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PRIZE DEBATE

The Medallist's Speech

"Labour Unions are more detrimental than beneficial to society."

While beforehand friendly relations may exist between masters and men, the introduction of labour unions is sure to breed trouble. They uphold the doctrine that employers and employed are merely two contracting parties, and that the one should show no deference to or admit the superiority of the other. Gentlemen, I say in this they are wrong; no matter who our masters may be, or what their characters, the fact still remains that they are superior to us, and as such ought to be treated with certain distinction. Thus antagonism spreads opposition where concord should exist, and then the result of this trouble — the havoc-laden strike comes and spreads strife and confusion where before was all serenity. As an institution which stirs up discord and trouble, anarchy and socialism, which makes the people discontented and greedy, I say labour unions ought to be entirely abolished. Labour unions, in many cases unconsciously, arouse among the lower classes a feeling of resentment against the rich, a hatred of the man who controls their income, and little by little the smouldering flame grows greater, and finally bursts forth into a blaze of fury. I here speak of Socialism, one of the greatest evils with which a country could be attacked. I do not say that unions directly produce Socialism, but I do say that so great is their tendency towards such, so great is the influence

wielded by the speeches clamoring against the wealthy, that nothing short of a miracle can restrain the members from entertaining intense animosity towards their so-called oppressors, and of ultimately joining the Socialistic ranks. Here are a few words from Bishop Spalding, an authority on social questions: "When workmen have learned to confide their dearest interests to a labor union it will not be difficult to persuade them to surrender themselves both body and soul to a Socialistic state." No one can deny that these unions, however good their intention, contain the first seeds of Socialism — enmity towards the rich.

It seems to be the settled policy of every union that the labourers must not work over-fast, in fact that they should do their utmost to delay the work in order the labour may become better distributed. One of their methods is the short hour day system by which less work will be done, and by which men may have to leave a task the completion of which might be of the greatest importance. But what do the unions care about the conveniences of others? It makes no difference to them who suffers by their regulations; the men are forced to discontinue their work, willingly or unwillingly, at the appointed hour, or they are subject to a heavy fine. Such are the methods employed by labor unions. By the very fact that the unions themselves cause the restriction of work, we must see that they are detrimental to society. By thus teaching the labourer to do the least possible amount of work for his employer, they are installing into him some of the worst principles of dishonesty, and, what is greatly to be regretted, are making direct attacks on his morals. Mr. George Balen, a prominent student of Sociology, says that there is a tendency among ardent unions to disapprove a workman's effort to do the most and best work he can, and that this disapproval comes from motives often very questionable. He says that this is most evident among the "ardent union men," showing that it is the unions themselves, not the individual men, which try to promote this dishonesty. If this is the result of labour unions to breed dishonesty among the men who constitute the bulwark of a nation, how can anyone assert that they are beneficial?

There is a certain selfishness and jealousy apparent among unionists. There is a feeling of jealousy among the members, which has the effect of discouraging anyone from attempting to rise above his fellows, and hence of killing commendable individual ambition and suppressing all progress. The whole organized labour society seems to be imbued with a selfishness hard to be equalled. In seeking the exclusive advantages of their class, they lose all interest

in the reforms which are instituted for the benefit of humanity. They fight the introduction of new methods that tend to facilitate economic production, and which ultimately will do good to the people at large. Thus I say they are holding back prosperity with their one-sidedness and hatred of innovations.

Let us consider lastly the bad influence which labour unions have on the individual man. The fact that a man is bound down to a union, is forced to do absolutely as he is told on matters over which he himself should have the right of exercising control, cannot but have a degenerating influence on those who have all their lives been used to freedom, to doing as they wish, not being forced to live up to certain rules but to work for whom and how long they please. When out of work, a unionist is a mere dependent, relying on a society for sustenance. This idea of surrendering one's interests to a society tends to destroy that individuality and responsibility which constitute two of the most valuable characteristics that a nation can cultivate in its citizens, and especially do we need this spirit of responsibility among the working classes, as on them, after all, depends the material success or advancement of the commonwealth.

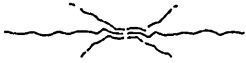
There is another fact about labour unions which tends to make them an evil influence. As practically secret societies, with rules and regulations of their own, they have a tendency to turn men against all religion, and even if they do not absolutely do so, they produce in their members a kind of indifference and give them loose opinions on matters of morals and religion. It is certain that they are frequently so engrossed with the interests of their unions that they begin to disregard all others. Any allegiance that they may hitherto have owed to their religion, they now cast off. If man cannot serve two masters, some of them say that they cannot be ardent unionists and still attend to their religious duties. Here is the declaration of one unionist, a declaration which has been frequently reiterated by various members of the same class:

"My fidelity to the union shall in no sense be interfered with by any allegiance that I may now or hereafter owe to any other organization, social, political, or religious."

What does this say? It says that before the society of the state, before the government of this country, and, worst of all, before the church in whose doctrine he was reared, he places the interests of his union. Does this bespeak a law-abiding society which is doing its utmost for the poor people of the country, and helping

them on to better life? I do not think so. Labour unions oppose not only the government and all society, but most of all that mistress of all civilization — the church. When the influence of a labour union is so strong, so pernicious, that it not only prevents a man from performing the sacred duties imposed on him by his religion, but even causes him to regard it as a secondary consideration, then I say it is certainly time for us to awake to the awful menace that the labour union is to society.

MICHAEL J. O'GORMAN, '10.



SHAKESPEARE'S AS YOU LIKE IT.

SHAKESPEARE laughed out the title one day after reading what he had written. "Take it as you like it, in whatever way it pleases you. Take its mirth or seriousness, its matter of thought or fancy; its grave or lively characters; its youthful love or self-conscious melancholy— Take anything you like out of it. There is plenty to please all kinds of men. It is written for your pleasure, take it for your pleasure." "I do not mind," he would have said, "how you use my play, if only you let the lover and his maiden, the Duke and his hunters, the fool and the shepherdess, Jaques and Silines and Phoebe, aye and the forest and the deer, do with it also what they like and as they like it. I have made a new thing; let every one enjoy it."

This "Pastoral Drama" is a combination of exquisite poetry, both descriptive and moral, forceful, playful and passionate. For variety and amiability of character, for gravity, wit, and broad humor, so perfect a piece of homage to happy state of a rural, inartificial life, that every scene in it, untainted with bad passions, occurs amid the pomp and garniture of God's creation, the green fields and the forest glades. In nature there is nothing melancholy.

We are in the forest of Arden, and under the green trees will we crack nuts and jokes with that pretty squirrel, the pranksome Rosalind, or descant upon her blithe wisdom with that sedate and most loving, devoted, cordial, confiding Celia. To make the world one "perfect Chrysolite of happiness, let every man respect the predilections of his fellows, nothing is worth quarrelling about, not even unkindness, for that is a mistake which always brings its own retri-

bution." Talk of the gallant and gentle bearing and stalwart proportions of her lover with the crystal-hearted Rosalind.

Rosalind is an enchantingly grand-spirited heroine. She is best described in the following lines:—

"Nature presently distilled"
 "Helen's cheek, but not her heart,"
 "Cleopatra's majesty,"
 "Atalanta's better part,"
 "Sad Lucretia's modesty"
 "Thus Rosalind of many parts"
 "By heavenly synod was devised"
 "Of many faces, eyes and hearts,"
 "To have the touches dearest prized,"
 "Heaven would that she these gifts should have"
 "And I to live and die her slave."

Orlando's love is full of gaiety and dashed with a shade of natural melancholy. He is witty and is no mournful, depressing companion. His love shows no fading in its rose, no false sentiment, none of the marks of a dying lover; no lean cheek, no sunken blue eyes, no unquestionable spirit, no beard neglected, no hose ungartered, no bonnet unbanded, no sleeve unbuttoned, no shoe untied, no careless dissolution.

Jaques is a solemn pretender to a quality not natural in him, a grave coxcomb, pompous, and patronizing, ostensibly melancholy and a cynical philosopher. Some remarkable passages came from the lips of "Mr. Melancholy."

"I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation, nor the musician's, which is fanatical: nor the courtier's, which is proud, nor the soldier's, which is ambitious, nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mind, cross, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels in which my after rumination wraps me in a most humorous address."

The banished Duke is a noble gentleman worldly wise, gallant in misfortune, changing stubbornness of ill-luck into so quiet and sweet a style, that every one is happy in his company. The Duke "finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything."

