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## Mater Dei.

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"Et qui creavit me, requievit in tabernaculo meo."

O Mary how I envy thee the grace,  
That hid within thy heart the Word Divine,  
And made thy life a thing so consecrate  
That angels knelt in throngs before thy shrine.

O Virgin lips as soft as full-blown rose,  
Let me but taste the sweetness of your bliss  
When hending o'er the star-like baby face  
The Mother dropped a snowy, radiant kiss.

O eyes that gazed into the liquid depths  
Of those two gleaming sapphire's purest blue  
That shone beneath the aureoled baby brow,  
Teach me the secret of your cloudless hue.

O hands that pressed the throbbing baby heart  
Unto that lily-breast in close embrace,  
Lead me through paths where lurking sin besets  
And bring me, with Christ's beauty, face to face.

—Percy Vernon.

## A Letter from Oxford.

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Russell Square, London, W.C.

Reverend and dear Doctor Sherry:

Some few months ago—in fact over a year ago—you asked me to write something to you for *The Review*. I promised to do so, but when I received copies of last year's *Review* and realized how excellent were all the articles appearing therein, my courage failed me. This year's numbers have made me all the less anxious to write for publication in a paper which seems to cater only to writers of genius. Terms spent on such works as the *Apologia Socratis*, the *Meno*, the *Philippics* of Cicero and certain portions of that dearly-beloved friend of VA—Tacitus—; spare moments spent on *Real Property*, *Constitutional History* and kindred subjects, cannot be said to be the best of preparations for the task I have in hand, so I am sure I shall be pardoned for causing a number of *The Review*—if this escapes the blue-pencil of the Rev. editor—to fall below the usual high-water mark of excellence attained by U. of O. literature.

What I shall write about next worries me. I could possibly, by touching lightly on this and that subject—give a very superficial notion of things Oxonian, but such an undertaking would waste time and would be more tiresome on your readers. I fear, than the present introduction to life at Oxford. I am only going to give a very rough sketch of what things first happen to a newcomer—apart from the social side.

The experience is one which I am grateful fell to my lot, thanks to the Selection Committee of O. U. and I truthfully and sincerely say that I hope that every man now at Ottawa who has it in his power will work as never before—in every way—and try to come over here in 1916 and redeem the reputation of Ottawa University.

A course at Oxford is a wonderful thing for a man who has graduated from a Canadian or American university. There is here what those in the know call atmosphere, "associations" which tend to rub off any rough edges that have been left by the home varsity. Having a degree—if from certain universities—he need not take preliminary exams. I have taken them and

know full well that they really deserve to be referred to in the same language applied by Gen. Sherman to war. Another and greater consideration is that as a rule he has himself well enough in hand that he need not fall into many pitfalls to be found in a place where a premium is placed upon work by very near the majority. How many Oxford men say "we go up to Oxford to live and down (on vacs.) to study"?

For the man who like myself and many others comes up without a degree, these prelims.—whether in classics with or without honours, in Law or in Science—gets a wonderful training in that vast amount of thoroughness in principle and fact required in the Final Honours Schools.

To be allowed to take these latter, or to try the Second Public Examination, as they are called, one must pass a First Public Exam.—the full title of the Prelims. No amount of cramming for these will save a man from a "plow." Men, of course, do get through who do very little work at Oxford, but they have seen most of the matter while at Public School. I may say here that a boy who passes his Public School, gets through "Smalls" or Responsions so as to be able to come up to Oxford, has a much more thorough knowledge of the classics than does a boy who passes our High Schools or Collegiates. On this account then might I, who have been through the mill, offer a little advice to anyone who ever intends coming to Oxford—*For the sake of your own good time, good money and peace of mind, pay serious attention to Latin and Greek.*

Oxford is one of the few places in the world where Greek is really given any attention and unless the authorities have bona fide evidence that a man has what is called a "sufficient knowledge of Greek" he must take an additional in that subject. Also unless a person has Senior Standing, i.e. a degree from some certain Colonial and American universities, he is obliged to satisfy "the Moderators in Holy Scripture or the book offered in substitution thereof." To do this the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. John must be read in Greek and the Acts in English. Not only must one translate into English but must be able to answer subject-matter questions set in Greek—contexts, they are called. To properly answer these one must be a complete atlas of ancient Palestine, together with knowing by heart "Who's who in the Holy Land, B.C. 63—A.D. 33." The same manner of examination is also used in the Classical Prelims., so it is evident that unless one is extremely lucky cramming is useless.

Once these exams. are over they are of little use to a person. That is to say the matter a person studies for them is of little use on the finals. Honour Mods. (Classics) are the only exception possibly to this. The Modern Language Prelims. are some use too. Like many other things, this Scripture exam. called "Divuers" is a relic of the past and will I presume be still in force in Oxford A. D. 2012. "Mods," Greek, gate-bills, horse-trams and—I almost forget them, vivas—are also institutions hallowed by custom and ancient usage.

Talking about ancient customs, I might say that a "viva" (viva voce) is a necessary part of every exam. A week or two after the written part, men come trooping back from all corners of the three kingdoms to be "vivad" for anywhere from two to thirty minutes. This is a survival of the mediaeval custom. I suppose, of a public defence of a thesis by those supplicating for theological degrees. Anyway the viva voce takes place, is generally disliked and useless, unless a man is "on the line." If he has passed or "plowed," a viva is of absolutely no use. Vivas on the finals are attended by anxious and loving parents and friends who accompany the family hopeful to a trial before a bench of examiners on the qui vive to see a man make all kinds of ridiculous statements. No doubt vivas will also be taking place in A. D. 2012.

Before one tries his finals then, he must pass a Prelim., unless exempted by Senior Standing, and before trying a prelim., it is necessary to have passed "smalls" or Responsions, or some exam. considered as equivalent thereto. Such is the general procedure. There is also something else that everyone passes through, the result of a rather quaint ceremony—matriculation before the Vice Chancellor.

This generally takes place during the first or second week one is up. After having given the college his pedigree and supplied the university with sufficient data to trace his family in case of necessity, the "Fresher," having decked himself in cap and gown and wearing a dark suit, white shirt, and collar and tie of the same immaculate hue, marches to the Divinity Schools accompanied by his classmates. Here the Vice-Chancellor—that person who is the uncrowned, unless you consider his Doctor's hat a crown, King of Oxford—enters, preceded by his beadle bearing the mace. A nice little speech in Latin that would make even Cicero blush—for the real Oxford Latin is more than Ciceronic, it is, well it's Oxonian—starts the proceedings. Each

man in answer to his name goes up and receives an up-to-date copy of Statuta et Decreta Universitatis Oxoniensis, a special memo. to undergraduates and a notice to the effect that Tom Brown or Verdant Green, as his name may be, this day was matriculated before me. Another Latinic outburst concludes the proceedings. Henceforth the fresher is "in statu pupillari" and becomes amenable for certain offences mentioned in the special memo. mentioned above, and is liable to be called upon at various times in his career as an undergrad. to increase the university revenues by sums which vary according to the temper of the Proctor on the particular morning the unhappy mortal appears before him.

Of course the town police have very little to do with us. Their special troubles are to keep a fatherly eye upon an undergrad. who may be treading what appears to him a very tortuous way home. There is however a body of men who are not always so kindly disposed towards us. I mean the Proctor and his henchmen the Bullers.

The Proctors are elected annually and aided by the B's preserve the peace. The henchmen are usually retired college servants who have a reputation for doing the 100 in flat time. Nothing so upsets an Oxford man as to turn round a corner and come across five men, one of whom growls out "Name and college, please;" an appearance at the Proctor's court is required next morning. This individual has full power to deal as he likes with the culprits and as a rule the punishment fits the crime.

Some of the crimes may be hanging around the stage door (this will be seldom broken in future as the edict has gone forth from the sanctum of the Vice-Chancellor that no more musical comedies appear in Oxford), attending entertainments which have not received the "Nihil Obstat" of the V. C., if I may use the term without disrespect, playing billiards, except between 10 a.m. and 10 p.m., possessing a motor-cycle, motor or aeroplane without proctorial permission, smoking in public while wearing academical dress and being out of college after eight p.m. in the winter and nine p.m. in the summer without wearing a gown. This rule is seldom lived up to. It is custom to pay the fine of 5/-if caught rather than be burdened with a gown—though some are in such a state that the name is a mockery—while taking the nightly constitutional after dinner in hall. Academical dress by the way, must be worn when visiting certain University and College authorities, and when going to the Bodleian Library

or the Examination Schools. To the latter moreover a white tie and dark suit must also be worn at examination time. The white tie is a mark of the innocents on their way to slaughter in the most magnificent place of execution in England. The schools were erected at a cost of \$750,000.

Well, dear Father, I think I have taken such a long time to show the preliminary steps and general regulations here, that "finish" should soon make its appearance. If you would like to hear about any particular side of 'varsity life, I should be pleased to tell you all I know about it.

Begging pardon for having been so long winded and using such an utter lack of construction, I am,

Reverend and dear Doctor.

Respectfully yours,

THOMAS L. McEVOY.



## Brutus.

**I**N the tragedy, Julius Caesar, Marcus Brutus is the most important figure. Upon the delineation of his character Shakespeare has spent more care and thought than on any other in the play. He stands forth among the Dramatist's noblest creations, a splendid type of honest man. In a measure, his character was drawn from fancy, for Shakespeare is more partial to him than is history. But even the integrity of a Brutus cannot justify a rebellion without sufficient cause, such as that against Julius Caesar.

