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UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW

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Christmas—"The World's Greatest Asset."

"That hour, where shepherds kept their flocks,
From God a sudden glory fell:
The splendor smote the trees and rocks,
And lay like dew among the dell."

—"The Nativity."—

Aubrey de Vere.

NIGH twenty centuries ago, on the hillside of a little Judean village, a light streamed forth into the Cimmerian darkness of a world where misery, woe and expectation agitated the bosoms of men. "The darkness," says the Evangelist, "did not comprehend it"; but the light which streamed from lowly Bethlehem has given life a sweeter savor, a softer grace, and a warmer atmosphere. It had been heralded by believing prophet and pagan poet; and Virgil, in one of his sublimest passages, records the utterance of the Cumean Sybil: "Dire war should cease, the spirits of war should be bound up with bronze chains, and peaceful arts would supplant the din of battle."

The light shone forth at a momentous hour in the world's history; for the great empire, whose eagles overshadowed the world, had reached the zenith of power; and the famous Temple of Janus was closed for the third and last time, when angel heralds proclaimed the coming of the "Light of the World"—the Prince of Peace—whose advent is writ in unmistakable charac-

ters upon the history of mankind, is embedded in our faith, our worship, and our mode of life. This event is not a figment of the imagination as the "wise" would have us believe, nor is it a mediæval fiction or a poetic fancy; for Christmas is a historic fact. The soul of it has been the inspiration of the most beautiful and appealing art; the story of it has become the very heart of faith and ritual; the uses of it have been marvellously wrought into the fibres of social and commercial life; its activities and products are everywhere visible. The story of Christmas is entirely detached from locality; it has escaped the limitations of time and the almost indestructible barriers of race; to all it is "the sweetest story ever told," for it holds a first place in the art, literature and religion of the modern world.

The historical accuracy of the Story of Bethlehem has been doubted by the so-called "higher critics"; but this should not surprise us as they have also cast doubts upon the Divinity of the Incarnate God, and even suggest, inferentially at least, amendments to the great moral code known as the Decalogue. Notwithstanding the critics, the accuracy of the Story of Bethlehem is unquestionable historically; and the Nativity, which gives it solemnity, is authenticated by Jew and Gentile. We must, of course, differentiate the fact, from the time of its occurrence, as this is still a matter of speculation for many believers who are not of the household of the faith.

Though not the cardinal feast of Christianity (this is reserved for Easter Day according to patristic teaching, based upon the earliest traditions), we find that the day of Christ's Nativity has the sanction of the centuries as one of the greatest celebrations of the Christian year. Among the earliest records regarding the celebration of Christmas we have two categories of documents — "Calendars," and "Martyrologies"; but it is not easy to differentiate between the two, as they naturally shade into each other. The most remarkable record of the early observance of Christmas is the so-called "Philocalian Calendar" which, however, hardly deserves the name of Christian record, as it is really a common-place book compiled by Dionysius Philocalus (cir. 354). Its value rests chiefly in two lists headed: "Depositio Martyrum," and "Depositio Episcoporum"; but in the list of feasts celebrated at that period, we find the "Nativitas Christi" (Nativity of Christ) set for the month of December. Another ancient document is the "Calendar" of Ptolmeius Sylvius (cir. 448). This is a medley of facts and feasts somewhat similar to our modern almanacs. It indicated the sittings of the

Roman Senate and such pagan festivals as the *Lupercalia* and the *Terminalia* which had become national holidays throughout the Roman Empire. But side by side with these we find mention of Christmas Day. The subsequent history of Christmas is found mainly in the History of the Church.

We also find its observance emphasized in the carols and hymnology of the Middle Ages. A recent writer in the "Sunday Magazine" says: "From the dawn of Christianity, through the Middle Ages, the carol has proved a splendid vehicle for bringing home to the minds of the people the great truth of the Nativity. The message was one which filled all who heard it with ecstatic enthusiasm. Then there were few books and few readers; but the people could understand and appreciate the large pictures which were introduced by the clergy to bring home the great story with force. These pictures were vari-colored and often very beautiful, for the reverent hands of the artist-monks had painted them, and their theme could not be overestimated." To the gentle St. Francis of Assisi is due the introduction of the "Crib" which now forms a large part of Christmas attractions in Catholic churches. The first crib was erected in the Church of the Portiuncula, at Assisi, by St. Francis himself who popularized devotion to the Babe of Bethlehem. When St. Francis visited Rome, in 1223, he made known to Pope Honorius III. the plans he had conceived of making a scenic representation of the Nativity. The pope listened gladly to the details of the project and gave it his sanction. On the following Christmas Eve St. Francis constructed a crib and grouped around it figures of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, the ass, the ox, and the shepherds who came to adore the new-born Saviour. He acted as deacon at the Midnight Mass; and the legend relates that when he knelt down to meditate on the mystery of the Incarnation, at the *Credo*, there appeared in his arms a child surrounded by a brilliant light. A painting by Giotto, representing this scene, is preserved in the Portiuncula at Assisi. The Franciscan churches throughout the world make great ceremony of the Christmas crib; and we can never forget a visit to the Church of the *Ara Coeli* on St. Stephen's Day many years ago. This celebrated Church possesses one of the most beautiful cribs in the world. Here from Christmas Day to the Feast of the Epiphany is exposed the *Santo Bambino di Ara Coeli*, which is said to have come from the Holy Land. On the Feast of the Epiphany it is carried in solemn procession by the Minister-General of the Friars Minor who solemnly blesses the city with it from the top of the high flight of stairs that lead

to the main entrance of the Church. The Roman children gather in thousands around the steps and sing appropriate hymns: the sight is one which can never be forgotten.

Art lends its tribute to the Christmas solemnity. What a wealth of interest and suggestiveness surrounds the wonderful creations of Fra Angelico whose Nativity canvasses in the Uffizi and the Pitti Palace in Florence are the cynosure of every artistic eye! What sublime devotion radiates from the productions of Giotto! Surely if art be "sublimated religion" one finds it here. Poesy has likewise added its tribute to the artist's brush. Who remains unmoved by the angelic rhapsodies of Prudentius (4th century)! Who remains unthrilled when the *Adeste Fideles* echoes through choir and clerestory on Christmas morn! Memory wafts us back o'er the ocean of distant years to the little church on the hilltop which glowed with "dim religious light" and bespoke the angelic message to our childish ears! Who stands unmoved when *Minuit Chrétien* (so ill-translated by our English "Holy Night") resounds through fretted vault and stately nave, reminding us that "'tis the solemn hour in which the Man-God descends from His heavenly throne to abide with sinful man."

Poets, from Chaucer to the beloved sweet singer John B. Tabb, have hymned the Nativity in divers tones; and some of our most inspiring literature is motived by the Story of Bethlehem. Milton's "Nativity" is one of the masterpieces of our language; Tennyson's Christmas songs are unsurpassed for melody and rhythm; and Longfellow, Mrs. Hemans, Phillips Brooks, and the too-little-known "Poet Priest of the South"—Abram J. Ryan, have left us imperishable poetic gems whose theme is the Story of Bethlehem. Aubrey de Vere has this choice moreau:

"Primaeval night had repossessed
 Her Empire in the fields of space:
 Calm lay the kine on earth's dark breast;
 The earth lay calm in heaven's embrace.

That hour, where shepherds kept their flocks;
 From God a sudden glory fell:
 The splendor smote the trees and rocks,
 And lay like dew among the dells.

God's angel close beside them stood,
 'Fear naught' that angel said; and then
 'Behold! I bring you tidings good:
 The Saviour Christ is born to men.'

And straightway round them myriads sang
Again that anthem, and again,
Till all the hollow valley rang,
'Glory to God, and Peace to men.'

Thus in the violet-scented grove—
The May breeze murmuring softly by them—
The children sang who Mary love,
The long year through have Christmas nigh them."

The bells that ring for the Feast of the Nativity will awaken echoes from world's end to world's end, from Iceland to Patagonia, from the steppes of the Himalayas to the crest of the Rockies, and for one day, at least, there will be "Peace to men of goodwill." They will awaken fond memories, recall hallowed associations; for they remind us of the hearthstone of by-gone years where our infantile fancy watched the Yule Log splutter and sparkle and our eyes gazed anon into the starry night where heavenly messengers heralded the glories of the coming day.

Christmas, for long centuries, has occupied the largest place in social festivity; and though a Puritanical Act of Parliament forbade its observance in the British Isles during the Commonwealth, no season has, notwithstanding, occupied a larger place in the heart of the Britisher. The Puritanical edict of 1644 enjoined that Christmas was to be observed as a Fast Day; it was compulsory for shops to open; and plum puddings and mince pies were condemned as heathenish fare. At the Restoration this ridiculously fanatical law was abolished, though for many years afterwards some zealots persisted in calling "Yuletide" by the name of "Fooltide." In connection with the use of the word "tide" a rather good story is told of O'Connell. A fanatical member of parliament named Thomas Massey once made some insulting allusions to O'Connell's assistance at mass during the parliamentary sessions at St. Stephen's. O'Connell, from his place in the House, rebuked the intolerant Mr. Massey by saying: "Mr. Massey is rather illogical. If he really has such objection to the mass, he should apply to Parliament for a change of name, and be known in future as Mr. Thodey Tidey."

Dickens, by his Christmas stories, did much to popularize the observance of Christmas in England. Some enthusiastic admirer of the novelist has even asserted that "Dickens invented the English Christmas." This worshipper of the gentle novelist must have been one of the goodly number who seem to imagine

that the entire social observance of the glorious festive season consists in an ample supply of hot water and lemons. Dickens, of course, did much to restore the ancient observance in England; but long centuries before the Dickensian stories found their way to the hearts of Britishers, Christmas had had a place in the calendar of "Merrie England."

