Assumption College Review: Vol. 2: no. 9 (1909: June)

Assumption College

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WILLIAM C. MOFFATT,
Owen Sound, Ont.

"With a lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
And doublet of the Lincoln green"—

JAMES A. HARDING,
London, Ont.

"In arguing too the parson owned his skill,
For, even tho' vanquished, he could argue still."

WILLIAM H. MURRAY,
London, Ont.

"Would he were fatter, but I fear him not,
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius."
ANTONIO SCARNECCHIA,
Benwood, W. Va.

"I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old,
Being so full of unmanly sadness in his youth."

JERRY P. GLEESON,
London, Ont.

"He that plays the clown shall make those laugh
whose lungs are tickle o' the sore!"

W. TILLMANN CORCORAN,
London, Ont.

"Thus is the man as harmless as a lamb:
Only impatient, let him do his best,"
JOSEPH E. EMERY,
DOVER SOUTH, ONT.
"He knew what's what, and that's as high,
As metaphysic wit can fly."

ANATOLE THEORET,
ST. TIMOTHEE, P. Q.
"I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine,
Hath feared the valiant."

JOHN R. QUIGLEY,
ELGINFIELD, ONT.
"At church with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place."
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. JUNE, 1909. No. 9.

The Grand Old Nine of Noughty Nine.

Come hither, good friends, large and small,    
Come boys, we'll for the last time dine    
In this good old Assumption Hall,    
The Graduates of Noughty Nine.

Come, waiter, set the glasses down,    
Pour out the rare old Rhenish wine,    
Then every one must gather 'round    
And drink a toast to Noughty Nine.

May Peace and Plenty be our lot!    
All happiness around us twine,    
May Fortune smile on all who wrought,    
To graduate in Noughty Nine.
We'll sing and dance and cheerful be,
    And stories tell of Auld Lang Syne,
We'll make dull care and sadness flee,
    Before the men of Noughty Nine.

We'll lay aside Socratic Lore,
    And every man must stand in line,
To sing until his throat is sore,
    A farewell song to Noughty Nine.

We'll tear the pictures from the walls,
    We'll strip them like a stricken vine.
Our songs shall echo through the halls,
    The last farewell of Noughty Nine.

Now lay aside "Signoriellos,"
    And let the bright June sun-light shine,
On this wild crowd of happy fellows,
    The noble grads of Noughty Nine.

Forget these rooms, now dark and drear,
    And let every throat combine
To give one last, long, rousing cheer
    To the "Grand Old Nine of Noughty Nine."

—William C. Moffatt, '09.
NE sunny morning Father Malloy sat in his little room enjoying a smoke in the pleasant spring sunshine that streamed in through the open window and danced across the floor of the little apartment.

He was one of the many apostles of the Catholic Church to devote his life to the propagation of the faith on the wilds of America. Four days previous he had ridden seventy miles to attend to his parishioners in this village situated in New Mexico, where the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains terminates in endless waving fields of pampas grass. It was one of the many missions allotted to the care of this kind priest, and although it furnished very poor accommodations to travelers yet there was always a room ready at the Inn for the Missionary Father on his monthly visits.

Suddenly his reverie was interrupted by a loud rap at the door, and before he could rise to conduct his visitor within, a man stood before him, young in years but apparently old in trouble. He wore the garb of a Ranger, and his stalwart frame was tall and powerful. A pair of large black eyes peered meditatively from beneath a large sombrero, and in spite of his uncomely attire, his bowed attitude and sad countenance there was something about him that held the Priest speechless, something familiar yet something that he could not explain. For a moment neither spoke. Then Fr. Malloy broke the silence:

"Well, my good man, what can I do for you this morning?" with as much cheerfulness to his tone as he could command. When the visitor had seated himself or rather fallen into a chair offered him by the Priest, he began in a tone that bespoke genuine grief.

"Father, my story is a long one and dates back to my childhood. Although it is breaking my heart and
bursting the very fetters that bind my soul to this sad life, I have borne it for thirteen long years. But now I am determined, I shall let the world know of my deed and I am ready to bear the consequences whatever they may be. My name is Kelly, Thomas Kelly. I was born in St. Albion, a little town in Northern Vermont. Oh! if I only knew that my dear old father and mother are still alive in our once happy home it would help to soothe my sorrow." Had the disconsolate speaker not assumed such a penitential attitude he might have noticed the change that was coming over the Priest's countenance. A look of horror flitted across his face and he turned ghastly pale, but he concealed it as best he could while the unobservant speaker continued:

"At an early age my parents sent me to College about fifty miles from my native town. There I spent four years, the last happy days of my unfortunate life. One day a classmate and I planned a little boat-ride on the river. This stream skirted the rear of the College campus and was very dangerous at times owing to the undercurrents and rapid flow. While out rowing we entered into an argument concerning a mere trifle. Boys that we were, we could see only one side of an argument. Finally heated words came to blows. Being always too hasty, I rose up in the boat and struck the nearest and dearest friend I ever had in this world. The commotion in the boat capsized it and we both sank into the dark cold waters of the river. Below us, not more than seventy yards, was a dam. I knew that if the stream should carry me down any considerable distance I could not resist the force of the stream and would be swept over the dam to almost certain death. We were both good swimmers, but I shall never, never forget those moments. How I struck out for that shore only to be foiled in my efforts by the resisting stream! However, I was gaining slowly and with one last effort I gathered together the last fragments of strength left in my exhausted limbs and gained the shore. But then I swooned away and only
THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL. 9

