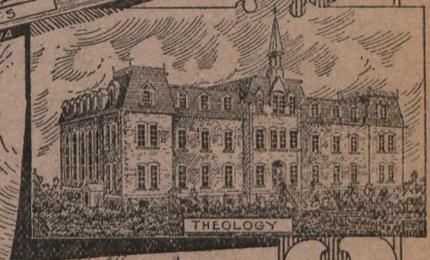
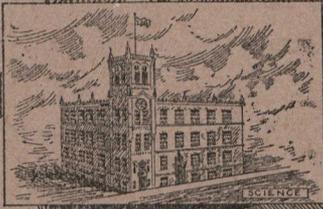




University of Ottawa Review.



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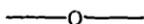
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University of Ottawa REVIEW

OLD SERIES VOL. XIII, NO. 8

APRIL, 1900.

NEW SERIES, VOL. II. NO. 8

IN MEMORIAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE REVIEW

BY

REV. L. C. P. FOX, O. M. I.

(A life-long friend and admirer of Father William J. Howe, O. M. I., who died in Ottawa University, Feb. 13th, 1900.)



HERE is gladness in Kilburn, the Juniors have joy.
To welcome among them another new boy,
Who before he has learnt to salute them by name,
Has mingled with zest in each favorite game:
In cricket and football a champion is he;—
William Howe is their model of charity.

There is sorrow in Belmont, the Novices mourn,
Brother Howe from amongst them is ruthlessly torn.
The vocation is there by infallible token,
But his strength is all gone, and his health is down-broken;
He must bid sad adieu to the Oblates of Mary,
Though his heart's ardent love for them never shall vary.

Once more there is joy as he asks but to enter
Yet again as a novice at Tewksbury Centre.
His strength has return'd, but no earthly temptation
Can induce him to swerve from his life-long vocation;
Thus he comes and is welcom'd a Novice once more,
Like a mariner saved from a treacherous shore.

And still there is gladness in Buffalo's College,
 Where the Brother is sent to diffuse his own knowledge.
 With what fervor he taught there, what zeal he inspired,
 And his pious example, how lov'd and admir'd !
 But his joy is made perfect when later in Lowell,
 Father Howe mounts the Altar, the aim of his goal.

This Life is e'en chequer'd with joys and with sadness,
 With sorrows to-day, and to-morrow with gladness ;
 But happy and joyful was dear Father Howe,
 When by holy Obedience he clung to his vow,
 Then to Canada journey'd, henceforth to abide
 In the great University, Ottawa's pride.

As Priest and Professor his mission sublime
 He faithfully serv'd for near seven years' time ;
 The good students he cheer'd with his fatherly smile,
 And onward and upward he lov'd to beguile,
 E'en the laggard to study, and ever to aim
 At the pinnacles high in the temple of fame.

Not alone in the College was lov'd and admir'd
 This good Father so saintly, who ever inspired
 All around in his footsteps so holy to tread,
 No: stray far from him wheresoever he led.
 In St. Joseph's grand Church he was fairly ador'd,
 Where his Masses were said, and his prayers were outpour'd.

But their tears must be shed, and their anguish profound ;
 The sinners he lifted are bow'd to the ground ;
 The poor whom he aided are tortur'd with grief ;
 Who now shall sustain them, or yield them relief ?
 The children he lov'd are aweary with weeping,
 Their dear Father is gone, in the coffin is sleeping.

Ah ! their grief is o'erwhelming ; the sick and the poor,
 The high and the low, they shall see him no more,
 But would they aspire to the realms he has reach'd,
 Let them list to the word and example he preach'd,
 And like him they shall learn the full truth of that word,
 " How the Saints' death is precious in sight of the Lord."

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

“Necessity is the mother of invention,” says the proverb. And one of the most prolific sources of inventions has been the necessity of communicating with persons at a distance, when the use of the voice is ineffectual. To supply this need the telephone, the telegraph, the semaphore, the heliograph, and numerous codes of signals given by flags, lights and other means, have come into existence. But all these still left much to be desired. The heliograph is useless in cloudy weather ; and signals are not seen at a very great distance, nor in a fog. The telegraph establishes almost perfect communication ; but then, its usefulness is limited by the necessity of using wires over which the message is sent.

It has long been the ambition of scientists and inventors to telegraph without wires ; but their efforts were for the most part futile, or the distance to which their instruments could transmit messages was so small, that wireless telegraphy came to be looked upon as a utopian dream. One of the most successful in his efforts was Mr. W. H. Preece, who telegraphed across the estuary of the Severn between the Island of Flatholm and Lavernock Point, a distance of nearly three and a half miles. He used two large wires which he placed parallel to each other in a horizontal position, one at each station. A strong current in one wire induced a corresponding current in the other. According to the *Electrical Industry*, Mr. Preece's telegraph was still in use in 1898. But the man who has brought the subject of wireless telegraphy again prominently before the public, is Mr. Marconi. By the wonders that he has performed with his apparatus, during the last three years, Mr. Marconi has shown that he has given a practical solution to this problem of telegraphing without wires.

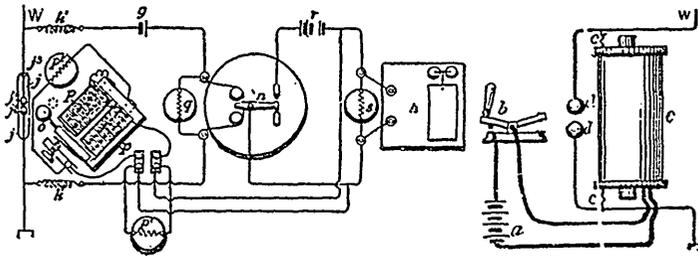
The principles of which Mr. Marconi's system is an application, form one of the latest steps in the progress of science. English scientists have generally discarded the idea of action at a distance, and, in treating of physical phenomena, have attached great importance to the action of the medium. Newton held that even universal gravitation acted through a medium. Faraday and Maxwell, in 1864, proposed a theory according to which electricity is transmitted through the same medium, that is the lumin-

ferous ether, and at the same velocity as light and radiant heat. These views were adopted and completely demonstrated by Prof. Henry Hertz of the University of Bonn, in 1887. Hertz used an instrument which he called a vibrator. It consists of a Ruhmkorff's coil, to the terminals of which he attached small metallic spheres. When the spheres were brought close together, sparks issued between them at the rate of five billions in a second. Each spark does not correspond to a discharge of the coil, but each discharge from the coil is followed by several sparks due to vibrations caused by the self-induction of the spheres. These sparks radiate not only light, but also rays of electricity. To prove the existence of these rays, Hertz used a wire bent in the form of a circle, the ends of which nearly touch, and can be kept at any desired distance from each other by a micrometric arrangement. This he called a resonator; because, when placed at a distance of within eighty-one feet from the radiator, sympathetic sparks were produced between the ends of the wire. Using this instrument to detect the position of the rays with which he was experimenting, he found that electric waves could be reflected, refracted, polarized and would produce phenomena of interference. In fine they produced the same phenomena as light. Moreover it was known that electricity travelled with the same velocity as light. Hertz was then justified in concluding that the ether through which the waves of light are propagated, is also the medium through which electric waves travel. Luminous, thermal and electric vibrations are therefore simply waves of ether, with this difference, however, that the longest waves that produce light are $\frac{1}{10000}$ of an inch long; the longest that produce heat, $\frac{50}{10000}$ of an inch; whilst the shortest that produce electricity are nearly two feet long, and some have a length of more than a hundred feet.

Here, then, was a means of communicating at a distance. As the waves of air carry the undulations of the voice to the ear of a distant listener, and the rays from the lighthouse on the reef, vibrating through the ether, bear to the watchful mariner the warning of danger, might not the Hertzian waves, as they are called from their discoverer, be pressed into the service of man to become the carriers of his messages to distant fellow-beings? But an obstacle still remained. The eye is sensitive to the rays of

light ; the ear perceives the undulations of the air that constitute sound ; but man has no organ by which he can detect the surging of the electric waves. An instrument was necessary to supply the defect of our senses. Hertz's resonator was not sufficient, for, at a distance of more than eighty-one feet, it does not respond. The instrument required was invented, according to Mr. Marconi, by Professor Calzecchi Onesti, of Fermo, and was improved by Branly, Lodge, and others ; but other writers attribute the invention to Mr. Branly, of the Catholic Faculty of Paris. It is generally called "the coherer," and consists of a small glass tube the ends of which are closed by metal stopples. The space between the stopples is partly filled with metal filings. The tube is inserted in the circuit of the relay current of a Morse telegraph, the wires being attached to the stopples. The layer of filings offers a great resistance to the passage of the current, but, under the influence of the Heintzian waves, it becomes a good conductor, and the current passes. A rap on the tube is sufficient to cause the filings to lose their conductivity, and the current ceases to pass.

Marconi's wireless telegraph is briefly as follows : (For the accompanying diagram we are indebted to the *Scientific American*.)



The sender is little more than Hertz's vibrator. It consists of a Ruhmkorff's coil c with small metal spheres d attached to the terminals of the secondary current c' . One sphere is connected with the earth and the other is connected with a long vertical wire w , insulated with tape and rubber. A Morse key b , is inserted in the circuit of the battery a , that actuates the primary current of the coil. When this key is pressed down, the primary current passes through the coil and induces the stronger secondary

current. The secondary current charges one sphere with positive and the other with negative electricity. Oscillating discharges then take place between the two spheres, and electric force is radiated through the surrounding ether. Electric waves continue vibrating in all directions, from the space between the spheres, as long as the key is kept down. These electric waves strike the coherer jj at the distant station to which the message is being sent, and cause the layer of filings to become a good conductor of electricity. The current of the battery g , then passes through the coherer and works the relay n . The lever of the relay makes the connection in the circuit of a stronger battery r . The current of this battery then circulates, and part of it works the Morse recorder h , whilst part actuates a rapper pp , resembling the hammer of an electric bell, that strikes the coherer and destroys its conductivity. Immediately the filings constitute a break in the circuit of the relay battery; the lever of the relay springs back, and breaks the circuit of the battery of the recorder; and the armature of the recorder, no longer held down by the electromagnets, should, one would think, be raised by the spring to which it is attached. Such, however, is not the case. The coherer is again made a conductor by the Hertzian waves, that continue to vibrate through the ether, as long as the distant operator at the sender, keeps his finger on the key. Another current passes through the relay, another through the recorder, and another through the rapper, which again destroys the conductivity of the filings. But in the interval between the two currents that passed through the recorder, the armature of the recorder has not had time to rise, because, being heavy and having relatively great inertia, it cannot follow the rapid movements of the light hammer of the rapper, and the light lever of the relay. The effect of these short successive currents, on the recorder, is the same as that of one continuous current, and the armature remains down as long as the operator at the sender keeps his finger on the key, so that the movements of the key are exactly reproduced by the armature of the recorder, and the dots and dashes of the Morse code, are produced on a paper ribbon, by a point attached to the armature.

