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His Excellency the Papal Delegate.



Vol. XIII.

OTTAWA, ONT., MAY, 1911.

No. 8

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Visit of the Papal Delegate.

On Monday evening, May 15th, the faculty and students of the University were highly honored by a visit from His Excellency the Most Reverend Peregrine Stagni, O.S.M., D.D., the newly appointed Apostolic Delegate to Canada. His Excellency arrived quietly at the University in the afternoon and received a welcome from the Very Rev. Rector and several members of the faculty previous to the reception held later in St. Joseph's Church. At five o'clock the student body assembled in the church to tender its sincere respect and loyalty to the distinguished visitor. Two addresses were read to His Excellency, one in French, the other in English, by Messrs. R. A. Glaude, '12, and E. A. Letang, '12, respectively. The English address was as follows:

To His Excellency

The Most Reverend Peregrine Francis Stagni, O.S.M., D.D.,
Archbishop of Aquila,
Apostolic Delegate to Canada.

Your Excellency,—

The students of the University of Ottawa are deeply grateful for the honor that you do them to-day in the visit that you so graciously pay to their Alma Mater. It is always a source of gratification and of pride to them to receive a distinguished

visitor; but their intense loyalty and affection for the Chair of Peter cause them to feel particularly honored in the visit of him whom the Sovereign Pontiff has appointed to be His immediate representative in this Dominion.

They desire to offer to your Excellency the expression of their sincere respect for you in the high office that you occupy, and to give you the assurance that, as faithful sons of the Church they shall have no loftier ambition than to display towards you as the first ecclesiastical authority of this country, entire and unquestioning submission.

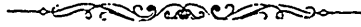
Your worthy predecessor was a frequent visitor in our midst, and has left among the student body souvenirs of kindly interest and of generous sympathy that have placed them under a deep debt of gratitude towards him. We trust that Your Excellency will find time, notwithstanding your many and important duties, to grace occasionally our student gatherings with your distinguished presence.

In common with the rest of the Catholics of Canada, we extend to you a hearty welcome. We pray that your sojourn amongst us may be long and blessed with every happiness and consolation; and that the church of this country, under your zealous guidance, may grow and prosper in accordance with the earnest desires of Your Excellency and of the illustrious Pontiff whose solicitude has sent you to us.

THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

His Excellency replied in a very gracious speech, saying he was indeed pleased to be among the students. He congratulated them on their inestimable happiness in attending a Catholic institution of learning. Despite revelation itself human science has often been in error, and wandered away from the paths where God intended it should tread. To-day, particularly, many educationalists by precept and example seek to draw youth away from the knowledge of religion and plunge it in the mire of rationalism and atheism. The students of Ottawa University were indeed fortunate in becoming acquainted with true science as the handmaid of religion. He congratulated the University on the great progress it had made, thanks to the zeal, devotion and untiring energy of the Oblates, to whom he wished every success. He trusted that in the near future they would be able to build an Academic Hall

suitable for such gatherings as the present one. The University of Ottawa had done great and noble work for Canada in the past, and it could always rely on his support and encouragement. He thanked the students for their kind wishes and words of welcome. He had come out here in obedience to the Holy Father who loves this country so much, especially because of the faith of its people and their unswerving attachment to the See of Peter. The Pope expected that the citizens of this great country would be steadfast in their allegiance and ever keep before their eyes the necessity of harmony and unity, so as to maintain intact and continually advance the best interests of Catholicity.



The President and the Premier.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER, K.C.M.G., Premier of the Dominion of Canada, has for his official governmental title President of the Privy Council or Cabinet. He presides over the meetings of this all-important body, and he has no departmental duties except those done under his supervision by the clerks relating to the work of the Council. All orders in council, and acts of the council, are sent from this office to those departments and persons who have to act under them.

According to Bourinot, the head of the ministry, the "Premier," gets the title from the fact that he is first called upon by the Sovereign or the Governor-General to form a ministry.

Laurier when entrusted with this very grave responsibility, sets about to choose such members of his party as are likely to bring strength to the government as a political body, and capacity to the administration of the affairs of the country. Here is where the Premier's ability as a statesman must show itself. He carefully selects the different Cabinet Ministers, paying careful attention to many standing customs, such as representation of the different provinces in the Cabinet,—a certain element to represent the Catholics, the non-Catholics, the English and the French-speaking people of the Dominion. But Laurier's power of choosing his Cabinet is not final; each member must go before the people, and be elected as a representative and a Minis-

ter. Of course, once the members are elected, his power is greatly assured. He may appoint men to various governmental positions, such as trade commissioners, postmasters, customs officers, etc., but this is generally left to the different departmental Ministers.

Laurier may appoint Senators for life, who practically do as he bids them. This is too great a power to vest in a Premier. The Premier controls this legislative body and uses it as a chamber to relegate troublesome conferees, or members who although once important to the party, have now lost their usefulness.

Laurier may prorogue, or dissolve Parliament when he sees fit and order a new election at any time, even before the usual five years of office has expired. If a Premier's party introduces a bill and it is defeated in the Commons, it is a signal for the Premier to dissolve Parliament, because he has evidently lost the support of the people's representatives. Laurier, unlike the President of the United States, has no power of veto; although he practically dictates to his followers as to the way they should vote on various parliamentary measures.

Laurier like all other members, aside from his high office, is just an ordinary member for a riding in Quebec province, and has to go back each new Parliament to his constituents for election. This is quite different from the mode of election of the Republic's chief magistrate, and I think a great thing for the people.

William Howard Taft, the present occupant of the Presidential chair at the Washington Capital, is elected to the office not by the people, directly, nor is he a member for any certain district, but he is placed there by the electors of the Electoral College. This institution is composed of a body of men elected by the people of the State, who invest in them the power to vote for whatever man they should wish for President. Of course the presidential candidates are chosen at the nomination conventions previous to this time. Consequently we see that the election of the President is far removed from the masses and millions of illiterate voters.

After election the President is vested with tremendous powers, almost tyrannical. He first chooses his Cabinet Ministers, who unlike Canadian Ministers are not members of Parliament; nor can they hold any other governmental trusts. They are placed at the heads of the various government departments;

and are directly responsible to the President and not to Congress or the people. These Cabinet appointments must reserve the sanction of the Senate, which is the greatest curb on the President's power. The "veto" power of the President is certainly a great defect in the U. S. form of government. It makes the position too absolutely at variance with democratical ideals or government by the people.

Taft may declare war; may veto bills; appoint judges to the Supreme Courts; make treaties or trade concessions with all nations; holds Cabinet meetings at which he presides, and which are not directly connected with either Legislative chamber. He possesses power of dismissing all high government officials; appoints or recalls American ambassadors; causes the removal of obnoxious Foreign Ambassadors.

The President may be impeached by the lower house, and the Senate sitting as a jury may, with a majority plus four, sustain or throw out the charge. If the charge is sustained, the President cannot resign and appeal to the people like Laurier can, but must immediately vacate the chair. The Parliament goes right on with its business, the Vice-President going to the Presidency, while the Senate chooses one of the Cabinet Ministers as Vice-President.

The term of office of Presidency is four years only, and is far too brief, besides bringing about a tri-annual slump in trade previous to each election, which is most hurtful to the country.

To sum up, we see Taft with an almost absolute power; but always subject to the equally if not more powerful Senate. While we see Laurier in power with a weak and subservient Senate to do his bidding with slavish obedience. Laurier does not possess in the direct manner such wide-reaching powers as Taft, yet we might safely say that in an indirect manner he has just as complete a control of the reins of government as has Taft; and perhaps more so. Yet Laurier and his Cabinet are always responsible to the people through their representatives in the House of Commons, and the moment the confidence of this legislative body is lost nothing is left to Laurier and his colleagues but to hand in their resignations, ask the Governor-General to dissolve Parliament and go back directly to the people for re-election.

Taft's measures may be slaughtered right and left, yet we seldom if ever saw a President resign because his measures were defeated. If he did it would be far from obtaining his end.

As a conclusion, we may say that Laurier possesses more power as a leader of his party but less as an individual legislator. Taft is surfeited with a kind of personal presidential power, yet very closely checked by the powerful Senate, which practically controls party politics.

PHIL. C. HARRIS, II.

Heroism.



HEROISM is a contempt of danger, not from ignorance or inconsiderate levity, but from a noble devotion to some great cause and a just confidence of being able to meet danger in the spirit of such a cause. This characteristic quality of a brave man enters greatly into the experience of humanity and assumes as many phases as there are stages in its history.

The bravery of John Maynard, sea captain and pilot of a large steamer, who being almost blind and scorched by the flames of the burning vessel, yet remained at his post, guiding the vessel to safety amid an agony of fire and smoke, cannot but deserve great praise. This action was inspired by a devotion to duty, and forms the highest type of human courage.

There is also what we might term heroism of patriotism. It is noticed in the action of Leonidas, the Spartan king, who in 480 B.C., with a few soldiers defended the "Pass of Thermopylae" against the Persian army nearly a million strong, and died with his soldiers in the attempt; and it is also noticed in the great work undertaken by George Washington, namely, to gain for the American colonies the protection of their rights.