recall awaking on the sandy shore to picture in my mind what had been the fate of my companion whom I so wrongfully struck. He had surely been swept over the dam by the torrent. What should I do if he were drowned! The dark forebodings of murder were already looming up before my terror-stricken mind. I leaped to my feet consoling myself with the thoughts that probably he had gained land. The river was narrow and any object on either side was easily discernable from the other. For hours I searched its banks in the vain hope of seeing him dead or alive. But darkness came on and with it a new terror. Wherever I looked, wherever I turned I could, in my fancy, see him murdered, murdered. The very word seemed to haunt me. Where should I flee? My only salvation was flight. At any time the hands of authority might be on me. As I sat on a fallen tree trunk near the water's edge, a plan suggested itself to me. I would travel on foot towards St. Albion and possibly I could obtain employment in some out-of-the-way place till I should arrive at a more definite plan of escape. All that night I travelled and part of the following day, resting only once in an old tumbled-down shanty, that stood at some distance from the highway. The next night found me again plodding towards St. Albion. I came to a small farm that suited my plans perfectly, as it was about six miles from my native town. My general aspect, however, was not that of a laborer, and it was with difficulty that I obtained employment. On the second evening of my sojourn on the farm, I had finished my supper with the family and rose to leave, but noticing the daily paper on a nearby table, my heart leaped with excitement and I was soon searching the pages of the St. Albion Gazette in quest of some news that might soothe my feverish brain. The first item I noticed on the second page answered my curiosity. There was an account of our mysterious disappearance and we were both supposed to be drowned. My last hopes had fled. I could endure the torture no longer. The paper drop-
ped from my hand and I was compelled to grasp the table for support. But I soon became conscious of my surrounding and turned to leave the room. The farmer who had shoved his chair back in the corner for his evening smoke had undoubtedly noticed my excitement, for he eyed me curiously but said nothing. However I was glad enough to present him with the paper and depart to my room, where I could think and be alone. I concluded that a longer stay at that place must result in my discovery.

Accordingly that very night I disguised myself as well as possible and walked through the darkness to St. Albion. I made a few hurried preparations for leaving and within one hour after my arrival in town I was fleeing westward on board a Transcontinental flyer away from my friends, from my loving parents, and away from all that I ever held dear. I never ceased my journey till I landed here in New Mexico. Here after working as a laborer on a ranch, I finally became owner, and here I have lived for thirteen long years away from the law with this awful secret concealed in my breast. On hearing of your arrival I determined to come to you and open my heart. The awful burden has made an old man of me before the prime of my life is past, but here I am before you a murderer, and I implore your mercy and advice.”

Here the speaker raised his head and turned to the priest for a reply. For a moment Fr. Hughes gazed wonderingly into the man’s face. At last he gasped: “Tom! Tom! is it you? Do my eyes deceive me? That story is my own. Have those long years of separation so dulled your memory that you do not recognize me?”

The stalwart figure stood rigid as steel. Not a muscle of those large black eyes quivered; not a sound escaped his lips in wonder at this mysterious turn of affairs. The good priest understanding his difficulty went on to explain:

“The friend of your college days, left an orphan at an early age was adopted by an uncle, John Hughes,
whose name he took. But when he had finished college and went out into the world he abandoned the foster title and has since been called by his own name, James Malloy, and here he is before you. But surely this will convince you of what I say," said the priest as he drew forth from his pocket a pipe. "Here is your own pipe, with your own name carved by your own hand." The other took it looking alternately from priest to pipe and with both arms extended toward the priest he fairly shouted: "Jim Hughes. I see it all now. Why did I not recognize that face before? Slowly he raised his eyes till they rested on a little crucifix that hung above the door and with a long drawn sigh of relief he murmured, "Thank God for this day." Quickly, he wheeled about and grasped the proffered hand of his old chum, the Priest, in a long and hearty shake such as only the heart, feeling for the first time the loosened band of sorrow, could fully appreciate. "But," continued Tom, "where did you get that pipe, I remember well, owning it." "That," said his clerical chum, "is a remembrance that has never left my person since I found it."

"But let me tell you my part in this mystery, although it is nearly the same as your own. I was indeed forced over the dam, but, thanks to God, I was not hurt, and once below it was not hard to gain shore. But then I too proved myself a coward and ask your pardon before I begin." "Everything is granted," said Tom who was weeping with joy. "Well, when I gained shore, instead of looking for you, I ran away and hid in the old house on the College Hill where we used to steal a smoke. You yourself know the temper I had when a boy and I could not cool the anger that had kindled in my heart towards you. As I sat there alone in the old hut I began to reason out the affair. I trembled at the thought of what I had done. If you were drowned I should be charged with the murder. So with a mind full of such forebodings, I ran away that night to Welsey, a town about ten miles distant, where I stayed for two days.
But when I realized how foolish had been my conduct I returned and stated the case to our College President. The news had spread already among the students and had reached the ears of the President. Together we walked to the river to find any clue to your whereabouts. There while walking we came upon your pipe and the place you had lain after reaching shore. To make a long story short I re-entered college expecting your return every day, but days wore into years. Officers had ascertained enough of the case to know that you left the country, but that was all. I at last entered the ranks of the priesthood, but never had I ceased to pray for your return and my forgiveness. I was sent out here to work, and here after years of care and anxiety we are again together, the same old chums as of yore. Your parents are living and well, but never have they ceased to expect your return, Tom, and their joy will know no bounds when they see you again in dear old St. Albion."

"Jim, you took the words out of my mouth," said Tom. "I shall never be satisfied till I see my dear old parents whom I so unjustly abandoned, and if money and attention in their old age will be a recompense they shall be fully repaid. But by the way, Father, the mail coach for Santa Fé is due here this morning. We'll board it. I'll get some new clothes when we get to town and we'll be off for dear old Vermont before sunset."

—Leo Kennedy, ’12.
Robert Emmet's Plan.