Many Christmas social observances are traceable to heathen origin; but in early days they were legitimized by custom and usage. The old Roman "Strennae" (condemned by such writers as Tertullian and Maximus of Turin) doubtless had their origin in the days of the Caesars to whom sycophantic officialdom paid obsequious tribute at the beginning of the New Year which in those days began with the month of March. These were the first Christmas presents. The "Calend Fires" were also a heritage from paganism, but when they began to grow into an abuse, they were condemned by Pope Zachary at the instance of St. Boniface. The "Yulelog" is a survival of the Scandinavian *Juhl*. It seems to have been introduced into England in the time of Henry VIII. where it became immensely popular. The log was drawn by servants into the hall, where each member of the family, sitting down on it in turn, sang a Yule-song and drank a cup of spiced ale. The log was then cast into the fire with prayers for the safety and happiness of the household until next Yule-tide. A part of the log was preserved to light the Yule-log of the following season. It was believed that a piece of the log in the house was a security against fire. The Yule-log became connected with other usages in time: tenants had the privilege of supplying the Yule-log to the seignorial manor and, in consequence of the gift, possessed the right to feed at the lord's expense as long as the round of wood given by them should burn. The Christmas Tree is of doubtful origin; but we find it first mentioned in the annals of the city of Strasbourg two centuries ago. It was introduced into England, in 1840, by the Prince Consort; but it has become one of the most popular institutions among the English-speaking peoples. It now occupies an important place in Christmas decoration; and every home has its Christmas Tree.

It were a long story to record the various social observances which characterize Christmastide; but some of them, of very ancient date, deserve mention. Among these we find a variety of games and amusements, some of which are still in vogue. Chief of these were: "The Lord of Misrule"; "Mummers"; and the "Pantomime."

"The Lord of Misrule." The office of this functionary, who

was sometimes called "The Christmas Prince," consisted in presiding over the Christmas festivities. In some families and at Court he was called the "Abbot of Misrule" (the French, *Abbé de Liesse*), implying merriment. These lords began their revels at Hallowe'en and continued the same until the day following the Feast of the Purification, February 2nd. The Court spent large sums of money upon these masquerades and sports. The office of lord of the revels was usually filled by a poet or by a citizen of repute. Such, for example, was George Ferrers "in whose pastimes Edward VI. had great delight." These revels frequently led to abuses (as many Christmas observances have done and *do*), and they were frowned upon by the Puritans.

"Mummers." Mumblings are without doubt a relic of the old Roman *Saturnalia*, and they are so called from the Dutch *mumme* (a mask). The mummers were disguised by a mask; and those who could not procure a mask rubbed the face with soot, or even painted it. In Yorkshire the mummers were known as "Bletherheads"; in Cornwall as "Guisers," and in Sussex they were dubbed "Tipteerers." A special form of mumming was that known as "hoodening"; and it is still found in some localities. It consisted in a procession of young men, and sometimes maidens, through the village streets, bearing a hoodening horse—a rudely carved figure of a horse's head with a movable mouth which was furnished with two rows of hob-nails for teeth. The mouth was so contrived as to open and shut by means of a strong cord. Another form of mumming was "jannying," somewhat similar to the hoodening, but with the additional feature of a visit to the houses of the village where refreshments were demanded, and, usually,—procured. The refreshments were not necessarily a great tax on the buffet, as they consisted of "sweet loaf" and some harmless beverage. This custom still obtains in some settlements in the island of Newfoundland and it affords abundant amusement to the young folks who are less fortunate (or unfortunate, perhaps) than their city brethren who can while away the gay hours of Christmastide with theatrical performances.

"The Pantomime." Theatrical amusements have always been an outstanding feature of Christmastide since the days of the Middle Ages, though in the latter period they were usually rendered under the auspices of the Church. They had not then degenerated into the questionable vaudeville. The theatrical performance originated in the XIIth century with the introduction of miracle plays. These were of rather peculiar form and com-

position and usually full of anachronisms. They filled a large place in the holiday programme, and subsequently became the "Pantomime." This originated in Italy; but found its way into England in the XIVth century, and it still finds a place there in Christmas celebrations.

The Christmas plum-pudding is of very remote origin; but it will surprise some readers to know that the original plum-pudding was simply a kind of porridge. In time it assumed the form under which it is known at the present day. It now forms a regular item of the holiday dietary and is a source of emolument to the medical profession and the druggists who reap a rich harvest for dyspepsia-prescriptions in the closing days of each year. It is moreover a very valuable asset for confectioners in England who manufacture hundreds of tons of this wretched compound for the Christmas trade. It would surprise many to see the huge consignments of plum-pudding which come into this country in the week preceding Christmas; and the Post Office officials would like to see plum-pudding relegated to the transportation companies. The Christmas turkey cannot lay claim to such antiquity as the plum-pudding; it is a custom which dates no further back than the XVIII. century; but its popularity is universal. Its modernity does not render the custom less attractive, however, and the Christmas dinner would now seem incomplete without the presence of the lord of the barnyard. In England, in former days, the boar's head occupied the chief place in the dietetic programme during Christmas; and the custom of "bringing in the boar's head" is still observed at the University of Oxford. There is a legend connected with this particular custom. Centuries ago, so the legend runs, an Oxford student was walking in a neighboring forest conning the pages of Aristotle when he was attacked by a wild boar. He had no weapons of defence; but the peripatetic disciple of the Greek philosopher was cool-headed (another argument for keeping Greek in our curriculum!) and he stuffed the volume of Aristotle down the boar's throat, saying: "Græcum est." Whether this means "it is Greek" or "he eats Greek" history sayeth not. Perhaps some of the gentlemen in Form III can enlighten us? The stuffing of the Greek volume down the throat of the boar brought safety to the student who finally cut off the animal's head and brought it back in triumph to the College where it was roasted and eaten. The event is commemorated annually at Christmastide by the appearance of a boar's head at the Christmas dinner of the University when Provost and don unite at the festive board.

Apart from its social aspect Christmas has even a commercial value; and hence it becomes an asset of the highest value. One glance at the gayly festooned windows of the city will convince us of the volume of trade for which the enterprising merchant makes a bid by the attractiveness of his decorations.

The marts are laden to profusion with wares of every conceivable kind; and the week preceding the holiday season witnesses a veritable pilgrimage of purchasers of things useful and ornamental (chiefly the latter) "just for presents." The purse-strings are unloosed to an extent unknown at other seasons; rich and poor alike become patrons of the great Vanity Fair of commerce. The products of the Black Forest are displayed side by side with the trophies of the northern wilds; and the historic mistletoe, which Brittany furnishes, lends its decorative attractiveness to enhance even the butchers' stalls in the market-place. Shades of the Druids of old! What depositories are these for your sacred plant! To what vulgar uses have the Bretons debased your talisman! The Druids in ancient times went in solemn procession to the cutting of the mistletoe on the sixth day of the moon nearest the New Year. The officiating priest, clad in white robes, and carrying a golden sickle, cut the plant which the neophytes received on a white cloth, on bended knee. To add to the impressiveness of the event bulls, and even human victims, were offered in its honor; for the mistletoe was their sacred emblem and supposed to possess the virtue of keeping away evil spirits. Brittany to-day furnishes the greater part of the mistletoe which is so lavishly displayed in the home and in the mart. The Bretons cultivate it carefully, and ruin valuable orchards by its cultivation. Mistletoe is a parasitic growth and feeds on the sap of pear and apple trees, and in time exhausts them of their vitality. They gather it in autumn and ship it to England in boxes, carefully packed, whence it finds its way in the holiday-laden argosies across the Atlantic.

Apart from the material worth of Christmastide its religious and social value makes it the "world's greatest asset," for it brings men closer to the altar and brings the message of "peace and good-will to all mankind." At no season does the exile so yearn for the domestic hearth as at Christmastide; and when the midnight peal cleaves the winter sky his heart turns irresistibly to the fireside where in the days beyond recall he worshipped at a fond mother's knee and learned to lisp the name of God. The soldier on the battlefield, the traveller in the trackless wilds, the mariner on the bosom of the deep, — all turn homewards in

spirit on Christmas Day. It is pre-eminently a day of memories:

“ 'Tis Christmas night again—
 But not from heaven to earth—
 Rings forth the old refrain
 ‘A Saviour’s birth!’
 Nay, listen; ’tis below!
 A song that soars above,
 From human hearts aglow
 With heavenly love!”

P. W. B.

Et Voyage 'Round the Sun.

TO one who has come through the toils, cares, troubles and joys of one year, and is now standing on the threshold of another, the aspect of the future and the reminiscences of the past crowd themselves upon him. He sees the strange mutations which the hand of Time has effected and left behind in its onward course during this short duration, and wonders whether future events will be anything of a like nature. If he has been successful in his occupation, his remembrances are of a happy kind, but if fortune has failed to smile upon him the past contains nothing but bitter thoughts of an unkind world. It is a peculiar fact that to the man who has succeeded in life, former troubles and trials seem little more than a few necessary and unavoidable hardships to obtain a desired haven, and at the recollection of which he even smiles, no matter how much they may have disturbed him at the time. Quite opposite are the feelings of an unsuccessful man; although his trials may not have been even as great as those of the successful, they nevertheless contain no joys for him, bring no happy smile to his face. While on the contrary, if he had come safely through his difficulties, and succeeded in his enterprise, he would laugh at the foolish fears of unhappier days.

For the unsuccessful man, the past is a great spectre, looming up in the background of his life, and mocking him at every turn,

“With visage grim, stern look, and blackly huld.”

For him also the future is printed in very black characters, although he yet has hope of achieving something which will be a benefit for him. Paulding has very aptly remarked that hope is the leading-string of youth, memory the staff of old age, and so it is. If a person knew what was ahead of him in life, if he knew that his life was to be of no use, he would be very apt to be overcome by despair. But hope leads us on, sometimes vainly, in the expectations of greater things and happier days. When one becomes older, all these trials and sorrows fade into insignificance, and there is left for him only to see the brightest parts of his existence. What is it that sustains man in the final hour, when he sees all his former glories and conquests reduced to a faint remembrance? Hope! Hope in the final reward which he will receive from his Maker after death. To one who has safely abridged his troubles, the future seems to contain nothing but triumph and success. He looks far ahead, and sees himself a leader of mankind. Why is this? we may ask. The reason may be found in these few lines:

“Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?
’Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus with delight we linger to survey
The promised joys of life’s unmeasured way;
Thus from afar each dim-discovered scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been.”...

