian Church, and that with the spread or absence of the Catholic religion, civilization has advanced or declined.

He who has learned to judge others as he judges himself, is a master in the christian life and is beloved of all but the very meanest.

An ounce of principle is worth a ton of expediency. By the former we ever act consistently ; by the latter we are soon involved in a maze of contradictions.





SENIOR HANDBALL LEAGUE.

On March 9, the Senior Handball League closed when Rhetoric again defeated Belles Lettres in a hard fought game. This left III Year one game to the good of the poets, who in turn were two ahead of the Orators. The Philosophical teams relied too much on theories and were lacking in dead butts. The combine fulfilled all expectations and finished last. The best games of the season were those between III Year and Belle Lettres, of which the latter won two out of three, and those between Belles Lettres and Rhetoric, of which the Orators won two to the Poets' one. The strength of III Year lay in the fact that they took three easy games from the Rhetoricians. At the close the standing of the teams was as follows:—

| | Won. | Lost. | Per Cent. |
|---------------------|---------|---------|-----------|
| III Year..... | 13..... | 2..... | 867 |
| Belles Lettres..... | 12..... | 3..... | 800 |
| Rhetoric..... | 10..... | 5..... | 666 |
| Philosophy I..... | 5..... | 10..... | 333 |
| Philosophy II..... | 3..... | 12..... | 200 |
| Combine..... | 2..... | 13..... | 123 |

As a fitting close of the Handball season the international games between the Irish, Germans and French took place on the seventeenth of March. The Germans had been touted as easy winners, as they had Klick and Busch to uphold their rights. The French also boasted greatly of their team, the same as they had last year, Robinet and Theoret. The Irish did not say much as they were forced to rely on an entirely new team, McQuillan and Hartnett. The first game was a walk-away for the French, as they easily defeated the Germans by a score of 21 to 4. The next, however, furnished the real interest of the day when McQuillan and Hartnett gave the winners, Robinet and Theoret, a hard battle. Dead butts were frequent and the sensational playing of both teams kept the crowd continually in suspense. The French finally won the game by the close score of 21 to 18. In the afternoon we enjoyed a house walk.

JUNIOR HANDBALL LEAGUE.

The junior handball league was easily won by Toohey and Brennan. The real fight was for second place, which O'Neil and Whelan finally succeeded in landing. Hetherington and Egan tied for third place with Francis and Kunath. Teams IV and VII never were in the race. The following is a summary of the season:—

| | Won | Lost | Per Cent |
|------------------------------|-----|------|----------|
| I { Toohey Brennan } | 11 | 1 | 917 |
| II { O'Neil Whelan } | 8 | 4 | 667 |
| III { Hetherington Egan } | 7 | 5 | 583 |
| V { Francis Kunath } | 7 | 7 | 583 |
| VI { Lankin Ashe } | 6 | 6 | 500 |
| IV { Sharkey Morand } | 2 | 10 | 167 |
| VII { Harper Swinehart } | 1 | 11 | 083 |

TAI KUN HANDBALL LEAGUE.

In what was a close fight from the start to the finish of the season, the I. Academic A won the Tai Kun handball league. II. Commercial was unlucky in that both of its teams finished on the bottom. The standing of the teams at the finish were as follows :

| | Won | Lost | Per Cent |
|--------------------------|-----|------|----------|
| I Academic, A..... | 7 | 1 | 875 |
| I Commercial, A..... | 6 | 2 | 750 |
| I Academic, B..... | 5 | 3 | 625 |
| I Academic, C..... | 5 | 3 | 625 |
| Graduating Commercial... | 7 | 1 | 875 |
| III Academic..... | 4 | 4 | 500 |
| I Commercial, A..... | 1 | 7 | 125 |
| II Commercial, B..... | 0 | 8 | 000 |

Basket-Ball.