Of the millions of the Irish race, scattered throughout the uttermost corners of the earth, whether in Europe or in Asia, America or India, there are few indeed, if any, who are not acquainted with the history of Robert Emmet, the Irish Patriot—his starry hopes, his failure and his fate. The life of this bold soldier of freedom is well known, but his plan of freeing Ireland—that plan which if carried out as he had hoped, would have enabled Ireland to take her place among the nations of the earth, proud and independent—that plan which has placed the name of "Emmet" in glowing characters upon the annals of Irish History—that plan which has caused his name to be enrolled upon the immortal scroll of Ireland's noble martyrs—that heroic plan has remained almost in oblivion. In her heart of hearts old Ireland, crushed and bleeding, treasures the beloved name of Robert Emmet, and one day, Ireland's sons may study carefully and carry to a successful issue, the plan of campaign for the expulsion of the oppressor, that plan upon which the gallant youth staked the future of his country and his own bright young life.

This daring leader of the Insurrection against English power in Ireland was no mere reckless enthusiast, but a loyal patriot, as true, as steadfast, and as unselfish, as ever gave up life for the cause of the old land. He had conceived a very practical scheme, which, under favorable circumstances would have gloriously succeeded, but we see now that these circumstances were most unfavorable, although Emmet had great reason for thinking to the contrary. When the patriot began his movement in 1803, the shadow of the great failure of '98, yet hung like a funeral crape over the Emerald Isle. The country had passed through its Calvary of failure, and of agony,
and of woe. Wexford and Wicklow, Kildare and Down, Antrim and Dublin had "risen" and had "fallen." Tone was dead, Edward was dead, Russell lay helpless in Newgate prison, and the men with Emmet who had planned and toiled for the Grand Old Cause, were in their graves, on English gibbets, or in England's prisons.

The people were in despair, especially in those places, where, five short years before, the hand of the enslaver had fallen heaviest. He knew that any attempt to arouse the country would be useless, but if he could strike the enemy to the heart at the very first blow, the men, who in the autumn of '98, had laid down their pikes in Wexford, Wicklow and Kildare, would march into Dublin and hold it until the whole country was aflame, from Malin Head to Bantry Bay. Emmet saw whence came the failure of '98. When Lord Edward fell, a victim to fiendish treachery, the Irish were without a leader and a plan and the men of Wexford were almost goaded to rebellion. Notwithstanding this, they fought magnificently but their glorious valor was wasted. Their leaders—natives of Wexford—being unwilling to desert their homes and families, fought solely within the borders of their county, while the invading troops marched steadily through the land. Again, had Father Michael Murphy's attack on Arklow been successful, the end might have been different, but the gallant priest fell, crying, "Glory to God and Freedom to Ireland;" his followers retreated, and the great opportunity was lost.

Emmet had carefully considered these facts, and he determined to strike at the very citadel of British Power. For months he worked out his plans—guns were secured, ammunition was stored, pikes were made, recruits were enlisted, and he remained in constant communication with the outlawed hero—Michael Dwyer, then camping on the Wicklow hills. The men of Wexford, Wicklow and Kildare, who had faced the English soldiers again and again, the citizens of Dublin, the grizzled veterans of '98, all were ready for the signal. And during all
these months the multitude of British spies were unable to penetrate the awful secrets of the Revolutionists.

The plan itself consisted principally in taking the castle while the barracks were being attacked. Entrenchments were to be thrown up around the Castle, and obstacles of every kind were to be erected through the streets, to prevent the English Cavalry from charging. The Castle once taken, undaunted men and implements of every description would be easily found in the city, not only to impede the cavalry, but also to prevent the infantry from passing through them. This in itself was a great scheme, when it is considered that in such a conflict, the civilians of a hundred years ago, would be at very little disadvantage in the matter of arms.

Miles Byrne, another young patriot, who was to cooperate with Emmet in taking Dublin Castle, was to have assembled early on the morning of Saturday, the 23rd of July, at the house of Dennis Redmond, the Wexford and Wicklow men, to whom pikes, arms and ammunition were to be distributed. Then, just before dark, a man well-known to Emmet, was to be sent to tell him that Byrne was at his post, armed and ready to follow him. At dusk Mr. Emmet himself was to leave the depot at Thomas Street with six hackney coaches, in each of which six men were to be placed, armed with pikes and blunderbusses. At the moment when the last of these coaches had passed Redmond's house, the men of Wexford and Wicklow were to sally forth, and, following the coaches into the Castle court-yard, were there to seize and disarm the sentries and replace them instantly with their own men.

If this well-laid plan had been carried out, if the garrison had been driven from the Castle, and the men of Dublin had rallied behind their barricade, if the neighboring counties had poured their thousands into the capital—the pale blaze of Insurrection would have lighted up every hill-side from Tipperary and Cork to Donegal; and Ireland would now be free. But treachery foiled the
hero's plans. His lieutenants were either incapable or false, and his plans, well-laid and practical as they were, miscarried.

Away on the hills of Wicklow, Dwyer, the bold outlaw, panting for another charge into the red ranks of the hated Saxon, lay eagerly awaiting the message, whose bearer infamously tarried at Rathfarnum. Sturdy peasants from Kildare came quietly and grimly to Dublin, but on being told by a traitor that the date had been changed, returned regretfully to their homes. Before the Castle gates, Robert Emmet watched and waited: but the men from Wicklow never came.

Treachery had done its work. The patriot knew his plan had failed. Turning to his little band, he told them of his fears, and there on Thomas street, on the evening of July 23, 1803, the men of Wexford with the doomed Emmet at their head, fought until the last. And thus the plotting and planning of many years ended two months later in that awful tragedy—the foulest blot on the escutcheon of the British Nation—when on September 20, on the very street which was to have witnessed Ireland's triumph, the life blood of its martyr, Robert Emmet, flowed from the British scaffold.

_He told them, at death, the lines on his grave_
_Should never be traced by the hands of a slave,
So he bade them to keep his poor name in the gloom_
_Till the Morning of Liberty dawned on his tomb.
"When the flag of Old Erin in liberty flies,
Then let my name and my monument rise."
_His bold spirit fled, but Erin shall mind_
_That one lonely spot where her hero's confined.
Oh may we all see e're this year is done,
A monument rise o'er Erin's last son.
Till then shall one thought in our hearts deeply dwell,
All peace to thy slumbers! Bold Emmet, farewell!_
—William C. Moffatt, '09.
He stood upon the shores of Galilee
And gazed upon earth's cities wistfully.
Light of the heavens, why should'st Thou be sad?
Rule such as Thine no earthly king e'er had,
Why then with yearning earth's poor kingdom scan,
Light of the Deity, Thou God-made Man?

