



= ALUMNI =

William Cameron B. A. '01 is taking the Theological Course at Dunwoodie Seminary, Yonkers, N. Y.

P. H. Hennebery '04 has completed his course at Tuft's Dental College this year.

J. A. McKenzie who left us last March is employed as railway mail clerk between Kootenay B. C. and Medicine Hat, Alta.

Mr. W.E. Larkin,—'06, teacher at Cable Head West paid the the College a short visit, during his Spring vacation.

C. A. Bouchard B. A. '05 and Wm. Vierge B. A. '02 are taking a Medical Course at Paris.

Leonce Nedeau B. A. '02 has a large medical practise in Quebec City.

Paul Gagnon B. A. '07, Alex. Darveau B.A. '07 and Honore Grenian B.A. '07 have graduated in law from Laval this spring.

Walter Moisan B. A. '01 is a legal practitioner at Drummondville, Que., and has entered provincial politics.

Edward Ryan B. A. '99 enjoys a large law practise at Calgary Alta. and is gaining considerable reputation as a pleader.

Rev. Thomas H. Trainor B. A. '02 is the pastor of a large parish at Cache Bay, Ont.

Rev. F. G. O'Neil B. A. '98 is pastor of St. Thomas' Church, Baltimore, Md.



useless his advice was, for no man could live more than a few minutes in those waves. Meanwhile the "Sprite" was fast drifting out to sea. Teddy finally ceasing his labors at the engine, stood up and gazed in despair at his comrades on the now distant shore. He waved a good-bye, but even as he raised his hand, the boat lurched, and he was thrown into the sea. The horror stricken youths on shore, saw him rise on the crest of a wave, struggle for a few minutes, then disappear. That was the last seen of poor Teddy Orton.

A silent prayer then went up from the small group, and all were unable to speak for several minutes. For a long time they gazed with blank stare, towards the spot where their companion last was seen, hardly able to believe their own senses. Dick was then despatched to the nearest town to telegraph the sad news to the Orton family, while the others slowly made their way to the shooting box, where they sat down with their heads in their hands, disheartened and sorrowful, very different from the joyous light-hearted youths, who had left Riverside that morning.

A month later, the jolly five once more were gathered in a room in a certain college, but there was one empty seat. There was an air of gloom and sadness in the room, and the conversation was carried on in scarcely audible tones. Bob was unpacking his trunk and dropped an envelope on the floor. He picked it up and looking at it gave a slight sob. "It is the last letter I received from Teddy Orton," he said as he held up a snap shot of a smiling youth. Poor little innocent Teddy, the kindest and most amiable fellow in the whole college. It seems impossible to believe him gone. How we will miss his kind face, and long for his cheering words and joyous laugh, to