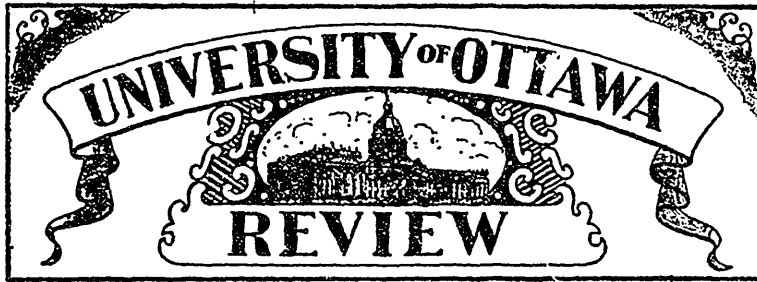




RIGHT REV. J. T. McNALLY, D.D., ('92).
Bishop of Calgary, Alta.



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Some Weak Spots in Modern Education

NEVER perhaps in the history of the world—the Age of Pericles excepted—has the influence of culture been so paramount. The age of money-worship is manifestly on the decline. People feel that no matter how great the utility of “filthy lucre” may be to procure the comfort of life, there are things—and they are the only things worth while—far beyond its reach.

Lavish expenditure has ceased to be in good taste, and one has only to enter the severely furnished houses of the better class, the world over, to realize that, shorn of cruder aspirations, there is a period when every individual, every nation, turns instinctively to “plain living and high thinking.”

Europeans have been wont to sneer at the uncouthness and love of display that characterized “Young America,” but if the “nouveau-riche” is still much in the public eye, through the medium of sensation-loving newspapers, his influence on the social and political life of the country has grown to be a negative quantity. Right thinking people are ashamed, rather than proud, of the colossal fortunes heaped up by the Rockefellers, the Carnegies and the Russell Sages across the border. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Woodrow Wilson, and Robert Laird Borden are types of men who have risen by the only ladder worth scaling: brains, integrity

and force of character; these are the qualities education worthy of the name should develop.

"How best to educate the masses" is a problem that involves the future of the nation, the vitality of the race. The waves of dissatisfaction that assail the modern public school system on all sides are assuming dangerous proportions. Even its most sanguine supporters are bound to acknowledge that it has not made good; they must by dint of overwhelming evidence declare that, despite magnificent equipment and high-salaried teachers, the results are not what they would have wished them to be.

To anyone who has studied the question closely, it is evident that the output of the American public school (I use the word "American" in its broadest signification) is by no means superior in point of training to his foreign brother; he is manifestly wanting in the three essentials of an ideal character, viz.: reverence, self-control and thoroughness.

Tennyson, with his keen insight into human nature, summed up the essential traits of a man "worth while" in the words: "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, these three alone lead life to sovereign power."

When Shakespeare wrote: "The child is father to the man," he hardly expected the overwrought interpretation that the modern world has given to his words; for basing his conduct on the child's future greatness, the average parent goes too far in his worship of the soon-to-be "king of creation." All difficulties, all hardships are carefully eliminated from the nursery and school-room, lest the nervous system of the little paragon should be undermined. He must not be "kept in" after school. Such a practice is a relic of barbarism! He must not have "homework," the doctor has forbidden it, and, under no circumstances, must he be publicly reprimanded, as his highly organized sensitive nature recoils at such inhumanity. Small wonder is it then that under such conditions young America should develop into a full-fledged despot to whom the word "reverence" has no meaning. His criticism of his comrades are considered "smart" by his doting parents; his teachers are openly taxed with being "old fogies," "antiquated in their methods," in the very presence of their pupils, and then when a spirit of rebellion and lawlessness has become deep-rooted, the parents stand aghast while that monstrous invention of the nineteenth century, the "strike" sweeps all before it.

Only last month the papers had accounts of the "strike" of the fifteen hundred pupils of the Washington Irving High

School. They demanded better food in the school lunch room, shorter hours, and the re-instatement of the much-condemned "Frats." Neither faculty nor parents could exert any control over the surging crowd. In presence of such facts, one cannot help asking if this despot is the child what will the man be? In pleasant contrast to this alarming report came the news that a famous Southern University under Jesuit control had expelled thirty students from a graduating class of thirty-two rather than tamper with the sacred thing known as "reverence for authority." The thirty delinquents had been insubordinate to a lay teacher, who had overstepped the limits of his jurisdiction, but the faculty of that college were men of intellect and experience and they knew the evil effects of fostering "the taking of matters into their own hands" by immature natures, and bore bravely the financial loss involved rather than sacrifice principle. Is it necessary for me to add that the college never had any better advertisement, and that the subsequent year brought a crowded house? The world loves courage and fearlessness just as much as it despises the craven seeker after popularity and money.

Sometimes we hear the presidents of our colleges or schools exclaim, "If we only had more money we could be independent"; to which one feels strongly tempted to answer, "Use more brains and less money." There are hundreds of schools better equipped from the material point of view than the world-famous Philips Academy at Andover; yet Andover has a "waiting list" that would turn the average college faculty green with envy. The secret lies in the class of boy they turn out, not in the advertisements they write. The first thing impressed upon a boy on his arrival at Andover is his absolute unimportance. Although he may have considered himself a demi-god all his life, one meagre half-hour within the walls of Philips' Academy has generally been enough to convince him "there are others." If he cannot brook the humiliation implied, he is sent home. And Philip's Academy does not cease to exist, however surprised this "lord of creation" may be. Naturally every school cannot attain the height attained by Andover, but all can learn therefrom the lesson that Emerson meant to teach when he said "Give to the world something worth while, and men will wear a pathway to your door."

It is absolutely essential that at home as at school the principle of, "Render to God the things that are God's and to Caesar the things that are Caesar's" should be inculcated. Socialism and

anarchy are the outgrowth of a lack of reverence, a lack of respect for duly constituted authority. The rights of the teacher and the rights of the pupil must be clearly defined and accepted by the parent.

Insubordination should never be tolerated for a moment. It is a well-authenticated fact that the principals of schools that have made good never fail to uphold the authority of their subordinates. But what if the teacher has made a mistake? No matter, the part of the subordinate is to obey until redress can be obtained in a proper way. A parent who openly sympathizes with a child in a grievance against a teacher is undermining his own influence and leading his offspring into a thorny path.

It is nothing but the spirit of reverence that makes the vast English army what it is to-day—a bulwark of protection to the mother country.

It is all very well to develop the child's reasoning powers. Each individual should and must be able to guide himself, but would the soldiers of "The Charge of the Light Brigade" have come down to us in the light of heroes had each one not learned the all-important lesson of reverence for and obedience to a higher power, even unto death, The lines,—

"Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die,"

contain a stern lesson that the modern world seems to be forgetting.

It is by no mean uncommon nowadays to hear a mother say, "I took Johnnie away from school because he did not like his teacher. She didn't understand his sensitive temperament." Alas! for these days of overwrought emotionalism! If later on Johnnie doesn't "like" his employer, Johnnie will join the ever-increasing horde of malcontents that go to foster anarchy and who feel themselves justified in using the shotgun when their surroundings are not "sympathetic."

Doubtless, the teacher's personality is of far more importance than his learning, and certain harsh, unsympathetic natures should be debarred from the teaching profession no matter what their mental attainments; however, it often happens that Johnnie "does not like his teacher because teacher doesn't let Johnnie 'bully' everyone within reach as he has been accustomed to do at home, and insists on his doing what he went to school for, viz.: to learn." To hear some mothers talk, one would fancy that school, nowadays, was a kind of "Coney Island" where the little

“dears” go to while away the hours,—to be amused and kept in a good humor.

And yet with all this sentimental nonsense in the home, more is expected of the school than ever before. There were days when the parent brought up the child, and the teacher developed his mind, but times have changed, and now the whole unleavened mass is turned over to the already overworked teacher to be transformed on short notice into a prodigy of intellect, grace and ability. There was more fact than fancy in the answer given by a famous educationalist to the query, “When should a child’s training begin?” “When his maternal grandmother is five days old.”

To those who lay the blame of “the spirit of the age” to “higher education,” let me answer in the words of Tennyson,—

“Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell.”

GALAHAD.

Veni! Mane! Domine!

A tiny host of snowy white,
A whispered word, a mystic rite,
And lo! Christ lives again.
'Twas then a cup of ruby wine,
'Tis now His precious Blood divine,
His dying gift to men!

Make Thou my heart, O sweetest Christ,
Tho' bruised, defiled and sin-enticed,
Thy Tabernacle House,
And if to cleanse each sinful stain,
Thou needs must send me bitter pain,
Still, O my Master, come!

Too late I've loved Thy sweet, sad Face,—
Too late I've sought Thee for Thy Grace,
Yet leave me not, I pray,
My hand in Thine—what need I fear?
Without Thee—life is dark and drear,
Stay with me, Loved One, stay.

The Smoke Nuisance.



