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The Irish Nation and the Universities.

PART II.

(Continued)

IN its fight to make the new Dublin University "national in fact as well as in name," by winning for the national language recognition as a compulsory subject for matriculation, a situation which it is within the power of the Senate to create, the Gaelic League has met opposition from unexpected quarters. At the outset, the Rev. Dr. Delaney, S.J., president of University College, Dublin, one of the constituent colleges of the new University, and himself a member of its Senate, expressed himself before a public meeting as follows. "He was thoroughly and heartily with the advocates of Irish, but would they tell the Irishman in America, and the Irishman in Australia, who sent home resolutions claiming self-government for Ireland—were they going to tell them if their sons came to the University they would kick them out? Taking into account all the effects that would follow, he could not, as a priest and a Catholic, consent to make Irish an essential."

It was mainly to counteract the effect of such statements as this, and to test the feeling of the country, that the Gaelic League called the meeting described in the previous issue of *The Review*, in a report quoted at length from "Sinn Fein," a weekly news-

paper published in Dublin. Dr. Delaney's attitude was vigorously condemned on all sides, the Rev. Dr. O'Hickey, of Maynooth, making a particularly strong and outspoken statement on the subject. The United Irish Societies of New York passed the following resolution:

"We characterize this statement as anti-National, calculated to mislead the public by misrepresentation of the feelings and wishes of the Irish in America, and an improper presentation of the attitude of Irish Catholics and Irish priests everywhere, and we sincerely hope it will not have any influence in the decision of the question at issue. The Irish in America can obtain for their sons a much better education in American colleges than they would be likely to receive in the new University in Dublin, and neither their National traditions, ideals nor pride of race would be in danger in any American institution of learning. The only reason Irish parents in America would have for sending their sons to finish their education in Dublin, or elsewhere in Ireland, is that they may there imbibe the glorious ideals and traditions of the race through the study of Irish history, literature, and poetry, and master the language of Patrick, Brigid, and Columcille, and of the great missionaries and scholars who stemmed the tide of ignorance and barbarism that was sweeping over Europe in the early Middle Ages. We protest against Rev. Dr. Delaney's assumption of the right to speak for the Irish in America and his implied slur on the Irish language as a useful factor in the training of youth. We emphatically assert that it is the spirit which characterizes his utterance that, more than any other cause, has contributed to the enormous losses the Catholic Church in America has sustained through the defection of the descendants of Irish immigrants. The slavish catering to English ideals naturally results in preference for the English religion, and we call on the people of Ireland to see that the new University be made a seat of genuine Irish learning and a citadel of Irish Nationality. If it is to be otherwise it should be repudiated by all that is National, manly, and self-respecting in Ireland."

Events have since moved rapidly. To quote, for the sake of its concise summary of the situation, from the hostile and anti-Irish London Times, January 22:

"On Tuesday the Standing Committee of the Irish Roman Catholic Bishops adopted a resolution in which, while expressing their sympathy with the cultivation of the Irish language, they deprecate the attempt to make it a compulsory subject at all examinations, general and professional, in the new University. They profess to look forward to a time when the study of Irish will flourish in the

new University, and even—a very sanguine speculation—when its use will become so general throughout the country that it can be largely employed as 'the medium of instruction in the constituent colleges.' At the same time they admit that Ireland is not yet within measurable distance of such a state of things. Their conclusion is that to insist on compulsion in existing circumstances would very possibly be rather a hindrance than a help to the language movement, while it would, to a certainty, drive away from the University not a few students whom it is desirable to bring and to keep under the influence of the Catholic atmosphere. . . . The Corporation of Dublin on Wednesday carried a motion in favor of compulsory Irish by twenty-four votes against one. . . . The fact remains that the municipal rulers of the Irish capital have committed themselves to the Gaelic League demand, 'if the University is to be an Irish and national institution, in fact as well as in name.'"

Commenting on this decision, the *Claidheamh Soluis*, the official organ of the Gaelic League, says editorially:

"The news that the Standing Committee of the Catholic Bishops is opposed to the national demand for essential Irish in the National University has been heard by Gaelic Leaguers with regret, but without dismay. . . .

"We do not know how far the views of the Standing Committee are shared by the Bishops as a body. It is quite certain that the Bishops are not unanimous in the matter, for two at least have publicly endorsed the Gaelic League demands. . . .

"We trust that there will be no disposition amongst Gaels to regard the pronouncement of the Standing Committee of the Bishops as the pronouncement of a body of men who are hostile to the language movement. The Committee expresses itself as most friendly to the general aims and aspirations of the Gaelic League, and states that it looks forward to the day when Irish will be commonly spoken throughout the country. We take it that their Lordships are thoroughly sincere in these professions, and are content to believe that they differ from us merely as to the best ways and means of realizing our—and their—hopes. It is further to be borne in mind that their Lordships do not—and in fact cannot—claim for their pronouncement any sacrosanct authority; they expressly state that the question on which they proceed to give their opinion 'is a question for fair argument.'"

The "*Claidheamh*," in later issues, summarizes the situation as follows:

"The manner in which the Councils use their powers will decide the issue. Dublin City Council has not yet formally declared

that it will raise no rate-in-aid, but the resolutions already adopted by it demand that it shall follow the patriotic example first given by the Corporation of Limerick. The Councils that have declared against endowing the National University unless Irish be one of its essential subjects are:—Limerick City Council, Limerick County Council, Sligo County Council, Mayo County Council, Galway County Council, Waterford County Council, Monaghan County Council, Cork County Council, Wexford County Council.

“On the morrow of the Bishops’ announcement the Dublin Corporation adopted a resolution firmly identifying itself with the national demand. . . . Within a day or two the same demand gained the unanimous adhesion of the County Council of Waterford. . . . Since then the County Council of Galway, a number of Urban and Rural District Councils up and down the country, and in a second and still more unmistakable resolution, the Dublin City Council, have added their voices to the swelling roar of the nation’s demand. Yet more emphatic in its way is the rolling cheer from the market-place of Tuam where ten thousand (not five thousand as the daily papers say) town and country folk of North Galway adopted the Irish Ireland resolutions with passionate demonstrations of enthusiasm, greeting An Craoibhin (Dr. Douglas Hyde) and the other spokesmen of the League with royal honours. In Belfast, a lecture by Eoin Mac Neill, has drawn notable declarations of adhesion from Professor Henry and Sir Peter O’Connell, both men of light and leading in the Northern University. The Irish Ireland press of all sections and every political, literary, and friendly association in the land that calls itself National, have been working together with a will and an energy unexampled in the recent history of our country. We knew all along that the people were with us, but we confess that even we were not prepared for so direct, vehement, and unanimous an answer. . . . Most remarkable among a series of remarkable demonstrations must remain Monday’s gathering of the students of Dublin in the Mansion House. Its value consisted largely in its character as a students’ meeting pure and simple. Apart from a few well-known Gaels prominently connected with educational work, the vast audience which filled the Supper Room consisted exclusively of the students of the various institutions which will form part of, or be directly affected by, the new University,—University College, the Catholic University School of Medicine, the College of Science, Loreto College, St. Mary’s University College (Eccles Street), the King’s Inns, the Solicitors’ Apprentices, and so on; while to complete the representativeness and authoritativeness of the expression of opinion

arrived at came messages deprecating compromise from, amongst others, the members of the Columban League of Maynooth and the priests of the Dunboyne Establishment. Those who told us that we were trying to force our views on the University regardless of the wishes and interests of the students have now got their answer. In all broad Ireland only seventy-four students (including Englishmen, Scotchmen, Jews, and Clongownians) have been found to put their names to an anti-Irish protest. The students are with us in somewhat larger proportion than the country at large,—say, nine out of every ten."

At the convention of the Irish Parliamentary Party, held in Dublin during February, a resolution favouring compulsory Irish for matriculation in the new University was proposed by Mr. Bolland, M.P., and, despite some opposition, was carried by a large majority. In this connection, the "Claidheamh" remarks:

"The question as to whether the public of Ireland is with or against the demand for Irish as an essential part of the basis of education in the National University has been settled once and for all by the National Convention. That Convention was representative of all nationalist Ireland outside of the Sinn Fein Party. The Sinn Fein Party has been with us from the start. Its leaders have been fighting this battle side by side with the leaders of the language movement. The other and larger body of Irish Nationalists has now declared itself on our side with equal decisiveness and equal enthusiasm. All that part of Ireland which postulates an Irish Nation is thus definitely with us,—with us, if we may take the voting at the Convention as an index, six to one. . . ."

In the meantime, the Coiste Gnotha, or Executive Committee, of the Gaelic League, has issued a manifesto, in which its members express the determination of the League to "stand as firm as a rock," as the official organ puts it.

The story of Irish as a spoken language is linked with the fortunes of the Irish nation. It had, at the time of the English invasion, imposed itself on the descendants of the Danes. Thenceforward, through the centuries, despite all Anglicizing efforts to the contrary, it was, till the middle of the eighteenth century, the language of the nation, and as such spoken by both Gael and Norman. Dr. Douglas Hyde supplies ample information on the subject in his "Literary History of Ireland." He says:

"The absorbing power of Irish nationality continued so strong all through the seventeenth century that, according to Prendergast, many of the children of Oliver Cromwell's soldiers who had settled in Ireland, could not speak a word of English. It was the same all

over the country. In 1760, Irish was so universally spoken in the regiments of the Irish Brigade that Dick Hennesy, Edmund Burke's cousin, learnt it on foreign service. Still later, during the Peninsular War, the English officers in one of the Highland regiments attempted to abolish the speaking of Gaelic at the mess-table, but the Gaelic-speaking officers completely outvoted them. Irish was spoken at this time by all the Milesian families of high rank, except when they wished to deliberately Anglicize themselves. . . . It is from the middle of the eighteenth century onward that the Irish language begins to die out. I doubt whether before that period any Milesian family either in Ireland or the Scotch Highlands spoke English in its own home or to its own children."

And Mr. Roger Casement, writing in the Dublin press, gives information about the patriots of the eighteenth century, which, perhaps, was not generally known:

"Grattan himself knew Irish; he had studied it and helped in the compilation of O'Reilly's dictionary. Moreover, the question then was not as now the one, the foreign tongue, destructively triumphant, the other, the native, well nigh done to death. Grattan must have heard Irish from his boyhood up—it was all around him. The servants who nursed him, the men who tilled the fields, the drivers of his conveyances, the songs of every fireside—aye, and of well-nigh every street corner in Dublin—were Irish, or so infected with Irish that it was impossible for a man to grow up without insensibly having his whole outlook on life, and particularly his outlook on Ireland, profoundly moved by that environment.

"Emmet's plans were partly given out in Irish, and were surely distributed to many Irish speakers. I know the country whence William Orr came from my boyhood, and I first heard in it the word 'ceilidh' used by Presbyterian farmers in 1877, for their friendly gatherings and dances. Irish was over much of Antrim in 1798—hundreds of United Men in that county spoke no other. Thomas Russell, the Protestant leader and founder of the movement in the North, learned Irish in Belfast when he set out to convert Ulster to a free Ireland. The revolutionary leaders of the town put 'Eire go Bragh' on the first banners they carried. Who was the 'Sean Bhean Bhocht,' and who was 'the poor Old Ireland' the men of those days died for? In 1768, Dr. Neilson, a Presbyterian, preached in Irish to his father's Presbyterian flock at Rademon, almost within sight of Belfast, because they knew and liked the language, and was arrested in consequence because the militia officer knew no Irish, and alleged that a sermon in that tongue must needs be national and, therefore, seditious. Writing later, from Belfast,

after the great rising had been quenched, the same Presbyterian divine begged his countrymen to learn Irish, because, as he said, although it is no longer the language of the Senate, it is the language of the land, and 'no man can impart moral instruction or engage in agricultural operations' throughout the greater part of our country if he know not Irish. In 1878 my own tutor (a clergyman, born in Cork City in 1809) assured me I was 'no Irishman' because I knew no Irish. He was a very distinguished Trinity scholar, indeed; a man whose erudition was second to none in Ireland, as the late Archbishop Reeves testified all his life; and his reproach, I felt, was a true one. He himself knew Irish well, and from his boyhood, as did the late Lord Morris, or the late Master in Chancery, Gerald Fitzgibbon, whose 'Ireland in 1868' confesses it; or, indeed, as did well-nigh every great Irishman of the past to a far greater degree than is to-day conceived. Curran, we know, spoke Irish and English from boyhood."

Dr. Hyde claims that, according to the census of 1891, "something over three-quarters of a million people in Ireland were bilinguals, and 66,140 could speak Irish only, thus showing that in thirty years Irish was killed off so rapidly that the whole island contained fewer speakers in 1891 than the small province of Connacht alone did thirty years before. This extinguishing of the Irish language has not been the result of a natural process of decay, but has been chiefly caused by the definite policy of the Board of National Education, as it is called,—evidently actuated by a false sense of Imperialism, and by an overmastering desire to centralize.