Though haughty Corozain should'st bid Thee wait,
And proud Bethsaida close her sullen gate,
O, Master, see! The future hath displayed
On yonder lofty height, a host arrayed,
Like to the shifting sands that marge the sea,
Thou art the King, the Gentiles follow Thee.

And yonder see Thy armies strong and true,
White robe and sable, brown and leaden hue;
Immortal ranks, their light shall never fade;
What heaven had all but lost in life's dread raid,
They save in fierce world strife a fearless van,
Light of the Deity, O God-made Man.

Why art Thou sad? O'er Midland Sea behold
Lands where true love for Thee, shall ne'er grow cold,
Where dwells proud Rome, where flames the Fleur-de-Lis,
Or where the Shamrock tells Thy trinity.
And younger lands below the western skies
Proclaim Thy glory in their love-lit eyes.
And still afar, o'er earth's fair fading face,
Thine eyes behold a newer, stranger race,
To sing Te Deums, toll the even bell,
And from their new wrought fanes, Thy story tell,
From Yeddo's cliff to ancient Hindostan,
Light of the Deity, Thou God-made Man.

They called Thee Master, then,—we call Thee now—
Could not the human love soothe Thy sad brow,
Of cloistered souls dim-eyed with Heaven's dew?
Humbly to tread Thy thorn-strewn valley through,
O, bid us bear the toils of Calvary,
Let our blood ebb as Thy blood ebbed away.

* * *

We give but little, though 't were all we can,
Light of the Deity, Thou God-made Man.

—W. J. Robinson, '08.
PON examining the history of any nation we find that nearly all of them possessed some form or other of drama. China had a form which dated from remote ages; the Africans and Indians had their war dances, intermingled with pantomimic descriptions of the preparations for battle; the Greeks had Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides as their principle tragedians; the Romans had their Seneca, Terence and Plautus; Spain had Cervantes and Lope de Vega; France had Racine Voltaire and Molière; Germany had Schiller, Goethe and Lessing, while England had Shakespeare, Marlowe and Johnson.

But that form which is accepted and followed in Europe was the invention of the Greeks. This originated from the worship of Dionysius, better known as Bacchus, the God of wine. In the sacrifices, morsels were thrown into the fire and wine poured on the ground, as the deity was supposed to feed on the perfume of these. On the day that sacrifice was offered, odes were also recited, and a prize of a goat offered to the one who wrote the best ode in his honor. Thus from the two Greek words tragos, goat and ode, song came tragedy or goat song. The ritual for the worship of Bacchus was truly dramatic and was foremost in displaying that wildness of motion which gave rise to Passion, the first of the three elements, of which dramatic effect is made up. It was not long before they divided their worship into four main parts, corresponding to the four seasons of the year.

The first was the month for Rural Dionysia; the next was the festival of the wine press; the third, the opening of the wine casks; while the last was the Greater Dionysia, which commemorated the beginning of spring and the re-opening of navigation. From this sprung the germ of Plot, the second great element of dramatic effect. The
last element—Character, was imitated by the worshippers who disguised themselves as followers of the god. They colored their bodies with vermilion or some black substance and made use of masks and skins of beasts. Thus we have the three main elements of the drama all represented in the Dionysion worship. At first the dance was prominent but later it was supplanted by the chorus, while speakers were introduced to give dialogues at intervals when the chorus or dancing was suspended.

The Greek Drama reached a high degree of perfection in the hands of Sophocles, Æschyles and Euripides. The first named introduced a third actor, and drew human nature as it ought to be, while Euripides depicted men and women as they were. On the other hand, the dramas of Æschyles were dark and gloomy, their atmosphere is that of thunder and lightening, while their dramatic personae are demi-gods.

The Romans derived their dramas from the Greeks. Terence, Plautus and Seneca are about the only writers worthy of mention, and even these are rather imitators or translators than originators. The Romans cared very little for intellectual amusements, but on the contrary, prepared to watch the agonies of the bodies suffering in the Amphitheatre, to gaze on the gladiatorial shows or dancing bears, to the enjoyment of a tragedy or a comedy. To illustrate this an incident is related that on one occasion, when one of Terence's comedies was being played, the theatre was deserted because of a report that a boxing match was going on elsewhere.

In England the drama had its origin in the church. Ecclesiastics continually composed religious pieces portraying some religious mystery, and often took part themselves with their characters. Of these plays the first form were called Miracle Plays, which were founded on events of Scripture and on legends of saints and martyrs. They were played on the saint's feast day, and generally were represented on a stage erected in the church or church yard with the priests and acolytes as actors. No atten-
tion was paid to the rules of natural probability, because they thought that the operation of the supernatural power was enough ground or principle of credulity in itself. The first instance we have of this form of play is said to be told by Matthew Paris in his Lives of the Abbots, written about 1240, in which he states that Geoffry, an Abbot of St. Albans, brought out the miracle play of St. Catherine at Dunstalle. Another instance is told by Fitzstephen, of the enacting of the life of Thomas A’ Becket. They had a variety of subjects; especially such as relate to the Incarnation, the Passion, and Resurrection, while many were gathered into sets of which the Townley, Coventry and Chester collections are best known. The first set portrays the creation, the revolt of Lucifer and his followers, and their expulsion from heaven. The second set relates the killing of Abel, while the last series is occupied with the deluge.

