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Assumption College

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Assumption College Review

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

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Home.

The fields and houses where I lived and played
With those I loved in childhood's happy day,
They grow to be a factor in life's way.
In later years I'm by their vision swayed.
Their memory a sweetest thing is made.
But yet, their pow'r grows less, and memory's ray
On them becomes like that of common day.
Their sacredness grows less, their beauties fade.

The fledglings now are flown, the old birds dead—
The leaves and blossoms fallen, and instead
The empty nests on naked branches show
Themselves. And gazing on the desolation
I feel I have no biding place below
Since home itself looses its consecration.

—C. A. Bates, '11.
Two Sea Poems of Tennyson.

It cannot be gainsaid that Tennyson possessed a deep love for all nature, but for the sea he had an especial affection. Even in the days of his earliest boyhood his greatest delight was found in studying its various moods and changes and again and again we hear its echoes reverberate through his verses. But in two poems in particular does his interpretation of the sea rise into a perfect flood-tide of poetic emotion and beauty. One is "Break, break, break," written when he was still a young man struggling for recognition in the world of letters, and with his heart still saddened by that first great sorrow, the death of Arthur Hallam, the closest friend of his heart,

"Dear as the mother to the son,
More than my brothers are to me."

for whom the bud of his love was to flower so beautifully in the noblest of elegies, "In Memoriam."

The sorrow was still green and darkened all the world to Tennyson that one spring day, as he trod the pleasant English lanes near his boyhood home at Somersby. But he saw not the green grass under foot, or the hawthorne hedges that skirted the paths, or the babbling brook or the leafy archs overhead. Imagination carried him far away and his mind's eye beheld the great wide sea and the old gray church, and to his inward ear there rose the sound of the incoming waves that broke and foamed against the cliffs near Cleveden Church where his dearest friend had found a last resting place. And as he walked his solitary walk and gazed upon the scene there welled up from his saddened heart the lines now grown so familiar to everyone——

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."
"And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
And oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

"Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a love that is dead
Will never come back to me."

That object of nature, the sea, so ordinary in itself,
is here wonderfully moulded into a means of expressing emotion. In some mysterious way the very waves and stone and crags breathe out their dumb grief, and the almost inexpressible sadness and longing of the young man's heart. This poem expresses, as scarcely any other does, the nearly hopeless yearning that follows bereavement. "It is the sob of all hearts that ache and all eyes that weep." Tennyson has made the sea to typify the sorrow and the solemn mystery of death, and for this reason the world at large has made it a part of the literature of grief. And many an aching heart, which has never heard the voice or murmur of a wave, or seen the gracefully curling foam of a breaker, has come to consider it the expression of a sorrow or passion all its own.

When he wrote that other poem the antithesis, as it were, of the one just discussed, namely, "Crossing the Bar," Tennyson was an old man of past four score years. The quickly gliding years had worked a change in the poet's views of things. The sea is no longer a lament for the dead but it is the pathway leading to life immortal.

"When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns home again."

Beyond the turbulent waters of the breakers he sees his Pilot—"that Divine and Unseen," as he himself explains, "who is always guiding us."

During the many years that intervened between the writing of the two poems, Tennyson had known much of the best that life can give in love and honor and fame. The bright roseate hues of the morning of life mayhap were dispersed by the splendor of the midday sun, but
the clearness of knowledge served only to show him the real value or worth of the things of life. The young and unknown poet that sadly paced the shadowed lanes at Somersby had become the laureate of England, a friend of England's queen, and an English peer.

It was not in the springtime but on a full October day that Tennyson, to whom the "one clear call" had already come, for the last time was making the journey to his much loved Farringford. And as the fair sea view came into sight "all in a moment" there came to him those lines which men will not soon be willing to forget—

"Sunset and Evening star,  
And one clear call for me,  
And may there be no moaning of the bar  
When I put out to sea;"

"But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound or foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns home again."

"Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark;  
And may there be no sadness of farewell  
When I embark!"

"For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,  
When I have crossed the bar."

In this the poet compares the passage from time to eternity to the outflow of a river into the boundless deep. At low tide the water dashing against the obstructions of the bar produces a hollow moaning sound, but when the tide is high the bar is buried deep below the water's surface—the sound is hushed, there is then "no moaning at the bar"—

"But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound or foam."

And gazing on the peace and quiet the poet begs that his passage too may be peaceful and untroubled. He must leave his present abode and even now he is bound for home—the vast ocean—the ocean of God's in-
finite love. And to this home he is guided by the divine Pilot as soon as he has crossed the bar.

If we examine the first and third stanzas and compare them we can readily see the progression in thought. In the first, Tennyson writes—

"Sunset and Evening Star,
And one clear call for me."

In the third, the day is more advanced; the night is at hand for the sun has set and with the setting sun come

"Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark."

In like manner his prayer is changed. In the first

"And may there be no moaning at the bar
When I put out to sea."

But in the third stanza there is a sense of being nearer home and the separation that must needs come, the separation from all the things that life and time have rendered dear to him, and his heart goes out in sympathy to his friends and loved ones and he begs—

"May there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark."

Every word in the selection deserves to be meditated upon. A single reading will not bring out the meaning of the poem, for it is characteristic of true poetry that it suggests more than it expresses, and this one is the rich and ripe fruitage of which his earlier poems were but the blossoms and the fruitage is worthy to crown Tennyson's declining years. As simple as child-language, yet as noble as the man's own genius, for we must not be led to mistake its simplicity for poverty of language or lack of thought. For language was for him a sort of graceful drapery with which he clothed his thought, and every fold served but to bring out more distinctly the beauties underneath. He himself felt it to be of great worth, for on his dying bed he charged his son to have it placed at the end of all editions of his poems.
Not long after with the music of the great organ of Westminster and the choir chanting these beautiful words he was laid to rest in his humble grave; and time and again these same sweet words have been heard beside still white forms from which life has passed with the outflowing tide.