The situation, so far as the Irish language is concerned, has changed for the better since the above words were written. As for the historic Irish nation, it has, during centuries of stress and danger, weathered every storm which threatened its existence. "Let us remember the great fact," says the eminent historian, Mrs. J. R. Green, at the conclusion of a masterly reply to her English critics, "that after all calamities and dangers an Irish nation still exists, made up of many bloods, but all alike 'natives' (for surely we may all boldly take as our proud badge that word so long abused), and that this Irish nation is even now re-making its history."

HUBERT A. O'MEARA.

Thomas D'Arcy McGee



HOMAS D'Arcy McGee was born at Carlingford, County Louth, Ireland, 13th April, 1825. The name of D'Arcy was derived from his godfather, Thos. D'Arcy, a gentleman who resided in the neighbourhood, and no doubt a personal friend of the family. Born and reared amid the grand and beautiful scenery of the Rosstrevor coast, his youth fledged in a region of wild, romantic beauty, and tended in no small measure to foster that poetic fancy, which made the charm of his life and infused itself into all he wrote. The wrongs of his country were continually harped upon, so it is small wonder that he grew up without any very fervid sentiments of loyalty to the British crown. This mischief of his early training had a very baneful influence on his future life. It was only after long years, when he could think and reason for himself, that he was able to unlearn those dangerous teachings.

When he was eight years old, the family moved to Wexford. Soon after his mother died. Young as he was, he fully understood what a dreadful loss he had sustained. Through all the changeable years of his after life, her gentle memory shone like a star through the clouds and mists. The young boy studied at a day-school, the higher advantages of education being beyond the reach of the middle classes. But at the age of seventeen he had read all that he could find relative to the history of his own and other lands. He had read of the great country across the Atlantic, America the free, and seeing little prospects of advancement at home, he longed to visit its distant shores.

Like so many other Irishmen, he emigrated to America to seek fame and fortune. In June, 1842, he arrived in Boston. Almost at once he became connected with the press of that city. Two years later he was made editor-in-chief of the Boston Pilot. Strange as it may seem, between the age of seventeen and twenty, he had actually made his mark as a public speaker. Mixing with all sorts of men, McGee formed many acquaintances, and among them was Mr. Gratton. This was the time that the native America excitement was at its height, and the repeal agitation was uppermost in the minds of men.

Mr. O'Connell's attention was drawn to a certain article published by McGee, and he succeeded in bringing him back to Ireland. Thus it was that the subject of our sketch became associat-

ed with *The Freeman's Journal*, and later the Young Ireland party. But he was not disposed to submit to dictation, and thought himself fully competent to instruct even Mr. O'Connell. Some time later he gave his Wexford address on the condition of Irishmen in America. He was hunted through the country, being considered as one of those "dangercus to the government." Finally, he escaped to America. In New York he started two newspapers, *The Nation* and *The Celt*. Fierce and bitter were his writings against England. In the midst of his literary work he made the acquaintance of many in Canada. Seeking more freedom, and anxious to see this country, he moved to Montreal in 1857. The old longing to print and publish came back again, and so he started the *New Era*. At the general election in '58 his public career in Canada began. He advocated the early union of the colonies of British North America. This "stranger from abroad," whilst defending his faith and his laws, whilst proving himself the great Irishman of Canada, made friends for himself, even among the most prejudiced against Catholics and Irishmen. He stood forth, by general consent, the rising star of British America. In '62 he accepted the office of President of the Executive Board, also for a time being Provincial Secretary. While in this position, he wrote his *History of Ireland*, one of the best Irish histories ever written. In '67 he was sent to Paris by the Canadian Government as a Commissioner from Canada to the great Exposition. Up to '67 he was Minister of Agriculture and Education, when Confederation was at last effected.

It must be said that he made for himself bitter enemies by his open and consistent opposition to the Fenian movement. Whilst calumnies were set afloat concerning him, the honest sympathies of Canadian Irishmen were worked upon by unprincipled persons, who represented him as a traitor to Ireland and her cause. Even a number of Catholics were induced to accept another Irishman as their candidate, yet McGee was successful and took his seat 6th Nov., '67, for Montreal. But it was a dear victory. The vile means used to turn the Irish against him for election purposes, was the immediate cause of his assassination a few months hence.

Before the opening of the first session of the Dominion Parliament, he was attacked by a long and severe illness. Ever since the delivery of his Wexford speech he had been in receipt of frequent anonymous letters, telling him to prepare for death. He knew the desperate character of such who would write these letters, and he shuddered as he thought how he had been the idol of

such as they. On the night proceeding his murder he delivered a very fine address in the House, and only three weeks previous to this, on St. Patrick's Day, he was entertained at a public banquet. A little after two o'clock on the morning of the 7th of April, he left the House in company with two friends and just as he was entering his boarding house on Sparks St. he was foully murdered. And so T. D'Arcy McGee passed into the great unknown.

Unaided by a college education, thrown entirely on his own resources, McGee forced his way to the front by sheer strength and earnestness. Not only was he a statesman and orator, but a lecturer, poet and author. He was thoroughly national, loving everything Irish. His poetry is instinct with the impulsive passion and glowing enthusiasm of the Celt. It inspires men with a passion for noble deeds and virtuous emulation, and it finds a hearty welcome among all Irishmen, because it is a record of their traditions, their poetry, and their history. A man who knew McGee intimately well says of him: "One thing his career has never wanted, a fixed devotion to Irish interests. What other man has the subtle charm to awake our past history and make it live before us? If he has not loved and served his mistress, Ireland, with the fidelity of a true knight, I cannot name any man who has." His grave is bedewed by a young nation's tears, his memory lives and shall live in that young nation's heart, his name and fame shall cast lustre on the pages of her history, and his life labors stand forth as an example worthy of emulation to future millions."

J. J. BURKE, '10.

WE'RE IRISH YET

What means this gathering to-night?
 What spirit moves along
 The crowded hall, and touching light
 Each heart among the throng
 Awakes as tho' a trumpet blast
 Had sounded in their ears
 The recollections of the past,
 The memories of the years?

O! 'tis the spirit of the West,
The spirit of the Celt.
The breed that spurned the alien breast,
And every wrong has felt—
And still, tho' far from fatherland,
We never can forget
To tell ourselves with heart and hand,
We're Irish yet! We're Irish yet!

And they, outside the Clan of Conn,
Would understand but fail,
The mystic music played upon
The heart-strings of the Gael—
His ear, and his alone can tell
The soul that lies within,
The music which he knows so well,
The voice of Kith and Kin.

He hears the tales of old, old days,
Of battle fierce by ford and hill,
Of ancient Senachie's martial lays,
And race unconquered still—
It challenges with mother's pride
And dares him to forget
That tho' he cross the ocean wide
He's Irish yet! He's Irish yet!

His eyes may never see the blue
Of Ireland's April sky,
His ear may never listen to
The song of lark on high;
But deep within his Irish heart
Are cloisters, dark and dim,
No human hand can wrench apart,
And the lark still sings for him.

We've bowed beneath the chastening rod,
We've had our griefs and pains,
But with them all, we still thank God,
The Blood is in our veins;
The ancient blood that knows no fear,
The stamp is on us set,
And so, however foes may jeer,
We're Irish yet! We're Irish yet!

DR. W. H. DRUMMOND.

Certain Types of Boys.



HE ordinary human boy is an interesting and complicated study. He is the explosive resultant point of the combined action of forces widely scattered in time and place. He is not only a fresh and natural presentment of the peculiar type of nationality to which he belongs, but he reveals characteristic family traits that may be traced back to bygone generations; in speech, in gesture, in his whole ensemble, he is a faithful living portrait of his country and his ancestry. Then, together with this, every boy has, in a more or less marked degree, the elements of barbarism. In fact, he is a barbarian without knowing it. His irreflexion, his overpowering impulses, his fits of generosity, his reverence for imagined heroes—all these are traits of barbarism, and they harmoniously blend with his racial and genealogical characteristics.

The boy is a frolicsome cartoon of the nation to which he belongs. The French boy, with his air of abandon, cries out in the morning: "Oh, where is my ball?" The German boy, with military gait and lineal countenance, is already an embryo soldier. The English boy, with his lordly mien and his hands in his pockets, shows already the meekness of those of whom it is said: "The meek shall possess the land." But the American boy stands apart from all the rest. The rapid development of some of his faculties above the others, the curious twists and turns in his moral cosmos, and the extraordinary combination of opposite forces that he exhibits, place him on a high pedestal in the museum of juvenile types.

The first thing in the American boy that strikes the casual observer is the old-fashioned seriousness of his nature. In other national playgrounds, whether in Europe or in Australia, the boy just loosed from school is as frisky as a colt on a frosty morning. He romps and plays wanton tricks on his companions through sheer excess of animal spirits. But the American boy either trudges like a man of business to the nearest car for home, or walks maturely to his special haunts of sport or pleasure. Any acceleration of movement is not so much from instructive impulse as from the sober judgment that he has to be at a given spot in a given time.

The same absence of animal esprit shows itself in other ways. Much activity may be shown during the game itself, but in the short intervals of the game when, for example, it is a question of fetching the ball gone beyond the boundary, the slowness and care-

lessness of movement are almost provoking. Such distinctions made between movements that belong to the game and those that do not, clearly show that the game is not so much a relief to an overflow of animal excitement as a series of conscious and deliberate efforts.

The extent to which hazing is carried may be regarded as another illustration in point. Bullying is fairly common in both the English and in the continental schools. Usually, however, it is instinctive and unpremeditated. In America, it is accompanied by a considerable amount of foresight and conscious will-power. Instinct by itself is powerful, but when accompanied by deliberate effort it becomes more so; hence the systematic thoroughness that characterizes the American hazing.

Together with this seriousness of the character of the American boy, there is another remarkable characteristic, and that is his precocity. The practical judgment of the American boy is far more developed than that of his English cousin. He is quick in seeing the practical side of things, in acknowledging the *fait accompli*, and in devising expedients to obtain what he wants. He is also quick in sizing up the qualities of those with whom he comes into contact. These natural gifts are perhaps not altogether compatible with childlike reverence, but they do certainly form a strong basis on which to build his commercial success in after-life.

The American boy is serious, precociously practical; and these qualities largely account for the spirit of independence that he manifests. All over America, professors in colleges and in universities bewail the lack of obedience—that the American boy has no idea of doing anything he does not like. Perhaps it is a pity that the boy should thus anticipate the privileges of adult manhood, but there is a compensation. The American boys in a college show in a remarkable degree what Aristotle calls the power of self-restraint. It is true that they are alive to the fact that they or their parents pay the salary upon which the existence of the college and professors depends, and that they are not slow to exercise this power of the purse, but rarely do they abuse it. The European boy or the English boy, placed in similar circumstances of liberty, would run wild; but among American boys there already exists a certain tradition of order and restraint. The discipline of an American college, unlike that in the old country, depends more upon this tradition, and upon a sort of half-understanding among the pupils themselves than upon any external coercion.

This certainly is one of the most promising features of the American boy, and it shows itself also in the laboring classes. The

average American workman, for self-restraint, for courtesy, far exceeds his compeer in the Old World. Again, an American crowd also exhibits the same high qualities of order and self-restraint.

There is one particular trait in the American boy which not only saves him from a great deal of unhappiness, but also fits him for very high work in the future, he has no nerves. In this respect he is like the Japanese who can sleep soundly in the midst of sudden and most untoward noises. Not only is he obtuse to shocks of a physical nature, but his mental susceptibilities are not easily aroused. He seems to have been fitted out by nature with intellectual oilskins. Rough abuse, pungent sarcasm, are turned off like arrows from the hide of a rhinoceros, and only a smile greets the thrower of the dart.

Though the American living in a variable climate may be swayed by his emotions, he is certainly not liable to that inconstancy that proceeds from the action of outward trivial circumstances. The imperturbability of the American character has been remarked, it has been impersonated on the stage, and it is very conspicuous even in the boy.

But it would be a mistake to suppose that the American boy is hard and callous. Perhaps for the very reason that he is not emotional, his moral virtues have a more practical character. He is ever ready to forget and to forgive, and one can often see him performing really self-sacrificing acts for those to whom he owes but little in the way of kindness. But these acts of generosity are done in a typical Yankee matter-of-fact sort of way.

Regarding religion, many are curious to know whether the Yankee lad has any religion at all. No doubt, the Yankee lad would resent any scrutinizing or criticism on this heading as not pertaining to other people's business. A boy's conscience is a more subtle thing than one would imagine, and in the case of the American boy the thick curtain of bluff and adult secretiveness has to be lifted up. But it is sometimes permissible to view him at his acts of private devotion, and even here to a mere casual observer he seems to show the same business-like spirit and easy imperturbability. In fact, he would seem to regard his spiritual exercises as a series of short jobs performed under supernal supervision. There is none of that hushed awe and emotionalism that the English schoolboy shows before any important religious function. Still, if bad deeds are avoided and good ones performed, much will have been accomplished.

