

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL. IV

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. SATURDAY, Oct. 30. 1886.

No 9.

A. H. PIKE.

JEWELLER.

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ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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BY THE STUDENTS.

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MR. A. GRANGER.....'87.
MR. P. WILSTACH.....'89.

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All students of the College are invited to send contributions of matter for the JOURNAL.

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EDITORIALS.

THE MINIMS return hearty thanks to Mr. Sweeney, ex-alderman of Chicago, for the handsome way in which he encouraged their sports on Field Day. He remains their warm friend.

"BOYS," SAYS GOV. OGLESBY, "I know that when the glad sun of our lovely autumn or our beautiful spring shines so invitingly on your play grounds, it is very hard to remain sitting on a hard bench. Oh! how you do itch to get out and play in the sun! But, boys, study on, *you'll have plenty of time to sun yourselves!*"

THE JOYOUS ECHOES of St. Viateur's Day are only now dying away in our grove so lately all astir with festivity. The prize games have all been played, save perhaps the "high kick," (McCauliffe's forts) and now we again return to our more sober and salubrious every-day fare, our every-day books, and every-day games.

FIVE O'CLOCK STUDY COMMENCES. What have we to do?....First, not to grumble; then establish a closer acquaintance with our text books, employ

advantageously this additional hour in reading or again, in diligently preparing the essays, speeches, etc. for the societies which will now begin their regular work. Our play hours are shortened, 'tis true; let us, then, play more intensely and be indemnified.

THE COMPLIMENTS so abundantly bestowed by our Rev. visitors on the late performance of our dramatists are assuredly most encouraging and, it is to be hoped, will be the spring of still more praiseworthy efforts in the future. The year is young and we are but commencing. Our weekly practices in elocution and music ought to enable us to offer performances yet more perfect and relishable in the course of the year.

"PRINCE ARTHUR," the drama so successfully rendered by our amateurs on St. Viateur's Day, is a recent translation from the French, by Rev. E. L. Rivard C. S. V. The scarcity of anything new in the line of college plays suggested the idea of this translation which, though it was done somewhat hurriedly, is nevertheless pronounced a very creditable version.

THE AUTUMN WOODS are more than inviting, they are tempting and that, too, for all; for the poetic, the idler, the squirrel hunter, or the nutting party. The poet hears nature's sighs: these fitful gusts of winds driving about and scattering everywhere the fallen leaves. These glorious hues too, which the woods seem to have stolen from the grandest sunset, arrest the attention of those who have come to admire. Those intent on game see it in frisky profusion everywhere and fail not of course to fill their pouches well. The scene is magnificent—the sport, grand.

THE LITERARY and debating societies, as is customary after St. Viateur's Day, resume their work this week. The JOURNAL extends its warmest congratulations to these praiseworthy associations on the occasion of their reorganizing and wishes them all the success they deserve. St. Thomas' literary and theological association and St. Patrick's literary and debating society meet on Wednesday evening. The JOURNAL hopes to be favored with interesting reports of society doings.

SHAKSPEARE'S GRAVE.

Sleep calmly, Shakspeare, by the Avon's wave;
 No hand profane will dare disturb thy rest,
 Great child of Nature in thy peaceful grave
 Sleep calm as babe upon a mother's breast,
 For Nature was thy mother, bride and all;
 Her works are round thee, and her love doth smile
 Upon thy grave when Autumn's sere leaves fall,
 As when gay Spring beflowes Albion's isle.
 And when the blasts of Winter rudely blow
 A requiem wild they'll sadly chant o'er thee;
 Then neath a stainless shroud of purest snow
 Thou'lt rest sweet Shakspeare calm and peacefully,
 Far from the cities, the daily strife,
 Thou'dst have thy simple grave apart, unknown.—
 'Tis not unknown—but peerless age in life
 In death 'tis meet thou still should'st be alone,
 How on fair Avon, singing as you flow
 Your liquid music dwelt in Shakspeare's song,
 His form was mirrored in your depths below
 As ages since he sailed your waves along.
 Join! Join! ye woodlands in a hymn of praise;
 His name shall live while Nature draws a breath
 Though small the number of his earthly days,
 His God—like genius ne'er can taste of Death.

H.

INFLUENCES.—MUDDY DAYS.

Nature, like man, is changeful in its moods. The young year, escaping from the cold and forbidding embrace of winter, clothing itself in new verdure and pouring forth a song of joy; just as the caged bird, breaking its bonds, warbles its sweetest notes and flies from tree to tree, and limb to limb in testimony of its happiness; or as the happy and thoughtless lad, who has escaped the argus eye and exacting restraint of the severe matrons sports upon the grass, runs restlessly from place to place; now rolling his hoop, and now flying his kite, or wanders singing through the forest. Like him she is at one time all smiles and at another frowns darken her

countenance; at one moment she sports as if in never ending joys, at another sadness depresses her spirit and the fountain of tears overflows its boundaries; now she promises abundant harvests and again her good intentions are checked by a wintry blast. Nor does the resemblance cease as her age ripens and matures; for the summer with its flowers and abounding fields of grain, and autumn with its plenteous harvest and the leaves of the forest (yellowed by age) falling helpless to the earth, best striking likeness to man the one in his strength and the other in his decline. But of all the seasons, the spring with its sunshine and clouds, its calms and storms, best portrays, and seems even to affect, the varied dispositions of men. Then, when the sky is cloudless and the sun sends down its warm rays, the farmer rejoices at the sight of budding grain, prophetic of rich harvest; the denizens of the crowded city, shut up till now within closed doors and breathing suffocating odors, now doff his burdensome attire, his furs and wraps, and in long rides and pleasant walks amidst their city parks or in boating or fishing or excursions and pic-nics fills out the joyous day. Then youth, and even maturer age, builds its airy castles, then peace and friendship reign, affection proves its depth in kindly action, lovers wander in lonely rambles, hope spreads its bright wings, charity extends its plenteous hands, homes are cheerful, and poverty looks forward to the future with firmer confidence. But when the sun hides its cheering face and somber clouds, pregnant of the coming storm, obscure the heavens, how changed the scene; Gloom now broods over all. Then the child in its mother's arms sends forth its shrillest note, melancholy assumes a deeper tint, lovers quarrel, envy gnaws the heart more fiercely, jealousy grows more suspicious, poverty's countenance is overcast with increased sadness, dark conspiracy hatches its perfidious plots, and crime stalks forth at night from its place of concealment bent upon deeds of violence. When the clouds burst and thirsting earth has lapped up the welcome shower; when the roads have become impassable and the sidewalks deserted, business is stagnant, the spirit of the merchant is depressed, social intercourse is interrupted, silence reigns around the hearth, old age nods heavily in its chair, the children group themselves sadly and silently in the furthest corners and the housewife frowning pursues her accustomed duties. Woe now to the unlucky urchin who comes across her path, and woe to him, who, with boots all covered and dripping with mud, now tramps in upon the well scrubbed floor; No gentle rebuke, as is her custom, now greets his ears, but sharp words and angry looks. Yet who can blame her? The weather has changed her thus. Oh gloomy days and muddy roads for how many evils are you not accountable. Yet it has played an important in the world's his-