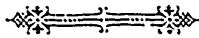
Heroism of self-sacrifice may be defined as heroism which arises from giving up one's life to save another's life or even the lives of many. Let us take "Dollard de Ormeaux" as an example. He with about twenty of his companions came from Montreal in 1660 to the rapids of the "Long Sault," in order to impede the progress of the Iroquois Indians who intended to attack Montreal in the spring of the same year. With the aid of his companions he resisted their attacks until his ammunition gave out, but was then ruthlessly murdered.

Akin to heroism of patriotism is heroism of genuine devotion to principle. Such was the heroism of Lord Byron, who even when dying struggled for Greece and a lost cause; Alexander Stephens, who in 1860 opposed the secession of Georgia, his native state, but in the following year gave in his adhesion to sectional views and advocated secession; Stonewall Jackson, in his idolatry of Southern rights.

Last but not least, and which comprises all the former, is the heroism of the Cross, the achievement, deeds and devotion of which are seldom repeated or spoken of. Let us follow the rays of the setting sun, falling on the walls of a monastery, flashing through an open door upon the face of a holy monk. His life has been spent in devotion and perfect piety, and is coming to an end. He has no thoughts of wasted time, of cold charity, of shadows of crimes, or wrongs committed. As the rays slowly disappear, so also does his life. His death is not mourned by nations, but by a few sorrowing fellow-monks or perhaps by some who he has helped.

His mission on earth obtained a heavenly reward, and this heroism learnt its perfection when it joined in the praise of the angels and rejoiced in the "Well Done" of the Infinite.

R. C. LAHAIE, II.



WHY WE SHOULD BE POLITE.

1st. It adds to the comfort of other people; no one likes to be elbowed around or have his corns trod upon, tobacco smoke blown in his face, or a great din made in his ear.

2nd. It adds to the happiness of other people; you can make a poor old woman happy all day by helping her over a crossing or giving her a lift on her basket when she needs it.

3rd. It makes people respect you, and that is considerable; it makes one respect himself more—feel more like a man—to have the respect of others.

4th. It brings you friends; people won't care to cultivate your acquaintance if you take no pains to make yourself agreeable.

5th. It brings success to every one. Politeness is a better recommendation for a young man than a dozen letters. Politeness pays in every way. It is a good thing to invest in at all times.

Saving the Waste.

WITH the advent of production as a highly organized competitive industry has come the necessity for manufacturers to economise. The increase of wealth in the world to-day is largely dependent on new uses being found for rejected material, hence upon the converting of practically worthless articles into articles of considerable value. Materials which twenty-five years ago were cast upon the waste heap are to-day utilized to a profit often exceeding that accrued from the manufacture of the first product itself. The economic efficiency of a country may therefore be reckoned by its utilization of left-over products. Germany furnishes a striking example of this efficiency. In that country, especially, the art of making waste valuable has received much attention from the manufacturers — and the industrial advance of Germany is to-day one of the marvels of the age.

The creative force of science is nowhere more strikingly illustrated than in its endeavor to answer the demand of "re-production." At the present time science has followed manufacturing so closely that almost nothing is wasted which can by any means be made to have a value. Tin cans, which once came in handy to the urchin as appendages to dogs' tails, are now used for trunk-sheathing, toy soldiers, buttons, etc. The dregs of port wine, which are rejected by the drinker in decanting the beverage, now become seidlitz powders for him to take on "the morning after." Ashes, combined with potash and other alkalies, make artificial stones; vessels escape the disastrous results of collision through the protection afforded them by the pith of corn stalks; smelling salts are produced from the offal of the streets; effective dyes are made from the tinsmith's waste mixed with the parings of horses' hoofs; sawdust, once a source of worry to the millwright, because it could not be utilized, to-day possesses an extensive economic value. Even smoke seemingly a most valueless waste, is worth money. From a cord of wood about 28,000 feet of smoke is produced, and from the smoke of a hundred cords there may be obtained 12,000 pounds of acetate of lime, twenty-five pounds of tar, and two hundred gallons of alcohol! Thus does the rejected waste of to-day be-

come a source of profit for to-morrow. We may say that there is practically nothing which has not some economic value. If this is not the case, then it remains only for the chemist to discover how the material may be made to yield a profit.

Chief among the contributors of waste material for by-products are the iron mines and steel industries, the slaughter houses and lumber mills. Within the last few years, the economic value of slag from iron mines, etc., has greatly increased. From this waste are fashioned chimney pieces, copings and moldings. Combined with slaked lime it makes a very good mortar. From it also is made glass, artificial prophyr, and brick. Brick made from slag is considered to be better than ordinary brick inasmuch as it is less permeable to moisture. In order to turn out 500 brick, about 3,000 pounds of slag is used, together with about 300 pounds of burned lime. Very good brick can also be made from granulated slag and slag dust, but the process of hardening is rather slow. Slag from coal, mixed with lime, becomes a fire-proof concretion of great hardness. Cement factories are also in existence, whose specialty is the preparing of cement in which is mixed granulated slag. This slag, it is considered, gives the cement a far greater degree of tensile strength. Slag is also used in the manufacture of fertilizers, since it can be used at less expense, in place of phosphate rock.

Lumber mills contribute largely towards by-products, on account of the great amount of utilizable waste resulting from their operation. Sawdust, formerly burnt, is now by intense heat and the hydraulic press, formed into an artificial but quite valuable wood-work. Acetic acid, wood naphtha, and tar, are also made from sawdust, by a distillation process. An excellent quality of alcohol is obtained from sawdust; also a high percentage of sugar from birch sawdust. Descending from the scientific to the practical we find that sawdust is sold for use on the floors of shops, saloons, etc., for packing, for making dolls, and to deaden the walls of buildings. Certain sawdust vendors in New York do a business of over \$2,000,000 a year.

Paper is another article to whose manufacture lumber mills contribute. Wood pulp, used in making paper, is now an industry in itself. And wood fibre, chemically prepared by the bi-sulphate process, is now much used by inventors.

The large slaughter-houses of Chicago and Kansas City are also the source of many by-products having a commercial value.

These by-products include bones, blood, glands, horns, hoofs, hair and membranes, from which are manufactured gelatin soap, wool, oil, isinglass, pepsin and albumen. The blood of animals yields albumen, which is used in sugar-refining and tanning factories. The bones of dead animals are boiled and their yield of gelatin and fat makes capsules and soap. Then, again, uncooked bones are made into tooth-brush handles, chessmen, and in fact almost everything for which ivory is used. "Japanese art objects" generally are fashioned from white hoofs. Cyanide of potassium is made from black hoofs. The fat of beef and hogs is prepared as a substitute for butter. Marrow obtained from the rib-bones of young cattle immediately after their death, when digested for a time in pure glycerine and then strained, forms a valuable medicine for the stimulation of red blood corpuscles.

Thus it is that matter which has a most unattractive and often repelling appearance possesses possibilities of great beauty. Many expensive perfumes are made out of ill-smelling elements. Fusel oil, a substance having a very disagreeable odor, when treated with certain acids, is made into oil of cognac. The action of putrid cheese on sugar yields oil of pineapple. The products of gas tar yield oil of almonds which is used in the manufacture of perfumed soap. Finally, what might seem exaggerated, yet which is quite true, one of the essential ingredients of a certain much used perfume is obtained from the drainings of cow-houses. The solid refuse obtained from breweries and distilleries, when treated with soda lye, and mixed with resin, then dried and pressed, forms laths and wall-coverings.

Even without chemical change, many articles which our economical fathers threw away, now serve useful purposes. Old files make tools and burnishers. Worn out grindstones may be shaped into grinders for paring gauges. Cast-off gas piping now makes excellent fencing and shelf supports.

"Back to nature," therefore, is the admonition which we are following to-day. For nature wastes nothing, it is man that is extravagant. And true it is that saving the waste is of wide practical application.

L. A. L., '14.

A Tale of Tag Day.

DR. JACK WALLIS was in anything but a happy frame of mind. His hopes had increased with the opening of the Spring flowers, but to-day the blow had come. As the cruel wind shakes to earth and scatters the pretty blossoms, so were Dr. Jack's fondest dreams made vain and his plans were as so many will-o'-the-wisps, chasing other lost illusions through the balmy air. The appointment he had expected from the Hospital staff had been given elsewhere. He could manage somehow to keep himself out of the poorhouse, on his young doctor's practise, but what of the "dearest girl in the world," whom he had hoped to make his bride within the year? He was on his way to her now.

It was a sweet picture of girlish loveliness that greeted Jack a few minutes later in the Middleton home. And the golden head did not droop, nor the blue eyes lose their brightness as she listened to his tale of disappointment. "I had expected more gratitude from Wells: those older doctors so easily forget their own bygone struggles. However, there is nothing for me to do at present, Margaret, but to give you back your freedom. Under present conditions it might be years before I could make a suitable home for you, and to think of tying you to a long engagement is out of the question."

"But it took two to make that engagement, Jack dear, and it will take two to break it. Just a month ago you gave your heart into my keeping, and I will not give it back to you. Our engagement holds, and we shall be married twenty-five years from to-day if we cannot before."

"You have made a man of me, Margaret, and I am ready to work my hands off to make that home of ours," and, with a smile, "here's hoping that the home may be ready before twenty-five months!"

"Are you ready to write Dr. Wells in all courtesy, Jack?"—and Margaret looked squarely into the handsome face before her. "With my heart in your keeping, I must be kind." "Thank you, Jack; let us talk of to-morrow now, I am longing for our first Tag Day, when I can be for even a few hours associated

with your hospital work, by doing my little share of collecting. In the evening I leave for Montreal to visit Muriel."