In reading "As You Like It" we dwell in a world of moral beauty. Its characters soothe and heal the troubles of the world. We see the beautiful forest of Arden, with its broad oaks and quiet moving streams, new sandy banks, green swards, brawling brooks, merry-throated birds, herds of deer, thickets of brambles and green holly, and meadows with sheep. A lovely place for beautiful people to dwell in and there we will leave them.

Fidelity to Principles in Politics

THE sphere of politics is connected most intimately with the government of any country; and the government of a country usually is established by the people. They are living in one great community; they have common interests; and they have given powers to certain bodies of men to look after those interests for the common good of all. Hence, it becomes anyone desiring to enter politics to show that he has the interest of the people at heart, and that he is ready to do what is fair and honest under all circumstances. And, when he has attained to a seat in Parliament, he should steadily aim to advance the good of those who have placed him there, and not only that, but the welfare of the nation in general. He is there in trust, and must answer to his constituents, as well as to his country.

Now, above all, and before all things else, a politician, especially if he be a Catholic, should adhere firmly to the principles of his faith. He ought never to sacrifice the interests of the Church to the interests of the State. Why so? Because the Church is superior to the State. The Church is universal; at least the Catholic Church is, and, moreover, this institution is the one government established directly by God. And it is doing His work on earth. While, on the other hand, a purely human government is merely the creation and servant of the people of its own particular state. It is for this reason, therefore, that a conscientious politician must not make the State superior to the Church. If a Catholic does so, he is no Catholic at all; and he can never be one until he rectifies his mistake. Moreover, one who is not guided by the principles of religion is seldom restrained by any principles whatever. In politics he is likely to become corrupt, and even dangerous to the country. This has often been exemplified in the French Parliament, where unprincipled scoundrels have repeatedly looted and burned the property and destroyed the lives of the very citizens whom they ought to have protected. Another example, exhibiting the direct opposite of the evils just mentioned, was the action of Mr. Devlin in 1896, if I remember rightly, when that most honorable gentleman stood firm for his religion, and withdrew himself from his party over the Manitoba School Bill. He is famous now, if only for that one act alone. So, there only remains for a gentleman, and a man of noble character, to espouse true religious principles in politics, and to follow them unswervingly. He will then always be found

on the side of right and justice, and the people will surely, and with the best of reason, place all confidence in him.

Next, the politician should be honest, and, in his profession, even scrupulous in this respect. For, there is no place where a man gains either greater fame, or greater notoriety, than in the political world. Either he will leave politics with honor attached to his name, or he will be branded as a rascal. He is constantly before the eyes of the public, and they will not fail to scrutinize his actions, especially where it directly concerns their own pockets. Here again, then, let us say that sound principles have the greatest advantage. History, in fact, over and over again, proves it to be true that a man who clings to the policy of honesty is the man who will eventually find his way to success. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the world's great men have been persons of principle. They needed it in order to persevere. Rarely does the dishonest grafter rise to any great degree of public confidence. And why should he ever reach a prominent position when his character, as a public man, is disgraceful? The people will soon find out if their money is being wasted. And then what happens? Notoriety first, and then political oblivion comes as the just punishment of the political sinner. Indeed, there is no other virtue which has so great an effect in politics as that of strict honesty. The government has the control and expenditure of public money. This public money amounts to no inconsiderable sum, and the people know it, as why should they not? And hence the administration that is pure and honest will be like the rotten one, responsible to the people, but, unlike it, honored and sustained by them. Therefore, let the politician look to his public morals. They may need correcting now and then. Let him follow the one straight course of justice and equity if he would become another Gladstone, or another Washington.

So, gentlemen, I would repeat that loyalty to one's trust, and uprightness on all occasions, is the only true and safe road in the maze of politics; that in this rising country of ours nothing is so needful, at present, as good, clean politics; that, if Canada is ever to be the great nation which she promises to become, great and noble men must be found in the lobbies of our Houses of Parliament; men who, like many other noble and distinguished Canadians that have adorned our history, will subordinate all private interest to the one of their country's good, and, dying will still live on through the centuries in the hearts of their countrymen.

NEVER MIND.

When the day looks sort o' dusty,
 An' your grit is gittin' rusty,
 An' your courage somewhat musty—
 NEVER MIND!

Keep a-tuggin' at the tether,
 Head an' heart an' heads together,
 Through all sorts o' wind an' weather
 Bein' kind!

When your burden nearly bests you,
 An' no sum o' smilin' rests you,
 An' all sorts o' trouble tests you—
 NEVER MIND!

Chuck some cheer into your talkin'.
 Put some spring into your walkin',
 Leave old Gran'pa Grouch a-stalkin'
 Far behind!

When your spirit feels like sighin',
 An' it seems there's no use tryin'
 To stave off a spell o' cryin'—
 NEVER MIND!
 Men were made to bear some sorrow,
 Tho' it's not a thing to borrow—
 But you're apt to strike to-morrow
 Some big find!

When your way don't bloom with roses,
 An' your way no sun discloses,
 When your faith in fear reposes—
 NEVER MIND!
 Hold your head a little higher,
 Draw your hopes a little nigher,
 To a better end aspire,
 Through the g-ind!

'Course, the road is oi'ten muddy,
 An' the skies ain't always ruddy,
 But if you'll jest stop an' study,
 You'll find
 That the fellow who's a-winnin'
 An' to sunny slopes a-spinnin'
 Has kept sayin' since beginnin',
 NEVER MIND!

Quebec and Champlain.

THE recent celebration held at Quebec in honor of its never-to-be-forgotten founder, recalls vividly to our minds the history of that grand old city and the wonderful accomplishments of Samuel de Champlain. Situated high on the right bank of the St. Lawrence, whose waters its bristling cannon overlook, it may well be called the Gibraltar of America.

What more pleasing sight, or what will bring back more distinctly the history of New France, than to stand on its walls and view the surroundings? Across the river is Point Lévis, (now crowned with colleges and churches), the silent onlooker when Wolfe's dauntless Highlanders scaled the steep cliffs opposite and prepared the way for the rest of the army, the night before the battle that made Canada a British possession. Below us are the Plains of Abraham. How vivid is the picture of the English army of four thousand five hundred men drawn up ready for battle at daybreak on that memorable day, watching in silence the soldiers of Montcalm mustering for the contest, and determined to conquer a worthy foe fighting for their dearest possession. Those two deadly volleys and that cry—"Charge!"—, the defeat of the French, and the glorious death of both generals, are here pictured as vividly as though we had been eye-witnesses.

Coming down into the city with its narrow streets and many quaint buildings falling into ruin through the medium of time we are at once struck with its charm. Every nook and corner recalls brave deeds and memories of the early pioneers. From here the Jesuits set out on their missions to the savage Indian tribes, giving themselves over to a life of extreme hardships and finally to a cruel death at the hands of those they were laboring to benefit by bringing them to a knowledge of Christianity. Near here Jacques Cartier spent that terrible winter, suffering untold misery among the uncivilized red men. Here, there, everywhere, are monuments and inscriptions to Champlain, Frontenac, Talon, Bishop Laval, and the many other who labored so unceasingly in the interests of Canada, and who laid the foundation of her present glory.

Undoubtedly the first heroic figure among the heroes of New France was Champlain. He was born in 1567 at Saintonge, on the Bay of Biscay. Love for the salt water was inherited from his ancestors and although he served in the army for some time he finally took to the sea.

His most notable undertaking prior to coming to Canada was a perilous expedition in the interests of his Sovereign to the West Indies and Mexico. For his success in this enterprise he was permitted to make an expedition to Canada in 1603. Landing, he met

a large party of Indians who gave him an enthusiastic welcome and with whom he formed a friendship which later proved ruinous to Canada by bringing her into collision with the terrible Iroquois. After exploring the Saint Lawrence River and Gulf he returned to France to report his successes to the French king.

In 1604 we next hear of Champlain coming to Canada in company with De Monts to try and found a colony in Acadia at a favorable spot for trade with the Indians. Champlain preferred the St. Lawrence, and in 1606 obtained permission to found a colony there. This he did at Quebec in 1608 and from that date until his death in 1635 the history of Canada is the history of Champlain.

In 1609 in company with some Hurons and Algonquins to whom he had allied himself he sailed up the Richelieu to the lake which still bears his name and here, near where Fort Ticonderoga was afterwards built, he had his first encounter with the Iroquois.

Three years later he returned to France in an endeavor to find some organization which would further the welfare of New France. While there he married Helen Boullé, a young girl of Protestant family who became a Catholic and sailed for America six years later where she remained until her death.

