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Right Rev. Augustin Doutenville, O.M.I., D.D.

Superior General

# UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW

Vol. XI.

OTTAWA, ONT., NOVEMBER, 1908.

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## THE NEW SUPERIOR GENERAL OF THE OBLATES.



ON Sunday, Sept. 20th, delegates of the Oblate Order from the four quarters of the globe met in solemn conclave in the Eternal City, to elect a successor to the Very Rev. A. Lavillardière, Superior General, recently deceased. By a practically unanimous vote the choice of the conclave fell upon Right Rev. A. Dontenville, O.M.I., formerly Bishop of New Westminster, and but lately elevated by the Holy Father to the Archbishopric of Victoria, B.C. Upon the new General devolve the gravest responsibilities. The Oblate Order is to be found at work in the missionary, educational, and parochial field under every flag on the five continents. Founded in France hardly a century ago by the saintly De Mazenod, they have extended their activity with incredible rapidity throughout the following provinces:--Northern France, Southern France, Italy, Great Britain and Ireland, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Eastern Canada, Northern United States, Southern United States, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Athabaska, Mackenzie, British Columbia, Jaffna, Ceylon; Colombo, Ceylon; Natal, South Africa; Orangia, S.A.; Basutoland, S.A.; Transvaal, S.A.; Cimbebasie, S.A.; Australia. Scattered throughout this vast territory is an army of three Archbishops, ten Bishops, and two thousand Priests and Religious.

The new General assumes his high office in the very prime of life, as he is now in the fifty-second year of his age, and the twenty-

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fourth of his priesthood. Augustin Dontenville was born in the year 1857 at Bischweiler, diocese of Strasbourg, Alsace-Lorraine, and came to America while yet a boy in his teens to live with his uncle, a highly-respected priest of Buffalo, N.Y. He was immediately sent up here to pursue his classical studies at the University. At the end of a brilliant course he took his B.A. in 1880 and his M.A. in 1883. Feeling that he was called to the sacerdotal and religious life he entered the Oblate Novitiae at Lachine, P.Q., and was ordained Priest on May 30th, 1885. He then returned to the University of Ottawa as one of its professors. From 1885 to 1890 he was professor of Natural Sciences, was one of the Vice-Presidents of the Alumni Association, Director of the Scientific and Junior English Debating Societies. In 1880 he was transferred to New Westminster to take charge of St. Louis College. On August 22nd, 1897, he was appointed Coadjutor to Bishop Durieu and consecrated titular Bishop of Germanicopolis; and on the death of Bishop Durieu in 1899 he became Bishop of New Westminster, B.C.

The election will be hailed with delight everywhere the new General is known, but more especially in the University of Ottawa where he spent so many years as student and professor, gaining for himself a host of friends within and without the College walls. To show his extreme popularity here, may we be permitted to reprint the editorial which appeared in the pages of the November "Owl" 1889: "The departure of Father Dontenville from our midst, creates a vacancy upon the staff of this institution which, indeed, it will be difficult to fill. Summoned to relinquish his position here, he murmured not, but went forth to labor in other fields where, perhaps, his splendid talents are more urgently needed. He has left us with the assurance that naught can be said but what is commendatory of his labors as professor of natural sciences, which position he filled in the College, during the long course of twelve years. We do not venture to question the wisdom of his superiors in their decision, nevertheless, we cannot but regret that they could not find some means by which the necessity of his removal might have been avoided. His success as a teacher is universally conceded; the secret of that success may be found in the fact that he was earnest in whatever he undertook.

His appointment as director of the Oblate College of St. Louis, New Westminster, B.C., is a recognition of his zeal and administrative ability. We do not hesitate to say that, under his care the College of St. Louis will rapidly advance in popular favor. The love

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and good wishes of his former students attend him in his new home; and through "The Owl," they waft the expression of their sincerest hope that the future years may be for him years of happiness and contentment; and that, as they gradually unfold themselves, they will open to his gaze new success, and triumphs attained. We are not envious of you, friend St. Louis, but we would fain have Father Dontenville back among us. We do not desire to parade our pain, but we feel constrained to say that, much as it must have grieved Father Dontenville to leave a city and College where so many ties of friendship had been formed, the sorrow at the separation, has been, to us, keener, and the regret will be more lasting."

These predictions have been realized, these hopes fulfilled, and the Varsity professor now controls the destinies of all his great Order. In his hands, too, are the destinies of his Alma Mater, and we know he will let pass no occasion of furthering her interests and advancing her glory. Knowing as he does the grand work she is accomplishing, knowing also her trials and her difficulties, he will foster and increase her power, that she may ever go steadfastly forward, taking advantage of the admirable opportunities which her scope and position afford, till she stands at the very pinnacle of Catholic education in Canada, a University in the truest and widest acceptation of the word. We are eagerly awaiting the return of Archbishop Dontenville to this country and these halls, to manifest in no uncertain manner our heartfelt joy and thankfulness on his elevation to the supreme dignity of Superior General.

"May the Lord preserve him, and vivify him, and make him blessed upon the earth."

XERES.



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## The Civilization of the 13th Century.



THE object which every student must propose to himself in entering upon a study of history, is not a knowledge of wars and dynasties, not a mastery of chronological tables, but rather a critical appreciation of the great movements in the economic, social, and religious condition of mankind which mark the different epochs in the life of the human race. Or, to put it more briefly, the end he has in view or ought to have in view, is an understanding of the world's growth in civilization.

In a lecture on Popular Culture given some years since by the noted scholar and statesman, John Morley, there is a simple word of advice which seems appropriate for us of the Twentieth Century, who are pretty much imprisoned in our time. It is this, "Learn not to be near-sighted in history, but look before and after." We are the mature age of the world; and hence, believe that we possess all the wisdom of the ages that have preceded us. Progress is our watchword; and to look to the past with any feeling akin to admiration, is oftentimes considered a tendency to retrogression. However, it is but a matter of simple prudence, that, from time to time, we should stop and take our bearings and see if that which we call progress is really progress, or if it is only drift

It is my purpose, therefore, to direct your attention to a time when the world was seven centuries younger than it is to-day, and to give you as complete and faithful a picture, as I briefly can, of the civilization of the culminating years of the Middle Age—the Thirteenth Century.

Frederick Harrison justly remarks that he who would understand the Middle Age must make a special study of the Thirteenth Century. For in the Thirteenth Century is found the concentration of all that was best in mediæval life and thought. Hence a cursory survey of that century will enable us to catch something of the dominant spirit of the mediæval times—those times whose very name has been made to connote all that right thinking men must abhor in political, social, and moral life, until the more scientific method of historical research of our day has made it clear that they should be assigned a leading place in the story of the world's progress. Then again, apart from the fact that through this century we can see the whole of the Middle Age, the century itself is worthy of

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study as being perhaps the only one in all history that has a distinctive character of its own. It is, moreover, a century that can boast of an unusual roll of illustrious men of action, as well as of men who have created what is best in art, in literature, and philosophy.

But before coming to a view of the civilization of the Thirteenth Century, I think we ought to arrive at some definite understanding of what civilization really is. What does civilization really mean? We must confess that the term is extremely misty. It is one of those words greatly affected by popular speakers, particularly political orators, perhaps for the very reason of its delightful elusiveness. It will bear almost any interpretation one wishes to give it—the interpretation depending largely on one's religion, education and condition in life. To the rich civilization means luxury and ease. To those of the middle class it means a certain measure of external refinement together with comfort. To the industrious poor it means "good times," a fair share of amusements, and protection by law in existing rights and liberties. It has been said that the most popular idea of civilization is the veneering of barbarism: and barbarism means coarseness in manner and dress together with contempt for art and education. From this we might be led to infer that the proper measure of civilization is the actual possession or at least the appreciation of comfort and good manners.

With Cardinal Newman, I believe that "Civilization is the state to which man's nature points and tends; it is the systematic use, improvement, and combination of those faculties which are his characteristic, and viewed in its idea it is the perfection, the happiness of our mortal state." "And perfection," says Matthew Arnold, "is the harmonious expansion of all the powers that make the beauty and worth of human nature."

Civilization may be material, intellectual, and moral. The best civilization is essentially moral and only accidentally intellectual and material. Unfortunately this distinction is often lost sight of. Material civilization is the usual denotation of the word. There are men of gross immorality or men of slender mental equipment, who would become vehement almost to the verge of fury, if any one should question the superiority of our present day civilization. They have only a partial concept of the word's full content. I repeat, civilization may be material, intellectual and moral—and essentially moral. I merely state the distinction. Its justness, I am sure, will

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be readily admitted. With this distinction in mind, let us glance at the condition of European society in the Thirteenth Century.

We hear it from every platform, and read it in every pamphlet and magazine that ours is the great age of democracy, the era of the rights of man, and a period of general emancipation and enfranchisement. The first question that would likely come to the lips of the ordinary man of to-day, in speaking of the Thirteenth Century, is "what about the political, industrial, and social condition of men of that time?" Of course, I realize only too well that the generally prevalent notion is, but a hazy notion let us say, the echo of statements made persistently by writers of history, who, since the great religious convulsion of the Sixteenth Century, seem constitutionally unable to tell the truth in matters that concern the Catholic church. This prevalent hazy notion of the Thirteenth Century, as of all mediæval political and social conditions, pictures Europe as infested with a lot of swashbuckler knights whose caprice and passion constituted law, and the only question of politics dreamt of, was "who shall have the privilege of squeezing the most out of the common herd? the king or the barons?"

Let us see if the facts bear out this notion.

Towards the close of the Eighteenth Century, to be accurate, in the year 1789, there broke out in France a revolutionary storm unparalleled in the annals of history. This upheaval, as all men admit, was indescribably lurid and horrible, yet I am constrained to say that in many of its effects it was truly beneficent. When, after the subsidence of this revolution, the people of France searched through the ruins, they found buried under the debris of the reigns of the later Louis, particularly that of Louis the Fourteenth, the rights and prerogatives for which they had so savagely and inhumanly fought.

So the era of popular rights and representative government in France and in continental Europe generally, instead of having been begun by the French Revolution, as is commonly supposed, was simply revived and resumed after an interval of something like 500 years. And the Nineteenth Century had to go back and catch up the broken thread of civilization from the true epoch of freedom, the original epoch of representative government, the Thirteenth Century—the only age, perhaps, when there was an absence of despotism on the one hand and of demagoguery on the other.

The fiction of the dire oppression of the masses in the Middle Age—and the term Middle Age is often made to include all the cen-

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turies from the Fifth to the Fifteenth—this fiction has been so long and so persistently dinned into our ears, that even we who belong to the dominant organization of that time, have come to believe it. Surely De Maistre was right when he exclaimed that for three centuries history has been a conspiracy against the truth. And the most pathetic feature of it all is that those against whom the conspiracy was formed are oftentimes the readiest to fall in with it.

The dawn of the Thirteenth Century saw the beginning of the decline of that system of graduated government, called feudalism, a system which had tided Europe over the most critical period of all her existence and at the same time prepared the way for the organization of more permanent central government. Feudalism had accomplished its colossal work as no other agent conceivable by the human mind could have done. Like all human institutions that have served the purpose of their excellence, feudalism began to disappear. But in passing away, it left a marvellously rich inheritance, an inheritance that was shared by a centralized monarchy on the one hand and a resolute people on the other. What this inheritance was, we shall best perceive by seeing what feudalism was in its essence.

When the savage hordes from the North swept down like torrents upon Rome during the Fifth Century, the church saw herself face to face with the stupendous task of lifting them up from the depth of licentious and ferocious superstition, of taming their untutored nature and implanting in them the saving sense of law and order.

