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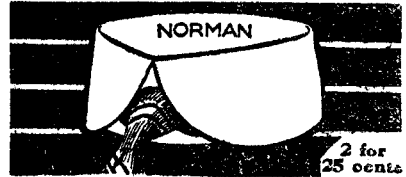
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Cardinal Mercier

AFTER allowing all due credit to the leaders of the belligerent armies, to the ministers and diplomats of the many elements in combat and to the other many notable intellects connected either directly or indirectly with the warring nations, we can truly say one of the foremost figures in the public eye at the present moment is the Cardinal Primate of Belgium.

Cardinal Mercier was born on the 22nd of November, 1851, at Braine l'Alleud, a small town situated within a few miles of Waterloo. After a brilliant course in the Arts, Philosophy and Theology he was ordained to the priesthood. Within a very few years he was professor of philosophy in the Petit Seminaire of Malines, which position he filled till 1882 when he was called to the chair of Thomistic Philosophy in the then flourishing but now demolished University of Louvain. His profound knowledge of all intricate subjects was soon revealed. No difficulty was too great, no obstacle so perplexing that his penetrating brain could not unfold. His esteem for the philosophy and theology of St. Thomas led him into a deep and scientific research of the ways and means whereby a conciliation of Thomism and modernism could be achieved,—a harmonizing of the results of modern science with the unchanging dogmas of Christian metaphysics. His course of philosophy in five large volumes was the outcome—a monument of ideas that has won him the admiration of the world and a place in the front rank of contemporary

thinkers—a work that will enlighten and illuminate the intellects of future ages.

On the 21st of February, 1906, Cardinal Mercier was called to the Archbishopric of Malines, an immense diocese in which there are no fewer than 2,500,000 souls. The motto he chose, "Apostolus Jesu Christi," has indeed been truly realized, for no one more truly deserves the title of apostle as the venerable Mercier. But like the numerous great prelates of the Church, he for nine years went about his all-important work unnoticed by the din and bustle of the world and now when dissension and hatred have buried most all humanity in a bloody struggle—in an abyss of horror, Cardinal Mercier's name has become a household word in many lands. But the reason is not far to seek. The suppression of his famous Christmas pastoral has long since traveled to the four corners of the globe. The Cardinal himself tells us of the sufferings he had to endure at the hands of the invading Germans,—his cancelling of engagements and his confinement in his archiepiscopal palace. The document itself, though undoubtedly one of the greatest of the present year, is none other than a clear and limpid exposition of the Catholic doctrine on patriotism. And could there be anything more natural when the very existence of his nation is threatened than that he who has charge of the spiritual welfare of his children, should advise them in the all-momentous role they are playing in the tragedy that is unfolding before our eyes. "But time will unfold what plighted cunning hides." Already the Germans themselves have blushed and made endeavours to minimize the shameful treatment meted out to him who was just doing his duty.

Aside from his German enemies under the present régime, Cardinal Mercier has had many opponents to contend with in the world and it is worthy of note that his adversaries have always credited him with an unusual degree of fairness.

In the administration of his diocese he has given many evidences of those qualities—providential indeed in the ordeal through which himself and his people are passing. Without being revolutionary and changeable, he has effected many healthy reforms in keeping with modern progress. When once he has set his mind on a certain line of action his energy seems to be without limit. His charity and zeal for the things of God are all-consuming. Indeed

we may truly say his knowledge of the priestly vocation, the priestly life and the priestly oblation is thorough.

To-day, although an old man, Cardinal Mercier was never more active in the performance of his duty. Day and night he is among the body and soul-stricken children of his flock—a father to the sad and dejected, a shepherd like Moses of old leading his people through a desert of wreckage into the promised land.

His immortal pastoral better than any words portrays the man. It is a masterpiece of literature—eloquent and profound, written for the consolidation and elevation of his flock, but perused with benefit and pleasure by the humanity of the world.

JEREMIAH J. FOGARTY, '16.

The Lusitania Disaster

ANOTHER German atrocity! The world has been shaken to its very foundations by the startling news that any being or collection of human beings could debase themselves so much as to make nearly fifteen hundred innocent women and children suffer death to grant revenge for a just defeat.

It is the act of a crazed brain, the act of those who, goaded on by ambition and checked in the struggle for supremacy, perpetuate a testimony of their savagery. It is an outrage which has no strategic value and which, instead of helping their cause, has lowered it in the estimation of every civilized nation. It is the last straw needed to break down the little back of sympathy which has been held out for the German cause.

We could understand that some of the atrocities attributed to this supposedly civilized nation have been exaggerations, and if they did exist might be governed by circumstances which prevent us from forming a just judgment of them. But the idea of lying in wait for a passenger ship and sinking it, where it was a positive fact that its occupants could not be saved, is nothing else than wholesale murder. True it is, that the Lusitania carried in her cargo certain elements used in the manufacture of armaments. But nevertheless

this does not justify the enemy one iota for the course it adopted, nor can it in any way diminish the gravity of the crime.

It is nothing less than piracy on a large scale. For nowhere in the old-time tales of piracy can we find an example of such savage and inhuman cruelty. It is nothing else than the desperate act of a defeated nation. It is the same type of warfare waged against Louvain and Dinant where thousands of women and children were fucfully murdered to gratify the passion of a barbarous people. Nowhere in history can we find a similar incident, where a deed so treacherous was perpetrated by a supposedly civilized nation. And all this is done in the name of ultra-civilization and "kultur".

Nothing is respected by this treaty-breaking people. Promises, rights of nations, rights of individuals, even the most sacred vows of Holy Mother Church are torn into shreds by these cruel monsters.

It is a deplorable fact that the civilized nations of the world cannot fight the savages with their own weapons. But their high sense of moral justice will not permit them to use the weapons with which this unscrupulous collection of individuals have armed themselves.

But the cause of right will triumph in the end. There is a power mightier than howitzers, gases and submarines, and it is to Him that we look for aid. In the name of humanity and national self-respect it is impossible that the Allies refrain from punishing this nation. And with the help of the All-Just, they will stamp into the dust the doctrines of militarism and "kultur".

E. McNALLY, '15.

A man, even the best, always thinks that he can repay everything to a woman by making her his wife, whereas he is only incurring new obligations without paying off the old. Only, though all good women know this, they keep the fact carefully to themselves.

—S. R. Crockett.

A Danger in Summer



LEADING editorial in the *Montreal Gazette*, not long ago, shows that the public is beginning to take notice of a very common danger. The advent of spring and summer, the article reads, while to some it brings recreation, to others change of employment, and to others still the season of their main activity, is for all alike a time of renewed risks to health and life.

