




Vol. XVI.

OTTAWA, ONT., MARCH, 1914.

No. 6

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

## St. Patrick's Day Banquet.

OUR two hundred Irish students and their friends attended the annual banquet in honor of St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, which was held at the New Russell on the night of March 15th. From every point of consideration the event was the most successful in the history of Irish activities at the University. The guests, numbering in all about thirty-five, included the Very Rev. A. B. Roy, O.M.I., D.D., Rector; Very Rev. Canon Sloan, Hon. Justice Anglin, Hon. Senator Murphy, of Prince Edward Island; Hon. Senator Power, of Nova Scotia; His Honor Judge Gunn, Mr. G. Kyte, M.P. for Richmond, and Thos. Mulvey, Under Secretary of State.

The management of the Russell House had evidently spared no efforts in the preparation of the banquet menu. The sumptuous feast was all that could be desired.

The speeches of the students following the proposals of Mr. A. A. Unger, as chairman, were admirable. The responses to the toast to "Our Guests," spoken by gentlemen of such distinguished ability as Hon. Justice Anglin, Hon. Senator Murphy, and Mr. Kyte, while brief, were both eloquent and interesting, and were received with great outbursts of applause by those present. Following were the speeches of the evening:—

"THE APOSTLE OF IRELAND."

Mr. Ambrose Unger, acting in the capacity of toastmaster, proposed the above toast in these words:—

"Tonight the Irish students of the University of Ottawa assemble here to honor and venerate Ireland's Patron Saint. Well may they be joyful and thankful for the favor which Divine Providence bestowed upon them in giving to the Irish race such an illustrious Saint as Patrick, from whose coring dates the conversion of the entire Emerald Isle. That little island of the north, Patrick's inheritance, was the chosen field of his labor. What it is now, what it promises to be in the future, may be attributed to the seed of the Apostolic Sower, and we, who are enjoying the fruits of his zeal, should not forget to honor the one who sowed that seed so abundantly.

"To St. Patrick, then, and to St. Patrick's Day, I propose a toast, to which I couple the name of Mr. F. W. Hackett."

Mr. Hackett's fitting response was as follows:—

"Mr. Toastmaster:—

"The circling cycle has rolled past another milestone, and separates us by one more year from the brilliant scenes of St. Patrick's triumphs in the Isle of Reminiscences, but, gentlemen, we are not assembled here this evening to honor St. Patrick alone. Is it not likewise to commemorate one of the great triumphs of the Cross? Patrick was the chieftain who accomplished this triumph without shedding a single drop of blood. Hence it is, sir, that we are once again gathered around the festive board to venerate Ireland's Patron Saint, and by this demonstration to show our recognition to Him who sent that Holy Missionary to our forefathers.

"It is not my intention to deal with the Saint's life; you are all familiar with it. I will merely endeavor to outline his achievement. Patrick did not come to Ireland as a conqueror to obtain temporal dominion, wealth and fame. He carried no sword; his only weapon was the Cross. He came as a poor pious priest. He did not desire to establish a dynasty, but to kindle in the souls of the Irish Christian truth, love, confidence and hope. Let us endeavor to realize the full import of his mission. His task was the enlightenment of a whole nation by Faith, without which there is no solid foundation for Hope, nor sufficient motive for Charity. The sonorous sounds of his vibrating voice spread through the land with magic force. As he unfolded to his hearers

the doctrines of the true religion Christianity swept over the island with a rapidity hitherto unheard of in the field of Apostolic labors. Idolatry vanished before its irresistible power as the dew before the beams of the morning sun. Superstitious practices were driven from the island forever. Rich and poor, old and young, learned and illiterate, hastened to embrace the sweet and saving yoke of the Gospel, and the new faith became a living and practical inspiration, guiding and vivifying the pulsations of national life.

“Sir, what comfort and inward tranquility must have been afforded St. Patrick. Having once spoken the word of truth, he beheld Ireland accepting it at once—the only race which the Roman Empire did not attempt to conquer, but which, together with the ancient Picts, it endeavored to shut out from England by a wall of stone. A nation which had proven its surpassing prowess in battle, this nation now consecrated its wonderful qualities of mind and body to the service of the Cross. Ah! yes; this nation of warriors turned from temporal conquest to the conquest of souls, and displayed an admirable Apostolic Spirit in shedding the Divine Light of the Holy Religion throughout the countries of Europe.”

“Irish missionaries not only invaded England, Scotland, France and Germany, but even penetrated the wilderness of countries the people of which were little removed from barbarism. According to Irish chronicles, they ventured as far north as Iceland, and crossed the Atlantic to the shores of America. Whether this be true or not, we do know that many brave Irish soldiers of the Cross met death at the hands of uncivilized nations.

“Today Irishmen the world over, in spirit at least, gaze back over the history of their country and retrospectively peer through the vista of seven centuries, with its dark clouds, across which quivers the lightening of persecution, and before their vision passes the picture of most heroic fidelity to Faith under an oppression which stands unrivalled in the history of the human race. Has this fidelity waned? The number of Irish men and women that, in the religious garb, are today laboring for the spread of the Faith brought by St. Patrick to their forefathers is an answer in itself, and an answer emphasized by the millions of Irish faithful in every continent, who still possess a Faith, a Hope and a Charity unexcelled in all the history of Christianity. It is our fervent prayer tonight, sir, that our scattered race may preserve

to the end of time its unwavering fidelity to the Bark of Peter, and that on the last day St. Patrick may find himself surrounded by countless myriads of his sons who have fought the good fight and have won the prize of eternal justice."

#### "THE POPE."

A toast to the Holy Father was next proposed as follows:—

"Irishmen are noted for their allegiance to God and to country. One of the chief characteristics of their intense religious spirit is their affectionate loyalty to the See of Peter. Hence it is with particular pleasure that on St. Patrick's Day they closely associate honor for their Patron Saint and for the Head of the Church. Hence I propose a toast to His Holiness Pius X, to which I ask Mr. A. L. Cameron to respond."

Mr. Cameron responded as follows:—

"Mr. Toastmaster:—

"Most fitting as it is that the Irish students of a Catholic university should gather here this evening to commemorate the glories and triumphs of that illustrious Saint whose name is engraved on the heart of every true Irishman, so also is it most appropriate that we should honor this banquet with a toast to the Supreme Head of the Catholic Church, for, since the day when Saint Patrick first carried the sacred tidings of the Gospel to Erin's shores, there has been nothing more remarkable in the history of the Irish people than their unswerving loyalty and their intimate affection for the Vicar of Christ.

"And well may we pay tribute to the present occupant of the Papal Throne. He is, indeed, a worthy successor of the distinguished prelates who have preceded him. Other pontiffs have been remarkable for their rare intellectual abilities, for their sanctity, and for the extraordinary manner in which they have fulfilled the arduous duties incumbent on their holy office, but, perhaps, the most characteristic trait of Pius X is his extreme simplicity and his tender solicitude for the suffering classes of humanity.

"As parish priest and as bishop, it was the poor, and the rich, and the afflicted who were his special care. He was always at their call. If they required sympathy they had a generous heart to whom they might confide their sorrow; if they were in financial difficulties he was ready to give anything to relieve them; and, when money or articles of clothing were no longer

procurable, he would not hesitate at sacrificing even personal commodities if there was question of alleviating their miseries.

"When, in August, 1903, it was announced that the Sacred College had chosen Cardinal Sarto as successor to Leo XIII, very little was known of him outside of Rome and Venice, but today all Christendom is unanimous in sounding the praises of his noble character, and, during the eleven years in which he has so gloriously guided the destinies of the Holy Church, he has discharged his numerous duties in such a manner as to earn for himself the profoundest admiration.

"Pius X struck the keynote of his pontificate with these simple, but pregnant, words: 'Let us restore all things in Christ.' It was an exhortation that placed before mankind the loftiest of ideals, an ideal which, if realized to any extent, would revolutionize the whole world. And, needless to state, midst all the trials and tribulations of the intervening years, he has ever kept before him that lofty standard he himself raised. Scarcely had these words been uttered when the storm that had been threatening his immediate predecessor burst forth in all its fury; but, never quailing, never compromising with wrong, and with penetrating insight that made it impossible for the enemies of the Church to deceive him, he stood as immovable as Gibraltar in the defence of right.

"You are all cognizant of the diplomatic manner in which he conducted himself in the conflict between church and state precipitated in France and Portugal by the enemies of Christianity, and with what intrepidity he condemned and brought to naught the heresy of Modernism which at that time threatened to gain predominance over the Christian world. These two controversies, the church and state in France and Portugal, together with Modernism, seem to have been the chief sorrows which have marred, to a certain extent, a reign of happiness for the Parish Priest of Christendom: but these events seem to have stimulated rather than deterred the restoration program of the venerable White Father, for in the midst of all this trouble we find him receiving pilgrims from all parts of the world, dictating encyclicals and decrees, which reveal the heart and soul of a man whose beautiful life has touched the heart-strings of the public, without regard to race or creed.

"Veneration, love and loyalty for the Sovereign Pontiff have ever been manifested by Irishmen the world over, and our sincere hope and prayer this evening is that they ever retain these lofty

sentiments of unquestioning devotion and reverential affection, so that they may be a solace and a support to him in the midst of his many tribulations, and that the closing period of the reign of this Tenth Pius may be illuminated with a vision of hope for the future, in which he will see his holy ideals perfected and all things "restored in Christ."

### "CANADA."

In requesting the gathering to raise glasses to "Our Dominion," Mr. Unger said:—

"Whatever our love for Ireland may be, Canada first demands our allegiance. To her we are bound by the ties that should unite every good citizen to his country. Needless to say, we appreciate the many advantages she offers—her stable government, her magnificent climate, her inexhaustible natural wealth. To the past, present and future of the land of the Maple Leaf let us drink a toast to which Mr. Aubrey Maher will respond."

Mr. Maher replied as follows:—

"It is fortunately one of the characteristics of Canada that her sons are always ready and always proud to sing her praises. This loyalty of Canadians, and their spirit of contentment are unquestionable signs of the real condition of our country, signs which have made our fair Dominion known in every corner of the globe as a land of good government and prosperity.