How little we know of what fortune will bring us either in the shape of good or evil during a year. One’s position in life may become entirely changed. This year an idle boy at school, the next thrown out upon the merciless world with all the responsibilities of a man to earn one’s own living, and perhaps having others depending on one for subsistence; to-day a man in affluent circumstances, a year from now with one’s fortune scattered to the winds, and with very little hope of acquiring another; to-day a man enjoying widespread popularity, a year from now estranged from everyone, rendered literally “a foreigner in one’s native land.”

For us the future is a black cloud which can only be pierced through time, as time goes on it gradually unfolds itself, and at last we are apprised of our fortunes, whatever they may be, and in whatever form they may appear. It is as yet an untravelled

road, which contains many pitfalls for some, and much good fortune for others. It has been compared to an arch, through which in the words of the poet,

“Gleams that untravelled world,
Whose margin fades, forever and forever
When I move.”

How many facts, how many evil deeds will come to light during the course of another year. The criminal who now hides in fancied security may at the end of that time be found out and receive his merited punishment, for

“Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides.”

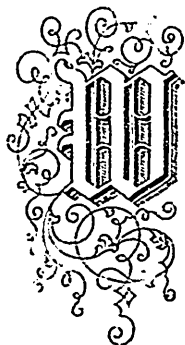
The innocent man who to-day smarts under injustice may at the end of that time have obtained his freedom, and be stripped of all suspicion.

Last but not least we shall consider the supreme end of all life — death, the crowning element of nature's constitution, the end, and yet only the beginning of all glory, joy, sorrow and pain. How little we know of how many will be cut off by the hand of death before the termination of another year! It is impossible to determine who will be the object of death's severing hand, but certain it is that many who are alive to-day will, within the limit of another year, have entered upon their eternity. However, it is always best to look upon our final end with gladness, with hope in the goodness of God, and trusting implicitly in his fidelity to man, so that

“When thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

DIOGENES.

A Defence of Labor Union.



WITHIN the last 100 years, civilization has advanced with rapid strides, and there have emerged from the brains of men inventions that were deemed well-nigh impossible in preceding ages. Material progress has surpassed that of the arts, painting, sculpture and literature. New inventions have totally revolutionized the method of production, and the rapidity of transit. Large manufacturing plants have been established in the foremost cities of the globe. These plants have as a natural result lessened the cost of production. However, in the wake of these many modern advantages, there looms up a spectre, more imposing than the smoke of a thousand factories rising unto heaven. This darksome spectre, this great blot on our modern progressive civilization, is the innumerable army of workmen, their wives and children, huddled together in wretched tenements, in the congested districts of the great manufacturing centres.

A direct result of modern industrialism is the more pronounced conflict between Capital and Labor. Until the successful organization of Labor Unions, Capital had turned out to be omnipotent in the face of defenceless labor. It was followed by indisputable abuses and enormous fortunes have been realized by capitalists through unprincipled oppression of their employees. Now, employers form trusts and combines with a view of gaining better control of a single article, or of several articles, of commerce. Their one object is the accumulation of wealth, and they buy human labor as they buy machinery or raw material, at the lowest rate at which it can be obtained. That Capital can be rapacious and unjust to those in its employ is only too certain; it can be worse than rapacious and unjust, it can be heartless and cruel. Proof of this may be read in the reports recording the treatment of men, women and children in factories, which horrified the British people, and compelled the intervention of the British Parliament. Men guilty of harshness and cruelty to their employees may be humane and amiable aside from their

business interests, but the desire of wealth blinds their eyes, sometimes wilfully, to the unwholesome conditions of their employees.

From what I have already said, it is evident that unorganized labor lies completely at the mercy of Capital. It needs no very keen power of observation to perceive that it is far less difficult to oppress a body of men who are disorganized than another body of men which is able to present a united front of opposition. Now, man as a rational being possesses three cardinal natural rights, viz., to life, to honest employment, and to such remuneration for his labor as may decently support himself and family. Any system -- any industrial condition -- which interferes with any of these rights is radically wrong, and must be resisted. Now, Capital offends the last of these cardinal rights when it pays low wages and enforces long hours of labor. Therefore, whenever Capital offends a cardinal natural right, it must be resisted. And the means of resistance is centred in the Labor Union.

In addition to this flagrant violation of the natural law, there is still another more flagrant violation of the human law, of which Capital was formerly guilty. I refer to woman labor and child labor in mines, the bye-products of the unrestricted power of Capital. Of course, the insufferable tyrannical conditions imposed upon women and children in mines are a thing of the past. Within the last decade, legislation has corrected these crying abuses. But on whose initiative were these abuses remedied? It was not upon the initiative of capitalists nor any group of humanitarians. But it was upon the initiative of the Labor Unions, who, solidly organized, repeatedly forced their grievances before the eyes of the law-makers.

It is obvious that, in this enlightened age, labor could not always remain the slave of Capital, to bear, with long-suffering patience, the most severe injustice. As a natural consequence within the latter part of the 19th century labor turned at bay. But, fighting necessarily pre-supposes some medium of strength, and some power of coercing an existing demand by withholding supply. The medium of strength in the present instance is the Labor Union. A Labor Union is labor organized for the protection of the rights of the laborers, and for redressing their grievances. Labor Unions are absolutely necessary to maintain the autonomy of labor.

We have been advised to look to judicial arbitration for the proper treatment of the laborer. The result of judicial arbitration

in the past, as Goldwin Smith points out, appears to have been disappointing. The most that was accomplished was mediation. There has been much legislation in the United States towards the solution of the differences between Capital and Labor, but so far no State has attained the vantage point of success. A most important fact to be noticed is that, while the labor court is sitting, the industry in question comes to a standstill, and frequently as many working days are lost as if a strike had been declared.

The unions of the present day tend to economic sovereignty: that is to say the regulation of prices, salaries and hours of work. To form a sane judgment of Labor Unions, one must place oneself above all unfortunate incidents and transient tendencies. It may be claimed that Labor Unions affect individual liberty. But this can be easily disproved, for unbearable tyranny would wreck the unions, as it has wrecked the most powerful States and Kingdoms of ancient and mediæval times. Happily, Labor Unions have other motives for their existence than the oppression of individuals. They were called into existence rather to prevent the oppression of individuals.

Now, prosperous working-classes must mean a prosperous community. Therefore, any law or system, which tends to the betterment of the working-classes, is beneficial to the human race. The Labor Unions fulfil this condition in a pre-eminent degree; there can be no combination more legitimate, more called for, more calculated to enlist the friendly sympathy of the community, than one which brings help to those who need it, and who have no other means of relief open.—a combination which benefits them without taxing or wronging anyone, except it be those who, by an unscrupulous abuse of their opportunities, have deliberately forfeited their claims to consideration.

Workmen are compelled to unite and form Labor Unions because they know if they do not protect and defend themselves they will be ground by the wheels of a vast machine or reduced to a condition little better than that of the slaves. This knowledge compels them to unite, lest they be deprived of the common rights of man. All who observe and reflect recognize that their lot is hard, that they bear an undue share of the burdens of life, that they are often forced to do work which is destructive to health and happiness. All this, however, would accomplish little for their improvement if they themselves remained indifferent, if they did not organize, if they did not discuss their grievances, if they did not by strikes and other lawful means

make strenuous efforts to increase their wages, or to prevent them from being reduced, if they did not agitate for fewer hours of work, and whatever else may give them leisure and opportunity to cultivate their spiritual natures, and thus to make themselves capable of enjoying life in a rational and Christian manner. Only by combination on a large scale can workmen bargain with their employers on anything like equal conditions of freedom to contract or not.

The most effective weapon used by Labor Unions against unscrupulous employers is the strike. A strike is a concerted withdrawal from work by a part or all of the employees of an establishment or several establishments to enforce a demand on the part of the employees. In other words, a strike is a contest of endurance between employer and employee. John Mitchell, the great labor leader, says: "From first to last, from beginning to end, always and everywhere, Labor Unions stand unalterably opposed to individual contract; strikes are necessary weapons, and the direct boycott, that boycott against the principals in a labor dispute is justifiable.

The official report of the American commissioner of labor for the year 1906 concerning strikes and lockouts in the United States, Austria, Belgium, Canada, Denmark, France, Germany, Italy, the Netherlands and Spain, is far from being a condemnation of the methods of Labor Unions.

We perceive the comparative scarcity of strikes of long duration, and the vast proportion of strikes of short duration. It is of the utmost importance to note that 75% of the total number of strikes in these ten countries have lasted less than two weeks: that the shortest strikes have been most successful. From this we can readily understand that the misery resulting from strikes is in a considerably smaller proportion than the benefits derived from them. The strikers, with few exceptions, can abstain from work for two weeks, without exposing themselves to unnecessary hardship, especially as they are substantially and liberally aided by their co-unionists throughout the country.

Cardinal Gibbons says, the general laws of nature are hard on individuals. No matter what method of reform, or what system of improvement is introduced, it will not by any means eradicate the dire troubles and hardships from the path of the laboring-classes. Certain sections of the working-classes will ever suffer hardships, despite the Utopian tenets of Socialism.

Half the strikes and lockouts in the United States and Canada

were the results of disputes concerning the recognition of Labor Unions and their rules. But these facts are completely overshadowed by a third, which is proved in unerring figures, that strikes have succeeded oftener than they have failed in seven of the above-mentioned countries; in the other three the employers have been successful in a slight majority of cases. Another important point to be noted in connection with this report is that the lockouts have averaged twice as long, and, in some cases, three times as long as the strikes. This proves conclusively that employees suffer more proportionally from lockouts than from strikes.

Italy is a striking example of the good results wrought by Labor Unions. The Italian society of "Dei Braccianti" has become a recognized institution and an economic force in the land. Laveleye, in his two admirable books, "Lettres Italiennes" and "Nouvelles Lettres," has narrated tales of misery and want unparalleled in modern times that existed among the working-classes of Italy prior to the formation of Labor Unions. The reader is greatly shocked to learn that in those day laborers were forced to keep body and soul together on twenty cents a day. Since the formation of the "Braccianti," wages have been increased threefold, and the hours of labor have been greatly diminished. The Italian official report of 1900 comments on the good spirit among the working-classes since the formation of the "Braccianti."

