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UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW

Vol. XIII.

OTTAWA, ONT., NOVEMBER, 1910.

No. 2

Entered at the Post Office at Ottawa, Ont., as Second-Class Matter.

The Harp of 3,000 Strings.

HAVING spoken of the production of sound; having shown the method of its propagation; having in fact conducted it from its origin to the portal of the ear, the next duty, in logical sequence, is to describe the manner in which that organ carries it to the brain of man. We shall first give an anatomical description of the ear and then conduct a sound over the various parts, showing how necessary and admirable is the mechanism involved.

The ear, for descriptive purposes, is divided into three parts, the external, middle and internal ear.

The external ear, the only visible part, consists of the auricle and the auditory canal. The auricle or finna consists of two prominent rims enclosed one within the other and surrounding a central hollow called the concha or shell. This external ear with its convolutions serves simply to collect the vibrations and lead them by means of the meatus or auditory canal to the middle ear. This auditory canal leads upwards and forwards from the concha to the tympanum, and is about an inch and a quarter in length.

The middle ear consists of the tympanic membrane or drum and a series of three small bones called the malleus, incus and stapes or the hammer, the anvil and the stirrup. The drum of

the ear is a membrane which stretches across the internal end of the auditory canal, eventually closing off the middle ear. The membrane is not directly across the canal, but at an angle of about forty-five degrees. It is made of tough fibrous membrane, capable of expansion and contraction. Of the bones of the middle ear, the malleus or hammer comes first in order. It is attached by its long process — the handle — to the drum and moves with every motion of that membrane. The incus or anvil bone is more like a bicuspid molar tooth than like an anvil. The part that corresponds to the crown of the tooth is joined to the malleus, while one of its roots is free and the other joined to the stirrup or stapes. This stapes is exactly like a stirrup, and its base or bar fits into the oval window of the inner ear, which will be mentioned later. These three bones are movable as a whole, and at the same time free to move upon one another.

The inner ear, which is the proper organ of hearing, being the distributing centre of the auditory nerve, is situated deep in the petrous portion of the temporal bone. It consists of two labyrinths — the osseous and the membranous. The osseous labyrinth is made up of three principal parts, the vestibule, the cochlea and the semi-circular canals. Of these three, the vestibule is the central one, and indeed the central cavity of the whole auditory apparatus. In its outer wall it has an opening called the fenestra ovalis, into which the stapes fits and through which all sound vibrations pass. In its outer wall this is the only opening, but in the inner wall there are several which admit divisions of the auditory nerve. In its back and upper — technically called its posterior and superior — walls it has five openings by means of which communication is held with the semi-circular canals. There is also another opening, the mouth of the "aqueduct of the vestibule," a little canal running out into the bony surroundings, but whose contents are uncertain and whose purpose is unknown. In all, therefore, there are at least twelve openings from this chamber. Well may it be termed the vestibule, with its numerous doors through which enter the vibrations of the outside world. And surely no other vestibule has within it the entrance to such a wonderland as will greet the scientist who cares to pass these portals. Truly the wisdom and power of God is great, and depth in learning, while often used in an endeavour to belittle that wisdom and power, to the fair mind will but serve as the strongest confirmation.

The semi-circular canals, the second portion of the osseous labyrinth, are three arched cylindrical canals set in the very

bone. They all open at both ends into the vestibule — two of them uniting and entering by the one opening — thus making five points of entrance. Just before entering the vestibule, the ends of these canals dilate, and one end of each being dilated more than the other is given a special name — the ampulla. These little canals are no more than one-twentieth of an inch in width and make a curve of only one-quarter of an inch in diameter.

The third division of the osseous labyrinth is the cochlea. This organ, in shape like a common snail shell, lies directly in front of the vestibule. It consists of a modiolus or conical column round which a spiral canal makes about two and one-half turns from the base to the apex. At this apex the canal is closed, but in the base there are three openings. One is the direct opening into the vestibule; another is the foramen rotundum or round window which opens into the tympanum from which it is separated only by a membrane. The third is the opening of the aqueduct of the cochlea, and like the aqueduct of the vestibule all we know about it is its name and position. Its contents and purpose have not yet been discovered.

We now come to describe the "organ of Corti," and a finer and more delicate organ cannot be conceived. Upon the basilar membrane of the cochlea are situated the rods of Corti, consisting of an external and internal pillar slanted against one another like the rafters of a roof. A series of them will therefore form a triangular tunnel. These rods seem to be but a modified form of epithelial cells. In number these rods consist of about 3,000 pairs of pillars. Proceeding from the base of the cochlea towards the apex these pillars increase in length while the angle at which they meet each other also increases. Thus the tunnel formed by a succession of them increases in width but diminishes in height. Upon these rods lean other cells of which the external ones end in small hairlike processes. This whole complicated structure rests upon the basilar membrane of the cochlea while above it, serving as a roof, is an open-work membrane into which the hair-like rods and cells are set. In close relation with these rods of Corti and the cells upon the external ones are filaments of the auditory nerve, which probably project into the little tunnels roofed in by the rods.

We have now completed a description of the various parts of the osseous labyrinth. Inside it, however, and corresponding to it in general form, is the membranous labyrinth. This is separated from the walls of the surrounding labyrinth by a fluid

called perilymph, while inside it is a fluid called endolymph. Hence all sonorous vibrations transmitted to the inner ear reach it by being conducted through a fluid to a membrane containing a fluid. The membrane labyrinth of the cochlea is covered with cells of which those in the ampullae of the semi-circular canals are prolonged into hair-like processes. In the endolymph inside the membranous sac are found tiny little particles of lime-like little stones. These stones, known as otoliths, are thrown into action by every vibration that excites the fluid in which they lie.

All this mechanism that has been described exists solely for the purpose of conducting vibrations to places where the auditory nerve can receive them. Yet about that auditory nerve itself little can be said. It comes from the common sensorium, entering the labyrinth of the ear in two divisions: the first for the vestibule and semi-circular canals; the second for the cochlea. The branch for the vestibule spreads out and radiates through the membranous labyrinth, but where it finally ends is a mystery. The branch for the semi-circular canals passes into the ampullae while that for the cochlea enters by the modiolus and thence passes into the various little canals of the organ. Their ultimate destination is also uncertain, but many of them, beyond doubt, end probably in cells in the organ of Corti.

(To be Continued.)

J. J. FREELAND, M. A., '07.



OUR LADY OF MONTLIGEON.

In Her robe of heavenly blue, with the Christ child at her breast,
 Stands Our Lady of Montligeon, giving to the faithful, rest.
 One by one she lifts them heavenward from the purgatorial fire,
 And in white robes and crowns golden they join the angel choir.
 Lovely Lady of Montligeon, in the souls of hapless men
 Burns a fire more fierce and cruel than that found in Satan's den.
 Lift Thy hands to Him Thou lovest, that His gracious mercy's
 rain
 Quench those flames, and dost Thou give them blessed peace for
 hopeless pain.

CAMEO.

Quebec and its surroundings.

DURING the summer just passed it was my good fortune to be transferred from Ottawa to the ancient capital of Canada, Quebec. Although my stay was very brief, I made the most of my time, visiting places of interest to all Canadians,—the Plains of Abraham, Wolfe's Cove, Montmorency Falls, Ste. Anne de Beaupre, and others of less importance.

Quebec is rightly called the cradle of Canadian history, for there first came French Canada, or New France, then the English forces, and it changed to British North America, and later on to Lower Canada. All these alterations left indelible marks on the brow of old Quebec. The Citadel, the old French earthworks at Montmorency, the Plains of Abraham, the lines of fortifications along the river, all tended to work changes on the landscape around Quebec.

At Quebec were made treaties with the savage Indians. Warring generals met to draw up agreements of peace or war which meant the making or unmaking of a nation. There was the first bishop of Canada, the saintly Laval, with his pioneer band of priests and holy men and women coming to fight the good fight for the Faith of Rome and France. The now famous University of Laval had its humble beginning under the leadership of Bishop Laval, and its present position stands as a living monument to his greatness. Within the walls of this institution of learning are priceless relics of holy men who gave up their lives for the Faith. Bones of martyrs who fell under the cruel swing of the savage tomahawk, are carefully stored away in the chapels. The vestments of the Holy Bishop are kept locked away for safe keeping, being exhibited only on special occasions. The stole of St. Charles Borromeo lies reverently encased in a glass cabinet, and on the walls hang pictures by Van Dyke, Raphael, and other famous painters. These works of art are worth a fortune in themselves, and tempting offers by the opulent art gatherers have been refused. In fact the institution is teeming with art treasures, souvenirs, and historical relics impossible to be duplicated.

The surrounding country offers a very wide field for tourists' pleasure trips, and is taken advantage of every season by thou-

sands of travellers who revel in the beauties of nature's panorama.

About twenty miles below old Quebec is a world-famous Shrine and pilgrimage mecca. It is known as the Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré. The name Beaupré was given to the north shore of the great St. Lawrence river, extending from Quebec to Cape Tourmente, on account of the following circumstances: The early colonists of New France not finding, at first, any prairie or pasture ground, hesitated to import cattle, but they hailed with such delight and joy the discovery of this lovely prairie or pasture land that they were unanimous in calling it "Beaupré." Viewed from Dufferin Terrace, this magnificent amphitheatre recalls the classic description given of Athens. Colonists settled on it as early as the year 1650. The present Basilica is the fourth shrine to la Bonne Ste. Anne, the preceding ones having been demolished as the increased population and pilgrims required.

The Memorial Chapel and the monument called the Scala Santa are well worthy of a visit. Ste. Anne has been visited by Vice-Regal parties under the French rule, and is being so still under the British sway. A call at the Vestry reveals a wealth of Regal gifts lavished on this Shrine. The interior architectural designs of this Basilica, and marble base reliefs, paintings and relics, are most beautiful and truly repay one for the visit.