"Canada has not a long history; she is still in her infancy. She cannot boast of her great army, or her powerful fleet, or of magnificent conquests in foreign lands. No! But she can at least say that whenever her sons have been called upon to defend her they have not been found wanting. She can recount stirring tales of the greatest bravery against the wily redskins in pioneer days, and she can point with a finger of pride to the heroes of 1812, and of the recent South African war, and say, "This is the stuff of which Canadians are made!"

"Long years of uninterrupted peace have enabled us to devote our energies almost exclusively to the development of our vast resources. In a very short space of time parts of our country which were hitherto unknown, such as the Klondike and Cobalt regions, have sprung into prominence as gold and silver fields, the like of which was never seen before. Our extensive forests are practically inexhaustible. Our fertile prairies, which but a few years ago were grazing fields for vast herds of buffaloes, now

supply millions of people with wheat. New towns are springing up every day, and broadening out, as if by magic, into large and populous cities. In the very near future three transcontinental railways will stretch across the country from the Maritime Provinces to British Columbia. Manufactures, inventions, literature—in all these Canada is rapidly becoming able to compete with other nations, and if this progress continues, as we emphatically assert it will, then the day will soon come when Canada will rank among the great powers of the world.

“Some may be inclined to smile at the idea of Miss Canada ever holding an equal position with John Bull, Uncle Sam and the rest of the big men who rule the gigantic trust of nations today. To these we will answer that Miss Canada is not afraid of their derision, for she firmly believes, with all the buoyant hope of a suffragette, that the day is not far distant when the equal rights of women will be recognized throughout the world.

“It may seem strange to many other peoples that a country the size of Canada should be contented to play the role of a colony instead of becoming independent. They do not realize that for all practical purposes Canada is independent. She makes her own laws without any interference whatever on the part of the Mother Country. She is allowed to work out her destiny in her own way, and this freedom, instead of exciting a desire for absolute independence, is the very link which binds us so closely with England. We Canadians adhere to the ancient adage that in union there is strength, and just as the confederation of the provinces made a greater Canada, so will the union of the colonies with the Motherland make a stronger and grander empire.

“The practical wisdom of constitutional government in Canada under British sovereignty would naturally lead one to believe that the spirit of contented happiness prevailing in this country is revealed in all other parts of the Empire as well. But what a contrast is found in Ireland! In that unhappy country we see thousands each year sailing away to America or Australia—exiles driven from their native sod through injustice and oppression. The Emerald Isle is the one stain upon the government of the British Empire. And why should this be? Why give self-government to Canada, Australia and South Africa and not to Ireland? Canadians realize that this is a gross injustice, and it is the hope of every true-hearted Irishman in Canada today that the noble efforts of the Irish patriots will soon be rewarded by Home Rule. ‘Then, and not till then, will the Empire be one!’”

**"IRELAND'S PATRIOTS."**

A toast to those of the past and present of Erin's patriotic sons and champions was introduced in these words:—

"In dwelling upon the past history of our Fatherland, let us not forget our debt of gratitude to those noble patriots that on the battlefield, or on the public platform, or in the halls of Parliament, or through the inspiring productions of their poetic genius, have rendered services beyond measure to the cause of Irish freedom and Irish nationhood. May their noble deeds be an inspiration to future generations of Irishmen. To them we shall drink a toast, and Mr. L. J. Guillet will respond."

Mr. Guillet's reply was as follows:—

"Patriotism has been defined as the love of one's country. How the world and human government could have reached to even the slightest degree of perfection without the existence of that lofty quality of patriotism would be a mystery whose solution must be sought elsewhere than in the ordinary channels of wisdom where the minds of men are wont to labor. To me it is a conviction that patriotism is morally necessary for the existence of organized authority upon this earth, and an All-Wise and Providential Creator, to bring about the accomplishment of his designs, has placed in the heart of man this excellent quality.

"Love for one's country, for the place of one's birth, to which ever clings the memory of the heroic deeds of departed forefathers, and to which are attached the fondest hopes for future prosperity and happiness, is a sentiment so natural to man that it has existed even from the beginning down through the long ages, and at the present day still flourishes, as it will in time to come. Calling forth only what is good and admirable in man, patriotism is truly a noble passion. It lifts man above himself, and inspires him to lofty deeds, in whose accomplishment often death itself and the surrender of his dearest possessions are involved.

"Turning over the pages of history, we find at every glance evidences of patriotism and the deeds of patriots, but not in all the records of the world have we another example in which the virtue of love for one's native land appeared in a more crystallized form than in that little island of Ireland. The valor and genius for patriotism, which has always marked the Irish race, developed to such a degree that the nations of the world have looked on in wonder at the heroic deeds of Irishmen struggling for the freedom of their native land. In spite of the awful misfortunes through



which Ireland has passed, in spite of the crushing persecution and mis-government to which she has been subjected, the hearts of her sons ever remained true, so true, indeed, that, to use the words of Wendell Phillips, 'After seven hundred years of calamity Ireland still stands with the national flag in one hand and crucifix of Catholicity in the other.' Indeed, the gloom overhanging the darkest pages of her history was often subdued by the glow shed from the wonderful heights of patriotism to which many of her children ascended.

"In the early days of Ireland's history her kings and people were fired by a love for her which is immortalized in song and story. Down through her centuries of persecution the flame of patriotism has ever burned brilliantly, notwithstanding the constant attempts to extinguish it in the blood of her children. But it was at the time of the union of the Irish and British parliaments that the voices of Ireland's greatest men began to arise in heroic defence of their country's rights. Grattan, eloquent and possessing the highest gifts of genius and virtue; Curran, of unblemished reputation; Fitzgerald, Tone and Emmet, glorious and liberty-loving patriots, who gave up their lives upon the altar of their country's freedom. Among Ireland's most distinguished soldier patriots in recent times, Sarsfield and Lord Clare are most worthy of mention. However, the tribute of being Ireland's greatest patriot has ever been extended to Daniel O'Connell. O'Connell, sacrificing the vast gains of a large legal practice, and with no other incentive than mighty love for his country, set about and accomplished such work for Ireland, in spite of the bitterest persecution and most difficult of obstacles, that an incredulous world stood confounded at his audacity and the greatness of his courage, ability and eloquence. He died of a broken heart, a heart broken by compassion for the sorrows of his beloved country. To him has been accorded the proudest title that ever a man received from a grateful nation. O'Connell was called the Liberator of Ireland. In our own times the flame of Irish patriotism has not become dim, and the deeds of the Irish patriots of today give ample proof that the inspiration of noble ancestors has fallen upon fruitful ground."

#### "THE UNITED STATES."

A toast to the "American Republic" was the next on the program. It was introduced in the following words:—

“The land of the Stars and Stripes has many representatives within the portals of our Alma Mater. Wherever freedom is cherished the name of the United States is revered. But to every Irishman particularly that name is one which commands deep veneration, for it is the name of that nation which has received with the most kindly hospitality the largest number of his country’s exiles. It is with the ardent hope that Columbia, under the guidance of a benign Providence, may continue to be the protector of the oppressed and the bulwark of the world’s liberty that I propose a toast to her, to which I ask Mr. M. A. Gilligan to respond.”

Mr. Gilligan responded in the following gracious manner:—

“It is useless, as well as unnecessary, for me to attempt any eulogy of my native land. Her unparalleled progress since the attainment of the end for which the Revolution was fought is a matter of general knowledge. Suffice it to say that no other country has advanced so rapidly within the first one hundred and fifty years of her existence. From a few insignificant colonies, the United States has grown to such proportions and power as to entitle her to the respect and consideration of all other civilized countries.

“This happy condition of affairs has been brought about by the outstanding principle of the republic—liberty. Liberty, both civil and religious, has been the lodestone which has attracted the independent and sturdy of every creed and race. And, perhaps, to no other race has this prospect of freedom appeared more attractive than to the wandering and oppressed sons of Erin. My native country, cognizant of the innate, though, perhaps, dormant spirit of citizenship, which reposes in the heart of every Irishman, has fostered and fanned this spark into a flame. Love of freedom is an inherent trait in the sons of the Emerald Isle, and wherever found they are either enjoying it or fighting for it. Some would hesitate to pronounce which they like the better, the enjoyment or the fight.

“Nearly every country owes Ireland a debt of gratitude for what her sons have done, and the United States is no exception. Whether the occasion called for deeds of heroism on the field of battle, or untiring zeal for the common good, St. Patrick’s children have ever been to the front. In every walk of life, in every line of effort—on the bench, at the bar, in statesmanship, science and literature, and especially in the ranks of the army and navy, we find Irishmen who have risen to prominence. When sacrifices

were called for they were ever ready to make them, and risked their fortunes and their lives for the establishment and preservation of the nation.

"Their fidelity has not gone unrewarded. Today, in the present Congress, there are seventy Irishmen in the House of Representatives, and four Senators. In the different states we also find men of Irish descent holding high positions of public trust. It is in this manner that the people of my country demonstrate their respect for the honesty and zeal of Irishmen.

"One of our greatest orators has said: If I were a sculptor I would chisel in marble my ideal of hero, and it would be the figure of an Irishman sacrificing his life upon the altar of his country, and upon the pedestal I would carve the name of Robert Emmett.

"If I were a poet I would melt the world to tears with the pathos of my song. I would touch the hearts of humanity with the melody of Erin's wrongs and Erin's woes.

"Such are the feelings of admiration and regard which the public of the United States holds for these dauntless and untiring advocates of Home Rule. In no other country has the progress of the Irish party been watched with closer scrutiny or deeper interest, nor has her sympathy been confined to words. Every Irishman living under the Stars and Stripes would gladly lay down his life to help his suffering country in her long and wearisome struggle for the right to govern herself.

"Tortured in dungeons, murdered on scaffolds, robbed of the fruits of their toil, scourged by famine, and driven like autumn leaves before the keen winter winds, this brave race of Erin's sons and daughters have scattered themselves over the face of the earth, homeless in all lands, homeless in their own land, but loved in every land where merit is the measure of men."