As "Break, break, break" has become the literature of sorrow, so "Crossing the Bar" has grown to be an expression of faith and hope, and many of us who find time to look to that hour when "the flood may bear" us far beyond "our bourne of Time and Place," find for ourselves great help in voicing its own inspiring words of assurance—

"I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

To the account of Tennyson's death his son adds the words from the "Ode of Wellington" which apply in no less a degree to him than to the great duke—

"On God and Godlike men we build our trust.  
Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears;  
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears:  
The black earth yawns: the mortal disappears;  
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;  
He is gone who seemed so great,—
Gone: but nothing can bereave him  
Of the force he made his own  
Being here, and we believe him  
Something far advanced in State,  
And that he wears a truer crown  
Than any wreath a man can weave him.  
Speak no more of his sorrow,  
Lay your earthly fancies down,  
And in the vast cathedral leave him,  
God accept him, Christ receive him."

—C. A. B. 'II.
Mon Oncle's Familee.

Mon oncle leev on Lac St. Pierre,
Dat's many year ago.
Hee's fodder come from St. Cesaire,
Dat's many year also.

Mon oncle he have wan beeg mill,
He buil' heem by de creek.
Mon oncle make heem much argent,
He grin' de flour each week.

Mon oncle have wan beeg familee,
Dere ten boy, fourteen girl,
De fines' familee you can see
In any part de worl'.

De boy den pass on oncle's place,
Mos' every Sunday night.
De also come some tam de week,
I tole you, 'tis som' fine sight,
For see de reeg all heech up dere
Before mon oncle's place,
An' all de boy inside de house
Wid beeg smile on hees face.

Dere's Joe Ladore spark Celestine,
Make mariée on de fall,
For she's de oldes' wan you see
She marry first of all.

Den Pierre La Ford see Emeline,
She no love heem at all;
An' Jacque De Lisle court Angeline,
He leev on Central Fall.

An' all de res' dey have dere beaux,
So many I can't say,
Dey come, dey stay, dey go away
An' come again nex' day.
Wan tam mon oncle give soiree  
On hees place by de creek,  
De boy dey come on grand nombre,  
Ba gosh! It make me weep.

For see de nombre of de boy  
Dat pass hees place dat night,  
For see the girl an' dance wid dem  
I tole you—'twas fine sight,

Wid every boy wid smile on face,  
An' girl wid sparkle on de eye,  
Dem boy dey surely go crazee,  
Morjee—I laugh like cry.

I tink som will be disappoint,  
You see, dere's twenty-four.  
To see dem fourteen girl dat night,  
An' dance dem on de floor.

De girl will have some troub' also,  
You see, dey like dem all,  
I can't tell how dey feeks it up,  
Ba gosh, 'twill make some squall.

Of course de girl will fin' de way  
To feeks it toute-de-suite,  
To wan she give de grand beeg smile,  
To odder wan de meet.

An' den de all will happy be,  
An' leev on wan small farm  
On bord de lac, or odder where,  
What difference? Where de harm?

So long dey love each odder so,  
An' raise wan beeg familee,  
'Twill make de Yankee fellow seek,  
Who only have two—t'ree.

An' after tam dey rule de law,  
An' seet on Parliament,  
For many familee—many vot',  
Hurrah! pour habitant!

C. C., '94—With apologies to Drummond.
The most renowned man before Christ among the Gentiles was Alexander surnamed the Great. Holy Writ relates of him "Alexander, the son of Philip the Macedonian, fought many battles, and took the strongholds of all, and slew the kings of the earth, and took the spoils of many nations, and the earth was quiet before him." Such is the striking testimony concerning this man as given in the first of the books of the Machabees. What Caesar, the greatest Roman commander, what the first Napoleon, and what Moltke, "the sword of the new German empire," accomplished in carrying on war, is almost child's play when compared with the deeds of Alexander. King, at the age of twenty, of the small territory of Macedonia, he conquered in the very earliest years of his reign, the surrounding countries of Thrace, Galatia and Greece, and then with 182 ships of war and 30,000 men threatened Asia with battle and conquest. Darius, the King of Persia, met him at the head of half a million of men, but Alexander routed him completely. On he went, intoxicated with conquest, to Palestine and Jerusalem, and entered the temple there, thence to Egypt where the pagan priests honored him as a god, returning to Asia he routed Darius a second time taking from him his immense treasure, following him by forced marches he took the Persian king prisoner and thereby became the master of Asia. Thus he became lord of almost the whole of the ancient world; though yet a youth of twenty-five years, endowed with strength and overflowing courage, with many noble traits of character, a genius second to none in warfare as well as in government, and beautiful in personal appearance. Old historians describe him thus: "His complexion was a blending of the lily and the rose, his features were clean cut and bold, his eyes soft and sparkling,
and his whole person majestic." Such was Alexander the Great, the most remarkable genius the heathen world has produced, the most perfect and happy of mortals.

It was 326 years before the birth of our Saviour, and Alexander and his forces lay deep in the heart of Asia. The mystical and holy Ganges lay far to their rear; they had come to the banks of the river Hypasis, where hitherto a stranger's foot had never penetrated.

It was night in the camp. The moon flooded the tents, the tall palms, and the dense shrubbery with a silvery radiance. Over the river rolled the waves gray mist, and the waves of the river itself sounded deeply and mysteriously among the reeds and canebrake that bordered the stream.

Alexander was wakeful. He alone was unwearied by the marches. He passed by the sentinel, crossed over the camp into the luxuriant growth of green until he reached the shore of the river rolling its mighty waters along the channel.

Alexander stood musing. What was the unusual feeling in his breast? Was he not satisfied with his victories, his good fortune? Undeniably the world was his own and all its treasures. Fortune had not once forsaken him, in making and carrying out his campaigns he stood unrivalled. The most beautiful princess was his wife, himself in strength and prowess was without a peer in his realm, nay, his very subjects honored him, not only as the most exalted of men, but as a god with incense, sacrifices and prostrations in temples and on altars.

Alexander stood musing upon this latest, and most daring expedition, never before conceived as possible. Even he had not undertaken it for mere glory's sake. He wished to benefit humanity and make men happy.

