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A Panorama.



IN the course of our afternoon's walk, we had arrived at the summit of a high, rocky cliff that rose almost perpendicularly from a river at its base; and here, we stopped to rest ourselves and to survey the territory before us.

Spring had set in and though the sky looked dull yet through an opening in the clouds the sun was seen to shine and its keen, penetrating rays danced gayly upon the surface of the waters. The waves were high and dashed wildly against the rocks only to be shattered into spray by the wall of adamant. On the opposite shore, however, they met with less resistance, for there the banks were low and the stream at points encroached upon the land. A long narrow valley ran parallel with this side of the river and just behind it was a dark winding chain of mountains that formed a background for the country spreading before them.

Immediately before us but across the stream there were lumber yards of acres in extent and beyond these, scattered in every direction, a multitude of little wooden cottages, the homes, as it seemed, of workingmen engaged in the shops and factories of the town. About everything, there was an atmosphere of business. No fine houses were in evidence, nor any signs of luxury and ease. The soot, the noise, the activity would rather have us believe that the people were busy and industrious; and, indeed, they were.

Our attention was attracted by the thick, black smoke rising slowly in majestic columns from the tall brick chimneys and, at great heights, changing its forms and losing itself in space. And thoughts of this brought us to meditate on other things. We could see, in our mind's eye, the buzz and whirl of the workshop, the hurry and flurry in the offices,—the general activity manifested at every turn; and, at once, we were caught by the effect and felt ourselves very deeply impressed. The types of humanity, as they had been known to us, all came running back to our memory and we had vividly portrayed the pinched and hungry looks, the worn and fretted countenances, the serious reflective business man, the rough and ready worker. There were others but these were particularly remarkable for they appeared to harmonize so well with the environment.

Looking up stream, we perceived at intervals of some hundreds of yards huge, massive structures of iron and steel, a regular network of beams and girders lashed together by numberless rivets and plates,—vastly different from those primitive bridges the monkeys made with their tails and swung across narrow streams; and triumphantly marking the progress of science in her efforts to gain the mastery over the forces of nature and to wield them to man's best advantage.

There also came within the range of our view an immense fall over which the water tumbled in great volume striking heavily against the rocky bottom and rising in thick, white, frothy foam into the air. On this soft, light mass the sun shone brilliantly and made the little particles that became detached by the agitation, look like fine, silvery films of vapour. Below these falls the stream quickened its pace rapidly and as it sped along washed the shore and tossed the slender twigs to and fro. As it advanced, its width was considerably increased and at last, the waters were set free to run at random into a broad expanse resembling very much a wide lake.

It was such a scene that met our eyes, rich in variety and likely to stamp itself upon the memory so as not very easily to be forgotten. We had, as it were, feasted on its magnificence when on gazing vacantly over the town in front of us our attention was arrested by the glitter of a small, bright cross on the top of a high church steeple. It was far above the roofs of the

others buildings but appeared to claim no superiority. Rather it assumed an aspect of grace and mildness as pointing up to Heaven it gave a direction to all who might see and a warning to such as would lend their ears. The tiny crucifix stood in strong contrast to the seemingly wonderful scenes round about us and yet its still impressiveness robbed them of all their power and influence because it turned our minds to God who had created them by His Word and would destroy them by the same means. And as this strange, fearful, disturbing feeling passed through us, we began to wonder how many of the busy inhabitants took heed of that warning, how many recognized the significance of the cross, and how many found in it hope and consolation.

EDMUND F. BYRNES, '09.

Advice of Polonius to Laertes.

The object of this essay is not to enlarge upon the maxims which Polonius gave his son on parting, but to consider whether they are to be regarded as a very high strain of morality, or merely the outcome of worldly experience. Let us first, consider the relative importance of the speech; secondly, its substance; and, lastly, the character of the speaker.

We learn in rhetoric, that "the drama is a form of narrative wherein the characters speak for themselves, *making* the story, as it were, before our eyes." Again, we are told that "every part must contribute clearly and obviously to the completed whole;" and, still further, that "the characters must manifest themselves by more pointed language than in the novel." From this, it is evident that the words of Polonius, under consideration, play an important part in making up the sum total of his character. They were uttered on the occasion of Laertes' departure from home, and entrance into the wide world of affairs. It was surely a serious moment for both father and son. More serious, indeed, than the occasion on which Ophelia is cautioned to beware of Hamlet. The first instance was regarded by Polonius as an event in his son's life; the second as a mere frivolity of youth. In both these cases

Polonius is personally concerned, and it is this which distinguishes them from other scenes, in which he is dealing with questions of the state. The advice which Laertes received, containing as we have seen a serious element, is a valuable help in arriving at an appreciation of Polonius as a father.

Having seen that the passage of which we are treating is an important one, let us consider its substance. It is made up of a series of maxims whose pithiness and appropriateness are undoubted. They are the result of careful observation during many years of varied experience. The father poured into his son's ear all his worldly wisdom, concluding with the injunction "To thine own self be true." What is the import of these words? Here is the point at issue. One may be true to oneself through selfish motives, or on account of a sense of moral obligation. Medicine tells us to beware of alcoholic drinks, because by extracting moisture, they harden the tissues of the alimentary canal, with the result that digestion is impaired. Hygiene teaches the benefits of pure air and cleanliness. Chemistry points out to us poisonous substances and gases. Self respect prompts us to avoid foul language, that we may not be lowered in our neighbor's estimation. A person might be living according to all these laws, and true, in one sense, to his physical nature. But how different does he act who is guided by moral consideration! He, too, obeys the same laws as the first man, but for entirely different reasons. For him, good health means more strength, and energy to accomplish good. He is clean of tongue because it offends his conscience to be otherwise. He is true to himself by considering always in what he can be of use to others, and by following as closely as possible the dictates of conscience. In which class, then may we rank Polonius?

If, as we have seen, this passage goes a long way in aiding the reader to know the character of Polonius, and if we bear in mind the rule from rhetoric which says that characters must speak pointedly, surely we must come to the conclusion that, had Shakespeare wished to give to these lines a moral tone, he would have made that particular element predominant, and not contented himself with having conveyed such an important character-making element in an obscure manner. It might be urged that Shakespeare is oftentimes exceedingly brief, and in passages of great consequence. For instance, when he sums up Brutus', whole persona-

lity in the words "This was a man." Here it must be remembered, however, that all that had gone before amply justified such unqualified praise; it was in accordance with the character of Brutus as pictured for us.

This brings us to the consideration of the third point, viz., the character of Polonius. Can we say of him that he was a man who was likely to be acting on unselfish motives, when we have considered him in the light of his actions during the play?

He is a type of a crafty timeserving politician. He never considered the motives of others when judging of an event; he consulted his own experience, and was invariably guided by it. He scoffed at Hamlet's early affection for Ophelia, and called it a youthful prank, which would soon be forgotten. Having learned of Hamlet's madness, he at once saw the cause of it in rejected love. Craft was the ascendant trait in his moral make-up. Thus, we see him counselling Reynaldo how to spy on Laertes; we see him scheming to overhear Hamlet and Ophelia; and lastly, we behold him hidden behind the curtains of the Queen's apartment. But nowhere in all these scenes do we find him acting with any other motive than that of one who is doing all in his power to forward his own ends. Why then should we read into the words of advice which he gave his son, a significance which would give to him a characteristic foreign to his nature as portrayed in all the other passages? One who is in the habit of gaining knowledge by underhand methods is hardly possessed of a high moral calibre.

Judged in this light, then, we may conclude that however deep the wisdom, and wide the experience, this advice may show, yet it does not warrant a conclusion that Shakespeare wished to give it a moral tone when he introduced the words "To thine own self be true"

MARTIN O'GARA, '10

An architect should live as little in cities as a painter. Send him to our hills, and let him study there what nature understands by a hutstress, and what by a dome.--Ruskin.

How Larry Accomplished his Father's Wish.

SEVERAL years ago, when gold was first discovered in Alaska, many a man left home, relatives, and friends, to seek his fortunes in this new Eldorado. Some were successful, but the majority lost all they possessed, in their greed for the deadly dust. This little narrative turns on the fortunes of one of the successful. Laurence Winter and William Burton, two inseparable companions, were sitting on the veranda of a neat little house in Ottawa. Winter held in his hand the evening paper, and, as the subject of conversation had been exhausted he unfolded the journal, and, glancing over the different sheets, his eye was attracted by the headliness. Springing up from his chair, he exclaimed: "Great Scott, Bill! Read this. Immense gold fields discovered in Alaska." Bill read, but asked what had that to do with them. Winter sadly replied: "Nothing, perhaps, with you; but with me, everything." He still continued: "I do not know if I should tell you; but, to ease my mind, I will. My father committed a great wrong, of which at the time I was ignorant. When he saw his end was near, after fruitless efforts to retrieve the great injury, he called me to his bedside, and said: "My dear son, many years ago I defrauded a certain man of a considerable sum of money in business. I have been unable to repay it; consequently, it has been weighing on my conscience ever since; and, as a dying request, I beg you to promise me that you will repay the money as soon as your means permit it, so that I may rest peaceably in my grave at least. The man's name and the amount due him you will find in my locker; but don't open it until you have tripled the sum I leave you." I promised my father to repay the money; and, since then, it has been my prime object in life."

