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**VERY REV. WM. J. MURPHY, O.M.I., D.D.,**  
Rector of the University of Ottawa.

## Our New Rector.

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Very Rev. William J. Murphy, O. M. I., D. D., lately called to the responsible position of Rector of the University of Ottawa, was born at William's Lake, B. C., in 1865. He is an Ottawa College graduate of the class of '88. His academic studies were completed at Harvard after which he entered on a brilliant career as Professor of Physics at his Alma Mater. In turn Prefect of Studies, and Secretary of the University he became intimately acquainted with the working of the institution. After ten years of teaching combined with occasional work in the ministry, higher authority entrusted to him the care of St. Joseph's parish. In his new capacity as parish priest Father Murphy won golden opinions for painstaking zeal and business qualities. The last step in his continued advancement is the recent appointment to the Presidency of the University in connection with which a contemporary says "He is an eminent educationist, known to hundreds of Canadians and Americans who have passed through the College during the last fifteen years." To Rev. Father Murphy and to his assistant Rev. H. Gervais, another veteran, who will, as Vice Rector, be a tower of strength in the arduous duties before him, the REVIEW wishes success.



UNIVERSITY  
OF OTTAWA  
REVIEW

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**Literary Department.**

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**Compensation.**

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In a green maple grove  
That gracious shadows wove,  
In summer heats I sat or roamed unheeding  
The flight of golden hours,  
For, fairer than scented flowers,  
Its wealth of leaves in verdant glory spreading.

\*\*\*

Autumn, on ravage bent,  
Pillaged my emerald tent:  
Her spoils, the shining leaves, the rude winds carried.  
But, lo! where boughs are bare,  
The heavens smile blue and fair—  
Hidden from view while careless summer tarried.

CAMEO.

## The Open Heart.

—

Would you understand  
The language with no word,  
The speech of brook and bird  
Of waves along the sand?

\* \* \*

Would you make your own  
The meaning of the leaves,  
The song the silence weaves  
When little winds make moan?

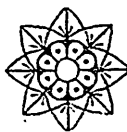
\* \* \*

Would you know how sweet  
The falling of the rill,  
The calling on the hill,  
All tunes the days repeat?

\* \* \*

Neither lore nor art  
No toil can help you hear:  
The secret of the ear  
Go in the open heart.

INNOM.



## The Hall of Fame.—No Room for Poe.

---

Here's a puzzle for those who think that fame, say the fame of genius poetic, or electric, or mechanic, or what not, is easily understood. Twice in five years have the judges (?) so-called "the One Hundred Electors" rejected Edgar Allan Poe's plea for admittance! *Poor fellow, it is quite possible that he personally never dreamed of such a plea, but upon his admirers who demand it, the refusal falls rather clumsily, especially after a casual survey of the list of privileged ones. Fancy denying Poe admittance to the Hall in which Whittier figures gauntly. On inquiry Chancellor McCracken says Poe's moral nature had to be considered. Where would Scotland put blithe Bobby Burns, and Ireland poor "Goldy," had the judges over there been so contankerous. In all probability the McCracken in question would consign watery (?) John Keats to the ash barrel and Shelly to the gutters—had they been Americans. To what part of the braying menagerie have McCracken and his council consigned themselves by this sentence?—What have these judges set up for themselves as a standard of literary criticism? Sad and vagabondish as Poe's life became, all true records show him an amiable man, a good husband, a true friend; his luckless career can hardly be deemed all the result of any serious defect in his moral nature. Who has ever thought of lugging in the morals of Homer—when making out the list of the world's poets? Does not a poet's title to fame lie in his poems? Whatever be the usefulness of Mr., as well as Mrs. Grundy, in regulating society—they should not be consulted by the builders of a Hall of Fame; admission here does not mean exactly the same as canonization. The fact that McCracken has proved himself incapable of rising above the Grundy level demonstrates his total lack of ability, to sit in the perilous seat of judgment. He said that Poe's poems lack of sincerity. This sounds like New England cant about truth. Poe does not "slop over" into weak personal and local sentimentality—he did not, like some others down East, desecrate the noble gift of song to air peculiar political prejudices and animosities; his quarrell with the Raven does not mean anything in particular as to the Black Man. He, like the other real singers expresses a quality*

of generosity that stamps all true poetry. Sincerity, forsooth. Why it is the most striking feature of his poems. True, his was a unique spirit; though he had some kindred in the world of singers his verse poems are his own creation; originality breathes from every line. Verily, Poe is better outside a New York's sky-scraping temple; he may any where else ring his Bells, soothe his tired spirit with appeals to Annabel Lee and confer in sober loneliness with Profel. There is comfort in knowing that vigorous protests are being made, against the decision of the *one hundred* which Prof. Henry E. Shepherd pronounces "colossal stupidity." How proud Americans should feel from a literary point of view, to stand represented in Europe by the *one hundred*! The position is simply ludicrous. In the fifty-six years that have followed Poe's death, the music and magic of his verse have charmed the knowing on this side and beyond the sea. He and Hawthorne stand on the same level among European critics as the best representatives of American literature. Rossetti was glad to acknowledge his indebtedness to Poe for "The Lost Lenore" found again in the "Blessed Damozel." This beautiful classic dream of Heaven was suggested by that bird that sat upon the vase of Pallas and poured out its whole soul in that one word: *Nevermore*. Who is not glad that a happy counterpart was inspired by that gaunt and grim Raven? Rossetti said it was the reading of the Raven that inspired him. Tennyson, from his youth on through all his years, loved to read Poe. When asked to write an epitaph for the monument of the poet he said: "How can so fine a genius and so sad a life be expressed and compressed in one short line!" It would be perhaps, a surprise to McCracken and his board of advisers, to look into the great English quarterlies of the last fifty years to find how conspicuous a place the poems of this rejected American occupy. Alas that a little more room was not given him during his weird battle for bread. How many of the poems of Whittier and Holmes and even Lowell will go down—not the ages—but the next fifty years? The Legend of Brittany and The Vision of Sir Launfal may possibly be read with pleasure fifty years hence, but it seems safe to say no others, even of Lowell's will. Perhaps it is because Poe is such a bold individuality, such a unique genius, that his American judges fail to see his right of way into their Hall of Fame! Well, the great world begs to differ from McCracken *et al* and judge Poe as entitled to the *first place among the American poets*. This judgment does not imply that the sub-



stance of his poems is the best ever wrought upon, but by the music and the rhythy of his verse he is suere to please for all time, and what more is asked of art but that it be a thing of beauty, a joy forever? —“God’s prophets of the beautiful” the poets are. In the true Hall of Fame their faces in the lull of natural things look wonderful, with life and death and deathless rule.

S. N.

---

### Dusk.

Oh! the toil and worry,  
Oh! the heat and hurry  
Of the Day!  
Oh! the poisoned arrow  
Met, alas! so often  
By the tired heart, struggling  
On its weary way!

Ah! the rest and blessing,  
Ah! the cool caressing  
Of the Dusk!  
When, like a mother, pressing  
When to her breast, night soothes us,  
Earth veiled, with tales of heaven,  
With her breath of musk.

CAMEO.

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### Passing Impressions.

In the journey, through life impressions of all sorts are conveyed to the mind, as shadows passing on the surface of a lake. We are impressed by beauty, if it be that of a sunset sky, the moonlit heavens, the broad agitated surface of the sea and conversely by ugliness, which revolts our imagination and offends our taste. Most of all, however, we are impressed by character, as it is revealed to us, in those who come into our actual sphere, or, who, merely, as it were, arise an instant above our horizon, to vanish again, and be lost to our view.

In this way, persons with whom we have had a very brief ac-

quaintance, or with whom our association has been desultory, often make a deep and lasting impression upon our minds and these impressions when they are of notable people may be of sufficient interest to jot down on paper.

I remember, for instance going to visit a relative to call upon the late Archbishop of St. Boniface, Mgr. Taché. It was a lovely afternoon of Autumn, as I remember, the sun was disporting itself through variegated foliage and over the expanse of river, the St. Lawrence, with the outline of blue, mist-touched hills in the distance. The distinguished prelate was at that time visiting the Oblate Fathers, in Visitation street, Montreal, quite close to that beautiful church of St. Peter's, with its resplendence of warmth and color. I had not long to wait, after the Brother Porter had taken up our names. In a few moments, the benignant, genial personality of the great missionary bishop, filled the room in a very real sense with his presence. Looking at him, I realized that I was face to face with one of those living forces in the history of Canada, which has helped to make its greatness. Only the blindest prejudice could deny the part which this man had taken in the settlement and in the civilizing of the vast North-West. He had been a power, doing more to control, to regulate, to adjust difficulties, especially with the aboriginal races, than regiments of soldiers or troops of mounted police. This fact was fully known to the sagacious and statesman-like mind of Sir John A. Macdonald, who for so many years swayed, in a sense, the destinies of the country. He found in Mgr. Taché an invaluable auxiliary, as a brief reference to the history of those pioneer days will show. Here was a man, who walked uprightly before God, who had spent his vigorous youth and manhood amongst incredible hardships in carrying the message of the gospel to those tribes who wandered over the vast frozen fields, and by the portages of the North. He had known danger, privation, hardship, known and counted them tall for the sake of the Master whom he served. In his youth he had seen that wondrous vision, that light which had allured him and shone forever on his path.

One of the great men, one of the vital personalities of the country, I thought, as I found myself in his presence and was greeted with warmth and cordiality due, in part to the "shadow of a name" which I bore and in part to his own general and kindly nature. We referred in flattering terms to the work accomplished by one nearly related to me for the welfare of her race and the extension of Christ's kingdom and, then, the conversation turned upon

that region in which his years had been spent. My companion and myself were struck with his grasp of the subject, the large ideas which he so forcibly expressed and also with his fatherly tenderness for the Indians and half-breeds. He spoke of them as if they had been, in truth, his children. It was the time of the Riel excitement, when the half-breed, Louis Riel, expiated upon the scaffold, his offences against his country's laws. Possibly, posterity may judge differently of his case. Half patriot, half outlaw, the celebrated half-breed was imbued with the lawless spirit of his nomad ancestors on the one hand and the martial spirit of Gael on the other. He was fired by the wrongs of his race, and though a menace to orderly and well constituted authority, he had, no doubt, many of those qualities, which under other conditions might have been considered heroic. The Archbishop spoke of Riel, to whom he had been a benefactor, and whose errors he deplored with a fine discrimination, a sympathy and a tolerance which were impressive. If the question of the dark-skinned races were approached in the spirit of wisdom of large-hearted kindness and of comprehension which were apparent in distinguished prelate's utterances concerning them, it is almost certain, that it would be in the majority of cases, readily settled.