"I will create a new age!" he said to himself, his sparkling eyes lifted to the moon whose rays sought to penetrate the fogs that surged over the mystical river. "I have a thousand men with me to search for strange minerals and plants; intercourse and trade with India
THE PORTALS OF PARADISE.

will be fostered by me, a new life will ensue, hundreds of highways will unite Asia and Europe; the Euphrates, the Persian Gulf and the Caspian Sea will carry my ships; the earth will be circumnavigated; all seas and countries be made traversable to furnish a highway for the riches of the world. When I have subdued the world I wish to render it happy, rich and peaceful.

Alexander sped his way into the night, engaged with himself. "Yes, that is it," he soliloquized, "all humanity, is it not of the self same origin? Are not all men brethren, whether they dwell in Asia or Macedonia? They were separated by many kings and tyrants; I have dethroned these princes and I wish to unite men once more by a common bond. I have betrothed Asia and Europe; all shall be one, there shall be no more distinctions, no more kings; there shall be only one law enforced throughout the world—that of peace and love—and I—I will frame this law and make the world happy and redeem it."

"Redeem it!" came a ghostly echo.

Alexander clasped his heated brow.

"What was it," he said to himself, "that the High Priest in Jerusalem said when he showed me prophesies of his people? Had he not a wonderful tale of the longing cry of the nations for the king who was to come from Heaven to redeem the world and bring it peace? Am I not that King? Did not the Egyptian priests hail me as the Son of God, and worship me? Is not the whole world silent before me? Do I not desire to bring peace and contentment to all?"

The young lord of the world stood erect in all his comeliness and cried out: "Yes! I am the redeemer! I shall bring eternal peace, everlasting happiness! Paradise!" so declared the priests of Egypt and Jewry in mysterious words,—"Paradise was where happiness and salvation lay hidden, where peace reigns, where that sacred bliss abides for which all hearts long." Paradise, so said they, lay in India on the banks of this very stream,
hidden in deep solitude, since a God had closed its gates to men, and none was to enter, to view its unspeakable beauty, to taste its fruits, giving unending life. But I will seek and find it; for the last three days I have not known rest nor quiet by reason of my intense longing for this peaceful Paradise—I must, I will find it, and no one human or divine shall hinder my entrance. My sword shall force its gates, I will gain it for mankind, give back to earth its peace and joy! I, Alexander, the King of nations! Paradise, where art thou? I, Alexander, knock at thy portals!"

"Lift up thine eyes!" rang out in sweet tones above the king.

"What was that? Where am I?" cried Alexander.

A rosy gleam, shining, shimmering brighter than lovely sunlight surged before him. A landscape of marvellous beauty lay in its midst, with shrubbery and trees, flowers and wondrous fountains—never yet had his gaze rested upon such a glory of brilliance and simplicity—never had he even imagined it. And it seemed to him as if in softest, sweetest harmony, everything in that lovely garden united in singing these words: "Holy, holy, unspeakably holy, is the Lord God of Sabboath!"

His self-complacency was shattered before this divine tranquility, and he saw himself as he was; the blood and pride, the cruelty and drunkenness, the lust and forgetfulness of God; he beheld himself stained and defiled, saw his horrible self, and one idea possessed him: "Oh! that I were a pure innocent child without sin—I would give the world!" And his conscience spoke: "Thou art a miserable mortal and canst not bring back Paradise to man; another must come, a true son of God!"

"Who?" flashed into his thoughts.

"Lift thine eyes," sweetly sounded a second time. He gazed above: there, on an airy illumined throne sat a lovely virgin, holding out to him an infant wrapped in swaddling clothes. Poverty enveloped them but from silvery clouds round about them gazed forth thousands of
angels reverently chanting, "To him be honor and might, and glory, the Prince of Peace, the Orient, the God with us!" And the pale shades of kings approached, bent their knees before the child, offered him their diadems and adored.

This was more than the proud and passionate Alexander could bear and he exclaimed: "I am the King!"

"The King!" resounded a horrible echo, while the visions vanished. "The King! go! on Shinar's accursed field, when human pride first lifted itself, thine will be shattered! Thy throne is tottering and thy son will not inherit it. What remains to thee of thy power is seven feet of earth, no more than thy slave needs at death!" Alexander looked about him. Who had spoken? He was alone in the thicket, the moon had disappeared, fog enveloped everything, icy drops swayed on leaf and branch, and in the distance was heard the murmur of the mysterious river as it sang its ancient song.

"I have strayed!" said Alexander, and with difficulty he found his way to the camp, where his priests declared that the gods forbade any further advance, and his troops angrily for the first time demanded a retreat. A broken man, Alexander acceded to the demand. God had spoken to him. "Thus far and no farther." He led his forces home and set up his residence in Babylon with unrivalled splendor. He planned a long sea voyage with 1000 vessels. But it was not to be, for the hand of God touched him and he was taken with fever.

Once more he reviewed his troops in sight of the ancient tower of Babylon which stood deserted and in ruins, a symbol of human power and pride which the Almighty had brought to naught more than 2000 years before.

"On Shinar's infamous field" died Alexander the Great, June 11th, 323 B.C., at the age of thirty-three. What graces were vouchsafed him? what was his eternal lot? God alone who judged him, knows. Scripture records of him, that being taken ill, he divided his kingdom—and then died. But 323 years after the true king and lawgiver of the world, the only Prince of Peace, Saviour and Redeemer, through whom all men are brethren, was born at Bethlehem of Judea.

—From the German of Kuemmel.

—REV. R. L. MARKER.
A Skylark.

Ere the dark of night
By the morning's light
Is chased from the western hills,
A cheery note
From thy pretty throat
My being gladly thrills.

As a fragrant flower
In is vernal bower
Its odor spreads around,
Thou, gifted child
Of the woodland wild,
Fillest the air with sweetest sound.

As the roses red
In their simple bed
Are colored from within,
So thy tiny soul
Is the fountain whole
From which thy songs begin.

