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Christmas

I heard the bells on Christmas Day,
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.



NCE more the Christmas season is approaching and its very nearness brings joy to all. No one, whether his circumstances be affluent or those of direst need, fails to feel and heed that angelic edict uttered over two thousand years ago, 'Peace on earth to men of good-will.' Everyone, irrespective of race, I might almost say, of creed, has at least a spark of kindness towards his fellow-creatures at this joyous festival of the Church. As the twenty-fifth of December draws nigh, children who have wandered far from the paternal roof, begin to experience a desire to visit once more the scenes of their youthful days. Christmas appeals to the atom of good which is in the most hardened sinner and recalls the

happier days when his faith in St. Nicholas had been supreme and his enjoyment of the festivities was not marred by worldly care. It is truly the season when the bonds of friendship bridge the gulf made and widened by the afflictions and troubles of the year gone by. At other seasons we derive much of our pleasure from the beauties of nature—the spring brings us a promise which the summer fulfills with its variegated colors, and in the fall, we gaze with wonder at the grandeur of summer's fading glories,—but winter with its snow, ice, and leafless trees is forbidding without the spirit of Christmas.

Primarily, the feast was a spiritual one and gave rise to many beautiful ceremonies. In Rome, the Nativity of Our Lord is enacted annually with an attention to detail and a magnificence nowhere else equalled. The very surroundings, the volumes of light and incense, the beautiful strains of music, the presence of the dignitaries of the Church in such numbers, the multitude of people, are enough to awe and inspire even an infidel with the sacredness of the time.

The Belgians hold a procession on Christmas Eve in which the female part of the population takes the most prominent part. Very small boys with exceptional beauty are dressed to resemble the Christ-Child leading a lamb, St. John the Baptist, and other great saints. This procession is preceded by children who scatter flowers and squares of colored paper in such profusion that the roughly-paved road is soon hidden. Now, too, one is able to glimpse relics and other valuables belonging to the churches which are well-nigh inaccessible at any other time of the year. The coloring and grouping gives a marvellous effect; the girls are divided into platoons or groups, which has its distinctive color, each group accompanying some banner or relic carried by one of their number. To this ribbons are attached, one for each girl. The chanting of these hundreds of voices pierced occasionally by the shrill treble of the children, makes this ceremony very impressive.

Other countries have similar processions, as Peru, where statues and portraits are carried about until midnight when all go to the church and attend the services. The Russians also parade but theirs borders more on the material than the spiritual. Whenever this immense body of people passes the home of one of the nobility coppers are thrown to them as a token of good-will. Xmas hymns and carols are sung lustily all along the line of march.

Ireland and Scotland whose people are sprung from Celtic stock, have done much towards making this feast universal. Both

racés, being so intensely Christian, hold the mysteries of religion in great veneration, and, as they are a widely scattered people, some of their customs have been introduced into every land. The Christmas candle is one of the best known of Irish traditions. It is lighted and placed in the window, after being sprinkled three times with holy water. Each member of the family is likewise sprinkled, and all kneel to recite the rosary for deceased relatives. The idea of placing it in the window is to guide the Christ-Child on His way and to welcome him to their humble homes. This candle is never extinguished but is allowed to burn until the wick is consumed. The same custom prevails in Scotland and in Austria at the present day.

England was undoubtedly the country in which the Xmas spirit exercised most sway. In other lands the people were contented with the spiritual aspect of the feast, while England though not neglecting the spiritual, paid equal attention to the material. Legends and traditional stories were handed down from generation to generation by the light of the old 'Yule-Log,' as it was called. This log, which was usually the root of a large tree was introduced into the house with much ceremony to the sound of music. Each member of the family in turn stood on its center and sang the Yule-song. Another necessity was that it be lighted with a brand of the log from the preceding year, which was always carefully preserved for the purpose. Also, it must be lighted by one with clean hands, according to authority, but whether this was in the nature of a useful household hint to the domestics or to a moral of a higher kind is not known. As soon as it had commenced to burn properly, the other means of illumination were disposed of and the hospitality of the house was dispensed while song, jest, and story circled round. The object of this log appears to have been the sanctification of the roof-tree and a protection against those evil spirits over whom this season is in every way a triumph.

Another practice which outlived some of the others in "Merrie England" was the wassail bowl. This bowl which was properly bedecked with holly, was brought in immediately after the Yule-log was lighted and resembled the punch-bowl of the present day. Almost every family had its own favorite method of mixing the ingredients, although sometimes it was simply filled with ale.

At this time of the year, one could see English hospitality at its greatest perfection. Then the barriers erected by custom, birth, or wealth were broken down—squires and peasants mingled like brothers. Every home from the lordly mansion to the humble hut,

was thrown open to all comers. The wants of the stranger were looked after in a special manner for it was believed that, if anyone went away dissatisfied, the blessings of the Yule-log went with him. Holly and mistletoe were seen in abundance as well as anything else which as Herrick says, would "see December turned to May."

All frolics were presided over by the "Lord of Misrule" who was elected by the party and allowed to pick his trusty lieutenants. From that time on, he was in sole command, and legitimate fun of any kind was countenanced by the elders. His Lordship must of necessity have been a young man of great vivacity and an inventive turn of mind which accounts for the seeming foolishness of some of the games. At the same time, many innocent and harmless amusements were enjoyed by the young, while the older and more sedate recalled days gone by, applauding, meanwhile, the capers of youth. A favorite revel of Xmas eve was the masque—a modified survival of which is described by Irving in his "Sketch Book."

There are two customs which are universal and have stood the test of time admirably. They are the Christmas tree and the hanging up of the stockings. There are many opinions concerning the origin of the former, but the most authentic declares that it has come to us from the Germans. But whence it came does not matter, for it is very popular and poverty-stricken indeed is the home in which no tree is found. It is profusely decorated with tinsel, bonbons, and lighted candles of different colors. Around the foot of the tree are grouped the gifts belonging to each individual. The latter custom is a corruption of the Dutch manner of placing the wooden shoes outside the door. The stocking has its advantages as one youngster shrewdly answered, when given his choice, that wooden shoes could not stretch. Each little stocking must be filled to capacity with nuts, oranges, and smaller presents, while the little ones slumber, or deep will be the grief in the morning. Of course Santa Claus only visits the good little boys and girls so all are exceptionally well-behaved during the pre-Xmas time when the fond parents are too busy shopping to pay as much attention as usual. The first rays of dawn cause their expectant eyes to fly open and there is a mad rush for the stockings. And then, what an uproar! Each one shouting with joy as a new wonder is drawn forth or an exceptionally fine orange is extricated from the bulging hosiery. There are several theories advanced in support of this custom. One is the necessity of quieting the children, but the one which appears to me as being nearest the truth, is that this festival is essentially

for children, because they bear the most resemblance to Him who was born on that day.

Every year, however, marks the passing of some of our Xmas customs—customs hallowed by time and not existing without a purpose. Many tend only to perpetuate the beautiful stories and ideals which gave birth to them. It is singular to note that the majority of the religious ceremonies have survived, while the others have sunk into oblivion.

In the United States and Canada, Christmas Day is considered as *the holiday* of the year. The day in reality lasts from midnight of Christmas even until such time as one retires the following night. Outside the home, everything is extraordinarily quiet in marked contrast to other holidays, but within the houses feasting and merrymaking is in evidence all day long. The joy which is everyone's on this day when the world was freed from the yoke of slavery, is enhanced by the presence of relatives and friends whom we see at no other time of the year.

It has been said that our Christmas festivals are being made too sordid by the number of useless and extravagant gifts exchanged, but in view of the increase of the last few years of gifts of a utilitarian nature, such an accusation is nonsense. This practice simply proves that although the method of showing good-will toward our fellow-creatures has changed, the spirit is still strong and my closing wish is that it may continue to thrive and become greater year by year.

A. GILLIGAN, '14.



Right Rev. F. X. Brunet, '90



WAVE of joy passed through the University on receiving the news that one of its alumni was named bishop of the new diocese of Mont Laurier. The Rt. Rev. Francois Xavier Brunet, a native of the little village of St. André, Argenteuil, Que., was the son of Francois Brunet (a carriage-maker), and of Léocadie Jaly.

When the child was almost five years old, his parents left St. André, and came to live in the city of Ottawa. He received his early education at the Brother's school, which was at that time under the directorship of Rev. Brother André, who left some grand souvenirs in this city.

At the age of fourteen, the boy entered Ottawa University, in order to finish his commercial course and to procure his diploma. The following year he commenced his classical course and finished in the year 1890, carrying away the title of B.A. In fact it may be interesting to note that Bishop Brunet was the first to graduate after the college received its charter, giving it the title of a Catholic University.

During his term at the university, his course was brilliant, and he left his Alma Mater with an enviable record. His professors have only one voice to proclaim the piety and assiduity with which the newly-elected bishop devoted himself to his studies as long as they knew him at the University.

His classical studies having been completed, he entered the Grand Seminary at Ottawa the following year, and Rev. Father Langevin, today Bishop Langevin was his director. He received the tonsure in 1891, and the minor orders in 1892, being made deacon in 1893. In the month of August of the same year, he was made deacon and ordained priest in September.

Accordingly Archbishop Duhamel called him to take the charge of master of ceremonies at the Cathedral. From there he was sent to occupy the temporary position of curate at Masson and Thurso.

In the month of November, 1894, he was named curate at Aylmer, a position which he occupied till the month of May, 1895, when he was named parish priest of St. Malachy in Mayo, not far from Buckingham. And, in spite of the fact that his health was

not the very best, he showed the utmost zeal in all his undertakings. In order to accommodate all his parishoners, he built a chapel seven miles from the parish church, and never let a Sunday pass without going to his mission, either to celebrate the Holy Mass, or to give the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The parish church was not yet completed, and fortunately for the parish father Brunet exhorted his parishoners to embellish the temple of God, and in the year 1896, he built a magnificent little church which today is the pride of all the faithful of that parish.