Fortunately, Providence raised up popes like Leo the Great and Gregory the Great, who were able to cope with this herculean task, until there came to lighten their labor towards the end of the Eighth Century, that almost superhuman genius Charlemagne. Charlemagne succeeded in marshalling the various tribes of Central and Western Europe and gave them a form of civil government and organized society. As a result of his administration, there arose the system of government called feudalism. In these latter days much has been said in condemnation of feudalism. Yet when one studies impartially the history of the years between 800 and 1200, he is constrained to admit that it was the only system adapted to save Europe from anarchy and barbarism. Feudalism was an hierarchical organization of society. To each man was assigned his due place and rank. The rights and duties of each were clearly and unmistakably prescribed. With every privilege there was associated a duty. The

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binding principle of the social body (which was at the same time governmental) was a sort of bilateral contract, "I will do something for you, and you shall do something for me." The vassal owed military service to his lord, but the lord owed protection to his vassals. The husbandman owed homage and a stipulated service to the baron, but the baron gave him security of life and home. Says Frederick Harrison, in his *Essay on the Connection of History*, "All became, from king to serf, recognized members of one common society. Thence sprang the closest bond which has ever bound man to man. . . . It ripened into the finest temper which has ever ennobled the man of action, the essence of chivalry." You will remember how Edward Burke so eloquently described it: "That proud submission, that dignified obedience . . . that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness." When Burke said that the age of chivalry is gone, we can believe that he was correct only inasmuch as the knightly manner of the external features of chivalry are concerned. The really good in history cannot be altogether lost. The spirit of chivalry and feudalism is with us yet, we trust. We see it to-day in the growing sense that men have of a common brotherhood in God.

With the third Crusade, which set out towards the end of the Twelfth Century under those three intrepid warriors, Frederick Barbarossa of Germany, Philip Augustus of France, and Richard the Lionhearted of England, the warlike spirit of the feudal barons had pretty well spent itself. Thenceforth they settled down to a more peaceful condition of life.

Gradually the old order of feudalism changed, giving place to the new system of centralized national government. But there was still preserved, as I have mentioned, the beautiful inheritance of feudalism.

Most of the nations of Europe as we know them to-day, — England, France, Spain, and several of the kingdoms of the German Empire—trace back their growth in nationalhood to the Thirteenth Century. Prior to that time, they were but loosely knitted duchies and fiefs. And in looking over the records of European history, we find that in that century there lived perhaps a larger number of great leaders and builders of nations than any of the other centuries of the Christian era can boast of. In England, we find the

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great churchman, as able as he was pious, Stephen Langton, to whom the British owe the cornerstone of their liberties, the Magna Charta. In England again, was Simon de Montfort, warrior and statesman, the father of English representative government. In Germany there ruled the simple but heroic Rudolph of Hapsburg. In France, Philip Augustus, soldier and legislator, left to his heir a kingdom triple the size of what he had inherited. It was truly an age when statesmen worked only for the nation's advantage, and kings did more than wear a crown and enjoy the emoluments of their office.

But of all the rulers of that time there stands out pre-eminently one character, which alone would suffice to shed surpassing lustre on any time—Louis the Saint of France. To my mind St. Louis is the most perfect ruler that the world has ever seen. He is the king ideal. In him is found the most notable example in all human experience of the blending of a natural with a supernatural heroism, a union of the most robust martial spirit with a robust virtue and a robust spirit of faith. Historians one and all speak of him with reverent admiration, even the ribald, sneering, satanic Voltaire felt constrained to say that to every royal virtue he joined the piety of an anchorite. He was the angel of justice, righteousness and law enthroned for a time among mortals. So singular was his justice that even the meanest serf in all his realm found it sufficient check against an oppressor merely to say, "If the king but knew this, it would not go well with thee." Before his departure for the war of the Holy Sepulchre, we see him sending mendicant friars throughout his domain to find if any wrong had been done to even the lowest of his subjects, and if so, to repair it immediately at his expense. This meets our ears like the sound of a dream or fable; but if we could only catch the informing spirit of those simple holy times, we could well appreciate its reality.

In the simplicity of his heart, says the French historian Duruy, St. Louis did more to extend the royal authority than the wisest counsellors or than ten warlike kings could have done, because after his time the king seemed to the people the incarnation of order and justice. He gave royalty a sacred character.

Among the reverent sons of France, St. Louis is still enshrined in memory as fancy pictures him wrapped in a robe of blue, sprinkled with fleur-de-lis, sitting under the oak of Vincennes, administering justice to all that came to him. If men are the mirror of their times, how great must we think the Thirteenth Century.

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In the latter years of the Middle Age, owing to the blending of feudalism with the newly organized central government, there was a very noticeable absence of both despotism and demagogy. This was, perhaps, the only time in the course of human government when there was something approximating a balance in the political scales, an avoidance of absolutism either of the king or of the people. Though, of course, the state was by no means thoroughly organized, there was a clearly defined political theory — a theory whose maxims of public right, buried for long years, were again brought to the surface of that violent cataclysm of the French Revolution. These maxims of Thirteenth Century government are the basic principles of our present public policy. We have come to think of them as our own creation; yet it is to that so-called period of darkness that we owe it that no tax can be imposed without the consent of the taxpayer; no law is valid unless accepted by those who owe it obedience; no sentence is lawful unless pronounced by the peers of the accused.

Partisan historians with pet theories to establish, regardless of the truth or falsity of the particulars upon which these theories rest, have created serious and lamentable misapprehension regarding the position of the mediæval church in the question of civil power. I am no theologian, and therefore will not have the rashness to enter a field where I might easily go astray. However, on the strength of my Catholic training, I feel warranted in saying this much; the divine origin of civil as of all power, has always been taught by the church; but the divine right of kings, never. Royal absolutism, or as Pope puts it,

“The right divine of kings to govern wrong,”

a theory of government which reached its highest development in Henry VIII. of England and the Grand Monarque, Louis XIV. of France, a man who could stand up and say in all his autocratic pride, *L'Etat, C'est moi*; this theory, I say, was foreign to the spirit of the Middle Age. It was the result of those dynastic struggles, the struggles of power that gave a special character to the period between the Sixteenth and Nineteenth Centuries. So far from being an advocate of royal absolutism, we find that the church holds that the king or chief magistrate, whatever may be his title, is simply the executor of the will of the people he governs,—and furthermore, that if this chief magistrate should abuse his trust, and rule his

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people with injustice and tyranny, he could be lawfully dethroned and cast down from his place of power.

Some historians try to tell us that the Renaissance of the Fifteenth Century restored the unity of civilization broken by the Mediæval time. No statement could be more unjust and erroneous. Between the civilization of ancient Rome and that of modern Europe there can be possibly no comparison, for they are things of entirely different kinds. The periods embraced between the Fifth and Thirteenth Centuries, saw a new creation of every sphere of life on entirely new principles. The fact that some of the Greek and Latin poets of the old day received a new impetus at the time of the Renaissance, can in no sense mean a resuming of prechristian civilization.

The old Roman scheme of society recognized only two classes of men, slaves and citizens. But in the Thirteenth Century we see the conception, birth and growth of an entirely new order in human society—an order that could never have been evolved from the old Roman system—the great Middle Class. The birth of the Middle Class is one of the most momentous events in history. This new class of men was destined to control, and now actually does control the affairs of the world, for its power rests on worth and intelligence rather than on wealth or birth.

As a necessary consequence of the birth of the powerful Middle Class, there immediately rose popular representative government, the world's most cherished political treasure. And we owe it to the Thirteenth Century, that age of vast creative genius. Every school-boy knows well those two red-letter dates in the History of England, dates which mark the beginning of her greatness as a nation—1215, when Stephen Langton secured to Englishmen for all times that guarantee of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, the Magna Charta; and 1254, when Simon de Montfort summoned two discreet representatives from each town and city and begot the English Parliament. What precious institution has England that she does not owe to the sons of her preformation days?

W. A. MARTIN, M.A., '02.

*(To be continued.)*

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## “People Will Talk.”

---

You may go through this world  
    But 'twill be very slow,  
If you listen to all that is said as you go,  
You'll be worried and fretted and kept in a stew,  
For Meddlesome tongues must have something to do,  
    And people will talk.

If quiet and modest you'll have it presumed  
That your humble position is only assumed,  
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing or else you're a fool,  
But don't get excited--keep perfectly cool,  
    For people will talk.

Then if you show the least boldness of heart,  
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,  
They will call you an upstart conceited and vain,  
But keep straight ahead, don't stop to explain,  
    For people will talk.

If your dress is the fashion don't seek to escape,  
For they criticize then in a different shape.  
You're ahead of your means or you're tailor's unpaid,  
But mind your own business, there's naught to be made.  
    For people will talk.

Now the best way to do is to do as you please,  
For your mind if you have one will then be at ease.  
Of course you will meet with all sorts of abuse,  
But don't think it stops them--*it ain't any use.*  
    For people will talk.

ANON

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## Canada's Manifest Destiny.



THE appeal made, this autumn, and on the verge of an election, by the Canadian woollen manufacturers, for increased protection, and their appeal—or was it a threat?—against the forcing of some thousands of men to adopt other means of livelihood; other, that is, than their present trade,—brings the question: Farm or Factory? to the point of a more or less immediate solution. This article, therefore, is, in no sense, political; or, rather, not in the narrow and technical meaning of a much-abused term, though it deals, none the less, with a question of national policy—also in the widest sense—and may, consequently, be, to that extent, deemed political. But it has, certainly, no reference to the various “manifest destinies” which, from time to time, have been assigned to this country, with annexation, independence, or with Imperial Federation. Each of these has had, and will, doubtless continue to have its advocates; but, whereas, each of them is, and must remain, largely, if not wholly, a matter of sentiment, the question above indicated, which forms the subject of present discussion, is, at least, practical, and, it may fairly be said, one not admitting of serious delay. It is a question, in other words, of the true welfare of the Canadian people, rather than of their national or political future. The two are not, by any means, inseparably connected, statesmen and others to the contrary notwithstanding. “All that a man hath will he give for his life.” Forms of government, political ideals, are not among his most valuable possessions.

Briefly, the matter may be stated thus: Is it Canada's manifest destiny to be an industrial, or an agricultural country? A land of many farms, or of a few overcrowded cities? In other words, is legislation to consider, chiefly, the interests of the manufacturer, or of the farmer? The answer to the former question, and, indeed, to the latter, depends, evidently, on certain very definite conditions, practically, on two: density of population, and facilities of transport, the last being the most important, by which, indeed, all the others are determined.

The specification of these two principal conditions does not, however, exclude those which may be defined as climatic and geographical; nor, of course, those laws of trade, supply, and demand, by which all industries must necessarily be governed. Of these, the

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geographical conditions, speaking generally, must, in the case of Canada, be taken into account as of hardly less importance than the first two, though the artificial conditions established by our tariff relations with our nearest neighbours should not be lost sight of.

Certain very definite laws, we are assured by the best authorities, govern density of population in the case of island communities, whether industrial or agricultural, laws from which those inhabiting continental areas are, in respect of facilities for expansion, at all events, largely exempt. The very conditions of trade, moreover, in the case of an island community, tend, inevitably, to a predominance of sea-borne over land-borne commerce, to an excess of exports over imports, and, consequently to industrialism, rather than to agriculture. A twofold condition of commerce, such as that in which Canada finds herself, wherein both means of transport are of equal importance, leaves the choice between industrialism and agriculture, to all intents and purposes—other conditions being taken into account—an open one. It is one which, however, in either event, depends chiefly, if not wholly, on facilities of transport. This must, therefore, be my excuse for a frequent reference to the point.