HE question of smoke abatement is one which calls for deep consideration on the part of both the public at large and those who cause the nuisance. Up to some ten years ago, little attention was paid to this great public evil, but since that time the economic man, the health inspector, the lover of beauty both in art and nature, and our legal authorities, have joined forces to find a remedy.

Is a definition of the smoke nuisance necessary when the effects of it are so apparent to us all? The evils seen in our great industrial centres are sufficient proof that enormous destruction is being done by the soot coming from the burning of bituminous coal. And yet do we consider that this plague, as it may be termed, is carrying on its work of ruin in all parts of the world, although not so evident in the towns and country as in our great cities?

Pittsburgh, "The Smoky City," has made certain important investigations, finding out the nature, extent and precise cause of the smoke nuisance, and also the remedies which could be applied to it. Other American cities have followed this example and can now furnish us with details on every phase of the subject. Has Canada been neglectful in attempting to abolish that which causes so much annoyance to the public? The cities, it is true, may have neglected it, but to-day the newspapers are urging on the movement, and they find strong support in having such a progressive body with them as the Commission of Conservation.

Now let us consider the chemical analysis of soot. It is composed of carbon, which, being simply lamp black, has a great covering power; of tar, containing carbolic acid and having a clinging tendency; of acids, sulphurous, sulphuric, sulphuretted hydrogen and hydro-chloric acid; of ash, which is only dust or dirt; of ammonia and of arsenic. The proportion in which we find these elements of soot, varies to a great extent, depending on the kind of coal burnt and on many other conditions.

It is an easy matter then to see why all our beautiful stone buildings have a grimy and miserable look about them. Our best building stones, which are limestones, marble or sandstone, have

a calcareous binding material very easily separated into particles by the action of the acids. Granite and brick can withstand this attack more easily on account of their binding material, but they are not the best and cheapest to be utilized in buildings, Thus we find an increased expense being borne by those desirous of keeping their buildings clean, and coming from the substitution of glazed tile and vitrified brick for the cheaper building material.

Building decorations, both interior and exterior, become disintegrated and discolored by soot, in the course of a very short time. Paint soon loses its gloss and color when exposed in smoky places, and thus an additional expense is necessitated to keep the building in any way artistic.

Now the density of the atmosphere, owing to the smoke, brings on fogs, and so the hours of sunshine are shortened, and disease soon accumulates. The temperature is found to be kept at a much higher degree by the presence of smoke in the air, and little chance is given for fresh air to be obtained. Vegetation of all kinds is affected by soot, a fact which goes to show another way in which the beauty of our cities is being destroyed. The lack of strong rays of sunlight is soon felt by the trees and plants, while the coating of tar upon the leaves prevents the proper absorption of light.

One of the greatest effects of smoke, however, is disease. The death rate through pneumonia has been extensively increased by this poison in the atmosphere, and moreover we find it the cause of sore throats and lung troubles.

Besides considering the cost of cleaning the buildings, the damage done to goods, the laundry expense and the values of property as effected by the smoke nuisance, we may also consider the cost of the smoke itself. Smoke and soot are not what we would call a refuse, but they are a waste, resulting from imperfect combustion, and therefore any means found to prevent their formation would mean a big saving to the producer of them.

Now the question arises whether or not the production of smoke could be abated. And if so could it be done with less expense than the waste now amounts to. Its production in most cases is entirely unnecessary and could be prevented with economy. The fact is that it is not an absorbing apparatus that is required, but merely a little education on the part of the careless fireman that he might do his work as he should. Along with

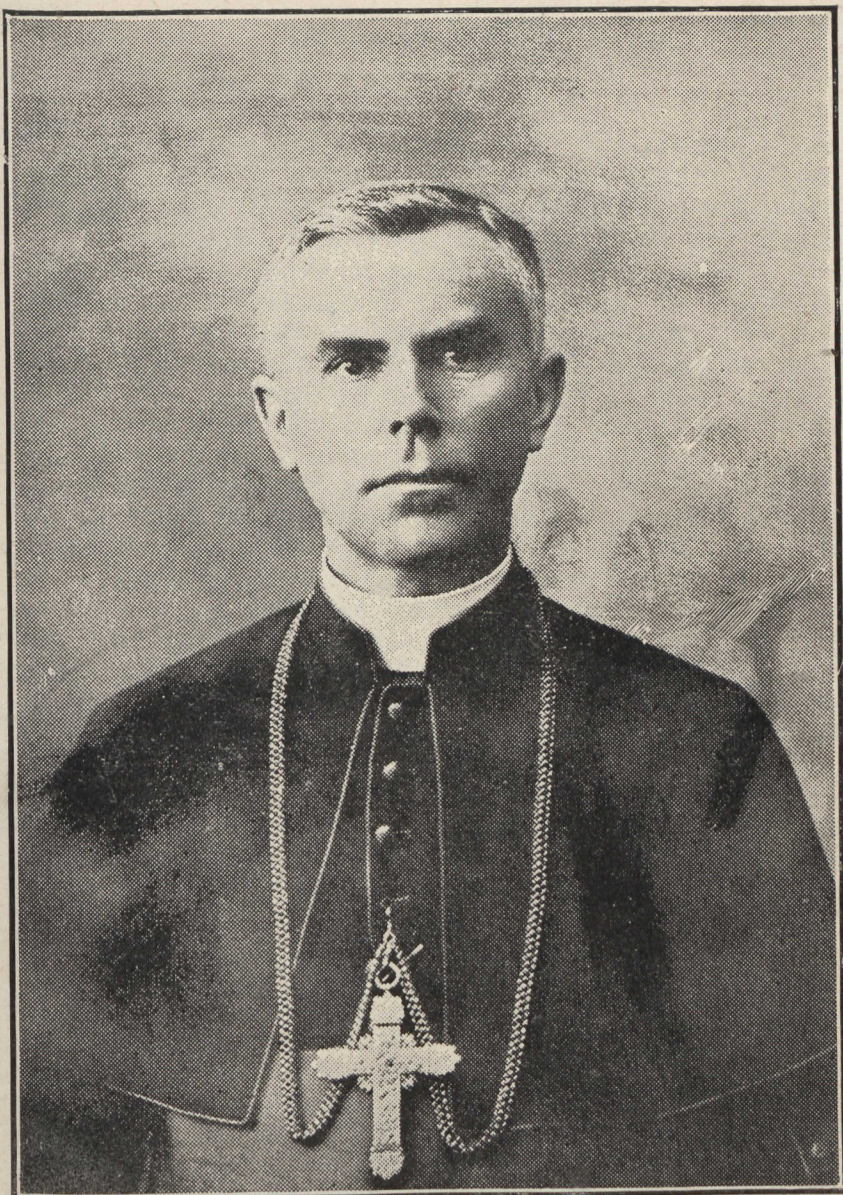
this, suitable mechanical contrivances must be used for burning coal, with a newly-invented gage attached, that the total amount of smoke or waste might be pointed out.

JOS. E. GRAVELLE, '15.

Canada.

I am the pride of the Empire, I
Give of my best to the Motherland.
Young men I breed of the strain of old,
Seeing afar with a prophet's eye
The land of my children's children.
A widespread and prosperous people
Stretching, a mighty and stalwart race,
North to the land of the Little Sticks,
South to the thunder of falling water,
Threading the fogs of the four-square Gulf,
Courting the smiling Western sea.
These are the sons of my children
Reaping the gold of the West,
Taming the roaring rapid,
Mounting the Selkirks' crest.
Look ye! the land that I leave them,
A heritage envied of kings,
Wealth that is theirs for the asking,
Health that the asking brings,
Wealth of the plain and forest,
Fortunes in mine and sea,
Riches from lake and river,
These do they get from me.

—Dorney Adams, '15.



RIGHT REV. F. X. BRUNET, D.D., ('80).
Bishop of Mount Laurier, Que.

Mineralogy.



WING to their numerous applications, minerals have attracted the attention of mankind from the earliest times. The stone and bronze instruments of prehistoric man and many of his personal ornaments and charms were directly or indirectly of mineral origin. The oldest existing treatise on mineralogy is that written in 315 B.C. by Theophrastus on stones. Minerals were then classified as metals, stones and earths. The last five books of Piny's *Historia Naturalis*, written about A.D. 71, treat of metals, stones, ores, gems. Some Arabian philosophers devoted themselves to the study of minerals in the eleventh century. In 1262 Albertus Magnus wrote his *De Mineralibus*. In the 16th century, Georgius Agricola published several large volumes dealing with the mining and metalurgy of metaliferous minerals. In 1565 there appeared a systematic treatise on minerals by Ger. er. Swedish chemists published the importance of chemical properties in minerals in 1747, and in 1820 was published the *Natural History System of Mineralogy*. But it was not until the beginning of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, when the foundations of crystallography were discovered and chemistry had assumed its modern phase, that any real advance was made in scientific mineralogy. It was then recognized that chemical composition and crystallized form were characters of the first importance, and that external characters were more or less accidental. The principles of Isomorphism, enunciated in 1819-21, cleared up many difficulties in the definition of mineral species. In 1827, the investigation of rocks under the microscope led to their exact determination. Having elucidated here the early history of mineralogy, we will speak in the succeeding paragraphs of the necessity of chemistry, the various kinds of mineralogy, and the importance of this study.

