

4-1909


Assumption College Review: Vol. 2: no. 8 (1909: May)

Assumption College

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholar.uwindsor.ca/assumptioncollegereview>



Part of the [Public History Commons](#)



ASSUMPTION COLLEGE REVIEW

Sandwich, Ontario

MAY, 1909.



Editors of the "Review," 1908-1909.

L. J. Roberge, W. T. Corcoran, W. Rottach,
J. A. Harding, *Bus. Man.* W. C. Moffatt, *Editor*,

F. G. McQuillan,

L. M. Kelly,

L. Kennedy,
A. Scarnecchia.

Assumption College Review

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

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

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

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

VOL. II.

MAY, 1909.

No. 8.

May.



T last our Lady's month is here,
The sweetest one in all the year,
The sunny charming month of May,
Which, from these lands, has driven away
King Winter to another zone,
And peaceful Spring usurps his throne.

The sun, his glorious power displays,
In sending forth his brilliant rays,
On trees and buds and lowly flowers,
Which, peeping forth from vernal bowers,
Warm and cheer our slumbering earth,
And fill the hearts of all, with mirth.

But all these flowers, we gladly lay
Before the joyful Queen of May.
The same, whose noble heart was rent,
Whose frame was racked and shoulders bent,
By every wound her Son received
In His weary passion, unrelieved.

Her suffering o'er, with humble mien
We call this Maiden Mother, "Queen,"
And confidently at her feet,
Her blessed name, we oft repeat
In offering up our prayers and tears
That she may deign to calm our fears.

Now Mary reigns upon that throne,
Pre-ordained for her alone,
While saints and angels round her sing
"Hail! Mother of our God and King,"
And on the earth full joyously,
Man's homage proves her royalty."

—WILLIAM C. MOFFATT, '09.

Sir John Thompson.



THE Maritime Provinces have become famous for the men they have produced, and the broad Dominion of Canada stands forth as the glorious field of their labours and ability. The name of Sir Charles Tupper is stamped in vivid letters upon the pages of provincial, national and imperial history. The eloquence of Joseph Howe still thunders down through the years which have passed since his wonderful voice was hushed in death. But history will probably say that the career of Sir John Thompson was more remarkable than either of these. His humble birth, his rapid rise, his lofty patriotism, his great honors, his dramatic death—all combine to render the life of the fourth Premier of Canada, the most eventful and marvellous in the national annals.

There was, however, nothing in his surroundings to indicate such a future when, on November 10, 1844, John Sparrow David Thompson, was born at Halifax—the son of a poor editor and a good, pious, but humble, mother. He had few advantages, saving those which lie in a public school education and in the influences of a cultured home, where all the proud traditions of mingled Irish and Scottish descent were cherished, and made a means of inducing love and loyalty to his country and to his God.

His father, a literary man of no mean ability and a co-editor with Joseph Howe, was the reverse of wealthy and the youth had to work his way upwards by his own personal exertions. Permeated, as he was, with a desire of domestic pleasures, and a love of retirement, John Thompson sacrificed it all to love of country. For this he was willing to give up the ease and luxury, the dignity and emoluments, the comfort and domesticity which came from a high position on the bench. For this he

toiled at Ottawa, for this he labored at Washington, for this he sat through long sessions of parliament, for this he made political speeches, which he detested, for this he declined the Chief Justiceship of Canada, and for this he ultimately sacrificed his life.

Love of work and an appreciation of its importance was another of his prominent characteristics. It was hard study that made him a lawyer. It was application that gained for him eminence on the bench and at the bar. It was deep thought that produced the parliamentary speeches that made him famous, and it was love of duty that kept him at a debate in the House when he knew his little girl was dying.

A stern sense of justice, too, was one of the deepest traits in his character. Yet in spite of his harshness to criminals and the apparent coldness of his manner and disposition, the fourth Premier was essentially warm-hearted and sympathetic. He gave freely to the poor and contributed largely to religious purposes, but always quietly and without ostentation. Hence it was not unnatural that Sir John Thompson died poor. Of his personal honesty and incorruptibility, many instances could be given, but it is enough to note that he died poor, although he had been in a position where he could have grasped at wealth; but to mention such a possibility is to insult the sacred memory of a man whose love of religion and whose appreciation of its ordinances was the most deep-seated influence of his life. Strong and earnest in his beliefs and firm in his convictions, never once did he intrude religion into politics. Hence he proved to the ignorant and the prejudiced that a Roman Catholic could win the love of his Protestant countrymen, and through them reach the highest position in the Dominion.

It is impossible to give full justice to the character of this man, but its leading features—his love of country and love of home, regard for religion and love of justice, loyalty to the Empire and devotion to duty may be considered as the basis of his success in life—the root from

which sprang popular approval and regard, the love of his queen and of his country, the qualities which insured his rise from the reporter's chair to the lawyer's office, and thence to be alderman of his city, member of the Provincial Legislature, Premier of his Province, Judge, Minister of Justice for the Dominion, Premier of Canada and at last Privy Councillor of Great Britain.

At the early age of fifteen he commenced the study of law as a clerk in Halifax, and was called to the bar in 1865, when barely twenty-one. His reputation increased with astonishing rapidity so that when he had been at the bar but little more than two years he had won the respect and confidence of the bench and of his professional brethren. Simplicity, sincerity and firmness seems to have been the predominant qualities of the lawyer, as they were afterwards of the judge and statesman. In 1870, at the age of twenty-six, he married a Miss Annie Affleck, of Halifax, to whom he was ever the most devoted of husbands; as he was to his children a most thoughtful and tender parent; and four years later he was acclaimed an alderman of his city.

Meanwhile an important epoch in his career was at hand. The time had now come for Mr. John S. D. Thompson to rise from the provincial sphere of legal practice and to take a place amongst the leading lawyers of the Dominion. He had already made himself felt before the bench of Nova Scotia, and he had thoroughly familiarized himself with the law and practice of his own Province; but as yet the sphere had been too limited for fame. But in 1877 came the chance for one who had proved himself an able lawyer to show whether he also possessed the qualities of a politician and a statesman. A vacancy had occurred in the representation of Antigonish county, in the House of Assembly, and a movement at once commenced for the nomination of Alderman Thompson. During the brief campaign of a week that followed, he made ten speeches in the constituency, for which, in fluency and ease, grace and vigor of expression,

he was without a peer. His opponent, a Mr. Joseph MacDonald, who received the strong support of the local government, was well known in politics and it was a marvellous victory when, with a majority of 517 Mr. Thompson was elected to the House.

In 1878 he received the portfolio of Attorney-General with, as the *Halifax Herald* said, "a reputation as clear as noon-day from all charges and even all suspicions." For four years the political warfare, sweeping the province, had not abated, and for four years Thompson was always at the front fighting in the ranks.

But important changes were pending, and on the 25th of May, 1882, it was announced that a re-construction of the Cabinet had taken place, owing to the resignation of the Premier, Mr. Holmes; and a new Ministry was formed with the Hon. John S. D. Thompson at its head as Premier and Attorney-General. But he was destined to hold the position for only a very brief period. Dissolution followed early in June, and in the elections on June 20th, the new Government was defeated by five, although the Premier himself was again returned for Antigonish, and placed on the Supreme Court of the Province. Bigotry and scurrilous attacks had done their work—the battle was now over—Thompson had ceased to be Premier—he had again fallen to the ranks—his star of political success appeared to have paled forever, and he had assumed at the early age of thirty-eight, the ermine of the Provincial Justiciary. Biting criticisms and rumors filled the air—"he had deserted his party in the time of need," "he should have stayed by the political ship in defeat as well as in victory." Yet in spite of these, all predicted for him a brilliant judicial career. Personally he displayed many of the qualities of an ideal judge. He was prompt in decision, fertile in precedent, courteous to his opponents and possessed of a persistent shrewdness peculiar to the judicial mind.

But Judge Thompson was not destined to live in peace. In 1885, when Sir John A. MacDonald announc-

ed that the most important port-folio in the Cabinet—the Ministry of Justice—had been offered to a Nova Scotian judge whom he had never seen, there were undoubted and natural expressions of surprise. The opening of Parliament in 1886 was, perhaps, the most critical period in the life of the new Minister of Justice. Honest, industrious, clear-headed and courageous, with a thorough mastery of his profession and a patriotic ambition to be useful in his day and generation, but unknown as a speaker to the whole of his critical and prejudiced audience in the House, Mr. Thompson had to face the oratorical graces of the Hons. Wilfred Laurier, Edward Blake, and a score of others who were borne by the excitement of the time to the crest of a storm tossed political wave. His defense of the Government against these men, concerning the death of Louis Riel, was the first question in his new office, and he treated it well. The government was saved from censure, and the echoes of the speech delivered by the new Minister of Justice had permeated every part of the Dominion, and the man from Nova Scotia, the stranger who had entered the great arena of debate and had overthrown the invincible Blake, now found himself famous as a lawyer and a speaker.