Several of these Miracle Plays had the same characters. Of these Herod seems to have been the greatest popular favorite. He was a sort of staple character, and no Miracle Play was complete without him. He was always represented as an immense swearer and braggart, always roving up and down the stage, shocking his hearers’ ears with the most furious bombast and profanity. Another, though less important staple character was Termagant, the supposed god of the Saracens, who is described as “a great boaster, quarreller, and the brother of death.” Even Shakespeare was struck by these “strutting and bellowing stage thumpers,” as is seen in Hamlet’s remonstrance with the players, “O, it offends me to the soul . . . it out-herods Herod, I pray you avoid it.”

In the rendition of these old religious plays the most striking features were the apparently irreverent and shocking familiarity everywhere displayed with regard to the sacredest persons and things of the Christian Faith. Although these exhibitions were so revolting to modern tastes they were no doubt, in most cases, full of religion
and honest delight. Again, though rude and uncultured as the Miracle Plays were in form, they contained the germ of that splendid drama which adorned and enriched the life and language of England. For a long time churches, chapels and monasteries were used as Theatres, and sometimes plays were performed out in the open on temporary scaffolds or stages erected for the purpose. In some instances the stages were mounted on wheels and moved from town to town, while others had two stages, one above the other, the lower one serving as a dressing room or used to represent Hell, the devils rising out of it or sinking down into it as the occasion required.

By degrees the allegorical personages began to be more or less mixed up with Scripture characters and events; the aim was to illustrate and enforce the virtues that refer directly to the practical conduct of life. From this there grew into use a different style of drama, which was made up entirely of abstract ideas, personified. They were called moral or morality plays. The difference between the two lay in the fact that in the former the devil took the principal part in the representation, while in the latter a person called Iniquity, Vice, or some such name, was among the first characters to take the stand on Moral Plays, as a personification of the evil tendencies in man. In Moral plays the devil or Vice bore the leading part, but most commonly both were retained together. No pains were spared to give the devil as hideous an aspect as possible; he was made an out and out monster in appearance, all hairy and shaggy with a "bottle nose and an evil face." Usually he was presented with horns, hoofs and a long tail, so that the sight would be hideous.

Gradually the Moral Plays were supplanted by Comedy and Tragedy, for the Miracle and Moral plays possessed little of character or human nature. And as they lacked an endless variety of characters they could not but run into great monotony. The matter shown was always the same and the interest therefore had to depend chiefly on the manner of showing it. The first known beginnings
of Comedy were by Jno. Haywood, who wrote pieces called Interludes, designed to fill in the gaps or intervals at banquets or other entertainments. They have the substance of Comedy, as they give pictures of real life and manners.

In the 16th century, histories were written containing long rambling pieces of action without any form or object but introducing rudely the design of that romantic drama destined to be wondrously perfected in the hands of Shakespeare. Later in the 18th Century the sentimental drama was introduced and gained great popularity, in Germany especially. The next and last step which the drama has made, and which proved popular even in our own day, was the invention of the Opera, in which music took the place of poetry.

Other divisions of the Drama are the Melodrama, Farce, Vaudeville and the Pantomime. The first is characterized by the subserviency of passion and development of character to action and plot. Farce is a ludicrous piece with no regard paid to probability. Vaudeville is the invention of the French stage, and was originally a satirical song containing some keen witty thought and applicable to some popular person or event. The last and most ancient form is a drama without language, composed of gesture and accompanied with music.

—WALTER ROTTACH, '11.
It is June and the close of the school year. To be more precise on June 17 we shall have completed the work of the scholastic year. Books will be put away, trunks will be packed, and many happy youthful hearts will wend their way homewards to enjoy a needed rest. Over the whole land the closing exercises will give the youthful genius an opportunity to show the public what a vast deal of enlightenment is in store for the world.

The graduates must bid adieu to their Alma Mater for the last time. The friendships which they have formed must begin to pass into the region of college memories. At the college door they separate and pass away from the scenes of common life to fields of labor in places far distant from each other.

A correspondence may be kept up, but even this will soon end, and the bonds of college friendship must quickly cease to exist. This fact is the sole cloud which invariably casts a shadow over an otherwise happy day. We cannot but regret that these ties must yield to the exigencies of dire necessity, for few things are more ennobling or morally more wholesome than the few strong sterling friendships which we form in youth. Others will not and cannot be made to take the place of the earlier ones.
GRAY MOTOR CO.

On the first of May we had an easy time disposing of the Gray Motor Co. team. Renner was driven from the box and Lavan who succeeded him, was also easy for the sluggers of our team. Ryan and Drouillard starred with the willow, and Curran and Fillion on the field.

The following is the score by innings:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>1</th>
<th>2</th>
<th>3</th>
<th>4</th>
<th>5</th>
<th>6</th>
<th>7</th>
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<td>2</td>
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<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>3</td>
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</table>

Batteries—Klick and McQuillan; Renner, Lavan and Bartlett.
Umpire—Hartnett.

SPALDINGS.

After winning four straight games Assumption was forced to take the small end of the score on May 8. The Spalding team of Detroit was our first hoodoo of the year. With Kuhagen in the box for the visitors, and Klich for the college, it was a pitchers'-battle throughout. The youthful Detroit twirler was too much for our batters, striking out sixteen men in seven innings. Klich also pitched well, having seven strike-outs to his credit. The game was one of the most exciting seen on the local
diamond this year. Drouillard made several sensational catches, and it was only after a strenuous effort that he touched the one chalked against him in the error column. He also got one of our three hits, Klich and Busch securing the others. Robinet played his first game and made a grand-stand catch.

The following is the score by innings:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>1</th>
<th>2</th>
<th>3</th>
<th>4</th>
<th>5</th>
<th>6</th>
<th>7</th>
<th>R</th>
<th>H</th>
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<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
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</table>

Batteries—Klich and McQuillan; Kuhagen and LeBoeuf.
Umpire—Costello.