A Labor Union is not necessarily an organization antagonistic to Capital. The intelligent workmen do not object to wealth, but to its misuse. Organized workmen make mistakes and failures, but these failures and mistakes are no more a valid argument against Labor Unions than against insurance companies, banks and other business corporations. We cannot condemn Labor Unions because they have produced evil effects in some particular instance. We must look abroad, and carefully consider the good or evil results in all civilized countries. We must not be influenced by the theoretical effusions of some fertile imagination, but carefully choose our data from the official reports of the various countries. Having done this, we shall be forced to arrive at the conclusion that Labor Unions have been, on the whole, successful and beneficial.

As social democracies the Labor Unions have held the level of ideal citizenship from the debasing influence of the excessive and dangerous influx of those whose habits of life and thought are as low as their wages; they have encouraged temperance by

the power of association, by the added responsibilities of deliberative assemblies, and by the hope of advancement.

Their members have acquired habits of thought much in advance of the unorganized. They are better socially, because they are better fitted for social life. At their meetings they discuss such questions as production and distribution, taxation, tariffs, school opportunities and privileges, the sanitary requirements of the people, and to them largely is due the awakened interest in political and social economy. It was labor organization that originated the bureaus of labor statistics, that secured the passage of the laws reducing the hours of labor to women and children, that prohibited the employment of children under 10 years of age, that secured the enactment of laws providing for the better education of children, that provided factory and workshop inspection, that protects the lives and limbs of factory operatives, that secured the mechanic alien law and provided indemnity for accidents, that abolished the truck system in many places, that provided for weekly payments by corporations, that abolished the contract convict labor system in some of the States. They have increased wages and reduced hours of labor, compelled arbitration and conciliation, and have done much to restore the wage-earner to his true dignity as a man. They have distributed millions of dollars to the sick, the orphan, and the widow. They have encouraged technical knowledge and skill. They have improved the literary taste of the members and enlarged the arena for the development of a higher and better citizenship.

C. M. O'H., 12

“He who has any mental good qualities and moral virtues of his own feels keenly the defects of his own nation, which he has always before his eyes. But the man, who is a complete simpleton, who has nothing at all in himself of which he can be proud, then, as a last resort, seizes hold of the greatness of his own nation, and is proud of this. Yet, there is nothing worse, nothing more stupid or more degrading than this national bigotry. One's own mental gifts and religious perfection are worth much more than what is called national character. In reality, this national character is only the usual common stupidity, the usual common rascality, in another land and under another form. Each nation criticizes the other—and so indeed we are all of us right.”

—Schopenhauer.

Character of Bassanio in "The Merchant of Venice."

Bassanio is Antonio's dearest friend, and he proves himself worthy of this noble friendship. In the early scene of the play we find him going to Antonio to lay all his troubles before him. Later on in the bond scene he shrinks from exposing his self-sacrificing friend, Antonio, to the risk involved in signing the Jew's bond,—

"You shall not seal to such a bond for me,
I'll rather dwell in my necessity."

When he hears that Antonio is in danger, he is ready to leave his bride and go to the assistance of one whom he characterizes as the dearest friend to me, "the kindest man." When he appears in court he offers ten times the sum of money, and is ready to part with his life, wife, and all his money to save Antonio. He offers three thousand ducats to the "Civil Doctor" who wants the ring.

Although he is loathe to part with his wife's ring, yet at Antonio's request he gives it up. His friendship for Antonio is sincere, so also is his love for Portia. He loves and admires her virtues and beauty since he first became acquainted with her. He gained her approval in marriage during the lifetime of her father. Nerissa says that of all Portia's suitors, he was the best deserving of a fair lady. To this Portia remembers him worthy of her praise. Before choosing the caskets he declares that "Confess" and "Love" were "the very sums of his confessions."

Bassanio shows kindness and good nature to those in humble circumstances. Launcelot speaks of him thus: "He gives rare new livenes."

When making his selection from the caskets, he displays good common sense and virtuous principles. His reasoning is strongly contrasted with that of his rivals. His speech referring to the deceitfulness of appearance is full of shrewd sagacity, and with modesty we behold him choosing the leaden caskets.

M. J. O'MARA.

Home Sweet Home.

“Hark! where it rolls it thrills their souls! Arise and bend the knee;
He comes who blessed the wedding feast in Cana of Galilee.”

WHEN the wandering minstrel that wrote “Home Sweet Home” rambled about the streets of mighty London without a roof to protect him or clothes to cover his back, and heard the melancholy voices of poor deserted wretches chanting “Home Sweet Home,” fancy how his desolation must have caused him pain,—pain which almost crushed his manliness. The broad rich tracts of English soil, everywhere decorated with tall and stately mansions, were before him, but no comfortable or opulent shelter for the lonely wanderer who sang of a sweet and happy home. It is true the tender sensibilities of that “rose which was to blush unseen” were tried with vengeance. The poor minstrel who felt so keenly the charms of home and domestic bliss could never enjoy them as his own.

“Home Sweet Home.” how little do we think of home when intoxicated with the gaieties of this fading, changing, fashionable life; yet home is our haven of rest and repose. It is a place where tired spirits seek rest and where true affections bud and blossom. When blessed with good health, which is the first of all blessings, we seldom think seriously of home, but once we are assailed with mental or bodily ailments we have no place to turn for parental sympathy but to home, however humble. A boy may acquire riches in a few years, riches which will beget admiration and praise, but his wealth will never bring him the parental sympathy of home. That same child must always turn for comfort to an old father and mother and a humble but always sweet home. Home is a union—a union which closely binds brothers and sisters, parents and children, in the holy bond of mutual love.

Now why should I, though a few miles from home, and never there since my college course started unless for the holidays, think of home? Why, I ask myself again, should I who have everything here a student can desire to make him happy, think of a kind and loving father and mother, a frolicsome and innocent brother and sister? Is it that I feel weary and tired? No,

it is the influence which that approaching season, that glorious festival of Christmas, seems to exert in me, which makes me reflect and wonder why I should not have thought more often of home. It makes me feel sad to think that perhaps I could have striven more keenly while there to enjoy its fruits and make it more a paradise.

Home is just what it is made. A father of good moral resolutions, and the genius of moral discipline, aided by a loving wife and happy family, can make home a paradise indeed. Home is woman's province, the sphere of her love and duty. How queenly as she rules her little but responsible empire! Her words are words of peace and love. She rules her family with a lasting influence which delights all around her. The entire household on the approach of this joyous season looks to her to make home what the poor minstrel conceived it to be, sweet and happy.

Now turning to the child's side of the story. A young man is too often taken up with the allurements of society. He too readily breaks off from the ever-longing influence of kind parents, and he steps out as though home was the last place for him. Yet as time passes on, his attention is ultimately drawn, and especially at this season of the year, to that dear old home which was the scene of his happiest days. What artificial enjoyments can compare to the greeting smile of a fond mother and the prattling of the little folk. There is no charm of society so dear as that arising from the joys fostered and designed by a mother or father.

What trouble our parents take to make this great festival a day of happiness, and what pictures arise in the memory as we think of this joyous season. Why is the sublime feeling of adoration purer, warmer, and more ardent this season than any other? It is because it takes its inspiration from that pious and mystic ecstasy created by the solemn and awe-inspiring belief that we are nearing the commemoration of the birth of a God who died to save sinful man from eternal perdition.

There is another thought which strikes my mind at this season. It is while we are so eagerly desiring to be with those we love, with parents who try to make home look brighter than usual for our arrival, we should never forget that there are many poor persons without a home, without a fire to warm them, or good cheer and fond hearts to make them happy. We should try at this season to brighten the lives of as many as we can. And if we do so there will be less real misery in the world, at least this happy Christmas time,

F. CORKERY, '11.

Stall 13.

IT was one evening in the Fall of '92 when Homes and I were enjoying ourselves in the luxury of smoking. Homes in that of a tar-colored cigar and I in the opposite—a cigarette. We were interrupted, however, by a visitor, Mr. Fastum, a man whose name had often been seen in the sporting section of the newspapers, and whom I remembered to be connected with the race-tracks.

After being seated he began: "Mr. Homes, you and your colleague, Dr. Watsane, know that the Derby is to be run in less than a week at Rochelle Downs. Now I have entered a horse, Skeet by name, that is a heavy favorite as far as betting is concerned and that I myself think will win.

Here Homes interrupted: "Tell me the minor details afterwards. What I want is the case."

"Well, you see, upon entering my horse's stall about two hours ago I found Skeet missing and another horse in his place. I would not have recognized the exchange had it not been that I had put a flax-seed poultice on his front foot. The thieves had not noticed this and its absence aroused my suspicions. Then there were other marks of identification which I alone could recognize."

"What do you think is the motive?" said Homes.

"I have no idea," answered Fastum, "except that of robbery," and now I recall he flushed slightly when he said it. Homes had meanwhile fixed his cold eyes on the man and seemed to be scrutinizing him closely.

"Well," he said finally, and with determination in his tone, "I will probe this matter to the bottom."

"All right, good-night," said Fastum, in the tone of a person who has been forced to do a thing against his will, and was gone.

As it was only eight o'clock, Homes asked me if I would not take a stroll down town with him as he wanted something for his experiments. On our way back Homes bought a "dope-sheet" in one of the many news-stands that had them for sale. We found that Skeet was first, Punk second, Mary Ann third, Spittin and several others fourth in the betting odds.

Next morning when I arose I found Homes arrayed in riding breeches and boots. In short, a full fox hunt regalia. "Wat-sane don't be surprised. We are off for a day at the race-track. Now, listen, you are to pose as an hostler and I as a rich horse-breeder. My name is to be Smith."

He soon produced my necessary equipment, and we were off to the track. We were among the stables in a short time, Homes looking at each horse and criticizing him with the air of a veteran. We were shown the substitute for Skeet and the favorites in the betting odds. Homes was specially interested in Punk, who was in stall 15, a beautiful specimen of his kind with thin fetlocks, dainty limbs and an all-round air of good breeding. The substitute horse was a very good looking animal, but lacked the vim and mettle of Punk. He was a black horse, and so was Punk, both resembling each other closely. Homes remarked this to me and soon after we left the stable.

Homes said little that night but seemed to be thinking deeply. In the morning the silence was continued. He received a telephone call in the afternoon from Mr. Fastum saying that he had found hoof-prints that he knew were Skeet's by the make of the shoe and for Homes to come as soon as possible to the stable.