In *Science Progress* for April, Dr. Arthur E. Shipley, F.R.S., Fellow and Tutor of Christ's College, Cambridge, calls attention to one of these—the danger of flies. Although the common house-fly is one of the most widely distributed of the insects that are known, the knowledge that has been collected as to its life history is strangely limited. Linnæus gave it the name of *musa domestica*, and De Geer described its transformation. That was in the 18th century. In 1834 the larva was described. In 1873 the American entomologist, A. S. Packard, noticed an exceptional abundance of the house-fly and spent much effort on its investigation. More recently, L. O. Howard, of the U. S. A., Department of Agriculture, issued a bulletin on the subject. Last year C. Gordon Hewitt, the English entomologist, published a preliminary outline of his monograph on the house-fly—a work which men of science are eagerly awaiting.

Enough is known already, however, to justify the warnings of those who have witnessed the activity of the fly in spreading certain forms of disease. Dr. Shipley, in view of the diseases that the fly conveys from man to man, considers the prince of devils well named the Lord of Flies, and holds that of all the plagues of Egypt, that of flies was by no means the least formidable. The house-fly is practically cosmopolitan. The British Museum collection, though very far from complete, includes specimens from the Mediterranean, India, South America, Nova Scotia, Madagascar, Somaliland, New Zealand and Hong Kong.

The great breeding-ground of the house-fly is in the neighbourhood of stables. Their eggs are hatched in about twenty-four hours. During its lifetime the larva moves actively about, eating decaying matter. In from five to seven days it becomes a dark-brown pupa chrysalis. The period required for complete metamorphosis has

been found to vary with the climate. Hewitt has given some striking examples of the effect of weather on the rate of development. The method by which infection is conveyed by flies is mechanical—not unlike that of the inoculating needle. The bacillus is thus conveyed without change from the diseased to the healthy subject. Anthrax bacillus may be thus picked up from a diseased person by the oral organism of the fly and imparted to the abraded surface of a healthy man so as to cause wool-sorter's disease. Plague-bacillus, it is thought, has been carried in the same way—the house-fly, as well as the flea, conveying that dreadful malady from man to man.

That flies disseminate cholera has long since been ascertained. In spreading disease of the eye—an affliction with which Canada has been becoming familiar—there is ample evidence of the fly's participation. A curious proof of the mechanical nature of the infectious process is the fact, discovered by observation, that while the bite (so called) of the tsetse-fly will impart sleeping sickness, the man or animal visited immediately after has immunity—the insertion of the proboscis in the victim's body serving to cleanse the mouth-part which is the instrument of inoculation. It was once believed that the tsetse-fly was confined to the continent of Africa, but this has been disproved by the finding of the little plague in southern Arabia, where it attacks donkeys, horses, dogs and man. Camels and sheep are not troubled by it.

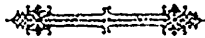
During recent years much attention has been paid to the agency of the house-fly in disseminating bacterial diseases. In spreading such disorders as cholera and enteric fevers, which are caused by micro-organisms, flies have been shown to convey the bacteria from the dejecta of the sick to the food of the healthy. In the South African and Cuban wars a melancholy demonstration of the activity of the too familiar fly in spreading disease and death was brought home to the army physicians. They sometimes even anticipate the exhibition of the disease, performing the task of messenger of fate by carrying the poison from the vicinity of those in whom, though doomed, the virus had not yet declared itself, to those who, but for the fatal assistance, might have escaped infection.

Dr. Veeder reported in his observations some instructive instances of such mediation. Dr. Sandilands, in his remarks on epidemic diarrhœa, says that the course of the disease follows the tem-

perature of the earth rather than that of the atmosphere, and Dr. Newsholme, of Brighton, in his report as health officer, points out how often food is rendered poisonous by flies crowded from all sorts of noisome places into the sugar bowl or milk jug from which children are fed. Sweetened condensed milk, having a greater attraction for flies, is all the more likely to cause infantile diarrhœa.

The proboscis of the common fly is said to harbor another larval nemotode, though the history of this parasite is not fully known. Enough is known, however, to convince even the most sceptical that the house-fly is a danger, as well as a nuisance to the community—a terrible danger in time of epidemic, but a danger at all times to those who dwell near stables, slaughter houses and other places where such insects congregate and breed. Lime, creolin and other germicides may be profitably applied, but prevention is better than cure.

H. FALLON, '15.



Ancient Irish Poetry

(Though accredited to St. Adamnan, Abbot of Iona (died 704), the biographer of St. Columba, the piece, judging by its language, is of later origin.)

Saints of Four Seasons!

Saints of the Year!

Loving, I pray you · longing, I say to you

Save me from angers, dreecings and dangers!

Saints of Four seasons!

Saints of the Year!

Saints of Green Spring time!

Saints of the Year!

Patraic and Grighair, Brigid be near!

My last breath gather with God's Foster Father!

Saints of Green Springtime!

Saints of the Year!

Saints of Gold Summer!

Saints of the Year!

(Poesy wingeth me! Fancy far bringeth me!)

Guide ye me on to Mary's Sweet Son!

Saints of Gold Summer!

Saints of the Year!

Saints of Red Autumn!

Saints of the Year!

Lo! I am cheery! Michil and Mary

Open wide heaven to my soul bereaven!

Saints of Red Autumn!

Saints of the Year!

Saints of Gray Winter!

Saints of the Year!

Outside God's Palace fiends wait in malice—

Let them not win my soul going in!

Saints of Gray Winter!

Saints of the Year!

Saints of Four Seasons!

Saints of the Year!

Waking or sleeping, to my grave creeping,

Life in its Night, hold me God's light!

Saints of Four Seasons!

Saints of the Year.

—Translated by P. J. McCall, from "*The Poem Book of the Gael*,"
by Eleanor Hull.

Music is well said to be the speech of angels; in fact, nothing among the utterances allowed to man is felt to be so divine.

—Thomas Carlyle.

Getting a Line on a Sturgeon

IT was about a week before the exams.—just about that time, so well known to every student, when the brain becomes a place saturated with declensions, formulae, theses, and atomic weights, refuses to assimilate any more knowledge, and craves for a recreation. So it happened that one by one we gradually gathered in "Ike's" room, "far from the madding crowd" of text-books. The talk turned to how each was to spend the summer months. "Well," said "Slim" Jamieson, "I don't know where I am going to be this summer, but I do know one thing I am not going to do,—and that is set night-lines for sturgeon!" "How do you mean, 'set a night-line for sturgeon?'" someone asked. "If none of you fellows have ever tried it you won't be able to appreciate this tale. But last summer, I was out with a survey party on the banks of a well-known northern river, widely advertised for the magnificent sturgeon to be caught in its waters. One evening our chief suggested that we set a night-line and see if we could catch any of the monsters. As this seemed to offer an opportunity for diversion, to say nothing of some fresh fish and possibly some caviar, we all seized on the idea with avidity and set about getting the hooks and line ready.