Archbishop Duhamel remembering the qualities of the priest of Mayo, called him to The Brook, in the month of November, 1900. Arrived in this parish, his preoccupation was as at Mayo, to facilitate the means for his parishoners to perform their religious duties. This is why he built the mission at Hammond, which has since become larger and now is a very respectable parish with its church and presbytery. At The Brook, a new church had been commenced and it was left unfinished. But Father Brunet, in his zeal for the glory of God, was indefatigable in his exhortation to the parishoners, that they should make the necessary sacrifices to complete this House of Prayer. This zeal was seconded by that of his parishoners and in the year 1901, the church was finished.

Understanding the advantage of a good Christian education for all the children, the parish priest of The Brook conceived the project of bringing religious teachers into his parish, under the direction of the Grey Nuns of the Cross.

In 1904, the parish priest of The Brook was called to the Cathedral, and became secretary to his lordship the Archbishop, a position which he held till the day when the joyful news arrived from Rome, announcing that the Abbé Brunet was named bishop of the new diocese of Mont Laurier.

There is no need for us to recall here the numerous qualities of the new bishop. The fact that Rome chose him is the best eulogy we can give him.

We end this short biographical notice, by expressing the wish that his reign may be teeming with good works, and that he may continue on a vaster field the good which he never ceased to do during his years of apostleship as parish priest and as secretary to the Archbishop of Ottawa.


A Christmas Madrigal



The herald winds of Christmas sleep
High-cradled on the wooded steep.
The far stars only are a-thrill
With life; the night is cold and still.
Come, gather round the ingle-nook
And from its shelf take down the book
Wherein the master's genius drew
Those pictures old, but ever new;
Whose "Christmas Carol's" deathless chime
Beats down the envious touch of time.
Here let the children sit, and there
Beneath the lamp's light place thy chair.
Take thou the book, O! golden voice,
And read the pages of thy choice.
Tell us of Scrooge and Marley's ghost,
Of all our favourites old; but most,
Tell us with tenderness of him
We laugh and weep with—Tiny Tim.
Call thou the soul to every face
About thee in this holy place.
We shall not be ashamed at all
For frank, sweet tears you cause to fall;
But fervently, with eyelids dim
And hearts attuned to Tiny Tim,
We'll quote his words when you have done,
And say, "God bless us, every one!"

T. A. DALY.

The Early Germanic Community

HE warlike Germanic tribes, who overturned the western monarchy of Rome, hold a very important place in history. The most civilized nations of today claim these tribes as their ancestors and in the rude institutions of those barbarians we may still distinguish the original principles of our present laws. Almost the whole of Prussia, Finland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Germany, were peopled by the numerous tribes of this great nation. The Rhine on the west and the Danube on the south separated them from the provinces of the empire.

In general these tribes are described as being large and very strong better adapted to violent exertions than to patient labour. They seem to have been wretchedly destitute, passing their lives in ignorance and poverty. Their towns were no more than rude fortifications, presumably designed to shelter the women, children and cattle, during the absence of the warriors. Tacitus tells us that these people regarded towns as "places of confinement rather than of security." Even their dwellings were isolated, one from the other and were usually constructed near a stream. These too, were huts, built roughly and thatched with straw. The men usually dressed themselves in the skin of some animal and the women manufactured for their own use a kind of linen. The game of their dense forests supplied their food and their monstrous herds of cattle constituted their wealth.

They cultivated corn to a very limited extent, but the greater part of their territory lay waste without tillage.

As far as their mineral wealth was concerned the Germans seemed almost entirely ignorant of its resources. Sweden, today supplies Europe with iron, and even the arms of the Germans show that they hardly knew the use of this metal. They made no use of coin and carried on traffic by the exchange of commodities.

All these facts go to prove that the Germanic people were in their primitive existence, in grossest barbarism. It is not surprising then that indolence and carelessness about the future marked their general character. The works that were really a necessity such as the care of the family, the management of the land and cattle were delegated to the old, the infirm, to women and slaves. The lazy warrior lived but to eat and sleep.

Nevertheless, contradictory as it may seem, these warriors were of a restless temperament and detested tranquility. A call to arms was always welcome and seemed to bring new life to these sordid lives. In the intervals of peace the warriors gave way immoderately to deep gaming and excessive drinking, which for the time relieved them from their often painful thoughts. Unfortunately too, the blood of friends and relations often stained their drunken riots. They drank strong beer, when they had nothing better, but after their intercourse with the Romans was somewhat extended we learn that they sighed for the rich intoxicating wines of Italy. They never, however, attempted to cultivate the vine, preferring to ravish by force of arms rather than solicit by labour what they desired. We are not surprised then to note on History's pages where mention is made of these people ravaging the provinces which enjoyed these envied gifts. We read of how the German auxiliaries, invited into France during the civil wars of the sixteenth century, "were allured by the promise of plenteous quarters in the provinces of Champagne and Burgundy."

When the Germanic people became more numerous, the disregard for art and care in the cultivation of the soil manifested itself, but did not improve the condition. Instead of trying to produce the necessaries of life when famine stared them in the face, they emigrated. These changes of place, however did not disturb these barbarians as we would expect, because as a general thing they carried their valuables with them and even cheerfully at times abandoned "the vast silence of their words for the unbounded hopes of plunder and conquest."

The far greater part of Germany, possessed a government which was a form of democracy. The individual felt himself obliged to submit his private opinion and his actions to the judgment of the greater number of his associates. The Germans were often hasty and violent in their decisions. Often an irregular multitude inflamed with faction and strong liquor made use of arms to enforce their furious resolves.

A general of the tribe was elected on occasion of danger, but his office and power expired with the war and in time of peace the German tribes acknowledged no supreme authority. This very fact is a strong proof of their love of independence.

They admired courage and flocked around a chief who had made himself renowned. To protect his person was one of their most sacred duties. The rude plenty of his hospitable board was the only pay that he could bestow or they would accept. This hero

worship brought out many of the best qualities of the Germans, faith, valor, hospitality and chivalric courtesy.

These people also respected woman. Polygamy was not in use. The wife was treated with esteem and confidence and her opinion consulted when there was doubt. The German women were as brave as their warriors and we find them in the camps, amid the sound of arms, wherever there was danger. With such masculine traits of character we cannot expect to find in the German woman the attractive softness and gentleness which characterizes her race. The first virtue of the female however has ever been chastity.

These bold warriors were Nature-worshippers. They adored the sun, the moon, fire and earth. Human sacrifices were the most precious offerings to their altars. Their only temples were dark and ancient groves. Exposed to blind superstition by their woeful ignorance, the German priests exercised a power over the people that no magistrate could exert and the defects of civil policy were sometimes supplied by the interposition of ecclesiastical authority. In the faith of soldiers, cowardice was the most unpardonable of sins, and the wretch who had lost his shield was alike banished from the religious and civil assemblies. All agreed that a life spent in arms and a glorious death in battle were the best preparations for a happy futurity.

Here was the situation and such were the manners of the ancient Germans. All contributed to form a people of military heroes, yet we find that from the defeat of Varus to the reign of Decius, they made but few attacks on Roman territory. Internal feuds were always a cause of disunion among them and this fierce multitude incapable of concerting or executing any plan of national greatness was divided into more than forty independent states. The German tribes were voluntary and fluctuating associations of soldiers, almost of savages. The irregular divisions and the restless motions of the people of Germany, dazzle our imagination.

One tribe of this race appeals to our interest in the study of English history. About the middle of the second century they occupied a small district on the right bank of the Elbe and were known as the Saxons. They were divided into three independent tribes, governed by hereditary chiefs and known as the Westphalians, the Ostphalians and the Angrians. Once a year the chiefs of the tribes assembled to deliberate on affairs of general interest. Pillage on hand and sea were their only occupations. In the third century their devastations on the British and Belgian coasts occasioned the appointment of a particular officer named Count of the

Saxon Shore, to defend those regions; but as the power of Rome declined the audacity of the Saxons increased, their expeditions became more frequent, their descents more destructive. In 449 Hengist and Horsa succeeded in effecting a settlement on the coast of Britain. Vortegern a British prince availed himself of this warlike band to repel the incursions of the Picts and Scots. Receiving Kent for their services, successive bands attracted by the good fortune of their compatriots, settled likewise in the country. Impelled by their natural ferocity and goaded on by the stubborn resistance of the natives, the Saxons showed themselves such merciless enemies that at the end of a century the British race was confined to the mountains of Wales and the maritime districts of Cornwall. The Britons in their distress sent the following letter to Aetius, then Governor of Roman Gaul: "To Aetius, now consul for the third time; the groans of the Britons. The barbarians drive us to the sea, the sea throws us back on the barbarians; thus two modes of death await us; we are either slain or drowned." As the Saxons advanced they established independent kingdoms, which numbered seven and were known as the Heptarchy. These were absorbed into one in the ninth century under Egbert of Wessex. From this date until the middle of the eleventh century the Danes endeavored to treat the Saxons as these latter had treated the native Britons and the history of the Anglo-Saxon monarchy presents but a confused and melancholy picture of incursions and resistance. The greatest monument of the Anglo-Saxons is Beowulf, from the name of its hero. It is the oldest epic poem of the Teutonic race and affords valuable insight into the characteristics of the age. In it we look upon the scenery with which these tribes were familiar; we are brought face to face with their hopes and fears, their ideas of duty, their manner of regarding life and the way they took their exit from it. Much of the information gleaned from this poem varies from that given us by Tacitus and Caesar and we are pleased to brighten the picture already drawn by such an unselfish model as Beowulf, the great prototype of King Alfred. The generous grief of his people, ignoring gold and jewels in the thought of the greater treasure they had lost, the memorial on the low cliff, which would cause every returning mariner to steer a straight course to harbour in the remembrance of his dead hero; and the pure poetry which marks every noble line, raises the chief already described otherwise by Tacitus to the position of a hero and a model. In the literature of the world we will find no other such picture of a brave man's death. So we see that those early sea-kings were a