In 1887 the new Minister of Justice was brought into personal contact with the people of Ontario. Hitherto he had been a sort of political myth, powerful in Parliament but unknown personally to the public. He was now to be introduced by the Chieftain himself and to take a leading part in the battle upon which depended the fate of the party, for, as Ontario went, so also would go the country. On the 11th of November, Sir John A. MacDonald and the Hon. John S. D. Thompson started on their political tour; in each place they visited, the latter generally opening the ball with a powerful speech.

At Owen Sound, on November 15th, when the tour commenced, the reception was particularly enthusiastic. Mr. Thompson was warmly received and brought ringing cheers from one of the greatest audiences of politicians

in the Dominion. Everywhere it was the same, and on February 12th the ballot box settled the destinies of Canada for a few years more. The Maritime Provinces returned a solid Conservative contingent, Mr. Thompson being again returned by a majority of forty; while in September of the same year, the work done by the lawyer-statesman was rewarded by Her Majesty, the Queen, with a Knight Commandership of the distinguished order of St. Michael and St. George, which he accepted with that loyal appreciation natural to true modesty and genuine ability.

For a time the country was at rest. But when on the twenty-fourth of May, 1891, it became known that Sir John A. MacDonald was seriously ill, the electors began to think of a new leader. For two long weeks a sorrowing people, a sympathetic Empire, a loving Queen, and a personal friend, Sir John Thompson, the new K. C. M. G., watched beside the sick bed at Earncliffe, where the greatest of Colonial statesmen, the Father of Canadian Confederation, and the Champion of Imperial Unity, lay fighting his last sad and hopeless battle which no speech, no ballot could avert. With the passing of the Chief, the minds of all turned at once to his successor. Who could it be? Who more capable of saving the country from political chaos than the renowned Minister of Justice? But when His Excellency, the Governor, summoned Sir John, the latter hesitated, and he advised that the Hon. Mr. Abbott be sent for. After an hour's consultation with the latter, at which Mr. Thompson was present, it was announced that the Hon. J. J. C. Abbott had accepted the duty of forming a Cabinet, but it was well known that the Minister of Justice was leader of the House in fact, if not in name. A stormy session of scandals which followed, forced the new Premier to retire and make way for the real leader, who had already received his commission from the Earl of Aberdeen.

The accession to nominal as well as real power, of the man who was now to steer the ship of state amid the

shoals and rocks of prejudice and strife was well received throughout the country, and during the four troublesome years which followed, the Catholic Premier proved himself capable of holding together a weakened, almost shattered party, in the face of a terrible loss and in the teeth of serious charges from a strong and united opposition. It was indeed a severe trial, but, as on previous occasions, he rose to the emergency and came through it all with flying colors as a parliamentary leader, a debater and a minister.

But the end was near. Late in October the Prime Minister was to take a trip to Europe, partly in order to be sworn in as a member of the Imperial Privy Council and partly as a rest after the arduous labors of a prolonged session. Sir John was in poor health, but only himself and his physicians, who had ordered him to absolute rest, were aware of the danger. The country was at rest and while the broad Dominion of Canada was looking forward to the honor about to be given to its leading statesman; while his friends were awaiting his return, crowned with Royal approval and vigorous in the enjoyment of renewed health and strength; the Angel of Death was in reality hovering about his head, and the shadow of Eternity was sweeping down upon a life that could ill be spared. The advice of specialists, that work was to be given up entirely, was disregarded, despite the fact that his life would be the forfeit. Here was displayed that personal patriotism of the man and that devotion to duty which had always been such a prominent trait in his character.

From the day he reached London, the Premier became hopelessly involved in work, hurrying that he might sail for home on the nineteenth of December, so as to spend Christmas with his family. On the morning of the fatal 11th, he landed at Windsor Castle, where, at half-past one, he was sworn in by Her Majesty as a member of the Imperial Council. It was a romantic and magnificent scene. Here, in the ancient home of the

Sovereign of England, where for ages loyalty and valor had been similarly rewarded; where the warriors of the land had knelt in homage to Britain's Monarchs, here, the greatest ruler of them all was calling to her side the leader from that loyal land across the sea.

But the act of homage was hardly over; the well-won honor had only just been received; the ink was scarcely dry in that new signature to that roll of illustrious names; when the hand of death intervened and closed a career of loyal and devoted service. Yes, at a moment when Canadians were reading with pleasure the triumphs of their brother; when his family and friends were rejoicing over his announced return; there came the woe-fu! tidings of that dramatic death within the historic walls of Windsor, and almost at the feet of England's sovereign.

Then Victoria showed her royal nature. By her command, in the home of England's Royalty, was the body of the deceased leader laid in royal state. A Requiem Mass too was celebrated, and was attended by the Royal family and the nobility of England. With her own hand did Victoria place a wreath of laurel on his coffin, bearing her expressions of regard and love. Then standing at the portal of old St. George's, she watched the transfer of the corpse from the Royal hearse to the special train, draped in black, whose funeral coach of mahogany and teak was hung with Canadian flags and black cloth, dotted with silver stars, and in whose centre stood a massive golden Crucifix—a present from the Royal family.

All along the route, millions of people waited in respectful silence and watched it pass. At Portsmouth the casket was removed from the train and carried to the ship by blue-jackets, in front of whom walked the Roman Catholic Bishop in full purple robes, together with the highest of England's prelates and peers, naval and military officers in full uniform, and Major-General Sir John McNeil in a gorgeous purple uniform, representing the Queen.

As the procession began to move, the general silence was broken by a crashing discharge of guns from Nelson's famous war-ships. The Band played the funeral march. The soldiers and marines reversed their arms. The officers saluted. The flags were lowered and the coffin was borne aboard the "Blenheim," whose sides were painted black and whose parlor had been fitted up for the reception of the honored corpse. Here, upon a handsome catafalque, draped with crape-bound flags, and covered with Her Majesty's wreath, surrounded by sentries did the remains of Canada's statesman rest during that mournful voyage. In this remarkable manner then did the Rt. Hon. Sir John Thompson, P. C., K. C. M. G., Q. C., statesman, jurist, and true Canadian, return to the land he had loved so well. Steadily and surely did the great war-ship plough her way across the stormy Atlantic timed to arrive at Halifax on the first day of the new year, where the last of national honors had still to be conferred upon its departed leader, who was being borne from England's shores with honors, greater than was ever showered on monarchs or heroes of the past.

Thus after having a war-ship for a hearse—a great sovereign and a mighty empire as mourners—two great countries and a rolling ocean as the scene of his funeral procession—one of the mightiest ships in the British Navy as his bier—thus while the cannon of the proudest Empire in the world boomed forth his requiem, was Sir John Thompson, the leader of his country laid at rest.

“Dead at the crest, the crown
And blossom of his fortunes, this strong son,
Of our great realm sank down,
Beneath the load of honors scarcely won.”

—WILLIAM C. MOFFATT, '09.

The Lamp of the Madonna.



IT is customary in many families who truly venerate the holy Mother of God, to suspend before her image a lamp, which is lit on Saturdays, and on the eves of her festivals. There are people who cannot understand this custom, but might do so if they had been with me in the city of Constance on a recent morning. A young lady entered a well-known hostelry, accompanied by two boys of four and five years of age, the sons of aristocratic parents. Before taking their usual places at table, they went at once to a large bust of Emperor William I. There the young governess lifted up each child to enable it to touch the lips of the sovereign with tips of their fingers, which they first kissed, and then to offer a little nosegay. If such an act of homage was correct, why not the lighting of a lamp before the image of the Mother of God? And so we claim that where the latter is done in a Christian house it is only the observance of a good old usage. Moreover, it is a custom full of deep meaning, and wherever introduced in a family cannot fail to bring with it blessings, especially where the welfare of children is concerned. In Rome it is an ancient practice. In almost every dwelling one finds a lamp burning before the image of Mary. Even in the Osterias, and the little shops of the small merchants the votive lights are found; and in the evening hundreds of lamps are alight on the corners of houses, in the windows and casements. All in honor of Mary.