Mineralogy is chiefly a chemical science, and for a proper understanding of minerals some knowledge of elementary chemistry is indispensable. As to the actual chemical constitution of minerals, little is known, and that which is known is mainly speculative, but it is only by chemical experiments that this much is accomplished. Again, chemical composition is the most important character of minerals, and on it all modern systems of

classification are based. A mineral species cannot be defined without some knowledge of chemistry. All the known chemical elements have been found in minerals, and of many of them minerals are the only source. The minerals of the earth consist of 47% by weight of O, 27% silicon, and 8% aluminum. Consequently it is obvious that chemistry is essential to determine the chemical composition of a mineral. Some method of analytical chemistry must be known. Thus both the minerals, diamond and graphite, consist of the element carbon.

Calcite and aragonite consist of calcium carbonate. Without chemistry it would be difficult, and even impossible, to determine their composition. This is the reason why we study mineralogy after having studied chemistry, otherwise mineralogy could have taken precedence over chemistry. Speaking before a large gathering of mineralogical students in New York University, Prof. S. W. Johnson said: "Chemical mineralogy is most profound and most accurate. It treats of the elements and of their reaction upon one another. Consequently if success is desired in this study, the rudiments and fundamental principles of chemistry are absolutely essential." The determination of the composition and constitution of a mineral is a chemical problem. Their optical and other physical properties are determined according to the principles of physics; the study of their crystalline structure and forms belongs to crystallography; their modes of occurrence, origins and associations come within the province of geology and petrology. Therefore it is seen that mineralogy embraces many studies which are indispensable for a thorough knowledge of the science.

Now mineralogy is the science which describes and classifies the different kinds of mineral matter, constituting the material of the earth's crust. There are many kinds of mineralogy and we will deal with the most important ones. Minerals are found in different places. A mineral famous in one locality might be unknown in another. Then a study of minerals as to their geographical position is called Descriptive or Instructing Mineralogy. Physical mineralogy treats of the physical properties of minerals (color, taste, lustre, specific gravity). Then there is the very important kind, chemical mineralogy, which treats of the classification of minerals by elements therein contained. Economic mineralogy deals with the mining and application of useful minerals, the extradition of metals from their ores, uses of minerals for building, decorations and jewellery. But the kind to which we

give special attention is Determinative Mineralogy, which deals with the classification of minerals by three modes of procedure: (1) physical properties; (2) chemical reactions; (3) crystallography.

Besides being a highly interesting study, mineralogy is a very important one. It is of fundamental importance to workers in many sciences. A century ago the study of the minerals that diversify the earth's crust was regarded as a natural occupation among men of taste and leisure. The chemists find elements new to science, in specimens from certain localities.

It is of first importance to the miner, and to the geologist, whether as a student of the earth's crust or a prospector in the fields. The agricultural enquirer must become acquainted with the mineralogy of the soil. Those who specialize in this science find an occupation fully as interesting and remunerative as any other.

There are known in the scientific world about five thousand minerals. That there are more undiscovered ones is certain. The senses play an important part in the detection of these minerals. Talc is unctuous and soapy to the touch. Tripolite and trochyte are respectively meagre and harsh. Some porous minerals adhere to the tongue. These are but a few of the many examples which might be shown.

That the science of minerals is gradually becoming more perfect can be seen from a glance at the reports and statistics given out. It is attracting the attention of many noted chemists and bids fair to reach a degree of perfection which will make it one of the most lucrative and important of sciences.

WM. M. UNGER, '16.



The Humanity of Shakespeare.

THE Humanity of Shakespeare was the subject of a lecture delivered in this city by Prof. Howard Griggs of New York, under the auspices of the Ottawa Teachers' Association. The discourse, dealing with a theme which demands the attention of all scholarly minds at the present day, and couched as it was in the purest and most scholarly of language, proved a source of double enjoyment to the large crowd which attended.

Both the outer incidents of Shakespeare's comparatively short life, and the inner principles to which he gives expression in his wonderful works, furnish favorable testimony to the surmise which will demand eternal recognition, namely, that the Bard of Avon was, in the fullest sense of the word, a genius. His success could not be attributed to anything else. Denied the advantage of any appreciable amount of educational training, except that which he acquired by his own effort; denied the development which talent naturally demands, it must have been sheer genius, assertive and supreme, by which Shakespeare, coming from the quiet and beautiful Stratford-on-Avon to cold, repellent London, was able to emerge from the ranks of the Bohemian throng of the great city's actor world, and to place his name in full repute before the greatest dramatists of his day. And it is to-day, as the world grows older and wiser, when even the most worldly seek solace in something which creates peaceful and truly human impression, that we turn to Shakespeare, and find written in his lines, Nature, true Nature, Nature with its storms and passions, but Nature, too, with all its serenity and sweetness.

This constitutes Shakespeare's genius. He knew and was true to life. There are only two men in the history of the world who have been able to create human character with an absolute fidelity to nature. One of these is Leonardo da Vinci, the painter; the second is William Shakespeare, the dramatist.

Shakespeare occupied a high pinnacle between romanticism and classicism. He possessed the knowledge of human character as Life makes it, and he also knew how to express it. The ethical development brought about by Shakespeare's own advancing years, too, makes itself evident in the works of the poet. His early comedies, with their characteristic wealth of lyric poetry and imagery, the first results of his creative genius, show the free

trials of his yet immatured ideals, and carry with them a certain degree of improbability. His succeeding historical plays and tragedies tell the tale of views of a darker outlook on life, the views of a victim of the world's fitful vicissitudes,—for Shakespeare had assuredly held intercourse with the seamy side of Life. His romances, however, the productions of the more matured years of his life, reveal an ethical unity developed to the highest plane of perfection. Human character in these is portrayed with a serenity practically undiscovered in his first productions, and only partially consummated in the plays of his middle career.

Shakespeare, in the revelation of his genius, may have been influenced by the circumstances surrounding his life; but certain it is that the fact that he lived at the time in which he did is no less a contributor to the prominence to which this genius attained. The artistic impulses of a nation are never more fully awakened than after some period of strife and struggle for national existence. Greece, Italy, France have furnished striking illustrations of this fact. And in England the years which followed the Armada saw a national awakening, a mighty inclination toward development along artistic lines. The works of Shakespeare, coming twenty-five years before the time they appeared, or twenty-five years later, would not have received the full merit warranted for them by their worth.

The natural genius of Shakespeare, by the power of which he gave true humanity to his portrayals, must be remembered when one seeks to establish an identity between the pen of Francis Bacon and the plays of William Shakespeare. Bacon was, above all, a classically trained scholar, of which fact his works bear abundant proof. The Bard-of-Avon, on the other hand, was genius supreme, but genius untrained except by self-effort.

Dr. Griggs also commented to some length upon the Sonnets of Shakespeare, characterizing them as the author's method of self-confession. On this we need not dwell; Shakespeare's sources of inspiration for these verses must have been nature in its passionate and degraded state, humanity unennobled by the chastening experience of more matured years.

Shakespeare's characters, then, are real and living. They are like ourselves. They offer an intimate resemblance to the many-sided humanity which we see all round us, and of which we ourselves are a part. This it is that constitutes, in a great measure, the greatness of the poet of poets, William Shakespeare.

"The Chaudière."

THE PROJECT OF DAMMING IT.



HE turbulence of the old and reputed Chaudière is no longer a cause of consternation and awe to curiosity and variety seekers. Instead, the great expanse of hugely stratified rock is exposed to view; thus presenting an advantageous study for zealous geologists. The old "Niagara" of Eastern Canada is now being transformed into a massive dam, which will supply, or augment the present supply of power to the Ottawa and Hull Power Company.

Early last winter the work of constructing a bulk-head to hold back the flow of the river at this point, was put into effect; thus, presenting favorable conditions for the excavation of the old rock-beds. Upon the completion of this bulk-head, this spring, the steam-drills and hoists were installed, and the mighty task begun.

This summer the writer made several excursions in the direction of the old Falls, and gleaned a few bits of information regarding the construction of the dam.

Some twenty teams have been carting away the finer rock, while numerous carts have been also employed in transporting and dumping the larger rock. From twelve to fifteen Sullivan rock-drills have been working night and day for the past three months, all of which are run by air compression. Five gigantic hoists have been in operation since the first of August; and this number is to be supplemented by three more. In the lowest part the depth attained to date is about sixty feet, with thirty more to go.

Some ten small dumping cars are in use in bearing the result of the blasting, a hundred yards or so toward the Hull side, whence it is taken into a huge crusher stationed there by the Federal Stone Company. This company pays sixty-five cents a load to the Power people for drawing the stone crushed.

Another item I might mention is the blasting. As many as ninety-six holes have been "shot" at once, by the agency of an electric current from the bulk-head.

