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Kindly Patronize Our Advertisers.

# UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW

Vol. XI.

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## Canada's Manifest Destiny.

(Continued)



HE tend towards an exclusive, or excessive industrialism in any country, does, therefore, depend on, no less certainly than it may be said to cause, density of population in definite localities, both the density itself, and the numbers of centres in which it is to be found, being determined, primarily, by the supply of population available. The point here insisted on, then, to which all that has hitherto been said may be taken as introductory, is, simply, that Canada is, and must for many years remain, too thinly-populated a country to meet the demands of both industrialism and agriculture, or to become, advantageously to herself, an industrial, rather than, chiefly, an agricultural community. Her true and manifest destiny, in a word, is in the direction of the latter, not of the former. She needs, that is to say, many farms and many farmers, not a few crowded cities and "prosperous" factories. All, therefore, that tends in this true direction, and, principally, all increase, simplification, and cheapening of the means of transport, whether by road, rail, or water, no matter what the initial cost, is to be considered as furthering the real interest, welfare, and prosperity of the country as a whole.

Nor does the further objection, namely, that the mineral and power resources of Canada, both practically limitless, point, unmis-

takably, towards the growth and encouragement of industrialism, rather than towards an increase of the area of agriculturalism, in any way weaken the contention as to what constitutes her real destiny as the granary of the Empire, if not, indeed, of the world. It is a question of proportion, of the most profitable investment of a limited capital, population; not, in any sense, of exclusion, or even of as undue a preference in favour of the farmer, as there seems danger of being in favour of the manufacturer. It is a question, that is to say, as to which is to come first; one in which the real cost, not the material or arbitrary, must, inevitably and inexorably, be taken into account, under penalty of irretrievable national bankruptcy. It is wholly beside the point, therefore, to insist on the necessity of industrial centres, as consumers of agricultural products; the issue being—it cannot be too often insisted on—one of the best use of a supply, now, and for an indefinite period, inadequate to the needs of two divergent, but not naturally antagonistic interests.

These very resources, moreover, the latter—water power, in its application to electricity—most particularly, has, obviously, the chief place in the modern and advantageous development of those means of transport on which agriculture, no less than manufactures, must, necessarily, depend for success. The whole matter, indeed, briefly stated, is one of population and of facilities of transport. If we decide on applying our limited human resources principally, though not exclusively, to agriculture, we must, evidently, make the investment as profitable a one as possible. In other words, since it is on men and women that we have to depend for the success of any industry, and of agriculture, probably, more than of all others, our first and most pressing object consists in making their occupation not only remunerative, which is mere justice, and without which it cannot continue, but as attractive, at the very least, as city life appears to the agriculturist—until he comes to live it himself. The two objects, profit and attractiveness, can, fortunately, to a very large extent, be attained by the same means: cheap and easy means of transport and communication.

Without, however, venturing to enter into technical details, still less to outline a scheme whereby cheap transport, cheap power, distribution of population, and other similar advantages, might be made possible in Canada, I would ask your attention to some account of what may fairly be called the most perfect systems in existence—the canals and light railways of Belgium. I owe it to the courtesy of the Belgian Consul General at Ottawa, that the material, here made use of, has been placed at my disposal. It shall be made as little statistical and technical as may be consistent with a clear presentment of it.

Belgium, then, which is the most thickly-populated country in Europe, is, at the same time, one of the most prosperous, with a population but little given to emigration; as nearly self-sufficient, agriculturally, as well as industrially, as it is possible for any community to be. Owing to its dense population, and to other causes, it is both industrial and agricultural; it may be said, indeed, almost literally, that there is not an inch of waste space in the whole country; the plough, the spade, and the factory rule supreme. The other causes referred to are, of course, those on which I chiefly wish to insist, its admirable systems of cheap and easy transport, its canals and light railways.

As to the prosperity of Belgium, a point to be insisted on, the latest statistics available, those of 1898, give its population as 6,669,732, the value of its trade, per 1,000 inhabitants, as 574 millions of francs (about 23 millions of dollars) as compared with 480 millions of francs (about 19 millions of dollars) for the United Kingdom, and 211 millions of francs (about 8 millions of dollars) for the United States. As to the causes indicated, which are, undoubtedly, the true ones, its navigable waterways, rivers and canals, measure 2,193 kilometers, or 7.5 kilometers to every 100 square kilometers of territory. These, it must be remembered, are in addition to its railways, 6,600 kilometers, 2,000 being the narrow gauge system, known as "Vicinaux," or, as we should say, light railways, connecting every town and village with every other. "The transport industry," the report from which I am quoting states, "is one of the primary causes of the prosperity of Belgium. It has been the constant object of the government's care." Is it not possible that we have, here, the model to be followed, if Canada is to attain her manifest destiny?

These light railways, which, with the navigable waterways, form the most perfect system of internal communication in existence, are, it may be explained, narrow gauge, steam lines, running along side the main highways, through the villages and towns, and carrying passengers and freight—the last is of prime importance to our subject—at very low rates. Two examples, only, need to be given here, concerning which, the comparative cost of everything, in Belgium in Canada must, of course, be borne in mind; a difference best, perhaps, indicated, by the respective units of value, the franc—twenty cents—and the dollar, though the rule is not, of course, of universal application, but depends on many circumstances. Taking this difference into account, however, and the estimated cost of the whole transport system of Belgium—the cost of replacing it—33,000,000 francs, the following official tariffs, supplied by the Consul

General, are of no little interest. For partial loads, on the light railways, the charge is, 2 francs (40 cents) per 100 kilograms, for a distance of fifty kilometers; 3 francs 50 centimes (65 cents) for a hundred kilometers. For full wagon loads, the charges vary from 4 francs (80 cents) to 7 francs (\$1.40) per thousand kilograms, for the former distance, and from 7 francs 50 centimes (\$1.45) to 13 fr. 50 c. (\$2.65) for the latter. The fact that all these tariffs are fixed by the Minister of Railways is not without its significance for us. Facilities of transport being, as already noted, the chief cause and source of the prosperity of Belgium, are under the direct and efficient control of the state.

General statistics as to canal freights are not, I regret to say, available, but it may be said, generally, that they are, certainly, not higher than those charged in the light railways, and probably lower. The charges, for instance, between Liege and Namur, a distance of 56 kilometers, are 26 to 28 cents per ton (on loads of 270 to 300 tons) outward, and 24 to 26 cents, inward. The volume of traffic on the Belgian waterways, can only be described as enormous, amounting to 800 millions of kilometric (i.e., mileage) tons, in 1896. The traffic dues are so low as to be merely nominal, so that, to quote an official utterance, "their abolition seems to be rather a matter of time and budget than one of principle."

It would be difficult, if not impossible, in the absence of maps, to convey any adequate idea of the veritable network of railways, light railways, and canals, which make it possible for a nation of some seven millions souls to live and prosper in what they, themselves, aptly term "a mere spot on the map." It is a population of 224 to the square kilometer, which has more than doubled,—without immigration—since 1830, and which increases at the rate of about 75,000 a year.

How is it, we may well ask, that this has come about? That the general trade of the country amounted, in 1898, to 6,300,000,000 francs (1,260,000,000 dollars)? The official answer is worth quoting in full: "Because Belgium has understood that, in order to profit, as fully as possible, by her natural resources, and her geographical position, it was her inexorable duty to make the development of her means of communication *the sole motive of her policy* (mobile unique à sa politique)."

If, then, Canada's manifest destiny, as I have here endeavoured to shew, is agricultural, rather than industrial; if it is even to be both; if the fulfillment of either destiny rests, inevitably, upon density of population and facilities of transport,—it must, surely, be confessed that, in Belgium, we have the one model to which it behooves

us to conform. The details must, of course, differ; canalization, the construction of light railways, must, evidently, rest with private enterprise, and with the individual provinces. But it is equally evident that, in order that both our population and our prosperity should even approach those of this other bi-racial, bi-lingual people, there is one way, and one way only, which we must follow, the way, namely, whereby they have attained a prosperity, certainly not surpassed, if, indeed, it can be said to have been equalled, by any other nation on earth.

FRANCIS W. GREY, Litt. D.

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### WHEN FALLS THE CURTAIN.

---

When falls the curtain, he who plays the clown  
And he the king, are on a common level,  
The villain with the virtuous one sits down,  
The angel smiles on him who played the devil.  
The peasant fraternizes with the peer,  
And village maids, and courtly dames and queens  
Mingle together without fear or sneer—  
They're only players all, behind the scenes!

When falls the curtain on the play of Life—  
This play designed to entertain the gods—  
The parts assigned us in its mimic strife  
(Though *now* we think so) will not make much odds.  
Who plays on earth the king will be as mean  
As any thrall that wearied him with prayers—  
Peasant and peer, and country girl and queen,  
Behind the scenes, will all be only players!

D. A. MCCARTHY.

## The Irish Nation and the Universities.

### PART I.

**I**RELAND, according to the Irish Year Book of 1908, has a population of 4,386,035. Of these, declares the same authority, "Irish (in 1891) was spoken by over 638,000 people, chiefly in the counties which extend round the western seaboard from Donegal to Waterford inclusive. It was, however, almost entirely ignored for purposes of education and public worship, as also for those of journalism and public life." "In 1893 the Gaelic League was founded, those principally concerned in its foundation being Dr. Douglas Hyde, now President; Mr. John MacNeill, Vice-President, and Father O'Growney, whose Simple Lessons in Irish are the most famous text-books the movement has produced. The objects are declared to be the preservation of Irish as the national language of Ireland and the extension of its use as a spoken tongue. A second clause declared it to be non-political and non-sectarian. A clause pledging the League to the promotion of Irish industry has subsequently been added to the articles of its constitution."

The fact that the League is non-political and non-sectarian cannot be too strongly insisted upon. In Ireland to-day, "the great political and religious division between North and South is no longer a living issue. An Independent Orange League now addresses itself to 'all Irishmen whose country stands first in their affections.' There has arisen a feeling of inter-dependence and unity among all Irishmen, and a tendency to put first the good of the country." Such were the conclusions reached of late by Maude Radford Warren, writing in Collier's. There is a dark side to the picture, however.

"To the casual observer, Ireland may still seem a most distressful country. The ratio of her insane is higher than that of any other country; twice as many die of consumption as do in England; 5,000,000 acres of land are barren, and the 15,000,000 of fruitful area is divided into 500,000 holdings, 200,000 of which are uneconomic. . . . The railways are miserably organized and charge one-third more for freight rates than do English railways. Twelve million pounds is spent annually on imported goods that could just as well be made at home. . . . And, above all, nearly 40,000 of her strongest go yearly to America.