The Archbishop was enthusiastically interested in the progress, growth and development of that Northwest to which he had given his best energies. He treated the questions concerning it, politically and otherwise, with force, originality and directness. Coming of a family, which in various ways has distinguished itself in the annals of the country, he probably surpassed them all in the vigor of his understanding, the ripeness of his judgment and the sum of good which he accomplished. He was so identified with St. Boniface that he seemed a part of the city's life and of that church which the poet Whittier has immortalized,

The bells of the Roman Mission,  
The church of St. Boniface.

With his characteristic courtesy and sense of the amenities, Archbishop Taché caused the bells to be rung upon the birthday of the Quaker poet, drawing from him an appreciative letter in consequence. They have both passed beyond the bourne since then.

The eminent prelate has left to his successors in the ministry, his brethren of the Oblate Order, who have been so largely identi-

fied with the northland, and whose "feet still bear upon the mountain tops the tidings of peace," the example of apostolic zeal and unbounded charity. The figure of the great churchman shall continue to loom grandly upon the horizon during successive generations. Posterity will recognize in him a true patriot, a sagacious and disinterested counsellor and a magnanimous lover of his kind, no less than the devoted priest and the saintly missionary. Therefore, I am glad that amongst my impressions, a very strong, if fleeting one, is that of Monseigneur Alexandre Taché, metropolitan of St. Boniface.

A. T. S.

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### Doctor Samuel Johnson.

---

Of most extraordinary intellectual power, Doctor Johnson is even more interesting viewed from his human side, and it is as a man that we choose to consider him, rather than as a writer. As a man, he proved himself a hero, fully worthy to be honored as such, though his heroism was not of the epic kind nor did it find expression in the deeds of valor. It consisted rather of patient, cheerful perseverance in the face of adverse circumstances and noble courage in the endurance of life's sternest trials.

Dr. Samuel Johnson was born in Lichfield, in 1709. He was the son of a poor book seller and it was among the volumes in his father's shop that he first developed a taste for omnivorous reading. His early education was received in the schools of Lichfield where he acquired a very accurate knowledge of Latin. He was always delicate, and suffered all his life from a painful defect of vision while a persistent melancholy hung like a cloud over all his days. At the age of 19 he entered Pembroke College, Oxford, but did not finish his course, being recalled home after three years by the death of his father. While at Oxford he became notorious for his rebellious conduct, owing to the great depression caused by his poverty and disease. Speaking of this time he said : I was

miserably poor, and I thought to fight my way by my literature and my wit; so I disregarded all power and all authority."

After leaving Oxford, Johnson entered upon an assiduous course of reading although he did not consider himself a serious student. He eventually made his way to London, the great metropolis that offered so large a field for talent of every kind. But, as Mr. Thompson well explains it was not quite the same London, as Johnson's predecessors in literature had known. A great change had taken place since the days of Pope and Dryden and it was no longer the golden age for all those who could wield a pen. The liberal patronage that had before rewarded poets and writers was now devoted to other purposes and literary talent was left to carry on a hard struggle unaided. The speaker related some pathetic stories of the sufferings and privations of a few of the famous writers of those days, sufferings such as our great doctor began to experience from the hour of his arrival in London.

On account of his enormous size he was told to go and be a porter but he did not take the advice, and after many trials and disappointments succeeded in making sufficient with his pen to support himself and his wife. For thirty years his life was but a struggle with poverty and drudgery; a struggle bravely and cheerfully carried on, but so intense were the sufferings endured in that time, that years afterwards, he would weep at the very remembrance. At last in 1762 recognition came and George III bestowed on him a pension of £300 a year, thus placing him in a position of independence. From this time he wrote little save his *Lives of the Poets*, but spent the next twenty years in holding forth in the coffee-houses and taverns to a circle of admiring friends.

The coffee-houses and taverns, were the clubs of those days and do not correspond to the barrooms of our time. To understand the lives lead by Johnson and his friends, it is necessary to remember the peculiarity of the time in which they lived. London was then considered the Hub of the Universe." The literary society was extremely limited and there were no newspapers to speak of. Consequently discussions were carried on in the coffee-houses, where tea, not coffee, was drunk. Life flowed on in a very easy, quiet manner here and in the taverns where the devotees of literature dined and conversed most brilliantly. The group of which Johnson formed a part was composed of some of the most illustrious men in history; Edmund Burke, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Langton, Butler and others. It

was at this time that James Boswell, a Scotchman, who was also one of the company, and held Dr. Johnson in the highest esteem, conceived the happy idea of writing up all the old man's conversations and witticisms, and thus, it is to Boswell that the world owes the finest and completest biography of the great doctor ever written.

Many amusing anecdotes illustrative of Johnson's wit, his love of argument, his conversational powers, his pronounced prejudice against the Scotch, and at the same time his patient, gentle affection for his tormenting biographer, were related by Mr. Thompson and proved most entertaining. But, above all, his beautiful charity, his admirable intellectual humility, his courage amid adverse circumstances and his heroic endurance of the terrible afflictions that darkened his life, were spoken of as worthy of veneration and esteem. His charity was unlimited. The greater part of his pension he devoted to the waifs and strays of London, many of whom he harbored in his own house and received but ingratitude in return. In his humility he would listen to us praise. He recognized the importance of leading a religious life and was himself pious and devout.

In conclusion let us point out the lesson that is to be learned from this great man's life. There was in it something to inspire us with a desire to better our own. And perhaps there is no lesson it teaches more forcibly than the beauty and necessity of courage in affliction, and the unworthiness and uselessness of whining about the ills and difficulties that beset us in our path through life.

J. B.

---

### Montezuma.

**I**N the introduction to his essay on "Lord Clive," Macaulay deals out a mild reproof to his fellow countrymen, for their culpable ignorance of affairs of the Empire, whilst they are thoroughly acquainted with the history of the romantic conquest of Mexico. With a casual observation on the comparative insignificance of this event, he passes to the consideration of the subjection of India, to him an accomplishment of greater wonder than the former. We cannot dismiss the subject in the same manner, as the brilliant essayist. To the average North American

of today, the history of the 'aborigines of this continent, and the account of their conquest are probably of as much importance as that of natives of the isolated portions of the British Empire. And perhaps the study of the civilization of the early inhabitants of America would prove quite as interesting as that of ancient Egypt, Greece or Persia. It is true that we have not gained any of our laws or moral code from the former. Yet in them we see a mighty branch of the human race, many of whose manners and customs are analogous to those of the eastern nations, and whose civilization forms ample ground for study and research.

The person of whom we wish, in particular, to treat is one whose name is as inseparable from the history of the conquest, as that of Cortes himself. Montezuma and Cortes are the central figures in the great drama.

To gain a thorough estimate of the character of Montezuma requires considerable reflection. Even at thirty, our judgments may be uncertain. We must consider his great demeanour as a ruler. We must likewise weigh the motives which prompted his actions before and during his captivity. In Montezuma the most opposite qualities have succeeded each other, and in him have been embodied dispositions of diverse natures.

The conquerors first beheld him the supreme master of Anahuac, and probably the most enlightened individual of the most enlightened race on the continent; for we are told that he introduced a state of civilization higher than had ever been dreamed of before his time. He came to the throne under very favourable auspices. The people hailed him as the descendant of a line of kings who had brought universal military glory to the Tenochtitlaus. In the early portion of his reign, his subjects were enthusiastic in his regard. But what must have been their attitude towards him, when during eighteen years he almost doubled the empire of his fathers, when he made himself, if not the master, at least the dread of the nations of Central America? Escaping scathless from nine pitched battles, his people considered his person inviolable, and looked on him with a superstitious awe. The glory of their ancestors, so prized by men, paled into insignificance in the actual splendour of their own. We may imagine the surprise the conquerors felt to find such a prince, a potentate with millions of subjects, ready through fear or revenue to

prostrate themselves at his feet. The first impression they received was that Montezuma was an autocrat and a tyrant. This was their opinion of the emperor as a ruler. Their future intercourse with him revealed the character of Montezuma the man.

It seems paradoxical that the character of the Mexican emperor, as the independent monarch of western world, should have been one and the same as that of Montezuma, the captive and vassal. We can see no evidence of the fierce and haughty warrior in the mild and docile prince. Neither can we detect the avaricious despot in the gentle and munificent benefactors. We are able to find the selfish and independent autocrat in the king, who with surprising complacency resigned his supremacy to an emperor superior to himself. That these qualities did not exist in Montezuma at different times, there can be no doubt. It is history. But, the bold contrast between them is merely superficial. The characteristics of the man, at different periods, were the same, but under different aspects. As the ruler, he was a brave warrior because his position demanded it. For was he not the very paragon of Aztec chivalry? At the same time, as he becomes a chivalrous spirit, he submitted to subjugation with docility. As monarch he was avaricious that he might the more practice his munificence among the needy. Unconscious of a power greater than his own, he assumed a supremacy over all others and demanded the allegiance of all inferior to himself. He was tyrannical and autocratic that he, with his superior intelligence he might the better guide the destinies of his great empire with a free hand. Yet, when he recognized in the Spaniards a civilization far beyond his best ideals, he bowed to them with a submissiveness truly magnanimous, knowing full well his own insignificance compared to them.