It is to this general law, we are further told, that we must look, not only for the primary and inevitable cause of the depopulation of Ireland, but also for Great Britain's equally inevitable position as, before all things, a manufacturing and exporting country; a position not merely indispensable to the maintenance of her dense and increasing population,—of which, indeed, it is both the cause and the effect—but one which, wholly independent of tariffs—"reformed," "reciprocal," or otherwise—must, in the very nature of things, become more exclusively industrial in the future. It is for this very reason that Great Britain cannot, in any true sense, be taken as affording evidence in favour of the tariff-theories of either free-traders or protectionists in other countries, the conditions being, in her case, absolutely without parallel.

But, if Ireland has suffered, and must, apparently, continue to suffer from the action of the law referred to,—aggravated, as it has been, by England's utterly selfish trade policy in her regard—so long, at all events, as she remains a wholly, or almost wholly agricultural country, it is no less true that Britain cannot hope to escape the racial and other penalties attendant on her industrial supremacy, must continue wealthy and powerful at the expense of the true welfare of her people. In regard to both countries, Froude, as an easily accessible authority, may be taken—making all due al-

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lowance for his limitations—as a fairly trustworthy one. Concerning Ireland, the reader may be referred to his two “Short Studies” on “A Fortnight in Kerry,” which do not, as it happens, readily lend themselves to quotation. There is much in them, of course with which one or another of us is certain to disagree; but his account of the causes and effects of emigration is not, for that reason, any the less worthy of careful attention. Nor must we reject his view of Irish agricultural conditions, and of Celtic characteristics, as prejudiced and Saxon,—to say nothing of his very evident religious bias. The conditions are, seemingly, the result of the law referred to; the racial failings and shortcomings, unquestionably, the result to an extent not easily determinable, of the conditions themselves.

In regard to Britain, the same writer’s “England and her Colonies” may be as unhesitatingly recommended, all the more because of his very decided opinions in respect of state-aided and state-controlled emigration. Nor does the fact that all three “Studies” were written nearly forty years ago in any way lessen their present value or applicability, since the conditions to which he refers have, on the whole, merely become intensified and aggravated during the period in question, and the hap-hazard policy of emigration — if it can be called a policy—continued, from that time to the present, with results that are sufficiently manifest. There have been, indeed, certain very definite, and not unsuccessful attempts to ameliorate the condition of Ireland, and the new patent law may, possibly, improve that of the English working classes, but the general state of both countries is, for all practical purposes, the same as in 1860.

Froude’s account, in the last named of the “Studies” referred to, of the effects of industrialism and of townward migration on the population of England, effects which have, of course, accumulated at compound interest, as it were, since he wrote, while merely, as one might say, a dissertation on Goldsmith’s text:

“Ill fares the land, to hast’ning ills a prey,

“Where wealth accumulates, and men decay” :—

is, none the less, of immediate and peculiar interest to Canadians, in its bearing on the subject under discussion :— Farms or Factories? The cost in human lives, human health, human happiness—not temporal, merely—of the crowded slums, the struggle for employment, the conditions of labour, inseparable, apparently, from industrial “prosperity,” is here shewn, with a measured, yet convincing clearness. It is a question, in its simplest terms, of profit and loss, and

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of which is which. Its more direct application to Canada consists, if I may be allowed to say so, in this, that a tariff, however necessary it may be held to be, tends, inevitably and invariably, to favour the growth of manufacturing, rather than of agricultural industries. In respect of the former, moreover, there must always be a further tendency to rely more on tariff advantages than on superiority of products; on a five-per-cent. increase in duties against the outsider—British or foreign—rather than longer and closer attention to business. Agricultural industries are, of course, not immune from a similar tendency, witness the Agrarian legislation of Prussia; but, its products being the primary necessities of existence, tend, of their very nature, to set at naught the artificial barriers of tariffs. Nor can there, in their case, be any factitious substitution of duties for quality.

Froude's further plea for the growth of men—Englishmen in the best sense—in the Empire beyond the Narrow Seas, should not pass unheeded in Canada. It is the old, eternal question of quality as distinct from mere numbers, of human happiness, as distinct from material wealth. But, while it is not a question of imperialism, and has no necessary connection with politics, it is a question affecting the destinies, here and hereafter, of the Canadian nation, of the Empire as a whole. In a word, the choice lies, for us in Canada, between a race of men and women, and a race of "operatives" and city-dwellers. The first, lords of themselves, and of the goodly heritage God has made ready for them here; the others, in plain terms, slaves; whether of employers or of labour "organizers" and "bosses"; slaves, most assuredly, of the vices and undesirable conditions inseparable, as already said, from all forms of industrial "prosperity." And, should any be disposed to accuse me of exaggeration and sensationalism, I would ask them to read, not Froude only, as above, but the statistics concerning life and labour in London, compiled by Mr. Charles Booth, statistics which apply, with equal, if not with greater force, to any large industrial centres; which may be verified by comparing the condition of the French-Canadian factory operatives in New England with that of the *habitans* still living on their farms in Quebec. The answer to the question: Is it worth the cost? will not, I am convinced, be, thereafter, difficult to give.

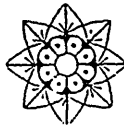
It may very possibly be objected, however, that there had been, hitherto, no serious city congestion in Canada, nor any excessive trend towards industrialism, to the detriment of agriculture. At the

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risk of seeming to trench on so quasi-political a topic as that of tariff legislation, I would again point out that our present fiscal system distinctly favours the manufacturer rather than the farmer. This may, or may not, be necessary, or even inevitable; the point with which we are here concerned is the result of this preference. There may, again, or there may not, be a detriment to agriculture involved in it; that is a question to be decided by those competent to do so. As material on which such a decision must be based, if it is to be in any way exact, a comparison might fairly be instituted between the city and the farm population of Canada using each term in its most accurate sense, of consumers and producers of the necessaries of life. The proportion of each to the whole might, in such a case, be held to show a very decided preponderance in favour of the former, and might be taken as evidence that, from various causes, indiscriminate encouragement of non-agricultural immigration being not the least of them, we have built, and are building up our cities, with materials, good, bad, and indifferent, at the cost of the country as a whole. That is to say, we are accumulating wealth in a few centres, and in a comparatively few hands, without thought, not only of the possible political consequences involved in so marked a disturbance of the equilibrium of influence as between producers and consumers, farm and factory, but, what is far more fatal to our true welfare, without thought of what becomes of the toiling masses, with still less as to the latent resources of our real wealth, the untilled fields, and unploughed prairies.

F. W. GREY, Litt. D.

*(To be continued.)*



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## MY FIRST SAIL ON THE SEA.



O the individual, whose privilege it is to enjoy his first pleasure trip on the sea, no matter how short such a sail may be, the voyage brings, no doubt, an emotion of awe and reverence for the Creator of all nature. There is, perhaps, no one who has not heard about this great element of creation. Since the beginning of civilization, poets and prose writers have vied with one another in their delineation of this great work of nature. But there are a great many people, and, perhaps, the majority of them, who have never seen the sea. Still less is the number of those individuals, to whom the opportunity has ever come of going aboard a sea vessel, and sailing out beyond sight of land, where naught meets the eye save the sky above and the sea below.

Not a great while ago the occasion was offered me of taking a pleasure trip on Massachusetts Bay from Boston to Provincetown, a small place, located at the extremity of Cape Cod, and now noted as being the first landing place of the Pilgrims. The morning of the day arranged for the sail dawned brightly, the sun rising over the city in all the splendour of the glorious summer dawn, and betokening an ideal day for a pleasure sail on the broad expanse of the waters of Cape Cod Bay. For those who were to remain in the city for the day, the weather man seemed, no doubt, to have little sympathy, for by nine o'clock, the time of our setting out, the mercury was speedily rising, and did not then evince any signs of discontinuing to do so for some time to come. But, for those who were to spend the next ten hours, or so, where they might fill themselves with old Neptune's ozone, the day could not have been better.

Perhaps not a better view of the City of Boston may be obtained than that, which unfolds itself to the spectator, as he stands on the stern of the vessel, now striking out for the exit from Boston Harbour. Our observation is first attracted to the water-front with its various wharves jutting out into the harbour, at which the numerous vessels of all species are anchored. Then casting ones' eyes upwards a little, there is seen to the left the majestic State-House, rearing its gilded dome above the surrounding buildings, and casting about its golden reflection of the morning sun. On the right appears the lofty and graceful Bunker Hill monument, sullen and dark in appearance,—quite a contrast to its contemporary on the left.

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Let us now proceed to the bow of the vessel, where quite a different scene awaits us. We are just at the channel which separates the harbour from Cape Cod Bay. Away beyond, as far as the eye can wander, stretches the illimitable eastern horizon. But what is this structure directly in front of us, seeming, as it were, a sentinel to guard us where we should not tread? From one of the deck hands close by we learn it is the historic Boston Light that, for so many years, has cautioned the mariner from trespassing on dangerous paths. Perhaps its own story will impart to us a better knowledge,—

“ Out where the waves of the Ocean  
Thunder and break in their wrath.  
Here on the outermost danger  
Near to the mariner's path,  
Standing on treacherous footing,  
Towering over the sea,  
Flash I my signal of warning  
Of one—four—and three.”

Hardly have we left Boston Light when there is seen towering in the distance, beyond, the white figure of a second light house, Minot's Light. We look back to catch a glimpse of the city, to get a view of it from a distance, but it has disappeared, seemingly separated from us by the blue vault of the western heavens. We are now beyond all sight of land, and to those, like myself, who have never been in such a situation before, the feelings become those of one who has been forever separated from all that is dear to him. But our sentiments are not long such, for shortly there appears, straight ahead, the joyous greeting of land. We imagine ourselves in the position of the great Columbus, when, after so many months of perseverance and anxious waiting, he at last espied the land for which he had long sought.

Half our journey is now nearly over. As we approach the land ahead of us the various objects, before indistinct, begin to reveal themselves, and we feel ourselves to be in a new world. We are about to land at Provincetown. Although only a small place, it has its interesting features, chief among which is the imposing monument erected to the early fathers of American civilization. But our stay here is not very long. It is now almost three o'clock, and the return voyage is before us. The sail back brings us again to the scenes we have lately met; yet, on pondering over them, new

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thoughts visit us. After a sail of about four hours on the return journey, the sun is beginning to set, and everything appears new to the voyager. Boston Light, now that darkness is approaching, begins to show signs of life by flashing across the bay its signal of warning. Soon we see the distant lights of the city. How wizard-like it appears on this moonless evening, with its almost infinite number of lights! A breeze is just commencing to spring up, coming from the direction of the city. With it, now and again, there comes a breath of heat, just like the warmth from a furnace,—a sure proof of the hot temperature of the city. But we feel thankful that we were not compelled to stand it during the day; and, on embarking, we again give thanks that we have been delivered safely on terra firma, from which for a while we seemed to have been lost.

J. R. C., '09.

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### **OLD STUDENT HONORED.**

**T**HE following account, which we quote largely from the "Sault Express," will, we are sure, prove interesting, not only to our older graduates, but also to a large number of the students who have known the Kehoe brothers ('12), snatched from us by Death's rude hand, in all the vigor of their youth:

On Monday evening a large gathering of the parishioners of the Sacred Heart and Steelton churches assembled in O'Brien's hall for the purpose of tendering to Judge Kehoe on the eve of his departure for Sudbury a suitable testimonial indicating the high esteem in which he is held by his co-religionists in Sault Ste. Marie and Steelton.