tory! Through its intervention battles have been lost and others won; through it empires have been founded and liberty destroyed. If Napoleon could have advanced his guns to the position he had selected, if Grouchy had not been prevented by muddy roads from coming to the assistance of his master, how changed might have been the issue of Waterloo! How changed the empires and kingdoms and rulers of Europe! Who can tell how important a factor it has been in our own struggle for liberty? We know that at least on one occasion (when Washington crossed the Delaware and surprised the British camp) it proved itself our friend. Perhaps, were it but known, the conspiracy which compassed Cæsar's death, concocted its plan on muddy nights, when loyal citizens had deserted the streets. Like all things of this earth, these murky days and miry roads have their good qualities and their bad. Sometimes, they are the harbingers of health, at others they are but too frequently the messengers of death, to some they are a source of wealth, while to others they are the cause of overwhelming ruin. To those whose lots are cast in cities, and who for many long nights had not closed their eyes in sleep, they are blessed; for then the feline and amorous choristers abandon the backyard fence and their emulators in human form, no longer at midnight's dreamy hour, disturb their slumber with discordant melody; the deadly mosquito no longer sings its treacherous lullaby or poisons the blood with its venomous fangs; the tramp, who on more auspicious days was accustomed to demand his meals at principal entrance of the mansion now humbly seeks the rear and is content to eat cold chicken in the kitchen; the dude—but who can describe or indeed who has seen a dude walking abroad on a muddy day? Ah! no, the dude is too tender and precious a plant to be exposed on such a day: the sky must be bright and zephyrs warm if we wish to gaze upon his glorious form. He is our century plant, too rare and too precious to needlessly endanger his life.

C. O.

A GLANCE AT "LUCILLE."

Of this work as of "Glenaveril," it may be said it is not a metrical novel. It has not the intricacy of plan which belongs to a novel, is wanting in the interest aroused by plot countermining plot, is sheared of the diversity of characters, some witty, some wise, some learned, some amiable dolts, which fit in so snugly in a novel; it is not by any means so rich in adventure, nor calls so much upon the inventive power of the author to picture to the reader scenes of beauty.

On the contrary, it may be said of Lucille, as Jeffrey said of "Marmion," "there is scarcely matter enough in the main story for a ballad of ordinary dimensions." "Marmion" was styled by its author "A tale of Flodden Field;" the same name very fitly applies to "Lucille."

The story lends itself to the themes and developments which are proper to poetry, but would have been insufficient and in the other ways unfit for a novel.

The reader who takes up the book expecting to be tickled by a newness of style enters upon an empty task; the author follows the beaten path marked out by the footprints of others: all that is original in the work are the ideas of the author, ideas drawn from observation and reflection. Without these you may have metre, but not poetry: we may have the jingle of rhyme, but not the true ring of sense. Every and any one of mediocre ability can counterfeit power by the garb in which he dresses his words, but from genius alone do we get its true tone. Beauty of expression is not to be contemned, but this cannot supply for the dearth of thought, for in all our reading it is truth, not words of which the mind is in quest.

The plot of the story as has been said is very simple: two men of the highest walks of life, the one an Englishman, poetic and irresolute; the other French and impulsive: a woman of genius with whom these are enamoured; two towns, one Serchon, a little village in France, the other a resort of fashion where devotees of pleasure recuperate their wasted energies by late hours and excitement of the gaming table: those comprise all its material. Yet in the hands of power such as Lytton's, the story gives sufficient compass to inculcate much observation of the forces by which men are governed; to give us many a glimpse at the beauties of nature; and to warn the reader of the rocks which may make shipwreck of life.

The characters depicted in novels are represented as formed and set in motion by the occurrences of life, or by hereditary disposition, or by both combined. Our author would have the reader infer that the combination of these was the moulder and motor of those whom he brings before the curtain of the public.

The story begins with a letter from the heroine Lucille, to Lord Alfred Vargrave demanding a package of letters. Lord Alfred, a butterfly of fashion, everywhere seeking pleasure and ever discontented with the sweet sucked from its bowers, meets Lucille and, partly to drive away the "ennui" oppressing him, partly to satisfy his vanity and partly also urged on by love's flame, lays siege to her affection. She, a child, clothed in a woman's form, smiling when the sun smiles and frowning when he frowns, incapable as yet to fathom the character of men or the nature of her own soul, knowing only

that her suitor was docile to her every whim, gave a willing ear to all his avowals.

But Alfred, soon tiring of his court wishes to burst his bonds and becomes remiss in his attentions. Reproaches and tears followed on one side, denials and counter reproaches on the other. A lover's quarrel followed and Lord Alfred returns to England.

Ten years fly by and our hero appears upon the scene as the successful lover of an English beauty, rich and amiable. At this epoch the letter from Lucille arrives. On parting from each other a mutual promise had been made that when either of them should make a demand for their letters, they would be returned and that they would be presented in person. Alfred hesitates. Some small sparks of love's flame still smouldering in his breast and his vanity also wounded at the thought that one who formerly acknowledged his influence should easily and perfectly escape it and not feel its loss—these motives urged him to once more seek her presence and again assert his mastery. On the other hand doubt as to the propriety and safety of this, held him bound. In his perplexity he seeks the advice of "practical" cousin John, who urges him not to re-open an old wound and place himself in a position where the tongue of scandal might reach him and destroy his present hopes of happiness. But like all advice given in similar circumstances it was rejected. Passion was deaf to the voice of prudence, and Alfred sets out for "Serchen."