All this work is done under the supervision of one Mr. Wm. George, whose proficiency and great capabilities have been manifested in this work.

GREG. J. ROCK, '15.

El Yellow Thero.



T was on the gridiron of 19.. McGill and Varsity were playing off for the Intercollegiate championship at Montreal. Although she had not actually won the same number of games as Varsity, there was a possibility of a championship for the glory of Old McGill. The game with Ottawa had been protested, as well as that with Queen's. Consequently, the rooters enjoyed a faint hope of winning out in the executive.

The game had been in progress for about three-quarters of an hour. The breaks of luck had been in general with Varsity, but McGill was only three points behind a championship, with less than the same number of minutes to play. The ball was being strenuously held in McGill's territory by Varsity, not far from center, and had been in that vicinity for a few minutes past,—a last resort: killing time.

After the third down and no gain, McGill got the ball and kicked from the first scrimmage; the pigskin came sailing back to approximately the same spot; a McGill half made his mark and took a free kick; everybody was on side, consequently no yards had to be given. Varsity's left half back fumbled. After the melee the official declared it McGill's ball. It was scrimmaged about six feet from the touch line. McGill's left middle wing bucked to right to no avail; a tandem play to right brought a couple of yards only, then the quarter fumbled, but fortunately recovered; the third down, and still four yards from the line.

Billy B——, the slender, nimble-footed full back, who had been doing the kicking for McGill (and incidentally was playing football against the expressed wishes of his parents) had received his instructions from the coach not to take any chances. His services as a "booter" were too valuable to be dispensed with, by permitting the youngster of one hundred and twenty-five to hit a line of one-nineties.

Billy sized up the situation: A touch through the line was evidently impossible, a drop goal, so close, hardly feasible, and a rouge wouldn't do it. However, the formation was for a kick. On the impulse of the moment he made a dart to round the left

end, the Varsity outside and middle wings followed him out; he had turned in and was now but a yard from the line. There were the wings, two of them, between him and the line, to down him. If he could get by it meant a championship, but there was no chance of dodging owing to the wet ground.

On he went, into his two adversaries, who were now low for a tackle,—he hurdled, cleared the trunk of his body, and carried the pigskin over for a touch. Unfortunately, however, one of his aggressors got his feet as they were whizzing through space. Billy struck on his right shoulder. With the thump of the ball on the ground also came that significant sickening snap which makes one's pulse fluctuate and prates of fractured bones.

The whistle blew, the game was over, won in the last few seconds of play. Billy a hero. A likely championship for the glory of Old McGill.

The characteristic cry Mc-G-I-L-L resounded from building to building as the elated mob filed or rather rushed down College avenue to St. Catherines, tearing down the bulletins, straining their leather lungs to utmost shouting, roaring college yells and songs.

Poor Billy, the hero, was far from jubilating. He lay unconscious in the General. Upon examination it had been learned that his eventful hurdle had cost him a fractured shoulder blade and three broken ribs. It was only weeks after the glorious and festive period was over, which always follows a championship, that Billy was able to drag himself to lectures, pale and piqued-looking, as one is wont after a long painful illness.

The next fall when the gridiron men began work, Billy did not turn out. While watching workouts from the side lines, neither the sound of the whistle or the rustle of a mass play conveyed any emotion to him; when in the dressing room neither the "fumes" from the steaming sweaters or the odor from the trainers' famous liniment aroused in him any of the old-time adoration. He was done with the game.

Time and again he was implored, exhorted to come out, to don the padded togs and corked boots, all to no avail. Finally, baser means were resorted to. A big headline on the sporting sheet announced that Billy was afraid to turn out—he was afraid of losing his reputation—won the previous year. The accusation made his blood boil. He rushed up to the manager, demanded a suit, and jumped into practise that very afternoon.

However, he was not out long before it dawned upon him that he had lost his old-time nerve. Whenever he got the ball, a vision loomed up before him,—a rush, a jump, cheers from the crowd, and then that sickening snap. Oh! such pain,—it all flashed by him in a second.

After a few practises it was rumored among the coaches that Billy B— was “yellow.” During the first year he was left on the side lines. In the following practises he bolstered himself up by sheer force of will power. The coaches remarked that he was coming good again.

The last game of the season, no less important than the one of the previous year, he was brought into action and turned out as first spare for the back division. However, deep down in his heart, Billy was sorely conscious that he was “yellow,” he knew he could never play as he used to. As he sat on the side lines, rolled up in a big red and white blanket, nervously ruminating a quid of chum, keenly watching the game, a strong desire crept into him to get back again; perhaps he might make good and recapture his reputation, but, on the other hand, suppose he stopped dead, he might lose the game for the boys. However, he would take a chance at it, if the opportunity presented itself.

In the last quarter, Thornton, the centre half, was carried from the field with a broken ankle. The captain shouted “Hy! Billy!” He shook the blanket from his shoulders, pulled on his headgear and started on to the field, feverishly muttering to himself: “I’m going to try it,—I’m going to try it.” Then another thought struck him, “What if I fail—the boys.” He stopped short, turned and shouted to Brown, the next substitute, “You go, I can’t do it.”

That night as he sat alone in his room he heard the “gang” tearing down the street, celebrating the victory of Old McG—. Lighting his pipe he soliloquized; he had had his chance, but let it pass for the sake of the boys. If he had not sacrificed it, the outcome might have been different, possibly there would have been no occasion for jubilation. Pensively watching the curling rings of smoke circling from his pipe, he smiled as it dawned upon him, that he was “a yellow hero.”

F. W. HACKETT, '14.

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

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Vol. XVI.

OTTAWA, ONT., NOVEMBER, 1913.

No. 2

NOTICE.

If any of our readers should happen to have in his possession Vol. IV of the "Owl" (Sept. 1890-June 1891), we would be pleased to purchase it in order to complete our collection, which we have had some trouble in renewing since the fire of 1903.

The Oblate Scholasticate, Ottawa East, would like to hear from anyone having either the complete collection of "The Owl" and "The Review," or even a considerable portion thereof, with a view to purchasing the same.

THE SHAKESPEARIAN COMPANY.

Two weeks ago we had the pleasure of seeing several of Shakespeare's immortal plays produced under the management of

one of his greatest students and lovers, and with interpretation and settings as nearly alike as is possible to those of Shakespeare's own day. The result was as we expected, an intellectual feast of the highest order, opening up new and vast horizons of dramatic genius.

For nearly thirty years Mr. Benson, the actor-manager, has devoted himself to Shakespeare, and has produced more of the great bard's works than any other man has ever done—thirty-five in all. During a quarter of a century he has supervised the festival performances at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in Stratford-on-Avon.

Besides this he may justly claim to be the greatest modern trainer of Shakespearian actors, since no less than 92 persons—54 men and 38 women, many of them "stars" of the greatest magnitude, have graduated from his school. It is then no exaggeration to say that he has considerably elevated the standard of the stage.

We were fortunate to hear him in Ottawa, and we wish him every success in his Empire-tour of dramatic education.

CANON SHEEHAN.

On October the sixth the cable announced the death of Canon Sheehan, of Doneraile, one of the best known and best loved scholars and writers that Ireland has given to the world in modern times.

His works have been translated into many languages, and his fame has spread throughout Europe and the United States. His principal books include: Geoffrey Austin, *The Triumph of Failure*, *Lost Angel of a Ruined Paradise*, *Luke Delmege*, *Cithara Mea*, *A Spoiled Priest*, *Glenanaar*, *Lisheen*, *Parerga*, *The Blindness of Dr. Gray*, *The Queen's Fillet*, and *Miriam Lucas* (1912). But the book with which his name will always be most intimately associated and best remembered is *My New Curate*, a story of an Irish village, replete with profound philosophy and literary charm, in a setting of distinctively Irish coloring and Irish wit.

Canon Sheehan knew his country and countrymen as only an Irishman can, and he wrote of them and for them with sympathetic and uplifting pen. We mourn his loss, but his works shall live after him, for he was one of Ireland's greatest novelists.

HIBERNIAN SCHOLARSHIPS.

Announcement has just been made of the foundation of two annual scholarships in the University by the Carleton County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, in favour of sons or brothers of the Order's members. The scholars are chosen according to their standing in the Ontario High School Entrance Examinations, and this year the successful students are: Messrs. Lee and O'Boyle of Ottawa. We are informed that these are but the first of a number of such scholarships which the A.O.H. intend to establish at the University.

The Hibernians are to be congratulated on this splendid movement for Higher Education which they are inaugurating here in Ontario in imitation of their brethren in the United States. Let us hope that their noble example will be followed by other Catholic societies whose membership and resources should enable them to foster Catholic Secondary Education on an even larger scale.

Notes and Comments.

The new Governor of New York is a Catholic, and a graduate of Fordham University, in New York City. In 1894 Martin H. Glynn faced life's battle from the doors of the Jesuit institution, "an average man," but as he has since proved, "an average man at his best." Again, nineteen years later, in the month of July last, he stood before the graduating class of his Alma Mater, affirming himself "a better Fordham man now than then." The ideals which he expressed in the sterling advice which he imparted to the youths before him lead one to the expectation that, whatever the merits or demerits of her former Governor, the affairs of the State of New York now repose in the jurisdiction of one who will, in the wide sphere of his influence, give full propagation to the staunch principles of justice, honesty and humanity with which he became imbued in the classrooms of Catholic Fordham.