The chair was taken at nine o'clock by Judge O'Connor, who explained that the object of the meeting was to signify their approval of the appointment of Judge Kehoe and to present him with a small memento of their esteem which as years rolled on would serve as a reminder of the many warm friends he is leaving behind. The chairman stated that the government had recognized Mr. Kehoe's ability at the Bar and his general good character by offering him a seat on the Bench. His long residence in Sault Ste. Marie,

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his active co-operation in every movement tending to advance the interests of the town, the church and the schools, his career as District Attorney and his recent sad bereavement were subjects which were duly dealt with by the chairman. He then called upon Dr. Robins to read the address:

To His Honour John James Kehoe, Judge of the Judicial District of Sudbury:

The members of the Catholic congregations of Sault Ste. Marie, and Steelton, have learned of your elevation to the high office which you now occupy with feelings of supreme gratification and satisfaction.

We take it that your advancement to the exalted position is not alone a recognition of your excellent legal ability, but it is also an honor to your friends and co-religionists, amongst whom you have lived for so many years. During those years you have won our respect and affection, your wise guidance and leadership have commanded our highest appreciation, and we cannot permit the occasion of your departure from amongst us to pass without this formal expression of our keen sense of the loss we are to sustain through your removal. Nevertheless, we offer you from our hearts most genuine and sincere congratulations, and pray that you may long be spared to grace the honorable office to which you have been called and for which you are so eminently qualified.

Before we say farewell to you, it is our desire that you accept at our hands this slight expression of the true and lasting friendship of your many ardent well-wishers.

Signed on behalf of the Committee.

Sault Ste. Marie, Aug. 24, 1908.

After the address had been read Mr. William O'Brien advanced to the platform bearing in his arms a magnificent Persian lambskin coat, and in a suitable speech informed Judge Kehoe that it was a present for him from a few of his friends and admirers from amongst the parishioners of the Sacred Heart and Steelton churches. The audience shouted "put it on," and Judge Kehoe did put it on, which was the signal for an outburst of applause and the singing of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Judge Kehoe replied in a very earnest speech of about twenty minutes' duration. Its chief feature was the deep regret which he felt at parting with so many old friends and associates, many he saw before him, but others who were absent. He appreciated the high

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honor which the government had conferred upon him by elevating him to a seat upon the Bench, and hoped that he would be enabled to fulfil the duties of the office satisfactorily to the government and the people. As chairman of the Separate School Board he had for many years become closely identified with the educational interests of the town and formed many friendships which would be of long duration. His speech was characterized by a sense of earnestness and deep sorrow at parting with the friends and companions from whom he would now have to separate, but who would not be forgotten. At the close of his eloquent speech he was the recipient of a fresh outburst of applause.

Rev. Father O'Loane was then called upon, who paid a fitting tribute to Judge Kehoe, especially on account of his valued services in the cause of religion and education.

Mr. Moses McFadden, District Crown Attorney, made a very clever and decidedly interesting speech, which was duly appreciated, judging from the generous applause with which it was greeted. He paid a suitable tribute to the ability and integrity of Judge Kehoe, and stated that his appointment would have the approval and endorsement of the whole community, regardless of religion or politics. His pithy speech was received with rounds of applause.

The chairman next introduced the gentleman who sat at his left as the Hon. M. J. Doyle, of Menominee, District Attorney, formerly State Legislator, and an old time friend of Judge Kehoe. He came all the way from Menominee, a distance of 300 miles, to take part in the presentation to his former fellow student and comrade, Judge Kehoe. For upwards of half an hour, he held the attention of the audience, at times spellbound, by his marvellous flights of oratory. His portrayal of the sterling worth of his friend, the Judge, was of a character to make any man feel proud. His speech was one of the most brilliant ever heard in O'Brien's hall, and brought round after round of applause.

The proceedings were brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem.

Judge Kehoe took his departure for Sudbury at noon on Tuesday.

The Review takes great pleasure in offering to the Judge its hearty congratulations and best wishes for a long continuation of his honorable career.

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## The Village of Witten.

**A**S we ascended the brow of the hill, a beautiful panorama presented itself to our view. The prospect was worthy the brush of an artist. Away to the right stretched the wooded hills of Katengen in an unbroken and regular chain. To the left were the bleak, but wildly-beautiful Kraatsken heights, while away in the distance loomed up the purple peaks of Mount Taben. In front of us, stretched away a broad undulating plain, dotted here and there with farmers' cottages, and rich with the golden harvest.

In the distance we could see the pretty, rustic village of Witten, resting against the mountain-side. It is a typical old European village, and travellers often resort to it on account of its simple rustic beauty and the surrounding scenery. As we approached nearer to the town, we could discern the tall tower of the village church, and, on coming still closer, what had appeared as bright spots in the distance, loomed up as substantial two-storey dwellings, gaudily painted, and presenting altogether a very pleasing appearance. Witten boasts a single church, a village council-hall (in the grocery store), a post-office, and the usual general store.

On approaching the church, we were struck by the massive Gothic architecture of the building, which, as we were later informed by the inn-keeper, had been built several centuries ago by an old Baron who had his residence in the village. Two substantial oak doors opened onto the casement, and, above these, two majestic spires towered for a height of a hundred and eighty feet. The interior still further preserved the massive beauty of the middle ages. The high-arched porch, the solemn gallery with its heavy cornices of marble, and the dark walls, everywhere adorned with images and statues, might well impress the visitor, and carry him back in imagination four or five hundred years, to the time when the noble baron paid his homage to the Lord and Master of all.

In front of the church stretched the main street, a very pretty thoroughfare, adorned on either side by the comely houses of the villagers, and shaded by the cooling branches of oak, maple and chestnut. Here in the evenings the little children played and frisked about, and the mothers might be seen sitting by the door with their darning or their weaving, while the old men of the village

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gathered at the grocery store. Here it was their custom to assemble on evenings, and discuss the harvest and weather prospects, the coming elections, or the last newspaper.

Leaving the elders of the village to continue their discussion of politics and other matters of interest, we passed by the grocery, and continuing on down the street, or rather road, for we had now reached that part where the dwellings ceased to adorn the sides of the thoroughfare, we proceeded toward the schoolhouse. A typical old village school! It was a single-storey brown frame building, displaying to the eyes of the traveller a very plain exterior. In front was a neat little porch, the gable of which was ornamented by some crude bits of handiwork; above this a small square window peeped forth; while, higher still, a bright scarlet-and-blue flag held the post of honor, and flaunted its gaudy colors in the face of the afternoon breeze. The sides of the school house displayed four windows—large square windows, composed of innumerable small panes, which seemed to radiate erudition in all directions. On peeping within, we perceived that the neat appearance of the exterior was still preserved in the interior. There, directly in front of us, gaunt and grim, stood the master's desk. A few books, a bottle of ink, and the inevitable birchen rod kept sentinel during the occupants' absence. To the right was the blackboard; to the left, a small geographical globe, which was the pride of the pedagogue, and the delight of the pupils. About the room the desks were arranged in neat order, and the aspect of the whole impressed us with the idea that the schoolmaster was a very precise and orderly man. Here for a hundred or more years, perhaps, the different generations of the rustic villagers had received their early classic training. Here their children had sat and conned their daily lessons, and here they had grown up, advanced in learning, and gone out to give place to others desirous of becoming initiated in the mysteries of book-lore. We could see, in imagination, the busy fingers plying the pencil, the attentive eyes glued to the book, the youthful delinquent, as he shambled up towards the master's desk, with uneasy pace and crestfallen countenance, and, anon, the resounding reverberations of the birchen rod. All these are scenes attendant upon the rightful conducting of a school, and particularly of a country school.

On emerging from the schoolhouse, we retraced our steps, and proceeded back towards the village blacksmith's shop, where we were greeted by a quick glance and a smile from the busy smith. The appearance of the place accorded in every detail with the ideal

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of what a village smithy's shop should be,—the great fire-place, the high roof blackened by the continual smoke, the hissing metal, and the farmer's dozing horse awaiting the annual operation of shoeing.

This place ended our tour of observation, and we were well repaid for our long walk by an excellent meal at the village inn. From here we returned to the city by coach, well pleased with our journey, and bearing with us pleasant memories of the pretty little village of Witten.

J. CONNAGHAN, '09.

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## FOOTBALL.

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Football! thou manliest of sports,  
Once more we see thee played around  
On College court and College ground,  
As husky youth with youth cavorts.

Baseball is now of season past,  
Still recollections fond abide  
In hearts so true (*oh slush!*) and free from pride,  
Void of a fear e'en to the last. (*Meaou!*)

High does the oval soar and bound,  
And loud arises cry and shout,  
As ball goes in and ball goes out  
From man to man till he is downed. (*Hound!*)

At last, time's up; the game is won.  
With one great cheer the people rise. (*Lies!*)  
The victors get the hard-fought prize,  
Which they indeed had earned. Well done. (*Lemon!*)

(Ed. Note.—The perpetrator of the above is still at large, and we regret it.)

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## The Irish Leader.



WHILE we are busy singing the praises of party leaders, and every man vouches for the honesty and integrity of his chosen candidate, it may be difficult to turn aside from the heated arena and rest our gaze on the bold yet calm exponent of Ireland's rights, the able and eloquent leader, and chairman of the United Pledge Bound Irish Party in the British Parliament: John E. Redmond. Yet there is much that will prove helpful.

Fifty-three years have passed over the head of this extraordinary man, who has sacrificed his brilliant talents, glorious manhood, and the most precious hours of his career, to the uplifting and betterment of his oppressed brethren and his dismantled country. He has worked with a zeal which bespeaks honesty and loftiness of purpose. He has been an indefatigable toiler in defense of his beloved country, not only among the English Parliamentarians, but especially on the green hillsides of Ireland.

In Parliament he is without a peer as an orator and tactician. He speaks the rich eloquence of his great soul in rounded periods and unanswerable arguments. He is also extremely zealous in his attendance, being generally the first to arrive and about the last to depart.

But to see him surrounded by his family in his home, amidst the beautiful scenery of the Wicklow Mts., he is no longer the cool, keen, calculating Leader, looking for flaws and weakness in British rule, but a genial, sociable, and witty companion, a loving husband and a kind father. His exuberant spirits at times burst forth in praise of his home surroundings for he believes as Moore did, that "There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet, as the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet."

His knowledge extends to every rath and cairn, every glen and gully, every hillside and valley, where his countrymen "fought and bled for freedom's cause"; every incident of the "Tale of 98" is fresh in his memory.

His career as Leader of the Irish Party has been blessed by numerous successes, beneficial to his suffering countrymen; Landlordism, the curse and bane of Ireland, is gradually slinking away. Thousands of new cottages have been built for the laborers. The

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Land Bill has been amended. The University Bill is considered the greatest boon since Emancipation, and a great many other lighter affairs such as "The Arms Act."

May God grant that 'ere this dauntless leader's eyes close on his "fair and true land" he shall see the sunburst of Erin, Home Rule, not alone on the horizon but a striking reality.

Sizle.

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## THAT TRIP TO TORONTO

**E**VER travel from Ottawa to Toronto via C.P.R.? Yes? Well, then, you know the thriving towns of Smith's Falls, Havelock and Peterborough? What's that? Your home is in Peterborough? Poor old chap, you must have gone through a great deal of suffering and privation in your day. I shall never forget a recent visit to your home town. It was my first trip with the Ottawa University football team, and here is how it came about.

We left Ottawa Friday morning, October 23rd (a bad day to travel on) 1908, via the "Old Adage" route in our "Private Car." In training, as we were, it behooved us to improve every moment of our time, so when the "Old Cabbage" train pulled into "Smith's Falls" we donned our sweaters and played an imaginary team a practice game. And say, Listener, the way our team performed was a credit to our coach. Nothing could stop us from scoring, and it seemed criminal to pile up such a total on the boys from where Smith fell. The call of the whistle put a stop to an end run by Richards, which might have taken "the heart" out of Falls' team.