Burton though at first thunderstruck, took the hand of his companion, and, with a few words of encouragement, tried to persuade him not to leave. But it was useless. Larry was determined, so they arranged that he should depart on the following Tuesday. Tuesday came too soon for the two friends, but Larry had made the necessary arrangements, so taking as little baggage as possible, he said good bye to his dear friend, and set out on his long journey. He arrived in Dawson City, the scene of his labors. It was already

crowded with miners and fortuneseekers, and he had great trouble in finding a place to pass the night. At last he was fortunate enough to lodge himself in an old rickety-looking shed. Early the next morning he sought the government officials to secure a claim, and he easily succeeded. It would be quite unnecessary to state here the long list of hardships and dangers which he encountered. Suffice it to say that they were many. However, he was successful. Selling his claim for a large sum of money, he returned to his native town. He at once proceeded to the office of his father's lawyer, and procuring the key of the locker, went back home to open it. He found the paper which said: "My dear son, many years ago I defrauded Mr. William Burton of the sum of \$7000.00. During the disastrous speculation I have been unable to restore the money, and, so, beg you, if you love me to do so in my stead. Your loving Father." Poor Larry was greatly surprised to think that he would now have to face his best friend, as Mr. Burton was no other man than Bill's father. But he also had died, and Bill became heir to his money. He, therefore determined to tell his companion, how it was that his father had been defrauded of the money. However, Bill would not take a cent of the \$21,000 offered him, saying that Larry was not responsible for the debts contracted by his father. To-day, they are partners in a large wholesale business, and still there exists between them that bond of union, which neither adversity nor prosperity can ever break.

C. F. G., '10.

The Prize Debate.

With the closing of the scholastic year come the different competitions and examinations and not the least important among them is the annual prize debate. The debating society after a very successful year has chosen a live question for the fit culmination of its good work. Co-education will be upheld by Messrs. O. Linke and W. Grace while to Messrs. J. Connaghan and J. Brennan falls the task of the negative. A very attractive program with noted local talent has been arranged, which promises to make the evening enjoyable as well as instructive.

A Day's Ramble.



ALL day long the busy city was the scene of unceasing traffic. Smiling cabbies, with their dark hansoms and well-groomed horses, went rattling by. Electric cars dashed down the crowded streets. In anxious expectation newsboys called out the latest sensations of the day. It was a revelation to watch those ragged urchins intermingling with the surging mass of humanity, darting here and there, with a dexterity known only to the city waif. Fine ladies in automobiles sped through the parks and over the costly driveways. Far above me rose the lofty buildings of modern Gotham. The continual rattle from the elevated railroad, combined with the faint, hollow, rumble of the subway, gradually grew monotonous. Everything, in fact, made up an ideal picture of life in New York City.

I was tired and dispirited, as, late into the afternoon, I wandered aimlessly to its outskirts. As I went on, the houses became less elegant and lofty. The scenes of life changed. From the rich man's domain I had entered that of the poor. Now and then, when an automobile, conveying some pleasure party, dashed recklessly up the narrow streets, the inhabitants would gaze with astonishment at its fast receding figure. Yet, for all their outward simplicity, they were happy, far happier, indeed, than those poor mortals whose misfortune it was to become the slavess of gold. Sadly I turned away from that simple scene, and bent my weary steps towards the country of the farmer. At first the noise and tumult kept ringing in my ears, but, gradually, as I left the city far behind, it died away in the distance.

At last I reached a place where nature ruled, a monarch in her glory. Everything was beautiful. Far to the right the famous Catskill Mountains rose to a mighty height, their giant shadow seeming to give an unfathomable depth to the Hudson River far below. Across the undulating fields of new-grown hay, I saw the laborer reaping in silence. I heard the birds singing gaily in the tree-tops, their beautiful music marred only by the cackling of the geese, and the noises in the farmyards. Pastured colts galloped in wild delight within the meadows. The air was filled with the sweet smell of roses, and the fragrant odor of the summer flowers. Eagerly

I drank in the beauty of the scene. Ah! How vastly different this all appeared from the busy metropolis I had just left. How much welcome relief stole over my whole spirit! I was not satisfied yet. Something mysterious seemed to urge me on. Again I turned away, and continued on my journey.

The day was well-nigh done when I reached the last resting-place of man. As I lifted the rusted latch, and entered the deserted cemetery, I felt a sudden awe steal over me. Great tombs, of fabulous price, told where the ashes of a Sage or a Rockefeller lay, while the simple wooden cross bedecked the graves of the poor. Generals, presidents, soldiers, commons, all were equal in the grave. Ah! how little that social inequality mattered now! for rich and poor, and young and old, as well as the greatest and the most insignificant, are all alike in the land of the great unknown. As I gazed in silent meditation on the lonely scene of death, unconsciously, I heard myself repeating the words of Gray:

“ The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
Or all that beauty or that wealth e'er gave.
Awaits, alike, the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

I saw myself a boy once more. Sad remembrances darkened the happy scenes of childhood. What a vivid recollection I had of the unhappy day when I followed my good old father's lifeless body to the grave, in a land away beyond the ocean! Many a year had come and gone since then, yet it seemed to me but yesterday

When I awoke from my reverie the sun was peeping over the hills, and its last rays lit up, in celestial brightness, the Western canopy of heaven. Snow-white clouds, bathed in its golden light, moved leisurely across the sky. Slowly the sun sank till at length its bright rays shone no more. Softly, out of the gathering darkness floated the happy song of the milk-maid, and the hearty laugh of the returning reaper. Far to the northward I could hear the beautiful melody, of some master's violin, wafted gently over the sea. Anon I heard the tinkling bells from the sheep-fold. Then, as if by magic, the last peal of the Angelus floated sweetly across the hills, and died away in the distance. After a time the master ceased to play, the reapers' songs were heard no more, and darkness fell upon the land. Majestically the moon came up behind the clouds, one by one the stars shone out from the vault of heaven. The

spectre shadows of the tombs fell across the silent cemetery. Far away upon the Catskill Mountains, I heard the Whippoorwill. *Occasionally the owl came out, and flitted in the moon-light.* Something seemed to tell me that I had found that which I sought. Slowly I turned away and left the place of death softly, repeating that touching verse from the master-piece of Gray :

“ Yet even these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculptures decked
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.”

M. J. R. '13.

CERTAIN TYPES OF BOYS.

In reference to my article on “Certain types of Boys” exception has been taken to certain observations on the French-Canadian type. The chief topics of complaint have been first, the brevity of my treatment of the French Canadian as compared with that of the other types, secondly, my reference to the Darwinian Theory in connexion with the development of the French-Canadian boy, and thirdly, the apparent implication on my part that French-Canadians boys have pugilistic perfections nothing more.

Regarding the first ground of exception I should like to say that when writing the article I had the intention of treating the French-Canadian type by itself in a special article — at no distant date. Brevity of treatment might be attributed to various causes, for example, want of knowledge on the part of the investigator, or mysteriousness on the part of the object investigated. But I fail to see how the brevity per se can be considered to mean a reflexion upon the character of the French-Canadian type of boy.

Secondly, my allusion to the Darwinian theory can admit only of a favorable interpretation. That French boys descend from monkeys while the American and Irish-Canadian do not, has never been forced upon my mind by external evidence. Frequent contact with French-Canadian boys has not revealed the existence of those peculiar qualities that would alone justify such a presumption. {Agility of movement, and pulsation of life, in one word, *la vivacité* there may be, but these are qualities that pertain even to beings very high in the scale of creation. The only element of the Darwinian theory to which I referred was “development,” that upward tendency that shows itself throughout creation.

Thirdly, it has been objected that I impute to the French-Canadians only pugilistic perfections. I can only say that my description was not meant to be a psychological study — that I had reserved for another time — it was only a hasty impressionist sketch. My comparison was between the French-Canadian and the one or two French boys whom I have come across in English colleges. Comparing these types, I merely observed that the French-Canadian boy seems to have developed the use of his fists. It is well-known that the use of the fist is as old as the days of the Greeks and Romans, and, that wall pictures can still be seen of Egyptian boys of the Thirteenth Dynasty engaging in fistic encounters. Naturally, there is nothing to prevent the French boy from inheriting this ancient tradition, and I was referring merely to stray types that I had come across in English colleges. My own impression is that, in fighting, the French-Canadian boy uses the organs of his body quite indiscriminately. And in so doing he is but showing his good sense. Why should the code of honor demand that a person may use fists only and not his feet? The main object in a fight is to make the antagonist the underdog and any means suitable for this purpose can reasonably be employed. Perhaps, in this respect my ideas are un-English.

English and French have crossed swords so often that they cannot but have a mutual respect for each other's valour.

Concerning the intellectual and moral perfections of the French-Canadian type, I could not have entered upon this subject without transgressing my original intention. To have given small space to the description of the higher nature of the French-Canadian type would indeed have been insultingly out of proportion. I thought it therefore more becoming to give only a slight, vague, humorous sketch, reserving the serious description for another occasion.

