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VOLUME XV
1912 - 1913

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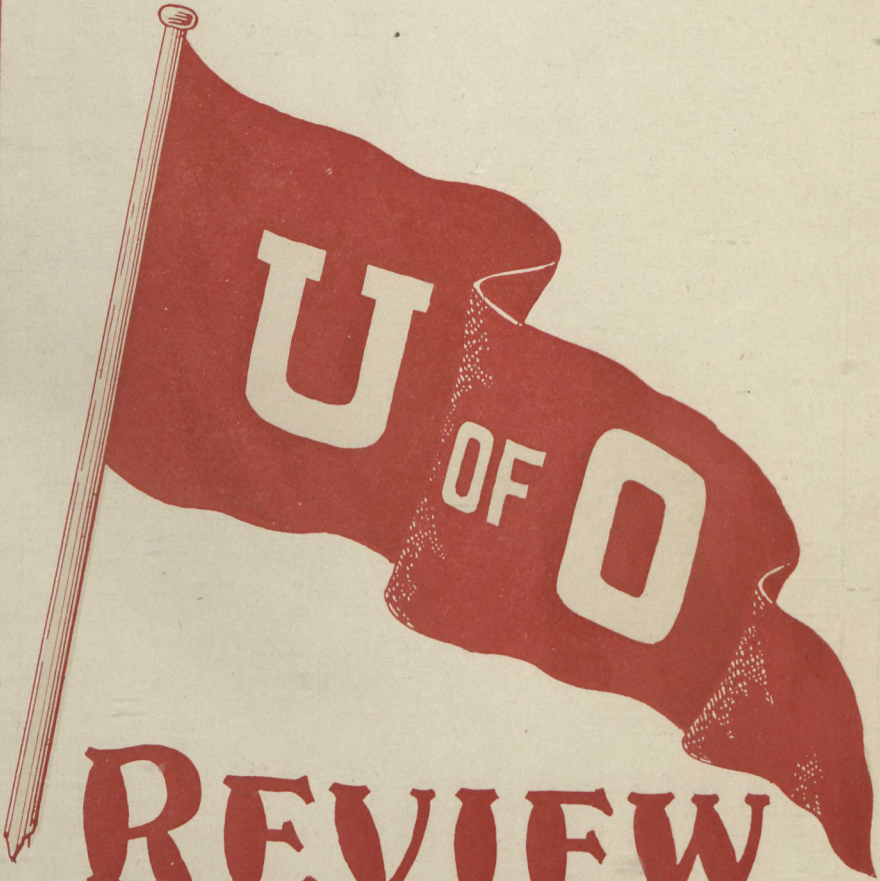
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REVIEW

VOL. XV

OCTOBER 1912

No. 1



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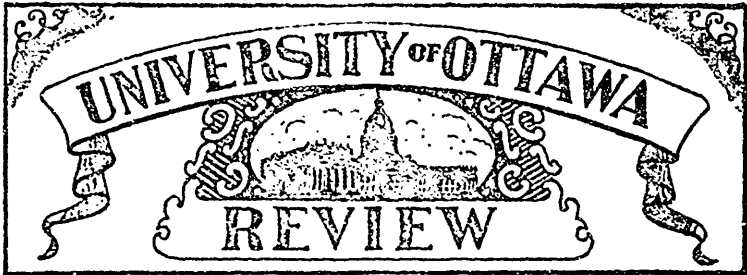
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Vol. XV.

OTTAWA, ONT., OCTOBER, 1912.

No. 1

Entered at the Post Office at Ottawa, Ont., as Second-Class Matter.

Monstra Te Esse Matrem

Snow-white lily, frail and slender,
Mary, beautiful, pure and tender.
 Make, oh make my life like thine.
Thee o'er whom the Angel bending
Filled with bliss all earth transcending.
 Miracle of love divine!
Teach me to be meek and lowly,
Fill my dreams with visions holy.
 Make my heart an altar-throne,
Where the Host enshrined in glory,
Where my Christ, — O wondrous story!
 Finds a haven all His own.
Let my eyes with pure thoughts beaming
Be like beacons softly gleaming—
 Lamps before the Shrine of Love.
May my words in accents ringing,
As the bells in turrets swinging,
 Raise all minds to realms above.
But God's love, His grace imploring,
All my life His will adoring,
 His the Cross to which I cling.
Let my heart like incense burning
Know no longing, but the yearning
 For the presence of its King!

PERCY VERNON.

Industrial Progress,



UNDOUBTEDLY, we to-day are far ahead of our ancestors one hundred years back, in the number and magnitude of the operations which we can perform. To-day, by the use of mechanical carriers, coal can be loaded into the bunkers of a ship at a rate exceeding five hundred tons an hour. One hundred years ago, when the loading was done by hand, such an operation was impossible without the expenditure of an immense amount of labor. To-day, a ship at sea can communicate with a port hundreds of miles distant. Less than a hundred years ago such an operation was undreamed of. This condition of affairs is termed "Industrial Progress," and the object of this essay is to determine and compare the advantages and disadvantages of such progress to humanity in general.

Before treating directly of these advantages and disadvantages just mentioned, I would like to say a word relative to the cause of industrial progress. It is trite to say that men are not always satisfied with the conditions under which they live and labor. Yet I must state this as it is the true cause of progress. Man wishes to do better and, when the means at his immediate disposal will not serve, he seeks new ones. So, where dissatisfaction or discontent is rife, there will one find the ingenuity of man active. The recent coal strike in Great Britain is causing men to seek a substitute for coal or to find means of economizing in its consumption. It may be objected that necessity is the cause of progress. True, but it is the remote cause determining the dissatisfaction, which is the proximate cause.

The phrase "Industrial Progress" designates that evolution or improvement which has occurred, since man was created, in the arts of production. The rate of progress has not always been the same. Indeed, there have been whole centuries in which scarcely any industrial progress was made. Then there have been times at which the progress was very great. Shortly after the year 1750 there began, in Great Britain, a tremendous industrial change which spread to all civilized countries and became known as "The Industrial Revolution." Following this "Revolution" we find one man enabled, by the use of the spinning-jenny, to do the work of eight spinners. We find the steam engine replacing the coach and

giving faster and cheaper service. As items of industrial progress in ancient times, I might cite the domestication of cattle and of grains.

In general, the advantages derived from industrial progress have been these: (1) a saving of labor, of time, of materials and of implements; (2) the removal or lessening of dangers to one's health; (3) the improvement of the quality of goods produced; and (4) the finding of new goods and of new powers. Industrial progress has, in fact, enabled man to produce much more at less cost than formerly, to use articles hitherto thought useless, and to perform operations hitherto impossible.

To enlarge somewhat on this condensed statement of the advantages of industrial progress, let me give a few examples. We know that ten- and twenty-share ploughs, drawn by steam traction engines and controlled, at most, by two men, are tearing up our western prairies at a rate which, by comparison, renders the rate of the one-horse plow almost infinitesimal. Here, in one example, we find a saving of time, a saving of labor, for the machine does the work of many men and many beasts, a saving of materials, for it requires much less, in point of cost, to feed the engine than it would to feed the number of horses which would be needed to do an equal amount of work, and a saving of implements, for the metal of the modern machine will outlive the wooden parts of the old plough. The automatic brake and the Davey's safety-lamp, for use in coal mines, might be taken as examples showing how industrial progress decreases dangers to life and limb. Again, industrial progress supplies the shoe manufacturer with better machinery, and an improvement in the quality of boots produced, is the result. Lastly, in the source of industrial progress, new goods have been discovered, as, for instance, peat in our Canadian bogs, and new powers have been gained, as the transmission of sound by electric waves.

But industrial progress has its disadvantages. Much of the best technical skill is devoted to the improvement of armaments whose sole mission is destruction. Then, too, the refuse of great manufacturing plants, and of the towns which spring up around them, pollutes many a stream, while untold chimneys fill the air with soot, and gas, and vapors. Worse than this, the conditions under which men labor have, in many cases, become unavoidably unpleasant and injurious. Who can imagine a pleasant foundry or rivetting-shop? Yet, if we are to credit story, the ancient smithy was a pleasant place.

And industrial progress has caused an artistic loss of two-fold

nature. The deadening of the artistic faculties of the masses, huddled around their factories, to whom necessity has left scant choice in raiment or in dwelling, can be imagined. But the scars which many modern industries make upon the beauty of a country can be seen. Where is the beauty of coal bunkers or of lumber piles? Another disadvantage of industrial progress has been the depreciation of special faculties. Machinery can to-day turn out a better shoe in less time and at less cost than could a skilled shoemaker. So here is a trade losing its value owing to industrial progress. Yet the disadvantage mentioned in this paragraph are more due to carelessness than directly to industrial progress, and could be avoided by wise legislation.

A careful consideration of the advantages and disadvantages of industrial progress will force one to conclude, disadvantages to the contrary notwithstanding, that we ought to have gained by industrial progress. But have we? Comparisons made by many writers show that the condition of the middle classes to-day is no better, if as good, as that of the middle classes in the Roman Empire, while the condition of the very poor is worse.

The reason for this condition of affairs is explained by the fact that there are other forces at work which mitigate the advantages derived from industrial progress. We pay more, to-day, for food and raiment than did our ancestors, partly because we congregate more in cities than they did, and, consequently, must be supplied with the necessities of life from a distance, which is an expensive mode; partly because of the extensive operations of the middleman. So the advantage of improvements which, generally, affect only part of the production, and which, therefore, effect only a partial saving, is lost by the extortions of transportation companies and of middlemen. Many improvements, moreover, are concerned with the production of luxuries and do not benefit the poor. But the greatest improvements in recent years have been made in transportation facilities. Now this has enabled men to dwell in cities and be fed from a distance, but it has not enabled men to live better and cheaper, though electric trolley lines may affect this slightly in some few cases.