And thy matin song
Is heard for long
In heaven's blue above,
And thy winging flight
Is in my sight
A perfect rhythm of love.

And still thou wingest
And upward springest,
And art beyond my view,
And so art gone
To thin air drawn
In the vast empyeian blue.

And I long for wings
And openings
To take my flight with thee
To the realms bright
Where supernal Light
Will sit eternally.

—C. A. Bates, ’11.
The Interest and Beauty of Irish History.

In a recent issue of the S. M. I. Exponent, an exchange which monthly reaches our sanctuary, there appears an editorial on "The Influence of Catholic Societies." Its author is pleased to note that the Ancient Order of Hibernians has established a Chair of Irish History at the University of Washington, and that it is endeavoring to have the parochial schools of the United States take up this study. Now, while we do not agree that the latter policy is a good one, we are happy to learn that our Irish Americans, who so desire, are given such an excellent opportunity to specialize in the history of the land of their forefathers. We have often heard it said that of all history, Irish is the "driest." This we think is one of the most unfounded statements which it has fallen to our lot to hear and consequently we take this occasion to say a few words on the fascinating interest and beauty of Irish History.

In what better way may this be done than by reviewing briefly Erin's History and here and there striking a comparison to show that she has by no means been behind other nations in civilization, good government and moral advancement? Especially is this so since the latter are the constituents of historical interest and beauty.

Since Ireland, as well as any of the other nations, has her mythology we shall go back and try to piece the tapestry on which is recorded her ancient past. In that dim period we have accounts of five distinct migrations to Ireland. The last band, the Milesians, became the dominant race and for over two thousand years from them were chosen the Irish Kings. The religion of the pagan Irish was a form of Druidism. As in the case of all other nations, the worship of the people first went to the sun and moon. Hibernia's Apollo was Baal or Beal. Hibernia's Diana was Re. The Druids, or wise men,
were magicians, doctors and judges combined. All respected them and they were said to possess as great powers as are attributed to many of the wonderful personages whose names we find on the pages of the early records of other nations. That they were very learned, however, is a fact which has never been questioned. We also see that their mythology closely resembled the classical in that they looked upon fire as sacred and yearly held great festivals in its honor.

Before Romulus built the walls of Rome, before Dido founded Carthage, we find the Irish enjoying an almost representative government and instituting schools of general instruction. What country now existing can lay claim to as much? Ollave Fola, we are told, (and on good authority) convened the leading persons of each of the three classes in the famous Triennial Convention at Tara. At the same place he founded what was later the celebrated College of the Learned. His successors emulated his zeal and love of learning and hence there were established later three great academies, where the science of war, historical literature and jurisprudence were taught. Such was pagan Ireland. No wonder the people, so ruled and cultured, were easily impressed by the doctrines of the religion of Christ.

In the year 432 A. D., the Apostle of Erin landed in the country of his former bondage. Nowhere in the annals of Mother Church is there to be found a conversion of a people more wonderful. The great Saint in his first sermon so thoroughly convinced the King of his divine message that he obtained permission to preach unmolested. Within a few short years the whole island was Christian. Not a drop of blood had been shed, not a hostile hand had been raised against the great apostle or his helpers. Can there be found a parallel to this in the history of the nations who before and since have been given the Faith of Christ? Under these conditions was Ireland christianized. Nor have Irishmen forgotten their first Bishop who brought them the blessing. If we but
consider how they annually keep the day of his death, we can realize what a lasting veneration they have for him.

And then came a better day for Ireland. Cathedrals and monasteries were built everywhere throughout the land. Education took on a new impetus and the Irish schools ranked with those of other countries. Students from all European nations flocked to her shores. The Colleges of Armagh, Clonard, Lamsore, Clonfert, Cashell, Clonmacnois and Bangor were among these celebrated institutions of learning. The firmament of Erin's religious glory was set with her glittering saints, who were so numerous that she has been called "Insula Sanctorum."

The country was invaded by the fierce Danes about the same time as England, and for two hundred years the pike and battle-axe were never laid aside. At the great battle of Clontarf, however, the Danes were badly beaten and after it they became extinct as a separate people. In their ravages much of the grand work of the first Christians was destroyed; but soon the monasteries and schools arose from their ashes and once more the land was at peace.

But alas! What institution has been so well founded that it cannot be undermined by dire treachery? What cannot the lying tongue and the double face accomplish? The peaceful "Isle of Saints" was to be betrayed into the hands of a perfidious government, which for centuries was to enslave, rob, starve and butcher her people! Force of arms perfected what treason had well founded. Little did the native chieftains dream what would be the dire consequences of their rash acts of submission. Less than two centuries after their treaty the blow fell at the Parliament of Kilkenny and Ireland's fate was sealed! And it was the cruelest fate that has ever befallen a nation! For five hundred years it was never to experience any justice from its conquerors and, as all know, full justice it does not yet receive.

We know that here you will ask us what we have to say for ourselves regarding all this period. Your ques-
tions will be, "Can you presume to lift up your head in the face of those terrible years? Where now is all that grandeur, that beauty and that elegance which you claim for your history?" True we do not see that there came forth a great military champion to save his native land, true the people did not unite into one grand army and smite the oppressor; but it is just as true that during it all our warriors were not passive or our people cowardly. And here is one of the points of interest in Ireland's History. Time after time the people demanded their rights, but just as often were they scorned and their condition made worse. Then they arose in arms, but only to be crushed once more. The lands after these risings were spotted with gallows and the participants in a noble war were butchered as "rebels" by the victorious oppressor. How true are the words of one of Erin's noblest sons:

"Rebellion! foul, dishonoring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stained
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of Mortal ever lost or gained!
How many a spirit, born to bless,
Has sunk beneath its withering name,
Whom but a day's, an hour's success
Had wafted to eternal fame!"

In the category of "rebels" they placed all who ever raised their hands to defend their beloved land against the most tyrannous and unjust treatment. In it they class the noble O'Neill, the heroes of 1641, Wolfe Tone, Fitzgerald, Emmett and the many others who were brave enough to oppose them. If Daniel O'Connell had not accomplished his end, who knows but that he also might have been a "rebel"? If the Irish patriots were rebels, then George Washington was a rebel, Tell was a rebel, in fact all were rebels whoever dared to enforce their demands for justice from their rulers.