Miracles of early years of this Shrine are attested by no lesser authorities than Monseigneur de Laval, who is presently undergoing the preliminary tests of Canonization at Rome, and by the Venerable Mary of the Incarnation of the Ursuline Monastery, of saintly repute.

Pillars of crutches and canes, cripples' appliances, deformed persons' shoes, etc., amply testify to the veracity and authenticity of the miracles performed at this Holy Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré.

PHIL. C. HARRIS, '11.

Warren Hastings.

MACAULAY'S treatise on Warren Hastings is one of the best known essays of that gifted and versatile writer. It is safe to say that the personality of Warren Hastings would be almost unknown in our day but for Macaulay. This essay takes its place among Macaulay's most interesting productions. The author paints the character of Hastings quite successfully; it is true, however, that he sets forth many actions of Hastings with too much leniency. We are given a faithful portrayal of English rule in India — of the inner workings of the Indian Council, and the princely magnificence of the native princes. We are given a true account of English depredations and native intrigues.

Warren Hastings, the scion of an ancient and distinguished family, was born in 1732. He was the younger son of a younger son, if we may be permitted to use the phrase. His mother died a few days after his birth, so he was left dependent on his grandfather, his father being already dead. He attended the village school until he was eight years old. Then his uncle took charge of him and sent him to Westminster school. When he was seventeen his uncle died, having appointed a friend of his guardian of the boy. This friend desired to be rid of his unwelcome protégé, so Hastings was given a clerkship in the East India Company, and sent off to India. In 1761, after eleven years of studious industry and careful management spent in India, he became a member of the Indian Council. In this position he acquitted himself with honor.

In 1764 he returned to England. He had accumulated a moderate fortune, but this was soon lost by careless management. He acted very generously towards his distressed relatives. After four years spent in England he again obtained a position from the Company, and departed for India in 1769. In 1772 he was appointed Governor of Bengal. In this position he met the first great difficulty of his career. The native prince of Bengal, Reza Khan,—a Mussulman, and a man of integrity according to the Indian standard of morality, was subject to the English Governor. He had a rival in the person of Nuncomar, a Hindoo Brahmin, well known by his criminal intrigues. At

this time the revenues of Bengal were not yielding such a surplus as had been anticipated by the Company. Accordingly Hastings received orders to depose Reza Khan and place Nuncomar in his stead. But the Governor held no good-will towards Nuncomar; so he abolished the native rulership, and made Nuncomar's son treasurer of the household. For this act he earned the hatred of Nuncomar, which had an important bearing on all the subsequent troubles of his administration.

The despoliation of the Rohillas of their lands and of their freedom cast a lasting stain on the character of Hastings. The directors of the Company desired more money; they instructed him to obtain it. He cast his eyes around for a suitable opportunity; he was not long in finding one. The prince of the rich province of Oude had permission from the English to assume the royal title, but he was unable to do so on account of the fierce opposition of the Rohillas. They were a powerful tribe, really independent of the prince, renowned for their bravery and their knowledge of war. The prince cast covetous eyes on their rich and fertile district. Hastings entered into an agreement with him. For four hundred thousand pounds sterling the prince was loaned an English army to subdue the Rohillas. Their armies were defeated, their country laid waste in the most barbarous manner, and the Prince of Oude assumed the royal title.

By the regulating act of 1773, Hastings was made Governor-General of all the British possessions in India. He was to be assisted by a council of four. Three of the councillors, headed by Phillip Francis, a man of great ability, were in direct opposition to Hastings. They over-ruled his most important measures. Charges of corruption, bribery and intimidation were brought against him by Francis, who was ably and unscrupulously assisted by Nuncomar, Hastings' old enemy. Through Hastings' influence, Nuncomar was suddenly arrested on a charge of forgery, given a hasty trial, and as quickly hanged. Incensed by this act, Francis brought in a motion to impeach Hastings; it failed. Through the death of one of the opposing councillors, Hastings regained his former power. Francis challenged him to a duel, and was shot through the body. However, he was not wounded fatally.

Hastings was now master of India. He ruled as he wished. In 1775 war was declared between France and England; French troops invaded India, but Hastings was prepared for them. The French were decisively defeated in several great battles, and all their Indian possessions fell into the hands of the English. Hast-

ings' next encounter was with the great Hyder Ali, the founder of the Mohammedan kingdom of Mysore, and the most formidable enemy with whom the English conquerors of India have ever had to contend. Being provoked by the English, he invaded their territory with a well-disciplined army of 90,000 men. In a comparatively short time, only a few fortified places remained in the hands of the English. At this critical moment, Hastings sent Sir Eyre Coote to oppose him. The progress of Hyder Ali was arrested, and he was completely defeated in the hotly contested battle of Porto Novo. The British dominion in Asia was saved.

Once again the directors desired more money. This time Hastings chose to obtain it from Cheyte Sing, Raja of Benares. Cheyte Sing bribed him with 20,000 pounds. Hastings took the money, but later gave it into the Company's treasury, owing to the great outcry that was raised against him. Hastings then pursued Cheyte Sing with great vigor, and soon his treasures were gathered into the Company's treasury, and Benares became an English possession. Disappointed in his expectations from Benares, Hastings was more violent than he otherwise would have been in his dealings with Oude. On one pretext or another, he extorted large sums of money from him. Finally, he caused the mother of Oude and her confidential servants to be well-nigh starved to death, until he had obtained twelve hundred thousand pounds from them.

In 1785, Hastings retired from office, and returned to England. The King treated him with marked distinction. Many of his acts in India were now discussed in Parliament. His ancient enemy, Phillip Francis, occupied a seat in Parliament. As soon as possible, a motion was brought in for the impeachment of Warren Hastings. The great orators of England were ranged against him. Burke, Pitt, Sheridan and Fox denounced his Indian administration in scathing terms. However, Pitt decided not to bring the trial to a finish for a few years, since he had favored Hastings at the outset. Eight years after the beginning of the trial, that is in 1795, Hastings was acquitted.

He spent the remainder of his life on his estate at Daylesford, living on the bounty of the East India Company. Seventy years before this estate had been alienated from his family. Even from his youngest days he cherished the idea of purchasing and refitting Daylesford. In 1787, his life-long ambition was at length satisfied. During the remainder of his life, he spent his time reading Persian literature, riding high-bred Arabian horses,

and improving his estate generally. In his later years wherever he appeared he was received with marked respect. He was regarded as the man who had preserved India for England, — as one of the great characters of a past generation. He closed his eventful career in the year 1818, having attained the ripe old age of eighty-six.

Warren Hastings will ever stand out as one of the great characters of Indian history. He had great qualities, and rendered great services to England. He was an unscrupulous, perhaps an unprincipled statesman, but still he was a statesman, and not a freeboater. The pressure applied to him by his employers at home was such that only the highest virtue could have withstood, such as left him no choice except to commit great wrongs, or to resign his high post, and with that post all his hopes of fortune and distinction. His principles were somewhat lax, and his heart somewhat hard. Though we cannot describe him as either a just or a merciful ruler, yet we are filled with admiration for the daring with which he acted in the most dangerous and important crisis of his life.

C. M. O'HALLORAN, '12.

A Few Days at a Summer Camp.

THE evening we arrived at the camp was an evening in June; one of those beautiful evenings that seem to linger as if loath to leave us to Autumn's chilly blasts.

In a cosy little grove on a comfortable hill overlooking the river stood our camp. From the front door we could see the tall Lavant hills across the bay; while nothing could be seen from the back window but a dense forest. It was a comfortable thatched camp; shrubs and trees were nicely arranged in front, while the walls glistened with ivy and woodbine. The interior was not less inviting. On one side of the hall which divided the camp was the parlor which was contrived a triple debt to pay, for it answered the purpose of a drawing room, parlor and bedroom. Moss chinks concealed the cracks in the walls, a sofa occupied a niche in the side wall, while a sideboard glistening with finware and some real plate stood opposite the window.

The first evening after our arrival all felt tired, and instead of taking any violent exercise we sat around the camp; some by the fireside, others played chess or sung. The little dog, Carlo, seemed to enjoy the quiet of the thing, too, for he dozed away upon the hearthrug, occasionally opening his drowsy eyes and taking a sly peep as he moved, to see would he be reprimanded for his rudeness.

Next morning after breakfast was over, and everything placed in order, we started. Two of the boys took the canoe, and paddled up to the bay, where they were going to fish; a few others went bathing, while Jack and I went tramping over hills and rocks in search of foxes. Travelling the greater part of the day we returned to the camp, fatigued and hungry. In this way we spent the first few days; sometimes bathing, other times fishing and paddling, and occasionally we would go for a romp up the mountains. This was very good, being novel for the first three days, but we soon became desirous of a change.

One evening after quite a little deliberation we started up the river to Mr. Makers', a free, easy, kind man who yet clung to the good old customs of the country. Not knowing him or his family we were rather timid about entering without a formal invitation. Mr. Maker, however, contrary to what we expected, made us welcome and had us go into the house. He was as ready as the youngest of his family to play chess, dive for apples, and play checkers. Though belonging to the class of "gentlemen farmers," he was not above joining with his servants and family in their innocent amusements. There was nothing of the paddy-go-easy way about Mr. Maker; none of your windows stuffed with rags; nor your gaps blocked with ploughs; everything bore an appearance of ease and opulence. We joined in the games, and spent a very enjoyable evening. Mrs. Maker, also, did her best to make us happy, and from that date onward we were never lonely. Whenever there were to be any special amusements at the farm the Maker family would send word to our camp, which was only a mile distant down the river.

From the date of our acquaintance with the Maker family time passed very quickly, and for the remaining two weeks we never wanted anything which their farm produced. After our three weeks' absence we returned to the city, firmly convinced that there was nothing better for "brain dusty" students than to spend a few weeks camping.

Bubbles.

(Continued.)