Upon our arrival Mr. Fastum, who was much flurried over the discovery, quickly pointed out the hoof-prints. Homes examined them very closely and I heard him mutter to himself, "Jus. as I thought," several times, and meanwhile seeming to be highly amused about something. We followed the prints as far as the road where they were lost in the tangle of other marks. "I think I will be able to find the man," said Homes to Fastum, "in a few days, and as the Derby is only four days off I think I will have the horse returned in due time."

That evening after Homes had settled himself in a big arm chair he asked me if I thought I knew the thief of the horse.

"No," I replied, "I have no idea."

"Well, I have," he declared, much to my amazement. "I'm pretty sure it is this man Fastum, but I cannot prove it, so tomorrow you and I must play pick-pocket; you remember in that Milverton case when you played buglar with me. Surely you won't stop at such a tame thing as picking pockets, will you?"

"All right, just as you say," I answered, although I was not anxious to comply with the request.

Next day Homes and I went disguised as common ordinary "pickers" or as fellows who frequent the track betting small sums

of money and walking home without car fare. We saw Fastum in the crowd and moved as close to him as possible, he not even recognizing us, so complete was the disguise. We had been there but a short time when Fastum was handed a telegram. He read it hurriedly and jammed it carelessly into his coat-pocket. Upon a signal from Homes I jostled the man and Homes extracted the piece of yellow paper. We made our getaway soon after this, and when in the security of our rooms Homes opened it. It read as follows:

"See our mistake now, will send Skeet back to-morrow in time for race. Will get Punk yet. Jameson."

"Well, you see how it is now, don't you. Watsane?" said Homes, "and all we have to do is catch them in the act."

Next day Homes called up Fastum by telephone and told him to come to our rooms that afternoon. Fastum appeared at the appointed hour and asked what was wanted.

"You want the thief, don't you," said Homes.

"Yes," said Fastum.

"Well, did you ever feel like wanting yourself, Mr. Fastum?"

"What do you mean?" asked Fastum, much excited.

"I don't understand the meaning of your question," and he rose to go.

"Keep your seat," said Homes coldly, and backed his remark with a small revolver. "I mean just this: You are the instigator of the theft of Skeet, only you made a mistake by not taking Punk. It was a cowardly move, and as they say in Russia the instigator of a theft is a greater criminal than the thief and he, too, ought to be punished."

Fastum sank into the chair subdued.

After he had been locked up, Homes and I, together with two policemen, went to the stable and secreted ourselves in Punk's stall. We had not waited long after eleven o'clock when we heard muffled conversation outside and two men putting a horse in another stall and taking another one out. "They're bringing back Skeet," whispered Homes to me. In a few moments the outsiders came to Punk's stall, pried the door, and as soon as it was opened we were upon them. A short tussle and they were both hand-cuffed.

On returning, Homes and I were tired by our night's work, and as it was late we decided to stay in that night.

"Well, how did you do it?" I asked after we were seated before the grate.

"Very simple -- that is if you use reasoning. I will begin with the first of the story as all beginnings start at the first. You see, that night you and I went down town I bought a dope-sheet and found that Punk was next to Skeet in the betting odds. I went to the stable next day just on a nosing tour, as I might call it, and noticed the striking similarity between the two horses. Punk and the substitute horse, and I reasoned that the substitute must be like Skeet to be a substitute, consequently Skeet and Punk must be very much alike. You noticed that Skeet was in stall 13, while Punk was in stall 15. The top of the five on the stall 15 was partly obliterated, while the three on stall 13 was in a like condition, and you can plainly see that these two numbers would be very apt to be confused in the dark or by aid of a match or lantern. Then Fastum called us by 'phone in the afternoon two days after the theft you remember, to tell us that he had found hoof-prints which he knew to be Skeet's. Why did he call us up so late? I looked closely for marks of that sort when I went to the stables in disguise.

"These marks were made by Fastum with the aid of a horse with shoes like Skeet's. The shoes on this horse had been reversed. I proved this by knowing that a horse's foot always slips forward, if in any direction, on level ground, especially if it is soft and muddy like that surrounding the stables. Now, these hoof-prints slipped backward, thus proving the shoes to have been turned to throw us off the scent. Then the telegram made the connecting link, and here we are."

"Just one question, Mr. Homes, what do you think was the motive?"

"Fastum realizing that Punk was a better horse than Skeet decided to get him out of the way. The accomplices, however, got mixed in the stall numbers and made the mistake that caused Fastum's downfall.

Next day Skeet was proved to be the property of a rich farmer, having been stolen by Fastum.

The Derby was won by Punk.

A Trip on the Lake.



T was on a bright July morning Jim came running up to my room in good humour, and apparently eager to tell me something. He began: "I've heard of one of the finest trips in Ontario. Jack Armstrong told me of it, and he is an authority on the beautiful. He says that, thirty miles up, the lake from here is full of interest, and that the falls on the west end of the lake are very picturesque and attractive. Get ready as quickly as possible. The boat leaves at eight o'clock sharp. Don't forget your lunch, and you had better bring your fishing tackle also. I've heard of some large pike being caught up around the falls. I will be back in half an hour and be sure and be ready when I return."

Jim was hardly out of the house before I was busily engaged preparing for the "finest trip in Ontario," as he called it. Not having had my breakfast I ran downstairs, and as my breakfast was already waiting for me I did not lose much time in partaking of it. This being over, I went in search of my fishing tackle, which I found ready for use. Then, with my lunch basket in one hand, and my fishing apparatus in the other, I waited patiently until my friend Jim came along equipped in the same manner as I was myself. As we had yet half an hour left we proceeded slowly towards the wharf where the boat was already being crowded with excursionists.

At last the boat pulled out from shore. She had nearly four hundred passengers on board, and as the day was fine and we had all kinds of amusements on deck, Jim and I predicted a good day's outing.

As we sat on the upper deck admiring the scenery, which was so beautiful that we did not notice the crowd of people passing by, the attention of my friend Jim was suddenly taken by some one who came up behind him and placed his hand on his shoulder. On looking around he beheld his brother who had been absent from home for eight years and who had just arrived the previous evening. Jim was filled with joy at the sight and at once demanded from his brother an explanation of how he had come there. After many anxious questions on the part of Jim, he found out that his brother had arrived on a late train the previous night, and as Jim did not know of his coming his parents

decided to surprise him by not letting him know that his brother was home. Jim said it was indeed a happy surprise.

The presence of this new personage attracted our attention so strictly that we did not notice how fast we were travelling, and we had almost forgotten that we were on water when the boat stopped at a little wharf to take on a few passengers. The only noticeable thing here was an old stone brewery, now out of use. As we were pulling out from this wharf we noticed, about a mile ahead of us, a little old-fashioned church.

As we proceeded up the river we had a better view of this old church, and when we came directly opposite it Jim asked what kind of a church it was. A man who was standing near told us that it was built by the early settlers and was used by them until quite recently. He said that in it was contained a list of the names of all the early settlers who had helped to build it.

The next stopping-place on our way was called Rocky Point. It derived its name from its peculiar location. A ledge of rock extended out for a distance of fifty feet over the water, and this served as the wharf. Looking through the hedge of willows we saw the Dominican cottage, a place used as a summer resort for students of the Dominican Order. As we advanced, the scenery became more beautiful. On our left, in the distance, we saw mountains which sloped gradually to the water. By the use of our field glasses we could see large herds of cattle, sheep, and horses grazing on the mountain's gentle slope. Here and there was scattered a little farm-house, and close by we could see teams working in the hay-field. The landscape was indeed an elegant one for an artistic eye.

The beautiful scenery along our way interested so so much that we had not time to take part in any fun that was going on aboard. Finally our destination was reached, and we had still to see the best sight of our trip. This was the falls of which we had heard so much from the passengers on board.

The river above the falls was three miles wide. The falls were the dropping of the level of the river to the lake — a fall of more than forty feet. There were fourteen separate falls, all of which were very picturesque. The power at this place surpassed that of any other place in Ontario, and no better situation for a mill of any kind could be found. As the boat passed along in front of the finest of these falls, we obtained a good view of their picturesqueness, which was indeed grand. Just imagine a

great dam of rock forty feet high and three miles long with here and there openings through which the water passes in vast, foaming volumes. Between many of these openings were small islands covered with trees and shrubs.

Having viewed the falls, which took the greater part of the afternoon, we started on our return journey. As we were tired we did not enjoy our trip back as we had enjoyed our upward journey. We played cards and listened to the music that was being furnished. Finally we arrived home well satisfied with our day's outing and with our mess of fish which we had caught near the falls. So well pleased were we with our trip that we determined to take another one at the first opportunity.

THOMAS J. O'NEILL, II.



Around the Balls.

On Tuesday, November 29th, an informal social evening was held. It was a "football night" minus the football.

A competitor was entered from each course in the contest for a free afternoon. There were competitors (not the kind we have in class) in billiards, pool, euchre, recitation, singing, and dancing.

The recitations were very good. Mr. G. G. gloomily gurgled (or gargled) his part and flopped with the air of a veteran, while Mr. R. G. gave a fine speech (so say the Frenchmen). Mr. M. rolled his r's and eyes and moved his hands in the right place and was accorded his prize in the above order. Mr. F. B. was also good.

In the singing, Mr. C. won for the Collegiate course. Enough said.

Mr. G. C. won the billiards contest for Arts' course, while Mr. J. P. (not Morgan) of the Commercial was runner up.

Mr. M. of the Commercial course won his pool match at a great Price. (Laugh here.)

"Shorty" B. and his fair partner C. won the dancing contest for Arts' course.

Arts and Collegiate course tied for 1st place with 12 points apiece, while Philosophers and Commercial tied for second with 9 points apiece. A free afternoon was given to all next day as a reward for their efforts.

There were also a few entertainments for those who liked good things.

Among them was a chorus by the Agony Squintette. It was the words the Midship Mite sung to the tune of some new waltz song we had never heard before. Mr. G. sang 1st base, Mr. C. second base (the way I spell the word is right because if I spelt it bass some of the singers would think that they were in the fish family and could claim relationship to the shark—get that?) Mr. T. third base and the rest of the club at home (which was in fact the only place they could sing, only they were suffered to relieve themselves more thoroughly at the debate).