marvelous mixture of savagery and sentiment, of rough feeling and of deep emotion, of splendid courage and the profound melancholy of men who know their limitations and have faced the unanswered problem of death. In all their fighting the love of an untarnished glory was uppermost; and under the warrior's savage exterior was hidden a great love of home and homely virtues and a reverence for the one woman to whom he would presently return in triumph. So when the wolf hunt was over, or the desperate fight was won, these mighty men would gather together, lay their weapons aside and listen to the songs of Scop and Gleeman—men who could put into adequate words the emotions and aspirations that all men feel but that only a few can express. The great hidden life of the Germanic people may be summed up in five great principles,—their love of personal freedom, their responsiveness to nature, their religion, their reverence for womanhood and their struggle for glory as a ruling motive in every noble life. It was not then the love of fighting but rather the love of honour resulting from fighting well, which animated our forefathers in every campaign. The whole secret of Beowulf's mighty life is summed up in the last line, "Ever yearning for his people's praise." Again when we read,

"Now hath the man

O'ercome his troubles. No pleasure does he lack,
Nor steeds, nor jewels, nor the joys of mead,
Nor any treasure that the earth can give,
O royal woman if he have but thee."

we know we are dealing with an essentially noble man, not a savage; we are face to face with that profound reverence for womanhood which inspires the noblest deeds and we honour the old Teutonic hero. And so we have these people. Outwardly their life was a constant hardship, a perpetual struggle against savage nature and savage men. Behind them were gloomy quests inhabited by wild beasts and still wilder men and peopled in their imagination with dragons and evil shapes. In front of them, thundering at the very dikes for entrance was the treacherous North Sea, with its fog and storms and ice. Here they lived, a big, blond powerful race, and hunted and fought and sailed and drank and feasted when their labour was done. A man's life is more than his work; his dream is ever greater than his achievement, and history reflects not so much man's deed as the spirit which animates him; not the poor thing that he does but rather the splendid achievements that follow. Out of the falling Roman Empire, these people carved the destiny of modern Europe.

ROSEMARY, C.N.D.

Rainy Days

WHO likes a rainy day? I'm afraid the affirmative answers are not numerous, but personally I like a rainy day. I do not want you, because of my admission, to jump to the conclusion that I must therefore be a very dull and depressing person.

A dark sky with the rain streaming down is not perhaps a very cheerful outlook. It makes some people want to sleep. If they have insomnia how happy they must be. If on the other hand they want to keep awake just think what a grand chance it is for them to exercise their will power.

There are some who, on sun-shiny days, will loll about in the cheerful heat of Old Sol, and half-asleep build castles in Spain, till the plans of the Tower of Babel look insignificant when compared with those of their imaginary regal possessions. These very same people will complain at a clouded sky, saying that the dismal day makes them too out-of-sorts to work. Judging from their talk, one would draw the inference that they could accomplish prodigious achievements if only Jupiter Pluvius could be restrained from opening the flood gates of the rivers that water the Elysian fields. Alas! such people never seem to be in conjunction with the elements. In Spring everything is so bright and cheerful that they simply can't get down to work. In Summer they say it is too hot. In Autumn the falling leaves seem to be so symbolic of death that they must needs brood upon the thought. In Winter the bright fireplace and warm stove prove more alluring than the cold out-of-doors. If it is raining they complain about the weather. If the day is sunny, ah! then they work and build myriads of palaces in the air; but their building material is such that with the setting of the sun it crumbles and falls, tumbling down with it all the fantastic mansions which they have been at so great pains setting up in that Utopian kingdom of Micomicon.

What a relief a rainy day is! Suppose we had nothing but sunshine we'd get tired of it just as we get tired of nothing but cake. Was it not Henry Van Dyke who wrote:

If all the skies were sunshine
 Our faces would be fain
 To feel once more upon them
 The cooling splash of rain.

If all the world were music
 Our hearts would often long
 For one sweet strain of silence
 To break the endless song.

If life were always merry
 Our souls would seek relief,
 And rest from weary laughter,
 In the quiet arms of grief.

You complain that on a rainy day nothing seems to go right, and I certainly agree with you. In the first place, you're not in a mood to make things go right, and secondly,—well, I don't think there is any secondly, but rather that it all lies in the person himself. Honestly, now isn't a rainy day restful? Why, you can rant and rave and tear your hair if everything does not fall into place. You can stamp up and down the floor, pull down a mirror and jump on it, defying the gods and their threats of seven years' bad luck. In fact, you feel so utterly at odds with those Arch-Jesters of the Universe that you'd walk under a ladder, spill a whole bag of salt on the floor, and, as a final defiance to the denizens of high Olympus, go around the house all day with an open umbrella over your head. That may not sound very restful, but you can easily imagine how it would relieve your mind and the best part of it all would be you could blame it on the weather.

There are some people who are always unhappy. They wander around in a dejected and aimless manner wearing a mournful look that reminds you of a lost cat on a wet night. They are the ones,

“Who would like to sit by the window,
 And groan in peace, and weep and sigh,
 And watch the waters flood the basement,
 And see the funerals go by.”

Consider how a rainy day helps make such people happy and convince them that fickle Dame Fortune has not entirely forgotten their existence.

It is the man who smiles that makes the world seem brighter. The days cannot be always fair. Even Homer nods, so may not Phoebus sleep? Resolve then that next rainy day you'll look on the bright side of those dark clouds. Make yourself believe that the farmers need the rain, think that melancholy people welcome the sight of a dismal sky.

At any rate, think it over.

THEODORE J. KELLY, '14.

Courtesy.



Of Courtesy, it is much less
Than Courage of Heart or Holiness,
Yet in my Walks it seems to me
That the Grace of God is in Courtesy.

On Monks I did in Storrington fall,
They took me straight into their Hall;
I saw Three Pictures on a wall,
And Courtesy was in them all.

The first the Annunciation;
The second the Visitation;
The third the Consolation,
Of God that was Our Lady's Son.

The first was of St. Gabriel;
On Wings a-flame from Heaven he fell;
And as he went upon one knee
He shone with Heavenly Courtesy.

Our Lady out of Nazareth rode—
It was her month of heavy load;
Yet was her face both great and kind,
For Courtesy was in her Mind.

The third it was our Little Lord,
Whom all the Kings in arms adored;
He was so small you could not see
His large intent of Courtesy.

Our Lord, that was Our Lady's Son,
God bless you, People, one by one,
My Rhyme is written, my work is done.

H. Belloc.

Author and Journalist.



N eminent authority on literature is credited with the assertion that the three cleverest writers in England to-day are G. K. Chesterton, Hillaire Belloc and George Bernard Shaw. However true this may be, it is obvious that the writings of Chesterton and Belloc should be of particular import to Catholics in pursuit of intellectual culture, inasmuch as the philosophy of both is essentially Catholic and antagonistic to the indifferentism to defined truths so rampant in this materialistic age. Both have employed intellects of undoubted power to courageously defend Christianity against the attacks of modern sceptics and scoffers, but it is with the stronger and more remarkable of these two writers that this sketch has to deal—with his philosophy and the unique and startling manner in which he presents it to a literary world where his name has already become a household word.

Gilbert Keith Chesterton was born at Campden Hill, Kensington, England, on the 29th of May, 1874. He went to St. Paul's School when about twelve, and after an elementary education of some five years, his father—a draughtsman by profession—recognized in him extraordinary literary ability, and allowed him to withdraw from school and devote his time to literary pursuits, after which he began to review works for *The Bookman* and contribute letters and articles to some of the weekly English periodicals, over the signature "G. K. C." As an able critic has said, "In the autumn of the year 1899, no one outside of his own circle had ever heard of G. K. Chesterton; in the spring of 1900, everyone was asking every one else 'who is G. K. C.?' Before the year was over, his name and writings were better known than those of men who had made reputations while he was still an infant. There is no example in the last fifty years of so dizzy a rise from obscurity to fame." To-day this well-deserved renown is claiming the admiration of the New World, and while his works are not numerous, they are so meritorious as to be worthy of the attention of all students of good literature.

Chesterton's fame is summed up in the title his admirers have accorded him, viz.—a master of paradox. He clothes his philosophy in a robe of grotesque metaphors, which seemingly convey to the mind an impression that all of his books were written

in a spirit of uncontrollable mirth. His humour and wit, entrenched behind a strong pugnacity, have put to rout many of his controversialists, because Chesterton is, above everything else, a fighter, one whom even his controversial enemies have learned to respect. It is told that during a period of political excitement in England a few years ago, he carried on as many as twenty controversies in various English journals, with much success. At the present day his influence over many young and developing minds in that country is assuredly great, largely because of the originality of his style and his constant habit of using ludicrous examples with which to enforce an argument or from which to prove a truth. He gives us a reason for this proclivity on his part in a chapter on Spiritualism, taken from "All Things Considered" (1908).