These are some of the reasons why our gain from industrial progress has been so small. A greater reason remains. It is that the advantages which are derived from a great part of industrial progress are required to compensate for injury done Mother Earth, principally by man. The soil of many districts has been impoverished by exhaustive farming. — much has been taken from the soil and little has been given in return. This has necessitated the in-

vention of fertilizers and the improvement of irrigation systems. In some cases compensation must be made for the loss of some mineral through the exhaustion of a mine. Then, too, certain useful plants and animals have become extinct and have been succeeded by noxious. But the worst injury has been the destruction of forests. This destruction has resulted, sometimes from fire, usually caused by man's carelessness, sometimes, and very often, from improper methods of lumbering. Forest land is often useful and fit for nothing else than to grow timber, and when the growth is destroyed the land becomes waste. The removal of the forests causes floods by loosening the hold of the soil upon the moisture, and it indirectly causes the increase of noxious insects by removing their check, the birds. For this injury to Mother Earth man has to suffer an increase in the cost of fuel and of lumber.

A. G. McHUGH, '13.

The Hero.



T was about sunset one sweet September evening of his mother's kitchen and caught the grateful with light and boyish heart, the cheerful clatter As he approached he heard, for the last time, village of Cloverdale out to the Power cottage. buoyantly across the hayfields that led from the that John Power, the widow's son, came swinging odour of their evening toast, that floated like a domestic incense on the air. He saw the dear old grey wrinkled mother waiting eagerly but not impatiently for him in the low doorway. This was to be their last evening at home together, for to-morrow John was breaking home ties. He was leaving early the next morning for college, and it is safe to say that no man ever stepped through a golden gate out into life with lighter luggage as to heart and purse or heavier treasure as to faith in human nature.

But because his life had been narrow it had not been without ambition. In fact his brave heart beat high with it; and dreams for her boy had been the secret manna of his mother's life.

As they sat together on the vine-clad porch that evening his mother opened her simple heart to John on several matters, the class honours she hoped for him, and her half-veiled anxiety as to hazing. Under the spell of the moonlight and sweet garden odours, John acknowledged to class ambitions of his own, but as to hazing he laughed down her fears. "Hazing, mother? I'm not worth hazing," he declared cheerfully. His mother looked doubtfully, fondly, at him. With his fine head, his deep grey eyes, he seemed to her well worth while, as quarry, in any chase or chance of life. The next morning she would throw her black apron over her head and go through the dew down the road with him as far as the old willow. Here they would part, she clinging long to his hand as they said their simple farewells.

At about the same time that John was disclosing his hopes to his mother in the moonlit porch, a group of young Sophomores at the college town of Abington were gathered together in the little Assembly Hall under the old elm on the campus. They had just returned for the fall semester, and having determined that a Freshman was to be hazed on the morrow, had gathered in secret conclave to select him. The spokesman and arch-conspirator was a handsome young fellow named Netherby, and, as they had decided to haze the newcomer who had had the most honours showered upon him at his recent high school graduation, he held in his hand a sheaf of pathetic little country newspapers, all florid with June and Commencements, which he had been carefully collecting in the neighboring small towns during the past summer. The theory was that it was their duty, as Sophomores, to "cure" such a young man of any probable resulting vanity. The hazing was not to be a crude physical affair, but was to be done by a new, refined, and simple mental method—some humiliation, heaped upon him in the most public manner possible; and he was to be lured on adroitly to be an instrument in his own degradation.

"I think," said Netherby, toward the end of the conference, "that Power will be our man," and he tapped the paper where all his honours were fondly set forth; "he or Nelson. Both are to come here. Power, or Nelson. — Which shall it be?" "Power, Power, give us Power," cried the majority. "And so say all of us," sang a 'usty chorus; and thus the victim was chosen. He being personally unknown to them, it was arranged that several Sophomores should watch cautiously near the registrar's desk the following morning until a man should arrive registering by the name of Power, of Cloverdale; and from that moment he was to

be a marked man, approached, courted, adhered to, watched, never allowed to escape until all was over.

The "all" was briefly this: they were to decoy the chosen unfortunate into the belief that he had been elected president of the Freshmen class. To aid their scheme the Sophomores were to print some bills about as follows: "Freshmen, Attention! A brief meeting at 1 p.m. to-day (Sept. 25th) at Little Assembly Hall; to Get Together; to Organize; to Elect Officers. All Welcome. All Invited." The next morning they were to strew the campus, litter the Registry door-steps with them; then in the guise of Freshmen find and accost Power, give him a handbill, invite him to the meeting, accompany him there, nominate him president, elect him, call on him for a speech, lead him on by applause into eloquence, floridity, then,—"Before it dawns upon him that he has been duped, we'll hustle him into a carriage," cried Netherly. "Shafer, hire the rig and drive it yourself,—drive him to the girls' Hall and we'll make him make another speech to them. Tell him it's the custom. They'll be hanging out of the windows, and throw a few faded bouquets. We'll hold palms of victory over his head to shade him from the sun, and he'll be too absorbed to know it. Then to the men's Hall, to make a speech to those who "could not get to the meeting." Then will come the awakening, the realization, the shower. "Elkum, get the old boots, and bottles, and slippers, the dead rat, and bouquets, and mice, and palm-leaves and things." With this, Netherly leaped from the platform crying, "Now for the handbills. Off to the printing press!" And they followed him out into the serene night.

The ten o'clock train set John down at the college gates the next morning. His registration was soon over, and as he left the office he stooped and picked up one of the Netherby handbills. As he read it he felt elated; his heart beat high at the ready hospitality and goodwill of it all; and as Netherby, with his lieutenants, approached and accosted him, offering his hand, Power gripped it warmly in quick response. From this on he was in the hands of his friends, genial, unsuspecting, even grateful.

Towards one o'clock, groups could be seen approaching the little Hall from all directions, the sophisticated and the unsophisticated, the conspiring Sophomores and the unsuspecting Freshmen; even a few upper-classmen sauntered in and stood looking idly on, at what, to their experienced eye, was to be a slaughter of the innocent. All began to go on smoothly, as planned. Netherby took the chair and called for the election of a secretary. This was to be Elkum, who was pledged to make a florid decoy speech to lure the

victim on. We need not linger upon the scene. When Elkum had finished, Power was safely elected and responded gravely to the calls of "Speech, Speech" from certain of the audience. Drawn on by adroit applause, he laid bare his grateful heart and simple plans before them. He sat down, flushed, amid renewed plaudits. Netherby was now skilfully elected vice-president, and made a brief and graceful speech, at the close of which he turned to Power, saying, as he hurried him to the waiting carriage, "Now it's the custom for us to drive to the girls' Hall and speak." Netherby and Elkum stepped in with him, Shafer drove off, and the crowd followed to Sophomores' Hall. Here Power, standing bareheaded, spoke from the carriage up to the windowsful of girls, who broadly smiled, and threw down flowers—a little faded—upon him while Elkum and Netherby shaded him with long palms and cameras snapped upon the scene for the city papers. Then to the men's Hall, where Power, urged by the voice in his ear, "Go on, it's the custom," began his last speech. It was not long. First there descended a huge bouquet from a top-floor window that hit him squarely, then a bottle, then boots, slippers, the rat—every pre-arranged missile rained suddenly in a perfect deluge, and amidst shouts of laughter and the snapping of cameras, Power stood a moment with a bewildered look growing in his eyes. He glanced around for Netherby and Elkum, to find them vanished. Then he knew, and a swift vision of his mother at the cottage rose before him, and he covered his eyes with his hand. In that moment the best part of the real John Power seemed to have died.

The sport being over, Shafer whipped up; the sudden jolt brought Power to the carriage seat amongst the garbage, and the crowd loitered to see him throw it violently at them or leap out; but he did neither. He sat still, white as ashes, looking straight before him. When they had gone a mile, Shafer, jumping down, came to the side of the carriage, and said, "Here's where you get out. Fare, please!" To his astonishment, Power mechanically opened his lean purse and gave him a quarter. Leaping to the box he galloped off, and when he looked back Power was still standing by the side of the road.

How long he stood there he never knew; but what seemed like hours afterward a servant man approached him, and handed him a note. It read, "The President and family regret what has occurred and request the pleasure of your presence at supper this evening at seven." Power's heart revived at the words. Here was human sympathy, here was life again, and hastening back along the dusty road to the campus he met the President just leaving his

office. Power had the note open in his hand, and approaching him eagerly said, in a low tense tone, "Doctor, thank you. I shall be so glad to come." The Doctor took the note in some surprise. Running his eye over it, he smiled as the situation dawned upon him, and restoring it to Power he said, not unkindly, "Don't let them make a fool of you, young man." and passed on.

Three days later, Power still had courage to go to the bona fide Freshman meeting, with who may say what lingering hope perhaps; but a zone of solitude surrounded him, and at the end he went sadly away. From that day he bent above his drawing-board and laboratory tests, a solitary man, never lifting his head, sometimes not hearing a human voice addressed to him for weeks together, except in class.