"A doctor's day belongs to his patients, yet I hope to be able to see you at the depot. Until then, au revoir." Dr. Wallis shortly afterwards took his departure.

* * *

Seven o'clock the following morning saw Margaret Middleton stationed at her post. It was her duty to dispose of her "tags" to all the passers-by. Some paid little, some paid more, but, without exception, all contributed something to the good work, until at last a surly voice was heard, "You'll not tag me, girl; the hospitals have taken all I had to love, and every cent, too." The man staggered, and, lifting his head, glared at Margaret with bloodshot eyes. It was at a time when for a few moments the corner was comparatively deserted, but the girl was not afraid. On the contrary, a great love for suffering humanity expressed itself in the wonderful pity she felt for the wretch before her. "You poor man, you do not know what you are saying," and her eyes must have looked their sorrow into the sufferer's soul, for, as he staggered past, he half turned to say, "Yes, I take it back. I'm sorry . . . but oh! God, I'm sore! my wife gone, my children too, all of the five—five—oh!" . . . as he tottered and would have fallen on the hard pavement had not two strong arms, the pride of many a football campus, caught him up and lifted him bodily into a nearby drug store, when a restorative was administered. Dr. Wallis, for the rescuer was he, then telephoned for an ambulance, and in a very short while had the satisfaction of seeing his patient slowly regaining consciousness in a room in one of the General Hospitals. It needed no experienced eye to see that the old man's lease of life was fast coming to a close: a case of nervous breakdown and heart failure. Even as he spoke his mind wandered, and he imagined himself at home. "I'm pretty sick, Doctor, but I'm awful glad I'm back home again — everything so clean and white and nice! An' I'll be glad to die and go to Jennie, that's my poor wife, Doctor," and the old man's voice wavered, "and to see my children once again. God knows I've tried hard to be brave, but 'twas dreadful hard to feel a big bit of your heart goin' off and leavin' you six times inside of two years. 'Twas the lungs with them all, except Tilly, and she died three days ago of nothin' else but

grievin'; the funeral was yesterday; an' I want you, Doctor, when I'm gone, to bury me beside 'em all in the little graveyard in A——" Our Doctor acquiesced, but gently forbade the sufferer further words just then. Later, at a request from the dying man, Father S—— was sent for, who administered the last rites of the Catholic Church.

It was almost three o'clock in the afternoon, and Dr. Wallis was again at the bedside, when the door opened, and a nurse announced Miss Margaret Middleton. Margaret drew back when she saw Jack, and said she would wait until his professional visit ended.

But Jack knew that "professionalism" had little place in caring for his patient now. A kind, loving atmosphere was what the old man needed; he, consequently made Margaret a sign to come with the nurse to the patient's side.

"It was thoughtful of you to let me know he was here, Jack. I could not think of anyone or of anything else since he spoke to me this morning."

As the old man's eyes rested upon his fair visitor, a wonderful light illumined them, and with unexpected strength he put out both his hands and caught Margaret's and the lovely roses she had brought him. "And so, Tilly, you have come for your old dad? God bless you! I shall go very, very soon."

Margaret tried to keep back the tears that would persist in falling. . . . "Don't cry, dearie. I'm goin' to you. Doctor, you've been extra kind to a poor, lone sufferer, an' I've nothin' to give you except my prayers. Nothin'? Did I say nothin'? Wait!—wait, let me think. Yes, you will find some papers in the coat pocket over there, a letter that to your head of learnin' may mean somethin'. The mailman left it for me this morning, but I guess I was too sick to understand quite right. Anyway, I knew nothin' like it can help me now, so I leave it to you. See if it wants an answer. Look *now*, Doctor." And Dr. Jack did as he was requested. Surely enough, there was a large, legal-looking envelope, with a far Western postmark; he gave it into the old man's hands, but the latter placed it in Jack's again, with the words: "use it and be happy."

Very soon he fell asleep, and slept intermittently for an hour or so, always with his hands in Margaret's,—as he thought in his daughter's. Margaret gave the nurse a telegram to be sent

to Montreal postponing her visit. She could not leave one who needed her presence so much.

Towards evening, however, she stole away, by the physician's orders, to snatch a mouthful of nourishment; but even after this short absence she found her old friend much changed, and the end seemed nearer than had been at first expected. The Doctor, the nurse and Margaret did what they could, but towards ten o'clock it was all over. The old man went home with "Tilly," and, as his spirit flew Heavenwards, two human hearts put on more of the divine in this silent contemplation of life's fleeting days of mingled joy and sorrow.

"Would to God that all doctors had the love of such a noble, helpful woman," were Jack's parting words, as he left Margaret an hour later at her father's fine residence on B. Avenue.

* * *

One week has passed since the happening just related. Jack's patient has been laid to rest beside his dear ones. Margaret is in Montreal, and busy in relating her story of Tag Day. Recollections of the quiet room in the hospital make her sad; and although she will not admit it, even to herself, she misses her fiancé's cheerful presence. Just then a servant hands her a lettergram, the first one sent her, and one she will never forget. I am sure. With the partial subsiding of the wonders and anxiety pertaining to the reception of such messages, Margaret excuses herself and reads:

Ottawa, April 29th, 1910.

To Miss Margaret Middleton,
Montreal.

Good news! You will remember gift of our old friend of Tag Day? Had forgotten all about it until this afternoon; opened envelope and found, what? Cheques for twenty thousand dollars.—restoration made William Hoopes by man who had defrauded him. All cheques duly signed,—truly the old man was broken-hearted at the thought of "the help that came too late"—too late for wife and children. We brought some little joy into his last moments, he left much joy to us.

Have already asked Wells to be best man at our wedding!

As ever yours,

Jack.

F. E. GAN.

The Last West.

Away on the Prairie's billowy breast,
 Where the bison loves to roam,
 By the setting sun, where the gates of the West,
 Shut in the redman's home.
 Where the antelope bounds o'er the sloping ground,
 And the moose and the red deer play,
 Where fed by a thousand mountain streams,
 The Saskatchewan rolls away.



THE march of civilization has ever been westward; why it is so may be difficult to explain, but still it cannot be gainsaid. At times it is true civilization has encountered obstacles, which forced it to retrace its course eastward, but these hindrances served only to cause mankind to press westward with renewed activity and determination.

During the forties and fifties of last century, the exploitation of the American West was attended with great success, caused in a great measure by the discovery of gold in California. In the year 1857 or 1858, I believe the date is not certain, gold was discovered along the Fraser River in British Columbia. The news spread like wildfire, and with the success of the California gold-fields still in their minds, men from all parts of the world poured into Victoria (then only a small Hudson Bay trading post) bound for the land of gold. Despite the great natural difficulties they met with, despite the unfriendly attitude of the Indians, these hardy pioneers ascended the Fraser river, or rather plodded along its almost impassible banks, for nearly five hundred miles. For the most part, their efforts were crowned with success, but the high cost of living, and the reckless spending of their money, played havoc with the fortunes they had toiled so hard to gain, and thus it happened that only a small proportion of the gold-seekers emerged from the North Country with moderate fortunes. In eight or nine years the gold excitement had ceased, and the majority of the adventurers left the country.

In the race for the golden sands of the bank of the Fraser, the great number of gold-seekers came up from the coast; how-

ever, in May, 1862, a party of Canadians started westward, intending to reach the land of promise by the Overland route. After encountering many privations and dangers, they reached Quesnel, B.C., in September of the same year. Mrs. Margaret McNaughton, a member of the party, has related the hardships and vicissitudes of that eventful journey in her interesting book, "Overland to Cariboo." I mention this remarkable overland journey because it has an important place in the history of the three prairie provinces. As late as 1871, it was generally believed that wheat could not be grown successfully west of Fort Garry (now Winnipeg).

In those early days, the white population of the Canadian West, and especially of the prairie provinces was scant indeed; it was composed chiefly of traders in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, and daring ranchers, whose only title to their land was possession. Immense herds of buffaloes still browsed on the Western plains, and the untutored redman still played at war and pillage. The three prairie provinces were then one vast wilderness, seemingly a formidable barrier to the advance of civilization, the outposts of which were the log structures of the ancient Hudson Bay Company, whose word was the only recognized law—when it was backed up by sufficient force.

The construction of the Canadian Pacific changed the old order of things. Of course, the advent of the "Iron Horse" (as the Indians called the engine) was not looked upon with favor by the Indians, who, like all rude peoples, have a serious distaste for innovations which are beyond their intelligence. At one time, indeed, it looked as if the Indians would resort to force, but at this juncture Father Lacombe, the great Oblate missionary, came forward, and with no little difficulty impressed upon their minds the manifold advantages that would accrue from the introduction of the detested "Iron Horse." The C.P.R. officials were grateful for the efforts of the energetic missionary, and granted him a free pass for life over their lines in Canada.

At the present day the C.P.R. has two powerful competitors in the West, viz., the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific. The Canadian Northern has a line from Toronto to Sudbury in Northern Ontario, and as it joins Fort William and Edmonton, it only lacks the connecting link between Sudbury and Fort William, in order that it may cover more than one-half the continent in a direct line. The C.N.R. has also been promised a large bonus by the British Columbia Government

to complete its line to the coast. Survey parties are hard at work to discover the most feasible route between Vancouver and the Rockies with Edmonton as the objective point.