"And yet this brave little country is coming into her own. Slowly, by remembering that importance to a country is not given by a king, but by looking to herself. . . . she is being re-created from within. For the first time in her history, she is approaching the fundamental essential of a nation unity."

It should always be remembered that the Gaelic League is subordinate to none of the political movements. Aiming to preserve the language, and through it the national distinctiveness, of Ireland, the Gaelic League holds itself strictly aloof from politics. Its members may profess whatsoever political doctrine they will—Parliamentarianism, Sinn Fein, or Unionism. The League, as a body, commits itself to no political affiliation and is uncontrolled by any. What it has done it has done by its own efforts, and it holds fast to its independence and its non-political and non-sectarian plank.

There was held recently in Dublin, under the auspices of the League, a monster meeting called to express the demand of the nation that a knowledge of the Irish language be made an essential subject for matriculation in the new National University of Ireland. The following report of the proceedings, taken from a Dublin newspaper, emphasizes how deep and sincere are the convictions on this subject of the "Ireland that really matters":

The threat to West Britonise the new University in Dublin has revived Irish-Ireland. Only once before in the history of the language movement—and that at a time of crisis such as this—has such a great meeting assembled in Dublin, and has such enthusiasm and determination been evinced. Before the hour fixed for opening the meeting every foot of space in the Round Room of the Rotunda was occupied, and the halls and corridors of the building were crowded with people unable to find standing room inside. When the Lord Mayor ascended the platform, followed by Dr. Hyde, and men and women of differing classes and creeds, and varying political views, the great hall thrilled to the volleying cheers which in themselves declared the death-knell of any University which would attempt to carry on the evil and absurd tradition that this country is a British shire. The letters and telegrams read by the Secretary of the Gaelic League showed that outside Ireland, as well as within it, the issue was fully grasped—Ireland or West Britain. The Head of the Ancient Order of Hibernians cabled that Irish-American support depended on Irish being made an essential subject for matriculation. The Very Rev. Dr. Yorke cabled to the same effect from California. Among the many other messages was one from the workmen of Wexford, who have called upon the County Council to withhold raising a rate-in-aid unless the Irish language be made obligatory and one from Father Murphy, M.S.S., Enniscorthy, in which he said—"We in Wexford want no second edition of Trinity College. We want a University that shall be National not only in name, but in reality. We want a new University for Ireland and not for West Britain. That can only be secured by giving the place of honour to Irish and to subjects relating to Ireland. We trust your meeting will convince the Senators of the justice of your demands, otherwise we are certain to witness a repetition of the disaster that overcame the Irish Catholic University which justly died because it was dissociated from the National life."

When Dr. Hyde rose to move that the Irish language be made an essential subject for matriculation in the University, he was welcomed with prolonged

cheering. He thanked God, he said, they had at last a free University. It was the mission of that University to voice the ancient civilization of the Irish nation. Some saw this very plainly; others saw it dimly; others again—Irishmen, Nationalists, Catholics—were jealous of the old Irish race. Were they to have the Confederation of Kilkenny over again? If they had, then, he stood by Owen Roe. (The cheering here interrupted the speaker for a considerable time.) Continuing, he said in his opinion the only possible way of making the new University a great striking, potent factor in Irish life was by making it frankly Irish from the beginning. It must reflect the civilization of the ancestors of the men who would attend it, and not the civilization of the ancestors of the men who would not attend it. They must train up no more students for export. They must train up their students for internal consumption; train them up to take the places that Ireland itself could offer them; and they must not be brought up with an eye upon the Colonies, but with an eye upon Ireland.

Mr. John MacNeill, who seconded the resolution, said the business of a National and Irish University was to fit all who went through it for National and Irish life. This resolution which he was seconding did not go far enough. They only asked there that Irish should be made an essential subject up to the period of specialisation. He considered that Irish should be continued in some form or other right through the period of specialisation. Five thousand students took up Irish in the Intermediate schools of the country, and only fifty-eight could be induced to take it up in the Royal University. And why? Because the Royal University was not the mother, but the step-mother of Irish learning. The part that Ireland would take in future history would depend on the intensity of her national culture. The demand for Irish in the University was not merely the demand of the Gaelic League. It was due to the re-awakening sense of Nationality in the people. If a University was now established which it had been commonly and with good authority stated would be acceptable to the Catholics of this country as Catholics, and which would not be acceptable to the Irishmen of this country as Irishmen—if any such institution, at this hour of the day, was set up there in their midst, it would be the most portentous danger to Irish life that had ever been seen in Ireland.

Father Matt Ryan, in supporting the resolutions, said it would be a falsehood to call the University by the title of National if the Irish language were not foremost in its studies. There were some of his cloth in Ireland who were not doing what they might for the study of the Irish language. Had they taken more interest in the subject, and been as deferential to the wishes of the Bishops as they should have been, there would have been no need for the holding of that meeting that night. In not forwarding the study of Irish they had disobeyed the mandate of the Irish Hierarchy. Some eight years ago he bound himself before the Altar in his parish that as long as he lived to be a manager of schools he would never employ anyone to a position who could not read, write, and speak Irish fluently. Since that time he had had the opportunity of making ten appointments to the schools of his own parish. It might as well be called the National University of Maoriland if the Irish language had no place in it.

Mr. Arthur Griffith, in supporting the resolution, said that his greatest regret was that the Irish language had not been a compulsory subject of study in his school days, and if they would save the rising generation from the same regret they would make it compulsory now. What the Gaelic League asked was of the smallest—the limit of moderation. It did not ask the head of the table for Ireland in her own house—on'y a seat at the table with the strangers in her house, and even to this opposition was offered. The doorkeeper of the opposition said to Ireland—My dear madam, I have the very greatest respect for you, but you must stay in the backyard. These people objected to be called West Britons. What voice was it, if it were not the voice of West Britain, which declared that the National language of Ireland—the living language still of half-a-million people—must be banished outside the house, while the dead language of a vanished empire was brought inside. Trinity College had long

been regarded as the arch-opponent of the Irish language. But it was not Trinity College which was striking a treacherous blow at the nation now. Trinity College was founded not to conserve but to destroy the nation, and if it had been an opponent it was not a hypocrite. The elementary fact of the situation was that now not the British Government but a body of Irishmen had the power of making the Irish language an essential subject in Irish education, and that that body of Irishmen was mainly composed of those who had condemned Trinity College as anti-national. If the language were banned it would be banned by Irishmen who had professed to be its friends. If the Government that founded this University had reserved to itself the right to prohibit the study of the Irish language in the new University, those who were now opposing the introduction of that language into an essential place in the curriculum of the University would be loud in their condemnation of that Government, in order to stand well in popular estimation whilst the thing they really wished was being done. If the Irish language were made essential in the University, the Irish language must be taught in the colleges and schools of Ireland, and it would be on the tongues of the whole people in twenty years. The educationists who relegated the native language to an inferior position struck national pride from the soul of the student, and a people without national pride could never make intellectual or material progress. So long as Ireland retained the Irish language, Ireland remained unconquered. Her political institutions might be pulled down, her constitution subverted, her liberties repressed, but while her language remained her soul was unconquered. He no longer held that there could be an Irish nation without an Irish language. Time and circumstance could regain and restore the liberties and political institutions of Ireland, but if she lost her language she lost something that could never be restored. The Irish nation must be built on the 30,000 peasants in Ireland who spoke no other language but Irish and the half-million people who spoke both languages. If the University did not realize that, it would sink into a dishonoured grave. Whatever was not Irish was foreign—if this University was not to be Irish it was a foreign encumbrance to be cleared away.

At the conclusion of Mr. Griffith's speech, Dr. Hyde read the Rev. Dr. O'Hickey's letter. The reading of the letter excited great outbursts of cheering.

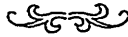
The Hon. W. Gibson said that if it were not for the soul that the language movement was infusing into the country there would be no Irish industrial revival. They were asked to believe that foreigners would flock to the new University. If foreigners ever come to the new University it would be only to get something which they could not get elsewhere. And the only thing that they could give them in that University which they could not obtain elsewhere was the Irish language and the literature of Ireland.

Rev. Father O'Kieran said that if the new University were allowed to start by giving Irish a back place in its curriculum, and if they fell asleep and let it go along it would do a great deal to kill the language movement and to undo what had been done during the past fifteen years. If West Britonism showed fight in this matter they must do so as well, and if they had need to kill an English Catholic University in Ireland they were, he thought, quite able to do so. There was one gentleman who had no sympathy with Catholics who wanted their children taught Irish, but had got sympathy for Catholics from Australia and America. Never, he thought, since Solomon was inspired to write the words, had there been such an example of the truth of the statement that "the eyes of the fool are on the ends of the earth." The new University was to be a University mainly for Catholics—he hoped men of all creeds would be there—but it was intended mainly for Catholics, and now it was threatened to be turned into a University not for the bulk of the Catholics of Ireland—the Catholic Nationalists—but for the West British Catholics. The native Irish were to be again subjected that the Pale Catholic might be exalted. Such a University would be hostile and inimical to the Irish nation, and the Irish nation would sweep it away or ten such universities.

At the conclusion of Father O'Kieran's speech, which excited great enthusiasm, the resolution was put by the Lord Mayor, who stated it was an amazing thing that any Irishman could conceive a National University in which the Irish language was not an essential study, and carried amidst a scene of tremendous enthusiasm. The second chair was then taken by Dr. Hyde, and a vote of thanks accorded to the Lord Mayor, on the motion of Dr. MacHenry, seconded by the Rev. Father O'Kelly. And as midnight approached, the greatest meeting held by the Gaelic League in Dublin for years dissolved.

HUBERT A. O'MEARA.

*(To be continued.)*



### AWARDS INTERESTING TO STUDENTS OF CANADIAN COLLEGES

have been made by a committee of economists for the best essays submitted by college graduates and students. Four prizes in all, aggregating nearly \$2,000, have been given.

The first prize was taken by Oscar Douglas Skelton, formerly of the University of Chicago, and now Professor at Queen's University, Kingston.

A woman, Mrs. Edward Sherwood Meade, of Philadelphia, won the second prize by making a study of the agricultural resources of the United States. She is the first woman to win one of the essays, but has previously distinguished herself by her scholarship, holding fellowships at Bryn Mawr and the University of Pennsylvania. Essays were submitted from all over the United States.

The committee which awarded the prizes consisted of Professor J. Laurence Laughlin of the University of Chicago, J. B. Clark of Columbia University, Henry C. Adams of the University of Michigan, Horace White of New York City, and President Carroll D. Wright of Clark College. The donors of the prizes are Messrs. Hart Schaffner & Marx of Chicago.

The announcement of the awards is as follows:

#### CLASS A—GRADUATES.

1. The first prize of one thousand dollars to Oscar Douglas Skelton, A.B., Queen's University, Kingston, Canada, 1900; graduate student in the University of Chicago; Ph. D., The University of Chicago, 1908; Professor of Political

Economy in Queen's University; for a paper entitled "The Case Against Socialism."