When Power had completed his fourth year, he was graduated with his class one sweet June morning. As he walked up the aisle in the long procession and felt once more for the first time in years the warm touch of a human shoulder against his own, and that the uniform of cap and gown, new donned, brought him in some mysterious way into fellowship with human kind once more, his heart swelled with mingled joy and pain, and all at once the long bitterness seemed to fall away, and the old June gladness of his boyhood rolled in over his very soul in deep refreshing waves.

It seemed the train could not bear him to the cottage swiftly enough. "Mother," he said joyously before he was fairly through the garden gate, "burn my letters. They were all false. I never was class president. I never was anything. Here's what they did to me," and he spread out the old illustrated newspaper of your years ago, "but I lived it down in my heart, and the next time I go out into the world you go with me, for life without at least one friend is hard."

"Yes, even for a hero," said his mother, a spasm of pride sweeping over her sensitive old face; for she felt that his heart had been heroic enough to encompass all the tragedy alone and share only the triumph.

I. FLETCHER, (*Matric.*), '14.

The Sun Shower.

Dropping low its silvery curtains,
Chasing children from the beach,
Over hills and down the valleys
All the landscape in its reach.

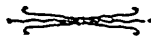
Comes the sun shower in its rambling
Out the clouds of pearly blue,
O'er the valleys from the mountain,
Leaving hills so gray in hue.

Idle breezes bent on mischief
Skim like birds the placid lake.
Nature's kindly heart is ruffled:
Their good intent the winds forsake.


Balsams heavenward aspiring,
Soon are clouded from our view,—
Joyous scenes of summer's splendour,
Often die when all but new.

Human hearts are crystal barks,
Sailing over shallow places:
Envious gossip brings the showers,
Saddening sweet and happy faces.

W. G., '11.



Who's Who in the World of Letters

N attempting a series of monographs on the most prominent writers of the day, it is in no way my intention to give the readers of the *Review* an exhaustive treatise on the varied fortunes of each. My idea is rather to give a brief insight into the why and wherefore of their fame.

G. K. Chesterton.

It is an easily conceded fact that of all the present day English men of letters, the inimitable, paradoxical, unconventional Gilbert Keith Chesterton stands to the foremost. Hardly a review, magazine, or even daily paper in England or America, but pays tribute to his somewhat erratic genius by quoting his views on every subject under the sun, or publishing his wholly unique verses.

To many of Chesterton's admirers it may come as a surprise to learn that this lion of the literary world has not yet attained the wholly proper and dignified age of five and forty, but counts to his credit only thirty-eight meagre years.

His rise from comparative obscurity to the limelight of imperial popularity came not as the result of steady, earnest effort, but rather as a meteoric outburst that fairly dazzled the world of letters. Evident it is from the circumstances of his birth that Chesterton was not born great, but whether he achieved greatness or had it thrust upon him, posterity alone can decide.

The casual reader of "Orthodoxy," "Heretia," or "The Ball and the Cross" probably pictures in his mind's eye the author of these much-discussed works as a tall, willowy man with massive forehead and intellectuality emanating from every pore;—his photographers, however, betray him as a hale and hearty gentleman, with an unkempt mane, a vast waist-band and a face that in no way suggests spirituality. In fact, there is an expression of sturdiness and pugnacity in his whole make-up that is quite suggestive of that other doughty warrior in the world of theories—Teddy Roosevelt.

It is hard to get at the direct cause of Chesterton's immense popularity. The average reader is probably attracted by the pungency of his wit, the boldness of his paradox, and the dynamic freedom of his style, but the thinkers of the day evidently feel

that a "Daniel has come to judgment," and are held in suspense less by his wonderfully brilliant style than by the depth of his thought, the logic of his apparent contradictions and the fearlessness of his philosophy.

Perhaps it might be well before attempting to study Chesterton more closely, to take a brief survey of the circumstances that surrounded his boyhood.

"Blood will tell" proves itself true in this case as in so many others, for among many anecdotes of his rather cosmopolitan ancestors we read of a Swiss grandfather who was buried alive after the Battle of the Pyramids, but by dint of using his lungs was rescued and lived to furnish an illustrious background to the hero of my sketch. With such an inheritance, Chesterton's lusty love of life is hardly surprising.

During the Commonwealth, the Chestertons flourished as small landowners in Cambridgeshire, and it was only after the Restoration that a certain dissipated member of the family forced his descendants into commercialism by riotous living and reckless expenditure of his patrimony.

It was in the home of a coal merchant and surveyor by profession, yet withal an intellectual and philosopher of no mean order, that G. K. Chesterton passed his youth. To his mother's Celtic temperament—she was a Frenchwoman—he doubtless owes his subtle art of robbing the commonplace of its dullness. She was essentially and unremittingly "*spirituelle*," which fact certainly accounts for her son's skilful use of that dangerous weapon—satire. When cleverness and kindness go together,—nothing but popularity can ensue. Chesterton's innate sense of comradeship with all mankind has kept the sting of sarcasm—rather of bitterness—from his literary style.

Just as the world is apt to judge a man by his clothes, so is the average reader inclined to associate depth of thought with heaviness of expression. It would have been considered highly undignified for Hubert Spencer to have given vent to his profound (?) discussions in anything but staid and stately English. Macaulay held that the elegant and well-rounded period is absolutely essential to the dignity of history, whereas the ravings of latter-day philosophers are enshrouded in such lazy mists of high-sounding words that instinctively one thinks of Voltaire's definition of Metaphysics: "If a man talks to you and doesn't know what he is talking about and you do not either, that is metaphysics." It is precisely in this daring alliance of philosophic truth with popular expression that lies Chesterton's master-stroke. In the pungent,

rampant, unconventional style of a journalist, he sets forth truths that come nearer solving the riddle of life than any of the wild and obscure utterances of Nietzsche, Maeterlinck, Schopenhauer or Tolstoi. From extreme radicalism—he professed free thought in the nineties,—he has swung into extreme conservatism,—perfect sympathy with Catholicism. He is reactionary in every sense of the word, reactionary in his style, reactionary in his philosophy, and reactionary in his religious belief.

Of Chesterton's school-life, we know little beyond the fact that he was most skilful in decorating his books with weird caricatures of his masters and class-mates, productions that proved both the fertility of his imagination and his artistic talent. In fact his aptitude for art seemed so much more evident than any other aptitude that his father determined to make an artist of him. Hilaire Belloc's "Immanuel Burden," illustrated by Chesterton, is about all that is now extant of his attempts in that line. Like all artistic temperaments, Gilbert was absent-minded. In fact, he likes to tell a story of his having carried a note to a publisher informing that gentleman that owing to the pressure of business he could not call upon him as he had promised. Indeed no one could conceive the author of "Orthodoxy" to be a matter-of-fact man walking the humdrum path of life. None but a dreamer could have sent shafts so deeply into the meaning of life, none but a seer with the vision of a John of Patmos could have drawn from the depths of agnosticism itself the truths that have been the foundation of all sane philosophy. Chesterton, with an insight almost preternatural, reverts from the disgusting and arrogant self-sufficiency of the modern German school to the gentle, all powerful "humility of primitive Christianity." In his world famous paradox, "Nothing fails like success," he brings the world back to the Christ-taught belief that to save one's soul one must lose it. Tennyson felt the same paradoxical power of that wholly Catholic virtue when he made Sir Percival fail in his quest because unlike Sir Galahad he had not lost himself to find himself.

The now famous signature, "G. K. C.," made its first appearance in "The Debater," the somewhat pretentious monthly magazine published by the Junior Debating Society of St. Paul's School. but even before his name, or rather his initials, had appeared in print, he had won the "Milton" prize for English verse by inditing a poem entitled "Francis Xavier."

To the average youth, still in his teens, such a theme would not have been prepossessing, yet like Alfred Tennyson who gave vent to the finest gleam of his genius by dilating upon so unat-

tractive a subject as "Timbuctoo," Chesterton was able to draw honey from the bleached bone.

Whatever were the crudities of G. K. C.'s early essays in "The Debater," they were never wanting in spontaneity, force or vividness. No one was ever less commonplace. True it is his views are often as old as the hills, but they come to us in a garb so wholly unexpected that they daze us with their apparent novelty.

As a boy, Chesterton was a voracious reader. Although he revelled in the romances of Shakespeare, Dickens and Scott, the two telling influences on his mentality were Walt. Whitman and Robert Louis Stevenson. Whitman's plausible and popular theory of "the ultimate goodness of human nature," as well as the rational consequences of this creed, a belief "in the comradeship and solidarity of all men" gave their coloring to Chesterton's early years. Although events of later life have somewhat dampened his belief in "ultimate goodness" and forced him to reluctantly acknowledge not only the existence of a devil, but of devils, he has never wholly abandoned his sense of comradeship that led him to see in all struggling humanity a suffering brother. He no longer believes in Progressive Evolution as described by Tennyson when he says,—

"Move upwards, working out the brute,
And let the ape and tiger die."

Where Tennyson acknowledged but the brute nature in man, Chesterton, with truer insight, saw a personal demon.

Like Stevenson, Chesterton revelled in romance,—Chivalry appealed to him strongly. As one of his contemporaries puts it, he was an enemy, not of war, but of *the* war. A victory in a just and noble cause was to him the summit of honor, but he saw no glory in unequal odds. To him the struggle between the strong and the weak savored of barbarism. It was this chivalrous view of life that made G. K. C. a staunch supporter of "Home Rule" for Ireland and a declared ally of the Boers in the South African war.