The courage of Montezuma has been attacked. Prescott clears him of the accusation ; but, he ascribes his weakness, in giving into the Spaniards without resistance, to superstition. We cannot agree with the historian on this point, whatever weakness of his race was reflected in him on this respect, it seems clear that the momentous action of his life was done after the calmest deliberation. He saw that surrender was the only possible proper course. The weakness lay not with him in surrendering. but in his nobles in refusing to do so. They did not penetrate into the future as did their lord. They



did not reason as he, that, if a handful of warriors could humble the proudest armies of Mexico, what would be the power of a whole nation of such men. He saw that the Spaniards were as far superior, in intelligence, to the Reno-chtuilans as the latter were to the rudest tribe of America. He deemed it far better to willingly submit to superior genuises than to be forced to submit, later on. His friendly attitude towards the Spaniards, even after he had learned of their human frailties, after all superstitious beliefs had disappeared, most clearly proves that his submission was from policy rather than superstition, from friendship rather than fear. His love for his people, his temple and for his gods in no way diminished his kindly attitude towards the Spaniards and their faith. Nor in the company of his new friends did he neglect his subjects. He did his utmost to reconcile the two peoples. His whole conduct instead of betraying cowardice showed the discretion of a great statesman, when the crisis in the nation is at hand.

It has been said by some historians that Montezuma was deceitful. We believe that if he ever stooped to the practice, it was to avoid what he considered a great evil. He acted from policy. He availed himself of the readiest means to save himself from the yoke of the strangers of whom he had heard, but whom he had never set eyes upon. But when Montezuma became better acquainted with them, straightforwardness and honesty marked every one of his dealings with them; so much so, as to win the utmost confidence and love of the wily Cortes and the other conquerors.

We will conclude with the observation that, had the people of Mexico been of the same mind as the master, they would have submitted to a race whom they knew to be vastly superior to themselves. If they had not been blinded by the grossest superstition, they might have forgiven the inevitable course of events. The bloodshed and devastation that marked their subjugation would never have occurred. A calm submission would have assured the Atzecs of continued prosperity, with their sovereign greater in his allegiance to a Christian monarch than with his independefft way. And it is possible that, had the views of the great Montezuma been acceded to the Atzec nations would have thrived to this day with all their ancient splendour in bold relief, but conforming to the mould of Christianity.

G. W. O'T., '06.

## Constitutional Government in Russia.

**W**HAT a great change has taken place in Russia during the last few years! Before the war with Japan she was an absolute monarchy, and a nation feared by all the western powers; now she is a limited monarchy, and humiliated before all nations. Probably no such radical change has been wrought in any other country so quickly and so unexpectedly. Though agitations and insurrections have been taking place for many years, still they had little influence over the despotic Czar. The riots, strikes and general disturbances all over his kingdom, following in the wake of disastrous war during this year have forced the Czar to consider the matter. He sees that it is better to freely concede liberty to the people than be obliged to do so at the sacrifice of many lives.

The foundation of the late Russian government was laid at the beginning of the eighteenth century by Peter the Great, a man truly great in so far as the advancement of Russia is concerned. Had his successors possessed his energy and his intelligence, Russia might, to-day, have been ruling world in place of being hopelessly retarded by defeat from a power which has developed within the last fifty years. Instead of following his example and improving on his form of government, his successors seem to have assumed that Peter's constitution needed no change with the advancement of time.

Peter made many reforms. For the better government of the country he divided his empire into forty-three provinces, each had a governor who was also supreme judge. Appeals could be taken to the Departments at St. Petersburg. These Departments were ten in number. Over all these Peter had supreme power, and to complete his mastery placed himself at the head of the Russian Church. This sort of government with a few changes has existed up to the past month.

During the past two centuries, while other peoples were obtaining more and more freedom in the government of their country, the Russians were being lorded over by the Czar and his Grand Dukes, the Czar ruling in a most despotic manner, supreme in all things, his will to be done. Anyone who dared to disobey was quickly put to death, or sent as an exile to Siberia. Taxes were levied at

will ; and while royalty was living in the greatest luxury, thousands of poor peasants from whom money was extorted died of starvation. So that although the majority of the people, through fear, outwardly feigned contentment with the late government, almost every Russian desired in his heart the overthrow of despotism and the formation of a constitutional monarchy.

While Russia was at peace the people were afraid to clamor against the government, to demand redress, because they had before their eyes the terrible punishments which had always been meted out to reform agitators. The Japanese war went against Russia from the very beginning on account of this latent dissension between the people and the rulers. The people saw that a time had come when an agitation could be successful, and they grasped the opportunity. When, last January, Father Goupon led the mob to the Winter Palace to make some demands and these people were inhumanly slaughtered by the soldiers, a series of riots were begun, which having spread over the whole country and hastened the downfall of autocracy, and the building up of a limited monarchy in Russia.

Not until the Czar saw that the riots were of a serious nature was Count Witte consulted on the matter. This man had already become famous for his shrewdness in the Portsmouth Peace Conference, and was perfectly capable to give advice in such a serious matter. Count Witte is of German descent, and was born in Tiflis in 1849. After being educated in the High School of his native city he entered the railway service, and working himself up he was afterwards able to take charge of the railway traffic of the country. In 1894 he became Minister of Finance, and introduced many reforms. He encouraged education, and was also a strong supporter of the Savings Bank system. In 1903 he was retired from public life by Ducal influence and was not heard of in a public capacity until he took part in the Portsmouth Peace Conference last August.

Count Witte advised the Czar, and his advice has been followed, to grant liberty of conscience, freedom of speech, of the press, and of the assembly, and moreover the making of the imperial parliament responsible. The regulation of the franchise will be fixed later, and it is very likely to be universal suffrage. With the new change the people will soon have full control of money matters ; the feature of control has always been the great bone of contention between all

governments and their subjects. For many centuries the English nation clamored against arbitrary taxation, and they took advantage of every opportunity to force their king to accede to their demand. Where the people do not control the taxes there is very little progress, because in such a country the people are divided against the crowd, and where there is no unity there is no progress. Now that the Russian people have obtained control of the levying of taxes, we may expect that they will soon become a contented, prosperous, and powerful nation.

To day, in the words of a local lecturer, "Freedom is parading in crimson garb the Nevsky Prospect and knocking loudly at the door of the Winter Palace."

J. M. G., '06.

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### **An American Statesman.**

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Daniel Webster, the second son of Ebenezer Webster and Abigail Eastman, was born in a secluded spot among the mountains at Salisbury, New Hampshire, Jan. 18, 1872.

The early part of his education was obtained from his parents until the age of fourteen, when he was sent to the Phillips-Exeter Academy. Three years later he entered Dartmouth College where he partly supported himself and elder brother to prepare for college by teaching school in winter. Being especially fond of history and English literature he read extensively, thereby laying the foundation in classic languages which enabled him to deliver brilliant addresses before the college societies.

Graduating in 1801, he immediately entered upon the study of law in the office of Thomas Thompson, who afterwards became a congressman and United States senator. After four years he was admitted to the bar at Boston. He practised at Boscawen for a year and was then admitted to the Superior Court of New Hampshire with residence at Portsmouth.

He had inherited from his father a spirit of patriotism and love for his country, but did not enter deeply into politics until the outbreak of the war of 1812 which created a demand for the best talent that could be had. Mr. Webster had always worked for the

good of the people and had already established a reputation for public spirit that in 1812 elected him to congress.

Early in the session he moved a series of resolutions on the repeal of the Berlin and Milan decrees and on this subject delivered his maiden speech. Coming from a person who was almost unknown it took the house by storm. His speeches afterwards placed him in the highest rank as a debater. To the success he achieved while filling this responsible position is attributed the fact that he was on different occasions chosen to represent the people at the senate.

The many bills which he introduced during his term of office were invariably based on sound principles of right and justice. Perhaps his most important service was the introduction of a resolution requiring all payments to the treasury after Feb. 20, 1817 to be made in coin or its equivalent. This measure prevailed and redeemed the depreciated currency of the country.

In the winter of 1813, Mr. Webster's home, contents, and the entire professional labor was destroyed by fire. It was providential in this that the misfortune largely decided his removal to a broader field in Boston, then as now the brains of the country. For eight years he devoted all his time to his profession and was often called upon to deliver speeches at special functions, addressing masses by the thousands in the open air, on the urgent political questions of the day.

Daniel Webster is said to hold the highest place among the American orators. His style is simple and clear, noted for the vigor of reasoning, impressive, and at times rises to real grandeur. Among his finest speeches may be mentioned The Bunker Hill Monument discourse, the reply to Hayne, and the eulogy on Adams and Jefferson.

At the age of seventy he departed from this world at Marshfield, Massachusetts, deeply mourned by the whole nation for they knew that they had lost one of most eminent statesmen that the world had ever seen.

C. F. B.

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## An accident of long ago.

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One fine evening in July last, we had pulled in our canoe on the east shore of Lake Nipigon, about ten miles from the place where the Nipigon river rises in the lake, when a noise was heard in the bush a few yards away. I immediately picked up a 30-30 Winchester near at hand, and was about to investigate, as probably an old bear was prowling around, and a few pounds of fresh meat would not be out of place, after having lived on salt meat for a couple of months; but the old guide, a man of about sixty years of age, caught my arm and requested me to drop the rifle. At first I was angry to be thus deprived of a feast, but a glance at the old fellow soon convinced me that something was wrong. Finally he spoke: "I have a sad tale to tell you," said the old fellow, "about a fatal shot in the dark, but I think it would be better to first give hunger a surprise." We were generally in a hurry around meal time, but I can truthfully say that no meal, at any other time during the trip, was prepared as speedily. We were very anxious to hear the old fellow's story, because he had seldom spoken up to this incident, unless when spoken to, and then he never wasted words. What struck us as most strange was that he was a man of more than ordinary education, and a guide. We naturally concluded there was a mystery surrounding him, and here was a clue if not the solution.

Supper finished, and everything put aside for the night, the guide threw a few logs on the fire, and began. "I think," said he, "before giving you the facts of that sad event, it would be well to say a few words about my early life. Well, I was born in a village, now a fairly large town, on the Georgian Bay, not far from Lake Huron: there I spent my youth. My mother died when I was scarcely four years old. I was then placed in charge of my grandfather, for my father was an engineer on a boat between Montreal and the Sault, and so could not take me with him. Of my father I have but a faint recollection. At the age of seven I entered the village school, there to spend five of the happiest years of my life. Then I was sent to a high school in a distant town, from which I graduated after four years of hard work. A chance as apprentice to a civil engineer going out West offered itself and I decided to take a short holiday before going.