II.

Since time immemorial such a lamp had burned before an old image of the Mother of God at the corner of the dwelling of the wealthy Signor Paolo Ferosé. Paolo was not bad-hearted, only a little avaricious, as many another is inclined to be. One evening, it was Saturday,

he entered his home in the best of humor, and called to his wife: "Cesca, I have agreeable news for thee, something very important."

Here his little ten year old daughter interrupted him, crying out: "Wait a moment father, until I have lighted the Madonna's lamp outside. I wish to hear the news also."

"Make haste then, Miss Inquisitive, and be back soon."

In a few moments she returned with the words: "I have lit the lamp, said an Ave, and saluted the Madonna with a kiss of the hand. Now, papa, what is the great news?"

"I have at last, leased our home, and, not to several people, but to one only, and at double the rental. Is not that therefore luck?"

"Certainly, certainly," cried mother and child. Who is the new tenant, one of the new government?"

"Yes, no less than an ambassador to the Re Piedmontese!"

"Alas! probably not even a good Christian!"

"Not a Christian at all," said Paolo emphatically.

"Heaven help us," cried his wife, horrified, "What dost thou say? Not a Christian? Who can it be?"

"It is the Turkish Ambassador," replied Paolo. "I have made the contract, and in two weeks he takes possession. He is a very amiable man, better perhaps than many so-called Christians."

"For example, thyself, who did'st lease the house with the Virgin's statue to a heathen," answered Cesca.

Paolo pretended not to hear this and continued, "He is a good man, but there will soon be an end to the Madonna and her lamp."

"Sanctissima! What sayest thou?" cried the little girl, while Cesca was white with dismay.

"What do you wish," he replied, "You cannot expect the Turk to venerate the Madonna?"

"But the image will not injure him if it remains, neither will the lamp."

"My friends have said"—

"Thy friends—infidels, blasphemers, mockers, fools, loafers, boasters, idlers, what have they said?" replied Cesca.

"That it is proper to remove the Madonna and the lamp. It is no longer modern and does not consort well with the dignity of the new government; and if I remove the statue I shall be mentioned in the newspapers as a good——"

"Remove the statue?" cried Cesca as she stood before her spouse; "Thou wilt offer this insult to my parents who gave us the house—banish the virgin from it? May the Madonna desert thee if thou doest it, and me doubly if I permit the action!"

"And me, and me also!" cried the child excitedly, "No, Papa, the statue must remain on the house!"

"The Turk surely will not object," said Cesca in a more quiet tone, "wait and thou wilt see!"

"Well, then the statue may remain, but the lamp must be removed and no longer lighted, and now not a word more," Paolo replied, and his wife and daughter prudently said no more.

III.

Two weeks after the Ambassador with his black servants moved into the house and was soon at home. Previously Paolo had bidden his daughter to remove the lamp from its position before the statue. She obeyed, but poured the remaining oil into the cavity where the lamp had been, and leaving a nosegay there, she kissed once more the hem of the Virgin's robe. Then she retired, going backwards throwing kisses at the Madonna.

She placed the lamp before her father saying: "Here it is; but I shall beg the heathen to allow the lamp to burn."

"Do not dare!" cried her father.

"Well, I shall, at least, ask God to light the lamp again for His Mother; you cannot forbid that."

The Turk was of aristocratic appearance, grave, yet withal seemed good-natured, and Marietta sought an opportunity of meeting him and placing the matter of the lamp before him. The third day after the new tenant had moved into the house, he discovered the statue below the window and the oil in the cavity where the lamp had been. He stood astounded; Marietta was trembling with excitement. She could contain herself no longer and called to him from the garden: "Signore, there is where the lamp stood." He smiled wonderingly and motioned to her to come up. She flew up the stairway and related why her father had ordered the lamp removed, and what a narrow escape the Madonna had from the same fate. Involuntarily the Ambassador's face clouded and he said to the child: "Thinkest thou I do not venerate the holy Mother of the great Christ? Or, if I did not, I wished to prevent you from doing so? Hasten, and bring the lamp." With a triumphant cry which echoed through the whole house, Marietta ran and in a few moments appeared with the lamp.

The Turk, pointing to it, said something to the servant whom he had summoned, whereupon the latter disappeared. Marietta was still busied putting the lamp in its old place, when the servant returned—bearing in each hand a new lamp.

His master commanded: "Here!" and in a trice there stood before the Madonna, not only one—but three lamps. Then he ordered the slave: "Sambo, every Saturday light these lamps and provide them with oil. Forget it not: else—" and he drew his hand across his throat with an expressive gesture. "Oh! I will attend them on each Saturday," declared Sambo.

"And on the other feasts of the Madonna, when the other lights are burning on the neighboring houses," begged Marietta.

"Yes, yes," answered the Turk, "you shall be the

custodian of the lamps and you shall say when they are to be lit."

"You are very kind, noble sir," said the little girl ;
"the Madonna will be satisfied : I will not forget a day."

And so it came to pass that Paolo was heartily ashamed of his stupidity and want of character, when on the following Saturday three lamps burned brightly before the ancient Madonna, instead of the one he had ordered removed. And this by a command of a Moslem.

The joy that filled the hearts of Cesca and Marietta is not to be described, and the old prophecy once more verified : "All generations shall call me blessed !"

—R. L. MARKER.

From the German of C. Kneminel.



The Sign of Zip.



BIG Horn was a small frontier town which had lately and suddenly sprung into existence. It wasn't properly a town—it wasn't even a village, but still the few inhabitants insisted on calling it Big Horn. Over and above the saloon, general store, post office, (these three were all in the one building—in the one room,) and a half-dozen log shanties, the so-called town was proud of two missionary institutions, one from Boston, the other from New York. They were both made up of women—the former having been sent by the "Boston League for the propagation of the truth to the Infidel," the latter by the "New York Missionary Institute to convert the Red Heathen." The Boston Leaguers had been the first to act. Seeing a chance to convert a large band of Indians who lived in a cluster of wigwams about four miles from Big Horn, they sent out twenty brave Amazons. Of course, as is always the case with women, they couldn't keep their tongues quiet, and long before the expedition set out every paper in New England published the wonderful news. No sooner had the New Yorkers heard about it than they determined to outdo their rivals.

"The idea," said Mrs. Bummeyer, a fat star of the Red Heathen perverters, "of those Boston hypocrites trying to beat us out!"

So, soon after, a Western flyer carried twenty-five delegates from New York over the Western Prairies, until it finally reached Big Horn. The small army did not attack the town by storm for they did not as yet know how strong the enemy were. Before long industrious carpenters had reared a shack not very pleasing to the eye, but good enough for the New Yorkers. The Bostonians had arrived the same day and were installed quite similarly and simultaneously.

One day, Mrs. Hopkins, a New York legionary, was hurrying along towards the grocery when she spied Mrs. Breshoft, a member of the opposite faction. Both were hot-tempered, both were walking in the very middle of the one-plank sidewalk, and both resolved to stay in the middle whether the other moved or not. With the usual feminine pride they quickly shortened the intervening space, heads erect, eyes wandering over the clear blue sky when — thump! Their noses had collided much after the Esquimaux fashion but with a little more force. The red gore flowed freely down their handsome physiognomies, while both looked at each other like tigresses at bay.

"Well! I declare!" it was Mrs. Hopkins, "you have very fine and sociable manners!"

"It's your fault!" shrieked Mrs. Breshoft.

"It's not!" yelled Mrs. Hopkins—yelled as woman only can yell.

"You're a perverter of our golden rule of truth!"

"You dare calumniate me thus!" and with this Mrs. Breshoft received such a tearing, rending scratch down her left cheek that she simply howled for pain. However, her long fingers found a good hold in the queenly growth that fringed Mrs. Hopkin's cranium. This gentle damsel soon found the same hold and they pulled and tugged, scratching and biting, combs and hairpins darkening the atmosphere, until the whole two sects, attracted by the trouble had joined in hostile warfare. The scene that followed can only be imagined, not written. The struggle lasted about fifteen minutes and then the Bostonians withdrew from the scene of conflict in disorderly retreat—defeated.