The Protestant Reformation began in Germany. The country became divided into two hostile camps, one Protestant, the other Catholic. In Denmark, Sweden and Norway the new doctrines were encouraged by kings and
Calvanism was embraced in parts of France and Switzerland. The same creed became the religion of Scotland. In England Henry VIII. set up a new Church and it was embraced by all who desired peace. But let us turn our eyes to Ireland. What a contrast! The reformed tenets did not so much as gain the shadow of a foothold in the "Isle of Saints." Where is there found a greater example of constancy? Have Irishmen anything to be ashamed of at this period? Nor did time change the hearts of our people. For four centuries they suffered for their religion. If we were to stop here and paint the terrors of those years and give in detail the account of the martyrs who by hundreds moistened the Green Isle with their blood, if we stopped to do all this we would far exceed the limits of this paper in which we have proposed to portray the interest and beauty of Irish History, the greatest example of which is the one we have just suggested to you. Where in the record of the nations is there to be found a counterpart?

We pass on now to view briefly the works of Erin's sons both in their native land and other countries. She has had celebrities in every walk of life.

In the catalogue of saints we find that Columkille, Ailbe, Enna, Finnen, the two Kirmans, Brendan, Senan, Comgall, Kevin, Carrthack and Adamnan spent their lives in sanctity on the island; while on the continent St. Columbanus founded the monasteries of Luxeuil and Fontaines and was expelled from Burgundy for denouncing the vices of Theodoric; St Gall became the patron of the Swiss city named after him; St. Kilian was the apostle of Franconia; Virgilius of Farentum, called Virgil the Geometer, was even before 785 teaching the rotundity of the earth; Clement and Albinus were placed at the head of two great seminaries by Charlemagne; and John Scotus Erigena taught philosophy with great distinction at Paris. And when we think of the countless martyrs and missionaries who have laboured both at home and elsewhere, we can but admire the Irish Saints.
Ireland's warriors have won fame everywhere. In the very beginning Brian Boru appears defeating the Danes. In the reign of Elizabeth the English armies are held at bay for years by Hugh O'Neill. If Cromwell had met Owen Roe O'Neill in his invasion we have cause to think that he would have been worsted at the hands of the Irish warrior. In the battle of the Boyne the Irish proved themselves no laggards, and had it not been for the cowardice of James II. the result here too would have been different. In the heroic struggle of 1798 more than a few heroes fell and sacrificed their life blood on the altar of their country. American history records in more than one place the glorious achievement of Irish soldiers on battle-fields in the New World.

Among statesmen and men of letters, too, Ireland has been well represented. O'Connell, of his own efforts, won for the Catholics of all Great Britain a boon that seemed impossible. The eloquence of Edmund Burke, who according to a famous literary critic had greater strength and pomp of diction than the Roman Cicero, sounded in the English Parliament. The able satirist, Swift, claimed Erin as his native land. Moore, Goldsmith and Davis have won immortal fame as favorites of the Muses. Within the last century and a half English literature also has been enriched by the works of such men as Steele, Sheridan, Grattan, Doyle, Griffin, Banim, Shiel, Lever, O'Curry, MacHale and countless others.

But to go further would be useless. We have endeavored to show that Ireland's history is one which may well merit recognition beside that of any other country. Ireland's mythology, her record as a pagan nation, her acceptance of and perseverance in Christianity, and the deeds of her sons, all go to make up a history singularly noble and worthy of our consideration. All through Erin's past has been stormy, let us hope that her future may be fairer, and that some day, not far distant, she may be given her proper place among the nations of the world.

—Wm. J. Flanagan, '12.
Editorial.

We extend to all our friends our best wishes for the new year.

On the Home Stretch.

The students are back for the long run from January to June. "What am I going to do this term?" each one asks himself, and the answer should always be, "my very best." We can all do much or little according as we undertake our tasks seriously or carelessly. The student who takes life as a mere matter-of-fact routine sort of thing moves with the crowd, goes to class, to study, to recreation and all the rest of college duties as if he had no other raison-de-etre than to put in the time. He makes little or no advance because he has no definite object in view, and ends by defeating the very aim of college life. Life is action and that part of life is most valuable which is most controlled and directed by purpose. The indifferent student reduces his mode of life to routine and makes his as automatic as he can and therefore as value-
less as possible. The earnest student on the contrary, sets up ideals which he will attain as perfectly as he is able, he has a clearly marked course of life outlined for himself, and the resultant steady progress encourages him to strive, to find and not to yield. The opening of the new year is a suitable time to review ideals, to judge past progress and to determine on what the future should produce.

The Urgencies of Magazine Contributors.

The endless multiplication of magazines has created a vast demand for literary articles of merely ephemeral interest. So much so, indeed, that benefits which might accrue to the reader, and public interests that might be served, have no permanent organ in the popular monthlies. Those in control are aiming to reap rich returns for the stockholders. They know that as servants of a publishing company, their efficiency will be guaged by the amount of the dividends.

It would seem that the popular monthly should be capable of wielding a vast power for good if honestly and seriously made the means of disseminating the truth. Through them the people could be educated to the best standards of right and wrong, and social evils exposed to the public gaze and expunged from the pages of contemporay life.