The first few weeks were spent fishing, but with very poor luck. Then I joined a camping party and passed almost six weeks exploring the many islands of the Georgian Bay. The weather turned colder, and my holidays were fast coming to an end. I resolved to take to the bush, and hunt birds with my host, who was an excellent wing shot, but found after a short while, that it was only a waste of ammunition, for we could not bring down a bird, so I made up my mind to devote my time to hunting rabbits. This was fairly successful. My companion often became separated from me during the day, but we always met before leaving the bush coming on to dusk. On the last day of my vacation we started off at dawn to make a record haul. I had exchanged my shot gun for a 4 Winchester rifle in order to be able to shoot at a longer range. We travelled until dinner time, then I set out for a hard wood ridge near a big lake about two miles farther to the east, while my companion intended to follow a creek flowing in the opposite direction. We were to meet at three o'clock at the place we had dined. I soon reached my destination, bagged a few rabbits and started back, feeling quite satisfied with my trip, and expecting to pick off one or two more. When within a hundred yards or so of our meeting place, a white object in a clump of bushes caught my eye. I shouted in order to warn my companion, should he be near, but received no reply, yet the white object remained in the same place. I raised my rifle, and fired, then approached the object expecting to find the first sign of fall, a partly white rabbit. Imagine my horror and surprise when I found I had planted a ball in my companion's breast. I ran to a house about two miles away and procured the assistance of two men who carried my friend home. He lived for a few hours. It seems he had returned a good deal sooner than I, and bring tired after the morning's walk, lay down in the clump of bushes to sleep, knowing I would see him on my return. The white mark shot at was part of his handkerchief, hanging from his breast pocket.

I vowed never to touch a gun again. Soon after the accident I drifted into this country, where I have earned a living by guiding tourists up the river in the summer, and by trapping furs in the winter. You have wondered all along why I have been so sullen. Well the sight of that gun brought back to my memory that accident of long ago. I determined never to tell anyone about it, but the youngster (pointing to me) by his action recalled that event more vividly than you can imagine.

M. '07.

## Book Review.

"MARY THE QUEEN," is the title of a life of the Blessed Virgin Mary, written in very attractive form for young folks by "A Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus." It is full of pious thoughts and beautiful traditions interwoven with the narration of the birth and life of the Maiden Queen of Purity with her parents, of her care for her Divine Son, of her sorrows and of her death and final coronation as Immaculate Queen of Heaven and Earth. Written as a story it is interesting to young and old. To all such works, God-speed, for they inspire little children with faith and devotion, and love for the Mother of their Saviour, "our fallen nature's solitary boast." Such sentiments instilled into the young mind usually bear good fruit and are never wholly lost.

Sold by *Benziger Bros.*, *New York*. Price 50 cents.

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FOR THE WHITE ROSE, By Katherine Tynan Hinkson. Benziger Bros., *New York*. Price 45 cents.

For the White Rose, is a brief tale of the unsuccessful attempt of the Scottish lords to place their chivalrous young "king across the water" upon the throne of his fathers instead of the usurping Hanoverian. The same faith and the same sympathies unite the little Scottish lady and the Welsh maiden, on a foreign shore, where they are forced to seek their education. In language that is poetic this truly gifted author portrays the patriotism, impetuosity, loyalty and devotion that beautifies the Celtic character, whether on the hills of Cambria or the highland heaths of bonny Scotland, or among the poverty-stricken exiles of emerald Erin. The diction and the sentiments are alike beautiful.

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THE CHILDREN OF CUPA. By Mary E. Mannix. Benziger Bros, *New York*. Price 45 cents.

This narrative of the Indians of the old Spanish missions with their deeply-rooted simple faith constitutes a good juvenile story and incidentally furnishes a little light on the methods of meddlesome colporteur missionaries. The aborigines of the south excite our sympathy as they patiently endure the wrongs they are powerless to resist. It is well written and interesting.



THE VIOLIN MAKER. By Sara Trainer Smith. Benziger Bros., New York. Price 45 cents.

This production is worthy of its popular author. It is a German Catholic story with a moral, from the original of Otto von Schaching.

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THE DOLLAR HUNT, from the French, By E. G. Martin. Benziger Bros., New York. Price 45 cents.

The business transactions by which American millions are exchanged for European coronets are well known to us. Our story points out the evils connected with this sacrifice of conjugal happiness for empty honors, when it relates the narrow escape of a fair young heiress from the toils of an unprincipled fortune-hunter and his allies.

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ROSE O' THE RIVER, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. *The Copp Clarke Co., Limited, Toronto.*

"Rose o' the River," is a pretty name, and the story is just as pretty, as Mrs. Wiggins' New England heroine. There is the charm of the natural, about the people and the plot, and another merit,—the story is not too long. It is a simple one, telling of life on the farm and along the river drive, with a sturdy, firmly-rooted pine-tree sort of man for a hero, and a pretty, fragile, sweet, but prickly brier-rose sort of woman for a heroine. An unusual thing, for a woman, particularly, for a woman writer, is Mrs. Wiggins' vivid description, and appreciation of the exclusively masculine pursuit of "lumber-driving." She almost makes the woman reader understand and appreciate it too. The power which she possesses in a marked degree, of making one see the people she describes, her bright "talking" style, her excellent character drawing, together with her quaint touches of humor, lift the story above the common place. All in all, one closes the book, with a feeling of satisfaction that one has met such people, as Rose and her lover, "Anecdotal Kenebec," whose anecdotes had to take the form of serials, they were so long, and the woman who said, "If I'd known there'd be so many out, I'd ought to have worn my bunnit, but I ain't got no bunnit, and if I had they say I ain't got no-head to wear it."

E. M. M.  
d'Youville Circle.

## Exchanges.

In several of our exchanges there is a very noticeable lack of sound literary matter. Those in which the above fault are most conspicuous are the October issues of the *Bethany Messenger*, *The Fordham Monthly*, and the September and October numbers of *The Student* published by Bates College. Less space devoted to athletics, locals, personals, etc., would render these publications of more lasting value.

The *Fordham Monthly* for October contains a Review and criticism of Father Sheehan's latest book "Glenanaar", the chief merit of which lies in its length. For many the review and criticism would suffice in lieu of the book.

The October issue of the *Ottawa Campus* contains many excellent contributions of both prose and poetry. of which that entitled "Japan and Civilization" is deserving of special attention. It gives a very clear and concise description of an empire, which, by confidence in and loyalty to its government has won for itself the respect of the other great powers.

We are in receipt of the October number of the *Schoolman*. This is our old friend the *Bee* in a new dress and added dignity. The article entitled "Macbeth and King Lear" in which the similarities and contrasts of both are well brought out; and that entitled "Adonis" an essay on Shelley's lament over the untimely death of Keats, merit special praise. Success.

The September and October numbers of *The Collegian* deserve a place of honor on our table. The essay "Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar", in the October issue apart from being well composed and arranged, affords a very good description of that author's play.

Among our other exchanges *The Laurel*, *Holy Cross Purple*, *The Solonian*, and others are of some interest and we regret that want of space will not permit us to review in this issue the productions of all our sister colleges.

J. R. M.

# Science Notes.

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## Asbestos.

Asbestos is so different from any other mineral that its occurrence, mining and preparation for the market is an entire study in itself. When the mineral was first mined in the Italian Alps in the beginning of the last century it seems to have been looked upon only as a substance of interest to the mineralogist and geologist, but of little or no practical commercial value, and it was not until the beginning of the seventies that the first attempts were made by London parties to exploit asbestos deposits in the Aosta valley for the purpose of experimenting on a large scale with the Italian product. Concurrently with the exploitation in Italy a discovery of asbestos was made in the Des Plantes River region, between St. Joseph and St. Francis villages in the Province of Quebec, and at the exhibition in London in 1862 a specimen of fine silky-fibred asbestos from the above locality was exhibited. The extension of the belt of serpentine rocks in which the mineral was known to occur had been traced with some care from the Vermont boundary in the township of Potton to and beyond the Chaudière river, but the deposits of asbestos discovered were comparatively limited. All attempts to work them profitably failed and for the next fifteen years nothing was done in the way of exploration or exploitation.

However, in 1877 asbestos was discovered in another region in Canada, this time in the serpentine hills of Thetford and Coleraine. The credit of this discovery is claimed by Mr. Robert Ward, though by others it is stated that the first find was made by a French Canadian named Fecteau. Following closely upon this discovery several parties secured areas both at Thetford and Black Lake in Coleraine township close to the line of the Quebec Central Railway, which for some miles runs through a belt of serpentine. Large fires having swept over the country and all forests being thereby destroyed, the discovery of veins was facilitated by the weathering of the mineral on the surface.

Mining operations on a small scale commenced in 1878, and in this year fifty tons were taken out, for which, however, it was difficult to find a market. The quality of the fibre mined was

excellent and the width of the veins was everything that could be desired, from one-half inch up to two, three and sometimes four inches. This justified the expectation that large deposits of the mineral might exist in that locality, though their true importance and value were not ascertained for several years following. Shipments of the better grades made to London created quite a sensation in the market; extensive tests and investigations were made and the result was that the high value on account of the exceptional qualities for spinning purposes was soon established and the race for the acquisition of additional areas likely to contain the valuable mineral began. The land was considered practically of very little value, either for agricultural or any other purpose, and mining operations were rapidly extended. The principal areas in which the asbestos bearing serpentine was found to occur were on lots 26, 27 and 28, near the line between the ranges 5 and 6 of Thetford, and in the township of Coleraine near Black Lake station, four miles south-west of Thetford station, in an area previously unsurveyed but adjoining, on the south-west range B, also on lots 27 and 28 range B and on lot 32 range C. All these areas were speedily secured as well as most of the serpentine bearing ground extending southeastward from the Quebec Central Railway towards Caribou lake, and for several miles along the Poudrier road.

For the next ten years we witness a rapid development of the industry. The mines were worked on a large scale, while the prospector was still busy exploring for the mineral in the mountains of the surrounding country. Villages sprang up like mushrooms in a country physically speaking one of the roughest. The population, comprising before the beginning of mining operations only a few scattered families, increased to several thousands and the whole country showed all the evidences of industrial activity and prosperity.