In his poetry, Chesterton has closely studied Algernon Swinburne, but he has taken the Dean of the Sensual School rather as a model in *form* than in *matter*. The gloomy pessimism of evolutionism such as was Swinburne's appealed no more to Chesterton's optimism than did Tennyson's. The peculiar musical cadence of Swinburne's versification, however, fascinated him, and he adopted the poet's metre with no small success. That he felt the decadent trend of modern English literature is evident from his burn-

ing arraignment of the cultured enemies of "Penny Dreadfuls." The subject is so vital that I quote the essay to some length:

"If the authors and publishers of 'Dick Dead-Shot' and such remarkable works were suddenly to make a raid upon the educated class, were suddenly to take down the names of every man, however distinguished, who was caught at a University Extension Lecture, were to confiscate all our novels and warn us to correct our lives, we should be seriously annoyed. Yet they have far more right to do so than we; for they, with all their idiocy, are normal and we are abnormal. It is the modern literature of the educated, not of the uneducated, which is vicious and aggressively criminal. Books recommending profligacy and pessimism at which the high-souled errand boy would shudder lie upon all our drawing-room tables. If the dirtiest old owner of the dirtiest old bookstall in Whitechapel dared to display works recommending polygamy or suicide his stock would be seized by the police. These things are *our* luxuries. And with a hypocrisy so ludicrous as to be almost unparalleled in history, we rate gutter boys for their immorality at the very time that we are discussing (with equivocal German professors) whether morality is valid at all. At the very instant that we curse the Penny Dreadfuls for encouraging thefts upon property, we converse the proposition that all property is theft. At the very instant we accuse it of lubricity and indecency, we are cheerfully reading philosophies which glory in lubricity and indecency. At the very instant that we charge it with encouraging the young to destroy life, we are placidly discussing whether life is worth preserving."

The much discussed question of Chesterton's present religious tenets, I have purposely avoided. To call him a non-Catholic Catholic would be an unpardonable paradox, and yet his belief in the world-wide tenets of the church is a fact beyond contradiction. He maintains that Catholicism is the only sane philosophy because it is the only one by which man can make a success of life. A contemporary has compared Chesterton to a church bell which rings over people into the church but stays out himself.

Chesterton's first step on the ladder of fame was doubtless his essay on "Browning," written at the request of John Morley. He entered upon his theme with all the pugnacity, all the fearlessness and dynamic force of another Carlyle,—but his pen is smoother, his style more coherent, and his English more readable than his great forerunner in the field of biography. Courage and originality are always attractive to the masses, but when they come in the garb of a wit and a thinker they take the world by

storm. People who would never work through the high-sounding, intricate phrases of Tolstoi, nor penetrate the labyrinthine obscurities of Nietzsche and Maeterlinck, read Chesterton with avidity. On the other hand, thinkers who scorned the modern press for its frivolity, sought out the germ of truth that lurked in the scintillating mass of Chesterton's paradoxes. As he himself would say, he is a success because he has failed. He has failed to be conventional, when convention was expected; he has failed to be dignified, when dignity seemed imperative; therefore, he has failed to be a failure, where failure seemed certain.

LOUIS STERNER.

The Naval Question.



THE greatest of political questions confronting our Cabinet Ministers to-day is that of the naval question. Keen interest has been displayed throughout the country since Mr. Borden's departure for the Metropolis of the Empire, and his utterances were followed closely by Canadians, to discover some clue by which our Premier's Naval Policy might be formulated, whilst he was in conference with the British Ministers; but all to no avail.

The Premier made no definite statement other than to assure the Government and the people of Great Britain that Canadians have the interest, welfare and safety of the Empire at heart. Nor has any announcement been made since Mr. Borden's return, other than that Parliament will be convened early in November, in order that the Government's Naval Policy may be announced.

Whatever may be that policy, it does seem that if in reality there is eminent danger from Germany, Canada should give (and I believe that it is in harmony with common opinion) *immediate and effective* aid, in order that she may stand in the "prima acies" among the other Dominions of the Empire when the day of trial arrives.

It would, indeed, be humiliating to Canada if an Australian or New Zealand Dreadnought were called upon to protect her trade with the far East from attack by the enemy.

The question arises, of what nature should be this immediate and effective aid? There is but one practical answer to that question: A direct contribution, amounting to the cost of two or three Dreadnoughts of the latest type, to be built and manned by the Admiralty. It would be nonsense to think for a moment that we could construct these vessels in Canadian yards and still have the aid, *immediate* and *effective*. It would be a year, at the very least, before a shipyard could be established in this country capable of constructing these ships and of providing the guns, armament, and all the equipment which are the most essential parts of such warships; another year would have elapsed before the first Dreadnought could possibly be launched. Hence, our aid would be far from immediate and effective.

Having provided for the present by a contribution, ample consideration could be given to the formulating of a permanent Naval Policy, which should be in accordance with the agreement arrived at this summer between the British and Canadian Ministers, and which would be at the same time agreeable to the Canadian people. The proper way of ascertaining whether the policy would be agreeable to the people would be to submit the question to them by means of a general election, after the entire policy had been explained in an intelligible manner.

What permanent policy the Government will bring down we do not know; but I hardly think a few suggestions in this article would be considered as presumptuous.

In the first place, if we are to have a fleet it must be of a certain size, in order to offer a permanent career to the officers and men engaged in the service. If our fleet is intended to be a unit of the Royal Navy, its personnel should be trained and disciplined under similar regulations to those already established in the Royal Navy, in order to allow for both interchange and union between the British and Dominion services; with the same object the standard of vessel and armament should be uniform.

In regard to the number of vessels for which the initial step of our policy should make provision, would depend upon how much the Government thinks it could appropriate for that purpose; moreover, our policy should provide for a stipulated sum over and above the cost of maintenance to be set aside annually for the enlargement and perfecting of our navy.

Of course our coasts are very extensive, and nearly three thousand miles apart, which would necessitate two distinct fleets. The report of the Admiralty Board of 1909 states: "In the opinion

of the Admiralty, a Dominion Government desirous of creating a navy should aim at forming a distinct fleet unit, and the smallest unit is one which while manageable in time of peace is capable of being used in its component parts in time of war.

It would be impracticable to maintain that a fleet is capable of being used in its component parts, with one section on the Pacific and the other on the Atlantic coast. Therefore, our Naval Policy should call for two unit fleets, each consisting (as determined by the Admiralty) of: "one armoured cruiser of the Dreadnought type, three armoured cruisers of the Bristol type, three unarmoured cruisers, six destroyers and three submarines, with the necessary auxiliaries, such as depot and store ships, etc., which are not here specified. Such a fleet unit would be capable of action not only in the defence of the coasts, but also of the trade routes, and would be sufficiently powerful to deal with small hostile squadrons should such ever attempt to act in its waters."

However, Canada should maintain complete autonomy of its navy, and only take part in the embroils of the Empire that might occur in the bodies of water bordering on her coasts, but if in such embroils should a fleet unit of the Royal Navy be present, our fleet, *ipso facto*, would be at the disposal of the Admiralty, and the vessels should be under the control of the naval commander-in-chief of the Royal Navy, and remain so as long as the engagement continues in the bodies of water bordering on our coasts.

The above statement to some may seem anti-imperialist, however it will be found to be far from it, upon giving the matter mature thought.

If Canada defends her end of her trade routes, there is so much less to be done by the Royal Navy. In the event of a British engagement in the Indian Ocean as in the Mediterranean, it is evident that Canada would be doing Great Britain a good turn in protecting the routes that are carrying grain from Canada to the Mother Country; no doubt, the aid would eventually amount to more in the end than it would were Canada to despatch her navy to take part in the engagement in foreign waters.

If Australia, New Zealand and South Africa followed the same scheme it would mean the incarnation of a systematic plan of defending the Empire. The Mother Country could despatch reinforcements to whatever part of the Empire they might be needed, and thus maintain her invincible supremacy for many years yet to come.

F. W. HACKETT, '14.

The Interpreter.

We walk this earth with eyes but dimly seeing:
 Man's vision hath been clouded since the Sin;
 Nor shall it clear again until the freeing
 From this dense Prison we make habit in,
 When, with the sphere of earth, its shadow, fleeing,
 Leaves the soul shadowless and spirit-thin,
 That all the glow of Godhead, shining through,
 May light the Vision in perfected view.

For, as I deem, this earth, unto the holy
 Whose sphere of being lies beyond our ken,
 Is all compact of beauty, being solely
 A language wherein God would hold with men
 Sweet converse, from the Vale of Melancholy
 If so that He to bliss may raise again,
 On wings of His outbreathing poetry,
 His children fall'n from primal purity.

O, Nature hath a beauty past expression
 Of human art, for him whose eyes can see;
 And each thing voices all things, through possession
 As of an inward soul of Deity,
 Which runs through all the music—a procession
 And endless flowing-forth-in-harmony
 Of Godhead, (whereunto the whole is set),
 Drenching each note with Love, till honey-wet.

Have not yon trees a language clearly spoken?
 Is not each leaf a fiery tongue of prayer,
 Where Love for love makes pleading? Yon unbroken
 And smoothly-flowing sward, where noon lays bare
 A burning heart in coolest verdure—token
 Of latent Love forever glowing there—
 Hath it no voice to woo the erring race
 Whose discord Love so fain would touch to grace?

Lightly we tread the dust of our inwelling;
 And yet, 'neath every atom of the same,
 All Love, the orbèd Godhead, is outwelling,
 That we may kiss with footfalls all we name
 When we name Beauty, Love, or God: clear spelling
 Of glory, in the moted sunbeam's flame,
 Each floating particle, that seemed so dim,
 Glows to its heart, a world fulfilled with Him.