That they have been used, and very effectively to expose the disgraceful conditions existing in the commercial arena, no one will deny. But this has been almost entirely destructive criticism. Lawson in his lurid exposure of amalgamated, Tarbell of Standard oil, Sinclair of the Chicago Jungle, Bolce of University Theology, and a whole host of other pen printers have called public attention to many of the ulcers on the body politic, the body social and the body religious. Few if any have attempted to give the solution of the social problem they have raised, though a page of sound constructive criticism were worth a hundred of the other.
New problems catch the public notice before the previous one is grown old and the magazine, to maintain its popularity, must keep in the van of novelty or fall back into the rear of public appreciation. What is the consequence? The contributor delves in one field only as long as the product is new, and though there be abundance of it still to gather, off he rushes to some other field as yet untouched. To-day it's sugar, next day, beef, and the third, doctrine. And the contributor is not to blame for his literary knight-errantry. His audience is so exacting he must 'errate,' keep moving or else leave the race to the more 'erratic,' volatile. It is too bad but you, dear reader, are the last court of appeal in the matter and you have decided that he must exercise rather his ingenuity in prospecting for new lodes, than in exhausting old ones. You have and do now oblige him to work rapidly and work superficially, and you have moreover forbidden him to aim at any definite end with the least prospect of attaining it.

It will be a great gain for culture and social progress when readers lose patience with this sort of will-o'-the-wisp artist novelty. It is really too bad that we should be so childish in these matters. A rattle serves the same purpose to the child that the magazines does to most readers, and we would venture, it does as much good. Just how soon we shall lose patience with this sort of thing, it would be idle boast to speculate, but it is not profoundly absurd that men of this enlightened twentieth century should demand a statement of the problem, particularly on its more unsavory side, and drop it there as if the whole matter were a mere device to keep away ennui? The moment the climax of interest is reached just when we expect something will really come of so much ink and eloquence, presto, and the whole phantasmagoria vanishes and the curtain drops. That a sane man should rise in all the might of righteous indignation and smite the villainous offender, that he should grow eloquent and descant against flagrant abuses till he has
exhausted all the terms of vituperation in a varied and extensive vocabulary, that a man of delicate sensibility should stand up in the face of great social abuses and yell till he is blue in the face, is quite within the bounds of rational possibility. But that this sane iconoclast should suddenly drop the whole matter at the very zenith and whirlwind of his passion and complacently and calmly begin all over again on a totally different subject is utterly beyond the bounds of rhyme or reason. Evidently he is talking for a check on the bank and not on social evil.

But he is serving up what the reader wants, in the style the reader enjoys, varying the matter to suit the readers mental quixotism. Yes, dear readers, you are being educated to feel the trill of blatant criticism, and to jostle yourself clear out of court when you have some vague sort of feeling that you should stay to have a final settlement.

Training in Oratory.

The pulpit criticizes the stage for its spiciness, and the stage retorts by sneering at the dullness of the pulpit. As a matter of fact the theatre manager seems to be in closer touch with the tastes of the audience than the majority of the preachers. It is his entire stock-in-trade. If he has not his finger constantly on the public pulse he fails miserably. On the other hand the preacher, and not only the preacher, but the lawyer, the legislator, the agitator, and everyone who must appeal to others by word of mouth, has more to recommend him than elegance of diction, clearness of enunciation, grace of gesture, and histrionic ability. But while these qualities are not absolutely, they are nearly essential to success, to every man who essays the leadership among men.

Now if college education has any right to demand the sacrifices necessary to secure it, this right arises largely from the power to fit men to be the leaders and instructors of their less favored brothers. The brand
new college man is not expected to pass with one step from the class-room or lecture hall to the centre of the public stage. Between the two there is a long and arduous defile up the dangerous sides of the mountain of Success. Every step of the way must be traversed with toilsome perseverance. The actor has the same long journey to make, and no road in life is beset with greater danger. He knows very well that his way to success is impassable to the untrained in voice, in movement and in mind. These he trains with unsparing diligence. No one is so well aware of the power of expression, and no one cultivates this power as he does. And yet leadership in almost every public career needs the same sort of training.

Consequently the college man who neglects to cultivate the art of public speaking is handicapped in the great struggle for success. Though his intellect be ever so acute, his mind ever so scholarly and his will ever so strong, he cannot succeed without training in oratory. This, of course, is a general rule which admits of exceptions. But the exceptions are fewer than the papers say. Frequently the daily press has accounts of self-made men who have become great without the aid of college training, and we are inclined to conclude that after all it is the man and not his art that has accomplished so much. Certainly it is the man behind it all, but his art has entered into every forward step, and though the art seems to be quite natural, it is quite the contrary in most of these cases. No one but the individual himself knows about the many weary hours of patient practice which has made his art so much a part of the man that it cannot be recognized as art—*ars artium est celare artem.*

In the foregoing we have admitted that the art of public speaking can be acquired outside the walls of a college. It can be acquired outside the classroom in certain rare cases. Demosthenes on the seashore trying to drown the roar of the winds and the shock of the waves is a conspicuous example. He did what no in-
structor could have done. We admit that what he did anyone of equal natural talents could have done, and what anyone can do in his own measure and kind. But how many do? And here is just the point to be noted. Whole multitudes of men would like to be orators and leaders, some of them with natural talents which mark them for command, but they never make the start. They desire weakly and inefficiently what Demosthenes and others of his type desired with force so intense, as to shut out all others and to bend every nerve and fibre of their being to its attainment. Few men give themselves up so entirely to an ideal and consequently, only a few of the many that could really accomplish great things. Without this all consuming ideal men may get a start on the journey by practicing in college the art of public speaking. The great majority, even of able men, need help in the beginning. After that the way may be difficult but it no longer seems impossible and they go on, not perhaps to the pinnacle of success, but certainly to far loftier heights than they would otherwise have attempted to reach.

And what makes success more easy is the encouragement which each step brings with it. The rising orator feels a thrill of power within himself as he becomes more and more conscious of his skill, he enjoys the exercise and he goes forward with ever greater power till he has reached the limits which nature has set to his, as she sets to every man's, accomplishment.
Hand Ball.

A heavy white sheet of snow has forced our athletes to abandon the open-air sports and resort to the in-door games. Hand ball is a prominent sport in the history of the college; and our stars in this department are nothing below the standard. "Gig" Robinet, Art. Finn, Frank McQuillan, Fred. Costello, Leo Kennedy, Joe Fillion, A. McIntyre and Geo. Brennan, who did much to make last year's league a success, promise to be interesting features in this year's battles. If it were possible, we would like to arrange games with teams in our vicinity to be played in the college alley; and we feel that Assumption will look as big on this schedule as she does in other sports. The hand ball league and schedule will appear in our next issue, as arrangements are not yet complete.