Is lovely woman, too, a faddist, like her more rugged brother of the earth? Who dares to express himself so coarse? Let us say, rather, that she indulges in charming and playful ebullitions of fancy, in airy manifestations of that winsome caprice for which she is so delightfully notable, and which ministers so largely to the home-comfort of us poor fellows who are "only men." O, man is tame, and dull, and stupid, in the comparison! His bemuddled brain can never teem forth bubble on bubble of everlasting variety with the volatile untiring ease wherein the intellect feminine plays off its superredundant versatility of changefulness. Who does not remember the sweeping "hoop," the formidable "coal-scuttle," of his venerated grandmother? Who does not thrill with far-off recollections of the chignon? Does not the memory of the bewitching "bang" still reverberate through our susceptible hearts? Or is the swelling beauty of the "bustle" so much a thing of the past that we cannot yet recall how the youthful uninitiate looked with admiring wonder thereon, timidly revolving if it were not a gracious natural development designed as a seat of grace for the rising generation, whereon they might ride pillion behind their lovely bearers? Then there were, or are, the little watches on braeclets, parasol-handles, and so forth; possibly meant, like the mummy at the Egyptian feast, to remind the fair owner that time inexorably flies — and, with it, the chance of securing that much-contemned, yet desirable, article of household furniture, a husband.

Another reprehensible vagary of fashion was that lately in vogue of ladies wearing live beetles as adornment to their attire. Personally, I detest beetles, and I would cheerfully give a very Venus so bedecked the width of the room. But I am not alone in my distaste: many share this repugnance to things coleopteran; and the wearers of these living jewels must have thus more or less "got on the nerves" of many of their companions, besides themselves incurring the disadvantage of a disagreeable association. Above all was the practice objectionable from the point of view of the luckless beetle. How did *he* like it? How should we ourselves feel, in like case? chained by the leg to the dress of some Titaness strange of species — some incomprehensible being to whose vanity we must minister at price of liberty and every pleasure in existence. Perhaps I am only an old fogey

for thinking of such a thing as the exercise of justice and humanity toward a beetle; but I console myself that I am in good company. We know that not a sparrow falls to the ground unregarded by the great All-Father; and truly as finely did Coleridge write,—

“He prayeth well who loveth well
 Both man, and bird, and beast.
 He prayeth best who loveth best
 All things, both great and small;
 For the dear God, who loveth us,
 He made and loveth all.”

Far worse, however, than the last-named freak, is that one at present (and, it is said, growingly) finding place among us, of having knick-knacks manufactured from human relics. I cannot see, for my part, that a purse or a belt made from the skin of some poor wretch departed — who once thrilled, even as we, with human aspirations, loves, and hopes, and fears — should be a particularly enviable or pleasant possession; nor do I hesitate to believe that there must be something deeply morbid and unhealthy, if not downright inhuman — something of the ghoul — in those who covet such uncanny trifles, and who indirectly foster a revolting traffic by so doing. Surely, those who so lightly connive at and encourage the desecration of the inanimate body of some poor fellow-being — equally a child of God with themselves — for the feeding of a ghastly vanity, must be destitute of any fitting sense of their own inherent dignity as human beings, or of that common brotherhood in the race which indissolubly links lowest to highest, and makes a respect for the bodies and souls of their poorest brethren an essential part of duty no less than of true good-breeding with every genuine gentleman and lady. It is sincerely to be hoped that this particular monstrosity of perverted taste may be universally discouraged, and relegated to a speedy oblivion.

I have spoken chiefly of such fads as have their being in the realm of bodily attire; but, as I have said, there are fads of all shapes and sizes. For instance, there are fads of mood and manner. In the early years of the good old nineteenth century, the Byronic young man was a pronounced “idiotism” of social life. Emulating, and surpassing, the noble bard, he wore generous turned-down collars, a gloomy and terrific scowl, a withering sneer, a heart consumed by fiery passion, and a sere and blighted soul delectably tickled with a swelling sense of its own magnificent desolation, and looking with scorn, from the

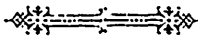
pinnales of a sublime despair, on the baser clay low-level with its native mud, which knew no better than to laugh and be happy — whenever it got the chance. O, to turn corsair, and cut the throats of a loathed race, too sordid for appreciation of the funereal hero! But, alas! so useful and pleasant a career had its trifling drawbacks of some small hardship and a little danger; wherefore, the would-be hero contented himself with eating out his savage heart in a sublime scorn of men and things in general, until he grew middle-aged and bald, or died, or got married, or came to some other such unforeseen and prosaic ending. He is now pretty well extinct as a class; though here and there, in some obscure backwater of life, an isolated specimen may be found by the curious observer.

More of our own day, though by no means modern — indeed, a very antique, but common to all ages — is the *blasé* gentleman, who has “done it all,” and overdone it, and, having exhausted knowledge and experience, and sounded all the piddles of being, is weary of existence, and findeth all things “weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable” — like himself. We all know this gentleman: we have met him all over, and found him by turns distinctly aggravating and intensely though unconsciously diverting. Myself, I take a sinister delight in snickering up my sleeve as I hear this jaded exhauster of the sum of things lisp out a languid sentence or two on the misery of having untimeously used up the interests and resources of a cramped and paltry universe, and of being relegated for the remainder of his days to a hopeless stagnation little befitting powers that do but pine for some new world to conquer. And, all the while, the confounded fool knows only his own little beggarly fag-end of a teeming world which is itself but one poor dust-mote in the colossal immensity of creation.

There are other fads of which I should have wished to say a word or two: such as the aesthetic fad — a good thing badly handled; and the legislative fad, which would fain regulate all the affairs of life, temporal and eternal, spiritual and material, physical, intellectual, and moral, by process of law and governmental enactment — a peculiarly foolish and mischievous fad of recurrent appearance, and threatening a most unwholesome activity just now. But time fails me. I have dealt with my subject mainly in a humorous spirit, for it lends itself facily to humour, and this latter is one of the great sanative influences of life — God-given and God-emanant. But I have indicated, too, that there is a serious side to the matter. Bubble-blowing from harmless ends, and for mere recreative purposes, is an innocent

pastime; but if the pastime grow to an absorbing occupation in life, or if the ends be poisoned, how then? Let us certify ourselves that the ends be innocuous, and remember, to boot, that the great All-Father, while He grudges not His children to play, assuredly requires that they be not exclusively unthinking blowers of empty bubbles.

MARK LOVELL.



Prize Essays.

Notice has been given that Ottawa University students who wish to compete for the Hart Schaffner & Marx prizes should forward their essays to Professor J. Laurence Laughlin of the University of Chicago by June 1, 1911.

The prizes are offered for the best papers on economic subjects. They amount in all to \$2,000, and this is the seventh year of their existence. Winners in the past years have come from Harvard, Dartmouth, Wisconsin, Washington and Lee, Michigan, Chicago, Northwestern and Pennsylvania.

The prizes are divided into two classes. Class "A" includes any American without restriction. The first prize is \$1,000, and the second is \$500. Class "B" includes only those who, at the time the papers are sent in, are under-graduates of any American college, but a contestant in Class "B" is eligible to a prize in Class "A." The prizes in this class are \$300 and \$200.

The committee in charge of the contest is as follows: Professor J. Laurence Laughlin, University of Chicago, chairman; Professor J. B. Clark, Columbia University; Professor Henry C. Adams, University of Michigan; Horace White, Esq., New York City, and Professor Edwin F. Gay, Harvard University.

Herewith are some of the subjects suggested by the committee:

The effect of labor unions on international trade.

The best means of raising the wages of the unskilled.

A comparison between the theory and the actual practice of protectionism in the United States.

A scheme for an ideal monetary system for the United States.

The true relation of the central government to trusts.

How much of J. S. Mills' economic system survives?

A central bank as a factor in a financial crisis.

If a contestant wishes to choose a special subject, he should communicate with Professor Laughlin, who will provide a list of available subjects.

Handling Baggage,



THE subject which I have chosen for my essay is one which is not only interesting but instructive as well, inasmuch as it gives an opportunity of understanding the manner in which baggage is handled at many terminal and central stations, and it also gives a grasp of a few of the duties attendant the position of baggage agent.

By baggage in general, or in a far-reaching sense is understood, all trunks, valises, telescopes, dress-suit cases, boxes, tool chests and sample cases, in which personal or general articles are carried.

The buyer of every ticket is allowed to carry one hundred and fifty pounds of baggage free of charge, all that is required of him being to present his ticket to the baggage agent, or his assistant, and receiving in return a check, the duplicate bearing the destination of the owner being attached to his baggage.

A very simple matter you say; yes it is to the traveller, but to the agent there is indeed a responsibility of which many travellers are ignorant. He must not only make in his daily report a description of the baggage, whether it is received in perfect or imperfect condition, but he must also give the destination of the article or articles, the road over which it is to be sent, and the number of the check. Moreover, he himself is responsible for the immediate safe delivery of the baggage to the train on which it is to be taken.

If the baggage is received by him from the passenger in a state of bad order he must have the owner sign a release of liability, by which the company for whom he is working is released from the responsibility of any accident which may happen to the baggage, as a fall, and a loss of contents due to this fall, and so forth.

Then on his daily report he must give a long drawn out account of this release and forward it to the General Baggage Agent.

Many people often complain that articles are checked to wrong destinations. But is this to be wondered at when the

baggage agent is checking out trunk after trunk, dress-suit case after dress-suit case, to all known destinations in a brief period of ten or fifteen minutes, while on all sides of him are men clamoring to be served first, telling him that they are travelling on double tickets, mileage, passes, show tickets, etc., to each of which there is a special rule attached, which must be observed or else either a dismissal or a reprimand will be forthcoming in a comparatively short time from the central office.

You may be asking yourself this question: What would I do if I had to carry over one hundred and fifty pounds on one ticket? Now comes the bane of the baggageman's existence. You must pay excess, that is a certain rate per hundred estimated on the cost of the ticket. To make out an excess check there must be two duplicates and one strap check,—one duplicate for the passenger and one for the agent to be sent in to the central office with the monthly statements. These checks demand a complete knowledge by the agent of crates, cost of tickets, approximate value of baggage and of rapid calculation.