I should be sorry if an unjust impression were formed of my article. Some of my staunchest friends are among the French-Canadian students, and I have frequently and profitably availed myself of their services in musical and in the other intellectual lines of activity.

J. A. DEWE

The highest art in all kinds is that which conveys the most truth.—Ruskin.

Tobacco, Its Chemistry.



MOST of us, when we notice a young student contentedly smoking his consoling pipe and blowing dense clouds of tobacco smoke heavenward are very well aware that, the young gentleman is acquiring or has already acquired a noxious habit and a devotion to My Lady Nicotine, which habit and devotion will most certainly do him more harm than good.

But in reality how few know all the deleterious substance that tobacco contains. We are all aware that tobacco is in a certain way poisonous, and that by drawing the smoke into the throat and lungs harm is done. The vast majority claim that it is the poisonous substance known as nicotine causes all the harm, and this drug they also claim is present in the tobacco in large quantities. Both of which statements are rather erroneous. In urging proof they invite the smoker to blow a mouthful of smoke through a white cloth, for instance through his handkerchief. After the smoker has complied there appears on the linen a brownish yellow spot. They point to this spot and with a triumphant look say behold the nicotine. Indeed this trick of blowing tobacco smoke through a handkerchief is so ancient that it is almost in the category of the classics. As an experiment that test is a fraud. The stain we see is no more caused by nicotine than fruit juice. That brown stain is simply due to the condensation of tar that has just been distilled from the woody fibre of the tobacco. Also the brownish juice which collects in the stem and bowl of the pipe is found upon analysis to be a mixture of tar and water, and is not, as commonly supposed, a quantity of nicotine.

Concerning the quantity of nicotine and other poison that the user of the weed absorbs there are a great many fallacies current. The truth is that the quantity absorbed by the smoker is very small. Experiments have shown that from a hundred grains of tobacco leaf about two grains of poisonous substance may be drawn into the mouth. The poisons may be drawn into the mouth but is the quantity entirely absorbed? There are numerous agents which affect the percentage of poisons in the smoke, such as the rapidity of burning, the shape and length of the pipe, the material of the pipe, etc.

Nicotine the most widely known poison in tobacco is of itself an almost colorless alkaloid and is rather volatile, that is it escapes quickly into the air. This alkaloid we find present in rather large quantities in the leaves of the tobacco plant at maturity, but in the preparation of smoking tobacco the leaves are subjected to such a process of drying and curing that a large portion of the nicotine escapes into the air, leaving but a small percentage of the drug in the finished product. Whatever portion does remain is quickly volatilized by the heat of the fire in the bowl of the pipe and passes into the air. So for this reason it may be concluded that very little nicotine ever reaches the mouth of the smoker.

In proof that nicotine is not absorbed in any appreciable quantity we have but to consider the poisonous properties of the drug. Nicotine as a poison is scarcely inferior to prussic acid, as a single drop of it is sufficient to kill a dog. Its vapor is extremely irritating so much so, that it is difficult to breathe in a room where a single drop has been evaporated. Besides nicotine, there is also present in tobacco an empyreumatic oil which is poisonous and contains nicotine's chemical relatives the two volatile alkalies, pyridine and picoline. This oil is supposed to be the "juice of cursed hebeon" described as a distilment in Act I of Hamlet.

As yet it has not been conclusively shown by experiments in any of our laboratories of physiological research that any sensible amount of nicotine or the pyridine bases is absorbed into the system of the smoker. But some clinical reports by men well versed in the practice of medicine seem to indicate that occasionally the system does absorb some nicotine. This we must admit is quite probable, for even if unappreciable quantities are absorbed into the system from time to time, they certainly will in time by cumulative and concentrated effect work a certain amount of harm, if not serious damage to the system and health of the smoker.

Thus we see that the poison nicotine does not, as is commonly supposed, do a very great amount of harm or of injury, and that it will be necessary for us to analyze still farther in our search for the more active poisons.

We have but to light our cigar or pipe and presto these poisons appear. The mere fact of the tobacco burning creates two gases, with which most of us are at least familiar; they are carbon monoxide which is an active poison, and carbon dioxide which is not very

poisonous, but is extremely irritating when inhaled in any considerable quantity ; the amount of these gases given off is a very small volume of the first named, and a large volume of the latter.

Now, knowing that tobacco contains some poisons the question might very naturally arise ; how, and by what means do any or all of these poisons enter the system, and what effects have they on the system of the smoker? In the first place in regard to their entrance into the system we well know that they are very capable of being absorbed by the mucous membrane lining the mouth and throat ; but by far the greater portion of these poisons pass through the lungs of the person who inhales the smoke, and it is here in the lungs that the evils of tobacco first show, and also it is here in the lungs that the major portion if not indeed all the harm of smoking is done.

It is almost entirely to this inhaling of the smoke that the troubles arising from the use of tobacco are due. It is claimed that the burning paper of the cigarette is the cause of the harm done to the system, of the one who uses the weed in that particular form. This may be true, for in the combustion of the paper most naturally some gases are found, which are to a greater or lesser extent poisonous. But of all, the tar and carbon monoxide contained in the smoke are by far the most harmful and detrimental to the membranes of the throat and lungs, than any of the other poisonous substances contained in tobacco.

Besides the disease of the lungs caused by the constant irritation, the poisonous substances pass into the system, and gradually tend toward the physical degeneration of the smoker, who habitually inhales ; some medical authorities also claim that constant smoking causes a hardening of the arteries and angina pectoris.

There exists a rather popular belief that no germs can exist in tobacco, and that it is a rather good disinfectant. This idea is erroneous in such cases. In regard to the former, that there are no germs in tobacco, it has been found that occasionally besides having germs of its own, the tobacco has another crop of bacteria which the enterprising tobacconist has "sown on" in order to improve the flavour. Then again in regard to its merits as a disinfectant, it may act as such during the time that the smoke is passing into the smoker's mouth, but that tobacco smoking is of any benefit as a disinfecting agent is extremely doubtful.

EDW. L. GINNA, '13.

Laughter.



WHAT is laughter? It is something which we all see, which we all know, which we all do. Yet how many have given thought to the matter and conscientiously asked themselves: "Why do I laugh, and what is laughter?" Doubtless if one were to attempt to answer the question, he would say: "I laugh because of joy, or because something is funny; and laughter is, — er, well I know it, but I cannot exactly say what it is." It would be perhaps difficult to give a real, scientific definition of that strange, intangible something called laughter. Doctor Overton, a celebrated physician of New York defines it as "a succession of short inspirations." But just why this succession of short inspirations and this puckering of the face should invariably and spontaneously follow upon the hearing or seeing of something funny, or upon the discharge of some pent-up emotion, is a difficult question to decide. It is one of the many wonders we find in the make-up of that ingenious piece of mechanism, man.

Laughter is peculiar to man. It is a God-given gift, a distinction, specific characteristic, a channel through which is discharged the burden of emotions peculiar to man. He alone among all animals has a reasoning intellect, and to this we can trace the cause of laughter. He alone by his superior endowments is able to perceive the sense of humor. Humor is that quality of the imagination which gives to ideas an incongruous or fantastic turn, which excites mirth. But in order to have these ideas in the first place, an intellect is necessary, for an idea as St. Thomas defines it is "a representation of something impressed in the mind." Thus we can reason out the relation of humor and laughter with the intellect, and we find that both are dependent upon it, and that if there were no intellect there would be no humor, and if there were no humor there would be no laughter. Laughter then is a sign of intelligence. But it is even more than this; it is a sign of the limit and imperfection of the human intellect, for we find out from Scriptural history that Christ, the most perfect man who ever lived, never once laughed during His entire life.

But you say now a dog laughs. A dog never laughs. He may be so trained as to twist his face through a number of various con-

tortions at the command of his master, but he never gives vent to a laugh. Will a dog laugh for joy, at seeing something funny, at hearing something ridiculous? Here is just where the difference lies between man's laughter and the dog's grin. The former is the act of a rational, soul-possessing being; the latter is an unintelligent, irrational effort, to be commanded by a master mind, just as the figure on the clock tells off the hours in its uncomprehending, brazen voice, when wound by the human hand.

The man who knows how to laugh at the right time, and in the right way is welcome everywhere. How we appreciate the man who can laugh at a joke, who does not grow sour and sullen when one is made at his expense. There is something attractive in the jolly man, as there is repulsive in the morose, sour-faced churl.

Laughter is like one of those instruments which may be put to varied uses, and unhappily, like them, often to perverse ones. It may be the instrument of sarcasm, ridicule, and opprobrium as well as of joy, humor and good-will.

The laugh is dependent upon the will, and this in turn, upon the knowledge received from the intellect, so that we may consider the different kinds, the different forms and modifications of laughter as resulting from the different light in which each individual intellect perceives an object. Thus there is something very expressive and individualistic in laughter. Each and every man has his own peculiar way of laughing, and we can pretty well judge his character from his laugh. There is the affected laugh, the effeminate act of an effeminate character, and there is the sneaking laugh which betrays the inward qualities which the possessor can at other times conceal. There is the loud, boisterous laugh which we hear so often, and the quiet, expressive laugh, which shows that beneath the exterior lies a world of power and force. There is the sarcastic laugh which so grates on the nerves, and the silly, meaningless laugh, which is so disgusting. There is the cold, forced laugh, the hearty, good-natured laugh, and a great many other varieties, all which express so clearly even to the unpracticed mind and eye the hidden traits and qualities of a man's character.