As I picture Brutus in my mind's eye, he is a tall graceful, well-built man. His hands are white, slender and well kept. His hair is light brown and straight. His long face is clean shaven. He has a high thoughtful forehead, overhanging eyebrows, blue eyes, a Roman nose, a rather weak mouth, with full lips, and an obstinate chin. He is a pleasant, noble-looking man, obviously a student and a dreamer.

To Cassius, Brutus appeared a desirable ally. He was held

in high esteem by all the Romans, his quiet meditative disposition inspired confidence. He was supposed, at first, to be Caesar's friend, having all to gain and nothing to lose from the Emperor's administration. Thus if he were won to Cassius' side, he would impart to it an air of truth, patriotism and honesty, without which such an act as the faction, or Cassius, contemplated, would seem mere brutal, jealous murder. Cassius knows that Brutus is weak, that he lacks penetration, has too much pride both in his own dignity as a man and in his ancestors' Republican fame, (which he thinks it his duty to maintain) to occupy a position under a tyrannical ruler. He admires and loves Brutus for his good and noble qualities, but he feels sure that he can be seduced from his loyalty to Caesar. Cassius has not much confidence in his judgment. All through their partnership they hold opposite opinions on important questions and always Cassius is justified, especially in his mistrust of Antony and in not wishing to leave their camp to battle at Phillipi with Octavius and Antony. He knows Brutus is a better philosopher and Stoic than he, but he is surprised at his fortitude concerning his wife's death. Cassius thinks Brutus is foolish to be prevailed upon to act against his personal interest, in rising against Caesar.

To Portia, Brutus' second wife (he having divorced his first one, to marry Cato's widowed daughter) he is a faithful loving husband. A great deal of weakness is displayed in his conduct to her. First he refuses to acquaint her with the cause of his uneasiness, when he was cogitating about Caesar, then after her importunities, he is willing to share all his secrets with her. That Cassius' words had aroused Brutus is proved by his reply to his wife when she says:—

“Brutus is wise and were he not in health

“He would embrace the means to come by it.”

“Why, so do I,” he says, meaning that he is planning to secure the health of the state. The fact that Portia voluntarily wounds herself to give him an example of her firmness, shows that he was no great observer of humanity, and that she knew it, for, had he known his wife's character thoroughly, he would have confided in her immediately, if he had trusted her, or else would have been afraid to do so at all, especially as he had time to reflect between her petition and his granting it.

Before becoming a friend of Caesar, Brutus was a partisan of Pompey, though that general had ordered the death of his

father. He loves and admires, Caesar for his noble qualities, but he distrusts him, and so he tramples upon gratitude, esteem and loyalty for the phantom honour of free citizenship, which as yet has not been taken from the Romans. He does not fear the Emperor for what he is, but for what he may *become*. Thus he does not live in the present but in the future. Brutus' personal pride and honour will not allow him to acknowledge a sovereign, but will permit an act of treachery.

At first Brutus is inclined to fear the dangers into which Cassius may lead him, but once approached, he soon becomes the tool of the conspirators. He was a patriot ready for the sacrifice of anyone, but—left alone—is little inclined for energetic action and still less for political activity. The death of the Republic is plainly near; nevertheless Brutus allows himself to be so far deluded by Cassius' artifices and well calculated eloquence that he not only ignores, or does not see the evident signs of the times, but determines to commit a deed, in political respects doubtful and morally criminal. Brutus has enough influence over Cassius to cause him to accept his advice against his own judgment for friendship's sake. He condemns his confederate for extorting money from the poor peasants, but demands Cassius' help to pay his soldiers. In this, his conduct is not consistent. The same incongruity is shown in his determination to commit suicide rather than be led a captive to Rome, for just before he expresses this resolve he blames Cato for so far forgetting his Stoic principles as to kill himself after a defeat.

Brutus considers Antony a mere reveller, of no political importance, whereas Antony is intensely ambitious and loyal to Caesar. Another proof of Brutus' lack of penetration is that he will not allow the Conspirators to assassinate Mark Antony with Caesar—for fear of what the people will think. Then, he permits him to deliver the funeral oration over the Emperor's body, and his eloquence inflames the Commoners to such a heat that the faction is obliged to flee from Rome.

Brutus is to be condemned for his weakness in allowing himself to be led, and his ambition to be aroused to the extent he did; for listening to the counsel and flattery of a man whom he knew to be jealous of Caesar; for utterly forgetting gratitude to the Emperor, who had not only saved his life, but made him his friend; for his inconsistencies for rebelling against just authority; for mistrusting Caesar who had given him no cause

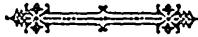
to do so; and most of all for flattering and kissing Caesar's hand when he was about to stab him.

He enlists one's sympathy because he means well, but allows himself to be ruled by ideals rather than by facts; because he is inspired by love of the Republic; because he trusts that his will, will be strong enough to direct the course of history; because he is of a peaceful disposition, more given to peace than to military pursuits and also on account of the remorse he felt at having assassinated Caesar.

Probably the best epitome of his character is given by Mark Antony in his closing speech:—

“His life was gentle, and the elements  
 “So mixed in him that Nature might stand up  
 “And say to all the world, ‘This was a man!’”

M. E. ROUGHSEGE, (*Matric.*), '14.



### PHILANTHROPY.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,  
 Where the race of men go by,—  
 They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,  
 Wise, foolish—so am I.  
 Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,  
 Or hurl the cynic's ban?—  
 Let me live in my house by the side of the road,  
 And be a friend to man.

—Anon.

## St. Agnes

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O little maid, so fair, so mild  
 So like a lily undefiled.  
     My heart goes out to thee.  
 The halo round thy radiant face  
 Is born of prayer, and love and grace  
     And spotless purity.

O tiny winsome Bride of Christ,  
 Ne'er for one moment sin-enticed,  
     What power still is thine!  
 Who is there bears thy beauteous name,  
 But feels her inmost heart aflame  
     To share thy love divine.

Thine eyes aglow, like glimm'ring star  
 That led the faithful Magi far,  
     Dispel the gloom of sin,  
 And flood the soul with strength untold  
 To spurn the world, as thou, of old  
     Its lurings and its din.

Where thou art loved, O Pure as Snow,  
 There host- of Christ's sweet lilies blow,  
     With hearts of virgin gold—  
 Like thee their tender lives exhale,  
 A tender beauty, fragrant, frail.  
     A sweetness manifold.

O Agnes! little Lamb of God!  
 No saintlier maiden ever trod  
     The streets of pagan Rome  
 Obtain that soon, I, too, may sing  
 The glorious praises of my King  
     In Heaven's starry dome.

—Percy Vernon.

## Iron and Its Uses.



VERY department of service furnishes the student of nature with a new proof of the principle that the Creator is all provident as well as all powerful. Botany, the primary science in our schools and colleges, illustrates the wonderful manner in which vegetation springs, nourishes, and matures; how every plant from the least stem to the towering oak is sprung from the tiniest of seeds, nourished with the rich moistures of mother earth, heated with the sun's rays, and cooled with the gentle rains from heaven; how the plant is the sole support of the animal life, the study of the latter being termed zoology, through which, and by which and in which, we see the hand of providence supplying man with the most essential properties of his existence.

Next to the study of those elements necessary to the functions of the animal life comes mineralogy, the opening up of the earth's crust, inclosed in which the All-providing One has placed innumerable ores to supply the wants of man. These ores are found in great abundance all over the globe, but one of them found in the greatest abundance is iron, which, using the expression in the best sense of the term, is indispensable to the wants of man. But God so destined it, that man should from perseverance, learn to extract from their abodes the different ores, mould them into their various forms, and apply them to their different uses; and indeed we may assert without hesitation, that the advancement of nations from barbarism to civilization may be marked by their abilities in working the iron ore. Wherever the art of iron-making has reached its greatest perfection, may be expected to be found the most enlightened nation in existence, while on the contrary the sign of the uncivilized tribe is its pompous display of gold and jewels.

Terrestrial iron exists in various forms. Loose blocks of metallic iron are discovered near the surface in many countries, and in some counties as in Russia and America it exists in large veins. The most abundant form, however, is oxide iron either in a pure state as haematite or red oxide, or combined with carbonic acid, constituting clay iron stone, from which the iron of commerce is principally extracted. A knowledge of the distri-

bution of iron oxide may be grasped from the fact that it is a constituent of all plants and animals. Much iron oxide is injurious to the growth of vegetation, but it has been proven that plants will not flourish without it, since it enters as an indispensable component into the composition of all organisms. In animals it is a constituent of the blood, forming one of the coloring matters, and exists in the ratio of 0.05 to every 100 parts.

