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# University of Ottawa Review...



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## A Scholar's Prayer.

THEODORE C. WILLIAMS, IN "The Outlook."

**L**IGHT, light ! O Lord ! In darkness I was born,  
Yet strove against it ever. Many a star  
Has faded quite and left me all forlorn ;  
But starward still I toil and follow far.  
Thou didst create both darkness and the day,  
O help, preserve me, though I blindly roam ;  
And if in love of light too wide I stray,  
Shine in my heart, O God, and guide me home.

# Rector's Address.

(COMMENCEMENT)



**T**HOMAS à KEMPIS tells us that in all things we must look to the end: "In omnibus respice finem," "Evidently he does not refer to the proximate end; which is indeed usually kept in mind. For instance, the end of the scholastic year is, at least in this case, a proximate end. Where is the student who forgets it, notwithstanding the cares and distractions of his studies, recreations, and even examinations? If he could, he would emblazon the town with the date. The memory of loving parents and devoted teachers is almost as vivid in this respect; and who can blame them, in view of the sacrifices which the scholastic year entails?"

"What Thomas à Kempis means then, is not the proximate, but the ultimate end, and this gives the maxim a paramount importance; for the means are constantly, universally, pushing that ultimate end out of sight. Hence, ultimate foolishness; the dismal lot of the reprobate. Hence again, profound ignorance of the real nature of things present; as nothing can be rightly known, except in the light of its ultimate end.

"Allow me to apply this maxim to education, and fix your mind on its ultimate end.

"Now, what is the ultimate end of education? The word "education" in itself, as we all know, means the leading from one thing to another, *educere*. What is that other point? Is it simply the making of a living, or food and raiment? These are means, surely not the ultimate end. Is it simply the harmonious developing, training and perfecting of the physical, intellectual and moral faculties? That is, indeed a great deal; but it is only the process of education, not its ultimate end. You do not train for the sake of training.

"What, then, is the ultimate end of education? It is, to quote Scripture, 'the plenitude of God, the plenitude of Christ, imparted to the children of God.' In other words, it is the deification of

God's adopted children. And, note well, this is true, not only of what is termed religious education, but of education in the full sense of the word; for there is only one kind of education, and religion is of its very essence. 'A system of education,' says Cardinal Manning, 'not based on Christianity, is an imposture.' It is not education; it cannot educate the people. Call it instruction, if you will; but in the name of Christianity, and also of truth, let it not be called education. You might as well call the tower of Babel the way to heaven. All this may be a 'hard saying' to the worldly-minded; but it is the truth.

"And so, that is the ultimate end God has in view in the education of His children, the angels included; the end Christ has in view in the education of all mankind; the church in the education of all nations; and the University of Ottawa in the education of all those whom Providence has confided to her care, namely, the youth of the ecclesiastical province of Ottawa by right, of the civil province of Ontario without racial distinction, by privilege, and of all those who are attracted from every point of the compass, by the light of her guiding star.

This ultimate end to which our maxim bids us to look, is therefore human nature brought to its highest perfection, raised to the most exalted plane possible, and invested with the plenitude of the divinity. All that to the senses may appear as a speck in darkness, (which is, by the way, the starting point of education); to reason, it is a mere twilight; to faith a fascinating mystery, but in its supreme reality—the dazzling splendor of the divine Sonship. No wonder that the University of Ottawa, with her gaze fixed on that ultimate end 'reckons that the sacrifices a Christian education demands are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come.' No wonder she bids you to-day in the words of Thomas à Kempis to look to the same end, that you may be animated with the same self-sacrificing spirit.

"In conclusion, allow her to express publicly her profound gratitude to Divine Providence for its visible assistance, to Mother Church for the blessings received at the hands of the immortal Leo XIII, of his worthy representative in Canada, and of our beloved father and friend, the Archbishop of Ottawa; gratitude also to the Congregation

of the Oblates to whom she owes her existence and preservation; gratitude to her devoted teachers, past and present, on whose brow the promised halo of glory is already visible; gratitude to the parents who entrust her with the education of their children; gratitude to her students who are her hope, her joy and her crown of glory; gratitude, in a word, to all those who help her to attain the end she has in view. May God bless them, one and all."

---

#### KEATS.

A golden goblet foamed with antique wine,  
    Symbols the rich and gracious verse of thine,  
Sweet manna gathered on calm, lilled plains,  
    Figures the fruit that weighs thy deathless strains;  
For me thy salvers bear nutritious meats  
    Wherefore I bless thy memory, John Keats.

W.

# The Sovereign Pontiff.

## I

**R**OME'S sole surviving glory lives in thee,  
Leo, albeit despoiled, the centre yet  
For reverence and laud, divinity  
The Chair of Peter hedges; time hath set  
His Nemesis to break thy tyrant: heir  
Of captive Pius thou, thy heart, thy mind,  
By kindness molded and by virtue led,  
Have made a world thy lover, and entwined  
Thy holy cause with well-wishes of them  
Whose noble breasts with lofty goodness brim;  
More honor thee than did the Caesars dread.

## II

Deep rooted rock amid the quicksand days  
Whose wearing makes our evanescent age,  
The truth thou guardest spurns the whirling maze  
Of frothy theories that in conflict rage,  
Masking as dogmas while devoid of base  
And noisy in their utter emptiness;  
Clasping the cross, thou frontest every foe  
Whose onslaught blind but earns his own distress;—  
Thrice is he armed who combats for the right,  
Victor of victors, Bismark felt thy might,  
And Dives wronging Lazarus, thy blow.

## III

Not thine red-handed cohorts trained to kill,  
Nor weed-like power of soul-numbing gold,  
Spotless thy strength flows from the freeman's will,  
Thou faithful shepherd of a trusting fold;  
Good will thy bloodless brand, thy buckler love,  
O delegated voice of God! each clime  
Bear millions who thy benign sway adore,  
Thy praise far parted nations ring a chime,  
E'en tongues heretical thy worth assert,  
But most the lowly bless thy day of birth,  
Glad day to be remembered evermore.

## VALEDICTORY OF '02

**T**HE class of 1902 have reached the parting of the ways: one epoch of our lives is closed; another is just beginning. The blissful days of college life are over; and we are quitting our beloved Alma Mater for the University of the world. And as we stand here to day on the threshold of the larger life and glance in retrospect over the path by which we have mounted, and peer ahead into the vista that opens up before us, what divers fancies flood our minds, what conflicting emotions sway our souls! For seven long years we have trodden the rugged path of knowledge, and now that we have reached the consummation of our pilgrimage, tranquil joy, the reward of perseverance, steals softly over our hearts.

But looking back on the little world we must leave today, there is another sentiment born within us, a sentiment that menaces ruin to our spirit of joy and gladness. Sweet "Memory wakes with all her busy train;" every cherished work in this old grey pile is conjured up; and the thousand happy scenes of our dear old college days are marshalled out before us. Gladly, indeed, would we tarry here, to live those days again; but duty calls us to another sphere.

There is another great thought that possesses our minds today—what does the future hold in store for us?

In the early days of our college life, we believed, in childlike simplicity, that once our course was ended, our labors would be done; the rest would be but the harvesting of reward. But now that we have attained the last eminence in our college career, this puerile fancy has been dissipated and our eyes are met with the prospect of ever increasing labors; "Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps o'er Alps arise." Only now do we see the path of life in its true perspective, with its winding course, its rugged bed, its ever-present pitfalls; and hovering overhead, the dark and threatening clouds of trials and misfortunes. What a contrast does this not offer to the even way of student-life, where all was the sunshine of love and sympathy?