Let us now briefly trace the accomplishments in exploration of this wonderful man in 1615. Starting from Quebec he ascended the Ottawa, crossed Lake Nipissing to Lake Huron and Georgian Bay. Having determined on an expedition against the Iroquois he started for their country by way of Lake Simcoe and the waters of the Trent to Lake Ontario, which he now saw for the first time. Crossing the lake he met the Iroquois at Oswego, but the attack on them was repulsed and Champlain wounded. In the middle of the summer of 1616 he got back to Quebec and subsequently sailed for France.

On his return his efforts were renewed with the same vigor as formerly and New France began to grow rapidly. However, bitter disappointment reached the struggling colony in 1628 when Sir David Kirke captured the supply ships coming from France, and appearing below Quebec demanded its surrender. The plucky inhabitants and their brave leader resisted as long as possible, but, having been reduced to eating roots they surrendered in 1629, and Champlain was sent a prisoner to England, where he remained until the Treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye three years later restored him to Canada.

But the work of this untiring man was almost over, and on Christmas Day, 1635, he left New France and the world forever. His funeral was as magnificent as the young colony could make it, and no greater tribute could be rendered him than the tears of his soldiers and friends.

B. H., '13.

Reminiscences of Lumbering Days.



T was three o'clock when the train slowed up at the little flag-station in the woods.

"Hustle off now, boys," said the conductor. "We haven't long to stop here."

Quickly we bundled out, with our turkeys on our backs, thirty-five rugged lumbermen, bound for the tall timbers of Northern Quebec. The walking-boss was at the train to meet us and smiled approvingly as he ran his eagle-eye over the staid forms of this fresh contingent of pine-eaters.

"If you're as good as you look, you'll do me," he remarked with a knowing grin. "We'll try you out by asking you to walk to camp this afternoon; it's a mere step, not over fifteen miles.

"This way! follow me."

With whoops and yells the men started down the steep hill, at the foot of which the mighty Ottawa rolls on its never-changing way, whispering hoarsely to its rocky shores; while here and there the towering pines lean far out over the waters as though they fain would hear what the dark old river is sighing about.

We crossed by means of a heavy old float, which required the united efforts of six of the men to propel it. Then we turned and took a last long look at the Ontario shore and the railway track winding away eastward in the direction of R; but, turning resolutely about again, set our faces northward and entered the grim solitudes of the lumbering wilds, out of which we were not to emerge for seven long months.

It was a beautiful clear day in the latter part of October, and for a time the brisk walk through the pleasant woods proved agreeable and refreshing; but when the dusk began to thicken and the camp was not yet in sight, the songs and laughter suddenly changed to low murmurs and complaints against the boss, who had told us we had only fifteen miles before us. At last, about 8 o'clock, on ascending a steep hill, we beheld far down in the valley below, the light of a camp-fire glimmering on the placid surface of a broad sheet of water, and immediately a shout of gladness went up; which was answered by some twenty voices in camp below.

Here we were treated to a surprise, for now we learned from "the boss" that winter camps had not yet been built and that we should be obliged to sleep in tents for a week or ten days.

This piece of information did not tend to put the crew in any better humour, but in a short time we reached the tents where the jolly old cook received us cordially, and put up so appetizing a supper that the fatigues of the journey were soon forgotten.

That night was my first experience with sleeping in a tent. I did not find it particularly pleasant, as five of us were crowded into a three-man tent, and my feet were forced out under the edge of the canvas. To make matters worse, it snowed during the night, so when I awoke about 3 a.m. I found I had received a cold foot bath, which, however, was rather necessary after the tramp of the previous day. The cook was already astir, so I arose and stood by the big fire until breakfast at 5 a.m., having made up my mind to take the trail eastward as soon as daylight broke. But when the glorious orb of day came up, clear and red, lighting up hill and valley, lake and river; when all the living things of the forest came forth to welcome the grateful warmth of the declining October sun, my feelings on the subject of leaving the premises disappeared as suddenly as they arose, so I joined heartily with the crew in the work of erecting the rude log camps which were to protect us from the cold and tempest of the oncoming winter.

The following two weeks passed merrily. The weather continued warm and bright, so that no difficulty was found in collecting large quantities of moss to fill the chinks between the logs, which formed the walls of cook and sleep camps. When the buildings were all complete, and I had a comfortable little corner set aside as an office. I began to enjoy the life thoroughly, and to-day I look back upon those days spent in the lumberwoods as some of the most profitable and pleasant of my life.

On the morning of Nov. 7th we arose to find that Winter had visited us during the night, and had covered the bare dun-colored earth in a perfectly new garb of shimmering white, and from that day forward until the long, bright March days changed mother earth's covering into little rivulets and freshets, all was stir and bustle around our rude log buildings on the shores of the "Fils du Grand."

Sometimes, it is true, it was quite lonely in the immediate vicinity of camp; particularly about mid-winter, when the men no longer came in at dinner-time. Then the cook, cookees, and clerk, were alone from five until five again, but they enjoyed all the better the presence of the men, when at dusk they came rushing in, singing and shouting; for no class of workmen are happier and more good-natured so long as they have a good

boss and a skillful cook. There is a great deal of imposition practiced by designing individuals, who, looking with longing eyes at the neat wages paid for experienced cooks, hire with lumber companies during July and August, relying upon the patience and good nature of the crew to tolerate them until they will really have learned to cook.

This particular winter it was our misfortune to have a very bad cook sent up from Ottawa, with a pocketful of recommendations from the company. After the first day it was apparent that he could not cook at all; one of the crew aptly putting it when he said, "that fellow couldn't boil water without burning it." So the crew began to make it hot for him, and the poetically inclined set to work to compose rhymes by which they could the better express their disgust for the new "chef." Then one of the violinists, who nightly rasped out music for the assembled company, took up the words and set them to jaunty airs which the men yelled at the top of their voices, hoping the cook would hear them in the kitchen. I recall one of those verses which ran somewhat thus:

We go out in the morning to skid the billots,
The pork it is raw and the bread it is dough,
The biscuits are harder than bricks in the wall,
We'd be better by far had we no cook at all,—
Now don't you think so?

This state of affairs lasted about a week, the foreman making no effort to quiet the men, for he felt that if the fellow did not take the hint and go it would be his duty to get rid of him anyway, in spite of company recommendations. However, one morning, becoming thoroughly alarmed at the threats of forcible expulsion, he picked up his belongings and decamped, much to the relief of everybody, the cookee taking his place until a real live cook could be got. In some localities the cookee gets the name of "devil"; this because he is usually so begrimed with black off the pots that it is supposed he resembles His Satanic Majesty.

The evenings are spent in singing, story-telling, and grinding axes for the morrow, while Saturday night is given up to dancing, the foreman showing his approval by giving an extra half-hour before shouting "lights out." Sundays the men have to wash and mend, for no other day is given them on which to do this work. Reading matter is scarce, and at times what is to be found lying around is far from being edifying. There is a

chance here for those who have means to found little libraries for these poor fellows, shut off from civilization during six or seven months out of the twelve. Of course irresponsible persons should not be allowed to scatter literature among lumbermen, but a few good elevating books and periodicals would do a great deal, and would be sure to be read by everybody who can read at all.

One of the most important events of the winter is the visit of the priest to the camp. It is impossible to estimate the amount of good that is accomplished by the hardy missionaries who spend the winter months among these scattered but not forgotten sheep, dear to the heart of the good shepherd. In the camp the priest finds many a poor soul who has been away from the sacraments for years. His winters are spent in the lumbering wilds, his summers perhaps in the city, but while in the city he never thinks of the more important and spiritual side of life, but returns once more to the old life of the woods, thus remaining until the priest seeks him out in his own haunts, and in Holy Confession relieves him of the weight that has bowed him down for years. It is elevating to behold the bent and penitent forms of the men as they silently pass to and from Confession. And oh! with what joy they assist at the Holy Sacrifice on the following morning, offered up on that rude altar, and amidst such rude surroundings, while overhead the whispering pines sing a new song of love and peace and pardon. Henceforth the men look upon their rough old log camp in a new and holy light, for has not Christ the Prince of Peace deigned to come and dwell therein? Has He not, moreover, shown them that though they be far away, and forgotten perhaps by the gay world of wealth and fashion, they are not forgotten by Him, but are still dear, very dear, to His Sacred Heart. And so they go about their duties with glad and joyful hearts, and the foreman remarks that it is a good thing to have the priest come; the men, he says, are afterwards more reasonable and patient.