Such, in its outline, is the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy. Some details still however require attention.

One end of the coherer is connected with the earth, and from the other rises a long vertical wire *w*, similar to the one already described as being attached to one of the spheres of the sender. These wires greatly increase the distance at which it is possible to telegraph. It has been found that the distance, to which the message can be transmitted, varies as the square of the height of the vertical wires. If wires forty feet high are required to telegraph a distance of four miles, wires eighty feet high will telegraph sixteen miles. It seems that the advantage afforded by these wires consists in this, that the oscillating discharge, between the two spheres of the sender, causes the whole of the wire attached to one of the spheres to vibrate, and then the whole wire radiates Hertzian waves. Similarly, the whole wire attached to the coherer is affected by the Hertzian waves, and the effect on the coherer is greater than if the filings alone were exposed to the waves. A horizontal wire, used alone or with the vertical wire, adds nothing to the effect. The reason is, it seems, that the motion of the waves is perpendicular to the direction of the wire. Thus, if the wire is horizontal, the waves will have an up and down motion, like the waves on the surface of water. Consequently, they will be reflected upward when they strike the surface of the earth, and, meeting with other waves coming directly from the sender, will produce phenomena of interference, similar to the interference of light, and the effect will be greatly diminished. But when the wire is vertical, the waves have a horizontal motion and glide along with a serpent-like movement over the earth.

These wires radiate Hertzian waves in all directions, so that any person provided with a receiver can read the message. When it is desirable to send messages exclusively to one station, the vertical wire and earth connection are omitted in the sending apparatus, and two larger spheres are placed between the two small spheres. A parabolic metal mirror is placed behind the spheres, and reflects the Hertzian waves in one direction. Any metallic surface reflects the rays. A similar mirror is placed behind the coherer of the receiver, and the vertical wire and earth connection are replaced by short strips of copper that protrude from each end

of the tube. The length of the electric waves can be varied, by changing the distance between the small spheres, and by varying the size of the larger spheres. The length of the strips must be varied according to the length of the waves, and so the sender and receiver can, in a certain sense, be attuned, and any other receiver that is not in harmony with the sender, will not be influenced by the waves. With such an arrangement, however, messages cannot be sent to a great distance. So, the problem of rendering communications exclusive is not yet satisfactorily solved.

The coils k' k'' are what Mr. Marconi calls "choking coils" or "impedance coils." Their function is to hinder the oscillating current of the vertical wire, from passing through the circuit of the relay current, and into the earth, by the earth connection. They thus oblige it to pass through the coherer, and to produce the desired effect on the filings.

There is another difficulty that Mr. Marconi has had to overcome. It was found that the frequent makes and breaks in the currents of the relay, recorder, and rapper, produced extra currents that had a disturbing effect on the coherer, hindering it from regaining its state of non-conductivity. The strong direct extra current of self-induction especially, produced small sparks that influenced the coherer. To avoid this inconvenience, the instruments mentioned are shunted. The shunts s , g , p_1 , and p_2 are not simple wires. but apparatus resembling somewhat that which Edlund used to destroy the action of the principal current, in order to be able to measure the extra current. Here, it is the action of the extra current that is destroyed.

But the most interesting part of the apparatus is the "coherer," as it is generally called. The stopples j_1 j_2 , inserted in the glass tube j j , are of silver. The space between them is but the fiftieth of an inch, and is partly filled with filings of silver and nickel; ninety-six per cent silver and four per cent nickel, with a little mercury. The pressure of the air on the filings is reduced to four millimetres. The resistance of the filings has been measured, before and after being affected by the Hertzian waves. In their natural state, the resistance of the filings is practically infinite, that is, they are non-conductors; but after the

passage of the waves, the resistance is from 500 to 100 ohms, that is, they are relatively good conductors.

Different explanations have been advanced, to account for this action of the waves on the filings. Mr. Leon de Montarlet gives the following explanation : " The electric undulations cause microscopic sparks between the filings. Such sparks are conductive. They destroy the stratum of oxide that exists upon the parts in presence of the graunles of filings, and perhaps even solder them together to some extent, and this establishes a more conductive chain. If then the tube happens to be struck, the chain will be destroyed, the filings will arrange themselves in any sort of way, and the tube will again become a poor conductor." (Translated in *Scientific American*, May 13th, 1899, from *Le Monde Illustré*.) The microscopic sparks may have been observed. But what proves that they are due to the Hertzian waves, and not to the current from the relay battery, that passes through the coherer after the filings have already been made conductors by the Hertzian waves?

Mr. Lodge's explanation is more generally received. Mr. John Trowbridge, director of Jefferson Laboratory, Harvard University, reechoes it in the following words, in *The Munsey* December, 1899 : " The coherer is not unlike the transmitter employed in telephony. The latter, in its elements, is merely two wires inserted in a mass of carbon particles, being connected with the poles of a battery. When we speak into the transmitter, the carbon particles are stirred by the vibrations of the voice, and change the flow of the battery current through the mass of the carbon. The coherer employed in wireless telegraphy can also consist of carbon particles between the wires of a battery. It is found better however to use metallic filings. . . . The electric waves, on falling on a vertical wire connected to one of the wires of the coherer, disturb the arrangement of the metallic particles, and modify the flow of a battery through the coherer. The action is analogous to that of the carbon transmitter in telephony, but the electric waves act instead of the human voice."

There are, certainly, sufficient points of resemblance between the coherer and the carbon transmitter, to constitute an analogy ; for, an analogy is simply an agreement or likeness between things,

in some circumstances or effects, when the things are otherwise entirely different. But the respects in which these two instruments differ, are such that the action of the one is, it seems to me, no explanation of the action of the other.

In the telephone the loose carbon particles constitute a poor connection between the two ends of the wires, and so the current that passes is weak. The voice causes the disk, in which one of the wires terminates, to vibrate, and by its backward and forward movement, alternately to increase and decrease its pressure on the particles of carbon, and consequently to increase and decrease the compactness of these particles. The more compact the particles are, the better will the connection between the two wires be, and the stronger will be the current that will pass. To each vibration, consisting of a backward and a forward movement of the disc, correspond a strengthening and a weakening of the current. When the current is strengthened at the transmitter, it is strengthened all along the circuit, and therefore also at the receiver or ear-piece, the magnetism of the electromagnet in the ear-piece is increased, and the disc is jerked towards the magnet. When the current weakens, the opposite happens ; the magnet loses part of its attraction for the disc, and the disc regains its former position. In this manner the disc of the ear piece follows all the movements of the disc in the transmitter, and reproduces the sound of the voice. But the Morse telegraph is an altogether different instrument. Its action is not due to slight increases and decreases in the strength of a current already circulating, but to makes and breaks in the circuit of a current. The explanation above quoted, might account for slight variations in the strength of a current that would already be circulating through the filings, for the Hertzian waves have a slight mechanical action, and might, to some extent, pack the filings. Hertz detected this mechanical action of the waves, by causing them to strike against a small tube of gold paper, very delicately suspended in their path. But the mechanical pressure of the waves is not sufficient to account for changes in the conductivity of the filings, so great as to produce complete makes and breaks in the circuit of the relay battery.

Besides, if the action of the waves were simply mechanical like the action of sound waves on the transmitter of the telephone,

any other cause, capable of producing mechanical compression, should produce the same effect as the Hertzian waves on the coherer. Now, rapping on a vessel containing loose particles, tends to pack the particles. Rapping on the transmitter of the telephone, or even on anything in contact with the transmitter, produces a loud disagreeable noise. The reason is that the rap causes the sides of the apartment, containing the carbon particles, to vibrate, and thus to compress the particles. If the action of the coherer were of the same nature as that of the transmitter of the telephone, should not the vibrations of the glass tube produced by a stroke of the wrapper, cause the filings to become better conductors, as it happens to the carbon particles? The opposite, however, happens, for the rap destroys the conductivity of the filings.

Moreover, Mr. Branly replaced the loose filings by mixtures of filings with melted resin, sulphur, or paraffine. When these mixtures hardened they formed solid masses. Under the influence of the Hertzian waves, the filings thus imbedded, produced the same phenomena as loose filings. It is hard to see how, in such conditions, the waves can pack the filings closer together.

The Hertzian waves must, therefore, have some other effect on the filings than that of compressing them, and producing greater cohesion among the particles of metal. The name "coherer," which implies this theory, is then a misnomer. It would be preferable to adopt the name given to the instrument by Mr. Branly, and to call it a radioconductor, because it becomes a conductor under the influence of the electric rays. As to the real nature of the influence exerted on the filings by the Hertzian waves, no satisfactory explanation has yet been given. In such a case it is more conducive to the progress of science to express one's 'honest doubt,' than to assert, with oracular positiveness, that this or that is an explanation. Scientists are frequently too dogmatic on very doubtful points in scientific matters, and too skeptical with regard to very certain truths of a higher order. A proper investigation of the matter might throw new light on some points of the science of electricity that still remain obscure, such, for instance, as the theoretical explanation of the induction of currents. It might confirm Faraday's theory of induction. For it is possible that the

Hertzian waves produce, in the tube of filings, what Faraday called dielectric polarization or polarization of the medium, that is, of the ether, since it is known now that ether is the electric medium. If this be true, the action of the waves would be to produce a polar chain of ether particles, extending through the tube, and thus to form a passage for the relay battery. A rap would destroy this polar chain, as a stroke may depolarize a magnet, and would restore the tube to its state of high resistance. But this is merely a conjecture.