And herein lies an image of the poet,
 Who is of earth, but, floating in an air
 Of golden inspiration, quickens to it,
 And, kindled through with light, grows God-aware;
 That so his being, letting light drench through it,
 Reflects a light to others, and doth share
 With angels, though but dimly, that clear glance
 Which ever sees of Love 'he countenance.

Therefore I deem it is the poet's mission
 In this, God's court, to stand interpreter
 'Twixt Him and man, who reads with clouded vision
 The code of Love, and in its law doth err.
 That code is writ for all with clear precision;
 But the Great Master's language, for the slur
 Of mortal sense o'er-fine, needs one to stand
 In touch with heaven and earth on either hand.

FRANK WATERS.



A Mother's Letter

WHAT school shall we send our boys and girls to? is the question the great army of fathers and mothers throughout the country have to answer each year. Those who are not of the household of the Faith may have some difficulty in answering this all absorbing question, but surely the Catholic father and mother will find the question already answered in a satisfactory manner. For where should they send their children to be educated unless it be to the schools that are provided for them, where they not only will be taught the rudiments of the necessary "three R's," but where they will also be taught to know, to love, and to fear Almighty God.

A great deal has been said and written on the subject of the "Godless public school," and the danger therein for the Catholic child; each day one can learn something new about the revolting conditions obtaining in some of these schools, where the name of God is never mentioned. It would seem as if the public schools of to-day are being made the "experimental farms" for all the fads and foibles of scatterbrained men and women who, because they have not the consolation offered by our Holy Religion, have to find means of killing time, which hangs very heavy on their hands, by thinking up a lot of nonsense to be practiced on the minds of the children of tender years, very often to their everlasting harm. The world has gotten along very nicely for centuries, and it was not such a bad old world after all, and children have gone through school and college without knowing that there was such a term as sex hygiene. Our dear holy nuns and the good priests, aye, and our good fathers and mothers, relied on the grace of God and the innocence of the little ones to keep them out of harm. But now it is advocated on every side that sex hygiene must be taught in the schools in order to preserve the nation in the future. What is the result? Simply this, that in some localities conditions have become revolting in the extreme; little children of tender years have become wiser than their grandmothers without having their wisdom and character. In a certain city not long ago the writer had the privilege of being present at a meeting of the Board of Education for the public schools, where a member of the medical staff of the Board submitted a report as to the result of an investi-

gation he had just completed among children between the ages of 7 and 12 attending the public schools. It was truly appalling to listen to conditions as he found them, and a shudder went through those present.

The writer also had a conversation with a Catholic lady who has been teaching in the public schools of this same city for over 35 years. When asked as to the merits of the public school for Catholic children she replied without hesitation: "After teaching 35 years in the public schools I have no hesitancy in saying that the public school is no place for the Catholic child."

Follow the Catholic child through the high school and university, and you will find that danger follows its footsteps. The college and university professor of to-day in nearly every case is either an atheist, or if he believes in the existence of a God, it is a half-hearted belief at best, and his theory of life is to follow the dictates of pleasures. He believes, and of course believing he tries to convince all who come under his influence, that the greatest sin one can commit is in being found out.

We have seen cases where young men and young women of our Faith who were under the influence of wise Catholic teachers through grammar and college course, and with this splendid start enter a so-called non-sectarian university at an age when you would reasonably think they were proof against all attacks on their religion, and yet despite all this they will leave that university tainted with irreligion and indifferentism.

If this can happen to the young man and the young woman whose ideas should be well formed, what chance has the child who has never for one hour been given the opportunity of coming under the influence of Catholic teachers?

It is enough to make one shudder to think of the terrible account these parents will be called on one day to render. And the pitifully weak excuses they will make, why they do not send Mary or John to parish school! The Sisters are not up-to-date in their method of teaching, they are behind the times, etc., in fact any excuse will do. Poor deluded creatures, they will even try to excuse the stand they take against the Catholic school by saying they themselves are competent to teach their children all they should know about their religion; in short, they think more of public opinion than they do of the salvation of their own and their children's immortal souls.

There was a time when it behooved the Catholic father and mother to look after the spiritual training of the child: that was in

the days when Catholic schools and colleges were scarce in the land, but to-day there is no necessity for the Catholic parent to assume all of this awful responsibility, with so many splendid Catholic schools and colleges all over the land having a standing in the educational world second to none and superior to a great many.

Those of us who are so blind as to think our children will not receive a proper secular training in the Catholic school should at least remember the words of Holy Writ: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his immortal soul"; they should also remember what our Divine Saviour said: "Suffer little children to come unto Me, forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

And yet for mere worldly reasons we tamper day by day with the pure souls of the little ones, and we expose them to all sorts of dangers.

It behooves then the Catholic father and mother to put off the false shams of the world, and even though they may in their ignorance think that little Mary or little John will not be up to the standard required by the secular school Board if they send them to the parish school, of one thing they may be assured, and that is their dear little boy and girl will hear nothing during the hours spent in the care of the dear Sister who is teaching them but what is wise and holy and good. And when they leave the parish school, dear fashionable mother, who have social aspirations for your daughter, be assured that the convent training leaves an imprint on your daughter's character and a finish to her manners that can never be acquired in any fashionable seminary in charge of the Misses So and So.

And dear foolish father of John, be assured that when he leaves any one of our splendid colleges or universities under the care of the Oblates, the Jesuits, or any one of our many splendid teaching Orders, he will be able to face life fully equipped to meet and combat all difficulties.

MOIRA.

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW is the organ of the students. 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 to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

TERMS:

One dollar a year in advance. Single copies, 15 cents. Advertising rates on application. Address all communications to the "UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW", OTTAWA, ONT

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Vol. XV.

OTTAWA, ONT., OCTOBER, 1912.

No. 1

A WELCOME AND A WISH.

In a new garb, and with a staff largely new, Vol. 15 of the *Review* makes an initial bow to its friends. Many of its editors who worked so faithfully during the year 1911-12, and who contributed so materially to whatever success it enjoyed, are with us no more,—they have gone forth from the portals of Alma Mater into the great world beyond, to pursue their respective avocations, to tread with the light and joyous step of youth the laborious path, which leads to fame and fortune. We thank them for their efforts in our behalf, and we wish them in the future the fullest realization of their hopes and aspirations. To those who with alacrity come forward to take their places, and grace our humble pages with the best products of their literary endeavour, we accord a most hearty welcome.

Working together, let our aim be to fully maintain and even exceed the high standard set by our predecessors, until, perchance, we place the *Review* within sight of that happy goal where the "Owl" was wont to perch in serene and undisputed supremacy, at the very pinnacle of Canadian and American college journalism.

REMARKABLE TRIBUTE TO CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

Dr. Max Pam, an eminent non-Catholic jurist of Chicago, has recently made two remarkable donations: one of five scholarships in the Catholic University at Washington, the other of a chair of journalism in the University of Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dr. Pam had for some time considered making his donations to some of the great secular universities, but finally recognized the fact that greater good would be accomplished by assisting Catholic institutions. In a letter to Cardinal Gibbons he says he has arrived at this conclusion because he believes that the nation in order to solve the great problems which confront it, to secure its liberties and happiness, must have its conscience quickened to a sense of its responsibilities by means of religious education, that the spirit of religion must find a permanent place in its thought and conduct, both in public and private life. "The Catholic church," says Dr. Pam, "stands for authority, for government, for the rights of the individual and for the rights of property, and these are the chief elements that enter into individual and national happiness; it has the largest number of communicants of any religious institution in the country; it has the opportunity of moulding character, developing the intelligence and creating a proper sense of the duties and responsibilities of citizenship, not only among these who are citizens at the present moment, but amongst the millions who will come from other lands, seeking better opportunities and more favourable conditions of life."

This is the first large individual recognition of our Catholic universities by a source exterior to the church; hence Dr. Pam's gift, and his reasons therefor, are worthy of profound reflection, not only by our own people who sometimes sneer at our educational efforts and send their children to secular institutions, but also by men of wealth Catholic and non-Catholic, whose public spirit and patriotism have prompted large donations to education, none of which, however, has reached a Catholic college or university. This splendid example of a non-Catholic who has no leanings towards our church, who does not even wish to be considered a philanthropist, but who feels he has obligations to the nation in the disposal of his wealth, and after careful consideration has decided that Catholic colleges are the most suitable recipients of his bounty, should be an inspiration to other men of means, not only in the United States but in our own dear Canada.



Coincident with the beginning of another academic year the "ex"-editor again resumes his onerous task.

To him will come for perusal during the ensuing year contemporary publications from every part of this vast continent, each containing its numerous contributions, and special efforts from the hands of embryo journalists.

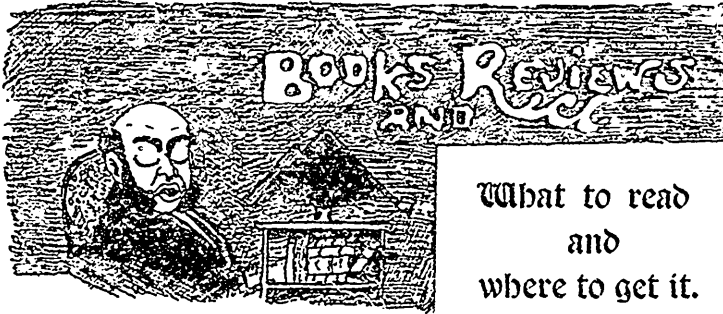
That he will continue to pleasantly anticipate the renewing of old acquaintances in the field of college journalistic endeavor is most certain and at the same time extend a cordial greeting to those publications that have in the past failed to reach his sanctum. It shall likewise be his endeavor to express, insofar as competency will permit, his observations in a fair and impartial manner.