An amusing incident occurred the day the priest visited us. He arrived about noon, and seeing nobody around, was about to enter the cook-camp when he met the black and grimy cook's assistant in the doorway.

"Are you the cook?" said the priest.

"No, I'm the devil," replied the boy.

"Well," said Father F., "I have seen a great deal of your work, but this is my first encounter with the workman."

Our bran new cook was quite skillful in his art. He was a

French-Canadian who spoke little English. The boss was English, and had difficulty in making himself understood to the cook. One day he told the chef that he expected some of the head men of the company that day, and, Fred, said he, "try to have a good meal for them." The cook replied that it was hard to get up specialties on so short notice. "Oh, well then," said the boss, "what you have is good enough. You can make a little apology."

"Look here now, boss," said Fred, "how you t'ink I go to make dat; I got no heggs."

Often in the dead silence of winter, at the lone hour of one in the morning, while you lie awake in your bunk unable to sleep for some unknown reason, a dread sound shivers through the forests and over the plains. Then the horses tremble and stamp excitedly in their stalls, and a shudder runs through your own frame, for even here, safe in your snug log camp, this cry of the timber wolf—this fierce wail of hunger—is terrifying to listen to.

Then the screech owl flutters into a pine tree overhead and sets up its unearthly croaking. The silence of night no longer oppresses you; on the contrary in order to have silence enough to enable you to again enter the land of dreams, you must arise and shy a few snowballs.


Spring comes at last, and the stern old King Frost is forced to loose his icy grip upon nature. Now the echoing woods ring all day long with the call of the crow and the hollow sound of the wood-cock, drumming on the dry trunks of dead trees. The little squirrels come forth and chirp and twitter around the camp doors; the wild hares frisk and run, chasing each other over logs and snow-heaps.

The music of the waterfalls, faint at first, grows louder and deeper each day, and soon the well-known boom, boom of the logs breaking loose from their ice fetters announce the joyful tidings that the old life of log-cutting and log-hauling is at an end. Now must we say farewell to the dear old camp, and not without feelings of sadness do we depart; the old familiar spot has become engraven on our hearts and memories, but the duties of our calling bid us go forth. In the lumberman's phraseology: "The drive is on."

Happiness Little Increased by Wealth

FIRST of all, let us determine what we are to understand by the term *wealth*. Wealth, as we see it, is generally recognized as the possession of considerably more property than is necessary for the maintenance of life in comfort. In this sense let us view it; only, I would say, if at all, let it be regarded as meaning more than this. For, the standard by which a man's opulence is estimated depends greatly on external conditions; as now, in our prosperous times, immense numbers of people are in easy circumstances, though not rich, who would surely have been called wealthy in days less fortunate. Therefore, there is a distinction to be made between competency and affluence, or wealth. At any rate, the greater the explanation of the one, the more clear will the other be. When we speak of a competency, to-day, we mean a state of a man's financial affairs, which preserves him from worry about the future. It releases him from anxiety about his next meal, and removes all fear about his coal bill, or the family needs; while, at the same time, he feels that he can afford to let his wife and children dress well, or go to the theatre when they wish, or even to take long journeys and pleasure-trips. It is this happy condition of affairs that enables a man to leave his work for several days, if necessary, and accompany his family on such occasions. He is not poor; neither is he very rich. He has enough to do to keep him busy. He is happy. Now, there is that other state to be considered — the state of the really wealthy man. But no, not exactly this,—to say that he is really wealthy involves a contradiction. True, he is wealthy in one sense, in that he possesses a superabundance, but he is lacking in what money can never buy, true wealth-happiness. It becomes our business now to consider that money brings little of true happiness.

In accordance with the wording of the main theme of these paragraphs, it is admitted that the money of the middle-class man brings him some happiness; but it does so inasmuch as it saves him from the miseries of poverty. A little more than a sufficiency seems to me to be best and most natural; but, poverty, and likewise great wealth, are two extremes, and abnormal. Why is excess of wealth abnormal? It is so for several reasons. But I shall not speak of them all here. First, however, I may say, the one who is owner of much surplus money is most usually annoyed about it. He has troubles: How will he invest it in order to make more



money out of it; will the banks break, or the factory burn; have the stocks gone up, and will his money be doubled, or have they gone and left him poor; or,—all the endless complications attendant on great wealth,—will they ever give him rest? I was going to say, yes they will give him rest when he dies,—but no, he may not be sure about this either. Perhaps he has used dishonest methods to amass his fortune; and the image of certain poor, wretched, miserable, starving faces, possibly cold in death, may add to his cares, or form the substance of his troubled dreams.

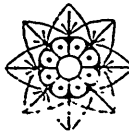
Many are the anxieties and causes for worry that torment the very rich man. Among them are the manifold dangers of wealth. It is not necessary to mention more than a few of these. Human nature is weak at best, but especially so when surrounded by unhealthy conditions. Hence, when the children of millionaires find themselves in a position in which they can have almost all the money they want, for the mere asking, they are very liable to fall into every sort of excess; because, they have the means wherewith to procure all things that they desire. They are well-versed in the work of evil, and especially the scandals of modern times. They learn how to break the ties of domestic peace and harmony by watching the conduct of their superiors. They receive the training at home which is fitting them to commit afterwards their share of the Sins of Society.

Here we come to the great bane of this age, the so-called High Society, an institution distinctly peculiar to the wealthier class. The things done by members of this class have been so scandalous, in the past, that already a bad meaning is beginning to be attached to the word Society. One of the worst effects of this reign of the Smart Set is the divorce evil. It is the cause of untold misery, and well-nigh threatens the extinction of good society. Surely, happiness cannot reign where the family ties are broken, and where mutual distrust prevails. Can home be called home, where the husband, or the wife is not welcome? Will children bring happiness to parents, who are themselves divided? Not likely. Are those children not imitative by nature, and will they not follow the example set before them? You have only to consult experience to see. Oh, no! there cannot be peace at home. And where, then, if not at home? Certainly not in the club-room, nor in the gambling-den, nor at the race-track; for, all these mean trouble and anxiety, since they involve money losses, or gains. And, besides, they do not offer the consolation which the righteous man feels, when overtaken by cares and misfortunes. Many rich men live lives which are opposed to their consciences. Rarely do they make the

best use of their money. They are annoyed, because they have heard somewhere about Dives who is in Hell for not making proper use of his money. So the wealthy man tries to shun the idea of death, because he knows that after dissolution, wherever he goes, he must leave behind his money. He will no longer possess those earthly goods on which he has set his heart. But, in the face of all this, the deadly love of lucre holds him transfixed, and he returns again to his former practices. Forsooth, there are many, very many people, who wish that they had now the happiness which was theirs when money was more scarce with them.

Is it not justifiable, therefore, to hold the belief that riches are a very precarious source of happiness to anyone? They may bring him some pleasure of a transitory nature, but it is more the satisfaction of human pride than real happiness. Is not the man of moderate means much more to be envied, who can have what he needs, without the troubles of poverty, and who is able to procure some of the things of wealth, without the cares belonging to that state? Assuredly, we must admit this fact. We cannot regard the question in any other light. The middle-class man of to-day has plenty to do to keep him out of mischief, and much good to accomplish in the world, while the millionaire hardly knows how to pass his days. Consequently, the position of the former is more fortunate than that of the latter. The man who sees that his daily work increases the happiness of mankind must be glad in his own heart. But, wealthy, indolent people are not workers. Their time hangs heavily on their hands. They remain undeveloped, and their minds are stagnant. Consequently, they cannot be happy. Of course, this does not apply to all members of the moneyed class; but, it is the general rule. Therefore, in conclusion, I would say that the happy medium is happy, indeed; and that, as truth never exists wholly on one side of an argument, neither does it do so here. Hence, wealth brings a little pleasure, and much unhappiness.

J. S., '11.



The Language of Baseball



O-MINGLED with those luring sounds that now rise from baseball parks throughout America where the home team is doing the entertaining is a discordant note. It emanates from various purists of the press who would eliminate slang from baseball stories and substitute plain English so that the casual reader as well as the faithful fan may comprehend its meaning.

Ever since baseball began it has had a language of its own. The slang that a baseball writer is accused of using profusely has become inseparably a part of the game. It is brief and graphic. It tells the story tersely and to the point. There is a picturesqueness in the accounts of ball games that is nowhere else encountered in the papers. The English which is used may not be errorless, and some of it may be unintelligible to the average reader, but it is vivid, concise, and usually coherent.