It is not probable that, at any near date, the telegraph wires which at present cover the civilized world with a network, are going to disappear, and that, in their stead, the tenuous ether will carry the numerous communications that modern activity necessitates. The wireless telegraph, at least as it exists at present, cannot compete with the old system for the speed and the distance at which messages can be transmitted. The wireless system has not as yet accomplished the feat that multiplex telegraphy accomplishes, of sending several despatches simultaneously. Its use, on land, will therefore likely be limited to extraordinary cases. But, on sea, it will find a larger and more constant sphere of utility. By its means, ships can communicate with one another, when at sea; and, when sailing along the coast, they can communicate with light-ships and with the shore. It seems quite certain that the wireless telegraph will greatly diminish the danger of sea voyages. If it were to produce no other good effect than to render less frequent such sad accidents as that which happened to the *Bourgogne*, Mr. Marconi and those who, by their researches and discoveries, have contributed to his success, would merit to be called benefactors of mankind.

A. MADDEN, O. M. I., '98.

THE RESURRECTION.

I.



N gorgious beauty breaks the day,
 All graced with Springtime's brightest ray ;
 The sun adoring, dances high ;
 With deepest color glows the sky.
 The birds in song break forth o'erhead,
 For Christ hath risen from the dead.
 O mystery sublimely grand !
 Thou art adored on ev'ry hand.

II.

Yet one there is who cannot see
 How man self-raised from death may be ;
 Thomas doth unbelieving stand
 'Till he himself may thrust his hand
 Into the Saviour's wounded side ;
 Then be e'en Thomas satisfied ;
 For Christ, appearing, He does make
 The doubting one his own proof take.

III.

O Christ, three days since Thou did'st die,
 And to Limbo thy soul did hie,
 Unto thy holy saints to speak,
 Redemption's joyful news to break.
 Thy body in the tomb was laid
 And guarded there by Jews, 'tis said.
 'Twas while they slept, they falsely say,
 Disciples stole the Lord away.

IV.

O guard of Christ by Pilate set !
 Saw ye this deed while yet ye slept ?
 Ah Fools ! How could ye, with closed eyes,

See Him immortal truly rise
In radiance from his guarded tomb
To save mankind from certain doom ?
For with His Father, God was He
And Holy Spirit, One in Three.

V.

A God in grand reality,
Triumphant o'er mortality,
From Adam's deed removes the ban
And Heaven opes to sinful man,
O Saviour ours what love was thine,
That came'st on earth a man divine
Our human weakness, to forgive
And in the hearts of men to live !

W. F. CAVANAGH, Second Form



UNITED BUT TO PART.



COUPLE of centuries have softly glided into the past since the time when America was a wild and untilled continent, covered with shaggy mountains and impenetrable woodlands, with yet unforded rivers and unexplored lakes interspersed in the greatest confusion. The vast continent was peopled by a race of dusky savages, so war-loving and uncivilized that the early settlers found great difficulty in treating with them. These sons of the wilderness soon mingled with the settlers, however, and many strong friendships sprang up between the two widely different races.

Among the early settlers of Massachusetts were a few Irish families who, on account of the blind prejudice of the Puritans towards their race, moved their families from the coast further inland. Having heard from the Indians some very fascinating reports concerning a valley formed by a river called in the native tongue "Connecticut," they determined to settle there if they found these rumors substantiated. So, having turned their faces westward, these exile sons of Erin set out for the land of promise. After travelling for three days, they came upon the river, and being captivated by the surrounding country, they proceeded to look about for a place suitable to habitation. Having proceeded up the river a short distance, they came to an almost ideal locality where now stands the city of Springfield. Here, in a short time they threw up a few log cabins and a fort which formed the nucleus of the now beautiful "City of Homes."

Amongst these hardy Irish exiles was a man named Cronin who, together with his wife and two small children, occupied a hut by himself some little distance from the houses of the other men. This man, owing to his characteristic good humor, became a great friend of the Indians. He always held his door open to them, and even sometimes went so far as to nurse and care for them, if they happened to fall sick or become wounded. Now it so happened that the day of the month on which Mr. Cronin was wont to visit the "post" for supplies, dawned dark and threatening, with the feeling of snow in the atmosphere. Nothing daunted, however, the

good man, much against the remonstrances of his wife, sets out on his journey of some nine or ten miles through the wilderness. Shortly after his departure the wind freshens and large flaky snow-drops whirl and toss in the air as if warning those who happen to be abroad, to seek shelter with all possible speed from the approaching storm.

Mrs. Cronin, after taking a long and silent look at the weather, closes and firmly bars the door against the increasing gusts of wind and penetrating snow. Soon the wind increases to a regular New England hurricane; it howls and beats about the little log-cabin, piling the rapidly descending snow in huge drifts. Naturally enough, the good woman's thoughts are constantly upon her husband. She earnestly wishes that he had not started and often, as she flits from place to place, her lips move as in a silent prayer for his safe return.

Whilst thus occupied, Mrs. Cronin is suddenly startled by a heavy tap upon the door. Can it be anyone?—her husband returned so quickly? No, that is impossible. Probably it is only a limb blown from some neighboring tree against the door? But, hark! this time the knock is louder and heavier than before, and is accompanied by a noise, slightly audible, of some person or object moving before the door. The children have also heard the noise and, with beseeching eyes, cling to their mother's dress for protection. The poor woman is also much frightened, but the sense of her utter helplessness, and the sight of her crying children, give her a sort of desperate strength to determine the cause of the noise.

Walking hastily to the entrance she draws back the bolt and the huge door impelled by the wind, opens of itself. As soon as the path is thus made free, a tall, fur-clad Indian warrior steps into the room and immediately closes and bars the door. As soon as he has done this, the Indian turns, and without saying a word walks to the fire-place and sits down. To say that Mrs. Cronin is badly frightened would be far from describing her true feelings. As soon as she had beheld the Indian at the door, she retreated to a far corner where, with her two little children clinging to her dress, she now watches every movement of her unwelcome guest, determined, if it come to such a point, to protect her children even at

the sacrifice of her own life. The Indian sits as close to the fire as comfort will permit, still he does not loosen his heavy fur robe, though it must keep the heat from his body. On the contrary, to Mrs. Cronin's great annoyance, though she cannot tell why, he seems reluctant to throw back the robe, but continually keeps one hand under the garment as if concealing something. Although she has always regarded the Indians with suspicion, the good woman cannot detect in the countenance of this particular one, any sign that can cause her the least uneasiness. By the light of the blazing hearth he is seen to be a young warrior, and now that the fire has warmed him considerably, his face wears a much softer expression than was hitherto noticeable.

At length the Indian moves, but it is only to arise and face the fire. Whilst standing thus, he opens his coat and allows the fire to play upon the object, which it seems he is trying to conceal. This must cause him considerable satisfaction, for his lips continually part in a broken smile.

Mrs. Cronin, with all the natural inquisitiveness of her sex, soon becomes very eager to get acquainted with the nature of the object which apparently calls for so much caution on the part of the Indian. Suddenly a terrible thought flashes across her mind, causing her to regard the Indian with renewed loathing and apprehension. Could he, in any manner, have met her husband on the latter's journey to the post? If so, how would these men, one a cunning savage and the other a Christian, take to each other?

Her husband is, she tells herself, a great friend to the Indians; moreover he is generally liked by them. But this warrior is a perfect stranger, and, to her vivid imagination, looks as though he may be on the war-path. If such be indeed the case, then her poor husband may now be lying dead and bleeding in the snow; and does this Indian possess the scalp and dare to glory in his triumph in the very house of his victim? The poor woman has worked herself into such a mood that all her fear has departed. Gliding slowly to the centre of the room, she gazes eagerly at the floor where the Indian stands. Oh God! It is wet in spots and something is still dripping from the Indian's garment. Can it be

blood? Her heart seems to stand still, and she remains gazing at the spot as in a stupor.

As she stands, the Indian turning, confronts her. Instantly a peculiar gleam shoots into his small dark eyes, and, uttering a muffled exclamation, he slowly approaches. Mrs. Cronin now thinks her time is come, so she lifts her eyes to heaven and utters a prayer for mercy. Standing in the same position, she painfully awaits the assault which she imagines so evident. Eventually she lowers her eyes. Lo, and behold a new surprise awaits her. The Indian is standing in the centre of the room, regarding her with an expression of wonder and holding in his arms a healthy looking papoose. When he sees that she again looks towards him, he steps to her side, places the infant in her almost powerless arms, and then, with a lingering and touching glance at his little child, steps to the door and passes out with not a single word of explanation.

It is some time before Mrs. Cronin fully recovers her senses. She still holds the infant in her arms, for she cannot bring herself to lay it down. The little child, now that it is warm and comfortable, commences to crow and yell to its heart's delight. Still Mrs. Cronin continues to regard it with more pity than affection. However, as the day is now drawing to a close, the child is laid on a mattress near the fire and preparations are made for supper.

The storm had continued all day but had cleared off towards night; still there was too much snow to expect the return of Mr. Cronin until some time on the morrow. The following night and day passed away very slowly. Mrs. Cronin was continually expecting the return of the Indian for his child because she did not know whether he had left it for good or not. She hoped that he had not, for as she had always mistrusted the Indians, she did not at all like the idea of adopting one into her family.

Mr. Cronin returned the following evening, and listened to the story of his wife's adventure with a great deal of amusement. Would he adopt the little waif? Why certainly, if the Indian did not return. Probably God in his mercy had directed such an occurrence for the welfare of both parties.

* * * * *

Let our story now take a jump of some thirty years. We again visit the site of the Cronin hut, but there we meet with

many changes. The village has grown to be hardly recognizable, and, from the front door can be seen a fort and settlement in the distance. The two small Cronin children are now grown up and married, and hardly do we recognize in the old and worn couple beside the porch, the once sprightly forms of Mr. and Mrs. Cronin.

But who is that tall, dark-skinned gentleman, who, though dressed in the garb of a missionary, has the characteristic look of a full blooded Indian? He, we are told, is the little Indian papoose, grown into manhood, and strange to say, into an ambassador of God. He had been adopted by the family and had been educated with the children. Moreover he had heard and faithfully corresponded with a divine call to the noblest of professions. He is now just come from the wilderness to visit for a short time the place of his primary education, and to find, if possible, some particulars regarding his birth.

Shortly after our arrival, there reaches the village vague rumors of another uprising among the Indians to the west. The rumor is followed in a few days by a runner who announces that a small band of Indians is in the vicinity. Upon receipt of the news, all is bustle and confusion about the settlement. Families abandon their homes and are quickly sent to the fort. A body of armed men now sally forth to meet the enemy and, if possible, to hold them at bay, hoping thus to protect the widely scattered huts from the torch.