Our second season of Basket-ball closed on Thursday, March 11, when we again met defeat. This time it was by the close score of 13 to 11, at the hands of the fast Mohawks, of Detroit. Just previous to this the St. Louis team of Detroit had beaten us by a score of 46 to 30. Hartnett returned from his sojourn in the hospital in time to take part in the last two games. Lack of team work, however, was responsible for both defeats. In the last game a new player was tried out at guard. But he was slow at his position and rather weakened than strengthened the team. Drouillard, Curran and Blackwell played a good game. Drouillard has led this season in the scoring both from the field and from the foul line. The following composed the representative team during the past season : Drouillard (Capt.), Blackwell (Sec.), Curran, Hartnett, Busch, McGinnis and Harper.

Base Ball.

During the past two weeks the handball alley and gymnasium have been practically deserted. All the athletes have been busy getting into shape for the coming

season of base ball. The old men are out working hard to retain their positions, while the new men are striving even harder to make a place on the team. Busch, our syncopated first baseman is the captain of this year's representatives and Moriarity is secretary. On the Stella's diamond Leo Kennedy, our lone southpaw, is captain, and "Coonie" McQuillan the receiving end of our star battery, is secretary. Several men are trying for each position and some hot practice is indulged in by all the aspirants. Klick, our old reliable, and Kennedy will do the twirling with Frank McQuillan or Drouillard catching. Busch is as fast as ever on first and is almost sure of his place. Moriarity, Costello, Ryan, Fillion, Curran and Robinet are candidates for the other infield positions. For the outfield we have Brighton, Bertrand, Moran, O'Rourke, McKeon and Hartnett. Of the new men, Curran seems most likely to secure a place on the infield. He is big and strong and has already played on one of the strongest amateur teams in Michigan. O'Rourke handled himself well on short on one or two occasions, during the fall term, in class games. Bertrand is working hard and should have a good chance to make the team. Among the old players who tried for a place last year, several will make the attempt again and should make good material to pick from.





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. J. F. Stanley, '98, of Woodstock, Ont., is still at St. Joseph's Hospital, London, Ont. Fr. Stanley is suffering from typhoid fever and was so seriously ill for a while that no one was allowed to see him. He is somewhat better now however, and his complete recovery is earnestly expected.

Leo Pilliod, Commercial, '04, is at present the senior member of the firm of Pilliod and Husing, conducting a large farm supply business at Grand Rapids, Mich.

Rev. F. P. White, '01, has been compelled to abandon his duties at St. Peter's Cathedral, London, Ont., owing to a general break down in his health, and has gone to his home in an endeavor to regain his strength. We hope Fr. White's illness will not be for long and that he will soon be able to return to his duties.

Frank L. Madden, a former student of Assumption, and now attending Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Indiana, has been elected Wampum keeper of the Michigan Tribe of the University. This is a society composed of Michigan students and takes its official names from the Aborigenes of the country.

Leo Costello, '07, of London, Ont., is now in Providence, R. I., where he will play ball with the Providence team in the Eastern League.

Mr. Denis O'Connor, '05, St. Augustine, Ont., who is awaiting his ordination to the Holy Priesthood at London, Ont., was suddenly called home recently by the sad death of his mother. She sustained a bad fall in her home and while suffering from this, contracted pneumonia which resulted in her death. We wish to extend our sincerest sympathy to Mr. O'Connor in his sad bereavement.

Frank J. McIntyre, '96, has made a success as a song writer and musical composer as will be seen from the following clipping from a Detroit daily :

"One of the big hits of the season in the New York theatricals is Frank J. McIntyre as 'The Travelling Salesman.' McIntyre is an Ann Arbor, Mich., product. He is being starred, and the production is now nearing its 200th performance. McIntyre has made himself famous as a comedian. There is another angle to his career of which the public do not know so much. He is a musician of no mean ability."