"As I reflect upon that evening from the quiet of my room, free from the feverish excitement of the occasion, I am firm in my conviction that there was not one man in the whole crowd of us that had ever even seen a night-line either in the process of preparation or in operation. But I can assure you that, that evening, judging from the helpful (?) suggestions that were flying around there did not seem to be anybody that had not been laying night-lines from the time he was able to walk.

"The advice was strong in quantity and weak in quality—nevertheless we finally had a line, as long as the river was wide, with heavy hooks every two feet, baited with pork. To this line we now tied stones four feet apart, so that the baited hooks would lie close to the bottom of the river, where the sturgeon are wont to cavort"—"cavort' is good," remarked Ike—"are wont to cavort," continued "Slim". So far, so good. The "nut" of the party voiced our unspoken admiration of the work of our hands—

and brains—when he said, “Most extraordinary how the ingenuity of man will master the cunning of the lower animals.” Pretty smooth! we all thought. “It only remained for us to attach one end to each bank of the river and then—

“I was delegated to handle the paddle while two of my companions came with me to play out the line which had been carefully rolled up in the bottom of the canoe. I confess, or rather I claim, that I had certain misgivings as I watched the boys pile one hundred hooks and two hundred feet of line in the bottom of a sixteen-foot canoe; I said nothing, however, which was rather unfortunate in view of after events, for later on my claim to distinction, through these same misgivings was squelched by the fact that all the boys admitted afterwards that they knew from the start that it would never succeed.

“We started laying the line at eight o’clock. After we had paid out twenty-five feet, we noticed that it was tangled slightly in the bottom of the canoe; at thirty feet it was tangled less slightly, and at forty it was an inextricable mass of lines, hooks and rocks. Our chief was not at any time the essence of sweet temper—the hooks and line were his property; so we commenced disentangling the mess. At 10.30 we gave this up and commenced to draw in what we had already sunk; at 11.00 we gave this up also, and at 12.15 we sunk the whole thing—hooks, lines, rocks and all—in the deepest part of the river, and slunk into our tents, convinced that the blue envelope would await us in the morning. At breakfast the chief said, “Well, boys, did you sink the line?” Heavy silence. Then I replied, “Yes, we sank it, all right!” The chief covered a grin with a large hand!

R. T. QUAIN, '16.

A man whose manners and sentiments are decidedly below those of his class deserves to be called a blackguard.

—Macaulay.

Primary Education

IN this age of unprecedented competition in the attainment of premier positions in every field of endeavour, man's most serviceable and most powerful weapon is his education. The great numbers of men who yearly flock to the many institutions of learning, situated throughout every country of the world, testify to the importance which must be given to education. They realize that they must be educated, if they desire to be successful men in a profession where the majority is of the educated class.

What great importance, therefore, should be given to the education of the youth of this generation, in order that they may be able to take their rightful place among the men of the future. It is the first and principal duty of parents to secure for their children, so far as their means may allow, an education which will fit them for an honourable career in their manhood of to-morrow.

In what does education consist? It consists in the formation of man's faculties, by the perfection of which he may the more easily attain true happiness. Education may be of two kinds—corporal and spiritual. The former is defined as a formation of the body of the child by food and labour. Hence it is imperative that children be fed and clothed properly, in order that they may be armed against the inclemencies of the weather. They should be encouraged and given ample opportunity to perfect themselves physically, in order that their constitutions may so develop as to protect them from the diseases to which youth, unhappily, is so frequently subjected. Moreover, with such a state of the body, their spiritual education may be carried on with greater facility.

By spiritual education is meant the formation of the intelligence of man through truth. It devolves upon parents, therefore, as the guardians and protectors of their children to direct them in the path of truth. In the formation of the rational faculties, books play a very great part. Children, then, should not be allowed to read any book until it has passed a rigorous censorship by the parents or others capable of judging its worth.

It is to be greatly regretted that the average boy of to-day is more attracted to the fictitious nickel novel than to those children's books into which has been infused—and copiously, too—a spirit of

truth. Is not this the reason for the amazing number of illiterate men in the world to-day? What appeals more strongly to boys than those novels portraying bandit life with its quota of crime and bloodshed? The effect of such trashy literature upon a child's mind is to make him look for subsequent copies and to stimulate in him a desire to rival the performances of the characters represented. It is a matter of further regret that such a low, pernicious and libellous periodical as *Jack Canuck* should be given such widespread circulation among the young men of to-day. Its pages reek with immoral and impious pictures, whose deadly germs, when once sown in the mind, may not easily be expunged. It is the duty, therefore, of parents to provide good literature for their children in order that they may be led to truth and not to error.

The will of the child should be formed through goodness. Hence parents should give good example to their children in order that they may cultivate those habits of goodness which, in later life, will make of them virtuous, God-fearing citizens. They should take care to avoid all things which might prove a source of evil for their offspring. How then do the parents know that the children are being elevated in truth and goodness, if they place their primary education in the hands of servants? Can the mother, who devotes all her time to her social duties—for she stubbornly argues that they are really duties, which under no circumstances must she shirk or neglect—feel sure that the servants are not inculcating in the minds of the children principles at which she herself would certainly rebel were she present? No; no duties must be antecedent to those which bind her to her children. She must sacrifice her desire of being a social satellite, for the interests of her children whose formation in truth and goodness is entirely in her hands.

The education of children begins even at the cradle, for they are singularly observant and governed by habit, so that any bad quality or qualities contracted in their tender years may be conquered or stamped out only with great difficulty. How easy it is for men to contract evil habits, but how difficult to correct them. Profiting by their own experience, parents should spare their young from those occasions which will be for them a bad example.

The formation of the intellect and will of the youth should be carried on in the supernatural order as well as in the natural order. In addition to teaching them natural principles, parents should

educate them in sound principles of religion. At an early age they should be taught little prayers, in order that they may be drawn more closely to the knowledge, love and veneration of God, the Supreme Being, to whom they must at all times and with all fervor, show respect and homage.

If the parents are Catholic they owe it to their children to educate them in the lofty principles of God's Holy Church. They should be made to see the necessity and benefit of attending all religious devotions, of keeping good company, and of performing those works which are truly and essentially Catholic and which stand for their moral uplifting.

It is argued by many men that parents do not possess the natural right of educating their children. They would have the education of children taken out of the hands of those who know and understand them and their needs and who alone love them with an undying passion. They would place it in the hands of the state, whose members would not be moved by such lofty motives in the discharge of the duty of educating the young of the state.