There was a fast glove slapping contest between "Kid" Peruna, née Perron, and Battering Rushforem, née Rochefort, also the Referee (big type, please).

A little melodrama (without the drama) was offered (but nobody would accept it) on our beautiful new stage, with appropriate settings. It is needless to say that the playwright's funeral came off next day.

Then we repaired to the eatery, where we had our appetites repaired with mystery sandwiches and Coffee (big type again, please).

There were a few after-dinner speeches by Mr. Richards and Mr. J. Labelle, in which the trophy was presented by the former to the latter as captain of the champion inter-mural football team.

Fathers Sherry, Hammersly and Mr. Walsh acted as impartial judges and were guests at the luncheon.

We broke away about 12 and were all well satisfied with our evening's fun.

L. R. A.

University of Ottawa Review.

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No. 3

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Another year draws to a close, and, dying, brings forth its most gladsome festival. With holy joy the Christian world celebrates the feast of the Lord's nativity, and rapt in contemplation of the Babe of Bethlehem, incarnate for our redemption, we forget for a while the sordid egotism of the struggle for life, and think only of the universal brotherhood of man. "Glory to God in the highest" for His favours lavishly bestowed; let us give thanks from the fulness of our hearts for His mercy and goodness. "Peace on earth to men of good will"—let contention cease, may the sword of strife be sheathed, and the hand of good fellowship be extended to all. May the joyous chimes find their echo in a world-wide song of harmony and contentment. To all its friends the "Review" most cordially wishes a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

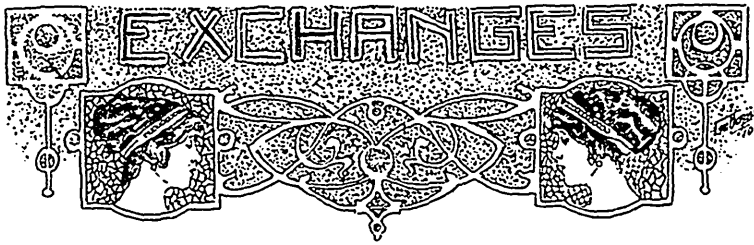
A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.

Dear Santa Claus.—

Though grown up, we still believe in you, and are going to "hang up our stocking," in the hope that you will fill it with a goodly batch of paid-up subscriptions.

"THE REVIEW."

P.S.—Perhaps you had better give them to the Postman.



The Western University Gazette in its exchange column pays a compliment to the University of Ottawa Review. It says the Review is a splendid journal, filled with good reading and interesting information, and that the writer of "The Harp with 3,000 Strings" is a master of his subject.

The D'Youville Magazine contains pages of interesting stories. "New Thoughts" is very cleverly written and proves to be a nice story for leisure hours. "The Misadventure of Her First Romance" and "Three Thousand Years After" contain some fine ideas.

St. John's Quarterly contains an interesting account of the Eucharistic Congress at Montreal, besides a number of practical topics of interest, namely, "Evolution of Hygiene" and "Labour and Capital." These two among others cannot help but appeal to one's imagination.

We acknowledge the following: "Villa Sancta Scholastica Quarterly," "McMaster University," "Manitoba College Journal," "Vox Collegii," "Schoolman," "Fordham Monthly," "Georgetown College Journal," "The University Monthly," "The Trinity University Review," "The Notre Dame Scholastic," "Echoes From St. Ann's," "Queen's University Journal," "The

Pharos," "The Picayune," "The Mitre," "St. Mary's Sentinel," "Young Eagle," "Niagara Index," "The College Spokesman," "Collegian," "St. John's University Record," "St. Ignatius Collegian," "The Philomathean Monthly," "Echoes From the Pines," "The Xaverian," "Abbey Student," "Mt. St. Mary Record," "Acta Victoriana," "The O.A.C. Review," "College Mercury," "Martlet," "St. Mary's Angelus," "St. Mary's Chimes," "Geneva Cabinet," "The Columbiad," "The Comet," "The Patrician."

Books and Reviews.

"As Gold in the Furnace," by J. E. Copus, S.J.; Benziger Bros., 85 cts.

This is a fascinating specimen of controversial writing, embellished by intermittent episodes, and its interests are enhanced by elaborate suspense. It treats of a boy who is attending college, and while there his amiable disposition, his moral sensibilities, his firm adhesion and fidelity to his Alma Mater, and his manliness and versatility in athletic contests, have gained for him the esteem of his professors and fellow students. He is told by his father confessor that his vocation is for the priesthood. Now Providence tests his endurance, he meets with adversity, in fact his every motive seems but an artifice to encourage the chagrin of his fellow students. We must leave to the reader the outcome of this story, as space does not allow us to give details.

"Round the World," Vol. VIII.; published by Benziger Bros., New York, \$1.00.

The eighth volume of this interesting story should be given a warm welcome, especially by young people. The interesting subjects such as the Purgatory of St. Patrick, Education of American naval men, the Art of Wood-Engraving by the Japanese, and many other equally good subjects are described in such a manner that one cannot but be interested. They convey much valuable information but without seeming to be didactic. So many humorous and interesting anecdotes and traditions are interspersed throughout the book that the reader absorbs the knowledge contained gradually. They also serve to rouse the interest of the reader to know more about the subjects and thus encour-

age more reading. This volume is profusely illustrated and contains many illustrations worthy of notice.

"Ned Rieder: A Parochial School Story." by Rev. John A. Wehs; Benziger Bros., 12mo. cloth. 85 cts.

An interesting sketch of the life of a parochial school boy. The main character in the sketch is "the new priest," Father Hale, a fine type of Catholic manhood who endears himself to his students by kind advices and by taking a deep interest in their studies and sports.

The boys are endowed with the ambitions of men; they are interested in their studies and games, and, as could only be expected, cause a little disturbance now and then. A great rivalry exists between the boys and girls as to who should carry off the medals at the end of the term. The boys win the baseball championship, capture the medals from the girls, and achieve great success thereby. Ned Rieder is taken suddenly ill and is on the point of death. He recovers in some miraculous manner, and his father is converted to the faith. Vacation comes and the boys are taken on a camping expedition. Here some power influences Ned and his companion and they tell Father Hale of their desire to become priests. Father Hale is very much pleased over the ideas of the boys and assists them in every possible way. This will indeed prove a rare treat to the school boy.

"The Old Mill on the Withrose." by H. S. Spalding, S.J.; Benziger Bros, N.Y. price 85 cts.

This is a very interesting story, portraying the early life of a Kentucky boy. The scene of action is laid near the old mill where he first performs some of his dexterous methods of fishing in the presence of his companions. When he is warned by Father Dufreere that his tobacco and barn shall be burned on a certain occasion by Night Riders, he displays another striking achievement on the night of the occurrence. His camping experience and adventurous attempt to explode the Mammoth Caves are termed the eighth wonder of the world. The story on the whole is full of interest and suitable to young readers.

"Freddy Carr and His Friends." by Rev. A. P. Garrold, S. J.; Benziger Bros., 85 cts.

This is a story which describes life in a day-school. Freddy Carr and his friend Jimmy Wilson are attending the same day-school. At the very beginning of the school-term they get into trouble. They took a special dislike to a senior student, Dews-

bury, who had been chosen as a prefect. However, in spite of their dislike for him, Dewsbury took much of the responsibility of the boys upon himself, and exhorted them to do better work in class. In this he was successful, for Freddy was awarded a prize for proficiency in mathematics. We heartily recommend to our young readers this juvenile story.

"Melchior of Boston," by Rev. Michael Earls, S.J.; Benziger Bros., \$1.00.

"Melchior of Boston" is a history of a very interesting bit of life in a family, in which the father is a Protestant and the mother and children are Catholics. It contains a keen but kindly analysis of the feelings that even under the best of conditions exist in a home where there is a mixed marriage. The curtain is ready to rise upon a tragedy when Mr. Gray startles his mind with the thought, "a house divided against itself shall fall." It is not only a story with such vital interest to the Grays; it is also a direct and powerful appeal to every man and woman who has the interest of the home at heart.

Among the Magazines.

This month's Rosary Magazine contains a very interesting article. It is a dead tale revived. And it promises to provide some rather startling evidence of what has, to say the least, been guessed at by many ere this day. I refer to the blowing up of the battleship Maine. All are familiar with the disastrous consequences of that act. But who the actor was has not been decided definitely as yet; though, to put it in the very mildest manner, the people will have the truth, and only the truth, one of these days. A great demand has been raised of late that the battleship be most carefully recovered for examination. Now the significant part of the question is the policy of the War Department. On more than one occasion, American honor and fair play, voiced in popular clamor, has forced from the Department appropriations amounting to half a million dollars for the purpose just mentioned. But, on every occasion, the Government has put it aside in a somewhat dubious manner. Many Americans are highly incensed over it; and fear that the Government will drag the ship out to deeper waters and there sink it. Here are some of the words of a retort made by Speaker Reed just before the Spanish-American war was declared, in which the

author does not ask to be kept in confidence. He says, "I mean just what I say. I mean that the Spaniards did not blow up the Maine. I mean that the explosion was internal and not external. I mean that the board of inquiry is aware of this, and I mean that Admiral Sampson knows of it, etc." A work for the American people, surely.

The "Turning From Diaz" is the title of an interesting article in December's number of the *America*. Coming fast on the wake of joyous centennial celebrations, the muttering and rumbling of revolt is heard in widely separated parts of the republic. President Diaz, the wonderful old man, is the centre of the authority which is being attacked by the insurgents. It will be known to some, perhaps, that Diaz, like Madero of to-day, himself crossed the border in 1876, and, defeating the President of that time, assumed control of the State. The constitution was several times changed to suit him. Things had been in a bad state in Mexico; and many fears were entertained for a time. But, under Diaz, the country was safe, and soon grew into a flourishing prosperity. Thus, he came to be known as the 'grand old man' of Mexico. But, like all old men, he indulged in a whim. He wanted a Vice-President. The people were willing, and he chose one Gorral, who has since become very unpopular. He is considered as an heir-apparent; and it is against him that the revolution is directed to-day. Yet, the old President refuses to give him up. Thus we behold the "Turning from Diaz," and it is to be regretted that the "maker" of Mexico did not retire when his glory was in full flame.