Celestial iron is a source of iron formed outside of the earth's surface. As the name indicates it comes from some mysterious heavenly bodies, but as to how it lost its connection with those bodies, or where it comes from, we have no real knowledge. All of a sudden it appears high in the air with indications of vivid ignition, moving at the rate of thirty-five miles a second obliquely towards the earth, and as it touches it, bursts with a loud crash, scattering the fragments for a considerable distance. According to the great astronomer Todd, these masses, called meteorites, have their origin in disintegrated comets, and move round the sun in orbits of their own, but going beyond the limits of their attraction, they come under the influence of this earth and fall to its surface. The phenomenon known as "the falling star" is none other than the dust from the meteorite becoming incandescent from friction with the gases as it passes through the air. We have at the present day collections of these meteorites, some of which were actually seen falling. One weighing 1,400 pounds fell in Tucson, Arizona, and is now in the United States National Museum at Washington. One fell in Texas weighing 1,635 pounds, and is now among the collections in the Yale Museum. and a Colorado meteorite in the Amherst collections weighs 437 pounds. To my own personal recollection I remember having seen a meteorite which fell in Dundrum, Co. Tipperary, August, 1865, weighing 245 pounds, and which bears the name Dundrum after the place.

A meteorite consists of iron mixed with nickel, chrome, rock and clay, which indicates to some extent that the elements which are compounded outside the earth, are in some degree the same as upon the earth itself. A fact to be borne in mind about meteorites is, that although some few compounds have been discovered in them, they contain no new elements, no trace of organic life, and never have any such substances been found thrown from a terrestrial volcano.

Having obtained iron in the natural state, the next step is to remove all impurities with which it is mixed, and replace

them by such substances as will best fit the iron for its many and varied uses.

Iron has three principal commercial forms, known as cast-iron, pure iron and steel. The first one obtainable is cast-iron and the operation through which we put the newly found material in order to obtain it, is very simple. In a red-hot furnace are placed coke or coal and the iron ore through which is mixed limestone. From the intense heat the limestone breaks up and yields lime which seizes upon the silica and other impurities such as clay, sand, etc., and the oxide of iron is set free. The oxide of iron is immediately reduced by the carbon of the fuel with which it is in contact, and having combined with from 2% to 5% of it, gives us cast-iron, which fuses easily and expands powerfully on becoming cold, and it is owing to this expansion that cast-iron is so extensively used in filling moulds and crevices into which it is poured in the liquid state.

Having obtained cast-iron, to obtain pure iron will be our next step. As we have seen, cast-iron contains from 2% to 5% of carbon. Both iron and carbon contain the qualities of combustion, but there is an advantage in the fact that carbon is the more combustible of the two. The result then, if we heat cast-iron to a very high temperature, is, that the carbon is absorbed and we get pure iron. The process is a little difficult and complicated. In a reverberatory furnace (a furnace so called from the fact that the flames are beaten down from the fire-place upon the melting iron strewn upon its hearth) the iron is melted and the carbon burned out, until at length the iron breaks into very small pieces, which, on a great heat being applied, reunite into one rough, round mass. This mass on being taken from the furnace is put through a pressing machine, which presses together the particles of pure iron, and drives out any particles of undecomposed cast-iron which might remain. Pure iron has many properties; it is soft, flexible, malleable and easily welded; at white heat it may be forged, rolled into bar or, sheet-iron drawn out into wire, or put in any shape required.

Steel which comes between cast-iron and pure iron, is the most important, as it has a thousand and one properties and serves a thousand and one different purposes. Steel contains from 0.7 to 1.5% of carbon and may be obtained either from the native ore or pure iron. It may be obtained from the native ore by placing it in a red-hot furnace with coke and lime and having just enough coke to unite with the iron to make steel. It is

obtained from pure iron by having the latter placed in boxes which are buried deep in powdered charcoal and exposed to a full red-heat. Gradually the carbon penetrates right through the layers of iron, changing them to steel. The steel thus acquired may be made to take any degree of hardness required.

A short review of the iron industry before coming down to the uses of the different qualities may not be out of place. Ever since the days of King David iron has been known to exist. Iron crowns and pikes and swords preserved today in our museums could and would tell wondrous tales of ancient heroes, had they only mouths and tongues to relate their history. Still the art of iron-making had never risen to any degree of importance until the beginning of the last century. True, quite an amount of it was in use, but the implements were rough and awkward and of little value. In the beginning of the nineteenth century men of intellectual endowments saw that iron could be turned into many uses, and many wants supplied which were hitherto unthought of, and these men were followed by others of equal or greater genius, in addition to the experience acquired from the preceding generation, until today, man has, so to speak harnessed the forces of nature to do almost all his works.

As stated before, cast-iron is especially fitted for filling crevices, moulds, chinks and such purposes, and in this particular office it is almost wholly employed. When cooled it is hard and brittle and very easily broken. Pure iron, possessing as it does, none of the properties of cast-iron, cannot be heated to a fluid so as to run it into moulds and crevices, but it possesses that remarkable property of welding at a white heat, so that with the use of the hammer several pieces can be kneaded together on the anvil. Hence all such parts as anchors, etc., which require peculiar tenacity, are always composed not of a single piece, but of many pieces welded together. Steel is harder than pure iron and far more flexible, and can be welded with soft iron. Its uses are to be found in almost every walk of life. Just think of the steel engine which conveys us and the goods of the country, to the most distant points in a few hours; which threshes our grain, digs our wells, cuts the timber in the forest and saws it up; which ploughs at a rate unequalled by twenty-five of the best teams of horses in existence and at night stands alone and unconcerned in a little corner of the field. The railroad rails are steel, the railroad car is part steel and the street car line is steel. You have steel ships, the pipes that convey heat to all parts of

your house are steel, and rivers of large dimensions are crossed by steel bridges. All your wearing apparel is cut and put together by articles made from steel. The bricks of your house are made in steel factories. The paper that conveys to you the news of the day, is made and printed in works of steel, and the very food that you consume is prepared in steel mills. In the early ages the people were awe-struck at the feat of Hannibal in crossing the Alps and just a few centuries ago at Napoleon in his repetition of the same adventure, but we, people of today, sit in quiet composure, and read of a railroad cut right through that once impassable mountain, all done by the aid of steel instruments. Canals are now being cut and seas let mingle with seas, where previously, no man would dare to suggest such an idea lest he be ridiculed. In a word, man's ability has worked iron to such a state of perfection. that manual labor has been replaced by machinery.

JEREMIAH J. FOGARTY, '16.

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## De Medico.

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MAN is continually harassed by evils—spiritual and physical, but a merciful Creator has supplied preventatives and antidotes for every evil to which a human being is subjected. As in the religious world it is the office of the spiritual physician to cure the wounds of the soul and to fortify that soul in order that it may be better fitted to resist temptations, so in the profane world, the duty of the doctor is to cure the ills to which the human body is prone, and to strengthen it that the individual may not be a burden to himself, herself or to society at large.

Life is sweet and mankind considers and protects it as its most precious possession. The anatomy, a most wonderful and most perfect work of creation, is, however, a very delicate organism, and from the moment that the new being as a babe, takes in its first breath, until as an aged person, it gives forth its last

gasp, this organism is a constant prey to pain and disease. If Nature had not provided her children with remedies, what a miserable existence we mortals would eke out in an unhappy world. But fortunately we have been well looked after. On the surface and in the bowels of the earth, in the roots of herbs, in the juices of plants and fruits, in minerals, etc., these remedies are found. The physician has not only made a study of them, but he has also made himself perfectly acquainted with the human body, of what it needs and of what it does not need. He has put two and two together and knows the remedy required for the cure of a certain disease or for the alleviation of a particular pain. In latter years his researches have led to wonderful advances in the medical art. Diseases, hitherto considered as incurable now readily succumb to his skill. The great Louis Pasteur opened up a new field of science—that of Bacteriology—which is still in its infancy but which is slowly revolutionizing the treatment and prevention of disease. Indeed the world owes an enormous debt of gratitude to the medical profession.

Since the physician must be in constant contact with misery and suffering, the public in general look upon him as a professional man whose essential characteristic is a cold disposition, and whose sole aim in life is the accumulation of wealth. Happily such is not the case. True, there are some who make use of their calling to enrich themselves; it is the outcrop of a selfish nature. Men of this calibre take no pride in their profession. They have assuredly missed their vocation, and instead of being desirable members of society, form an unwelcome burden. Few they are, still by their presence an unsightly scar is left upon the most noble of profane professions. The real medical man is a devotee to his profession and his primary object is to mitigate the suffering and distress of afflicted fellow creatures. Sympathetic or stern as the case demands, every action and every feature give evidence of pity and kindness. He must deal with patients of all classes, of all dispositions, and after doing all in his power to better the condition of a sick person, it is rather discouraging to be told by that person that he is a "quack." If, by his skill and attentiveness he saves a life or effects a cure his fee is paid—frequently after much complaint and abusive language—and no more thought is given to the matter. But, if after weeks of fruitless effort and untiring toil he fails to keep lit the vital spark or to overcome disease, he is looked upon with scorn and forever afterwards regarded as an

enemy. It brings to mind the lines of Shakespeare in King Lear:—

Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,  
More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child  
Than the sea-monster!  
Such is a thankless world.

The true doctor is a true hero. He values human life above all, and the life of a fellow above his own. He is ever found where the grim reaper Death is King, where the plague or epidemic holds thousands of poor pain-racked mortals in awful agony when the groans and lamentations of bereaved ones fill the air, when stout hearts and fearless men, who would not for a moment hesitate to face the terrible rush of cavalry or the death-dealing cannon, weaken, and where horrible dread is marked upon every visage. He is here, there, everywhere, working day and night and not until human nature rebels and refuses to endure more, will he desist; and when his own life is demanded as a forfeit, no Carnegie medal is awarded, no monument erected—"he sleeps in a nameless grave, unhonored and unsung."