The Grand Trunk Pacific has completed its line from Winnipeg, through Edmonton, to within a hundred miles of the Rockies. On the Pacific coast the first section of one hundred miles has been constructed from Prince Rupert eastward. It is safe to predict that early in 1913 the line from Prince Rupert to Winnipeg will be in operation. The G.T.P. has also in mind the construction of a branch line to Vancouver from Ft. George on the confluence of the Fraser and Hechaco rivers. J. J. Hill, the Great Northern magnate, is also constructing a line across Southern British Columbia, and hopes to have a through service between St. Paul and Vancouver by the end of 1912. However, the railway activity in the West is by no means confined to British Columbia. Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba are being gridironed by a network of railways, which will open up large districts, which hitherto were almost isolated. The path of steel acknowledges no barriers in this mechanical day, and the time may not be distant when we will see Vancouver and Skagway, Winnipeg and Dawson, joined by bands of steel,—the advance-guard of industry and population.

I have spoken at length of railway construction in the West, because it is an undeniable fact that, in our modern day, no country lacking proper transportation facilities,—even though it be the virile and ambitious West itself, can hope to compete with countries favored more advantageously. We have but to glance at the Map of Canada to see the large number of towns which have sprung up, some of them literally built in a day, within the last few years. The increase of population in the Western towns has been phenomenal. Winnipeg with a population of 43,000 in 1901 has increased to 160,000. Vancouver with 27,000 in 1901 now numbers 125,000. Victoria, Calgary and Edmonton are forging ahead rapidly. Vancouver is growing faster than any city on the American continent, in proportion to its population; in 1910, there were but six cities in the United States that had larger building permits; it is predicted quite confidently that the building permits will pass the twenty million mark this year.

Bank clearings are the true test of commercial supremacy; Vancouver's bank clearings exceed those of Seattle, its old rival, which has a population of 237,194 (1910 census), and are only slightly exceeded by Portland, Oregon, which has a population of 207,214 (1910 census). This remarkable showing is but the

prelude to greater success; for, when the Panama Canal is completed in 1915 the majority of Canada's great wheat harvest will be shipped to England through Vancouver and Prince Rupert, because it has been amply demonstrated that this route is far cheaper than the long haul across half a continent; besides, the wheat will be loaded only once, whereas by the present route it is loaded twice, for at Ft. William and Port Arthur the wheat is placed in barges, which are towed to Montreal and then reloaded on ocean-going ships.

The Canadian West has every reason to hope for unbounded prosperity, and to the possession of an influence in the cabinet councils at least as great as that enjoyed by the East. There will come a time, no doubt, when the West will dominate, and the parliament of our country will become imbued with the spirit of the West. For the West has its own mentality,—it may be rough and unfinished, but it possesses that unflinching determination and confidence in itself which is the best asset for success. As Kipling says:

East is East, and West is West,
And the two shall never meet
Until they both stand presently
At God's great judgment seat.

C. M. O'HALLORAN, '12.

The Gathering.

IN olden times, the Gathering usually meant war. And, for this reason, it was usually interpreted quite in its true light. The people of the clan — men, women and children alike — felt their blood freeze when the call to war was heard. That is, at least, most of them did a chance to go to battle. But it infallibly meant that each so,—for others of the male gender were quite glad to have one, no matter who he was, and provided he could do so, must go at once to the rendezvous. Evidently this was in contradiction to the plans of many of the farmers, shepherds and hunters, as well as of those in every other walk of life, because all were bound to lay down their work and take up their arms. It did not matter if a hunter was chasing a deer, and had almost caught it,—he still had to leave it. At home, wives and mothers saw

their husbands and sons depart, perhaps never to return. The same conditions prevailed wherever there was a clansman. The Gathering was an event full of distress for some, and duty for all.

The ceremonies to be performed at the outbreak of hostilities were solemn and impressive. But, in the "Lady of the Lake," they were painted in Druid form. A goat was sacrificed, and a cross was dipped in the blood of the slain creature. That did not look very Christian-like! The Cross was made out of limbs of yew — the graveyard tree — and was a couple of feet long. When it was thus formed, it was lighted and dipped into the bubbling blood. The burning coals made the gurgling liquid jump and hiss, in something the same fashion as they would water, but with a thick, heavy, and sputtering sound. The on-lookers would shudder, and think how the same might happen closer to themselves if, as traitors, their burning homes should boil away their life-blood. When the emblem of war was completed, a swift messenger took it away as fast as he could run, to announce the terrible news, far and wide, that war was at hand. Such was the clan's declaration of war!

In the "Lady of the Lake" a very singular man performed this office. He was the Druid — strange in appearance and action, as well becomes a priest of that character. His arms and legs were naked, and he lived a sort of wild life,—that is, wild in the sense that he lived in a cave, away from men altogether. His gray beard and matted hair added to the desperate look which was in his face. His body bore the marks of self-inflicted wounds; and, in spite of the fact that he had suffered himself, it was said that he could bear to look at the sufferings of a human sacrifice. But he had reason to be in this pitiable plight, for his birth was so mysterious that he had been always cut off from respectable society, and left to mourn with himself. He was extremely sensitive, and felt keenly the slurs that were cast on him by thoughtless boys. Finally, he reached such a stage of mental distraction, that he could bear up no longer, and, accordingly, he retired into the hills to live alone. There he developed those characteristics which made him the wonder and fear of all who knew him. His whole mind was given to the study of superstition and the pursuit of his unknown father in the elements. Gradually he became a hard-hearted wretch, mutually cut off from society. And, as there was no freedom in this case to breed contempt, the ordinary folks looked upon him with a feeling of awe, as though on some great monster. He

was just the man for Roderick Dhu! And the Black Chief was not slow to realize it. Therefore, when he contemplated resisting the king's forces, Brian, the Hermit, was present to officiate. He went through the form which I have already described, and then, turning, called down maledictions on the traitor's head, in order to frighten the men into obedience. The superstitious ceremony co-operated wonderfully and well with the superstitious minds of the people. They did their duty, and the Druid had fulfilled his mission.

The signal sped on its way, and the people everywhere answered the call. Roderick's servant carried the Fiery Cross from the Island to Duneraggan. Here a man named Duncan was dead; but, as soon as the signal arrived, the young son of Duncan carried it onward, in place of his dead father who had been accustomed to fill the post. The attendants, at their mistress' order, immediately prepared to go to the muster place, along with the boy, when he should return. Angus, the youngster, who had taken the fiery emblem, after encountering great difficulties with the rough country and a swollen river, reached a place, St. Bride's, just in time to meet a wedding-party. The bridegroom departed on the instant, without any ceremony whatever. And so on, all over the country, the old men rose and the young men rose. And soon hundreds filled the valley at Lanrick Mead.

Roderick now made an expedition all his own. It had come to pass that Douglas had removed with his family to a cave near Loch Katrine. And, as the Black Chief was in love with Ellen Douglas, naturally his centre of interest shifted with the family. For this very reason, he, while going to arrange his soldiers at the Pass of Aehray, remained near the wild spot at the cave for a considerable time, in hopes of hearing Ellen's voice. The men who were accompanying him went on, and left him with only one page; and, after a while, he was rewarded by hearing the sounds he so much longed to hear. The maiden sang a hymn to the Virgin Mary, to the accompaniment of the Harp, in the hands of Allan-bane. After indulging his ears to a considerable extent, Roderick was prevailed upon by his attendant to move on. They did so, and soon arrived at the spot where the clansmen lay, sat, or stood, in all kinds of postures, waiting for their lord. When he appeared they arose, people of all classes, young and old, rich and poor, and greeted him with a deafening cheer. Truly, it was a Gathering!

Sleep and its Counterfeits.

AFTER all the years of experience and study, sleep, so universal and so necessary, is yet a mystery, and, moreover, bids fair to remain one for some time. There is one fact, however, which emerges from the negative results of our painstaking efforts, that sleep is a positive process and a substitution of constructive bodily activity for destructive. It is quite evident that the building up processes are in excess to the breaking down processes during sleep. If not, then there would be no need of rest if the body could not recuperate. During the day, naturally, the destructive processes are in excess. From this sleep might be defined as a recharging of the body-battery.

If sleep were not positive or constructive, how could the rapid growth and development of babies who sleep from sixteen to eighteen hours per day be explained? At the other end of life, the light sleeping and early awakening of old age is due to the loss of the reconstructive power so evident in children. Then the body-battery breaks down because of the continual destructive processes and insufficient constructive needs which go to even the balance. If a nap of an hour is taken during the day, say after lunch, then the destruction caused during the morning is balanced to some extent by the constructive processes which accompany sleep, and fit one all the more for the remainder of the day's work. Some exceptional individuals get along with four hours' sleep in twenty-four and keep it up for years without apparent harm.

One counterfeit of sleep is the dozings of old people during the day. These are mild torpors of exhaustion which precede the final ending of consciousness. Other counterfeits of sleep are the coma and drowsiness of fever which in no way tend to reconstruction. A typhoid fever patient who has apparently slept for two weeks, will wake up weak and wretched and about twenty pounds less in weight. The reconstructive power of true sleep is absent, which explains the patient's wretched condition. The most dangerous counterfeit of sleep is induced by drugs. There are many which produce a state of unconsciousness resembling sleep, but in no way do they tend to set the reconstructive powers of true sleep in action. These drugs are permissible in skilled hands, but their habitual use is dangerous for they poison

the system and suppress symptoms of disease which would be made evident in event of lack of sleep.