And while we gaze at the world of reality, the question suggests itself: what place shall be assigned to us? What work is there for us to do? Are we fitted for the struggle that confronts us? Can we expect to cope with our adversaries? And conscience within whispers the answer: "you yourselves guided by light from above shall shape your own destinies."

In years gone by, the graduate of a Catholic college was opposed by the barrier of bigotry and prejudice. But thanks to the awakening of men's kinder nature, we live in an era of the broader and more generous fellowship of mankind. This being so, the sole credentials required by a young man today are his own intrinsic worth. The world wants *men*. If we can answer this requirement, a glorious lot in life awaits us. The grand old man of the Vatican has called for leaders in the army, through which he is waging war against the evils of the day. He has called for soldiers, clad in the armor of faith, to do battle to the thousand arrant absurdities that are leading men's minds astray. He has called for men, endowed with heart as well as intellect, to oppose that Godless culture that is deceiving so many by its tinsel glitter. He has called for souls imbued with the true ideal, to check the god of mammon from tearing the cords of faith and love from hearts that were made for heaven. Should we heed this call, as, indeed, in conscience we must, then do we know our work in life—work whose essence is simple, this, to lead a Christian life on the lines of the highest and noblest, the Catholic ideals.

The signal favor God has conferred on us in granting us the blessing of a Catholic education, entails a responsibility, by no means visionary, for by the very fact of this education, we have been set apart from the throng; and being thus set apart, must be exemplars.

And if, my dear friends, Divine Providence should deign to look favorably on our efforts, and crown our labor with success, the merit shall in no small part redound to those good men who took the task of forming our young hearts and minds by infusing into them the true ideal.

To you, then, our dear professors, we owe an overwhelming debt of gratitude; for, after God and our good, kind parents, you, it is who

have given us what we have and what we are. Guided by the prayers of the royal psalmist, "disciplinam, et bonitatem, et scientiam, doce me"—teach me discipline, goodness and knowledge.—your first endeavor was to create in us character, character formed more by faith, by hope, by love, by reverence than by any potpourri of pseudoscience. In vain might we attempt fully to repay your generosity; but, however, realizing the singleness and holiness of your aim in life, we feel that our most eloquent mark of gratitude shall be to follow faithfully the direction you have given us, to show ourselves in every place and in every circumstance educated Catholic gentlemen, and finally ever to remain firm and loyal sons of our beloved A'ma Mater.

And now, kind fellow students, we must part from you; we must say farewell. But ah, how sad it is to speak this word to those we found such soul-true friends, with whom we have journeyed along in the difficult paths of learning, with whom we have shared a common roof; whose joys were our joys, whose sorrows were likewise ours. Today we separate, you go to your homes, but to return here again; today we depart, but to return no more. And if before we leave you, we would extend you any wish for the years that remain of your life within these walls, it is that the spirit of fraternal charity that governed our mutual relations, in the past, may be your proudest characteristic in the future. Be generous to one another and to your Alma Mater. Sustain the social life within the college; for remember in your different societies you will find play for these faculties of generalship and organization that are so fundamentally requisite in the educated Catholic of our day. Be true to your own dearest interests, and to the interests of the cause; that you must espouse in later life, by remaining with your Alma Mater until you have received all that she may impart.

It is needless, I am sure, my dear fellowstudents, to express the wish that victory may continue to hover about the Garnet and Grey; for around those dear old colors has she ever found her most congenial home.

And now once again, fellowstudents we say farewell; and though we should never meet in life again, be assured that our memory of you shall be as lasting as that of the happiest scenes of our boyhood days.

Dear classmates,—we rejoice today that the ambition of our young lives has been realized; but still are we depressed at the thought that our dear old college days are no more. That those days of mutual intercourse were both profitable and pleasurable to us all, the sadness that glooms our parting makes all too evident. And what of the future? True, indeed, the eye of Providence alone can read the book of life but this much at least we do know, that, whatever be our station or calling, we shall all be linked together in the chain of loving remembrance that binds us to our Alma Mater.

And now I have almost finished my very few words. There remains but to inquire what souvenir we carry from our college home. I have read somewhere that at a certain festival in the olden time a famed guest was about to take his departure, but before allowing him to go, the host handed him a goblet of rich, red wine. When the guest had drained the goblet, he found at the bottom a pearl of wondrous brilliancy, which he took as a souvenir of the hospitality that had been shown him. This goblet, dear classmates, is not unlike our college life. Having drunk to the full of its sweet and wholesome joys, we have found at the bottom a brilliant pearl, the pearl of truth which as a beacon shall guide us onward and upward to the last blissful abode where lips shall never have to frame the cruel word farewell.

W. A. MARTIN.

## The Postponed Coronation.



HIS myriad banners dye the breeze  
Above broad states, both old and new,  
His navies lord the Seven Seas,  
His subjects separate birthlands view ;  
A monarch of earth-circling power,  
He now awaits his crowning hour.

Loud swell the notes of revelery,  
A mighty city shines bedight,  
The thunderous cannon shake the sky,  
Throats strain, and pulsing hearts are high,  
Never since primal day's first birth  
Wed happier triumph higher mirth.

As when edged arctic vapors pass  
And now the blooms with gelid rain,  
So sudden tremor stirs the mass  
Transforming all their joy to pain ;  
For quick disease hath stricken him  
Forenamed to wear a diadem.

Withhold the word that tongue might spake,  
Dread silence suits the moment best,  
Or if thou wouldst grave comment make  
Breathe low within thine inner breast :  
The crisis proves, nor move nor less,  
Proud man's unmeasured nothingness.

DIS.

## A Friend's Revenge.

K. R. '03.

**G**LENFAIL was a small frontier mining camp, nestling at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. It had sprung up in a few years on the discovery of gold and silver in the neighborhood. The greed of gain had attracted there all the varied types of the human race, whose diverse tastes and social inclinations rendered a common law quite impossible. Chinaman, Negro, Sioux, Miner and Cowboy—each and all were ready at a moment's notice to defend with pistol or knife, the order or disorder that reigned in the town.

It was my lot to live for many years in this modern Babel, acting as live-stock agent for an Eastern company and I had ample time to observe the making of many a fortune and the ruin of many a life. Fresh in my memory, is one anecdote, of peculiar and melancholy interest, in which a friend of mine, named Dalwit, was a leading figure.

I met Dalwit first when he was a prospector. He was on his way to the mountains with his winchester slung across his shoulder and a large spotted hound following at his heels.

"Look out for the grizzlies," I said as I saluted him.

"Rather," he returned with a laugh, "let the grizzlies lookout for me."

And as I saw his burly form disappear in a bend of the winding road, I could not but think how just might prove both warnings.

Dalwit did not return to Glenfail that evening, but on the day following, while I was talking to a cowboy named Cotton, who was a stranger in the town, I observed in the street the large spotted hound, that I had seen with Dalwit the day before. I mentioned the fact to Cotton and expressed a doubt of some mishap.

"Indeed the dog has a strange look," said Cotton.