#### "IRELAND'S SAINTS AND SCHOLARS."

The unsympathetic sometimes forget that Ireland was once the lamp of the north, the light of western civilization. Mr. Unger recalled this fact as follows:—

"From the first days of Erin's Catholicity she displayed an intense fervor for the religion she has embraced, and became deeply attached to learning, both secular and theological. As a result of this she was so famed throughout Europe for the sanctity and erudition of her sons as to merit the appellation of Isle of

Saints and Scholars. To those who won for her that most glorious title we shall drink a toast, and Mr. J. J. McNally will respond."

Mr. McNally made the following neat reply:—

"Perhaps the most notable characteristic of the Irish people is their love for religion and learning, a quality in virtue of which for centuries Ireland held aloft the torch of civilization to Europe, when outside of its borders nothing but chaos and darkness reigned supreme.

"It was the brilliant period between the conversion of Ireland by Patrick and the terrible invasion of the Danes in the ninth century that caused Augibert, Bishop of Paris, to call the land Island of Saints and Scholars. In that golden era the number of monasteries which sprang up, and the innumerable souls that filled them, constitute, also, a remarkable feature in the early Christianity of this Catholic country. The Thebaid reappeared in Ireland, says a great French scholar, and the west had no longer anything to envy in the history of the east."

"In that golden era the Irish monks went forth to every corner of the globe, bringing with them the saving teachings of Christianity. If we unfold the map of the world we shall behold Irish Saints the patrons of almost every European nation; Germany with 152; France, 47; Belgium, 30; Scotland, 36; England, 44; Italy, 13, and even distant Iceland, reposing in the regions of the polar bear, 9. What a wonderful story of sacrifice, of labor, and of heroism these figures tell, stamping the Irish monks as among the most zealous to march forth in the name of God and enlightened humanity.

"Besides the great spirit of religion, which took such a hold on the country after the preaching of the gospel, we are happy, also, to affirm that the laurels of science likewise decked the youthful brow of the Church in Ireland; and while we wonder at these religious deeds of Ireland's early Christianity, the greater wonder is that at this same period, as the people gave themselves up so exclusively to religious fervor, it was possible for them to foster education to the extent to which they did, and to give to the world a philosophy and a literature which marks that epoch as one of the brightest chapters in the history of the world. Indeed, Ireland's early literature, which flourished at this time, constituted the entire culture of Western Europe. Alas! the ravaging power of the Danes, and later, the outrages of ages of oppression, have made it impossible for posterity to know the exact amount of native Irish literature produced during this

period, not to speak of the Philosophy of Ireland's Golden Age, one of the landmarks in the world's intellectual progress.

"It was in the beginning of the ninth century that a change came over the face of Erin. The Danes, those terrible northern pirates, who knew not fear, nor cared for religion or intellectual culture, came swooping down upon Ireland, and began a series of depredations which lasted for two centuries, and of the number of those who were slain during the two hundred years of incessant bloody depredations committed by those ruthless pirates we have no record at all.

"But the hardships of Ireland were not to end with the Danes. Religious persecution found its way to Erin's shores. Anyone who is familiar with the Penal Laws will know that no other legislation, ancient or modern, ever equalled them in cruelty and injustice. In that long protracted period of cruel and pitiless persecution you may imagine how vast must have been the number of saints who cheerfully suffered death, because they preferred to obey the commandments of God rather than those of men.

"And yet, after the second revival of Ireland, when the British rule became less severe, the native civilization triumphed. Even after confiscations and plantations, the national tradition was still maintained with unswerving fidelity. Amid contempt, persecution, proscription, death, the outcast Irish cherished their language and poetry, their history and law, with the old pride and devotion. In that supreme and unselfish loyalty to their race they found dignity in humiliation and patience in disaster, and have left, out of the depths of their poverty and sorrow, one of the noblest examples in history.

"Every true Irishman may read with the greatest pride and gratification the history of the Golden Age of Erin, of the age when she merited the proudest of all her titles—that of Isle of Saints and Scholars."

#### "ALMA MATER."

Mr. Unger next proposed a toast to "Our Intellectual Mother." He said:—

"One of the many characteristics of the Irish race is their love of learning. In proof of which we have but to turn to the flourishing universities of Ireland's Golden Age, and to the hedge schools which replaced these universities in the days of persecu-

tion. We have inherited from our forefathers some of their high esteem for education, and it is because of this, as well as because of our attachment to our Intellectual Mother that we take great pleasure in drinking a toast to "Alma Mater." To this toast Mr. J. Cross will reply."

Alma Mater shared in the tribute of the evening, Mr. Cross replying with these words:—

"The honor of responding to the toast to my 'Alma Mater' is one which causes me great pleasure, and which affords me an opportunity of giving expression to my sense of filial affection for her, an affection which, I am sure, is deeply rooted in the breasts of all her sons.

"During the course of his life every student may be said to receive his education from four different sources: from the home, from his masters, from the world, and from the Church. The second of these divisions comprehends the education imparted in the primary schools, in the high schools and in the universities. It is in the university that the student receives the completion of that mental and moral formation of character, which, in after life, must be a reliable guide to him in dealing with the intricate problems of the day, problems often involving the refutation of materialistic principles that strike at the very root and basis of all morality and religion, for it is an undeniable fact that the very essence of human activity today is permeated with the doctrines of materialism. To deal successfully with these problems a thorough education based on sound scientific and religious principles is necessary.

"The chief element, then, in a student's education is the university, particularly a university like our own, which is both secular and religious, which remembers that one of the first conditions of national welfare consists in the proper harmony and combination of the four great agencies, domestic education, religious education, scientific education, and industrial education, and which does not forget that if there is a human science that is of the highest importance to man in time, there is, also, a divine science which is of supreme importance in eternity.

"It is something, therefore, for which the students of the University of Ottawa should be extremely grateful, that it is their good fortune to receive an education that is not one-sided, that does not magnify the importance of secular training, nor minimize the necessity of religious formation. Both are necessary, and both lend each other mutual aid in the production of that man who is

particularly needed in the society of today. Material prosperity is not the sole aim of man, neither should intellectual culture be his main ambition. The educational system which neglects these facts can never be but partially successful.

“Our Alma Mater has ever kept this in view, and has not forgotten that above and beyond this material sphere there is the Supreme Lord of all science. Hence, her graduates, besides being men who have won distinction in the various professions, have also been characterized by a high degree of moral rectitude, and, through it have exercised a most beneficial influence on society.

“It would hardly be proper if, on an occasion such as the present, reference were not made to the success which the representatives of Alma Mater achieved in the debating field during the year. We must congratulate her, as we must congratulate those who brought honor to her by winning the championship of the Inter-University Debating League. Their achievement is to us a cause of no little gratification.

“We are all solicitous for the future of the University of Ottawa. We trust that in years to come she may meet with every success, that the sphere of her activity may continue to extend, and that she may soon be sending forth her graduates, not only in arts and theology, but in all the various courses within the realm of a perfect university organization. Then will she be fulfilling in its entirety her sublime vocation, and then will she be an agent of incalculable good and a source of immense strength to Catholicity in Canada.”

### “IRISH PARLIAMENTARY PARTY.”

Mr. Unger proposed a toast to the little band at Westminster in the following words:—

“The cause of Ireland may be likened to a bark that has been violently tossed about on the furious billows of the sea. Every indication seems to point to the entrance, during this year, of that cause into a haven of lasting safety, under the provision of the Home Rule Bill. Of the influences that have conspired to bring about this happy condition of affairs the Irish Parliamentary party is to be numbered first in importance. To that party, then, let us drink a toast. The response will be given by Mr. T. J. Kelly.”

Mr. Kelly took his hearers to Westminster in the following strains:—

“Mr. Toastmaster,—

“We hear and read much concerning the Home Rule Bill, and the ensuing benefits which the passage of that measure will mean to Ireland. The condition of Irish affairs is commented upon by newspapers and periodicals all over the world. Is the 17th of March not a fitting day upon which to eulogize those men who, for several generations, have been safeguarding and advancing the interests of Ireland, who have kept Ireland’s cause before all nations, who have made Home Rule possible—those men who comprise the Irish Parliamentary party?

“Thirty-four years ago Charles Stewart Parnell formed the Irish party, and, since then he and his successors have been untiring in their efforts to secure redress of Ireland’s wrongs. The names of those in the ranks of this party are known from the Occident to the Orient. Redmond, McCarthy, O’Connor, Devlin, Sullivan, Davitt, Blake, Dillon are men whose names will be inscribed among those of the world’s greatest political patriots. It was the courage and conviction of such men as these that secured the passing of the Land Act in 1881, the Franchise Act of 1885, the Agriculture Act of 1898, and that in 1909 passed that great Act which took the land of Ireland out of the hands of the landlords and gave it to the rightful owners—the people.

“It is, finally, the Irish Parliamentary party that the people of the British Isles must thank when a measure opposed by the House of Lords ultimately becomes law, for the Irish party it was who removed from the clutching grasp of the Lords their trust-worthy staff—the veto.

“The practical certainty that in two months or so the Home Rule Bill must become law renders St. Patrick’s Day, 1914, one of intense satisfaction to the Irish party, and of the greatest rejoicing to the Irish race. For years Ireland’s representatives have attempted, by every constitutional means, to obtain for her a measure of Home Rule, and for years have they been opposed by the most powerful influences. Now, however, the end of the struggle is in sight, and the ultimate and complete triumph of their ambitions is but a matter of a few months. Lloyd George said only the other day that though the Government was prepared to go to the extreme of concession compatible with the principles of the bill, it could never betray the majority of Irishmen who had put their trust in it.

“Among the most devoted of the members of the Irish party were two distinguished Canadians, both of whom have gone to



their reward. I refer to the Hon. Edward Blake and the Hon. Charles R. Devlin. It was the pleasure of the students of the University of Ottawa to listen to the latter of these gentlemen in a most eloquent discourse at our last banquet in honor of St. Patrick. His devotion to the cause of Ireland was, perhaps, the most remarkable of that of all the members of his party. Although he was a poor man and received no salary as a member of Parliament, he never drew a dollar from the funds of the Irish party; and, after devoting some of the best years of his life to the service of his native land, he returned to Canada only when his financial condition imperatively demanded that he look to the interests of his family. It is self-sacrificing devotion such as his that has ever been displayed by the Irish party, and that places beyond doubt the ultimate triumph of the Home Rule cause.