Is not the word "fan" picturesque? Imagine us going out to the grounds, sitting on a hard board seat, without any back, for two hours or longer, and acting as dignified as a crowd of old maids. Think of us clapping our hands vigorously when one of the boys stabs a hot grounder. Fancy us waving our handkerchiefs when our pet team has batted the opposing pitcher out of the box. Wouldn't it look sweet if we were to sit there and permit the umpire to give us the wrong end of a decision?

Your fan is no striking likeness of a mummy. He is thoroughly alive and awake. He goes to the game to forget his troubles, and to release the suppressed emotions he has been carrying since the last game. He is out for pleasure and he gets it,—if the home team wins, or the man behind him does not betray peevishness when he feels a pair of feet planted in the middle of his back. He gives convention the glad hand and he rejoices that he is a care-free, exuberant youngster.

Since he is picturesque and active, he demands that the stories about the game have similar qualities. He finds no pleasure in a style such as is used in describing a banquet or a convention. He cares little for the English so long as there is life and vigor in the details. To accomplish this effect the hard and fast rules of college are laid aside, and a new set is evolved which suits his purpose as nicely as a three-bagger, with two on, and two runs needed to tie the score.

The English that the college professor would call perfect was never intended for a sporting page. As a novelty it would be delightful to the fans, but as a continuous diet it would be no more wholesome than breakfast food three times daily. Imagine yourself picking up a favorite paper and finding the game of the previous day described as follows:

The baseball game yesterday between teams representing Pastimes and College respectively was one of the most exciting affairs ever seen at Varsity Oval. The young men of both teams played marvellously well and proved themselves adept in every department. As College made four runs and Pastimes three, the former won the game. Thanks to the ability of Mr. —, the College catcher, in hitting the baseball, the men representing the College were able to obtain their four runs. Mr. — distinguished himself by hitting the ball hard in the fifth inning, sending it so far that he was enabled to reach third base before it was retrieved. Needless to say the runners scored. His skill in this respect was the subject of much favorable comment on the bleachers and in the grand stand.

In another paper you might find the same game reported as follows:

Pastimes and College hammered the ball all over the lot on the opening fixture at Varsity Oval, the students running off with the candy, 4-3. Both teams uncorked the ginger bottle in the get-away. The big College back-stop was the star with the willow. He toed the plate with two on, in the fifth, burred a bender on the trademark, and rapped it to the fence for a triple. He encored in the ninth for a smashing double, and the bleachers aeroplaned their emotions as two more runs tickied the score-board.

In this latter account no words are wasted, and no attempt is made to give details in the round-about way declared by the college professor to be correct English.

The nick-names lend additional color to baseball stories, and fans would never think of discarding them. What would we do, were it not for some of the words coined by baseball writers? Even the most exacting college professor does not hesitate to use these expressions. What professor would not use the word "fan" in preference to "a baseball spectator affected with enthusiasm"? "Fan" has become a part of our language. It is closely interwoven in our speech and will remain as long as baseball is America's national game.

There is no doubt but that occasionally some writers make a strained effort in the application of something new, but the critics should attack only these exaggerated instances.

If the language is comprehensible it will satisfy the fans who do not bother about has-beens, who are unable to distinguish between a well-known squeeze-play and a lemon attempt.

J. A. COUGHLAN, '13.

WEEKLY DEBATES, 1909-10.

On December 6, Mr. J. J. Contway, '11, and Mr. A. A. Unger, '14, contended that "The benefits derived from Labor Unions do not counterbalance the evils resulting from them." Mr. S. P. Quilty, '11, and Mr. G. F. Whibbs, '14, opposed this opinion. The judges, Messrs. M. J. O'Gara, '10, M. J. O'Gorman, '11, I. J. Rice, '12, L. A. Landriau, '13, and M. A. Gilligan, '14, decided in favor of the latter. Mr. D. J. Breen, '11, presided.

Mr. D. J. Breen, '11, and Mr. J. B. Muzzanté, '14, were successful in a debate held on December 13, against Messrs. P. C. Harris, '11, and J. D. O'Brien, '14, who were the negative on the subject: "For the common good it is better that public utilities should be owned and operated by governments and municipalities than by private individuals and corporations." The above decision was reached by Messrs. C. D. O'Gorman, '10, C. M. O'Halloran, '12, J. J. Sammon, '11, F. A. Landriau, '14, and L. W. Guillet, '14. Mr. J. J. Contway, '11, occupied the chair.

January 10 saw a very interesting debate as to whether the sufferings of Ireland under England have been greater than those of Poland under Russia. Messrs. C. F. O'Neil, '12, F. W. Hackett, '14, L. W. Guillet, '14, were the affirmative; Messrs. C. M. O'Halloran, '12, T. F. Poulin, '14, J. A. Shanahan, '14, the negative. Mr. M. J. O'Gara, '10, a chairman. The judges were Messrs. W. F. McDougal, '13, A. G. McHugh, '13, R. A. Lahaie, '14, M. J. Hogan, '14.

It was decided on January 17, the Students being allowed to enter upon the course of studies for any of the learned professions should be obliged to take the full Arts Course. The victors were Messrs. J. Harrington, '12, F. V. Murtagh, '14, and J. M. Chartrand, '14. The negative was supported by Messrs. A. G. McHugh, '13, A. V. Freeland, '14, and J. S. Cross, '14. The following acted as judges: Messrs. M. J. Smith, '10, J. J. Sammon, '11, C. M. O'Halloran, '12, D. J. Dolan, '13, F. W. Hackett, '14. Mr. F. X. Corkery, '11, was in the chair.

January 24 saw a debate on a very live issue, "The Canadian

naval policy as laid down by the present Government is not that which is best suited to the demands of the Empire." Mr. P. P. Griffin, '11, made an efficient chairman. The debate was declared a draw, the chairman not desiring to give a casting vote. The judges were Messrs. C. D. O'Gorman, '10, P. C. Harris, '11, F. L. MacEvoy, '13, and J. J. Hogan, '14. Messrs. I. J. Rice, '12, M. J. Hogan, '14, and R. A. Lahaie, '14, as the affirmative, opposed Messrs. E. B. Letang, '12, P. J. Leacy, '14, and A. J. Martin, '14. At this meeting a vote of thanks and congratulation, moved by Mr. P. C. Harris, '11, and seconded by Mr. M. A. Gilligan, '14, on behalf of the Executive and members of the University Debating Society, was tendered to the victors of the Intercollegiate Debate against Queen's.

On February 7, Messrs. L. W. Kelley, '13, J. J. McNally, '14, and C. A. Mulvihill, '14, proved that a system of proportional representation should not be adopted in Canada. The losers were Messrs. D. J. Dolan, '13, Ellwood McNally, '14, and J. G. Minnock, '14. Mr. P. C. Harris, '11, was a very acceptable chairman. The judges were Messrs. M. J. O'Gara, '10, T. J. N'Neil, '11, I. J. Rice, '12, T. Ham. O'Reilly, '13, and P. J. Leacy, '14.

On February 14 it was decided that the Canadian Senate should not be abolished. Messrs. G. F. Coupal, '13, and R. Carter, '14, were the victors over Messrs. R. Leahy, '14, and F. Ainsborough, '14. Mr. T. J. O'Neil, '11, occupied the chair. Messrs. P. P. Griffin, '10, C. F. Gauthier, '10, S. P. Quilty, '11, T. J. Daley, '13, and J. M. Martin, '14, were very able judges.

On February 21 a very live issue was debated: "Should the British House of Lords be maintained in its present constitution." The negative, Messrs. W. J. Cross, '13, J. Pelissier, '14, and T. Shanahan, '14, were successful over Messrs. O. E. Kennedy, '13, H. J. Robillard, '14, and S. St. Amand, '14. Mr. L. H. Tracy, '11, proved a very efficient chairman. The judges were F. Higgerty, '10, L. Boyle, '12, J. Harrington, '13, A. V. Murtagh, '14, J. Minnock, '14.

February 28 saw a most interesting debate as to whether "Free Public Libraries are productive of greater evil than greater good." The affirmative, Messrs. W. F. McDougal, '13, F. A. Landriau, '14, and F. X. J. Bourke, '14, were easily the victors over Messrs. T. Ham. O'Reilly, '13, L. A. Landriau, '13, and T. J. Daley, '13. Mr. F. E. Higgerty, '10, was a most able chairman. Messrs. E. A. Latang, '12, J. Q. Coughlan, '13, J. M. Minnock, '14, and J. J. McNally, '14, acted as judges.

