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# UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW

Vol. XII.

OTTAWA, ONT., FEBRUARY, 1910.

No. 5

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## Elemental Voices.



The sound of the wind in the tree,  
Of the rain on the roof,  
The voice of the surge of the sea,  
Or of thunder aloof.

What thought or remembrance is mine  
Unprobed as I bear;  
The touch of a passion divine,  
Remote and yet near.

A dream of the spirits that wrought,  
When life was unfurled,  
A yearning immortal uncaught,  
From the birth of the world.

Archibald Lampman.

## Ars Poetica

---

(With apologies to the shades of Horace and Boileau.)

"Our Undergrads. are all on *strike* (they are playing schedule games of indoor baseball at the "Gym") — won't you please help us out this month?" This was the very modest request made to me this afternoon as I emerged from a discussion of Aztec Civilization. Being naturally obtuse, I did not see the joke? until I had reached the quiet abode across Cumberland; then, of course, I laughed; and I fear that some of my confreres were disturbed by a very unseemingly exhibition of risibility. Pardon, Messieurs! I shall not again be guilty of permitting jokes with a flavour of the *Castanea vesca* to disturb me so dreadfully. Now, I wish to warn the genial perpetrator of this iniquity that I am extremely sensitive in my risible organism; so please do not do it again. But, on reflection, I would advise the genial wielder of the "blue pencil" to think of the Solomonic dictum, in which he utters very pertinent things about new goods and the Sun. Is the gentle editor aware that centuries ago the "divine William" — he of Avon had forestalled him with utterances about baseball? He may doubt my assertion (though interrogative), so I beg to produce the proofs:

"I will go root" — (Richard III).

"Now you strike like a blind man" — (Much Ado About Nothing).

"Out, I say" — (Macbeth).

"Hit it, Hit it, Hit it" — (Love's Labor Lost).

"O hateful error!" — (Julius Caesar).

"A hit, a hit, a very palpable hit" — (Hamlet).

"He will steal it" — (All's Well That Ends Well).

"Whom right and wrong have chosen as umpire" — (Love's Labor Lost).

"Let the world slide" — (Taming of the Shrew).

"He has killed a fly" — (Titus Andronicus).

"The play I remember pleased not the million" — (Hamlet).

"What an arm he has?" — (Coriolanus).

"They cannot sit at ease on the old bench" — (Romeo and Juliet).

"Upon such sacrifices the gods themselves threw incense" — (King Lear).

"O miserable base" — (King John).

"Let's hence to view the game" — (Othello).

This is unquestionable evidence of the versatility of the Bard of Avon; and, perhaps, it may be a warning of the "purposes noble" to which our literary creations are oftentimes applied. We have budding bards amongst the "Arts" contributing contingent to the "Review," so I take the liberty of reminding these "inglorious Miltons" (the mute is eliminated) of the penalties of "Fame." Don't mind Shakespeare; there is no "infirmary" about it. William is not always orthodox from an educational standpoint; he tells ye "to fling away ambition." The Prefect of Studies is going to expurgate "Henry VIII," as this saying of the great Master of Poesy is demoralizing the classes in literature.

The following little disquisition has been just unearthed from a pile of musty manuscripts; and I take the liberty of inflicting it upon the would-be poets just to illustrate how exacting the "Art Poetic" is in its demands upon the votaries who worship at the shrine of the Muses. I may add that the writing of this little essay many years ago cured me of poetic mania.

What is Poetry? This question is as old as humanity; for Poetry like Music is co-eval with language. Rhetoricians have striven to give us a definition; but they seem to have failed egregiously, as they give us merely a *description*. They have consequently found it necessary to confine themselves to the usual concomitants of Poetry than to its essential constituent. Rhetoricians are very wonderful people. Their minds are like those watches which an iconoclastic speaks of: "None go just alike, but each one believes his own." Of course this does not apply to myself: I don't teach Rhetoric.

"Poetry," these wise people tell us, "consists in (not of) the harmonious arrangement of words in a sentence; and the division of a Composition into lines containing a certain succession of long and short syllables. Hence (according to this standard) whatever can be measured with a foot-rule, or employs rythm, rhyme, alliteration, or assonance, is poetry. Then it follows (according to the ordinary methods of induction) that "Limericks" should be placed in the same category as, for example, Bryant's "Thanatopsis," or Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," or possibly Tennyson's "In Memoriam." By the way, both Longfellow and Tennyson give us pictures of Grief: Tennyson, in "In Memoriam," and Longfellow, in "Resignation"; and I beg leave to ask the admirers of the former, which of the two has the truer ring, and which teaches the heart the right bearing of human sorrow?

But *à nos moutons*. The definition of Poetry as "measurable verse" is decidedly imperfect; it is not even respectably descriptive. Much of the literary stuff called Poetry, though it be "measurable verse," is very common place prose; whilst, on the contrary, a great deal of what we term Prose, is Poetry of the highest order. As an illustration of the former I submit the following (from Chapman's "Translation of Homer"): "Chapman is regarded as one who possesses true poetic instinct:—

"Apollo's priest to the Argive fleet did bring  
 Gifts for his daughter, prisoner to the king;  
 For which his tendered freedom he entreats;  
 But being dismissed with contumelious threats  
(not decent rhyme!)  
 At Phoebus' hands, by vengeful pray'r he seeks  
 To have a plague inflicted on the Greeks."

If this is not Prose, what is it?

As an illustration of Prose which has all the requisites of Poetry, take the following (from Ruskin's description of the English fields in Spring):—

"Pastures beside the pacing brooks, soft banks and knolls of lowly hills; thymy slopes of down overlooked by the blue line of lifted sea; Crisp lawns all dim with dew, or smooth in evening warmth of barred sunshine, dinted with happy feet, and softening in their fall the sound of loving voices."

Admirable Poetry, lacking only arrangement.

Just another illustration (from a little-suspected source — Marie Corelli's "Barabbas"):—

"Set in the solemn shadows of the trees, 'twas a pale warning to the world; nevertheless, despite its frozen tragedy, it was not all despair — Remorse, repentance; and for true repentance. God hath but one reply — Pity and Pardon."

This is Poetry of the highest order; at least it seems so to us.

It is decidedly difficult to draw a strict line of demarcation between Poetry and Prose; and our canons are not necessarily the norm of others. For example:—Byron, the merciless critic of Wordsworth, (whom we regard as the Poet of Nature, without peer) says of some of the latter's poetry:—

"He both of precept and example shows,  
 That prose is verse, and verse is only prose."

Wordsworth, however, says in answer to the question: "What is a Poet?" "The Poet is one who will follow wheresoever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings."

"Poetry," he says further, "is the first and last of all knowledge—it is as immortal as the heart of man." "Poetry," says Shelley, (not always, however, a trustworthy guide), "lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world, and makes familiar objects be as if they were not familiar."

Originally, Poetry and what we now call Prose were identical. "See deeply enough," says Carlyle, "and you will see musically." He might have said "poetically," and would have expressed the same thought, for Music and Poetry are twin-sisters.

In olden days when History was just being evolved, men could see more deeply and with less difficulty than they do now; they were untrammelled by conventionality and traditional formalism. Within and without themselves they saw rhythmically; not with the mathematical straight-lacedness of our modern sense of rhythm, but with eyes "anointed of nature." Then it was that all nature spoke to them in the unmeasurable rhythm of the wind-furrowed grain, the slow-lapsing stream, the sun-kissed ripple, and what Wordsworth calls so elegantly:—

"The soft eye-music of slow-waving boughs."

So-called "Culture" had not hampered them with a scholarship run down to pedantry; and "Form," or what the Chinese call "Face," (this has no reference to the starching of collars and cuffs in which the Celestials are such adepts!) had not stifled emotion with an overweening desire to be superior to feeling. But the inevitable came at last (possibly with the advent of Crinolines or Mother Hubbard bonnets) and critics began to discuss the newly discovered monstrosity — Prose. Hence, instead of trying to discover what Poetry means, we should ask: What is Prose?

The oldest of literary monuments — the Bible — furnishes us most interesting material in the attempt to answer this question. Looking through its venerable pages with the embarrassments of modern spectacles, we are apt to furnish its poetry with a dress of the externals of Poetry as we have it now. Had the Hebrews rhythm, either accentual or quantitative? It is extremely doubtful. Had they rhyme or assonance? No; and yet without any of these external earmarks to guide us, how can we say that the Bible is poetic? Modern literary Philistines will perhaps say that it is not. But yet, the fact remains, that the Bible is the greatest poetic collection in existence. Byron regarded the "Book of Job" as the "sublimest poem ever written"; and a French critic (atheist though he was) says that the Canticles of Deborah and Barac are incomparable as Poetry.

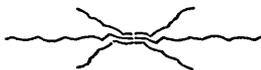
Macaulay, in his "Essay on Milton," says of Poetry:—"It is the art of employing words in such a manner as to produce an illustration on the imagination — the art of doing by *words* what the painter does by means of *colors*. I think this expression is borrowed from Aristotle.

Shakespeare expresses the same thought when he says:—

"As imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the Poet's pen  
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothings  
A local habitation and a name."