“It is only right, therefore, that in celebrating the feast of Ireland’s Patron Saint we honor the representatives of our race in the British House of Commons. Their astute political sagacity has won for them the admiration of all men; their generous patriotism must command the profound esteem and gratitude of every true Irishman.”

### “IRELAND’S FUTURE.”

Mr. Unger introduced the toast with these words:—

“For centuries Ireland’s lot has been one of great sadness. But it is the fond hope and sincere conviction of us all that as she has suffered so much in the past a glorious future is in store for her. Mr. C. H. Mulvihill will describe to us the laurels of greatness we may expect time to place upon the brow of the land of our forefathers. Kindly raise your glasses to that peaceful, prosperous, religious, liberty-loving Ireland of the days that are to come.”

Mr. Mulvihill made the following response:—

“In assembling this year to commemorate the glories of the Irish nation, the sons of Erin not only prove themselves to be loyal Irishmen but also sane Irishmen. They prove that, despite the calumnies, the ravings and the threatenings of the Ulsterites, they are convinced, as all sane men must be, that before this year will have elapsed the Home Rule Bill will be the law of the land.

“And why should their convictions be otherwise? Is it reasonable to think that screaming civil war will frighten the English Government into committing suicide to save themselves from

slaughter, that Mr. Asquith will betray the democracy of Great Britain and allow the imposition of the Tory rule and the re-imposition of the old yoke of aristocracy on the people of England? For such, indeed, will happen if the Home Rule Bill fails to pass.

“Thus, before twelve months will have elapsed a new Ireland will have been born. Steady, sensible business men will be controlling the national, as well as the local affairs, and will be applying themselves as practical business men to the problems of Irish life. With that political efficiency which has characterized Irishmen in foreign lands, they will establish in Ireland sound political systems and wise laws, which will give her a foremost place among the nations of the world.

“Of the Irishman’s industrial capacity we can have no doubt. Does history not relate how it has defied a Mountjoy, a Cromwell and a Charles the Second? But, on this, the eve of Ireland’s regeneration, besides recalling the sufferings and glories of her dark and gloomy past, let us cast a glance at what the future has in store for her. Look at the startling and almost instantaneous change which followed the enactment of the Wyndham Act. The country passed so rapidly from a state of misery and stagnation to one of hopeful industrial activity that the English people, the English Government, the English ruling class, the English Parliament have at last become convinced that a people displaying such industrial capacity must be possessed of like political capacity. And, I ask, if such results have followed the resumption of the Irish soil by the Irish people, what other hopes can be entertained for the future of Ireland under Home Rule than that she will enjoy a remarkable prosperity, both material and moral?

“True it is, Ireland is but a land of limited area, possessing no great mineral resources. But she has a well-nigh inexhaustible wealth of fisheries, harbors which are the finest and largest in the world, men who are the most industrious and most efficient of their kind, and women who are the purest and best on earth. These national advantages, gentlemen, are destined to make her the premier nation of the world.

“The harbors of England have, in the past, answered the requirements of commerce, but they will not do so in the future. For, as surely as the mammoth ship of today has succeeded the small one of yesterday, so surely will our present-day leviathan be succeeded by the still larger ship of tomorrow. And the inevitable existence of these ships will overtax the capacity of the English harbors and will demand the utilization of the numerous

ports on the west coast of Ireland. But that is not all; in the opinion of many experts, trade will also demand the tunnelling of the English channel and the Irish sea, feats which engineering science has already declared feasible, and the consequent effects of the accomplishment of these great works will be the erection of numerous factories and warehouses throughout Ireland, and an enormous increase in her population. Furthermore, to furnish subsistence for this large population, every available inch of that rich Irish soil will have to be cultivated. Thus will Ireland become the great commercial centre of the world, a land of remarkable agricultural and manufacturing importance.

“But the results of Irish regeneration will be moral as well as political and industrial. This industrial activity will but increase the influence of the Irish woman. Her virtue, that spotless virtue which has never yet been stained, will be the preservation of the whole industrial world. Her sons will prove themselves the champions and worthy defenders of Christian civilization, that civilization which rests on the abiding principles of truth and the unchanging laws of virtue and justice, which makes the voluntary co-operation of the various forces of production possible, and which surpasses all other civilizations.

“Thus, realizing the glorious future which is in store for Ireland, you will allow me to epitomize the history of that future in the oft-quoted words of that eminent dignitary of the Church, Cardinal Newman, ‘I look towards a land both old and young, old in its Christianity, young in its promise of the future; a nation which received grace before the Saxon came to Britain, and which has never questioned it; a Church which comprehends in its history the rise and fall of Canterbury and York, which Augustine and Paulinus found and Pole and Fisher left behind them. I contemplate a people which has had a long night and will have an inevitable day. I am turning my eyes towards a hundred years to come, and dimly see the Ireland I am gazing on become the road of passage and union between the two hemispheres, and the centre of the world. I see its inhabitants rival Belgium in populousness, France in vigor, and Spain in enthusiasm.’”

#### “SOGGARTH AROON.”

This toast was introduced as follows:—

“Through sorrow and through gladness, the unfailing friend of our race has been our ‘Soggarth Aroon.’ He has consoled and

cheered us in our days of gloom; he has rejoiced with us in our triumphs. We have him still, possessing the same characteristics that in the past bound him to his people by a bond of affection and veneration that nothing could sever. To the Soggarth Aroon of the past and the present I ask you to drink a toast to which Reverend Father Kelly will respond."

Rev. Father Kelly's sympathetic reply frequently drew forth enthusiastic applause. In feeling words he recalled the long, dark night which has prevailed in Ireland emphasizing in the development of his theme the close connection which the Soggarth has held with the people of the Emerald Isle. To that number of the Irish students of the university, who, at a later date, might enter the Church, nowhere could a better example of piety, self-sacrifice and love of God be found than in the Irish priest. At the conclusion of his remarks he received an ovation.

#### "OUR GUESTS."

The toastmaster proposed a remembrance of the guests in these words:—

"We are honored tonight by the presence of a number of distinguished guests. On behalf of the student body, I must tender them our sincere thanks for the honor and kindness of their company. To them I shall ask you to drink a toast wishing them long life and every happiness.

"Though the hour is drawing late, I am sure we would not desire to depart without hearing a few words from some of our distinguished friends."

A glance around the banquet hall made it evident that the students sat in eager anticipation of hearing from our guests. They were not disappointed.

Hon. Justice Anglin, Hon. Senator Murphy, and Mr. Kyte, M.P., arising in this respective order, were unanimous in their praise of the student oratory which marked the evening's program. Speaking in the spirit of the occasion, their remarks were characteristically eloquent and expressive of lofty thought.

At intervals during the evening the University Glee Club, under the direction of Rev. Father Lajeunesse, rendered several excellent Irish numbers. The college quartette, composed of Messrs. Maher, Fink, Marion and Ward, was also well received. Mr. J. McCormac Clarke, the popular local singer, favored the gathering with "The Minstrel Boy" and "Where the River Shan-

non Flows'' followed as an encore. No comment need be made on the singing of this well known gentleman.

The complete list of guests was as follows: Very Rev. A. B. Roy, O.M.I., D.D., rector of the university; Very Rev. Canon Sloan, Hon. Justice Anglin, Hon. Senator Power, Hon. Senator Murphy, His Honor Judge Gunn, Mr. Kyte, M.P.; Mr. Thos. Mulvey, Under Secretary of State; Rev. James Fallon, O.M.I.; Mr. J. J. Heney, President of St. Patrick's Literary and Scientific Society; Mr. J. Hanlon, County President of A. O. H.; Dr. Baird, Mr. Louis Kehoe, B.A.; Mr. Wm. Foran, Rev. Father John O'Gorman, Professors Gavin, McGee, Shea and O'Dempsey, Mr. George McHugh. Of the priests at the university there were present Rev. Fathers J. H. Sherry, O.M.I., D.D.; P. Hammersley, O.M.I., M.A.; M. Murphy, W. Kelly, D. Finnegan, W. Stanton, R. Legault and E. Latulippe.

For the success of the banquet Rev. Father J. Fallon deserves a great deal of credit. The committee which acted under his energetic directorship was as follows: Chairman, J. J. Power; Secretary, T. P. Holly; Treasurer, L. P. Duffy; Executive, F. W. Hackett, H. Fallon, J. P. Hogan and L. A. Landriau.



## St. Patrick's Day.

---

Top o' the morning to you, dear,  
And you, my laddy buck!  
I hope that on Saint Patrick's Day,  
You'll have the best of luck.  
A four leaved Shamrock may you find,  
A cast-off horseshoe, too,  
And all good wishes—every kind—  
I wish them all to you.

I'll pray the good Saint Patrick heap,  
His blessings on your head;  
That you may live a hundred years,  
Nor even then be dead.  
A merry life—a happy one—  
For nothing may you pine,  
And many thousand other things,  
I wish you—friends of mine.

E'en though you come from England fair,  
Or sunny Zanzibar,  
Or live beneath the Southern Cross,  
Or high flung Northern Star;  
I'll ask you not forget, my friends,  
When Irish hearts are gay,  
To wear a little sprig of green  
Upon Saint Patrick's Day.

THEODORE J. KELLY, '14.

## Brutus.

"This was the noblest Roman of them all:  
 All the conspirators save only he  
 Did that they did in envy of great Caesar;  
 He only, in a general honest thought  
 And common good to all, made one of them.  
 His life was gentle, and the elements  
 So mix'd in him that nature might stand up  
 And say to all the world 'This was a man!'"



THE trunk of Brutus' character is honor. There are two two mighty limbs branching out. One is Patriotism—the other is Knowledge. On the former is a twig which seems to be stunted. This is his aversion to change. He is a conservative. From the latter limb a twig has grown, but it has a leaning towards the mother branch. It seems to rely on her. This twig, which has sprouted from the limb of knowledge, represents Brutus' reliance on what his books have taught him. The twig follows the parental branch. Brutus obeys the promptings of his philosophy in all his actions. On closer examination, we see a vine entwined about the whole tree. By this is represented his kind-heartedness—his consideration for other people. In my opinion the vine is of a more beautiful green, and has a truer look of spring than any other part of the tree.