The men have gone but a short time, when shots are heard in the direction they have taken, and every one knows that the battle is begun. Many are the prayers that are offered up by wife or mother for the dear ones that are thus protecting them.

The battle continues for the greater part of the day, but, late in the afternoon, the noise of the shooting dies away, and soon after sunset, the men are seen returning, bearing with them their wounded and their prisoners. When they draw near, it is seen that their only captive is an old and infirm chief, who has been wounded, how badly they have not yet determined. He was disabled and captured early in the engagement and, immediately he made known his desire to be taken to the settlement. Now that the party have reached the Cronin hut, the captive is left in

charge of the missionary, and the other wounded are taken to their respective homes. The old Indian is picked up and carried into the house. He is laid on a mattress near the fire, and the missionary quickly sets about discovering the extent of his injuries. It is soon found that he is wounded quite severely in the side, which from the loss of blood will result fatally.

The missionary at once begins to prepare the old man for the rapidly approaching judgment hour. Asked if he has ever been baptized, the old chief replies that he has not. He has heard the words of the "Great Spirit" from the missionaries of the North, still though these tidings greatly impressed him, he has never embraced the Christian religion.

"You," continues the old man, raising himself upon his elbow, "are of my race. That I noticed as soon as I saw you. How came you, a wild and red-skinned youth to be a missionary, —a dignity of which but a few faithful "pale-faces" are found worthy?"

"It was God's will I suppose," answers the missionary. "There is a strange mystery connected with my birth and early training, which I have vainly tried to solve. I have lived in this settlement for thirty years, but how I came here I do not know, nor is it likely I will ever find out."

"Aye, such things do happen," answered the old man, and he raised himself, with much pain, to a sitting position, so that he could the more clearly look the missionary over. "I carry with me," he continued, "a secret which has been tightly locked in my breast for a great many years. Now, that I am about to leave this world and seek my place in the happy hunting-grounds of the Great Spirit, I will introduce my secret to you.

"I once lived in this New England country, and while here, took to myself a squaw and built a wigwam." For three years did I live happily, but then alas! my life took a bitter course. Upon my return one night from a hunting expedition, I found my squaw very ill. Thinking however that the malady was not very serious, I did nothing for her. In two days she died. My grief knew no bounds. I buried her the next day as best I could. Then leaving no trace of the grave behind, I picked up my child, a little papoose of two summers, and though the weather was

very threatening, made my way across country, I knew not whither.

"My desire was to get away from the scene of my great sorrow, and how far I walked, or in what direction, I cannot now recollect. However, after travelling as it seemed all day and all night, I was overtaken the next morning by a terrific storm of wind and snow. When nearly overcome by fatigue and almost frozen, I came to a log cabin in the wilderness. There I deposited my child, and after warming myself a little, I again started out to walk here, there or anywhere. I was satisfied that my child would be safe, and that was all I then desired.

"After leaving the hut, I roamed over hills and valleys for many moons, until I finally reached the Canadas. There I remained for many winters, but lately, yearning for the support of my son, now grown to manhood, I started out some time ago with the intention of finding him."

The effort required for this recital quite exhausted the old man, so he sank back on his pillows, and breathed with great difficulty. The missionary was greatly interested in the story, and shortly afterwards, he found an opportunity of telling it to Mrs. Cronin. The good woman was struck with the coincidence of the story's similarity to one which had long been kept firmly secret to herself and husband, namely, the story of the missionary's early life.

The good old lady, accompanied by the priest, immediately makes her way to the dying Indian's bedside, determined to investigate what was, to her mind, a very complicated mystery. But the old man, as soon as he sees her face, at once recognizes her as the woman he has so long and eagerly sought. He is, however, very weak, so can utter only some intricate mutterings, wholly unintelligible to either of his listeners.

In a short time, he seems to gather strength, for his eyes shine clearer, and, the cloudy look passes away from his aged face. Then it is that Mrs. Cronin makes known the truth to the now bewildered missionary. His quick brain, however, has had for some time, a suspicion of the truth. As soon as the good woman has uttered the words the young priest drops to his knees beside the dying warrior.

"Father," he cries, and he buries his face in his trembling hands.

"Aye," answers the fond father, though he is evidently in great pain, "I know you now. You still possess the kind eye of your mother, and I see that, from another world, she has guided you in a holier path than I have trod. I am now beyond the need of your temporal protection, for I see I am going to join the inhabitants of a brighter land. As I have never been baptized, I wish you to perform for me that sacred rite of regeneration, after which I can capture immediately the valley where reigns unfailing summer."

Then, as the priestly son baptizes his warrior father, sprinkling the holy water on his pallid brow, the old man departs this world for the untroubled kingdom of the "Great Spirit," the blessed home where reigns eternal joy

CHARLES J. DOWLING,

First Form.



There is a world where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss ;
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh ! who would live a slave in this ?

MOORE.



SUNSET.

The purple sunset I behold
Set in a ground of royal red ;
Clouds of silver tinged with gold,
Whose glory from the orb is shed,
Garnish the brilliant western sky ;
Lower sinks the sun and lower,
And from the sky the glories die,
As if withdrawn by some dread power ;
The glorious scene from out the sight,
Recedes beneath the shades of night.

And so it is with earthly things ;
With glory shine they for a day,
Then like to us poor fleeting things,
Their glories cease ; they pass away :
More brilliant than the sunset e'en,
And brighter than the sunlit sky,
The mighty deeds of mortal men,
With them pass off whene'er they die ;
Let us our thoughts to God then give,
For better 'tis for Heav'n to live.

—W. CAVANAGH,

Second Form.

GLADSTONE AS A STATESMAN.



AMONGST the great geniuses produced by this present dying century there are certainly none who in power, in fame and in honor, can favorably compare with Sir W. E. Gladstone, late Prime Minister of England. True it is that his oratorical abilities were a great source of his influence both in parliament and over the people; still it is evident to anyone who studies his whole career, that he was not the mere rhetorician that his enemies represent him to be. He certainly was, in himself, a fountain of new policies and of new ideas. Such has been the lasting impression made by him in his dealings with England's foreign policy, as well as in the administration of her domestic affairs, that, were the memory of his great oratorical triumphs to completely pass away, he would ever be remembered on account of the many marks he has left on her statute-book, and because of the changes he wrought in her constitution.

From the first moments of his appearance on the political horizon, he seemed destined to become the leader of that nation, whose superiority in some respects is recognized by all the great powers. Not only his actions in his home policy command the admiration and gratitude of all British subjects, but even his foreign policy, though felt only at intervals, was on several occasions, wondrous, and has left abiding results in the history of the world. Volumes would be required to describe at length the very many acts that he carried through parliament. However, they may be reduced to three principal groups, as his great labors were comprised in three chief spheres.

The first of these groups represents his home policy, in pursuance of which he brought in his financial reform bills between the years 1855 and 1860. These measures were comprised in several budgets, the preparation of which Mr. Gladstone was wont to describe as entailing the greatest mental strain he had ever undergone. In the first place a bill was brought in and passed reducing the customs or duties. This measure certainly caused a deficiency in revenue, but said deficiency was provided for by the re-settling of the income tax and by a succession duty on all real estate. The

last mentioned bill he piloted through the House, gaining the entire number of votes. The budget of 1860 abolished the duty on paper. On this occasion, Gladstone was very bitterly opposed from all sides. The paper manufacturers raised a cry, on the grounds that such a bill was against the interests of their own trade. They dreaded the idea of a free system under which they were certain to have many rivals. As Justin McCarthy says, "the House of Commons is governed directly by interests." Such was certainly the case at the time in question, for Mr. Gladstone was opposed on all sides of the House. The movement excited the hostility of even the House of Lords, who, with very little consideration, threw out the measure. But although the many oppositions were more than sufficient to overcome any man of ordinary courage and ability, the gallant leader was not to be outdone. He knew that the passing of his bill would prove a great boon to the press, and it was this that stimulated him to so energetically force the House of Lords to submit to his demands. In a word, we may say that if modern England's industrial and commercial prosperity has been largely promoted, if her national debt has been immensely reduced, she can ascribe to no other minister than Mr. Gladstone, so large a share of these successes.

Next in order came Gladstone's two great Parliamentary Reform Bills of 1866 and 1884 and the Redistribution Bill of 1885. "Of these three statutes taken together it may be said that they have turned Britain into a democratic country, changing the character of her government almost as profoundly as did the Reform Act of 1832."

The second group of Gladstone's legislative acts consists in a series of Irish measures, dealing principally with Ireland's three difficulties, namely, the state church, the land agitation and the system of education. To these we may add the two great Home Rule Bills of 1886 and 1896. All of these received Mr. Gladstone's especial care both in their preparation and in their introduction to Parliament. However, his Home Rule Bill was not at all pleasing to his followers. It excited the dissatisfaction of Lord Hartington, Mr. Chamberlain, and of others less notable, who broke away from him, and finally were instrumental in crushing the measure.

Amongst Englishmen that were convinced of the justice of awarding a fair measure of self-government to Ireland, Mr. Gladstone was easily chief. In his first Home Rule resolutions he made the greatest declaration in favor of equality and justice for the Irish people ever recorded in the British House of Commons. There, standing before the eyes of the world, is a venerable man of seventy-seven years, lifting up his mighty voice and battling with indomitable perseverance and unconquerable energy for the rights of a long-oppressed people. Perhaps he has sacrificed past political pre-eminence; it may be that a great party of followers will become estranged from him; peradventure his social position has been lowered by his unique stand; finally, may he not be greeted with laughter and ridicule as the leader of a worthless party? Nevertheless, Mr. Gladstone keeps firmly to his purpose; when justice is at stake he fears not the scorn of those who differ from him in opinion; It is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when the Emerald Isle will again possess such another vigorous champion.

The third catalogue of Mr. Gladstone's parliamentary work, enumerates the achievements of his foreign policy. We get a faint glance at his wisdom and prudence in 1870, when, on the outbreak of the war between France and Germany, he concluded a treaty with Belgium in order to save it from the disaster of being drawn into the strife. Moreover, no one will question his integrity, when in 1871, he concluded the treaty of Washington, which dealt with the "Alabama" claims. Better by far was it to conclude a treaty than run the risk of a war which, considering England's condition at the time, might have proved very disastrous to her commerce.