Thomas Hobbes, the first of all English Nominalists, in his book "De Cive" says that the right of educating children rests in the parents on account of their possessing them. Jean Jacques Rousseau, the notorious French Materialist, in his philosophical romance, "Emile" claims that the right is in the parents by civil authority. He utterly disregards the fact that paternal society, whose first and principal duty is the education of children, is anterior to civil society. Samuel von Pufendorf, a German philosopher of the 17th century, claims that the right comes from a contract between parents and children. But is it not true that in order to make a contract the parties contracting must be free? Children are not free to accept or reject education, because of their tender years; consequently there can be no contract between parents and their children.

Since God has imposed upon His creatures many duties which they must perform, if they wish to obtain final and eternal happiness, His justice demands that He give them the means to carry out these obligations. Hence it is that man has in him duties and rights which may also be put in relation to those of other men. That is, if an individual, on account of his position has a right to command

others, the latter have the strict duty to obey him. Thus children have the duty of obtaining that education which will enable them to attain the end for which they were created. But they, on account of many circumstances, are not able to procure it for themselves. Therefore it must be procured for them by others. Who among those are better fitted to fulfil this duty than the parents themselves? Being the proximate cause of the existence of their offspring, they naturally assume the responsibility of all things connected with this effect.

How then may parents give this primary formation to them? They may either teach their children the knowledge which they themselves possess or they may entrust their education to others chosen or accepted by them. Teachers may be engaged to give private instruction at the home, under the immediate supervision of the parents. It is a more common custom, however, to group the children together according to their age and experience, and this has given rise to the schools of the past and of the present. Under this system, they are brought into closer contact with others, thus tending to create in them a spirit of respect and love for their fellow-beings. School life is but a continuation of the family life, and the teachers must be representative of the parents, who confide in them the formation of their children's characters.

Hence it is absolutely necessary that the children of Catholic parents should be educated in Catholic schools, by Catholic teachers, from Catholic books, in order that they may be thoroughly familiar with the doctrines of their Church. Neutral schools, in which all religious instruction is forbidden, are to be condemned as an unjust violation of the rights of parents and children and as a subversion of the very foundation of morality.

Let Catholic parents foster the development of their Separate Schools, in which they may rest assured their children will be given that moral and religious formation of mind which will make of them good, honourable, upright men, a credit to themselves, their parents, their profession and their Church. Let them interest themselves in the work of the schools, elect competent trustees who, in turn, will engage only the best teachers, and pay their full share of the taxes. Under such conditions their schools must flourish; and in their success reflect credit upon the parents whose pleasure it

was to erect such institutions of learning, where their children might be given that formation which would enable them to obtain eternal bliss in the life to come.

J. LEONARD DUFFY, '15.



The Arm-Chair Critic

Now bores there be
 A galaxy
 Of twenty score or more.
 But none are worse
 (And hence my verse)
 Than he who runs the war.

If the war-lords knew what best to do
 They'd surely send for him—
 He'd show them where a raid by air
 Would land them in Berlin.

And he would show to Jellicoe
 How he the seas would keep;
 With shot and shell, he'd take Kiel
 And sink the Kaiser's fleet.

If Kitchener knew what he should do,
 How surely we'd advance;
 By sending men to Dettingen
 We'd drive the foe from France.

He'd tell them how, by pushing now
 To north-east of Verdun,
 They'd circle quite the foe's whole right
 And stop the plund'ring Hun.

Now bores there be
 A galaxy,
 Full twenty score or more.
 But none are worse
 Than that great curse.
 The one who runs the war.

Alexander Pope



ALEXANDER POPE was born in London, May 22, 1688, of Roman Catholic parents. He was from his birth of a constitution tender and delicate; but he showed remarkable gentleness and sweetness of disposition. The weakness of his body continued through his life. His early education then was chiefly domestic and at the age of eight years, he was placed under the care of a Catholic priest, from whom he learnt the rudiments of Greek and Latin.

Pope, at the age of twelve years wrote his first poem, his "Odes on Solitude." This was not a very high attainment. He himself says:

"As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

Subsequently he seems to have been the director of his own studies and kept at them perseveringly, without receiving little or any assistance from others.

At the age of sixteen he wrote his "Pastorals," which are remarkable for their correct and musical versification. They were read with admiration and many praises were bestowed upon him. But they were not published till five years afterwards.

Pope now declared himself a poet; and thinking himself entitled to poetical conversation, began at seventeen to frequent Will's, a coffee-house in Covent Garden, where the wits of that time used to assemble and where Dryden had been accustomed to preside. In this period of his life he spent much time over his books; but he read only to store his mind with facts and images.

In 1711, his "Essay on Criticism" appeared, in which we find combined, as Jenkins says, "sound principles of taste, terseness of expression, beauty of illustration and poetical harmony." It met with much favour on account of the extent of comprehension, the nicety of distinction, the acquaintance with mankind and the knowledge of ancient and modern learning. Of this essay, Pope is said to have declared that he did not expect the sale to be quick because "not one gentleman in sixty, even of liberal education, could understand it."

Not long after he wrote the "Rape of the Lock," the most airy, the most ingenious and the most delightful of all his compositions. The object of the poem was to reconcile two families estranged by the theft of a lady's lock. He enjoyed the praise of this poem for a long time.

At the age of twenty-five Pope issued his "Translation of the Iliad." It was completed and published in the year 1720. The splendour and success of this work raised him many enemies, that endeavoured to depreciate his endeavours. Of the "Odyssey," he translated only twelve books; the rest were the work of Broome and Fenton. The great and signal merits in this work justly elicited the warmest eulogiums from the literary world. "But in the most general applause," says Dr. Johnson, "discordant voices will be heard." It has been objected that Pope's version of Homer is not Homeric, yet all the English translations of Homer, which are the most extensively read and quoted, are those of Pope.

The "Dunciad" or epic of dunces, is one of the greatest and most elaborate of his works. In this poem he endeavours to sink into contempt all the writers by whom he had been attacked and some others whom he thought unable to defend themselves. This satire had the effect which he desired, by blasting the characters which it touched. In the opinion of Ruskin "the 'Dunciad' is the most absolutely chiselled and monumental work *executed* in our country."

In 1733, his "Essay on Man" appeared. This is the most lofty of his poems; it pretends to vindicate the ways of Providence, but it makes God the author of moral evil and takes away human responsibility; yet it contains many striking passages, which, as Jenkins says, "for their mingled felicity of diction and energetic brevity, will always have a place in the memory of every English scholar."

The most noted of his poems not already mentioned are: "Messiah," "Windsor Forest," "Moral Essays," and "Miscellanies." But the "Epistle of Eloise to Abelard" and the tale of "January and May" are directly offensive to morals.