In nearly every case the passenger waits until the last moment to check his trunks, valises or whatsoever he may carry, and then demands that they be placed on the same train on which he himself is leaving. If this demand cannot possibly be acceded to, and the passenger is hurriedly but politely informed of this, he at once gives a short oration on the unreasonableness of baggage agents in general and of you in particular, or on the laxity of the company in employing such a numskull for an agent, or, in a short, concise sentence, enumerating the accomplishments of which he believes you are lacking.

Daily and monthly reports must be signed and sent to the central office, setting forth the number of pieces on hand, the number of pieces forwarded and received, the amount collected for excess baggage and storage, together with a comparative statement referring to the amount of business handled on the corresponding day of the past year.

At central or transfer stations where baggage must be transferred from train to train, and at the same time much baggage must be forwarded from the station, an added responsibility rests upon the agent's shoulders, for he alone is responsible for the careful and prompt transfer of all baggage between trains. This may appear an insignificant aspect, but indeed in reality it is far from so as there are often as many as six trains in at the same time from which baggage must be transferred from one

train to another in a period of time rarely exceeding twenty-five minutes.

Therefore, between the duty of checking baggage, keeping careful watch over all baggage in the room so that baggage that is on hand over twenty-four hours may be promptly labelled "storage charges due"; seeing that no transferred baggage is forgotten, and last but far from least, answering all manners and kinds of questions, there is some duty for the baggage agent to perform nearly every minute.

Consequently many minor mistakes to which the agent in the bustle and confusion of the moment is liable should be considered carefully by passengers before being reported to the central office, thus causing a reprimand or even a dismissal to one who in all probability is not as much at fault as the passenger himself.

P. LOFTUS, '11.



A Day's Outing.

IT was a beautiful morning in the early part of August when our little party, consisting of four, congregated at the station of our native town (Stanstead, Que.) a little before seven o'clock.

Plans had been made previously for a day's outing, and the route chosen after a great deal of consideration and many warm discussions was a trip through Lake Memphremagog and an ascent of Owl's Head, a mountain about nine hundred feet in height, whose base is washed by the waters of the lake.

Memphremagog is a lake, thirty-five miles in length and from two to three miles in breadth; it lies upon the International boundary line, its waters wash the fertile and picturesque shores of Vermont on the American side, and those of Quebec in Canada. Upon the Western shore a branch of the Green Mountains shelters the lake from the prairie blasts. Owl's Head is the highest peak of this branch, and is so called on account of its summit being flat.

All plans having been previously arranged, we had only our lunch baskets and ourselves to load upon the train. The journey to Newport, where we were to take the boat, was of short duration, being only ten miles.

After a walk about the town we boarded the boat, and shortly after the captain gave the word the gang-plank was pulled in and the ropes drawn; we were off. Our seats were upon the forward deck. A stiff breeze blowing from the north, together with a bright sky, promised an ideal day.

The scenery was unsurpassable, as anyone may know who has travelled in the Eastern Townships. The morning slipped by quietly, and before we could realize it "The Mountain" was announced as the next stop; we hastened to make ready for the climb. All had rubber-sole shoes, which prevented us from slipping on the stones; sweaters also were in commission, not being easily torn.

Of course at the landing there was a commotion, everyone being in a hurry to get off the boat; finally we were off, and began the climb at ten o'clock. We were told that it was about four miles to the summit. The first part of the trail was stony and very wet. We toiled along slowly up the steep sides of the mountain for an hour, resting every hundred yards or so, when we arrived at the spring, which is estimated as being half way. Here we refreshed ourselves with the delicious cool water, which rises

from a huge boulder and drips into a basin worn into the solid rock about five feet below.

All having commented upon the view to be had from this spot, we continued; the trail became steeper, and we encountered many obstructions: bushes, fallen trees, huge rocks and narrow cliffs to be scaled. Progress was slow, and fatigue was overtaking us, but spurred on by the ardent desire of getting a view from the summit no one proposed giving up.

After many slips and falls, and having every member more or less bruised, we finally gained the summit at twenty minutes after twelve.

The first occupation was that of ransacking the lunch baskets which we had brought up with us under great difficulties, but which at that moment would have been considered little trouble, for their contents were easily and quickly disposed of.

While refreshing ourselves with food and drink, we surveyed the country at our feet miles around. Words cannot convey an impression of the view.

Towards the north, miles away, the St. Lawrence river could be seen; its pale waters winding their way to the sea through the black soil of the plains, like a phantom in the dark. The flourishing little town of Newport could be plainly seen towards the south, and beyond it many rivers winding their course southward.

Just on the horizon in the east our own town could be seen, and many other villages dotting the panorama here and there, like sheep on a hillside. Plains, forest and pastures all descending gradually to the lake, which appeared as a large stage carpeted in white, with the land from the shore to the horizon as a back curtain.

After many ejaculations of admiration for the Creator of all we beheld, and feeling a certain reverence in our breasts for that Power, we began the descent slowly; it was even more strenuous than the ascent. Upon arriving at the base we found the boat waiting to take us up the lake, towards home.

Having cleaned up, we felt greatly refreshed, and seated upon the forward deck we enjoyed the remainder of the trip, but saw nothing to compete with the view to be had from the summit of the mountain. The boat arrived at Newport at seven; we took the train immediately for our own town; when it was reached we parted, each for his own home, but contented with the day's outing, and all expressing a desire to take the trip again another season.

Visit of T. P. O'Connor.

On the occasion of his visit to Ottawa last month in the interests of the Irish Home Rule Party, Mr. O'Connor was tendered a reception by the faculty and students of the University. He arrived at 10 a.m., accompanied by his secretary, and one or two officers of the Ottawa branch of the Irish League. Mr. O'Connor was met at the entrance to the Arts Building by the Rev. Rector, and immediately led to the rotunda, where the assembled students were awaiting him. As he took his seat in the centre of the hall, a lusty V-A-R was called for in his honor, and given with a vim that indicated a majority of Gaelic throats in the ba'conics. The students' address was delivered by Mr. Fleming, as follows:

"I am sure it gives us very great pleasure to have with us for a few moments the special delegate of the Irish Parliamentary Party to Canada, Mr. O'Connor. This occasion of his visit to a Catholic institution of learning should not be allowed to pass without making some reference to the work of the Irish Party in the interests of Catholic education. During the past few years several bills came up in the British Parliament, which if they had been allowed to pass would have been fatal to those principles of education which Catholics believe should form the basis of every thorough system of instruction. Under these circumstances the Irish Party took a firm stand in the matter, and if to-day the Catholics of England enjoy the blessings of Catholic primary schools, they owe it to the efforts of Mr. O'Connor and his associates.

"In the pursuance of its legislative programme which has for its ultimate object the winning of Home Rule, the Irish Party has secured the assent of the British Parliament to several important acts which when in full and complete operation will greatly ameliorate the sufferings of the Irish people. We have all read of the advantages which will accrue to our kinsmen of the old land when the provisions of the Land Act shall have become completely operative; but I am sure that to us who are enjoying the advantages of a University training, the work of the Irish Party which deserves our sincerest commendation is that which secured for Ireland a Catholic University.

Most of us are young men, just starting out in life, and we cannot but admire the excellent example of perseverance, and

devotion to principle, afforded by the successful career of Mr. O'Connor.

We trust he will continue to be successful upon his present mission to America, and we can assure him that the students of Ottawa will join heartily in the acclaim of that day, which seems now not far distant, when an Irish Parliament will meet on College Green."

Mr. O'Connor replied in a 15-minute speech, which held his youthful audience spell-bound. We regret that we cannot give a verbatim report, but in substance it was as follows:

When Mr. O'Connor went into Parliament, some thirty years ago, the Catholic schools of England were in a sadly neglected condition. A bill was drawn up by which these schools were to receive a government grant and to have equal rights with Protestant schools. The measure was even more favorable than we could hope for to-day. Unfortunately it was thrown out by the House of Lords.

Just at this time Landlordism held complete sway in Ireland. The poor tenants were subject to very severe laws, and not unfrequently they were ejected by the merciless landowners. The rent was so high that it took all the peasant could produce in order to pay it. All that was left was the potato crop, and it was directly due to the failure of this that the horrible famine of '46 ensued. The people were reduced to slavery, and the most abject poverty prevailed.

Old Ireland was twofold: that before the Norman conquest and that immediately succeeding it. Both have passed away, and a New Ireland has taken their place. There are numerous facts which testify to this, but that of the National University is most striking. This great boon, obtained but a short time ago, marks the beginning of a new era in Irish history. Indeed we may well hope that she will rise to the glorious standard which she had obtained in former centuries. Not only in arts and science has Ireland progressed, but commercially as well. That Landlordism has received its mortal blow is evident from the fact that 300,000 men possess their own land with no lord above them but the Lord of the cedars and the stars.

The prospects for Home Rule were never brighter, and the benefits accruing from it would build up Ireland, would unite her more firmly to the Empire and strengthen the bond of union between all the English-speaking peoples of the world.

Loud and prolonged cheers greeted the eminent politician and journalist as he resumed his seat.

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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.

TERMS:

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

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Vol. XIII.

OTTAWA, ONT., NOVEMBER, 1910.

No. 2

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

The following words on Catholic schools from the pen of a writer (presumably non-Catholic) in the Philadelphia "North American," should afford food for serious thought to these jelly-fish Catholics who can see nothing good in our institutions of learning, and look upon them with commingled feelings of pity and shame:

"The convent-bred girl has long been accepted as a model of sweet, useful womanhood, possessed of refinements and accomplishments which add a distinct charm to her natural attractions; and it is a consideration of the first importance that the development of her domestic traits is singularly complete. The convent-bred girl, while well grounded in the classics and mentally cultivated in every way that may be of service to self or fellow-beings, is primarily a home-maker; and, in this age of increasing common sense, we are coming to a right realization of woman's place and power in this her highest estate.