Likewise it is the sincere hope of the writer that the ideals which guide the literary efforts of the various college publications may not suffer abandonment because of the apparently insurmountable difficulties which render so laborious their publication, but rather that the close of the second semester may find each perfected to a higher standard than most sanguine hopes would have permitted its publishers to anticipate.

The first exchange to reach our sanctum and command the attention of the editor was our old and most highly esteemed contemporary, the *Notre Dame Scholastic*. The lamentation which its columns contain because of the almost irreparable loss sustained through the graduation of its best contributors seems ill-advised. Seldom indeed have we read an initial number which could compare favorably with the first September number of the *Scholastic*.

An unusually well written article in *The Civilian*, entitled The Currency Branch of the Finance Department, should be read by all Canadian students of Economics.

We regret exceedingly that the deferred arrival of many September numbers precludes the possibility of reviewing their contents before next month.



Mr. C. Robinson in the *Contemporary Review* writes a highly instructive article on "Schoolmasters in Ancient Greece." His information comes from the most authoritative source, that is, old tablets unearthed from the ruins of ancient cities. The Miletans, he claims, had an elaborate system of schools in which they took great pride. These were under the control of an annually elected body of honorary officials known as "Hoi Paidonomoi," the guardian of the children. These schools were supported entirely by voluntary subscription from the wealthy citizens. He relates of a tablet, unearthed in Asia Minor near the site of the ancient city of Miletus on which "the inscription," quoting Mr. Robinson, "consists of a long decree thanking a generous donor named Eudemos for a sum of 60,000 drachmas which he has given for educational purposes and also prescribing how it is to be apportioned. It is to be invested and the interest of it is to be spent partly in the payment of teachers' salaries, while the remainder is set apart for the establishment of a grand children's festival with sports, processions, sacrifices and the distribution of the flesh of the animal victims. It was decided that the fund would provide eight additional teachers and four instructors, four of whom were to be schoolmasters and four instructors of gymnastics."

By comparing the present methods of instruction now in use in our schools and those in use in the days of Eudemos, it must be said that in spite of all the centuries which intervene, they are vastly similar. Mr. Robinson's article is written in a very simple style, one which really helps an unfamiliar reader of things ancient.

The *American Review of Reviews* publishes a very neat article on "Working One's Way Through College." The author, Joseph Ellner, has studied six institutions: Princeton University,

Princeton, New Jersey; Grinnell College, Grinnell, Iowa; Colorado College, Colorado Springs, Colorado; Randolph-Macon, Ashland, Virginia; Beloit College, Beloit, Wisconsin; and Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire. Some of these are big colleges, some are small, but there is work to be found for almost any student who cares to "hustle" to help pay his term bills. A student who writes to a college president asking if there is any chance of his helping out his supply of ready cash by working after lectures, invariably receives the answer, "Yes." In many cases, the student is left to look out after himself, but in some places where students are in a habit of practising this economy, the authorities have established employment bureaus. These bureaus are in charge of practical business men who give their whole time to the work. A student will register his name and qualifications and when a call for help is received the secretary consults his files and finds the man best suited for the position.

Some people who have never heard of students working their way through college will ask, "What can a young man do beyond regular employment?" To answer this, let it be said that in Princeton there is a fellow, a decent chap, too, who peddles hot chocolate, pretzels and sandwiches to his fellows. There is such employment to be had as tending furnaces, washing dishes, gardening, and mowing lawns, whitewashing, beating carpets, helping with housecleaning, washing windows and waiting on table. Last year the working students of Colorado college earned nearly \$13,000. Of course in the bigger towns there is more demand for students. In the big colleges which are situated in small towns, like Princeton, the working student must invent work. It must be said, however, that in college towns like Grinnell, Beloit and Ashland, the residents who require casual help will only employ students, and this goes to show how earnestly the public in general favors a working student.

In Princeton, especially, the students invent work. There are more activities directly associated with and catering to the students. Each student club must have its accountant, stewards and secretary. These men are paid not in cash but in free board for these clubs consist chiefly of eating places. The Daily Princetonian, which is owned and managed by students, earns \$400 or \$500 a year for each of its managers, besides giving work to helpers. Many students write football, baseball and campus "dope" for the city sheets, and others of a literary turn of mind write special articles for the Sunday papers. Stenographers and typists sell typewritten copies of lectures to those who wish to keep a better

tab on the classes. Some students give music lessons, while one enterprising young person undertook to act as tonsorial artist to those who chose to patronize him. One year a Princeton senior organized the Princeton Transfer Co. to handle student baggage, while six others undertook to keep one's clothes mended, pressed, and cleaned, for \$12 a year. They made money, too.

Mr. Ellner has evidently put no little time on his subject, for he shows, very truly, too, how hard some young men work for an education. Truly we should not be surprised to hear that Mr. Ellner spent years in college so that he could successfully describe a life such as this, from the inside.

Among the Magazines.

Once more we are about to commence the varied activities of the scholastic year. The magazine-reviewer will endeavor, to the best of his ability, to render some profitable services to his readers. He has often been impressed by the number of "mute Miltons" contained between the covers of the magazines. And he finds that many good articles are not read because of the students' ignorance as to where they are to be found. This, then, will be our special care,—the locating of magazine articles which merit reading whether for literary, scientific or news value.

Scientific American is a paper of standard excellence, which can be read with benefit by all. Its articles are practical but with enough of the theoretical element in them to interest the university man. A recent number reminds us that the struggle between armor-plate and shell is still on. Just when we believed our dreadnoughts invulnerable to torpedo attack we read of the wonderful torpedo constructed by Commodore Davis of the U. S. Navy. This torpedo carries an 8-inch gun. At the instant of impact an 8-inch shell is expelled with a muzzle velocity of 1,000 ft. per second. This velocity is sufficient to send the shell through to the ship's hold before explosion. The *Scientific* tells us that the University of Southern California has established an automobile science course.

The Civilian should be read by O. U. students for more reasons than one. It is the mouth-piece of the Civil Service Service of Canada, and contains much useful information concerning the activities of the various departments of that important body. It contains, moreover, upon its list of correspondents, a number of

writers of no mean attainments. With its G. R.'s., and its Silas Weggs, and a host of other literary lights contributing, the popularity of *The Civilian* is easily understood. Under the caption, "Canada's Fire Brigade," a recent number describes the work of the Government fire rangers in our vast forests.

The August number of *The Rosary Magazine* contains a beautiful descriptive essay on "The Route of Cortez" from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico. Reading it, one cannot fail to be impressed with a scene of the beauty of Mexican panoramas, the sublimity of Mexican churches, and the fascination of Mexican cities. Another article in the same number, "The Roman Cities of Southern France," while it is mainly historical, yet tends to accentuate in us that "wanderlust" which is the birthright of the English race. Interesting Catholic romances and excellent illustrations add to the attractiveness of this magazine.

The University Monthly is the publication of the Alumni Association of Toronto University. A recent number claims freedom of speech in colleges as the right of university professors. But nothing should be said which might diminish the prestige of the university. The university professor should "err on the side of self-restraint rather than on the side of licence." "The Evil of Religious Indifferentism" is a timely article in *The Ave Maria*. The writer cleverly terms this indifference "a kind of soul-paralysis," and he does not over-estimate its importance when he says that it is the strongest force which the church will be called upon to contend against in the immediate future. Materialism and the desultory reading of superficial literature are the ascribed causes of indifferentism.

"The poor we always have with us." Yet some forget this in their prosperity. *Extension*, however, strives to keep us posted upon the needs of our poorer brethren. It is the organ of the Catholic Church Extension Society, which is doing such a great and noble work in carrying the Gospel even to the humblest and poorest hamlets. "In the Melting Pot" is an article in the September *Extension* which deals with the condition of the Italians in America. Much information regarding Italian traits and prejudices can be gleaned from this article.

To those who would keep abreast of the tide of Catholic activities the world over, we readily recommend *America*, a Catholic weekly review. Not only is the condition of the church in different parts of the world chronicled, but topics of educational, sociological, literary and economic interest are ably treated. *America* is

noted for its bold and firm stand in all questions of justice or of morals. It conducts an unrelenting literary campaign against all modern follies and against the enemies of Mother Church. A recent number informs us that the Italian Government has not kept its promises to the Vatican. Apropos of the present situation in the Balkans, it is interesting to read in *America* that the new U. S. Minister to Greece is a Canadian by birth, a native of Prince Edward Island. He is Hon. Jacob Gould Schurman, president of Cornell University.

The Educational Review is published in St. John, N.B. It deals with matters of interest to school teachers.

Messenger de Marie and *The Canadian Messenger* are two excellent little Catholic monthlies. *The Leader* is an attractive children's magazine, published by the Paulist Fathers.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

Mr. J. J. Kennedy, a member of last year's graduating class, and well known in intercollegiate football circles, has received a professorship at the college, and will teach in the collegiate course.

Of the class of '12 Messrs. Huot and Rice have entered the Grand Seminary, Montreal; Messrs. Guindon, Glaude and Deschamps have entered the local Seminary, while Mr. Wm. Lebel has decided to pursue his course along medical lines.