The rank of Pope as a poet has been the subject of much dispute. In sublimity, imagination and pathos he cannot enter into comparison with Spenser, Milton, Shakespeare; and, when compared with Dryden, the mind hesitates as to whom superiority should be allotted. But he is the most brilliant and accomplished of what may be called "artificial" poets.

The religion in which he lived and died was that of the Roman Catholic Church; his private character may be said to have had some faults. He was a most dutiful and affectionate son, a kind master and a sincere friend. Dr. Johnson says of the first mentioned trait in his character that "the filial piety of Pope was in the highest degree amiable and exemplary. His parents had the happiness of living till he was at the summit of poetical reputation, at ease in his fortune, and without a rival in his fame and found no diminution of his respect and tenderness."

Pope was likewise a genius. He had a mind active, ambitious and adventurous, always investigating and always aspiring. He was not content to satisfy but desired to excel and therefore he always endeavoured to do his best.

Pope's life was one long disease. During his last five years he was afflicted with asthma. If he had been neglectful of his religious duties during his lifetime, his fervour in the last hour compensated for it. He even tried to throw himself out of bed, in order to receive the last sacraments kneeling on the floor. He calmly expired in May, 1744.

J. T. ROBERT, '12.

The Code of Honour

"Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake."

—*Hamlet.*

GREAT men before acting have the course which they are going to pursue mapped out very carefully. What they do, is done because such an action is helping them to reach the end they have in view. Nothing is done hastily and without careful deliberation. They never jump at conclusions. The results are measured before the act is done. They may seem to procrastinate, to let opportunities that are waiting to be seized, slip by, but once the way is clear, the seeming fault disappears. Nothing in heaven and earth

can divert them from the road they have decided to take, to get what they desire. They know what they want, and only have to make use of the means they have already foreseen to be the best, to obtain it.

In this way men have become great in the respective spheres in which they desire to be great. By making use of such means, men have become the kings of boot-blacks as well as the emperors of nations; the greatest of criminals, as well as the leaders of a nation's thought. But this is characteristic of the wrongly great in the same degree as it is of the rightly great. It may be applied to Robespierre just as well as to Edmund Burke. To become great, either truly or otherwise, is "not to stir without great argument."

But rightly to be great is to find bitter "quarrel in a straw when honour's at the stake." And here really lies the distinction between true and false greatness. Those who are wrongly great are the least scrupulous about honour. They would resort to any means, fair or foul, to further their ends, no matter how disastrous their acts may be to others. They openly scoff at honour, when it stands in their way, and ignore it when it is safe to do so. Germany thought her road to a "place in the sun" lay through Belgium, but honour blocked the road. When she pushed the obstruction aside, she may have come nearer to obtaining greatness, but nearer only to a false greatness.

Those who are truly great guard their honour as their most precious possession. They may be beaten into the dust in their effort to defend it, but the dust will then be noble dust. It would have been, perhaps, a wise thing for Belgium to accept the money of the Germans for a road through her provinces, but honour was at stake. Belgium suffered but she fiercely defended her honour. England could very safely have allowed the Germans to humble little Belgium but the whole world applauded her when she chose rather "greatly to find quarrel in a straw when honour's at the stake."

J. C. LEACY, '15.

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

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Vol. XVII.

OTTAWA, ONT., MAY, 1915.

No. 8

PRACTICAL PATRIOTISM.

A mighty wave of patriotism is surging through the country. Our young men are rushing in their thousands to defend the flag, and we are proud to say that Ottawa University is not without representation in that gallant band which is earning undying fame on the bloody fields of Flanders and of France. We who are left behind have a duty to perform; our patriotism must consist, not in empty words and cheering, but in real and effective service to Canada and the Empire. We must give generously of our means, we must cheerfully bear our share of the heavy obligations which our young country has incurred, to provide adequately for the maintenance of our armies in a most perfect state of efficiency, for the proper prosecution and the successful termination of our just fight on behalf of civilization. First of all, there are many little things not provided in the soldier's equipment, but of inestimable benefit

in keeping him fit and cheery; small comforts which devoted committees will see that he gets, if we contribute our mite to the general fund. Then we must think of the thousands of our boys who fall sick or are wounded. The destructiveness of modern warfare and the vast scale on which it is being waged, have sorely taxed all existing organizations for the relief of these poor fellows. The Canadian Red Cross Society needs more money to provide more beds at hospitals in Great Britain and France; it needs more money to pay more Red Cross Nurses; it needs more money and more things made by the deft hands of our women, to supply to Clearing Hospitals, Base Hospitals and Recovering Hospitals. Even a small sum is an investment towards the recovery of some Canadian soldier who stood in our stead that our cause might be upheld. Finally, we can show our patriotism by buying Canadian goods, and thereby giving employment to our own people. If we buy at home instead of abroad, our manufacturers must produce more, and must therefore employ more of our citizens, with the result that more money will be in circulation here, and the country's resources notably increased.

ARBOUR DAY.

Arbour Day is not observed in Canada to the extent which its importance warrants.

The people of Canada must ever keep in mind their dependence upon her forests. With large areas suitable only for forestry purposes, it is essential that the value of trees and their protection should be thoroughly impressed upon Canadians.

While Arbour Day is observed in the rural schools, and in some city schools, its recognition by the general public is not as general as it should be.

In the province of Ontario, Arbour Day is celebrated to a limited extent in the schools. This is not sufficient, however. The observance of Arbour Day should be general. There is need in every part of Canada for the education and instruction which Arbour Day represents. The day should be observed as a public holiday, at a time most suited to the climatic conditions of the locality. Public recognition should be given to Arbour Day, and the

planting and protection of shade trees, the preparation of flower and vegetable gardens, and the thorough cleaning up of homes and surroundings should be advocated as special duties for the day.

Arbour Day has its justification in the value of trees, from whatever point of view they may be considered. Nothing contributes so much to make the world a pleasant place to live in as trees. The true home feeling is not satisfied without the presence of the trees, with their shelter and shade, their beauty of form and leaf, their blossom and fruit, their varying shades with the passing of the seasons, and their fulness of colour in the autumn days. They also afford homes and shelter for our feathered friends—the birds—during their annual visits to us.

There is nothing which will add beauty and value to a home or the schoolhouse more than the presence of trees; there is likewise nothing which adds more to the comfort of the pedestrian than shade trees on the roadside. The way may be long and dusty, but under the cool shade of the trees relief is found.

It is to be hoped, therefore, that the celebration of Arbour Day will become more general; that the planting and care of trees and shrubs around schoolhouses, homes, public spaces and by roadsides may have the effect of developing a keener appreciation of the value and beauty of trees; and that in thus enlarging the field of Arbour Day activities, greater interest may be created in the protection of our Canadian forests from the reckless destruction by fire and the axe with which they are threatened.