On his way he learns with a pang that Lucile is the goddess at whose shrine all the votaries of pleasure and laughter bend the knee. Arrived at last at Serchen and obtaining an interview with Lucile, he perceives that she is no longer the impulsive child at one moment all joyous and at the next cast down with sadness, but a polished, self-poised and refined lady. Nor is this all. He feels and he knows, as the conversation progresses and old themes and old times are brought out from the mists of the past, that he is no longer enshrined in her heart. This pricks his vanity and it fills him with regret to see how little he had discerned the worth of the flower he had so unthinkingly, selfishly cast aside. But what added gall to his embittered feelings was the knowledge that she was wooed by another.

The letters delivered and the interview over, he returns to the inn, cast down at his failure and sets out gloomily through the mountain on his way to Begorre. But while pursuing his way he encounters a gay cavalcade in which he descries Lucile and his rival Duke Eugene de Savoie. In their company he urges his way up the mountain path from whose dangers they had not yet escaped when a storm overtakes them. The different members of the gay company being dispersed by its violence, and the frightened horses of Eugene carrying its

unwilling rider to a distance, Alfred, alone with Lucile and forgetful of his obligation to another, renews his protestations and is believed.

The storm subsiding and all the company being again united, they return to the town. On the day following Eugene makes Lucile an offer of marriage and is rejected. Discovering from her words the cause of her refusal he asks how can she think of accepting another bound already by other ties? Recognizing her dilemma, Lucille resolves on flight, retires to a small cottage in the mountain, and sends a letter to Eugene to meet her there in order to receive her final answer. In the meanwhile Eugene filled with thoughts of revenge against him who had stepped in between himself and his prize, discovers Alfred wandering about at the base of the mountains and endeavours by taunts and insinuations to pick a quarrel. In the midst of the altercation a messenger places the letter in the hands of Eugene, who reads it and gives it to Alfred, and sets out for the cottage. Alfred afoot and tormented by contending feelings directs his footsteps in the same direction: but night drawing on, loses himself in the intricate paths of the mountains, and after a useless night's labor determines to await the return of his more successful rival.

They meet, and Eugene, although again rejected, informs him of his triumph. Alfred incredulous pushes on to the cottage only to discover it empty and its fair occupant flown away. With dejected mien and heavy footsteps again he bends his way to Serchen, meets his uncle-in-law at the inn, and, after some hesitation and sad reflections, gives up the fickle Lucille, accepts a seat in the carriage of his future relative at Bigorre, and marries Matilda and wealth.

Again the hour glass measures other years and again the scene shifts to Ems where is seen another gathering of pleasure seekers. Among them are our old friend Alfred and Matilda, Lucile and Eugene. The duke Eugene seems to have forgotten his former enmity to his rival and his rejection by Lucille. All dwell beneath the roof of the same hotel, and seek their pleasure together. But Lucile perceiving with what jealous eyes Matilda watched her intercourse with Alfred informs him of her intended departure. Here it must be stated that Alfred once married, soon wearied at his present happiness, and felt avoid in his heart, which all the goodness and devotion of Matilda could not fill. Therefore he was discontented. The presence of Lucile filled this void, consequently when she speaks of leaving his heart is torn at the thought.

But Lucile speaks to him of his duties to his wife, of the hopelessness of perfect happiness, and of the obligation of not being a mere idler on the world's stage. Alfred yields to her arguments. Eugene also, the same night puts himself in the way of Lucile to upbraid her

for his wrecked hopes and empty life, but leaves her presence with a clearer notion of life's value and a determination to take it up anew in a different path.

Lucille is once more lost to view. Eugene returns to France, and Alfred to England.

For two decades the players are lost to sight and then come again before the curtain. The environs of Sebastopol is the scene of action. A soldier lies wounded in an hospital tent—it is Alfred's son: a sister of charity waits at his bedside, it is Lucille: and clothed in the uniform of a general, we discover our old friend Eugene, Lucille nurses the wounded soldier to convalescence, observes yet that some secret sorrow weighs on the heart of her patient, persuades him to make her his confidant. It is the same old story of Cupid's fiery darts. He had met Constance, the niece of Eugene at Paris and fell a victim to her charms. Eugene, absent in Algeria at the time, is made acquainted with the condition of affairs and orders Constance to retire from Paris and break off her intercourse with the son of Alfred. She obeys, and Alfred's son seeks death on the fields of Inkirmoon.

Sœur Seraphine (Lucille) seeks the tent of Eugene discloses her mission to him, and Eugene after a bitter contest with himself, conquers his vengeful thoughts, visits the tent of the sick soldier in the company of Sœur Seraphine, and sends the life-blood tingling again through the heart of the boy by his words of hope. The curtain drops, with Eugene and Sœur Seraphine gazing upon the setting sun.

"All purple and gold save one fading strip
Of light that yet gleamed from the dark nether lip,
Of a long reef of cloud; and o'er sullen ravines,
And ridges the raw damps were hanging white screens,
Of melancholy mist."
So ends the tale.

O'B.

OUT OF PERRIE'S DIARY.

SUNDAY.

Morning.—The stars had one by one disappeared and the heralds of the great king of the day were just casting a rich crimson glow over the dark blue background of heaven, when lo! the bell (not a chestnut one that!) warned us we must be out of bed in the shortest time possible. So sitting up and rubbing my eyes to make sure I was awake, (the usual dose of water not having been administered) I glanced around and saw that both the outside view from my window and the bright faces around me—a sure sign—promised a delightful day. I got up with a light heart and also donned my best.

Hearing mass, studying, walking, playing quoits and other games made the forenoon pass quickly and pleas-

antly by; and in the afternoon I went with the crowd to the woods.

How pleasant, grand, and solemn are the woods in autumn! The birds and insects which were so gleeful in spring that they sang and chirped incessantly have disappeared, and all is hushed, save the mourning breezes and the rustling of fallen leaves. Poor leaves! how they float resistless, noiselessly to the earth, as Thomson says:

—"For now the leaf

Incessant rustles from the mournful grove,
Oft startling such as studious walk below,
And slowly circles through the waving air.
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs,
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;—"

In our woods you see them everywhere lying in great decaying heaps. The trees to withstand the rough blasts and frosts of "acris hiems" put forth thicker bark. *Evening.* Night finds me too tired from my trip to write anything more, so I will put my diary aside till the morrow yet unborn.