Yet is it not strange that this simple succession of short inspirations, this modification of the respiratory act, should be a sufficient criterion to judge a man's character? Nevertheless anyone who has given the question thought, must see the truth of it. Bismarck, the

great German statesman once said, when a gentleman was recommended to him for a certain office : " Let me hear him laugh first."

What a world of good a laugh can do ! It is essentially the weapon of the weak, it turns aside the poisoned arrows of sarcasm and ridicule, and before its approach sorrow and melancholy flee. The man who can laugh off ridicule and sarcasm possesses one of the most powerful and efficient weapons of self-defence. There is nothing which so exasperates, which so mortifies the attacker, as to have his taunts and irony met with a complacent smile, a short laugh. He is defeated at once, and he realizes it. But more than this, laughter has been the making of some men, and alas, the downfall of others. How many have risen to honor, position and wealth, merely by an opportune laugh, and how many have tumbled down to ruin, dishonor, and disgrace by an inopportune one ! I remember once hearing of an incident in the German court which well illustrated the power of a laugh. The Kaiser was regaling a number of courtiers with amusing stories. As he finished one of which he was particularly proud, and the listeners were all anxiously engaged in the effort to perceive the joke, one of the poorer courtiers suddenly startled the company by an uproariously loud peal of what was apparently laughter, and fell into hysterics. The poor man had sat on a tack of exceptional length placed in his chair by a malicious servant, and naturally became inclined toward the hysterical state. But the Kaiser never understood the real state of affairs ; he thought that the man acted as he did through a thorough appreciation of the joke, and the next week the courtier received the Order of the Blue Ribbon, and was made Lord Chamberlain in the Royal Household.

But the Goddess of Fortune has not been so kind to all hearty laughers. The Czar of Russia once caused a noble to be beheaded for an inopportune laugh, and one of the Henries of England, we are told, deposed the Lord Chancellor for laughing at him on an occasion when he fell into a tub of water.

Perhaps of still greater importance are the medical virtues of laughter. It has become a great factor in the cure of melancholy, nervousness, and indigestion, and the most eminent physicians in the world now endorse it, and recommend it instead of drugs to the nervous and irritable, to the troubled and tired-minded. " Laugh and grow fat " has become almost a maxim. People are beginning to realize the truth of it, and this fact accounts for the crowded

vaudeville theatres, and the great amount of light reading done nowadays. This is the age of material progress, the age of learned research and hard labor ; something is needed to rest the tired mind, to raise the drooping and dejected spirit, and no better remedy than laughter can be found, a good hearty laugh has an invigorating and a soothing effect, spreading its mysterious influence over both body and soul. One always feels better after a good laugh ; the mind is relieved of its strain, and a general feeling of relaxation and ease follows.

Besides its power for working good and evil, laughter sometimes displays very mischievous propensities. It will assert itself at the most embarrassing time, and in the most unheard of places. It will not be hidden or suppressed, but must out and show itself. Everyone knows how difficult it is to suppress a laugh in Church. Something which would not at all seem funny outside becomes the very essence of comicality, and we must laugh. One would be almost inclined to believe that there is some truth in the story so often told to children, that the laugh is transformed into a little devil which tempts to distraction.

Considered altogether, laughter is a very peculiar thing. It is as elusive as Proteus, a something incomprehensible, like the curious being in the old riddle, which, though we possess it, though we use it, though we see it every day and every minute, yet we really do not know what it is. But this we do know, that it is peculiar to man, and that it is a natural gift, a distinctive, specific characteristic which accentuates man's difference from and superiority over other animals. It may truly be called the music of the soul, and as the different tones, the different timbres of musical sounds depend upon the nature and construction of the instrument, so is the character and quality of the laugh dependent upon the nature and condition of the soul.

J. C. CONNAGHAN, '09.

Human Art can only flourish when its dew is Affection ; its air, Devotion ; the rock of its roots, Patience ; and its sunshine, God.
—Ruskin.

Lecture and Concert.



THE most pleasant evening that has been held in Ottawa College for many a day was that one held in the lecture hall Thursday, March 29th. Notice was posted early in the day of a lecture to be given by Rev. J. A. Lajeunesse on his trip to Labrador, to witness the eclipse of the sun. His lectures are always very interesting and this one, in particular was beyond the ordinary. This was of course the main feature of the evening. He had a fine set of views taken on the trip and which were highly appreciated. The evening was in two parts. A duet by Rev. J. A. Dewe and Mr. Derosiers; a Solo and Chorus which made a hit, and Father Lajeunesse's lecture comprised the first part.

The second part was a sort of College night, and one which won't be forgotten for a while.

Mr. Phil. Harris song "O'Brien" with success, marked by three encores. Mr. Wm. Summers kept the assembly in good spirits with funny songs as can be sung only by himself. Then came the unexpected. Fifteen students sang the Chorus and kept step time to Mr. Summers's Solo, "Girls." This brought an outburst of applause and as the chorus was taken up again, in ran two dainty soubrettes as sweet as ever trod over the hard floor of the lecture room. The audience was somewhat amazed. The two came in quickly and unexpectedly making love to two Chorus men, took the audience by surprise. "Who are those bold girls" inquired one and to his extreme delight he was informed they were no other than two of the football players, whose make up, save their physiognomy, made them charming members of the weaker sex. They made a decided hit, and after dancing with all the grace and beauty of those most proficient in the art, retired, calling for applause such as has never been heard before in the hall.

Father Lajeunesse then amused the audience, by throwing about fifty views of past football teams; past scenes and pictures of the "Old College" and groups of all descriptions on the Canvas, to the pleasure of all present. More songs and chorus were in order, than a vote of thanks was moved to the lecturer.

Hardly had the audience risen when the strains of a band were

heard. Something funny was on so all remained a moment. The sound of a drum, tambourine, and trombone were now very distinct as the "Army" marched along the hall. The O.U.S.A. was out. They entered the large Hall led by Corp. Hackett, bearing the flag of welcome. They were a funny looking bunch. Clad in red coats and pill box caps, wearing holy looks and singing in parts, they presented a very laughable spectacle. The meeting was opened. They all sang and each one told how he saw the light and gave a short story of his life. They were dead in earnest and looked the part. The grand finale came, after Capt. Bawlf had informed the listening sinners that if they would only follow him and his earnest yet foolish looking band, they would go home covered with mud and glory. He entreated his audience in French and immediately brother Guindon arose and entered the fold. What he didn't say wasn't worth saying. "You bet" he told them as he alone can. He was made a soldier there and then, and proceeded between the two Commodores Ryan and "Dakoti Jim" with army back to the hall, after a good outing.

Indeed the evening was a funny one, a laughable one and one that was appreciated by all. The unexpected was always the next number, and it is to be hoped Father Stanton will soon have another such night, as this one, as it was highly appreciated by all.

Good painting, like nature's own work, is infinite, and un-reduceable.—Ruskin.

Never if you can help it, miss seeing the sunset and the dawn.—Ruskin.

War Considered in its Moral Bearings.

IT may be interesting at the present time, when there are rumors of threatening international conflicts in which America and a large portion of Europe might be involved, to briefly consider war in its moral bearings. Our reading of opinions and views on war, taken from some of the recent leading secular journals would lead us to believe that the true moral aspect of the subject never appealed to the minds of the writers. About the only motive prompting them to discourage war is a national selfishness, or rather jealousy lest the power of any nation other than their own should increase. They seem to ignore the fundamental reason against war, namely, that all nations, including the smaller ones over which the greater frequently quarrel, have rights, and that these rights like those of individuals are inviolable.

No man is permitted to take away from another what justly belongs to him. Much less is he allowed to use violence in doing so. A nation is bound to preserve the same regard for the rights of another nation, as citizen for those of another citizen. Both are amenable to the law of God. When one person maltreats another the law of the land comes to the aid of the latter; but where a mighty nation violates the rights of a smaller one, very seldom can human law reach the offender. It may so happen that a person, guilty of injuring another, will escape the penalty of the law of man. We are quite sure however that Divine justice will overtake him. And we are equally certain that, if one nation waxes strong upon the robbery and plunder of another's domain, the wrongs and injustice committed will be avenged by the Supreme Law-maker and Judge upon each and every individual who contributes in any way, as abettor or accomplice to the deeds.

We here speak of retribution upon the individual. For, it is not the nation as a whole that will be called to account before God. Society it is true must answer here below for the wrong-doings of her erring members, upon those outside. Justice demands that reparation be made by the whole body for damages done by a part, whether it is the greater or lesser. But whatever evil may be done does not redound to the guilt of each individual in the society. They

alone are culpable, who have consented to, encouraged, or participated in the injustice, and they alone will be held responsible before the Heavenly Tribunal.