This, of course, served but to embitter the hostile feelings which already existed between the two. The Leaguers were subdued in body but not in spirit. Every now and then the President would read "The Boston Tea Riot" from an old history to enliven the spirits and courage of her comrades. For a while nothing was thought

of converting the red skins, both sides being too busy in collecting ammunition and so forth. However, one day the Bostonians were terrified, stupified, bewildered, thunder-struck by a sign which hung firmly from the loftiest totem-pole in the Wioux village. The placard read as follows :—

GRAND PICNIC

THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1823,

GIVEN BY "NEW YORK MISSIONARY INSTITUTION."

ALL WIOUX INVITED.

HEAP BIG INJUN.

HEAP BIG FUN.

They determined not to permit it. If they did the Indians were sure to fall under the religious influence of their New York enemies and they would be ruined. "Hash-in-the-face," Indian wizard, prophet, fortune-teller, medicine-man, and regular Delian oracle, would do anything for money. The Bostonians determined to bribe him. They did. Here is how it happened.

Knock! Knock! someone at the door, and Mrs. Hopkins of New York immediately opened.

"Heap big Ingun! Heap big 'ungry!"

Of course, nothing would be refused an Indian, that was policy. The worthy Wioux soon filled up, and sat before the fire-place, legs crossed, gazing with interest into the glowing embers. Of course, the women, curiosity personified, asked to have their fortune told.

"Heap big Injun tell white-man fortune!" and he let out the terrible war-whoop which made all shiver.

He drew a small buckskin bag from underneath his blanket. He shook it and dumped the contents on the floor and mused for a while. Three small and curious articles had fallen in a row before him. Then he began wildly beating his tom-tom.

"Ear of Zula, big and black,
Cut with niger's battle-axe!

z-z-z-z-z-z-z!"

Then with his fingers on the second piece :—

“Eye of Buffalo who one morn,
Gored an Injun with his horn!
i i-i-i-i-i-i-i-i-i!”

Then the third :—

“Paw of rabbit, fast and quick
Killed my father with a stick!
p-p-p-p-p-p-p-p!”

“Z-I-P spells Zip! Zip means heap big rain,
thunder, lightning tomorrow!”

Without another word he rushed out like a demon.

Tomorrow! August 23rd! Picnic day! The New Yorkers stood as if petrified! The decorations were pulled down as quickly as possible to avoid the shower, and the thought was abandoned. It would be postponed of course, the Indians would not come in a storm—of course they wouldn't!

Next morning the sun rose bright and clear over the eastern hills. Not a cloud obscured the blue dome of heaven. The New Yorkers sat silently awaiting the storm but no storm came. But squaws and papooses came by hundreds—all disappointed! Then the New Yorkers saw it all and packed up in a hurry.

As the train pulled slowly out of Big Horn for New York, a band of furious Indians, besmeared with war-paint, waving their tomahawks, and firing their rifles, could be seen over the distant hills towards the town. Their brandished weapons threatened awful menace.

“We're better here than there!” sighed Mrs. Hopkins, the New Yorker.

“We've got 'em at last!” laughed Mrs. Breshoft, of Boston.

—L. C. LEBOEUF, '12.

Recollections of Italy.



URING this month when nature puts on her most beautiful garb, and exhales her richest perfumes, my mind often wanders back to the scenes that surrounded my youth in sunny Italy. They were for me the common scenes of life, the common-place arena of my boyhood. But now that time has thrown a mist of vagueness over the pictures, which I possess of them, it is not strange that they should assume a special charm.

I remember May with its brilliant dawns, with its fields sparkling with myriads of dew-drops, with its displays of daisies, of roses and of poppy flowers rocking, blood-red, in solitary groups on the meadows. The sound of feminine voices is often heard indistinctly from a field where women are at labor.

In this month the Italian peasant girl realizes her hope of joy in the beauties of nature and plucks sweet moments of solace in the very places where she often meets with toils and hardships. The beauty of the flowers and the melodies of the birds inspire her to sing often of love; and when at noon the bells from the village begin to peal in rhythmic chimes to remind the people of the feast which is to take place on the morrow in honor of Mary, she remembers the song she often sang with rapture in her honor, in the church or following the procession; she invokes her name and invites her companions to join her in the litanies or in a hymn, thus making the country re-echo with that most hallowed name.

On May 2, it was the custom in my village, to carry an image of the Blessed Virgin, which had been in olden times the rarest treasure of the Monks in the now abandoned monastery, back to its old shrine for veneration there. The bells make us hurry to church in early morning. The air is soon perfumed by incense; the roads are

strewn with flowers, great volleys are discharged ; and the people move slowly up and down the paths of the hill-sides in a grand procession to the monastery church. The sun looks more bright on that morning, the birds sing more sweetly, and the fields have a sweeter fragrance.

As we approach the monastery church, the small bell of its belfry joins with the distant chimes from the village ; it is the same knell that used to call the Monks to their devotion in the olden days. And Gesualto, the hermit, who dwelt alone in one of the cells, came to meet the procession in his grey habit and surplice ; and with a cross to join in the liturgical chant of the priests and acholytes.

Gesualto was the soul of that abandoned place, the lingering shadow of life in that building long deserted by its inmates. I often heard his voice as it begged for alms at the door of my home in the name of the Madonna. Whether the alms were given or not, Gesualto said several "aves" and then stopped to chat familiarly. He often presented the picture of the Blessed Virgin to my young lips to be kissed. The frame contained a receptacle for pennies, and Gesualto had been able to gather fifty liras after many years.

When least expected, the end came for poor Gesualto. He had no household, no circle of intimate friends to whom he might confide his ills. However there lived with him an old man who had no sympathy with Gesualto, as he scoffed and laughed at the simplicity of the holy solitary. It was with his accustomed sneer and rough jest, that he received Gesualto's story on the morning of the feast of the Assumption. Gesualto declared that he had dreamed that the Madonna had brought him the message of his death. Soon the procession arrived, and when he heard the singing he went out to meet it ; but as service was going on in the monastery church, Gesualto's dream came true. He dropped at the foot of the altar where he was assisting at Mass, and next morning, with the parish priest at his side, he expired, kissing

the picture of the Mother of God which he carried with him in begging alms.

After August 15, which has come back to my memory, associated with the enviable death of Gesualto, the hymns in honor of Mary came to gladden our hearts again on the twenty-second of the same month when companies of pilgrims go to the shrine of the Blessed Virgin in the woods of Carneto. Perhaps the singing of our own pilgrims leaving town came to awaken me and I hurried to the window to catch the music more distinctly. The course of the pilgrimage is towards the mountains which extend in a northwesterly direction. They cross not only the low mountains, rich and shaggy with beech trees, but the farther succession extending along side of them, barren and craggy where the chamois possess the precipices and even bears make their lair. They form a pleasing background to the landscape and stand like a wall, enclosing the solitary forest of Carneto. These having been crossed, there is an endless descent through the growth of beeches and pines, and then the longed-for shrine of Carneto, the nearest place where we used to go for miraculous cures.

How blessed looks that vale, on the day of the feast ! From all directions there come groups of devout pilgrims filling the air with strains of sacred songs. Group after group arrives, forming a picturesque group in diverse costumes.

The shrine belongs to the Commonalty of Sette Frati, a village perched on the neighboring heights, which pays honor to the Mother of God, with generous prodigality of music, pyrotecnics, and church services. At night a procession is formed in which the thaumaturgic image of Mary is carried five miles to Sette Frati.

The story of how the Blessed Virgin acquired her domain over this vale is picked from one of those stories of miraculous events, written in simple verse, which circulate in Italy, and are often sold by persons who adver-

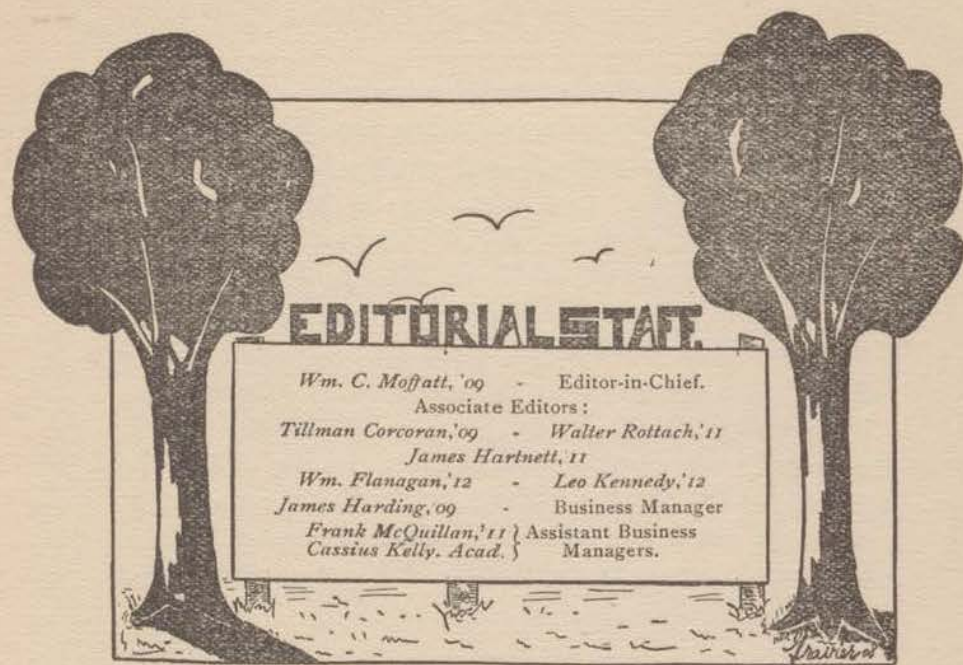
tise them, singing them on the street to the accompaniment of the accordeon or other musical instrument.