"I think seriously on the whole that the more serious is the discussion, the more grotesque should be the terms. For this, as I say, there is an evident reason. For a subject is really solemn and important in so far as it applies to the whole cosmos or to some great spheres and cycles of experience at least. So far as a thing is universal, it is serious. And so far as a thing is universal it is full of comic things. If you take a small thing, it may be entirely serious; Napoleon, for instance, was a small thing, and he was serious; the same applies to microbes. If you isolate a thing you may get the pure essence of gravity. But if you take a large thing (such as the Solar System), it *must* be comic, at least in parts. The germs are serious because they kill you. But the stars are funny because they give birth to life and life gives birth to fun. If you have, let us say, a theory about man, and if you can only prove it by talking about Plato and George Washington, your theory may be a quite frivolous thing, but if you can prove it by talking about the butler or the postman, then it is serious because it is universal. So far from it being irreverent to use silly examples on serious questions, it is the test of one's seriousness. It is the test of a responsible religion or theory whether it can take examples from pots and pans and boots and butter-tubs. It is the test of a good philosophy whether you can defend it grotesquely; it is the test of a good religion whether you can joke about it."

However, it is primarily his philosophy with which we are concerned and the evolution of ideas leading up to his acceptance of a philosophy which satisfied a Descartes, a Bossuet and a New-

man, and left Pasteur, the great scientist with the simple faith of a Breton peasant.

In dealing with this great genius of modern literature, it is impossible to give on these pages more than a superficial study to his works and to outline a few salient points in connection therewith, because all of them teem with brilliant passages, which could only be the product of a mind consecrated to the deep study of human problems and their solution. The reader is taken whirling down a stream of apparently conflicting thought that bubbles with wit and humour, through maelstroms of paradoxical statements, only to emerge upon the calm sea of certainty—certainty such as Chesterton's philosophy alone can establish in the mind.

His first important productions were "The Wild Knight," "The Defendant" and "Greybeards at Play," extracts from which appear to reveal an agnosticism which pervaded Chesterton's mind in his early days of fame. Afterwards close association with Belloc promoted that sturdy defence of Catholic doctrine which permeates all of his later works, notably "Orthodoxy" (1908). This book may well be termed his masterpiece, by the fact that it is written in answer to a challenge from an independent free-thinker in England, for a statement of his (Chesterton's) faith. In 1905 Chesterton had written a book, entitled "Heretics," which attacked modernity and branded it as a false philosophy. The whole essence of the work is summed up in the following typical Chestertonian parable from one of its pages:—

"Suppose that a great commotion arises in the street about something, say a lamp-post, which many influential persons desire to pull down. A grey-clad monk, who is the spirit of the Middle Ages, is approached upon the matter and begins to say in the arid manner of the Schoolmen, "Let us, first of all, consider, my brothers, the value of Light. If Light be in itself good—" At this point he is somewhat excusably knocked down. All the people make a rush for the lamp-post. The lamp-post is down in ten minutes and they go about congratulating each other on their unmedieval practicality. But as things go on, they do not work out so easily. Some people have pulled the lamp-post down because they wanted the electric light—some because they wanted old iron; some because they wanted darkness because their deeds were evil. Some thought it was not enough of a lamp-post, some too much. Some acted because they wanted to smash municipal machinery; some because they wanted to smash something. And there is war in the night,

no man knowing whom he strikes. So gradually and inevitably, to-day, to-morrow or the next day, there comes back the conviction that the monk was right after all, and that all depends on what is the philosophy of Light. Only what we might have discussed in the gas lamp, we now must discuss in the dark."

Yet the hand that penned so powerful an attack upon modernity never faltered in boldly defending the truths of Christianity in that other estimable volume 'Orthodoxy,' which was published shortly after. It is in this work that we find constant tributes to the Church, which none but a profound student of her history and philosophy could present in such convincing style. He can admire and understand her doctrines in the light of her divine strength, and with equal vigour present arguments in palliation for human acts which might appear inconsistent with them when one fails to consider human weakness. An uncompromising foe of materialism, socialism, evolution and all the modernisms destructive of Dogmatic belief, he is, on the other hand, a staunch defender of miracles, dogma, ritual and such things as he terms "the complexity of a creed."

If "Orthodoxy" is to be considered a masterpiece from the controversial standpoint, one of its chapters entitled "Paradoxes of Christianity" could be said to be a masterpiece within a masterpiece. It is in this portion of the work that his inimitable power of expression is given full play in describing the gradual dawn of his belief in Christian teachings. The chapter is closed by what is undoubtedly the most powerful and beautiful passage in the work, and as it is nothing more or less than a concise resume of the history of the Church by means of a metaphor, one might be pardoned for quoting it—

"The Church in its early days went fierce and fast as a war-horse. It is utterly unhistoric to say that she merely went mad along one idea like a vulgar fanaticism. She swerved to left and right so exactly as to avoid enormous obstacles. She left on one hand the huge bulk of Arianism buttressed by all the worldly powers to make Christianity too worldly. The next instant she was swerving to avoid an Orientalism which would have made it too unworldly. The orthodox church never took the tame course or accepted the conventions. The orthodox church was never respectable. It would have been easier to have accepted the earthly power of the Arians. It would have been easy in the Calvinistic seventeenth century to fall into the bottomless pit of predestination. It is easy to be a madman,

it is easy to be a heretic. It is always easy to let the age have its head—the difficult thing is to keep one's own. It is always easy to be a modernist, as it is easy to be a snob. To have fallen into any of these open traps of error and exaggeration, which fashion after fashion and sect after sect set along the historic path of Christendom, that would indeed have been simple. It is always simple to fall—there are an infinity of angles at which one falls, only one at which one stands. To have fallen into any one of the fads from Gnosticism to Christian Science would indeed have been obvious and tame, but to have avoided them all has been one whirling adventure, and in my vision the heavenly chariot flies thundering through the ages, the dull heresies sprawling and prostrate, the wild truth reeling, but erect."

Of his other works, "George Bernard Shaw," "The Ball and The Cross," "What's Wrong With The World?" "Alarms and Discursions," "The Innocence of Father Brown," and "Manalive" are perhaps the most important. After reading that series of interesting problem stories, entitled "The Innocence of Father Brown," one must admit that Chesterton possesses a mind of great analytical power and is quite capable of writing highly entertaining fiction. In these narratives, a humble curate is made the hero in unravelling the mystery surrounding various crimes, and the inconsistency with which Chesterton emphasizes the curate's extraordinary knowledge of human nature is marked throughout.

The subject of this sketch is an ardent Home Ruler, and until recently his pen has been of great aid to the cause of Liberalism in England, but within the past few months some of their methods have been a target for many of his attacks in the press.

To have acquired fame as a literary genius within the short space of fifteen years is indeed a remarkable feat, but to have reached the ears of the vast population of Great Britain, the majority of whom are hostile to some of the principles he propounds, is more remarkable; and it is more than passing strange that this brilliant writer and master of paradox should be in himself a veritable paradox, for while he has treated the Church and her doctrines so devotedly as to merit the title "Catholic," he still remains a non-Catholic in fact.

VERITAS.

December 31st

There are silver threads in your hair, old year,
 And lines on your forehead, too;
 While your eyes are dim—that were once so clear—
 From the troubles you've gone through.
 At your leaving now we voice our regret,
 Our sorrow gives way to tears;
 It is only when we have oldish grown,
 We sigh for the vanished years.

*“Epiloguc to the passing year,
 Tonight I say goodbye—
 And quickly race in the roads of space,
 Last of this year am I.
 No waiting cries may hold me back,
 No prayers my going chain,
 I take my flight from this world tonight,
 Your tears are all in vain.”*

Your back is bent with the weight of a year,
 Its troubles and toils and woes;
 The pleasure it knew was little, I fear,
 For man must reap what he sows.
 Though a mortal's lot seems naught but a moan,
 A happier term comes after;
 We cannot live in a riot of joy,
 And tears must follow laughter.

*“I'll leap out through the silent dark,
 Where none may see me go—
 And push my way through the clouded gray,
 Over your world below.
 I laugh at you who bid me stay,
 But let me whisper low—
 'In memory sweet we'll often meet,
 In the realms of the long ago.' ”*

THEODORE J. KELLY, '14.

Almost a Hero



HARLEY STANLEY was a prosaic young man, who went to his office every day and did his best to earn a modest salary. He also worked harder to make his salary cover the expenses of his modest (?) mode of living, as is the custom of many young men. But underneath his commonplace exterior, there lay, unsuspected by his friends, (who were many) a love of romance. One of the effects of this was to make him, in his hours of ease, imagine himself the hero of innumerable gallant exploits, generally having to do with the rescue from danger of some fair damsel. As is also the custom of many young men.

One Christmas Eve he was returning home after an evening spent with some friends. He was at peace with the world, as he walked along thinking with satisfaction of all the clever remarks he had made, and with regret of many which he had thought of too late to be of any use. Suddenly a bright object, half buried in the snow by the sidewalk, caught his eye. Stooping he picked it up. It proved to be a lady's silver mesh bag with its chain broken. In hopes of finding a clue to its ownership he opened it. It contained a small phial and a lady's visiting card. Stepping under a nearby arc-light he read the following words scribbled hastily on the back of the card: "Have found the girl at above address. She will need to be silenced. The jewels are in the safe in the library. Eleven o'clock!" Somewhat startled and puzzled at the meaning of this strange message he turned over the card and saw engraved thereon Miss Irene Greaves, 139 Maple Ave. Instantly the significance of the pencilled words flashed upon his brain. That very morning he had been reading of a number of operations of a gang of burglars in that very vicinity. He had evidently stumbled upon their latest plot. The owner of the purse, no doubt, was a female member of the band, used perhaps as a go-between. Examining the phial his suspicions were confirmed. It contained *Chloroform!*

Here was his chance! If he could reach there in time he would save the girl! Glancing at his watch he saw that he had half an hour in which to act before the criminals would start their nefarious work. Ordinarily it was an hour's walk from where he was to Maple Ave. But by using short cuts he thought he could reach there in the time at his disposal.