"Of the boy or youth who is armed for the battle of life in

a Catholic institution, as much may be said in regard to matters of equally great assistance to him in playing his allotted part. While necessary emphasis is laid upon the mental training, the physical welfare and development are by no means neglected, and this proper regard for the upbuilding influence of clean sports and athletics has given the students and graduates of Catholic colleges place in the front ranks of athletic endeavor.

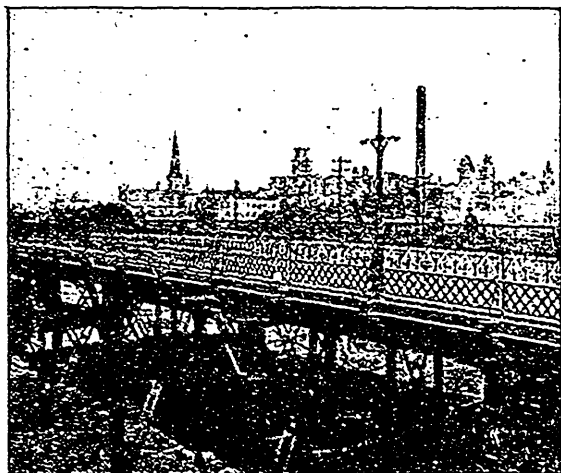
“So pronounced are the advantages set forth by some of these centres of instruction that many non-Catholics, aware of the completeness of the training and the good influence of the surroundings, make choice of them, particularly since it is generally understood that no effort is made to interfere with personal religious beliefs.

“The further fact that Catholic schools are, as a rule, more reasonable as to cost of board and tuition than secular institutions of similar standing, has also led to the notion that the reason for this must rest in limited opportunities and advantages. But the real explanation lies in the fact that Catholic schools are largely in the hands of teaching orders—either Sisterhoods or Brotherhoods, or monastic orders. These men and women are vowed to devote their lives to education. They have no social relations with the world, can own no property and receive no salaries. This makes the cost of operating the schools much less than secular institutions of similar grade, and the student receives the benefit in lower charges.”

SAVING ELECTRICITY.

Tungsten lamps are coming to the front because they save electricity. In appearance, their only difference from the ordinary carbon filament incandescent lamp is that the filament is constructed of tungsten instead of carbon. But in actual use, it has been proved that they use only about one-third as much current as a carbon lamp to produce a light of the same illuminating power. True, their first cost is greater (approximately three times as much), but this is counterbalanced by the saving in current effected. They have one weak point, however. That is the case with which the delicate tungsten filament is broken. On this account great care has to be exercised in installing them, and it is for this reason, too, that they cannot be economically

used as portable lamps. Yet, when carefully handled, they have a long lease of life. In England, where they are used much more extensively than here, it is quite common for them to last 3,000 hours, and one instance is on record where a tungsten lamp burned continuously for over 15,000 hours. Even when allowance is made for more frequent breakage, the tungsten lamp shows a saving over the carbon of about fifty per cent. That is an economy not to be despised and points to the much greater use for stationary lighting purposes.





"The McGill Martlet" still merits the opinion we expressed of it last year. "that it is the most humorous college periodical on our table. The Martlet is a weekly publication; but this fact, and the fact that it is published solely by the students, does not seem in any way to diminish the quality of its matter. Week after week, the Martlet continues to turn out the same quantity of first class humour, until we begin to think that the McGill Union must be a rendezvous for a host of Joe Millers.

We quote the following for the edification of some of our own lights:

Who is your favorite author of fiction?
My son at college.

A mosquito lit on a sleeping man.
And looked for a place to drill;
The world owes me a living," said he,
And at once sent in his bill.

The "Xavier" of New York City contains a biography of Cardinal McCleskey, called forth by the recent celebration of the centenary of that distinguished prelate. Before he attained to the dignity of the red hat, Father McCleskey had obtained a reputation both for learning and for sanity. He studied two years in Rome after his ordination, and then returned to New York to his parish work on the East side. He afterwards became first president of Fordham University.

The "Argosy" contains a letter from one of the University graduates now attending Cambridge. This letter gives an excellent description of the English College boy's life. Sport and debating seem to be his principal pursuits aside from his studies. The Cambridge and Oxford crews are famous throughout the

aquatic world, and the two debating societies of these Universities are acknowledged to be stepping stones to Westminster. A man who obtains a reputation in the Oxford or the Cambridge Union is a marked man, not only in his College, but also in the political world.

"The Prince of Science" in the October number of the "Patrician" tells the life story of Louis Pasteur. The details of his home life throw as much light upon his character as the account of his epoch-making experiments. A complete history of the latter, including those on fermentation and inoculation, but omitting his disproof of spontaneous generation, is given. Pasteur was never afraid of his religion. Even while at the height of his fame, he took part every year in the parish procession in his home town.

Congratulations to the fair editors of "Echoes From the Pine" on their splendid Jubilee number. By the way, "Echoes," do you receive the "Review"?

Besides the above-mentioned, we beg to acknowledge receipt of the following: "O.A.C. Review," "Notre Dame Scholastic," "Niagara Rainbow," "The Young Eagle," "Echoes From St. Ann's," "Echoes From the Pines," "Georgetown College Journal," "The Nazareth Chimes," "The Trinity University Review," "The Xaverian," "The Red and White," "The Picayune," "The Comet," "St. Mary's Sentinel," "Abbey Student," "Mt. St. Mary Record," "College Mercury," "The Columbiad," "Niagara Index," "Schoolman," "St. Ignatius Collegian."





“Our Lady’s Lutenist” and Other Stories, by Rev. David Bearne, S.J.; Benziger Bros., 65 cts.

This is a story, pathetic yet comforting and consoling, of an orphan lad named Gabriel who dedicated his life to Christ and His Blessed Mother by singing hymns of praise in Their honour. Gabriel did not possess much of this world’s goods; in fact all he could call his own at his parent’s death was a lute. With this he managed to lead a good, holy and virtuous life until he took the holy habit of religion among the sons of St. Benedict where he spent the remainder of his life preparing for the “great beyond.”

“Led by the Spirit”—An enlivening narration of the life of a rich Count in Germany. It shows us the advantages which a good moral education brings to a young man. Although this Count was wealthy, yet when his education was finished and he was free to return to his royal castle, he preferred to offer himself to the service of God. He had read the words of the Apostle, “what will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?” and he evidently had followed them.

“The Turn of the Tide” is a story of humble life by Mary Agatha Gray, and may be procured from the well known publishers, Benziger Brothers, New York City. The price is \$1.25. The theme is very simple in accordance with those to whom it is dedicated, the Sisters of Saint Joseph, and also with the main characters of the work. Its simplicity is indeed one of its brightest features, and it lacks all those dangerous elements which are so predominant in modern fiction. The scene is laid on the coast of England, and the life of the humble fishermen is everywhere prominent, showing the plain unaffected and virtuous life led by those sons of the sea. The frequent reference to and description

of sea life, coupled with the air of mystery imparted by the presence of the smugglers, and the hiding and storing of their contraband goods, the caves where many secret conferences took place, lend a certain charm to the book, giving it a unique distinction. Altogether the story is an admirable one, well adapted to young readers.

“The Friendly Little House” and Other Stories; Benziger Bros., \$1.25.

There are nineteen stories in this entertaining book, from the pens of a galaxy of authors, including Mary Ames Taggart, Norah Tynan O’Mahoney, Anna F. Sadlier, and other writers favorably known to the Catholic reading public.

They are indeed a valuable addition to Catholic literature. Their perusal will prove of inestimable benefit to young and old. They are simple little stories of everyday life, portraying the joys and sorrows of young men and women who are making hard struggles to live a true Christian life amidst the hurly-burly of the world.

One of the most urgent needs of this day of the sentimental novel is a good Catholic literature, a literature that will mould the minds of the young, and comfort the middle-aged. I am glad to say that the Catholic writers of to-day, many of whom rank with the best authors of contemporary fiction, are faithfully filling this need. Too much praise cannot be given them in this noble work, and the most practical way for the Catholic public to assist them is to buy their productions, and thus increase the circulation of good wholesome literature.

“The Review of Reviews” for October is up to its usual standard. Professor Brentano’s article, “Why the Birthrate Declines,” should prove interesting to economists. Bertillon shows that in France, the frequency of birth is in inverse ratio to the possession of real estate. A well-to-do peasantry has few children; a poor peasantry has many.

The Growth of Liverpool is discussed by A. G. McLellan. Liverpool began in 1207 as a borough and a trading centre, being made the basis of King John in his abortive attempt to complete the conquest of Ireland. In 1557 the port owned thirteen vessels manned by two hundred sailors. To Liverpool belongs the honor of building the first wet dock in the world; it was completed in 1720 at a cost of £15,000. However, it was in the slave trade that Liverpool was most prominently successful. From 1790-1792 the slave trade reached its zenith, Liverpool

enjoying five-eighths of the English and three-sevenths of the whole European trade in slaves. In eleven years, Liverpool vessels carried 303,000 negroes from Africa to the West Indies and sold them for over £15,000,000. The last slave-ship left the Mersey on May 1, 1807.

The North Atlantic Fishery Award is treated by the editor, Mr. Stead, in an exhaustive article. The result of the award secures British sovereignty, and gives the United States ample opportunity for having its grievances pronounced upon by an impartial arbitrator before the regulations come into force, instead of allowing the regulations to come into operation and then appealing to arbitration after the dispute has arisen. The vexed question of "When is a bay not a bay" was not settled satisfactorily; the Court decided that a bay is not a bay when it ceases to have the characteristics and features of a bay, which definition is not very enlightening.

An article on the Policy of Edward VII. by Lord Esher brings to light many interesting incidents in the life of our late King.