The question, "How much sleep shall I take in twenty-four hours?" can be answered in these words: "As much as you can; go to sleep when you feel tired and get up when you feel rested." Vigorous and healthy people can recuperate their bodily powers with such rapidity that four hours' sleep is sufficient. On the other hand, anaemic and nervous people may recuperate with extreme slowness. The majority of vigorous adults require about nine hours' sleep. The proverb, "Seven hours for a man, eight for a woman and nine for a fool," has the usual amount of influence over practise. The wise man cheerfully joins the "fool's" class, much to his benefit.

To make children or rapidly growing adults get up before they have their sleep out and feel thoroughly rested, is not only irrational but cruel, and when it is done as a routine practice at boarding schools, or other institutions, by those who pretend to be fitted to have the care of young people, it is little short of criminal.

Having dealt with the benefits of sleep, it would be well to deal now with the time best adapted for sleeping. In the first place, as a matter of convenience and choice, sometime within the hours of darkness. There is no adequate foundation for the popular belief that "beauty" sleep must be taken before midnight and that one hour of sleep before midnight is worth two after. This latter supposition is probably involved in retiring sufficiently early to obtain the necessary sleep before the hour of compulsory rising. It has been demonstrated by numerous experiments that the depth of sleep rapidly increases from its beginning to about the beginning of the second hour, then almost as rapidly diminishes until the middle of the third, after which it remains at practically the same depth till the hour of awakening. Experiments and experience indicate that there is as much recuperation in the last two hours of sleep as in the first two, and it is not uncommon for persons to awaken after six or seven hours' sleep to find themselves still tired and unrefreshed, which feelings will have disappeared after two hours more of sleep. It may appear strange, but there is no reason to believe that there is any physiological connection between sleep and the hours of darkness. Rest is taken at night as a rule mainly as a matter of convenience. It is necessary also to reverse this custom as in the cases of night watchmen, firemen,

etc., but there is a danger of anaemia and other diseases due to the lack of sunlight if persisted in.

Physiology has little to answer to the person who asks, "How early shall I get up in the morning?" If a person is under the obligation of rising at an early hour and under the stress of a working life, let him do so, but taking particular care to go to bed at such an hour as will enable him to get his nine hours' sleep. Early rising has no particular advantages. Its virtues are commercial and economical which probably is due to our agricultural ancestors whose work had to be done in daylight. Another reason is that they considered it more economical to burn daylight than candles. The longest step towards humanization was the discovery of fire and consequently the ability to sit up at night and consider things. Civilization and late hours go hand in hand. If a business or professional man rises an hour before half-past seven or eight, he goes to bed or loses his working power, an hour or so earlier each evening. If an individual must keep full vigour and readiness of the mind and body for the latter part of the day, he must rise later. It is false economy to work too long hours, as in the case of the muscle-worker. The eight-hour a day hand invariably turns out more work and better work than the twelve-hour a day hand. Of course the stage of intellectual development is in direct ratio to the lateness of its hours and all the activities, whether literary, convivial, social or philosophical, that produce what is best in man, are at their highest tide after eight in the evening.

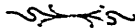
Then another issue of this question may be brought out. What are the best methods to obtain refreshing slumber? To be brief; there is nothing to produce more refreshing sleep as health, appetite and fatigue. This latter "drug" is within the reach of all and far more beneficial than the poisonous drugs so often resorted to. Again, another requisite for good sleep is good ventilation. No air that ever blew outdoors is so dangerous and so poisonous as the air in a bedroom with closed windows. The bed, too, plays an important part. Common sense has solved all these problems and the modern air-mattress, single pillow and blankets and cheese-cloth covered comforter which can be cleaned by turning the hose on it, could hardly be improved upon. The feather bed, collector of perspirations and diseases of successive generations, the bolster, the eider-down quilt, the hard sail-clothlike counterpane have gone to the attic or ash-heap with the four-poster and its curtains, the night cap

and the warming pan. These are relics of a race either too stingy or too stupid to warm its bedrooms.

It might now be well to say a word about dreams. Slight changes in or irritations of the body are probably the starting points of most dreams. This slight impulse arouses either the brain area directly connected with it or the one which is the most awake, and we are off. "Something sitting on your chest," dreams are due mainly to a gas distended stomach. Slipping of the blankets is followed by dreams of Arctic exploration and falling into snow-drifts. A slight change of position is enough to suggest to the brain the idea of falling. Thereupon precipices, flights of stairs, mast-heads and other scenic effects are provided. The next common dream is of finding oneself in public half-dressed. It is usually associated with insufficient or displaced bed-clothes. The latter is usually the cause and the arms and shoulders being completely covered by the close-fitting night-gown, there comes an impression of unprotectedness from the lower limbs. *Hinc illae lacrumae*: "Hence these tears."

Very little is known about dreams, but it is known that they have no connection with the heavens above or the earth below, and as Dr. Woods Hutchinson says, "Any beliefs or deductions based upon their assumed relation to things outside this area are, from a biological point of view, the purest and pearliest of moonshine."

F. A. LANDRIAU. 11.



The Prize Debate.

THE eleventh annual Prize Debate of the University of Ottawa Debating Society was held on the evening of Wednesday, May 3rd, in St. Patrick's Hall. It cannot be denied that from practically every point of view this was one of the best, if not really the best, debate ever held under the auspices of the University Debating Society.

After Chairman Cornelius M. O'Halloran, '12, had called the meeting to order, a vocal solo was rendered by Philip C. Harris, '11. Mr. Harris' singing was all that could be desired and was duly appreciated by the fairly large audience. It might be stated here that in this beautiful Capital of the Dominion—the home of refinement and learning, and of some who are supposed to be among the best educated in Canada—the attendance at intellectual entertainments, such as lectures and debates, is always much below what it should be.

Having read the subject of the evening's debate, the Chairman called upon Mr. Ambrose A. Unger, '14, leader of the affirmative. By a series of arguments logically arranged and presented, Mr. Unger essayed to prove that "Unrestricted Reciprocity between Canada and the United States is desirable from a Canadian standpoint." His presentation and arrangement of the arguments, as well as the arguments themselves, were almost perfect, so that it was no surprise when the judges decided that he had won the Rev. Rector's medal for the best speech of the evening. His delivery was also good. Mr. John Q. Coughlan, '13, leader of the negative, was very badly handicapped on account of an extremely severe cold. It was only with very great difficulty that he was able to speak for the twenty minutes allowed each speaker. Those who followed his speech, however, were sorry indeed that his voice was practically powerless. Mr. Francis X. Burrows, '14, second speaker for the affirmative, made a very good showing. His delivery was particularly noticeable, and his arguments were well taken. Mr. Lawrence A. Landrian, '14, Mr. Coughlan's very "worthy colleague," surprised even those who felt sure that he would give a good account of himself. His arguments were pointed, well-arranged and logically presented. Mr. Unger made a very strong rebuttal.

When the judges retired to come to a decision, Mr. A. B.

Freeland gave several selections on the Irish harp. The judges were a long time in reaching a decision, and had it not been that Mr. Coughlan's voice was away below its usual standard, they would have been Solomons indeed to arrive at any decision. During the prolonged wait Mr. Harris, soloist, and Mr. Egan, pianist, rendered one or two popular selections.

When giving the decision of the judges, Mr. Louis J. Kehoe, B.A., '94, said he was voicing the sentiments of his colleagues, Dr. John R. O'Brien, B.A., '95, and Mr. Edward P. Gleeson, B.A., '98, when he declared that oratory such as they had just listened to was remarkable, especially so when it was remembered that those debating had all delivered "maiden speeches" and the young man who won the medal was only in First Year Arts. The judges, he said, had decided that the negative won the debate, but the leader of the affirmative the prize. The speeches of the evening equalled, probably surpassed, the speeches of men who formerly belonged to the University Debating Society, and who to-day hold important positions in Canada. So, he said, the Debating Society is to be congratulated because of the high standard of excellence in public speaking attained by such young men as the speakers of the evening. It augured well, he concluded, for the future success of both the debaters and the University.



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OTTAWA, ONT., MAY, 1911.

No. 8

WELCOME.

The Review is pleased to take occasion of the recent visit to Alma Mater of His Excellency the Papal Delegate, Most Rev. Pelegrine Francis Stagni, O.S.M., to bid him a most cordial and respectful welcome. It is not too much to say that His Excellency has already endeared himself to the student body by his paternal kindness and affability. His visit, in which he expressed such warm wishes for the success of the University, and bestowed on us the Papal benediction, will ever be remembered with feelings of joy and gratitude, coupled with the hope that it is but the first of many. We realize that it is a singular privilege to reside in such close proximity,—under the eye, as it were,—of the Holy Father's immediate representative, and this thought will spur us on as students and as Catholics to endeavour always to be worthy children of Mother Church.

PEACE.