Mr. Gladstone has, however, been blamed by many for the struggle which sent General Gordon to his reward, gave Khartoum to the Mahdi, and, as the author of the "History of Our Own Times," says, "left so many brave and famous Englishmen and Irishmen the victims of the Arab spear." Such blame may indeed seem merited, but a little investigation will prove that these sad calamities could not be averted by Mr. Gladstone, as the circumstances in which he was then placed, arose from unavoidable misunderstandings with Russia.

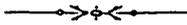
It has often been said that Gladstone was the devoted friend of the oppressed, and that his great desire was to obtain for all peoples their rights. A good proof of this we find in reading over the history of the far-famed Transvaal, in its relations with Great Britain. On several occasions he was its mediator and intercessor, and once obtained for it a conditional independence.

It is perfectly clear that the nineteenth century has not produced another man who could so well have fulfilled the mighty and many duties of prime minister. Where is the statesman who can boast of such a noble record? He was the vigilant pilot who safely steered the gallant ship of state through the turbulent breakers of insular dissensions, foreign intrigue and political discord, which at various times lifted all-powerful forces against the stability of the British Empire. Rightfully and truthfully does he deserve to be called, "England's grand old man of the century." The history of Great Britain during that long period of his brilliant administration is but one long record of his illustrious deeds, and is moreover a just tribute to that master mind which destined him to be the greatest statesman of "A vaster Empire than has been."

JOHN DOWD, '03.



University of Ottawa Review.



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OLD SERIES VOL. XIII, NO. 8

APRIL, 1900.

NEW SERIES, VOL. II. NO. 8

A WORD IN SEASON.

THE REVIEW begs to place under the serious consideration of both students and parents a grave mistake that, nowadays, is altogether too prevalent in the sphere of higher education. We refer to the foolish step taken by those boys or young men that enter upon the study of law, medicine, etc., before having completed such a preparatory course as is necessary to properly fit them for said professions.

Now, especially at the beginning of the twentieth century, this mistake,—and it cannot be called by any milder name than mistake,—is one requiring immediate attention and amendment. The young man that audaciously takes upon his shoulders the multiplex responsibilities of a profession without having com-

pleted a thorough course of preparatory studies, is destined to spend the warm summer, the vari-hued autumn and even the hoary winter of his existence in the dull, cheerless realms of mediocrity, if he have the good luck to rise even to that, the most unenviable of positions. Moreover, his very life and actions in that sphere of semi-maturity will be a real menace to the well-being of society, which, in our days, requires on the part of its professional men, a thoroughly trained and well balanced intellect, capable of forming a correct judgment regarding the various particular cases that come under its consideration.

The present age doesn't want any more quackery. Dear knows, there is far too much of that already in our midst, threatening our happiness, aye our very lives. The generality of people, in their hours of illness or perplexity, no longer have recourse to impostors or to wheedling empirics. Nevertheless, the market is overcrowded with this pestiferous refuse. The public health and the public peace would be immensely promoted, if at least a half of our so-called doctors and lawyers were shipped off after Cronje to St. Helena. Indeed the day must be fast approaching, when the grand majority of these semi-starved pretenders, famine driven, and weary of inactivity, will have to betake themselves to quarters such as used to be inhabited by the budding literary men of old England,—to quarters akin to the unheated, unventilated and unlighted garrets of Grub Street and Shoe Lane in London, where, two hundred years ago, the ragged, hungry, penniless poets eked out the most miserable of earthly existences.

Nevertheless, sad to say, even in our days, many a misguided student, in his break-neck haste to get "finished up," is preparing for himself a life of unavoidable charlatantry. The Ottawa University boys, we reluctantly acknowledge, are by no means blameless in this respect. As soon as they have got their matriculation certificates, off many of them go to study law, medicine, etc., at McGill or elsewhere. Aye, some of them have the hardihood to enter upon these professional studies after matriculation year, even when they have not succeeded in obtaining any certificate at all. Now, such a foolish course may perhaps be, at least partly excused in the particular case, where a boy's parents are too poor to keep him any longer at college. Nevertheless, even in

such instances, some other way out of the difficulty should be sought and followed up.

The age in which we live seeks in its representative men, and exacts of them, that excellence which can spring from no other source than from a thorough education. At the present time, no man can hope to make his mark in any of the professions unless he be a master in his art ; and a master he will never be unless he has previously laid the foundation of true excellence by making a thorough classical and a profound philosophical course of studies. Moreover this complete course of studies may prove very useful to him in various ways. It will enable him to spend profitably his leisure hours. It may even enable him to make a living independently of his profession, in case, as often happens, his professional duties leave at his disposal, a considerable amount of free time. Hence no matter what may happen, the thoroughly educated man can live in quiet independence, always sure of enough to eat at least. Then again, the well educated professional man can greatly assist his patrons, even in matters not pertaining to his profession.

Students of Ottawa University, whatever may be your object in life, never be satisfied with aiming at mediocrity. Always remember that there is no position too good for you, and, with a little energy and perseverance, there is no position beyond your reach. Let the standard you purpose to attain be the highest, the best, the noblest. If you have decided to become a doctor, then strive for the very first place in the medical ranks ; if your object is to become a lawyer, then try for eminence in the forensic art ; if God, by a special act of love, has chosen you from amongst many to be His own ambassador on earth, then labor with all sincerity to acquire early that sanctity and learning of which the saints have left us such grand examples. Always remember that your success in any walk of life, will never rise higher than the mark at which you aim. Remember also that you can never reach the coveted goal of excellence in any profession unless you finish well your classical and philosophical courses. It matters but little where you make that course, provided you patronize a Catholic institution ; for it is only in a Catholic institution that sound philosophy can be had. Our advice to you is meant entirely for your own

private benefit, and for the good of that community amongst whose members your future days of God-like usefulness must be passed.



IS HE "STUCK" ALREADY ?

Lo, and behold ! just as we go to press, their pops into our humble sanctum that eagerly awaited visitor from Toronto, *The McMaster University Monthly* for April. Trembling with ill-concealed anxiety, we tear off rather hastily its pretentious looking wrapper, and search for some deadly weapon with which to sever the uncut pages. Alas !!! dire—deep—dark disappointment !!! The long promised quotations from the world renowned Angelic Doctor, in support of Dr. Newman's sweeping statement in reference to truth-speaking in the "Roman" Catholic Church, are nowhere to be found !!! What can have become of them? Can it be possible that some ultra-loyal postman, eager for fresh weapons against "popery," has confiscated them on their way to Ottawa? Ah, no ! that cannot be, for, among the "Editorial Notes" in said *Monthly*, we find a very puny attempt to crawl on all fours out of a mighty deep hole, in which *The Monthly* suddenly found itself upon receipt of our February issue. Up to the present we have accorded both the *Monthly* and the distinguished institution it represents, at least some credit for open straightforward dealings, but, until present clouds are cleared away, we are reluctantly forced to with-hold all such benign concessions.

Dr. Newman in his article on "Truth-Speaking," whether wittingly or unwittingly we know not, made a grossly slanderous statement about the "Roman" Catholic Church. It was his business to substantiate that statement by unanswerable proofs as soon as it was taken objection to ; or otherwise, to politely apologize if he were accidentally led into error. Of course, as every Catholic child knows, it was utterly impossible for him to prove what he had written, and we presume he was too self-conceited to take the other alternative. Consequently he has had recourse to the hide-and-go-seek method of argument, so popular amongst Protestant sects.

What on earth does Dr. Newman wish us to do now? He published a long, high-sounding list of authorities from whose writings he proposed to furnish quotations in support of his statement regarding truth-speaking in the "Roman" Catholic Church. We immediately chose the most illustrious name on the list, that of St. Thomas Aquinas,—and have ever since been waiting for the promised extracts,—that is to say, for about two months. We have, even, been thinking of preparing a little nook for these famous extracts in our new museum, so rare and valuable must they be! Is the illustrious and divinely inspired Doctor of McMaster University, trying to waste time till June, so that, through the intervention of vacation, he may be spared a cutting humiliation? Really we see no other explanation of his present course of action.

Hurry up Mr. Newman; bring along your "St. Thomas" We are really edified to hear of such a "popish" volume existing under a Protestant roof in loyal, Orange Toronto. But then, perhaps your edition has been revised by Martin Luther, Jack Calvin, or John Knox? At any rate, bring it along; you must use it to defend your position, or else surrender honorably. Please don't delay the extracts too long, for we are very busy in Ottawa just now, and have but little time to devote to such miserable, musty trifles as the dead embers of an old and oft refuted calumny.



GALA DAY.

Four years have passed since our Athletic Association has held a Gala Day, and the announcement that a revival of the good old custom would be inaugurated this year, was received with considerable pleasure by the student body. Monday, June 4th, is the date selected for the sports. Between now and that time, it behooves our athletes to get themselves into condition for what is likely to prove a day of close and interesting contests. Among the events that will be called off are the following:—short and long distance running; hurdle races; long and high jumping; pole vaulting; putting the shot; bicycle races, etc.

And now a word about what is required to make the Gala

Day of this year a great event. Its success, from an athletic point of view, must depend upon the contestants, and, on this account, the students should enter into the spirit of the affair with that enthusiasm which has always characterized athletic contests at Ottawa College. Those that intend to compete, — and their number should be large, — must employ all their spare moments in good faithful training; remembering that training is not by any means the least important factor in success. From an athletic standpoint, Ottawa College has a reputation to uphold; this is a sufficient reason why the campus should be well lined with students in training during the few weeks that now intervene before June 4th.

Another feature upon which the day's success will depend is the kindness that will be shown by the Ottawa City friends of the Athletic Association in the way of donations to the prize list. Remembering, however, the former favor, we have received from city friends, and the eagerness they always display in assisting anything calculated to encourage matters classical or athletic at our University, we have little to fear so far as prizes for the various events is concerned. We bespeak, then, a favorable reception for the canvassing committee; and from those whom it may not be possible for the members of that committee to see, we respectfully request a donation to be given as a prize on that day.

The different committees appointed to arrange matters in connection with the Day's sports will enter upon their work at once, and in our next issue we shall give a detailed account of the sports that will take place. In the meantime let everybody do what is expected of him so that the Gala Day of '99 '00 may be one worthy of the association under whose auspices it is to be held.