The story is that a shepherdess who fed her flock in the village of Carneto, being in great distress because of a continued drought, prayed to the Blessed Virgin, who, appearing to her, led her to the foot of the rock whence she made that beautiful stream of fresh water, beside the shrine, issue forth and irrigate the arid plain.

On August 22, this stream flows with a quantity of sparkling little atoms of matter like miniature stars which seem to tell to the people its supernatural origin. The water of Carneto is used as a remedy especially for diseases of the eyes. The walls of the church are hung with many articles left by the people as an attestation of the miracles, wrought through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. On other days than on this festal tide, the solitude of Carneto is haunted by a shepherdess who is as lovely, solitary and shady as Gesualto.

—ANTONIO SCARNECCHIA, '09.





Editorial.

True Loyalty.

Canada has always been loyal to the mother country. We can trace back the growth of that patriotic spirit to its birth in the early days when we used to issue from school on the eve of May 24, shouting :

"The twenty-fourth of May.
The Queen's birthday.
If we don't get a holiday
We'll all run away."

And during the season of vital expansion in nature there grew in our hearts sentiments of love and filial respect for our Queen, the great British Empire and our beloved Canada. May 24 is no longer the Queen's birthday but Empire Day, which sounds differently but means the same. On that day we remember our national status, a colony—but such a colony—the first in the greatest empire that has been, ready to send another contingent to South Africa, or to build a Dreadnaught worthy of the name.

Love of country is always secondary to love of God, and as it is necessary to set aside certain days for the manifestation of loyalty to our country in order that our loyalty may be deep and enduring, so it is necessary to set aside certain seasons and to devote them to the nurture and development of divine love in our souls. Now the love of God is scarcely separable from the love of his Blessed Mother, and we have chosen the month of May as a time of special devotion to Mary. During this month we celebrate her praises, we admire her virtues and we assemble in the chapel every evening to hear the venerated dean of the college faculty, Fr. Ferguson, describe the worth and greatness of our Heavenly Mother. In years to come the fruits of these May devotions should be loyalty and devotion to Mary.

Strange Doctrines.

Muck raking, as John Bunyan saw it, was not an enviable exercise for any man, not even a decidedly profitable occupation. But it has come to be both profitable and tolerably respectable. The latest scum-blanketed pool to be set in agitation till its noisome fumes have started our fingers to our noses, while to our eyes its gases read "intellectual typhoid" and "moral putrefaction," is situated in the very high places of our vaunted modern progress. And because it is situated on high ground its percolation down through the avenues of ordinary life is easy and natural.

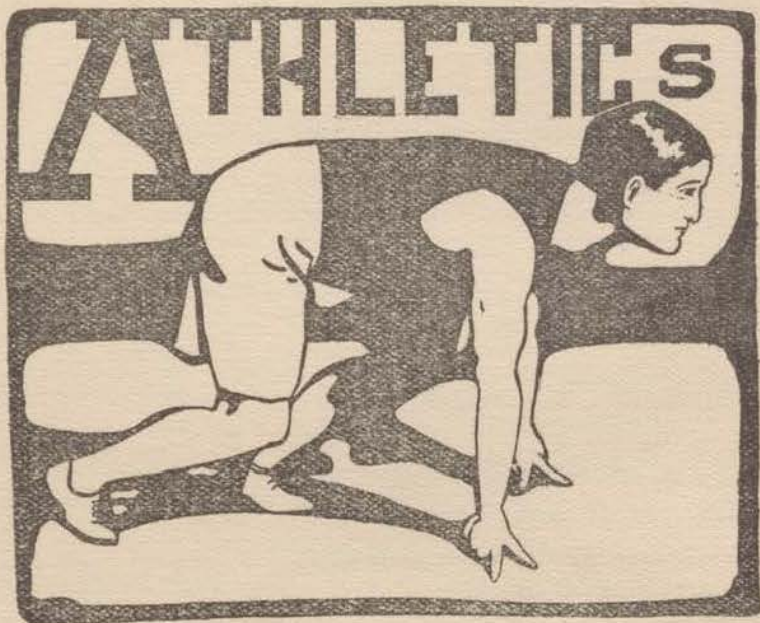
We learn from an article in the May *Cosmopolitan* that the ethical and social doctrines taught in our great American Universities are amazingly revolutionary. A quotation from Emerson suggests the general trend of this ethical development with which Mr. H. Bolce would have the public acquainted before it is too late.

"The very hopes of man, the thoughts of his heart, the religion of nations, the manners and morals of mankind are all at the mercy of a new generalization."

Our university moralists are now working out the new

generalization. We are now getting evolution and revolution. Ethics with a vengeance. We are like to get the revolution of these new ideas find acceptance far and wide over the land. If we remember rightly, ethical and social writings once helped bolster up quite a respectable revolution in France. It all comes of seeking "something different," as if truths in any field of knowledge were a species of plant capable of transformation to a new species. The great mistake lies in supposing that a law of human conduct is capable of specific transformation, when in fact, development within its own kind is the utmost limit of its possible evolution. It seems to us that the aim of ethical speculation should rather point to the discovery of some fundamental principle, indisputable and in its application eternal and universal. Having secured this let us cling to it as to a sacred deposit, reverencing it, guarding it, and above all yielding it perfect obedience. From this we may go on to another, treating it in like manner. By this method our knowledge of the natural law, of which Ethics is the human expression, will increase, not rapidly as experience has shown, but gradually and securely.

Is it not absurd to suppose that God has given stable laws to nature and now to man? Natural sciences presupposes that there are laws of chemistry, of physics, of astronomy, of numbers, of angles and curves; that when a law has been definitely ascertained, it is so much gained for the storehouse of human knowledge. A new generalization may prove the falsity of a supposed law, but no scientist argues that the old law once truly operative has given away to a new. He rather denies that the old law ever existed and furnished the facts to validate his assertion. While proving the falibility of human reasoning he assumes the stability of nature's laws. Is it not strange that men fail so egregiously to follow the lead of nature? There are the same reasons for assuming the stability of social and ethical standards, the same presuppositions to be made that the Moralist may claim to be a teacher of science, and the same concept of God, creature and relation. Such teachers of science deny the existence of their science and draw their salaries under false pretences.



SANDWICH VS. ASSUMPTION.

Assisted by the visitors' misplays, Assumption, in her first game, piled up six runs on seven hits, while Klich held our neighbors to one run and five hits. From the moment Klich entered the box till Costello caught McLinden's foul fly, there was no doubt as to the outcome of the game. Klich seldom exerted himself unless Sandwich grew dangerous, but after we had secured four runs in the fourth he slackened up sufficiently to allow the visitors to score. Curran was the real star of the game, fielding his position perfectly and securing a beautiful two-base hit, besides purloining two bases. Brighton also proved his class, both in the field by several star catches, and with the bat, pounding out a triple and a single. He also stole two bases. But two errors were chalked up against the home team and both were due to overhasty playing rather than to poor work. Drouillard made several star catches in the outfield.