March 10 saw one of the most successful debates held this season. The subject under discussion was: "Resolved, that Labor Unions are more detrimental than beneficial to society." The affirmative, Messrs. F. E. Higgerty, '10, T. J. O'Neil, '11, and B. F. Hayes, '13, won over Messrs. J. J. Contway, '11, S. P. Quilty, '12, and J. Q. Coughlan, '13. Messrs. E. C. Boyle made a very good

chairman. The judges were Messrs. J. J. Burke, '10, D. J. Breen, '11, J. J. Kennedy, '12, G. F. Coupal, '13, and C. A. Mulvihill, '14.

On March 14 was held one of the best debates of the season. The question under discussion was: "Resolved, that Great Britain and her colonies should adopt a system of conscription." The negative, Messrs. I. J. Rice, '12, J. J. Harrington, '13, T. F. Curry, '13, won over Messrs. J. J. Kennedy, '12, E. B. Letang, '12, and A. G. McHugh, '13, Mr. C. F. O'Neill, '12, made a very acceptable chairman. Messrs. B. G. Dubois, '10, J. J. Contway, '11, L. W. Kelley, '13, W. J. Cross, '13, and F. V. Murtagh, '14, reached the above decision.

The last debate of the season of 1909-10 was held on March 21. The question under discussion was whether Free Trade between Canada and the United States would be beneficial to Canada. By a very narrow margin the negative won. The victors were Messrs. J. J. Burke, '10, P. P. Griffin, '10, and C. F. O'Neill, '12; their opponents Messrs. B. G. Dubois, '10, F. Corkery, '11, and E. C. Boyle, '12. Mr. J. J. Kennedy acted as chairman. The decision was reached by Messrs. J. T. Brennan, '10, L. H. Tracey, '11, T. L. MacEvoy, '13, O. E. Kennedy, '13, and J. B. Muzante, '14. This debate ended what had proved to be a most successful season.

T. L. M., '13.

RESOLUTION OF SYMPATHY AND CONDOLENCE.

Ottawa University,

Ottawa, June 2, 1910.

WHEREAS, God in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to remove from this world Mr. Michael Mulvihill, the brother of our esteemed fellow-student, Cornelius Mulvihill;

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED, that we, the members of the Junior Department of Ottawa University, have learned with profound sorrow of the this untimely event, and respectfully tender to the members of the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy and earnest condolence in this their hour of sorrow and affliction;

FURTHER RESOLVED, that copies of this resolution be sent to the bereaved family, and to The Review for publication.

THE STUDENTS OF THE JUNIOR DEPARTMENT,
OTTAWA UNIVERSITY.

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY 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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G. GALLOPIN, Staff Artist.

Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

Vol. XII.

OTTAWA, ONT., JUNE, 1910.

No. 9

VALEDICTORY.

With this issue the Editorial Board of 1909-1910 brings its labors to a close. We have endeavored to follow the path traced by former editorial staffs, "to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely the students of the past and present to their Alma Mater." We take a certain amount of pride in the fact that this year even more than formerly, the "Review" has been largely the work of undergraduates, and a faithful reflection of student life and activity. It is to be regretted that our extra-mural students (with a few honorable exceptions) have not displayed that lively interest in their College magazine which it has a right to expect. Let us hope that the year 1910-11 will see this unfortunate state of affairs remedied, both from the literary and financial point of view. To our subscribers and advertisers we tender sincere thanks for their practical encouragement, which has enabled us to produce a volume not altogether unworthy of its predecessors. In bidding farewell to the students we extend to them our best wishes for a happy vacation.



D. BREEN, '11. A. FLEMING, '11. M. O'GARA, '10. J. BURKE, '10. M. SMITH, '10. PH. HARRIS, '11.

J. BRENNAN, '10. REV. W. COLLINS, O.M.I. C. GAUTHIER, '10. REV. J. H. SHERRY, O.M.I., D.D. C. O'GORMAN, '10.
(*Editor-in-Chief*)

G. GALLOPIN, '11.

LAW-ABIDING CANADA.

During the past year nearly 100,000 farmers have migrated from the United States to Canada. Towns have grown up and prosperity smiles upon them. Why this exodus? The cheapness and richness of our western land is one cause. In the early days of the Northern States the virgin land produced from 40 to 60 bushels of wheat per acre, and hardly ever cost more than \$5 per acre. By repeated cropping the yield has dwindled to as low as 10 bushels per acre. The Canadian Northwest is to-day what the United States Northwest was 25 years ago. But another reason is furnished by a farmer who has settled in Saskatchewan, which we reproduce from the "Northwest Review"

"I'll tell you what it boils down to," he says. "Ever since the settlement of this country began, it has been understood and recognized that the man who breaks the law is going to be jailed. It don't matter if he is as spry as a gopher nor as husky as a buffalo. It don't make any odds if he can crawl into a prairie dog's hole. If he breaks the law he is going to be jailed, good and sure! He can have fifty guns and \$50,000, he can have any sort of blame pull you like—but he is going to be jailed. It may take a day, a week, or a year; but he'll be jailed, sure. Maybe he'll kill a Northwest policeman—maybe he will. Well, then, he'll hang, for a dead sure thing! He'll never buy a Northwest policeman, nor he'll never escape jail if he breaks the law. All Canada knows it, and that's why this country is a good country to live in."

Certainly this crude letter is as strong an indictment of the lax criminal law enforcement in the United States as any learned lawyer or judge could write. Between the lines it tells of the condoning of lawlessness, or misplaced sympathy for murderers, or political chicanery in the granting of pardons and commutations of sentence, which have become so important a part in American criminal jurisprudence. Statistics show that in the United States less than 2 per cent. of homicides arraigned are convicted, while in Germany the figures show 95 per cent., the other European countries showing a gradual decrease in the number of convictions until Scotland is reached, with 34 per cent. Two murderers in a hundred in America are convicted; in Canada, the murderer, according to this letter from a Saskatchewan farmer, will "hang, for a dead sure thing."

This may not furnish the reason for the immigration of the 100,000 farmers into Canada, but there can not be a surer way of attracting good citizens than by a fearless enforcement of the laws; and there can not be a better way of inviting the criminal element than a lax enforcement of those laws. The honest and upright man has no fear of strict enforcement of penal statutes, but the thug will give such a state or country a wide berth.



The "Agnesian Quarterly" is a finely illustrated paper. Articles deserving of appreciation are those on Edward McDowell, Frederic Ozanam, the poem "St. Catherine," and the critical essay on Gilbert K. Chesterton. The high tone of these quarterlies is a strong argument for those who favor less frequent appearance of College papers.

The night has a thousand eyes,
 And the day but one,
 Yet the light of the whole day dies
 With the setting sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
 And the heart but one,
 But the light of a whole life dies
 When love is done.

—Collegian.

A quarterly exchange of rare merit is "The College Spokesman," from St. Joseph College. The March number just teems with good reading, particularly stories. An article on "Music and Life" shows the influence music has on the lives of men, in a clear and interesting way. Another author shows us in the Empire of Brute a day-dream of a future epoch, how man will have to concede the first place to the animal at some future time.

The appearance of Halley's comet in our end of the Solar system has inspired much poetry among our budding college poets. The following is a sample:

A solitary wand'rer of the sky,
 Before thy vast immensity I bow
 In dread and awful wonder; knowing how
 Petty, weak, and insignificant I,
 Who looking on thy flaming mass, would cry—

Behold thy feebleness, O mortal man!
 Thy puniness! Thy nothingness!
 Who can
 But live a little, look about, and die.
 But deed within my heart of hearts, I hear
 A voice which speaks a language full of cheer,
 And says, when in the realms of darkness vast,
 Thou comest lost in nothingness hast past,
 I shall live on and on, for God, the Just,
 Didst give to me a soul, to thee but dust.

Besides the above mentioned, we beg to acknowledge receipt of the following: Vox Collegii, St. Mary's Angelos, The Argosy, Georgetown College Journal, Collegian, D'Youville Magazine, Columbiad, Solanian, Echces from St. Anne's, Manitoba College Journal, Queen's University Journal, Pharos, St. John's U. Record, Xavier, Niagara Rainbow, St. Mary's Chimes, Trinity U. Review, Victorian, Allisonia, Patrician, St. Mary's Sentinel, Schoolman, The Laurel, Viatorian, University Monthly, The Xaverian, Acta Victoriana, O.A. C. Review.

Books and Reviews.

PHILEAS FOX, ATTORNEY. By Anna T. Sadlier. The Ave Maria, Notre Dame, Indiana. (\$1.50).