"The Nineteenth Century" for October is replete with well-written articles. The "Misgovernment of Egypt," by Dr. Alfred J. Butler, is an aftermath of Colonel Roosevelt's utterances on Egyptian affairs. It sounds startling to say that in some important respects the condition of Egypt is worse now than in the days of Ismail Pasha. There was less brigandage then than now. Ismail was a despot of a very bad type, but, broadly speaking, he was a terror to all evil-doers. The first great error of British policy was to give preferential instead of impartial treatment to the Mohammedan part of the population. This has caused the ancient fires of fanaticism to be kindled anew. The new Nationalism has for its cry, Egypt for the Egyptians—Egypt for the Moslems, and oppression of the Christians as a natural result.

Last words on Ireland, by Goldwin Smith, is a short description of political Ireland twenty-five years ago. He aptly remarks that George the Fourth's visit to Ireland was the one redeeming incident of his career. He scores Gladstone for the imprisonment of Parnell and his followers, and finishes up by paying a tribute to England's most famous modern statesman.

"The Atlantic Monthly" for November should not be overlooked. R. Stannard Baker in "Negro Suffrage in a Democracy," says that the essential principle of the fifteenth amendment to

the constitution was not that all negroes should necessarily be given unrestricted access to the ballot, but that the right to vote should not be denied or abridged on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude. An influence that will change the status of the negro as a voter is the pending breaking up of the "Solid South." The time is coming when the negro will divide not on the color line, but on the principle at stake.

Francis E. Leupp compares the policies of Roosevelt and Taft. Their theories of administration are fundamentally diverse. President Taft is more dignified; he lacks the impetuous personality of Colonel Roosevelt.

John Brown Fifty Years After, by John T. Morse, Jr., is an echo of the stirring times when, like "Black Douglas" on the Scotch-English marshes, John Brown raised havoc among the slave-owners of the "Old South." If John Brown deserves to live in history, it is not because of his reprehensible acts, but despite them.

Football at Harvard and Yale, by Lorin F. Deland, will prove interesting reading for intercollegiate football players on this side of the line. Mr. Deland remarks: if we could analyze the average football victory for Yale, and trace it back to its responsible causes, I believe the factors which determine a victory, with the percentage of influence which each exerts, would be about as follows:—

Team (as between Yale and Harvard)...	20%
Captain	15%
Head coach and assistants... ..	25%
Coaching of coaches	40%

The October number of the "American Historical Review" contains the usual number of historical treatises. "Athens and Hellenism," by Wm. S. Ferguson, is welcomed by students of Grecian history. The cultured supremacy of Athens was never more unquestioned than in the middle of the second century B.C. For a long time Athens shrank from the advances of the newer world, retaining her conservative and exclusive ideas of art and politics. However, the influence of the outer modes at length prevailed among the select of Athens, and through the acquisition of Delos, Athens escaped from the eddy into the main current of Hellenistic life.

C. Raymond Beazley treats of Prince Henry of Portugal and the African Crusade of the fifteenth century. Prince Henry was a figure of commanding importance. Unfortunately, he has

left the world no private letters, with the exception of his last will and testament, and certain statements in certain charters. To a deplorable extent his ideas and policy, and to a less degree his actions, must remain obscure. To him is due the revival of those energies which make the fifteenth century so memorable. His feud against the "fawny Saracens" was continued by his successors.

"The Mexican Recognition of Texas," by Justice H. Smith, is a careful review of the circumstances which led up to the admission of Texas to the Union. The reader is able to gain an insight into the workings of Mexican diplomacy at that period.

Among the Magazines.

In the "Ave Maria" is contained an article on the words of Cardinal Vanutelli, which had reference to the Catholic Church and America: "You are a country of wonderful resources, and you are blessed with immense wealth and prosperity. And, what is most surprising under the circumstances, I find everywhere evidences of a genuine love for art, learning and religion displayed in your monumental buildings, your museums, your libraries, and your beautiful churches. And, in addition to that fact, I find that in the most perfect democracy, you retain the greatest reverence for religion, and the greatest respect for authority; all of which impels you to give the greatest amount of freedom to the Catholic Church. These things being so, love your country; the more you love your religion, the more you will love your fatherland. Live for America always."

The Aviation Number of the Scientific American is to hand. This volume includes many points of special interest to the world. It contains multitudinous beautiful illustrations ranging from the construction of the simplest part to the accomplished act, flying in mid-air at hair-raising speed. One of these pictures represents a steam-driven aeroplane, as drawn from imagination by a gentleman of the "fifties." It is a striking anticipation of the modern machine; and goes to show that all wonderful inventions have their birth in idea long before they actually come to exist in fact. Another picture represents, in striking contrast to the last one, an anticipation of the future racing-plane. It is a curious fish-like creation, inside the cervium of which the

engineer sits and drives the machine. The whole bird-wagon is propelled by enormous, slender vanes; and the general appearance is not unlike a rushing dragon fly. Let us see if this one will come.

In the America, we notice an article entitled "Orestes A. Brownson, as a Man." Brownson is undoubtedly an excellent author for English-speaking students to read. His style is ever virile, clear and to the point. After years and years of wanderings through the marshes of sectarianism and Socialism, he emerged to find himself esconced in the Catholic religion, the one religion, which, for long, he had practically ignored as a dead superstition. Like many another, he would have been irrecoverably lost, but his honesty was the rescuer. He opened his eyes to truth whenever it presented itself, and, while for years the light of truth which he followed was a veritable Jack-o'-the-lantern, yet in reward for his sincere and devoted honesty he escaped from the marshes to find the true sun of religion, in whose light he ever remained, unconscious of a further shadow of doubt.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

Rev. Dr. McNally of Chelsea paid a visit to Alma Mater last week.

Rev. Fr. Reynolds, O.M.I., of Buffalo, was among the visitors at the University last week. While in Ottawa he delivered a most eloquent and instructive lecture on "The Oxford Movement," at Rideau Street Convent.

Mr. Desjardins, '08, who is a law student at Laval University, called to see his professors at the College the other day.

Mr. L. Joron, '07, who was prominent in athletics as well as in classwork while at Ottawa, and who is now studying law at Laval, was a visitor at the University on October 8th.

K. Overend, of the Matriculation class of 1907, was another of our welcome guests.

Rev. Father T. J. Sloan, of Chapleau, preached an eloquent sermon in St. Bridget's on Sunday, Oct. 30th.

The students had the pleasure of hearing a splendid sermon by Rev. Father McCullough, O.M.I., on Sunday, Oct. 30th. Father

McCullough is a Varsity graduate, and is now stationed at Vancouver, B.C.

Rev. Father T. P. Murphy, O.M.I., for the last ten years curate at St. Joseph's church, has been transferred to Strathcona, Alta., and left last week to resume his new duties in the West.

Father Murphy was educated at Varsity, and ordained in St. Joseph's Church. He was on the teaching staff for some time before being made curate at St. Joseph's. During his service here his kind and sympathetic nature has endeared him to all who knew him, and the news of his departure will be received by his many friends with sincere regret.

Obituary.

G. C. RAINBOTH, D.L.S., ('66).

Another of our distinguished Alumni has been called to his reward, in the person of Mr. G. C. Rainboth, who died on Wednesday, Nov. 2nd, while returning home from New Brunswick.

George Charles Michael Rainboth was born Oct. 4th, 1846, at St. Andrew's, Argenteuil County, Quebec, and at the age of 15 entered the University of Ottawa, where he pursued a brilliant course of studies under such distinguished professors as Dr. Tabaret, Fathers Cook, Boucher and Duhamel (afterwards Archbishop). His mother, a lady of deep piety, had hoped that God would call him to the priesthood, but he felt that his vocation was to the engineering profession, which he adopted. At the age of 18 he obtained the degree of D.L.S., and later P.L.S., and being too young to set up in practice for himself was articled to Mr. Forest. He served in Captain Forest's company of volunteers during the Fenian Raid, for which he received the Victoria medal and veteran land grant.

Mr. Rainboth was an Ontario land surveyor, a Quebec land surveyor, and a Dominion land surveyor, doing very important work for the government both in the East and in the West. His first government surveys in the West were in 1872, and continued until the Riel rebellion. He afterwards returned on missions of prime importance, spending altogether twelve years in that section of the country. Five years ago he was placed in charge of

the Canadian party of the International Survey, first on the 45th parallel between Vermont and Quebec, and latterly between New Brunswick and Maine. The American representative, Mr. Baylor, and all those with whom he came in contact, spoke in the highest terms of his professional ability and amiability of character, and he was generally recognized as one of the leading surveyors in the Dominion. Though for the last two years a resident of Ottawa, Mr. Rainboth had been most of his life a prominent citizen of Aylmer. He was Mayor of Aylmer in 1900 and 1901, and had the honor of reading the address to the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall (the present King and Queen of England) on the occasion of their visit to the lakeside town, as also of cabling the sympathies of his fellow-citizens to the late King Edward on the death of Queen Victoria.

By his demise the Capital loses a prominent citizen and the Dominion Survey one of its most distinguished officers. To his bereaved family the Review begs to offer its heartfelt sympathy.
R. I. P.

ARTHUR J. KEHOE.

On Friday, November 4, 1910, death claimed another of our old students in the person of Arthur J. Kehoe, of the City of Ottawa. He was the member of a family which had for many years been closely associated with the University, two of his brothers, W. F. Kehoe and Louis J. Kehoe, being graduates. After his commercial studies here, the deceased young man was for several years an efficient and valuable employee of the Canada Atlantic Railway, and later entered the Civil Service, where his ability won the approval of his senior officers. Since last April he had been in failing health, and notwithstanding the care and attention which he was given during his illness, the hand of death, always relentless, would not be stayed. The deceased was in his thirty-second year. Arthur had admirable qualities and was generally liked. He bore with remarkable patience his long siege of suffering. He was the son of a respected citizen of Ottawa, Mr. William Kehoe, who has been for years the Governor of the local gaol. W. P. Derham, a graduate of 1906, is a nephew of the deceased. To his sorrowing parents and family we would extend our heartfelt sympathy in their grief at the loss of a loved son and brother. Requiescat in pace.

CHARLES J. DOWLING, M.D., (ARTS, '06).