Thus, for the individual, the engaging in war is not altogether a question of patriotic sentiment, but rather one of conscience. A call to arms by those in authority, by no means justifies a mad rush to enlist in a fighting regiment. The rulers and governments which commence hostilities do not determine the morality of the undertaking. The lawfulness of the war upon which they are entering does not depend on their decision. It is based on laws which far transcend any of those framed by men. The war is good or bad quite independently of their wills. Therefore each man, however eager he may be to fight for his country, must first examine, whether or not the cause on his country's part is just. If it is unjust, and he nevertheless enters the fray, then he becomes guilty of murder in the first degree of every victim that falls before his musket or bayonet. No love of his native land, no patriotism, no frenzy for national glory will excuse him, when he is called before the bar of Divine justice. On the other hand if the war is entered upon by a nation in self defence, or to protect a weaker one from oppression, then it is just, and any one may lawfully take up arms.

To show the application of these principles, we will take concrete examples. Canada affords an excellent subject for illustration. There are three ways in which Canada might become involved in an unjust war. The first is by rebellion against British supremacy; the second, by lending assistance to any nation so engaged Great Britain not excluded; the third, by undertaking such a war on her own account. As to the latter, we do not think there is any immediate danger. The former two, however, are not beyond the regions of possibilities. What would be the moral responsibility incurred by Canadians rising in rebellion? We Canadians are, and not without good reason proud of our Dominion. We are practically independent. We are free to work out our own destiny. Yet, although autonomous, we owe allegiance to the British Crown. We are bound on principles of Divine and natural law to recognize Great Britain's ruler as being in the place of highest authority over these domains. Our chief reason for so doing, is as every Catholic school-boy knows, that the power of constituted authority comes from God (cf. Butler's Catechism, Page 58); we must therefore be

loyal on principle. We could never licitly resort to arms to declare independence of Britain, unless as a means of defence against tyrannical oppression. As we are bound to be loyal to England, at the same time we could not enter with her into any war of conquest. Nor would it be a mark of disloyalty if we refused her assistance in such a case. The law of God in all cases demand our first attention and obedience.

Passing beyond our borders we may consider the just attitude which others should bear towards us. We have reasons for doing so. The old question of annexation to the States, from time to time looms up in certain quarters. Canadians as a rule decry such a proposition. We do not think our condition would be improved by becoming a portion of the Great Republic to the south of us. The United States could not justly force upon us any conditions which we were not prepared to receive. If then an attempt on their part was made to wrest Canada from her present moorings, to upset all our present systems of government, and to annihilate our young but vigorous nationality, every Canadian would be justified in taking up arms to defend his rights against the aggressors. On the other hand not a single individual in the American Republic could justly take part directly or indirectly in the conquest of Canada. No Catholic priest could conscientiously grant absolution to an American penitent who was about to encourage or participate in such an enterprise.

We confess that the question we are treating, is by no means a new one. The principles we have enunciated one would think, were familiar to all. We might almost feel tempted to apologize to intelligent readers for calling their attention to them. Yet it seems that there exists a culpable ignorance, of the fundamental principles of international justice and rights, on the part of many editors of journals, which are the chief directors of public opinion. We think that, if less space were given towards counselling retaliation by their own governments, and more to the setting forth of these principles, much might be done towards securing peace, the world over. We believe nations like individuals are not altogether opposed to good advice.

A little such advice based on sound reason, given by responsible journals to governments of other countries than their own, might do much to allay the jealousy and avarice of nations.

G. W. 'og.

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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No. 7

IS HIGHER EDUCATION DANGEROUS ?

We are forced to the reluctant conclusion that some of it, as provided in the modern American University, undoubtedly is. A writer in the May number of the "Cosmopolitan" has produced startling revelations regarding the philosophic, sociological and religious teachings in the principal universities of the United States. He has taken special courses, or been present at lectures as a visitor, or interviewed members of the faculty or consulted the printed records of what is taught in Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, George Washington, Chicago, Columbia, Syracuse, California, New York, Iowa, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Cornell, Brown and Leland Stanford. What has he discovered? That in hundreds of class-rooms the future leaders of the nation, both men and women, are being daily taught these revolutionary doctrines:—the Decalogue is no more sacred than a syllabus; the home as an institution is doomed; immorality is merely an act in contraven-

tion of society's accepted standards; the change from one religion to another is like getting a new hat; moral precepts are passing shibboleths; conceptions of right and wrong are as unstable as styles of dress; wide stairways are open between social levels, but to the climber children are encumbrances; the sole effect of prolificacy is to fill tiny graves; there can be and are holier alliances without the marriage bond than with it. Olympus and Mount Sinai are twin peaks beautiful but not made sacred by mythology. There are no God-established covenants: what happens at elections is more important than what took place in Palestine; those who defy the moral code do not offend any deity but simply arouse the venom of the majority that has not yet grasped the new idea. Theology is breaking down; conscience is a false guide and there are no abiding standards of right and wrong. These, we are told by the author, are the doctrines commonly taught by leading professors in the great Universities, and he quotes their own words as proof of his assertions. What a startling state of affairs, when we consider that there are in the States 493 institutions of higher education in which 229,000 students receive instruction from 21,000 professors! If this scientific godlessness is, as we are told, the tendency of modern education, may we not justly fear that it is creeping into the Universities of Canada? Signs are not wanting that such indeed is the case. What then must be the feelings of all truly Christian, and especially Catholic, parents, when they reflect that students in at least some of our own great Universities may freely absorb what society condemns as tainted ethics unless the professor, seeking publicity or inexpert in dodging it, arouses the wrath of the community. As far as Catholics are concerned, the remedy is obvious, though, in sooth, very difficult of realization.

MARION CRAWFORD.

We wish to offer our humble tribute at the grave of the charming novelist, whose death has robbed literature of one of its most brilliant writers. Marion Crawford, though born in Italy, was of American parentage and English education. He knew and loved Italy better than any foreign writer of that time, and he has made her history, her scenery, her people known and appreciated throughout the English-speaking world, in such beautiful books as

"Corleone," "The Heart of Rome," "Saracinesca," and "Ave Roma Immortalis," some of which no doubt will occupy a permanent place among the great books of the XIX. Century. The world of letters, and especially of Catholic writers, is poorer by his death. May his sweet spirit rest in peace.

Exchanges.

"Science is probably the most important subject on the college curriculum of to-day," states the editorial column of the *Okanagan Lyceum* for March. That the study of science is important and urgent cannot be gainsaid, yet we take the liberty of differing with our esteemed contemporary as to whether this branch of knowledge should be the paramount consideration in college circles. We prefer the more tolerant view of Newman, "What an empire is in political history, such is a University in the sphere of philosophy and research. It acts as umpire between truth and truth, and taking into account the nature and importance of each, assigns to all their due order of precedence. It maintains no one department of thought exclusively, however ample and noble; and it sacrifices none. It is deferential and loyal, according to their respective weight, to the claims of literature, of physical research, of history, of metaphysics, of theological science. It is impartial towards them all, and promotes each in its own place and for its own object."

The pages of the same number are well stocked with reading matter as wholesome and refreshing as the air of the Rockies. In "A Toast to the West," the writer has struck a very inspiring tone. It is quite evident that the atmosphere of their beautiful valley is being reflected in the literary work of the students. We hope to see more of this spirited journal from the West.

The *Victorian* contains four essays well worth reading, upon the portrayals of Satan drawn by the great epic poets. The authors differ in their appreciations of the pictures of his Satanic majesty; but upon one point they are all agreed: that the genius of Dante was greater than that of either Milton or Tasso. The *Victorian* also contains a number of excellent poems.

"As usual, 'The University of Ottawa Review' was read with pleasure. We term this magazine, and no doubt correctly so,

an ideal college paper. The writings are always of a highly educational nature, and usually whoever reads the 'Review' concludes a wiser reader. Exchanges of this nature are always most gratefully received and gladly read. Good food for the mind and no silly trash which is as insulting as it is offensive to the intellect, should always be the contents of a college literary magazine." — "The Schoolman."

A man never grows so old or so wise, but that he can learn goodness from his mother.

—"Abbey Student."

Man's words to man are often flat;
 Man's words to woman flatter;
 Two men may often stand and chat;
 Two women stand and chatter.

—Ex.

Besides the above mentioned, we beg to acknowledge receipt of the following: "Trinity University Review," "Vox Wesleyana," "The Columbiad," "Notre Dame Scholastic," "The University Monthly," "College Mercury," "Vox Lycei," "The Martlet," "Georgetown College Journal," "Victorian," "The Comet," "Okanagan Lyceum," "St. Jerome Schoolman," "The Argosy," "Vox Collegii," "Navier," "The Mirror," "Echoes from St. Ann's," "The Laurel," "The Academic Herald," "Vox Wesleyana," "Villa Shield," "Agnesian Monthly," "College Spokesman," "Laurel," "Manitoba College Journal," "Pharos," "S. V.C. Index," "Patrician," "Echoes from Pines," "Fordham Monthly," "Holy Cross Purple," "Niagara Rainbow."

Books and Reviews.

THE reviews become more or less attractive as the subjects treated in them are timely and interesting or stale and insipid. Judging them on this basis it might be said that they were well worth the reading last month. The topics were, indeed, very lively ones.