A COSTLY WARNING.

The terrible calamity that has recently visited the city of Hull and the western portion of Ottawa should serve as a warning not only to the Capital of Canada, but also to many another city on this continent. There is, if we mistake not, a stringent law

against the storing of explosives within the city limits. Why should there not be a similar law prohibiting the piling of lumber within the same boundaries? Why should there not be enacted an ordinance forbidding the multiplication of wooden buildings with shingle roofs? The shingle roofs were as great a source of mischief during the fire, as were the lumber piles. Surely it would require an immense amount of explosives to cause one third the damage wrought by the memorable conflagration of April 26th last.

Ottawa, at least as far as its leading industries are concerned, has indeed been dealt a severe blow,—a blow, from the effects of which it will not recover for many years; still the citizens should be very thankful to the Almighty for being spared the greater calamity that, for hours, threatened them. It was nothing but the strong hand of a kind and all-wise Providence that saved our city from complete destruction.

We are pleased to inform such of our readers as are unacquainted with Ottawa, that the great fire raged in that part of the city farthest away from the University. Consequently, during its progress, our buildings were in no immediate danger. Quite a number of our students, however, were rendered homeless by the catastrophe. To them especially, and to all the sufferers, THE REVIEW extends its sincerest sympathy.



LACK OF ENERGY.

We have noticed in recent years that a number of students could not sum up enough energy to present themselves as candidates for the various examinations which are required as stepping-stones towards a B. A. Now this downright outcome of unmitigated laziness,—for it is nothing else,—should scarcely be found in any institution of higher education, and especially in Ottawa University. Any boy of fair talent, that has followed our course of studies properly from the First Form up, needs not dread an examination. If he has employed his time, as a conscientious boy should employ it, he needs not spend a single hour at extra study, in order to pass any of the examinations with honor. It is invari-

ably the case that the boys who do not present themselves as candidates for Matriculation are just the very ones that have wasted their time in the First Form and probably in the Second Form also. Of course they give the accustomed excuses about the uselessness of matriculation, etc., but anyone can easily see through the sham. They never paid attention in class, and, out of class, they neglected study. No wonder these "honorable gentlemen" quake with fear, at the very idea of an examination. Any boy or young man of even ordinary spunk would be ashamed to be one of their number. We sincerely hope that these few remarks will tend to remedy the abuse for the future.



THE COLUMBIAN CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL.

(The following communication has been sent us by the Secretary of the Columbian Catholic Summer School with a request for its publication :—)

The programme for the session of the Columbian Catholic Summer School, at Detroit, Mich., from July 10th to August 1, has been practically completed.

Cardinal Gibbons will visit the school, as will also a number of Bishops and Archbishops.

The lecturers thus far engaged are as follows :—Rev. T. E. Shields, Ph. D., the well known psychologist, will give three lectures on "Psychology." Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, of Canada, will also give three lectures, on the following subjects : "Alfred Tennyson," "Henry Wadsworth Longfellow," and "French Canadian Life and Literature." Hon. Joseph Donnelly, the author of "Jesus Delaney," will deliver one lecture on "Mexico." Rev. H. M. Calmar, S. J., will give a course of three lectures, as well as the eminent convert, Rev. B. F. DeCosta, D. D., of New York.

Rev. M. A. Waldron, O. S. D., D. D., and Rev. W. J. Kerby, D. D., of the Catholic University of Washington, will give three lectures. The subjects of Dr. Kerby's lectures are, "The Labor Movement," two lectures, and "Socialism."

Those who have attended the school will be pleased to learn that Rev. M. S. Brennan, A. M., of St. Louis, will give one of his popular lectures.

The general subject of education will be treated in a course of lectures by the Right Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D. D., Rector of the Catholic University.

"The triumph of Christianity" is the subject of a lecture by Rev. J. P. Carroll, D. D., President of St. Joseph's College, Du-buque.

Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, of Altoona, Pa., and Hon. M. J. Wade, of Iowa City, Iowa, will each give two lectures, subjects not yet announced.

Rev. B. F. Kuhlman, D. D., Professor of Philosophy at St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, and Very Rev. P. R. Heffron, D.D., president of St. Paul Seminary, St. Paul, will each deliver one lecture.

It is expected that Henry Austin Adams, and Most Rev. Archbishop Keane of Rome, will each deliver a course of lectures.

This list will be enlarged by the addition of several other well-known speakers. This is undoubtedly the best programme yet presented to the friends of the Summer School. The local committee at Detroit, are making all possible arrangements to care for the large number who will attend the school. Everything will be done to contribute to their comfort and pleasure. The Chairman of the Committee is Rev. M. J. P. Dempsy, and the Secretary, Mr. Frank C. Cook.

A large illustrated circular giving full information in regard to lectures, entertainments and attractions will be ready in a short time. For copies of this circular address the Secretary, John A. Hartigan, 1957, St. Anthony Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

Of Local Interest.

We notice that of late the Junior Editor has been encroaching upon the sacred precincts of the Big Yard. We would request him, however, to keep to his own side of the fence and reserve all his spare wit for the Lilliputians, that is, those of them who inhabit that territory east of the hand-ball alley.

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The remarks which Sir James Grant made with reference to gymnasiums caused us to think of our own structure which goes by that name. The dilapidated condition of this so-called gymnasium is certainly very much to be deplored especially when we consider that Gala Day is near at hand. But even were such an event never to take place, a thoroughly equipped gymnasium would be a great factor in causing the students to take plenty of healthy exercise. We therefore consider that it is not asking too much from the proper authorities when we invite them to take a hand in the matter and remedy, as far as possible, the existing evil.

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The French Debating Society held its closing exercises on the 15th inst., presenting a fairly good programme. Mr. J.C. Langlois, '00, President of the Society complimented the members on the success which they had attained in their debates this year and also moved a hearty vote of thanks to the Director. Among the numbers on the programme was a contest in elocution. In this Messrs. Ducharme and Bourque took highest honors thereby gaining two handsome prizes. The dancing-master of the small yard closed the entertainment and pleased all by his performance.

The members of the French Dramatic Society gave a *soiree* on April 16th. Two comedies, "Rodolfo le Brigand," and "Un Caissier," besides appropriate musical selections, made up an excellent programme. The large audience appreciated very highly the work of the students who deserve indeed great praise. The following was the cast of characters.

 RODOLFO LE BRIGAND.

Rodolfo, chef des brigands	A. Campeau.
Le Comte de Lansfeld	N. Farribault.
Frederic, 12 ans. } fils du Comte	{ A. Pepin.
Alfred, 10 ans. }	{ A. Bastien.
Pietro,, lieutenant de Rodolfo	O. Cloutier.
Sterno, brigand	L. Talbot.
Brigands, etc.	

 UN CAISSIER.

Fourmidor, riche banquier	J. C. Langlois.
Isidore Feuille, son caissier	U. Valiquet.

Between the Acts the Orchestra rendered several fine selections. A well-rendered chorus, "O Canada," closed the entertainment.

* * *

On the 4th inst., the Scientific Society held its regular semi-monthly *seance*. Mr. J. R. O'Gorman, '01, was the lecturer of the evening and read an excellent paper on "Spectrum Analysis." Though the lecture was somewhat brief the subject was thoroughly treated and showed clearly to all the great importance and practicability of this new mode of analysis.

"Canidae" formed the subject of a very interesting lecture at the next regular meeting, April 18th. Mr. J. J. O'Gorman, '04, handled the question in a succinct but very complete manner. Rev. Father Lajeunesse supplemented the lecture with a few delightful stories containing his experience of the sagacity of the canine tribe.

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Under the auspices of the Scientific Society Sir James Grant gave, on the 24th inst., an excellent lecture on "Health and How to Preserve It." After a short discussion of the rules of health, the speaker proceeded to show how we should preserve this all-important blessing. He recommended physical exercise and declared therefore, in favor of *well-equipped* gymnasiums. The lecturer warned the students to pay special attention to this as it

is doubtless the best means that can be taken to preserve health when having to undergo severe mental labor.

He then proceeded to show the effects of water, alcohol, and milk on the digestive system.

The drinking of ice-water before eating, he rightly condemned. However he strongly advised all to use plenty of water and to pay an occasional visit to some of the many mineral springs of which Canada can boast.

The use of alcohol, except when ordered by a physician, he thought quite unnecessary and in many ways very harmful.

In discussing the milk question, Sir James drew a striking contrast between the article which used to be on the market and that which we find there at present. Bad milk he considered as one of the greatest disseminators of diseases especially of consumption. Though at present there is an advancement in the purity of that important article of food, there is even yet room for improvement.

In conclusion Sir James advised the establishment of sanitariums. He enlabeled the skill of the medical men of Canada and showed how in Ottawa, there were institutions and medical assistance for the sick, second to none in this North American Continent.

At the close of the lecture, Mr. M. E. Conway, '01, President of the Scientific Society, thanked Sir James in behalf of the members and of the student body at large for the excellent and scholarly dissertation which he had delivered.



Among the Magazines.

The current issue of *The Gael* opens with a humorous travesty on the much glorified Anglo-Saxon race. The writer of this skit introduces Thorwald, the Saxon, as the hero of this skit, and in a most facetious manner traces the origin of the race. "History of the County of Antrim" aims rather at description than at a recital of the country's historical episodes. Three splendid illustrations accompany this article and add considerable to its inter-

est. Father Dollard (Sliav-na-mon) puts a dash of Irish humor into his writings that is perfectly irresistible, and nowhere is this better instanced than in the descriptive article entitled "The Moondharrig Hurlers," the second part of which appears in this issue. "Green Bushes" is a particularly delightful poem full of Irish love and pathos.