MONDAY.

The weather could scarcely be more delightful! What a pity any one should be obliged to remain inside and pore over books that are both dry and uninteresting on such a day as this! Well such is life at college and I suppose it must be borne without grumbling—Why! after all, are we not really fortunate to be here, here and now? Why make ourselves miserable by imagining we are so. And if we *are*—misery loves company they say, and we have it here. Let us make the most of our college days, as we are indeed so often told, so that we may enjoy the future when they are past.

Evening again and I must not forget my diary. One of my professors kindly told me I promised a "copia dicendi...." If I do it is of no use to me now for I cannot think of a thing on which to feed my pen. My supply is exhausted. Good night.

TUESDAY.

Outside, the view is a gloomy one and old sol doesn't seem to better it much. What an influence the weather has on any one's spirits!... A study hall wherein a hundred and fifty boys are seated, is a good field of observation. Although their study may be occupying most of their time yet it is plain that they (myself not an exception) have one eye on the weather which bids fair to destroy prospects for the afternoon's enjoyments. The depression is universal and I think I had better close ere I cast a gloom over my diary also.

Evening. The sun cleared the mists at noon and the afternoon was a bright and enjoyable one. On account of the absence of Rev. Fr. Dooling we did not go to the woods, yet we enjoyed ourselves hugely on the home grounds and the arrival of Fr. Dooling just as the sun

was setting closed the day with a joyful sunset for us.

WEDNESDAY.

— What a month for an artist October is! If I could but spread the glory of the morning on canvass I would have no fear of my name being buried with my bones. As I am not a poet either I will spare you any further describing — *Evening* — Everything was calm and pleasant.

— We hear of the death of one of the little District-boys — I knew him — a bright and good little fellow — Eugene Bernier — he falls with the first leaves.

THURSDAY.

— We went to the woods and had a splendid time. The nuts were all gone excepting those in the very tops of the trees. It is very good exercise to climb up and shake down the stayers — and at the same time shake off the blues. I had them all morning, for I was expecting a letter from home to-day, and it did not come — I was blue from tip to toe; but hanging on the small notty hickory limbs by one hand and one foot, the other foot dangling in mid air and picking nuts with the free hand caused me to forget my troubles and to pass an agreeable afternoon.

LOCALS.

- Fall!
- Arise!
- Foot ball!
- Choose up!
- Who wants to play stin(k) goal?
- Salt-cellars are both ornamental and useful.
- Hugh wants to know why don't we have St. Viateur's day once or twice a week. It is such boss fun.
- Our numerous and genial visitors on St. Viateur's day made it very pleasant for all the boys.
- Perrie Parker has gone to Chicago for eye treatment.
- The bon-fires last week were a cheering feature at the recesses; the stray leaves and fagots found a ready grave.
- George Scott now sports an elegant pair of specs.
- What is the matter with Billie's right eye?
- The appearance of the study hall has been much improved by hanging baskets of flowers placed in every window.
- It is now about time for Louis to paint that white hat.
- John has given up the idea of becoming a poet and intends to devote his time to the study of Law.
- It is with sincere gratefulness we acknowledge the inestimable gift from Rev. Fr. Rousseau of Ishpeming, Mich. of his extensive and select library. A

patron of learning could hardly more effectually assist those seeking knowledge than by opening to them its treasure houses: books. Maay, many thanks!

— Sam says he don't know anything about "Mr. Philosopher Stone."

— The Indianians now want to know if the Chicago boys can play anything else besides base-ball.

— They are having a small billiard table made for Joe to carry around with him.

— Mr. Dore's minstrel company will make its first appearance about Thanksgiving.

— Mose has just ordered a cage for bro. Vic. Bad boy, Victor.

— A parcel has been left at this office bearing the superscriptions "Golden Tooth." Storage rates will be charged from Nov. 1st. if it be not claimed.

— Be it known that henceforth this paper comes out at just 6.15—Call for it right after supper if you want to have it.

— The division of the Juniors from the seniors is another improvement.

— Friday afternoon was given for the half day of St. Viateur's week. The afternoon was a grand one and everybody enjoyed it either at home or in the woods.

— Rev. Fathers Marsile, Peborde, Legris and Rivard paid a very agreeable visit to Rev. Fathers Choninard and Poulin in Manteno yesterday afternoon.

— The Canadian priests who visited us expressed themselves highly pleased with every thing American. They left Chicago Wenesday.

— Jim and John participated in a little John L. Sullivanism the other day but they soon agreed to call it square and write a few lines.

— The dumb orchestra is fast approaching perfection. The director, Prof. James Roach has promised the boys a treat as soon as they are able to play "Old Grimes." "Chestnuts."

— If you were out in a woods and a bear come along and eat you up, where would your soul go," is one of the questions asked by "Dude."

— The boys of St. Patrick's Society are now very much interested in trying to organize a reading room. We wish the boys success as it will be a great benefit to them.

— Mr. Patrick Murphy, late of the theological department, visits us to-day after a long and beneficial stay at his home in Wisconsin.

— Mr. Amb. Granger, our head artist, found a very efficient right bower in Eugene Graham, of Chicago. Their prison scene was very like the frowning dungeons we read of and did grand dispatch on the night of the play.

— We thank Rev. Fr. Rielly for an excellent con-

tribution to be published in our next issue. We are sure it will be read with much interest and profit.

— On thanksgiving's day the United Minstrels furnish the fun.

— It is rumored that the minims are to prepare something in the musical and play line for St. Cecilia's day. We will all be delighted to hear them.

— Ed. Adams, the gamester of the minims, after a short visit to Chicago, returned to amuse his companions with his winter-season of fun.

— Pat, the ventriloquist, by a single note of his voice calls the birds, scares the dogs and says: Hurrah for Johnnie Schoemaker!

— John O'Callaghan has on several occasions amused the minims with his beautiful song "C B & Q."

— "Marco" Brizzillian, of veteran fame, has been assigned to a position of trust to which he will no doubt do justice. We congratulate him upon his accession to sexton-hood and hope he will keep up his good reputation as fire-man.

— The "Cercle Molière" are to be congratulated on their creditable display on St. Viateur's eve. Their Pierre Kerouef, the old man, was as nearly perfect as it was possible for amateurs to arrive at.

— Rev. Fr. M. Letellier presents a handsome set of curtains for the chapel windows; the gift is of over a hundred dollars and will undoubtedly much improve the appearance of our little oratory. Many thanks.