The Ave Maria press can be relied upon to turn out only the best and choicest literature. The latest book from the busy pen of Miss Sadlier is a good sample of its wares. It is a book that anyone can read with profit and pleasure. It should be a great help to young men about to begin a chosen calling in the world. The hero shows himself to be not only an acute lawyer but a practical, devout Catholic. The story relates how at the outset of his legal career he meets with an opportunity to win fortune at the expense of honesty but he remains true to the high ideals of religion and justice and soon finds a suitable opening for his talents and attainments. There is not a dull page in the whole book, several of the incidents being "quite lively affairs." The love story, skillfully worked out, is not the least interesting part of this really valuable work.

BEST STORIES BY FOREMOST CATHOLIC AUTHORS.

During the past ten years there has been a marked change in Catholic publishing. Catholic newspapers and magazines have created a reading public. Catholic publishers have not been slow to

realize this and to offer inducements to make this reading public still larger. Beside the increasing number of new books appearing from year to year, complete libraries are now offered at low prices on the easy payment plan, which enables almost any one to get a fine collection of good Catholic books. In this, as in many other ways, Benziger Bros. have taken the lead, and have recently issued a collection of 10 volumes entitled "THE BEST STORIES BY THE FOREMOST CATHOLIC AUTHORS," with a splendid introduction by Dr. M. F. Egan. The books are well printed and attractively bound, and contain complete stories by no less than sixty-four Catholic writers, including such literary stars as Dr. Egan himself, Benson, Katharine Tynan, John Talbot Smith and Christian Reid. This splendid collection, published at a moderate price, should be in every Catholic home.

The political situation in England still continues to be featured in many of the leading reviews. *The Nineteenth Century* alone has four well written articles on this much-discussed question. Almost everyone admits that a reasonable reform of the House of Lords is desirable and necessary.

The May issue of the *Century Magazine* contains a very interesting article on Aerial Navigation. It clearly demonstrates the surprising progress of German plan for transatlantic service. The writer says, "It is believed that within five years an air liner will be capable of travelling seventy-five miles an hour ordinarily, and often one hundred miles in the upper levels. It is expected that airships will be able to make 3,000 miles per day." Ten years ago a prophecy of the present achievements of Germany's air navy would have been received with incredulity.

The Nineteenth Century for May has a splendid contribution entitled, "From Art to Social Reform." It is a most entertaining study of John Ruskin's art criticisms and his political economy, or rather his art of living. "Devotion to truth, then, thoroughness: carefullest observation of actual facts, earnest purpose in life, these are the salient points in the plan of Ruskin's training. Taken with the material surroundings, and the conversational and social atmosphere of a home whose head was a qualified lover and no mean supporter of art, they explain alike Ruskin's own excellent art work, the force of his criticisms, the truth as the superlative beauty of many of his descriptive passages, the ultimate trend of his teaching, the peculiarly didactic prophet like method of much of his argument, and above all the overpowering intensity of his appeals to the conscience and heart of humanity. It was the sincere, thorough pursuit of art, that turned the connoisseur of pictures into the most soulstirring optre not widely influential of prophets, perhaps of our time."

Priorum Temporum Flores.

During the past month we had the pleasure of a visit from the following alumni:—

Rev. Father MacCaulay, P.P., Osgoode, Ont.

Rev. Father Raymond, P.P., The Brook, Ont.

Rev. Father O'Toole, Bayswater.

Rev. Father Filiatreault, Aylmer, Que.

Rev. A. Reynolds, College Ste. Therese, Que.

Rev. Dr. O'Boyle, O.M.I., paid us a flying visit the other day. He passed through Ottawa with a party of forty-five French-Canadian families, who are going to settle in New Westminster and work in the great Fraser Valley Lumber Mills there. He says that all of last year's party are delighted with their new home.

An interesting event will take place on Sunday, June 26th, when Rev. John Burke, C.S.P., will celebrate his first mass. Father Burke has just completed a very successful Theological course at the Catholic University, Washington, and will, after a short vacation in Ottawa, begin missionary work with his brethren of the Paulist Order.

We are pleased to hear of the success of the following Ottawa men:—

W. H. Derham, E.E., Toronto 'Varsity.

P. Kirwan, 3rd year Science, Toronto 'Varsity.

G. Kirwan, 3rd year Science, Toronto 'Varsity.

J. B. Macdonald, 3rd year Science, Toronto 'Varsity.

I. Desrosiers, 3rd year Science, McGill.

A. Desrosiers, 2nd year Science, McGill.

E. Beroard, M.D., Queen's.

Dr. Beroard succeeds Dr. Brunet at the Ottawa General Hospital.



—Rev. Father Ross, Professor at Oscott Seminary, England, has been our guest during the last few days. The Rev. gentleman is much impressed with Canada and particularly with the beauty of the Capital.

—Rev. P. M. Cornellier, O.M.I., ex-Bursar at 'Varsity, paid us a call the other day, while en route for the celebration at Joliet, in connection with the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of that institution. The genial Father is at present stationed in Edmonton, and says there is no place like the West.

—Rev. J. A. Lajeunesse, O.M.I., sailed for Europe with His Grace Archbishop Dontenwill, O.M.I. Father Lajeunesse will spend a year in the University of Cambridge.

—Rev. Father Gavary, O.M.I., sailed on June 12th for Europe, to assume the direction of the new Oblate Scho'asticate in Turin, Italy. He was presented with a purse of gold by the students of the Ottawa Seminary, as a token of esteem and affection. We trust that Father Gavary's health will soon be completely re-established. Bon voyage!

—Rev. Father Binet, O.M.I., succeeds Fr. Lajeunesse as Secretary of the University. Prosit!





Ottawa Univ. (7), Maple Leafs (9), May 28, 1910.

The baseball nine met defeat on the above date by the close score of (9) runs to (7). The team had won two games and tied the last with Pastimes, and naturally expected something better than a loss with the Hull aggregation of ball-tossers. "Rene" Lamoureux had his "off" day, while the "M. L." swatters were very much "on" with the willow, getting among several hits, two "fishy" home runs, which with any kind of fielding would not have been good for doubles. The batting of the College Cardinals was very weak, only two safe hits being corralled off "Red" Gendron, but through nervy base-running seven runs were squeezed, just two short of the tying number. Several miscues around third and second with an overthrow to first donated several runs to the M. L.'s. The following players took part:—

M. O'Neil (Capt.), 1.f.; R. Sheahey, 2b.; F. Curry, 2b.; M. Killian, s.s.; T. Muzante, 3b.; C. O'Neill, 1b.; Rene Lamoureux, p.; J. Morriseau, c.; M. Smith, r.f.; C. Kinsella, c.f.; Rochefort, c.f.; Contway. batted for Smith in the seventh inning.

Stolen bases—M. O'Neil, Killian, Muzante, C. O'Neill (2). Sacrifice hit—M. O'Neil.

Ottawa Univ. (2), St. Pats. (5), June 4, 1910.

The much-maglined outfit of ball-players from St. Patrick's L. and S. Association, by steady and errorless ball, inflicted defeat number four to the ball team of "O. U." 'Tis true St. Pat's played a good game, but not sufficiently good to defeat the College, if they were in form. With five errors behind him, Lamoureux couldn't win the game himself. No pitcher can and the support he got was most disheartening. Only five hits, one a three-bagger, were made off his delivery, while he made four "Saints" hammer the liquified ozone. For the "O. U." first baseman, Charles F. O'Neil, played a "star" game, getting two safe biffs in three times up, and annexing two bases. Daley, St. Pat's. pitcher, fanned seven batters.

Score by innings:—

		R.	H.	E.
St. Patrick's	0 0 3 0 2 0 *	5	5	1
College	2 0 0 0 0 0	— 2	4	5

Some weird and erratic decisions were given by the "Umps," and were justly questioned by the Rev. coach of O. U., who won both points under discussion. The "O. U." ball team can take its medicine with any one in the league, but when they complain, you may be assured "there's a reason." (With apologies to Postum!)

Pastimes (7), Ottawa Univ. (11), 1st Game. Pastimes (13), Ottawa Univ. (12), 2nd Game. June 11, 1910.

Ottawa "U.'s" and Pastimes divided their double-decker baseball attraction with the above results. The consensus of opinion was that both games would have been won by the Cardinals had not a torrent of rain compelled Mr. "Billy" McEwan to call the game off.

Rene Lamoureux and Big League Peterson went the full fourteen innings for their respective teams, with the exception of the final inning of the first game, when Ch. O'Neill went in the box to give "Rene" Lamoureux a little lay-up for the next game.