I whistled to the dog. The poor brute came limping up whining piteously. We threw him a piece of bread which he quickly swallowed. He then looked us in the face and started off in the direction from which he came, stopping every few steps to see if we followed.

"Come let us find out what the matter is," said Cotton. "That dog has a secret which he would tell but cannot. Have you any guns?"

In fifteen minutes we were fully accoutred for a journey to the hills. The dog led us forward by a circuitous path, winding for two or three miles through the tangled brushwood, over hill, precipice, and ravine, until we emerged upon a mountain slope of unusual height whence we could see for a long distance over the intervening hills and out on the prairies.

"This is where the grizzlies come up to sniff the air," I remarked in a low voice to my companion.

The words were scarcely past my lips when I saw Cotton raise his rifle and fire.

"It is only a young one," he said contemptuously, as he ran up to the bear that the shot had brought down, "but the mother must not be far off."

In fact such was the case. A little farther on, just at the edge of a precipice, we came upon the mother, but she was dead. Close beside her were a miner's cap and a rifle which I recognized as those of Dalwit. But where was Dalwit?

"The dog has disappeared," said my companion. Push further ahead and see if you can find his master. I will try below the precipice.

I stood for a short time looking at the fallen monarch of the mountains. Cotton had gone down the precipice. He suddenly reappeared somewhat pale and startled I thought. He beckoned for me to come.

"Another grizzly?" I asked.

"No," he said hoarsely and he seemed to speak with difficulty, "it is—it is he."

"Dalwit?" I asked again as I let myself down the steep descent.

"No, Jennings," he returned in a suppressed voice as if he struggled with his feelings.

But it was Dalwit. There he lay, bruised, bleeding and unconscious beside the faithful hound that had led us to the spot. In his fight with the grizzly, Dalwit had lost his footing and fallen headlong down the dizzy height into the gully where we found him alive as if by miracle. With infinite difficulty, we made a litter of green branches and carried the poor mangled form back to my home at Glenfail. Once or twice the injured man opened his eyes but could not speak. A circumstance that I afterwards remarked was the fact that Cotton would always carry the front of the litter where he could not be seen by the wounded man, though he was not accustomed as I was to find a path through the rugged hills.

Cotton left the town that very evening after being assured that Dalwit would be well cared for. He returned however in a few days bringing with him a small box which he said was to be given to Dalwit as soon as he would have recovered sufficiently. Although he asked about the patient's progress he would not at my request see him, but departed and I saw him no more at Glenfail.

It required weeks for Dalwit to rally. When he was fairly himself again, I gave him the steel box which Cotton had left for him.

"This is strange," he said as he opened it, "This box contains money. Who gave you this for me?"

"A good Samaritan," I replied, "It was the man who assisted me in saving you from a lonely death on the hills. His name is Cotton.

"Cotton! you say Cotton!—It is impossible,—Why I thought he stole this money from me.—He was my friend but I did him wrong."

While he spoke thus, Dalwit seemed to struggle with himself. His features twitched painfully and great drops of sweat began to form upon his forehead. He finally covered his face with his hands and remained silent for some time. Suddenly starting up, he plied me with questions as to the appearance of Cotton, where he had gone, etc. He became

so persistent in his interrogations that to defend myself I began asking him questions in turn, for it became evident to me that there was a mystery in the connection between the two men, which however, try as I could, I failed to discover.

In spite of the grave accident that befell Dalwit on his last trip to the hills, I noticed that he continued his voyages. At last one day he told me how he had found rich silver ore in the identical gully and ravine where he had almost met his death.

"I wish to sink a shaft there and begin mining operations at once," he said. "It is an undertaking that will entail much business and you will do me a great favor by allowing me to accompany you on your next trip to the railway station. I shall have my own horse.

"I am going tomorrow," I replied, "with about one hundred cattle for shipping and I have no objections that you should accompany me."

We accordingly set out the following morning, Dalwit, myself and a hired man, driving before us the drove of cattle. The station in question was about forty miles distant across an open and dreary region where Dalwit had good reason in not wishing to travel alone. Indeed the rumor had gone abroad that the Sioux were once more on the warpath and were lying in wait along the principal routes in quest of scalps and plunder. We placed little credit in the rumour, however, and even if it were well founded we did not care, as we had often already defended ourselves successfully with our rifles against the Red-man of the plains.

On this particular day however, we were outclassed. The Sioux darted upon us from behind a rocky hillock just as we had dismounted and were taking our dinner. We had to yield ourselves without firing a shot. The savages quickly bound us to our saddles and made us ride on behind them as they drove their spoil toward the mountains where we knew they would hide from possible pursuers in one of the most inaccessible ravines.

*To be continued*



## Mr. Butterworth Gives Facts as to the Values of Coal Purchased from Him Last Year and from Mr. Battle This Year.

To the Evening Journal :—

**W**E beg to call your particular attention to an analysis of coal supplied the city, and brought before property committee on Tuesday evening last. Some five or six weeks ago, it will be remembered, tenders were asked for by the city for coal for the various city buildings. We tendered at \$7.25 per ton for Scranton coal, and Mr. Battle \$6.25 for Lykens coal. The respective merits of the two coals were questioned, and a chemical analysis was decided upon. Samples of coal supposed to be representative of the two grades were chosen, at which selection I was not present, although I believe the other gentleman was. The analyses of these samples resulted as follows.—

	(Butterworth.)	(Battle.)
Moisture.....	3.25	2.20
Volatile matters.....	4.65	5.35
Carbon.....	81.60	82.00
Ash.....	10.50	7.45
	100.00	100.00

The moment our coal was pronounced inferior to that of Mr. Battle's we felt that this was by no means the result which would be arrived at in the ordinary use of the coal. By the report of the property committee it will be seen that some members of the council, knowing that the true comparison between the coals had not been shown by this test and deeming it to be their duty to see that the city was protected in this transaction, decided that on the coal that was being supplied to the city a new test should be made, by taking samples of the coal on absolutely fair conditions, that is not on one-

two-or-three pieces, the selection of which it is patent could be made to show almost any result, but on a quantity taken in a way that the coal would be used. The foreman of the Central fire station, in the presence of Ald. Plouffe, Shouldis and Rosenthal, from coal supplied by us on last year's contract, and from coal supplied by Mr. Battle on this year's contract, filled some sacks with a shovel exactly as coal would be used in an ordinary manner. A sack of each coal, properly vouched for by the aldermen, was sent by them to the University of Ottawa, and also one to Mr. McGill, Dominion analyst, so that these two thoroughly competent and authoritative sources a true result would be obtained. Please note the almost identical results of these analysts' reports, which we hereby reproduce.

From Professor McGill :

	(Butterworth.)	(Battle.)
Moisture . . . . .	2.9	2.0
Volatile matter . . . . .	5.1	8.95
Carbon . . . . .	84.45	68.40
Ash . . . . .	7.55	20.65
	100.00	100.00

Father Gauvreau's report (University of Ottawa):

Report of the analysis of two samples of coal :—

Sample A.—This sample was contained in a bag in which was found a paper on which the following statement was written: "This is Battle's coal." This bore the three following signatures:—

SAM. ROSENTHAL.

G. W. SHOULDICE.

M. PLOUFFE.

Sample B.—This sample was contained in a bag in which was found paper on which the following statement was written: "This is Butterworth's coal." This was followed by the three signatures:

M. PLOUFFE.

SAM ROSENTHAL.