"How I caught it, where I found it, how I came by it; of what stuff 'tis made; whereof 'tis or 'twas born" was the subject of M. J.'s discourse to an attentive group for the next hour or more. This was followed by the sweet strains of "The Wild Colonial Boy" sung by our Genial Jerry, and a sigh of regret was heard through the "Private Car" as the bare-of-tone voice of the brakeman piped out "Havelock! Havelock!" and put an end to the sweet refrain.

Another work-out was in order, and as the boys were in fine

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fettle and spirits it seemed an easy thing to *have luck* over the home team. But let it be said right here that the young bloods of Havelock are poor sports. Through our advance agent, Mr. Bawlf (whose ideas of advance kept him in Ottawa), we had planned an exhibition game with the home team—the proceeds to be given for the installing of a new town pump. But simply because they heard that we had an undertaker in our party, they refused to play us. It wasn't at all sportsmanlike, and the Town Clerk, the Reeve, and some twenty-seven spectators went home greatly disappointed. Our boys were very indignant, and one of them—I shan't mention his name—suggested that we drink all the water in the public well, and let them all suffer from a water famine. To this, however, our coach objected on the grounds that we were in training, and couldn't take any risk whatsoever. We did show our feelings nevertheless in a very decided manner by declining to give our College cry, and by refusing to buy copies of the "War Cry" from the belle of the town.

On to Peterborough we sped, and all the way we were treated to a flow of eloquence from the member from the town of Canada Flakes. His eloquence was indeed wasted, I assure you, for never since leaving my own home in Ogdensburg have I beheld a more desolate spot. It suggested—with apologies to Goldsmith — the following lines :

"Poor Peterborough, plainest village of the plain,  
Ne'er waked from slumber but by the whistle of the on-coming  
train."

Lovely area, Peterborough. Why we shouldn't have known that we had reached a station were it not for the shrill tones of the country *Herb* doctor, who, mounted on an empty Canada Flakes box, was advertising his favorite rub-down, liniment.

"Come on gents, get some ! Only ten cents a gallon. It is the famous O'Sullivan rubber and it Heals bruises burns, bunion and Boyles. It is the only — but alas, the staple Canada Flakes box found wanting, for the first time, collapsed, and the eminent doctor was precipitated over the side of the station platform into the seething waters of the Trent Valley Canal. The cry of "get the hook" was never more timely, nor so sweet to the dear doctor's ears. No hook was forthcoming, however, but quick as a flash the village hero and cut-up Sanko was on the spot, and without even changing his summer straw hat dove into the angry waters, took "3 swallows," dried up the canal and saved the Queen's own.

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"All aboard!" precluded any attempt at a reception for the heroic "Sanko," so with one last long look, at what we knew we would soon see in our own dining hall, we jumped aboard, gave a lusty V.A.R. and left the peaceful town of Peterborough all fussed up over the day's excitement.

"Bed at ten sharp, mass at seven-thirty to-morrow morning," were the orders we received before leaving the train at Toronto.

SATURDAY MORNING 7 A.M.

"Where are all the hotel waiters going to?" was the query of a small newsboy, as eighteen able-bodied gridiron midgets headed by their Rev. Coach, and the only 'Dogan' on the other team left the hotel for Loretto Abbey. "Say, dem guys ain't waiters, dat's a football team going to pray dat Toronto won't kill 'em to-day," said the wise bell boy.

"Gee!" was the only reply of questioner, and he stood and gazed and wondered and wondered.

Loretto Abbey was never visited by a more sheepish-looking set of young men than those who invaded the place last October. We were very cordially welcomed, and ushered to one of the palatial parlors, where we removed our coats, and then repaired to a chapel that is a chapel. "Never felt so much like praying in my whole life," said "Mac" after Father Stanton had said mass and we were preparing to return to our hotel. But hold! the Rev. Mother Superior appears upon the scene, and in her whole-souled motherly way insists that we remain for breakfast.

Believing that it would bring us in spirit to our College board and following the principle that "It is polite to sing when asked to do so—if you know how to do so," we accepted the very kind invitation and endeavored in our humble way to do justice to the good things prepared for us. The convent girls, meanwhile, were earnestly engaged at work in their respective classrooms, quite unaware of our presence. It would, indeed, have been uncharitable to disturb them then, so on the advice of the committee in charge, Messrs. Dean, Harris and Whalen, we very politely declined the invitation to visit the different parts of the building, and with profuse thanks to the Rev. Sisters, coupled with a promise that we should reciprocate if ever they brought the young ladies to Ottawa, we formed ranks and directed our steps towards our hotel.

As we neared the Arlington, what was our surprise to see the same newspaper-boy plying Davis with questions about religious topics, and to note the puzzled expression on the genial trainer's

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countenance, as he attempted to explain the "Why and the Wherefore." Jack is a vegetarian.

What about the game? Ask me something easy. I know absolutely nothing about football terms, so I shall have to refer you to the sporting editor for information. If you hadn't interrupted me I might have told you of other amusing incidents in connection with the trip. Now I couldn't say positively whether it was a certain wing player, or one of our half-backs, but as I lay in my berth that night, wondering how it all happened, I heard one of the gentlemen exclaim between snores: "I'll certainly send my children to Loretto Abbey."

ONLY ME.

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### THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

At the request of a number of graduates and undergraduates interested in the subject, we publish the list of Officers for the year 1890-1891, since when the Association has not been heard from.

#### HON. PRESIDENT:

His Grace, Rt. Rev. J. T. Duhamel, D.D., Archbishop of Ottawa.

#### PRESIDENT:

M. J. Gorman, Esq., LL.B., Ottawa.

Rev. G. Bouillon, Ottawa, Ont.; J. J. Curran, Q.C., M.P., LL.D., Montreal; Rev. O Boucher, Haverhill, Mass.; J. A. Pinard, Ottawa, Ont.; Rev. D. Foley, P.P., Almonte, Ont.; J. E. Beauset, LL.B., Hull, Que.; Rev. J. F. Coffey, M.A., LL.D., London, Ont.; W. A. Herckenrath, Mamaroneck, N.Y.; A. L. Smith, M.D., Montreal.

#### TREASURER:

W. H. Barry, B.A., Ottawa.

#### CORRESPONDING SECRETARIES:

A. E. Lussier, B.A., and A. Gow, Ottawa.

#### RECORDING SECRETARIES:

E. E. Perrault, C.E., and R. Devlin, Ottawa.

#### EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

Rev. M. J. Whelan, P.P.; W. L. Scott, B.A.; J. L. Olivier, J. E. O'Meara, G. Collins, C. T. Roger, P. M. Côté, all of Ottawa.

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## Science Notes

### Statistics—

Many have doubted of the usefulness and of the reliability of statistics, probably because politicians and interested parties can juggle with them in such a way as to give them any aspect suitable for their purpose. Yet, as clear records of the past that enable us to get an insight into the secrets of the future, statistics are always interesting and they satisfy, to some extent, our natural appetite for exact knowledge.

Poets are born, and so are statisticians. I remember Jack Dickson, a bright country lad, who, coming home from school one day, announced with pride that he had just completed the chapter on Mensuration in Arithmetic. While his mother was cooking dinner for her family of fifteen children, Jack seemed to take an unusual interest in the thin circular buckwheat cakes which are the staff of life in that part of the country, and which were now accumulating in a huge pile in the middle of the table. He counted them carefully, measured their dimensions and recorded the numbers in his notebook. This he did before each meal, several days in succession, until one evening after supper, he took up his slate and, sitting near the large puffing stove, was soon lost in endless rows and columns of figures. His father had gone out to smoke a pipe with a neighbor; his brothers and sisters had retired to rest; his mother alone sat knitting in the ancient rickety rocker; and still Jack's pencil grated on the rough slate while his features were now and then brightened by a smile of satisfaction.

"Your exercises are very long to-night," said Mrs. Dickson.

"I am doing a little extra work," he answered.

An hour later Mr. Dickson came in.

"You had better go to bed, Jack," he said, "you are working your eyes out."

"Hurrah," shouted the boy in reply, "I've got it at last."

"What?" said both his parents.

"The number of square miles of buckwheat cakes we've eaten during the last five years."

\* \* \*

May I give here a few statistics which are very instructive, though perhaps not as interesting as the above:—

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**PAPER CONSUMED IN THE UNITED STATES** — If you can imagine a solid roll of paper 830 feet high, 377 feet in diameter and weighing 2,730,000 tons of 2,000 pounds, you have a fair idea of the amount of paper used up in the United States for newspapers, magazines, books and writing-paper. Such a shaft of paper would be about three times as high as the central tower of the Ottawa Parliament Buildings and its base would be wider than Varsity Oval.

**AROUND THE WORLD IN FORTY DAYS** — The details of the following flying trip around the world have been compiled by a Londoner:—"Leave New York Saturday by the 'Lusitania'; land at Plymouth the following Thursday, reaching London in time to catch the evening train for Berlin. Leaving Berlin Friday evening, the traveler reaches Moscow Sunday morning. He would be at Vladivostock, on the Pacific, the following Thursday week; and, leaving there on the next Saturday evening, would be landed at Tsuraga, Japan, on the Monday following. Taking train across to Yokohama, he would catch the Canadian Pacific steamer, sailing the same day, and reach Vancouver twelve days later. Then taking the Great Northern Limited to St. Paul, the Northwest Limited to Chicago, and the Twentieth Century Limited for New York, he would reach his starting point at 9.30 on Thursday morning, having taken less than forty days for this 20,000-mile journey."

**BACTERIA ON PAPER MONEY** — If I said to you: "Beware of paper-money! It is a carrier of numberless infectious diseases! Don't have anything to do with it!" would you hearken to my advice? I doubt it. You might refuse infected water, infected meat, infected clothing, but infected money? I am almost sure you would take the risk of touching it and even of putting it in your pocket. And yet Mr. Warren W. Hilditch, of the Sheffield laboratory of bacteriology at Yale, assures us that there is an average of 142,000 microbes on a soiled bill. In order to soften the terrifying effects of his assertion, he hastens to say that money bacteria are gentle little fellows that would not harm even a guinea pig inoculated with them.

#### **Aviation—**

On October 11 Mr. Wilbur Wright made a record aeroplane flight of 1 hour, 9 minutes, and 45 seconds, carrying as passengers Mr. Painleve of the French Institute. The French are getting very enthusiastic over his performances.

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"Ah! my dear Monsieur Vilbeurre Vraite," they say to the inventor, "your aeroplane is graande, splendide, mysterieuse. She fly like the great aigle on the drapeau américain. Will you not make us the plaisir to fly across the Manche (English Channel) before us? Ve vill all be on the shore and applaud very much when you soar above the blue sea." But Mr. Wilbur Wright seems to think that a prolonged sea-water bath would not improve his health just now; so after teaching three different men to operate the aeroplane, he intends to return to the United States.

ALEC.

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## T . LOVE BOOKS.

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To love noble books is to share with statesmen and philosophers the pleasure on which they set the highest price. Time has made trite and common place the great saying of Fenelon: "If the crowns of Europe were laid at my feet in exchange for books and the love of reading, I would spurn them all." Goldsmith declares that taking up a new book worth reading is like making a new friend; a friend from whom we will never be separated by any of the melancholy mischances on which human friendships are so often wrecked. But good books will do more than this—they will awaken all that is best in our nature, and teach us to live worthier lives. They will do for us what we rarely permit the closest friend to do—they will teach us our faults, and how to amend them.—Charles Gavan Duffy.