No other class of professional or laymen can exert such a far-reaching influence for good or evil as physicians. The doctor is frequently in the presence of death, and opportunities often present themselves for him to speak a comforting word to the soul that, in a short time, will appear before its eternal Judge. Should the medical man be exceptionally brilliant in his profession, and still be morally deficient, his presence in the sick-room or hospital ward is undesirable. Foolish is he who trusts his life or that of a dear one to the care of such a physician.

GEORGE EDON.

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#### HEART'S-EASE.

All my hurts  
My garden spade can heal; a woodland walk,  
A quest of river grapes, a mocking thrush,  
A wild-rose, a rock-loving columbine  
Salve my worst wounds.

—R. W. Emerson.

## Gentleman Joe.

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"Well," remarked Jack Travers, ostensibly to his chum Sammy Selwyn, but in reality to all who cared to listen, "at last we are going to have a little excitement around this place. As long as they don't run us in as suspects, I'll be happy. Honest Injun I wont mind writing home this week at all now that there will be something to write about."

Yes, kind and gentle reader, there was some excitement. When the chemistry laboratory was opened Wednesday morning it didn't take a practiced eye to see that something was wrong. Just what was the reason, of course, could not be determined until investigation was made. However, when a trim, tidy place like our chemistry "lab." is found all mussed up, it doesn't take those interested long to become familiar with the whys and wherefores. While looking around, the eyes of the powers that rule, or rather ruled some years ago this shrine of solutions, precipitates and formulae, alighted upon a drawer, which under ordinary circumstances should have been locked, but was now drawn out so far that it was perilously near falling to the floor. Four or five paces, a few seconds' examining and the investigation was over. The reason of it all, the mussed up shrine and the open drawer was, that some unscrupulous person or persons had endeavored to enrich themselves with several gold and platinum crucibles which usually rested in the drawer now so near falling. The total value of the crucibles might have reached \$500. Yes, there was some excitement.

What would the authorities do? Surely a loss as big as this could not pass by without being looked into. Would it be advisable to ask the aid of the local police department, or what? The faculty met immediately after dinner to discuss the question. The idea of asking police assistance was put down promptly, the reason being that since comparatively few knew of the existence of the crucibles, it might develop that a student did the job. This, of course, with the publicity the police would give the affair, would be decidedly uncomfortable. After much discussion it was decided to let Joshua J. Jones try his hand at the mystery.

To mention the name of Joshua J. Jones without saying something about him, would be doing him the greatest injustice.

Joshua, or Josh as he was called for short, was a familiar personage about the campus. He seemed to be an heirloom, handed down from one generation of students to another. I think there were only two students who could remember the day when Josh first landed at dear old U. O. These two together with Josh were the three surviving members of the famous old class of "Umpity Ump," as they nick-named their class year. Josh, always quiet, observant and possessing remarkable reasoning powers, seemed to the two the same as he did seven years before—lean, stooped, sallow-faced and with a pair of spectacles bestriding his nose. He had made quite a "rep" for himself by solving the mystery which surrounded the working of the tackling dummy the previous autumn, and the faculty concluded that he could do no harm, with the odds for doing good greatly in his favor.

A bulletin sent out from the office of the prefect of studies announced that Joshua J. Jones would be exempt from all lectures for a period of three days. Josh thereupon went to the laboratory and locked himself in. A couple of hours later he came out and went to his rooms to plug up his recitation in physics for the next morning. This, it developed later, was only a blind. He spoke to no one about his chances of success, and no one cared to ask him what he thought they were. That night he disappeared as though the earth had swallowed him up.

It is not what one would call a frequent occurrence for an "old clothes" man to visit the college, but Thursday morning, one of these peculiar characters did come around and not a few students took this auspicious occasion of raising wind by the sale of cast-off raiment. The old fellow departed with a goodly load and was heard of no more.

That afternoon Josh reappeared as suddenly as he disappeared and called upon the Rector. His words were few, but they were well chosen.

"If you are going to prosecute anyone, Joe Anderson is the man."

Of course prosecuting was out of the question. As long as the crucibles were recovered, the authorities would be satisfied with expelling the offender. With this object in view, the secretary of the faculty addressed a note to one Joseph Anderson, Esq., requesting him to appear before that august body Thursday night at 8.00 o'clock.

When the chimes of the great clock in the rotunda of the arts building announced that it was half-past eight, Joseph Anderson, Esq., was not yet forthcoming and a messenger was sent to his rooms to summon him. Joseph was not to be found, but his room-mate volunteered the information that Joe had received a telegram saying that his father was very ill, and that his presence at the bedside would cheer the old gentleman greatly, and that he, Joe had taken French leave in time to catch the late afternoon train to Montreal. A yellow sheet on Joe's desk substantiated the room-mate's statement, and the messenger took possession of the telegram.

Joshua J. Jones, student investigator of crime, in answer to the call of the faculty, appeared on the scene with a small parcel. The telegram was handed to him by one of those present with a what-do-you-know-about-that air. Josh read it and smiled.

"I am to understand, I suppose," he said, "that you wish this matter kept quiet till he returns," tapping the telegram. The smile broadened as two or three nodded.

"Well you might as well let all know it now who are bound to know, for Joseph Anderson or "Gentleman Joe" will not be coming back. In the first place the telegram was typewritten by Joe himself, for these are not the proper station calls, and in the second place this is a G. N. W. form and Joe's supposed home town is on one of the C. P. R. lines. Joe in his hurry to get away overlooked this little detail. Here are the platinum crucibles and the gold which he obtained after melting the gold crucibles. I picked the lock of his suitcase while he was at lunch. Joe Anderson, alias Joe Klem has gone to meet the gang of crooks who engineered this job."

Joshua J. Jones then bowed and withdrew.

When he arrived at his rooms he found his room-mate telling the small mob of students which filled the place to keep quiet so that the famous investigator of crime could tell his story. Attired in a brilliant yellow dressing gown and an air of profound wisdom, and drawing at a clay pipe two feet long, Josh told his story.

"There isn't much to tell," he began, taking care not to mention Anderson's, or Klem's, name, "the thief got into the laboratory by the door from the classroom. It has only a common lock, one that a blind man could pick with his toes. In the laboratory I found that the bottles had been upset more with a

purpose than by accident. The reason was to hide the fact that while prying open the drawer, the thief upset a bottle of uranium nitrate and the legs of his trousers were soaked. Near the drawer there were scratches on the floor that looked as if someone had made them by taking a quick jerky jump backwards. The bottle of nitrate was the only one spilled near the drawer, so I concluded that the others were upset to try and hide the connection between the two. Then the gas furnaces showed signs of having been used very recently and there was a sand crucible with a speck of gold stuck to the lip. The thief had used the furnaces to melt the gold but as platinum takes longer he didn't want to risk the time. All that was left for me to do was to find someone with a pair of trousers all stained down the legs. I know an old chap named "Gimpy" over in the north side and he rigged me up as the old clothes man you saw this morning. I had to buy a lot of duds before I got hold of the trousers for I knew that the guilty fellow would sell 'em right away. Anyway I got hold of what I wanted and all that was left to do was to find out if the stains were really caused by uranium nitrate. I tried to wash out one patch with luke warm water and salt but it took some of the dye out with it. There was one patch gone. Rather than fail again I burned one of the other patches in a crucible and decided to test the ashes for uranium. for as you know, or ought to know, uranium nitrate is a non-volatilizable metal. The rest was easy. I made a solution of the ashes and added potassium ferro-cyanide. The characteristic brown precipitate fell and the last link of the chain was forged.

"Now, if you don't mind, you chaps, I must plug up some astronomy for tomorrow before I turn in." And Joshua J. Jones, student investigator of crime turned to his legitimate occupation.

"Yes," said Jack Travers to his chum Sammy Selwyn as they left Josh's rooms, "We did have a little excitement. I must write that letter home tonight. Doings of this kind can't be very well kept on ice, not around this place anyway."

FRANK A. LANDRIAU, '15.

# University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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

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No. 4

**A HAPPY NEW YEAR.**

Such is the kindly wish wafted over the world at the beginning of every new year, but is it not rather from routine than from deep-seated, definite thought and conviction. 'Tis a wish that should be not of one day alone, but should continue for all time. Its sincerity should be proved in the practical manifestation of our every-day actions. Wherein lies true happiness? Not, surely, in honour, pleasure, wealth; but in the consciousness of duty accomplished, and the joys of real friendship. If we feel that our presence in the world makes it a little better and a little happier, then happiness will be our portion. Many are our opportunities for a kindly word or deed which shall cast a ray of sunshine over the dark spots around us, making life's pathway less gloomy and desolate by our cheery help and encouragement. By such a course of action we shall each and every one perform our share to make 1913 a happy year. Let us look to it.