G. W. SHOULDICE.

Extreme care was taken by me, in taking samples from both kinds of coal. The same method was used for both, and was as follows: The contents of the bag was placed on clean asphalt, then with a shovel, at random in different places, several pieces were taken, amounting to several pounds. These pieces were broken with a hammer into smaller pieces, and again with a shovel, in different places at random, a quantity was taken. This was placed in a hand crusher, and coarsely crushed. A portion of this was ground very fine and passed through a No. 80 sieve. The analysis results as follows:—

	(Butterworth) Sample B.	(Battle) Sample A.
Hygrosopic moisture.....	2 23	1 37
Volatile combustible Substances.....	4 15	8 48
Fixed carbon.....	85 35	69 10
Ash.....	8 27	21 05
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	100 00	100 00
Carbon.....	84 18	65 50
Hydrogen.....	1 36	2 80
Moisture.....	2 23	1 37
Ash.....	8 27	21 05
Oxygen, sulphur, etc by difference.....	3 96	9 28
	<hr/>	<hr/>
Total.....	100 00	100 00

The theoretical calorific power is calculated from the quantities of carbon and hydrogen in the samples as follows:—

Sample B.	Sample A.
0.9419 x 8980—6801	0.6550 x 8080—5292
0.0136 x 34460— 468	0.0280 x 34460.. 965
	<hr/>
Theoretical calorific power .....7269	6257

Conclusion:—From the above results I conclude that sample (A) containing more volatile combustible matter, is a quicker firing coal; that it burns more rapidly, that it leaves more ash; and finally, that it

produces less heat than sample (B). Accordingly I pronounce sample A inferior to sample B.

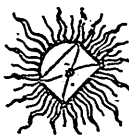
(Signed)

G. GAUVREAU, O. M. I.

Professor of Chemistry.

The comparison of the results thus obtained, shows that in so far as our coal being inferior to that of Mr. Battle's, it is much superior, and if our coal was worth \$7.25 per ton, then the other coal should have been bought for \$5.60 instead of \$6.25, the price the city is paying, in order to make it equivalent, and instead of the city saving \$500, which was claimed at that time, it will be losing more than \$300. In addition to the actual loss, there is the extra expense of constant attendance and the fear of being unable to keep up sufficient heat during the cold weather, (this is a mild weather coal), which occurred to the public schools in 1898 and '99, when they purchased this coal and had to close some of them during the severe weather.

J. G. BUTTERWORTH & CO.



## An Old Boy's Visit.

**M**AY I be blest ! but there she is  
 Beneath her trees half dreaming,  
 Bedight demure in hodden gray  
 A prison matron seeming ;  
 But oh ! kind fancy bears me back  
 To joyful days departed,  
 When in her lap I knew no care  
 And gamboled happy hearted.

Yes, there she stands ! though greatly changed,  
 Much grown, and better clad too,  
 Than when amid a cabbage patch  
 To sit in weeds she had to ;  
 She trimmed a tiny candle then,  
 The grocer round the corner  
 Who lit a tallow dip at eve  
 Could well afford to scorn her.

Now, the white glare of science shows  
 Above her and about her,  
 Mine:va's self, much less her owl,  
 Would never dare to flout her.  
 Do tell me what the statue thinks  
 That near the door doth ponder ?  
 Why like myself, it seems amazed  
 And can but gasp and wonder.

Mine eyes grow blind to change ! the steps  
 I climb with heart fast beating,  
 And half expect my nervous knock  
 Will cause a spirit meeting ;

I hear the clink of many keys,  
 The portal opens soon, he  
 Who stands within, thank heaven ! is not  
 The ghost of Brother Cooney.\*

I wander down the corridors,  
 Each step a memory waking,  
 But no one knows the stranger wight,  
 No friendly hand I'am shaking.  
 What matter? Not the alien crowds  
 Of passing students I view,  
 My mind has conjured up a host  
 Of dear old boys whom I knew.

Ah, I could paint them, one and all,  
 The solemn and the merry,—  
 Could tell their foibles and their tricks,  
 The last were numerous—very !  
 But peace ! I pass into the Yard,  
 Where mid the glad I mourn,  
*Their* schoolboy days are all sunshine  
 But *mine* can ne'er return.

Good bye, old girl, I'm out of place  
 Among your youthood keeping ;  
 Tho' Wandering Jew they think I am—  
 They must not catch me weeping.  
 Good bye ! one prayer I'll breathe through life :  
 Whatever tests await her,  
 May my old school down adverse fate  
 And flourish Alma Mater !

TREIS.

\*The porter of the ante-diluvian days when I was a student.

# Mainly About Books.

COMPILED BY MAURICE CASEY, M.A.  
FIRST PAPER.

**I**N beginning a new series of notes on books and reading it may not be deemed out of place for me to state, that their general tone will be similar to that of the series begun and finished in the last volume of this publication. Each note will briefly concern itself with some literary topic, a book, or an author, or both, as the case may be. In the present series, however, more space than formerly will be devoted to the great books of the past, the classics of the language. "In science read by preference the newest works," says Bulwer-Lytton, "in literature the oldest." The classical literature is always modern." Consideration of works of science need not occupy us often in this department, since even if I had the ability to deal with them, which I have not, they are very generally of too technical a nature to awaken more than a limited interest. But the great masterpieces of literary art find Nature's grand achievements expressed and consecrated in them. In dealing with the classics of a language, therefore, one can glow with enthusiasm and grant oneself in full measure the noble joy of praising.

\* \*

To say that the student of literature may derive as much benefit from the pages of Shakespeare, or Scott, or Milton, or Newman, as the student of painting may imbibe from an examination of the canvases of a Raphael, a Murillo, or a Reynolds, sounds like bald truism, yet the fact is too frequently forgotten. It is almost with a sigh of relief a disinterested reader observes that, save in publishers' lists, which are necessarily attuned to a note of exaggeration that detracts alike from their praise and censure, no work of fiction has for many moons succeeded in lifting its unconsequential head above the lowest fence of mediocrity. Little poetry is now written, worthy of the name, although mere newspaper rhyme is as plentiful and cloying as maple sap in early spring. We are fallen upon barren days, and the moment seems

opportune for directing the attention of students to the grand productions of the past, that stand like rocks in the river of time, defying the corroding touch of centuries, and still retaining their pristine freshness and informing interest, despite the changes begotten of the passing years. The great works of the long ago, whether in poetry or in prose, are as inspiring and invigorating today as at the hour when they were first bestowed upon the public, as a peerless heritage outweighing gold and precious stones. Art is like beauty, it knows no age. I venture to believe that for the chief purpose of this magazine, which is, if I am not mistaken, to nurture love of real literature among its readers, more useful and entertaining work may be performed by discussing, humbly and without pretensions, a few of the time-honored masterpieces of the human intellect than by dishing up hastily formulated criticism of current publications that "have their day and pass away," as Tennyson wrote of our cherished theories.