But it was soon discovered that the primitive methods of hand extraction were faulty, inadequate and expensive, especially as far as the lower grades were concerned, as a matter of fact, under prevailing price conditions only those mines which were working on richer ground and had a large percentage of crude asbestos had a chance to live and carry on operations with a profit. The natural outcome of this condition was obvious; many mines producing only a very small percentage of the higher

grades were forced to shut down and this together with serious difficulties accentuated by overproduction and a consequent fall in prices caused the industry to receive a severe set back in the middle of the nineties. For some years the industry languished, which was dispiriting to all save those who would not be discouraged, no matter what should happen.

However, mechanical ingenuity of those engaged in the mines and of those having the development of the industry at heart came to the rescue; handcobbing of the lower classes of asbestos gave way gradually to mechanical treatment and this method in the course of years was so successfully and effectively worked out that we find to-day every mine in the district with a complete milling and fiberizing plant. By this process all the smaller fibre which in the earlier years was left in the rock and thrown into the dump is saved and as new applications for this short material sprang up the life of a mine was prolonged and attended with less difficulties.

As a result of these new innovations 16 mills with a capacity of 3,500 tons of asbestos rock per day are operating at present in the district and if reports materialize the capacity of the mines and mills will be largely increased in the course of the present year.

The asbestos industry is a striking example of what human ingenuity, if applied in the right direction, may accomplish. It demonstrates that in order to attain success it is necessary "to strive to seek, to find and not to yield."

The asbestos mines in the Eastern Townships constitute one of the most prosperous industries in the Dominion of Canada and they are of special interest to the mining and industrial world from the fact that in so far as now known they practically represent the only deposit where this mineral of a quality adapted for spinning and for the finer purposes of manufacture can be mined with a profit. So great are the advantages which these mines possess, particularly as regards the accessibility and the ease with which the extraction of the fibre is now accomplished in the mills, that, unless fields as yet unknown and as easy of access can be discovered, the Province of Quebec will long enjoy the privilege of being the principal source of supply for this particular mineral, not only in the North American continent but in the world.

*(Official Report of Mr. Haanel.)*

## Adulteration of Foods.



HE question of the adulteration of foods is an old one and a vital one, no less important at the present day than when Pliny complained of it in the Rome of Cæsar, and when the rulers of classic Athens were forced to appoint public inspectors in order to prevent the contamination of what the people ate and drank. Ever since the first man brought misfortune upon himself and his unhappy descendants by eating the forbidden fruit in the garden of Eden the human race has been inclined to do wrong. We have all been condemned to earn our own bread by the sweat of our own brows, but unfortunately many among us prefer to earn it by the sweat of other people's brows, regardless of justice.

To the dishonest dealer the proposition of mixing pure food with non-nutritious or inferior foreign material is merely a question of a little more gain in the race for the all important wealth. But to the consumer reasoning from cause to effect there is more involved than mere pecuniary damage ; since health itself with all its attendant discomforts is at stake. A writer in a recent number of a prominent American periodical estimates the cost of the annual food supply in the United States to be about \$5,000,000,000, of which only two per cent. is adulterated ; and 90 per cent. of the adulterated part is pronounced by experts not to be dangerous, while ten per cent. is declared to be poisonous. Thus the American public consume annually a hundred million dollars worth of adulterated food of which ten million dollars worth is poisonous. The poisonous portion however, consists chiefly in the coloring matters used in the preparation of confections. The poorer classes of the cities, subsisting as they do on food purchased as cheaply as possible from the shops, are the principal victims of this falsification. The laborer must toil on though his system be meagerly and impartially nourished with impoverished and almost non-nutritious food ; truly his lot is an enviable one.

The number of articles of diet that are made subjects of sophistication is surprising. Coffee is adulterated to an extent that cannot

be realized, not only the ground article but even the supposed berries. There are, we are authoritatively assured, not less than six establishments in the United States engaged in manufacturing machinery for the production of bogus coffee beans. We can imagine the amount of coffee so-called manufactured by the clients of these establishments. The artificial coffee is made from cereals such as peas and beans and from roots particularly chickory, dandelion, carrot, and caramel. The best Java coffee is never sold in this country, but with care we may procure good coffee of other brands. All of the cheaper kinds are artificial. Tea is not adulterated to any considerable extent, but it is sometimes colored. Butter is replaced by oleomargarine composed of tallow, lard and stearic and palmitic acid. Alum is put into bread to whiten and preserve it with the result that the bread becomes dry and harder to digest. Pepper made from dust, sand and buckwheat hulls slightly flavored with the real thing in common. Honey is made from water, starch, cane-sugar and glucose; and maple syrup, right here at home, in the majority of cases contains less genuine maple syrup than sugar, glucose and such ingredients together with water? Of course, we have all endured milk diluted with water, as a necessary evil. Hash defies the analyst and it is to be condemned.

In Canada the amount of falsification is not yet on a par with with that in the United States, but the latter country is successfully grappling with it by laws specifying the required standard of purity for each article of consumption upon the market. Our Inland Revenue Report for the fiscal year ending June, informs us of adulteration of practised to no great extent except in the case of maple syrup, honey, jams and jellies, flavoring extracts, coffee and milk, but these latter are falsified to a considerable extent. The analyst advises legislation establishing a standard of purity as in Uncle Sam's domain, and his idea is without doubt a step in the proper direction. In all probability the Federal Government will give the matter its attention in the near future keeping Canada a model among the nations still.

C. '06.

# University of Ottawa Review.

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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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## EDITORIAL.

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### CONSOLATION.

"The questions of this world are so knotty, they present themselves so diversely and contradictorily to different minds, that I consider it a great blessing when they are solved by events independent of the will of man. I have always passionately wished for this sort of solution, even so as to be slightly superstitious about them."

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"We must believe absolutely and unhesitatingly that what comes from God is best, even when it seems to us worst, in a human point of view. I have seen this exemplified twenty times during my life, and this experience always gave me an unbounded submission to



the will of God, which is now my greatest stay, and which aids me against all the imperfections of a nature hasty and inclined to carry things with a high hand." LACORDAIRE.

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#### FOOTBALL.

It is the fashion now-a-days to decry the strenuous game, especially in its later evolution. But when the pendulum of reaction, swings it is prone to go to the other extreme. That football can be played, shorn of brutality, and minus its wall-flower adornment has been ocularly demonstrated, in the Inter-Collegiate Rugby series. And wonderful to relate, there is a respectable balance sheet.

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#### DE PROFUNDIS.

It has long been the custom in Ireland to recite the De Profundis after low masses, and many an old Irishman can yet repeat the prayer in Latin, learnt, it may be, serving mass at an Irish altar. The custom which is unique and which we hope no modern Giraldus will interpret as incipient schism, is said to date from the Penal Days when many a mass foundation perished, when armed force as well prevented last rites for the faithful dead. Obeying the beautiful law of compensation, the Irish bishops devised a beautiful way in which to help the souls, of those departed, to refreshment light and peace.

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#### ENCYCLOPEDIA AMERICANA.

The Reverend John J. Wynne, S. J., editor of "The Messenger," announces that he has ceased to act as associate editor of the Encyclopedia Americana. He had been acting in that capacity at various intervals during the past few years, advising the editors in their choice of contributors and topics of interest to Catholics. He had helped them also to revise certain things that were erroneous or offensive to Catholics in their historical and doctrinal articles.

Henceforth, no agent of the Americana is authorized to use his name in behalf of this Encyclopedia; and, lest there should be any misunderstanding about his opinion of the work, he notifies Catholic purchasers that it was never within his province as associate editor

to exclude from it articles that were either defective or erroneous in any respect except in so far as they concerned Catholic doctrine, history and practice.

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### HISTORY IN THE MAKING.

One scarcely realizes that the world politic is in the throes of a transition period fraught with tremendous import for our future. Port Arthur and Liao Yang have seen the baptism of two peoples. Norway has broken the bonds of the Congress of Vienna. Austria, who before Wagram and Austerlitz looked to the role of ruler of the universal orb, is going to pieces. And Germany!—The editor is no prophet, but hearken to the forecast. We are rapidly nearing the day when the guttural chorus of "Die Wacht Am Rhein," will be heard in Northern Austria and in Holland, perhaps in Dutch Guiana (with all due respect to the Munroe Doctrine.) How long to remain will depend on England and the United States. England certainly has a fixed idea that Heligoland, that island of melting salt she palmed off on the Fatherland, is enough for Germany. There is too the man on horseback, Theodore, who would be, true to his name, a gift of God and humanity at this epoch of its history. He has strenuousness and to spare to meet the Kaiser's exuberant energies.

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## Soliloquy of a "Science Student," in the "Workshop."

(De cursu actum est scientiae.)

No more I drink into my mind that knowledge  
 Which Science from the soul of Nature  
 Turned into my youthful brain, which  
 Thirsted for a knowledge of the way  
 A locomotive or electric car  
 Intricately pursues its avocation.  
 Now must I pine and whine,  
 And leave these things alone.  
 Oh me, how hard is life!  
 To think that to my fevered thirst  
 Should be denied the quenching draught,  
 Of Science! That this poor parched tongue,  
 Swollen with dryness of the commonplace  
 Of life, should be forbid the taste  
 Of things uncommon above the trite and homely;  
 And of a region into which the mind,  
 Once come, can never bring itself to leave!  
 How hard to be believed, that such a fate  
 Is mine! Ah, Time, say,  
 Canst Thou match this freak of fortune?  
 Hast Thou, O cruel and relentless Fate,  
 No balm for us of "Science noughty eight?"  
 Is there no balm at all in Gilead yet?  
 Say, are we doomed to weep and pine and fret?  
 Fate, shouldst Thou say such is my lot,  
 Fate, to Thy face I say it, I believe Thee not.  
 And more, here openly I scorn Thy word,  
 I throw it back into Thy teeth, and say,  
 That, we can face our fate, and take the cost like men.  
 When trouble comes, we'll not be absent then.  
 That we are of high hopes and goodly cheer,  
 For where there is not wrong, there is not fear.