## A WORD OF SYMPATHY.

*The Review* feels that it is voicing the sentiments of the students at large when it offers to H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught its respectful sympathy, and hopes for her speedy recovery from the painful and dangerous illness with which she has been afflicted. She has endeared herself to all classes of citizens, not alone in Ottawa, but wherever she has set foot in Canada, by her affability and her kindly interest in all forms of charitable work and social amelioration. The same may be said of our royal Governor and the popular Princess Patricia. As regards ourselves, we have not forgotten that the first public appearance of the Duke and Duchess after their arrival in Ottawa was at Varsity Oval, where they came to honour our boys with their presence and place the seal of their approval on clean and honourable sport. The Duchess was particularly gracious in sending for one of our players who had especially distinguished himself, and extending to him her personal congratulations. We trust that she may soon be restored to health and vigour, and that for a long time to come she may continue to grace Rideau Hall with her sweet and genial presence.

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MEGALOMANIA.

Megalomania is a disease commonly attributed to the American people, but there are serious reasons to believe that it has found its way over the border. It may be defined as a loss of the sense of proportion, and its most common victims are our newspapers. The newspaper, of its very nature, is exposed to this disease, because it has come to be recognized as a canon of modern journalism that a thing must be "big" if it is to attract attention. The sheet is big, the titles and sub-titles are in big type. Naturally the next step is to *see big*. A group of five hundred people easily becomes two thousand—unless the paper is describing a meeting of the party opposed to it in federal, provincial, or municipal politics, when the reportorial eye assumes the properties of a reducing lens. The disease, at first optical, soon becomes cerebral. Only one degree of comparison is now recognized in the English language—the superlative. Our public men never open their mouths without making the finest speech of their career. The success of a meeting, a play, a concert, is unprecedented, magnificent, stupen-

dous. A fire is invariably the greatest and most disastrous in the history of the place; a railway accident the most frightful; an exhibition the most interesting and successful; a new law or regulation the most far-reaching and important. The rustic spokesman at the village club who quotes from the Experimental Farm Bulletins the most effective destroyer of the potato bug, becomes in the semi-weekly edition of the *Pumpville Observer* "the learned lecturer, Mr. Hodge"; and the suburban bricklayer who rises at the end of an impressive meeting of the Loyal True Blues to tell the great gathering (composed of twenty-two patriots and four small boys) of his pleasure at being present on this historic occasion, and to re-assert his undying allegiance to the memory of King William, becomes "the well known industrial leader and champion of our nation's liberty." We are not surprised to find that the fire brigade made "heroic efforts" to save a cow from premature roasting, or that Constable Flatfoot displayed "conspicuous bravery" in arresting a refractory drunk.

Little by little, the public catches the disease. Admiration, or the reverse, is pushed to the extreme limit. Everything is "fine," "splendid," or "utterly worthless." We have the most beautiful city in America, while our main streets are narrow alleys, our telegraph and lamp poles an abomination; we have the finest type of citizens in the world, while there is not as much public spirit as in a Balkan village; we are the freest people on earth, yet we allow our newspapers to mark our ballots. We have lost our sense of proportion. From repeated "blowing" we have come to imagine that we are whales cavorting in the ocean, while in reality we are but frogs puddling in a pond.



On our return to Alma Mater after a most enjoyable holiday, we found our table hidden under an avalanche of December Exchanges. With their Christmas apparel on they were quite pleasing to the eye, and a perusal of the contents of several afforded us real intellectual pleasure. Christmas, naturally, was the predominant subject, but many interesting articles on divers important questions of the day also found space.

The *Schoolman* contains an instructive and exceptionally well-written treatise on education. The closing paragraph particularly impressed us, and while somewhat lengthy for this column, we quote a part of it for the benefit of our readers:

“ . . . ‘Manners make the man!’ Jewels in the rough are very precious, but however great may be their intrinsic value, they lack lustre. Resolve, therefore, to beautify knowledge by the acquisition of the gentler arts of grace and refinement, for it is self-evident the finely cut and polished gem outshines the shapeless, unfinished stone. The world is quick to judge, and when it comes to a question of approval or condemnation, men are quick to blame on others the faults they indulgently permit in themselves. Root out, then, all roughness, inconsideration, aggressive assumption, and slang, and think it not beneath your dignity to add to your stock of knowledge those things which, among all civilized nations, characterize the true gentleman. This will furnish a beautiful frame for the diploma awarded by your superiors in the name of true education.”

If the author of “The World at Large,” in *The Gateway*, would study the history of Ireland and of its people, his erroneous ideas concerning the Ulster Unionists *might be* corrected. We put *might be* in italics because if the student is prejudiced he will doubtless adhere to his present opinion. There is also an unsigned criticism of the *Review of Reviews* for having shown the instability of a philosophical argument against the Mass. It grieves us much

that the authorities of Alberta College tolerate such writings in *The Gateway*.

A wealth of agricultural and other information is contained in *McDonald College Magazine*. We agree with the writer of "Student Self-Government," in maintaining that the student should have no say in the governing of a college or university. Such an onerous task should be left to maturer minds. Still it is our contention that, in athletic associations, debating and literary societies, etc., the students should, as at Ottawa, be given some control, on the strict understanding that they do nothing that in any way would be detrimental or hurtful to the institution. It tends to foster self-confidence and to better fit a young man or young woman to assume duties which will devolve upon him or her in after life.

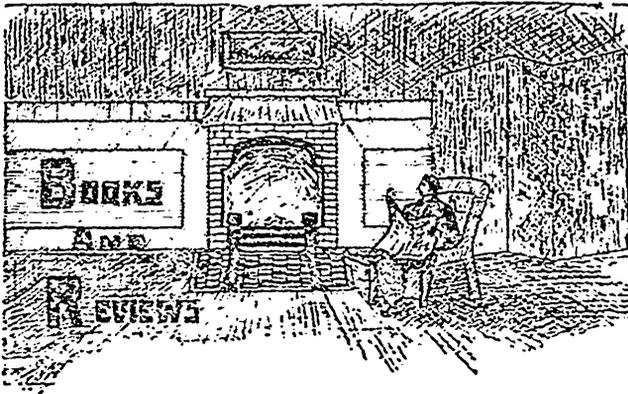
We gratefully acknowledge the following:—*Trinity University Review, New York Freeman's Journal, McMaster University Monthly, Argosy, The Spokesman, The Hya Yaka, The Nazareth Chimes, Georgetown College Journal, Abbey Student, The University Symposium, The Viatorian, The Nazarene, The Niagara Index, Cennad Catholig Cymru, Western University Gazette, Allisonia, St. Ursula's Quarterly, Academic Herald, McMaster University Monthly, St. Mary's Chimes, The Fordham Monthly, The Collegian*, and many others.

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#### DAWN.

An angel, robed in spotless white  
 Bent down and kissed the sleeping night.  
 Night woke to blush; the sprite was gone,  
 Men saw the blush and called it dawn.

—P. L. Dunbar.



This being the first issue of the New Year, the Books and Reviews editor takes this occasion of wishing all his readers and others interested a prosperous 1913. As in the past, our object will be to discuss the books that come to our table in a straightforward way, picking out the weak point, if any, and heralding the good ones.

In the reviews for December there is a harvest of reading. The subjects are admirably well chosen, and the treatment accorded them certainly does them justice. They are varied but none the less entertaining.

Robt. W. Neeser in the *North American* presents a very pleasant article on "American Gunnery—Past and Present." It is well written and evidently not an article cooked up in a library as, we are sorry to say, some are. He claims that superior gunnery by American sailors helped victory in 1812, and later on quotes Lord Nelson as saying, in speaking about the adoption of sights for the guns, that the British did not depend on true gun work to win their naval battles for them. They got close enough to their enemies, so that their shots could not miss the target. According to this it was the fact that the American ships managed to keep away from the close range of their enemies that won them these engagements. The British with their sightless guns and poor gunnery, according to the American idea, annihilated the French and Spanish at Trafalgar, while the Americans were chasing pirates and slavers to develop their gunnery.

Svetozar Tonjoroff in the *North American* writes a neat and concise article on "The War in the Balkans." He opens by saying

that "the roar of the cannon in the Balkans has given resonant emphasis to the dictum too often ignored by statesmen that no problem is solved till it is solved aright. The penalty of the war of 1912 is the outcome of the crime of diplomacy in 1878 when Disraeli and Bismarck at the heads of the reactionary forces in Europe restored to the hazards of Ottoman rule the Christian population of Macedonia and Thrace that had been liberated by the conquering arms of Russia. It is a struggle of virile young-old nationalities, cramped and crippled by the decrees of chancellors, that has precipitated the present ominous crisis upon the ancient battlefield of Europe."

Much about the Balkan war, a subject demanding attention in these days of progress. has been written for many of the reviews.

In the *XIX Century* there are articles by Mr. Peacock, formerly private secretary to H.B.M. Chargé d'Affaires, Montenegro; Maj.-Gen. Sir William G. Knox, K.C.B., and Mr. S. M. Mitra. We would like to discuss them, but space forbids.

*The Holy Hour*, Rt. Rev. Benjamin Keiley, D.D., Bishop of Savannah. (Benziger Bros., 10cts. \$6.00 per 100.)

A very useful little book filled with pious reflections and devotions for the Holy Hour. The author in his foreword says: "I do not think it necessary to say a word of the great spiritual benefit to be derived from this devotion of the Holy Hour; one has but to make it to realize what hidden treasures of piety and love are found in it. There are many ways of making the Holy Hour and it would of course be highly presumptuous to claim that the way suggested by me is the best. I can only say that it has been in use with us for quite a while and is enjoyed by the people, and I believe has been the means of much good. From the absence of any specific instructions governing these cases, priests often find a difficulty in conducting certain extra liturgical devotions, and they would be glad, I imagine, to find how others conduct them. On this account I have determined to publish these suggestions."