The short cuts, as usual, proved disastrous. The first fence he climbed produced a neat rip in his overcoat. Sprinting across a railway yard he forgot about the rails until suddenly his foot caught on one and the ground seemed to rise up and smite him on the forehead. Dazed but dauntless he pressed on. After negotiating another fence he landed at full length in an ash-pile. While going at top speed to escape the too cordial attentions of a business-like dog, a clothes-line catching under his chin deposited him neatly on his back. Nevertheless in spite of these checks he reached the address with a few minutes to spare.

Rushing madly up the steps he rang the doorbell furiously. His summons was answered by a rather prepossessing young lady ("quite fit to be the heroine of such an adventure," was his inward comment) who was somewhat startled at the sight of the dishevelled being who stood panting before her. And well she might, for a large bruise, from which blood was trickling, adorned his brow. His face was streaked with a mixture of blood, perspiration, melted snow and ashes. He was hatless, his collar was loose and his coat was disfigured by a large rent. He, however, had few thoughts of his appearance as he burst forth.

"Are you Miss Irene Greaves?"

"Yes, but what . . . ?"

"Thank God I'm in time," he gasped, "you are in danger." And forthwith he plunged into his tale and poured into her frightened ears the story of the dastardly plot against her which he had unearthed. As he finished he handed over for her inspection the bag and its contents. As she examined them, the look of fear and consternation passed from her face and in her eyes (beautiful eyes, he thought) a look of comprehension dawned and he was dumbfounded to see her burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. After several attempts to speak she conquered her mirth sufficiently to explain its reason.

"You must pardon my rudeness," she said, "but it is all so funny (here she nearly went off again.) It all comes of asking a man to do anything. You jumped at a wrong conclusion. You see this is my purse which I asked my brother this morning to take to the jeweler's to be mended. I also asked him to get some cards engraved for me according to this sample and to get me a few ounces of chloroform to clean my gloves. He seems to have bought the chloroform all right and forgotten the other messages and ended with losing all three articles. He has done that before. That is his writing on the back of the card, though what it means I don't

know, unless it has something to do with a story he is writing. However I'll call him and we'll see."

Her brother proved to be a quiet bookish young man who smiled seriously when the situation was laid before him. He looked ruefully at the evidences of his negligence and corroborated his sister's conjecture concerning the mischief-making note.

Poor Stanley stood there covered with chagrin and mortification, and melting snow. But his sense of humor came to his rescue and a grin overspread his features as he realized that the joke was on him, and the three burst into hearty laughter as the ridiculousness of the situation appealed to them afresh.

Brother and sister would not hear of him leaving until he had recovered from the effects of his strenuous journey, and he made himself so garrulous while resting that he was invited to call again. He did—many times. But, as Kipling says "that is another story."

However, when afterwards he was tempted to indulge in day-dreams, he would check himself with the memory of that Christmas Eve when he was almost a hero.

DORNEY ADAMS, '15.

List of Well-known Magazines With College Men at Head.

The question has been raised of late whether the substantial monthly magazines were edited by college or non-college men. The men and women of the Century Company are well distributed among the graduate bodies of the different American colleges, and have taken great interest in compiling a list of the editors of the well known monthlies.

They have called this topic to the attention of Harvard University by sending to the *Crimson* this list of magazines and their editors:

The Century, R. S. Yard, Princeton '83.

Scribner's, E. L. Burlingame, Harvard '69.

Harper's, H. M. Alden, Williams '57.

Atlantic Monthly, Ellery Sedgwick, Harvard '94.

Review of Reviews, Albert Shaw, Grinnell '79.

World's Work, A. W. Page, Harvard '05.

The following two magazines not included in the list are also edited by Harvard men:

Smart Set, W. H. Wright, Harvard '92.

Harper's Weekly, Norman Hapgood, Harvard '90.

University of Ottawa Review

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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

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Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

Vol. XVI.

OTTAWA, ONT., DECEMBER, 1913.

No. 3

CHRISTMAS GREETING.

Once more the joyous season of Christmas is with us, bringing sentiments of friendship and kindness and good-will to all. Even the editorial sanctum is not immune to human feeling, and so in all sincerity we wish each and every one of our friends and readers, an abundant share of the graces and blessings of this holy time, and bid them with all our hearts, "a Merry Christmas, and a Bright and Prosperous New Year."

GOOD FELLOWSHIP.

The reader may think it a strange subject that we have chosen for our theme, but after reading this short article he will readily notice in the routine of his daily life that there are many occasions when one might put to a practical use an idea which we will endeavour merely to suggest in a frank, friendly way.

In this hurly-burly world we all have our cares and troubles, to which many often give outward expression in their demeanor by bearing either a heavy brow or an entirely dejected countenance. These people are uncharitable, they are burdening their friends, and let us hope unconsciously, with their own disposition. Upon meeting, instead of greeting in a friendly manner, they allow cares, discontent and unhappiness to be read in their eyes, which are the windows of the soul. Such a demeanor is lowering to the spirits of friends and casts gloom over all.

An old saw says, "Quit going around with a gloomy face." How much better our friends and even ourselves would feel, if we but greeted them heartily and endeavoured to make them realize that we were *actually* pleased to meet them. Moreover, our friends would be glad to see us, knowing that we spread only sunshine and happiness. How often do we hear—"O there comes so-and-so, let us dodge him. I don't want to meet him, he always has his tale of woe."

It is not necessary to wait until we get into the world to practise greeting one's friends. Even here, in our own midst, if we acquire the habit of bidding one another a hearty "Good morning," it would invariably, nine times out of ten, "knock the head off a grouch" or "the blues," which generally take root in the morning and burst into bloom as the day advances, unless shaken off by an effort of the will.

Emerson says, "Life is not so short but that there is always room enough for courtesy," which indeed is only too true.

There are, however, certain localities wherein Good Fellowship, as we have endeavoured to depict it, exists. The writer had an occasion recently to visit a small town in the New England States. In the morning, before the last step of the staircase had been descended, the office clerk greeted us with a hearty "Good morning, sir! Did you rest well?" and upon passing through to the dining room several gentlemen, although strangers, granted a similar salutation.

Although a perfect stranger, we must confess that we felt perfectly at ease and very much among friends. Fond memories are still retained of that town, in which everyone and at all times seemed to have a pleasant word for whomsoever he met.

It is not our desire to uphold those who are too free—we would ever have you recall the words of Lady Montague, "Civility costs nothing and buys everything." Even should your cares and troubles become preponderating, remember that:

It is easy enough to be pleasant
 When life goes on like a song;
 But the man worth while
 Is the one with a smile
 When everything goes dead wrong.

LAND REFORM.

It was in 1910 that Lloyd-George greatly stirred the whole world by his radical proposals in the matter of land reform, based upon the economic principles of his celebrated namesake, Henry George.

He imposed an infinitesimal tax on land,—a fact which every one knew to be but the forerunner of single tax. His measure has already borne fruit; many of the great land-owners have thrown their estates on the market and many others are ready to do the same. The Duke of Sutherland, one of the largest of land-owners in the Kingdom, has offered to sell 250,000 acres at ten dollars per acre. Surely the day of the land monopoly and of the oppressors of the agricultural class is drawing to a close. The Chancellor of the Exchequer now threatens to take a more drastic and merciless action. The land had been taken from the agriculturalists and changed into sporting moors for wild game. Thus people who would make the land productive were deprived of the right of doing so. Comparatively few till the land in Great Britain; in fact, she has the lowest number of agricultural workers per thousand; and as to the wages paid they are small indeed, being below the workhouse scale. But now the game preserves of the land-owners are to be broken up for the benefit of the common people. True, such a radical move will involve a big change “in the whole attitude of the principal of the capitalists in the land.” The move might even be the beginning of the end of their dominion. But if it is to be so, it cannot be helped, because, as Lloyd-George said in his speech at Bedford, “the country has to choose between the power of the landlord and the prosperity of the laborer.” The latter will get the choice because on him depends the safety and stability of the country; but, if the life of the country is kept beneath the workhouse scale, that country is staring ruin in the face.

Notes and Comments.

It has been remarked that many modern literary critics allow their attention to dwell too confinedly on the literary brilliancy of the writings which come before their notice, and that they pay little attention to an analysis of the good or bad morals which mark the development of the story. This is quite true. It is an absolutely wrong and unpardonable principle which leads critics to extol a work as a literary treasure, and excuse the luring incitement to evil which is to be found within its lines.

* * *

Of course, it is regrettable that literary art should be prostituted to an evil theme. But we are no less sincere in our condemnation of the critic who will defend the possible literary excellence of a work, and forget to comment that the author with his stout pen, has shoved his characters along the path of evil, characters who speak the boast of immorality and all the rest of it.

* * *

Coincident with the increasing triumph of the temperance movement in Ireland, a National Catholic Total Abstinence Congress will be held in Dublin next summer. This will mean the united and organized assemblage of all the temperance societies in Ireland. It will be a fitting expression of the wonderful work along the lines of temperance which has been accomplished since the inception of the movement by the great Father Matthew.

* * *

December 8th marked the close of the jubilee which commemorated the one thousand six hundredth anniversary of the Edict of Milan. The decree of Constantine was the first sign of a harvest which had been sown and nurtured with the costly blood of so many Christian martyrs. A recollection of the manifold sufferings which the early Christians endured, in order to ensure the stability and security of Faith which we now enjoy, should inspire us with zeal and courage to "win the world for Christ."

* * *

The recently issued report of the Catholic Immigration Association of Canada is a striking tribute to the energetic and zealous work of its Director, Rev. Abbe Casgrain, of Quebec. The object of the society is the care of Catholic immigrants upon their arrival

in this country. It is unnecessary to emphasize the importance of the task which Abbé Casgrain is carrying out, and undue praise cannot be passed upon the results which he has already accomplished.