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# 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.

#### TERMS:

One dollar a year in advance. Single copies, 15 cents. Advertising rates on application. Address all communications to the "UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW," OTTAWA, ONT.

#### EDITORIAL STAFF.

E. BYRNES, '09,	C. GAUTHIER, '09,	O. LINKE, '09,
J. CONNAGHAN, '09,	V. O'GORMAN, '09,	M. Deahy, '10,
J. CORKERY, '09,	E. McCarthy, '09,	M. O'Gara, '10,
	W. GRACE, '11,	

Business Managers:—N. BAWLF, '09; L. H. LAMOTHE, '12.

Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

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#### JUSTICE AT LAST.

As students who possess and appreciate the benefits of a Catholic University education, we are delighted to hear that the Irish University Bill has been passed; and that henceforth the Catholic youth of Ireland will be able to drink deep at the fount of higher education, without imperilling their Faith, or losing their self-respect. Up to the present year we have been confronted with the astounding fact that three-fourths of the people of Ireland have been deliberately deprived of the educational privileges enjoyed by the remaining fourth. And why? Because they did not happen to be of the same religious belief! Truly a sorry spectacle in an age which boasts its freedom and enlightenment! But now this has been done away with, thanks to the broad-mindedness and spirit of fair-play animating the leaders of thought on both sides of the Imperial House of Parliament.

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Particular credit is due Mr. Birrell, the framer of the Bill. As the Earl of Crewe remarked in the House of Lords, the road which Mr. Birrell had to travel with it was like a caravan road across the African deserts, strewn with the bones of those that have passed before. His sense of justice has given him the courage to face every difficulty, and the strength to surmount every obstacle, in order to bring the measure to a successful termination, and give to the great Catholic element of Ireland a state-endowed University, in which they may place the fullest confidence. For this great boon, Mr. Birrell, much thanks!

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#### SURSUM CORDA.

To represent Alma Mater on gridiron, diamond, track or platform, to be one of the privileged few who wear the coveted "O," to carry her colors proudly in victory or to flaunt them defiantly in defeat, should be, outside the class-room, our highest honor and our proudest boast. Far be from us the day when any one shall think first of himself and then—of Varsity. Away with petty bickerings and petty strifes, and sordid considerations of self-interest and self-love. All this must be immolated on the altar of duty, loyalty to old O.U. This is what has made her invincible in the past, in this lies her future hope. We have our ideals. Let us live up to them. Sursum corda!

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#### TURN ON THE CURRENT.

On another page will be found the list of officers of the Alumni Association for the year 1890-1891. To some, no doubt, it will be news that there ever was such an Association. And yet not even fire could destroy Father Tabaret's statue!

Is it not about time that something were done to revive this useful Society? No doubt many of those whose names appear above, are no longer with us, but there are plenty of others to fill the positions with honor and dignity. We would suggest that some of the graduates residing in or near Ottawa get together and talk the matter over.

Possibly a banquet might not be out of place, and we venture

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to say that scores of "old-timers" would hail with delight such an opportunity of meeting former companions and "waxing reminiscent" of the pleasant days they once spent in O. U. To get an idea of how successful such a re-union would be, one has but to read the account of the banquet held by our New York State Alumni at the Hotel Marlborough, New York, in July, '97. We shall be only too happy to give space to any communications which may reach us in connection with this matter. Turn on the current!

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### PATRONIZE THE ADVERTISERS.

In the editing of any College Review, there are two great difficulties to be surmounted: the lack of material, and the lack of funds. "Contribute to the columns of the Review, and patronize its advertisers." How often has this appeal been made to you, and how often with but little success! Students should realize that it is not a heavy punishment, a dire imposition to write for the Review. You should regard it more as an honor to have your name connected with a paper that ranks among the very best of University Magazines.

The Advertisements pay four-fifths of the cost of issuing; but it is not usual for men to advertise through pure kind-heartedness. They mean to reap some benefit, as from an investment, and if the University students do not patronize the advertisers there is no benefit to reap, and later on no advertisements for the Review!

So when you have some "shopping to do," remember the College paper. Buy from the advertisers, from those who are interested in the school you go to, and you will benefit yourself, the advertiser, and the Review.

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### MONEY TALKS.

May we be permitted to remind our numerous friends who have not yet paid up their subscriptions, that "we need the money," and hence rely, as usual, upon your generous support. We are making an honest effort to improve the general appearance of the Review, not only in a literary, but also a material way. This, of course, entails extra expense; for printers are not usually philanthropists. A Dollar Bill (or more), neatly folded, is "a thing of

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beauty and a joy forever" in the eyes of the Business Manager, and the most eloquent expression of your interest in us. We are trying hard to be not merely respectable, but even genteel—you can help us. Why not do it now?

### Exchanges.

The October number of "St. John's University Record" contains a strong plea for the formation of a Catholic Press. The minds of Catholics are being poisoned with the sensationalism and immorality of secular dailies. The effects of Catholic education are being vitiated. One solution is urged, viz., the establishment of a Catholic Press. "Let every home be a subscriber, let all of us support it both in spirit and materially, and soon in addition to our weeklies, bi-weeklies, and monthlies, we shall have great Catholic dailies, who will spread broadcast the glad tidings of a new and stronger generation."

The same number has a treatise on the labor question. It asserts that "in this profit sharing idea lies the solution of the whole difficulty." Profit sharing has not been successful either in England or America. In Germany where Old Age Pensions forms an element it is more popular, for the future as well as the present is looked to. The German system of compulsory insurance, wherein the government, employer and employee, each contributes a share, contains the principle involved in the other systems and at the same time encourages thrift.

The "Xavier" is a very pleasing monthly. An article on Garcia Morena is its leading feature for October. The other contributions are rather light, and border on the grotesque. Probably the editors have taken to heart the advice given in the first of "Letters to the Editor."

Owing to its uniform excellence both in prose and poetry, we have learned to look forward with keenest anticipation to the arrival of "Bates Student." "Soul Lines," and the poem, "When All Is Said" are well up to its standard.

The "Young Eagle" is essentially a bright publication. "Going Blind" echoes beautifully the pathetic condition of its Rev. Author.

To trace similarities between Milton and Tennyson would appear at first sight a bold undertaking. "St. Mary's Messenger,"

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following in the footsteps of Dr. Vandyke, has accomplished the feat. Were these two bards yet within the range of mundane criticism, how varied would be their emotions! Tennyson would no doubt feel flattered; and Milton, in spite of any ire he might care to show, would, deep down beneath it all, possess a sense of elation that, at last, his works might now share some of the popularity of the younger poet.

The following two excerpts are taken from the "Niagara Index": "The Infinite Being that preserves, governs, and disposes all things in our wonderful universe, surely sets forth an ever-present example of what a value He places upon activity, energy, labor properly directed." And again, "The fault is not that we have too much of the ideal, but rather that we use too little of it. Cultivate ideals religiously. Don't be scrupulous about day-dreaming—indulge it as much as you will, but let your dreams be noble."

It is not often that a college journal enters the political arena. The "Solonian" has made the venture, and in no half-hearted manner. It has our best wishes for success. We doubt, however, that Wm. J. Bryan "is invincible, and the principles of which he is today the Great Apostle will carry all before them, like a flood which brooks no impediment."

The "Assumption College Review" and "St. Mary's Angelos," are among the exchanges which we have read with interest. Both are exceedingly neat in their general make-up, and the matter shows much painstaking care in its preparation.

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## Book Review.

The Catholic Home Annual, published by Benziger Brothers, New York, commends itself, in a particular manner, to all Catholic parents. No journal of its kind could be more suitable for their children or themselves. Special attention is given to facts about church services and ceremonies. Moreover, it contains stories of much excellence, everyone having a good moral to give the proper finish. The issue for 1909 is of an artistic nature and proves the fine literary taste of the editors.

The Contemporary Review for the month of October has two articles in it full of timely information about troubled questions of

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the day. One, "The Proportional Representation of the Belgian Parliament," shows the rapid advances this country has made in politics during recent years. The franchise regulations place merit on a footing with wealth and property. The case differs greatly in England. All males of twenty-five have votes. A man of property cannot have more than three. Married men of thirty-five are given an extra vote; while gentlemen of position and education receive the same recognition. Again, a plan has been adopted of allowing proportional representation to the different political parties, and has been found a success. The other article, "Poor Relief In Switzerland," explains the system in that country of assisting those in poverty and distress. The authorities will not tolerate drunkards. They are made to work and support those under their care or are subjected to the rigours of the law. The state would rather make men out of them than let them grow to be paupers. It is a case where severity proves more charitable than leniency. The poor in Belgium are fortunate, indeed, in comparison with those in England; and, also, few in numbers.

The Very Reverend Lawrence F. Kearney, O.P., the Provincial of the Dominicans of the Province of St. Joseph in the United States, has secured all and singular the rights to an English edition of the monumental work of the lamented Dominican scholar and historian, Rev. Henry Denifle, O.P., on "Luther and Lutheranism." The translation will be made by Rev. Albert Reinhart, O.P., a priest of the Province of St. Joseph. Father Reinhart has already begun the work, which will be pushed steadily to its completion.

This will be glad news to all English scholars, who since the appearance of Father Denifle's great work in German have been wishing for an authoritative English translation.

The Shadow of Eversleigh, by Jane Lansdowne (Benziger Brothers, \$1.25). The story of a Catholic family during the religious changes of the sixteenth century, excellently told, by a member of the household. What the "shadow" was that for so long dwelt about the ancient manor-house of Combe Eversleigh, readers must discover for themselves; to tell anything about it would be to tell the whole tale. It is well worth reading, and the author is to be congratulated on having presented a faithful picture of the beliefs and manners of Catholic England, at a time when it was soon to cease to be Catholic.

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## Among the Magazines.

The October number of the *Ave Maria* contains a particularly valuable and interesting article entitled "St. Francis in Art and Literature." The writer dwells on the great refining and elevating influence of the holy man of Assisi on the art and literature of the twelfth century. What more fitting subject for a painter's brush than the events of such a career! "It was not his physical attractiveness alone, but his 'inexpressible sweetness,' his intensely human sympathy; his brightness; the pathos and romance of his perfect selflessness, and rigid poverty in the midst of a luxurious and pleasure-seeking world,—these things inspired men's brushes and pens." The age, says the writer, was an age of worldliness, luxury and pleasure-seeking; morality was at a low ebb; the very foundations of religion were shaken. It was inevitable that literature should be corrupt under such conditions. And then St. Francis came, with his bright sunny smile, his poetic soul, and his great love of God and man, and unconsciously, though none the less surely, raised the literary standard of his day.

The *Spread of Spiritism*, also in the October number of the *Ave Maria*, explains the rapid growth of a belief in the Spirit world, during the last few years, and the astonishing changes it is likely to produce in the modern sciences.

The "*Canadian Messenger*" for 1908 contains a very interesting and useful series of articles on Moral Training. In the October number the writer dwells on the great benefits derived from experience, and on the necessity of its teaching from early childhood. From experience we are enabled to form a conception of our own abilities and qualities, of our courage and energy, our firmness and perseverance, which are so necessary to the faithful performance of duty. The article is an instructive one, and worthy the perusal of young and old.

An interesting statement of facts re the Civil Service question is contained in the September number of *The Civilian*. The writer handles the question in a very precise and to-the-point manner, and suggests some very practical hints towards the solution of the question. In the same Review, we find a very illustrative comparison of the postal service of Canada today with that of the early days. It is perhaps interesting to know that the first postal delivery in Canada was initiated during the reign of Queen Anne. From that time

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it has gradually increased, and improved, till at the present day Canada boasts of one of the most efficient mail-services in the world.

