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A Panorama.

IN the course of our afternoon's walk, we had arrived at the summit of a high, rocky cliff that rose almost perpendicularly from a river at its base; and here, we stopped to rest ourselves and to survey the territory before us.

Spring had set in and though the sky looked dull yet through an opening in the clouds the sun was seen to shine and its keen, penetrating rays danced gayly upon the surface of the waters. The waves were high and dashed wildly against the rocks only to be shattered into spray by the wall of adamant. On the opposite shore, however, they met with less resistance, for there the banks were low and the stream at points encroached upon the land. A long narrow valley ran parallel with this side of the river and just behind it was a dark winding chain of mountains that formed a background for the country spreading before them.

Immediately before us but across the stream there were lumber yards of acres in extent and beyond these, scattered in every direction, a multitude of little wooden cottages, the homes, as it seemed, of workingmen engaged in the shops and factories of the town. About everything, there was an atmosphere of business. No fine houses were in evidence, nor any signs of luxury and ease. The soot, the noise, the activity would rather have us believe that the people were busy and industrious; and, indeed, they were.