Under the guidance of Providence, the two great English-speaking nations, Great Britain and the United States, have maintained peace between themselves for a hundred years. Their last great conflict was fought on Canadian soil to the detriment of an innocent people and the regret of the belligerents. It is proposed to commemorate the peace treaty of Christmas Eve, 1814, by memorials that will help prolong this peace through future generations and furnish a noble example to the world. The movement, so happily begun in the great Republic, has met with a warm response north of the forty-ninth parallel, and seems destined to be crowned with signal success. Justice, reason, good-will and mutual conciliation — these are the forces that should in the future settle international disputes, aided in large measure as these forces will be by the rapid multiplication of peace societies, arbitration leagues, international clubs, international scientific and other organizations, world-wide in their scope. To these we must not forget to add that splendid example of arbitration manifested in the recent submission by Great Britain and the United States of the century-old dispute re the Newfoundland fisheries, to the final and binding decision of the Hague Tribunal. Let but the other nations follow suit, bind themselves to arbitration, and soon there will commence an era of material and moral prosperity such as the world has never seen, under the sweet and beneficent rule of universal Peace, the queen of the twentieth century!



The April "Argosy" contains an instructive article on "The American Indian." The writer notes many traditions and traits of character which suggest the Indian's descent from Eastern nations. The most remarkable of these is the tradition that, centuries ago, a great deluge took place which destroyed all

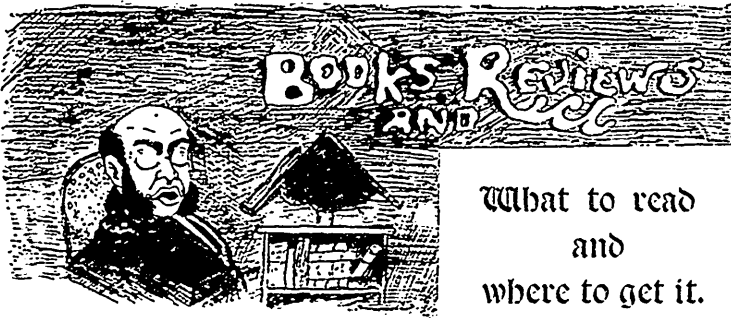
living men but one family who took refuge on a high mountain somewhere in North America. This family repopulated both continents. The Indian believed in a Great Spirit, called the Great Manitou, and in a multitude of lesser spirits. The worship of these was associated with the worship of the sun and the stars. Like the Persians, he also worshipped fire; and the mystery of death he explained by saying that the spirit of man fled from his body to the sun, whence it came.

The failure of the Indian to respond to the process of civilization is due to a misunderstanding of the motive of the pale face. The red man should be made to realize what is being done for him; as a Christian duty, the white man ought to accept him as a brother, so that both together may people the land over which the dusky son of the forest once reigned supreme.

In the pages of the same exchange we note an account of another debate on the Reciprocity question, and the recording of another victory against this latest development of Canada's commercial policy. The Taft-Fielding agreement has been debated among all the great educational institutions of the East, at inter-class and intercollegiate meetings, and the result has been decidedly adverse to the Laurier Government. Truly the Liberals have the weaker side of this question,—at least from an academic point of view. On the last great national question submitted to the people, the naval scheme, the consensus of academic opinion was all in favor of the Liberals, but it now seems that on the very eve of a general election the Government has placed itself at the mercy of every young debater who has the power to juggle figures and wave the old flag. A glorious opportunity for embryo politicians.

This latest debate took place between Mt. Allison and Dalhousie Universities, the latter winning by a narrow margin. We take this opportunity to congratulate the winners, and to compliment the losers, upon their brilliant pleadings for a lost cause.

We beg to acknowledge receipt of the following: "The Patriotician," "St. Mary's Chimes," "The Solonian," "Acta Victoriana," "The Schoolman," "The Angelos," "The Collegian," "Clark College Record," "Fordham Monthly," "The Young Eagle," "Georgetown Journal," "Notre Dame Scholastic," "St. Mary's Sentinel," "St. John's Record," "The Manitoba College Journal," "O.A.C. Review," "The Columbiad," "McMaster U. Monthly," "The Gateway," "Alleluia," "Comet," "Index," "Queen's Journal," "Laurel," "Trinity U. Review."



Benziger Brothers (New York, Cincinnati, Chicago) have published another book that has to do with the spiritual and ethical development of girls, by Madam Cecilia, whose long experience and practical good-sense make her a "specialist" in the education of girls. Her new book is called "The Training of Children and of Girls in Their Teens" (12mo., net. 75c). The same publishers have also brought out "The Holy Viaticum of Life as of Death" (12mo., net. 75c), by Rev. Daniel A. Dever, D.D., who believes that the word "Viaticum"—provision for a journey—should apply to the numerous holy communions partaken of during life, as well as at the hour of death; "The Child Prepared for First Communion" (per 100. net. \$2.25), by Rev. F. M. de Zulueta, S.J.; "First Communion Prayer-Book for Small Children" (cloth, red edges, 15c), by Rev. P. J. Sloan; and "The Children's Prayer-Book" (cloth, red edges, 20c), by the same author, who has made a careful study of the religious and devotional education of children, and whose previous works, "The Sunday School Teacher's Guide to Success" and "The Sunday School Director's Guide to Success" have won the approval of bishops and priests throughout the country.

"Freddy Carr's Adventures" (Benziger Bros., N.Y., 85c.) (A Sequel to "Freddy Carr and His Friends"), by Rev. R. P. Garrold, S.J.

A very humorous and fascinating Catholic story, truly English in style, but one that cannot fail to amuse and interest the American college boy as well.

Our young hero and his companions choose for their scene of mischief their school; and take as victims a Mr. E. P. Pinner (who in this story is admittedly a caricature) and the choir master. The practical joke these chaps plan is full of mirth and

wit, and keeps the readers in fits of laughter. The noble traits described of two of the ringleaders of the plot are worthy of much applause.

The author's diction is remarkably clear and lively, combining in a high degree strength and simplicity of his characters which give an insight into the eccentricities of human nature.

Nineteenth Century—April:

"God's Test by War"—Harold F. Wyatt.—Defeat in war is the fruit of naval and military inefficiency, and that inefficiency is the inevitable sequel to moral decay. Victory in war is the method by which, in the economy of God's Providence, the sound nation supersedes the unsound, because in our time such a victory is the direct offspring of a higher efficiency, and the higher efficiency is the logical outcome of the higher morale. Righteousness brings warlike efficiency: the Lord of Hosts has made righteousness a path to victory; the poet Tennyson aptly wrote of the "Battle-thunder of God." Preparation for war is the enemy of sloth and the dissolvent of apathy.

"Navy Estimates, 1911-1912"—Brassey.—The Naval Estimates for next year are £44,392,500, against £40,603,700 for this year. Three thousand more men are required next year. In aggregate expenditure, Britain is not far below the two-power standard, but in number of men she greatly exceeds it. For, in Britain's navy there are 134,000 men, compared to 60,500 in the U. S. navy, which ranks second. We should not overlook the fact that Britain spends annually \$65,000,000 in pay, half-pay, and pensions, while Germany only requires \$10,000,000 for the same purpose.

"Gentlemen of the Road"—Norman Pearson.—It is hardly more than a century since the tune, "Dumme, stand and deliver," rang merrily through England, and armed robbers infested the streets of London. The outlaws of the early reigns appeal to us by virtue of generous tradition, which surrounds them with a halo of romance. The 17th century highwaymen were "scholars as well as gentlemen, and tempered their sport with merry wit, and robbed with a perfect disregard of the proprieties." The 18th century highwaymen had none of the redeeming features of their predecessors. The beginning of the 19th century witnessed the ending of the time-honoured avocation. As banking and transportation facilities became more perfected, the highwayman's opportunities were considerably minimized. The Bow Street Horse Patrol was established by Sir

Richard Ford in 1805, to scour the roads within ten miles of London, and to sweep them clear of evil-doers.

Atlantic Monthly—May, 1911:

“The Two Generations”—Randolph S. Bourne.—In the rising generation there can be observed a distinct softening as to human fibre, intellectual and moral attainments. We lack the ancient discipline of the home, the school and the church. An extraordinary love of pleasure is a special characteristic of the rising generation; however, we may say, that this desire for pleasure subsides after a few years. The undergraduate standing on the threshold of life is possessed with a feeling of boundless possibility, but may be undecided what profession to enter; then the aid of the older generation is sought. But, we of the younger generation, who have decided on the profession we will follow on graduating know that we have work, and much work, to perform, and that our success in our chosen path of life depends upon ourselves.—upon the use we make of our opportunities.

“The Pace That Kills”—F. M. Hueffer.—What first attracts the attention of the English visitor in New York is the pace set by those who traverse the streets. In England, system, machine-like regularity is the order of the day; in America, men lose time at their work, but have no time for leisure. Europe has evolved a leisure class; America will evolve a class with leisure, not one that does not work, but one that gets rid of necessary daily toil, with a minimum of wasted effort in a minimum of time.

“The Little Girl From Back East.” by Isabel J. Roberts, (Benziger Bros., N.Y., 45c.). A short instructive story for juvenile readers, and one that should be read by all young girls and boys. It gives a very interesting account of a winter spent in the Blue Mountains of California. From the first chapter it holds the reader’s interest, for not only is lovely maidenhood depicted in our youthful heroine, and manliness, strength of character, self-sacrifice for the honor of his companion, in our young hero, but from beginning to end we are learning physical geography in a most pleasing and instructive manner, that cannot fail to amuse and interest the adult, as well as the child.