Let us now consider the trunk of Brutus' make-up. Was he noble? Was he honorable? Let us hear his own statements and then form our opinion:

"Set honor in one eye and death i' the other,  
 And I will look on both indifferently,  
 For let the gods so speed me as I love  
 The name of honor more than I fear death."

Here are the words of Cassius, an unscrupulous schemer, who seldom had a good word to say of anybody:

"Well, Brutus, thou art noble";  
 Cinna, another conspirator, says:  
 "O Cassius, if you could  
 But win the noble Brutus to our party—"

Here we have another speech of Brutus, in which he is reprimanding Cassius:

"Shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,  
And sell the mighty space of our large honors  
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?"

Now view the opinion of the populace from one of Casca's speeches:

"O he sits high in all the people's hearts."

Caesar, too, loved Brutus. It is hardly possible that he could have both love and respect for a man who was not honorable. Caesar says, when the conspirators are entreating him, "Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?" showing plainly that Brutus is his favorite.

Brutus is patriotic. He never thinks of his personal good. Everything he does is for the general good. He thinks of Rome constantly, and loves her dearly, as may be gleaned from his words, "I have the same dagger for myself when it shall please my country to need my death." Brutus loves Caesar and considers him one of his best friends. In different places throughout the play Brutus shows this love. For instance, in the first act, when speaking to Cassius, he says: "I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well." In another part he says: "But, alas, Caesar must bleed for it." This goes to show that although Brutus did love Caesar, yet his patriotism was stronger than this personal love. He explains the circumstance himself, "Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more." He is a descendant of the aristocrats. He, like they, wanted no change. He wanted the old democracy, and, of course, detested the word king. He expresses this sentiment to Cassius:

"Brutus had rather be a villager  
Than to repute himself a son of Rome  
Under these hard conditions as this time  
Is like to lay upon us."

If we now glance at the branch of knowledge, with its reliant twig, we shall find that Brutus appears to be a dreamer, a man of books, a man whose idol is knowledge. His mind is always with his books. He makes philosophy solve all the questions that worry him. He surely must have possessed considerable learning, or Caesar, the most learned man of the age, would not have been so fond of him. We find him reading the stars. On the night before the battle he is looking for a book which he has been read-



ing recently. Having found it, he sits down and reads while all his men are fast asleep. Later on he converses about the philosophy of Cato. He is guided by theory. Theory is a good guide, but it must have facts behind it. In this world maybe one man out of every hundred thousand is guided wholly by reason. Most men are led by their feelings. To mix with the men of the world, and to be successful a man must use their method of offence and defence. He must become accustomed to the weapons of the world. Brutus was not. When he joined a band of conspirators he was in his wrong sphere entirely. He should have stayed at home with his books. Anyone can see that a man of his make-up could not hope to compete with such keen, far-seeing men as Cassius and Antony. They were veterans in this game of life, while Brutus had no more idea of the ways of the world than a child of ten. Look at the number of blunders he made, and anyone can readily see how fit he was to grapple with the toils of the world.

In the first place, his philosophy was all amiss. It lacked foundation on fact. He knew, even admitted, that Caesar always had been just. He knew, too, that whatever had been done by Caesar was done for the general good. Still, he condemns Caesar for what he may become. Brutus is not sufficiently far-sighted to see that an inevitable change is coming. Caesar sees it, and knows that he is the best man to be at the head of affairs when it does come. But Brutus, in his conservative prejudice, does not dream but that after Caesar's death the old democracy will rule as before. He allowed Antony to live. One cannot understand how Brutus could slay the foremost man of all this world without the slightest pangs of remorse, and immediately scruple about killing Antony, a mere nothing as compared in worth to Caesar. He misjudges Antony's ability, and, after having been warned by Cassius against the proceeding, he gives Antony permission to speak at Caesar's funeral. Ruled by some peculiar reasoning, he brings the army down from its impregnable position in the hills to an open plain, and when the armies are drawn up he gives the word too soon, thereby causing defeat to Cassius' wing. Evidently Brutus is anything but a leader.

Still, we were not all born to be leaders, and in spite of his unsuccess, Brutus always, on account of his kindness, elicits our sympathy. There is not in the entire play a more beautiful scene than that in which the consideration of Brutus for Lucius is displayed. Brutus asks his servant to play him a tune. Then he, a

lord in the aristocratic days of Rome, sympathizes with the boy because he is fatigued. Lucius falls asleep and Brutus gently removes the instrument from his hands lest he break it, promising:

“If I do live,  
I will be good to thee.”

This is beautiful in Brutus—this trait which would, I think, excite the admiration of even the scoffing Cassius.

Brutus is the hero of the play, but, unlike most heroes, he is fighting for a doomed cause. He believed he was right. Brutus entered the conspiracy and killed Caesar because he felt that the good of Rome called for it. He sacrificed his dearest friends, and finally himself, for what he believed to be a just cause. Truly, we may say that he merits the eulogy of Antony:

“This was the noblest Roman of them all.”

W. MOHER, '17.



## Dear Old Ottawa.

---

Oh Ottawa, Dear Ottawa,  
The Garnet and the Grey!  
In loyalty we'll cling to thee  
Forever and a day.  
Thy spirit grand pervades the land,  
And fills our souls with awe,  
Thy flag alone we'll call our own  
Oh *Dear Old Ottawa!*

The golden haze of former days  
Discloses to our view  
The vict'ries won by loyal sons,  
Whose hearts to you were true.  
Those heroes proud before thee bowed,  
Thy precept was their law.  
Above their fame they held the name  
Of *Dear Old Ottawa.*

Then while we're here, my comrades dear,  
Within those hallowed walls,  
And through the night our voices bright,  
Re-echo through those halls,  
Let courage true our hearts imbue,  
And honor free from flaw,  
We'll give no dearth of honest worth  
To *Dear Old Ottawa.*

When college days have passed away,  
And we are far apart,  
We'll have one bond, like magic wand,  
Uniting every heart.  
And from those years of smiles and tears,  
Sweet mem'ry'll ne'er withdraw,  
Until the end our voices blend  
For *Dear Old Ottawa.*

## House of Commons in England.

---

**W**E must take ourselves in fancy to the door of the House of Commons. We find ourselves in a crowd, standing in a restless, excited crowd; doors revolve to and fro; endless is the coming and going; ceaseless the tramp of feet, the buzz of tongues. Noise so fills the ear, the throb of expectation so commands the senses, that we feel as if repose may never return, or the excitement die away.

Such is the stir within and without that foreruns a division in the House of Commons, when our representatives go to the vote on some question of deep public interest. Yet where we are is but the ante-chamber, the outer hall of the room, whence this keen interest springs.

Standing, then, as we do, before the doorway of the House of Commons, we will try to look in. We can see nothing but a crowd of men; nothing is visible but a sea of faces and a wall of backs, so packed full is the House, even to the threshold under our feet. Out of this throng of men, two, however, may be distinguished—the Speaker of the House of Commons, and the Leader of the debate.

The Speaker, if you stand on tip-toe, a glimpse may be gained of the massive forehead and gleaming eyes of the Leader of the House. He is closing the debate, his speech ends. That must be true eloquence that can thus overawe, persuade and kindle. Then comes the silence of rapt attention; the House is hushed by the Leader of the debate. By his last few words he quenches the fever of political strife; he compels his hearers to feel, as he himself feels, the mighty import of the moment—that they are in council for a nation's welfare, the legislators for a mighty empire. The Speaker then rises and reads aloud the motion in debate. This over, the scene is changed; the moment of action is come.

All the doors of the House are thrown open, so are all the doors around us; and the summons to call all the members to the vote is quickly passed along. Voices cry "Division, Division!" up and down the passages and corridors. They pass in quickly, as the walls re-echo to the cry "Division, Division!"

Two minutes of this rush of feet and rush of noise; the door of the House slams to; the turn of the lock is heard. Inside the House, for the next quarter of an hour, the strife of tongues ceases.

The members are silenced by the supreme anxiety of the moment; for now the division is actually begun. The Speaker has given the word, and the vote of the House of Commons must be taken.

There is a grating in the outside door of the House; looking through, we can see how the members who cry out "Aye" are divided from those who say "No," we can watch the counting of the number of votes. Before us is a large square room; that is the House itself, the chamber of debate. Two long corridors flank the room. The corridor on one side is the "Aye" division-lobby; the other, the "No" division-lobby.

Thus when the Speaker has put the question, when he has commanded the House to divide, every member quits his seat, and walks off to give his vote. Passing up the House, the "Ayes" face towards the Speaker, and circle round his chair into the western lobby. The "Noes," moving at the same time, take the contrary division; they walk down the House, and file round into the eastern lobby. The separation of the two parties is thus complete. The names of the voters are then taken down; and the number counted.

The room, after the members have all returned to their places, seems more crammed than ever; benches, floor and galleries are flooded with a sea of eager faces. The fever-pulse of excitement rises every minute; the vote has been given, but the result is yet unknown. The fever rises yet higher; each side hopes it has the majority; and the fever rises higher still, for hope struggles against fear.

At least we see the end approach. We can see, through the dense crowd upon the floor of the House, four gentlemen pushing towards the Speaker's chair. At length they face the Speaker in a row, side by side. A cheer suddenly bursts forth; Victory, in truth, that moment has declared itself. Triumphant the teller for the winners proclaims aloud the result. Again and again shouts explode, when the Speaker formally announces the decision of the House, till the roof above rings. Doors everywhere immediately fly open. The shouts begin again in the lobby outside, the crowd moves to and fro; feet rush to the telegraph stations; newspaper reporters hurry to their respective offices; and the stir in Westminster spreads to the printers of the city. In a few hours the result of this "division" has been spread over the whole civilized world.

H. FALLON, '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.

**TERMS:**

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

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Vol. XVI.

OTTAWA, ONT., MARCH, 1914.

No. 6

## ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

The St. Patrick's Day celebrations at the University were on a grander scale than usual this year, and fittingly so, since Irish Home Rule seems on the point of becoming an accomplished fact. The banquet at the Russell was the finest ever held by the students, and brought forth many congratulatory comments from the distinguished guests present. The repast itself left nothing to be desired, and the several speeches were of a very high order, both as to matter and delivery. The students were also present in very large numbers, both at the parade to St. Bridget's Church on Sunday afternoon, and at the splendid concert given by the A. O. H. in the Russell Theatre on the evening of the 17th. Their numerical strength and fine appearance were favorably commented on by all who saw them.