The Poet is essentially an artist, not an artisan; he creates, but does not necessarily fashion. Mechanics, whilst desirable, is not essential. "Poeta omnis scriptor," says the author of the "Ars Poetica,"— the greatest literary monument of the Augustan age. Not one or two faculties (as with the metaphysician) or several (as with the scientist) but the *whole man* is necessary to make up the poet. He is not to be measured with a foot-rule; and he cannot be categorized or labelled. "His office," says Macaulay, "is to portray, not to analyze; and he who aspires to become a great poet must first become a little child." Now, young collaborators, you will realize the difficulties that beset those who "climb Parnassus."

P. W. B.



Aye, Contemplation, ev'n in earliest youth,  
I woo'd thy heavenly influence! I would walk  
A weary way when all my toils were done,  
To lay myself at night in some lone wood,  
And hear the sweet song of the nightingale.  
Oh, those were times of happiness, and still  
To memory doubly dear; for growing years  
Had not then taught me man was made to mourn:  
And a short hour of solitary pleasure,  
Stolen from sleep, was ample recompense  
For all the hateful bustles of the day.

—White.

**THE CANADIAN NAVAL POLICY**

(CLASS DEBATE.)



THE Canadian Naval Policy as laid down by the present Government is not that which is best suited to the demands of the empire.

Mr. Chairman,—Before entering upon the debate it is best to know what the Canadian Naval Policy is. It is a policy which provides for the creation of a naval force to be composed of a permanent corps, a reserve force to be a volunteer force on the same pattern, absolutely, as the present organization of the militia forces. Now this naval policy is that of the Prime Minister, who refused to send troops to South Africa until the pressure of public opinion forced him to do so. If Canada, Australia, New Zealand and the South African States had begun to build ships two and a half years ago, a certain continental power might have paused before an empire in arms in its own defense. It might have abandoned those warlike ambitions with which it is credited, and in that case the present strained situation would have arisen; but Sir Wilfrid Laurier would have none of the same preventive measures which the representatives of the other colonies desired to take. In 1899 and 1900, the Government again has given away before overwhelming public sentiment. So reluctant is Sir Wilfrid Laurier that he declines to follow the expert advice of the chief naval authority in the world. The result is that after great and unnecessary delay in the face of a probable Imperial crisis, the Dominion is to begin the nucleus of a force which, when completed, will be hopelessly inadequate to the purpose for which it is required. Instead of meeting the wishes of the people by bringing down a policy which would prove a real source of strength to the Empire, the Prime Minister is trifling with a serious national situation.

Mr. R. L. Borden says that the Government's naval proposals are either too extravagant as an experiment in the organization of a naval service, or too penurious as a contribution to Imperial defence.

The few cruisers and torpedo boats which will dawdle about our coasts can have absolutely no effect in lessening the danger of war. They will be a weakness rather than a strength to the royal navy; for, in time of war, a battleship would have to be

detached from the Flying Squadron to prevent the enemy from gobbling our whole force at one gulp, and seizing the coast cities.

The Admiralty declares that a fleet unit is not complete without one big-gun cruiser of the first class; yet our Government takes the liberty to revise an expert report and tells the ancient sea-dogs of the Admiralty that they are under mistake. The Government's policy is pitifully weak and ridiculously inadequate. It will be a burning shame and a lasting disgrace to this country if this mean-spirited programme is not cast aside by Parliament as unworthy of the wealth and prospects of this premier colony, which for so many years has accepted aid in forma pauperis.

New Zealand has now decided to give a Dreadnought. She does not stipulate that it shall not be used until its Parliament decides whether or not war is just. It is assumed that if the empire is attacked there can be no question as to the justice of defending it. Therefore, the New Zealanders give a ship and attach no string to it.

Australia is now constructing a Dreadnought in England, and the auxiliaries of a fleet unit in Australia. All will be completed at once. These vessels will form a complete fleet unit such as the British Admiralty recommended for both Australia and Canada. Australia accepted this recommendation, Canada did not. Canada, which is wealthier than either Australia or New Zealand, has so far refused to provide a fleet unit, or even a Dreadnought. Australia's ships are to be under the control of the commonwealth in peace and they are to be interchangeable with the royal navy, and in time of war they will pass under the control of the British Admiralty.

Thus the Australian unit is a contribution to the Imperial navy, and to the defense of the empire. There is no string to it like there is to the proposed Canadian navy, which is not to go to war unless Parliament chooses to send it.

The fleet unit proposed by the Government would be useless because any big cruiser from an enemy's fleet could stand off out of range of our guns and blow the Canadian navy out of the water; therefore, it would have no effect in the defense of our own shores; and, as a contribution to the naval resources of the British empire it is a sorry jest. A Canadian navy without a cruiser of the improved Dreadnought class will be no navy at all.

Canada is only at the beginning of the development of its national resources. Probably for a hundred years to come we must depend largely upon the world's chief reservoir of credit

for monetary backing. The occurrence of any disaster to the mother country would carry with it such a check to the material development of the Dominion as would amount to financial ruin so far as this generation is concerned. Surely for this reason alone it is imperative that we contribute adequately to the effective defence of the empire. The Laurier navy will not constitute such a contribution. At least we should build a complete naval unit, including one Dreadnought and an extra cruiser of the same class as a special reinforcement to the Royal navy.

The Naval Bill of Canada ignores the necessity. A flotilla of small cruisers and destroyers will be of no value either to give or receive the hard knocks of battle.

I. RICE, '12.

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## NATIONAL GAMES.

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**T**HE influence of national games on public life affords a wide field for discussion. The very word national has a grave impression on our feelings. While passing by a military camp, we may hear the sweet refrains of the National Anthem. How this melodious air appeals to our senses. At once our mettle is raised on high, and everything points to peace and harmony. The same effect is caused by the result of national games.

We now ask ourselves what are the national games. In studying the question, we find that each country has its own. We first hear of national sport taking place in the ancient countries of Greece and Rome. The history of those places gives us a very vivid description of how they were put into practice. We see that the Government had practically full control over all its citizens. When a male child was a few months old, he was viewed by an inspector of the State, and if strong and robust would at the age of seven years become a student for the defence of his country. Thus, in order to develop the youth, national games were resorted to, and they have maintained their custom ever since. We have read about those famous athletes of the old world. The only reason given for their success is evidently the remembrance of the old motto: "Practice makes Perfect." Championships of all sorts were obtained, the most noticeable

of which was the great Marathon race that has played such a part in the sporting history of Canada during the present age.

We now turn our minds towards other nations. Visiting England we learn that soccer-football or cricket holds sway. Its appreciation and encouragement is quite evident by the vast multitudes which witness a contest between two competing teams.

Crossing the wide Atlantic to Mexico we meet with a different kind of sport, both in its essence and form. This is known as bull-fighting. To many this is cruelty to animals, and should not be practiced by rational men. Coming up the continent we enter the vast republic to the south of us. There we see that the country is in a state of intense excitement over baseball. This was quite evident last fall, when the championship series of the world was being contested by the two renowned teams of Pittsburg and Detroit. Stepping over the line into our own domain, we learn that lacrosse holds full sway. This game was first practiced by the Indians, and has continued ever since to take the hearts of the white men.

I have now shown by a few examples that each country has its own peculiar kind of sport, which may be the efficient cause of many things. It now remains to be seen what are those effects which the national game have on public life. In answer to this question, we can put forth both good and bad examples. We will first consider the case of the athlete. Take for instance a football player who has become proficient in the art. Has he received any benefit from it? This remains to be seen. In the first place, we know that the amount of strength depends on the muscles of the body; but to develop those muscles we need physical work; and as football exercises all the muscles of the body, therefore it should be practiced. Again sport is a good education for any man, because he learns to control himself on the field of battle, and to cultivate the disposition to live in peace and harmony with the many different characters which are to be found in after life. Some argue that an athlete endangers his life by practicing such games, but proper games played in the proper spirit are not dangerous. Therefore, we come to the conclusion that the national game is beneficial to the athlete.

Now, coming to the public as a whole, what are its effects? We first notice that it affords a topic of daily conversation. It is an advertisement for the place which the individual or the team represents. For many it gives time to pleasure and excitement. Therefore, the national game must be beneficial to the public.

M. J. SMITH, '10.

## Religion and Science.

---

**R**ELIGION implies man's union with God. The word is derived from religare, which, in its widest sense, signifies a living union of man and God. Why living? Because it is effected by vital acts of men, by his thoughts, desires and actions. It is by means of religion that we pay to our Creator the honor, the respect, the homage which is rightfully His due. Happiness can only be obtained by submission to God and by obedience to His holy will,—that is, by practicing religion.

We may consider religion as a science which far surpasses the other sciences in excellence. But there is a vast difference between the science of religion and the other sciences. The substance of the former is communicated by divine revelation of the latter by exercise of reason. The certainty of other sciences depend upon the reason of man, that of religion depends upon the wisdom and truthfulness of God. As far, then, as God excels man, so far does the science of religion excel the other sciences.