The future star of musical comedies, while still a resident of the Michigan University town, studied piano and musical composition there, where the opportunities along that line are said to be second to few in the country. He has written a number of songs during his busy stage life since that time. His latest song is entitled, "Sociability." It was written and composed for use in "The Travelling Salesman" production, and is being sung nightly to the delight of big New York audiences.

Chronicle.

Washington crossed the Delaware,
And Caesar crossed the Rubicon,
But we marched down to Hotel Dieu,
And marched right home, dog-gone!

The holy week services at the church of the Assumption, will be resumed as usual and attended by the students.

The base ball campus is undergoing a vigorous repair and is already in good condition.

We regret to have to chronicle some of "Park's" misdeeds. Not long ago, he tried to usurp the Presidential authority in the Refectory, and another dark rumour is afloat in the Roller Rink, concerning an attempt to spill some of his grey matter on a friend's skate, which resulted in a broken roller skate, and "Park's" exit to the infirmary.

The elections for the Stella base ball aggregation were held March 11th, Mr. Leo Kennedy was elected captain and Frank McQuillan secretary.

That glorious season for which we have so ardently longed, when we could grasp the leather covered sphere and send it whizzing across the campus, is at least creeping about us from all sides. The atmosphere about the "campus" is filled with a network of base balls, while every dry tuft of earth is held down by an enthusiastic twirler. If the same enthusiasm is displayed every day for a month we need not fear even Suggs, should he have occasion to appear on our slab again this season.

But remember Stellas, let not your enthusiasm be so limited as to allow you to neglect doing your share in the care of the base ball field.

The club house is nearing completion, and soon will be at the disposal of all. We, as students, owe many thanks to Rev. Fr. Murphy, who has expended every effort in its erection and completion.

A very successful debate by St. Basil's Literary Society, in the Dramatic Hall, was witnessed by the faculty and student body. The subject of the debate was, "Resolved that it is advisable for California to pass an Exclusion Bill against the Japanese." The upholders of the bill were Messrs. Flanagan, O'Rourke and Merkle, while Messrs. Costello, Kennedy and Gannon argued pro-Jap. The arguments were well treated by each, and it was instructing as well as interesting throughout. The debate was close and up to the very last, the discussion was in doubt but the presiding judges, Revs. Fr. Murphy, Fr. Pageau and Mr. W. Murray gave the decision to the negative.

ERIN GO BRAGH.

On the eve of the 17th of March, the most successful burnt cork production ever witnessed here, was given by a number of the students. The dramatis personae for the minstrel were:—

| | |
|-------------------|----------------|
| Interlocutor..... | James Harding. |
| Washington..... | Dave Maloney. |
| Chocolate..... | Leo Kennedy. |
| Rastus..... | F. McQuillan. |
| Tambo..... | W. Egan. |
| Raffles..... | W. Gannon. |
| Sambo..... | L. Roberge. |
| Uncle Tom..... | W. Moffatt. |
| Bones..... | E. McQuillan. |

Mr. J. Gleeson opened the evening's entertainment with a speech on St. Patrick, in which the speaker depicted the many virtuous qualities of the great saint.

After an overture by the orchestra entitled "Irish Medley" the curtain went up to view the minstrels in a rousing chorus "Assumption Forever." This was follow-

ed by a series of "coon" witticisms, that held the audience in a fit of laughter throughout. "Sambo," or Mr. Roberge off the stage, made a hit with the gallery by the bunch of parodies he sang to the tune of the lost chord. Two monologues were delivered, one, "How Father became an Elk," by Leo Kennedy, and the other a few "lucidatin" facts on Scientifics, by W. Gannon. Mr. Dave Maloney applied practical phrenology to the interlocutor's head and his outspoken opinions created a roar. Mr. Moffatt, in realistic nigger style, told how he averted a railroad wreck, and his stuttering blunders made the piece rich. His epitaphs, too, brought tears (of laughter) in abundance to the eyes of the audience. Mr. Frank McQuillan as the hero in the melodramatic climax, which brought the audience to their feet, played his part excellently. Messrs. McQuillan and Egan, the end men, filled their important parts splendidly. The musical numbers provided by Messrs. M. Brisson, Hetherington and Egan and the Quartette, composed of the McQuillan brothers, Egan and Roberge, were no mean features of the performance. The minstrel part was closed in real Whitney style and the olio opened with a sketch by Messrs. J. Gleeson, F. McQuillan and L. Roberge entitled "The Baseball Crank." Each role was played in professional style, and the playlet was accompanied throughout by the hearty applause of the audience. Messrs. Harding and Moffatt furnished the third act with a farce, "The Wrong Bottle." W. Moffatt assumed the role of the "Irishman" and J. Harding that of the Professor. Each did full justice to his part, and the farce was a fitting close to an excellent entertainment.