The following is the summary :

<i>Assumption.</i>							<i>Sandwich.</i>						
AB	R	H	PO	A	E		AB	R	H	PO	A	E	
Brighton, rf .	3	1	2	2	0	0	Askin, cf....	3	0	0	3	0	0
Costello, 3b .	4	0	0	2	3	1	G'dmaison, lf	4	0	1	1	1	0
Klich, p	3	1	0	0	0	0	H. LeBœuf, i	4	0	1	9	0	0
Busch, 1b...	4	1	1	9	0	1	B. LeBœuf, ss	4	1	1	1	1	3
McQuillan, c.	4	1	1	7	1	0	Langlois, c..	4	0	0	7	1	0
Kennedy, cf.	3	1	2	1	0	0	Tiernan, 2b .	4	0	1	2	0	0
Drouillard, lf	3	1	0	2	0	0	McLinden, 2b	4	0	1	1	4	3
Curran, 2b..	3	0	1	3	1	0	Bergeren, rf.	2	0	0	0	0	0
Fillion, ss...	4	0	0	0	2	0	C. LeBœuf, p	3	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	31	6	7	26*	7	2	Totals	32	1	5	24	8	6

Langlois hit by third strike.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	B
Sandwich	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	5	6
Assumption	0	0	0	4	0	0	1	1	x	6	7	2

Three-base hits: Tiernan, Brighton. Two-base hits: LeBœuf, Curran, McQuillan. Double plays: Fillion to Curran to Busch; H. LeBœuf (unassisted). Struck out: by Klich 6, by LeBœuf 5. Bases on balls: off Klich 2, off LeBœuf 2. Left on bases: Assumption 5, Sandwich 3. Umpires—Seguin and McGinnis.

POLISH SEMINARY VS. ASSUMPTION.

On April 22 Assumption defeated the Polish Seminary by a score of 5 to 4. In the early part of the game the visitors took advantage of Klich's leniency and connected frequently with the ball. But after the fifth inning their efforts were vain. The weather was rather cold and Klich was careful of his arm until Brighton's misplay allowed the visitors to score two runs and placed a man on third who scored a moment later on a sacrifice fly. After this the Seminarians had not the slightest chance of scoring. Assumption started well, scoring in the first and third. When the visitors went ahead in the fifth the home team came back in the sixth with two more and tied the score. The winning run came in the next inning. Klich led in the hitting with three nice drives, which were mainly responsible for our runs. Fillion secured two and all others one each, except Kennedy, Drouillard and Curran. Drouillard made several star catches, while Curran facilitated with a double play. The errors were

on easy grounders. Busch cavorted around first base in his usual speedy manner.

The scorer's report is as follows :

<i>Assumption.</i>							<i>Polish Seminary.</i>						
	AB	R	H	PO	A	E		AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Brighton, r...	4	1	1	0	0	1	Jimluty, 2...	4	0	1	4	0	1
Costello, 3...	3	1	1	2	2	0	Replouski, ss	3	1	0	3	3	0
Klich, p....	4	2	3	0	2	0	Simand, l...	4	0	0	2	0	0
Busch, 1....	4	0	1	5	3	0	Gospodon, 3.	4	0	0	0	0	0
McQuillan, c.	4	1	0	12	1	0	Majewski, cf.	4	0	0	2	1	0
Curran, 2....	4	0	0	3	4	0	Bednares, rf.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Kennedy, cf.	3	0	0	2	0	0	Milewski, l.	3	1	1	5	0	2
Drouillard, l.	3	0	0	1	0	0	Dominick, c.	3	1	1	7	2	0
Fillion, ss...	3	1	2	2	4	1	Celemanski, p	3	1	1	0	2	0
Totals	32	5	9	27	16	2	Totals	31	4	4	24	8	3

Two-base hits: Celemski, Klich. Double plays: Fillion to Curran to Busch. Struck out: by Klich 10, by Celemski 5. Bases on balls: off Klich 2. Passed balls: McQuillan 2, Dominick 1. Left on bases: A. C. 3, P. S. 1. Umpire—McInnis.

D. U. S. vs. ASSUMPTION.

Assumption won its third straight, when D. U. S. journeyed over here on April 24. Through his excellent support, Klich was enabled to secure a no-hit game. Drouillard was the star a-field, making two running catches of what seemed sure hits. Costello's error was also on a difficult chance. At the bat, Brighton led with two hits out of three times up. Kennedy also secured two hits while Costello drove out a beautiful three-baser. The pitching was superb with Klich having the best of the argument. One of the main features of the game was the daring base-running of Drouillard who stole third while the pitcher held the ball. Curran stole second in the same manner. The D. U. S. had just previously defeated the D. A. C. by a large score so that this victory speaks well for the College. For the visitors McMillian was easily the star, although Pontius also played a good game. We have a return game with the D. U. S. which should prove interesting.

The following is the complete score :

<i>Assumption.</i>							<i>D. U. S.</i>						
	AB	R	H	PO	A	E		AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Brighton, r. . .	3	2	2	2	0	0	McMillian, ss	4	0	0	1	2	0
Costello, 3 . .	5	1	1	0	1	1	O'Donnell, c.	4	0	0	8	5	2
Klich, p . . .	4	1	0	3	1	0	Baugman, 2.	3	0	0	6	1	2
Busch, 1 . . .	3	0	0	7	1	0	Pontius, 1 . .	3	0	0	8	0	2
McQuillan, c.	2	2	1	10	2	0	Tully, cf. . .	3	0	0	0	0	0
Kennedy, cf.	4	0	2	0	0	0	Hossick, lf. .	2	0	0	0	0	0
Drouillard, 1.	3	0	1	2	0	0	Knight, 3 . .	3	0	0	1	2	0
Curran, 2 . .	3	0	1	2	1	0	Davidson, rf.	3	0	0	0	3	0
Fillion, ss. .	3	0	0	1	1	1	Brush, p . . .	3	0	0	0	3	0
Totals	30	6	8	27	7	2	Totals	28	0	0	24	13	6

Three-base hits: Costello. Hit by pitcher: Brighton 2. Struck out: by Klich 11, by Brush 8. Bases on balls: off Klich 1, off Brush 5. Left on Bases: A. C. 6, D. U. S. 2. Umpires—McGinnis and Thiede.

—JAMES C. HARTNETT.

Chronicle.

One of our best friends has generously donated six statues to our new chapel. They add very much to the decorations and we should gladly give his name in recognition of his generosity, but the donor wishes it withheld.

The Stella Baseball League opened for the season of '09 on the 16th. Father Forster stepped into the box to throw the first ball before the opening game, while Father Roach did the receiving stunt.

A meeting of the Dramatic Society was called to order in their club room, Tuesday evening, April 13. The customary exercises in Physical Culture having been followed out, the meeting entered upon the programme as usual. Mr. Fillion first entertained the audience with the story of the "Mad Actor," in a well delivered recitation. Two readings followed, one by Mr. Moriarity, "Plumbing by the Hour," in which he detailed many instances in plumbing life; the other by Mr. F. Bush who read one of Mark Twain's pieces of humor, called "The Bashful Man." Mr. Harding next read a few suggestive hints on eloquence. The final number entitled "Beth Gelert," by Mr. Byrne, was cut short by the sound of the bell calling the members to retire.

St. Basil's Literary Society assembled on the 9th. Mr. Hartnett, mover of the minutes, opened the program with a few remarks on the work of the "Man with the big stick—Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt." Mr. Young, who seconded Mr. Hartnett's motion, followed with an elaborate oratorical sketch on Daniel O'Connell, Ireland's great genius. But O'Connell does not alone bear the glory of Erin's triumphal wreath, as was shown by Mr. Moffatt, the first reader of the evening. He narrated in a stirring and lively manner the various ways in which the great statesman, Robert Emmett, laid his ill-fated plans in defence of the Old Land, against the treachery and cunning of the English, after the rebellion of '98, and how these plans, through the treachery of his lieutenants, caused his name to be enrolled upon the scroll of Ireland's martyrs. Another essayist, Mr. A. Theoret, read a paper on the works of the great French moralist, "La Bruyere." Another essay by Mr. William Moran enumerated the many trials and sufferings of the infant church; how the Jews were its chief menace, and the untimely deaths that came to nearly all the leading persecutors. In the last number on the program, Mr. Flannigan almost hypnotized the audience by a weird story entitled, "The Haunted House." After a short instruction by the Rev. President, the meeting adjourned.