Among the important contributions to the Easter number of *Donahoe's Magazine*, we call attention to that which bears the signature of Dr. DeCosta. "Young Men and Personal Service" does not require the fame attached to the author's name, but will stand on its own intrinsic excellence. Dr. De Costa has been able to seize many points which are direct menaces against the progress of Catholicity among young men. The indifference and apathy of our young Catholics are, in the opinion of the writer, of momentous importance and deserving of most serious consideration. He concedes that there is a visible improvement in the country but draws the rather sweeping conclusion that the attitude of the majority is unsatisfactory, and with this latter statement we take issue. In both Canada and the United States, it can safely be said that the majority of our young men are doing meitorious work in the various Catholic religious, fraternal, charitable and educational societies. Thousands of these societies here in America have the co-operation of the clergy and are doing a mighty labor for the spread of Catholicity. Then consider the number of young men graduated from our Catholic Colleges, and not with a sham, superficial education, but with a thorough training, which renders them scholars and gentlemen. These are the men that are prepared to battle with all the errors that threaten the stability of the church. Added to this is the work of parochial schools, wherein are trained that class of Catholic youth demanded at the present time. Such influences cannot but help to swell the ever-increasing body of practical young Catholics whose mighty power is felt in every direction. According to the writer, the insatiable craving for wealth, imperfect training of youth, overwork, and bad literature are some of the causes that militate against the advancement of our Catholic youth in matters both spiritual and temporal.

An excellent article entitled "Porto Rico and Its People," which appears in this issue, places before the reading public some of the

complex problems which must be dealt with by the United States. Many points grossly misrepresented by the over sensational scribe find truthful representation in this paper. "Holy Week in Florence is a descriptive article of especial interest. The serial, "The Hand of the Crusader," comes to a delightfully thrilling close in this issue. Rev. James B. Dollard contributes to the poetry of this number. "On Kenmare Head" is a short poem but one full of tender pathos. The delicacy of touch in this tale of sorrow, its fervency and easy grace show the touch of a genuine artist.

The Sacred Heart Review, of the issue of April 14th, contains many interesting and instructive papers. "My Inner Life," a recent publication by J. B. Crozier, is critically reviewed by Dr. Turner. "The Folly of Atheism" is a short paper, full of sound, practical advice in the matter of one of the greatest evils of the century. The editorials are bright and furnish most interesting reading.



Exchanges.

A new face has made its appearance in our sanctum. To our long list of exchanges we have now to add *Echoes From the Pines*. The stranger hails from the Ursuline Academy of Chatham, Ont., and it furnishes another instance of the admirable work done in our Catholic convents. The "echoes" seem to have retained some of the delightful fragrance of their evergreen home, and their charming freshness appeals strongly to the reader. They fill forty-three pages in this, the Easter number. The seal of merit is plainly stamped upon every contribution, but deserving of particular mention is "Poetic Tributes to Our Lady." Several illustrations adorn the pages of the "Echoes," among which is a very fine group of the editorial staff.

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Another publication making its first visit to Ottawa is the *Laurel*, from St. Bonaventure College, Allegany, N. Y. St. Bonaventure is of especial interest to us, since His Excellency Mgr.

Falconio, the Papal Delegate, at present residing in our University, was for some years connected with that institution. The *Laurel* has not completed its first year in the field of journalism, though it bears all the marks of a veteran. It appears as yet but quarterly. We trust that the editors will always retain the high literary standard which they have set for themselves in their first numbers. All the contributors seem to be thoroughly conversant with their subjects, and they handle them in a forceful and pleasing style. "Nathan Hale," the only poem in this issue seems to be rather an ambitious piece of work. It is written in blank verse and is very lengthy. But though possessed of certain undeniable merits, this poem is marred by some scarcely excusable blemishes. Not only is the metre often faulty, but the author is more than once guilty of "mixing his metaphors." The first lines contain a glaring blunder of this kind :

"The *granite* frown of cruel war
Belched forth dread phantoms o'er the peaceful town."

Again mark the obscurity of this sentence :

"His boat, that happy goal
That *plies salvation* from its briny oars."

Such faults are, however, generally the result of negligence and inattention more than anything else. They are not of a serious nature, and we hope that by thus bringing them to the notice of the author, their recurrence may be prevented.

* *

Spring, ever so fruitful a subject for the aspiring poet, is responsible for several gay carols in the April *Mount*. These "Spring Warblings" are of a superior quality, and cannot be classed with the numerous miserable productions usually begotten by this season. We are pleased to see that the young ladies of Mt. de Chantal appreciated the series of lectures on Literature delivered in their Academy by our distinguished alumnus, Dr. Thos. O'Hagan, M. A., '82.

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The *Sacred Heart Collegian* always provides an interesting table of contents. The March issue has several well-written es-

says on interesting subjects. "Ireland" deals particularly with those two chief ornaments of the Irish people, their faith and their literature, the undimmed brilliancy of which is to-day the proud boast of Erin's sons.

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The students of the University of New Brunswick publish a Centennial number of their *Monthly* to mark the hundredth anniversary of their Alma Mater. The University received its charter in February, 1800, and is accordingly one of the oldest colleges in Canada. Graduates contribute largely to the make-up of this number, reminiscences of old college days being the all-absorbing topic.



Priorum Temporum Flores.

At the Annual Commencement exercises of Queen's University, Kingston, the degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred on two of the old boys, Messrs. W. Proderick, '94 and A. McConville, ex-'98. Their many friends will be pleased to learn of their success, and THE REVIEW wishes them a prosperous career in their chosen profession.

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During the month, three former students of the Commercial Course were married: Messrs. M. Lapointe, '94, and J. Tobin, '95, both of Ottawa, and W. McCosham, '94, of Bryson, Que. THE REVIEW extends congratulations and best wishes to the newly married couples.

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Mr. R. Lafond, ex-'00, who is studying medicine at Laval University, Montreal, recently called at our sanctum to renew acquaintances with his old classmates and friends.

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Mr. A. Lapointe, graduate of the Commercial Course of '97, has started business in the city. Success Albert.

It would be very agreeable to many, if the Alumni Association would assemble in June and reorganize. There are many former students who would enjoy meeting old college friends ; this can be done only by putting the Alumni Association on a firm basis, and by holding regular annual meetings during commencement week. Messrs. A. Gow, Stewart street, Ottawa, Ont., and A. E. Lussier, corner Rideau and Sussex streets, Ottawa, Ont., are the joint Secretaries and all communications on the matter should be addressed to them.



Athletics.

The regular annual meeting of the Athletic Association was held on Easter Monday. After the Treasurer, Mr. Meehan, had made known to the members the financial standing of the Association, Secretary Egleson read, in his own happy style, the report of last year's achievements. Financially, the association has not been as successful as in past years ; nevertheless we have every reason to feel proud of the fact that it has not only retained its former prestige among its rival associations but has even added new honors to its already brilliant record. In the election of officers that took place at this meeting, Mr. T. G. Morin, last year's President of the association, declined a re-nomination for that office. In consequence of this Mr. James E. McGlade was the unanimous choice for that position. Mr. Morin was called upon last year to fulfill the double duties of President of the Athletic Association and of Manager of the Quebec Rugby Champions ; it is to avoid such a task in the future that prompted him to decline the re-nomination.

The executive committee for the coming scholastic year is constituted as follows :—

President.—Jas. E. McGlade.

First Vice President—T. G. Morin.

Second Vice President—J. J. McGuckin.

Treasurer—J. Donnelly.

Corresponding Secretary—D. McTighe.

Recording Secretary—J. J. Smith.

Councillors—P. J. Murphy, H. J. Fay.

The installation of officers took place on Sunday, April 22nd. Words of encouragement and advice were heard from Messrs. M. A. Foley, J. A. Meehan, W. P. Egleson, and J. F. Breen, all members of the class of '00, and of last year's executive. In recognition of their past services to the association, a vote of thanks was moved by Mr. Morin and seconded by Mr. Donnelly. We all know how much of the past success of our association is due to their generous efforts, and it only remains for the present committee, in order to insure success in the future, to labor as faithfully as they have done.

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It is gratifying to note the marked interest that is taken in the spring series of football. Four student teams have been organized with Messrs. Murphy, McGuckin, Cox, and Callaghan, members of the Quebec champions, as Captains. Each member of the victorious team will be presented with a handsome group photo.

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The following schedule has been arranged —

April 18—McGuckin vs. Cox. April 21—Cox vs. Callaghan.
do 22—Murphy vs. McGuckin. do 25—Callaghan vs Murphy.
do 28—McGuckin vs Callaghan. do 29—Cox vs. Murphy.

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The first game in the above schedule was postponed on account of rain. On April 21st, Cox and Callaghan opened the spring series of football games. As one might expect, it possessed none of the characteristics of a championship match. This, however can be easily accounted for. The day was one of those sultry days of spring, when the effect of heat is felt the most, while the players themselves were in a poor condition for such physical efforts. Consequently the ball could not be kept in continual motion, and besides, the referee's whistle would repeatedly call the players' attention to infringements of the rules, especially by those who had donned the football suits for the first time. But, after all, the object of the game is to train new material for the fall

season, and, with this end in view, all present shortcomings are overlooked.

Although the game as a whole was a poor exhibition of football, still it would be unjust to say that it lacked interest. In this game, Harpelle, a new wing man, secured two touch-downs for the winning team. The score was 17 to 6 in favor of Captain Callaghan's team.

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On April 22nd, the third scheduled game was played. In many respects it was the contrast of the game played the day before. The weather was cloudy and cool, while neither team scored. It was a closely contested game from beginning to end. In the first half, Captain McGuckin's team held the ball near their opponent's line for eight minutes without being able to secure even a rouge. In all probability they would have scored had not their efforts been frustrated by the timekeeper calling half time. As in the preceding game the play was mostly scrimmaging, which by the way, is a general feature of the spring games. The result would have been different had the half-backs been given more chances to handle the ball, as it was evident that most of the gains made by either team was due to the long punting of McGuckin and Morin.

Mr. T. G. Morin acted as referee in both matches.



Junior Department.

This month the Poet Laureate of the small yard contributes the following on the Junior Editor :—

Beneath my window casement lies,
 A land o'erarched by nought but skies,
 Where 'bides a clan of humble size,
 Whose honor none can question.
 Yet still a scribe of unknown fame,
 The Junior Editor by name,
 In legends stale and accents tame,
 On them has cast reflection.

Some time ago this scribe awoke,
 (No doubt disturbed by "sanctum" smoke,
 So pregnant with th' unfettered joke),

And hied into seclusion.

From whence proceeds a monthly lot
 Of puns and satires, ill-begot
 To represent my friend, the tot,

And throw him in confusion.

This scion of the Shakespeare tribe
 By inuendo, humor, jibe,

Sarcasm, and—perhaps a bribe,

Has sought to spoil their glory.