D. U. S.

The Detroit University school took sweet revenge when they journeyed over to the local campus on May 12. In the former game Klich had held them hitless, and it was the same tale reversed in this game. Brush had the college batters at his mercy, while the visitors connected with Klich’s delivery for nine hits. Jack Miller led in the batting with three bingles while MacMillan secured two. The latter was again the star afield. For Assumption Drouillard and Fillion played well. In the first inning Brighton got a walk, stole second and third, but was unable to score. O’Donnell caught a clever game throughout. The following is the score by innings:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>1</th>
<th>2</th>
<th>3</th>
<th>4</th>
<th>5</th>
<th>6</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>D. U. S.</td>
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<td>0</td>
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</table>

Batteries—Klich and McQuillan; Brush and O’Donnell.
Umpire—Lerchen.

On May 13 the Polish Seminary team held Assumption to a 2 to 2 tie in 11 innings. Brighton and Curran did the hitting for the college and Bartol and Milewski for the visitors. Kennedy pitched a beautiful game for the College, allowing but six hits and retiring nine men on strikes.
## Athletics.

### Assumption

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>AB</th>
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**Totals...** 36 2 5 2 3 12 4

### Polish Seminary

<table>
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</table>

**Totals...** 39 2 6 2 3 14 4

Polish Seminary .......................... 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0
Assumption ................................. 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 0

The next game on May 22, was a batfest for Assumption. They got fifteen hits and fifteen runs in seven innings off Smith and Nesbit of the Burrough Tool Co. team. The visitors scored twice on six hits off Kennedy. Curran, Drouillard and Klich got three hits apiece.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>AB</th>
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<th>PO</th>
<th>A</th>
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</tbody>
</table>

**Totals...** 35 8 10 21 9 4

The D. A. C. veterans were our next opponents, and went down to defeat on May 29, to the score of 8-4. Klich and Brighton hit well for the College, and Densmore and Denk for the visitors.
The last game of the month on May 31, was a ten
inning tie, with Detroit Lubricator Co. team. Curran
and Brighton did the heavy hitting for Assump­
tion, while Rebloy, Langlois and Le Boeuf did well for
the visitors. Kennedy pitched an excellent game with
nine more strike-outs to his credit, and would have won
easily but for one or two costly errors.

Detroit Lubricating Co .................... t o o o o o
Assumption .................................. 0 4 1 0 0 0 0 0

Batteries—Assumption, Kennedy and McQuillan.

Frank McQuillan proved a very agreeable surprise by
the way he managed the receiving end of the battery de­
partment. He has caught every game to date and proved
himself the man we have been looking for, for some
years—a good catcher.

J. Klich signalized his last year in baseball by pitch­
ing one no-hit game and winning many others. We are
very sorry to lose him as he has been a tower of strength
to the team for the last four years.

For many years it has been our good fortune to dig
up a good star in the twirling department just when need­
ed. This time it is Leo Kennedy, a left-handed phenom
from Emmet, Mich. If he continues to show the class
which he has furnished in two or three games this year,
we are assured that next year the big end of the scores
will be, as usual, with Assumption.

Capt. Frank Busch is beyond question the premier
first sacker in amateur circles in or around Detroit. He
still keeps his batting eye and his great reach gives con­
dence to the infielders.
Jno. Curran, a new man, held down second sack most of the season. He is a steady player and with more confidence will be hard to equal.

Joe Murphy was brought up from the Belvederes, and has all the earmarks of a comer. He was given a chance on second base where he showed great speed and judgment.

Joe Fillion earned the short-field position by hard consistent work. His work on short at times bordered on the phenomenal, and it was a distinct loss to the team when he was called home.

Dick Ryan showed his versatility by holding down every position on the infield with the exception of first. Like Curran, he lacks confidence, but a little experience will cure him of that.

Louie Moriarty started late in the season but has done magnificent work on short. He is full of ginger and speed, and the stunts he does with his throwing arm make visiting teams set up and take note.

Fred. Costello was putting up a game at third that promised to rival his brother Leo when he was injured. He is still good at the bat and is rounding into shape again after his injury.

The out-field is the best we have had for years.

J. Brighton, in right field, is a marvel of speed both in the field and on the bases, and his batting has been a joy to the home fans.

C. "Gig" Robinet, in centre, started the season by a marvellous one-handed catch of what looked to be good for a home-run, and has kept up the good work ever since.
Cliff Drouillard, in left field, has shown that he has more specialties than basket-ball by his wonderful running catches of low fast drives to left field.

### Batting Averages

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>A.B.</th>
<th>H.</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
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<tr>
<td>Klich</td>
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<td>10</td>
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</tr>
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</tr>
<tr>
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<td>McQuillan</td>
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<td>Robinet</td>
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</table>

### Fielding Averages

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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>Robinet</td>
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Team—Average Batting, 234. Fielding, 913.

### RUNTS VS. GIANTS

The most interesting games in the yard are those between the Runts and Giants. This year the small fellows have the best of the argument in baseball. They won the first game 12-9 in 12 innings. The second they took, 8-6. The third went to the Giants, 10 to 8, and the fourth to the Runts, 10-6. For the winners, Harding and Murphy have shown up well in fielding, while Moriarity, Costello and McQuillan have been their heavy batters. For the Giants, Busch, Drouillard and Ryan have excelled in fielding, with Curran, Drouillard, Hartnett and Brighton slugging hard.

### BELVEDERE TEAM

The Belvederes have a very fast team this year. They have played several games and won all but one from fast junior teams from Detroit. The following are the players: W. Lankin, c.; E. Mackey, p.; J. Robinson, p.; A. Hetherington, 1b.; J. Murphy, 2b.; A. McIntyre, 2b.; J. LeSeno, 3b.; G. Brennan, Capt., 3b.; and J. Toohey, M. Blackwell, R. O. Neill and L. Harper, in the outfield.
On May 20 the Belvederes won handily from the Cadets, one of the fastest junior teams in Detroit. The credit for the splendid victory was due the batting of Hetherington and Brennan, coupled with the pitching of Mackey.