*Saints and Places*, by John Ayscough. (Benziger Bros., \$1.50 net.

Volumes that tell of saintly lives and of travels to hallowed places are not rare to-day, nor are they very uncommon in matter and style. But here is one, by reason of the deep erudition, keen historical analysis and happy style of the author, that is most rare and most uncommon. It will surely add a laurel to the fame of its author. An extensive traveller, his descriptions of the places he

has visited and the Saints that they recall are told with a delightful freshness entirely foreign to the usual pedantic volume of travel. His pictures are vivid and the manner of painting brilliant. There is no dry narration in these really entrancing pages. They are aglow with light and color, and the author's sensitive appreciation of the golden past of the cities and kingdoms, heroes and saints—that are dead but still live—wraps them all in a pathos that moves the reader—as it did the writer—to thoughts of the One Unending. No finer tribute to "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome" has ever come from the pen of man, Christian or Pagan. And Ayscough shows this glory and grandeur enhanced and intensified by the halo that Christianity had placed over the mighty past, as well as by the holy lives of those who lived and died for the Man-God. To the rare combination of philosopher, poet, and cultured writer, Ayscough adds a wit of a high order and his delicate humor increases the charm of his work, which is embellished with fine illustrations of the "saints and places" touched upon in the book.

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## Among the Magazines.

An article in *America*, under the title "Methods of Teaching," gives some very good advice which, though primarily intended for teachers, can benefit students as well. The appetite of the mind is analogous to the appetite of the body. The regulations governing each should also be analogous. Now for the latter appetite stuffing and gorging is forbidden; for the former, it should not be tolerated. Guidance and suggestion should be the method employed by teachers, not goading and unloading. The one increases the initiative and resourcefulness of the mind, the other usually results in a disgust for learning. Those who are interested in the German Anti-Jesuit Law, which is now the centre of interest in the Reichstag discussions, will find much valuable information on this topic in the recent numbers of *America*. The Bundesrath declared the Bavarian (Catholic) interpretation of the law as opposed to the laws of the realm. The Centrist party defended and justified the Catholic position. The Chancellor's reply to the Centrist appeals was 'that he understood the Catholic sentiments; but that against this stood the vote of forty million Evangelicals.' He is very candid, to say the least.

Students should read the article entitled "Carolingian Mathematicians," which appears in the December number of *The Rosary Magazine*, because of the wealth of information it contains concerning the state of education in France during the eighth, ninth and tenth centuries. It should, moreover, interest students of mathematics to learn the origin of some of their problems. The mathematicians of those days had few works of reference to guide them. Much of their science was performed original. Under the Carolingian monarchs considerable progress was made in mathematics and its kindred science, astronomy. These rulers, besides fostering these sciences themselves, secured the best teachers for their schools. The Catholic monasteries furnished the most noted of these teachers. If we can credit the account of "A Rosary Festival in Constantinople," given in the same number of *The Rosary*, then the Turk is not such a savage and fanatical oppressor of Christians after all, at least not in Constantinople. According to the writer, a German, all religions are readily tolerated in the Sublime Porte, and the Catholic religion especially stands in high esteem amongst the thoughtful Mussulmen. We would deem this aspect of the Mussulman the true one did we not remember his sanguinary treatment of the Christians in Albania and in Macedonia where, unlike in the Porte, Turkish rule is not subject to the immediate surveillance of the numerous embassies of Christian powers.

A recent number of *The Ave Maria* contains an excellent sketch of François Xavier Garneau from the pen of Anna T. Sadlier. Garneau is termed the national historian of French Canada, and the title is well deserved. He himself tells us that his earliest memories are interwoven with war and with travel. After completing his primary school education he studied in the law office of Joseph Perrault, Quebec. At the age of nineteen he travelled through the United States and parts of Canada. A couple of years later he made a long-anticipated visit to Europe. There he met many of the leading orators and literary men of the day. It was in 1840 that he began his monumental History of Canada. The French people of Canada had been misunderstood and, often times, maliciously misrepresented by former historians. In his three volumes Garneau tells the truth about his people. Indeed, he is quoted as an authority by most authors treating Canadian historical topics. And he tells the truth with such a style and skill that his work reads like a romance. He died in 1866 in a manner truly Christian. Recently an admirer of his erected in his memory a

bronze monument in the grounds of the Provincial Parliament, Quebec.

*Scientific American*, in a December issue, featured the immense new terminal station of the New York Central lines now nearing completion in New York City. "Wonderful" is the adjective which properly applies to this structure. Its size is wonderful; its beauty is wonderful; its convenience is wonderful; but most wonderful of all is the fact that it was erected over the old terminal building without, for a moment, interfering with its enormous traffic. From the Harlem to the station the trains are drawn through a tunnel by electric engines. Even the station yards are underground and over them in time mammoth buildings will rise. There are two levels of tracks, one for express, the other for suburban trains. This is the largest station in the world, and about twice the size of the Pennsylvania station, also in New York City.

The last number of *Extension* contained a number of short stories rightly calculated to excite the charity and piety of the reader. There was, also, an interesting sketch of the great painter, Gainsborough. The *Leader* and the *Canadian Messenger* were as interesting and instructive as ever.

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## Prætorum Temporum Flores.

The following are the lines along which some of the graduates of 1903 are working out their salvation.

Rev. G. I. Nolan of Buffalo, N.Y., is engaged in mission work.

Rev. S. H. McDonald occupies the position of chancellor of the Archdiocese of Kingston and is also secretary to his Grace the Archbishop of Kingston.

Mr. S. R. King is engaged in the insurance business in New Jersey.

Rev. M. Murphy, besides being professor of mathematics and natural science, at his Alma Mater, is also prefect of one department of the rooms in connection with the University.

Rev. J. S. Keeley is acting in the capacity of curate at Belleville.

Rev. S. Murphy is professor of Latin, Greek and Physiology in his Alma Mater, besides holding the important position of assistant to Rev. P. J. McGuire, who has charge of the institution for English speaking students, who contemplate going on for the priesthood. With two such capable men in charge of this institution we have every reason to believe that its success will be unlimited.

Rev. A. E. Richard is at present exercising his functions as parish priest of Perkins' Mills.

Rev. S. Lebeau is stationed at the Cathedral, Ottawa.

Rev. A. Veronneau has charge of one division of the rooms in connection with his Alma Mater. He is also professor of Latin and French.

Rev. W. J. Collins is assistant priest at St. Joseph's church in this city.

Rev. R. A. Carey is at present parish priest of Lanark, Ont.

Rev. Michael F. Burns is stationed at St. Mary's Cathedral, Ogdensburgh.

Rev. S. O. Dowd has charge of the parish of Chelsea.

Rev. W. J. Stanton holds a Latin professorship and is also prefect of the Senior department in his Alma Mater.

Right Hon. Sir Charles J. Fitzpatrick, L.L.D., '06, delivered a most instructive lecture on the future of Canada, before the Alumnae of the Gloucester St Convent on the evening of Jan. 10th. Sir Wilfrid Laurier presided.

*The Review* wishes to extend its sincerest sympathy to Mr. G. J. Lonergan, Matric '05 on the death of his most esteemed mother which occurred at Buckingham on Jan. 7th.

Rev. A. M. Leyden, an old student and formerly a resident of this city, had the pleasure recently of attending with his choir, one of the performances given in Columbus, of Halleck's play, "The Confession." He there discovered that Mr. Paul Doucet, who did justice in that play to the role of priest was formerly an Ottawa boy and pupil of the University of Ottawa. The following evening there was dinner for two at St. Francis' rectory, an hour's delightful reminiscences of their home city and common Alma Mater, and an auto ride to the theater in time for the next performance.

Another priest has been added to the long list of those who have gone forth from the portals of Alma Mater by the ordination, on Sunday, Jan. 5th at Pakenham, Ont., of Rev. Augustine Stanton by his Grace Archbishop Gauthier. Rev. P. S. Dowdall, P.P., Eganville, Ont., in an able and eloquent manner delivered the sermon for the occasion.

The newly ordained priest celebrated his first mass in his home church at Fitzroy Harbor on Monday. The preacher for the occasion was Rev. Father Reynolds of Renfrew. The church was taxed to its utmost capacity to accommodate all those who came to see their fellow citizen, who had been chosen from among them to labor in the Lord's vineyard, ascend the altar. This fact speaks volumes both for Father Stanton and his native parish. Father Stanton is a native of the Ottawa Archdiocese, being born at Fitzroy in 1885. He made his primary studies in Pakenham school and then entered Ottawa University. On leaving the university he entered the Grand Seminary, Montreal, where he has just completed a five years' course in philosophy and theology.

Present for the important occasion were Rev. Fathers Poli, McNally, Hebert, Kelly, Turcotte, Chaine, Reynolds, Dowdall and Canon Corkery, P.P.

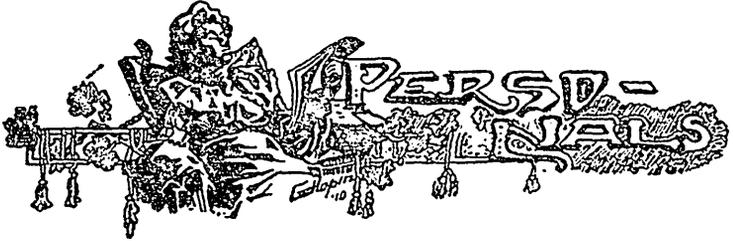
To Rev. Father Stanton *The Review* wishes to extend its congratulations.