Faith is the prime requisite of religion. There are many things which our petty minds cannot grasp; but the fact that these things have been spoken and established by God Himself is sufficient proof for us to believe them. True, many things viewed in the light of reason, seem to us impossible; but, nevertheless, we believe them because we have the highest motives for our belief. Our faith in God, Who cannot err, enables us to do so.

Looking over the history of the past, and also of the present time, we find its pages debased by the opinions of many, principally men of knowledge, who laugh and scoff at the very idea of religion, who have drifted so far away from God as to hold their opinions superior to those of their Creator, who even deny the existence of God. Where such ideas exist, religion can have no place, and no honor or respect is shown to the All-powerful. Puffed up with their own erroneous opinions, they are not content to keep them to themselves, but, instead, impart them to others, giving perhaps seemingly apparent reasons, which appeal to many. The result is that many people are lead astray.

Knowledge and religion should go hand-in-hand. But, unfortunately, too often the reverse is the case. In many instances, as a man's learning increases, his virtue decreases. His faith is

sacrificed; and, with his faith, his happiness. Once faith is gone, doubt and uncertainty is the result; and a man in this perplexity cannot be happy. Modern scientists have revealed many things which formerly seemed impossible. Science has revealed so many things that its study tends to encourage doubt with regard to religion, and also tends to encourage a universal belief in itself. This should not be, but it is the case.

It should be the aim of each and every one of us to increase his knowledge day by day; and it is important that he should. But it is of much more importance that we save our souls. Therefore, instead of endangering our faith, knowledge should increase it, should inspire in us more of reverence for God. Mind and soul should be in perfect unison, and should make vaster music after the acquiring of knowledge than before. It would be much better to remain ignorant but religious, than to acquire knowledge in exchange for religion.

CHAS. O'GORMAN, '10.



How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh,  
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,  
Were discord to the speaking quietude  
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,  
Studded with stars unutterably bright,  
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,  
Seems like a canopy which Love has spread  
To curtain her sleeping world.

—Shelley.

## A Boat Race.



EW sports are more worthy a pen than the America boat race, as seen by the runners, of whom I was one last June. I mean to show how it appeared to me, seated on the north side of the Connecticut River, or that part occupied by the Harvard followers.

At 2.30 p.m. the starter gives signal for the appearance of the crews representing Harvard and Yale Universities. There is some delay before the first crew comes from its house. Several signals are sounded before the Harvard crew shows up; but it finally appears after some seven or eight minutes of delay. The Harvard boat chooses the north side of the course, while Yale has to content itself with the south. Everything is prepared, and all eyes from either bank are turned to the starting point. All the people look down the river, but can just discern the two whitish streaks on the water, which they know represent the Harvard and Yale Universities, but which can only be seen by those nearer the starting point. A small but fast steam launch carries the referee. A great black patch occupy the space on the banks; the black patch is eleven hundred Harvard and Yale undergraduates and graduates, who evidently have collected to witness the race, but more to cheer their respective crews to victory.

Everything is very quiet, and I take another glance down the river. I notice a puff of smoke issue from a pistol. It is the signal for the crews to begin work. Two oars seem to splash into the water from each white streak; the black patch is moving, and so are the streaks. I hear the uproar from each bank of the river, and I see the streaks moving rapidly. They are working hard, and are becoming more and more visible to those at a distance. The eight oars are now four instead of two. Every head is still turned down the river. Crowds hang over the banks, and are eager to get a look at the crews. On come the splashing oars amid the cheers of the followers of the respective crews.

Harvard is ahead with her crimson jerseys; while Yale, wearing the blue, is not far behind. The oarsmen's heads and bodies are swinging forward and backward like one. The boats are now side by side, for Yale has increased its stroke, going at the rate of thirty a minute. They continue in that state for some

distance, and it is difficult, to distinguish which one holds the lead. On they go, with hundreds of voices vociferating: "Keep it up, Harvard! Go it, Yale! You are gaining, Yale! Keep your lead, Harvard! Get ahead, Yale, you can beat them! Hurrah! for Yale." Both the Yale and Harvard followers break forth into songs of victory. The Harvard men are tearing away their muscles to retain the lead, while every Yale man is doing his best, and slowly but surely is cutting down the crimson lead.

The little coxswain of each crew is shouting out his lungs at the young giants, and is working to and fro with them. His yells of "stroke, stroke," are not plainly heard. He continues to urge each and every one of his eight to hold out and keep cool. The Harvard crew is only a boat's length ahead; but, just when fortune seems to favor her, her captain weakens and almost loses his grasp, which puts Harvard behind, while Yale surges to the front by a margin only. The oarsman is back to his post, and once more his crew is working well. Harvard put on a furious spurt, and gets fully even with the leading boat. A louder roar bursts from the Harvard bank. Yale fights desperately, and still leads Harvard by a few feet; and so every inch of water is hotly contested. The boats are now moving head to head, and again Harvard makes a furious effort, and slowly goes to the front. Bang! goes the pistol from the bridge, and the Harvard bank springs in one general uproar. The race is over; Harvard has won it, but Yale has fought every inch. The crews are making their way to the boat-houses, and the race of June, 1908, will be remembered as one of the most closely contested of all Harvard and Yale races.

G. B. D., '10.



There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
 There is society, where none intrudes,  
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:  
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more.

—Byron.

Convictions are generally first impressions sealed with later prejudices.

## Public Ownership of Public Utilities

**P**UBLIC ownership aids the development of man by improving the conditions of labor, by increasing the interest of the people in public affairs, — so leading to a deeper civic patriotism, and a nobler citizenship — and most of all by changing the ideals of men. The ideal of public business is service. Every change from private to public ownership means a change of purpose from private profit to public service, from dividends for a few to service for all. It must be noted that public ownership and government ownership are not synonymous. Russia has government ownership of railroads, but there is no public ownership of railroads in Russia, because the people do not own the government. Philadelphia has not had real public ownership of her gas works, because the people do not own the council. Where legislative power is perverted to private purposes, where the spoils system prevails, and offices are treated as private property, where government is managed in the interests of a few individuals or of a class, anything that is in the control of the government is really private property, although it may be called public property.

If councils and legislatures are masters instead of the people, they are likely to use the streets and franchises for private gain, instead of the public good. If the government is a monopoly, everything in the hands of the government is a private monopoly also. If the people are to own and operate waterworks, street railways, and other industrial monopolies, they must own and operate the government. But can the people operate the government?

Looking at the question historically, there can be no doubt that industrial democracy — that is public ownership and co-operative industry — will be attained. In every department of life the trend of history has been first towards concentration, and afterwards towards diffusion. Organization, leadership, despotism, democracy, — that has been the history of religion and politics, and it will be the history of industry.

The outrageous discriminations in freight rates that have done so much to injure honest farmers, merchants, and manufacturers, and to build up most objectionable trusts, could not exist under real public ownership.

Public enterprise, whether conducted by the municipality or

committed to public service corporation, exists, to render public services. Streets are public highways. They exist for the people's use. Nothing should be placed in them unless required to facilitate their use by or for the people. Only the general need of water, gas, electricity and transportation justifies the placing of pipes and wires and tracks in the streets. The public need is the sole test and measure of such occupation. To look upon the streets as a source of private gain, or even municipal revenue, except as incidents of their public use, is to disregard their public character. Adequate service at the lowest practicable rates, not gain or revenue, is the test. The question is not how much the public service corporation may gain, but what can be saved to the people by its employment.

The following are a few instances of public ownership and private ownership: In 1894, the Department of the Interior at Washington used the Bell Telephone at a cost of seventy-five dollars per 'phone; in the following year the government put in its own telephones, and it cost them only ten dollars per year.

2nd. When the French government took the telephone in 1889, rates were at once reduced to one-half, and it continued to make a prosperous gain, which in turn rates had still to be cut again. Public operation of the telegraph in England, and the public control and ownership of railroads in Switzerland, reduced rates more than seventy per cent. (70%) below cost.

3rd. In the United States the charges of private water companies are forty per cent. (40%) more per family than the charges of public plants. Nothing is more evident to thoughtful men and women than the fact that the American people are being held up and robbed by the trusts.

4th. The five cent fare in our large cities is too high, responsible municipalities having offered to operate street railways in Chicago and Detroit on a three cent fare and forty tickets for a dollar, taking the railroad from the city and paying interest on the cost of its acquirement.

5th. One of the most striking examples of the difference between public and private ownership is to be found in a comparison of the charges on the bridge in St. Louis, owned by the Goulds, and the Brooklyn bridge, owned by New York and Brooklyn. A foot passenger on the St. Louis, five cents; on the Brooklyn, free; vehicles on the St. Louis, twenty-five cents; on the Brooklyn, five cents; bicycles on the St. Louis, ten cents; on the Brooklyn, free. It is evident that the St. Louis bridge is for private gain, while the Brooklyn bridge is for public service.

6th. It happened only last winter in Boston, where one of its life's necessities is controlled by private individuals, in a high-handed, outrageous manner, perpetrated by an oath-bound coal club, that all coal dealers were forced not to sell coal to any citizen below a price agreed upon by the club; at the opening of winter the citizens of Boston found themselves completely at the mercy of a monopoly as rapacious in its instincts as is the Coal Trust, or the Standard Oil.