— Oyster soup already.

— We are to have some handy and handsome little rooms in rear of stage to deposit on oneside all theatrical appurtenances, costumes, masks, wigs, paints, brushes, scenery, sundry fixtures, etc; on the other the band instruments.

— The question is; "Shall Bigham be the next end man?"

— The tug of war among the Junior and the stilt race among the minims were among the most exciting and mirth-provoking performances on field day.

— To chase a foot ball for an hour or two is death to hash, that's the way Johnnie of Lafayette puts it.

— Our two stage carpenters J. Roach and L. Duret with the inestimable assistance of Billie Powers did good work at our last entertainment.

— In this base-ball session now almost over, Jim Roach has carved himself out a reputation as the coming short stop.

— Miss Patti of Lafayette, Ind., made Paul a very pleasant visit a fortnight ago accompanying young Master H. Lingle to the College.

— Besides those elsewhere mentioned the following is a list of our visitors on St. Viateur's day: Rev. Fr. Caron, of Clarence, Ont., Bélanger, of St. André Avellan, Canada, Mr. Bélanger, of Rigaud, Canada, Rev. Fr.

Rousseau, of Ishpeming, Mich., Manger, of Fowler, Ind., Letellier of Menominee, Mich., Chouinard, C. S. V. of Manteno, Ill. Langlais C. S. V. of St. Marys', Ill., Lesage and Dionne, C. S. V. of St. George, Berard, of St. Anne, Ill., Ouimet, Foster, McGrath, of Chicago, Reilly of Gilman, Ill., Rouquier, late of L'Erable, and Poulin. Messrs Sweeney, Prendergast, Maloney, Knisely, of Chicago; Saindon, of Hoopston, Ill., Mr. and Mrs. Harbourn, Mrs. Baker and daughter and Charlie, of Chicago, Ill., Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Culver and daughter and Mrs. J. Culver of Lafayette, Ind., Mesdames, Powers, Fortune and son, Stafford, McDonald and son, Tierney and daughters, of Chicago and Mrs. and Miss O'Neil, of Englewood, Ill.

— Wednesday last the 27th inst, Mr. Parker, of Chicago brought back his son Harry of lively memory who spent the first part of this term at Wubeaton college. Harry enters upon his third year, wears long pants and begins to talk of sheepskin.

EXCHANGES.

After a long absence the *St. Mary's Sentinel* returns—we salute him. We find much readable matter in it besides "Rakings." The 2nd. negative on "Has the Augustinism of American literature arrived" shows a careful student, prudent thinker and a fair writer. He first shows the conditions of a literary age as one of superior productions, superior geniuses, of great Universities, of criticism coming from reviews which then every where spring up and implant in the people a desire to read these works. The passion for literary pursuits thus awakened, everybody reads what great writers pen. Then he adds: "But so long as our poets and dramatists rise and disappear known only to those who have had the advantage of the school room; as long as our Universities remain in obscurity, and our reviews remain unprinted and unthought of we have no claim and do not wish a claim to literary age.... Where are our literary papers? Like many other things, they are yet to be. Such fourth class ones as we have are hardly read.... Our noble poets.... the people ignore them. The age then is not a literary one." We are a reading people of course; but we read the daily newspaper, the light novel, or magazine. The utilitarian ideas so characteristic of our people rather lead to more practical walks, not so much to the milky ways of letters.... In the essay on Scott beginning with "No man in whole record etc.," a "perhaps" would fit well. The sentence "Having said so much about the ancestry etc., let us turn to himself" being clumsy, should have been omitted. *Sentinel*, let us by.

The story "Janie" in the *Adelphian*, though weaved

of elements apt to interest, is however tame enough. The grammatical lecture on "Housekeeping" smacks of the dictionary: too many definitions. Be more practical also on such subjects and be not afraid to mix well the dough of your mental pabulum for your dear readers." The *Adelphian* of a year ago made on us more favorable impression. The rest of the *Adelphian*, local and personal, is well put up. The poetry by Leeming reads well.

The *Crescent* with its Greek characters looks as classical as the *Adelphian* with its broken Grecian statue. Its editorials are clear and pointed. Are the "Chips" two-for-a-cent? The would-be-artist of '87 relates well his vicissitude and gives better promise of success in the field of letters than in the art of landscape. The "Meteorites" of course are brilliant. Though the *Crescent* has horns, Greek letters, and a dangerous editor-in-chief (Gunn) we let it in to its place on our table trusting it will hurt none of its fellows.

The *Sunbeam* shines brighter this year than last. The fair staff seem in self-contemplation in the essay "Woman and her work" which is strongly worded and full of good advice, too sensible, though, for any use. We would remark that the present condition of woman is the outcome not of civilization alone, but of *Christian* civilization: The pagan world with its civilization would to this day have remained "a drudge or a droll" So you would have us rebuke the "slangy boy of the *Index*! It is an empty task. Neither the gentlest sunbeam will thaw his heart, nor the sharpest rebuke pierce his hide. Let him be, the *enfant terrible*, it is his way.

ST. VIATEUR'S DAY OF '86.

Amid the desert sands of a college course Providence hath lovingly scattered refreshing oases at which the scholarly wayfarer may at least be recalled the green lawns and cool shades of his own dear home. One of these we, "viatores" have just passed, and gladly do we inscribe in this JOURNAL, chronicle of feats great and small, this our late most happy fête.

The story then, runneth thus: Wednesday the 20th, the eve of the 21st. was dull, dripping, chilly, and gloomy as alone a gray autumn day with sighing wind, and mists, and fogs can be. Consequently the spirits of our dramatists who were prepared to "show forth" in the evening suffered a considerable depression.... Jupiter, he of the forked lightning, perhaps alarmed at their displeasure, allowed the sun to shine on them to dispel their gloom, and with an additional, genuine, fist-class "shine" of their own, their mercury rose almost to ebullition! "Will there be a crowd?" they all

wondered each in his turn. "The roads must be very bad" remarked one; a more sanguine put in, "that's nothing you'll see if we don't rake in a good housefull any how!" And so it happened though the contrary might have been expected. It afforded us no small pleasure to have among our listeners such an unusual number of Rev. guests and in all such a select and appreciative audience.