The three October numbers of the *Ave Maria* contain an excellent little serial entitled, "The Coin of Sacrifice." It is a story of the unselfish love of a mother for her son, and of the great sacrifice she offered in order that God might protect him from an impending evil. The force of her example ultimately won the conversion of her son, and for herself consequent happiness.

There are many items of interest in the *Rosary Magazine* for October, chief among which are "Venerable Mother Barat" and "Convert Sons of Harvard." Of the short stories, the "Apparition at Glenora Priory" is conspicuous for its beautiful descriptions. The *General Chronicle* is up to its usual standard, containing as it does many interesting articles on events both foreign and domestic.

The *Messenger* is particularly valuable for an excellent article on the Jubilee of Pius X. The writer sets forth, to the best advantage, the many distinguishing traits and characteristics of Pope Leo's successor, and his success in dealing with the most difficult of ecclesiastical questions. In order to have an adequate idea of the Holy Father's abilities and virtuous devotion, our readers would do well to peruse this excellent contribution.

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### *Priorum Temporum Flores.*

J. B. McDonald, second wing of the Toronto Varsity fourteen, renewed old acquaintances when up with his team.

Among the spectators at the recent Ottawa-Queen's game were noticed Rev. V. Meagher, '04, and Rev. R. Carey, '02, and Rev. J. Keeley, '02, formerly of the editorial staff.

P. P. A. Smith is in business at Toronto.

John J. McGrath, Attorney at Law, of the class of '99, was recently married in Ogdensburg to Miss Gervais, niece of Rev. L. Gervais, O.M.I., formerly Vice-Rector at Varsity. The *Review* extends to the young couple its best wishes.

F. Johnston, V. Guilfoyle, R. McDougall, L. Joron, and W. S. Golden were among the number of our "old boys" to give the College team a hearty welcome on its recent trip to Montreal.

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Dr. W. Kennedy, the famous third wing of the Ottawa and Queens teams, is at present House-Surgeon at Water Street Hospital.

Dr. Herb. Sullivan, who was House-Surgeon at Water Street Hospital last year, met all the boys at Peterborough, en route to Toronto. He expects to soon "hang out his shingle" in Hamilton. "Sancho" McDonald, '08, was another one to meet the boys at the station at Peterborough and wish them good luck.

Among the list of our "old boys" now in Toronto, who extended a welcome to the team, on its recent visit to that city, were V. McFadden, J. Lajoie, B. Slattery and N. Fleming.

"Fatty" Courtois, of last year's fourteen, paid the College a short visit when up with the Grand Trunk football team of Montreal.

We were very pleased to receive the other day a letter from Rev. John J. Macdonell, '02, one of our former Editors. "Mac" is staying in the Adirondacks to restore his impaired health. The Review thanks him for his kindness, and most earnestly wishes him a speedy recovery.

We got a letter last week from Rev. W. P. O'Boyle, O.M.I., '96. The Doctor is still Rector of the Cathedral, New Westminster, and says he is delighted with the people and country on the Pacific Coast.

J. K. Foran, Esq., Litt. D., '94, has recently been promoted to an important position on the Hill. Congratulations, Doctor.

We have had a visit from Ald. Church, of Toronto, a graduate of Ottawa University. "Tommy" is a great friend of the boys.

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#### OBITER DICTA.

The child is father of the man; and wiser. Children never do foolish things. Only men do.—Ruskin.

Wisdom is habited in plainest garb, and she walks modestly, unheeded of the gaping and wondering crowd.—Spalding.

That which befits us embosomed in beauty and wonder as we are, is cheerfulness and courage, and the endeavor to realize our aspirations.—Emerson.

The moment a man can really do his work, he becomes speechless about it. All words become idle to him—all theories.—Ruskin.

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Let a man but have an aim, a purpose, and opportunities to attain his end shall start forth like buds at the kiss of spring. — Spalding.

In six thousand years of building, what have we done? Of the greater part of all that skill and strength no vestige is left but fallen stones that encumber the fields and impede the streams.—Ruskin.

When, indeed, we look backward through long years of life, lost opportunities rise before us like mocking friends crying: Too late, too late; Nevermore, nevermore.—Spalding.

We once taught our youths to make Latin verses, and called them educated; now we teach them to leap and row, to hit a ball with a bat, and call them educated.—Ruskin.

Those whose ideal is athletic are in danger of not looking higher than the prize-ring.—Spalding.

Wherever it is possible to live, it is possible to live well. — Marcus Aurelius.

Modern "Education" for the most part signifies giving people the faculty of thinking wrong on every conceivable subject of importance to them.—Ruskin.

Moderate means with a contented spirit are preferable to millions without it.—Gibbons.

When men are rightly occupied, their amusement grows out of their work, as the color-petals out of a fruitful flower.—Ruskin.

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#### OBITUARY.

Rev. Chas. E. McRae, parish priest of Moose Creek, diocese of Alexandria, died recently in the Catholic Hospital at Cornwall. R.I.P.

Rev. J. J. Collins, parish priest at Carleton Place, died on Oct. 18th. Fr. Collins came from Ireland about twenty years ago, and has filled many important positions in Kingston diocese. R.I.P.

Dr. Daniel Gilman, first president of John Hopkins University, is dead at Norwich, Conn.

The death of Miss Louisa Connolly, daughter of Mr. P. Connolly, 143 Wilbrod street, and sister of three former students, Peter and James and Joseph, has been deeply felt by a large circle of friends. The Review extends its sincerest sympathies to the family.

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### *Personals*

His Grace Archbishop Duhamel has returned from St. Boniface, where he attended the blessing of the new Cathedral.

Cardinal Gibbons arrived at New York by the Caronia Oct. 7. His visit to Ireland was a most welcomed one.

Rev. Wm. Murphy, O.M.I., may leave Rome about Nov. 1st. Owing to the weighty subjects discussed, the Chapter has lasted longer than was at first expected.

Mother Filiatriault, Mother General of the Gray Nuns in Canada, shows by the journey she has set out upon to the Mackenzie River district, a noble self-sacrifice very becoming to her position.

Brother Raymond, formerly Prince Carl zu Lowenstein, was ordained sub-deacon, by Cardinal Fischer, a few weeks ago at Cologne.

The English sermons of the students' annual retreat were given by Father Leacy of Ogdensburg. Rev. Father Georget, O.M.I., preached to the French division.

Rev. A. B. Roy, O.M.I., has returned from the Second Annual International Tax Convention, held in Toronto. Canada was well represented, and so was the United States, having among its members governors, judges, and professors of the leading educational institutions. Father Roy will have a paper to read before the next convention which will meet at Atlanta, Georgia.

Prof. Goodwin, of Queen's University, has been in Ottawa for a few days.

Rev. Father Lacombe, O.M.I., the great missionary of the West, is about to open a Home for Aged Women at Fish Creek, near Calgary.

Rev. Geo. W. Bailey, of Taunton, Somerset, England, has visited his nephew, Rev. G. O'Toole, of the Seminary.

Father O'Gorman, of Spencerville, and Father John Maher, of Kemptville, passed through the city to attend the funeral of the late Father J. J. Collins, of Carleton Place.

One of the preachers of St. Joseph's Parish retreat will be the Rév. W. G. Morgan, of Buffalo.

Rev. M. P. O'Gorman, of Buckingham, who was ordained in September last, has gone to Rome to continue his studies.

Father Gauvreau, O.M.I., at one time on our educational staff, and now Provincial Procurator of the Oblate Order at Montreal, was a recent visitor.

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Rev. R. D. Best, whose golden jubilee was celebrated on October 10 at Brompton, England, is the last surviving pupil of Father Faber.

Guglielmo Ferrero, the historian of Ancient Rome, is expected to deliver a few lectures at the Columbia University before he returns to Italy.

On October 21st Miss Catharine (Kitty) Quinn, of this city, and Mr. Francis Shaughnessy, of Amboy, Ill., were united in marriage. Miss Nellie Murphy was bridesmaid, and Mr. Frank McCarthy groomsmen. The popular young bride has gone to live with her husband in the south. Shaughnessy is remembered here as the man who struck the longest "homer" ever seen on the college diamond.

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## Athletics.

Just one short month ago appeared the first number of our Review. Its athletic pages were replete with expressions of praise for football warriors, of hope for their future success, and predictions of a series of glorious victories. And what has the month really brought us? alas, four defeats! How idle were our praises! How vain our hopes! and how false our predictions! The position we now hold in the Intercollegiate Union is indeed most regrettable, and one which "*most of us*" feel keenly. To drop from the highest rank, where all praise and glory is showered upon one, to the very bottom of the ladder and receive harsh criticism, is indeed most embarrassing. We know it and we feel it. But the one question is, "what is the cause of this great downfall?" "How many different answers there are to this all-important question, would be difficult to say. Many "wise ones" have been heard, all of which struck wide of the mark. It is really amusing to hear the remarks and suggestions of "some" who are entirely unfamiliar with the circumstances, who know little or nothing about the game itself, and who are incapable of judging. The "I told you so" suggestions are always welcome before the game, but never after, for then everybody knows. Those who have followed the team in all its games have really seen and have offered some good reasons for its defeats, although before the first game everybody was of the opinion that the team was better and in better condition than last year.

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It is far from our intention to make excuses for the team's reverses—we merely desire to state a few facts which in a great measure answer the question. Our average weight is 152 lbs. Queen's our first rivals 173. Some difference, you see. McGill's weight is 164, and Toronto's 167. Need we say more in this respect.

We have lost the toss for choice in every game, and in three of the four games winning the toss meant scoring first, and Ottawa College with a lead in score is a hard aggregation to overcome. Did you ever stop to consider how easy it is to do everything when things are coming your way. The football field is the place of all places where this holds true.

Think it over and ask yourselves, Have we ever had the better of the officials? Does that matter very much in the result of a game? Be honest with yourselves, and you can't but admit that there are at least some allowances to be made. Now let us glance hastily over each game thus far in the season.

#### GAME NO. 1:—QUEEN'S—OTTAWA. 14-7.

Defeated after a close and exciting contest. Weight proved a great factor in Queen's favor, but be it said to their credit they played a very consistent and effective game, and deserved the laurels. College led at half-time by a score of 5-3.

The officials, though earnest and perfectly impartial in their rulings, were, nevertheless, very lenient regarding offside interference, which fact materially helped to give Queen's the victory. After the game, experts said, "Queen's for the championship, for College is too light."

#### GAME NO. 2:—OTTAWA—MCGILL. 9-11.

The subject is a painful one. The less said about the game the better — for McGill's sake. We were the victims of some high class "Raffles" work, and if the C.I.R.F.U. decides to sustain the high-handedness and somewhat weird rulings of one Benjamin Burland, then with such a precedent established we fear for the future welfare of the Union. Let it be noted, however, that Ottawa College gave three lusty cheers for the McGill players before leaving the campus. Understand well, for the McGill players—not for "the official," or the McGill touch-line judge.

#### GAME NO. 3:—OTTAWA—TORONTO. 18-29.

Weather conditions played an important part in the game, and

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unfortunately for us in Toronto's favor. We lost the toss and played uphill against an aggregation of heady and heavy men. The slippery condition of the field, coupled with the inexperience of one of our wings gave Varsity a lead of twelve points in the first half. College, nothing daunted, played a wonderful game in the second half and at one time it looked as if we would win out. We did not, however, but went away satisfied that we had lost to a better team which had a little the shade of the luck.

GAME NO. 4:—TORONTO AT OTTAWA. 14-9.