2. The second prize of five hundred dollars to Emily Fogg Meade (Mrs. Edward Sherwood Meade), A.B., The University of Chicago, 1897; Fellow at Bryn Mawr, 1897-1899; Fellow at University of Pennsylvania, 1899, 1900; for a paper entitled "Agricultural Resources of the United States."

#### CLASS B—UNDERGRADUATES.

1. The first prize of three hundred dollars to A. E. Pinanski, Harvard University, 1908, for a paper entitled "The Street Railway System of Metropolitan Boston."
2. The second prize of one hundred and fifty dollars to William Shea, Cornell University, 1909, for a paper entitled "The Case Against Socialism."

Notice was also given by the committee that writers and students who wish to compete for the prizes offered for 1909 will be allowed until June 1st to make their studies and finish their essays.

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#### "BE GAME."

Bustle, rustle, hustle,  
 Fall, rise, tussle!  
 Earth is wide;  
 Do not hide.  
 Whoever does  
 Hears a buzz;  
 Pit is struck,  
 Man is muck.  
 None may stop  
 Till on top.  
 How get there?  
 Just be fair,  
 Have an aim.  
 See a name,  
 Qualify;  
 Don't say die.

## Coriolanus.



FOR the background of this tragedy, Shakespeare chose one of the most interesting episodes in Roman history. The struggle between the poorer classes of society and their landed proprietors has not been restricted to one nation or to one age. From the most remote periods we read of peoples rebelling against intolerant kings and princes, and the struggle has continued to the present time. The day upon which their rights have been formally recognized will live in the memories of a people forever; and anyone who may have opposed them in their fight for these rights will merit the unmitigated detestation of succeeding ages. The peace-maker, Menenius Agrippa, has left a more profound impression in the annals of history than the warrior Coriolanus. What schoolboy is not familiar with the story of the rebellion of the limbs against the stomach! The victory of the plebeians on this occasion was much the same as that of the English people when King John was forced to sign the Magna Charta. But, as the English King stands forth prominently as the champion of the crown's prerogatives in one case, so does Coriolanus appear conspicuously in the other as the chief obstacle between a downtrodden class and the acquisition of their rights. The plebeian leaders made him the target for their volleys, and with his fall came the freedom of the people.

In this, as in all his historical plays, Shakespeare modified history to suit his purposes. The Coriolanus depicted by the dramatist does not win our sympathy, even when vehemently putting forth the claims of his party, any more than the Coriolanus of history has done. We are at once struck with admiration at the prowess of his arm and his intrepidity when before the enemy; but his overbearing pride, his self-conceit, his contempt for the people, and, lastly, his spitefulness in joining with the enemies of his country, more than counteract any admiration we may have conceived.

As a direct descendant of a royal house, Coriolanus was, by virtue of his birth, one of the most distinguished members of the patrician class. It is hardly deserving of comment, therefore, that he should have looked with disfavor upon his inferior subjects, the plebeians, or that they should have held him as an enemy of their race. That this dislike should have grown to actual contempt, and even descended to what Thackeray would term, "royal snobbish-

ness," is worthy of consideration. Son of a proud, domineering woman, whose hatred towards the plebeians she took no pains to hide, Coriolanus was brought up in an atmosphere reeking with intolerance, and with the conviction firmly impressed upon him that every jot of authority delegated to the people was but so much taken from that supreme command to which he aspired. Even granting that his hostility came from moral conviction, his bitterness, shown from the very first stages of his career, which savors much of snobbishness, does not find such a ready explanation. We would have looked for something more reserved from one of noble lineage than the words,

"Do not bid me  
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate  
Again with Rome's mechanics:—"

Personal bravery and success in leading armies were to the Roman mind the greatest claims to emoluments of office. Our hero was unsurpassed in both these things. His surname, Coriolanus, testifies that he was brave to an almost superhuman degree, and popular acclaim of both friends and enemies hailed him as a leader of uncommon skill.

The following passages referring to his rival, Aufidius, has the ring of the true fighting spirit,

"Were half to half the world by the ears, and he  
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make  
Only my wars with him."

Any cunning or foresight Coriolanus possessed seems to have been confined to the profession of arms. His ready consent to fight under the leadership of Comminus, in order that he might be free from responsibility in event of defeat, while sharing with his leader equally the fruits of victory, portrays not a little craft.

Brave in the field of battle, he was likewise fearless of bodily hurt. Rather than change his attitude towards the people or recant what he had said before them, he was willing to face the enraged mob and let them wreck their vengeance upon him, even though it take the form of death upon the wheel, or precipitation from the Torpeian rock.

It often happens that the bravest men are the most tender-hearted, so Coriolanus, impervious to the sufferings of a class, was, like Napoleon, greatly affected by individual suffering. He was

moved to pity at the plight of the old citizen of Corioli who had succored him. He prayer Comminus to see to him and give him freedom.

Furthermore, he was a man of overpowering ambition, which trait was to prove his undoing. Fame, acquired by the strength of his arm, was to him of all things the most to be desired. The prayers of his mother and his own early dreams were more than realized, for he was the acknowledged warrior of his day. This thirst for glory was singularly coupled with a keen distaste for praise,

"I have some wounds upon me, and they smart  
To hear themselves remember'd."

Had these many good qualities not been offset by others of an evil nature, he would probably have earned that enduring renown he so ardently longed for.

Pride appears to have overstepped all other characteristics. His early training and surroundings, his success in arms, the adulation of his friends, the consciousness of his own power, all fostered a spirit of inordinate self-esteem, unbearable to the masses and resented by the nobles. For him the people were to forego custom and make him consul without his solicitation of their "voices." It was sufficient that he was Coriolanus. What a pitiful spectacle he presents when gowned in the cloak of humility he waits upon the citizens! What anguish must have pierced his breast at having to ask for something which to his mind was due to him by absolute right! His self-conceit was never more manifest than on the same occasion when, to the question of a citizen as to what claims he had to offer why he should be made consul, he replied, "my own desert." The depth of his feeling upon this point is forcibly expressed in the lines beginning,

"Better to die, better to starve,  
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve."

It is little wonder, then, that the people, flaunted to their very faces, should have looked upon him with the greatest hostility.

Coriolanus was a natural leader of men. His birth, education, and talents, set him as a man apart. Even when in the camp of Aufidius, the Volscians flocked to his standard. There is required in all who wish to rule others a degree of tact which must guide them in their conduct. They must stoop if they wish to conquer. Coriolanus refused to stoop, or, when he did so, it was with such poor grace as to insult rather than appease.



Finally, we come to the last episode in his career, viz., his betrayal of Rome and his entrance into the camp of his enemies. It is here that Shakespeare shows himself the keen observer of human nature, and the master of the passions of men. Coriolanus' breast was filled with bitter resentment against his countrymen who had driven him forth from his native city. Revenge was the one consideration which had weight with him. Forced on by this impulse, he sought out his enemy, Aufidius, and pledged himself to bring about the destruction of Rome. Had he done otherwise, he would not have been acting in conformity with his character as portrayed in the earlier stages of the plot. Few men, under similar conditions, would have acted differently. It is difficult, when smarting with the consciousness of some injustice, to lay all thought of retaliation to one side and allow oneself to be guided by principles of pure reason. Coriolanus was no exception to the rule, for he must have seen, were he possessed of even the smallest degree of foresight, that a short sojourn from the city would have been followed by a triumphal return. We have already said that pride was the predominant trait of his character. It had embroiled him with the plebeians and caused his humiliation, it had prompted him to join the forces of Aufidius and lay waste the territories of Rome, and, lastly, it steel-ed his heart against all overtures of peace from the Romans. He was fully aware of the falseness and the weakness of his position, for at one time he cries out—

"All bond and privilege of nature break!  
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate."

Taken off his guard by his wife and mother, he quickly yielded to their prayers for mercy. His dread resolve was not strong enough to outweigh martial love and filial attachment. It is hardly likely that his death was the result of the sparing of Rome. Were such the case, he would, indeed, be a hero in the true sense of the word. Rather should it be attributed, partly to his own arrogance, and partly to the duplicity of Aufidius.

MARTIN O'GARA, '10.

## The Trip to Grand'Mere.



EVER had so much fun in my life, was the verdict of each member of the party. The train left the Central Station for Montreal at 8.30 Saturday morning. I said 8.30, but strange enough to say, three of the chosen seven failed to put in an appearance. O'Neill informed us that the maid failed in her attempts to arouse him. Same thing happened Kilt, and as for the goal tender, he said he was barred from coming on account of business. However, we were seven. Montreal was made on scheduled time, and after lunch was over we seven continued the trip to Grand Mère.

I guess we had a poor time on that train from two till six. Sang every song ever published—sang them in parts, did you say—well, I guess we did—sang them *all ways*. Aumond's rendition of that once famous ballad, "Molly Malone," was nothing short of marvellous; animated—about as much animation in it as there is in a frozen fish. He had a few of the lines all right, all right, but the air was like the fire in the song—"out." Did you ever hear our German band?—good—Aumond has it stopped. But when Ph. Harris "climbed up," and took several sweet nasal notes in "You may look and listen, but mum's the word," the Con., who was seated in the next seat to the artist, and whom we feared would object to the noise, merely grunted when questioned, "I don't care, I'll stay if the rest do." Just then the brakie entered and snarled out, "pass the can," to the horror of the seven. He was informed by Vince that he was in the right car, but at the wrong end. The look on the man's face at Braceland's saucy answer caused Bawlf (our captain) to reprimand the cover point for such impertinence. He doesn't drink; no, he doesn't, I tell you. He simply meant to inform the travellers that the next stop was at "Bastican," a beautiful flag station 30 miles from nowhere. Terrebonne, St. Narcisse, Hebrew, and a few more places were snarled out by the person, whose feelings, judging from his face, Braceland greatly injured.

"Change car at Trois Rivieres for Lac a la Torture, was the next line he bit off, and looked at us. "I guess he means us," said Dunne, and "I know," said the manager, "who's running this team?" "Cheer up, Vince. Here's where you get yours! Where are you going to have it? on the rack or on the face?"

Trois Rivieres didn't look half bad. We had a few minutes' wait at the station, during which time the coach had come upon a goaler, who was willing to come along with us, provided he knew our price? Released!!!

We boarded the train once more, at 5.30, which was to carry us to Lac a la Torture, which we found out to be a city three miles from Grand Mére, and where busses were awaiting us.