At 7.40 the Band tooted its inimitable Zethus ever new and ever so meltingly harmonious. A good cheer and the curtain rose on the darksome dungeons of the Tower. The stage make up was very effective. The scene was really prison like.

Considering the short time that was employed in rehearsing and the "newness" of the amateurs the rendition of "Prince Arthur" must be pronounced a success. The Pathetic parts of young Arthur's role, his tear, his pleadings, his noble resistance to the violence of his cruel uncle were all faithfully portrayed in Master Dennis Ricou who was often generously applauded. The contrary unquiet, remorseful cares of the king, his indecision, his fears, suspicions, his wild rage received fair expression in Mr. T. Normoyle. Mr. D. Cahill played the courtier with much naturalness. Mr. P. Wilstach personated the difficult role of Hubert almost faultlessly.

Mr. J. Dore of course was as much at home in the poor old prisoners role as he would be in any. Kermander was perfect. The other characters acted their parts also very creditably, excepted the awkward mistake made by the soldier fumbling with the would-be red hot iron and dropping it in their hurry to "retire," which beside came too soon; the audience was thereby deprived of a scene which could have been made very affecting.

The French melodrama "La Chaumière B. et omme" was excellent in almost every detail. The title roles were ably sustained by Messrs Amb. granger and Celeste Harbour. The father's curse and the son's pleading were especially most true. Mr. L. Grandchamp was truly rural, and Emile Rajotte never spoke once without causing general rounds of laughter. Some one remarked that the storm in the opening scene was not very "terror inspiring" but that is merely mechanical. More cannon ball thunder the next time. The "Dudes" were powerful, but spoke scarcely audibly enough, though perhaps it was for effect; they are delicate, *you know*.

The following is the programme.

PART I

PRINCE ARTHUR.

Overture Zethus.....Pettee.

COLLEGE BAND.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King John.....T. Normoyle.

Prince Arthur, his nephew, heir to the throne of England D. Ricou.
 Hubert a Courtier, Arthur's keeper P. Wilstach.
 Navil, a Courtier W. Cahill.
 Kermader, } prisoners and friends of Arthur { J. Dore.
 Bertrand, } H. O'Neil.
 Officer J. Bigham.

SOLDIERS AND GUARDS.

ACT I.

Cornet solo, Sancta Maria (M. A. Roy.) Sabbati.

ACT II

Guitar solo, a Spanish Fandango L. Falley.

ACT III

Anvil Chorus Jean Paul.

ORCHESTRA.

PART II

LA CHAUMIERE BRETONNE.

PERSONAGES.

Pierre Kerouef Amb. Granger.
 Oscar, son fils Celestin Harbour.
 François } voisins du père Kérouef L. Grandchamp.
 Louison } J. Rivard.
 Jules, ami d'Oscar E. Rajotte.
 M. de St. Aignant, (rentier) H. Legris.
 Jacques, (valet de Mr. de St. Aignant) Moïse Roy.
 Mr. Félicien William Convey.
 Le Baron d'Esteve F. Dandurand.
 Le Marquis de Sauvry A. Frazer.

Six enfants.

ACT I.

Huntresses Duo L. Bordèse.
 Rev. A. Mainville and M. Therrien.

ACT II.

Marche Pontificale Gagnon.

ORCHESTRA.

ACT III.

Incantation Gallop Ripley.
 COLLEGE BAND.

The selections discoursed by the Orchestra were received with much favor especially the "Anvil Chorus" and the "March Pontificale." But the musical "hit" of the evening was Master Louis Falley's guitar solo. There was a something in it so delicate and sprightly, so clear, so sweet and so winningly graceful that every one listened in mute attention and with eyes and ears. His "Fandango" was encored and he returned to please us with another selection as beautiful. We will never tire of hearing these gentle notes which, we trust, shall grace many another soiree.

To resume my story, then; the entertainment over, the people went home and we went to bed.

THE 21st.

It would seem as if the sun kept all his bright warm

beams, the winds all their soothing gentleness, nature, in a word, all her choicest charms to make this day of St. Viateur, the sunniest and fairest in all of these glorious autumn days. To match the weather of course every one put on his highest collar, and brightest smile.

At the morning Mass most of the students received holy communion—a most edifying circumstance which evinces the grateful respect so religiously payed to the protection of St. Viateur. At 9 o'clock we all repaired to the parish church where a solemn High Mass was chanted by Rev. Fr. Rousseau, of Ishpeming, Michigan, assisted by Rev. Fr. Campean, of Ottawa, Ont. as deacon and Rev. Fr. Adams of Hochelaga, Canada, as sub-deacon, and Rev. A. McGavick as master of ceremonies. The Choir with orchestra and organ accompaniment by Rev. Fr. Labelle, of Canada. rendered Dumont's mass. At the end of mass Rev. C. P. Foster, of Chicago, Ill, ascended the pulpit and spoke in his own graceful style the panegyric of St. Viateur. (We hope to be able to publish at full length in our next issue this beautiful sermon.)

After mass the field sports were immediately begun. They were conducted among the seniors by Messrs. Sullivan and Cusack, among the juniors by Messrs. Dore and Finn and by Rev. G. Legris and Bro. Beucler among the minims. Their scores see elsewhere.

The usual grand dinner interrupted the games a little after twelve. The epithet "grand" describes it well. After the 2nd. course Mr. August Muehlenfordt, wearing the good conduct medal, was called to "take the cake" which he did very gracefully. The Banquet was well wound up: toasts being the dessert. The responses were all sparkling with wit and full of delicacy. The toasters were Rev'ds Foster, Adams, Reilly, McGrath and Mr. Sweeney. The dinner then adjourned. The features of the afternoon were games of baseball and various races in the several departments. The campus was unusually vociferous.

In the evening an impromptu programme was arranged which consisted of speeches, songs, dances, instrumental pieces etc. Mr. A. McGavick made the opening address in most happy style. Messrs. Dore, Cahill, Normoyle, Rivard, sang. Masters Collet and McNamara performed gymnastics; the guitar, of course played. Rev. Fr. Rousseau sang a comic song in French which was very tickling. He also made the closing remarks, thanking the students and encouraging them to improve the talents they had so favorably displayed in these festivities. Rev. F. Marsile then announced St. Viateur's day past and class for the next day. Everybody felt happy and satisfied and thus we slept off in one night the fatigue of the day's unusual fun and though we dreamt of prizes etc., we awoke to find ourselves not famous, but only Students beginning to scale the high citadel of knowledge.