The March number of the Contemporary Review contained some very good articles. "The Young Generation in Germany." was handled with much ability by one who had spent years in the country

and had ample opportunity to study progress there. The writer states that the youth in the Universities in Germany receive a good grounding in English and French. He notes that the wealthy young men are gradually adopting the style of Englishmen in dress and manners; also that the Germans were growing in that spirit of independence so characteristic of Englishmen which would form a strong combination with the German soberness and steadfastness.

In the *Empire Review*, a writer with an evident grasp of the question wrote at length upon the advisability of uniting all the South African possessions of Britain into one Dominion. According to him it would seem better to form a confederation and still keep the Transvaal, the Orange Free State and Cape Colony partly distinct as the populations differed so very much in language and otherwise.

In the *Fortnightly Review* we find a short history of the Russian police. This body is practically a small army. Its objects are various. The police are feared by those who look to them for protection or, at least, who should naturally do so. They keep under surveillance not only the persons within the Czar's dominions but also many in other countries. The revolutionaries have spies on the police forces and they, in return, find those who are willing to play false to the Anarchists. The most regrettable thing in all Russia is the corruption of the police. They are a menace to the citizens instead of being a security and far from offering that freedom to liberal ideas, which is offered here, they repress by brute force everything that speaks for freedom of the press, or of action, or of speech.

Among the Magazines.

In the *Rosary Magazine* for April, Mary E. Mannix writes an excellent article on the life of Pere Didon, O.P., the famous Dominican priest of Paris. With fearless eloquence, he preached the Gospel of truth, and suffered many trials and crosses in his heroic efforts to convert the misguided youth of his country. He was a living example of the truth and force of his own convictions, the embodiment of humility, patience and obedience.

The "Turn of the Road," by Viola Cloud, in the same maga-

zine, is an interesting little story of the losses and good fortune of a good-natured young Englishman.

The Rosary is also valuable for two contributions, *The Passion and Death of Our Lord*, by H. M. Beadle, and *Don Bosco and His Works*, by James M. McDonald. In the first, the author relates in plain, forcible and concise style, the sad and pathetic story of Way of the Cross, quoting and commenting on the Gospels of the Evangelists. In the last named article, the author gives a summary of the life of the founder of the Salesian Congregation, and his heroic efforts in the education of destitute youth.

The Canadian Messenger upholds its reputation as one of the best Catholic periodicals. H. J. James in a short article tells the story of Blessed Clement Hofbauer, the holy German Redemptorist. The article sets forth to good advantage the life of this blessed priest. The "Notes on Moral Training" are particularly good and worth reading. Pius X. and Japan, in the same magazine, tells of the Holy Father's interest in the Christianizing of Japan, and of the efforts of Catholic missionaries in that country.

The Educational Review for April discusses a number of live and interesting questions on education, and contains current news of schools and colleges in the Maritime Provinces.

In the May Court Club Magazine for February we find a very interesting article on the progress of the Woman Suffrage Movement in Great Britain. The writer shows what the aim of this movement, and in a concise and logical manner puts forth the main arguments for and against Woman Suffrage. Then he goes on to say that as woman is the companion of man she must be instructed in public affairs and have a voice in the government.

In the same magazine there is also a short but extremely interesting description of the inhabitants of Arabia. It takes as an example a nomadic tribe called the Bedouins, whose religion is Mohammedanism, and whose life is still one of primitive simplicity.

Lascelles in this same magazine gives us an idea of the Domestic Architecture of England, from the year of the Norman conquest till the reign of Victoria. He divides it into five periods: the Age of Castles, the Tudor Style, the Elizabethan Style, the Renaissance Style, and the Victorian Style. These periods are well described, the writer giving reasons how it was that such a style existed during a certain period and in what each was faulty.

Several other articles very instructive and interesting are contained in this Review, which want of space will not permit to mention.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

Rev. Fathers J. Harrington, '05, and W. Dooner, '05, paid a visit to the College this month. Their call was no doubt greatly appreciated by the students from "Up-the-Creek."

The Review is glad to see Rev. Father Quilty, who recently went under an operation for appendicitis, out once more. His visit to Alma Mater with Rev. Fathers Harrington and Dooner was likewise enjoyed by the students.

Among the talent who took part in the recent Conservatory of Music Concert appears the name of Mr. Gus Lamothe. Mr. Lamothe was a member of the College orchestra two years ago.

At the recent lecture given to the student body by Rev. Father Lajeunesse, Mr. Somers, an old time student, contributed to the musical programme with a number of song hits. It need not be said that they were thoroughly enjoyed by the audience.

The success of the concert held recently in Maniwaki in aid of the church there is in no small part due to two of our old students, Mr. J. Fahey and Mr. P. Connolly, who kindly lent their assistance.

Hon. Chas. J. Doherty, of Montreal, who in 1895 had the degree of LL.D. conferred on him by the University, was to have delivered a lecture before St. Patrick's Literary Society recently, but owing to pressure of business at the House he was unable to speak on his subject, and his place was filled by Dr. J. K. Foran. However, the hon. gentleman attended and greeted the audience with a short but brilliant address.

Rev. Father McCauley, '90, of Osgoode, is to be congratulated upon the success he is meeting with since he established military drill in the schools under his jurisdiction over a year ago. The Ottawa Free Press spoke very highly of the work of the Rev. gentleman in its columns a few days ago.

Obituary.

On Friday morning, April 2, there occurred at the home of his father at North Sydney, the death of Rev. David Vincent Phalen, for the past nine years editor of "The Casket." The deceased priest was born in North Sydney on Nov. 23, 1866. Upon the completion of his primary education, he came to Ottawa University in 1884, and under the guiding influence of his Alma Mater he diligently prepared himself for the priesthood and his future journalistic career.

As a priest Father Phalen was characterized by a devotedness and enlightened zeal, which made him dear to those souls for which he labored. As a journalist he won the highest esteem of his colleagues, and his practical and striking contributions in matters of Catholic interest are a force which have left their impress on current thought. The deceased first exercised his talent as a litterateur in the pages of the Ottawa University Review, of which he was one of the founders. Perhaps it was not known to many that Father Phelan, in the discharge of his duties, was in the hands of that dread disease, pulmonary tuberculosis, and his zeal and industry in sticking to his post of duty for a period of ten years under such trying conditions should be an example to us all. By his death has been caused a vacancy in the ranks of Catholic journalism, which will be hard to fill, but it is our wish that ere long there will be raised up another Father Phelan to continue the noble work.

To the bereaved members of the family we extend our sincerest sympathy.

On the 6th of April there took place in Saint Hyacinthe the death of Donat Blanchette, at the age of twenty-one years. The deceased was a student at the Seminary of Saint Hyacinthe, and in former years attended the University here.

We sympathize sincerely with the family of Mr. Blanchette in their sad bereavement.

Rev. Father Hugh J. Canning, '93, of Toronto, recently suffered a loss by the death of his mother. To Father Canning the Review, on behalf of the student body, offers its sincere sympathy.

R. I. P.

Personals.

Mgr. Sbarette celebrated pontifical High Mass at the Cathedral in Toronto on Easter Sunday.

Archbishop Webber of Germany, who is studying social conditions in America, in company with his secretary, paid the University a visit while in the city.

His Grace Archbishop Dontenwill, Superior General of the Order, has received the titular see of Ptolemais in Syria.

Hon. N. A. Belcourt, who in a recent fall from his horse dislocated his arm, is about town again.

Father Gervais, O.M.I., whom we still consider one of ourselves, as he was so long in the faculty, has received the appointment of Superior in Maniwaki.

Rev. Father Nilles, who has been sick in the Water Street Hospital, is much better.

Father Lajeunesse gave the boys a very instructive lecture on his trip to Labrador; and the illustrations thrown on the canvas enabled all to follow and appreciate many strange geological aspects. After the lecture the Science Hall was taken over by the Glee Club, in whose entertainment many rare traits of genius were apparent.

The sermons in St. Joseph's Church for Holy Thursday, Good Friday and Easter Sunday were preached respectively by Rev. Dr. Sherry, Rev. Father Kelly, and Rev. Father Fallon.

Father Stephen Murphy, O.M.I., and Father Quilty, who have been both lately operated on for appendicitis, are rapidly recovering.

Among those of our priests who left the city for Easter are: Rev. P. Hammersly, Rev. L. Binet, Rev. J. McGuire and Rev. Thos. Murphy.

At the Annual Prize Debate to be held in St. Patrick's Hall on Friday night, Co-education is to be discussed. The speakers favoring it are Messrs. F. O. Linke and W. Grace; those opposing are J. C. Connaghan and J. Brennan. The Hon. Judge Gunn, Dr. White, and Mr. E. B. Devlin, M.P., have kindly consented to act as judges.

Mr. Phil Harris went to Maniwaki with the Ottawa Hibernian Sextette and made quite a reputation by his character sketches.

It is rumored that Messrs. Deahy and Linke had an exciting encounter with the goat last week in the Ottawa Council of the K. of C.

L. H. Lamothe, who was a business manager of the Review since September last, has gone with the party sent by the Indian Department to the Peace River District on a tour of inspection.