On April 20, St. Basil's Literary Society ended for the terms of '08 and '09. The minutes of the previous meeting were first read and their adoption was moved by Messrs. Hartnett and Young. Then followed the vote for Literary Prize, which was given to Mr. A. Scarnecchia. After the usual custom of the society, the graduates of this year '09, Messrs. Scarnecchia, Moffatt, Harding, Corcoran, Gleeson and Murray, ascended the "rostrum" in turn to bid farewell to St. Basil's Society, of which they had been members for the past four years. Mr. Scarnecchia and Mr. Moffatt, in the name of all the members, then extended a vote of thanks to the President, the Rev. Father Roach, for his repeated efforts towards

the success and improvement of the Society. Mr. Murray, Secretary, also received the congratulations of the members in a motion proposed by Messrs. Gannon and Fillion, who truly stated that only words of praise and gratitude could describe the manner in which the worthy Secretary has fulfilled his office. The Vice-President Mr. Gannon was the next to hear his name mingled with words of commendation from the society. Rev. Father Roach, President, then delivered a farewell address to the graduates—"the men of '09"—and ended by thanking the respective officers for the work they had so successfully accomplished for the society and the editorial staff of the REVIEW, especially the Editor-in-Chief and Business Manager, who have borne the brunt of the labor.

Among our monthly visitors were the Reverends R. L. Marker, Dearborn, E. J. McCormick; D. Needham; J. Marron, C. Hennigam, Harbor Beach; Fr. Grand and Messrs. Bourbananis, Port Huron; J. Creque, Ypsilanti; Ed. Clarke, Ann Arbor; A. Marco-Guiseppe, Ann Arbor; and N. Farrell, Flint, Mich.

The last of the monthly entertainments given by the Dramatic Club, under the direction of Rev. Father Howard, was held on April 29. Mr. Moffatt, who occupied the chair at this last meeting, opened the programme with a speech enumerating the successes of the Society for the past season, due chiefly to the good management of its President, the Rev. Father Howard, to whom he extended the sincerest thanks of the Society and also of the entire institution.

The programme was—

Chairman's Address.....	W. C. Moffatt
Overture.....	Orchestra
Song—"Two Blue Eyes,"	A. Hetherington
Cello Solo.....	Mr. Luigi Motto
Recitation—"Reply to Duke of Grafton,"	J. Emery
Song—"Thoughts of Home,"	M. Brisson
"College Waltzes,"	Orchestra
Recitation—"The Mad Actor,"	J. Fillion

Cello Solo.....	Mr. Luigi Motto
Song—"The Slave Ship,"	Rev. Fr. Chalandard
Recitation—"In the Morning,"	J. Gleeson
Farce—"Pomp's Pranks,"	L. Roberge, J. Harding
"Lucky Moon,"	Orchestra
God Save the King.	

The vocal selections by Messrs. Hetherington and Brisson were well deserving of the applause that accompanied them. Fr. Chalandard not only surprised the boys by appearing on the stage, but won their appreciation by his songs, especially his encore, entitled "The Song that Reached My Heart," which contained a few measures of that endearing theme, "Home Sweet Home." "Beth Gelert," a recitation by Mr. Byrne, was greatly appreciated by the audience, as the story is a universal favorite. An extract from the speech of an English Parliamentarian in his own defense was well done by Mr. Emery. Mr. Fillion followed with a pathetic recitation entitled "The Mad Actor," which he delivered in a style that would have done credit to an "Irving," or a "Booth." The heavy part of the program was then relieved by a humorous selection entitled "In the Morning," which that well-known sketch producer, Mr. Gleeson, delivered in such a manner as to cause roars of laughter. The main feature of this meeting, however, was a farce by Messrs. Roberge and Harding, each of whom played his rôle in a creditable manner, making the playlet interesting from start to finish. An exhibition of professional music was furnished by Prof. Luigi Motto, of Detroit, in two Cello solos. Professor A. A. Langlois was then presented by Fr. Pageau and Mr. J. Klich with a gift from the College Staff, commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of his wedding.

The services held at the Church of the Assumption, during Holy Week, were celebrated in the usual inspiring manner, many of the students being present on the sanctuary. The order was as follows :—

Palm Sunday—Celebrant	Rev. Fr. Chalandard
Deacon.....	“ Pageau
Sub-Deacon.....	“ O'Neill
Holy Thursday—Celebrant	“ Côté
Deacon.....	“ Murphy
Sub-Deacon.....	“ Moylan
Good Friday—Celebrant	“ Semande
Deacon.....	“ Roach
Sub-Deacon	“ Murphy
Deacons of the Passion :—	Rev. Fr. Pageau
	“ Chalandard
	“ Côté
Holy Saturday—Celebrant	Rev. Fr. Chalandard
Deacon	“ Pageau
Sub-Deacon	“ Moylan

Solemn Vespers, on Easter Sunday, concluded the ceremonies of the week. Rev. Fr. Côté officiated while Rev. Fr. Roach delivered a beautiful and inspiring sermon on the “Triumphs of the Resurrection.”

Mr. James Harding, who was suddenly called home on account of the death of a younger brother in London, Ont., has the sincere sympathy of all in his great bereavement.

Rev. J. B. Collins, C. S. B., was recently called to attend the death-bed of his brother, Rev. T. Collins, parish priest at Bracebridge, Ont. Rev. Fr. Semande, C. S. B., of the College attended the funeral which was held in Lindsay. We extend to Fr. Collins our heart-felt sympathy in his severe loss.

We are pleased to hear from Fr. Semande that Archbishop O'Connor is steadily gaining in health since relieved of the office of the Archbishopric of Toronto. We look forward eagerly to the time when he will be able to pay a friendly visit to the College, which he founded forty years ago.

On Sunday, April 25, the “Forty Hours' Devotion,” was opened by a solemn High Mass, at which Fathers Howard, Semande and O'Neill acted as Celebrant, Dea-

con and Sub-deacon respectively. The ceremonies this year were carried out in our new chapel, with unusual splendor and magnificence. A number of students in cassock and surplice assisted on the Sanctuary, in the choir and in the procession. During the entire three days, Rev. Father Pageau, who directed the singing and the entire services, distinguished himself by his untiring energy. On Tuesday evening the devotion ended with solemn Vespers, at which Father Murphy acted as Celebrant, while Fr. Roach and Fr. O'Neill officiated as Deacon and Sub-deacon. Much praise is also due Mr. Rotach and his little band of sacristians who waited in constant attendance on the altar of exposition.

Exchanges.

To the Easter number of the *Xavier* is due our sincerest thanks and praises, for it holds a place second to none in our sanctum. The life and work of Joan of Arc is very well composed. The author shows that he had a clean conception of the life of the girl-saint and is capable of expressing his thoughts, not only rich in ideas and elevating in tone, but also refined in language. "That Trip Abroad," contains many good points, marked out in a pleasing manner. Whether the author of "A Meeting of the Elysian Field's Literary Club" intended to rival Mr. Bangs or not I do not know, but by the thought and language contained in the article, he has certainly made a good attempt. Besides this he has given us the opinions of many critics from which we may draw our conclusions of Pope's character as a man and his ability as an author. One would almost imagine that a professional had written the "Rustic Humor." The thoughts are skillfully woven and suitable quotations are supplied at opportune intervals. If you have a desire to know what the modern melodrama is, do not fail to read the description of it in the Easter *Xavier*. Mr. Eustace has evidently made a careful study of it and is willing that all should profit by

his labors. He has made this possible by giving a complete description of every part from the hero and heroine to the meanest character, in a clear and concise style. In a word, this number is an edition remarkable for first-class literary productions.

Among our April Exchanges the initial number of the *Institute Echoes* from Sacred Heart Institute, Duluth, Minn., received a hearty welcome. "Blake, Prior, Johnson, Goldsmith, Thomson, Collins and Cowper," is very well written and illustrated by favorite quotations. The two shorter essays, "Wireless Telegraphy," and "Visions of Sir Launfal," make interesting reading. Much wholesome advice is expounded in the article "How to Ring a Door-bell." The cuts which adorn its pages are also worthy of consideration.

The *Trinity College Record* has again favored us with one of its quarterly visits, which are always enjoyed. For variety of matter and excellence of material the *Record* is equalled to and excelled by none. This issue is by no means an exception to the general rule. "Mephisto" and "The Princess" are very clever and well developed short stories. "The Rejuvenation of Philander" is witty and well told. "The Poet Musician," gives us a brief sketch of the life of Chopin, the great composer of music, whose centenary was celebrated this year. The College Sketches and Editorials are also interesting contributions.

The April number of the *Mitre* made its first appearance at our sanctum, producing a favorable impression. Among its articles we choose the essays, "Sydney Smith" and "Glimpses of American Poets," as its best productions. Might we suggest that if the advertisements were collected together in one place, the magazine would present a more orderly appearance?