We have just learned the death of Dr. C. J. Dowling, at his home in Springfield, Mass., after a very short illness. Many of our old students will remember the kind and genial young man who belonged to the Matriculation class of '02. Though extremely youthful (he was only twenty-one) he was already carving out a most promising career, and his sudden death will bring sorrow to a large circle of friends who admired him not only for his talents but for his many sterling qualities of character. With the exception of the years spent in study, his entire life was passed in Springfield. He was born in Springfield May 2, 1889, a son of Edward and Ellen Ring Dowling, of 122 Greenwood street. He received his early education in the school at Springfield, and afterward attended the University of Ottawa and the Baltimore Medical college. He graduated from the latter institution in the class of 1906. In July, 1906, he was appointed intern at the Mercy hospital, Springfield, and served in that capacity until July, 1907, when he began the general practice of medicine at 79 Eastern avenue, building up a practice that was growing rapidly at the time of his death. He was connected with the Massachusetts State Medical society, the American Medicine association, and the Hampden County Medical society. He was also one of the visiting physicians at the tuberculosis camp at East Longmeadow, and was one of the city school medical examiners, succeeding Dr. Charles Kennedy in the position.

He was also prominent in the Knights of Columbus and the Holy Name Society. The Review extends its sympathy to his parents and sisters in their great loss. R. I. P.

R. I. P.



Rev. T. P. Murphy, O.M.I., for many years curate of St. Joseph's Church, has left us to take up new parish work at Stratheona, Alberta. Rev. Fr. Murphy has been well known in connection with the Review, of which he was the editor-in-chief for several years. The Review extends its best wishes to the Reverend Father in his new sphere of duties.

Rev. Brother Gervais, O.M.I., infirmarian for a number of years in the University, has been transferred to St. Peter's Church, Montreal. Mr. Sixte Coupal has assumed the duties of the position vacated.

Rev. Fr. Collins, O.M.I., has replaced Rev. Fr. Murphy in the curacy of St. Joseph's Church, Ottawa.

The students' annual retreat was preached this year by Rev. Fr. Dowdall, Eganville, Ont., and Rev. Fr. Prod'homme, Montreal. The sermons as usual were greatly appreciated by everybody, a fact made evident in the zeal shown by the boys in expressing their gratitude to the Rev. Father. Suitable presentations were tendered to Rev. Frs. Dowdall and Prod'homme at the conclusion of the retreat.

His Excellency Mgr. Sbaretto has been appointed Secretary of the Congregation of Regulars, a promotion which is generally regarded as a stepping-stone to the Cardinalate. Mgr. Sbaretto will always be gratefully remembered at the University of Ottawa for his many charming visits and acts of kindness. It is rumoured that his successor as Apostolic Delegate to Canada will be Mgr. Stagni, Archbishop of Aquila.

The official announcement is made that Rev. Ovide Charlebois, O.M.I., recently principal of the Indian Industrial School, Duck Lake, Sask., has been appointed by papal authority Titular Bishop of Berenice, and first Vicar-Apostolic of Keewatin. The news of the promotion has been received with general satisfaction among his confreres here and elsewhere. Mgr.

Charlebois has spent twenty-three years of his ministry in the Northwest, and particularly in the wilds of Saskatchewan. Of all those eligible for the position he is certainly the most fitted on account of his thorough knowledge of conditions in those northern districts. Father Charlebois' new diocese is one of the most extensive under episcopal jurisdiction, its northern limits extending to the north pole.

Among those who paid us a visit during the past month we are pleased to note the following:

His Lordship Bishop Scollard of Sault Ste. Marie.

His Lordship Bishop Breynat, O.M.I., Vicar-Apostolic of the diocese of MacKenzie.

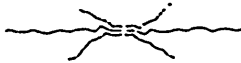
His Lordship Bishop Charlebois of Keewatin.

Rev. Fr. Belanger, S.J., Wikwemikong, Manitoulin Island.

Very Rev. Fr. Soubry-Matthews, O.M.I. rector of St. Patrick's College, Jaffna.

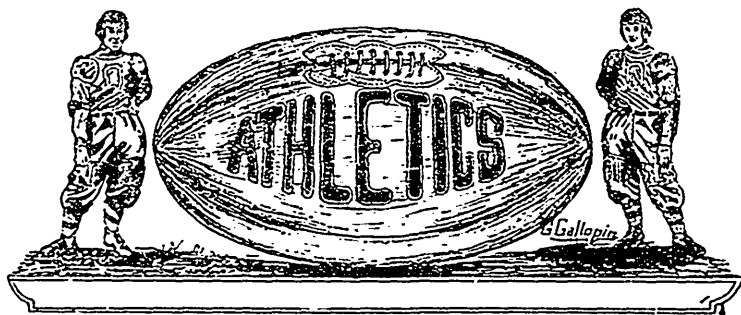
Rev. J. McDonald, Kingston.

We were very sorry to hear the demise of Mrs. McCullough, mother of Rev. W. McCullough, O.M.I., formerly professor at Varsity, but now stationed at Vancouver, B.C. To the Rev. Father and his bereaved family we offer sincere condolence.



“THE IRISH CARDINAL.”

At the reception to Cardinal Vanutelli in the University last month, a member of the Faculty addressed him in Italian, as he knelt to kiss his ring. “Who are you?” said the Cardinal. “A Roman,” replied the Professor. “By nationality?” “Oh, no, an Irish-Roman, your Eminence.” “Well, then, we’re fellow-countrymen, for that is what I am,” said the Legate with a merry laugh.



The Team's Showing.

There is no use denying it, we are, each and every one of us, professor and student alike, sadly disappointed at the very poor showing made by our team in the Interecollegiate. At the outset indications pointed to a successful season, and we were prone to paint things in a rather roscate hue. The newspapers predicted great things for the garnet and grey. Surely, with the material from which to draw a team, Ottawa University would place a formidable fourteen on the rugby field. But, alas, the team fell down. We are not so uncharitable as to say that the boys did not play as hard as they were capable of doing, indeed no; they played for all that was in them, but it was to no purpose. Here's hoping that the season of 1911 Rugby will see Ottawa University back in its right place, a prominent factor in the race for the championship of the Canadian Interecollegiate Rugby Football Union.

RUGBY.

(1st Game.)

Queen's (12) — Ottawa University (1). Saturday, Oct. 8th, 1910, Varsity Oval.

We regret to report that the prime encounter on the lime-lined rugby arena resulted in a decisive and clean-cut defeat for the "Varsity" gridiron warriors. It came with a dull sickening thud and certainly put the "quietus" on any championship aspirations previously held by the team and its supporters. And we may say that an audience of some three thousand flocked to Varsity Oval buoyed up with the hope that Ottawa University's football team could "come back," and repeat the brilliant performance of the "little trick team" of 1907. But this

was not to be, at least not in 1910. The showing of the team was a keen disappointment, as all were a unit in declaring that the material for a good team was the best in years.

The boys played well individually, but the lack of team play minimized their chances of scoring at any time during the struggle. Queen's proved adepts in all phases of the game, and seemed to score at will. Ottawa's lonesome was scored by a long kick by Sheehy Gilligan pulling down Queen's fullback for their only tally of the game. The following were the players:—Wings. Gilligan, Quilty, Lacey, Harrington, Lacey, Sullivan, O'Halloran; scrimmage, Whibbs, Kennedy, Loftus; backs, Nagle, Smith, Contway, Muzanti, Mulligan. Sheehy and Perron replaced injured players. Officials: Dr. R. H. Patterson, Marty Walsh; timers: J. F. Macdonald, Phil. C. Harris.

(2nd Game.)

Toronto Varsity (36) — Ottawa University (1). Rosedale Grounds, Toronto, Oct. 15, 1910.

Again, we "regret to report" that the second loss was registered on the "Big Citizen Score Board" against the wearers of the garnet and grey. It was not expected that the team would score a win on Varsity's own stamping-ground, yet it was done before, not many years ago. From current reports the team at no time after the first quarter had a chance of scoring, not to say of winning. Toronto "Varsity" worked the old moss-backed plays that it has pulled off on Ottawa University's team this last three years, viz.: the fake triple buck where Gall trips mer- rily around the end for an easy touch; the long pass, when a Toronto halfback gallops gaily over the line for another try. These plays with a few drop-goals from Capt. Gall's toe, and divers rouges, mounts up a total of 36 points. Ottawa University succeeded in warding off a bath of white-wash by Kennedy's being pulled down for a rouge. Some redeeming features of the game were O'Halloran's mighty sprint of sixty yards, Quilty's punting, and Gilligan's tackling, together with the steady work of our scrimmagers, Loftus and Kennedy.

(3rd Game.)

Queen's (25) — Ottawa University (2). Kingston, Oct. 22, 1910.

For the third consecutive time this season it is the painful duty of the "Athletics Dept." to record in the pages of the Re-

view a most decisive and humiliating defeat. At the hands of our old enemy Queen's we were shown no mercy, and a grand total of twenty-five points was marked off on the debit side of the football ledger. The players of Ottawa's team could not "get going" against the well-coached Kingston team, which played faultless rugby. Fumbles on Ottawa's back line were chiefly responsible for most of the scores, Queen's always being on the spot when most needed. The team lacked ginger, and at no time was scientific inside football displayed. In the midst of the onslaught the team secured two lonely counts, saving them from a shut-out. The team was little changed from the last line-up. The officials, both Kingston men, acted in a most impartial manner and no blame could be attached to them for the defeat. The press reports do not make mention of their unfairness alleged in some quarters. It is poor principle to attach the stain of incompetency or injustice to two gentlemen acting to the best of their ability. Take your medicine and keep on smiling. The team's players were:—Wings, Bert Gilligan, Jim Kennedy, Harrington, Breen, Sullivan, O'Halloran; scrum-mage, Whibbs, Lacey, Loftus; backs, Nagle, Smith, Quilty, Sheehy.

(4th Game.)

Toronto Varsity (26) — Ottawa Varsity (5). Varsity Oval,
Oct. 29th, 1910.