Our congratulations are extended to the boys, and especially to Mr. Harding, who was the prime factor in its promotion and production.

On March 23rd, the work set for the previous meeting was carried out by St. Basil's Literary Society.

Mr. Fillion, the first speaker for the evening, opened the program with a very interesting panegyric on Presi-

dent Lincoln. The speaker showed the steady gradation in the life of one of America's greatest statesmen and presidents, from the humble "Rail-splitter" to the renowned "Honest Abe," whose name will ever be conspicuous in the annals of American History. "Christianity is not opposed to Philosophy," said Mr. J. Emery, who delivered an essay to that effect full of philosophical reasoning and elaborate descriptions. Mr. C. J. Merkle followed Mr. Emery with a sketch on the life of Ignatius Loyola, which was interesting and instructive. Mr. A. Finn entertained the audience with a speech on Alexander Pope. He full treated the merits of the great poet. The meeting was adjourned after an essay on the "Origin of Our English Drama" by Mr. W. Rottach, who showed that it dated back to the festivals in honor of the Grecian Diety Bacchus.

Our visitors during the past month were: Rev. R. L. Marker; Fr. Van Antwerp; V. Rev. Grand, C. S. B.; L. Renaud; J. B. Collins; P. O. Donahue, V. General Meunier; Rev. C. Keely; Rev. D. J. Downey; Rev. H. M. Robert; Rev. J. Smith.

The Dramatic Club assembled in their hall for a very entertaining meeting March 30th. As usual the programme was opened with a physical drill and followed by Mr. Scarnecchia, who delivered a very interesting reading, "All's Well that End's Well." Mr. Brehler gave a dramatic recitation entitled "The Conquered Banner." Lastly, Mr. Emery very vigorously personated a member of parliament in his own defense. After the criticisms on the evening's programme the meeting adjourned for two weeks.

We are indebted to Rev. J. Connolly, of Ingersoll, for a large box of books, especially for Robebackers "L'Histoire de l' Eglise," in thirteen volumes, which will add greatly to the College library. Fr. Connolly, in making the gift, was prompted by the love which he has long held towards Archbishop O'Connor.

On Friday, March 25th, the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin held its annual reception, and over twenty new members joined the society. Preparatory to the reception Fr. Semande, the Director, addressed the postulants, explaining the objects of the Sodality and the obligations on the Sodalists. The ceremony was then performed, Messrs. Harding and Rottach, officers of the society acting as sponsors.

LEO. W. KENNEDY, '12.

Exchanges.

Most of the March Exchanges do honor to St. Patrick, the patron of Ireland, either by their attractive covers of green or by dedicating a portion of the magazine to him.

Among the March Exchanges we greet the *Student* with a hearty welcome. "The Honor of the College" is a well written article, telling us in story form what is daily happening in athletics in many of our Colleges. While a lively and beautiful description abounds in "The Quest of a Mermaid," take warning of the evening's conversation as your dreams may prove fatal. The other departments are not slighted in the least.