Vidi.

PERSONALS.

Foster—Rev. C. P. Foster '82, of St. John's church, Chicago, graciously repended to an invitation to preach on St. Viateur's day, which he spent with us. He preached the sermon at the solemn high mass in the church. Our rhetoricians must have been delighted with his musical sentences and no one will ever forget the masterly way in which he treated his subject. He pictured to our minds a most simple and beautiful saint under whose patronage we may well be proud of living.

McGrath—Rielly—Father McGrath, '83, of Chicago, and Father Rielly, '81, of Gilman, were also present to enjoy St. Viateur's day as of yore. Both of them, on being called upon at dinner, spoke to us kind words of friendship and of encouragement.

Maher—We learn with pleasure that James Maher, '83, is now successfully practicing Law in Chicago. He was admitted to the bar but last spring and already he finds himself quite busy with cases of various sorts. His office is at 112 Clark Street.

Quinn—Francis Quinn, '84, is now acting as secretary of Congressman Warthington and no doubt enjoys the situation which is a one really in accordance with his natural propensities for politics. We believe that there will yet be a day when Frank will shine in the starry firmament of political celebrity.

Shannon—Father Shannon, '83, late of the Cathedral of Peoria paid us a visit on the 20th. He was taking a short vacation preparatory to settling at Monmouth, Ills. as assistant pastor.

Gibbons—News reach us that Father Gibbons, late of Georgetown, Col., has been appointed assistant of Father Robinson in Leadville. This latter place is at an elevation of 1200 feet above the level of the sea, so that we can vouch for the purity of its climate. Father Gibbons finds it bracing and his health is fast improving. These two Fathers have a congregation of 4500 souls and 600 children attending school.

Martineau—We were not a little suprised to learn that G. Martineau, '86, whose musical help we greatly miss in our orchestra, is now married in Quebec where he intends to live henceforth. No longer will he delight us with his beautiful selections on the violin, which he used to handle so dexterously.

Lynch—It will please many to learn that Mr. Thomas Lynch, '86, is now enjoying a rest in his native land of Erin, the bright gem of the sea. His voyage across the Atlantic was most pleasant and his arrival in Mill-street, County Cork, Ireland, was attended with many charming emotions of his kind heart, so devoted to his country.

SPORTIVE.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather on Wednes-

day evening prospects for the field sports were rather slim, but 'old Sol' crept out bright and early Thursday morning and after Mass the grounds were in perfect condition. The excitement ran high from beginning to end, especially among the Seniors, whose contests were extremely close. Roach as he has often done before, proved himself fleetest runner of all by easily winning the 100 Yards Dash and Mile Run. The three legged race, much to the surprise of all, was won by Convey and Leggett who out-ran all their opponents with comparative ease. The sports of the Juniors were lacking of interest owing to the fact that Houde captured everything he wanted, without much exertion. However in the Half mile run, Knisely gave him a pretty race coming in only a step behind. The tug-of-war was the closest seen in a number of years, both sides tugging for some ten minutes without an inch of ground being gained or lost. The grounds of the Minims were crowded all day with the strangers who evidently enjoyed the games of the small boys more than those of the large ones. The most interesting feature of the Minims' sports was the stilt race, from the start to the finish of which there was long cheering and applause. Following is a list of the winners of the different games in each department.

SENIORS.

MILE RACE—J. Roach, time 5.02; 100 Yds. dash, J. Roach, 10½ secs.; Sack race—J. Roach; Three Legged Race—Convey and Leggett; Standing Jump—Normoyle, 10 ft. 2 in.; Running Jump—E. Bennett 19 ft. 7 in.; Hop, Step and Jump—J. Roach. 39 ft. 4 in.; Throwing Ball—T. Normoyle; Throwing Stone—Normoyle; Tug of War—Fred. Lesage's team; Hand Ball, H. Lesage's side.

JUNIORS.

Throwing the Ball—Houde; Running Long Jump—Houde; Hop, Step and Jump—Houde; Standing Long Jump—Houde; Throwing Stone—Houde; 100 Yds. run—Houde; Half Mile run—Houde; Thrice Legged Race—Marcotte and Knisely; Potato Race—Calvin; Sack Race—Knisely; Wheel-barrow Race—A. Lesage; Tug of war—Marcotte's team; Hand Ball—Dandurand, Stafford and Graveline.

MINIMS' RACES.

Sack race.—1st. McNamara, 2nd. Kerr, 3rd. Walter Tierney. Hop, step, jump—1st. J. Bell, 2nd. V. Lamarre, 3rd. Healy. Throwing Ball.—1st. Kerr, 2nd. Healy, 3rd. J. Tierney. Stilt Race.—1st. A. Fontanel, 2nd. D. Ricou. Running Jump.—1st. Healy, 2nd. Evrard. Foot Race.—1st. Kerr, 2nd. Fortin, 3rd. Healy. Three Legged Race. 1st. Bonfield—Evrard, 2nd Kerr—Ricou, 3rd. P. Legris—McDonald. Standing Jump.—1st. Kerr, 2nd. W. Tierney.

BASE BALL.

An interesting game of ball was played on the 24th. between the Indiana students and those from Chicago which resulted in a victory for the Hoosiers. Following is the score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	
Hoosiers	7	5	4	10	* — 26	
Chicagos	2	3	3	6	6 — 20	

Umpires Fr. Rivard, Messers Dore & O'Neil.
Scorer, P. Kelley.

ROLL OF HONOR.

CLASSICAL COURSE.

Gold Medal awarded to.....J. McGavick.
Silver Medal awarded to.....V. Lamarre.
Distinguished—J. Golden, S. Saindon, P. Wilstack,
P. Parker, J. Ricou, A. Falley, L. Legris.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Gold Medal awarded to.....T. Burns.
Silver Medals equally deserved by J. Moore, E. Har-
bour, A. Letourneau, H. Culver.
Distinguished—Graham, H. Lesage, Ed. Moran, J.
O'Connor, E. Adams, J. Belton, J. Bell, M. Conlan,
M. Fortin, Jos. O'Connor, C. Quinlan, V. Roy, W.
Tynan.

GUILFOYLE COMPOSITION MEDAL.

Awarded to.....J. McGavick

CONWAY MEDAL.

Awarded to.....J. McGavick.