The summary of games played by the Belvederes:

April 17—LeRoys, 8; Belvederes, 13.
April 24—Dominion A. C., 3; Belvederes, 11.
May 1—Cadets, 2; Belvederes, 11.
May 8—Winona A. C., 10; Belvederes, 9.
May 15—Emerald Tigers, 0; Belvederes, 2.
May 20—Cadets, 0; Belvederes, 7.
May 22—Vigilants, 2; Belvederes, 7.
May 29—Teckmauhauma, 0; Belvederes, 9.

TAI KUNS.

The Tai Kuns this year play ball from start to finish, and are composed of the following promising young stars. R. McCabe, c.; A. O'Neil, p.; F. Swinehart, p.; J. O'Flaherty, 1b.; P. Conger, 2b.; J. Sullivan, 3b; D. Broughton, ss.; R. Sharkey, L. Morand, L. Campeau and F. Daniels fielders.

The result of their games to date has been:

April 12—Holy Rosary A. C., 5; Tai Kuns, 7.
April 24—St. Anne's School, 5; Tai Kuns, 16.
April 24—Willette A. C., 2; Tai Kuns, 11.
May 15—Cresians, 3; Tai Kuns, 1.
May 22—Cardinals, 4; Tai Kuns, 20.
May 24—Cresians, 1; Tai Kuns, 4.
MINIMS.

The Minim team—J. Famularo, c.; M. Mardion, 3b.; M. Martin, p.; E. Mardion, rf.; T. Lareau, lf.; A. Hale, 1b.; C. Taylor, 2b.; W. Chambers, ss.; H. Quermbach, lf.; R. Hancock, cf.; M. Sullivan, rf. The Kidlets are having a great season of base-ball, and are proud of the following standing:

April 17—Shamrocks, 0; Minims, 4.
May 1—Crescents, 4; Minims, 4.
May 8—Futures, 2; Minims, 7.
May 22—Cornells, 5; Minims, 6.
May 24—Crescents, 4; Minims, 3.
May 31—Crescents, 5; Minims, 9.
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.

Contributions to the Chapel Fund.

Previously acknowledged..............................................$1142.55
Rev. F. Conlon..............................................................10.00
Rev. H. Sullivan............................................................20.00
Rev. T. Hannigan............................................................25.00
Rev. J. Thornton............................................................20.00
Rev. F. J. VanAntwerp....................................................50.00
Rev. J. McManus............................................................50.00

Total...........................................................$11317.55

Marco Giuseppe, a student here during the years '02-'03, is now pursuing a course of study in the Law Department of the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor.

Reni St. Louis, a student at Assumption a few years ago, is studying medicine at the Detroit College of Medicine, Detroit, Mich.
The Catholic Register and Canadian Extension, Toronto, of a recent issue, contains an interesting account of one of our illustrious Alumni, Rev. J. V. Tobin, '90, London, Ont. We have clipped the following from this account:

“Our good friend, Father J. Tobin, of St. Mary’s, London, delivered a lecture on ‘Catholics and Education’ recently at Galt, in which he showed in a masterly way what the Catholic Church has done to foster art and science and literature. Concluding, he quoted the following beautiful lines from the late W. E. Gladstone. ‘Since the first three hundred years of persecution the Roman Catholic Church has marched for fifteen hundred years at the head of human civilization, and has driven harnessed to the chariot as the horses of the triumphant car, the chief intellectual forces of the world; its genius, the genius of the world; its greatest glory and majesty and grandeur have been almost, though not absolutely, all that the world in these respects have had to boast of.’”

Herman Hughes, Commercial, ’05, is at present employed as book-keeper in the offices of the Randall Lumber Co., Flint, Mich.

Norbert Farrel, Commercial, ’06, has accepted a responsible position in the offices of the Buick Automobile Company in his home town, Flint, Mich.

Wm. Kelly, ’05, Lorenzo Lowry, ’03, and Denis O’Connor, ’05, three of our younger graduates whose ordination was deferred for some time, owing to the vacancy in the London Bishopric, were raised to the order of deaconship on Tuesday, June 1st., at St. Michael’s Cathedral, Toronto, and ordained to the Holy priesthood at St. Peter’s Cathedral, London, on Saturday, June 5. His Grace, Archbishop McEvay, of Toronto, performed both ceremonies. Rev. W. J. Kelly celebrated his first Holy Mass at St. Marys’ Church, London, the following day, Trinity Sunday.
We extend our sincere congratulations to the young priests, and hope they will call on us soon and give us their blessing.

D. Mailloux, a student here a few years ago, and graduate of the Detroit College of Medicine has commenced the practice of his profession in Detroit. He will be remembered by many former students on account of his fine pitching for the college nine, during the years he spent at Assumption.

Raymond Coyle, Academic, '07, has completed his first term, in the Dental Department of the Detroit College of Medicine, Detroit, Mich.

We have clipped the following from the Detroit Free Press:

Frank McIntyre, the Michigan actor, who has been playing "The Travelling Salesman" successfully for eight months, tells an interesting experience of his early attempts as a professional actor.

"What did more to make me take up acting as a profession was the constant inquiries directed to me why I did not go on the stage," he says "I was somewhat of a village cut-up, and one of the best stunts I did was the imitation of a noted actor I had never seen. Finally my chance came when, after a few weeks tramping with an amateur minstrel show, I got an engagement with Frank Keenan in "The Honorable John Grisby," and opened in Rome, N. Y., on Sept. 12, 1902. Thoroughly conversant with my part, I made my first entrance determined to make a hit, the echo of which would be heard around the world, but the moment I stepped out in full view of the audience my heart sank and my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. I was awakened from my reverie by a fellow in the front row yelling up at me, 'If you can't talk, make signs.'"

Wm. McCaulay, Commercial, '03, is meeting with fine success in the Clothing Manufacturing Business at Alma, Mich. He was established at Merrill, his home
town, but received large inducements to Alma, and since
doing so his business has grown rapidly. Mr. McCaulay
has the best wishes of the Review for continued success.