7th. Mayor Urquhart, of Toronto, stated: "Toronto owns her waterworks and recently cut the rates in two; Toronto owns the street railways and has leased them on terms that are pronounced by Professor Parsons and other experts to be the best yet made between a city and company; she also owns the cattle market and wharves, and is the largest owner of real estate in the city, leasing part of it in the business section of the city and along the water front at good rentals." At present there is in Toronto a movement for a municipal telephone exchange.

8th. Take another owner of local utilities — Guelph, for instance. Guelph built its fifteen mile steam road, and leased it to the Canadian Pacific under a ninety-nine year agreement. This investment cost Guelph \$193,000, and it is now receiving yearly dividends amounting to about \$25,000, or at the rate of 17 per cent. per annum.

Therefore, under public ownership, not only is the well-being served, and the democratic spirit preserved, but public morals are conserved, in that temptation to amass fortunes for private purses of a few is removed, while in the case of private ownership and monopolies there is waged a continual battle for special privileges that will make the people the helpless prey to corporations that become predatory bands.

Also it is safe to say that corporations and monopolies have corrupted and debauched municipal, state, and national life far more than all other agencies combined. Examine if you will the chief sources of public scandal, it matters not in which direction you look. Whether it be the whisky trust, coal, sugar, oil, or the embalmed beef scandal; whether it be the attempted debauchery of state government, the sources of all these public reprobatations can be traced back to the corporations and private monopolies.

J. B. MUZANTE, '14.

## A WINTER DRIVE.



THE air had a familiar feeling that December night; a familiar feeling paradoxically strange in this country, where winds and clouds are well known. The streets of Ottawa as our party drove through were quiet. The sky was grey, and furry, and the weather was softly cold. The long wide avenues of shops glittered each with its great gas light swaying out behind the storm in dazzled bewilderment. The pedestrians whom we met were very differently armed. Some carried skates, other skis, while some had snowshoes.

As we rode along, the flakes of snow became unfriendly and drove into our faces. The soft shadow of a hidden street afforded us protection. Riding into this street we heard loud cheering in the distance, and pursuing on our course we arrived before a large skating arena. One of our members suggested that we should go in to see a hockey match which was being contested, and as the majority were in favour of this proposal we entered.

This was one of the greatest sights imaginable. One could not conceive how delightful it was to watch the players darting from one end of the ice to the other. Their quickness of movement almost made the spectators think that they were looking at moving pictures. The crowd cheered the players, and when the game was over we went to the nearest inn for the night.

Next afternoon we recommenced our drive, and halted about one mile outside the city, where a multitude of people were watching the ice races. We stopped a while to watch the horses trotting around the ice track, cheered on by their supporters. There were men betting on the horses which they thought would win, and as those horses came to our side of the course cheers went forth from the excited crowd.

Thinking such sport not what best pleased young people, we pursued our journey toward the Victoria slide. Here we spent the remainder of the evening in tobogganing. This we found to be a very delightful sport. Each sleigh afforded seating capacity for at least eight passengers, and when the sleigh was started at the top of the slide it flew downward with a tremendous speed until it struck the glare ice on the wide, smooth river below. Its speed here was somewhat retarded, but, nevertheless, it kept onward for almost a quarter of a mile. On both sides of the slide grew the tall mullein, a plant which is so often seen on our Canadian hills. Its tall form penetrates through the deep snow, and its ragged and torn leaves are a piteous spectacle. Of all the

plants that grow, the mullein in its decay comes nearest to that most terrible form of human poverty when the victim has still, to his misfortune, vitality enough for his mere existence, yet not enough to make existence either decent or endurable.

After thus spending our evening at the slide we returned to our native village. On our return trip one of the party suggested that we should all drive to his home to spend the remainder of the Christmas eve. We were received by his parents with the kindest hospitality, and were told to sit down to supper, after which being all disposed to gaiety, an old harper was summoned from the hall. He played some very familiar airs. Then the party broke up with the kind-hearted custom of shaking hands and wishing "Merry Christmas."

F. CORKERY, '11.



## THE CRUSADES.



IN all countries, and in all climes, wherever the Crusades have been heard of, they have been attacked and ridiculed, as having unjust and foolish motives; and as having been carried on without sufficient reason.

But if we stop and consider why the Crusades were undertaken; what benefits occurred from them; how they were conducted, we would readily see that these attacks are indeed ridiculous, the offspring of bigoted minds.

The motives which actuated the heroes of the Crusades, which made them undergo hardships and sufferings, were as just, as honorable, as noble, as ever actuated man. The pilgrims and the Christians of the East were barbarously treated, cruelly oppressed, and, above all, put to death by the fierce Mussulmen. Such a sight filled the hearts of Christians with anger and sorrow. Humanity and religion repeatedly besought them to take up arms for their brethren and to put an end to this terrible persecution. The Greek emperor, Alexis, was harassed continually by these barbarians, and he sought the aid of the crowned heads of Europe. The chief motive, however, was to rescue the Holy Land from the infidels; to tear off the yoke from the necks of the Christians; and to give them peace and happiness.

The most powerful army ever seen, was that of the Musselmen. They had flocked together from the most distant quarters, and were knocking at the portals of Europe. They had conquered and laid waste many lands, for their one desire was the desire of rapine, bloodshed and extermination.

And when their knocking had resounded, as it were, through the halls of Europe; when it became more clamorous and threatening, what were our Christian forefathers to do? Were they to ignominiously open the doors of Europe to these infidels? Were they to suffer themselves to be taken prisoners, to be sold into slavery, and probably to be tortured to death? Were they to await with fear and trembling till the vast hordes of the East broke down the doors and poured into the halls with sword and torch? Most assuredly not. The time had come to arise and go forth to fight, to drive back the infidels, and to strike a blow for themselves, for Christendom, and for God.

Pope Urban II. eloquently said in his address to the crusaders: "Warriors, the barbarous hordes of the Turks have planted their colors on the very shores of the Hellespont, whence they threaten destruction to all the states of Christendom. Unless you oppose a mighty barrier to their triumphant course, how can Europe be saved from invasion? How can the storm be averted, which has so long threatened to burst upon our countries?" We can now readily see that there were great motives, motives inspired by faith, Christian charity, and personal interests which lead the Christians to battle.

Truly, the lives of nearly two millions of men were sacrificed, but this is no ground for reproach and invective. Napoleon, in the space of twenty years, caused the death of more than seven million men, and yet he was lauded and extolled as the greatest military genius of the century, and of all times. He was reckoned as the greatest leader of all times, greater even than Alexander and Hannibal. He was the cause of the death of more men than were the Crusades, and all for glory and ambition. And yet the Crusaders are bitterly censured, while Napoleon, if not praised, is more or less excused.

If we stop and consider that all the men who were slain in the Crusades came from the many countries of Europe, and that Crusades lasted for almost two hundred years, it is apparent on the face of it that there are no grounds for these invectives and reproaches.

These heroes died that we might live; that Europe might be saved; that Christianity might live, that civilization might not be done away with. Were these, then, foolish motives?

We see that the benefits accruing from the Crusades were great and lasting. The strength of the Mussulmen was weakened, which effectually prevented them from gaining entrance to civilized Europe. Wars amongst the different European powers ceased, from the very fact that their kings and princes were off in the Holy Land fighting for their honor, their safety, and their God. Navigation also began to flourish, and this brought about great results, the most predominant of which was the discovery of the New World. Commerce was enlarged by exportations from Europe to Asia, and vice-versa, and to the frequent intercourse with Greece and Syria may be referred the revival of arts and sciences.

Many crimes and excesses happened during the Crusades, despite the wise laws made by the kings and princes. But these should not place the Crusades in a bad light, for the same things have occurred in other wars, and will always occur where a large body of men are banded together. A few bad effects cannot spoil the nobleness of any just cause. In contrast to these crimes and excesses are the nobleness, and the inspired actions of the leaders and the majority of their followers. These men were brave in danger, magnanimous and charitable in victory. These facts are universally known and cannot be disproved. The actions of the poor depraved few are certainly offset by the actions of the majority.

And I am sure that no one can think or decide that Crusades were inaugurated from a desire of plunder, and from a spirit of religious fanaticism. Deep in his heart, man should be full of love and gratitude for those Christians who sacrificed their lives and their all for Europe and their God.

P. G., '11.



High hearts are never long without hearing some new call, some distant clarion of God, even in their dreams; and soon they are observed to break up the camp of ease, and start on some fresh march of faithful service.

—Martineau.

## Around the Halls.

On Feb. 6th a concert was given in the rotunda by the City orchestra. Mr. T. P. Murphy sang several rag-time pieces for the amusement of the boys, including "Dorando" and "What Has That Man Harrigan Done?" His singing was of course excellent, and hugely enjoyed. Father Lajeunesse and his "Up-the-Creekers" made a decided hit, if we may judge by the encores they received. The "Faculty Chorus" was very good, and sufficiently demonstrated that there is plenty of good material in the house. Another selection by the orchestra concluded the performance, although the boys did not seem very anxious to leave.