Another defeat, and once more, let it be noted, we lost the toss when losses count. With a gale blowing seventy miles an hour, Toronto scored 14 points in the first half. We scored nine points in the second half after we got things going, and then the whistle blew. Everyone said, "If they only had a little longer to play." The game was, however, most interesting to watch, and though we did not give our supporters the opportunity of cheering a glorious victory, we did favor them with an excellent exhibition of clean, scientific football. The officials, Messrs. Lailey and McArthur, both Toronto men, are without exception the fairest officials holding the whistle to-day. The offside interference was worked on several occasions in the game, but it was quite evident that they were unaware of it. Though Toronto had a bigger and, hence, a better team, they had to work for every point they got.

TOLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

Mike Smith, in his old position of second wing, has done very effective work this year. He is playing the game of his career, and has the unique distinction of scoring 5 out of 6 touchdowns made by O. U. so far.

\* \* \*

Oct. 31, 1908, was the 23rd anniversary of the first meeting on the gridiron of Toronto Varsity and Ottawa College. On that date, 1885, O. U. defeated Toronto on the old field by a score of 19-2.

\* \* \*

Toronto Telegram:—"If the Argos had Ottawa College's brains, or the College the Argos' weight, there would surely be a championship team in Ottawa or in Toronto."

You can't win all the time, but you can be good losers and likewise good sports.

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\* \* \*

The Citizen (before the first game):—"The smoothest little aggregation playing football."

\* \* \*

Harrington and Higgerty have played winning football in every game; although their work is not of the spectacular sort, it is of the kind that counts.

\* \* \*

Toronto Star:—"Though the College lacked weight they were game to the core. They have the football knowledge and the brains, but not the physical strength to put them into execution."

\* \* \*

One reason for inquiring friends:—The average weight of this year's team is 150 lbs. The lightest senior team in the history of Canadian football.

\* \* \*

Bennie Dean met with his first serious accident in Toronto, compelling him to retire from the game. Up to this time he had been playing splendidly both in tackling and running. Dean, without doubt, is the best tackler on the team, and has shown himself such in every game he has played.

\* \* \*

Ritchie of the Torontos, after the second game with College: "Oh, that we could come by the spirit of Ottawa College and not dismember College."

\* \* \*

Toronto Globe:—"In Conway, College have a real find. He is undoubtedly the best left middle wing that the Collegians have had for years."

\* \* \*

It was no easy task to fill the vacancies made by the graduation of Joron, McDonald, Troupe and Courtois. The other vacancies were more easily filled.

\* \* \*

A total of nine minutes for penalties speaks well for the character of this year's team.

\* \* \*

Although beaten in every game so far, Ottawa College have been the most consistent of the losers in senior football this year.

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A glance at the scores will show that they made their opponents travel at top speed as well away from home as on the O. U. grid-iron.

\* \* \*

Let Shakespeare speak for us to our post-game advisors:—  
“If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men’s cottages had been princes’ palaces.” Our scribe supplies “and Ottawa College had been twice champions.”

\* \* \*

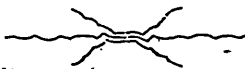
The Kennedy Bros. who played on the half line for Toronto last year when College won the I.C.R.F.U. championship, are doing brilliant work for the Ottawa City team this year.

\* \* \*

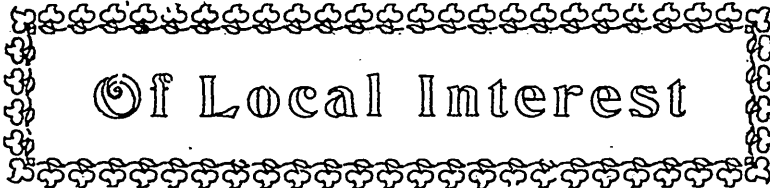
Be good sports, boys, and remember you can’t win all the time. Don’t go around “knocking” those who have tried hard but who have had hard luck. Rest assured they have done their best, and if they could have won for you they certainly would have done so.

\* \* \*

McCarthy’s action in jumping into the first game at a moment’s notice, though seriously handicapped by a sprained wrist, was a proof of his loyalty to Alma Mater and the team. Would that we had more Macs. *Intelligenti pauca!*



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## Of Local Interest

A student once feeling forlorn  
Said I wish I had never been born,  
But he soon changed his tune,  
Along about noon,  
For he hadn't eaten since morn.

Prof. of Latin: They called him Jupiter Indiges. What does that mean?

Le—cy: Jupiter's Indigestion.

Fl—m—g: Well, I'll certainly put my foot down on it.  
Sarcastic one: It should cover it.

Ha—t has a wonderfully developed pair of arms with a remarkable reach—at table.

Prof. of Latin: If you met Mr. Wh—I—n, how would you address him, Ave, salve or vale?

Le—cy: I wouldn't recognize him.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary. What is the argument Ch—p'r

Free shines at Hackett's Parlors. Open all hours.

Sully, we still have that tobacco to sell.

Prof. of Physics: "Give an example of centrifugal force."

Prompter to Shorty—"swinging."

Shorty (misunderstanding): "Singing."

Go it Gr—ce. Whoa! Awful speed to start in on.

Levi has decided to resign from the Jockey Club. Farewell, a long farewell to all thy greatness!

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Are you going to run this year Algy 17?

Mike has found a shady spot!

Where?

Under Sam's table.

" 'Tis meet that noble minds keep ever with their likes." Care  
ne R—an.

#### NOTICE TO SPORTSMEN.

Lam—t—e, have that misplaced eyebrow amputated before  
hunting ducks.

How is the speed and weight, G—n—a?

O'K—f—e has hibernated for the winter. Sleep on Mac Duff  
and don't let Ken—dy cry enough.

That noble stog is pausin' noo.

The following is a list of the attractions for the coming sea-  
son:

Levi Bo—le in The Wolf.

Con—han in Little Nemo.

Le—cy in Wildfire, The Great Racing Comedy.

Ro—d—n in Paid In Full.

S—th in Strongheart.

O'G—ra in The Stroke Oar.

O'K—fe in Asleep At The Switch.

W—bs in Adrift In A Large City.

MacDon— in Bonnie Brier Bush.

McCar— in The Power Behind the Throne.

E. G—n—a in The Music Master.

D—an in Nearly A Hero.

H—rt in A Knight For A Day.

W. B—e—n in Our New Minister.

C. G—r—an in A Cure For A Cold.

Du B— in The Girl Behind The Counter.

De— in Rep., A Servant In The House.

and "17" or The Sprint For Fame.

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Ha—k—t and Sully in The Great Divide.

Wh—l—n in A Night Off and The Morning After.

L—nk— in A Modern Othello or Mislike Me Not For My Dark Complexion.

W—er in The Merry Widow.

Ba—lf in When I Was King.

Ch—tr—nd, Co—t—l—o and O'Br— in The Three Twins.

Ha—r—gton in The Yiddish Cowboy.

Hu—on and O'Le—ry in Babes in Toyland.

J. O'Br— in Brewster's Millions.

The Coach: Equip them like hoplites with heavy armor.

Manager: How can they *hop light* dressed that way?

The Professor searched for the cause of distraction, and found it to be a pencil. Quoth he: "I thought it might have been a hairpin as I am looking for a *cue*."

Tragedy in one act:—

"Bijou," the College pup.

Laurier Avenue.

Honk, honk.

Sausage.

J. M. J.

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### *Junior Department*

The Executive of the Junior Athletic Association, shortly after its election to office, held a meeting for the purpose of forming different inter-mural leagues and of drawing up schedules. They divided the largest boys into three teams—A, B and C—comprising the First League; the intermediates into three teams—A, B and C—comprising the Second League, and "the babies" into two teams—A and B—comprising the Third League. According to the schedule arranged, the games were to be played on Wednesdays and Sundays—two games, but from different leagues, being always fixed for the same afternoon.

There is no use looking for the scalp of the Junior Editor, for he is a mysterious personage, and his peregrinations in quest of

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news are always made *incognito*. Please remember this, F—B—.

Most of the games of the inter-mural leagues have been worked off without a hitch. Good-will and enthusiasm has not been lacking on the part of the players. In the First League, the B team gained the championship by three straight wins. The champions' line-up was as follows: full back, Brady L.; half backs, Leblanc, Carleton and Cross; scrimmage, Fink, Quinn and Lebel; and wings, Cornellier, Landriau L., Chartrand J., Chantal (cap.), Clark and Sullivan. Team A carried off the honors of the Intermediates. Petitclair, Nevins, Quain, Ribout, DesRosiers, Lahais, Desjardins, Steers, Rattey, Lally, Degagne, Quinn F., Fortin, and Belisle were the ones that made up this lucky fourteen. The Third League, when we went to print, were still in the heat of a stern struggle for superiority, with odds slightly in favor of B.

How much better that cap of Bobby's fits since he had a haircut!

On October the 5th, a meeting was held in Ottawa University for the purpose of forming a Junior City League. Messrs. Graham and Venning represented the Collegiate; Rice and Broadbent the Buena Vistas; and Poulin and Brennan the Small Yard. The following executive was chosen: Hon. president, Dr. Nagle; hon. first vice-president, B. Ahearn; hon. second vice-president, Prof. Headley; president, Mr. Graham; first vice-president, Mr. Venning; second vice-president, Mr. Rice, and secretary, Mr. Poulin.

The Unexpected. "Try and tackle Milot," cried out the coach with some heat. Thus imperatively spoken to, the player addressed made a dive for the coach's ankles.

Schedule for the Junior City League:—

October 10—Small Yard vs. Buena Vistas.

October 17—Collegiate II. vs. Small Yard.

October 24—Buena Vistas vs. Collegiate II.

October 31—Collegiate II. vs. Small Yard.

November 7—Small Yard vs. Buena Vistas.

November 9—Buena Vistas vs. Collegiate II.

Remember, boys, that sports should not take the first place in your college life, but first and foremost and before all come your studies.

In the opening game of the Junior City League the Small Yard tallied a win against the Buena Vistas by the score of 13 to 1. The Buena Vistas had the advantage of weight, but the college lads won

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out by their knowledge of the game, their speed, their headwork and their superior punting. The Small Yard players were: full, Cornellier; halves, Harris, Leblanc and Poulin; quarter, Nagle; scrim., Murtagh, Gascon and Laroche; wings, Brennan, Fournier, Lebel, Chantal (cap.), Tobin and Batterton. Father Veronneau acted as referee to the satisfaction of both teams.

On October 17th, Small Yard lost to Collegiate II. by the score of 5 to 3. The plucky fight our men put up against such weighty opponents made us feel proud of them even in their defeat. There is no "kick" coming. The Collegiate play good clean ball.

A very interesting and closely contested game was played against the students of the Juniorate—the score standing 12 to 11 at full time with Small Yard the winners.

"Philip" is the best punter in the Junior City League.

The Junior Editor is not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but yet he foresees in our genial J-ck T-b-n a coming football coach. He knows the game to a nicety with tackling as a specialty. He delights in refereeing and can express a whole book of rules in a single trill of the whistle. He has been seen, time and again, giving pointers to small boys on corner lots. To say that all the little fellows are in admiration of his genius would be putting it mild. It has been observed that upon his departure they would pitch their little caps into the air as if they were trying to hang them on the horns of the moon and cry out: "We are going to make Jack our coach."

Who said the second team played a game? Well, did they win? Don't mention it.

#### STANDING OF J. C. L.

	Won.	Lost.	To play.
Collegiate... ..	2	0	2
Small Yard ... ..	1	1	2
Buena Vistas... ..	0	2	2

The goods our men have to handle are generally done up in large packages.

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