\* \* \*

The foregoing reflections naturally bring me face to face with an important subject upon which I have often desired to speak a few words in those pages, but could not find the time. The classics of a language are avowedly the princes of books, the royal blue-blood of the printed page; and there is among them in all the Christian communities of earth, a work that far surpasses them all in matter, form, abiding interest, and sublimity of thought. As many of my readers will have divined beforehand, I allude to the Bible. This book stands by itself. It is unique. Other books are the product of human thought, and they deal for the most part with matters of ephemeral interest; but this book has God for its author, redemption for its theme, unmixed truth for its contents, and eternal salvation for its object. Passing over the divine origin of the Bible, and its sacred philosophy, as subjects too weighty for my pen, which is not exegetical, let me dwell for a moment on what I may be permitted to call a human feature of the great volume. I allude to its style; its diction and arrangement, its grandeur, its sublimity, its tenderness. It is useful not to forget that in editing the scriptures and preparing them for the use of the different nations



the best scholarship the world has ever known was lavishly expended. In the instance of our English Bible at least, the result is most gratifying. The English Bible, whether the version be that used by the Catholics or the Protestants, approaches perfection in literary style; although the "authorized" version—the so-called King James Bible—is generally conceded even by Catholics, to be in numerous minor details of diction somewhat superior to the so-called Douai version used by the Catholics themselves. Be that as it may, the language of either version of the Bible furnishes a convenient and reliable model of the English language. A competent critic has said that if one were to figure the whole range of English prose style in the form of an arch, one would put the style of the Bible as its keystone; and one would put it there, not only because it is the highest point and culmination of prose writing, but also because it binds the whole structure together. This remark is notably well considered. If we consider the arch thus imagined, we shall have, on the one side, the writing which tends more and more to the colloquial, which, beginning with such finish and exquisite vigor as Dryden crystallised in his matchless productions, runs off into the slack and hasty style of journalism; on the other side, we shall have such more splendidly and artfully colored prose as Sir Thomas Browne's, or the ponderous thought of Dr. Johnson, degenerating in the hands of lesser men into precocity and pedantry. Thus our linguistic arch would appear, with the Bible for its keystone—a keystone of pure gold. If we accept the Bible as a model of English, we can fold our hands in the comfortable feeling that here at any rate, is one question of literature settled for good; the standard of English prose style is the standard of the Bible; that style so clear and so noble that it seldom leaves any improvement to be desired. The conclusion to be drawn is that the literary student should make himself master of the Bible, and the earlier in life he begins to do so the better it will be for him. The Bible, it is said, is assailed from all quarters. Its historic credibility is impugned, its prophecies explained away; its miracles treated as myths; its inspiration reduced to the level of poetic insight; its distinctive doctrines controverted and denied. The reigning Pope has, time and again, requested Catholics

to rally to the defence of the sacred text. In doing so the Sovereign Pontiff could, if he wished, refer to history. When the Goths and the Huns descended upon the Roman Empire, like wolves on the fold, it was the despised Catholic monk of the middle ages who rescued the inspired writings from possible destruction. The Bible once more threatened by the Vandals of the newer, or higher criticism, needs protection, and it behooves Catholics to qualify themselves for the lofty mission of defence by making themselves conversant with every chapter and verse of scripture; because the weapon of the high critics is the historico-grammatical method, a weapon which is fatal to ignorance, but which, when countered by consummate knowledge, proves as futile as the sword of lath in the grasp of the clown.

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The philosophy of Herbert Spencer is detestable to a Christian. Happily in the course of a long life of ceaseless preaching between the covers of books and with the living word he has succeeded in making very few converts. The English, who are perceptibly growing tired of a hollow, snobbish state church, the merest mockery of a church, seem to be wistfully gazing Rome-ward. But while the ethics of the aged speculator are unsound, his courage is more than Spartan. While the Boer war was still under way, Herbert Spencer published a new book, "Facts and Comments," wherein he indulges in searching comments upon every department of life in which the subordination of the individual has been accomplished by abuses. Incidentally the philosopher cheerfully observes: "Were any one to call me dishonest or untruthful he would touch me to the quick. Were he to say I am unpatriotic he would leave me unmoved."

His definition of Chamberlain is: "An ambitious man of despotic temper, who in the Birmingham municipal government learned the art of subordinating others, and by ability and audacity forced himself to the front in the central government."

Of jingoism Spencer says: "So long as the passion of mastery overrides all others the slavery that goes along with imperialism will be tolerated among men who do not pride themselves on the possession of

purely human traits, but on the possession of traits which they have in common with brutes and in whose mouths bulldog courage is equivalent to manhood."

Concerning the consequences of the influence of such men as Chamberlain he remarks that "the United States furnishes a fit looking-glass, for since the days that there grew up local bosses, to whom clusters of voters were obedient, there has been a development of bosses whose authorities extend over wider areas until now men of the type of Platt, Hanna and Croker mainly determine the elections, municipal and central."

He refers specially to Julian Ralph's South African letters to the Daily Mail as illustrating the injurious tendencies of journalism observing: "Of the Boers, concerning whom, until recently exasperated by farm burning and women driving, the accounts given by captured officers and men are uniformly good of whom the late Sir George Grey said: 'I know of no people richer in public and private virtues than the Boers'—of these same Boers, Ralph wrote that "they are neither brave nor honorable; they are cowardly and dastardly, semi-savage, inhuman, filled with Satanic premeditation."

With the foregoing somewhat pointed remarks each reader is free, to agree or disagree according to his leaning. But, I venture to believe, no one will deny to the trenchant writer a courage of the highest quality. The mere brute quality of animal courage is widely distributed and common. On the other hand, moral courage is as scarce as diamonds. A thousand men could easily be found in almost any country to face a shotted battery for a consideration when, perhaps, not one could be got to utter an unpalatable truth. The "English fair play" of which we hear so much—especially from small politicians—in this case at least, resorted to the bitterest criticism and stooped to the vilest abuse of the aged philosopher and critical writer for having dared to tilt at accepted conventions and most cherished ideals.

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It appears as if that energetic literary irritant, our own Professor Goldwin Smith, D. C. L., had been peeping over the venerable shoulder of Mr. Herbert Spencer while the latter was writing his

strictures on the United States. In "Commonwealth and Empire," an elaborate study of the political conditions of the United States, issued just before Professor Smith turned the eightieth milestone of his life, he remarked that the question of Commonwealth or Empire now confronts the American people. America is, he tells us, at the parting of the ways, like the maiden in Longfellow's poem, but he refrains from the comparison which is mine. The influences drawing her from the traditional course are plutocracy, militarism and imperialism. With Professor Smith the traditional course is the only safe one for America, as the three great evils, just named, are blinding her with the lust for power, seducing her with the empty dream of world conquest, and, while apparently extending her commercial strength and interest abroad, weakening her vital powers of continued life at home.



### Two Great Churchmen Dead.

Cardinal Ledochowski, in his eighty-first year. A Polish count, ordained a priest in 1845; made Primate of Poland to placate Prussia; kept two years in prison by Bismark, whom he had angered; made Cardinal while in jail by Pius IX; ordered back to prison again and again, after he had been liberated and had withdrawn to Rome, his refusal being followed by fines and confiscation of his property; establishing peace with Prussia at Bismarck's death; and for the last ten years holding the position of Prefect of the Propaganda, such is the record of a life that fills a large space in the history of our times.

Archbishop Croke, in his eightieth year. In 1870 made Bishop of Auckland, New Zealand, in 1875 transferred to the Archdiocese of Cashel and Emly in Ireland and ever since easily the most conspicuous champion of the rights of the people amongst the Hierarchy of Ireland.