Songs were, of course, in order. French, Irish, German, Rag-time and "Molly Malone" were rendered. The next business of importance was the selecting of the seven, who were to wear the colors and decorations of O. U. that evening. Ph. Harris was the unanimous choice for the goal position, the coach having failed to land Farmer—with words. After careful consideration, Dunne and Braceland were given places on the defence, while Bawlf's, Aumond's and Isbester's places on the team were never questioned. That difficulty was overcome ere we reached Lac a la Torture, where we left our train and entered comfortable busses which were to drive us from 130 miles from nowhere to Grand Mére, three miles beyond. At least we thought so. But to our utter amazement, after a quick drive, we were in as neat and comfortable and up-to-date hotel as you will find. And the people all were English-speaking Canadians or Americans. After dinner, which was served a la carte, we learned something about the place and the inhabitants. We found out, moreover, we were there to stay till the next night. "Good, hope we don't get out of here for a month," said Aumond, "I have been here before. Ha! Ha! Ha!" and out stretched the hand of the Chinaman who landed in, laundry bag on his shoulder, to greet Charlie, whom he recognized, and informed he had some underwear and shirts belonging to him still in his possession. "Who's your friend, Aumond?" "Pay the man!" and the like were cast at Aumond, amidst the greatest uproar. We were soon at the rink, dressed and on the ice. A fine rink, indeed, and about a thousand people present. Burke, a good hockey player—out of condition—offered his services. Signed. Into a suit he got, and out for a "prelim." He had the goods all right, but not with him. Dunne told him, however, he looked good, and he would use his influence to secure him a place. We played and lost—11-6. We lost to a better team. Perhaps. Perhaps not. O'Rielly-O'Hern Harris had an offnight. He stopped, however, those shots that hit him, displaying great nerve and coolness.

Back to the hotel we went, and there, after a supper, we seven had a lot of fun till about 2 a.m.

7.30 was the hour we arose at. About five minutes later Bawlf was ushered into the coach's room, from whose window he could behold the "sunrise." "Never saw a prettier one," said Nick, as he got a belt over the head with a wet towel. "First he ever saw," said the coach

After breakfast we went to St. Peter's Church and assisted at Father Stanton's mass. The church was one similar to Sacred Heart before it was destroyed by fire. Mass over, we seven were the guests of the manager of the Grand Mère hockey team. He supplied two fine horses and cutters, and a more delightful drive around could not have been wished for. It was really funny to see Braceland drive one of the horses. The horse, however, knew where it was going. Braceland did, too, I don't think. He held the reins as he would a piece of apple pie. All he wished the horse to do was to go fast. The animal, however, was a wise one. Saw drivers like him before.

One really interesting place of interest, and through which we were shown, was the paper mill. Grand Mère is the home of the Laurentide Paper Company, and is practically the only business in the place. The process of making paper was explained, from the time the tree was chopped down till it is rendered in the form of paper, of which thousands of tons are sold yearly for newspaper purposes.

After our visit to the mill we drove around the town to see the sights. The town itself is situated upon the side of a high hill, overlooking the St. Maurice river—a prettier and more picturesque spot could not be found. There are many very pretty homes in the town as well as a fine convent, college and several large stores. The sights seen, we returned to the inn, where a good time was spent till 4.30, when we were driven, after taking our leave from the hotel, to the station, where a special train awaited our arrival to convey us to Shawinigan Falls, some twenty miles distant.

Who said special train? A parlor car and an engine. The engineer was conductor and brakeman, besides being station agent, baggage master, and everything else. He inquired when we wished to leave, and was told—at his pleasure. Manager Harris informed us we were now at Shawinigan Falls, and that we would travel over the Canadian Northern Ry. to Montreal.

I guess we had another poor time on that train to Montreal. Anything we didn't do or say wasn't worth the effort.

Something came along, passing as a news agent, and maybe we didn't have fun with him.

We passed L'Assomption, where a crowd came on, to our de-

light. At Joliette we got off, and just to be sociable "we gave our college cry" and sang the Wearing of the Green

After four hours of fun with ourselves and everyone else, we reached the C.N.R. station in Maissoneuve, Montreal, whence we drove to the Windsor, where we seven disbanded. Four remained in Montreal till Tuesday to witness the first Stanley Cup game, Wanderers vs. Edmonton. The other three waited three hours for the C.P.R. transcontinental to leave, it being delayed waiting on the overseas mail. We were seven in Grand Mère, Montreal, and again on Tuesday at practice, after having a time which I have merely outlined. To realize the fun we had ere needs to have been with us, but when seven agree that the trip to Grand Mère was what it was, a continual round of fun, the verdict stands unquestioned.

ONE OF THE SEVEN, '09.

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## Eucharistic Echoes.

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It is several months now since the Eucharistic Congress in London came to a close. But as the days go by, it is becoming more and more evident that the harmony and depth of religious feeling displayed in the numerous and varied gathering, have been well calculated to produce a profound effect upon the minds of thinking men.

True it is that of the hundred thousand visitors that the occasion attracted to the world's commercial capital, the majority were British born. This in itself is a significant fact. But side by side with the loyal subjects of the Empire, in the procession, in the religious functions, in the conferences, were adherents of other flags from every quarter of the globe, who were joined with them in closest amity, and anxious by their presence and co-operation to add to the strength of the great Catholic demonstration. Prelates of distinction and ability were present. Laymen of renown and influence brought with them the prestige and honor they held in their own land. Theologians and scientists rendered the conferences memorable by the weight of their Christian learning. The rank and file of the clergy and lay persons from the humbler walks of life contributed to the enthusiasm by sheer force of numbers and earnestness of devotion. The children, even, arrayed in their First Com-

munion costumes, had a special function all their own; and in and about Westminster Cathedral, which was not spacious enough to contain them all, arose from their innocent lips, hymns of praise to the Almighty. In fact, there was no element wanting that could appeal to the religious sense of human nature, and as such to touch the heart of every Christian man and woman.

No wonder then that many a non-Catholic conscience has been startled by the query: "How can this unbounded religious ardor be explained? It is so very different from the chilly devotion of our own cult which we are so wary of displaying in public. How account for the perfect harmony reigning in this multitude from many lands whose very divergence of racial characteristics and natural sympathies would rather tend to keep aloof from one another?" And the answer must come clear and plain. Catholicity is the overpowering moral force that breaks down the strong barriers of national prejudices. Catholicity is the master principle, before which all other principles of action dwindle to naught. It brings with it a conviction that cannot be gainsaid, that appeals equally to the learned and unlettered, to the well-to-do and the needy, to the child as well as the mature of mind. But it is a Catholicity that draws its strength and vitality from the love of "God with us," which finds its peace and rest in the Heart of Jesus, in the tabernacle, by whose sacred relationship all men are brothers.

MONA, '09.



## A Motor Tour Through Ireland.

(Continued.)

**A**FTER a most enjoyable week spent in Dublin, we continued our tour southward, making a short stay at Bray, "the Brighton of Ireland," one of the pleasantest watering places along these shores, nestling, as it does, in a charming bay beneath the shadow of a bold promontory, and possessing a splendid esplanade. From here on through the wild ravine known as "The Scalp," to Roundwood, a pretty village on the banks of the Vartry, and quite close to the beautiful sheet of water, called Lough Tay.

If nature has been kind to the Green Isle, she has lavished her favors on County Wicklow. Here the scenery is truly magnificent; through vale and glade, by stately tower and ruined abbey, the spirit of freshness and sweet tranquillity reigns supreme; and over all floats a halo of romance.

As the motor speeds along the level highway, above us rise the grand and lofty Wicklow mountains, capped by the famous Sugar Loaf peak, from whose summit the eye can range over a wealth of scenery, perhaps unsurpassed in the world.

Well might our own Lady Dufferin sing:

Sweet Wicklow mountains! the sunlight sleeping  
On your green banks is a picture rare."

And Sir Walter Scott very truly says:

"Were scenes of such surpassing loveliness on English shores, they would be a world's wonder."

Leaving behind us the rugged beauty of the mountainside, we descend into lovely Glendalough, "the valley of the two lakes." The naturally sombre scenery, the round tower, and seven churches add a mysterious and mystical aspect in accord with the dark and gloomy waters.

The upper lake, overshadowed by Derrybawn and Lugduff, with St. Kevin's Cave; the peaceful lower lake, the churches, towers and crosses, all combine to make a picture which can never be forgotten, and which transports one to the ancient days before time and the spoiler had disfigured the land.

"The Pillar towers of Ireland, how wondrously they stand  
By the lakes and rushing rivers, through the valleys of our land;  
In mystic file, through the isle, they lift their heads sublime,  
Those gray old pillar temples, those conquerors of time!"

Long we lingered "by that lake whose gloomy shore skylark never warbled o'er," and noted as the guide pointed it out to us, that while the waters of the lower lake were glittering in the sun, those of the upper lake were dark as the shadows of night; for as the legend has it, here was the lady Kathleen hurled to her death for having dared to love Saint Kevin.

Rising up beside the still waters is the weird and rugged rock on whose steep face is cut St. Kevin's Cave, so small as to be scarcely capable of containing three persons, since it is but seven feet long, four feet wide and four feet high. The approach is by a narrow path, where a single false step would mean a plunge of over a hundred feet into the lake below.

From Glendalough we continue our journey along the winding shores of the Avonmore river to the Vale of Ovoca. On either side the foliage-covered hills bathed in the beams of sunlight, below in the valley the rippling waters of the Avonmore and Avonbeg, laughing joyously as they meet to journey on towards the sea, combine to make a picture worthy of ever being recalled by the immortal poem of Ireland's sweetest singer:

"There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet  
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet."

Leaving Ovoca we pass rapidly by tranquil brooks gliding around the softly swelling hills and meadows, divided into a patchwork of brightest green by hedges of sweet hawthorn or rows of stately trees, until we reach Kilkenny, where as the Couplet reads, there is:

"Fire without smoke, air without fog,  
Water without mud, and land without bog."

Here we saw the famous Castle of the Ormonds and the magnificent Cathedral of Saint Canice, without a doubt the finest specimen of ecclesiastical architecture in the entire land.

On leaving Kilkenny a brief spin brings us to the quaint City of Waterford, whose ancient Irish name was Cuan-na-Grian—Harbour of the Sun. The streets are narrow and very straggling, lined with many an old curiosity shop.



After a few hours spent in sight-seeing, we resumed our route, which we continued with hardly a stop until we reached Killarney. We spent the night in the town, and next morning motored out past Dunloe Castle to Kate Kearney's cottage, where dwelt a famous beauty of the early Nineteenth Century, whose praises have been sung in the ballad which bears her name,

"O, did you not hear of Kate Kearney?  
She lives on the banks of Killarney,  
From the glance of her eye shun danger and fly,  
For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney!"