In a letter received by the Editor-in-Chief from St.
Mary’s Seminary, Baltimore, we learn that “Fritz, ’07,
and Esper, Rhetoric, ’06, are the same as ever, not having
changed a particle,” and that “Jack” Hackett, ’08, and
“Joe” Coyle, ’08, are still together the happiest fellows
out—the former taking things coolly and the latter wear­
ing that same smile which even a band-box could not
hide.” The next paragraph tells us that “Pete” Jordan,
Rhetoric, ’08, sings, runs for office, studies, and gets out
into society, leads his class in standing, and is quite pop­
ular with the “public.”

Dr. H. R. Casgrain, ’76, Windsor, Ont., has been
elected president of the Ontario Medical Association,
which held its annual meeting in Toronto recently. In
his new office he will preside over the deliberations of
the most select professional body in the province. We
congratulate our distinguished graduate on his new honor.
"Turn, boys, turn, we're going back!"

The instructions for the annual retreat were delivered by the Rev. F. J. VanAntwerp, Detroit. The sermons were excellent, and silence throughout the three days was strictly observed by the students. We extend our sincerest thanks to Father VanAntwerp for his untiring efforts towards our spiritual welfare.

Empire Day was observed in true patriotic style by both Canadians and Americans. The afternoon was spent in Windsor at the national celebrations.

Among the old students to visit us last month were: Messrs. T. Brophy, F. Bourbonnais, Pt. Huron, Mr. L. Brennan, Hamilton, and Messrs. F. Minich, E. Brogan and H. Mullen, Lansing.

Agric went to the sick-room,
To the nurse's care entrusted,
The nurse gave him the fever-test,
And he sucked it till it busted.

J. Y. says the sound of street cars make him homesick. "Ain't it awful, Mabel?"

Somebody heard the little bird singing: "Private rooms next year?" Surely it wasn't a mocking-bird!


We hope to have the Most Reverend Archbishop O'Connor and Right Reverend Bishop Foley present at our commencement exercises.

Messrs. J. Fillion, W. Flanagan and Jas. Robinson were called to their homes during the past month on account of sickness.
Our Salvation Army leaders declare that "Aggie" is "saved," but the process of purification was a thorough one and external signs tend to indicate the contrary.

Another year—another step towards the goal, and at each step some must vacate for the new-comers. This year we shall bid adieu to nine grads. of '08-'09: Mr. A. Scarnecchia, West Virginia; Messrs. J. Harding, T. Corcoran, J. Gleeson, W. Murray, of London, Ont.; Mr. W. Moffatt, Owen Sound; Mr. J. Quigley, Elginfield, Ont.; Mr. J. Theoret, St. Thimothée, Que., and Mr. J. Emery, Dover South, Ont. They all have our best wishes for success in their chosen professions.

Although the twilight of another year is fast creeping about us and we realize that June is here; that coveted month of all, which brings to every longing heart the joyful vacation time, still, on looking back, the term looks considerably shorter than it did in '08, when we arrived here in September, our minds filled with the thoughts of a year's work ahead of us. Although the past year has brought, as it surely must have, some reverses, some cloudy days, yet taken all in all we can truly say that it ranks among the most successful years in the annals of Assumption College. From the very day of our return in '08, when the new chapel was first opened to the students and the sound of the workman's hammer was heard daily about the buildings, to the present, we have noticed a continual succession of improvements. In athletic circles the progress has been decidedly superior to former years. Football season opened with a strong Rugby team on the gridiron, the first one ever to represent our College and one that has held some of Detroit's fastest teams to tight margins. In Soccer Football the prospects for the Peninsular League Cup always looked good; the team was nearly the same as that of the previous year and its work on the field was no less creditable, but owing to the withdrawal of a team from the league from whom we had a game to win before we could play off for the cup, we were
left in second place. In addition to Handball as a mid­winter sport was added Roller Skating; soon after the first pair appeared on the handball floor the sale reports of Detroit hardwares increased daily. But the handball, club room, Library and immediate surroundings were completely abandoned when the spring sun had dried the campus sufficiently for baseball practice. Eager candidates were soon to be seen on every diamond, schedules were filled for the respective teams and now we are rejoicing at the close of a most successful season in the popular sport.

—L. W. Kennedy, '12.

Exchanges.

The May edition of the St. Mary's Messenger with its usual amount of good reading matter is a welcome visitor to our sanctum. "A May Novena" is a most appropriate article for the month and is well written. The two characterizations, one of Charles Warren Stoddard and the other of Thomas Hart Benton are worthy of praise, not only for the manner in which the writers develop their subjects, but also for the good we can draw from the contrast between the two men. We are always pleased at the mention of a new saint being canonized and the writer has done ample justice to Clement Marie Hofbauer. The short story, "Grandfather's Literary Sister," deserves a place among the first of such stories.

The St. Mary's Sentinel for May contains many excellent essays on interesting topics. "Knowledge acquired by observation," and "The Cruise of Our Fleet," are instructive and well developed. In "The Manners and Customs of the Boers," the author gives us a short but concise account of this South African tribe from their first settlement to the late war which brought them into prominence for a short time, but since have settled into oblivion again. "Uncrowned Heroes," though
shorter, is worthy of commendation. The various departments of the Sentinel are exceptionally well conducted, but a lack of variety of reading matter is noticeable. Perhaps a short story or a few poems would help to make it more interesting for its readers.

The Notre Dame Scholastic is always a welcome visitor at our sanctum, not only for the excellence of its articles but also for variety of reading matter. Two fine essays, several poems and a lively short story make this number an interesting as well as an instructive issue. "They that Fear" is the title of a clever short story. It holds our interest from very beginning to the last word. "Shadings of Shylock" exhibits care and research on the part of the authors.

We also gratefully acknowledge the following:—Xavier, Niagara Index, Dial, Catholic Register, Augustinian, University of Ottawa Review, Vox Studentis, Nazarene, Catholic Record, Collegian, Student, Exponent, Patrician, Columbiad, Fordham Monthly and Agnetian Monthly.
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