On the whole, the American boy has many attractive features, but he requires careful and considerate training. It is easy to

pander to his defects and to fail to bring out those high, sterling qualities with which he is naturally fitted.

We must now consider the second species of boy, namely, the Canadian species. This, however, admits of two different sub-varieties which must be treated separately.

The French-Canadian is a splendid example of the Darwinian theory in a complimentary and not a depreciatory sense. He shows what remarkable results may be obtained by change of climate and environment, and perhaps, also, by judicious cross-breeding. Such circumstances in the animal kingdom have been known to develop new instincts, and new organs, or at least, new use of old organs.

The Canadian French boy, in other words, has developed the use of his fists. The real French boy, such as he is found in English colleges, is a shy, timid creature, always sucking candy and writing perfumed notes. He is simply afraid to fight. In an English college there is nothing more delightful to an English boy than to walk up to a French boy, shake his fists, and say, "Voulez-vous boxer?" Shame on you coward!" He knows quite well that "Frenchy" will quit, and so he enjoys all the pleasantness of a triumphant pugilistic encounter, without the trouble and possible danger or damage.

But the French-Canadian boy would probably fight, and fight, too, with his fists. It would be a mistake, however, to think that for this reason the French-Canadian boy has been merged into the English or Irish type. He still retains a great deal of the old Parisian vivacity, and the abundance of his words still reminds one of "les oiseaux qui chantent sur les arbres."

But what are we to say of the Irish-Canadian? The very name Irish-Canadian suggests a question. Which element has the upper hand, the Irish or the Canadian? Judging from observation elsewhere, only one element could assert itself, and that is the Irish element. A rugged climate, however, and possibly a rugged people with whom he comes into contact, have somewhat modified the effervescent qualities of the Canadian Irish. For the Irish element admits of varying degrees of active self-expression ranging from mere *forte* to *fortissimo*—in this case we have the *mezzo-forte*.

The Canadian Irish boy does not make his presence so perceptible as the Irish Australian. The writer has come across various samples of the latter type both in New Zealand and in Australia, and the expression of the Irish Australian rises to *fortissimo*. Shillelaghs and Donnybrook fairs are not in it. But the Irish-Canadian boy retains the humour and combativeness of the Celt in

a more latent form. The old thing is still there, but it requires a certain amount of poking and probing before it appears.

Taking a general survey of so many juvenile racial types brought together on the same field of observation, nothing can be more interesting than to see how the co-mingling of so many different racial types inter-act on one another. The Englishman claims perfection owing to the blend within him of so many different racial elements. Possibly, for a like reason, there is being formed one common Canadian type endowed with special excellencies of his own. French vivacity, Irish humour and combativeness, and American shrewdness, should make a rare and excellent fusion,—but at present the bubbling is still going on in the national pot.

J. A. DEWE.

The Irish "Te Deum."

Thanks be to God for the light and the darkness,
 Thanks be to God for the hail and the snow,
 Thanks be to God for shower and sunshine,
 Thanks be to God for all things that grow.
 Thanks be to God for lightning and tempest,
 Thanks be to God for weal and for woe,
 Thanks be to God for His own great goodness,
 Thanks be to God that what is, is so.
 Thanks be to God when the harvest is plenty,
 Thanks be to God when the barn is low,
 Thanks be to God when our pockets are empty,
 Thanks be to God when again they o'erflow.
 Thanks be to God that the Mass bell and steeple
 Are heard and seen throughout Erin's green isle,
 Thanks be to God that the priest and the people
 Are ever united in danger and trial.
 Thanks be to God that the brave sons of Erin
 Have the faith of their fathers far over the sea,
 Thanks be to God that Erin's fair daughters
 Press close after Mary on heaven's highway.

—Standard and Times.

On Boffin Island.

(1652.)

THE surrender of the fortress on Boffin Island, off the coast of Donegal, to the Parliamentarians in September, 1652, marked the close of the long struggle which had commenced with the insurrection of 1641. The following lines are extracted from a ballad in preparation. The narrator is supposed to be an Irish captain of horse, addressing his companions in the fortress of Boffin, on the eve of surrender, and recalling the victory of Owen Roe O'Neill over the Scottish and English Puritans at Benburb and the repulse of Cromwell's troops in the breach of Clonmel by Hugh Duff O'Neill's Ulstermen. The Irish soldiers who had fought against Cromwell took service in large numbers in the armies of the Continental nations.—H. O'M.

My lads, though to-morrow the flag goes down,
 Ours still are the strength and the fire of yore!
 Rouse your hearts! Bid defiance to Fortune's frown,
 For the Cause and the years that lie before!
 We shall fare undaunted across the main,
 Though for land and loved ones despair we sup,
 Till we win the succour of France and Spain,
 And for God and Erin the Green raise up!

My lads, though to-morrow the foe prevail
 O'er walls we have held this many a year,
 Shall our pride give way, shall our courage fail,
 Shall we lay by broadsword and battle-gear?
 By the Red Right Hand, they shall never tell
 That our race was bridled and brought to curb
 By the men we hunted from red Clonmel,
 By the hosts we shattered at hot Benburb!

My lads, though to-morrow when comes the foe
 The casque and the cuirass we may not don,
 To charge, as in gallant days long ago
 When Owen the Ruddy-Haired led us on,
 The soul of the hero is with us yet!—
 Though we lay down our arms on Boffin-I*.
 The Sasanach* owes us a vengeance-debt—
 We shall come again with the Red Hand* high!

HUBERT A. O'MEARA.

*Sasanach—Englishman.

*I—Island. *The Red Hand—Arms of the O'Neills.

ST. THOMAS' DAY.

The year 1909 has been signalized at Ottawa University by many events of interests and importance, among the foremost of which was the reorganization of the St. Thomas Society. In former times the society held a prominent place among organizations of its kind, but since the disastrous fire of 1903, which reduced the once grand structure of our old Alma Mater to a heap of ruins, it has remained a dead factor. But the spirit which had animated former members still lived, and all that was lacking was the opportunity. This year it came, and to Rev. Fr. Jasmin, O.M.I., belongs the honor of being the re-founder and re-organizer of the "philosophers' own club." With untiring energy he set to work, and owing chiefly to his efforts the society is established on as firm a basis as ever. On the 1st March, the philosophers assembled to elect a board of officers, and the result was as follows:

Director—Rev. Fr. Jasmin.

President—A. Couillard, '09.

Vice-President—F. Higgerty, '09.

Secretary—J. Connaghan, '09.

Treasurer—E. Courtois, '09.

Reporters—M. Smith, '10; L. Côté, '10.

Librarians—M. Lachaine, '09; C. Gauthier, '10.

Counsellors—O. Linke, '10; A. Courtois, '10.

On the eve of St. Thomas' Day, the inauguration took place, His Grace Archbishop Duhamel presiding. An elaborate programme had been prepared, and the artists taking part received rounds of applause. The chief item, and the most interesting, was a lecture by Mr. J. R. Corkery on the "Origin of the Human Species." With clear, concise, forcible arguments, he demonstrated that man is not a descendant of the monkey. He dwelt with emphasis on the anatomical difference between man and the ape, and laid particular stress upon the fact that one species never changes into another. From the earliest times, he said, the fixity of species has been recognized, and has always been an insuperable obstruction to the Evolution Theory. He showed the steady progression of man toward the goal of perfection, and contracted with this the "eternal sameness" of the ape, who is the same to-day as his ancestor of a thousand years ago.

Opposing Mr. Corkery were Messrs. M. Lachaine, J. Connaghan and I. Desrosiers, who ably upheld the Evolution Theory on the grounds of the inferiority of nations, the evidence of paleontol-

ogy, and spontaneous generation, respectively. Mr. Lachaine pointed out that there are several tribes of men in Central Africa and South America, who much resemble the ape, and do not exceed to a very great degree that animal in intelligence. He maintained that monkeys have a language of their own, and delighted the audience with several specimens of the simian tongue. Mr. Connaghan showed that the Evolution Theory is not incompatible with Christianity. He pointed out the gradual progression in the animal and vegetable world, from the simple marine invertebrates and seaweeds to the higher classes of reptiles, birds, and mammals, as exhibited in the different strata of the earth. He mentioned those strange animals which embodied the character of two distinct species, and laid particular stress upon the skeletons of Java, Neander and La Chapelle aux Saints. Mr. Desrosiers took the law "corruptio unius est generatio alterius," and tried to prove from that that spontaneous generation is possible, citing many experiments performed by celebrated scientists, to uphold his argument. The lecturer dealt summarily with the objections of each of these three opponents, ably refuting their chief arguments.

His Grace the Archbishop addressed a few words of compliment to the speakers, congratulating the lecturer, and expressing the hope that those who raised such strong and able objections, would have a thesis to defend at the next meeting.

The next day, St. Thomas' Day, was a holiday for the students. In the morning they assisted at mass in St. Joseph's Church. The ceremonies were of imposing grandeur—the brilliant vestments of the priests, the venerable celebrant, and the thunderous peals of the great organ blended with the volume of fifty voices, all thrilled the hearts of the congregation, and one instinctively thought "what a religion is ours!" The sermon, preached by the Rev. Fr. McNally, was a very eloquent and impressive oration. He told of the good deeds and exemplary life of the Angelic Doctor, and the world's indebtedness to him. St. Thomas, he said, was the Light of the Ages, but his rays have been transmitted with undimmed lustre and brilliance, through long generations, down to our own twentieth century times. The good effects of his doctrines is like the wave caused by dropping a pebble into a sea, which though its motion becomes at last almost imperceptible, continues on and on until it reaches the outmost boundaries of the water.

After Mass the students enjoyed a holiday in honor of St. Thomas. Five years had elapsed since the last celebration of the great saint's feast, but now that the society has been reorganized, we may expect that it will be observed with all honor and respect by the students for all come to come. J. CONNACHAN, '09.

Washington Club Banquet

On Monday evening, February 22, the Washington Club of the University of Ottawa gathered at Hotel Holt, Aylmer, Que., to celebrate the fifth annual banquet. Previous to the banquet, the time was spent in amusements in the hotel hall, which Mr. Holt opened to the pleasure of the members of the Club.

At 9 o'clock Pres. Linke led the way to the dining hall, which had been fitly decorated for the occasion, and where the dinner was served, the repast being a sumptuous one and meriting much favourable comment for Mr. Holt. Letters of regret were read from Rev. Wm. Murphy, Rector, O.M.I.; Rev. Emery, O.M.I.; Rev. Fortier, O.M.I.; Dr. Sherry, O.M.I.; Rev. Lacey, Ogdensburg, N.Y.; Mr. Foster, U. S. Consulate, Ottawa; Frank Johnson, Montreal, and Fred Hatch, Dundwoodie, N.Y.

After the dinner Pres. Linke, acting toastmaster, gave a short sketch of the Washington Club, and then afforded the members and guests the pleasure of hearing the various toasts. Toasts were replied to by the following gentlemen: "The Day We Celebrate," Mr. E. Killian, '11; "The Holy Father," Rev. D. F. Finnegan, O.M.I.; "Our Flag," Mr. E. S. Ginna, '12; "The Pres.-Elect," Mr. B. G. Dubois, '10; "Alma Mater," Mr. A. Gilligan, '13; "Canada," Mr. C. E. Gauthier, '10.

We must congratulate all the gentlemen who responded to the various toasts, and special mention must be made of Rev. D. F. Finnegan, O.M.I., who spoke on "The Holy Father," and Mr. E. E. Gauthier who represented the Canadian students. Rev. Fr. Finnegan is well known to the students of Ottawa University and the people of Ottawa as a speaker. He depicted the lives of the different Popes, their accomplishment, zeal and merits, but especially did he make clear the genius of Pope Pius X as a prince of letters, an influential character in the world, as the successor of St. Peter and Pope Leo XIII, as the Father of the Roman Catholics, and the Rock of Christ and His Church.

Mr. Gauthier found little difficulty in worthily representing "Canada," the sister country of the Great American Republic. He pointed out the destiny of his country, and made a comparison of the Dominion with the country south of it. He also pictured the spirit of good feeling existing between the Canadian and American students.

Besides the toasts on the menu card, speeches were made by Fathers Stanton and Hammersley. The banquet closed with the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner," and the rendering of the Varsity cheer. Too much praise cannot be given to the Rev. Moderator, Fr. Hammersley, and the executive, who were instrumental in making the celebration a complete success.

B. G. D., '10.



SUBJECTS FOR THE "SAINT BENEDICT" MEDAL.