Father Stanton, with his usual inventive power, planned ice races for the morning of University Day, and so prevented the boys from putting in a dull forenoon. He was ably assisted by Fr. Finnegan, who acted as judge of all the events. Nearly every one was entered in some race or other, so it was interesting to all. Relays, snowshoe, sprints, egg and potato races were the features of the day. The Arts won the 1st prize on points. Most of the fellows showed a decided lack of training, except the novices. The egg and potato races were so fast that some of the eggs were scrambled and the potatoes baked.

Junior relay—Won by Arts. Kennedy, 1st; Barry, 2nd.

Novice race—Won by Commercial. Meindl, 1st; Joe Moore, 2nd.

Egg race—Tie between Arts and Philosophers. Coughlan and Contway.

Potato race—Won by Philosophers. Gauthier, 1st; Murtagh, 2nd.

Senior relay—Won by Collegiate. W. Chartrand.

1 mile—Won by Collegiate. W. Chartrand, 1st; McHugh, 2nd.

Marathon—Won by Arts. McDougall, 1st; O. Kennedy, 2nd.

Snowshoe—Won by Collegiate. Chantal.

60 yds. dash—Won by Collegiate. P. Leacy, 1st; S. Quilty, 2nd.

Arts—19 points.

Collegiate—15 points.

Commercial—12 points.

Philosophers—8 points.

The following address was read by C. F. Gauthier to Rev. D. A. Rhéaume on the occasion of his ordination. A very feeling reply was made by the young priest:

Rev. and Dear Father,—On this day so full of joy and promise, when your most cherished hopes have been realized, we, the students of Ottawa University, desire to express our gratification at seeing one of our number raised to the dignity of God's anointed.

That one of our former associates should have been found worthy to ascend the altar of God is an honor to our institution, and at the same time an incentive to high aims and noble purposes for each and every one of us.

Your distinguished career, while pursuing your studies within these walls, your studious application to tasks and your exemplary conduct, were a model for your fellow-students, and an augury of success in the chosen field of your labor.

As students of a Catholic University, we naturally honor and venerate the priesthood; we revere the priest whoever he may be. But our veneration is manifoldly increased when we behold one who has trod the paths which we are all trodding under the guidance of many of our present professors, mounted to the most elevated dignity of Christ's Disciple. We feel sure then that you will not forget we who are at present studying within these walls, and that when officiating at the altar you will implore God's blessings upon us. Rest assured, dear Father, that you will go forth to fulfill the high and honored duties of your sacred office accompanied by the most earnest prayers and sincere good-wishes of

THE STUDENTS OF THE U. OF O.

Dec. 21, 1909.

\* \* \*

### ST. PATRICK'S DAY BANQUET.

Preparations are going on apace for this great college event.

#### TOAST LIST AND SPEAKERS.

St. Patrick's Day—Joseph T. Brennan, '10.  
The Holy Father—M. J. Smith, '10.  
Canada—Chas. D. O'Gorman, '10.  
Ireland's Saints and Scholars—Phil. C. Harris, '11.

Irish Party—D. J. Breen, '11; J. J. Sammon, '11.

Alma Mater—A. C. Fleming, '11.

United States—Leo H. Tracy, '11.

Soggarth Aroon—Rev. M. Murphy, O.M.I.

\* \* \*

Toastmaster—Martin O'Gara, '10.

Director—Rev. J. P. Fallon, O.M.I.

Committee—J. J. Burke, chairman; J. J. Sammon, secretary;  
F. Corkery, treasurer.

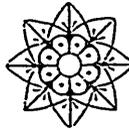
Executive—L. H. Tracy, M. J. O'Gara, J. J. Contway, C.  
F. Gauthier.

#### PRIZE DEBATERS.

J. J. Sammon, M. J. O'Gorman, P. J. Loftus, C. F. O'Halloran.

Subject: Labor Unions are a detriment rather than a benefit to Society.

Chairman of Debate—P. C. Harris, '11.



Every man has his own vocation. There is one direction in which all space is open to him. He has faculties silently inviting him thither to endless exertion.

—Emerson.

Throughout his life he was a man of luck—a man of success. And why? Because he had the eye to see his opportunity, the heart to prompt to well-timed action, the nerve to consummate a perfect work.

Charlotte Bronte.

# University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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

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Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

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No. 5

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## COLLEGE MAGAZINES.

Month by month there comes to the sanctum a large number of Exchanges to remind us that the College magazine is an important and popular factor in the life of modern schools and students. There can be no doubt that the College paper, properly conducted, is of inestimable value in fostering and developing originality of thought, without which he who reads much is apt to become a plagiarist, a parasite, a bore. With a fair amount of intelligence and a good memory, one may acquire a great deal of knowledge, but unless the ideas are assimilated, a man can scarcely be called educated in the true sense of the word. — he ranks rather with the parrot and the phonograph. The College paper, by giving a more or less wide publicity to student writing, encourages not only the art of composition which involves clearness of thought and elegance of expression, but also assimilation of ideas acquired from books and lectures. The writing of

even a short article on any given topic requires a considerable expenditure of mental energy on the part of the young scribe, which cannot fail to give a healthy and vigorous development to his intellectual powers. The College paper, then, even considered solely from this point of view, is of great benefit, provided that it is really the work of the students. But there is in the minds of many a shrewd suspicion that many of our College publications are the work of much more mature minds, or at least aim too high and too far for the mental calibre of their publishers. Perhaps the following extract from Collier's may sound harsh, but it certainly contains considerable truth and food for reflection:

"We have at our elbow four college papers. Nothing could be duller. They are the last place a daily newspaper would look for recruits of genius. Too much professor, too little undergraduate, that's what's wrong with them. And the undergraduate, what there is of him, tries too hard. The frog would be an ox. Nothing less than leaders for him, and policies that thunder louder than the London 'Times.' Alas, poor boy, he has not the life and experience behind him that mean real force, and the best he can do is bang sheet iron and make stage thunder. Earnestness is more than ruffling one's hair and pounding the pulpit. There is even such a thing as laughing a case out of court. Humor is the golden thread of literature, but the college paper knows naught of it and cares less. Twenty years from now your undergraduate will have grasped what a good gift humor is, and how it means perfect comprehension wedded to kind philosophy. Time was when one of these college papers was bright and gay, and full of zest and youthful mistakes, and blithe spirits went out from it to salt the journalism of a continent. May that day come again! O callow sages, grave and reverend juniors, when will you learn once more to be young and natural?"

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"MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO."

In keeping with the above true true maxim, a Physical Culture Class has been organized under the direction of the First Disciplinary Prefect, Rev. Father Stanton, O.M.I. In the college we have a great variety of sport,—Billiards, Pool, Bowling, Tobogganing, Skating and Hockey. Notwithstanding the diversity of games the great majority of the students take little

or no bodily exercise, except for the 'lock-step' walks, up and down the boards, or on the cinder paths.

To undergo the strain of prolonged mental labor, we must make the body fit to cope with the conditions in which it is found. Students as a class work prodigiously with their brains, and utterly neglect all bodily exercises, and they expect to escape the consequences of this neglect. It is by reason of this principle that men who do no physical work have poor appetites. In contrast to these are those who take much physical exercise, they eat largely (no personal allusions) and are benefited by their food, because there is previous need manifested by sharp appetite. Energy comes from food only when it has been assimilated. To get energy we must give out energy. Therefore, when the time comes for Physical Culture Class, go at it with a vim; don't fool or play at it; but work and work hard; and the natural vigor of the system, much augmented by the hard regular exercise, easily forms more than enough energy to meet the next expenditure, and increases the blood's nutrition power.

As to the amount of work necessary on exercising days, that will depend entirely upon the strength and endurance of the subject. A safe rule is to discontinue for a few moments any exercise as soon as the muscles become too tired to perform it vigorously.

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#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

Every week we feel more and more indebted to the "Catholic Record" and the "Catholic Register" for giving us such gems of the world's best thought and such interesting notes on current literary events as are contained in "The Reader's Corner," "The Bookworm," "On Sun-crowned Heights," and "Chats by the Fireside." They are elevating and inspiring. Would that they replaced the comic? supplements of the secular journals!

\* \* \*

February 10th was the eleventh anniversary of the death of Archibald Lampman, perhaps Canada's sweetest poet. Incomplete indeed would be the Anthology of Canadian Poetry which did not accord him a position of honour. Since much of his choicest verse appeared originally in "The Owl," and its successor, "The Review," we take the liberty of re-printing one of his beautiful poems.

Those among the students who are interested in politico-historical questions will welcome the new book, "Psychology of Politics and History," by our own Father Dewe, of which an advertisement appears in this issue.

\* \* \*

Camille Flammarion, he of the vivid imagination, has been giving voice to dire prognostications re Halley's Comet. It appears that about the 18th of May next, the tail of the troublesome thing will envelop the earth in cyanogen, which is the deadliest of poisons. Strange to say, the human race, though thus threatened with destruction, does not seem to be worrying about it.