## A Struggle Against Infidelity.

"Faith is not given to all men; but it is the duty of all not to trouble the faith of others." Such words from an unbeliever are unusual. For he rather makes it his business and duty to oppose and denounce the Christian belief. Maxime du Camp, however, was not an ordinary unbeliever; and when he wrote the above words out of admiration for the faith of the nuns who taught and helped the poor of Paris, he little imagined that these same nuns should one day be driven away from their labors with baton and bayonet by his fellow unbelievers.

Such unchristian conduct, too common during the last few months in the towns and villages of France, cannot be justified in the eyes of society; and will certainly be pointed out in history as an outrageous violation of individual and civil right by an intolerant and bigoted power. Crimes of which the nuns are accused are those of "denouncing divorce and Freemasonry; that is, they are accused of teaching Christianity." The rulers of France believe with reason that the Catholic schools are the most dangerous opponents of their state policy. M. Waldeck-Rousseau has said that there are two generations in France, one educated in the government schools and the other in the Catholic schools. From the schools of the state is eliminated all Christian teaching. In its place materialism and atheistic principles are often engrafted on the minds of youth. Humanity is exalted to the rank of deity. All must tend to the welfare and happiness of the general body of mankind; and this happiness is made to consist in physical comfort and the satisfaction of the human passions. The fools of this system do not perceive the evils it engenders: the gradual decay of the moral fabric of society and the loosening of the family ties, evident in the increasing number of murders and assassinations and the growing frequency of and desire for divorce. No society could long exist, if entirely subjected to these influences, and the Catholic schools are right in teaching their pupils to aspire to ideals and seek rewards other than merely earthly, and to feel that "man is great not in the greatness of his passions but in the greatness of the passions he

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masters.' By destroying the Catholic system and expelling the teaching orders, even at the expense of much misery among the poor, and much suffering and bitterness among Catholics in general, the government hopes to remove one element of opposition, one source of discord and to advance one step nearer that grand ideal in which the entire nation, having individual tastes and inclinations moulded in a common school, will walk in sight of a common ideal, which is the impossible chimera of *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*, directly alien to the spirit of the present persecution.

It is a matter of no small surprise to us that the Freemasons should have so far succeeded in their designs against Catholic methods, that a majority of Catholic should allow themselves to be imposed upon and persecuted by a hostile minority. For we know that the French Church has done and is still doing so great a work. During several centuries, in spite of the ambition of princes, the intrigues of politicians, and the fury of revolutionaries, she has been among the foremost of the Catholic nations. She may justly be proud of her sanctuaries, of Montmartre as of Notre Dame, raised by the faith of her children from age to age; proud of her places of pilgrimage, such as Lourdes and La Salette, wherein she has been so favored by God; of the great religious congregations, too, which have flourished in her bosom; of the numerous, bands of missionaries, which have left, and are leaving her shores for heathen lands; and of her immense charities, which have furnished more funds to the propaganda alone, than all the other nations combined. When we consider these things, we feel the sadder that this great Church should be dōwntrodden, while her enemies, exulting in a brief success, would make us believe that the torch of faith she has so long held up to other nations is about to be extinguished, that all her present glory is but the dying splendor of a setting sun.

Many causes have combined to bring about the present distress and the wonder is that Catholicity should not only live but live so fairly well subjected to so many debilitating assaults and noxious influences. Some of the most active enemies of the Church in France, high in position as in influence, have finally been touched by hers sorrows have come to ad-

mire her patient suffering and, by being received into her fold, have assured her their future devotion and loyalty. Among these we can count, in the last few years, Brunetière, Coppée, Feuillet, Huysmans, Bourget and Jules Lemaitre. Francois Coppée, having in mind these conversions, wrote: "Among all the ruins caused by sentimental, philosophical, political, and social bankruptcy of this disastrous end of the century, is it not this a manifest proof that the faith still holds herself erect like those imposing Cathedrals which for centuries have borne witness to the undiminished strength of Christianity and the permanence of the Church?" The illustrious convert here refers to the evils that tend to undermine the work of the Church in France. The irreligious writings of such men as Voltaire, Rousseau, Hugo Zola and Renan, scattered broadcast among the people, have done their part, during more than a hundred years, in preparing a fitting soil for the growth of socialistic, revolutionary and freemason organizations; and as pointed out above, the government schools have assisted the general demoralization. The country is covered with journals and reviews advocating pernicious doctrines, while Catholic periodicals are comparatively few and unpatronized. Hence it is not to be wondered at, if a large number of Catholics are lukewarm and indifferent or even hostile to the Church in which they have been baptized and reared.

Still in the face of all their enemies, if the earnest Catholics should make a determined stand, they would not only succeed in overthrowing the present government, but make France appear what we are told she really is, a Christian and Catholic nation. Cardinal Allen, exiled from Oxford in Queen Elizabeth's day, sending over seminary priests to England, to try to preserve the faith there, said: "*Oportet meliora tempora non expectare sed facere.*" Indomitable courage, unflinching determination to resist to the death, willingness to suffer every wrong, imprisonment, exile, for the faith, till the world cry out for pity, and a brighter era come,—if even this were required, we have proof that there would not be wanting so great a generosity in France. But for the present evil we think harmony and united action among Catholics, would be an effectual remedy. The

*Verité Française* gives the statement of a priest who says that out of 11,000,000 voters, the Church can rely for political support on about 1,100,000. But in the last elections as usual many Catholics, abstained from voting, partly perhaps out of hatred for the Republic. They certainly did wrong; for it is by voting at the polls and not by a revolution that they can hope to redress their grievances. In this they would do well to follow the example of the German Catholics. Combes is a mere pigmy to Bismarck and yet when Bismarck tried to do in Germany what Combes is doing in France, the German Catholics had their revenge on election day, sending to the Reichstag a body of Catholic representatives who eventually drove the Iron Chancellor from power. And surely the French Catholics could do as much to the renegade who now occupies the position of premier. In France, it is true, the circumstances are immensely more difficult; but then it is not the first time that the Catholics have had to combine to defend their rights. The brutal expulsion of the teaching congregations, seems to have roused many from their religious apathy; and the resistance offered in Brittany, at Poitiers and Paris, is a sign of reawakening faith and militant spirit. Still the resistance was not sufficiently widespread to intimidate the government in carrying out the Associations Law. A systematic organization of Catholics under the Count de Mun and others, able and willing to lead them, might better effect this purpose, until such time as an independent Catholic party should be formed in the Chambre des Communes, sufficiently strong to retain the balance of power among the fighting factions and thus obtain for Catholics their legitimate demands. The reaction that has just set in, especially notable because Combes has been deserted by the Radicals who, though unfavorable to religion, prefer the nuns' schools and have no desire to see their daughters educated in loose morals of the state institutions, has opened a way for a more advantageous struggle. And this struggle will be a spectacle not only for France but for the entire world. The issue lies not only between any two sections of Christianity but between faith in God and infidelity. Indeed all Christians will rejoice to behold the Catholics of France once more strong and united as they were in days when Lacordaire wrote of the gallant stand of his coreligionists:—



"The sudden and unexpected union which has taken place among the Catholics of France is a novel and almost unheard of phenomenon unexampled since the time of the League. A very short time ago we were Gallicans, and Ultramontanes, Cartesians and Lamennesians, Legitimists and Juste-milieux, friends and enemies of the principle of liberty : today these very grave differences seem to have died out, the common danger has rallied every one, and I am constantly coming into proof of the Divine instinct which draws us all together."