* * *

One of the recent important utterances on Home Rule was made about three weeks ago by Premier Asquith at Ladybank, Scotland. His speech defined in clear terms the Government's plan of action. The principle of the Home Rule Bill, he said, a subordinate Irish Parliament with a responsible executive, would

never be lost sight of. If necessity arose, as he expected, Mr. Asquith pointed to the Parliament Act as the Government's un-failing resource. The approval of British democracy throughout the Empire stands behind Premier Asquith and his colleagues in their refusal to betray the trust which the Irish people have con-fided in them.

* * *

Catholic journalism in America has been deprived of one of its strongest forces by the demise of Patrick A. Ford, late editor of the widely known Irish World, who died recently. Emigrating during boyhood from his home in Galway, Patrick Ford entered upon a journalistic career in America. A true son of Erin, the cause of Irish emancipation has for forty-three years been cham-pioned by his able pen. By his death the United States also loses one whose whole life has been an honor to his country and his motherland.

* * *

"The Woman Thou Gavest Me," Mr. Hall Caine's latest work of fiction, and over which considerable controversy has arisen, has already been denied the approval of several public libraries, among those by whom it has been rejected being Dr. Campbell of the Philadelphia Mercantile Library. Father Bernard Vaughan's as-ertion that the Catholic characters portrayed in the work are really foolish "nincompoops," and that the author betrays an ab-solute ignorance of Catholic doctrines and practices, seems to have been quite justified.





It may not be amiss to make passing comment on the nature of some of the articles which in general appear in the pages of our exchanges. First and foremost, and what is the purpose of this paragraph, it seems regrettable that the field of fiction is being so sadly neglected by college writers. In making such a statement it is found necessary to include our own publication in this category of delinquents, as efforts along the line of fiction have been few and far between in our *Review*. But it may be said that an effort is being made this year to persuade the frequenters of our sanctum to take a reasonable departure from the class-room essay, and give more scope to their imaginative forces in the endeavor to contribute something, be it ever so meagre, in the nature of an attempt at wholesome fiction. But many of our sister institutions are even more neglectful than we have been. And in saying this the blame is not placed with the editors entirely, but with the number of students who are in the habit of contributing to the literary organ of their Alma Mater. The little goddess of fiction seems to have been denied any recognition whatever by the ambitious essayists of some of our contemporaries. They, too, should change their methods. College magazines fail to accomplish their full purpose unless efforts are extended to encourage, not one, but every department of literary endeavor.

The *Georgetown College Journal* without doubt deserves a high place in the ranks of college journalism. The full recognition which is evidently given to every department of literary effort imparts to the organ a balance and consistency which are found lacking in other publications which come to our notice. The Great Diplomatic Intrigue of the Twentieth Century, The Anglo-Saxon's Literary Indebtedness to the Celt, and The Present Status of the Drama in America are among the number of the more serious essays which meet with our appreciation. No less than six clever attempts at verse are also recorded, while Sheriff Hiram's Bid

for Fame, and The College Pump give evidence that the *Journal's* editors have not forgotten the call for fiction.

The *Niagara Index* presents to its readers a short but excellent article to which is prefixed the subject-title "Fame and Notoriety." Worthy fame cannot proceed from misdirected ambition. Fame, when acquired through the imitation of the great and good heroes of the world is, however, praiseworthy.

The *University Symposium* contains an appreciation of "The Poetry of Edgar Allen Poe." It has been said that true poetry is the poet's mind. And the fame of the "great poet who wrote little" rests not in the quantity of verse which he penned, but in the beauty of the ideas which he expressed in the meagre lines which he left a monument to his name. Several fair attempts at verse are recorded in the pages of this publication. "The Broken Heart of Los Azules" is also an excellent attempt at fiction.

Some inspiring little muse of fiction must hover around the sanctum of the *D'Youville Magazine*. This is the one publication which comes before our notice the majority of whose articles are the result of efforts in the field of fiction. In the September issue "The Gargoyle," though somewhat fairy-like in the delineation of its plot, is nevertheless interesting for its originality. When Jimmy Almost Broke a Record, and Finding a Way are also cleverly written.

St. Joseph's Lilies, a quarterly publication, contains among the number of its articles an appreciation of Cardinal Newman. "If sterling integrity," it says, "and absolute impeccability were the distinguishing marks of his predecessors, true manhood has found a noble representative in Dr. Newman. . . . It would be a vain search through the history of our own or perhaps any other age, for one who combined varied intellectual and spiritual gifts in anything like the wealth in which they were united in the English convert."

The *Queen's University Journal*, in an editorial dealing with the poor showing of the tri-color on the gridiron this fall, asks the question, "what is the matter with rugby at Queen's?" The writer does not attribute the present lowly position of the University in the Intercollegiate ranks to the fact that the footballers have no professional coach, and points out that the best teams in both the Interprovincial and the O.R.F.U. are instructed by men who receive no remuneration for their services. The writer places the responsibility with the students themselves for a lack of support toward the rugbyists. The college spirit at Queen's has apparently been on the wane. We hope, if such is the case, that it

will soon receive the stimulation for which the editor of the *Queen's Journal* appeals.

In an editorial on *College Life*, the *O.A.C. Review* says in part, "The College spirit lives, cynics to the contrary. Even though we are foolish sometimes, did not Solomon say 'that in much wisdom is much sorrow'? Let us all be brothers together in this new year. Let us not fight each other more than brothers should fight; and if the other chap needs a little help, just think of that shoulder of yours." The publication also presents several interesting articles, among which we perused with particular interest "The Golden Honey Bee."

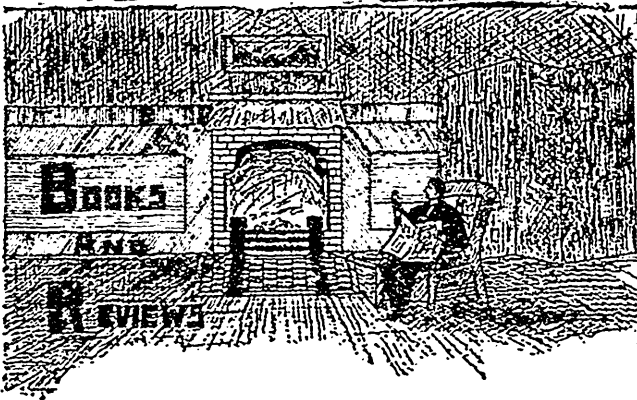
We wish to acknowledge the following:—*Niagara Rainbow*, *Trinity University Review*, *St. John's University Record*, *The Argosy*, *St. Mary's Chimes*, *McGill Daily*, *Weekly Exponent*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *The Nazarene*, *The Young Eagle*, *The Patrician*, *The Canadian Freeman*, *Georgetown College Journal*.

Smiles and Frowns.

Everything to him seems bright,
 He fills his comrades with delight,
 His pleasant greeting makes you glad,
 When everything to you seems sad.
 He'll be a friend to every one,
 Until his course in life is run,
 Though it be many, many miles,—
 The man who smiles.

His heart is harder than a stone,
 He's forced to walk life's path alone,
 No noble thoughts e'er stir his mind
 Of doing deeds to help mankind.
 In solitude until the end,
 No one has he to call him friend,
 (I fear no angel ever crowns)
 The man who frowns.

—Aubrey Maher, '14.



"Billy Boy," by Mary T. Waggaman. (Benziger Bros., N.Y. 75c postpaid).

"Billy Boy" is undoubtedly as pretty, simple and entertaining a story as could be woven around the life of a twelve-year-old boy, whose brother, having left home, becomes a changed man, and at the time the story opens is swiftly going the downward path that leads to ruin and destruction. How he is brought back by his little brother to the ways of virtue and righteous living forms the theme of the story, which all through is thoroughly human, and exciting situations introduced, especially upon the Western plains, are powerful enough to grip the reader and lift him from his present surroundings and place him in the very scene where the story is being unfolded.

"The Silence of Sebastian," by Anna Sadler. (Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Indiana.)

One is held in rapt attention from beginning to end of this book, both on account of the well-woven plot and because of the diversity of human nature revealed by the several characters. The religious tendency throughout is such that we close the book with the conviction that, after all, no institution is able to cope with the Church when it comes to offering consolation and sympathy to mankind in order to strengthen him in braving the tribulations and vicissitudes of this life. Sebastian's silence is regarding a secret confession that he received from his father upon his death bed and with fervent care he keeps from his family the awful confession until he is finally able to clear up the whole nasty situation and once more removes the stigma from his father's name.

"The Little Marshalls at the Lake," by Mary F. Nixon-Roulet.
(Benziger Bros., 60c.)