* * *

We quote the following. It furnishes food for a deal of reflection: "In the good old days father, mother and children knelt together in the little sitting room and devoutly said the rosary before going to bed. Nowadays father is at the club playing billiards or poker. Mother too, has her club to attend to; the girls are at the bridge-whist party, and the boys are out on the public highways learning to smoke coffin nails." One wonders where the evolution of our domestic life will end.

Lourdes

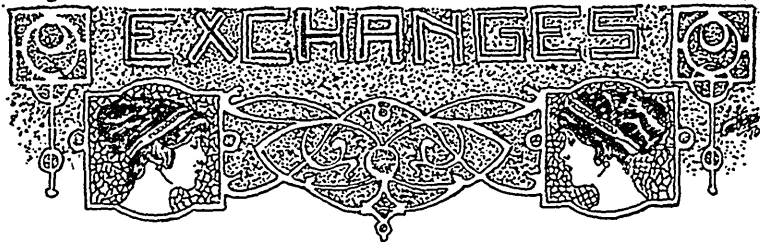
Our Lady bids her little maid
 Eat of the weed that shyly grows
 Where, in the grotto's mystic shade,
 The new-discovered fountain flows.

The crowd with pitying wonder sees
 The symbol soars beyond its ken,
 Ah!—simplest of all mysteries—
 She is Our Lady's Lambkin, then.

Yea! like the pet of her own fold,
 Who ever loved its weakling best,
 Her very feebleness has told
 Upon the heart in Mary's breast.

And evermore the Virgin's care
 Will keep her safe from every ill,
 And, hearkening to its bleating prayer,
 Lead her white soul from hill to hill.

—John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I.



With this issue the exchange editor desires to convey to our sister publications the best wishes of the season. Let us unite at this opportune time in our propaganda of "good will and peace among men," let us draw into closer concord the ideals which we follow in common. In this manner will we effect the better accomplishment of the work which we have in hand.

The *Columbia*, hailing from the University of Fribourg, Switzerland, is a simple little publication, quite lacking of any pretensions in its appearance. Several articles are recorded, however, which are quite above the ordinary. An appreciation of Francis Thompson, the English Catholic poet, an article on Evening Mass, which is an appeal for the resumption of evening celebration of the Holy Sacrifice, and Socialism and the Early Fathers of the Church are three papers which bear particular merit.

The *Argosy*, for the month of October, has afforded us much real enjoyment. Spion Kop is an interesting tale of the Boer War, and is well narrated. Several excellent little poems appear, among which we have remarked The Deserted Waif and Midsummer Night. Each of the several different departments in connection with the organ is handled in the usual capable manner.

The *Collegian* carries to our table its usual hamper of good things. The feature article on Social Regeneration is a broad defence of the Catholic church as the great reform power yet known to civilization. Religion in Business Education is another excellent article in which the author makes it clear that moral and religious training is essential to honest success in the business world. The paper is well written, and evidently indicates the writer's serious thought upon his topic. The Girl in Blue and The Amateur Psychologist are good attempts in the field of fiction.

We also desire to acknowledge the following: *Fordham Monthly*, *Clark College Monthly*, *The Victorian*, *The Gateway*, *The Comet*, *The McMaster University Monthly*, *King's College Record*, *The University Monthly*, *Loyola University Magazine*, *O. A. C. Review*,

McDonald College Magazine, Notre Dame Scholasticate, Young Eagle, The Nazarene, St. Mary's Chimes, Niagara Index, Trinity University Review, McGill Daily, Queen's Journal, The Casket, The Weekly Exponent, Echoes from the Pines, The College Spokesman, The Patrician, The University Symposium, The Stanstead College Magazine.



“The Turn of the Tide”—Mary Agatha Gray. (Published by Benziger Bros., N.Y.).

The above work is an absorbing novel for old and young, Catholic in every detail, the action of which revolves round the young and beautiful daughter of Nicholas Norton, who turns away from the man she truly loves (Jesse Amos) and marries a miser (Silas Monereiff) whom she despises, and all this she does in order to save her father from this man, who possesses his life secret. The minor characters, who help to offset the tension of the story, are personages highly interesting in themselves, and once having read the work we will always remember the names of Bob Lister and his exemplary mother, Mary Davis, and her nephew, Hugh Davis, and last but not least, the Judson family. The work is written in a clear, simple and unaffected style, while the plot is so well-woven that the reader's attention is held from beginning to end. The whole work breathes of purity, love, self-sacrifice; the moral being “repent in time,” because “murder will out.” The work has our hearty appreciation.

“Roma, Ancient, Subterranean, and Modern Rome,” by Rev.

Albert Kuhn, O.S.B., D.D. Published in 18 parts, bi-monthly, each part 35 cents, Benziger Bros., New York.

We have read with delight the first part of this truly monumental work, and are eagerly awaiting the remainder. It presents Rome in its entirety—Pagan and Papal, Ancient and Modern, with its art, history, institutions and ruins, in a clear and concise form, with good type, fine paper, and a wealth of splendid photos. It is a work that should be in every Catholic home, and a subscription of \$2.00 for the first year's issue (6 parts), would make an ideal Christmas gift.

"Bond and Free." (Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago. Price, 50 cents postpaid.)

It was indeed a pleasure to review this excellent and most interesting novel by Jean Connor. There is nothing common place about the work and it is in every way worthy of her name. The story hinges on the loves and fortunes of Hugh Trevelyn, who by the death of his uncle inherited a large estate, which includes valuable mines with their "works." We take much pleasure in recommending the book, both as interesting and free from all superfluous matter.

The December number of the "Extension" contains an article, "Things That Are Not Medieval," by James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., which is replete with instructive knowledge, and serves as an exemplary justification of the Middle Ages. Now-a-days, when a person of uncultured taste, wishes to express his contempt for any particular thing, he designates it by the cognomen of "Medieval" or belonging to the Middle Ages. Dr. Walsh in his work entitled, "The Thirteenth Greatest of Centuries" shows clearly that it was in those days that learning flourished, that Universities became a reality, and in general that science received its greatest impetus. In connection with the above article we wish to draw the attention of our readers to the fact that "superstition" is referred to the Middle Ages, while in reality, it took birth in Europe during the seventeenth century. We often hear the expression "Medieval ignorance." Those who use this expression are indeed ignorant, for we find that the Middle Ages gave us our Universities. Cruelty and maltreatment of the insane, during the Middle Ages, are epithets of pseudo-scholars. In reviewing our history we find that the worst period in the treatment of the insane was the eighteenth century. Thus, we could state facts upon facts, all going to prove that the Middle Ages, instead of being the "dark" ages, were in reality ages of enlightenment. Dr. Walsh's work has our hearty

approval, and we recommend it to all those who, indeed, wish to become acquainted with the true state of affairs during the Middle Ages.

In a recent edition of the "Scientific American" we read with interest of the intention of M. Georgia Knap, of erecting in Paris a hotel, which will be the marvel of electro-mechanics. The name of the hotel is to be "Electro-Feria," since all of the services are centralized in the basement. Thus it is that a guest by pressing different buttons, within easy reach of his every movement, will have all his needs supplied; supplied automatically, without anyone in attendance. This new hotel, will undoubtedly prove a source of attraction to tourists, and will be something well worth seeing.

In the correspondence column of a recent number of the "America," we read an account of "The Veillot Centenary at Boynes." Louis Veillot was born at Boynes just one hundred years ago, and to-day his memory is honoured, not so much because he was a great journalist, writer and conversationalist, but because he was a true son of Holy Mother Church. Veillot was a man of ardent and fearless character, a born soldier, "whose pen dipped in irony, in good sense, in truth, pursued poets, philosophers and artists whose work he judged harmful . . . Indifferent when only his person was attacked, he was relentless when his Gospel, his faith and his Lord were insulted." Such a personage was Louis Veillot, one of the many laymen, of whom the Church can indeed be well proud. In connection with the centenary of this distinguished person, our wish is that the remembrance of his many heroic deeds, may actuate all of us, to follow in his footsteps, and may also spur us on to champion the rights of Holy Mother Church, which action characterizes the true-born soldier of Christ.

The "Missionary" for December contains a brief, but interesting account of the life of the Rev. Father Hecker. Born an non-Catholic, God created him a "singularly independent and self-poised nature, and withal much inclined to religion." He possessed an abundant supply of the natural virtues, kindness and regard for the feelings of others being his outstanding qualities. During his younger days religious sentiments held the greatest attractions for him, and he was longing for a closer union with his creator. With this object in view he sought the advice of several of his friends, but they being unable to secure for him the much desired "faith," he turned towards the Catholic Church, into which he was received by Cardinal McCloskey, then Coadjutor Bishop of New York, in August 1, 1844. The year following this step, the new convert

sailed for Europe to enter the Redemptorist novitiate. Rev. Father Hecker, whose object now was to preach to the non-Catholics of America, desired to have a staff of missionaries solely for that work, and it was he who founded the Congregation of St. Paul, with a house and church in New York. The efforts of Rev. Father Hecker and his fellow missionaries were rewarded with great success, and to-day we still find the Paulist Fathers doing excellent work among the non-Catholics of the United States. Twenty-five years ago on the twenty-second day of this December in St. Paul's Convent, New York City, Father Isaac Thomas Hecker died the death of a saint, leaving the Paulist Congregation as a living monument to his memory.

"The Fairy of the Snows," Francis J. Finn, S. J. (Benziger Bros., New York, 85 cents.)

After a lapse of twelve years Father Finn has given us another of his inimitable children's stories. This time the interest centres round Alice Morrow, an original and singularly beautiful character, most certain to captivate the heart of the reader.