The result of the elections to the Athletic Association held on the Wednesday following Easter Monday, shows M. O'Gara President; C. Gauthier, First Vice-President; E. Courtois, Second Vice-President; W. Breen, Treasurer; O. Linke, Corresponding Secretary; A. Flemming, Recording Secretary; S. Quilty and S. Coupal, Councillors. The only office contested was that of Corresponding Secretary.

Athletics.

HOCKEY.

The Intermural Hockey League, which furnished so much amusement and excitement throughout the winter months, was badly handicapped near the end of the winter by poor ice. However, this did not stop the progress of the League, although it kept some of the "green men" from making a "rep," and the old stars from covering themselves with glory.

As the league drew to a close, the games were more and more hotly contested, rivalry was intense, and "ruling off" became very frequent.

Some of the men developed great speed and clever stick-handling in a surprising degree, becoming better and better as the season progressed. The last two games, which were practically to decide the championship, were fast and furious, despite the heavy condition of the ice.

The League resulted in a tie between the three fast teams captained by Smith, Corkery and Fleming. As no ice could be secured and prospects were exceptionally poor for there being any more, it was agreed that the captains, thus tied, should draw to see who would be the proud possessor of that hard fought for and much coveted trophy. Corkery was the lucky man and was awarded the championship.

INTERMEDIATE BASEBALL.

The good old Springtime is here at last and everyone is busy getting his wing in condition. Already an Intermural League has been organized for the benefit of those not aspirants to senior honors.

The League is in charge of Rev. Fr. Finnegan, an authority on baseball, and its success is a foregone conclusion. He has drawn up an excellent schedule, and the games promise to be more than interesting as the teams are very evenly matched.

The teams are captained by such renowned players as Hackett, who, by the way, is a "coming sprinter"; "Jerry" Harrington, that famous southpaw; J. C. Connaghan, "Dakoty Jim," and Art Lamarche, who says that any of his men are better than he is himself. Romeo Guindon is also a captain, but Romeo says he can't possibly devote all his time and attention to his team as he has to keep up his "high standard" in the "spring" meet.

Judging from form so far shown a representative from Buffalo has it on the other pitchers "for fair." It is rumored that the coach has his eye on him and is going to bring him into fast company. Stay with it, Petite.

Up to the present the league has but one small fault and that is the utter ignorance of any of the acting umpires, even in the rudimentary rules of the game. "Pete" Conway, seeming quite uninterested, went out to pose for the second story window across the street. Who called that a strike?—the umpire. Deahy was awful in his decisions on bases, and Smith seemed to be on the field for no other purpose than to create excitement and he succeeded. Captains, get good umpires and save argument.

BASEBALL.

Though the season is very backward, the ball tossers, over anxious to be at it, have turned out in full form. Coach Rev. Fr. Stanton has the team in charge, and while he admits they do not look as promising as last year's aggregation, nevertheless he expects to be able to develop them into a better bunch of ball players. He says they are not "know-it-alls," and that that's a good sign. We're out to win.

E. H. McCarthy, who captained the team to the championship of the City League last year, has been re-elected captain for the coming season. With "Mac" as a leader, and a little co-operation on the part of the team mates, the championship ought to

come easily. J. P. Corkery, a ball player of some repute, has been elected manager. He has been successful in arranging several games with out of town teams.

To say at this early date who will play the positions would be an impossibility. All we can venture from here is the battery, and that looks like Conway and Linke.

League games are already on our hands, and an important exhibition game with the crack St. Michael's team from the State of Vermont. We hope to be able to give the Green Mountain aggregation a hot contest. They are a good bunch of ball players, and if we win from them our place in the City League is pretty sure.

A few warm days to loosen up the whip and get out the spring kink and the team will be ready for the fray.

HANDBALL.

Never, in years, has Handball been such a popular sport in the University. Everyone in the house, priests and students alike, is deeply interested in it, and every day, during all recreations, the alley is crowded with interested spectators.

The credit of the work of revival is due to Rev. Bro. Bertrand, who together with Pres. Couillard, acting in the interests of all, has formed a league, consisting of twenty of our teams. The league is divided into two sections, A. and B., which play games alternately. A set of rules has been adopted by the league which cover all difficulties which might arise. A referee is appointed for each game by the director, Rev. Bro. Bertrand, who himself is present at nearly every game to settle any minor disputes which might possibly arise.

A large number of excellent players has been developed and it affords a great source of amusement to watch the games. The teams are exceptionally well balanced, and the keenest interest is manifested. About twenty-five games have been played thus far, and it would be indeed a difficult proposition to pick the winning team.

We are look forward to a most exciting and hotly contested termination of the league.

TRACK TEAM.

On Saturday, April 17th, about twenty-five aspirants to positions on the track team turned out in response to the call for can-

didates by Coach Rev. W. J. Stanton, and they are every day practicing faithfully for the big meet on the 24th. The number will probably be reduced considerably, so that special time and attention may be given to the more promising candidates; however, the entry list is so extensive that all may find themselves fitted for some event.

We have lost a number of excellent men of last year's team, but we still have a number of representative men who did wonderful work for us, such as Capt. Nick Bawlf, Mgr. Smith, Guindon, Corkery, Harrington and others, and our prospects are exceptionally bright for the coming event.

On account of the inclemency of the weather lately, Rev. Fr. Stanton has deemed it advisable to keep the sprinters off the outdoor track. The long-distance men, however, are working faithfully every night. A number were sent to represent the University in a Harrier meet last Saturday, and made a very creditable showing. Much of the team's success will be dependent upon the work done by the participants in the coming weeks, so we trust that each will do his utmost.

The committee of management in charge of the meet reported very favorably at the last meeting. Each committeeman finds that he has his hands full, and that the handling of a Dominion championship meet is no boy's play. However, organization, thanks to Rev. Fr. Stanton, was begun early, and we have every reason to believe that the meet will be a greater success even than that one of two years ago.

VICTORIA DAY SPORTS.

The Canadian Championship meet which is being held at Varsity Oval on Victoria Day, under the auspices of the O.U.A.A. is the talk of the town.

It is a big thing and all big things of their nature require much work. Although a great amount of work is being done the burden is very much lightened, because it is being done systematically. Rev. Father Stanton O.M.I. has organized the Meet in the way it should be organized. There are several Committees who look after and report upon the work that has been allotted to them. They are:

Trophy	Committee	E. H. McCarthy,	Chairman.
Programme	"	N. Bawlf	"
Correspondence	"	A. Fleming	"
Advertising	"	F. Corkery	"
Property	"	M. Deahy	"
Reception	"	A. Couillard	"
Grounds	"	C. Gauthier	"

Rev. W. Stanton is general supervisor and the results so far are extremely gratifying.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the O. U. A. A. was held April 18th in the Lecture Hall, all the members being present. Mr. N. Bawlf the retiring President was in the chair and after calling the meeting to order and presenting two amendments to the constitution which were adopted, called on the secretary to read his report. This being over, the Treasurer, Mr. Harris, read his annual statement which showed a good balance on the Credit side, although not so large as the one he had last year. The reports were accepted. The next business in order was the election of officers for the ensuing term, as five of those who had served their Alma Mater so faithfully and so commendably for two years were leaving in June. The Elections were carried out with exceptionally good feeling and the nominees were elected unanimously, it being the opinion of all that the men nominated were the only ones for the positions; with but one exception that of Mr. Linke who was put in, after a close ballot by a small majority over Mr. Oneill. The New Executive reads as follows;

President, M. O'Gara; Vice-Pres., C. Gauthier and A. Courtois; Treasurer, W. Breen; Cor. Sec., F. Linke; Rec. Sec., A. Fleming; Councillors, S. Quilty and S. Coupal.

A vote of thanks was unanimously given to the retiring executive.

Father Stanton, the Director of the Association, spoke at length, and his advice was received with applause.

Mr. N. Bawlf, the retiring President, spoke briefly and to the point. His advice to the members of the Association was that they should in all their dealings and games bear the motto of the Association in mind "Ubi Concordia ibi victoria" and success and good fellowship would be theirs.

Mr. E. H. McCarthy ex Vice-Pres., who arose from the councillorship to the Presidency of the O. U. A. A. two years before and later to the Presidency of the C. I. R. F. U., was the next speaker. He said he was glad to have been able to do something, little as it was for the Association, and would always look back with pleasure to the days when he was a servant of the O. U. A. A. After Messrs. Harris, the ex Treasurer, Deahy, Corkery and Couillard had been heard from, the new President Mr. O'Gara addressed the meeting. He spoke in his usual fluent style, thanking all for the confidence they placed in him by making him President of the Association, and gave assurance that he would spare no efforts to keep the Association in its present high position. After Mr. O'Gara's excellent speech the meeting was adjourned. Mr. O'Gara is a splendid student possessed of a wonderful amount of business ability and will certainly make an excellent President.

As Treasurer, really the next office of importance, a better man

could not possibly have been chosen. He has had ample experience in money matters and is without a doubt the man for the office.