Dr. Herbert J. Sullivan, '06, has taken for his life partner Miss Ann Marjorie Harris, of Hamilton. They will reside at Hamilton, where Dr. Sullivan has a large practice. Congratulations.

Dr. J. M. Lajoie, '07, has joined the ranks of the benedicts, taking for his better half Miss Julia Ann Womack, of St. Paul, Minnesota. The *Review* joins in wishing Dr. and Mrs. Lajoie a full measure of connubial bliss.

On July 21, in St. Mary's Church, Lindsay, Ont., Rev. A. B. Côté, '08, was raised to the dignity of the priesthood by his lordship Bishop O'Connor.

Rev. J. Arthur Houle, who was ordained priest during the month of July, is at present stationed at St. James' Rectory, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

The engagement is announced of Lionel Joron, M.A., to Miss

Ferrier, of Chicago. Joron was a member of the championship team of 1907.

Messrs. Joe Goodwin, '04, and J. Corkery, '08, have been called to the Ontario Bar. Congratulations.

The *Review* wishes to extend its sympathy to Mr. Louis J. Kehoe on the death of his esteemed mother. R.I.P.

Rev. Father McCauley has recently been appointed P.P. of Fallowfield as successor to Father Foley, who has gone to fill an important position on the staff of the Catholic Record of London, Ont.

Rev. Father Brownrigg has been transferred from Richmond to Osgoode.

Rev. Dr. O'Gorman takes Father Brownrigg's place at Osgoode, Rev. J. Ainsborough goes to Mayo, P.Q., and Rev. M. T. O'Neil takes Father Ainsborough's place as curate at Almonte.

Rev. Father Campbell, of St. Raphael's, a noted alumnus, preached the annual English retreat. Father Campbell left a deep impression upon the students by his learned and eloquent discourses.

The following alumni took in the Queen's-Ottawa game here on Oct. 5:—

Rev. Geo. Prudhomme, Gloucester.
 Rev. J. P. Harrington, Eganville.
 Rev. R. Carey, Lanark.
 Rev. A. Reynolds, Renfrew.
 Rev. D. MacDonald, Glen Robertson.
 Rev. R. Halligan, Kingston.
 Rev. R. O. Filiatreault, Aylmer.

Mr. Chas. Ginty, of Lockport, N.Y., a former student, was an interested spectator at the Hamilton-College game at Hamilton.

Messrs. D. Breen, '10, Wm. Breen, '11, Chas. O'Gorman, '10, M. O'Gara, '10, and I. J. Rice, '11, theological students at the Grand Seminary, Montreal, paid a visit to their Alma Mater on their return trip.

Messrs. Thos. Costello, Louis Côté, Francis Higgerty, James McDonald and Harvey Chartrand have returned to Toronto to resume their studies.

The following were visitors at the University during the past month:—

Rev. Father Fortier, St. Sauveur Parish, P.Q.
 Rev. Father J. J. Macdonell, Cornwall.

Rev. Father J. MacDonald, Kingston.
Rev. Father J. O'Dowd, Chelsea.
Rev. Father Geo. O'Toole, Cantley.
Rev. Father P. Fay, South March.
Rev. Father T. J. Sloan, Chapeau, P.Q.
Rev. Father D. Reaume, Gananoque.
Rev. Dr. McNally, Almonte.
Rev. Father P. S. Dowdall, Eganville.
Rev. Father J. J. Quilty, Douglas.
Rev. Father W. Cavanagh, Corkery.
Rev. Father J. A. Meehan, Belleville.
Rev. Father M. Meagher, Marysville.
Very Rev. Canon Corkery, Pakenham.

Obituary.

Mr. Wm. J. Cullen, of Meredith, N.H., a wealthy business man, a former student of the University, and a resident for many years of Ottawa, died suddenly at Marlboro Hospital of blood poisoning. Since leaving Canada Mr. Cullen interested himself much in Maynard town affairs, and for the last few years was chairman of the water board. He made his money in the lumber business. He was 37 years of age, and leaves a wife and three sisters.



Shall we go one better this year?

Last year will go down as one of the most successful and prosperous in the annals of college sport. It probably ranks next to that eventful championship year, 1907. It might well be called the "runners-up year," for in all three major sports in which we participated, our representatives fought their way into the semi-finals, only to have the palm of victory snatched away at the last moment.

The football championship was not decided until the last half of the final league game, and it is even yet hinted that it was not decided until the moment of Gilmour's notorious interpretation of the "yard rule." It is said that officials this year will all carry a bit of boot lace in case another such contingency should arise. The hockey season rolled around and found College playing off with McGill for the trophy. They were fairly and decisively beaten in these contests. Baseball next claimed public attention. College showed their class by easily defeating every team in the league. Owing, however, to certain internal trouble the league was temporarily disorganized. Just the other day the officials ordered College to play Pastimes, and the winners to play Y.M.C.A. As luck would have it about half the College regulars were in Hamilton playing Tigers. Nevertheless, with a scrub team they managed to carry the tattered yet honored garnet and grey banner to victory in the first game. The second game found them fatigued, and without a substitute pitcher. However, they held the fresh and well-conditioned Y. boys to a 2-1 score. It was a great display of nerve and gameness, but these alone could not cop the pennant. Thus did College just miss being classed among the champions of 1911-1912.

Many expressed the opinion that after such a hard luck year

College would be discouraged and disheartened. Let the many step forward now and answer the question: "Does College appear discouraged and afraid for the coming athletic year?" Not by a long shot. From the lethargy and inertia of the summer months they have emerged as active and alert athletes, only waiting for the whistle to blow, so that once again they may display that gameness and never-say-die spirit so characteristic of the wearers of the garnet and gray, whether on the gridiron, ice or diamond.

BASEBALL.

The City League championship was decided on Sept. 28, when College after trimming Pastimes, were defeated by Y.M.C.A. in one of the most evenly contested games of the season.

College were materially weakened by the absence of Killian, Cornellier, Gillespie and Sheehy,—all regulars of last year. Flahiff—a substitute of last year—was on the mound for both games, and considering everything, he pitched wonderful ball, striking out eight men. Poulin and Renaud made their bats moan on a couple of occasions, the latter driving out a couple of two-baggers. Two costly errors were marked up to the credit of Doran, while Lacey had an excellent chance of tying up the second game, but he sailed into the home port with the speed of a badly delapidated schooner, and the inspector with the mask and big glove easily caused him to sink out of the scoring colume. A big feature of the game was Fabe Poulin's oratorical harangue to Umpire Payne, concerning each and every play.

By innings:—

		R.	H.	E.			
College	2	2	0	1	3	0	0—8 9 1
Pastimes	0	0	1	0	0	2	2—5 1 1

		R.	H.	E.			
College	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—1 5 2
Y.M.C.A.	0	0	1	0	0	1	0—2 8 1

INTERMURAL LEAGUE.

Once again our old friend has come into existence. Each year it pops up, but towards the end of the season it is usually lost sight of, the boys showing good taste in their preference for a pleasant afternoon in the sitting room instead of a gruelling hour's work on the hard sod. The Intermural should be encouraged, for it acts

as a farming ground for first team. The rudimentary principles are here taught to the recruits, who have visions of one day associating with the elite of the football world. The league has the advantage of observing but few rules; the decisions are generally rendered according to the "pull" of the various captains with the referee. But with all its peculiarities and singular characteristics, the league serves a good purpose and who can tell but that some of its members of this year will at a future date render valuable assistance to Ottawa in pulling down an Intercollegiate championship.

HAMILTON (16) — COLLEGE (7) — SEPT. 28, 1912.

The rugby season was officially opened when College journeyed to Jungletown for an exhibition game, in which they were defeated by the foregoing score.

The Ottawa line proved too light to withstand the terrific onslaughts headed by Isbester, Wilson and McFarland. The men composing the Tiger front had an advantage of 20 pounds each on their opponents. The College youngsters showed their lack of experience in the first quarter and before they recovered the "Animals" had gathered in 12 points. Hamilton in the opening spasm also had the advantage of a heavy wind which was not so evident in the latter part of the game. When once our crew hit their stride they more than held their own, as is apparent from the fact that our boys outscored the hated enemy 7-4 in the final three quarters. There is no getting around the fact that the Ambitious City team have a wonderful back division. They undoubtedly had it on us in that quarter for Mallet exhibited excellent judgment in his kicking, while Cornellier was booting for distance, and making it impossible for Gilligan and Nagle to get up with the ball.

The play throughout consisted of two downs and a punt, varied by an outside kick or a criss-cross. College had decided to attempt no trick plays, and Tigers had not their more complicated system in a fit condition to work upon, so both sides contented themselves with straight football. The jungle boys crossed our line twice, their other points resulting from rouges. McCormack was responsible for the only Ottawa score. Gilligan lifted a high punt to McKelvey, who fumbled, and Mac. fell on it as savagely as a negro attacks a watermelon.

Silver Quilty was the same battering ram as of old and divided honors for the star performance with Sullivan who played the game of his career. Harrington was all that could be desired in the

first half, but was badly incapacitated in the final period by a closed eye. Sheehy was as daring as ever, and will undoubtedly pull off some wild plays this season. McCormack seems to have the goods, but was not worked much. Killian is the same nifty little quarter and took good care of the signals. Gilligan and Nagle performed in great style on the line, and had the crowd on its feet when they shot through the air and pulled down the unsuspecting foe.

The treatment the team received was all O.K., and the whole trip was voted a decided success.

N.B.—Lawrence Landriau was unable to participate owing to an injured wrist.