Here we left the motor and mounted our ponies for the picturesque ride through the Gap of Dunloe; higher and higher we climbed by the side of the Loe through the wild cleft of the frowning hillsides, the work, as the legend has it, of Finn McCool's great sword. We pass by several miniature lakes, in whose waters are reflected huge masses of overhanging rock. Suddenly the silence is broken by the sound of a bugle, whose shrill notes echo and re-echo with wonderful clearness, from crag to crag. Towering above are McGillicuddy's black reeks, which stand like sentinels telling the tale of the sleeping warriors who garrison this great fortress of nature:

"The tale of the spell-stricken band  
All entranced, with their bridles and broadswords in hand  
Who await but the word to give Erin her own."

Finally we reached the highest point of the pass and looked down upon the scene of beauty—perhaps unequalled in the world. Behind us the long white winding road, flanked by fern-covered cliffs stretched in graceful curves, in front it zig-zagged down to the head of the upper lake, which lay shining in the golden rays of the July sun, like a huge amethyst studded with fairy isles of emerald. Quickly descending from the Gap we arrived at the landing place, and were handed over to the care of intelligent and witty Killarney boatmen, who gave us a story for every rock and a fable for every island, and kept us bubbling over with merriment at their inimitable and eminently Celtic drollery.

Swiftly and silently the boat glides over the still waters of the upper lake, past little islands or bold promontories of the overhanging hills, which lie so close that nothing

"Save just a trace of silver sand  
Marks where the ocean meets the land."

Emerging from the upper lake we follow the sinuous course of the Long Range, whose banks are fringed with fern and arbutus, through which now and then bounds the lordly red deer. As we pass Radanullar, "the Eagle's Nest"—a gigantic wooded precipice a thousand feet high, on whose summit the king of birds still holds domain, the bugle is again sounded, and its notes are taken up and repeated ten times over by the slumbering echoes of the frowning eyrie. But now the current has carried us to the end of the Long Range, the channel has become narrow, and straight ahead is the old Weir bridge, through whose rounded arches the river runs with terrific rapidity. We expected that here would be a "portage," but no! the lusty boatmen simply tell us "sit still and keep up yer pluck," and away we go helter-skelter over the rapids, passing Dinish Island with its luxuriant semi-tropical growth of bamboo, eucalyptus, and magnolia, till we pass into the calm waters of Muckross or Middle Lake. As they row, the boatmen point out various places made famous by that greatest of Kiilarney heroes, The O'Donoghue—his house, prison, stable, library, etc., and tell us how every May morning, just before sunrise, the spirit chieftain ascends, fully armed, from the waters, and, mounted on his favorite white steed, rides over the lake where he once held sway, attended by fairies who strew his path with flowers, while his castle and possessions all resume their former grandeur; hence Moore sings:

"When the last April sun grows dim,  
Thy Naiads prepare his steed for him  
Who d'alls, bright lake in thee."

At the north east corner of the lake stands the noble Franciscan Abbey of Muckross, dating back to the 13th Century, and once the chief burial place of the O'Sullivans, McGillicuddys and O'Donoghues. Specially beautiful is the cloister with its lovely double-columned arches forming a quadrangle some fifty feet square, in the centre of which rises a gigantic and stately yew-tree, beloved of the Druids, and respected by Christians as a symbol of Life eternal.

There is something inexpressibly sad and mysterious about Muckross Abbey; one can, even in daytime, easily picture the dark-robed monks flitting noiselessly through its corridors, but at night, when the pale moonshine falls upon the lake, while the mountains are shrouded in shadows, and the waters are lulling the land to sleep,

the solemnity of the scene must surpass even that of Melrose, described by Scott.

Taking once more to the boat we enter the Lower lake, the largest and most charming of all. On its west shore rise the lofty Loomies clothed with heather-bloom, while to the north and east its banks rise gently from the waters, and merge into a wide stretch of fertile country embossed with waving woods, from which peep now and then the high turrets of some noble mansion.

Scattered over the broad expanse of water are no less than thirty-five islands, bedecking its silver shcen; the largest of them is Inisfallen, singularly beautiful with its groves of giant ash and holly, its sunny glades, its rocks and ruins. Here in the Abbey of St. Finian was composed in the eleventh century the famous history of the world called the Annals of Inisfallen. As we skimmed lightly over the sun-kissed waters past this little earthly Paradise we were reminded of Moore's tender lines:

"Sweet Inisfallen, long shall dwell  
In memory's dream, that sunny smile,  
Which o'er thee on that evening fell  
When first I saw thy fairy isle."

And small wonder that the poet waxed enthusiastic, for here the soft fragrance of sweet-smelling flowers embalms the air, the eye is charmed with a revelry of color, beauty reigns supreme. Crossing the lake we landed at Ross Island where stands a 14th Century castle of the same name, scene of many a bloody fight in the civil wars. We climbed to the top of the ivy-covered keep to take our farewell view of Killarney, and were well repaid for our trouble, for there lay the three lakes in all their loveliness, blue waters, sparkling islands, verdant groves, gushing cascades, and behind all magnificent mountain peaks, surrounded by the fairy films of tradition and romance warm with the evening's glow and reflecting to us imperishable memories.

"Lakes where the pearl lies hid,  
And caves where the gem is sleeping;  
Islets so freshly fair  
That never doth bird forsake them;  
Gems, where ocean comes  
To 'scape the wild wind's rancour,  
Mountains of purple and gold  
Directing the gaze to Heaven."

From Killarney we motored to Tralee, the largest seaport in the southwest of Ireland. It is a very ancient place closely identified with the noble Desmond family, but owing to many conflagrations little of the original town remains. Hence, we hurried on through Castleisland, a little village nestling at the foot of Clanruddery mountains, Listowel, with its quaint old castle, the last to hold out against Elizabeth in the Desmond Insurrection, until we reached Abbeyfeale on Sunday morning, just in time to hear mass. As we knelt there on the rough flagged floor, in the little chapel built with the stones of the old Cistercian Abbey, and saw the tender piety of the poor bare-footed peasants, as they murmured their prayers in soft Gaelic syllables, our thoughts flew back to Westminster's stately shrine, and the magnificence of the Madeleine, and we reflected that Faith depends not on exterior grandeur, for here, amid direst poverty, Her triumph shone supreme.

From Abbeyfeale we journeyed on through varied and beautiful country till we reached Limerick, "The City of the Violated Treaty." What a wealth of memories hover around this noble city where the clans of the O'Brian fought the ruthless Danes, and Patrick Sarsfield defied William Prince of Orange, who only succeeded by treachery where he had failed in valor, and whose perfidy is recorded even to this day in the historic Treaty Stone, while Sarsfield's statue perpetuates that hero's glory. The lordly Shannon rolling on towards the Atlantic with volume greater than that of Thames or Mersey flows through the centre of the city, and on its banks stands a grim old Norman fortress called King John's Castle, dear to the heart of every Antiquarian. Another monument of note is Saint Mary's Cathedral; originally built by Donall O'Brian, King of Munster, in 1179, it contains some splendid specimens of early pointed architecture. A pretty story is told about the cathedral bells, namely that they were made by an Italian, and of such exceeding sweetness that he was very proud of them, and sold them to a convent. In course of time, troubles came upon the religious house, so that it was broken up, and the bells carried off to distant lands. The Italian, whose fortunes shared in the general wreck, was driven from his home and became a wanderer. Chance brought him to the Shannon and to Limerick, when the first sound that greeted him as he sailed up the river was from his own bells, the pride and joy of his heart. Such pleasure was too great for the heart-broken exile, who was found by the boatmen dead ere they got to the landing place.

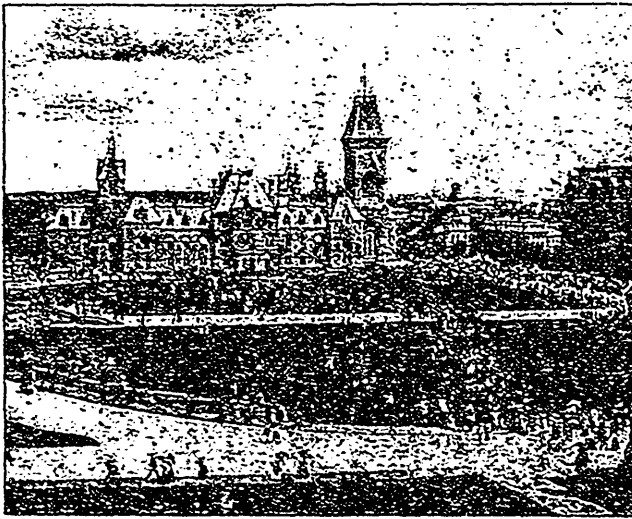
Limerick to-day enjoys comparative prosperity and has become especially famous for its inimitable lace.

Leaving Limerick we sped on through the wild scenery of Clare

and Galway, on either side of us bold peaks and mountain lakes, till we came in sight of the Atlantic, on our way to the ancient city of Galway. As we skirted the rugged shores we beheld stupendous battle ever waging between land and sea. From time immemorial the mighty Atlantic has rolled in fury against these gigantic cliffs, cutting them into a wildly fantastic fretwork. Here little archipelagoes, there mountain caverns in which forever booms the sea's hoarse song; now spray-swept towers of rock on which stand snowy gulls like sentries of the deep; again vast arches of virgin stone bridging chasms white with the foam of onrushing waves. Wherever the eye can travel there is naught to be seen but rock and sea and sky, but they are wrought by the cunning hand of Nature into an ever-changing panorama of matchless variety and sublime beauty.

Eiblinn.

*(To be continued.)*



## Science Notes

### Animal Instinct—

Did I hear you say that animals are intelligent? Why, no, my dear boy, they have nothing higher than instinct. At least, our learned philosophers would have it so, and who should know about this if not they? Animals have simple reflex action, compound reflex action, finely developed senses, a delicate consciousness that takes notice of the least modifications of the senses, a busy and lively imagination that keeps, somewhere in the animal's brains, the precious records of past sensations, a most retentive memory, and, last but not least, a very handy and most convenient faculty, the *facultas aestimativa*, by which they know what things are useful or agreeable to them. They exhibit passions of various kinds, they can discover intricate means to procure anything desirable or to overcome an obstacle. They can learn by experience, transmit the acquired knowledge to their progeny, and, in a hundred ways, show themselves equal to some of the masters of creation.

But here is the big divide between animals and man:—animals cannot abstract ideas from concrete objects, they cannot generalize their notions of things. Hence they are doomed never to know anything of the *praedicamenta* and the *praedicabilia*, or of the touching intimate relations that exist between *ens*, *bonum* and *verum*. They can no more learn Algebra or Geometry than I can bodily pass through a stone wall, and if they ever tried to invent a language of their own all their substantives would have to be proper nouns.