Among those who favored us with a call during the month were:

Rev. J. J. O'Gorman, '04, Richmond.

Rev. J. J. MacDonnell, '02, Cornwall.

Rev. Leon Raymond, '93, Bourget.



Rev. Father Leger, C.S.V., Bursar of Joliette College, was a visitor at the University last month.

Rev. Father Landry, parish priest of Rawdon, in the diocese of Joliette, paid a visit to the University during the holidays.

Rev. Father O'Brien of Paris, Ont., was a caller last month.

Rev. Father Finnegan, O.M.I., the genial second prefect of the Senior department, has, we are glad to say, returned from the Water St. Hospital, where he underwent a painful operation.

Rev. Father Ethelbert of the Franciscan Order, Montreal, was our guest for three days while preaching the General Retreat of the St. Vincent de Paul Conferences of Ottawa.

While the hockey team was in New York, Mr. Gerald Smith called on the coach and was an ardent supporter of the team in their well earned victory over McGill. Mr. Smith was manager of one of Ottawa University's first championship football teams but he said that was the first time he had seen the good old "garnet and grey" for twenty years.

Mr. James Dean, of football fame, and Mr. Frank Murphy, of almost equal repute as a baseball player, called on the Rev. coach and the boys while they were in Boston.



### The Hockey Tour.

In the year 1952 when the then Premier of Canada Sir R. Edmond Nagle meets the Rev. Canon O'Leary at a reception given in honor of Bishop Dore of Arnprior, the three good old gentlemen will recall with pleasure the days when they toured the United States, and carried back to their University classmates the scalps of Uncle Sams best hockey players.

Believe us, it was some trip. Leaving Ottawa December 20th the team visited Peterboro, Ont., Buffalo, N.Y.—the best if not the biggest city in the World—Cleveland, Detroit, New York, Boston, Montreal, and all intermediate points. Before departing much had been heard of the courteous treatment we would receive from our American cousins—who by the way are as fond of hockey as we are—but we had not expected quite so much attention as we received. In some mysterious way we seemed to win the hearts of the spectators—and others—in every town we visited, and the members of the press were most kindly in the praise meted out to our team. Perhaps the fact that the team played absolutely clean and fair hockey had considerable to do with our popularity. Not only were the members of the team fair on the ice but they were fair and particularly so off the ice. Early hours and conscientious training had considerable to do with our success, and this perhaps more than the splendid playing of the team accounts for the pressing invitations to return to the various cities whenever the aculty will permit us to do so. In a word Ottawa College never sent out a team that

reflected more credit on the institution than the hockey tourists of 1912-1913. A long, and though necessarily tedious trip, the team won the majority of its games played and left in the hearts of our American cousins—cousins I said—memories that will not soon be forgotten. We shall not recount the several victories and defeats, but merely mention that we came out on top in Peterboro, Detroit, Boston and New York. Cleveland scalped us in a play off game, but the terrific strain of too much travel and too much Sneitzer cheese had a deal to do with it.

McGill!! Where have I heard that name before! Really we don't care to be vindictive, but gentle reader we must say that we did defeat McGill University in New York city on the night of Jan. 4th, 1913. before one of the largest crowds ever packed into the St. Nicholas rink.

Beat them fairly and squarely. Of course we did receive two penalties. McGill tripled on us with six. and we sincerely trust that the editor of the McGill Daily will take note of this fact. Never again let our fair young minds hear howls of protest from the learned gentleman; never again even a whisper against the athletic prowess of our Alma Mater.

Friends, Romans, it was a victory in forty eleven ways and we invite you all to have a laugh.

In passing let us remark, too, that we defeated Harvard University 2—0. Two weeks later the same team from Cambridge trimmed Toronto University 2—0 in what the papers called a rough game. One man was ruled off in the Ottawa College—Harvard game, and that man was Clark of Harvard.

Let there be no more remarks fom Toronto University for some time—except in the Toronto press.

As a team we are grateful to the Faculty for allowing us to take the trip, to those who organized it, and attended to our every want; to the managers of teams and managers of rinks, who were so considerate to our party—to a great many others. whose names Bouncer Brouse will gladly supply at his news stand; and in a most particualar manner to McGill University for the great favor conferred upon us in the biggest city in the United States. The party, E. Nagle, E. Desjardins, B. Brouse, G. Goodwin, U. McCart, D. O'Neil, J. Doz. E. O'Leary, E. Murphy, W. Chartrand, L. Derocher, A. Gilligan, Prefect W. J. Stanton, O.M.I.

**New Edinburgh (13) College (1).**

On Jan. 8 Ottawa College made their first appearance of the season and their inaugural break into the Interprovincial. After their excellent record on the tour through the United States; in which they encountered and defeated some of the best amateur teams in the business, it was anticipated that they would cut a wide swath against the champions. However, the strenuous life of the last sixteen days proved a great handicap and after about fifteen minutes' play, the gruelling contest began to wear down the garnet and grey, thus allowing the champs to score at will during the second and third period.

A rest of a few days will do our boys a world of good. They showed a burst of speed and some classy stickhandling during the opening period but they are lacking in scoring ability. Several chances were tossed aside through poor shooting, but this department will be easily strengthened. Derocher in goal had a night off. He allowed several apparently easy ones to slip by, while he pulled off some sensational work on close shots. Goodwin was the star of the night, and was well supported by O'Leary. Nagle will show to greater advantage later on, while Brouse should prove a find when he gets rested up. Dore and Desjardins played the boards well and were the hardest workers on the team. McArt showed class for the short while he was on, as did O'Ne'l also. We hope to report more encouraging accounts as the season grows older.

**College (7) Stewarton (4).**

The dope artists gave up all attempts to follow Interprovincial scores after the trimming College handed to Stewarton before a crowd of about 1,500 on Jan. 11. But the dopesters are not altogether to be blamed for their bad choice, because on the showing, which College had made in their opening game, they were not conceded a chance against such a strong aggregation as the yellow and black. Our boys were merely tired out in the first game, and the four days rest took the kinks out and left them in grand condition.

The ice was in very poor shape, making stickhandling a sort of side issue. The light College team were at a disadvantage upon such a heavy surface, but they played consistently and rolled and bounced the puck along instead of attempt'ing to nurse it within shooting range. The Stewartons are a heavy team and

should have been as much at home on the wet surface as a heavy football fourteen are on a soggy girdiroa. But even with this advantage, they couldn't break away from the College line which followed back with every rush.

The garnet and grey forced matters from the beginning and after 11 minutes of aggressive attack Desjardins extended the twine. Two minutes later Nagle tallied on a pass from Dore and just before the close of the period Goodwin notched on a lone rush. Stewartons failed to score at all. In one minute and a half after the start of the second period College made it 4 to 0. Considering that they had a safe lead the students eased up somewhat and before they recovered Stewartons had tied the score. It looked bad for College but the yellow and black had run their limit and as they slowed up the men of learning opened fire and again took the lead 1 minute before the period ended. The last period was all College. Nagle scored twice and put the game on ice.

Derocher in goal played up to advance notice and fully redeemed himself for his first night's showing. In front of him O'Leary and Goodwin proved a formidable defence and the rushing of the latter was one of the features of the evening. O'Leary was probably the neatest stickhandler on the ice. Desjardins made a much better showing in the centre than on the wing and will be kept there. Nagle was the star of the evening. He netted 4 goals and his checking was par excellence. McCart and Dore played the boards to perfection. They are both heavy and their strenuous checking helps to batter down the opposing defence. Billy Chartrand appeared for a short time but his poisoned foot slowed him up so he was replaced by Brouse, who pulled off some pretty rushes. O'Neil replaced Desjardins when the latter was badly cut by a skate.

College are undoubtedly improving every game and should give a fine account of themselves from now on.

### College (3)—New Edinburghs (1).

We beat the unbeaten ones. Whew!! It sure did take some steam to do it, and we have not yet recovered all the energy we expended.

On poor ice the teams went at it from the drop of the puck and played as if their lives depended on every move they made.

Early in the first quarter, Nagle who had replaced injured Bill McCart, just flew past the great Eddie Gerard, stepped around the N. E. defense and slapped in a goal that brought tears to the hearts of the N. E. supporters. Kelley was injured and replaced, likewise Nagle, McCart and Desjardins, but the subs, O'Neil, Chartrand, Braithwaite all played right up to senior form, held the champions scoreless for 58 minutes of the play. The score after Brouse had planted one behind the N. E. goal tend read College 2—N. E. 0. On a lucky side shot Duford notched one for N. E. and the Burghs took on new life. Braithwaite and Chartrand, however, pulled off a rapid fire combination stunt, and Billy jolted the nets and all the hopes of the champions. Two minutes later it was all over, but the cheering. Never, since that time when Munn flag pole floated the Royal standard over the Apostolic Delegate, His Grace, the Archbishop and the Vice Regal party, while the great varsity machine was being humbled at Varsity Oval; not since the time that we walked with Queens back yard and trimmed them 12—10. Not since that recent historical event in New York city when little Ottawa College defeated the Intercollegiate champions, McGill University before the elite, of the great metropolis. No, Sir, not since then have we enjoyed such a good hearty laugh. Ottawa College pluck and spirit—which the unintelligent have misconstrued into rough tactics—did it all. More power to you Ottawa College and heres a hope that our team carries off the amateur championship of Canada.