The stage not only refines the manners, but it is the best teacher of morals, for it is the truest and most intelligible picture of life.

—William Hazlitt.



It is universally acknowledged to-day that of the many ways a language and customs of a people may be rendered more perfect, that of studying foreign thought in the original and unchanged expression is by far the most successful. The contributors to the March issue of *The D'Youville Magazine* are no exceptions for here we have interpreters of both German and French art. "Gerhart Hauptmann" is a splendid sketch of this noted dramatist's life. The writer dwells upon the fairy-like setting and simplicity in this author's works as contrasted with the serious tendency of the latter nineteenth century, in the endeavour to solve all socialistic problems. The essay which follows this, entitled "The Great Comedian," is an equally meriting portrayal of the life and thoughts of Molière. "As Shakespeare was in tragedy, so was Molière in comedy," for these great men both wrote for the stage, but their works are "of all times." The tide of thought in his day can be seen in his worldly philosophy and his attachment to the concrete rather than the spiritual. He has gained his fame, as the author states, through his universality of characterization and his abundance of humour. The English poet also receives his praise from the pen of Miss O'Reilly in her essay. "Ernest Dowson." A strain of intense Catholicism and sadness can be found in the poetry of this convert to Catholicity. The issue, as a whole, is very good.

Echoes from the Pines is always a welcome guest, and it is with satisfaction that we glance over the numerous contributions to each issue. Their motto: "Genius begins great things, Labour always finishes them" is one which is not forgotten, for their subjects are well chosen and their essays show signs of much work and research. The April number is adorned with five short but pleasing poems, while the character sketch of Antonio and of the essays, particularly "Evolution," are very good. "A Defence of the Piano" is a very

appropriate subject, but what the Piano seldom gets nowadays. In this essay the writer, with good reason, praises the Piano, which, unlike the violin and violin-cello, requires no accompaniment, and moreover would do away with the pianola and its mechanical sounds. This is only too true, for in this substitution for the skilled musician we are losing all taste for good music.

In *The Fordham Monthly* for this same month is a splendid story entitled "Tres Bouillon," in which the plot centres around Tomato Soup and its mysterious effects upon the Wigglesworth family. It is very interesting and a good type of short story.

The April number of *The Schoolman* has just reached us from St. Jerome's College, Berlin, Ontario, and we are glad to see such a good collection of essays and stories. We moreover extend our congratulations to Mr. Raymond Clarke, an ex-student of our University, whose picture we find among the Board of Editors of *The Schoolman*. Mr. Clarke was always a favourite here among the students and his success both in class work and in the debating hall assured for him advancement in whatever path of life he should choose. He graduates in '16 and we wish him all success. Three others on the staff, Joseph J. McElligott, James J. Schroeder and Denis J. Harrington, all three from Eganville, are well known to our students, Mr. Harrington being a brother to Messrs. Jerry and Patrick Harrington, formerly of the University of Ottawa.

Another pleasant surprise this month, when on glancing over the *Macdonald College Magazine* we see in the large photo-group of the Macdonald Literary Society Executive no less personages than our old friends Harry Carleton and Jimmy Howard. Both seem to have met with success in their "Back to the Land" move.



Newspapers always excite curiosity. No one ever lays one down without a feeling of disappointment.

—Charles Lamb.



“Like Unto a Merchant,” Mary Agatha Gray. Benziger Bros., New York; \$1.35.

It was with feelings of deepest interest and delight that we read the story entitled “Like Unto a Merchant.” The accounts of the trials and triumphs of the characters hold us breathless and fascinated; human nature is sounded to its very depth; the author’s powers of expression and contrast take a deep hold on our imagination, and never for a moment do we feel certain of what the final scene will portray. The demand of human nature to see all “live happily ever after” is fully satisfied. This book may be read by young and old, and we are sure will be appreciated and enjoyed by all.

Among the Magazines.

We are told by all the reliable magazines that no great change has taken place in the general situation of the armies of the Germans and the Allies in the western part of Europe. But such is not the case in the eastern part of Europe. Both Germany and Russia are carrying on three different lines of battle—one in the north, in East Prussia, another in the south, in the eastern part of the province of Galicia, and still another one between these and to the west of the city of Warsaw. The Russians seem to have been successful only in the Carpathians, in northern Galicia.

Another important event has been the successful bombardment and destruction of some of the outer forts of the Dardanelles by warships of the English and French fleets. The objective in this operation is to open the Dardanelles, which is now held by the Turkish Government, and to capture Constantinople. This would drive the Turk out of Europe.

In a paper published in America six months ago, the "sobered" attitude of Paris at the beginning of the war was noted; eight months have now passed by since the call to arms made every Frenchman, between twenty and forty-five years of age, a soldier and, under somewhat different circumstances, Paris retains its aspect of dignified calmness.

An article in *America*, written by Donald F. MacDonald, LL.D., who was a student at three different universities, and a teacher at one university, all large and all non-Catholic, tells us that Catholic colleges excel all others. He says that the small classes of Catholic colleges, where the students are in intimate contact with godly, self-sacrificing professors, men of high ideals and wide scholarship, are much more favourable for the promotion of good citizenship than are the crowded million-dollar laboratories of the large universities.

With a unanimity that is little less than marvellous, all intelligent observers of contemporary France testify to the reality of her religious awakening. Publicists of every creed bear witness to the striking metamorphosis that has taken place since the beginning of the war. In explanation of the revival of the religious spirit in France, under the stress of war, M. Paul Parsy, in an article contributed to the *British Review* says that the school of war is the school of death. Beneath the bombs, or where daily the hail of shells and bullets lays low forever the best blood of France, young lives in their springtime, a man is led to reflect upon the fragility of all things, upon the mystery of death, upon the beyond. The saying of Solomon the wise impresses itself on the mind: All is vanity! Those whom duty sends to their death think upon it; those, too, from whom death takes so many dear to them.

If one wishes to learn something about the famous cathedrals of Europe, he has only to read an article in *The Extension Magazine*. In this very interesting article they are fully described.

In *The Civilian*, a fortnightly journal devoted to the interests of the Civil Service of Canada, we see that a reflecting telescope with the main mirrors 72 inches in diameter, which is considerably larger than any in existence, and which will be a great asset for Canada, was ordered by the authority of the Government through the good offices of Hon. Dr. Roche in October, 1913.