\* \* \*

Our American cousins are evidently waking up to the importance of the growing young nation north of the 49th parallel. One or two of the great New York papers have now special correspondents here in Ottawa, and considerable space is devoted to Canadian topics in American journals and magazines. In Canada on the other hand, there seems to be a greater interest in Imperial affairs; witness the close attention given to the recent British elections, and the wide-spread discussion of the Canadian Naval Bill.

\* \* \*

There is a tendency among College papers, particularly those of the large Universities, to change from monthlies to weeklies. They have the advantage of being more up-to-date in their news, but as literary efforts they are decidedly disappointing.



Speech is the small change of silence.

Which is the coward among us? He who sneers at the failings of humanity.



The Spanish Inquisition, in *The Patrician*, is a well-gotten-up and scholarly article. The author treats the question from an impartial point of view, and lays the blame where it should be laid. An essay on Lorna Doone cannot but increase the reader's knowledge of Blackmore's famous story. The other articles in this month's issue of "*The Patrician*" are well up to the high standard of literary merit which this periodical enjoys among the Colleges.

The *Fordham Monthly* contains an excellent appreciation of Fenelon, the great French Bishop, and Preceptor of the Dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy. The writer accuses Fenelon of representing the world as it should be, not as it is. He pays him a graceful compliment, however, by bestowing upon him the title of "The real prophet of our present-day democracy." But Fenelon's pure principles of government pursued a course never dreamed of by their saintly author, for Rousseau took his inspiration from him, and thus inaugurated the great Revolution.

We desire to express our hearty congratulations to the Exponent upon the establishment of a weekly edition. "*The Weekly Exponent*" has all the merits of "*The Monthly*" edition, but we fail to find in the former the columns of pungent witticisms over which we spend so many pleasant moments every time we read the latter. We trust that the fountains of mirth have not dried up completely in the editorial sanctum of our Rocky Mountain friend.

The author of "*College Men in Politics*" in the *Trinity U. Review* vindicates the practicability of young college graduates. Politics, he says, presents a magnificent field to young Collegemen. The writer then proceeds to lay down rules, which seem to have been gained from experience, by which a young politician may hope to win success.

The *Niagara Index* has the following to say, commenting upon the Gladstone Centenary:

"Never has England been able to turn to a subject who was more willing to do for England, to pledge his learning, oratory and sentiment more sincerely in behalf of his country, than to Gladstone. No voice was more influencing than his in national affairs."

Besides the above-mentioned, we beg to acknowledge receipt of the following:

"Abbey Student," "Acta Victoriana," "Adelphian," "Agnetian Monthly," "Argosy," "Allisonia," "Academic Herald," "Assumption College Review," "Echoes From the Pines," "Educational Review," "Geneva Cabinet," "Georgetown College Journal," "Hya Yaka," "Holy Cross Purple," "O.A.C. Review," "Ottawa Campus," "Pharos," "Rosary Magazine," "Solonian," "St. Mary's Angelos," "St. Mary's Chimes," "Villa Shield," "Vox Collegii."

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## *Books and Reviews.*

*The Nineteenth Century* for January has an interesting article on the present constitutional crisis in Great Britain. The following are among some of the points developed.

To abolish the House of Lords would be to leave the people to the mercy of an omnipotent House of Commons.

As the strength of a chain depends on the weakest link, so the reputation of the British Upper House depends on the character of its least reputable members.

There exists the paradox that, while the individual opinions of its leading members command respectful attention, the collective opinion of the Lords counts for little.

Examples of bi-cameral legislation: — Greece, Honduras, First Protectorate Parliament of England, Legislative Assembly in France.

The universal consent of mankind has been that there should exist two chambers.

The constitutions of the federal governments of Australia and South Africa, which were compiled only after reviewing the systems of the past, have both a second chamber.

*The Review of Reviews*, for February, would solve the difficulty of the Lords in a novel manner. When parliament has been dissolved the House of Lords as a body ceases to exist. It has no right to re-assemble until summoned by the King after the return of the new government. This is done by the issuing

of individual Writs of Summons to the Peers. Since 1625 the withholding of writs has been abandoned. But, since this power still exists, why, ask this Review, should not the King refuse Writs of Summons to those who have consistently refused to attend in the past; or whose attendance has not been regular? Thus, reformation would be secured by a process of elimination.

The January number of the *Atlantic Monthly* has also a contribution on the House of Lords. The writer claims that the weakness of this body lies in its hereditary principle. He calls the "gilded chamber a gilded desert." To cure our admiration for it we should go and see it in session. However, he urges that the few who do the work of this august body are exceptionally brilliant men. At present there are at least two hundred and fifty of its members qualified to take their places on any governing board in the world. When measures are introduced, however, in any way affecting the position of the aristocracy, new forces appear in such force as to swamp the competent element. He points to the fact, also, that the Conservative party owing to the open sympathy existing between it and the House of Lords plays the political game with loaded dice, and that when it is in power there is practically but one chamber. The hostility of the Radicals to any reformation in the Upper House in lieu of abolition, arises from their knowledge that any reformation will strengthen rather than weaken it.

*Round the World*, Vol. VII., published by Benziger Bros., New York. \$1.00.

The seventh volume of this interesting series is as good, if not better, than its predecessors. As usual, the articles treat of history, geography, commerce, manufactures, and the history of cities, etc. As can be judged, they are sufficiently varied to catch the attention of the young. They are written with the purpose of instructing youth, and of encouraging further reading upon the subjects treated, and we feel certain that this object will be fully attained. The volume is illustrated with one hundred clear, distinct and well-chosen prints.

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### Among the Magazines.

Says the *Scientific American*, under the heading, "Canada and the Quebec Bridge": "Architectural and engineering works are in no small degree an expression of the character of the people by whom they were built. By such standards we are

accustomed to judge the ancient peoples of Greece and Rome; and thus the Forth bridge stands as a monument of architectural triumph in the British Empire; and there is now a statue dedicated to the designer.

“But the same cause which gives fame, operates to bring disgrace upon the originator and the nation, when a great bridge of this kind falls to its destruction. The Canadian government was behind the former enterprise, and their ideal was to have an elaborate and, aesthetically speaking, a beautiful bridge. But now they propose to build a new one, which utterly fails to satisfy the requirements of the beautiful. Would it not be better for the government to call for world-wide tenders. The proposed bridge is to be built on the cantilever system. By letting out the contract to the best of New World engineers, the result would decide the comparative merits of the cantilever system with the safer and more beautiful suspension system.”

The question, this paper adds, deserves the most acute attention on the part of the Dominion; because on sensible action now depends the future fair name of not Canada alone, but of America in general.

In the *Rosary Magazine*, Marguerite Donegan pictures the sorrow of struggling Ireland. She introduces besides several songs to show how the tradition of that land is steeped in sadness. Intense lovers are capable of intense sorrow. And this truth applies most especially to the Irish. A land of unclouded joy once, for one thousand years the country has been the scene of a veritable tragedy, — so much so, that now we may truthfully assert that every sunlit hillside, every fair, sleeping valley, every bit of brown turf, every blade of green grass, is filled with Irish blood.

The current number of the *America* gives two very interesting communications, one by a Spanish astronomer, José Comas Sola, and the other by an eminent French director of astronomy, M. Deslandres. Their verdict might be read with profit by many who rush for the new modern theory concerning Mars. Says the first: “During my twenty years’ observations, never have I succeeded in seeing the geometrical wonders so profusely published in every part of the world. I have ever been an enemy to these imaginations, and am convinced that they were illusions or exaggerations of the observers.”

“I do not deny that there are borders that give the appearance of canals; but these borders are wide and diffuse, and rarely well defined.”

M. Deslandres says: "In a letter of September, 1909, I called the attention of the editor to the fact that the Henry objective of 0.83 metre shows "no trace whatever of the geometrical network on Mars, while it distinguishes details incomparably finer than the 'supposed' canals. When the image is calm, the aspect of the planet is like that of the moon. The geometrical forms present themselves very furtively in dancing images; and appear only in small telescopes."

*The Educational Review* has the following from the London Teacher: "Cramming in the sense of loading the mind with a mass of words which have no clear and definite ideas to correspond with them is silly, but cramming in the sense of mastering a series of understood facts which an examiner may require is a sensible precaution."

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### Priorum Temporum Flores.

Rev. J. J. O'Gorman, '04, of Ottawa, gave the English address at a New Year's reunion in the Canadian College, Rome, where he is making special studies.

Rev. J. Foley, of Lancaster, favored Alma Mater with a visit a few weeks ago.

Consequent on the appointment of Rev. P. J. Kelly, '05, to the parish of Wooler, Peterborough diocese, St. Mary's, Havlock, will be attended to by Rev. W. P. Meagher.

We were pleased to see Rev. Dr. McNally, of Chelsea, a visitor to the University a few days ago.

Rev. Father James Keely, '02, of Kingston diocese, who has been acting as curate to Ven. Archdeacon Casey, of Lindsay, has been recalled to his native diocese.