The batting of the team was all that could be desired, no less than 23 hits being made in the two contests. Hats off to Catcher Morriseau, who had a grand time at the plate, hitting out six safe bingles in nine times up. Five of the thirteen runs were sent over the pan by his mighty clouting. All the players had their eyes on the ball, and as a result the Batting Averages for the "Dr. D. H. Baird" Trophy were greatly increased.

Base-stealing was a feature with a total of twelve pilfers. One more game against Maple Leafs closes the schedule and will find O. U. well up in the first division of the Ottawa City Am. Ball League:

Hits and Strike-Outs.

STANDING OF THE OTTAWA AMATEUR BALL LEAGUE.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Y. M. C. A.	5	1	.833
Maple Leafs	3	2	.600
O. A. A. C.	3	3	.500
Ottawa Univ.	4	5	.444
St. Patrick's	1	4	.200

-BATTING AVERAGES.

	P.C.
M. O'Neill (Capt.)412
C. Morriseau385
C. O'Neill375
C. Kinsella333

J. Muzante188
R. Sheehy148
M. Killian125
M. Smith120
F. Curry072

Pastimes played a non-resident pitcher named McIlwaine, and forfeited the game in which he participated. If the game is to be kept clean such tactics will have to be eliminated, or else drop out of the league.

Mr. "Lon" Payne has resigned his position as official umpire.

Mr. "Billy" McEwan is the "new umps" and is a good one, too.

Manager Bert Gilligan will look after the Watertown nine in the New York State League, during vacation.

"Our Exit."

With this issue the sporting editor lays down his pen, after a pleasant year's task of reporting the events in the athletic world of Ottawa University. Many interesting struggles were waged on the gridiron, the ice, and the diamond, and all tended to keep the development of the body abreast with the development of the brain.

The innovation of a series of Inter-Course games created a keen and healthy spirit of rivalry, and bore good fruit, in the discovery of many young players of exceptional ability, and in the improvement of "near-stars," in all branches of sport.

All classes of students were satisfied in the lines of athletics, from the strenuous football game to the nerve-soothing croquet; or from the scientific games of pool and billiards to the great roaring game of bowling; others again chose the favorite pastime of "hand-ball" or the scientific "King of all sports," baseball, and don't forget the rough game of tennis; we have that, too.

To each and all the students we wish a pleasant and prosperous vacation!

To the graduating editors, we say, good-bye, and good luck to you!

PHIL. C. HARRIS, '11.

Of Local Interest.

One of the speakers from the floor in a recent debate is responsible for this: "I find my time is already gone; therefore, I will keep within it."

As a proof of the harm done by the "yellow" press, D—b—s

burst out with: "Why you can see little boys and girls running about the streets with the comic supplement in their hands, cursing and swearing before they can either walk or talk."

Several wins in the local baseball schedule had worked up noisy enthusiasm among the College fans. After a double-header the third baseman made for a barber shop and flopped into the chair.

"Shave, sir?"

"No. Throat cut. College lost."

In Physics—"If a vehicle with two wheels is a bicycle, and one with three wheels a tricycle, what is one with one wheel?"

Student—"A wheelbarrow."

A gentleman was seeking information from a barrister who is also a prominent politician:

"Do lawyers tell the truth?" he queried.

"Yes," answered the legal light. "Lawyers will do anything to win a case."

A parent visiting his boy asked:—

"Well, my son, how are you getting on at college?"

Boy—"Just splendidly. I've only made one error in the last three games we played."

DOMINION DAY EPITAPH.

Here lies I,
James Blye,
Killed by a sky
Rocket,
Shot into my eye
Socket.

For fishermen: If you can't coax a fish to bite, try your persuasive powers on a cross dog, and you will be sure to succeed.

D.— had tumbled by the stairway from the top deck of the *Empress* to the lower deck plump upon a prefect. "Say, where do you come from?"

"From the North of Ireland, Father."

The men from up-the-creek claim the following is a good quip: Why is a mosquito like a railroad? Because it fastens upon sleepers and takes many drafts over them.

Said a Professor in one of the Grades:

"Thomas, spell weather."

"W-e-i-a-t-h-e-r, weather."

"Well, Tom, you may sit down I think that is the worst spell of weather we have had since Christmas."

Teacher of History: "Can you tell of what nationality Napoleon was?"

Student: "Of course I can." (Corsican).

The Ides of June!

What, so soon?

Br-n-au: "Who will have jurisdiction over the airships?"

Hig-ty: "Why, the highway commissioner."

Jul'en: Not all who *auto*, *ought to*.

Are you a good picker?

Why is June a feathery month?

Ancient History Class: The goose that saved Rome just quacked.

Prof. to Tom-y: "Tell us one of the principal events in Roman history and give the date?"

Tom-y: "Marc Anthony went to Egypt because he had a date with Cleopatra."

Junior Department

The Small Yards defeated Strathconas 23 to 6 in the protested game. The Small Yard players were: l.f. Poulin, p. Deschamps, c. Milot, 1b. Renaud, 2b. Brady, 3b. Chartrand, s.s. Lazure, c.f. Martin, r.f. Batterton. Then the following Sunday Small Yards defeated them again, thus winning championship with four wins and two losses. Then they played Collegiates for championship saw-off and were defeated 11 to 7, on Saturday, June 12. Collegiates had Catcher Smith, of Y.M.C.A., who has caught four games in the City League. He was protested by Small Yard and Collegiate instead of replaying the game defaulted to Small Yard, thus making them champions. Small Yards defeated Nationals of Hull by a score of 6 to 2 on Little Farm grounds, Hull, on Sunday, June 12. Doran at third added greatly to the strength of Small Yarders. Charley Rochefort played a great game at right field. Small Yards were defeated by Thistles 5 to 3. They had Thistles 2 to 0 until the end of the seventh inning, then they went up in the air and lost.

The annual picnic was held at Britannia on Monday, May 3; and was a great success, thanks to the untiring work of Revs. Frs. Veronneau, Collins, Voyer and Jasmin; thanks also to Rev. Br. Gervais.

The following were some of the events:—

High jump, Senior—1, Madden; 2, Batterton; 3, Brady.
 Junior—1, Braithwaite; 2, Sullivan; 3, Taschereau.
 Midget—1, Langlois; 2, Doucette; 3, Champagne.
 Broad jump, Senior—1, Fournier; 2, Brady; 3, Richardson.
 Junior—1, Braithwaite; 2, Belanger; 3, Guertin.
 Midget—1, Langlois; 2, Couture; 3, Doucette.
 Baseball throw, Senior—1, Renaud; 2, Batterton; 3, Milot.
 Junior—1, Lamonde; 2, Morel; 3, Gagné.
 Midget—1, Couture; 2, Doucette; 3, Langlois.
 Three-legged race, Senior—1, Renaud and Richardson.
 Junior—1, Lamonde and Bourgie.
 Midget—1, Duckette and J. Nault.
 Free-for-all boat race—1, Coté; 2, C. E. Fournier; 3, Mulvihill.
 100 yards, Senior—1, Batterton; 2, E. McNally; 3, Fournier.
 Junior—1, Braithwaite; 2, Sullivan; 3, Guertin.
 Midget—1, R. Jackman; 2, Champagne; 3, O'Brien.
 220 yards, Midget—1, O'Brien; 2, R. Jackman; 3, Champagne.
 Senior—1, Batterton; 2, McNally; 3, Fournier.
 Junior—1, Braithwaite; 2, Sullivan; 3, Guertin.
 880 yards, Senior—1, Batterton; 2, Martin; 3, Richardson.
 Junior—1, Braithwaite; 2, Guertin; 3, Sullivan.
 Midget—1, Champagne; 2, Doucette; 3, S. Nau't.
 Hop, step and jump, Senior—1, Brady; 2, McCabe; 3, Renaud.
 Junior—1, Taschereau; 2, Sullivan; 3, Braithwaite.
 Midget—1, Langlois; 2, Doucette; 3, Champagne.
 Shot put, Senior—1, Madden; 2, Renaud; 3, Marier.
 Junior—1, Taschereau; 2, Belanger; 3, Poitras.
 Midget—1, Langlois; 2, Champagne; 3, Doucette.
 Geo. Braithwaite won the all-around championship.
 Some class to M-p-y's new hat, eh?

According to Tommy H., the genial secretary, the Gossip Club will adjourn till September.

When in town call on Q. and have a soda.

Look out for W. M. and his camera.

Study there is no for us, eh! Po-ras?

The Junior editor wishes all a happy vacation.

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