Junior Alley.

The juvenile division of the alley is not unoccupied for a moment during "rec." Even at dusk the youngsters decline to vacate the portion allotted to them. The contestants in this sphere are many; most of whom are exceptionally good at the game for their age, and in a
few years will rush their seniors for honors. Among those contesting this year and one who made last year’s league ‘one worth while’ are the following: A. O’Neil, L. Morand, O. Conger, J. Harrigan, J. Fitzmorris, J. Dalton, F. Mullen and T. Currier.

The Minims are no less enthusiastic over the game and are eager for their line-up and schedule to appear. The majority of these are new-comers and have yet to show us of what stuff they are made. Maurice Sullivan, the leading man in last year’s minim’s league, Joe Famularo, Harry Quernback, D. Gottwald, B. Turner and W. Chambers, all of last year’s recruits, are working strenuously to make the league.

Basket Ball.

Since the snow has settled the clouds of dust on the college gridiron and turned the athletic mind to undercover sports, our Basket-ballers have been training persistently and expect to set up a team that will roost on the sky-pieces of everything before them. The game is young with us, however, and too much should not be expected, but the team is practising daily and may surprise us. Leo Roberge and A. McIntyre are the only vets with us this year, but the new material promises to be good. An enthusiastic meeting was held recently and with Jack Young for captain and Stanz Brisson, secretary, the outlook is exceptionally bright. Several games have already been arranged and more are expected.

Joseph L. Fillion, ’12.
It is only just to the Secretary of the Alumni Association to note that in several cases in which complaints have been made that no invitation had been extended to the last meeting in November, invitations were certainly sent, and the blame is to be placed elsewhere that they did not reach their destination.

Rev. Wm. F. Murphy, D. D., '04, has been appointed assistant at St. Thomas Church, Ann Arbor, Mich. Fr. Murphy has just arrived from Rome where he took a five year's course in the American College.

Rev. E. VonMach, '02, who for some years has been assistant at the Holy Rosary parish, Detroit, has been assigned to Ruth, Mich., to succeed Fr. Loiselle.

Rev. D. J. Egan, '96, was presented with an expensive silver cabinet and illuminated address on December 17, by his devoted parishioners, on the occasion of his tenth anniversary to the Holy Priesthood, at the Immaculate Conception Church, Stratford, Ont.

Of the young men who were ordained in Toronto by Archbishop McEvay, before Xmas, Rev. E. Fuert, '06, is appointed assistant at Thorold, in the diocese of To-
ronto; Rev. C. Nagle, '06, assistant at Sarnia, Ont.; and Rev. E. Tierney, '06, assistant at the Cathedral, London.

The following is an extract from the Catholic Register, Jan. 6:—"With all the pomp and ceremonial with which the church loves to clothe these occasions, Rev. Father Brisson, on the 27th of last month, sang his first High Mass. The young man who is first, from Drysdale, to be raised to the sacerdotal state, was assisted by Rev. Father Stroeder as deacon, and Rev. Father Landreville, P. P., as sub-deacon. Mr. Stanislaus Florence Brisson, of Assumption College, acted as master of ceremonies. Rev. Father Landreville preached the sermon. The music for the occasion was that of "Dumont's Royal Mass," which was efficiently rendered by the well-trained choir of the parish, assisted by Max. A. Brisson, of Assumption College, who also rendered an "O Salutaris" during the offertory. After the Holy Sacrifice Rev. Fr. Brisson was made the recipient of an address and a costly "sick-call outfit" by the young men of the parish, his former fellow students at the old red school. The presentation over, the large congregation approached the altar-railing and each individually received Fr. Brisson's first priestly blessing. Father Brisson will be stationed at Walkerville, Ont."

A few weeks ago three more of Assumption's old students were honored at Baltimore, when Mr. Geo. Fritz, '07, was made subdeacon, and Messrs. John Hackett and Jos. Coyle, '08, received the Tonsure.

On Sunday, Jan. 16, Jos. Nash, '05, paid his old fellow students a short visit. Mr. Nash is with the well-known Finn Co., contractors, of Detroit.

Mr. C. Schuller, who attended college here some six years ago, will play ball with Fort Wayne, Ind.

Mr. Wm. Mess, '04, and Miss Bernadeta Limbaugh were recently married in New Bavaria, Ohio, where the bridegroom is occupied in the grocery business with his brother.

D. C. L.
A Happy New Year to all.

Once more the "Boys" are sequestered within the same old walls that but a short time ago afforded them an exit to a pleasant vacation, away from the cares and worry of Erants. For some, this term is but a debut to college life, and for more it marks the good for which they have so ardently longed, through years of toilsome labor mingled, no doubt, with more or less fond memories, that necessarily accompany the labor to lighten its burden upon the benign student.

The opening of the New Year has been remarkable for the number of students who have returned. With but two or three exceptions, every student is with us again and a goodly number of new ones. Everything seems to indicate a rapid growth in attendance and we may expect to see the high mark of five years ago exceeded in the near future.

One of the most successful monthly programs furnished by the members of the Dramatic Society, last season was the Yule Tide Entertainment on Dec. 22nd.

Some new and amusing features were introduced, such as clog-dancing and illustrated singing. Mr. T. McQuillan, chairman, opened the programme of the evening with a synopsis of the work of the Society for last term. The speaker clearly demonstrated the superiority of the work of the Society for this year to that of former years.

The audience was favored with some talented elocution by Mr. J. Young who delivered the popular and renowned old story, "The Dandy Fifth," by Mr. H. McGinnis, who held his listeners with a pecuniary selection entitled "What is Money?" and by Mr. L. Leboeuf with a very striking selection "Richelieu and France."

A number of songs were furnished in professional style by Messrs. G. Richardson, T. Murray and Prof. Langlois.
The hearty applause accompanying each song showed the appreciation of the audience. The members present had an opportunity to witness some Junior talent in a recitation by Master James Burns, entitled, “Little Jamie’s Monday Morning.”