"The Ave Maria" quotes a Montreal Mason as stating that the Masons would never amount to much until they got control of the schools of that city." But a severe check was given to some of them just the other day when five teachers were quietly but firmly removed for teaching children how "to shoot poisoned Masonic arrows." But more care yet will have to be exercised. Evidently the Canada-Masons have put off napping, and become like the aggressive type of Europe.

To see a man fearless in dangers, untainted with lusts, happy in adversity, composed in a tumult, and laughing at all those things which are generally either coveted or feared,—all men must acknowledge that this can be nothing else but a beam of divinity that influences a mortal body.—Seneca.

Prorum Temporum Flores.

Rev. Father Dowdall, Eganville, and J. Ryan, Mt. St. Patrick, came to Ottawa to hear our representatives defend themselves against the Toronto University men in the first of the annual debate series which took place Dec. 2.

Rev. Father Quilty, Douglas, visited his brother Sylvestre at the University while in the city last week.

Mr. J. Lajoie, a former Varsity student who will receive the degree of M.D. in Toronto next Spring, has applied for a place on the medical staff of one of our Ottawa hospitals.

Mr. O. Kennedy, '13, paid his Alma Mater a visit last week.

Rev. Father J. George has been transferred from Arnprior to Brudenell, and Father C. Jones takes his place as assistant to Father Chaine.

Mr. A. Lavergne, M.P., an Ottawa University graduate, recently delivered a very interesting lecture to the students of Toronto University on that burning topic, "Nationalism."

Rev. Father F. French, Brudenell, and Rev. Dr. McNally, Chelsea, paid their friends at the University a visit last week.

We were pleased to learn that Rev. T. W. Albin has been honored by a call to the Cathedral at Grand Rapids, Mich., where his talents cannot fail to have wider scope.



On Thursday, Dec. 8th, titular feast of the Oblate Order, we had the privilege of assisting at the first Pontifical High Mass of Bishop Charlebois, O.M.I., Vicar Apostolic of Keewatin. We hope next month to give a more extended account of the visit of our distinguished alumnus.

Last month we were honoured by a visit from His Excel-

lency Most Rev. A. Szeptycki, Archbishop of Lemberg, and Primate of Galicia. His Excellency, who was returning from an extended tour of the West to investigate conditions among Ruthenian Catholics, spent a couple of days with us, and was delightful by his charming manner and conversation.

We are pleased to note the formation of a strong Alumnae Association in connection with that splendid institution of learning, the Convent of the Congregation Notre Dame, Gloucester street. *Prosit!*

On Wednesday, Dec. 7th, we were treated to a fine lecture on "The Prevention of Tuberculosis," by Dr. Porter. The lecturer, besides being extremely instructive, was very interesting and entertaining, and the students owe him their sincere thanks.

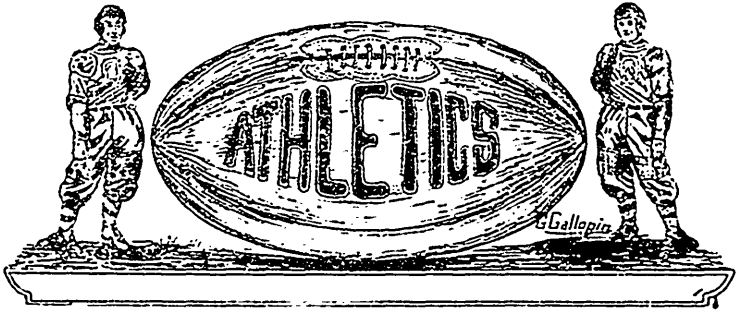
In the first week of December Mr. Gordon Rogers gave a splendid reading of the poems of James Whitecomb Riley, under the auspices of the D'Youville Circle, Rideau Street Convent. He was ably assisted by members of the Circle. Dr. Sherry in the vote of thanks expressed the wish of all that Mr. Rogers would again favor us in the near future.

The following visited us recently: Rev. Father Sloan, Chapeau; Rev. Fr. Dowd, Cantley; Rev. Fr. Quilty, Douglas; Rev. Fr. Dowdall, Eganville; Rev. Fr. Fitzgerald, Bayswater; Rev. Fr. Meagher, Kemptville; Rev. Fr. Rhéaume, Gananoque.

Last month we received a pleasant visit from the law students, some 300 in number, of Laval University. Speeches of mutual esteem and cordial good-will were exchanged by the two student bodies in the University rotunda. *Bienvenue, Laval! Come again.*

Those who have read the very favorable reviews of our Fr. Dewe's "Psychology of Politics" will be interested to hear that he has just completed and will shortly bring out a text-book of philosophy in English. It is an arrangement in ordinary language of the more important of the scholastic theories and the most important elements of truth in the researches of modern philosophers, so as to form one coherent system.

God became man that man might become God. But how can man become God? By a virtuous life, by which God dwells in man.—St. Antoninus.



Aftermath of Rugby Season 1910.

The final curtain was rung down on the Rugby season of 1910 when McGill's football outfit registered the second defeat against our team, making a total of six consecutive losses for the O. U.'s gridiron warriors. We, as a rule, admire consistency in a team's performances, but, sad to relate, this consistency was at the cost of an even half dozen decisive trimmings from the hands of our sister universities.

Can we expect better things for next year? We think so, and hope that the rebound from the drop to the cellar position will find us up among the "headliners" next year. From rumors and hearsay, several drastic changes in the management of the team's affairs are proposed, and if these changes come about they will certainly work for the betterment of the team and also the reputation of Ottawa University. We think that with more favorable conditions Ottawa University's football team could do a "come-back" stunt that would rival any previous performances in that line. The authorities, we are sure, realize that "something" must be done, and done quickly, else Ottawa University's future as a holder of football championships will be sadly jeopardized.

That Inter-Collegiate football is far superior to the brand played in the other unions was decisively shown in Hamilton, when Varsity trimmed the Tigers 16 to 7. The public like College football, and Ottawa University can always count on the loyal support of the Ottawa public, if its team can put up any kind of a fair showing against her opponents. "Now" is the time for the "Change"; next year perhaps will be too late.

Standing of Canadian Inter-Collegiate Football Union, 1910.

	Wins.	Losses.	Percent.
Toronto University	6	0	.1000
McGill University	3	3	.500
Queen's University	3	3	.500
Ottawa University	0	6	.000

Inter-Mural Championship, 1910, Winner of "Richards" Trophy.

The football team captained by Mr. Jos. O. Labelle succeeded in landing the championship of the Inter-Mural series, and has the honor of being the first team to hold the handsome silver trophy donated by Mr. Stephen T. Richards for annual competition. The games of this league were very closely contested, and under the tutorship of Rev. Father Stanton, the students developed a good knowledge of scientific football. We congratulate Captain Labelle and the following players on their hard-earned victory: L. P. Cornellier, Jos. Lazare, H. LeBlanc, Andie Murtagh, Joe Moore, R. Laviolette, G. P. Routhier, J. E. Jennings, L. Chevalier, W. LeBel, L. Turcotte, G. Mogeau, J. Gorman.

McGill (24) — Ottawa University (6).

The final appearance of Ottawa University's Rugby squad was made on Saturday, November 12th at Varsity Oval, before the smallest crowd in years. McGill as a rule draws a big crowd, but this year their interest could not be aroused to any great extent. The field was a good replica of a skating rink covered here and there with sheets of snow.

The home team started off well, and promised to get at least one victory with which to close the 1910 season, but after leading with the score 5 to 1 a succession of mishaps, fumbles, and poor tackling, coupled with injuries to Jim Kennedy and Quilty, seemed to take all the "go" out of the team, and "Old McGill" piled up a total of 24 points to Ottawa's 6. Jack Contway and Bill Egan replaced the injured players, but the game was beyond redemption.

The best individual players on the team, according to press reports, were Gilligan and Sammon at outside wings, Quilty and Sheehy on the back line, with Loftus, Ardouin and Kennedy on the line.

The line-up was: Gilligan, Sammon, Ardouin, Harrington, Breen, O'Halloran, Whibbs, Lacey, Loftus, Letang, Nagle, Quilty (Captain), Sheehy and Jim Kennedy.

Officials:—Referee, Dr. F. P. Quinn; umpire, Dr. Kearns; touchline judges, Vincent Braceland, Phil Chrysler; time-keepers, Dr. Harvey (McGill), Phil. C. Harris (Ottawa).

Notes.

Mr. James J. Kennedy, the popular manager of the senior hockey team, was honored by being named manager of the football team for 1911. Good luck, Jim!

The captaincy was given to Sylvester Quilty for the season 1911. It is expected that his experience this year will help him greatly in running the team next season.

Once more the championship of Canada rests within the walls of the Toronto Hall of Learning, clearly demonstrating that "student" football is more than "on a par" with the other Unions. We heartily extend our congratulations to Captain Hugh Gall, his team mates, and to Mr. Harry Griffiths, their "coach."

Ottawa University has two of her graduates on the championship team, viz.: Jack Lajoie, of the '06 team, and Jack B. McDonald, of the '05 team. Congratulations!

The next representative of U. of O. A. A. on the executive board of the Intercollegiate Union will be Mr. Jim Kennedy. He will occupy the important position of 1st Vice-President. The Presidency goes to Toronto this year.

We regret to report that our genial friend and staunch supporter, Controller Thomas L. Church, of Toronto, was recently bereaved by the death of his father, Mr. John Church. The students and professors join us in extending to Mr. Church our sincerest sympathy.

Intercollegiate Hockey.

If affairs turn out as expected, the University of Ottawa will this year occupy a berth in the Intercollegiate Hockey Union. The Union has on several occasions expressed a willingness to have us join, and the season 1911 may see the "garnet and grey" hockey team in action against Laval University's team in a home and home series, the winners to play off with the leading team in the other section, composed of McGill, Toronto and Queen's.

We do not predict any "walk-over" and have not cleared a space in the cabinet for the championship mug, but we expect to have a good fast team, capable of giving any hockey team in the Intercollegiate a good stiff argument.