Those who have read "Seven Little Marshalls," by Miss Nixon-Roulet, will know that they have another treat to expect in this book, and those who have not read the earlier publication would enjoy nothing better than to become at once acquainted with the Marshall family through the medium of the above authoress whose style is both free, pleasing and natural. The little story is an ideal piece of literature for the nursery, and many a happy nour would be whiled away with it by the little ones, who would probably recognize some of their playmates among the numerous members of the Marshall family. The book treats of the doings of the baby, the Pepperpot as she is called; of Kitty, the twins and Dick; it pictures them at their summer home indulging in childish mischief, in harmless play, while once or twice it places them in more daring and risky situations, as when their club house is burned down and Dick becomes the hero of the day, or when the bull chases little Pepperpot and she is just rescued in time by her sister, Honor.

Often in the course of time we witness the rising of some star in the literary firmament; it holds our attention for a while, but after its first setting we are attracted by a more luminous and entertaining body, and gradually our former delight is forgotten and unnoticed it sinks into oblivion. Thus the glory of many authors is but transient. But happily not so with all, for although it is now twelve years since a book by Father Finn has appeared, yet the publishers tell us that "hardly a month has passed since then that we have not had enquiries for a new book by him, and we have been urging him all the time to give us another one. At last the new book is here. We have just received a story from Father Finn entitled 'The Fairy of the Snows,' and it will be ready about Nov. 1. In sending his manuscript, Fr. Finn writes: "I am greatly consoled to find after a vacation from the pen for a period of twelve years that I can still write with ease, and I believe that the work will not detract from many first performances." A new book by Fr. Finn after such a long interval is an event in Catholic publishing, and we are sure that our readers will hail the news with joy. The book may be obtained from Benziger Bros., N.Y., for 85c, postpaid.

Among the Magazines.

A recent number of the *Scientific American* contains a very interesting article under the heading of "Artificial Meat." It appears that a Persian scientist has succeeded in producing a substance, meat-like in form, after the "synthesis of vegetable extracts or perfumes, and even the albumens which are the base of living substance." M. Effront, in preparing this seemingly wonderful meat, uses different residues of manufacturers which are almost worthless, such as brewery or distillery refuse products, and from these he extracts an albuminous food. The refuse matter is first subjected to a washing, and having been treated successively with sulphuric acid and lime, the operation is terminated by filtering and evaporating in vacuo. And thus is prepared that almost meat-like substance which is another advance in modern chemistry, and which may go far to counteract the continual rise in prices of food at the present time.

Our few remarks which are to follow are not meant by way of criticism, but simply as a commentation. Modern scientists, the majority not included, have gone outside their sphere of activity, in taking upon themselves the arduous and impossible task of creating "life." Disregarding all such ideas of God and creation they have worked indefatigably to form matter actuated by the first principle of life. Up to this time, it is needless to say, that the efforts of these gentlemen have been rewarded with failure. So far they have been able to produce the ovule, but up to date there has been no further evidence of success. When man attempts to do the work of God, he finds himself at a task never intended for the occupation of creatures. True philosophy teaches us that the "soul" is the first principle of life, and this soul is infused into the body by its creator, God. We can readily see how M. Effront succeeded in producing this wonderful substance, which may be of great use to the world at large in the space of a few years; but we fail, indeed fail utterly, when confronted with the attempt of scientists to create life.

II.

A recent number of the *America* contains an interesting article on "Ozanam on Labor and Wages." Ozanam was the champion of the poorer classes, and his work on this topic is indeed worthy of consideration. Leaving aside the finer points of his lecture, we will come directly to the outstanding features of his economic

system. Ozanam classifies labor as: physical, intellectual and moral, proves them truly productive, and establishes between them a connection which modern economists fail to recognize. When we reach the second part of his discussion, which deals with the wage question, here we find him the undaunted champion of the poor. Concerning the question of wages: Ozanam uses the terms "natural" wage and the "actual" wage, which are equivalent to the present day terminology of "living," "personal" or "family" wage. In allotting wages to the servant of industry, Ozanam laid down three facts: the "meritorious will"; second, the offer of the wage-earner's education, and third, the sacrifice of his vital strength which cannot endure when old age approaches. If the wage-earner was paid according to these three items, he would be able to eke out a comfortable existence, educate his children, and save sufficient to enable him to live in his old age independent of the poorhouse. Socialists, of course, find fault with Ozanam's principle; but space does not permit us to discuss their side of the question.

In conclusion, we must say that according to the *America*, Ozanam was a defender of the family wage, the champion of the poor, and in our opinion if his principles were followed out to-day much of the misery now existing among the lower classes would be done away with entirely.

III.

The October issue of the *Catholic University Bulletin* contains the article "How the Three Thousand were Converted." The writer treats of the two conditions necessary for the salvation of the individual—Christian faith and Church membership. In the present number Christian faith occupies the attention of the contributor, and he deals with his subject in a learned and philosophical manner, leaving no room or opportunity for criticism. He discusses the subject of faith; shows that it is not a blind passion, and refutes such moderists as the Kantianists who regard faith as mental slavery. The important point is: the coming of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles. These poor illiterate men, once so timorous and unlearned, now appear devoid of fear and begin their divine mission. It was on this occasion that St. Peter converted the three thousand Jews who had assembled from all parts of the then known world to hear him preach. In connection with these facts the writer proves statement after statement, and finishes the first part of his task in an elaborate and masterly style. It is with pleasure that we await the November number of this

Bulletin, when the learned gentleman will treat of the second part of his thesis, "Church Membership."

We also gratefully acknowledge *The Catholic Extension*, *The Educational Review*, *Scientific American*, *Ave Maria*, *Civilian*, *The Rosary*, *The America*, *The Missionary*, *The Canadian Messenger*, and *The Catholic University Bulletin*.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

Bishop Ryan, of Pembroke diocese, was a visitor to the University on the 28th of last month.

Father J. Ryan, of Mt. St. Patrick, and Father F. French, of Brudenell, were here on the same date.

Father A. Reynolds paid us a visit last month.

His Lordship Bishop Fallon of London was in the city for the consecration of Bishop Brunet.

"Billy" Chartrand, of last year's hockey team, has taken up a course in the Dental College of Toronto.

Frank Burrows and Ed. Lajoie are studying arts and medicine respectively at Toronto University.

George Lang has gone to Notre Dame University to take up a business course.

Father M. Doyle, '07, was here on Nov. 9th.

Father W. Breen has been appointed secretary to Bishop Lorrain at Pembroke.

Mike Killian has accepted a position with Ketchum's Sporting Good Co., and pays us an occasional call.

Rev. J. A. McDonald, of Cornwall, was a recent visitor at the University.

Rev. Dr. O'Boyle, O.M.I., ('96) has been promoted from St. Peter's, New Westminster, to the Rectorship of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, Vancouver. Congratulations!

Congratulations to Rev. Dr. O'Gorman, '04, on the opening of his new parish church of the Blessed Sacrament. It will fill a long-felt want in the west end of the city.

We have learned with great pleasure that Rev. John Timons, of the class of '79, has been recently appointed Vicar General in the diocese of Manchester, N.H.

Mr. Vincent O'Gorman, (1909) has been elected President of the Newman Club at Toronto University. We feel sure that "Vince" will make a worthy and efficient President.

Rev. H. E. Letang, for the past four years secretary to His Lordship Bishop Lorrain, of Pembroke, and for a time assistant priest at St. James Church, Eganville, has been appointed pastor of the new parish of St. Joseph's, Allumette Island.

Obituary.

JOHN S. CONCANNON, '82.

The death is announced from Boston, Mass., of John S. Concannon, well known as a politician, journalist and business man, and who in former years was a popular figure in this city.

The late Mr. Concannon was a student in Ottawa University in the early 80's and afterwards accepted a professorship in this institution, where he soon attained a high reputation. He resigned to enter journalism in Boston, becoming associate editor of the Boston Democrat. He was appointed chief inspector of the water department in the "Hub" in 1891, beginning as assistant in 1888. He was also deputy auditor and keeper of the civil service records.

He married Miss Gertrude Kavanagh of this city when Miss Kavanagh was a student at the New England Conservatory of Music, and she, with five children, survives him. One of his sons was a brilliant student at Harvard, graduating in 1911.

The late Mr. Concannon was highly respected in his native city and many eulogistic references to his career are made by the New England press.

MRS. DUNCAN CAMERON.