"Reddy" Griffiths' well-oiled football machine, labelled "Toronto Varsity," proved too much for Rev. Father Fallon's combination of rugbyites, and "failure number four" was the final outcome of a well-contested encounter at Varsity Oval on the above-mentioned date.

The contest brought out, in contrast to the first game, the smallest attendance in years, little interest being evinced in the city as to the probable outcome. Varsity after the half-time had no trouble in piling up their accustomed huge tally, and Ottawa scored its first touch-down of the season, also the first registered against the wearers of the blue and white.

Capt. Gall, Jerry Lajoie, and Hal Kennedy proved the point-getters for Toronto and scored touch-downs in sensational style. Captain Quilty, Dick Sheehy, Algic Ardouin, Kennedy and Gilligan played brilliantly, while Letang and Breen also performed creditably. The star feature of the game was the initial appearance of the Duluth phenom, Rah Rah Ardouin, who tore through Varsity's line like Halley's comet through a paper hat. He has the weight and the speed, and evidently the "pull," and

his initial bow to an Ottawa assemblage was a marked triumph for the western section of the United States. Dr. Frank P. Quinn and Dr. Kearns acted as referee and umpire respectively, perfect satisfaction being given both teams. The timers were Dr. Barton of Varsity, and Phil Harris of Ottawa.

The line-up was:—Gilligan, Quilty, Sammon, Ardouin, Kennedy, Loftus, Whibbs, Harrington, Letang, Sheehy, Smith, Mulligan, O'Halloran, Breen.

(5th Game.)

McGill (20) — Ottawa Varsity (0). McGill Campus, Nov. 5th, 1910.

Another Waterloo; a big splash of the kalsomine brush; chunks of juicy terra firma, and "loss the fifth" about describes the "muss" performed in McGill's swarm of miniature lakes, and through politeness called a football game. The trainer packed a large round goose egg very carefully in his knap-sack, and the players packed their soggy rugby armors, together with large slices of Montreal real estate, in their grips, and the party silently entrained for the Capital chewing the tough end of a shut-out defeat.

A heavy team on a heavy field did the trick, and the eighteen College players never had a chance. The going was treacherous, but seemed to suit old McGill's players, who appeared to have adopted a "muddy waddle" fully suited to the wretched under-foot conditions. Our team was not in the same class as the red and white, who passed perfectly, bucked and plunged with vigor, and kicked brilliantly. The best performers on the home team were Sammon, Kennedy, Loftus, Ardouin, Gilligan, Sheehy and Quilty.

Gridiron Kicks.

Some ill-informed pencil-pusher has dubbed Ottawa College the "travelling joke" of the C.I.R.F.U. He must have a bad memory, or is just cutting his eye teeth, if he forgets how the Ottawa College football team, champions of the C.I.R.F.U. in 1907, went to Toronto and defeated Varsity.

No credence is given to the report that Ottawa College is going to drop out of the Union. We can take a licking with the best of them. McGill has not won a championship since 1906, and Queen's last win was 1904, so we are not so far behind as the Toronto papers may think, as 1907 is just three years ago. We're in to stay.

Games for the "Richards" Trophy were keenly contested and the Inter-Mural League is now a tie between Capt. Labelle and Capt. Guindon. The final game will be a whirlwind.

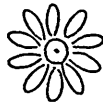
The "seconds" were treated to a free trip to Kingston to reward them for their good work in practice.

Seventeen years ago to-day, October 8th, 1904, Ottawa College met and defeated Queen's in one of the fiercest battles ever fought on the old College grounds.

The third team scored an easy victory over St. Patrick's City League footballers, winning out by eleven points to one. For the winners Willie Chartrand, Tony Muzanti, and Frank Harris played brilliantly on the back line, the first named being especially effective with his strong punting and fast running. On the line Coupal, McDonald and Hally scintillated.

The "Athletics Dept." and the Executive of the O.U.A.A. wish to express their hearty appreciation and thanks to all the city papers for the sterling support given the football team of University in the face of unfortunate defeats. The Free Press, Citizen and Journal were very generous in the amount of space allotted to the doings of the team, and no good points of the team playing or players were unrecognized and unchronicled. We thank you heartily.

Hats off to Toronto Varsity. Thrice champions of the Intercollegiate Union. Time for a change! Who knows?





Of Local Interest

Has anybody seen Cornelius' collar on?

Our geology class on an excursion to Hog's Back (a place about five miles from Ottawa) met a farmer bringing a hog to the city. One of the excursionists, Cou-hlan, made the remark it will be a long time before that hog's back.

Coach: If S-m-on doesn't show up well at outside wing—we'll can him!

Profect, congratulating the football players on their staying power in the College-Varsity game at Toronto, (Sh-hy had missed his train): Sh-hy was so good at staying that he is not back yet.

It's merely a suggestion, but I think we should have Ard-n's picture in this page next month.

Ds-t is in good shape.

Ard-n: McD-d, you're a bright one; no wonder your father called you "son."

Monsieur Coughlan, nos félicitations vous faites un bon umpire.

S-m-rd: I am a great singer. I broke the record once when I sang in a phonograph.

Pat Har-ton and Mike O'M-ra were having a ride in a street car the other day. Both were standing in the aisle of the car. Pat said, "won't you sit down, Mike?" "No," said Mike, "I will stand Pat."

How long is a piece of string?

C-ghlan: Say, Br-n, did you ever hear the story about the crane?

Br-n: No; what is it?

C-ghlan: Oh, it's a long one.

Senior Student: I think we'll reorganize our glee club.

Freshman: I took part in a play down home called the "Silver Set."

Senior Student: The part you took was the silver, wasn't it?

Professor in physiology: What generally follows when a man is "dead drunk"?

S-vé: An arrest.

Director of reading room: I think we had better send for the Star, the Sun, the Dipper, and the World.

S-m-rd: Why don't you buy an astronomy at once?

Professor in physics, who was explaining a hydrostatic scales: Are you all satisfied about those scales now?

Harris: No, just S-mm-n.

D-se-t is an excellent fellow.

His politeness grows each year;

But it keeps the students guessing

To know why he wears that gear.

He brought it with him to Kingston,

Where he played the role of spare,

And some of his admirers said

Take it off and let's see your hair.

For spare D-se-t we've always had,

And he hasn't been knocked out so far,

Except at half time in Kingston

He was knocked out of the car.



Junior Department.

The academical year of 1910 and 1911 has brought to Small Yard many new students besides most of last year's boys, there being but two graduates to Big Yard.

The disciplinarians for the ensuing year are as follows:—Rev. Father Veronneau, first prefect; Rev. Father Voyer, second prefect; Rev. Father Healey, third prefect. Rev. Father Collins has retired from the prefecture, his increased duties in connection with St. Joseph's parish rendering this step necessary.

The members of the Junior Athletic Association held their annual meeting on Saturday, October 1st. The officers chosen were: Director, Rev. Father Veronneau; President, A. Renaud; First Vice-President, J. Chartrand; Second Vice-President, L. Brady; Secretary, H. Bishop; Treasurer, H. Richardson; Councillors, A. Milot, J. McNally, and H. Doran; Managers, E. McNally and H. Bourgie.

Small Yard has entered the Senior Triangle Football League, composed of the following four teams:—Queen's, New Edinburgh, Y.M.C.A., and Small Yard. The first game was played on Saturday, October 8th, against Queen's at Lansdowne Park. This game resulted in a win for the upholders of the garnet and grey, the score being 12 to 1. Small Yard lined up as follows:—Fullback, Cornellier; halves, Richardson, Renaud and Fournier; quarter back, Milot; scrimmage, Murphy, McNally and Delisle; inside wings, Chartrand and Madden; middle wings, Chantal and Florence; outside wings, Bonfield and Marier.

Barry Steers, fullback; Richardson, Renaud and Fournier, halves; Milot, quarter back; Murphy, McNally and Delisle, scrimmage; Chartrand, Madden, Bonfield, Florence, Carleton and Marier on the line, represented Small Yard against New Edinburgh on October 15 and won the game by 5 to nil.

On Saturday, October 29th, Small Yard witnessed their first defeat, New Edinburgh winning from them by a score of 6 to 3.

But on account of New Edinburgh playing a man who was not registered as a member of that team the game was protested.

Y.M.C.A. lost a very exciting game to the Small Yard players on Monday, Thanksgiving day, by a score of 8 to nothing.

Our captain is Mr. Alexis (Dick) Renaud.

The schedules of two football leagues were drawn up in Small Yard, the games being played on Wednesday and Sunday. Each league consists of three teams which contain some very promising players. The winners of each league will be published in next month's issue.

M-r-p-y says he is not P-r-n's trainer, but we don't believe that.

What does va't'en mean?

Daily communion seemingly has taken firm root in Small Yard. This is a very praiseworthy practise and shows that the annual retreat has done much good to the students.

On Saturday, October 22, "Lead" Milot sprained his angle and put in a week under Brother Gervais' special care. Braithwaite played quarterback in his place on Thanksgiving day, and after seeing this game "Lead" has given up all hope of ever playing on First team again.

Sully: Talk about Br-thw-te playing quarterback, but did you ever see him do his disappearance stunt?

F-b-y: R-n-d and I had the two "classiest kites" in Kingston.

What's the matter with our orchestra? It's all right. Who says so? Father V-y-r.

Since we have that piano our recreation hall can boast of being fitted up as well if not better than that of Big Yard.

Football players learn the game by practice. This rule holds good even if you are on first team and happen to think that you know all about football. If you are not on first team you never will be if you do not practice.

Some players have developed the use of the tongue to such an extent that they will soon be able to win a game by talking alone. We don't think! Play football with your hands, feet and brains, but shut your mouth.

Don't forget that Marathon race. Henceforth the one to win the race will have his name engraved on a silver cup which will be put up every year as first prize. There will also be other prizes.

The pool and billiard leagues are being formed and much rivalry is expected from the knights of the cue.

We still have our fat baby in Small Yard!