QUEEN'S (20) — OTTAWA (20).

The opening of the Interscholastic in Ottawa was a decided farce. The two teams, having been unable to agree upon officials, left the selection to McGill, who sent two hopeless specimens of inefficiency, even worse than the pair who handled the Toronto game here last year. Forbes and Malcolm were the names of the poor unfortunates, who were forced to display such gross ignorance, such pitiful indecision and such an abuse of authority before a crowd of about 5,000. The whole game was hopelessly spoiled by the boys from Old McGill. It was useless to indulge in trick plays because Forbes couldn't understand them and continually called them back. His eye failed him utterly when it came to deciding the number of yards given a man. In a word he turned the whole game into a burlesque, the greatest fiasco ever staged in this city. The only redeeming feature was himself, because even the most pessimistic couldn't suppress a laugh at his interpretation or rather misinterpretation of the rule book, which he always held in his hand and regularly consulted.

The ball played was poor, for no play could get underway without being stopped by Forbes' whistle, which was sounded continually. Queen's surprised the crowd who had expected to see a weak and unconditioned team representing the tricolor. However, contrary to expectations, they presented a formidable front, and together with Hazlett's kicking they made a most creditable showing. College were completely demoralized when Quilty was ruled out of the game after a few minutes of play. This by the way was one of Forbes' greatest blunders, for Quilty was guilty of no offence. The first two quarters saw nothing but straight football with Corneliier outpunting Hazlett. The tackling was

rather poor, and neither team seemed capable of gaining any yards through the other's line. Queen's went over for a touch on a pretty piece of play by "Pat" Kennedy, but College sent Killian over the line shortly after. Cornellier twice punted over the fence, and Killian dropped a pretty goal, leaving the half-time score 11-8 for Ottawa. The second half was a continual wrangle between players and referee. After every tackle there was a delay until the tackled man was revived. After College had been forced to rouse three tries, Queen's went over for a try which they converted. Hazlett's kicking brought their score up to 20. College forced Erskine to rouse three times, and then Sheehy broke away for the disputed touch which Killian converted, thus evening the score. Sheehy was onside when Killian attempted his kick, and "Dick" fairly grabbed the sphere out of Pound's hands and started for the line. Malcolm, however, did not know it was an onside kick, and blew his whistle. The dark-haired youth continued and planted the oval behind the posts. Forbes finally allowed the score, and declared the game a tie.

The work of the officials so aroused the fans that they swarmed on the field and the two factions immediately commenced a free-for-all. It was a disgraceful scene, and the police were powerless to stop it. After several heads had been badly bruised the contestants deemed it wise to hasten to their seats and gradually the crowd melted from the field.

For Queen's Hazlett and Kennedy starred. For Ottawa Killian was the most brilliant performer, closely followed by Dick Sheehy. Dick is certainly the most fearless man in the game today. Cornellier kicked well at first but weakened just before half-time. Quilty was not on long enough to get going, while McCormack held his own at right half. Mac should improve towards the close of the season. McCart was a tower of strength on the line, and he is certainly a find. He was well backed up by Kent and Harrington. Gilligan and Nagle were working well but tired towards the finish. They were both called upon to do some kicking.

NOTES.

Our French friends consider that the first syllable of Malcolm's name is all he really merits.

A few days before the Queen's game Silver Quilty remarked, "Well, I wonder what will go wrong this year in the Queen's

game." I guess Elliot thought everything went wrong after Silver hit him.

During a delay Forbes remarked to Malcomb, "Never again for me. I don't seem to please the crowd."

What a pleasure it would have afforded the crowd to put a wild bull and Forbes with his red sweater in the same field.

5. Hackett should be rushed into the game just as our opponents attempt a convert. If he can't stop it, nobody can.

Before the year is over Tommy Kent will win an F. H. & B., for Tommy can pass over the goods in hockey and baseball as well as in football.

When Killian was put off in the second period Hazlett remarked, "Now we have a chance." Mike's work evidently counts.

Don. O'Neill and Dore were both valuable members of last year's Arnprior hockey team.

McCart is a quiet chap, but he is just the sort of man one would like for a body guard.

O'Leary is in fine fighting humor after just coming home from Belfast.

Great regret has been expressed at the inability of Lawrence Landriau to take his place on the line.



Of Local Interest

Mid the hustle and bustle of student preparations, the fall term at Ottawa University was ushered in on September 4th. A largely increased attendance, which has been considerably augmented by the number of more recent arrivals, marks the opening of the new term. The number of registrations for every class exceeds those of last year, and the 1912-13 session bids fair to be one of the most successful in the history of Alma Mater.

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A significant quietness pervaded the atmosphere around the college campus during part of the week commencing on September 15th, rendered so by the fact that the university students were engaged in the performances of the exercises of their annual retreat. The English scholars, both resident and non-resident, received their spiritual instructions in St. Joseph's church, being advised by Rev. Fr. Duncan Campbell, of St. Raphael's. The French speaking students were instructed by Rev. Father Poulin, of Clarence Creek. Their exercises took place in the Sacred Heart church.

The retreat was brought to a close on the morning of the nineteenth, when the students received Holy Communion in a body at early mass. At the conclusion of the services, Rev. Fathers Campbell and Poulin addressed a few parting words to their respective charges. In giving his final words of advice, Rev. Father Campbell exhorted the boys to seek, in all their college activities, a lofty student honor, the acquirement of which would mean much in the development of a character, and spell success in later years. The Reverend Father also commended the students for faithful attendance at all the exercises. Rev. Father Poulin spoke to the French boys in a similar tone.

A most impressive ceremony took place at a later hour on the morning of the 19th, the occasion being the chanting of the mass of the Holy Ghost, at which service His Grace, Archbishop Gauthier, occupied the throne. The whole student and professorial body attended the ceremony, and the seminarians were also present. Rev. Father A. B. Roy, O.M.I., rector of Ottawa University, was the celebrant at mass, being assisted by Rev. Father A. Jasmin

as deacon, and Rev. G. Mondon, who performed the offices of sub-deacon. His Grace the Archbishop was assisted at the throne by Rev. Fathers J. Poli, O.M.I., and N. Esteve, O.M.I. Rev. Philip Harris acted as cross-bearer, whilst Rev. L. Hebert was master of ceremonies.

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Before taking their departure from the university, Rev. Fathers Campbell and Poulin were made the recipients of appropriate presents by the student body. The college boys assembled in the recreation hall, and addresses were read by Messrs. Jerry Harrington and Philip Cornellier. The former, speaking in behalf of the English speaking students, addressed his words to Rev. Father Campbell, thanking the Reverend Father for his kindness in consenting to come to the university for the purpose of giving spiritual advices to the collegians, and wishing him good health, prosperity and success in his field of labors. Father Campbell was then presented with a jaeger coat sweater and a thermos travelling bottle.

Rev. Father Campbell, in a very appropriate reply, said that he wished to thank the students for their tokens of appreciation, but he did not think that he deserved all the nice things said about him in the address. As for preaching the retreat he stated that it had been an inspiration for him to stand up and preach before such a large number of boys who appeared so attentive and devoted during all his instructions. Whatever he had done, he had accomplished with the talents which had been guided and nourished by the teachings of the good and holy Oblate Fathers, who so willingly give up their time to help us along the path to knowledge.

Referring to the College, he remarked that the present walls are not those which sheltered him. "But, boys," he said, with his characteristic smile, "I always like to come back because it is always Ottawa College."

"I do not wish," he went on, "to become sentimental or discuss any philosophical questions, still I would like to say that next to religion, politics have the greatest influence in the world. Think of what evil four or five hundred boys, ignorant of all religion, could do! On the other hand imagine what good four or five hundred well instructed boys could accomplish." In closing, he stated that we boys can receive at the University the training and knowledge which when we leave will enable us to take our place in the world.

Mr. Philip Cornellier then delivered the address in French,

after which Rev. Father Poulin was presented with a handsome leather travelling bag. Replying to the French speaking students, Father Poulin expressed heartfelt thanks for the appropriate gift, and then spoke a few parting words to the boys, in the course of which he voiced the sentiments of Rev. Father Campbell. The assembly broke up with a rousing V-A-R by the student mass.

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The authorities of the University have seen fit to establish a juniorate for English-speaking students who contemplate entering the Oblate Order. This innovation is calculated to remedy the inconvenience which is being experienced in the missionary field of labors, through the scarcity of English Fathers. Rev. Father McGuire has been appointed to look after the welfare of these students. His charges follow the college routine along with the other students, but room and study in a private tenement.

* * *

The appearance of the University has been rendered considerably more attractive by the changing of the monuments of the late Father Tabaret, founder of Ottawa College, from its old position at the north side of the campus, to the middle of the stone steps which lead up to the front steps of the college. A cement walk now stretches across the front of the university from Laurier avenue to Wilfred street. When completed both new wings of the institution will lead onto this promenade.

* * *

No expense is being spared by the college authorities in order that the kitchen which is under construction may be up to date in every detail. The building is of cement blocks, and will be absolutely fireproof. Unless unexpected delay retards the progress of the work of construction, the cooking emporium will be completed in the course of two or three months.

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Mr. Thomas L. McEvoy, Alma Mater's first Rhodes' scholar, sailed for England on Sept. 28th, where he resumed studies at Exeter College, Oxford, on Oct. 11th. Mr. McEvoy successfully completed his first year at Oxford last June, and has yet two years to attend the famous institution of learning, before concluding his stay in the old country.