We may say that time has not diminished the cunning of Father Finn's pen, and on every page stands forth his cheerful, kindly and sympathetic nature. It is a book that will prove a most acceptable Christmas gift for the young folks.





Owing to the excellence of a mathematical essay submitted to the American Mathematical Society, Mr. MacDonald, our former mathematics professor, has been elected a member of that society.

Rev. Fr. Dowdall, P.P. of Eganville, was a visitor to the University last month.

Mr. Frank Bourke, Matric '11, is engaged in the pharmacy business at Winnipeg.

Mr. Jerry Harrington, '13, paid us a visit recently. We would have liked to see Jerry playing football here this year.

Rev. Fr. Dooner, of Calabogie, called to see us last month.

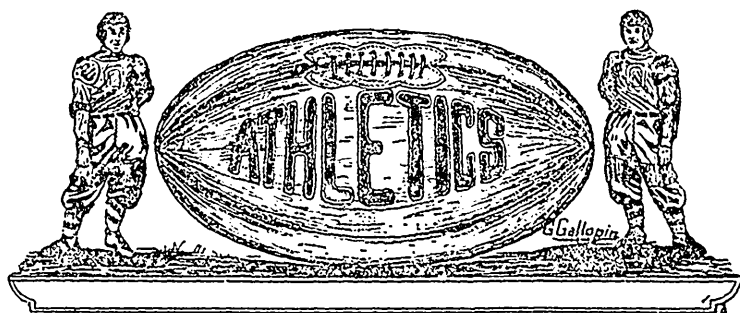
Lawrence Landriau, '14, represented the University at a meeting of the Intercollegiate Debating League which was held at Kingston on Friday, Nov. 28th. The representatives of the different colleges were afterwards treated to a sumptuous banquet given in their honor.

Among former college students who are now playing on other teams are Sheehy, for Varsity; Heffernan and Lajoie, for T. R. and A. A.; Ossie and Pat Kennedy and Mike Rodden, for Queen's, and the McHugh brothers for Mt. Royal College, Calgary.

Mr. Jack Burns, of the Matric class of '11, has left Winnipeg, where he was employed as construction engineer by the C. N. R., and has been obliged to go down to Florida for his health. We earnestly hope for his speedy recovery.

Mr. Dominic Dolan, who is at present travelling for the Capital Life Insurance Company, usually calls around to see us when he is in the city.

The Irish Mission House, under the direction of Rev. Frs. McGuire and S. Murphy, is making rapid progress. Over forty young men are enrolled there this year, and as the authorities have acquired the whole house, they have plenty of room for their own study-halls and private rooms. Much credit is due to the two Rev. Fathers for their rapid success.



Ottawa (19)—Montreal (12.)

As was expected Ottawa defeated Montreal but the fans who undertook the journey to Lansdowne Park were treated to football of a much better quality than they hoped to see. Montreal surprised themselves—when in the first quarter the score stood 6—2 in their favor. The Combines were playing loosely up till then, but suddenly seemed to regain a little of their former snap and energy and soon put the game on ice. The backs of the winged-wheel fourteen played fine football—their catching and punting being of the first class variety. Father Stanton placed an almost entirely new team on the field in the second half with a view to saving the regulars for the momentous struggle in Toronto on the following Saturday. Montreal's defeat left them without a win during the entire season. 'Tis strange that such a complete transformation could take place in such a short time. A few years ago, the Big Four team from the Metropolis used to be annual contenders for the championship—but now—. The M. A. A. is a large and well-organized association, and why, with almost the entire city of Montreal to pick from, it cannot gather together a fourteen capable of upholding its previous enviable record, is beyond our comprehension. Perhaps they need a shakeup in the Board of Management.

Argonauts (30)—Ottawa (12.)

Yes, gentle reader, the score was 30—12, with the Combines on the short end of it. You may ask when? where? how? why? On the fifteenth of November at Rosedale grounds in Toronto—but how and why must go unanswered. Ottawa had already showed undisputed superiority over the Toronto team in two encounters; they entrained on Friday evening the fourteenth with the intention of

winning. They went on the field in Toronto with their intention unshaken. Argos also lined up expecting to be defeated. At half time with the score-board registering 5—3 in favor of Father Stanton's team, joy reigned in the hearts of the few loyal supporters on hand—already visions of a play-off with Tigers were assuming definite shape and form—but then, ah, it is too sad to relate, too unpleasant to recall. Argos started to do things and did not let up until they had rolled Ottawa in the mud from one end of the field to the other—and back again—Merciful Father Time came to the rescue—and the final tally was 30—12 in favor of the Blue and White.

Let us take a retrospective glance over the season just passed—Ottawa finished second in the league race; had it not been for an unfortunate appointment of officials for one of the games, the Combines would have been tied with Tigers for the premier honors. But that's what might have been—it's gone and it is useless to cry over spilled milk. The boys made a good showing—an excellent showing, but the people of Ottawa were not satisfied, because they had set their hearts on nothing less than the Dominion championship. They fell into the same error that so many others have fallen into—that one man and he on the side-lines—can bring a team to victory. Although it frequently occurs when one game is at stake, still when several games must be won, the thing falls flat. Rev. Father Stanton is a good coach—one of the best in Canada, but he cannot make men all over again and if all of the members of the team had showed the same fighting spirit as their coach, there might have been an altogether different story to tell.

As regards the University and the students, considerable interest was shown throughout the season. Of course it was not like other years, we did not expect it would be, but assuredly it was better than nothing, which was the alternative offered us, as we already stated in the October issue of the *Review*. We have every reason to be satisfied—the association is well off financially and some of the old spirit, little as it may have been, was kept alive.

The Senior Internural League.

Owing to inclement weather it was necessary to cut the schedule down by a third. Amalgams are the winners of the league, Combines second, Allies third, and the Uni-Otts bring up the rear. The winners suffered but one defeat and that at the hands of the Combines. The game took place on Sunday, the 23rd and the final score was 10—9. In fact there was little to choose between those

two teams on the season's play, and Amalgams may consider themselves fortunate in winning out. The *Review* and the Sporting Editor extends hearty congratulations. The Uni-Otts won but a single game of their schedule—they defeated the Allies on Wednesday, the 26th by 9—6. The manager and captain of the winning team will receive a watch—not a two-fifty one as has been reported—and each player will be the recipient of a coat-sweater. To the manager and captain of the seconds, will be given a souvenir football, and to each of the players a U. of O. pennant. The association intends banquetting the president of the league and the captain and manager of each team at some not far-distant date.

The league has been successful in some ways, while in others, the success is not so marked. That it developed many good football players cannot be denied—and it also served to give the boys something else to think about besides home. But scientific football was lacking — team work was replaced by brute force — not altogether but more than was necessary or advisable. However, a beginning has been made, and perhaps in future years this defect will be remedied.

The City League.

College second team—our representatives in the City League did not do as well as we hoped for or expected. After defeating Y. M. C. A. 11—0, they met New Edinburghs, who eventually became champions, and gave them a good beating 12—7. Our hopes ran high, but St. Pats were the "Carrie Nations," for they trimmed College 15—4 in the final game of the College schedule. Had the garnet and grey won they would had a chance for a tie for first place, but "there's the rub." New Edinburghs by defeating St. Pats on Saturday last won the championship. Y. M. C. A., because of a little rough-house work on the part of a New Edinburgh player, refused to remain in the league, because that player in question was not suspended. They may have been right in the stand they took, but we have our own opinion on the matter—least said the better.

The Intermediate City League.

One lone championship—and Bill Doran's protégés are the responsible parties. Our Intermediate team went through the season without a defeat and the U. of O. has every reason to be proud of their crack team. It is altogether likely that the association will show its appreciation in some tangible manner—either a banquet or souvenirs.

Before dropping the curtain on football, we would like to say a few words concerning the St. Lawrence-Ottawa game on Thanksgiving Day. Owing to lack of space an account was left out over from last month's *Review*, but Thanksgiving is so far away in the distant past that it would be ancient history to tell about the affray, in an extensive manner. The first half was played under American rules and ended 12—3 in favor of the University boys; but under the Canadian rules in the second half, the Combines added 22 to their score, while the New York representatives failed to register. The people of Ottawa were given an opportunity of comparing the two brands of football. The forward pass in the American game is a pretty as well as a brainy play, but the interference game did not seem to meet with much favor. On the whole, it was the consensus of opinion, that the Canadian way of playing is good enough for years yet to come.

Adieu football:

Hockey.

O. U. A. A. intended placing a team in the Interprovincial, in fact, according to an agreement signed with the other clubs of the Ottawa section, the association was in duty bound to do so. However, the Faculty have decided otherwise and unless something unforeseen occurs, the University of Ottawa will not be represented in any league. The principal objection raised is that hockey interferes too much with studies, that outside football is sufficient. Of course, we do not deny, that many athletes have made a failure of their course; whether or not sport was to blame, still the blame is laid at sport's door, but unless a young man desires and permits it, athletics cannot interfere with his studies—for a healthy body and a healthy mind go hand in hand. The only course left open is that of intermural hockey and leagues will be organized in the near future.

The "barn-storming" trip of the College septet seems to have become an annual fixture. This year the party, under the guidance of Rev. Father Stanton, will leave on or about December the twenty-third. The team will play in Cleveland, Syracuse, New York. In New York, they will take part in a tournament arranged by the Nicholas Rink people, in which, McGill, Varsity and Queen's will also likely have a share. Here's wishing the boys all sorts of luck, and that they may do as well as their predecessors of 1912-13.

Notes.