(Donated by Dr. F. W. Grey.)

1909.—The Quebec Act, 1774, in its bearing on the American Revolution.

References—Bibliography; Archives' Reports, 1902, 03.

1910.—The Church's part in Canadian History: (a) under French rule; (b) under British rule.

References—Makers of Canada, &c.; Biographies of Laval, &c.; Lord Durham's Report, &c.; Life of Sir G. E. Cartier, &c.

1911.—Racial Interaction and its effects on National character, as shown in: (a) England; (b) Belgium; (c) Canada, with special reference to race affinities in Canada, Celtic, Norman, &c.

References—(a) Green, Freeman, Enc. Brit.: "England"; (b) Enc. Brit. S.V., Fievens Gevaert La Psychologie d'une ville; (c) Enc. Brit. S.V., etc.

1912.—The Union Act of 1840, its Causes and Effects.

References—Makers of Canada, for period specified.

1913.—Canada's Agricultural, as compared with its Industrial, advantages and means of development.

St. Patrick's Day Banquet.



FOR many years past it has been the custom of the students of Ottawa University to celebrate the feast of Ireland's patron saint and apostle, he, who accomplished so much for the Emerald Isle both as regards religion and learning. This year more than ordinary enthusiasm was displayed in doing honor to St. Patrick, and thanks to the untiring zeal of the committee in charge, the annual banquet was a decided success in every respect. Much credit is due to Rev. Father Fallon for the able manner in which he acted as supervisor of all arrangements.

The banquet was given on Tuesday evening, March 16th, and more than one hundred guests, composed of the faculty students and a number of invited friends, assembled at half-past five and sat down to a sumptuous repast. The hall presented a gala appearance, being tastefully decorated for the occasion with red, white, blue and green streamers, and numerous pictures, draped with appropriate flags, adorned the walls on all sides. Ireland's national colors predominated, and as each guest sat down to partake of the good things provided he could not help but be inspired with feelings of affection and loyalty for that little green isle whose emblems he beheld on all sides. During the feast excellent music was generously furnished by the Valentine Orchestra. Among the invited guests were His Excellency, the Papal Delegate, Mgr. Sinnott, Rev. W. J. Murphy, rector of University; Canon Sloan, Rev. Father McGowan, Rev. Father Lejeunesse, Rev. Dr. Sherry, Rev. Father Latulippe, Rev. Father Verroneau, Rev. Father Dewe, Rev. Fathers Stanton, Hammersley, Finnegan, Kelly, Collins, Kuntz, Rev. Father M. Murphy, Rev. Father S. Murphy, T. Murphy, Rev. Dr. McNally, Rev. J. J. O'Gorman, Rev. Father Fitzgerald, Hon. Senator Coffey, Dr. White, J. McC. Clarke, Wm. Foran, J. S. Kilt, J. Fahey and Dr. Nagie. Several letters of regret were received by the committee from those who were unable to come.

The position of toastmaster was filled in an able manner by Mr. E. H. McCarthy, 'og, who, after the material part of the banquet had been given ample consideration, arose and said:

"Among the great men who have labored for the welfare of mankind, none can boast of a monument greater or more indestructible than that which honors the memory of the glorious saint whose feast we are here celebrating. Set in the deep waters of

the boundless sea, the beautiful Emerald Isle, bedewed with the blood of her martyrs and her heroes, stands as an everlasting memorial to St. Patrick, the Apostle of Erin. 'Twas hither the great saint came to bring the light of faith to his chosen people. He has been aptly styled the key-stone in the bridge over which man passed from the darkness of paganism into the light of christianity. Standing on the famous hill of Tara, surrounded by the Irish sovereign, his chiefs, courtiers, and Druid-priests, the Great Prelate snatched from Mother Nature the little trèfoil and expounded the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. Such was his eloquence, that in spite of strong opposition, King Laegaire granted him the right to preach the new religion throughout the kingdom, and with what result? In the short space of about fifteen years the dark clouds of paganism were dispelled and the Irish race was signed forever 'Followers of Christ.'

"Have the labors of St. Patrick and his saintly successors been in vain? Or have the people of Ireland proved themselves worthy of their high calling? Turn to the pages of history. No nation under the sun has passed through such vicissitudes and suffered such cruel oppression as she, and yet, so strong a foundation did St. Patrick give to Irish Catholicity that even the most violent persecutions have been unable to disturb it.

"All honor then to this remarkable man of God, who labored so zealously in the Master's cause, and whose marvelous influence has been felt in every part of the earth. And we, who owe so much to the great apostle, join with the rest of the Catholic world in rendering homage to his eminent sanctity and ardent zeal. I ask you, therefore, gentlemen, to rise and drink to the toast to St. Patrick the Apostle of Ireland."

Mr. E. F. Byrnes responded to the toast, and addressed his audience in these glowing terms:

Toast to the Apostle of Ireland.

Mr. Chairman, Your Excellency, Rev. Fathers, Gentlemen:—

It is a compliment to the Catholicity of the Irish people that their national festival should be identified with the feast of their patron saint. And it is only proper, too, as St. Patrick has been the greatest benefactor of the Irish race.

He brought them out of a state of spiritual bondage and gave them that true liberty which makes men free no matter what may be the cruelty of the worldly slavery they have to endure. He found them in the ignorance of paganism, and left them in the enjoyment of that perfect wisdom which comes from the possession

of the true faith. The feast of St. Patrick, therefore, should be celebrated with the liveliest enthusiasm. The fame of St. Patrick should be held revered above the names of those other illustrious patriots who have labored and fought for our fatherland, and who have given testimony of their fidelity to Ireland by the sacrifice of honors, wealth and life.

The memory of George Washington is rightly cherished by the lovers of liberty. Liberty, indeed, is deeply indebted to him for the dauntless courage and heroic self-sacrifice that he displayed in combatting oppression, though the odds were overwhelmingly against him; and the fame of George Washington will live as long as mankind continues to appreciate the blessings of genuine liberty. The signal services rendered to the world by the liberator of the slaves have won for Abraham Lincoln a lasting place in the gratitude of men. The name of Daniel O'Connell will be reverently handed down to the generations because of the boon he obtained through Catholic Emancipation for those who had long suffered the most grievous disabilities. But of what significance is the good these men have wrought when compared with that which was effected by the Apostle of Ireland? Their work was largely temporal, his was eternal. Theirs freed from the cruel tyranny of this life and bestowed upon suffering fellow-beings the gift of earthly happiness; his liberated from the thralldom to which the darkest slavery of this world bears no comparison and opened to the Irish people a freedom the sublime grandeur of which since it is in the supernatural order defies adequate conception or description.

Nor is it to be supposed that St. Patrick accomplished the task of christianizing Ireland without arduous labor and intense suffering. It is true that the Irish were brought to the faith without the shedding of a single drop of blood; it is true that the kings as well as the people embraced it with an enthusiasm unexampled in the annals of the church; it is true that thousands of the sons and daughters of Ireland, in the very springtime of her Catholicity, consecrated themselves to those sublime vocations that are the most perfect forms of Christian life; and yet, notwithstanding this, the Apostle of Ireland had many bitter crosses to bear and a multitude of the most difficult obstacles to overcome. The writers of his life assure us that he had to suffer untold hardships, that he had to undergo the severest trials, and that his task was in truth a great and laborious one. They tell us that he was forced to labor unceasingly to keep pace with his zeal and ardour, and to bring his work to his high ideal of perfection. They relate that by his rigorous fasts, his prolonged meditations and prayers, and his

numerous acts of mortification, he called down the blessings of Heaven upon his work and upon the land to which he carried the glad tidings of the Gospel.

As, then, St. Patrick has been the greatest of Ireland's benefactors, as his gifts have been so infinite, have been marked by such a spirit of generosity and have been purchased at the cost of such noble self-sacrifice, it is only proper that his name should be placed first among those that Irishmen honor, only just that we should show our gratitude to him by ever remaining faithful to the doctrines he taught us to believe, and only right that we should do all in our power, each in his own way, to extend to the rest of mankind those benefits that our great Apostle brought us.

Rev. Father Finnegan, in his usual capable manner, rendered "Come Back to Erin," and when the sounds of applause had died away the toast-master, in the following befitting words, proposed "The Pope":

"Throughout the civilized world to-day no name stands out with greater lustre, is more honored or commands greater respect, love and admiration, than that of him who represents Christ on earth, the sovereign Pontiff, Pope Pius X. And deservedly so, for the great Prelate, by his paternal kindness and zeal for religion, has won all hearts. You will kindly rise and drink a toast to His Holiness, and hear the response of Mr. J. C. Connaghan."

These are the words in which Mr. Connaghan sounded the praises of the successor of Peter:

Toast to the Pope.

As we rise to drink the toast to the venerable and saintly Father of Christendom, we are unconsciously carried back 1,400 years to a scene in the Vatican at Rome. With reverent awe and trembling footsteps we approach the holy chamber and enter. And what do we behold? A lowly, kneeling figure, and above him a venerable white-haired old man with hands outstretched and eyes raised to Heaven, calling down God's blessing on the work to be undertaken: "Go forth, my son! Go, preach the Word of Light to our benighted brethren, and God's blessing be upon your labors." Forth went Patrick from that august and holy presence, forth upon his perilous voyage to his own dear Emerald Isle across the sea, to bear the glad tidings to those who waited. With fervid eloquence he told them of the Great God, the Maker and End of all things. He told them of the kind old man, the venerable and saintly Father, who had commissioned him to lead them out of the depths of darkness; and in that moment there sprang up

in the hearts of those wild people a love and affection, a veneration and reverence which ages have failed to dim.

If we again journey back to that old sacred chamber in the Vatican, we see now also a venerable, white-haired old man, his life murmuring prayers, and his hands raised in benediction over thousands of the faithful—Pius X., the beloved Father and Pastor of over 250,000,000 souls. Only five years have elapsed since his coronation; but in that short space of time he has shown himself a worthy successor of the brilliant Leo, and has proved that the voice of God was truly among the Cardinals, when, in solemn Conclave, they chose the humble Sarto to bear the awful responsibility of governing God's Church.

To-day a spirit of religious indifference is sweeping over the world faster than ever did schism or heresy. To combat this spirit the forces of religion could have found no more skillful and zealous leader than Pius X., a man of mature experience, who has devoted all his energy, all his faculties to the cause of Christianity. With characteristic energy and decision he has begun the work of defence, has set up his fortifications, and has instilled a martial spirit into his soldiers which even this great danger has failed to daunt.

To-day, when the rulers of Europe look with troubled eyes on the constantly increasing and menacing danger of anarchy and socialism, the Church brings forward as her head and inspiration this man of lowly origin, whose labor has been chiefly among the poorer classes of society. In an age like ours, when the madness for wealth, for position, for pleasure is eating like a canker-worm into the very souls of men, the children of the Church look toward the Vatican and there behold a living example of her teachings in this Pontiff, whose life is one of sacrifice and self-denial, who is as poor to-day as when he was an humble parish priest, whose voice is never raised in anger, whose hand is ever open to the needy, whose words are those of tenderness for his children, of sympathy with the suffering, of gentle reproof and admonition for the erring. A writer in one of our best Catholic newspapers says: "I have met men of all kinds, great and good men; but I have never met anyone who so radiates gentleness and kindness from his very person as this Pope, considered as a man, aside from his priestly character."

What can be more moving than this lonely figure, simple amidst so much magnificence, with the burden of the universal Church upon his devoted shoulders, a prisoner for life in the Vatican, when all the affections of his ardent nature strive ever after freedom and his beloved people,—a man of one policy, and one

only, to spread the blessings of religion, creed and peace throughout the world.

Such is Pope Pius X., a living monument for the imitation of the faithful, the ideal Pontiff of the XX. Century. All honor him, all love and revere him; and I make bold to say that the sons and daughters of Ireland will yield to none in the sincerity of their affection and loyalty towards their kind and gentle Spiritual Father, that many and fervent are the prayers which they send up to the Heavenly Throne that His Holiness Pope Pius X. may be spared for long years to guide and govern God's Church.

Rev. Father Stanton sang an Irish song, which elicited much applause, after which Mr. E. H. McCarthy proposed a toast to Ireland's saints and scholars in the following terms:

"Irishmen the world over have every reason to feel proud of their native land, and that pride has its origin in no other title as much as that of 'Isle of Saints and Scholars.' I invite you then to drink to a toast to the Saints and Scholars of Ireland."

Mr. C. D. O'Gorman responded, and thus eulogized Ireland's saints and scholars:

Ireland's Saints and Scholars.

The soul of any man with a single drop of Irish blood coursing through his veins must be dead indeed if it is not filled with pride and admiration at the faith and learning of his forefathers. It would require the tongue of a Demosthenes or a Cicero to sound in a becoming manner the praises of Ireland's saints and scholars.