Now, by *intelligence*, our philosophers mean precisely that faculty which enables man to create, combine, and perceive the relations of, abstract ideas. Therefore animals are not intelligent. Do you see the argument?

Now, do not ask me to explain for you the numberless facts that would seem to prove that animals can reason as we do. I could not if I tried to. Philosophers themselves feel uneasy when it comes to this. Besides, I only meant the foregoing notions to serve as a preface to a number of short stories which I intend to write about animal instinct.

\* \* \* \* \*

The wide shady walk which, in our college yard, runs parallel to Laurier avenue, has not always been the deserted and almost desolate place that it is now. Some years ago, before the boys had

tasted the incomparable delight of perambulating the sidewalks of Willbrod and Cumberland streets in search of rare specimens, the students of the higher classes would gather under the great elms, in groups of five or six, to discuss important questions. A certain number of our philosophers were always there, during recreation hours, walking up and down as the peripatetics of old, and inspiring us younger folk with awe and reverence by their grave mien, their subdued voices and mysterious words. Now that I come to think of it, I have my suspicions that those same apparently law-abiding citizens were perhaps the concocters of the numerous strikes that broke the monotony of college life in those days. Be it as it may, it is certain that they sometimes busied their minds with scientific subjects.

One beautiful morning in June, a number of these wise ones were disputing about animal instinct versus animal intelligence, when their attention was attracted by a community of small red ants busily working at the construction of their nest. Of this, little could be seen but a small opening in the moist sand, about one-fourth of an inch in diameter, and around it a small rampart formed of excavated particles. The work was just then being carried on with an activity that seemed to border on madness, a continuous procession of loaded laborers issuing from the diminutive crates, and each ant returning, without a moment's delay, after dropping its burden.

"I wonder why they are in such a hurry about it," said one of the boys.

"Probably," answered another, "because the soil is just now moist enough to be easily worked into small pellets, while, later in the day, it will be hard and dry. I have read somewhere that these same insects show great sagacity in the building of their nests; let us test it by putting some obstacles in their way. Here, I will wait for the moment when none of the workers are out of their nest and I will blow some of the excavated sand back into the burrow. I am pretty sure that they will be greatly puzzled as to the cause of the accident. Now, then, here is my chance; there goes the east side of the rampart."

It was some time before the inmates of the nest could tunnel the rubbish fallen into the shaft, and when the first ant crawled out with great difficulty, its every motion was attentively observed. It felt its way most cautiously by means of its delicate antennae and, finding that there was little or no rampart left on the east side of the nest, it walked rapidly in that direction. It was about to deposit its load when it stopped suddenly, was motionless for a moment (I

was going to say *thought for a moment*), surveyed the surroundings with care, and finally crossed over to the west side of the burrow and there dropped its particle of sand. The other ants that followed behaved in the same manner. Not one of them carried the excavated material on the east side of the nest.

"How is that for the *facultas aestimativa*?" shouted one of the boys. "Why, Jimmy, these little fellows have more brains in their heads than you ever had in yours. Did not I see you last winter doggedly persisting in shoveling snow from the skating rink against a strong north-east gale that threw back into your face a little more of the material than you had hurled against the bank?"

"Now, let us give the skillful little workers a serious engineering problem. Here is a pebble slightly larger than the opening of the nest; I block with it the entrance of the shaft; theirs to find the most practical method of removing it."

For six or seven minutes there was no sign of action on the part of the prisoners, but then a slight motion of the pebble showed that they were actively at work underneath. Soon small feet and antennae were pushed out on one side of the obstacle, and one ant crawled out, which was followed by others. The work of excavation was then apparently carried on as usual through this new opening. The boys were on the point of resuming their walk, when one of them noticed that the small pebble was slowly moving downward into the shaft. In a few seconds it had disappeared altogether, leaving a wide clear passage behind it.

"Where is it gone?" was asked by several voices. "Although I am not as bright as my friend John," said Jimmy, "I think I can find out for you. With this trusty jackknife of mine, I will make a clean longitudinal section of the burrow. Now, you see that the shaft goes down vertically about an inch and then follows an oblique line making an angle of about 100 degrees with the vertical. Here is our pebble, boys, just at the point where the gallery changes its direction. It is evident that a space just large enough to lodge the pebble was excavated at the foot of the vertical shaft and that the diameter of this was increased until the obstacle could fall in place by its own weight. What say you of the *facultas aestimativa*? boys; don't you wish you had it?"

ALEC, '09.



# 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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No. 4

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#### THE NEW YEAR.

The New Year has begun; will it bear weal or woe? That is a secret locked up in the inscrutable recesses of the all-seeing Mind, and 'tis better for us not to know. Of greater import to us is the question: what part are we going to play in Life's drama, during 1909? Shall we strut the boards as the "heavy villain," doing naught that is good; or again as the buffoon, moving to tears of laughter by his foolishness? Or has our resolution rather been to play a role of manly dignity and moral worth, in an endeavor to uplift in some small degree within the circle of our influence, however narrow that may be. Youth is proverbially an age of thoughtlessness, yet we *do* have our serious moments, which, properly used, may bring great results in the hereafter of our world-life. We have within our grasp the means of improving our intellect, and (what is still more important) of moulding our character. To-day the world wants *brains*, and highly-trained brains at that. There lies the opportunity of the college man. But brains must be accompanied

by *character*—honest, upright, self-sacrificing, else they become a menace to society. To-day is the period of our character-formation; ours be it to mould that character aright, remembering that "the youth is father to the man." We are hewing our path through the forest; let our swath be straight and unflinching, ever guided by the compass of purposeful ambition, till we emerge into the broad open country of our destined career.

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### STUDENT ROWDYISM.

Within the past few months we have heard a great deal about "College ruffianism" in various Canadian centres. If all that has been alleged is true, it is, to say the least, very unfortunate. No doubt, from time to time, the college man must give vent to his youthful enthusiasm, but wholesale destruction of public and private property, insults to citizens, and utter disregard of law and order are surely to be deplored. It would, perhaps, not be wrong to say that the greater part of this unseemly conduct may be ascribed to a comparatively insignificant minority; but the public are quick to generalize, and certainly receive a very unfavorable impression of the whole student body. Let the majority, and especially the senior class-men, ostracise their thoughtless, ill-bred, and unruly comrades, and "student rowdyism" will soon be a thing of the past.

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### WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR?

The most natural answer would be: for study. And yet very often such would not appear to be the case. - How often do we see men with brains a-plenty lumbering along at the heels of the class, because of their over-devotion to sport. And, sad to say, it is an evil that is becoming more and more general. Witness President Hadley of Yale, who the other other day spoke as follows to the Harvard students:

"Two generations ago the intellectual idol of the graduates and students of most of our colleges was the leading debater. Now it is no longer the debater, but the athlete who occupies the centre of the stage. Now it is no longer success in oratory, but success in sport which is over-idolized.

"Whether we should be better off if we had less athletic interest in our colleges and universities is a matter about which there may be difference of opinion. There is, I think, no difference of opinion that we should be a great deal better off if public attention were more largely fixed on the intellectual prizes and less upon the athletic ones.

"The way to make the American people more interested in scholarships than in athletics is by proving that our prize scholars, even more than our prize athletes, represent the type of men for which there is a public need."

Insert "Canadian" for "American," and we can, in some measure, take the lesson to ourselves.

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### Exchanges.

The following excerpt taken from the *Queen's University Journal* bears a local application: "There is a matter concerning the best interests of the professors and students which ought to be looked into by the authorities in charge, and with regard to which an improvement in conditions would accrue to the benefit of both parties. This is the ventilation of the lecture rooms. The greatest amount of good, fresh air, compatible with the other necessary conditions of comfort and convenience, is unquestionably for the good of the lecturer as well as the student, for it helps to keep the mind clear, and the faculties receptive."

The Christmas number of the *Acta Victoriana* is the best review on our table. The excellence of its make-up, the quality of its matter, and a number of good illustrations, all tend to make it one of the best College journals we have seen this year. "A Philanthropic Failure," a clever take-off on charity organizations in our large cities, is worthy of a space in any of the high-class monthly magazines.

Welcomed at all times, *St. Mary's Chimes* is doubly welcome at Christmastide. Its very cover, with its cluster of joyfully ringing bells, appeals to one instinctively. In "Christmas Festivities," the writer has caught the spirit of the season well. "The Arthurian Legends" shows the result of careful reading and preparations.

*The College Spokesman* is an exchange which at once commends itself for the atmosphere of endeavour which permeates its pages. Its cover is in perfect taste. The arrangement of articles could not be better. There is to be noticed a pleasing variety of

prose and poetry. Plenty of space is allotted to the several departments, which are handled in good style.

The *Xaverian* for November has two or three articles of a very high standard. "The Dream of Gerontius—a Psychological Study," by the Very Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D.D., V.G., Bishop-elect for Victoria, B.C., commends itself to all, not only for its intrinsic merit, but because by it the reader may form some conception of our new Bishop as a thinker, and of his exceptional literary attainments.

The *Comet* is a neat little monthly. It is one of the few high-school publications in the sanctum. If present indications count for anything, the editors of this paper have a bright future ahead of them in the world of letters.

The *Argosy* asks the question, "Does college education pay?" and forthwith proceeds to answer the question in the affirmative. It says in part, "Carefully compiled statistics show that college-bred men and women earn upon an average two hundred per cent. more than those who do not have a college education. \$1.50—value of a day of uneducated labor.  $\$1.50 \times 300 = \$450$ —value of a year of uneducated labor.  $\$450 \times 40 = \$18,000$ —value of a life of uneducated labor. \$1,000 — average value of a year of educated labor.  $\$1,000 \times 40 = \$4,000$ —value of a life of educated labor. Value of education—\$22,000.

We confess to having felt a slight tinge of disappointment on perusing the *Villa Shield*. Perhaps it was that the gorgeousness of its apparel promised too much; or, is it rather that the young ladies are too fond of the ludicrous?

Besides, we beg to acknowledge the following much appreciated exchanges:—"Abbey Student," "St. Thomas Collegian," "The Collegian," "The University Monthly," "The Ottawa Campus," "The Laurel," "Trinity University Review," "Niagara Index," "Niagara Rainbow," "Georgetown College Journal," "Echoes From St. Ann's," "The Columbiad," "The Martlet," "Western University Gazette," "Mt. St. Mary's Record," "The Geneva Cabinet," "St. Ignatius Collegian," "The Hya Yaka," "Xavier," "St. Mary's Messenger," "Vox Wesleyana," "The Patrician," "The Exponent," "Assumption College Review," "De La Salle Chronicle," "The Young Eagle," "Solonian," "Agnesian Monthly," "O. A. C. Review," "College Mercury," "The Columbia of Fribourg," "Educational Review," "Viatorian," "The Pharos."