CONDUCT AND POLITENESS.

Senior Department.

A. Muelhenfordt, T. Burns, R. Fitzgerald, P. Saffer,
J. Swerth, deserved 100: conduct medal drawn by A.
Muelhenfordt. Politeness medal drawn by T. Burns.—
Distinguished—L. Grandchamp, E. Graham, H. Legris,
A. Granger, H. O'Neill, D. Cahill, S. Saindon and T.
Whalen.

Junior Department.

Distinguished—F. Dandurand, F. Malony, W. Prender-
gast and T. Rousseau; try to get 100, boys.

Minim's Department.

L. Falley and V. Lamarre deserved 100. Distinguish-
ed—M. Fortin, B. Frazer and A. Kerr.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

During the summer season just elapsed, pilgrimages to the shrine of St. Anne of Beaupré, Canada, were almost daily, and so were the miraculous cures.

The Father Provincial of the Jesuits of Galizia has been notified that the Prussian government will permit the Society of Jesus to return to their establishment in Prussia.

Speaking of Catholic newspapers in our country the *Connecticut Catholic* says: "There are 1 semi-weekly, 80 weeklies, 3 semi-monthlies, 19 monthlies, and 5 quarterlies, or 198 Catholic periodicals in the United States and Canada."

A sacrilegious robbery took place at Notre Dame University, Indiana. The robbers having effected an entrance in the church carried off from the shrine of the blessed Virgin two costly crowns, one of exquisite workmanship, the gift of thirty American ladies, the other a gift of the Empress Eugenie, wife of Napoleon III. The robber was arrested, but the crowns are altogether damaged.

The Rev. John Rhinelander Robinson, an Episcopal clergyman and son of Beverly Robinson, Esq. of New Brighton, L. I., was received into the Catholic Church recently by Mgr. Farley, of St. Gabriel's church, New York.

France, Italy, Belgium, Spain and Portugal have altogether a population of 30,000,000, of whom only 680,000 are Protestants. In France alone there are 730,000 Protestants; in Belgium, 16,000; in Italy, 14,000; in Spain, 50,000; and in Portugal 5,000.

The Roman Catholic Church of the Gesu in Philadelphia, under charge of the Jesuit Fathers, and the second largest church in Pennsylvania, is now being completed. It will cost \$300,000, exclusive of thirteen marble altars, costing \$100,000. Adjoining the church will be erected one of the largest colleges in the country for the higher education of young men. The cost of the college will be \$600,000.

It is pleasing to hear of the progress of the Church in Utah, the land of the Mormons. Father Scanlan, now Bishop-elect of the Territory, came from San Francisco to Salt Lake City but fourteen years ago and already he has the happiness to behold around him a prosperous congregation, a splendid college of over one hundred students, an academy of two hundred, and an excellent hospital.

The Holy Father is at present reorganizing the Vatican Archives, and has confided the direction of that laborious undertaking to the Dominican Father Niel, who is already zealously at work on these important documents, which embrace, it is said, decisions and

resolutions of the various Sacred Congregations of Rome down to 1876.

The ex-Empress Eugenie has constructed at Farnborough in England a splendid church, in which the bones of Napoleon III and the Prince Imperial will be deposited. Desiring to have a work exclusively French, the Empress has arranged that only French priests shall serve this basilica. The Premontres Fathers of St. Michael de Frigolet will have the guardianship of the Imperial tombs. These Fathers, expelled from France by the governmental decrees, took refuge in England. They will begin their guardianship of the tombs of the late Emperor and his son next May.

It is said that Father Sebastian Bowden is about to give a translation of Dr. Hettinger's famous commentary on Dante. The interpretation of Dante has unfortunately been left almost entirely to Protestants in the past. We welcome this Catholic interpretation with delight. Cardinal Gibbons, in a letter to Father Bowden concerning Dante, calls the latter the master-poet of the Catholic Faith and adds: "There are three books which always seem to me to form a triad of dogma, of poetry, and of devotion.—the Summa of St. Thomas, the Commedia, and the Paradisus animæ. All three contain the same outline of the Faith. St. Thomas traces it on the intellect, Dante upon the imagination, and the Paradisus animæ upon the heart. . . . It was said of St. Thomas 'Post Summam Thomæ nihil restat lumen gloriæ.' It may be said of Dante, 'Post Dantes Paradisum nihil restat nisi visio Dei.' "

The *Leonine University* will be the title of the new great school which Leo XIII is establishing in Rome and which he has already under the presidency of our

American fellow-citizen, the illustrious Cardinal Mazella, formerly of Woodstock College, Howard County, Maryland. The special object of this new University will be the higher training of the flower of the clergy of all nations. We anticipate for it, that in its future usefulness and glory, it will surpass even the historic record of the Gregorian University and the Urban College, that have been so honorable to the Popes and so useful to the Church.

Catholic Review.

The *Univers* mentions at length the proceedings of the second congress of the Catholics of Switzerland in the city of Zurich, the country of Zwinglius. It was in 1806 that Napoleon, owing to certain mediations, enabled the Catholics to celebrate mass in Switzerland from which they had been excluded since the so called reformation, a space of 275 years. Since then the Catholics have increased gradually so that they now number many thousands. They have to fight bravely, for there is a great opposition to them in that bigoted country. The three great ends of their congress were: 1st. the development of the Catholic press; 2nd. the establishment of a confederation of all the Catholic associations; 3rd. the institution of regular meetings of Catholic congresses. Many great social questions were ably treated during the session.

Rev. Father Glyn, director of the Augustinian College in Rome is now in Ireland collecting funds for the erection of a national Irish church in the Eternal City, which would be dedicated to St. Patrick. Father Glyn is encouraged by the Pope, from whom he bears a letter, and by all the bishops of the Island, and above all by Dr. Kirby, rector of the Irish College at Rome.

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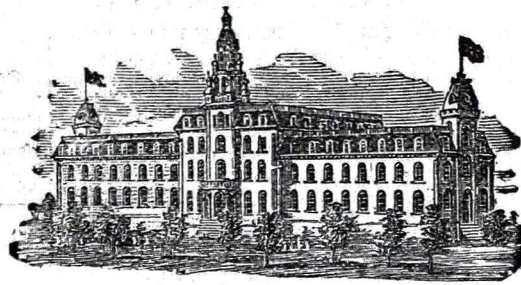
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