The literary fame of Ireland dates so far back into antiquity that it would be an altogether useless task to attempt to trace it to its origin. Even before the great and glorious St. Patrick placed his foot on her green shore, Hibernia was famed for her bards and her poets. With the coming of St. Patrick, commenced a new era in Irish history, and from the fifth to the tenth century Ireland was the teacher of the proudest nations in Europe. During that time large numbers of Irish teachers penetrated all parts of Central and Western Europe. The memory of their works is still preserved in the lands where they labored. During less than three hundred years they held seven monasteries in Belgium, thirteen in Scotland, thirty-one in Germany, and thirty-seven in France. Irish teachers were the preservers of the Greek and Latin classics, and they have also left in our possession ancient treatises on surveying, geometry, natural science and medicine.

But, ardent as was the zeal of Erin's sons for learning, their zeal for religion was, from the very beginning, incomparably more

intense. Ireland was converted to Christianity early in the fifth century, and so heartily did her entire population enter into the spirit of the gospel that she became a nation of monks and nuns almost on the day that she became a nation of Christians. The lessons taught by St. Patrick sank deep into the hearts of the people, and in the time of her glory, the Emerald Isle gave to the church some of the most illustrious of her saints. And in the lands whither the Irish monks went as apostles and teachers their memory is still held in profound veneration, because of the sublime sanctity of their lives. Germany honors no less than 150 Irish saints, many of whom suffered martyrdom for the doctrines which they taught. France has over 40, Belgium 30, Italy 14, while the Northern countries of Europe, such as Norway, the Hebrides, and even Iceland, have a fair proportion of Irish saints in their calendars.

It is, indeed, sad to turn away from this picture of the ancient glory of Ireland, and to review the untold humiliations which were heaped upon the inhabitants by their ruthless oppressors. But even through the long centuries of persecution to which she was subjected, she never wavered in her allegiance to the faith, though her fidelity obliged her to renounce that learning for which she yearned so intensely, and to be deprived of every other earthly possession. And when the day will come when the Supreme Ruler of all things will mete out justice to oppressor and oppressed, we shall find that Ireland in her humiliation and illiteracy was not less prolific in the production of men and women, true to religion and to the highest type of wisdom, than she was in the days of her national pre-eminence.

At the present time, it is still religion and learning to which she is most devoted. A few years ago, the special representative of our Holy Father—a man of extensive travels and vast experience—declared that the Irish were the most faithful adherents to the Chair of Peter. Though they cannot, now, by any means, be regarded as the leaders of the world in science, for conditions during centuries past have rendered that impossible,—we may look forward with the greatest of confidence to an era, whose dawn seems already to have come, when the flag of freedom will again wave over the green hills and valleys of Ireland; when she shall come into the possession of her own, and when she shall once more merit the proud title of Isle of Saints and Scholars.

The Maple Leaf was then befittingly rendered by Mr. P. C. Harris. Canada was the next number on the list, and Mr. McCarthy, in these few well chosen words, proposed a toast to the Land of the Maple Leaf:

"Among the colonies of the British Empire none is making such rapid advancement as Canada. Of recent years, particularly, her development has been really marvellous, and we may expect then in a comparatively short space of time, wealthy and populous, she will take her place among the leading nations of the world. I will ask you to drink to the toast to Canada, to which I join the name of Mr. N. Bawlf."

Mr. Bawlf arose and said:

Toast to Canada.

A former Governor-General of Canada, himself a distinguished Irishman, used the following fanciful and beautiful language when referring to the young Dominion to which he had been sent as representative of the British Crown: "Like a virgin goddess in the primeval world, Canada still walks in unconscious beauty among her-golden woods, through her fair and fragrant fields, and by the margins of her countless lakes and of her trackless streams, catches but broken glances of her radiant majesty as mirrored on their surface, and scarcely recks as yet of the glories awaiting her in the Olympus of nations."

Perhaps when Lord Dufferin used these prophetic words there were few who looked into the future and with as much hope for our country as he. Canadians did not then fully appreciate how bountiful nature had been to them in material and physical resources, and in climatic conditions. Our Western Country, the wonderful fertility of whose vast plains has been but recently realized, was then a great lone land; whilst our mineral wealth that is to-day attracting the attention of the world then slumbered beneath a surface that was apparently nothing else than a worthless track of barren land.

And so it is that, although Canadians in general did not share the optimistic views of Lord Dufferin in his time, they are to-day filled with hopefulness, and believe that the century which is now beginning will see their country, their boast and pride, attain a position of power and wealth that will render her the rival of the greatest commonwealths.

The tides of immigration that have been previously directed especially to the great American republic, have in the past few years been largely drawn to our shores. Hundreds of strangers are coming to us with the hope of finding free and comfortable homes in a free land of sunshine and contentment, where the rights of every man are respected, and where honest toil has meted out to it a generous recompense.

With our fabulous natural wealth, with a population growing by leaps and bounds, with a government that protects the freedom of its subjects, and a people that reveres authority, it does not require any lofty flights of the imagination to behold a Canada in a century to come, occupying a leading place among the nations of the world, ever ready to put forth her powerful arm in the defense of the oppressed and down-trodden, and exerting her influence on behalf of liberty, progress and civilization.

And what, gentlemen, may we look for in Canada's growing time, and in the strength of her nationhood will be her attitude towards Ireland. It will be one of friendship, sympathy and assistance. Canada has always been friendly to Ireland. She has passed through Parliament several resolutions in favor of Home Rule. She has sent many generous contributions to the funds of the Irish Parliamentary Party. She is democratic and hostile to every form of persecution. She believes the land should belong to the people, that the people should govern themselves, and that no man should be obliged to suffer disabilities because of his religious convictions. She maintains that there is no lasting bond between the rulers and the ruled, except that bond of affection which has its origin in justice on the part of government, and obedience on the part of subjects.

And so may we expect that Canada's best wishes will always be with Ireland. As she grows in importance among the nations, and as she becomes a force in the moulding of the world's destiny, her influence will be used for the uplifting of the oppressed in general, and in particular for the betterment of Ireland's condition, for the securing of the peace, contentment and prosperity of a sister nation that has long felt the heavy hand of oppression.

Thus will Canada be rendering a grand service to the cause of suffering humanity, and will be doing her share towards the realization of that great British Empire of the future, from which every semblance of oppression will be banished, which will guarantee to all, without distinction of race or religion, the fullest measure of liberty and justice, and will thus win the confidence, love and loyalty of its millions of subjects.

Mr. J. McCormac Clarke, whose presence at all times is hailed with delight at Ottawa College, brought down the house with his rendering of "The Minstrel Boy." He was forced to answer to an encore, and sang "The Cruiskeen Lawn." After the sound of applause had ceased, the toastmaster announced that His Excellency had informed him that he was unable to remain longer. However, before leaving, he treated us to a pleasant address in which he assured us that he was with the students of Ottawa

University heart and soul in their celebration. Repeated applause greeted his speech, and as he was leaving the hall he was honored with a rousing V-A-R-S-I-T-Y.

The next toast was that to the Irish Parliamentary Party, and the speaker, Mr. V. K. O'Gorman, was introduced in the following manner:

"It affords a son of Erin exiled from the land he loves great pleasure to bear testimony to the fact that her children at home have not given up hope, and that their rights are constantly being fought for by a body of devoted, able and tactful representatives. The Irish race is indebted in no small degree to its Parliamentary Party, and I am sure we will all drink to a toast to that party and pledge ourselves to whatever assistance we can lend it.

Mr. O'Gorman replied:

Toast to the Irish Parliamentary Party.

Mr. Toastmaster, Your Excellency, Reverend Fathers, Gentlemen:

It is only just and proper that we, in this celebration, whilst recalling the glories of Ireland's past, and pledging ourselves to her cause until the day of her deliverance has come,—it is only just and proper that we express our appreciation of the noble work that has been accomplished by John Redmond and his Parliamentary Party, and give voice to our admiration for the splendid spirit of loyalty that has animated them in the past, and that, we are sure, will continue to animate them until the last vestige of oppression shall have disappeared from Irish soil.

Though their efforts have not yet been crowned with complete success, they have, even within the last few years, secured from the British Government measures that will do much to remove many of the most serious grievances of their native land; they have exhibited an undying attachment to principle which demonstrates that the most sacred of causes may safely be entrusted to them; they have fought without fear and without remuneration,—and it is not too much to prophesy that in the not far-distant future, they will have won that for which they have so long and so persistently contended,—such a measure of self-government for Ireland as has rendered Canada, Australia, and other British colonies prosperous and happy, and as has been lately granted to the Transvaal, as the only means of uniting that portion of the Empire to the Motherland in a bond of affectionate loyalty.

It is not necessary, gentlemen, for us to review the history of the Irish Parliamentary Party from its very inception, to prove that Irishmen at home and abroad have been justified in the support

that they have generously given to that party. Its recent achievements have been ample recompense for all the financial and moral assistance that it has ever received. The grand example that it has given to the world in the triumphant war it has waged on behalf of religious education, even at the risk of imperilling Home Rule, will pass down in history as one of the greatest glories in the life of a people whose whole existence, since the days when St. Patrick first visited Erin's shores, has been one continual magnificent profession of Faith. Again, gentlemen, it is due to the intelligent and incessant endeavors of the Nationalists the Irish Catholics have been placed in a position of equality, as regards university education, with their Protestant fellow-countrymen. But a few years ago, he who would have foretold an Irish Catholic University as a possibility in our generation, would have been looked upon as an idle visionary. To-day, thanks to John Redmond and his followers, it has become an accomplished fact. All that higher education for Catholic Ireland means, it is impossible for us to foresee at the present moment; but it is beyond all doubt that the establishment of this new university is the greatest boon to Ireland since the days of Catholic emancipation. Another remarkable victory recently won by the Irish Party is that of the Land Purchasing Bill, the result of which will be to take the lands from the merciless landlords, and return them to the people, the original and rightful owners. Thus, vast fertile tracts that have long been mere grazing lands for cattle, will be converted into farms which will give happiness and prosperity to thousands of families that have heretofore been the continual victims of heartless evictions.

But, while the University Bill, the Land Bill, and every instalment of justice to Ireland, is welcomed by the Irish Party, it has warned the British Government that nothing short of a separate legislature dealing with purely Irish affairs will ever be accepted as a final solution of Ireland's troubles. It has declared that parliamentary agitation will never cease until Ireland has been placed on a footing of equality with other self-governing British possessions. In that agitation, gentlemen, all Irishmen must take part. It is the assistance of the scattered sons of St. Patrick that has, up to the present, rendered possible the great struggle maintained by the Irish Parliamentary Party, and the Old Land appeals to us yet for that help which is absolutely necessary if agitation for Home Rule would be carried to a successful issue.

To that appeal Irishmen the world over will generously respond; and, though many disappointments may yet have to be mentioned, the entire Irish race will stand by that gallant party that

has shed so much lustre on the history of the Emerald Isle,—the entire Irish race will remain unwaveringly faithful to that gallant party until the glorious day when an Irish parliament will again be guiding the destinies of the Irish people.

The Glee Club then, under the leadership of Mr. O. Linke, treated the guests to a chorus "Alma Mater," in the rendition of which many of the guests joined. This was a suitable prelude to the toast to Alma Mater, which immediately followed. The toast-master arose, saying:

"On all such celebrations as this we are indeed glad to embrace the opportunity of expressing to a slight degree our kindly feeling and gratitude to our Alma Mater. To her we are indebted for much of that foundation upon which we are to build our future. I take great pleasure in proposing the toast to Alma Mater, and in introducing Mr. M. O'Gara who will respond.

Mr. O'Gara thus bestowed his praises on our College home:

Toast to Alma Mater.

I have the honor to reply to the toast of Alma Mater. It is, indeed, fitting that this toast should occupy a prominent place at any student gathering, and there are reasons which make this doubly so, when the occasion is a function held on Ireland's national day, and in memory of her Patron Saint. Not only because it is a national day and a great festival of the Catholic Church; but, likewise, because it commemorates the coming of St. Patrick to Ireland, which event was to play such an important part in the intellectual life of modern nations. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that on the day on which the Gospel was first preached in Ireland was given the guarantee for the permanency of our Christian religion, and the retention of the old learning in the West. For as one speaker has already put it this evening, so rapidly did the faith spread among the Irish, and so rapidly did monasteries and institutions of learning spring up in the land, that, synchronous with the over-running of Western and Southern Europe by the barbarians of the north, Ireland was enabled to send forth from her secluded shores scores of zealous missionaries and educators, who were to evangelize and instruct the barbaric hordes. When, in turn, her shores were visited by the invader, and Persecution strove to stamp out from the land every vestige of the teachings of St. Patrick, Ireland's courage did not fail. Alone, she persevered for many centuries in that long and bitter strife for the defence of those very principles she had imparted to others. Is it not, therefore, fitting that we a body of Catholic students should hold this day as a sacred one?