Then, farewell, scene of Industry and Art,  
 That taught the willing mind, and charmed the heart—  
 Farewell, old Science, may the future bring  
 To Thee a summer longer than Thy spring.  
 May Thy career reborn for long extend;  
 And calmer than Thy birth may be Thy end!

And Thou, Old College, take my fond farewell ;  
 For Thee I have a love I cannot tell ;  
 I have not known Thee long—not long in years,  
 But I have known Thee long enough—for tears ;  
 For, but to look on Thee brings to my heart  
 A feeling that doth cause the tears to start.  
 Then, once again, farewell ! 'Twere better so  
 Had we not met, for now 'tis hard to go.  
 Thou, who hast loyalty and love I cannot tell,  
 Dear to my soul, beloved of heart : farewell.

And we, O Classmates, to whose hearts this blow  
 Has brought in common cause a common woe,  
 We, who must break our ties through force and fate,  
 Here let us toast it : " Science Noughty-eight."

A. S. W. Ex-'08.

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## OBITUARY.

### MRS. O'BRIEN.

The Review extends its heartfelt sympathies to Mr. Lewis O'Brien who has recently been deprived of his mother, who at her death was only forty-seven years of age, was a native of the County of Tipperary, Ireland; but has lived in Ottawa since childhood. Mrs. O'Brien, leaves behind to mourn her loss, her husband, Mr. W. D. O'Brien of the Post Office Department, and four children, the eldest of whom is the wife of Mr. J. E. Doyle, who was a member of the team of '97 and is well known to Review readers. R.I.P.

### MRS. J. J. KEHOE.

On Wednesday, November 15, a particularly sad event took place in the death of Mrs. Kehoe, wife of Mr. J. J. Kehoe, barrister,

of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. A loving mother and staunch and pious Catholic, she unselfishly devoted her life to her children and their guidance in the practices of our holy religion. Given to charitable pursuits and of a winning disposition, her untimely end came as a personal loss to all who had known her. A happy and peaceful death brought to a close long weeks of weary suffering borne with true Christian fortitude. To the bereaved and sorrowing relatives we desire to extend our most heartfelt sympathies.

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## Athletics.



Ottawa College has made its anxiously awaited bow to the Inter-Collegiate Union. An all-student team stepped on to the gridiron to defend the honor of the historic garnet and grey. The season has already somewhat advanced and from experience thus gained our team can surely say that its hopes were well-grounded for Inter-Collegiate football is football as it should be played, hard, strenuous, yet devoid of all traces of unnecessary rough-play. Moreover, the feeling that has so far prevailed is that which students alone can show to one another, even though in athletic opposition. The treat-

ment we have received in the Inter-Collegiate Committee room is disappointing for, as the reader will soon see, our team received at hands of the C.I.R. F.U. officials, one of the rawest deals which has ever been meted out to a team by any body of sport officials in Canada. We are pleased however, to single out one club whose representatives through all stood up for clean sport, honest consideration and justice—the Queen's University organization.

#### MCGILL 8.—OTTAWA COLLEGE 9.

So read the score at the end of the first game of Inter-Collegiate football played in Ottawa.

The afternoon of Oct. 14th, was bright and clear as the Red and White of McGill confronted the Garnet and Grey of Ottawa College, for what proved to be one of the fastest, snappiest and most interesting games seen on 'Varsity oval. McGill had in her line-up all experienced men, men of weight and playing ability led on by the redoubtable Callaghan, who, two years ago, was the star of the Ottawa College back-division. On the home team there appeared nine men who never played against an outside team before, men who were lacking in the essential weight, but were trained to the minute under Coach Clancey's watchful eye.

The game started with the sun shining bright to the College team's advantage. McGill's captain opened up with a code of signals which throughout the game failed to prove of much avail. Numerous scrimmages ensued in which McGill gained ground. This feature together with the numerous free-kicks which she was awarded made things look dangerous for College. However, a splendid kick by a College half, a fumble by McGill brought the ball close to the McGill line, and on the next scrimmage Gleeson knocked over for the first point. McGill then forced matters, bringing the play close to College line and everything pointed to a touch for the Red and White. But here occurred the most spectacular play of the day. Sloan, the College quarter secured the ball from the scrimmage and backing the line made a short pass to Brennan. The oval then went from Brennan, to McDonald, to Filiatreault, to Costello and the latter started down the field like a frightened gazelle with the whole two team in hot pursuit. Man after man tried to catch him, but our

genial Tom was quite too fast, and after a run of seventy-five yards landed behind the posts for a touch-down. Thus the score at half-time stood, College 6, McGill 0.

In the second half McGill rushed things generally. Free kicks were now in order, McGill getting four in rapid succession, and on the last one scored its point. Another rouse came in quick time, and the boys in Red were playing to win. The ball was worked down the field towards College end from a throw-in close to the line, Ross of McGill fell over the line for a try. McGill was now in the lead, 7—6. Then on a free kick McGill added another point to its score. Time was passing and it was now a case of do or die for the College team and they did. For a time it looked all McGill. The ball was kicked over the College line and Durocher got it. The whole McGill team was upon him. The College supporters bowed their heads for they thought it another rouse. But no, for by dint of some wonderful dodging, clever twisting and turning the young fellow not only got out but carried the ball twenty-five yards up the field. This marvellous feat revived the drooping spirits, and soon College was credited a forced rouse which tied the score. Holding to this advantage the College team pressed all the harder and from a fumble Bawlf kicked over the goal-line. McGill was forced to rouse. One moment later time was called and College was proclaimed victorious in her first match of the season in her first year in the Inter-Collegiate Union.

The teams were—

McGill.		Ottawa.
	Full-back.	Durocher
Harrington		
	Half-backs.	Bawlf
Richards		Gleeson (captain)
Callaghan		Joron
Zimmerman (captain)	Quarter.	
Rathbun		Sloan
	Scrimmage.	
Quinn		Smith
Beckwith		Collin
Young		Sweeney

## Wings.

Malcolm	O'Neill
Stephen	Filiatreault
Lyon	Brennan
W. Ross	J. B. McDonald
C. Ross	A. L. McDonald
Cowen	Costello

Referee—Dr. Dalton, Queen's, Umpire, T. S. Marquis, Ottawa.

The whole student body went down to the Central Station at 8 p.m. and gave the McGill boys a hearty send-off.

## QUEEN'S 22.—OTTAWA COLLEGE 13.

On Oct. 21 the College football team ran an excursion to Kingston and fully two hundred supporters and students went along to see our boys play Queen's. A great crowd had assembled to see the match and as the boys in garnet and grey stepped on the field they were welcomed by a rousing Varsity cheer from the Queen's students, which was returned by the Queen's cheer from the Ottawa contingent. This marked the good feeling that prevailed all afternoon, for neither on or off the field was there any sign of an incident to mar it.

A high wind blew diagonally across the field all afternoon and College had the advantage in the first half. From the beginning it was evident that the Ottawa team had a hard battle to fight for they were minus the services of Larry Brennan who was unexpectedly called home to his mother's bedside, and their other stalwart inside wing Alex. McDonald was playing under difficulties, but he realized what his absence from the team meant and resolved to don a uniform and abide by the painful consequences. Although crippled the College team went in to win and played the game from the start. College started off with a rouge, which was soon followed by another and then a great run by Gleeson who passed to O'Neill and made a touchdown for College, before Queen's looked dangerous. Before the half ended Richardson of Queen's who had been playing an effective game got over the line for a try which was not converted. The score at half time was College 8, Queen's 5.

Queen's, with the wind in the second half, became aggressive. Williams, the Kingston centre half, did some wonderful kicking into



touch for gains of forty and fifty yards. At last the Queen's half made an attempt at a drop on goal, but the ball struck the post and bounded to one side. Bawlf, the College left half made a brilliant attempt to save the situation but the whole opposing team was there and a try to Queen's credit was the result. At this particular time and for some unknown reason the College team went sadly to pieces and taking advantage of their opportunity Queen's soon ran up a score of 17. With a determined effort the College team plucked up courage and from the kick-off scored a try making the score 13-27.

Excitement grew intense as College were rushing the play. Captain Gleeson was taking desperate chances and gaining on them. He made one of his favorite long passes to Bawlf but the Queen's first wing was there, intercepted it and was over for the final try which brought the score to 22 to 13. For the remainder of the game College struggled heroically but in vain to secure another try. Time was called with both teams fighting like demons in the centre of the field.

The team was the same as that which played McGill except that Sloan was moved up to the centre scrumage and Johnson played at quarter.

The Queen's team was—Full-back, McDonnell; Halves, Williams, Walsh and L. Gleeson; Quarter, Richardson; Scrummage, Donovan, Templeton and Gibson; Wings, Kennedy, Cameron, Turner, Patterson (captain), Baillie, Timms.

Referee—J. F. Hammond, McGill; Umpire, A. G. Gill, McGill.

The day of the game happened to be the date of the Annual Parade of the Queen's students. It was certainly a rather unique affair, consisting of decorated wagons, cabs and various vehicles filled with hundreds of "made up" men and the whole outfit was headed by a bugle band with Alfie Pierce as the leader. The Queen's boys rented two special cabs and drove around town in search of Ottawa students and when the conveyances were filled they joined in the parade also. The fellow-feeling which existed all day was brought to a climax when hundreds of Queen's boys assembled at the station as the train pulled out and gave our team the heartiest send-off that any visiting team ever got in Kingston. We really appreciate this mark of good will on the part of the Queen's team

and students and we regret that circumstances did not allow us to return the compliment as we would have wished when Queen's visited Ottawa a week ago.

The trip home was of the most enjoyable kind and would remind one of the good old journeys to and from Brockville when that team was in the Quebec Union. The fact of being defeated did not detract any from the pleasantries, for the members of the team were foremost among its promoters. A concert royal with Mr. Filiatreault as leader provided ample entertainment to keep the drowsy ones quite alive.

#### THAT PROTEST.

In the beginning of this department mention was made of a decision which was given by the C. I. R. F. U. on the matter of a protest entered by McGill against a decision of referee Dalton in the Ottawa College-McGill game in Ottawa on Oct. 14. It was mentioned in what would appear to be rather hard terms, but when the facts of the case are stated I think the reader will bear me out in what I have said. The case was as follows.