## Among the Magazines.

H. J. James writes an article in the Canadian Messenger for December on Blessed Edmund Campion. The character as portrayed is very similar to that drawn by Robert Hugh Benson. The writer tells how, when a young man, brilliant and honored, Edmund Campion forsook the glitter and alluring enticements of the world for the hard life of a Jesuit missionary, in order to minister unto his suffering countrymen. For several years he labored, caring for the spiritual welfare of English Catholics, and winning converts to the True Faith. Always pursued by the hounds of the law, he escaped several times, but was taken prisoner in 1581, and suffered martyrdom the same year. He was beatified by Pope Leo XIII. in 1886.

The same review also contains some very valuable advice on moral training. The article for this month deals with jealousy, temper, and the habit of criticizing. These are faults which are very common, and which, as the writer says, can and ought to be corrected in early youth.

There appears in the Messenger for December a learned and interesting lecture delivered by Dr. Lawrence F. Flick some time ago, on the "Modern Crusade Against Tuberculosis." The speaker gives the history of the dreadful disease, which dates back to the time of Moses, and tells of its gradual spread from the far East to the other extremity of the globe. The number of deaths from tuberculosis is astounding. England, United States, France and Germany lose annually over 320,000 inhabitants, and the number in Russia and Austria is still greater. Scientists have devoted much time and energy to the suppression of consumption, and they have been successful. In every country now there exist societies for the prevention and eradication of the White Plague. Dr. Flick, in concluding, says the ray of hope in the breasts of the stricken ones has been blown into a flame of faith in the curability of the disease. Governments have been aroused, and people in every walk of life have enlisted in the sacred cause. It can and should be the work of this generation, and the crowning of the first half of the 20th century.

The Messenger is also valuable for an interesting article on "Innsbruck and its Jubilee." The writer recounts the founding of the University by Blessed Peter Canisius in 1562, and its subsequent growth and advancement up till the present day, when it holds the foremost place among the many institutions of learning in Europe.

The Christmas number of the Rosary Magazine contains an

excellent story, entitled: "Winnie of the Seventh Ward." It tells how the perseverance of a mother overcame the many trials and hardships which beset her path. She earned by hard and unceasing toil an education for her son, and strove in every way to have him happy, good and honest. Finally she was rewarded for her cares by seeing him successful far beyond her expectations.

In the same magazine there appears a beautiful legend of St. Patrick, by P. J. Coleman. Hundreds of years ago, one Christmas Eve, on the north shore of the Loire, stood a weary pilgrim. 'Twas Patrick, Saint of Erin's Isle, to Tours of Martin drawn. It was a wild and stormy night, and he looked in vain for a means of crossing the river. Tired and weary, he lay down under a thorn-tree near the bank, expecting to perish in the storm. But no! a breath of summer warmth blew round the sleeping saint, and the tree in every bole and branch began to shine with blossoms, spreading above St. Patrick's head a fragrant canopy of bloom, and bestrewing the ground with a pettled bed and pillows of perfume.

The Extension contains several very interesting articles, chief among which is "How the Mission of Chicago Grew." The writer tells us that in 1833, the small mission, established by Father St. Cyr, numbered 122 souls. The pastor himself helped to cut the logs for his church and dwelling. But, as the city of Chicago grew, and the time advanced, the mission rapidly increased in size and numbers, and now has become the Archdiocese of Chicago, numbering over a million and a quarter souls, boasting 349 churches, 631 priests, two bishops, and an archbishop, and finally over 230 schools and colleges, with an attendance of 110,000 students.

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## *Books and Reviews.*

Another publication of the "Little Flowers" of St. Francis of Assisi has been announced, and much to the credit of the reading public who have made it necessary. The saintly founder of the Franciscans shines out very brilliantly as one of the lights of the Church. There are none more lovable; and none around whom centre more poetic and beautiful legends.

A work on India by John P. Jones, D.D., comes to us at a very opportune time when dissension reigns in that country, and when the minds of English statesmen are absorbed in an anxious attempt to remove the cause of the trouble. The author treats comprehensively of the caste that has controlled life in India during twenty-

five centuries; of the customs of the Maharajah, Brahman and Rajah; and of the religious doctrines of Buddha emphasizing clear vision and transcendent light as compared with those of Christ aiming at ethical and spiritual perfection.

In the Westminster Review for December are two very timely articles. One, by a writer who signs Ignotus, bewails the demoralization of the law in England where the decisions of two judges on the same case differ very widely, and at times are directly contrary. Ignotus claims that lack of knowledge in the ways of the Bench on the part of the magistrates is the cause of this anomaly. Lawyers no doubt should be trained for the position of judge instead of leaving it open to men with money but without the necessary ability and experience. The case is applicable to a certain extent in Canada also. The other production on the education of the African negro sums up the pros and cons for educating the blacks along our own line of teaching, or for leaving them to evolve their own civilization under the control and guidance of the whites.

The "New Ireland" essay in the North American Review, by Sydney Brooks, shows a certain excellent characteristic in the author for putting in a nutshell a long period of history. We have a story of Ireland's oppression under the rule of England, a large Catholic population wasting away in energy and strength, the prey of English and Scotch Protestant parasites. Again we have those bigoted and mercenary minions of the English Court losing their power and influence, at the present day, under the ceaseless and mighty assaults of the Gaelic League, the co-operation societies, and last but not least, of those of their own faith and blood who could no longer stand to see the gluttonous vampires sucking the life-blood of their fellow-countrymen.

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### *Personals.*

The Reverend Rector, Father William Murphy, O.M.I., returned home in good health a few days before Christmas, after an absence of about four months. To each of his parishioners, to each student of the University, and to the children of the parochial schools, he brought souvenirs of his visit to the Vatican. The Sunday following his return, Father Murphy interested his congregation by giving a short account of his travels, which took in points of England, Ireland, France and Italy.

"When Archbishop Dontenwill was elected Superior General

of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, the Pope accepted his resignation of the see of Vancouver, saying that it was easier to find a good bishop than a good superior general."—The Catholic Record.

Rev. O. Cornellier, O.M.I., the late bursar, has been transferred to Edmonton as Provincial Procurator of Alberta. Rev. A. McGowan, O.M.I., succeeds him in office at the College. Many will remember that few years have elapsed since Father McGowan was bursar before. Father Cornellier did much to promote the interests of Ottawa University during his term of office, and we wish him every success in his new and important duties.

Dr. Grey addressed a large audience in the Knights of Columbus lecture hall recently on the Oxford Movement. Those who heard Dr. Grey hope to be again similarly privileged in the near future.

Rev. Fr. Kelly is now a Prefect of Recreation, while Rev. Fr. Pelletier has become Prefect of the Private Rooms.

Father Stanton visited Grand Mère and Pembroke in charge of the hockey team since the skating season opened.

Father A. B. Roy has replaced Father Cornellier as chaplain of the Rideau Street Convent.

The announcement was made in St. Joseph's Church on the 17th inst., that a two weeks' mission would be preached by the Paulist Fathers, in that church, beginning on February the 28th.

Archbishop Bruchesi, of Montreal, now in Italy, and Archbishop Duhamel, has requested the churches of their respective dioceses to have a special collection for the sufferers from the recent earthquake. The Church is most liberal in contributing to worthy funds.

His Holiness Pius X visited, and spoke with, the refugees who were housed in the Vatican Hospital after the Italian disaster.

## Obituary.

Rev. John Francis Breen was born in the parish of Douglas in 1879. He attended school in his native place, and afterwards continued his primary education in the Pembroke High School. Having passed a short term in the latter, he diligently prepared himself for a higher education. This he received in the University of Ottawa, from which, after some years of earnest application to study,



he graduated in 1900. His vocation to the holy priesthood was not unheeded. In the Grand Seminary of Montreal, where he made his theological course, he proved himself worthy of the high dignity to which he was called, and was ordained in December, 1904. Pembroke was the first parish in which he was stationed. Later he was appointed curate to Rev. P. S. Dowdall at Eganville. It was here, while zealously administering to the spiritual wants of the souls entrusted to his care, he was suddenly stricken down by a serious illness which ended his brief career on Dec. 20, 1908.

To the bereaved members of the family and the circle of friends, the Review extends its sincerest sympathy.

Lawrence J. Brennan died in Fort William, Nov. 19th, 1908, after a lengthy illness of typhoid fever. "Larry," as he was called during his years at Ottawa College, was a very popular student. He was a large-hearted and good-natured boy, and esteemed by all who knew him. Larry played with the College football team for three years, in one of which College won the Canadian Championship. He was also an excellent lacrosse player, having made his place on the Capital lacrosse team two years ago when it won the world's championship. His early death will be sincerely mourned by a host of friends, especially those whose pleasure it was to know and to associate with him as a student at Ottawa College.

The remains were removed from Fort William to North Bay, his boyhood home, where the funeral was held.

On Dec. 9 a solemn high mass was sung in St. Joseph's church, at which the students attended in a body.

Mr. Brennan is survived by his mother, his two brothers and six sisters, who have our sincerest sympathy.

Mr. Romeo Legault, Father Legault's brother, and a former student, died recently after a brief illness. Mr. Legault was in his 27th year, and at the time of his death belonged to the staff of the City Hall. The family have our most sincere sympathy in their great sorrow.

The Rev. Father Boyon, O.M.I., of the Professorial Staff, recently suffered a severe loss by the death of both parents in France. Speaking in behalf of the whole student body, we offer him heartiest condolence.

**R. I. P.**



# ATHLETICS

The entire attention of the Canadian sporting world is engrossed in the greatest of all winter games, "hockey." In every town, village and hamlet throughout the Dominion, teams are organized which receive the attention and support of their respective communities.

Ottawa is along this line of sport, as in many others, a leader. It would be difficult, indeed, to say exactly how many teams are already organized and in excellent running order within the city. Ottawa University has not been slow in adding to this number. She is represented by an excellent senior team which has already gained prominence in the City League, and by a fast junior squad which is prepared to clash with any junior aggregation in the city. Within the college two leagues, of four teams each, have been organized, so hockey is to have its importance.

Already the seniors have filled several engagements with out-of-town teams, and have met with success. While not always victorious, nevertheless, the showing made against superior teams was excellent. Mgr. Ph. Harris has at present under arrangement games with Harvard and Dartmouth Universities from across the border, and a number of other fast teams from this side.

On New Year's night the O. U. team was again beaten, by the Smith's Falls, Féderal League team. The score at full time was the same as the one in Grand Mère, 11-6. Harris, Dunn, Braceland, Bawlf, Aumond, O'Neill, Richard and O'Leary represented O. U.

In Pembroke on Jan. 7th, with a weak team, O. U. met defeat for the third time by a score of 11-7. Team: Côté, O'Brien, Dunne, Bawlf, Byrnes, O'Neill and Richards.