And surely Alma Mater has some part in the rejoicings of her children on this occasion! For has not that innate love of learning, so peculiar to the Keltic character, and which centuries of privation were unable to diminish, been evident in the support which the Irish have ever generously accorded Ottawa University. In fact, wherever the sons of Ireland have found religious and intellectual tolerance, and a freedom for action, they have not failed to grasp their opportunities; but with the same indomitable courage and persevering zeal, which had characterized their kinsmen of a much earlier age, they set to work to erect churches, and shouldered that enormous burden of maintaining separate schools. Nor did they rest here. Where education is concerned an Irishman's purse-strings are lax, indeed. A mere elementary education, infinitely more, in many cases, than it was possible to acquire at home, could not satisfy the craving in the Irish soul, and though this craving demanded new sacrifices, and imposed new burdens, Irishmen did not flinch. They realized not only the need of priests to see to their spiritual wants, but also the need—so urgent at the present day—of the educated Catholic layman. To this spirit, therefore, is due the erection of many of those seats of learning which to-day are accomplishing such good work in this country, and in the republic towards the south. And this same spirit explains the deep interest which has always been displayed by Irish Canadians and Americans towards our Alma Mater.

Like most Catholic institutions of higher learning, her trials have been many. She has not been blessed with that superabundance of material resources with which to ensure development; nor has she had wealthy friends to come forward and shower upon her princely bequests. (Only a few years ago a disastrous fire destroyed the work of a generation of zealous educators.) But we must not forget, however, that almost all great undertakings have had to encounter serious obstacles, and have had to struggle against adverse conditions. Rome, the resplendent capital of a world-wide empire, was founded, only after most persevering efforts, and after heroic struggles in overcoming almost insurmountable difficulties.

So may we hope that, freeing herself from all impediments, Alma Mater may rejoice in a greatness, a prosperity, and an influence similar to that which was ultimately enjoyed by the great centre of Roman civilization. Let us hope that her most extravagant dreams may be realized, and that even the present generation of students may have the happiness of beholding her a centre of intellectual activity which will spread its influence for good over this entire continent. For the realization of that happy day Irish-

men in this part of the world may be counted upon to do their utmost. "That love of learning, which even in pagan times characterized the Emerald Isle, and which after her conversion to Christianity made her the school of Europe, is still possessed in its pristine intensity by her scattered children, and will, we may rest assured, be displayed in the zeal and generosity with which Irishmen will strive to place Our Alma Mater in that lofty position among her sister universities, which her peculiar character and ideal location seem to have ordained that she should occupy.

Mr. F. Higgerty, the next speaker, was introduced as follows:

"Ireland might well be styled the "Land of Hopes." No other nation has even endured such persecution and tyranny as has poor Ireland. Yet she has ever been hopeful, and to-day it would seem that the brightest of her hopes are all but realized. Gentlemen, let me request you to rise and drink to Ireland's hopes.

Mr. Higgerty answered:

Toast to Ireland's Hopes.

Mr. Toastmaster, Your Excellency, Rev. Fathers and Gentlemen:

You have listened with evident delight to the addresses that have been delivered on Ireland's past, and Ireland's present. To me has been allotted the agreeable task of responding to the toast of Ireland's future. At first thought, you might be inclined to believe that I would assume the mysterious role of some old Celtic soothsayer and picture to you a future for the land of our forefathers, exceeding in grandeur and power the most prosperous era of the greatest state of ancient or modern times. But it is not necessary to assume such a role; it is not necessary to be gifted with any prophetic vision in order to affirm that the future has in store for Ireland an age of true national greatness which will rival those centuries when she won the proud title of "Isle of Saints and Scholars."

The Irish people are possessed in a striking degree of those traits that are the very foundation of the grandeur and durability of a state, and if Ireland to-day does not enjoy influence and prosperity, it is not because her national character lacks any of the elements essential to greatness, but because of that external oppression which has rendered her development absolutely impossible.

Among those traits, and by far the most indispensable in the building up of a nation, is that love and esteem for religion which is the prime characteristic of the Irish race. For them, every-

thing else fades into insignificance when there is question of that faith which St. Patrick preached to them, and to which they have adhered with a tenacity and a fervor that has no parallel in the history of Christianity. In the days of their national eminence, when their country occupied the exalted position of intellectual mistress of the world, as well as in the dark days that followed, when she became the object of the most atrocious persecution, they have demonstrated that neither prosperity nor adversity could interfere with their profound attachment to their religion. And at the present time their representatives in the British Parliament, true to the most glorious traditions of the people that elected them, have placed the cause of Catholic education even before that of Home Rule.

But besides being intensely religious, the Irish are endowed with an extraordinary intellectual ability. Notwithstanding that, even to-day, the avenues to higher education are practically closed against them, they have produced the foremost orator in the British Empire, and their Christian Brothers' Schools have sent to Westminster the most remarkable body of parliamentarians in the greatest popular assembly in the world. At the head of the governments in two of England's colonies are men of the old stock and the old religion. In this Dominion of ours Irishmen have played, and still continue to play, no insignificant part. The most eloquent of Canadian orators, and the most brilliant of Canadian premiers have been Irishmen. The Supreme Court of Canada is presided over by a distinguished son of Erin. The Canadian Pacific Railway is guided by Irish brains, while the Grand Trunk Pacific is largely in the hands of Irish contractors.

As an athlete, the Irishman is without a peer. At the recent Olympics in London, as well as at the international games that occurred some months ago at the Vatican, the Sheridans and the Flanagans and the O'Rourkes were so numerous that one would be almost inclined to believe that the contests were being held at a county fair somewhere in Ireland.

And just as the Irish athlete has become renowned through his wonderful feats of physical strength and dexterity, so the Irish soldier has rendered himself famous by his matchless intrepidity on battlefields in almost every country in the world. All nations pay homage to his prowess:—

“Who carries the gun? A lad from the Emerald Isle.

Then let him go, for well we know, we've tried him many a while;

We've tried him East, we've tried him West, we've tried him by sea and land,

And the man to beat old Erin's best, has never yet been plann'd."

Possessed of such excellent traits of both mind and body, being profoundly religious, intellectual, athletic and brave, the Irish people have within them all that is necessary to create a powerful and highly cultured nation; and so it is not prophecy so much as what must inevitably follow in the very nature of things that Cardinal Newman gave expression to when he said: "I am turning my eyes towards a hundred years to come, and I dimly see the Ireland I am gazing on become the road of passage between the two hemispheres and the centre of the world. I see its inhabitants rival Belgium in populousness, France in vigor, and Spain in enthusiasm."

Mr. J. Cusack, one of our junior students, was next called upon to contribute his part to the programme, and he did so in a very able manner by singing: "Dream of the U.S.A."

Mr. M. F. Deahy, the next speaker, answered to the toast to the United States. He was introduced by these words:

"As an Irishman and an American, I take a special pride in proposing a toast to the U. S. She has grown to be one of the most powerful and wealthy nations of the world, and her influence has ever been exerted in the cause of humanity. She has been a good friend to Ireland. She has sympathized with her, has sent her financial assistance, and has given happy homes to millions of Irishmen. And why should she not be toasted on Ireland's festal day? Let me then propose a toast to the U.S."

Mr. Deahy arose and thus spoke of his native land:

Toast to United States.

Mr. Toastmaster, Your Excellency, Rev. Fathers, and Gentlemen:

It is characteristic of every devoted citizen to glory in the remarkable achievements of his country, to exult in her strength and to take pride in the wealth she possesses. And so do those whose happiness it is to owe allegiance to the great American Republic, and to enjoy her protection, recall with delight the many heroic deeds of her sons, and dwell with exultation upon her present greatness. They remember that it was Washington who laid the foundation of a democracy, which aimed at the emancipation of man from the tyranny of oppressive rulers, but which did not desire to free him from the Supreme Master of all things. And they rejoice exceedingly when they contemplate that democracy to-day, powerful and rich, and occupying a prominent place among the nations of the world.

But, gentlemen, it seems to me that it would be well this evening to say a word of praise for what our Irish forefathers have done to render "The Land of the Setting Sun" the greatest republic that has ever been, and to have given her that strength and chivalric spirit through which she has become the powerful and valiant defender of liberty. On every battlefield over which the American flag has floated, the Irish have spilled their blood in defense of American principles and American institutions. If we glance back to those gloomy days of the Revolution we can see, in an imaginary view, among the patriots of those days, continuous lines of men with Irish blood in their veins valiantly fighting to make the colonies a free nation.

More than one-third of New York's revolutionary troops were Irish, and through their valor on the field of battle they did much to establish the military reputation of the men from the Empire State. American history records with pride the wonderful feats of the great Irishman, Antony Wayne. The brave Jack Barry was the founder of the American Navy, and nobody would attempt to question his origin. Then there was the famous General Sullivan, and Col. Fitzgerald, the favorite officer of Washington. These and thousands of other sons of Ireland fought for the cause of America's independence with that fidelity and bravery which have immortalized the Irish soldiers throughout the world. And in every conflict since the formation of the Union, Irish blood has been generously shed in its defence.

But Irishmen have won the gratitude of the United States in other ways than by bravery on the battlefield. They aroused the flames of patriotism, and inspired courage into the struggling colonies by the fire of their eloquence, and have since aided by their political skill in the government of the young republic. The names of the eloquent Patrick Henry, of the devoted Carrol of Carrollton, will live in the veneration of American citizens as long as they look back with pride upon the heroic struggle that was waged before liberty could be enthroned upon this continent. Nor will they ever forget the Clintons of New York, the Reeds of New Jersey, or those other illustrious exiled sons of Erin that, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Mexico to Canadian borders, have left every state in the Union indebted to them for the generous manner in which they devoted their distinguished talents to the common good.

Since, therefore, Irishmen have demonstrated so much love for the United States, it is not at all surprising that the staunchest of Ireland's friends should be found under the Stars and Stripes. It is America that has furnished a large portion of the sinews of

war in the combat that has so long been waged at Westminster for the redress of Irish grievances. It is she that has lent sympathy and encouragement to the Old Land in the dark days of eviction and persecution. It is to her shores that Irish envoys have come to plead the cause of their oppressed country! and from her they have always received substantial assistance. And as long as America holds in grateful remembrance those who have labored and died for her, as long as she remains faithful to her high political ideals, she will continue to aid the little Emerald Isle in the noble fight she is making to regain those rights of which she has been so unjustly deprived.

Mr. E. Boyle, '12, in a clear voice, sang "Killarney," which concluded the elegant programme of music.

The next toast on the programme was that of Soggarth Aroon. The toastmaster introduced the speaker as follows:

"Several of the speakers to-day have sung the praises of St. Patrick, and that great saint is deserving of the highest tribute we can pay him, for he it was who planted that true faith in Ireland. But to the zealous priesthood is accorded its preservation. Let us drink a toast, then, to the Irish priest, Soggarth Aroon, to which I ask Rev. Fr. McGuire to respond.

Soggarth Aroon.

Father McGuire replied in a splendid and eloquent tribute to the Irish Clergy, his remarks being punctuated by frequent applause.

Our Guests.

"Our Guests," the last toast of the evening, was fittingly responded to by Senator Coffey and Dr. White, and with a few well-chosen words from Rev. Father Fallon, one of the most successful of St. Patrick's Day celebrations was brought to a close. On rising from their seats the guests were greeted by the soul-stirring strains of "God Save Ireland" from the Glee Club.

The committee of management deserve much praise for the success of their efforts, particularly Rev. Father Fallon, who acted as director.

Executive Committee:—Hon. Chairman, R. J. P. Fallon, O.M.I.; Chairman, V. K. O'Gorman, '09; Secretary, J. R. Corkery, '09; Treasurer, M. F. Deahy; E. H. McCarthy, '09; N. Bawlf, '10; C. D. O'Gorman, '10; F. O. Linke, '10.

University of Ottawa Review.

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Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

Vol. XI.

OTTAWA, ONT., MARCH, 1909.

No. 6

THE IRISH NATIONAL FESTIVAL.

As each 17th of March comes round it is customary for the sons and daughters of the Gael to celebrate the glories of the ancient race, to recall its sufferings, and to indulge cherished hopes of its future vindication. This year Ottawa celebrated the day with no less enthusiasm than formerly. The students held a most successful banquet, where in addition to the good things on the table, we were regaled with the more ethereal delights of music, song and fervid oratory.