Wilton Lackaye, '84, the eminent actor, paid Alma Mater a visit some weeks ago. Mr. Lackaye scored a triumph at the Russell Theatre.

Rev. Father V. K. McFadden, '05, of the Cathedral staff, Peterborough, has been transferred to St. Joseph's, Douro.

While on a recent visit to the city, Rev. J. McDonald, '03, who is stationed at the Bishop's Palace, Kingston, paid the University a call.

Rev. J. J. McDonnell, '04, Rev. W. H. Dooner, '04, and Rev. J. Harrington, '04, were recent visitors to the College.

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## Obituary.

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### REV. FATHER MCGOWAN.

Rev. Father McGowan, of Fort Covington, after an illness of but short duration, died at the Hotel Dieu, Kingston, on Monday morning, Jan. 31st. The deceased was a native of Ireland, being born in the County of Sligo, Oct. 28th, 1830. His preparatory studies were made at Mount Mellery, Ireland, and in the Irish College at Paris. His theological studies were completed in Ottawa University, where he was ordained to the priesthood in May, 1866. The first ten years of his mission were spent in Canada. Afterwards being adopted by the late Bishop Wadhams, he was appointed pastor at Cadyville, where he spent twenty years as a faithful and devoted priest. In 1892 he was transferred by Right Rev. H. Gabriels to Fort Covington, where he had been ever since.

It was Father McGowan's earnest wish to be buried in Pakenham, Ont., beside his cousin, the venerable Father Lavin. His Grace, Most Reverend Archbishop Gauthier, of Kingston, celebrated the Solemn Requiem funeral mass in the Cathedral, Kingston, on Tuesday morning, Feb. 1st, and with many priests from his diocese accompanied the remains to Pakenham, where all arrangements for the funeral had been made by the pastor, Very Rev. Canon Corkery.

The funeral Mass was celebrated on Wednesday morning, at which His Grace the Most Reverend Archbishop officiated. The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. B. J. McCoghlin, N.Y.

The following priests were present on the sanctuary: Rev. Canon Corkery, P. P., Pakenham; Rev. T. P. Fitzgerald, Massena, N.Y.; Rev. Father Chainé, Arnprior; Rev. Father Harkin, Almonte; Rev. James George, Arnprior; Rev. James J. McGowan, nephew of deceased; Rev. Thomas P. Murphy, O.M.I., Ottawa.

R. I. P.

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### *Personals.*

Rev. J. Bertrand and students attending our institution from Clarence Creek journeyed to that town the 17th instant, and were successful in defeating their own home team in a friendly game of hockey.

We were recently honored by a visit from His Lordship Bishop Scollard of Sault Ste. Marie diocese. His Lordship spent a couple of days with us, and delighted all who had the pleasure of listening to him by his interesting chats on conditions in his great north country.

Fr. Kuntz has recently returned from a month's holiday in Buffalo.

Miss Stella O'Brien, of Renfrew, recently visited her cousin, J. Barry, '15.

Rev. P. W. Browne of our staff gave a very interesting lecture on Saturday last before the d'Youville Circle of the Rideau Street Convent. The subject was "The Foundations of Empire."

Mr. W. Hackett lately received a visit from his sister of Stanstead, Que.

The annual banquet of the St. Joseph's Church Choir was held on the 31st ult. Rev. Fathers W. J. Murphy, T. P. Murphy and W. J. Collins were present, besides about thirty members of choir.

Rev. William Patton, O.M.I., a former Professor of Philosophy in Ottawa, is to succeed Father Kirwin as pastor of St. Patrick's Church, McCook, Neb.

Rev. Fr. Dewe is bringing out an interesting book on the "Psychology of Politics and History," of which mention is made elsewhere in this issue.

We chronicle with pleasure the appointment of Rev. Fr. Kerwin of McCook, Neb., to the pastorate of Holy Angels' Church, Buffalo, to succeed the Rt. Rev. M. F. Fallon, O.M.I., D.D. who has recently been appointed to the bishopric of London, Ont. Rev. Fr. Kerwin was lately a professor in our University, and we sincerely wish the Rev. gentleman every success in his new and onerous position.



### Physical Culture Class.

The Physical Culture Class is in full swing, and is already accomplishing much good.

The following gentlemen were chosen as officers of the Class: Director, Rev. W. J. Stanton, O.M.I.; President, Leo H. Tracy, '11; Vice-Pres., T. J. O'Neill, '11; Secy.-Treas., Arthur Courtois, '11.

### Indoor Baseball.

Indoor baseball, which is becoming very popular in the Capital, was given a marked impetus last week, when a City League was organized at the Y.M.C.A. Four well-balanced teams will play a schedule that extends over six weeks. Mr. Hal B. McGivern, M.P. for Ottawa, was elected honorary president of the new organization. Pres., P. J. Lee, Y.M.C.A.; 1st Vice-Pres., Allan Oliver, Pastimes; 2nd Vice-Pres., M. Chrysler, O.A.A.C.; Secy.-Treas., Phil C. Harris, Ottawa University. The schedule is as follows:—

- Feb. 10—Y.M.C.A. v. O.A.A.C.
- “ 10—Pastimes v. College.
- “ 17—Pastimes v. Y.M.C.A.
- “ 17—College v. O.A.A.C.
- “ 24—Pastimes v. O.A.A.C.
- “ 24—College v. Y.M.C.A.
- Mar. 3—College v. Pastimes.
- “ 3—O.A.A.C. v. Y.M.C.A.
- “ 10—O.A.A.C. v. College,

- “ 10—Y.M.C.A. v. Pastimes.
- “ 17—Y.M.C.A. v. College.
- “ 17—O.A.A.C. v. Pastimes.

STANDING OF LEAGUE.

	Won.	Lost.	To Play.
Pastimes... ..	1	1	4
Y.M.C.A. ... ..	2	0	4
College ... ..	1	1	4
O.A.A.C. ... ..	0	2	4

Hockey.

PHILOSOPHERS (4) — COLLEGIATE (3).

Thus read the score after an extended playing period of one hour and thirty minutes, when the hockey teams representing the “sage” Philosophers and the “rudimentary” Collegians clashed for the first time in the Inter-Course Hockey League. The game was fraught with brilliant feats, and profuse flow of gore. Everybody “nose” to whom and to what we refer. The Philosophers’ coverpoint in attempting to get into the game with vim got into the visage of our fair-haired rover. The result was that he felt much “cut-up,” and was forced to retire from the conflict. At full time the score read three all, and after thirty minutes of nerve-racking play, Brennan and Gauthier, on a clever piece of combination work, scored the fateful goal, midst copious and tumultuous volleys of applause from the spectators. For the Philosophers all played well, but special praise must be given the defense work of Brennan, Smith and Harris. The stars of the Collegiates were Jack and Henry Robillard and W. Chartrand.

ARTS (7) — JUNIORS (6).

The classy Arts hockey team came ort on top in a game against the fast Juniors. The first half ended with Arts well in the lead with four goals to one, but in taking things too easy in the second half they just nosed out victorious. For the “Arts” course, Capt. O’Neill was the “arc-light” performer, while Leo Kelly and Marty Brennan also scintillated.

PHILOSOPHERS (8) — JUNIORS (6).

R-E-V-E-N-G-E, that sweet feeling of satisfaction, was the

lot of the students of "Sanctus Thomas," as they skated off the ice victorious over the Juniors by the score of eight goals to five. The blue shirts in the previous game caught the "P's" nappy, or sound asleep, I don't know which, and rolled up a score of 7-4. This time, however, the "Zigs" were on to the job all the time, and played with a vim that was refreshing and assuring. Half-time found the score 3-2 for Juniors. When the teams resumed play the "Phils." took a commanding lead of 5-3, but owing to a momentary "blow-up" or an attack of "brainstorm," the score was quickly tied, 5-5, when time was called. In overtime of ten minutes the score read 6-6. Once again the battle was continued, when the staying powers of the "Sapientes" proved too much for the Juniors, and they weakened, allowing their opponents to score twice, making the final tally read 8-6 for the Philosophers. To particularize the stellar players would be unfair. Every man played his position effectively, and from Harris in goal to Sauvé on the wing, no fault can be found. Undoubtedly the palm for the most brilliant player goes with the unanimous consent of all to Grindy-Patrick-Taylor Brennan, the classy coverpoint of the "Philosophers."

#### COLLEGIATE (7) — ARTS (4).

The under-estimated seven of the "Collegiate" course showed a marked improvement in form, and defeated with apparent ease the fast septette of the "Arts" students. It was one of the best, if not the best, hockey game played so far in the league. The play was fast, clean, and scientific, and a great game to watch. The first half saw some classy and stubbornly contested hockey, and ended 2 all. In the second period the Collegiates took a remarkable brace, and before the Arts realized it they were behind, 5-2. Still the Collegiates pressed their advantage, and despite the efforts of Capt. O'Neill's stalwarts, the score read 7-4 as the whistle blew "game over."