A new hit was introduced by Mr. E. Lemarand, who gave a professional exhibition of clog-dancing followed by a few comic parodies.

A piano selection, far beyond the writer to criticize, was given by Mr. Curtain. Let it suffice to say that the melodies produced by his skillful touch held his listeners breathless.

Last but not least was a comedy sketch, in one act, by Messrs. L. Roberge, A. Brehler and L. Kennedy entitled: “A Trio of April Fools.” Each actor did well in his respective rôle and as a whole the play was cleverly executed and enjoyed by all.

The cast was, viz:

Mr. Dunn brown (A German Politician), .......... A. Brehler
Mr. Jas. Smith, (A “Scedy” Horse-dealer), ...... L. Roberge
Mr. Jos. Smith, (A “Niggah” Undertaker), ... L. Kennedy

After the sketch they introduced the new striding wonder: Vip-I Addy-I-Ay.

Jas. J. Jeffries has gone into the candy business just to learn how to make a chocolate drop. Here’s hoping you master the art. Jeff!!

The first meeting for the new year of St. Basil’s Literary Society will be held on Jan. 18; and of the St. Dionysius Literary Society on Jan. 21.

There is some agitation rise just at present to form a Thespian Club in the College. So successful was the play presented during the last term that many of the students believe that the benefits derived from the work warrant them in continuing the work during the winter months. It is proposed to offer membership to every student who is in sympathy with the work and who will guarantee his enthusiastic support. The promoters of
the new Club are convinced that the work of preparing as many as possible of the great dramatic productions of our literature for stage presentation will give the members a deeper insight into that part of our literature in which excels all others, and, at the same time, promote in a general way literary culture and appreciation. Let us hope that the students will not forego this opportunity for personal improvement.

Leo Kennedy, ’12.

Exchanges.

We extend to all our Ex-men sincerest wishes for a most Happy New Year.

It is with pleasure that we welcome to our sanctum The Viatorian. The chief article in the number is a common-sense appreciation of Byron. The author lays down a rule applicable in all such compositions that “men of the literary world should be estimated and judged according to two distinct standards; as men and as writers.” This is a canon too frequently lost sight of in appraising authors of repute. “A Boundless Sheepfold” shows us that there is plenty of room for laborers in the spiritual harvest of the West. These two essays and a few poems of merit go to make up a highly interesting issue and we offer The Viatorian our congratulations.

If we should desire to learn the recreations of German students we would seek for some time before finding a neater little description of them than is given in the Western University Gazette. The author evidently writes from experience and is by no means a stranger to the customs of university students in the “Vaterland.” “A Morning with Fr. Jones” convinces us that its author is “one, who was on the spot.” The great Jesuit archivist and his extensive work have claimed the attention of all interested in the history of the Huron Missions. An argument for the utility of mid-year examinations is ad-
vanced in a well thought-out communication. The way "he" succeeded in taking "her" to the picnic, while "mamma" was averse, is told in a short story entitled "Mrs. Maxfield's Illness."

Last of all in the past year, which was fraught with centenaries, comes that of William Ewart Gladstone, whose career is sketched in the Christmas number of the Xavier. To that great man of letters, orator and statesman are devoted eight pages in which one never grows inattentive. "Christmas in Story" mentions many passages in our English classics where the Great Day plays a part. Its place also in the religious dramas of the Middle Ages is well brought out in "The Christmas Mystery Plays." Paulding, Halleck and Drake are this month commemorated in "Literary New York" of which we might say in passing that the series is remarkably clear and fascinating. The poems also are worthy of note, especially "Christmas at Sea." We may conclude by saying that the staff of the Xavier may well be proud of their Christmas issue.

We also gratefully acknowledge the receipt of The Angelus, Augustinian, Catholic Record, College Spokesman, Collegian, Dial, Echoes from the Pines, Exponent, Extension, Fordham Monthly, Fleur-de-Lis, Nazarene, Niagara Index, Notre Dame Scholastic, Patrician, Schoolman, St. Mary's Messenger, University of Ottawa Review, University Monthly.

W. J. Flanagan, '12.

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Nova et VETERA.

Stans:—"The Brothers are certainly rich. I only had to pay $92.00 my first year, and they paid my fare home."

Jim:—"They must have been very glad to get rid of you."

C. B.:—"Why don't you hang that picture on the wall, Cos."

F. C.:—"Oh we're going to change it soon, that's only extemporaneous."
J. Cob Astor:—“Sympathize with me, Van, my daughter has married a chauffeur.”

J. P. Vandergold:—“Not at all, Jake, mine married a nobleman.”

A. :—“That W—— certainly is a marvellous man.”

B. :—“Why, how’s that?”

A. :—“He falls down stairs so often he would certainly have his neck broken by this time if he were not.”

Maurice:—“Oh! oh! what’s good for the cramps, Don.”

Don. :—“Well what have you been eating?”

M. :—“Oh! I don’t know, only pigs feet for dinner.”

D. :—“Pigs feet! You had better take some foot-ease then.”

The only explanation the scientists could give of the prolonged warm weather in December was that the North Pole had been Cooked. Since then we have learned that they were mistaken for the Cooking of the pole was a fake.

Jack:—“Why did it look like an impending storm when Kane cleared the line for first touch-down?”

Ted:—“Because the coach shouted, ‘Hurry Kane, hurrican’.”

As Shakespeare says the world’s a stage
On which we all strut up and down,
But some think comedy’s the rage
And that they’re booked to play the clown.

Cos. :—“Say, Art, did you say you came from Ireland?”

Finn. :—“Well not exactly, but my grandparents were Irish.”

Cos. :—“Well, do you know, I always thought you were a Finn.”

The Duke of Marlborough was addressing an audience recently on the forthcoming election, “Curtail the powers,” he said, “of the present House of Lords, and I will never set my foot within the walls again.” A voice from the gallery shouted, “Don’t guv’n’r, don’t; you’re breaking of our ‘arts.”

—A. S. Brether, ’12.
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