At the present writing two City League games have been played. The first with the once famous Cliffsidés, which resulted in an easy victory for College with the score 9-5. The game was clean and fast throughout, the work of all the players being excellent. The Cliffsidés were a little surprised at the result of the game, inasmuch as they, playing a number of first team men, expected a "walk-away." We were a little surprised ourselves to learn that the spirit of sportsmanship was wanting in our adversaries to such an extent that they brought action before the League against one of our play-

ers for a regrettable accident which occurred during the game. Much unnecessary publicity was given the matter through the papers in which College, of course, was all to blame, but at a recent City League meeting called for the purpose of settling the difficulty arising from said "foul play," the accusing Cliffside proposed the motion that Mr. Dunne's explanation be accepted, and the whole affair dropped.

The incident is indeed to be regretted, and we sincerely hope there will be no repetition.

The team lined up against the Cliffside as follows: c., Bawlf; l.w., Aumond; r.w., O'Neill; rover, O'Leary and Richard; cover-pt., Braceland; pt., Dunne, G. Côté. The playing of each position could not possibly have been improved upon. Bawlf, the captain, is a player of much ability. He is without doubt the fastest man in the City League. Aumond through the game displayed great cleverness as a stick-handler, and on several occasions evaded the checks of the entire team and got in his shot. O'Neill, at right wing, was as usual there with the goods. He was particularly valuable for his checking back. Richards put up a fine aggressive game until he was injured, when he was ably replaced by M. O'Leary.

Braceland, at cover point, is a star. For at least four years he has been considered the best man at the position in the League. He is so good that every team in the League was after him, but he chose to cast his lot with Ottawa University, for which the University management is indeed grateful.

Dunne, at point, is a find. He has surpassed all expectations, and to-day Ottawa University wouldn't trade Dunne for any point man in the League. He, too, was in great demand at the opening of the season, but his feelings were with the University, where he attained the greater part of his education, and he was proud to again don the garnet and gray.

In the nets, Côté played an excellent game. He stopped any number of the most difficult shots.

The game with Ottawa II. resulted in a loss for College. The game was the fastest seen in the City League since its organization. The men showed big league form, and the game was nothing short of senior professional hockey. College was strengthened by Billy Smith and "Dicky" Long, who, together with Bawlf, Aumond, O'Neill, Braceland and Dunne, made Ottawa II., past champions, go an awful pace. It was anybody's game until the gong sounded, with the score 5-3 for Ottawa. It would, indeed, be difficult to say just who were the stars of that game. Everybody played as he has never played before, and all that lost for us was the lack of com-

bination, and, inasmuch as the men had only one practice together, we couldn't expect very much system. However, be it said, Dicky Long had one awful eye on the puck.

Rev. Fr. Stanton, who has charge of the team, is to be complimented on the excellent showing made in the games played. The prospects were exceedingly dark in the beginning, and I doubt, had it not been for his untiring efforts and skilful management, if Ottawa University would be even represented in the City League.

We desire to thank those gentlemen who have so willingly rendered their valuable services to Ottawa University in the hockey line. Messrs. Braceland, Dunne, Aumond, Long, Smith and Côté have done their best to make the team a success and we keenly appreciate their efforts.

Nor have all our attentions been turned toward our seniors. Within the walls of the University two leagues have been formed, consisting of four teams each. The senior teams are captained by Messrs. Brennan, Corkery, Smith and Fleming, while Messrs. Harrington, Connaghan, Hackett and S. Coupal will lead the juniors on to victory. Chas. Gauthier, one of the members of the executive, whose ability as a hockey player is well known, has been appointed general manager of the leagues, and we are confident that the efforts of the Rev. Prefects, together with his able assistance, will meet with the greatest success.

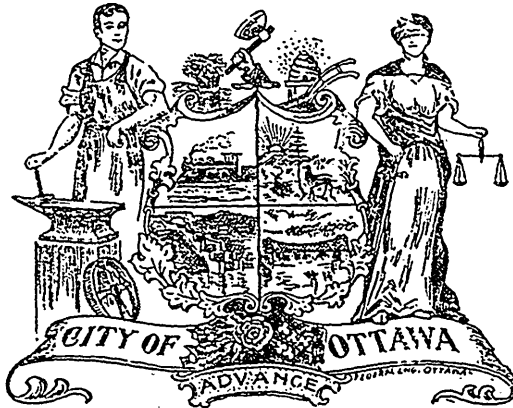
#### BASKETBALL.

As we are just entering upon this season, it is too early to form an idea of even a probable team. So far we have had only a couple of practices, but when things get going we feel sure that we will have a worthy representative quintet. All the boys seem deeply interested in the game, judging by the spirit which they have shown in the practices. The only defect that can be seen so far is lack of combination, and in this game more than any other it is essential. This matter can be easily remedied, and with a little practice in shooting for the baskets at all angles we shall be able to make a creditable showing. The executive has chosen Mr. M. Deahy as manager and Mr. John Hart as captain, and with the able supervision of Rev. Fr. Fortier, things look exceedingly bright. Among the candidates for the team are McCarthy, Deahy, Hart, Gilligan, Musanti, Weir, Harrington, Dewey, Mulligan, Corkery, Sheehy, Lalonde, Linke, Simard.

## THE SLIDE.

Time does not hang heavy on the hands of the College boys this winter. Since the holidays a new amusement has been introduced. This is the slide. At present it is by far the most popular exercise. The toboggans glide with fearful velocity the whole length of the yard and then across it—a distance of nearly one quarter of a mile.

There are several clubs of eight members. Each club owns a toboggan, which has some fancy name, such as The Eel, Longboat, Maud S., etc. Many are the bets wagered on the time taken by the respective sleighs to make the course. At present The Eel holds the record, viz., 15 seconds.



## Of Local Interest

Wi-r to Du B:—Glad to meet you. Are you a student in the Commercial Course.

Har-ton:—I am a man—that is I wear pants.

H-t:—You look like some species of bird with that beak.

W-r:—“Tell you what I like the best:  
Like to just get out and rest  
And not work at nothing else.”

Du B:—As he stood on the hardwood floor  
His feet were full of blisters,  
He tried the game of basketball,  
“It’s useless,” someone whispers.

Duk:—I cannot smoke and study too, so I do not study.

O’Br-n:—What is remorse?

W-bs:—English class.

O’K-, as Har-ton and De-y pass:—There goes Beauty and the Beast.

Ke-dy:—Which is the Beauty?

Sully, have you permission to smoke yet?

It has been announced that Pres. Roosevelt will be accompanied on his African hunting trip by W-r in search of cocoa, and De-y in his anxious quest of Chile sauce.

Pass your card, Har-ton.

H-t (on seeing deceit mis-spelled on board):—How do you spell deceit?

Eng. Prof.:—D-e-c-e-i-t; write it out twenty times for not knowing.

Stranger in Douglas:—Have you a monthly paper here?  
 W. Br-n (misunderstanding):—A monkey's paper?

Gaut-r:—They say Fl-ing is going in for chiropodistry.  
 Bo-le:—Is he going to Japan?

French Prof.:—Translate Il est sept heures et demie.  
 Kin-el-a:—It is seven and a half hour.

O'Ke-f- has a new pipe. He also has given the mane comb,  
 which he brought from the West, the go-by.

Wh-en, during his short stay with us, led the chorus of birds in  
 a barnyard melody, the stars being O'K-fe, L-c-y and the leader him-  
 self.

Prince Honey-Hunk the Admirer will give a lecture on the  
 Athens of America. Go it, Har-on. Where were you this time three  
 weeks ago?

H-rt is now in his new apartments. He is always at home.

Leo cares for coffee,  
 But Jack thinks of summer,  
 Edward longs for fishing,  
 And L-c-y how are you?

For artistic signs, etc., call on H-t, Ou-l-te and Co. of the de-  
 signers' flat.

A few quotations (mis) applied:

Con-gh-n:—"Write words of wondrous length and thunderous  
 sound."—Goldsmith.

O'Br-n:—"With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come."—  
 Shakespeare.

O'K-e:—"Now Jove in his next commodity of hair send three  
 sideboards."

W-bs:—"They say you're aisy."

Ry-n:—"A solemn youth of sober phiz  
 Who eats all the grub and minds his biz.

"Speak sweetly, Har-ing-on, although thy looks are sour."

H-k-tt:—"Half skeleton."

D-by's "tenor is like the whistle of a saw-mill."—Bill Nye.

Brewster O.B. has departed for the Smoky City. Too bad, think of all the millions that are leaving Ottawa.

McC-y, did you turn the key off?

O'Ke-f and Mike the stoker are going to play a little vaudeville sketch entitled "College Chums." If it turns out to be good, O'K. and his pal will leave for the West where there is a good opening.

Capt. H-t of the basketball team thinks that E. G. might catch a place on the scrub team because he has the weight and speed.

If you know anyone needing an elevator boy, why Billy O'Br-is on the job. He is a dandy.

It is wonderful how De-y is mastering the French language.

J. G. is becoming a society man. Ask him for one of his cards.

R-d's successor—L-z-n.

A key to these knocks will be found on the last page.

If through these "knocks" thou hast searched,  
In vain, and rejoice for finding not thy name.  
Though we've not roasted, thou art fool to boast,  
We could not, thou'rt not worth the roast.

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### *Junior Department*

The Junior Editor was pleased to notice that there are but few of the familiar faces missing in the Small Yard after the 'Xmas. holidays. We extend a hearty welcome to all the new-comers.

The Small Yard has again entered a hockey team in the Junior Interprovincial League, which is composed, this year, of College,



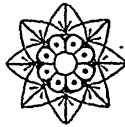
Coopers, and Victorias of Ottawa; and Maple Leaves and Excelsiors of Hull. We had our first game with Coopers shortly after the re-opening of classes, but lost, owing to lack of condition. The second game was with the Excelsiors, and we were again unsuccessful, but through a little bit of hard luck. We expect to be able to chronicle some better news before the end of the season.

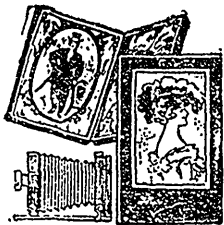
Some of our New Yorkers and down-Easterners who never had a hockey stick in hand before they landed in this northern clime, are making great progress in the game.

The Inter-Mural Leagues are drawn up, and are off for a good start. There is the Senior League, the Junior League, and the Tyro League—each one of them consisting of four teams. Work hard to win the championship and you will get your name in the Review.

What do you think of Flynn, Jones, Larochelle and Pratt, the point men of Junior League? They will make things lively.

'Tis great sport! Such is the common exclamation of those who go tobogganing on our magnificent slide.





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