Collegiate, as it played against "Arts," truly deserved to win more games, and still has a fighting chance. Chartrand, Jack Robillard, T. Hillman, and Voligny played a pretty combination game, and have bunches of speed, while the defence work of Murtagh, Hennie, Robillard, and particularly Paddy Moran Munnock, was certainly superb.

"Arts" did not have on their best team. Capt. Charles F. 'Neill, Lee Kelly, and Ossie Kennedy were the best players for Arts, and with Marty Brennan on would have run "Collegiate" to the wire.

Players:—

Arts.	Collegiate.
Cornellier ... ..	Goal ... .. Minnock.
Kennedy ... ..	Point ... .. Murtagh.
(Capt.) O'Neil ... ..	C. Point. ...II. Robillard (Capt.)
Boulangier ... ..	Rover ... .. Chartrand.
McDougall ... ..	Centre. ... .. T. Hillman.
Landriau ... ..	Wings ... .. J. Robillard.
Letang ... ..	" " ...Voligny and Shanahan.

#### Side Shots.

Mr. Chas. D. O'Gorman was appointed manager of the Indoor Baseball team. Joe Muzante was elected captain.

\* \* \*

The pen sketch title "Athletics" in last month's Review was the subject of favorable comment. Mr. Gustave Gallopin was responsible for it. Congratulations, Gus!

\* \* \*

There is a rumor current that quite a "wad" was dropped by a certain Prof. on the win of Philosophers over Collegiate. He blames Harris' phenomenal goal-keeping for the loss, but expects to get even by betting that Juniors trim the "Sapientias" when they meet. Better keep your small change, for Mike Smith, Joe Brennan, Gauthier, Harris & Co. have caught their winning stride. Verbum sat sapienti!

\* \* \*

"Ubi nunc sumus?" cried the "Sapientias" as Harris missed three easy ones. "In loco desperatissimo," groaned the goaltend.

\* \* \*

Such expressions as "Bene," "Optime," "Perfecte," were frequently heard on the sides when the "Zigliarites" pulled off some hair-raising stunts.

\* \* \*

Suivez! Suivez! shouted the Juniors' coach, but Louis Peachblow Côté and Zig Sauvé understood the parlance, so it worked both ways.

\* \* \*

We don't know his name, but that Junior that throws a "feinting" or "faking" spell five times every game should be

furnished with a feather bed, so that he can die peacefully instead of expiring daily on the cold unfeeling ice, and before a hard-hearted bunch of College students.

\* \* \*

To play hockey is human.  
To score is sure fine,  
To defeat the "defeaters"—  
Why it's simply divine!  
Juniors please take notice.

\* \* \*

A "tie" at full time, Philosophers excited;  
Two goals in the extra, Philosophers delighted.

\* \* \*

Suggestions for the "All-Star" team of the Inter-Course Hockey League will be gladly received and published by the Editor of the Athletic Department. Address your choice to "All-Star" Hockey Team Contest, and hand it to the Prefect. They will be published next issue.

\* \* \*

With whose coin is Fl-g buying the cigars? I wonder? Hard luck, Prof., it's like purloining bon-bons from a feeble infant!

\* \* \*

Who's the best goal judge in the League? "Joe Simard," says Chartrand, "not," as he makes Joe do a "back-flap" into the heap of virgin snow. "Pas fair," dit Joe!!

\* \* \*

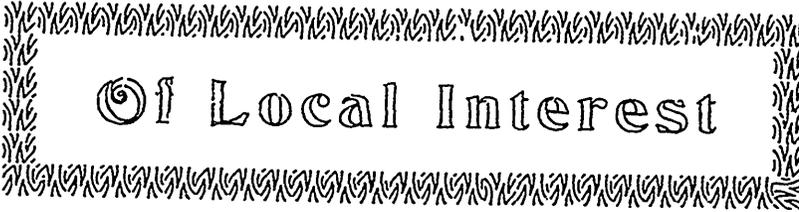
Mike Smith and Capt. Gauthier are practicing the "sunny smile act" in preparation for the Philosophers' photo as champions of the League. Here's hoping!

\* \* \*

Tommie Hare Kennedy can't see anything to it but the championship for his team. They'll never win on "store-pies" and brier pipes. McSwiggan Harrington is willing to bet anything from a peanut to a jackknife that "Arts" win all their coming games. Manager Sullivan of Collegiates took up the bet.

\* \* \*

"The best hockey League in years," is the consensus of opinion among the students and professors of the "U." Great credit is due to Father Stanton for the successful carrying out of the new era of Inter-Course games. .



## Of Local Interest

(Translation from an old Persian Ode, (B.C. 23).

Faith life is just full of surprises,  
 And the best we can do is to hope;  
 As often the people's surmises  
 Don't happen to be the best dope.

Sure who'd ever think that Jim Ke-n-n-dy,  
 Though for hockey he may have a care,  
 Should get so taken in by the malady  
 That he's turned out to be Tommy Hare.

It's a marvel regarding Ph. H-r-s,  
 Who in other things is pretty fair;  
 But this is sufficient to jar us:  
 He rivals, s'il vous plait, Le Sueur.

And isn't S-th nifty around the net?  
 His style is like that of Laviolette;  
 At centre O'N-I's the star of them all.  
 Though sometimes he seems to out-Hall Joseph Hall.

### "LIFE IN HOGAN'S FLATS."

Here's to the boys of Hogan's Flats.  
 The greatest in the land:  
 Who know no sorrow, know no fear;  
 And still united stand.

From early morn their tasks begin,  
 And they with pleasure fill  
 The duties of their state in life  
 At desk or window-sill.

At six o'clock that early hour  
 When chimes begin to peal,  
 We hear them rise from out their beds,  
 And from the flats they steal.

All morn the tumult rages high,  
 Till study does begin;  
 Then all must to their sanctam fly,  
 And to their books within.

At last pale Hecate holds sway,  
 And lights begin to glow,  
 The midnight oil in Hogan's Flats  
 Is burning, burning low.

Among the members here convened,  
 (We cannot name them all),  
 We have some long ones, short ones, too,  
 And some both big and small.

Our friend from out the woolly west,  
 He always wears a smile,  
 While Quyon Jim not quite so slim,  
 Is here to kid a while.

Let's not forget our friend Gustav,  
 Who 'splains the reason why;  
 With puzzled brains, his aeroplanes  
 He launches in the sky.

Who said long ones, we've a few,  
 First comes H-k-et, as good as two;  
 B-u-ke can't beat him, no not he,  
 Though in time he may make three.

Who wrote this you all may ask,  
 We must confess 'twas quite a task;  
 But if our members are not sore  
 Perhaps next month we'll add some more.

—HAPPY.

In Physics Class: "A preposition is a bad thing to end a sentence with."

Prof. (on election day): "Where is U-ly?"

Student: "He's working at the poil."

Prof.: "He should be working at his own poll!"

Sm-th (in Philosophy): "That's enough to make your hair stand on end."

Bu-ke: "Still, it stands to reason."

You can't beat the drum with a drummer,  
 You can't do sums with a summer;  
 But it's perfectly plain,  
 Though I say it with pain,  
 You can always bum with a bumper.

J. K. went out the other day,  
 Sporting a brand new Prince;  
 He placed his heel on a banana peel,  
 And he hasn't *banana* where since!

G. W-bs says that during a thunderstorm he always rides with a brakeman, because the latter is a *non-conductor*, while he himself is a *sparker*, to use a *current* term!

Fl-g: "H-t, however can you get into that small bed?"

H-t: "Oh, I always add a couple of feet to it, when retiring."

There's a new song entitled, "The Dairy Lunch Duct."  
 Words by Gr-f-n, music by Du-b-s.

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### *Junior Department*

Have you seen Reggie Sr. and Willie M. in their great act on the single trapeze?

What do they feed you on at Kingston? Watermelon?

Ne—ne—never mind, M-t-n, you like chicken.

Jim is of the opinion that tooth paste is a poor substitute for massage cream.

Dan S-n is not the only professional hockey player in the Small Yard. A few others can show them as well as Dan. Eh, Elwood?

See M-y and T-y in the Siamese twins act.

To mope, a verb meaning to be spiritless, sleepy or lazy. A society called the Mopesters has been formed in the Junior Department. The Junior editor regrets the formation of this society, and if the members do not disband they will receive a personal mention in next month's issue. L. B., S. G., El. and others take a friendly warning in good time.

The skating season will soon be a thing of the past, so make the most of it while it lasts. To do this you must keep the rink cleaned.

Our hockey team is still at the head of the Hurd League. They have yet to lose a game. Although the other teams are somewhat heavier they do not seem to be able to cope with the dash and combination of our representatives. Two games were played this month, the first against the Rideaus on Feb. 10, which was won by College by a score of 5 to 1. The second game was played in New Edinburgh against the Tecumsehs on Feb. 16, College again winning by a score of 2 to 1. The College defense is playing a grand game, while the combination play of the forward line has all their opponents guessing. The College team taking part in all the games is: Goal, B. Kinsella; point, A. Fournier; cover point, C. Brennan; forwards, E. Nagle, T. Hillman, D. Batterton and Faulkner.

Keep it up, boys, and we will have the Hurd Cup to place among our other trophies.