The key-note of the speeches seemed to be hope, and justly so. The year 1909 sees the dear little isle considerably advanced on the road of progress and prosperity. Thanks to the energetic efforts of the stalwart band who, under the leadership of John Redmond, form the Irish Party; thanks also to the sympathetic attitude of the Liberal Government, and particularly the Chief Secretary for Ireland, the Rt. Hon. Augustine Birrell, a great improvement has taken place in the country. By the county coun-

cils the various districts enjoy a large measure of autonomy; compulsory land sale has enabled the tenants to throw off the galling yoke of the absentee landlord; the Labourers' Cottages Act is replacing the miserable mud cabin by neat and sanitary dwellings all over the island; the National University gives to Catholic youth the long-sought blessing of Higher Education.

Ireland's industries are being revived, her aged poor are receiving a pension from the Imperial exchequer, the temperance movement is making headway, the young men and women are being taught that the future of the country depends on their remaining in it; last and best of all, the Gaelic tongue is becoming once more the Irishman's medium of thought, and with it there is rapidly growing up a spirit of racial pride and self-consciousness which is the surest and most hopeful sign of national resuscitation.

Exchanges.

Queen's University Journal, among other excellent articles, contains a strong plea for compulsory physical training among students. The writer of the article backs up his plea with a letter from the Director of the Department of Physical Education of Penna. University. In the U. of P. they have a very laudable rule by which all the students are compelled to attend physical exercises in the College Gymnasium. The results are said to be marvellous.

The Collegian for February is taken up with an account of the old missions of California. The struggles of the early Spanish missionaries, their zeal for the cause of Christianity, their troubles and sorrows; are all graphically described. A short biography of the Sainly Father Serra is also given.

We always turn to the Exponent when we want a good laugh. From its February number we quote the following:

Boarding House Geometry.

Boarders in the same boarding house, and on the same flat, are equal to one another.

The landlady can be reduced to the lowest terms by a series of propositions.

Any two meals at a boarding house are together less than two square meals.

The Allisionia and The Argosy reflect great credit upon the standard of literature in the Maritime Provinces.

The D'Youville Magazine, Buffalo, is one of the most beautiful and artistic college journals we have ever seen. Prosit D'Youville!

This month's Assumption College Review contains a very appropriate and excellent little sketch of Thomas D'Arcy McGee. The life of the great Irish statesman-historian-poet is traced from his schooldays in Ireland to his rise to prominence in the first Canadian Parliament. The writer, like all true Irishmen, laments the untimely death of McGee, who, but for the hand of the assassin, would undoubtedly have become a power in the land of his adoption.

We are sorry that we cannot extend our praise to every department of the Assumption Review. Our eye seeks in vain for the name of Ottawa in the Exchange list. We would advise our brother Ex. man at least to acknowledge receipt of our Review.

THANKS !!

The University of Ottawa Review is one of the best papers on our table.—The Exponent.

The Editors of the University of Ottawa Review handle the heavy questions, "Canada's Manifest Destiny" and "Civilization of the Thirteenth Century" very well.—The Patrician.

The January number from our friend from across the border is one of real literary merit. There is an abundance of varied subjects, each capably treated and clothed in choice English. — S. V. C. Index.

After its long journey down here from Canada, the University of Ottawa Review we think deserves mention in our humble columns. A serial entitled "A Motor Tour Through Ireland" makes good reading.—The Xavier, New York.

The University of Ottawa Review always contains a very pleasing array of articles.—The Xaverian, Antigonish.

Besides the above mentioned, we beg to acknowledge receipt of the following:

"The Manitoba College Journal," "Echoes from the Pines," "St. John's University Record," "The Bethany Messenger," "McMaster University Monthly," "The Solonian," "The D'Youville Magazine," "The Patrician," "The Martlet," "Bates Student," "The College Spokesman," "Trinity University Journal," "The Exponent," "The Amherst Literary Monthly," "The Geneva Cabi-

net," "The Hya Yaka," "St. Mary's Chimes," "St. Jerome Schoolman," "Villa Shield," "Notre Dame Scholastic," "Nazareth Chimes," "Niagara Rainbow," "O.A.C. Review," "Ottawa Campus," "Oracle," "Rosary Magazine," "Vox Lycei," "Vox Wesleyana," "The Young Eagle," "The Columbia," "The Acta Victoriana," "The College Mercury," "The Holy Cross Purple."

Books and Reviews.

The February number of the Contemporary Review contains an interesting article on the love of wild nature. It goes to show where the love of the wilderness had birth and where it grew to maturity. The ancients from all accounts dreaded the lonely solitude of the mountain, cave and chasm. The effect of Christianity was to increase and broaden the love of nature. People began to take pleasure out of seeing the ocean and the desert, and out of living beside them. They came to appreciate more than the useful in the world. The hermits of early Christian times did much to awaken a love of solitude such as is found in the caverns and grottoes, the cases, and the woods.

A very brief summary of the politics of the world may be obtained each month in the Review of Reviews, and thus the publication serves a practical and valuable purpose.

Lord Morley's Indian Reform in the nineteenth century gives us the reasonable assurance that the claims of both Hindus and Mohammedans will soon be settled with entire satisfaction. The idea seems to be to allow India the privilege of self-government by degrees and to avoid the error of judging a people unfit for and unworthy of powers which they rightly deserve, but which they do not possess. In other words, the British Government deems it safer to do justice to India because of her distance, and injustice to Ireland because of her close proximity and exhausted energies.

The qualities of American actors are treated at length in the Fortnightly Review of February. The success of an actor depends upon individual effort provided that the aptitude is there. Now Americans are very industrious and energetic in applying themselves to special branches of knowledge, art and science. This helps them on the stage. In the American of the future will be blended the traits of the excitable Italian, the calm deliberate Ger-

man, and the other types of America's population. The country is still young and the fame of American actors and actresses may yet be world-wide.

Personals.

The Apostolic Chancellor, His Grace, Archbishop Duhamel, was with us on the eve of the Feast of St. Thomas Aquinas, when a thesis on the "Origin of the Human Species" was read by Mr. J. Corkery, and to which objections were made by Messrs. M. Lachaine, J. Connaghan, and I. Desrosiers. The next morning His Grace celebrated High Mass in St. Joseph's Church for the student body.

His Grace, Archbishop Langevin, in returning from Rome on the 8th inst., paid the University a call.

Dr. M. F. Fallon of Buffalo, Father Wade Smith of Lowell, Mass., and Father Leyden of Columbus, came to the Ottawa for the funeral of the late Mrs. M. P. Davis.

Our former First Prefect, Rev. Father Kirwan, now stationed in the United States, has recently set out on a journey to Italy.

Rev. D. Finnegan, O.M.I., delivered the St. Patrick's Day sermon in St. Joseph's Church; Rev. Dr. Sherry, O.M.I., spoke in St. Bridget's; and Rev. John O'Gorman delivered a short sermon in the original Gaelic at St. Patrick's.

Fathers Kennedy and Brady of the Paulist Order have been giving a most successful mission in St. Joseph's Church. Their untiring labors, and their great kindness, will not soon be forgotten.

Rev. Father Grandin, O.M.I., Provincial of Alberta Province, was here recently on his way back from the Holy See.

The banquet held in the University in honor of St. Patrick, under the direction of Father James P. Fallon, was a decided success. The speeches on that occasion, both of guests and students, showed that the sons of Ireland are still as eloquent as they have been in the past.

The Hon. Chas. Murphy was much appreciated by his audience in Montreal on the evening of the 17th.

At the annual concert of St. Patrick's Literary and Scientific Society, at the Russell Theatre, "Ireland's Place in the Empire" was ably defined by Mr. E. B. Devlin, K.C. Mr. J. G. Kilt, as President, filled the chair.

Dr. J. K. Foran's late lectures, one before the A.O.H. on Robert Emmett, the other in the Normal School Assembly Hall on Scottish Bards, were very instructive and entertaining.

Dr. John Francis Waters lectured under the auspices of the d'Youville Circle of the Rideau St. Convent, March 1st, on "Lord Byron: A Character Sketch." The learned gentleman fully justified his subject.

At the Hibernian banquet in the Windsor, which this year replaced the St. Patrick's Day parade, and which was a great success, the County Chaplain, Dr. Sherry, replied to the toast of "The Day We Celebrate"; Fr. Finnegan, Chaplain of No. 2 Division, replied to that of "The Pope"; Fr. Hammersley, Chaplain of No. 3 Division, contributed a couple of songs; and the Rector, Dr. Murphy, made a witty speech.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

Rev. R. A. MacDonald, '88, of Greenfield, was a visitor to the College during the past month.

J. R. O'Connor, '92, who is now practising law in Toronto, paid a visit to his Alma Mater lately.

Rev. Father Quilty, '97, who underwent an operation for appendicitis in Water Street Hospital lately, is recovering rapidly, and the Review hopes to see him out again before long.

Mr. A. J. Reynolds, '06, paid a short visit to the College last week on his way home from the Grand Seminary, Montreal.

Rev. Father J. Ryan, '97, of Mount St. Patrick, favored us with a visit during the month.

Rev. Father Alex. McDonald, '05, was a welcome visitor to College halls last month.

Rev. Father John O'Gorman, '04, preached a short sermon in Gaelic to the parishioners of St. Patrick's Church on the day of Ireland's National Festival.

Obituary.

On the 17th of February occurred in Hull the death of Reverend Father Drouet, O.M.I. The late priest had many friends among us. Father Drouet was a liberal benefactor of the College

after the fire, having contributed vestments and many altar decorations.

Mrs. M. P. Davis's death came with a severe shock to her relatives and intimate friends, and in a lesser degree to all classes of the city. As well as being prominent in social circles, Mrs. Davis was universally known and loved for her works of charity. Our orphanages, this institution, other educational institutions, and the hospitals, found in her a constant patroness.

Besides her husband, Mrs. Davis is survived by two sons. Mr. William P. Davis and Mr. Michael P. Davis (Jr.), former students; and two daughters, Mrs. D'Arcy Scott and Mrs. Arthur Brophy.

Mr. Dubé, father of Rev. E. Dubé, O.M.I., died recently at his home. We sincerely sympathize with Father Dubé and his family.

The late W. H. Röger, who died on the 10th inst., at his residence, 23 Delaware Ave., was a man of many friends and great business ability. He belonged to the ranks of our past students. R.I.P.

Athletics.

COLLEGE VS. OTTAWA II.'s.

On Wednesday evening, the 17th February, our scheduled game with Ottawa II.'s took place. All of the boys were anxious for the fray, although they were by no means too strong to meet such a septet as the red, white and black. Our line-up was changed considerably since the Emmett game, and all determined to play the game of their life. Sharp at 8.30 both teams came on the ice, and in short order the referee's shrill whistle blew. The play was exceptionally fast in the first half, with Bawlf and Matton shining on the forward line. Nick was there with some terrific shots, but he was closely watched. Matton remained in the centre of the ice passing and receiving the puck gracefully. Zip McLaughlin and Billy Richards played well, but Zip was handicapped by playing right wing. Ottawa's forwards were all fast and played beautiful combination. Neate, the defence man, was up on the wing, and played well. Snelling, and likewise Boyce, were fast line men. College's defence is without exception the best in the city league. Any combination that gets by Braceland and Dunn, and lands the puck in the nets behind Dickey Long, are certainly deserving of

the score. Dickey in the nets was brilliant all evening. He stopped them from all angles, and two of the goals scored were stopped but were then batted in. Ottawa's defence was also strong, with Merrill shining. At half time the score was 5-2 with everything favoring College. College started out well and were going at a fast clip when their star rover, Matton, was hit by the puck in the ankle, necessitating his leaving the ice for good. Chump O'Neil readily offered his services, and in short order was in the line-up. This spirit displayed by O'Neil is worthy of note, and let us hope that in the future more O'Neils may come to the front. The officials were not as good as we have been favored with in the past. They were very strict on offsides, especially when it was College at fault. The final score read 9-3 in favor of Ottawa II's.

EMMETTS VS. COLLEGE.

The game with the undefeated Emmett team resulted in a loss for College. The team was not as strong as previously, having lost a couple of the best players whose places were filled with good but inexperienced men. The team lined up as follows: g., Long; p., Dunn; c.p., Braceland; r.w., Chartrand; l.w., Gauthier; c., Bawlf; r., Binks. All played well, but inasmuch as they had not practiced together, they had little or no combination. Bawlf was easily the star on the ice, he scoring seven out of the eight goals College lodged. For the Emmetts, Currie played a wonderful game, appearing as a star of the first magnitude. Final score: 18-8 for Emmetts. Line-up of Emmetts: Wright, Atcheson, Holt, Currie, Broadbent, Roberts, McLaughlin. Officials: Neate and Phillips, Ottawa's.

Every year the Americans get together to afford their Canadian brothers an hour's amusement. Their efforts to amuse usually meet with the greatest success, for few things about the College cause as much laughter as what is known as "an American game." So hotly was the first game contested that a second one was played, and with a greater amount of interest.