On the evening of Saturday, Oct. 25th, Mrs. Duncan Cameron, of Alexandria, passed away after an illness of about six months. The late Mrs. Cameron, who was only forty-nine years of age, was taken ill last April, and was brought to Water Street Hospital, Ottawa. There was little hope of her recovery, so she was soon taken back to her home, where she died fortified by the rites of the Church. The funeral took place at St. Finnan's Cathedral and cemetery, Alexandria, on Monday, Oct. 27th, His

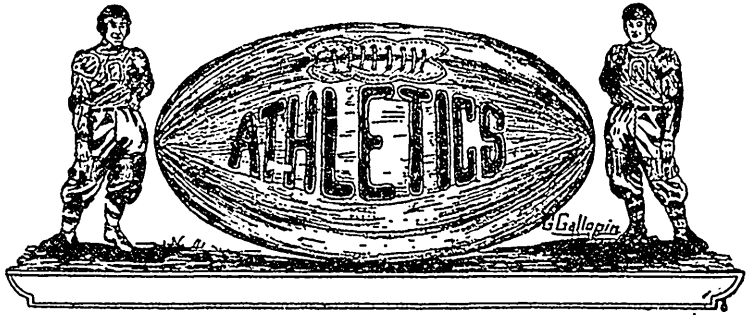
Lordship Bishop MacDonell officiating. The sympathy of the student body goes out to all the family, and especially to her son Alec, who has been one of us for the past few years. *Requiescat in pace.*

VINCENT CORRIGAN, '16.

On Thursday, Oct. 30th, the grim reaper Death forced his way inside our College walls, and took from us one of our most promising students in the person of Vincent Corrigan. Just a week before his death the young man was taken ill, and removed to Water Street Hospital, where it was found that he had contracted a case of infantile paralysis. However, there was no thought of immediate danger till the following Wednesday, when his people were sent for. His father and his brother arrived here that evening, and were with him at his last moments.

"Vinc," as he was known here, was one of the most popular fellows in the College, his kindly manner and the sincerity with which he went about his work endearing him to the hearts of all. His passing from our midst at the early age of twenty-three was indeed a sad blow, but he left behind him an example of faithfulness to duty that it would be well for us to emulate.

On Friday morning the students attended a Requiem High Mass in St. Joseph's Church for the repose of his soul, and then marched in a body down to the Broad street station, where the remains were entrained for his home in Marysville, Ont. The sympathy of the whole College goes out to the bereaved family. *Requiescat in pace.*



Ottawa (20)—Montreal (4).

The Combines opened the season in Montreal on October 4th and experienced no trouble in defeating the winged-wheel aggregation. From the first toot of the referee's whistle, the boys assumed the aggressive and kept at it, "hammer and tongs" till the finish of the third quarter. Coach Father Stanton then gave the substitutes a chance to show their mettle,—thus giving the veterans of the team an opportunity to witness the performance of the coming generation of footballers. The final score, twenty—four, just about gives an idea of the strength of the two teams. To speak frankly, it was little more than a good practice for the "speed-boys" and helped materially in keeping the team up for the crucial game of the succeeding Saturday. Quilty, Holly, Sullivan, Gilligan and O'Leary all figured in the day's play, and Silver scored the first touch. Needless to say that the representatives of U. of O. proved themselves equal to the occasion.

Ottawa (11)—Tigers (10).

"One of the best games seen in Ottawa for many a day"—such was the opinion generally expressed after the smoke of battle had cleared away. It was Titan against Titan, and there was little to choose between the two "fourteens" on the day's play. Eddie Gerard lost the toss, something unusual for Eddie, and Tigers had the wind in their favor. Notwithstanding the handicap, the Uni-Otto pressed the play from the beginning, and when little Tim Holly fell on the ball for a touch-down it was said that the cheer that went up from the ten thousand people in attendance could be heard in Hamilton. Quilty converted. Ottawa also forced Tigers to rounge twice. Joy was in the hearts of the Ottawa crowd when the teams changed around for the

second quarter. With the wind now in their favor, the yellow and black jerseys made good use of their opportunity. A beautiful run around the end by Manson gave Tigers their first score—five points. It was not converted, and the score-board marked Ottawa 8, Tigers 5. Before half-time Tigers were forced to rouge once.

With a lead of four points the Ottawa-University boys started the third period with a rush that almost carried Tigers off their feet. But, with the wind, Bob Isbester's braves from Jungletown soon turned the tables, and one by one their tally mounted until it recorded Tigers 10, Ottawa 9. It was a terrible long fifteen minutes for Ottawa supporters, and when the timers blew for the end of it a great sigh of relief was heaved. "Now watch the boys go." Becker soon tied the score by kicking a touch in goal, and about five minutes before the final whistle Gerard kicked, passed the touch-line, and it was Ottawa 11, Tigers 10. Thus the battle ended. It was a great victory for the Combines, and a noble defeat for Tigers. As has been the case in previous years, Hamilton bought Ottawa's winter supply of coal. Elliott, Quilty, Holly, Becker, Cassells and Gerard played superb football for the victors. The game was clean throughout, and no player was seriously injured and as for showing a real gentlemanly, sportsmanlike spirit, we must take off our hats to the Tiger football players of Hamilton, Ontario.

Ottawa (10)—Argos (10).

To win and not to win. It's a queer way of expressing oneself, yet there is no other group of words in the English language to depict the thought in mind. Talk about incompetent officials, but we must "hand the cake" to Messrs. Robbins and Murray who officiated at the Ottawa-University—Argo game in Toronto. It will go down in the league books as a tie game—unfinished—but had the boys from Ottawa been given their just deserts the final tally would have been twenty to three. To give an instance of Mr. Robbins' "boss" tendencies, Gerard booted an onside kick; Dave McCann connected and went over for a touch. Robbins disallowed the score, claiming that McCann was offside, notwithstanding that the play was made on Murray's side of the field, and Murray maintained that the touch was legitimate because McCann was perfectly onside. Then when the score was 10-7, Murray made a blunder; we will not accuse him of high-handedness. He claimed Binkley was not given yards

when he caught one of Gerard's punts. Binkley afterwards said that he had been given more than yards. However, be as it may, it brought Argos up to Ottawa's twenty-five yard line, and on the first scrimmage Binkley dropped a goal. Score ten all. About three minutes overtime was played, but darkness came on and the game was unfinished.

Quilty had his ankle sprained, and Black's fingers were dislocated. None of the rest were seriously injured, but there were bruises aplenty.

Tigers (23)—Ottawa (3).

To use the expression of one of the city sporting editors: "There is no alibi. It was just a general "blow-up"—nothing else. The best of teams encounter it and that's the only excuse we have to offer. The officials were excellent, the scores were legitimate—that's all. The first quarter ended 2-0 for Tigers; the second 17-0. In the last half the score was six to three, so that leaving aside the disastrous second period the game was a fair one. It was a good thing; perhaps it will convince the boys that the pet name of Invincibles is not a guarantee of victory, but that the brawn and brain are the necessary attributes of success. Time will tell.

Ottawa (18)—Argonauts (11).

And time did tell as the above figures indicated. Ottawa won, and as the Toronto boys said after the game, "We were beaten by a better team." A high wind favored Argos in the first quarter, but Ottawa managed to tally twice. A fumble behind the line gave the blue and white their first and only touch. The second period had been in progress but a few moments when Becker made a beautiful run around the end, and after eluding three or four tacklers was downed behind the Toronto line. Quilty failed to convert from a very different angle. The garnet and grey added another five points before half time and the tally read 12-7 for Ottawa.

The wind had died down considerably by the time the second half commenced. Another five points were registered for the Senators via Tubman, and Ottawa supporters breathed easily. The remainder of the game was featureless and the final whistle blew with Father Stanton's fourteen on top of a 18-11 score. Holly had his shoulder injured, and Quilty wrenched his ankle again at the beginning of the game, but gamely remained in the

fray till after the third touch had been scored. Bert Stronach and Jack Williams, two old-time favorites, made their appearance on the gridiron during the closing period and clearly proved that they could come back. Sullivan and Gilligan of U. of O. replaced injured players at half-time. Sully was there with the punch—he was off twice—and Gilligan's dives would make the diving girls "green with envy."

The league standing is as follows:—

	Won.	Lost.	Draw.	To Play.
Tigers....	4	1	0	1
Ottawa ...	3	1	1	1
Argonauts ...	2	2	1	1
Montreal ...	0	4	0	1

Montreal play in the Capital on Saturday next—Nov. 8—and should prove easy victims for Ottawa. Tigers play against Argos and interest will centre on that encounter. Should Tigers win and Ottawa win the play-off of the drawn game with Argos, Tigers and Ottawa will be tied for first place. If Ottawa loses the play-off the pennant will go to Hamilton. Should Argos defeat Tigers and Ottawa win from Argos, Ottawa will be the resting place for the championship trophy,—but should Argos win both games there will be a three-cornered tie. The possibilities are many,—which will it be?

The City League.

The U. of O. representative team in the city league were unfortunate in starting badly. The first game went to New Edinburghs, and the second to St. Pats. We can find no reason whatever why these two encounters were not registered as wins instead of losses. The boys have the weight, the brawn, the brain, and in Father Verroneau an excellent and painstaking coach, but they seemed to forget Father Stanton's slogan of two years ago that a team is never licked till it quits. For the Y.M. C.A. game new life was infused into the team, a few supposedly weak spots strengthened, and the result was a 11-0 victory for the garnet and grey. The Seconds should go through the remainder of the season without a loss.

The Intermediate City League.