We also gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following: *Agnesian Monthly*, *Niagara Index*, *University of Ottawa Review*, *Patrician*, *Dial*, *Collegian*, *Catholic Record*, *Augustinian*, *Laurel*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *St. Mary's Sentinel*, *Fordham Monthly*, *Exponent* and *St. Mary's Messenger*.

—W. ROTTACH, '11.

"YE OLDE FIRME."

HEINTZMAN & CO.

HAVE BEEN ESTABLISHED 58 YEARS.

And are receiving more favorable comment to-day from an artistic standpoint than all other makes combined.

WE CHALLENGE COMPARISONS.

Try our Easy Payment Plan. Every family in moderate circumstances can own a HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANO. We allow a liberal price for old instruments taken in exchange, and deliver the Piano in your home free of expense.

The Heintzman & Co. Piano

Stands Out Distinctive from Other Pianos.

It is a distinctive production. A piano with an individuality of its own.

BY BUYING A HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANO

You buy direct from the manufacturers through salaried salesmen only, and thus save the dealers, agents and commission men's profits. Buy direct from Heintzman & Co. and save this.

PIANO SALON,

Garner House Block,

Chatham, Ont.

JOHN GLASSFORD, DISTRICT MANAGER.

When dealing with advertisers, please mention the Assumption College Review.

We
Erected the Showers
at the College.

Pennington & Brian,
PLUMBERS,

47 W. Sandwich St., Windsor, Ont.

View Work. Flash Light.
Commercial Work.

THE DUVAL STUDIO.

10 per Cent. Off
to Students.....

Curry Annex, Pitt Street East,
Phone 824. Windsor, Ont.

**THE HOME BANK
OF CANADA
SANDWICH.**

*Original Charter, 1854
Head Office, Toronto.*

Special Attention given to Sav-
ing's Bank Accounts and
Farmer's Loans.

The Blonde Lumber and Manf'g Co.,
Limited,

Lumber and Hardware Dealers,
Builders and Contractors : : :

CHATHAM, - - - - - ONTARIO

Manufacturers of

Exterior and Interior Wood Work of all Kinds.

Church Seating, Altars, Pulpits and
Fittings a Specialty. : : :

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

When dealing with advertisers, please mention the Assumption College Review.

Partridge & Blackwell

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

Young Men's
Clothing,
Furnishings,
Hats and
Shoes

COMPLETE LINE OF

Athletic
and
Gymnasium
Goods

DETROIT, - MICH.

When dealing with advertisers, please mention the Assumption College Review.

For Your **Graduation Photo**

GO TO

J. DANBEAN, The Photographer,

79 Woodward Ave.,

DETROIT, - - - MICHIGAN

**Insurance,
Real Estate,
Finance.**

J. G. Gangnier

7 Ouellette Ave.,

Windsor, - Ontario

JOHN SCOTT & CO.,

Wholesale
Groceries
and
Provisions.

Windsor, - Ont.

Phone 6.

The Most Satisfying Confection.

**ROBERTSON'S
Milk Chocolate Nut Bar**

CLYDE FULLER,

DISTRICT DISTRIBUTOR,

WINDSOR, - - - ONT.

TRY

GEO. MITCHELL

FOR

**fancy
Confectionery.**

Howard Avenue., - Windsor, Ont.
Phone 594.

When dealing with advertisers, please mention the Assumption College Review.

College Optician



HEADACHES

Schmidt's
West Point Shoe

The standard of style
and of quality.

Worn by
Smart
Dressers
Everywhere,

\$3.50

\$3.00



P. J.
SCHMIDT,
42 Michigan av.
DETROIT

Agents for
Rafston
Health Shoe,
\$4.00.

J. GARNIER.

Suits Pressed, 50c.

Pants " 25c.

18 Ouellette Avenue

Up-Stairs.

PHONE 457

Have your Clothes Cleaned, Pressed
and Repaired by a man with
25 years experience.

NAPOLEON RIVARD
TAILOR,

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

6 Pitt St. E., - WINDSOR, ONT.

W. A. POND
Prescription Druggist,
WINDSOR, ONT.

BUCK'S

H. RINDSKOFF & CO.,

Michigan Ave., and Cass Street,

Detroit, Mich.

From our factory direct to you.

\$9.99 Suits — BUCK'S — Overcoats \$14.99

Saving you \$5.00 to \$8.00 on every garment you buy.

When dealing with advertisers, please mention the Assumption College Review.

A SPLENDID IDEA

It would be a splendid idea to come right now and make your selection of **SPRING WEARABLES**. That's what the early birds are doing. There's great satisfaction in making selections from our stock before any of our lines are broken.

OUR NEW SUITS AND OUR NEW TOP COATS
CANNOT BE EXCELLED,

Long range of Prices—\$6.50 to \$25.00. We can satisfy and please you somewhere along the line. **HATS** and **HABERDASHERY** of the latest mode. Whatever is here is right, or it wouldn't be here. **YES** SIR, you're on the right track, and your idea is a splendid one.
COME AND COME SOON.

W. Boug, Cothes, Hats
and
Furnishings.

Colored Designs and Oil Paintings.

Telephone West 391

M. E. vonMach,
Church and Household Decorator,

Painting in All Its Branches,

Gilding Altars.

Painting Life-Size Pictures and Statuary.

Stage Scenery Painting and Fine Wall Hangings.

965 Michigan Avenue, - DETROIT, MICH.

When dealing with advertisers, please mention the Assumption College Review.

The Only Place If You Want the Best

IN THE

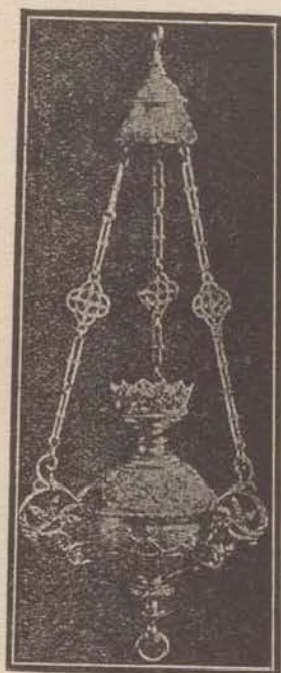
**Bakery and
Confectionery
Goods = = =**

MORTON BAKING CO., Limited,

WINDSOR, ONT.

Bread, Cake, Ice Cream, Confectionery and Lunch
Room.

When dealing with advertisers, please mention the Assumption College Review.



ALL THE UNDERMENTIONED
EASTER GIFTS

Will add materially to the
 BRIGHTEST OF THE CHURCH'S FESTIVALS

Sanctuary Lamps, (all styles.)
 Shrine Votive Lamps,
 Shrine Votive Stands,
 Shrine Statuary.

We have now on hand an extensive
 stock of Artistically Framed ; : :

Stations of the Cross.

W. E. BLAKE & SON,
 123 CHURCH ST., - TORONTO, ONT.

TRUST OLD FRIENDS AND DRINK OLD WINE.

Girardot Native Wines

Clarets, Ports, Dry and Sweet Catawba and Sherry.

ALTAR WINE Approved by Ecclesiastical Authority
 and Supervised by the Clergy

ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL,
 London, Ont., Oct. 4, 1906.
 Mr. W. C. Kennedy—
 Dear Sir,—I heartily recommend
 the Altar Wine made by you under
 the supervision of the Rev. Father
 Semande, C. S. B., Pastor of Sand-
 wich.

F. P. McEVAY,
 Bishop of London.

PARISH OF THE ASSUMPTION,
 Sandwich, Oct. 1, 1906.
 To whom it may concern :
 I recommend to the Clergy, without
 hesitation, the Mass Wine made by
 Mr. W. C. Kennedy, of the Girardot
 Wine Co., Limited.

The wine made for the Holy Sacri-
 fice of the Mass is supervised by the
 undersigned.

F. SEMANDE, P. P.

ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE :

GIRARDOT WINE CO., - - **Sandwich, Ont.**

When dealing with advertisers, please mention the Assumption College Review.

Assumption College,

SANDWICH, ONT.

Conducted by the Basilian Fathers.

A Residential and Day School
for Boys and Young Men . . .

Preparatory Course—

In this Course the younger students are prepared for the Commercial and Academic Courses.

Commercial Course—

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

Academic Course—

Students are prepared in this Course for University Examinations.

Arts Course—

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

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

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

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

REV. F. FORSTER, C.S.B.,
President.

REV. F. SEMANDE, C.S.B.,
Treasurer.