HOME RULE.

---

It seems reasonably certain that within the next few months the Home Rule Bill will have become law, and in the near future the Irish Parliament will again be sitting in historic College Green. The path of the bill has, indeed, been a thorny one, and at this very moment the Unionists and their Orange allies are straining every nerve to prevent its passage, even going so far as to threaten civil war. For months the press has been filled with alarming accounts of the military preparations of "the men of Ulster," who are ready to fight the British forces rather than submit to a Nationalist Parliament in Dublin. But Mr. Asquith and Mr. Redmond, after an unprecedented display of patience and conciliation, have at length declared that the utmost limit of compromise has been reached in the temporary exclusion of the Orange counties in Ulster from the operation of the Act, and that if Carson and Law will not accept this they must be content to see the bill pass in its original state, and if their misguided followers rise in rebellion they must bear the consequences of their own rashness, since the Government will employ all its resources to enforce the laws of the sovereign parliament of Great Britain. What a sorry spectacle these lip-loyal Orangemen present in endeavoring to resist the will of the democracy in Great Britain and Ireland, and to perpetuate the farcical anomaly of a whole nation being tyrannised by a handful of bigots! But the days of the oligarchy are numbered, and the sympathies of the civilized world will be with the Liberal Government in hastening their end.





[While the comments which follow may not necessarily point to the fact, yet it is true that the Exchange Editor finds gathered on his "February" table as highly-standardized a list of treatises, essays, stories and poems as has come before his notice since the commencement of the scholastic term. It is a particular pleasure to note the growing cultivation of the fields of fiction and poetry.]

\* \* \*

*The Columbia*, the monthly organ of the University of Fribourg, Switzerland, maintains its usual high position among our exchanges. One of the most interesting questions of psychology, the relation of the intellect to the sense faculties, receives an admirable treatment in *The Intellects* "A Spiritual and Inorganic Faculty of Man." The author, following an ably determined plan, shows the predominance of the intellectual activities over the action of the sense faculties under four aspects: (1) Attention. (2) Comparison and Judgment. (3) The Formation of Universal and Abstract Concepts. (4) Reflection and Self-Consciousness. Summarily, his distinctions are established on three grounds. First, the intellect and the sense are directed to different objects; the former to the abstract, the latter to the particular. Secondly, the "subjection" of the intellect is distinguishable from that of the senses; for of the former the "subjection" is the soul alone, while of the latter it is primarily the body and only secondarily the soul. Lastly, the intellect and the sense bear distinction in the manner of their exercise. The former depends for its operation upon a cognition received through the medium of this or that sense, while the latter receives through its respective organ the exterior impressions. The author achieves his point in the conclusion that the difference between intellect and sense is in kind and not in degree.

The article is of a well-regulated length, and serves as an excellent exposition of this question to any novice. The article entitled "Pontifex Romanus and Euripides" is also of splendid preparation.



In the *Abbey Student* we find what should be the subject of a strong essay. While the author of "Degeneracy of Modern Thought" strives to assert a conviction in as sharp a manner as blunting pessimism will allow, yet he does not treat his theme in as comprehensive a manner as a perusal of the subject-title would lead one to anticipate. The author's introduction to his argument is that the state of the "receiver" must depend upon the communications which he receives. His next premise is a strong pronouncement of the immorality which smuts the communications imparted by the press and moving pictures of today. Remembering his first premise, then, we are referred to his conclusion of the degeneracy of present-day morals.

\* \* \*

An article which meets with our readier approval is titled "The Student." Some saw has assured us that "the human race is composed of two great classes of men: those with a real backbone, and those who have, instead, merely a wish bone." And it is as an adherent to this view that the author allows his attention to dwell on that division of humanity commonly known as college students. His treatment of both of these types is excellent. It may be well to quote the words of his moral:—

"It has been said of the student: 'We spend all our life in building a vessel for the voyage of life, and set forth with streamers; but the moment we come to the great lodestone mountain of our proper destiny, out leap all our carefully driven nails and bolts, and we get many a mouthful of the rough water of experience, before we secure the bare right to live.' If the good student, who prepares himself for life, has such an experience, what will be the fate of him who neglects the building? Like Phaethon, he will rush out upon life's sea without knowing how to guide his vessel, and he is sure to fail in his attempts to reach his proper destiny."

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*The Victorian* is fortunate in being able to number among the ranks of its contributors the author of "The Application of George Washington's Farewell Address to Our Present-day Government." The writer shows, in an able manner, that in the lofty ideals to which Washington gave expression in his famous "Farewell Address," there are contained the solutions of many present-day issues in the United States, and the means of calming most of the "varied storms which are wont to arise on the troubled sea of our

international life." "The Power of Love," and "Delusions" are likewise worthy pennings.

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To *The St. John's University Record* we extend our usual welcome. The "Signs of the Times" is a protest against the vice and irreligion of an age whose new thought is smutted with materialistic notions and ideals. It proclaims its author as one possessed of warm and commendable convictions. "The Decline of Turkish Power in Europe" is also a well written article. The pages of this magazine are replete with excellent snatches of verse.

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The *Notre Dame Scholastic* presents several interesting essays of acceptable length. "A Study of Shylock" is well written, and assumes what we are to consider to be the correct attitude in regard to the cruel Jew, who commands the greater part of the play-interest in the "Merchant of Venice." The author protests for a recognition of the traits of noble humanity which are not entirely lacking in Shylock. The writer deplores the attitude which tends to class him as a brutish villian, lacking in almost every trait the character of a human being. "The Skeleton" is also interesting.

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Is there not a persuasive charm to the following, which appears in the *Georgetown College Journal*? :-

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## Obituary.

Hon. C. R. Devlin.

The Hon. Charles Ramsay Devlin, Minister of Colonization, Mines and Fisheries in the Quebec Government, died on Sunday, March 1st, at the residence of his father in Aylmer. His death followed an illness of several weeks, which had finally forced him to abandon his duties in Quebec and return to Aylmer early in February.

The late Mr. Devlin had the unusual distinction of sitting in three parliaments. He represented Ottawa County and Wright in the Dominion House of Commons for six years; he represented Galway City in the British House of Commons for three years,

during which time he rendered invaluable services to the Irish Nationalists, and finally he sat as member for Nicolet in the Quebec Legislature since 1907. He has held a portfolio in the Gouin ministry for six years.

The Hon. Mr. Devlin received his education at Montreal College and Laval University. One of the early distinctions conferred upon him was the degree of LL.D. from Ottawa University. Those who were fortunate enough to hear his eloquent speech at last year's St. Patrick's banquet will vouch for his ability in politics, and when it is considered that he spoke French quite as fluently as English, there is small wonder that he was such a successful statesman.

The funeral was held in Aylmer on Wednesday, March 4th, and was one of the largest and most impressive ever witnessed around Ottawa. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Lomer Gouin and representatives of the Governor-General, the House of Commons, and many societies were present to pay their last respects to the dead man. A delegation of Ottawa University students attended in a body. The Aylmer Church was packed to the doors, a fitting tribute to the love and esteem which all classes have for a man of ability, character and merit.

#### Dr. W. S. Prodrick.

Many will learn with regret of the death of Dr. W. S. Prodrick, a well-known, respected and popular resident of this city for many years. Death occurred at the family residence, 302 Nelson street, after an illness which lasted several months.

Getting his early education at Ottawa University, Dr. Prodrick graduated from commercial and classical courses here. He attended McGill and afterwards Queen's, from which institution he graduated about twelve years ago with a degree of M.D., C.M. The late Dr. Prodrick was noted, in his college days, as a splendid athlete, winning the all-around championship of Ottawa University in 1892. He won several other events and splendid prizes while going through college.

The funeral took place at St. Joseph's Church, and the body was interred at Notre Dame cemetery. The Catholic Order of Foresters attended in a body. *The Review* extends a heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family.

## John A. MacDonald.

Mr. John A. MacDonald, late inspector of weights and measures, died on Thursday, March 5th, at his home at 127 Henderson avenue. The deceased was 84 years of age, and had been failing in health for the last three years. His son, Eddie, played on the championship team of 1907 here. A delegation of students attended the funeral on March 7th at St. Joseph's Church.



Rev. Fr. Hammersley met with a very painful accident while in Renfrew recently, spraining his ankle. He has been confined to the hospital for the past two weeks, but we hope he will soon be able to continue his professional duties.

Rev. Fr. Healy, who was forced to leave off teaching two years ago on account of his health, has returned to Ottawa, and has been appointed curate of St. Joseph's Church.

Among the old students at the Ottawa-Boston game were Dr. Kearney, Jimmy Cussack, Milot and Rochon.

Our two old friends, Gillespie and Flahiff, are now travelling through South America in the interests of the Harvester Company.

Rev. Fr. Bemaski, of Barry's Bay, was a visitor to the University last month.

Rev. Fr. Wm. Murphy, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, has taken a trip down south for his health, accompanied by Fr. McGowan. Rev. Fr. Collins has succeeded Father Murphy at St. Joseph's pro tem.

Mr. Jack Minmock has returned to the city from the Maritime Provinces.

Eddie Nagle's Battlefield team finished second in their league this winter, coming up from last in the race, a position they had held for several seasons.



The debates held during the past month:—

February 9th.—“Ottawa Should Own and Operate the Street Railway.” The speakers for the affirmative were Messrs. E. T. McNally, J. A. Howard and W. V. Doran; those for the negative, V. J. O’Neill, J. J. McCann, W. J. Gillhooley. Mr. McNally was, unfortunately, away for this debate, his place being supplied by Mr. A. A. Unger. The merits and demerits of the local electric railway were clearly shown. Messrs. J. Grace and L. Lally related many interesting incidents with regard to the street car service. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative. Mr. L. J. Duffy acted as chairman.