Rev. W. J. Stanton will coach the team, and Mr. James Kennedy will fulfil the duties of manager. The Rideau Rink has been secured for practice hours and for games. The manager expects to put a well balanced team on the ice and has good material from which to draw, viz.: Lee Kelley, Billy Chartrand, Jack Robilliard, J. Guibord, A. Murtagh, Paddy Minnock, Henry Robilliard, Ed. Nagle, O. Sauvé, and many others.

Inter-Course Hockey.

The Inter-Course Hockey League is off to a good start and bids fair to rival the successful 1909 season. The four managers of the teams were elected: Philosophers, M. J. O'Gorman; Arts, Jack Coughlan; Collegiate, Jack Sullivan; Commercial, S. Rochefort.

After the Xmas. holidays hockey will be the great attraction, and the "arenas" of both Big and Small Yard will be in perfect shape for the league games. Rev. Fr. Finnegan promises to have a sheet of ice better than that at Teddy Dey's Emporium.

"The Elections."

Nominations for the offices of the O.U.A.A. will be held on Wednesday, Dec. 14th, and elections the following Saturday, Dec. 17th. This method of election was inaugurated last year at the suggestion of Rev. Father Stanton, and worked out quite satisfactorily. Students on being nominated for an office have the option of either standing for election or withdrawing within twenty-four hours. Of course all students nominated must "pass muster" as regards application, conduct notes, and general qualifications for the office. The Reverend Director's word is final in all cases as to the suitability of a candidate, he being in the best position to know. The good of the majority against that of a certain few should always be the motive in electing students to such important positions as the O.U.A.A. executive.

There may be, and there often is, indeed, a regard for ancestry, which nourishes only a weak pride; as there is also a care for posterity, which only disguises a habitual avarice, or hides the workings of a low and grovelling vanity.

—Daniel Webster.

Of Local Interest

Stick around Holly, Xmas. is coming.

M-r-t-n has been appointed manager of the rink. We expect to see summonses issued for the arrest of the executive who captured a Martin out of season.

Professor in physiology: What is alcohol.

S. C-pal: A white, colorless fluid.

Ke-n-dy: Say, they asked me for the minutes at last meeting of the executive and I didn't have them.

C-ghl-n: If they ask you again tell them you haven't the time.

Do not think you are forgotten
In this little page of fun;
Just keep saying to your comrades:
Well I know my turn'll come.

But mark you well regarding jokes,
Some men we must not bore;
Please ask the Local Editor,
He has been there before.

Professor: Bores are very noticeable in capillary phenomena.

H-rr-s: That *augurs* well.

A fair warning: Lee K-li-y will return to college; see him with his hat off.

At a reception—H-rr-s: I think I will sing a solo.

O'G-rm-n: Sing it so low that we can't hear you.

Ikey and Mose were in business together. They disagreed. Ikey threatened to shoot Mose, so he put a pistol up to his nose. "Oh," said Mose, "how much do you want for the gun?" Ikey said he couldn't kill him while he was talking business.

Tr-nor: I think I will dress in my *Toledo* suit!

Junior Department.

Hurrah! Hurrah! We are champions again.

Small Yard lost the protest against New Edinburgh. The men protested having claimed to have tried to register, but could not do so, none of the league officials being present at the time.

On Saturday, Nov. 5, the Queen's football team was defeated in a very one-sided game by the aggregation from Small Yard, the score being 20 to 6. Steers did some good kicking, while Marier was made conspicuous by his fast following up and his excellent tackling. Small Yard lined up as follows: Steers, Fournier, Renaud, Richardson, Carleton, McNally, Murphy, Delisle, Madden, Quinn, Florence, Bonfield, Marier.

Cornelier played full-back in an exciting game on Cartier Square Saturday, Nov. 12, and his fine booting aided materially in winning the game from the Y.M.C.A. fourteen. As the Queen's team defaulted at Lansdowne Park on the same day, New Edinburgh was tied with Small Yard for the championship of their section.

At Lansdowne Park on the nineteenth of November the tie was played off. The score was 23 to 0 for the upholders of the garnet and grey. The game was very rough from start to finish. Cornellier's admirable booting was again the feature of the day. This game made us champions of our section,—Diamonds, a team that never won a game, being champions of the second section of the league.

The fourteen headed by Dominic Batterton were defeated by Small Yard at Lansdowne Park on Saturday, Nov. 26, the score being 14 to 2.

The following are some clippings from the Ottawa press after the game:—

“The College (Small Yard) certainly has a great little team, and playing together for another couple of seasons will put them right for much faster company. They have developed a grand system of play, and can rely on their back line to catch the ball whenever it is booted. The line is also excellently balanced, and with this combination and the fact that they have more trick plays than any team in the league, they are a junior organization to be feared.”

“Marier was the shining light of the Collegians, and the

second try of the match, which was registered by him, was the prettiest play of the day."

The teams lined up as follows:—

Diamonds—W. Dalton, full; J. Davis, D. Batterton and E. Lewis, halves; F. Dewhurst, quarter; W. Dalglish, W. Martin and F. Falls, scrimmage; F. McGurn and J. Donohue, inside; W. McFall and B. McCarthy, middle; R. Shaw and C. Dewar, outside.

College—Marier, full; Renaud, Richardson and Chantal, halves; Braithwaite, quarter; Murphy, McNally and Delisle, scrimmage; Madden and Milot, inside; Chartrand and Florence, middle; Bonfield and Quinn, outside.

Br-d: "It was only a joke."

Mephis: "Certainly, only a joke among friends."

Junior: "How is your neck?"

M-r-y: "Fine! How is your nose?"

On Sunday, Nov. 27, the championship was celebrated in Small Yard. Father Voyer's stage was a very striking instance of modern architecture. The performance began about eight o'clock by a selection of the orchestra, which was followed by a very interesting rendering of a portion of Drummond's "Habitant" entitled "Mon Choual Castor," by H. Bishop. Champagne and Marier next favored us with a song entitled "Lettre du Gabier," by Botrel. The next thing on the programme was a farce, the name of which was "Did You Ever See a Ghost?" The cast of characters is as follows: Mr. Josiah Skeptic, J. D. O'Neill; Mrs. Josiah Skeptic, S. Guertin; Miss Arethusa Scoffer, J. McNally; Mr. Timothy Jester, F. Madden; Matilda, the maid, L. Brady. This was followed by another selection of the orchestra. Sam Bergin and Bob Boyden, ably seconded by Dink Madden and Stan Guertin, gave a good exhibition of the manly art of self defence. Referee Brady decided that the bout was a draw. Bert Robert enlightened us by a sermon on a subject not very well known to the junior students, that is "Tobacco." After this came a song entitled "Le p'tit Grégoire" (Botrel). The singer was Mr. Rochon. This was followed by two scenes taken from "Fourberies de Scapin" by Moliere, which were ably acted by Messrs. Renaud and Harris. Between the scenes we were favored by a couple of Irish jigs by Mr. Robichaud. The orchestra finished the concert amid great applause from the audience.

After the concert we went into the refectory, where we found a very appetizing lunch awaiting us.

Among the guests were noted Rev. Father Lalonde, Rev. Father Gonneville, Rev. Father Jasmin, Rev. Father Paquette, and many of this year's champions.

To Rev. Father Veronneau is due much of the success of the present year's football team, also mainly to him and to Rev. Father Voyer is due the success of the concert which celebrated our triumph on the gridiron. Thanks must also be extended to the players who were instrumental in adding another championship to the long list of those won by Junior athletes, and to all those who took part in the concert.

What kept S. Guertin away from the table the night of the concert?

The winners of the Senior Intermural League in football were: Côté, full; Ratt-y, R. Steers (Capt.) and Guertin, halves; Dozois, quarter; Bishop, Murphy and Perron, Al. scrimmage; Foley and Boileau, inside; Fournier and Quinn, middle; Desjardins and Grace, outside. The above team is the winner of the McMillan challenge cup, for the donation of which we must heartily thank Mr. McMillan. The Junior champions are: Full, Goulet; halves, O'Brien, Pelletier and Langlois, A.; quarter, J. Neault; scrimmage, Deleseleux; inside, McMahon and Duckett; middle, Duval and Smith; outside, Hunt and Ray, Y.

Monsieur C-t- (thinking of the St. Catherines' celebration):
 "To go or not to go, that is the question."

It is generally conceded:

That S. G-t-n makes a fine Miss;

That F. M-rp-y should be an artist;

That H. B. and Bill F. do not know who the Junior Editor is;

That A. P-r-n is an Ideal Youth;

That B-a-y should change places with M-d-n in the refectory;

That when it comes to impersonating a crank J. D. can do it;

That J. McN. and G. B-a-t-e were stung on the night of the debate;

That F-u-n-er is a good piano player;

That J. D.'s whist league was a failure;

That the midgets will not revolt;

That D-k-t is king of the kids;

That B-a-y should wake up;

That J. McF. is inquisitive.

A rink, larger than the one of last year, has been built and looks very promising to Small Yard's many hockey enthusiasts, who when last heard of were cleaning the rust off their skates and taping their sticks. The Midgets have also built a rink much larger than the one they had last year.

In hockey as in football Small Yard will have a team in the triangle league. Let us hope for the same result.

The attention of Small Yard's hockey players is called to the Hurd cup, which is a challenge cup, the winners of which will be the Intermural Hockey League champions. It is to be hoped that everyone will have his skates and hockey stick long before Christmas, as there are hockey teams to pick and you will not be chosen unless you get out on the rink and show us what you can do. Of course everyone is expected to get out and clean the rink when there is snow on it, even those few who have either lost their rubbers or gloves, or else they have a cold or some other excuse.

Some were complaining of missing something out of their overcoat pockets, but they took good care not to complain very loudly.

The Marathon winners were as follows: G. Braithwaite, first; H. Desjardins, second; H. Brennan, third; L. Côté, fourth; Mr. Lamonde also won a prize.

A word in regard to those gentlemen (if gentlemen they may be called), to whom we owe the reduction of our privileges, might not be amiss. "Give them a streak of sarcasm" is what one student advised. But to be sarcastic with such brainless people would be but a waste of time and energy. To Small Yard such students are superfluous, and ought to be ashamed of themselves.

As this is the last Review before the holidays, the Junior Editor takes the opportunity to wish you a Merry Christmas, a Happy New Year, and a Joyful Vacation.