STEPHEN MURPHY, O.M.I. '03



This argument is often heard in favor of secularized schools: "Let religion be taught in the home and in the Sunday School." Archbishop Ryan's answer to this specious plea is worth remembering:

"If you subtract from the great mass of Christian parents the number who have not the necessary time to teach their children at home, and also a second class who have not the necessary knowledge, and still a third class without the necessary disposition, you will probably sweep away two-thirds of the teachers of the home school. And when you reflect on how little can be done in an hour's Sunday school work, and this little is half dissipated before the next school day, you will understand how essential is the daily education in religious truth." *Sacred Heart Review*.

The  
**University of Ottawa Review**

**PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.**

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

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Vol. V

## Greeting.

To the many students who return to the University of Ottawa or enter it for the first time, the *Review* wishes to convey the expression of very hearty welcome. Our only wish is that all may be happy and comfortable and that the fullest success may wait on the work to be accomplished during the forthcoming academic year.

## A Survey.

THE new scholastic year was entered on amid the brightest auspices. The benches of the University began to fill from the first day not only with a numerous muster from the Capital itself and its transpontine rival Hull, but with an unusual conflux from other parts of Canada and from many states of the American Union. About six hundred names has gone down on the rolls. Nearly all last June's attenuated exercise-makers—vacation did

them all sorts of good,—have reported, with the exception of course of the graduates, and they send back one of their number to represent them in Divinity Hall. The newcomers have exceeded the record of other seasons so far that accommodation threatens to run short and for a time it looked as if the tardy arrivals would be forced to bunk out temporarily in the passageways. The inauguration of classes reveals little material change in staff, though, as might be expected from the ability and views of the present energetic Rector Dr. Emery, O.M.I. a few additions make the teaching body remarkably efficient. Two well-remembered figures are gone; Rev. Father Gladu, to Cape St. Magdalen, a beautiful spot on the lower St. Lawrence, and Father Lambert, to Montreal. As two professors and valuable workers in many departments their departure causes regret; gratitude and good wishes accompany them. The Rev. Fathers Gervais and Roy remain Prefects of Study. Father Kirwan retains his position in the yard to the general satisfaction. Several new names appear in the English course. It is agreed that with an aggregation which claims for professors, Rev. Father Fallon, Sherry, Fulham, the Murphys, McGurty, Kunz, Stanton and that ripe scholar Mr. Steckley English will be gulped down in large juicy slices. With the recognized abilities of Rev. Fathers Antoine, Lajeunesse, O'Boyle, of Messrs Belanger and O'Brien, M. D., Science and Mathematics will be plain sailing. The residents of Pater Noster Row not only most firmly believe but do know with something akin to a metaphysical certainty that under the tutorship of such preceptors as Doctors Lacoste, the Vice-Rector, Poli, Nilles, Lajeune they will rapidly qualify as commentators of Zigliari and Liberatore. Another change—or rather exchange—has occurred in a quarter which affects immensely the contentment and comfort of the whole institution. After fifty, years of unbounded devotedness the Grey Nuns in whose charge, were both the larder and the laundry, have withdrawn to other labors and they have with them the gratitude of generations of students. A sisterhood called the Holy Family devoting itself for the most part

to this kind of work, has taken up the heavy charges thus vacated. The building put up last year at the corner of Wilbrod and Waller streets was fitted up and formally opened last summer for occupancy by these new housekeepers.

The students note these facts with satisfaction and resolutely buckle on their harness for a year's stiff book-podding, "Oh, sweets of vacation we bid you a reluctant farewell! Now for a scholar's strenuous but bracing life, please! say,—and all serious topics are merged in the one question of interest—say I'm next with Coach Clancy's latest screed: "The way Varsity wins the Trophy." We're champions again, see!"



## To Our Friends

September, 22nd 1902.

To the Secretary of the Ottawa University Review,  
Ottawa.

Dear Sir—

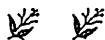
Herewith one dollar, (\$1.00) as subscription to your paper. It pleases me very much to read it as an old student of your College and an admirer of the Garnet & Grey.

Yours truly,

Wilfrid Smith.

The tone of this note does us good. There will be others of a different tenor: "Pay! Pay! Pay!" The *Review* is by no means a gold mine and we desire to remind our friends of the fact. It is a publication for the students and by the students. It exists for the sole purpose of giving an outlet for their best work and which it does so, it will supply reading of profit and interest. The students themselves will feel bound to help it with their cash; that is, they will all subscribe.

The students will also help the *Review* in another practical way, namely, by giving their custom to the merchants who favor the College organ with advertisements. Finally there are former students and man warm friends who can help a good cause by subscribing. We gratefully recall the fact that many do and we trust this appeal will increase the number of those who are pleased to see the *Review* on their reading tables.



## Not Yet Perfection.

Appleton & Co., of New York have published a new edition of their Cyclopaedia. It professed to be up to date. It professed to guard against injustice to any religion, and to state Catholic doctrines, for instance, in Catholic terms, and to give every side fairly in disputed matters.

The *Messengers* of New York, edited by H. Wynne S.J., proved that Messrs Appleton had not done as they said they said they would do: through prejudice, ignorance, or malice, writers employed by them repeated things foolish and false.

However, when appealed to, the firm promised again to be fair; and Father Wynne now writes words we commend to our readers who may now live in some hope:

As for the Appleton's they are in earnest about the revision of their Cyclopaedia. But they are not sufficiently candid in admitting their share of responsibility for the errors we criticised. Indeed, we have had to warn them that we shall have to reopen the entire matter, unless they suppress certain statements contained in a circular they have just issued, to the effect that the articles criticised by me were articles by Catholic writers. Their president promised to do this. It is so hard to admit guilt! However I think we shall get this by and by.

The difficulty with their statement is that they vary the middle term. Now it is the "Catholic criticism; next, "the articles complained of by Catholics," and finally, "the Catholic articles," meaning by this, the subjects or topics in which Catholics are interested.

We must give them every opportunity, and even yield or overlook every minor point with a view to getting what ultimately we hope for, namely, an honest revision of this Cyclopaedia.

## The Retiring Editors.

Just half of the editorial staff becomes vacant: other duties in the larger university of the world now claim the attention of the departing members. We will ever cherish the souvenir of these wise and helpful comrades who were so prodigal of their time and their intellect in the interests of our college organ. Their work remains and secures an enduring appreciation. The *Review* extends to these faithful workers its mead of gratitude and best wishes for their future success.



## Annual Visit of the Apostolic Chancellor.

The first festive day of the scholastic year was Thursday, September 25th when His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, chancellor of the University made his annual visit. At 8.30 a m. solemn high mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated by Rev. Fr. Poli, O.M.I., director of the seminary, assisted by Rev. Fr. Najotte, O.M.I. as deacon and Rev. Fr. McGuty, O.M.I. as subdeacon. His Grace accompanied by Very Rev. Fr. Emery, O.M.I. rector, and Rev. Fr. Jeanotte, O.M.I. superior of the Juniorate, assisted at the throne. After mass the members of the Faculty, kneeling before the main altar, performed the imposing ceremony of the profession of the faith.

