

The Owl.

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THE OWL is the journal of the students of the University of Ottawa. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely the students of the past and present to their Alma Mater.

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A CRYING SHAME.

Certain newspapers have recently endeavored to stir up a tempest in the "political" teapot by spreading broadcast, the report that the famous "Catholic League" was to be revived, and once more do battle on behalf of the Catholics of Ontario. We have neither received, nor do we desire to receive any brief authorizing us to plead *pro* or *con* in the matter. We think however, that it is high time to call the attention of the public to the petty system of slow, silent, artful and heartless per-

secution which has been long wasting the strength and exhausting the patience of our young Catholic graduates in all the learned professions.

"An open confession is good for the soul." We confess that we have employed pretty severe epithets. We will not abate one jot from their severity. Those who are really cognizant of hard, head-smashing facts, are thoroughly convinced that our case will, both figuratively and literally speaking, stand on its own merits. If constant, unrelenting, unwearied persecution of young Catholics by their brother exponents, in law and medicine, of both their own and of a different religious denomination is not heartless and artful, then we admit that we have not read aright the voluminous pages of "The Schoolmaster of the Republic."

Some poppy-headed individuals may consider that we have said too much; we do not believe in penning sentimental cant about the pure, unadulterated, nineteenth century "milk of human kindness" that flows alike for Tom, Dick, Harry *et al.* Such forget and forgive, mild-mannered freaks of human nature are from selfish, personal motives, apprehensive forsooth, that the kindly and generous feelings which form the basis of voluntary religious toleration will be utterly dissolved and melt away before the fire of hard, adamantive facts. Having created their own little Klondyke, they can easily