The *University of Ottawa Review* was welcomed for the first time this year and we hope it will be one of our regular exchanges. Between its covers is an abundance of varied reading matter on topics of great interest. "L'Eglise Des Saints," is a very beautiful word picture. "Progress of Japan," is the title of an interesting and instructive essay, giving in a few words the whole history of Japan from its infancy to the present day. "Jeanne D'Arc," and "Pitt-Bismarck: A Comparison," give evidence of care and research. The Science Notes are also worthy of mention.

Again the *College Spokesman*, hailing from St. Joseph's College, Dubuque, Iowa, has greeted us with its quarterly

visit. To say that we found the visit thoroughly interesting would be only expressing our sentiments mildly. The perusal of the *Spokesman* not only afforded us many delightful moments but we found the time spent profitably. The *College Spokesman* has always occupied a prominent place in our sanctum and this issue has not depreciated our opinion in the least. Judging from the size of the magazine we venture to assert that the *Spokesman* would have sufficient material to issue a bi-monthly or even a monthly. Among the essays, "Jeanne D'Arc in Literature," and "Religion and the Drama" are worthy of the highest commendation. "The Knight of the Black Initial" abounds in excellent descriptions, but from the fact that it is moulded after the Tournament scene of Scott's *Ivanhoe*, we have to pass the sentence of lack of originality. Several poems scattered here and there give the magazine a tone of variety of which "Jeanne D'Arc" and "Ariel" are the longest. The Editorial Department is not slighted, for in it we find live, up-to-date subjects discussed in a clear and forcible style.

The *Vox Studentis* also made its first appearance at our sanctum, and we congratulate the editors on its neatness and excellent cuts. "The Elbow Curve," and "A Soldier of the Queen," are its most important articles. The former is a baseball story, showing what a name or reputation will accomplish in this world, while the latter is an essay displaying the bravery of a small regiment of British soldiers who fought in South Africa. While the Athletics and Joke departments are given due attention, we might suggest that a few poems be added for variety sake.

We also gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following: *Nazarene*, *Laurel*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *Xavier*, *Catholic Record*, *Augustinian*, *Echoes from the Pines*, *Patrician*, *St. Mary's Sentinel*, *Niagara Index*, *Collegian*, *Exponent*, *Fordham Monthly*, *St. Mary's Messenger*.

Nova et Vetera.

ASK ANCHISES.

If all that Homer says be true,
 Aeneas escaped the sack of Troy,
 We put this question up to you,
 "Who could have bagged that husky boy?"

EARLY WIT.

Room 25 : It is time to get up.
 Room 23 : No, it is only 5 o'clock.
 R. 25 : I heard the clock strike 6 times.
 R. 23 : Don't go by that clock, it stutters.

"Have you noticed," said Jim Robinson lately,
 "that we never take so much pleasure in another's joy as
 when that other is laughing at one of our jokes."

Physic Teacher : Heat makes things expand and
 cold contracts them.

J. Young : That accounts for the fact that the days
 are longer in summer than in winter.

COLLEGE EPIGRAMS.

Here lies the body of Aloysius Ashe
 Who fell on the ice with an awful crash.
 Anthony Scarnecchia lies in this grave
 For on Washington's Day, a long sermon he gave.
 Beneath this sod lies William Flannagan,
 No tears are needed—he was a Yannigan.
 But shed a few tears for Cassius Kelly
 Who was doubled in two by a pain in the stomach.
 In this grave lies Tom O'Rourke,
 Who lost his life while dodging work.
 And beside him lies poor Louis J.,
 Who called Tim Moran an "A. P. A."
 This grave belongs to Walter Rottach,
 Whose life was cut short by a rap in the jaw.
 Do not mourn for poor Dick Ryan,
 For now he's gone, so there's no use cryin'.
 But say a few prayers for poor Bill Gannon,
 Who sat on the business end of a cannon.
 And also for his friend, John Young,
 Who learned elocution but punctured a lung.
 This world has lost poor Joseph Bell,
 I certainly hope he's gone to Heaven.

W. C. MOFFATT, '09.

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