“Father Damien,” an open letter to the Rev. Dr. Hyde of Honolulu, from Robert Louis Stevenson. Ave Maria Press, 30c. The publishers are to be congratulated on the reproduction in such durable yet attractive form of this magnificent tribute of

Stevenson to the memory of Father Damien, the hero of Molokai. Some have had the hardihood to recently maintain that Stevenson did not mean what he said in this famous letter, or at least that he changed his opinion concerning the character of Damien. A statement by Mrs. Stevenson in the present edition should effectually dispose of that assertion: "As to the open letter to Dr. Hyde, nothing can make me believe that Louis ever regretted the subject matter of that piece of writing. To me, up to his last hours, he spoke always in the same strain. His admiration for the work and character of 'that saint, that martyr,' as he invariably called Fr. Damien, remained unchanged; and any mention of the cowardly attack (by Hyde) on the dead man's memory brought a flush of anger into his face and a fire to his eye that were unmistakable." The book is well worthy of being placed in the library beside that other beautiful work of C. W. Stoddard, "The Lepers of Molokai."

Another timely little book is "The Chief Ideas of the Baltimore Catechism" by Rev. J. E. Millett. (Benziger Bros., \$3.25 per 100). The catechism is very complete, the question and answers are simple and brief, and well adapted even to young children.

"The Year of Sorrow" (Ireland, 1849), by Aubrey de Vere, with an introduction by Vivian Fitz-Grey. Under the latter pseudonym a talented member of the Grey Nun's community at Ottawa has published one of De Vere's most beautiful works preceded by a thoughtful and scholarly essay on the author and the poem. We quote: "Aubrey de Vere's place in English letters is both distinct and permanent; distinct, for as he himself says, his is an attempt to add a Gaelic note to that large concert of English poetry enriched long since by strains indirectly drawn from almost every age and land. Holding that to different nations, different vocations are assigned by Providence; to one an imperial vocation, to another a spiritual one,—to Greece an artist one, to Ireland as to Israel a spiritual one, he, nevertheless, paradoxical as it sounds, would have Ireland take rank with her sister countries in the political family of the world. But whatever may be thought of Aubrey de Vere's ideas in matters of national polity, of his sympathy with his native land and of his sincerity towards her none may doubt. And of this ever living sentiment of his is 'the sorrowful year' perfect illustration."

Among the Magazines.

According to the "America," which has just arrived, hostilities in Mexico have not at all ceased as a result of the Madero-Diaz armistice. Many bands of insurrectos, who recognize no authority, even that of Gen. Madero, continue to raid and attack those places which lie in their route. The importance of this fact rests in the demonstration which it gives of the divided state of Mexican affairs. Most of these bands continue to operate solely for the purpose of plunder. But another, and totally distinct party, is the pact of the Socialists. They have united their forces against the two generals, Madero and Diaz; not being satisfied with the conditions of the government as it is already constituted. The high patriotism shown by Madero in this revolution becomes apparent when it is remembered that he used up all his immense riches for the sake of helping the revolution, and now, under the prospect of a peaceful settlement of Mexican difficulties, he comes forward to offer his services as Provisional Governor and Military Dictator of the state, until such time as a new President may lawfully be established, when he proposes once for all to retire into private life.

Again, Silas Wegg, the author of "Rubaiyat," comes to refresh us in the pages of this month's *Civilian*, his original couplets sparkling like drops of morning dew. "An Afternoon on Parliament Hill" adds a new poetic touch to the daily routine of the work that ordinarily prevails in those halls about; and the reader cannot fail to take a fresh interest in the place the next time he visits the grounds. It is the wish of the *Review* to see added wreaths of imagery curling around the noble halls.

The *Canadian Messenger* gives some statistics this month, which no doubt will be astounding to the reader. In the Western Hemisphere, that is, the two Americas, there are no less than 97,000,000 Catholics. Latin America counts for 67,000,000 of these. The whole population is 172,000,000. This is surely a Catholic hemisphere.

Perhaps one of the most beautiful pages to be found in the *Catholic Extension* is each month devoted to the history of "The World's Greatest Painters." To those of an artistic turn of mind this is a boon of inestimable value. Besides the histories and biographies, the pages are gracefully and usefully ornamented with facsimiles of the first masterpieces. See the May number for the life and works of Correggio.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

Dr. Beroard, an Ottawa graduate, after a very successful year as house surgeon at Water Street Hospital, has gone to the University of Edinburgh to pursue his studies.

Mr. R. Byrnes, '05, a law graduate of Toronto University, is now a successful lawyer at Fort William.

Dr. Valin has been acting college physician for the past few weeks to replace Dr. Chabot, who has been forced through ill-health to take a prolonged rest.

We learned a few days ago that Philip and Gerald Kirwan, former University students, have been very successful in their exams. The former has received a fellowship in Toronto University.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. F. Corkery, '11, who through severe illness, has been forced to discontinue his studies, has improved considerably in health during the last few weeks.

Mr. Joseph Quinn, B.L., '81, has been appointed by Governor Foss to be a Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. He is a brother of Rev. J. Quinn, O.M.I., pastor of San Antonio church, Texas.

The following Alumni have favored us with a visit during the last month:

Rev. J. J. Quilty, Douglas, Ont.

Rev. R. McDonald, Greenfield.



The Review extends its most sincere sympathy to the archdiocese of Toronto on the demise of its beloved prelate, Archbishop McEvay. Although His Grace had been known to be for some time in a dangerous condition, his death came as a heavy and unexpected blow not only to his thousands of faithful subjects, but even to the thousands of Canadians, Catholic and non-Catholic, who knew him as a zealous, energetic, and highly gifted personage of the Catholic Church.

His Grace Archbishop Gauthier went to Quebec on Monday the 8th to be present at the Council of Public Instruction which was being held in that city. Immediately on his return from Quebec His Grace left for Toronto to assist at the funeral of the late Archbishop McEvay.

A recent distinguished visitor at the University was the Very Rev. N. Dozois, O.M.I., Assistant General of the Oblate Order, who has been making a canonical visitation throughout this province.

His Excellency Mgr Stagni at the reception tendered to him by the students, was first alarmed, then charmed by the college yell.

Rev. Canon Sloan, Ottawa.

Rev. Canon Corkery, Pakenham.

The number of Mexican students in the University is growing, the latest addition being the personage of Senor Toro.



BASEBALL.

O. U. (3) — Mascots (5). Varsity Oval, Saturday, April 29, 1911.

Although the "College Cardinals" corralled eight bingles of Deschamps, the \$12.50 "phenom.," and our "Peerless" twirler, one Mr. Muzante, whiffing no less than nine of the heavy-hitting Lower Town Frenchmen, still the game was lost by the close score above mentioned.

The game was quite a snappy exhibition of ball, the students showing marked superiority over their opponents in several departments of the game, viz., batting and base-stealing. With the young material from which the Rev. Coach had to pick a team, a most creditable performance was served up to the two-thousand red-hot baseball fans of Ottawa who are always loyal supporters of "O.U." when it comes to playing the great American summer pastime. Whether the boys win or lose, they can always be depended upon to dish up some "peppery" stuff.

The line-up was as follows: Contway lf. Capt. Muzante p., Hefferman rf., Morriveau 2b., Renaud 1b., Milot c., Killeen ss., Sheehy 3b., Poulin cf., Routhier and Rochefort substitutes.

Umpire—Billy McEwan.

O. U. (0) — O.A.A.C. (6). Varsity Oval, Saturday, May 6, 1911.

In going up against Fred Chittiek's band of veteran and seasoned ball-players, our team fared disastrously, failing to besmear the blackboard with anything but zeros. The contest went seven innings and proved a hummer, just one hour and ten minutes being consumed in playing.

The Rev. Coach unearthed a real 14-carat slab artist in our shifty shortstop, viz., Mike Killian, who made his initial bow before Ottawa's baseball populace, and delivered the "pitching stuff" in great big chunks. Some of O.A.A.C. big-stickers hammered the summer breezes in lieu of the horsehide, which proved too elusive for their liking. Just five hits were marked up off Mike's delivery, who smilingly struck out four men.

Our batting was away below par, four safeties being the limit of our swatting capacities that day. The game was somewhat of a thriller, and though the score was lopsided the playing was "A1," the crowd signifying their approval with frequent bursts of applause. The team was considerably shifted from last game to try and make a winner, and we hope to succeed next time.

The players were: Routhier cf., Poulin lf., Muzante ss., Heferman rf., Morriseau 2b., Lazare cf., Renaud 1b., Milot c., Shechy 3b., Killian p., Egan 1b.; Cornellier p., Contway lf.

Umpire—Billy McEwan.

O. U. (9) — Pastimes (7). Varsity Oval, Saturday, May 13, 1911.

Our initial win was chalked up for the students' nine when Joe Vaughan's Pastime team lined up for its premier encounter in the Ottawa City Amateur Baseball League. About two thousand fans and fanettes journeyed to the Oval and went away quite satisfied with the brand of ball served up by the O. U. team, many predicting that the College boys would be very much in the running for the top rung of the league's ladder.

Pitcher Mike Killian, he of the smoky burg of Butler, Pa., was on the mound for the College "Cardinals," and continued his good work inaugurated in the previous game by striking out five batsmen, besides scoring two runs and annexing several hits. His support was quite an improvement on the past games, the errors not being so costly and frequent. The students were right there with the "big stick," getting a three-base-hit by Poulin and two-base-hits by Killian and Morriseau, in addition to several and diverse "singles" and "bunts" by the other members of the team.