In the same journal appears some very good poetry under the heading "Stick." The first stanza is as follows:

There are lots of folk to tell you that the thing cannot be done,
 That you're only wasting energy to try;
 But I've yet to see the thing that lies beneath the flaming sun
 That a man could not accomplish ere he die.
 If you'll only buckle in
 With a cheerful sort of grin,
 Tho' it take you half a lifetime you are always bound to win.
 Perseverance does the trick,
 Tho' it's slow instead of quick,
 If you hang on like a barnacle, adhesively, and stick.
 Some insects they have golden wings
 And some have wings of flame:
 The flea, without a wing at all,
 He gets there just the same.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

Mr. John Corkery, '09, is practising law in Peterboro, Ont.

Mr. P. Conway has been very successful in business in Edmonton, Alta.

Nick Bawlf, '09, after a successful hockey season with the Canadians of Montreal, is spending the summer months in Ottawa.

Mr. Basil O'Meara (matric., '19) has distinguished himself in the world of journalism. And if we can judge from the admirable way in which he answered to the toast of "The Press" at a recent banquet, we must say that he is an orator of no mean worth.

Rev. Fr. A. Stanton, '09, is parish priest of Corkery, Ont.

In a recent list of McGill honour students we notice the name of Mr. L. Chantal (matric., '10).

Mr. Jas. Conuaghan is Principal of the Separate School, Des
Joachims, Que.

Mr. V. O'Gorman, '09, has received the degree of M.D. from
Toronto University.

Mr. Frank Higgerty is practising law in the city.

The following students of former years have successfully
passed their exams at our sister Universities: Medicine, Queen's—
Wilfred Martin (matric. '11); D. J. McDonald (matric. '13); J.
Gilhooly (matric. '14); E. McMahon (matric. '14); O. Green
(matric. '14); J. Bonfield (matric. '13); P. Leacy (class of '14).
Law, Osgoode Hall—L. Landriau, '14; C. A. Mulvihill, '14; L.
Kelly, '14; A. C. Fleming, '12; C. Mulvihill, '14; G. McHugh, '13.
Dentistry, Toronto—W. Chartrand (matric. '12); W. Sullivan
(matric. '12); R. Sheehy (matric. '12); E. Lajoie (matric. '12);
M. Mulvihill (matric. '12); Medicine, McGill—F. Poulin
(matric. '11); F. Hackett, B.A., '14; J. Tallon, B.A., '14; D. C. Sul-
livan (matric. '11); H. Robillard (matric. '11); J. Cross, B.A., '14;
T. J. Kelly, B.A., '14; S. Quilty, B.A., '12; A. Murtagh, of the class
of '15.



Father Stephen Murphy, Prefect of Studies in the English
Course for the past year, has been obliged, through ill-health, to dis-
continue his work as Prefect. The student body, for whom Father
Murphy as Prefect and Moderator of the Debating Society has done
so much during his short term of office, hope for a speedy return to
his former good health.

Father Lajeunesse has taken over the duties of the office left
vacant by Father Murphy's departure.

Fathers R. Carey, of Lanark, and J. Meagher, of Kemptville, were visitors in the early part of May.

P. A. Leacy, Medicine, '16, Queen's, and J. Gilhooly, who has successfully completed his first year in Medicine at the same University, called on friends at Ottawa University.

John McNally, of last year's graduating class, is now working in the Surveyor-General's office, in the city.

Jim McDonald, a popular student of former years, graduated this spring in Dentistry at Toronto University, and is now working in the office of a prominent dentist of this city.

We are glad to hear that Father Kennedy, who has been at Water Street Hospital for the past few weeks, is on the road to recovery from the broken state of health on account of which he was constrained to abandon his duties as Professor at the University.

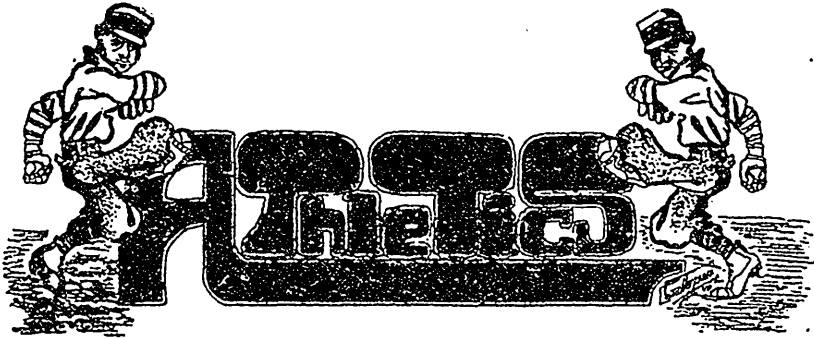
Mr. Leo O'Keefe, of Vancouver, B.C., while on his way to Shornecliffe, Eng., dropped off for a few hours to renew old acquaintances at his Alma Mater. Mr. O'Keefe enlisted in the Army Medical Corps.

Eddie Nagle, who has been working in Cobalt for the past few months, was a visitor at the University.

Other May visitors were Father Plourd, O.M.I., Winnipeg, and Father Fawcett, of North Bay.

Former classmates here of A. O'Callaghan, '15, of Cornwall, will be pleased to know that he has passed with honours the third year examinations in Engineering at Toronto University.

Many graduates and old students who have completed their year's work at neighbouring universities, called on friends at their Alma Mater. Among these were H. Robillard, D. Sullivan, "Silver" Quilty, T. J. Kelly, J. Cross, A. Fleming, A. Murtagh and G. McHugh.



The Intermural League got off to a good start about May 1st and now the teams are pretty well bunched. Behan's team leads with 5 wins and 2 losses. The games are played at 12.30, and henceforth also at 6.30. The standing at present is:

	Won.	Lost.	Ties.
Capt. Behan.....	5	2	1
Capt. Madden.....	4	4	0
Capt. Quain.....	3	3	0
Capt. Otis.....	2	5	1

The scores from April 30th are:

- | | |
|------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1—Otis 20, Quain 11. | 9—Behan 2, Otis 2. |
| 2—Behan 7, Madden 4. | 10—Quain 7, Madden 3. |
| 3—Madden 13, Otis 9. | 11—Behan 8, Madden 2. |
| 4—Quain 7, Behan 6. | 12—Behan 9, Otis 7. |
| 5—Behan 7, Otis 2. | 13—Otis 17, Madden 8. |
| 6—Madden 13, Quain 10. | 14—Quain 5, Behan 3. |
| 7—Behan 9, Madden 4. | 15—Madden 13, Otis 3. |
| 8—Otis 10, Quain 4. | |

As the players are becoming more practised, better ball is being played; the infield on the campus is being pounded down and at present is one of the best in the city. There is a large crop of pitchers; Behan has done most of the twirling for his team. Otis has Ouelette, Ryan and Martin; Grimes, Genest, Hayden and Quain are Quain's moundsmen, while Madden has himself and Doran. Box scores and averages will be announced in our next issue.