February 16th.—“Canada’s Best Interests Demand Her Entrance Into an Imperial Federation With Great Britain and the Other Colonies.” Those defending the question were Messrs. J. P. Burke and W. J. Grimes, while those opposing it were Messrs. H. T. Fallon and R. E. Dolan. The speakers for the negative are to be congratulated upon their very praiseworthy efforts in the criticism of this question. To the affirmative was awarded the palm of victory. Mr. A. A. Unger occupied the chair.

February 23rd.—“It Would Be Better for the Canadian Government to Exercise Control Over the Rates and Methods of the Express Companies Than to Establish a Parcel Post System of its Own.” The affirmative argument was advanced by Messrs. J. C. O’Keefe and T. J. Hunt, while Messrs. F. L. Murphy and J. Lapensee replied for the negative. The new system of parcel post came in for quite a bit of praise and criticism. However, the judges were convinced that the negative had the better of the argument, and, accordingly, to that side was their decision given.

March 2nd.—“Rural Mail is Not Now Advisable for Canada.” The resolution was upheld by Messrs. R. Quain and A. L. McLaughlin, these being opposed by Messrs. W. Hayden and

J. Robillard. Messrs. Lally, McNally and O'Keefe spoke from the floor, and gave us some unique views upon the subject. Mr. F. W. Hackett, who acted as chairman, announced the decision of the judges in favor of the negative.

March 9th.—“Canada Should Adopt a System of Proportional Representation.” Messrs. E. T. McNally, J. T. Robert and J. D. Lanthier were the speakers for the affirmative, those for the negative being Messrs. M. J. Mulvihill, T. E. O'Hara and F. Lavallee. Among the speakers from the House were L. A. Landriau, F. W. Hackett and C. A. Mulvihill. The affirmative were adjudged winners. Mr. J. J. McNally proved an efficient chairman.

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A debate has been arranged between St. Patrick's Literary and Scientific Association and the University of Ottawa Debating Society. The representatives of the O. U. D. S., Messrs. R. Lahaie and J. Tallon will uphold the affirmative of the resolution: “That the United States should repeal the Panama Tolls Act.” The negative supporters are Messrs. P. Phelan and J. Kane, of St. Patrick's Association.

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The annual concert at the Russell Theatre, under the auspices of the French Debating Society, is every year keenly looked forward to. This year the students are preparing an opera and a comedy. The date has not as yet been decided, but will probably be in the latter part of April.

\* \* \*

The Washington Club of the University held its tenth annual banquet at the Russell House on the evening of Feb. 23rd. The room was very tastefully decorated in the national colors, and an enjoyable repast provided. Mr. W. Foran was the guest of the evening, taking Dr. J. L. Chabot's place, the doctor, unfortunately, being away. Mr. M. A. Gilligan proved an efficient toastmaster, and introduced a short, but adequate, list of toasts, after which the assembly broke up, everyone declaring that the evening was one of the most enjoyable in the history of the club. For the success of this year's banquet great credit is due the executive, Hon. Pres., A. B. Roy, D.D., O.M.I.; pres., M. A. Gilligan, '14; Vice-Pres., R. C. Lahaie, '14; Secretary, F. J. Higgins, '18; Treasurer J. A. Ward, '18; Director, W. J. Stanton, O.M.I.

Congratulations are due Messrs. A. Geo. McHugh, '13, and L. A. Landriau, '14, of Alma Mater, who, under the colors of the St. Patrick's Literary and Scientific Society, defeated two representatives of the Y. M. C. A. Debating Club.

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At a meeting on March 10th of the French Debating Society the subject: "Were the Acts and Conduct of Mgr. de Laval More Advantageous to the Colony Than Those of Mgr. Plessis?" was discussed. Messrs. Vincent and Poitras ably defended the conduct of Mgr. de Laval, and their superior delivery secured for them the judges' decision. M. Marion presided over the meeting.

Already we notice signs of spring—not that marbles have appeared among the students, nor have we particularly remarked "their fancy turning to thoughts of love," but we did see some of the boys trying out their arms in preparation for the coming season of America's national game. We would caution them to be careful, and particularly "Buster" Blanchet, the well-known southpaw, whom the Rev. Coach relies upon to pitch the team to many a well earned victory this year.

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The senior students participated in the St. Patrick's Day parade, held Sunday afternoon, March 15th. A large number also attended the annual St. Patrick's Day concert at the Russell March 17th, at which concert Messrs. C. T. Fink and W. Moher, of the university, rendered vocal selections.

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Messrs. L. Kelley, A. Cameron and J. Caley, who recently brought back to Alma Mater the inter-university debating trophy, will receive souvenir group photographs, centred by a picture of the silverware representative of the I. U. D. L. championship.

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The annual holiday given in honor of St. Thomas Aquinas was most appropriately welcomed by a number of our student body. On the eve of this great feast a banquet was served in the Wilbrod apartments, commonly known as "Hogan's Flats," and the merry jests of the eaters could be heard till long into the night. The presence of the Rev. Prefect, Father Paradis, rendered the evening much more enjoyable, while the richly decorated hall and the luxuriant spread lent an additional splendor to the pleasant event. After several hours spent in feasting and rejoicing, the jovial toast-master called upon the different members to respond to a well-selected toast list.

The following was the order of the evening:—

Address of welcome by the President, Mr. J. E. Gravelle.

MENU.

	Soup.	
	Bull-ion-not.	
	Fish.	
	Salmon Sandwich.	
Pickles.		Vinegar.
	Entrees.	
	Bean-o-Boston.	
	Rolls.	
	Dessert.	
	Tart au.	
Pumpkin.		Apple.
Cake.	Cheese.	Fruits.
	Cafe Noir.	

TOASTS.

Toastmaster—F. W. Hacket.

“The Pope”—H. Fallon.

“The King”—F. Reardon.

“Canada”—J. Mangan.

“Alma Mater”—L. O’Hara.

Recitation—F. Lavalle.

“Catholic Education”—C. Blanchet.

“Our Society”—M. Dewan.

“Our Guest.”





Well, the boys took the trip to Boston, and, although they did not bring home the bacon, still we are perfectly satisfied with the showing made against Boston A. A. A. On Friday afternoon, the 28th, led by Frank (Dink) Madden and Louis (Mutt) Lally, our braves entrained at Broad street station for "The Hub." It was a novelty for many of the party to sleep in railway berths—at least to rest in one—for with the exception of Leddy Behan, who can sleep in any old place he lays his head, very few visited the land of little Nemo. Percy Fahey wanted to know what the little hammock was for. "Why to sleep in, you boob," O'Leary called out, and when Lally packed behind the curtains a few minutes later Fahey was doing his level best to get into his hammock. Of course, Mutt had to laugh, and the joke was on Perc. But you'll know next time, won't you? It was nearly nine o'clock before the party were able to indulge in a few plates of those beans which have made Boston famous. The day was spent in sightseeing and a light workout at the Arena.

Over four thousand people thronged the large edifice when the whistle called the two teams to the centre of the ice for preliminary advice. A few minutes later "the souls of the racers were in it." The pace set was very fast, and in two minutes Boston notched the first goal. College defense seemed lost, and another goal was chalked up against the Garnet and Grey. However, the boys came back hard, and Braithwaite put the puck in the corner of the net for Ottawa's first tally. Within the next five minutes the Boston team added two more to their total. The score-board now registered 4-1. O'Leary and Heney seemed to get their bearings and "Mutt"

Lally his eye, with the result that for the remainder of the first half no score resulted.

Both teams took the ice in the second period determined to do or die, and for the entire twenty minutes the Boston public were served with some of the fastest hockey ever seen in their city. Time and again Quain, Cavanagh, Braithwaite, Behan and Madden had the big crowd on tip-toe, and as the minute hand of the timer's clock crept around to the twenty-minute mark and still no score, the "little fellows" from Canada's Capital were cheered to the echo. The final toot sounded and the game ended 4-1 against us. It was a defeat of which we might be proud. On Sunday afternoon the Montreal express was boarded. Charlie Langlois was nearly left behind; he was found in the restaurant at the last minute with his face in a pan of beans, and as little George Braithwaite pulled him away to the train Charlie called back: "How do yees make dem beans?"

The party was under the direction of Father Stanton, and included O'Leary (Capt.), Heney, Lally, Behan, Quain, Cavanagh, Braithwaite, Madden, Fahey and Langlois.

"When dreams come true." These four magic words bring to mind a well-known and popular ballad, in which Dan Cupid plays an important part, but Dan has nothing to do with the dream which came true two weeks ago for the students of Ottawa College, as well as for the sport-loving public of the City of Ottawa. Several times during the past two years there has been talk of having Princeton, Yale, or Harvard football teams play against Ottawa College, but that is as far as the matter went. However, the occasion offered itself this winter of bringing Princeton here to cross sticks with U. of O. in Canada's national winter game, and Father Stanton and the executive of the association took advantage of it. Princeton had defeated allcomers and sported the title of champions of American intercollegiate hockey. This fact, coupled with the presence of Hobey Baker, of continental fame, caused an unusual interest to be taken in the coming encounter.

A representative delegation of the students of the university met the Princeton party Saturday morning on their arrival at Central station, and escorted them to the Russell hotel. The strangers came prepared for forty-below-zero weather, and were somewhat surprised to find Old Sol shining almost as strongly as in the university town of Princeton. In the afternoon Mr. Ahearn, of the Ottawa Electric, very kindly loaned a private trolley car and carried a large party to and from the ski meet at Rockcliffe.

Skiing is new even to most Canadians, and proved quite interesting to our American visitors.

But the important event took place in the Arena on Saturday night, when Capt. Kuhn stacked his invincibles against the Garnet and Grey team. Unfortunately, the ice was soft, and this necessarily slowed the game down to an appreciable extent. Much was expected of Hobey Baker, and the large crowd of almost three thousand were not disappointed. Still, as he himself confessed, the going was very difficult. Had the ice been hard, no doubt a better exhibition would have been staged.

At eight-thirty sharp the teams lined up as follows:—

PRINCETON.	OTTAWA.
Winats . . . . .	Goal . . . . . Derocher
Emmons . . . . .	Point . . . . . O'Leary
Peacock . . . . .	C. point . . . . . Heney
Baker . . . . .	Rover . . . . . Madden
Kuhn . . . . .	Centre . . . . . Braithwaite
McCall . . . . .	R. wing . . . . . Quain
Kelner . . . . .	L. wing . . . . . Behan

The officials: Referee, Mr. W. H. Russell, of New York City, and Mr. E. Butterworth, of Ottawa, acted as judge of play; umpires, Messrs. Gilligan and Sullivan; timekeeper, Dr. D. H. Baird.