The players were: Killian p., Poulin cf., Muzante ss., Heferman rf., Morriseau 2b. and c., Routhier 3b., Leacy lf., Egan 2b., Milot c., Renaud 1b.

Umpire—Billy McEwan.

O. U. (8) — Mascots (5). Varsity Oval, May 20th, 1911.

What, ho! Methinks I hear weird groanings in the deepest depths of Angelsea Square, where the "Mascot Boys" are wont to congregate. Why this sadness? Whose great grandmother passed away? The answer is that a bunch of ball-players from the University of Ottawa, headed by the Rev. Coach and the manager, perpetrated a wholesale slaughter of a once-famous 1,250 cents' pitcher, by the cognomen of Deschamps. The "foul" deed was committed with the aid of "clubs" with which the College players hit the Mascot "pitcher" ten times. Among these numerous swat offerings were a double and a three-bagger in two trips to the plate by Mr. Hefferman, of Peterboro, who scored two runs; two bingles by Patrick Lacey; three safeties by our peerless Captain, Joseph Muzante; a screaming double by one Fabian Poulin, and singles by the remaining members of the team, Mike Killian, Morriseau, Richard Renaud, Routhier and Edward Killian.

With a family combination for our battery in which Killian brothers, Ed. and Mike, performed, the College team have a star pair of ball-players. Pitcher "Mike," although touched up frequently for scattered hits, made eight Frenchmen swipe at the superheated atmosphere above the home plate. Then our stellar backstop, Ed. Killian, who has not played ball for two years, jumped into the game for his "Alma Mater," and contributed largely to the second victory of the team. He had the blue-stockinged Mascots tied to the bases after the fourth inning, having caught about a half-dozen in attempts to pilfer the second sack.

The spirit shown by Ed. Killian in jumping into the game for his Alma Mater, when the team was badly handicapped for a catcher, is one highly commended by all true supporters of Ottawa University. It is in marked contrast to some happenings a few weeks previous by one of our students, and Killian profits greatly by the comparison. Here's hoping we may have more types of true loyalty in the future.

The victory over Mascots places Ottawa University ball team in a second place tie with two wins and two losses. The team under the tutorage of Rev. Father Stanton, is working hard, and vast improvements marked the last two games played. Only three miscues were registered in the game against Mascots, and these were very trivial. The boys played with a dash and vim that was certainly very refreshing when compared to the

style of play of some of the other teams. They were up on their toes all the time, and took big chances on the cushions, scoring on the least possible opening. The team work was the best, the signalling system of the coach working out to perfection. The batting has improved wonderfully and we have several of the top-notchers of the league playing under O. U. colors. A total of thirteen hits was made off the two Mascot fingers used against us; ten off Deschamps, three off Lamarche.

About 1,500 people attended the game, while ideal red-hot ball weather was served up by "Old Sol." Mr. Billy McEwan umpired the game to the satisfaction of all.

Notes.

A neat tennis court has been set up on the front lawn, and is greatly appreciated by the students. A Tennis League is in process of formation.

Mr. Frank Burrows as dressing room manager does good work all the time, and nothing for the comfort of the players is overlooked.

Manager Harris expects to be able to hand over a substantial sum of money to Treasurer John Q. Coughlan, at the close of the ball season. The receipts to date have been away above previous years.

President J. J. Kennedy takes a keen interest in the affairs of the association and is always ready to do his share in furthering the interests of sport at O. U. He is ably assisted by Mr. Bert Gilligan, and the genial secretary, Thos. L. McEvoy, the Rhodes scholar.

Several new regulations touching upon the wearing of the College letters and bands were passed at a special general meeting of the O.U.A.A. last week.

An Inter-Course Track Meet is to be held on May 31, at Varsity Oval. Philosophy, Arts, Collegiate and Commercial courses will put in teams and the events will be keenly contested by the student athletes. Prizes have been secured by the members of the Executive for each event and are worth trying for.

The Second team is entered in the Intermediate Baseball League, and has played three games to date. Unfortunately they lost by close scores in each game, one run separating the teams in two instances, against St. Patrick's and the O.C.I. teams.

The team has been shifted about for each game as the First team has been using several of the Second team's players in the Senior City League affairs. With Rev. Father Finnegan, O.M.I., as coach, several promising ball-players have been uncovered and these will ably fill any vacancies on next year's senior team.

"Big Sticker" Heffernan is "right there" with the clout, and is a most willing worker. He ought to make good on the football squad next fall.

PH. C. HARRIS, '11.

Of Local Interest

McD-g-ll has decided to go on a Glidden tour.

Sh-h-y: What did you get in Algebra, Fred?

Fred: Zero.

Sh-h-y: Oh! that's nothing.

Fl-m-g: That was not the manner of procedure at the first St. Patrick's banquet we had here.

Geology class at Rockcliffe. — Professor (examining grades of rock): "This is quartz."

C-gh-n (picking up an old bottle): "I guess this is pints."

Fl-m-g: Did you see the old tramp eating the hunk of bread?

Br-n: Yes, it is evident that he is a loafer.

B-rke is like a bicycle. he is always *tired*.

Count Lee K-ly avers that he is going in for law.

Synonymous terms:—Munn and Price.

Wh-bbs has signified his intention to reproduce that little playlet entitled. "La Poudre aux Yeux."

Sully: "Why is a chicken with a drooping head like the 1st of June, Dan?"

Dan: "I give it up."

Sully: "Because it's nex' week!"

There was a young mosquito,
 And he brushed himself quite neat, oh,
 Ere he went into the street, oh,
 In search of prey.
 He sought in vain to greet, oh,
 Some one whose blood was sweet, oh,
 Who suffered from the heat, oh,
 This summer day.
 By luck he chanced to meet, oh,
 None other than our Pete, oh,
 And him he just did eat, oh,
 In a quiet way.

Junior Department.

In about a month from now the college boys will return to their "home sweet home" to gladden and enliven for the summer weeks the dear old place with their honest open smile and merry laughter. It will not be given to all to reach their beloved parents crowned with the laurels of success, but it is within every one's power to return to them with the seal of gentlemanly behaviour and good manners engraven on their whole countenance. Strive, boys, with might and main, to acquire this distinction which behooves young students; there is nothing in the way but your own slovenliness.

The way Lamonde has been acquitting himself in the box, so far, leaves no reason for us to pine any longer for our last year artist. Winning four games out of six, and it might be added to his credit that the two losses recorded were more the result of glaring errors in the field than of poor pitching on his part, for a boy who jumped from last year's third team to this year's first augurs well enough. Keep it up, old boy!

There are few ball players who can cover second base as well as Laurie, when he is awake, but as yet he does not seem to be thoroughly roused from the hibernating state; hence the few errors chalked up against his name.

The authorities of the College have been more than worried by that sudden ailment that developed on G-g-e's left hand during the Easter holidays. But now, thanks to skilful doctoring, all serious apprehension has disappeared.

Charlie had a light attack of the same infection a few days ago while at his cousin's, but it was not serious.

Mr. H-rr-s, the demon heaver of the "fatties," should not be blamed for the defeat of his team at the hands of the Midgets. His fadeaway ball was a puzzle that Fr. Healy's proteges were unable to solve. Oh! but the support behind him! It was simply disheartening. No less than 53 $\frac{3}{5}$ errors were marked again the Fatties' fielders, Belanger, Côté, Proulx and Co.

By the way, Fr. Healy has gathered a great little baseball team amongst his midgets in Seguin, Langlois, Gouin, T. Robert, B. Robert, Duckett, O'Brien, Champagne and Genest. Twice already have they defeated the St. Joseph's School team, by the decisive scores of 35-15 and 24-8. They also won a couple of victories from picked up teams. Nobody will wonder at this huge success, when they will learn that entire team to a man is under the watchful care of Trainer "Sam."

Oh! But those new baseball suits look neat! And that crest (O. U. S. Y. all twined together), is it not great?

We have unearthed a worthy successor to J. Tobin as short-stop in P. Brisebois.

Doran, on third, is always the same cool and reliable player as of yore.

Joe is fast becoming the slugger of the team. Two home runs and a three-bagger in one game, "that's going some."

We should like very much to give our readers a detailed account of the six baseball games played so far by our first team, but the space allowed us won't permit it. Suffice it to say that we won four of them and lost two. One of the latter against the Stratheonas, an Intermediate City League team, slipped away from us in the ninth, when, with two men out, a man on third, and the score even, our catcher allowed the third strike on the batter to go by him. "That was tough"!

The following players have taken part in those different games: Milot and Sullivan, c.; Lamonde, p.; Renaud and Chart-rand, 1stb.; Brady, 2ndb.; Brisebois, ss.; Doran, 3rdb.; Madden, Richardson, Braithwaite and Dozois, fielders.

Milot, our Milot, is not only making good in the City League, but even promises to be the sensation of the season. What do you think of that for a boy of the S. Y.?

Could not anybody give some information to the manager of the Midget team about that strayed mask? A handsome reward is offered.

Beware of the back yard, you two boys, it is a treacherous place, especially after a debate!

Don't forget to interest the Blessed Virgin to all your needs during this month of May.