The score stood College 6, McGill 2, when McGill scored a try (5 points) and Callaghan was in the act of converting it. The College team waited behind the line until the time came to charge forward and then the whole team rushed up to block the kick. No one succeeded in the attempt but Bawlf jumped high in the air and the ball hit him in the back, yet it went over the bar and between the posts. Immediately Referee Dalton ruled that it did not count.

His decision was according to the following definition of a goal as given in the Rules of the Game :—

“When the ball is kicked (except by punt, flying kick, kick-out or kick off) from the grounds without touching the ground or any other player over the cross bar and between the posts (or the posts produced) of the opponents goal, it shall be a goal.”

Rule xi, of the Rules of the Game, says :—“When a side has obtained a try, one of its players shall bring the ball straight up to the goal line and thence out into the grounds, not more in front of the goal than where it was touched down, or fairly held and there place it for one of his side to kick.” To kick what? Evidently a goal. And the restrictions enclosed in parenthesis in the first i

tion limit the kick to either a drop from the field or a placed kick. Therefore, the rule covers both cases and Referee Dalton's decision was the right and only one that could be given.

Yet, the representatives of McGill, Toronto Varsity and R.M.C. could not or rather would not see it that way. What their reason was we are at a loss to know, except that the game *had to be* declared a tie, with Ottawa College the victim of legislators who seemed to be merged in a mutual benefit society. However, events have proven that poor sportsmanship has had its reward for the extra point given to McGill has not improved her chances any at Championship honors. She is now shut out of the race just one point behind. Any effect it may have had on Ottawa College we are yet to see. We are not objecting so much to the point itself, but to the principle involved and to the way in which the decision was given. Better for the good name of McGill and the Inter-Collegiate Union had the referee's decision been upheld, for already the whole organization has been the object of much ridicule for the faults of a few. The whole matter is well summed up in the words of Captain Patterson of Queen's, who was the representative of his club at the meeting: "If you must have it, you can have, it, but according to rules and referee you are not entitled to it."

#### MCGILL 21.—OTTAWA 'VARSITY 11.

On Thanksgiving Day the College team journeyed to Montreal and met the boys in Red and White on the University Athletic Campus. Our boys were determined to retrieve their defeat of the former week, but fate had decreed otherwise, and the Garnet and Grey went down to defeat by a score of 21 to 11. As was their custom our boys set a pace which demoralized McGill. The latter were literally played off their feet in the first half. The College team scored eleven points before McGill made a point at all. Before half time was called McGill scored, making the tally 11 to 6. But once more our team went to pieces as they did in Kingston, and McGill scored and scored again until College seemed powerless to prevent it. Much of the success of the game for McGill is due to the work of Callaghan, who played his old time game, but against his old team. For College no man in particular was conspicuous, for the whole team played well, and were it not for the deplorable twenty minute spell the score

would certainly have been different. Then advantage in weight began to tell and the end came with Garnet and Grey going down before fearful odds.

The team was much the same played the previous Saturday, except that J. B. McDonald went to full-back, and Durocher went up to left half.

Dr. Nagle, was referee, and Hamilton Gordon, Capt. of Montreal's, was umpire.

What added more to the gloom caused by defeat was the fact that on the very night of the game the much-talked of protest was decided upon.

Intercollegiate football is a winner in Ottawa and for more reasons than one.

Who says Canadian College football is not up to the standard? We would like to see the winners of the league play either the Champion Rough Riders or Hamilton Tigers.

The Intercollegiate teams are composed of gentlemen—everyone, and we are not slow to realize the fact.

On every college team there is a star who was trained under King Clancy. McGill has Callaghan, Queen's has Kennedy and Varsity has French. They know where the good men come from. Incidentally it shows how we are handicapped in being without a medical or law or science course.

An old footballer has said in explanation of our teams playing in the second half, that there is a young element on our team that cannot stand prosperity. It may be true for the young element is there. On the team there is not one man over twenty-three, nine are novices and only two weigh over one hundred and seventy-eight pounds. But King Clancy is there to coach them.

Our Quebec Union veterans are the men who are watched and Filiatreault is the one in particular. Fili, generally has two men to cover but even then our Fili is the star of the Intercollegiate wing line.

The whole Intercollegiate Rule-book is ambiguous. Why is not a special meeting called to either formulate a new set of rules or to amend the old so that they may be of value in practice. But the clearest amendment may, it appears, be remedied.

Yes, Rough Riders did have it rather easy this year. But College was not there to oppose them.

Stick to the old college cheers, boys, and to the old V—A—R, in particular, for it has always been the College yell. Nor are we in favor of adopting the cheers of any other institution no matter how remote. Get your brains agoing and draw up some of your own and stick to them.

“King” Clancy never deserved the title more than this year, for from a bunch of youths he brought out a team that *can* play football.

Our former team, mates now opposing us have never played more effective ball than when playing against us and we admire them all the more on that account. Not for the game itself would we have it said that old college players did not play their games when struggling against their Alma Mater. We believe that, since they are opposed to us, they should play the game as it should be played, thereby relieving themselves of any cloud of suspicion and doing honor to the club of which they were former members.

#### QUEEN'S 15.—OTTAWA COLLEGE 19.

Such was the score when the referee sounded his whistle at the end of one of the best games ever seen on Varsity oval.

All week the weather had been broken, but Saturday broke bright and clear, and as the day wore on the sun's rays left the grounds in excellent condition.

From the start to the finish the spectators admired football as played in the Intercollegiate union. that is, football as it should be played.

Queen's started off with a rush that demoralized our boys and as a result the boys from the Limestone City scored one point and then another. College settled down to business and from a forward scrimmage, Smith scored a try on a twenty-five yard run. Queen's endeavored to rush matters but Filiatreault's wing work was responsible for College gains. Finally Queen's took a desperate chance to save the situation by making a long pass, but Costello intercepted and was over for a touch-down, which Durocher converted, making College 11, Queen's 2. On a free kick which struck the bar of the goals Queen's scored a try which was converted. College scored a

rouge and soon after repeated the trick, making the score at half time. College 13, Queen's 8.

Success again looked dangerous, but the College wings again came into prominence. In the end however, Queen's did score a rouge which was soon followed by another touch-down by Turner, who intercepted a pass from Gleeson to Durrcocher. The score now stood, Queen's 15, College 13.

Excitement grew intense, and the hearts of the College supporters sank low as Queen's rushed the play and as College were reported as losers in the second half. The home team was destined to do otherwise however, for by a sudden brace they carried the ball to Queen's territory and kept it there till time was called. Time and time again our team had the ball on Queen's line but could not get over. As time wore on the boys in garnet and grey pressed harder and finally Queen's took a chance to save a safety touch and kicked the ball. Durrcocher was under it and the young fellow started for the line from centre. One after another the Queen's men went at him like tigers, but the genial College man warded off all attacks and finally landed the ball behind the posts. This feat revived the College rooters and spurred his team-mates on to greater efforts. With the scale now 19 to 15 for College, the play grew fierce. Ten minutes remained to play and Queen's realized the necessity of quick scoring while College played a defensive game. Queen's pressed harder and harder while the College team were aggressive. Darkness was gradually clouding the players, but the sounds of cheers re-echoed as the teams struggled for supremacy. Injuries were many, but like true soldiers every player stuck to his post till the end. To the relief of many came the sound of the full time whistle, terminating one of the fiercest and best contested battles ever seen on a local gridiron.

What added more to the beauty of the game was the work of the Referee, Mr. H. Malson of Montreal, and of the Umpire, Dr. Hendry of Toronto, Could the Intercollegiate Union secure more of such men it would add much to the attractiveness of the game.

The College team demonstrated beyond a doubt that they could play ball in the second half and that they could play aggressive football all the time. The scrimmage was equal to the occasion, while the wing line outclassed their opponents, both in blocking rushes and

in breaking through for gains. Costello and O'Neill punished the opposing half line, Jones and Filiatreault broke through repeatedly, especially the latter, while McDonald and Brennan, as is their custom, never let the dangerous Richardson beyond their grasp. All the half line played well, as did Johnson at quarter, but Durocher was the star. His headwork coupled with his wonderful kicking, his running and tackling stamps him out as one of the best in the Inter-collegiate Union.

SPORTING EDITOR.

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### WORDS OF POPE PIUS X TO YOUNG ITALIAN ATHLETES.

"I am greatly consoled to find myself among you boys and young men, for you represent the age of generous aspirations, and of brilliant, lusty and manly victories. Representing Jesus Christ, who was wont to surround Himself with the young in whom He found His delight, I too, looking upon you, feel that I must tell you that I love you—that I love you greatly, that I want to be to you not only a father, but a brother and a dear friend; and as you friend I fully approve your pastimes, your gymnastics and bicycling, your running and walking races, your mountain climbing, swimming, target-shooting. I admire and bless all these noble and pleasant games of yours."

"Bodily exercises stimulate the mind and drive away that idleness which is the father of all vices, and they draw us nearer to the practice of virtue. I will always remember you with joy, and I wish to say this much to you before you go away from here to-day. Be strong in guarding and defending your faith, now especially when so many oppose it, and rise up in rebellion against it. Show yourselves to be devoted children of the Church, and keep alive within you the spirit of worship which so many have banished from their hearts. Be strong in conquering the obstacles that lie in your path. I do not wish to impose any great sacrifices on you in the practice of virtue. I do not wish at all to deny you these games in which you find your recreation—on the contrary I wish to see you flourish in your youth, so that you may be able to gather in the autumn of life the fruit of the seed you have sown in your organizations by the fear of God and the practice of piety,—thus by your example you will exercise a real apostolate over your companions. Precept is a long road—example a short one; a man who is good at preaching and

poor at practice is a sorry fellow. Remember that piety is necessary for us to keep ourselves good Christians—and remember that it is a great happiness for anybody to deserve the title of a good Christian and a good man. I have no desire to pass a harsh judgment on the present time, for I freely admit that excellent citizens are to be found in all classes of society, but my heart bleeds to see so many young men on the wrong path, so much religious indifference, so much moral abasement which obscures the dignity of human nature. Where now is the spirit of obedience even to sacrifice, or independent justice, or disinterested patriotism? How many are there who no longer respect the golden maxim: Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you! Oh! my dear boys and young men remember always that without a good religious foundation, even natural virtue soon vanishes. Be therefore devout, and defend your religion, showing yourselves to be Catholics in deed as well as in word. Thus and thus only will your apostolate bear fruit, and you will conquer others—even those who would cast ridicule on you will be constrained to admire and do homage to your virtue. Their conversion will be your triumph may be complete I heartily give my blessing to you, your families, your studies, your games, and on all who interest themselves in your games.”