By stealthy visits to their halls
 And surreptitious midnight calls,
 He learns whate'er the youth befalls

And turns it into story.

Their hallowed customs are not safe
 Against this maleficious waif ;

The masters of the dark room chafe,

To know his vile cognomen.

And Smith and Bawlf and Lynch have said

(They've sworn it by the sheared head

Of him who carries pans of bread)

They'll give this warning omen.

E'en Iliud, so meek and pale.

Whose name so oft "adorns a tale,"

Declares he'll make this scribbler quail,

If they meet in Montreal.

For there his "Hoplites" stand their ground,

His "Slingers" throw hard missiles 'round,

His "Peltasts," brave and sure, abound

To make this punster fall.

Ye men of learning ! Ye the staff !

Oh ! What a merry, merry laugh

Will shake this world—at least a half—

When Iliud calls his nation.
 Adown the gloomy depths of night,
 The Junior Editor will fight
 The dust, and say he cannot fight,
 And mourn his reputation.

* * *

Both the Senior and the Junior Editors are very grateful to a few young friends of the small yard. These youngsters, a week or so ago, had it in their power to make things generally unpleasant for the Junior Editor, but were too conscientious to take a mean advantage. We are proud of their conduct, and think it might be imitated with advantage by some of their more pretentious seniors.

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" 'Tis spring-time on the eastern hills !
 Like torrents gush the summer rills ;
 Through winter's moss and dry dead leaves
 The bladed grass revives and lives,
 Pushes the mouldering waste away,
 And glimpses to the April day."

The Junior Editor is highly pleased to welcome again the return of the long-looked-for visitor, Spring. Many a time during the cold and desolate state of the Lilliputian campus, he felt sorely grieved that the inhabitants of Lilliput should be obliged, on account of the inclement storms, to remain inactive sportsmen in the gymnasium. Not unfrequently his little soul glanced wearily at the starry vault of heaven, and appealed to the bright stellar attendants of Miss Moon to His Royal Highness, to drive away the sullen murmurs of the North, and to call back the soothing zephyrs of the South. This persevering prayer has been heard, and lovely Spring skips along chanting her own familiar hymn :

"I come, I come ! ye have called me along,
 I came o'er the mountain with light and song :
 Ye may trace my step o'er the waking earth,
 By the winds which tell of the violets birth,
 By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
 By the green leaves opening as I pass."

Already there is a marked change in the youthful spirit of our boys. There is a glowing expression of deep gratitude stamped on the countenances of each short-panted junior, as he rushes forth into the welcoming brightness of the night. The long dormant spirit of Mr. Sport is again revived, and all our young friends are glad once more to take part in the games that have so long remained buried in the Dark Room. One crowd is assembled in the "smoking alley" contending for hand-ball honors, whilst another is watching the future members of their baseball team as they toss the ball from one to another. We are pleased to note also that one of the professors has kindly deigned to show us a few of the games that he used to play when he was a small boy; (he's barely out of knee pants yet). One of these recreative sports is called "relievo," and has drawn the attention of many knickerbockers. Several other amusements, such as "Run Sheep Run," "Bar's Off," "Lill, Lill," find many supporters among the inhabitants of kiddom.

Many of the boys indulge in vocal music, and they tantalize the ears of not a few of their comrades. Denis' favorite is: "There'll be a hot time in the old town." His accent is rather *buttermilked*. Choc Ette sings "*Just one boy*." Tommy S. chants "Oh I wish I were a gander."

These songs are full of music, and are more or less pleasing to the ear. But we wish to remind a certain click, headed by the smallest but most old-fashioned *camp bell* in the yard, that they are not justified in sitting at the gate to scandalize the passers-by by singing hackneyed songs to the air of sacred music. If such gentlemen (excuse the word) have no respect for themselves, they should at least have some concern for the institution and for the music that they sing.

* * *

A few nights ago Capt. Moonlight met me, the Junior Editor as I was about to take a short stroll during the quiet stillness of the night. Mr. Orb flashed one of his silvery gleams through the neighboring trees and immediately attracted my attention. He accosted me with one of his suspicious grins and twitched his face as if trying to wink. I recognized the sign and immediately directed my way to the sanctum. I was not long there, before the

pale-faced Captain entered and started in all haste to recount the following incidents. He felt very much abashed to begin his story for, as he said, one would hardly credit such carelessness to young or old students. His story runneth thus :

" I have been often obliged to deal unmercifully with my young terrestrial midgets. I am satisfied, however, to learn that they consider deeply the few remarks that I sometimes make. I extend to them my sincere congratulations and hope that they will always possess the spirit of sincere and holy submission. During the past month I made a few observations as I passed through their noisy campus, and much to my surprise, I learned that many are lacking in that necessary quality, neatness. I chanced one day to catch a glimpse of two young men that were playing marbles in the mud. Not only the marbles were covered with this water-clotted earth, but also their hands. Being very interested in their game, I remained a spectator until the college bell called them to the study hall. When they had finished their game, instead of rushing to the nearest water tap, they wiped their dark and thick stained hands on their coats and on the white-washed fence.

Another day I was shocked to behold three or four frisky gentlemen waddling through several puddles of muddy water, and then kicking at one another the soft earth that cleaved to their shoes. I felt like choking them.

Nor shall I forget to say a word about the lovers of vogue, that admirable guide of society's fashions. I often hear these young vanity deivers talk of all the latest styles in hats, shoes, stockings, ties, etc. I was much pained, however, to listen to a list all the grand dress ornaments that they are going to wear during the coming summer. They talk in such strains, and at the same time parade through the yard with several inches of blanced linen flying loosely through the dark textures that circumscribe the upper portion of their crural members. It often happens also that those who delight in praising the latest style of stockings, allow their tibial coverlets to give protection and warmth to the external casement of their pedal extremities.

Others, the lovers of clean faces and Paderwiski hair dress, summon up enough vanity to polish their shoes, and are unable to apply the strong wisps of a broom to their coat and hat. In the

dormitory, the looking-glass finds many idols among this class. It is reported that one nice looking chap, when at study, keeps a face reflector on his book in order to note his different features, and to observe the hairs as they stealthily fall from his glossy pate. "What a sweep of vanity comes this way."

Not having time to finish all his remarks, the old Captain left the sanctum to continue his journey through the ethereal skies. Boys, a word to the wise is sufficient. The above remarks need no comment.

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Now that the ethereal mildness of the spring has softly dawned upon us, we hope that the juniors will take advantage of the many approaching congé days to engage in their annual sports, lacrosse and baseball. As there are not many who know the secrets of the former game, we would advise our young friends to form a few teams of baseball. The games should be scheduled to be played on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Your admirer, the Junior Editor, will not fail to witness the games, and take special notice of the plays and players. You might also send out challenges to the teams of the city, and win for yourselves laurels before the public eye.

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Some small boys paste upon the bulletin, very classically written notices. We have not however met one that surpasses the following in English dress:—

"I lost or was taken, a coat. If the coat is found, return it to the one who owns the coat."

We forbear to give the name of the author. He is big and old enough however, to be seen in the senior department.

* *
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The following notes were found on the Editor's file, and were signed :

C. H. JUETTE.

Last night I read the college book,
The junior column, first I look,
So many name, what for all that ?
That poet talk way up his hat,
All time he tell the lie much big
And fun at me he like to dig.

He laugh behind the post all day,
And watch the boy in yard at play.

Dear Editeur,—I see you receive the letter of my friends. I like much that what is said to you. You no like to show you ugly visage on the college field for I do tell to you something. Your life is in our danger. What you talk about me on the Junior Department? My friends carry me to the hall of the recreation for to ask me my sentiment. I give all I had in little words. And you make the speech of one hour. You talk in your hat. You no good! If I see you in the yard I will throw you the stone.

Good bye,

C. H. JUETTE.

* * *

Some of the small boys show a great carelessness in keeping in proper condition, the articles that they receive from their parents. No later than last week, a small boy was riding on his bicycle over the spiked walk in the yard. Having been warned by one of his more sensible companions, that he would puncture the wheel, the careless bicyclist remarked: "Oh I can only puncture it, and then get another." Yes young friend you *can* puncture it, but you *may* not. At least this is what your father would most likely say.

* * *

During the coming month the deacon of the small yard will hold special evening services under the glimmer of the electric lights.

* * *

They say that the rain has *ruane-d* our football field and our former *pitcher*.

* * *

The Scientific Society was notified last week that there would be a lecture in the third form class-room, April 18th. The subject of the lecture was—"Camidae." On reading the above title, Tommy remarked: Dat guy don't know how to spell *Canada* yet.

* * *

SYMPOSIUM FROM MOORE.

"O Blame not the Bard," that Joe rose "Oft in the Stilly

Night," with a "Tear and a Smile in His Eye" to gaze upon "The young May MOON" beaming upon "The Last Rose of Summer," to sing "Believe me if all those Endearing Young Charms."

* * *

"Oh won't you please memorize me? You memorized the other boys; I would like you to memorize me."

* * *

French to the waiter—"Why didn't you give me a piece of brown bread this morning?"

* * *

K—Why do the Philippine Islands resemble a decayed tooth?

S—Don't know.

K—Because there is a cavity (é) in both.

* * *

I'm mad, I'm really mad! If you were a girl I'd throw a kiss at you! I can *lick* you anyway.

* * *

Non est miraculum, hoc! Eh oui!! Non! Mais oui!!!

* * *

Come along Jim. I think we'll have to go back, Jim.

* * *

After the conclusion of a very dry piece of wit :—Ha! Ha!!
Ha!!! Pas mal, père—Crapaud chien!!! * * * *

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HONOR ROLL FOR MARCH.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

First Grade.—1st, L. P. Levesques, 2nd, Geo. Laflamme ;
3rd, P. Kirwan.

Second Grade A.—1st, Joe Coupal ; 2nd, Emile Gagnon ;
3rd, L. Leonard.

Second Grade B.—1st, L. P. Brosseau ; 2nd, Thos. Foley ;
3rd, E. Theriault.

Third Grade A.—1st, John Parker ; 2nd, Francis Taillon ;
3rd, W. Leonard.

Third Grade B.—1st, E. Seguin ; 2nd, Jas. Donahue ; 3rd,
Jas. Healey.

Graduating Class.—1st, Cyriac Dionne ; 2nd, Arthur Laprès ;
3rd, Geo. Babin.