On Sunday, February 7, at 2.31 p.m., the referee's shrill whistle sounded the opening of the great hockey combat, between Captain Sam Weir's team of seven stalwart braves and that captained by one Albert Walter Gilligan, of the village of Watertown. Both teams were in perfect condition, as was announced by Petie Green Dewey and John Davis Harrington, their respective trainers.

The fray began amid shouts and roars of the excited spectators, who cheered their favorites on to victory. The roof of the rink nearly rose with applause when Samuel K. Weir, the Binghamton captain, made a wild rush the full length of the ice and

notched the first goal. It was, indeed, a most spectacular feat, and performed with great skill. Its real difficulty can only be realized when you stop to consider the fact of his having out-skated all the forwards, passed such stellar players at cover point as Hart and Ginna, and put the puck in the nets through Brophy, the newly imported goal tender from Rochester. Weir's work was nothing short of phenomenal. As a stick-handler he is in a class by himself.

Another who showed up to great advantage was one Claude C. Dewey. At right wing Dewey was a star and his playing the boards was a feature of the game. His excellent work was slightly marred by his repeated attempts to put Capt. Gilligan of the opposing team over the "bank."

As a goaler, Loftus had it on the Rochester importation "like a tent." Pete scored at least four goals on himself. The game was brilliantly contested throughout. It was absolutely free from roughness except on the part of Deahy, who persistently swung his stick about in a reckless manner, taking a clout at all within reach. The final score was 5-4 in favor of Weir's braves. Immediately after the game Brophy pluckily backed his team for a week's dessert, and on account of the "heavy" wager a second game was arranged. Much credit is due Mr. Harrington for the masterly way in which he handled the game.

The second game was played on the following Sunday between the same teams. During the week interest in the great coming event was keen and numerous side bets were made. Referee Harrington was seen making a small wager, and Capt. Gilligan protested against his handling the game, so Bawlf, of hockey fame, was secured. It was only after long and serious consideration that Capt. Weir decided to accept Bawlf, inasmuch as they had previously had words over the "cocoa" question. The difficulty was finally settled, however, by Dewey, who decided that the sugar should be put in first, and the cocoa plucked from the fire, just as it begins to simmer.

The game was called at 3.15 p.m., and in the absence of Weir's point, the services of Harrington were secured. He played a star game, his rushes being fast and effective. During the fray the two captains collided with each other, and their injuries were so serious that both were hurried to the rec. hall in Harris' ambulance. Pres. Gauthier was called to the ice to settle a difficulty which arose between the players due to the rough work and cross-checking of E. Ginna. When playing time was called the score stood 4-4, and it was agreed to play overtime. In the following

ten furious minutes; three goals were scored, two by Capt. Gilligan's trojans and one by Weir's pets. Thus the game ended, 6-5.

CLIFFSIDES VS. COLLEGE.

College and Cliffsidess met at Dey's Arena for the second time, the Collegians winning by the score of 7-6. The game was a poor exhibition in the first half, College playing very poorly, allowing their opponents to put in five straight goals to their one.

In the second half the play was reversed. Kieley and Matton scored for College in five minutes, Cliffsidess got another, then Bawlf shot four in succession for College, giving them the game and putting Cliffsidess in last place. The feature of the game was the spectacular rush of Dickie Long, the College goal tender, from his own goal to the other, where he just missed scoring by a hair's breadth. Teams:—College—Long, Dunne, Braceland, Matton, Bawlf, Kieley, Richards. Cliffsidess—McLean, Johnson, Anderson, Davidson, Orme, Bronson, Stewart. Referees: Pulford and Lesueur.

COLLEGE VS. EMMETTS.

College closed the season with a defeat by the Emmetts at the Rideau Rink, by the score 9-5. The game was a fairly good one, and very interesting from a spectator's standpoint. It was very fast from start to finish, the score keeping even till near the end, when the green shirts pulled ahead. Roberts, Currie, McLaughlin and Broadbent shot well for Emmetts. Bawlf shot four for College, and Matton one. Team: Breen, Dunne, Braceland, Matton, Bawlf, Chartrand, Long.

COLLEGE VS. ALEXANDRIA.

College went to Alexandria and defeated that town's team on a very poor sheet of ice by the score 2-1.

Good hockey was an impossibility, as the ice was very soft. Geo. McDonald, a former student, played with Alexandria, while Charlie Gauthier played for O. U. against his native village.

Team: Long, Bawlf, Dunne, Gauthier, Matton, McLaughlin, Chartrand.

The hockey season has come and gone, and nothing remains now save Records.. When Ottawa College entered the city league, three months ago, the championship pennant loomed up largely on its hockey horizon.

But, like many a Russian general during the Russo-Japanese war, "we regret to report" the vision vanished as the season wore on. Ottawa II. and Emmetts tied for the premier honors, and

after two brilliant games the II.'s retained their reputation and the championship of the Ottawa City League for 1909. Ottawa College's record might have been worse. But after all is said and done, the team gave a good account of itself, considering the hockey played by the other teams which was exceedingly good, and also the fact that College was forced to play a different forward line every game.

The practices and games not only provided good amusement for the students, but nursed into senior calibre the following young men: Breen, Freeland, Smith, Lamarche, Kennedy, McLaughlin, Brennan, Chartrand, Sullivan, Burns and Gauthier, whom we hope to see no later than next season scintillating in the Intercollegiate Hockey League. This was the object in view when College entered the city league, and it is to be hoped that it will be realized next season.

BOWLING.

Bowling is a sport which has gained much prominence throughout the city, and which has recently been revived within the College. The alley is in perfect condition, having been entirely remodelled, and the bed leveled, planed and oiled. New balls have been purchased, and the old ones turned so that all is in excellent condition for the carrying out of the league. The league is under the supervision of Rev. Fr. Kelly, and he has it organized in such a systematic way that it certainly has proved a great success. It is composed of seventeen teams which are divided into series, and the winners of each series will compete for the league championship. To overcome the difficulties which frequently arise, due to the absence of players, a set of rules has been drawn up, which is being carried out to the letter. All are keen for the sport, and every day brings forth a change in the leadership.

The O.U.A.A. executive met on March 22nd and began preliminary work for the great C.A.A.U. meet, to be held at Varsity Oval under their auspices on Victoria Day. The executive propose to make this one of the most successful meets ever held in Canada, so let all lend a hand in the good work.



 Of Local Interest

Astronomy Prof. (illustrating the phases of the moon): "Let us suppose this hat to be the moon."

Junior: Hadn't we better call it the Dipper?

Prof.: In what state were the most divorces granted last year?

Senior: In the married state.

Prof. of English: What is peculiar about dreams?

Jimmie: Nightmares.

Fuzzy: You were misinformed.

Prof.: It certainly was a Miss informed me.

The Three O's in a consultation:

O'K-f: What are you going to do?

O'L-n-e: Where are you going?

O'Br-n: Wait a minute.

Too bad Mr. Br-n-n. Too bad.

A CONVENIENT BURG.

First Tourist (in Fitchburg): What car shall I take to reach Lowell?

Second Tourist: Take any car, it will carry you there, or if you 'phone they will send a car immediately.

Oh—(rhetorical pause)—nobody loves a fat man.

DICTIONARY GIRLS.

A disagreeable girl	Annie Mosity.
A sweet girl	Carrie McL.
A very pleasant girl	Jenny Rosity.
A smooth girl	Amelia Ration.
A seedy girl	Cora Ander.
A clear case of girl	E. Lucy Date.

A geometrical girl	Polly Gow.
Not orthodox	Hettie Rodoxy.
One of the best girls	Ella Gant.
A flower girl	Rhoda Dendron.
A musical girl	Sarah Nade.
A profound girl	Mettie Physics.
A star girl	Meta Oric.
A clinging girl	Jessie Mine.
A nervous girl	Hester Ical.
A muscular girl	Callie Sthenics.
A lively girl	Anna Mation.
An uncertain girl	Eva Nescent.
A sad girl	Ella Gee.
A great big girl	Ellie Phant.
A warlike girl	Millie Tary.
A crazy girl	Luna Tic.
A latin girl	Amanda Sunt.
A light girl	Ruby Foam.
A ringing girl	Clara Bell.
A desert girl	Carrie Van.
An insane girl	Daffy Dill.
A southern girl	Frances Can.
A local girl	Otta Wa.
A cold girl	Fro Sty.
A brainy girl	Sarah Bellum.
A "soda fountain" girl	Mamie Taylor.

ALCOHOL.

Alcohol is used in Turkish baths, museums and palm rooms. It also furnishes a scientific base for temperance and curtain lectures. It enters, in some form or other, into most of our industries, and through it we manufacture breadstuffs, dyes and snakes. Although it is not responsible for perpetual motion, it is the only fluid agent known to make the earth go round. It has also made two moons appear in the heavens, where only one moon was seen before.

Alcohol is manufactured in every State in the Union, including the states of matrimony and unrest. It is responsible for the crooked course of the grapevine. It sails the unbridled ocean, and sits on every street corner. It is the most consummate actor known, and in the extent of its marvellous make-ups has never been equalled by any old sleuth. It takes on every form and line,

and as an interior decorator is unequalled. It is fastidious, however, about colors, eradicating the blues and replacing them with reds and purples.

Alcohol is successful in every one of its undertakings. But in spite of all the bad things that have been said about it, it has one great quality. It never forsakes an old friend.—Life.

SOME SMOKES.

The Indian with his pipe of peace
Has long ago gone by;
But the Irishman with his piece of pipe
Will never, never die.

—Ex.

A little piece of rubber,
A little drop of paint,
Make a bad report card
Look as if it ain't.

—Ex.

Junior Department

In the Junior Inter-Provincial League, the Small Yard seven seemed to have "struck their stride" during the last few games of the schedule. They gave the Maple Leafs, the year's champions, the biggest scare of the season when they played them a tie game, three to three, on their home ice. Next they overwhelmingly defeated the Victorias, the prospective champions, by the score of 5-0, and put them out of the running for good. This seems to be an exception to the oft-cited adage: All's well that ends well. If our team had played in the beginning as it did at the end, the championship cup would be with us now. The college representatives for the last two games were: goal, B. Kinsella; point, Brennan; cover, McDermott; rover, Nagle; centre, McMahon; wings, Poulin and Villeneuve.

M-r-p-y has given up all hopes of making his miserable life happy. His trial of trials is to wait from one meal to the other without eating. Just think of it, there are two long hours from 4.30 o'clock until supper! If he consent at all to live, he says, it is just to save funeral expenses.

On account of the unusually early visit of "smiling spring" the schedules of the Inter-Mural Leagues have been left unfinished. As a consequence we cannot say with certainty who would have been champions if winter had lingered a little longer, and this is most unfortunate, as all were working enthusiastically, with more or less chance of success, for first honors. Next year the schedule will have to be arranged that all the games would be played earlier in the season, as our open-air rink cannot be depended on after the first of March.

Several of the students will be honored by the Labor Department with the title of "Knights of the Shovel," in reward for the constant and especially generous services which they rendered during the winter to keep the rink clear of snow. Now who should be numbered among those chosen few? On the other hand it has been discovered that there existed in the Small Yard a secret society of loafers, going by the name of the Ancient Order of the Sons of Rest. To avoid being molested, they kept their existence, and the practice of their principles, or rather the non-practice, an absolute secret. But the Grand Master and Deputy Grand Master (the two laziest members, who were very likely born tired) were found out from the fact that they used to go and hide themselves away every time there was a call for work.

The hockey season ended with some very interesting, free-for-all games. In these contests it was customary to assume the name of some great hockey expert, and to hear the comments on the play and players a person would imagine himself present at one of the great professional battles of the season. Ross, Gilmour, Johnson, Taylor, Moran, and many others were all represented, and what clever stick-handling, what tricky dodging, what magnificent stops, what wonderful headwork, etc., went to make those struggles brilliant! Our last game was played on March the 11th. It is with regret that we took our skates off our boots and relegated them with our hockey sticks to their summer resorts.

Two in One—Jo-s and Ma-t-eau.

Three Inseparables—Do-is, F-k, and La-ie.

A juvenile rhyme-maker trying to imitate "Mary had a little Lamb" gave us the following poem:

Br-son has a fine big lamb,
 All tenderly fond and true,
 And where'er you find Br-s-on
 There you'll find the big lamb too.

For a while this spring wrestling became a very popular sport. Milot and Laroche carry off the laurels in this line with about equal honors. Milot's superior science is counter-balanced by Laroche's superior strength. One evening they struggled for half an hour, at catch-as-catch-can, without a fall.

With the gloves Andrew Murtagh seems to be the undisputed champion of the Small Yard. He could sit down and weep for the want of worthy combatants.

Snow, Snow, please disappear,
Come not again till next year,
As the small boys, one and all,
Have now a craze for baseball.

DONT'S.

Don't get your work from the other fellow.

Don't be late for chapel in the morning.

Don't worry about the future, work in the present.



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