(*Roman News.*)

During the past two months some person or persons have delegated to themselves the authority to point out to the Prefects and the Rector a mode of observing the Sabbath in and around the University, to comply with which would necessarily do away with the students Sunday recreation at Varsity Oval. Said persons have gone so far as to invite the administrators of the law to enforce their peculiar views *re* the Sunday Observance Act. In a recent attempt to secure information as to the doings at the Oval on Sundays the “Local Blue-Coats” received the “cold shoulder” and were refused admittance to our private play-ground. No further attempts have been made to prohibit Sunday games, and the students are not in the least concerned, as the late Magistrate O’Gara, in a similar case, upheld the conduct of the boys in the playing of Sunday games within the precincts of their private property.

A large number of the students accompanied the foot-ball team to Kingston on the 21st and all admit having had an enjoyable time.



## THE BALLAD OF BILL BANKS.

... Bill Banks was not a peerless knight,  
He never rode to war  
With giants and magicians and  
A Dragon never saw.

## II

He never loved a princess fair.  
Of castle on the Rhine;  
He never heard (so didn't care);  
He couldn't read a line.

## III

At morn he went out to his work.  
And paved the streets all day.  
When evening fell he came back home.  
Always the same old way.

## IV

He ate his meals and slept all night  
And never did he vote;  
And wondered when the postman passed,  
Why people letters wrote.

## V

He once got sick and then he died—  
No medicine he'd take:  
Appendicitis—doctors said  
But Bill said—"belly ache."

## VI

Bill now sleeps in some church yard  
No tombstone marks the spot,  
The sexton he once did know  
But now has clean forgot.

## VII

Now that is all that's left of Bill  
And, by the way, that's all  
That's left of peerless warriors who—  
In battles used to fall.

WALTER SHELTY.

## Of Local Interest.

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Next time put the lights out O'K—efe.

O'Gr—dy says he wants to do his *Duty*.

T—bin to B—rns —“I've got a *feline* for you.

Tommy B.—I'm (weir)ing my heart away for you.

Prof.—There is more life in that hāt (Sl—an's) than there is in this whole class.

Go—tz,—If Lot's wife hadn't turned to rubber, she shouldn't have turned into salt.

Hog—n.—That's nothing, I saw a whole herd of cattle turned into a pasture.

Rev. J. J. Quilty, '97, was an interested spectator at the Queen's College game on the 4th inst.

O shade of Renatus Descartes, do you realize all the troubles inconveniences you are causing us?

Since D—roch—r made the touch-down winning the Queen's game, Lil has a smile that won't wear off.

Those desiring information as to the prevailing price of candy *particularly the 5 lb. variety*, inquire from F. J—hns—n.

From Kingston comes the news that Mr. L. A. Staley, ex'05, was united in matrimony to Miss B. Hanley on the 1st. inst. The REVIEW extends its congratulations.

(On Friday morning after Thanksgiving day) Prof. Ph.—Where are all the footballers this morning? Are they dead?

Student—No. not dead, but only sleeping.

Mr. Katagawa, an attaché of the Japanese Legation, is a registered student at the University. He is following an elective course in History of Philosophy and Political Science.

Mr. F. French, ex-'06 and Mr. W. Kennedy, ex-'08, two star wingmen on the Toronto and Queen's Rugby teams respectively, were warmly welcomed by their old friends on their visits here.

Prof. Philosophy class: We will have to change this black-board for a mirror.

T—bin.—Why?

Prof.—So that we may have some reflection in class.

D—ff—Why do you like Con's piano-playing?

C—tè.—I was born near a boiler factory and it puts me in mind of my youth.

A certain Kingston damsel is sporting a Varsity pennant. Own up Archie.

Q—am was the envoy of the bunch: Kingston Mail! Regular  
Q—am?

A very interesting feature is promised in the near future when certain of the students known as "fudge-eaters" will discuss the sustaining qualities of fudge. A keen interest has already been displayed by the fact that certain members have obtained extensive samples of the above which if possible will be utilized for the lecture. Samples addressed to T—m O'D—nell, care of Fudge Club will be thankfully received.

The editor intended to reply to a certain gentleman who endeavored, last month, to make a little cheap notoriety for himself by inserting in this department, an item, obviously not calculated as complimentary to the editor. But, as it was manifestly the product of the overworked imagination of a knocker, and as its author has the unenviable reputation of being about the most chronic of our chronic *kickers*, the editor has been prevailed upon to ignore the item.

Some psychological questions of a naughty six are trying to answer.

1. Why it is that when we see Willie D. *a priori* we know that Jimmie G. is nearby?

2. Why, despite T—b—n's most strenuous efforts to come early he cannot succeed in the attempt?

3. How it is that the sedate and bashful G—m—ly is the ablest exponent of the manly art within our walls?

4. Why the Prof. of Ph. persists in calling us materialists? What's the matter?

The following are the gentlemen into whose hands the destinies of the Debating Society have been confided :—

Moderator — Rev. Dr. J. H. Sherry.

President — Jas. E. McNeill, '07.

Secretary — Wm. P. Derham, '06.

Treasurer — Jas. George, '06.

Councillors { P. R. Marshall, '07.  
F. A. Johnson, '07.  
T. Costello, '09.

At a meeting of the Science Society some time ago, the following officers were chosen :—

Moderator — Rev. J. A. Lajeunesse, M.A.

President — C. A. Seguin, '06.

Vice-Pres. — A. M. Power, '07.

Secretary — P. W. O'Toole, '06.

Treasurer — W. P. Derham, '06.

Reporter — T. J. Tobin, '06.

Councillors { T. J. Gormley, '06.  
M. J. O'Neill, '07.  
L. A. Joran, '08.  
T. Callaghan, '08.

The Society's first meeting was held on the evening of the 8th inst. There was a good attendance, the chief feature of the evening being a paper on the "Adulteration of Foods," read by Mr. N. F. Cavanagh, '05. At the conclusion, the Rev. Director made a few remarks about some incidents of adulteration that had come under his notice. A good musical programme was also rendered.

At a meeting in Toronto of the Inter-University Debating League on the 28th ult., the following schedule was drawn up :—

Dec. 1st.—McGill at Toronto.

Dec. 5th.—Queen's at Ottawa.

Jan. 26th.—The winners debate for the championship.

To Ottawa, this year, falls, for the first time, the honor of the presidency of the League, Mr. McNeill holding the position. The University of Toronto has presented to the League for annual competition, a beautiful trophy emblematic of the championship. The local team will do its best to place this latest piece of silver among the splendid collection of athletic trophies that already occupy a prominent place in the University parlors.

The subject to be discussed here is, "Resolved, the free trade within the Empire, and a high tariff wall against all other nations is desirable." Mr. C. J. Jones, '07, and Mr. J. E. McNeill, '07, have been chosen to advocate the affirmative side of the question, while the Queen's men will defend the negative.

The following is the *Free Press* comment on the College concert of the 30th ult. "Some of the best local talent, happy selections, and a good attendance, all contributed to make the concert under the auspices of the Debating and Athletic Societies of Ottawa University, in St. Patrick's Hall, an enjoyable and successful one. When the University orchestra, an organization of much musical merit, opened the programme. There were over 500 people present. The audience was a most appreciative one, and ever number was encored."

In distributing meeds of praise, it would be extremely difficult to discriminate among the different artists—all were really excellent. And considering that they gave their services gratuitously, the boys feel bound to them in everlasting gratitude. Not only was the concert a decided success from an artistic point of view, but from the financial side also, its results were most satisfactory. Everything connected with the concert went to show the deep interest taken by the people of Ottawa in helping on the noble work done by these two most excellent student organizations. The boys wish also to express their thanks to Rev. Dr. Sherry, who was responsible for the organization of the affair, and to whose untiring efforts is due, in a great measure, its success.

The Scientific Society, recently organized, has for its purpose the continuation of the work carried on in *ante ignem* times. Lectures will be delivered as formerly every week. The subjects will be of the most actual importance, dealing with the chief scientific problems

of the day. The weekly lectures will be principally for the arts students. The Scientific Society has the intention of giving public lectures, and to do this will engage prominent scientists. The Society will provide for a musical entertainment in connection with each lecture, both for the students and for the public. So that large numbers will, no doubt, avail themselves of the opportunities presented to them during the coming year.

An agitation has recently been carried on by the Arts students of '06 and '07, to have Calculus and Analytical Geometry made optional for the B. A. exams. They consider that the curriculum is comprehensive enough without these subjects. It embraces thorough courses in the various classics, philosophy and the sciences which include mathematics sufficient for most of the professions. The position of the faculty on this question seems to be opposed to the abolition of the above mentioned branches on the ground that the higher branches of mathematics serve to develop the intellectual capacities of the students and therefore should be retained.

A slight error was made in last month's Review in stating that Mr. J. C. Walsh had entered McGill. We have been informed that he has a lucrative position at present at the Normal School, Hamilton. Success to you Jack.

We are in receipt of a substantial subscription from an old friend of our Journal, Rev. L. Bolger, '97, now the ministry at St. Louis, Mo.

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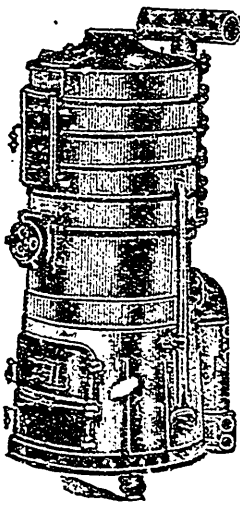
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