Track and field sports, so long, dormant pastimes, in Canada, have been awakened and are making a marked advancement towards the position they should occupy in the realm of sport. They are the most honest and upright pastimes. They are true tests of speed strength and skill. They are tests of man as man. They are above all the most beneficial of pastimes and after all, this is the primary object of any sport. Besides being beneficial they are amusing and exciting.

In European countries and in the United States they receive a patronage such as they should command. Particularly in the United States do they hold a position almost on a par with the national game of baseball. As a result the Athletes from across the line are about the finest body of young men in the world today and who by the way won the Championship of the world last year over in London, at the Olympic games.

This awakening of athletics in Ottawa was brought about by our own Alma Mater, two years ago and instrumentally by Father Stanton, who at the time stood alone, as regards the holding of a track and field day. The sports which were held on Victoria Day, were a grand success. Last year on account of the late arrival of spring, and other good reasons the meet was cancelled. But this year, Victoria Day will go down into our history. The C.A.A.U. Spring Championship will be run off at Varsity Oval under our auspices. Ottawa University won the Championship cup two years ago, and this year she will make even more strenuous attempts to win greater honor. The meet two years ago was only a local one, this year it is a Canadian Championship Meet and Athletes will be here from all parts. Already numerous entries have been received and from present indications the meet will be one of the largest of its kind ever held in Ottawa.


The Irish Canadians will be strongly represented. The Y. M. C. A. have a fine lot of men, several of whom represented Canada at the Olympic games in London last year. The M.A.A.A. are coming strong. The O.A.A.C. have also a fine squad. These men are coming to carry off the honors, if they can. As yet O. U. has no world beaters in its squad. Nevertheless, it possesses a sturdy

and likely looking lot of candidates, who if they enter the games with the spirit and good will that they should, will make the others look to their laurels. A person never knows what he can do till he tries. Because he can't run a 100yds in ten seconds it doesn't follow that he can't run 440 or 880 in good time and perhaps a little better than some one else. He may be able to jump, he never knows till he tries, and it is his duty to get out and try.

There is one thing he can do and that is be a supporter. Be a "booster" not a "knocker," and you will aid in making the meet a success and advancing the Standard of O. U. and athletics.

Each and every one can be of some little assistance, and if he does his share of the work well, he will be in a position to feel proud that he has done something, should the meet be the success it is expected to be.

Those taking an active part in the sports should endeavor to be in the finest condition by May 24th. Its hard to train faithfully, but faithful training means success. There is no reason why O. U. should not be the most dangerous contender for the Cup emblematic of the Championship. O.U. can win it as well as anything else. O. U. has won the football Championship of Canada over and over again, it has won the handball Championship of Canada. It has won the intercollegiate debating championship, why not win the C.A.A.U. Spring Championship Meet. It can be done, if you say so. Train hard and faithfully, for hard and consistent training mean success.



Of Local Interest

JOE BR-N-N'S SOLILOQY.

(As written by himself.)

For twelve long months we linger o'er
Our school books trying to learn some more:
We study morning, night and noon,
Preparing for the Ides of June.

Student in Philosophy (having just received a ray of inspiration): "Then there is no *essential* difference between a man and a corpse?"

Found—A curry comb in the back yard. Owner may have same by paying charges of this advertisement.

O'B-i-n: I'm hungry.

L-a-y: See the baker L-nke. He carries a biscuit around with him.

O'G-r-an: A fortification is a big fort, but what is a ratification?

B-e-n: A big rat, I guess.

Seventy-one and one-half, Mr. Nickle.

I held a little hand last night,
So dainty and so neat,
I thought my heart should surely break
So wildly did it beat.
And never again unto my heart
Can greater solace bring
Than the little hand I held last night—
Four aces and a king.

SOMNUS: A TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT.

Scene I.—Study Hall. Time—Evening study period.

Dramatis Personae C-sick and a desk.

First Scene (Business of nodding his head by C-sick.)

Second Scene—Departure of students for dormitory. (Business of sleeping by C-sick.)

Third Scene—Quietness prevails. Time 11.30. (Business of sleeping continued by C-sick.)

Final Scene—Clock strikes the hour of midnight. (Business of awaking by C-sick.)

C-sick: "Where ain't I?" (No answer.)

(Business of understanding by C-sick.)

C-sick: "Gee whiz!"

(Business of Marathon race to dormitory by C-sick and quick curtain. No applause.

O'B-ien: "Have you any 'Skumerine'?"

Clerk (half an hour later): Ye-es, fifteen and thirty-five.

Tout change, tout s'use, tout s'eteint: mais la cravate d'O'K-fe reste toujours la même.

G-uth-er: Lefty is to be a real estate auctioneer.

L-nk:: How do you know?

G-uth-er: He is continually yelling Lots! Lots!

Fl-m-ng: Why are you keeping those oyster-shells?

Po-cy: I may find a pearl in one of them.

Visitor: So you have an army, have you?

Guide: Yes; Fl-m-ng composes the infantry, and L-acy the cavalry.

Unnameable: Good night, old chaps.

O'K-fe: (Silence.)

H-rt: (Huh!)

Gi-a: Have you seen Fatigué O'B.

Herpy C.: Me and you is good friends, eh!

Junior Department.

THE Junior Editor was glad to see that all the boys, with the exception of one or two, returned in good time after the Easter holidays. Permission to go home at Easter has been a privilege of but the last two years. It is granted to those only, who promise to be back and whose parents promise to allow them to come back, in time for the morning classes on Easter Tuesday. So the majority showed themselves boys of their word and run a fair chance of having the same privilege repeated next Easter but the delinquents who have no plausible reason to offer for their tardy return, may expect a cool reception when they present themselves again for the same or a like privilege.

Spring has at last come to stay. Lady Snow has gathered up her white train, made her final bow and disappeared. Jack Frost has bought his ticket for an extended arctic expedition while the Sun reigns supreme with his old-time warmth and vigor. These are welcome signs to the students. They mean, away with the checkers and chess, good bye to billiards and pool and hurrah for baseball and other out-door sports! Then, besides, they tell of the end of the year. The rest of the term is nothing but the home stretch of a home run.

The rage for long trousers has for the time subsided. The dry-goods stores recorded a big sale for the month of April.

The present season bids fair to be a successful one in the annals of baseball for the Junior Department. There is an ample supply of material to pick from. We have on hand, Tobin, Milot, Ville-neuve, Harris, McCabe, Cornellier, Martin, Nagle, Brennan, Poulin, DesChamps, Voligny, McClosky, Batterton, Clark, Foley, Murtagh, Jones, Brady, Sullivan and others. Remember there will be many things considered in the choice of the representative nine: the ability to handle the bat as well as to handle the ball, whether the player has good judgment, whether he has a practical knowledge of the game, whether he has foresight and coolness, whether he is a hard worker, whether he is always on hand for practice, etc., etc. The first choice however, is not necessary the final choice. Father Veronneau will coach.

The Small Yard are very anxious to see a junior league formed in the city. The executive of the Junior Athletic Association of Ot-

tawa University has decided to take the initiative and will, on a certain date, call a meeting to which will be invited delegates from different junior teams. The object of the meeting will be to form a league, to make regulations and draw up a schedule.

The Junior relay race was won by the Small Yard four, last year and the year before and it should be won again this year, at the big athletic meet, Victoria Day. Let our champions prepare.

Where did you get that hat?

Those who stayed here during the Easter holidays should long remember their trip to the sugar-bush of the Holy Ghost Fathers on Gatineau River. The journey was made in a 'bus with peanuts as a refreshment and with stories, songs and sallies of wit as an improvised show. On the way out, several boys feeling chilly, were given the "bumps." Arrived on the scene, dinner was in order. The boys never felt so hungry before. The sandwiches and the syrup were delicious, the egg-bread-and-syrup compound was delicious, and to make a long story short, everything was delicious until appetite, the best of sauces failed and then nobody cared for anything. With the cries of an empty stomach stifled, the company began a minute inspection of the appurtenances of a sugar-camp. The Fathers have an up-to date evaporating apparatus and the boys actually saw the crude sap entering at one end and, after passing through the intermediate partitions, coming out at the other end as golden maple-syrup. The spiles, buckets and the filtering-process were in turn, all examined. A few went out on the jumper to see the men collect the sap. In the afternoon there was a taffy party and a "sugaring off" party and each boy carried home — or at least part of the way — a cake of maple-sugar as a souvenir. The outing was a great success and all returned home, sweet-tempered and learned in the knowledge of modern methods of sugar-making.

Father Turcott was our guest of the day. Come again.

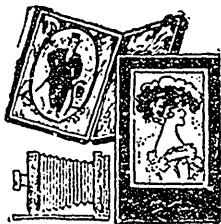
Did you ever see a man dye a horse?—Peanuts

Willie Leclerc was almoner of the party.

Did you ever see a horse with a wooden leg?

Yes, a clotheshorse.—McC-e.

Br-dy and McN-l-y have pretensions of becoming professional long-distance walkers; J-r-s, of catching first team; S-l-v-n of becoming an expert lacrosse player; R-ch-ds-n of becoming a Marathoner; Br-n-t of becoming a "crack" hand-ball player; J-n-t-e of becoming a big man and Q-i-n of becoming a fancy "cake-walk" artist.



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