The battle started off with a rush, but it soon became evident that scientific hockey was out of the question. The ice was so soft and sticky that the puck refused to slide. However, Heney took the disk near his own goals, and, after a neat piece of individual work, scored the first goal of the evening in eight minutes. But Princeton were not to be denied, and Baker registered for the Tigers on one of the prettiest combination plays one could wish to see. Kuhn, who played a splendid game, gave him the pass, and Derocher did not have the ghost of a chance of stopping the shot. Thus ended period number one. A word about the rooting: it was A1, and the Princeton players were especially impressed with the spirit shown, especially in the second period, when the strains of "Old Nassau" floated over the ice.

Princeton forged ahead after six minutes of strenuous play in the second round, Kelner doing the trick, but a minute later Teddy Behan secured a pass in front of Winats' citadel, and it was 2-2. The tie was not broken and once again the teams retired to their dressing rooms an an equal footing.

The final period had scarcely begun when Braithwaite secured a pass from Quain and put Ottawa in the lead. Princeton made

almost superhuman efforts to register a score, but to no avail. Time and again Baker, Kuhn and McCall would start a rush down the ice, only to lose the puck when the critical moment arrived. One time Baker shot, and the rubber struck McCall. He sank slowly to the ice, and Judge of Play Butterworth rang his bell—just five seconds before Princeton scored their third tally. It was hard luck, but unavoidable. The gong sounded and Ottawa were victors 3-2.

During the course of the evening Cavanagh, Langlois and Moran were given a try-out. Princeton had several subs with them, but the same seven were played throughout the entire game.

Dr. D. H. Baird and Dr. Chabot banqueted Princeton at the New Russell House after hockey togs had been put aside. College have no better supporters than these two gentlemen, and to say that the student body is grateful for the kindness and interest shown is, to say the least, putting it very mildly. Dr. Chabot had left on a trip to Bermuda for his health, and consequently was not present, but Dr. Baird was there, and saw to it that nothing was wanting. The green room was tastily decorated with Yellow and Black and Garnet and Grey ribbons. The Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack were much in evidence. The menu cards were of real artistic merit, but that's Doc Baird for you—anything he undertakes you may rest assured will be done up to date. Host Mulligan left nothing to be desired.

Mr. Wm. Foran was a guest, and gave the boys a short talk on manly sport. Toasts to the King, the President of the U. S., Canada and the domain of Uncle Sam were suitably responded to by Hobey Baker, Captain Kuhn, Mr. Fitzpatrick and Lee Kelly, after which short speeches were delivered by Dr. Baird, Father Stanton, genial manager of the victors.

When all was over three hearty cheers were given for the gentlemen who gave the banquet.

The Princeton team were guests at the Golf Club for dinner on Sunday, and left on the 4.30 train for New Jersey. Nothing but good words were heard on all sides. The visitors were more than pleased with their short sojourn in Ottawa, and hoped to be able to reciprocate at no far distant date in the future.

Next in interest to the Princeton encounter was that between Mr. Hackett's dare-devils and Mr. O'Brien's wild-cats. This act was staged on Wednesday afternoon on our own sheet of ice, and was ably handled by Joseph P. O'Leary, of 46 Daly avenue. The teams were: Dare-devils—O'Keefe, Foley (the big fellow), Hackett

(Capt.), McNab, Lemaire, Caley, the forensic artist from British Columbia, and Meighan. Wildcats—O'Brien (Nifty), Higgins, Duffy, Robsen, Otis, Ward, Fish. Substitutes for Dare-devils were: Peter Heffernan and Nosey Brown; for Wildcats, Bill O'Hara and Quinlan.

Trouble commenced at the go-off. Hackett, Duffy and others of similar stature were constantly coming in contact with the arc lamps, so a rule was adopted which stated that such gentlemen must skate in straight lines only, i.e., between the rows of lights. Higgins scored first for the Wild-cats, but Mr. J. A. Caley, of the opposing team, claimed it was not a goal. To prove his contention he quoted Roman, Balkan and Egyptian law, not to mention the opinion of a certain Parisian promoter, which he had heard expressed while in Seattle a few years ago. But the referee overruled Daley, and he graciously conceded the point. The first fifteen minutes ended 1-0 for O'Brien's braves.

Capt. Hackett substituted Peter Heffernan for Caley in the second half. This player was wearing a yellow cap and refused to take it off. No one will deny that Heff is a good hockey player, but his Minnie McGiffin tactics were deplorable. He showed no consideration whatever for the puck, nor even for the hockey sticks of the opposing team. The one redeeming feature of his performance was when he secured the disc near centre ice and skated at full steam towards the opposing nets. He shot and hit his own captain on the shins. For this he was benched. Space will not permit a detailed account. The outcome was 3-all; no overtime.

It is much to be regretted that the warm sun of the past week has precluded the possibility of finishing the Intermural League schedule. Six games remain to be played, and when it became evident that no more hockey could take place on the open air rink the executive made endeavors to secure the Arena or Rideau rink for a few hours, without avail, however. Many of the boys are disappointed, but circumstances are to blame, nothing else. The ends of the league were realized beyond fondest hopes. A splendid spirit existed in the yard during the dull months of winter. The boys were afforded every opportunity to indulge in healthful exercise, and latent hockey ability was brought to light. So we have much to be thankful for.

#### NOTES.

Bill Doran wants to know when his pennant is coming. Patience, Bill. Wait till the sweaters arrive.

One of the representatives of U. of O. at the banquet in honor of Princeton thought he would repeat on last Sunday evening. When asked how he enjoyed himself he gave utterance to something like this: "The brands were of the first order, the music was sublime, indeed, most celestial; the various elements of the repast were, in fact, most conducive to an epicurean meal." We name no one, but Sandy Cameron says that the Scotch word for money is "Kail."

The newspapers say that College contemplate buying Ottawa's franchise in the Big Four, but you know the papers must fill up their columns some way.

Yet a little while and we shall hear, "Put 'em over," "slide-slide," "sacrifice," "Oh, Short, knock out a home run." Wake up, spring is here.

Editor-in-Chief, *University of Ottawa Review*, Ottawa, Ont.:

Dear Sir,—In your valuable issue of last month there appeared certain slurs directed to me, which, naturally, I attribute to the Sporting Editor, Master J. A. T. It is not that I think anyone has been influenced by the article sufficiently to believe I was wilfully wanting in justice and fair play while acting as referee in the hockey match referred to. (I received thanks and warm appreciation from members of both teams for my services after the game.) However, it may throw a little light on the matter when it is known that T. was a member of the professorial septette which met defeat at the hands of the Soutanes, which fact alone may have biased the pen of the youthful scribe. Moreover, if my memory serves me truly, Master J. A. T. was himself penalized—unjustly, of course! We would call to the attention of our friend that one may not brandish a hockey stick around the head and shoulders of an opponent while playing hockey. It may be permissible in lacrosse, but, again, for the benefit of our friend, hockey *is not* lacrosse. Should an official be censured through the press for having reminded a player (via a penalty) that there is a distinction between hockey and lacrosse?

I will no longer dwell upon the relative privileges of the two games I do not pose as the Sir Oracle, prophesying the rules of either; moreover, it would be presumption in me to endeavor to impart any knowledge of the latter game to Master J. A. T., who is ranked amongst its *professionals*.

"Whoever appointed him, or told him that he knew anything about hockey is worse than the poor fellow himself." A reckless slander directed to one of his own, since I was appointed by no less an official than Prof. John A. S., President of the O. U. A. A., and recognized throughout the City of Ottawa as an authority on sport. I merely cite this as an example of my friend's recklessness.

The reference to a mill pond and shinny would appear to be but a hazy reminiscence of my friend's suburban days.

It is not my intention to enter into a controversy. This is my first and last correspondence on the matter. I merely desire to point out one or more motives that may have prompted the article.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for the space in your inestimable periodical, I beg to remain,

Yours very sincerely,

F. W. H.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

On account of bad weather for about two weeks, we were unable to finish the hockey games. Our rink was in bad condition and we had to play off a game which would decide the championship. So we rented the Rideau rink on St. Patrick's Day, and the two teams played, the Frontenacs against Ottawa Valley. There was a little water on the ice, but no slush, but the absence of slush did not prevent the players from getting wet. There was always a cry when someone happened to fall. Each team had its supporters, and loud cheering came from both sides. The final score was 3 to 0 in favor of Frontenacs, a goal being scored in each period. The game was refereed by Fr. Senecal, Fr. Turcotte being time-keeper. The final standing of the league was as follows:—

	Won.	Lost.	Tied.
Frontenacs, Capt., S. Robert .....	9	3	..
Ottawa Valley, Capt. Provost .....	7	4	1
Rosedale, Capt., MacIntosh .....	4	7	1
Ottawa, Capt., L. Demarais .....	3	9	..

On Sunday, February 1st, the Small Yard team played against a picked team from Big Yard. The game had no more than started when the Big Yarders rushed up and had scored two goals. However, the Small Yarders were not discouraged, and when the puck

was faced off they waded in with all their might. They scored three goals before the first period was over. Then the second period started, but Small Yard retained the lead, the score being 6 to 3 at the end of the second period. The third period was played on the Big Yard rink. But this made no difference to the Small Yarders. They went through Big Yard defence with their combination just the same. The final score was 11 to 4 in favor of Small Yard. The teams were as follows:—

Big Yard—Krug, Shields, Martin, Robert T., Genest, Renaud.

Small Yard—Dwyer, Provost, Delisle, MacIntosh, Langlois, Robert B., McNally, Demarais, Berthiaume.

Joe seems to have a lot of business with the tailor.

P. McGowan is back with us again after an absence of two weeks.

Dick has been awarded a prize for the cleanest hockey player in this season's games. He was not put off more than fifteen or twenty minutes each game, besides breaking someone's head.

Rodolph is a hard worker, but he cannot do it all himself.