Our rink will be about the finest open air rink in the city. The association has gone to considerable expense in purchasing excellent "cushions"—all we need now is a few visits of Jack Frost and one foot of snow. The snow was ordered over a week ago, but the mechanism of the upper air is out of gear, hence the delay. Macphie and McIntosh, (sounds like a firm of contractors,) are the managers. The two Maes will make a success of their new undertaking,—why? Just because they are "Men from Glengarry."

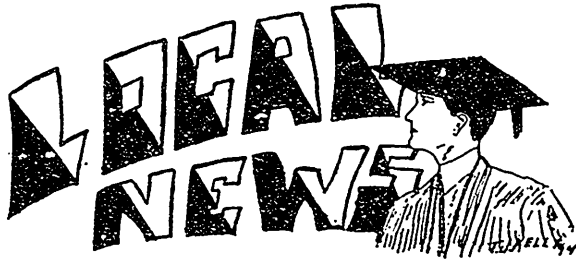
Boxing is a favorite pastime in the recreation hall. Ryan, Donnelly, Hogan and a host of others are becoming quite proficient in the manly art. An instructor will be engaged during the winter to show the youngsters the fine points of the game.

Phillip Dubois intends having his picture taken. Kindly leave your orders with P. F. Harrington or J. D. O'Brien.

The pool tournament is creating much interest. Hayes, has not yet lost a game and it looks as if he would win one of the hats. He will, in all probability present brother Bill with it, because he took Bill's new hat from him last week. Perhaps Dick Madden will win the other head-gear. We hope he does for it would be an awful calamity if the por boy should lose a coat-sweater and a hat in one season.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to one and all is the sincere wish of the Sporting Editor.





During the past month the following debates have taken place: Nov. 3rd, Resolved that: "It would be better to retain the Canadian Senate as an elective body than to abolish it entirely." Messrs. H. T. Fallon, G. Braithwaite and T. Behan argued for the affirmative while J. L. Duffy, V. Hayes and H. Carleton upheld the negative. The debate was awarded to the affirmative. Mr. J. McNally proved an efficient chairman.

Nov. 10th. Resolved that: The present condition of affairs in Mexico justifies the interference of the United States with a view to securing stable government in that country. L. A. Landriau, Clark and L. Cleary debated for the affirmative and J. A. Tallon, H. Dewan and G. De Grandpré for the negative. The judges gave their decision in favour of the negative. Mr. Lahaie acted as chairman.

Nov. 17. Resolved that: The British Government should take action against Sir Hugh Carson for treason. R. Quain, J. Fogarty, J. B. Brennan spoke for the affirmative and W. Hayden, G. Brennan, M. Fogarty for the negative. The affirmative were awarded the judges' decision. Mr. C. A. Mulvihill filled the position of chairman. An innovation was presented at the debate making it one of the most pleasant of the year. The Glee Club, directed by Facher Lajeunesse favored us with a couple of well sung selections. Fr. Lajeunesse is to be complimented upon the good results of his training. The boys themselves deserve praise for their Caruso-like efforts as well as the unflinching manner in which they stood up before the ultra-enthusiastic students who wend their way to the lecture hall on Monday evenings.

Nov. 24th. Resolved that: A two-thirds vote should be sufficient in the rendering of a verdict by the jury. Messrs. R. C. Lahaie, M. J. Fitzpatrick and J. A. Crough were the affirmative speakers, while those of the negative were Messrs. J. J. Power, W.

Foley and J. Cunningham. The debate resulted in a tie. Mr. A. A. Unger, who was in the chair, was called upon several times to exercise his authority in prohibiting the use of notes by the speakers.

The production of a play by the student body is being considered and in fact practically decided upon. The Rev. Prefect of Discipline is at present occupied in looking up plays which could be suitably presented by the students. On being questioned he said "After considering quite a few plays I have narrowed down the number to two. The decision rests between "Richelieu" and "King Sol"; and if we can secure an all-male cast of "King Sol" I think it is the one we will choose." The great success attending the production of "Julius Caesar" last year augurs well for any similar attempt this year. Those who played the principle roles then are back with the exception of Fabian Poulin, who is studying Medicine at McGill. Surely, among the host of new students we will be able to unearth a few Irvings or Favershams.

It has been decided that the annual banquet of the Athletic Association will not be given till after Xmas. It usually takes place shortly after the football season closes, but for various reasons, it has been decided to postpone it till after the holidays. The Rev. Director says that the association will make the wait worth while.

The members of this year's graduating class are introducing for the first time in the University the idea of a class Christmas card. Mr. F. W. Hackett, President of the Convention Committee '14 made the proposal and the suggestion appeared very acceptable to the other members.

On Saturday, Nov. 29 the students were allowed to attend the production of "The Light Eternal" playing at the Russell Theatre. Practically all took advantage of the permission and none who went were in any way disappointed. The cast was an exceptionally well balanced one and the production in every way measured up to the standard.

Messrs. Bernard Lee and Ralph Lahaie—the well known dramatists are busily engaged in training a number of husky thespians for a "football night." The fun should be fast and furious when such as Gannon and Heffernan are billed to play the leading roles.

The French Canadian students of the University celebrated the feast of St. Catherine in a befitting manner on Saturday evening, Nov. 29. At seven o'clock a delightful banquet was served in the senior refectory, at which the Rev. Rector and other members of the faculty were present. The several selections furnished by

the College Orchestra added much to the enjoyment of the sumptuous spread. After the banquet the boys adjourned to the recreation hall where the time was spent in merry making. Mr. J. M. Perron as president, delivered an interesting address. The orchestra rendered some choice French airs. Messrs. A. Belisle and J. Sauvé scored a hit with "Gustave" — a humorous dialogue. Mr. H. Ménard's declamation "Le Coup de Clairon" was well received. However the "Dubois Quartette" brought down the house. The made them all the more acceptable. Dancing, card playing and pool songs sung were composed by one of the students, which feature were then in order. Fathers Dubé and Jasmin with Messrs. E. Jeanotte, L. Genest and C. Dupuis were the winners of prizes in euchre. About eleven o'clock the very enjoyable evening was brought to a close with the singing of "O Carillon" and "O Canada." Great credit is due Father Latullipe as well as to Messrs. G. Perron, E. Jeanotte, J. Sauvé, H. Ménard and F. Beaulieu for the manner in which everything was carried out.

The Debating Society chose Mr. L. A. Landrian as its representative at the annual Arts banquet given by Queen's University on Friday, Nov. 28. "Larry" says he had a fine time and met as nice a bunch of fellows as you could want to know.

Possibly the most interesting meeting of the French Debating Society was that held upon the evening of Nov. 24. The subject under discussion—"Will the formation of a Catholic party in Canada be desirable." Messrs. J. de la Durantaye and J. E. Jeanotte spoke for the affirmative, while Messrs. R. de la Durantaye and H. Ménard upheld the negative. Both sides argued in a very able manner and it was only after much reflection that the judges finally rendered their decision in favor of the negative. Messrs. Tabbot, Boucher and Gagné gave declamations which were well received.

Mr. Colonnier, the well known French lecturer has again been engaged by the executive of the French debating society to deliver a series of lectures before the students. Monday, Dec. 1st, his lecture dealt with good pronunciation. To instill in his hearers more deeply what he said Mr. Colonnier had Messrs. Ranger, R. de la Durantayé, J. E. Jeanotte and F. H. Beaulieu recite and read after which he pointed out the chief mistakes. As an example of a good recitation he gave "Les Lions." This meeting was probably the most interesting held this year.

At a meeting of the Washington Club on Wednesday 27th, considerable regret was expressed when Rev. Father D. J. Finne

gan, O.M.I., resigned as Honorary President. During the past few years his services to the club and kindness to the students have been very much appreciated. At this meeting the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Honorary president, Rev. W. J. Stanton; president, M. A. Gilligan; vice-president, R. C. Lahaie; secretary, F. J. Higgins; treasurer, J. Ward.

On Thursday evening of the same week the ninth annual Thanksgiving luncheon was held, that having been Thanksgiving Day in the United States. From 7 o'clock till 9 progressive euchre was played, Father F. J. Senecal winning first prize; Father P. J. Hammersley taking second, and Father F. Brasmore receiving third. A luncheon was then served, after which an excellent programme was delivered by the musical entertainers. The evening was greatly enjoyed by all those present.

Junior Department.

The football season is over. The leagues have been finished. The Argonauts won the senior championship; and Varsity and College were even in the Midget League.

The pool leagues have been formed. The players are well contested and we hope to see many close games. It is likely that there will be many tied for first place. Many small runs have been made but no one has as yet succeeded in making fifteen or more. However some of the sharks still hope to make a high run before long.

A game called "Mississippi" was brought into Small Yard last Saturday afternoon, and most of the boys have tried their skill in playing it.

Our rink has been put up and we hope, if the weather permits, to have a sheet of ice very soon. We hope to have a good first team this season, and intend joining one of the City Leagues.

On Saturday, November 15th, our first Prefect treated us to a barrel of apples. Each one received two or three, but some succeeded in obtaining seven or eight. However, we thank Father Turcotte for his treat, and hope that we shall very soon be able to reciprocate.

C-l-l-h-n still retains that loud laugh.

C-mp-au is improving.

What's the matter with the "braves" of Small Yard.

We are all sorry for Steve since Cannon has deserted the "braves."

Callahan is some wrestler, he can throw anyone in Small Yard from Jim McGowan to Joe Keegan.

What's the matter with Bill and Lefty. Their jokes are not coming out as quickly as usual?

Since a new window was put in the T. R. of Small Yard, the "pipe dreamers" are diminishing in number.

Fred Corcoran is back with us again. His arm is in a sling, but he seems to have a good deal of strength in that "left."

Pete B-v-er still likes Small Yard. He ventures over here quite often.