At the beginning of the season we played several exhibition games with St. Patrick's and some of the soldiers of the 38th and Artillery, with indifferent results; each team was trying out its men in preparation for the City League series.

The City League was organized with five teams—St. Patrick's, Pastimes, College, Eastview and Senecas, the latter two newcomers. On Saturday, May 8th, College played Pastimes and St. Patrick's encountered Eastview, at Lansdowne Park. Pastimes won out after an exciting game, 7-6, securing a lead in the first few innings which our stalwarts could not overcome, although a last inning rally almost tied it up. Our line-up was: Higgins, catcher; Leacy, second; Hayes and Nagle, first; Heney, right field; Behan, third; Quain, pitcher; Grimes, centre field; Poupore and Madden, left field; Genest and Otis, short-stop. The score by innings:

	R.	H.
College	1 0 1 0 0 1 3—6	4
Pastimes	3 1 3 0 0 0 x—7	7

Batteries—Quain and Higgins; Savageau and Dewhurst.

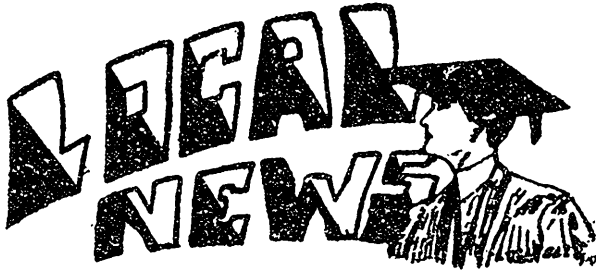
Eastview beat St. Pat's 13-12 in the second game. On the 15th Eastview play Pastimes and Senecas play College.

On May 12th, Second Team beat Collegiate 11-5. The College II. line-up was: Ouelette, c.f.; Grimes, c.; Madden, l.f.; Robert, s.s.; Corrigan, r.f.; McCann, 2nd; Doran, 1st; Hayden, p.; Cunningham, 3rd.

On May 13th College played St. Patrick's an exhibition game and made up for an 8-7 defeat earlier in the season by winning 11-5. The College line-up was: Higgins, 3rd; Robert, s.s.; Heney, r.f.; Behan, 2nd; Leacy, c.f.; Grimes, c.; Hayes, Tardiif, Otis, 1st; Doran, l.f.; Quain, p. Score by innings:

St. Patrick's	4 0 0 0 0 0 1—5
College	0 4 3 1 1 2 x—11

The Athletic Association of the University have decided to hold an athletic meet on Victoria Day; invitations to participate will be tendered the other Athletic Associations in the city, and it should be quite a success. The events will be: 100 yards, 220 yards, 440 yards, 880 yards, mile run, jumps, relay race. Prizes will be given the winners. The meet will be held on the Campus, which is in good condition. Captain Madden and Manager Foley of the track team and Coach Bawlf will start immediately to pick their men. The outlook is very promising as there are many who were conspicuously speedy in football and baseball—Madden, Higgins, Otis, Doran, Ward, Crough, McAuliffe, Ryan, Quain, Heney, O'Neill, Behan, Corrigan, Poupore, and many others.



The debating season was closed on Friday evening, April 16th, when the fifteenth annual prize debate was held in the Assembly Hall of the Normal School. There was a large crowd present and the speeches were of a very high order, both as to arguments and delivery. The subject of discussion was: "Resolved, that a scheme of Imperial Federation is desirable and feasible for the British Empire." R. T. Quain and V. J. O'Neill upheld the affirmative, whilst the negative was championed by F. L. Murphy and Wm. M. Unger. Mr. J. D. O'Brien acted as chairman. The judges were J. F. Kenney, M.A., Wm. Kearns, and W. J. Sykes, B.A. The decision was awarded to the negative, and the gold medal for the best speech to Wm. Unger.

The University Quartette and Glee Club rendered some excellent vocal selections, and Mr. E. D. de Gruchy contributed a piano solo.

On Sunday, the 25th of April, a banquet was held in honour of the new Rector of the University, Rev. Fr. Rheaume. A sumptuous repast was provided, to which the large number of guests did ample justice. Among those present were: The Rev. Rector of the University; His Excellency Mgr. Stagni, the Papal Delegate; the Rev. Provincial of the Oblate Order, Rev. F. Langlois, the Prior of the Dominicans; Mgr. Routhier; Very Rev. Canon Bouillon; Very Rev. Canon Campeau; Mgr. Sinnott, Secretary to the Papal Delegate; Rev. Fr. Corbeil, the Principal of the Hull Normal School; Rev. Fr. Dalpé, Superior of the Scholasticate; Rev. Fr. Bouvet, Superior of the Juniorate; Rev. Fr. Guertin, Oblate Superior of Hull; Rev. Frs. Hebert, Landry, Lejeune, and several rev. members of the teaching staff of the University.

The French Dramatic Society gave its annual performance in the Russell Theatre on Wednesday evening, April 21st, presenting "Le Voyage de Berluron." The annual French prize debate was held in the same theatre on Sunday evening, April 25th. Both events were carried off very successfully and reflect much credit on Rev. Fr. Normandin, the Moderator of the Society.

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Junior Department.

The baseball teams have been picked and a number of games have already been played. There are two leagues, Seniors and Juniors, with four teams in each league. The present standing of the teams is as follows:

Seniors—

Capt.	Won.	Lost.
Shaw	4	0
Boucher	2	1
Mulvihill	1	2
Desrosiers	0	4

Juniors—

La Forest	4	0
Quenneville	2	2
Renaud	1	2
Tourangeau	0	3

A number of phenoms have been unearthed in the Small Yard this year such as Roy Proulx, Mooney, Farrel, Jim McGowan.

Here are the second and third installments of the Pierre and I series, which began in the last issue:

"Pierre and I had three tennis balls all at one time."

"Pierre and I eat a watermelon every Sunday during the holidays."

After an enormous amount of persuasion "Cal." has decided to stay with us a little while longer.

Believe us, B. is some flirt.

The "egg in the hole" game is taking "Nissip" away from the Mississippi board and "Tommy" has it all to himself now.

Benny has refused three offers accompanied by large salaries from the Marlbank Bush League Club as pitcher and has decided to quit baseball and go into business.

We are extremely sorry to say that "Cub" Keegan has been getting into some very frantic moods of late.

A number of new nicknames have been donated to Small Yarders lately, such as Sam, Cub, Nigger, Preserves.

Darey and Farrel form the battery for the scrubs this year while McMahon is filling the dignified position of captain.

We are very sorry to learn that one of our most illustrious and honoured members in the person of Mr. Richard White has passed away from our midst by graduating into Big Yard; with tears in our eyes we wish him boundless success in all his enterprises.