The common rule is that big people should give good ex-

ample to the little folks, but in the case of our baby team exactly the contrary has happened. The intermediates have played two league games against the Glebes and on exhibition game against Collegiate, and in all three encounters they were victorious. What thy lack in weight they more than make up for in headwork and grit. We will be disappointed if they lose a game this season.

The Senior Intermural League.

Next to the Big Four the senior intermural league is attracting the most attention. Every student, if not actually playing, has his favorite fourteen, and at times excitement almost reaches the boiling point. Owing to unfavorable weather conditions, but four games were played since the last issue of *The Review*. The Amalgams are still in the lead with four wins and no losses; the Allies and Combines break even with two games on each scale of the balance, and the Uni-Otts occupy a position analogous to that of Montreal in the Big Four with four losses and no wins. Foster promises more favorable weather during November, and an effort will be made to finish up the schedule.

Don Ryan's "Sons of Rest" are leading in the junior intermural league, and have a strangle-hold on the championship. However, the season is not yet over, and there is no telling what Roberts' "Jim Jams" may pull off on the immigrants from slumberland.

Notes.

Penalties are costly. Ottawa-College suffered heavily in Toronto, and again on Saturday in this city. A man on the fence is a double handicap to his team, but it seems impossible to drill the truth into the interior of some craniums.

Bert Gilligan is looking fine and dandy; his two colored optics have resumed their natural conditions. Congratulations.

King and Fish are Herb Fallon's strong men on the Sons of Rest. A kingfisher, so to say.

Murder! Police! Did you hear what Herb Fallon did on Saturday? Ask Sullivan.

Mr. Wm. Maher is a great football enthusiast. He retired rather early a few nights ago, rose at eleven—the same evening—and was on the point of leaving the house—ostensibly to indulge in a little extra training for a game on the morrow—when he was asked where he intended going. "To mass, and you fellows had

better hurry or you'll be late," Bill hollered back. And Bill was awake, too.

The press has nothing but praise for Tim Holly. Tim deserves all he gets and all that can be given to him, and the best of it is that it does not hurt Tim one bit, in fact he is improving all the time.

Con Mulvihill had the misfortune to have a bone in his wrist broken. Con seems lost, but, cheer up, the ice will soon be here.

A league that appoints such officials as Messrs. Murray and Robbins leaves itself open to severe criticism. There is nothing more uplifting than amateur sport, and it is to be hoped that in future nothing will be done to injure the good reputation of the Interprovincial.

On the advice of Sandy Cameron and Lawrence Landriau the sporting editor has increased his life insurance.



—Hope your arm will soon be better, Con.

—Donnelly wants to know if they convert a goal in hockey.

—Hub McCool's latest is: "We should worry like—(all right, don't get excited)—"we should worry like a chicken and be plucked!"

—Tetreault says, "A Freshman isn't necessarily a fresh man."

There were about thirty or forty, who wrote on the supplemental examinations, held during the last days of September. At the subsequent meeting of the Senate it was definitely decided to hold hereafter supplementary examinations in June.

Rev. Father Sherry, Professor of English in 6th and 7th forms, made arrangements by which the pupils of these forms were enabled to attend the series of lectures upon Shakespeare given by Prof.

Griggs. Practically all of the students in Philosophy made it a point to be present at the lectures.

The debating season opened on October 13th with the subject: "Resolved, that the Prime Minister did not do right in introducing the closure during the naval debate of last session." The speakers were: for the affirmative, Messrs. T. J. Kelly, J. S. Cross and W. M. Unger, while Messrs. F. W. Hackett, J. D. Adams and J. A. Grace upheld the negative. The affirmative argued from the point that the introduction of the closure during the naval debate was ungentlemanly and unconstitutional, while the negative treated the question from the fact that public business and government work was held up. The judges gave their decision in favor of the affirmative. Mr. L. W. Kelley, president of the Society, was in the chair, and introduced the evening's discussion with a fitting speech.

On account of Thanksgiving Day coming on Monday, the next weekly debate was held on Tuesday evening. The subject: "In Ontario there should be taxation on land values only," was upheld by Messrs. J. E. Gravelle, S. Hayden and C. T. Fink, while Messrs. J. Leacy, W. F. Tierney and W. McNabb argued in behalf of some other form of taxation. The judges rendered their decision in favor of the affirmative. Mr. J. S. Cross presided.

"An anti-treating law would more effectively aid the cause of temperance in Ontario than would the abolition of the bar" was the subject discussed on October 27th. The affirmative was to a certain degree handicapped on account of the absence of the leader, Mr. A. L. Cameron. Mr. Guillet assumed the role, however, while Messrs. A. A. Unger and T. J. Kelly divided between them the task of supplying a second speaker. Messrs. L. A. Kelley and C. A. Mulvihill argued for the abolition of the bar. The debate was awarded to the negative. Mr. A. T. Maher made an effective chairman. This debate was possibly one of the best this year, especially in view of the speeches delivered from the floor of the house, and the subsequent wordy contests.

Father Lalonde has been busy practicing his choir for the past few weeks. On Sunday the twenty-sixth they went to the Glebe and sang in Father O'Gorman's new church on the corner of Fourth avenue and Lyon street. Father Lalonde is to be congratulated upon his endeavors in this behalf as the singing was a credit to him and his work.

The annual meeting of the Intercollegiate Debating Union

was held here on Friday evening, October 17th. McGill, Toronto and Queen's sending representatives. The officers elected were:—

Hon. President—Rev. James P. Fallon, O.M.I., Ottawa.

Hon. Vice-Presidents—Dr. S. B. Leacock, McGill; Dr. O. D. Skelton, Queen's; Prof. A. B. McCallum, Toronto.

President—C. A. Mulvihill, Ottawa.

1st Vice-President—H. C. Farthing, McGill.

2nd Vice-President—W. T. McCree, Queen's.

Secretary-Treasurer—C. B. Hamel, Toronto.

It was decided that McGill should debate here the latter part of November, while Queen's went to Toronto November 28th. Should Queen's and Ottawa win, the final will be at Queen's. If Toronto and McGill win, the final is at Toronto. If Queen's and McGill win, the final is at McGill, while if Ottawa and Toronto win the final debate is to take place in Toronto.

Saturday morning, October 18th, the students went to the Cathedral to attend the Pontifical High Mass celebrated on the anniversary of Archbishop Gauthier's installation.

Owing to the lack of class rooms, on account of the increased number of students, it was decided to move the Infirmary from its place on the second floor and put it in a separate building. Accordingly the small brick house, next the Science Hall, has been fitted out with all the requirements necessary, and Brother Rainville placed in charge. Most of his patients have swelled heads. It was thought this was due to the fact that they were the first inmates of the new Infirmary, but now the universal opinion is expressed by the one word "mumps."

The reading of the monthly notes for September was held on Tuesday, October 14. Many of the new students found it quite a novelty. Taking into consideration the fact that it was the first month and that many of the students were new to the programme of studies followed here, the notes were very good. Most of the old students were well up in rank, while many of the new ones showed that they would have to be taken into consideration before June. It looks as if there is going to be a hot contest in every form for the class medal.

Mr. Bourbonnais has been sick for a couple of weeks with typhoid fever. Happily he is now well upon the road to recovery, and we soon hope to see him out and around.

The library and reading room are open and being extremely well patronized. Although the cataloguing of the books is not yet quite complete, still the librarians think that before long everything will be running in a manner suitable to the most fastidious.

Junior Department.

It is very evident that our prefects have the welfare of the inmates of the Junior Department at heart. They are certainly doing their best to make things agreeable for us. During the past month our recreation hall has been made richer by the addition of a new pool table, a punching bag, and many other smaller articles.

A football league comprising three teams (Argos, Alerts, Tigers) was formed and many interesting games have been played to date. The standing at present is as follows:—

Teams.	Won.	Lost.	Tied.
Argos—Robert (capt.)	5	1	..
Alerts—Boyden (capt.)	2	4	1
Tigers—Provost (capt.).. . . .	2	4	1

The referees during these games were Frs. Turcotte and Senecal.

In the midget league two teams are battling for supremacy—Varsity and College—with Varsity in the lead by one game.

The first team Small Yard played against the externs on the 2nd of November. The game was closely contested in the first quarter, but turned into a runaway for the upholders of the Small Yard. The final score was 19 to 0. The line-up for College was as follows:—

Boyden, Provost, Langlois, St-Pierre, Robert, B., Curtin, Dolan, Costello, Grace, Forbes, Gagner, Délisle, Ryan, McGowan, Pepin.

Pool leagues have been formed, and many sharks are out to show their ability.

A coat-sweater has been offered by the association for the highest run, fifteen or over. Also watch-fobs to those finishing first and second in the leagues.

What's the matter with "Rusty." He always seems to be behind.

Hats off to our humorists, such as Dolan, Sabourin, Matheson, Mulvihill.

Does anyone here know how to spell "pneumonia," the kind with which you wash windows.

An accident happened to Fred Corcoran while playing at the Oval. He had his arm badly dislocated. However we hope that Fred will soon recover the use of his "trusty right."