The senior recreation hall was the scene on the evening of Saturday, Dec. 7th of an exceedingly pretty and enjoyable dance. The hall was very artistically decorated. Excellent music was rendered by Mr. Charron and his able assistants. Much praise is due to the Rev. Prefect and Messrs. Lahaie and Kelly for their untiring efforts in affording the boys a most enjoyable evening. The evening was brought to a close by a banquet. A Pool league has been started, Mr. Hayes is taking charge of affairs. Great interest has been displayed up to date.

Owing to the proposed redrafting of the constitution of the O. V. A. A. elections were postponed until the end of January.

The students made marked improvement in boxing, etc., under the able direction of Prof. Hewitt. The bowling alley has been opened and in the near future we expect to see some lively contested games.



## Of Local Interest

Flushed with the pleasant recollection of nearly three weeks' holidays, on Wednesday morning, Jan. 8th, the students once again invaded the corridors and classrooms of the University, hearty handshakes and happy greetings being quite in order. The collegians bring tales of a vacation spent in a most enjoyable manner, and the Christmas turkey and plum pudding diet, so acceptable to the youthful palate, do not seem to have left any traces of unwonted "dissipation" on the countenances of the returning students. Students immediately took on their usual routine nature.

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"It must have been the best hockey trip that any amateur hockey team has ever taken," is the opinion to which a prominent member of the *garnet and grey hockey seven* gave expression on the arrival in the Capital of Father Stanton and his speed kings, after a brilliantly successful tour which included Detroit, Cleveland, New York and Boston.

The students had an excellent time, being accorded right royal receptions in all the cities in which they appeared. The McGill and Harvard games aroused particular interest, and the *garnet and grey* victories over these septets were the subject of much favourable comment by the newspapers of New York and Boston.

At the conclusion of the Harvard game Father Stanton presented each of the players with a handsome *garnet* coatsweater, as a souvenir of the trip.

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The college thespians are holding daily rehearsals for the coming production of *Julius Caesar*, which the students will present in the Russell Theatre on the night of January 30th. The event will be rendered all the more attractive in consideration of that fact that the collegians have been assured of vice regal patronage.

Mr. Leonard Kelley, has very kindly consented to lend his services as "make-up" man. Leonard is also understudy for the role of *Papilius Lenz*.

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Correspondence received from Mr. Thomas, L. McEvoy Alma Mater's Rhode's representative at Exeter College, Oxford, makes known the fact that the young Ottawan spent a very pleasant yuletide vacation in old London. The 1913 term commenced at Oxford on January 7th.

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On the Thursday evening previous to the closing of college for the Xmas vacation, the roomers of the "Old Brick Row" on Wilbrod St. made a presentation to Rev. Fathers Verroneau and M. Murphy, their prefects. To the former was presented a handsome travelling bag, while the latter was made the recipient of a beautiful gold mounted fountain pen. Mr. Ted Kelly, '14, read a short address, to which the reverend Fathers responded in a few words, thanking the boys for their gifts, and wishing them all the compliments of the season.

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The Xmas number of *the Review* was generally conceded to have been one of the most interesting issues which has been published for some time. A pretty winter scene lent additional attractiveness to the specially designed Christmas cover. The essays whose subject titles appeared on the index were all of a high standard.

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The senior students are expressing genuine satisfaction at the action of the Athletic Association in placing arc lights around the "Big Yard" rink. Intermural games will now be run off more smoothly, evening contests being a welcome innovation.

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The prize debaters for 1913 were chosen at a recent meeting of the O.U.D.S. They will be Messrs. Leonard W. Kelley and Alex. Cameron for affirmative, and Messrs. F. W. Hackett and T. J. Kelly for negative. The subject of debate has not yet been definitely decided, but it will likely involve the liquor question.

#### WEEKLY DEBATES.

A very interesting debate was the outcome of the weekly meeting of the English Debating Society held in the Lecture Hall

on Monday evening, Dec. 16th. The subject under discussion read as follows, "An elected and salaried Commission, with the rights of initiative, referendum and recall reserved to the people, is the best form of civic government." The affirmative argument was presented by Messrs. Hackett, Lajoie and Hayden, while the negative contention was upheld by Messrs. Unger, Lally and Howard. The affirmative urged for the simplicity of the system proposed, and also claimed that it would effect the concentration of power in the community, and be effective in tracing any responsibilities to their correct sources. The negative essayed to convince the audience that the proposed plan would mean too radical a change. Upholding the merits of the council system now chiefly in vogue, the speakers for the opposition cited the success which attends this method of council administration in nearly all the large cities of Europe, Great Britain and America.

Mr. J. Tallon occupied the chair. At the conclusion of the debate the decision of the judges awarded victory to the negative.

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The French Debating Society held its last session of the 1912 season on Tuesday evening, Dec. 17th. The question before the members was "Was the Confederation of 1867 favorable to the French Canadians of Canada"? The debaters were Mr. J. Peron for the affirmative and Mr. J. Dubois for the negative. The palm of victory was bestowed on the speaker for the affirmative. Mr. J. Labelle presided over the meeting, and the following gentlemen acted as judges, J. Sauve, S. Plouffe and A. Bourbonnais.

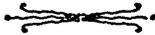
. . .

One of the best debates of a good many weeks was listened to at the session of the English Debating Society which was held on Dec. 9th. From an argumentative and oratorical point of view, the debate itself was a good one. The spirited discussion which was heard from the floor of the house, however, proved the principal attraction of the evening. A number of senior members engaged in an argument replete with refutations and counter-refutations, and which incidentally provided much amusement for those assembled. The resolution was as follows: "That the enactment of an anti-treating law in the province of Ontario would mean more for the cause of temperance than would the abolition of the bar." The affirmative was represent-

ed by Messrs. L. A. Landriau, J. Fogarty and L. Goulet, and the negative was sustained by Messrs. M. A. Gilligan, P. Harrington and T. Grace. The decision of the judges awarded the debate to the opposition. Mr. T. J. Kelly was chairman.

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A varied programme was run through at the last gathering of the members of the French Debating Society. The feature of the evening was an extemporaneous discussion on the possibility of the Nationalist party being still in existence in twenty-five years. Mr. J. B. Lefebvre and Mr. S. Plouffe were the orators whose lot it was to oppose each another, the discourse of the latter meeting with the ultimate approval of the judges. Recitations were rendered by Messrs. R. Deleselec, J. Cousineau, A. Cornellier, A. Harris, L. Cornellier and P. Charron. All of these students will be included in the caste which will render the production of Moliere, the French playwright, entitled "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," which will be staged by the French Collegians after Lent. The meeting closed after a few words had been addressed to the members by Rev. Father Normandin, moderator of the society. Mr. J. Perron occupied the chair.



## Junior Department.



Our heartiest welcome to the new comers in our midst, and every wish for the success of all during the coming term.

We regret the absence of a few familiar faces from our halls, and in particular that of the genial G. O'M., who graduated to the Senior Department. The sharks of the Small Yard thought they had spotted the mysterious Junior Editor in the person of the same Mr. O'N. and held him responsible for all the little knocks that were handed out from time to time in these pages. A good word of advice to those smart guys: Guess again!

Do not let the sweet reminiscences of your vocation keep from your minds the coming exams. Hard conscientious work is the best antidote against homesickness.

The rinks are in pretty good shape, and a few days after the leagues are formed we may look for some gruelling contests.

The cue artists were not slow to appreciate the ever-vigilant eye of the prefect when they found on their return the pool table all set anew. Who is going to break the record?

It is a sore blow to our Association that our worthy President, J. Nault, did not come back. It is reported he is in business. Let us hope that Jimmy will make as many friends in business as he did at College.

Who is St. F. anyway?

At the beginning of a new term it may not be amiss to place before the eyes of our young readers a few "Don'ts." If boys do not always behave properly it is not, generally, because they are bad but because they do not think, and a few reminders often suffice to make perfect gentlemen of them. Hence the opportunity of these "Don'ts."

Don't be a glutton. It is odious to stuff yourself with all sorts of food. Eat heartily, but not like an animal.

Don't be a loafer. God and man dislike the breed.

Don't tease. A practical joker gradually loses caste. Be witty but impersonal.

Don't be inquisitive regarding the affairs of your friend.

Don't let resentment stay in your breasts over night.

Don't show contempt. No one ever forgives this.

Don't think it necessary to be a spendthrift in order to be a "goodfellow."

Don't waste minutes. They quickly run into hours.

Don't think that only great deeds evince heroism. It is the little deeds, well and nobly done, that make the hero.

Don't waste time in day dreams. Make up your mind what to be and begin.

Don't forget that a burst of anger is a vulgarity. Learn to control your temper.

Don't try to be too clever. Preciously brilliant boys are never highly appreciated by their elders.

Don't imagine yourself indispensable to your team. Your place may be easily filled.

Don't expect luck to favour you in an examination. Ability and knowledge are the only things you can depend on.

Don't be a "wise guy." Boys who think themselves "wise" are often deservedly guyed.