When the religious ceremonies in the chapel had come to a close, the students, young and old, proceeded to the reception hall. As His Grace passed the entrance he was greeted by a lusty V-A-R which had scarcely died out, when he, surrounded by the professors, had taken his seat on the stage. Addresses in English and French were then tendered the honored guest. The reply was in his usual happy manner. He first thanked the students for their reception and kind dispositions toward him as chancellor of the University. He urged them to be ever faithful to the teachings of Alma Mater, in order that

they might accomplish the many and great things which are expected from young men who have been granted the opportunity of acquiring a higher education. Never to forget the aim in view when leaving home and parents, to attain the end designed by God.—

The English address as read by J. O. Dowd, '03 was as follows.—

To His Grace the Most Reverend Joseph Thomas Duhamel, Archbishop of Ottawa and Chancellor of the University  
May it please Your Grace;—

Once more the students of this Institution united in the bonds of college brotherhood, feel the imperative need of expressing to you their sentiments of loyal affection, on this the inaugural day of the courses in the University of which you are the guide, and which we call our Alma Mater. We are thankful indeed to the Giver of perfect gifts for the favor he has shown us in bringing us into that spiritual relationship that now exists between us. May our gratitude ever inspire in us the obedience of dutiful children. Looking out into the unknown future we can scarcely as yet surmise what the Almighty has in store for us all, but of this we are certain that here in the various departments of the Pope's own school, we are daily putting on an armor of light and of virtue that will fit us for whatever may come, that will stand by us in hours of danger, and assure us careers fitting to Catholic young men of parts, who have been granted the boon of higher education. We feel that in after life we shall always look back with feelings akin to those which move us to-day, lively gratitude for the chance that is ours, for the opportunities with which we shall always associate your name. Yours is a personality which we hold to have been heavenly appointed as guardian and director of a mighty place of education in this young country of ours, so full of promise of a great industrial, intellectual and religious future.

Accept then our welcome and pardon us if we persist in insisting on Divine Providence for liberal extension of the "Multos Annos" already conceded to you as our Archbishop and Chancellor.

## Book Review.

Lessing's *Nathan der Weise*.

*By Professor Dieckoff of the University of Michigan. (American Book Co.)*

*Nathan der Weise*, the wise Jew, is Shylock with heart softened, full of gentle answers, teaching forgiveness of injuries to a Christian world perverted by national and so called religious prejudice and hate.

It is a poem of 18th century Deism and sentiment. Lessing, the German pamphleteer and poet, wrote it in 1779; at that dawn of the great modern German movement in literature, headed by Goethe and Schiller.

The author was son of a Lutheran pastor in Saxony, and began writing, by controversy with another orthodox Protestant pastor, Goez-Him Lessing has handed down as a type of intolerance and narrow bigotry—unfairly, as men now agree. But Voltaire was early Lessing's idol.

However, of Lessing as he lived out his life, a generous judgment is quoted, in this interesting literary edition for advanced students from a modern German Evangelical Church paper:—

"In true, genuine chaste morality, in heroism of real, self denying love, not sensual passion, Lessing ranks far above all our great poets, and above great men generally. As far as it is possible to be a Christian in deed, without faith in Christianity, so far Lessing was a Christian; and in this to puts to shame the multitude of those who, in spite of their name, in spite of what is Christian about them, are not Christian in deed and in truth, but often only in form."

That is what the dramatic poem *Nathan* chiefly dwells on. The friar therein exclaims :

"Nathan, Nathan,

Ihr seid ein Christ!—Bei Gott, Ihr seid ein Christ.

Ein bess'rer Christ war nie!"



And Nathan, indeed, rejoins ;

“Wohl uns ! Denn was  
Mich Euch zum Christen macht, das macht Euch mir  
Zum Juden.”

But, adds this editor, Beyschlag's objection to this rejoinder is well founded : the probability of such love for enemies is not given in Judaism, but it is given in Christianity.

The unwise, the unjust, the hypocritical, and the ignorant, the foolish, and the bigoted observers of forms of religions, whether with or without some inner reality, all these have doubtless given cause for such polemics as Lessing's. Still, truth does not dwell with the scorner ; as perhaps Lessing saw, or learned to see ; nor is the receiving of knowledge always the acceptance of truth, seeing that the mental, moral, and spiritual ground may pervert the knowledge received.

There is this to be said however, that with a plea for natural religion Catholicism find itself so far in agreement. It can but rejoice so far, if the old Lutheranism and Calvinism of total depravity and unconditional predestination suffered defeat from *Nathan der Weise*.

This edition has much information—extracts from Lessing's controversial works, letters from friends, criticism—bearing on the questions raised ; historical, literary, theological. Anyone will learn from it a great deal of what was and is the import of the book.

It is not meant for beginners, and does not profess to offer them any help.

An old volume now in the British Museum, according to the *Providencia Transcript*, contains fifteen laws of book-borrowing written by one Francis Vargas over two hundred years ago, for the benefit of frequenters of his library—and incidentally for the benefit of his books. Here they are:—

I. Do not steal the book.

II. Do not cut or stab it.

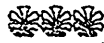
III. For Heaven's sake, draw no lines about it, within or without,

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- IV. Do not fold, crumple, or wrinkle the leaves.
- V. Nor scribble on the margins.
- VI. All the ink required is already on the paper; do not defile them with more.
- VII. Let your book-marker be of perfectly clean paper.
- VIII. The volume is not to be lent to any one else on any consideration.
- IX. Keep mouse, worm, moth and fly away from it.
- X. Let no oil, fire, dust, or filth come near it.
- XI. In a word, use the book,—don't abuse it.
- XII. Read and make what extracts you please but
- XIII. When read don't keep it an unreasonable time.
- XIV. See that the binding and cover are as they were when you received them.
- XV. Do this, and, howeves unknown, you shall be entered in the Catalogue of my friends. Omit it, and, however, well known, your name shall be erased. L.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED

Abridged Course of Religious Instruction Apologetic, Dogmatic, Moral, by Father F. X. Schouffe, S. J. Price \$1.00. Benziger Bros., New York.

A new Catechism of Christian Doctrine and Practice, by the Right Rev. James Bellord, D. D., titular bishop of Milevis and ; A Brief for the Spanish Inquisition. Notre Dame, Indiana. The Ave Maria.



### Among the Magaziens

Our magazines are numerous, choice and together, supply a most excellent intellectual repast. They are warmly received here by readers who know how to appreciate ready and reliable sources of information

touching all matters, religious, philosophical, historical, economic, literary and scientific. A mention of them, necessarily brief.

*The Labour Magazine* is one of the first to claim our notice this year. Issued by the Department of Labour, by order of Parliament, it does the public a valuable service in keeping it posted on labor matters of the world over and especially in Canada. A partial account of the investigation into the rates of wages and hours of labor of railway employees in Canada is given in the September number.

Another very much appreciated visitor is the *Canadian Magazine*. In its pages we look for expression of their mature thought by many of the scholars and the public men too of our country. In the October issue just to hand, the able editor, Mr. Cooper, emphasizes two problems viz; the perfection of transportation for products of Western Canada to the markets of Europe; and the retention of the western market for eastern manufactures.

*Current History and Modern Culture*, is another periodical very serviceable to the student as a monthly illustrated chronicle of the world's progress it reflects quite faithfully the shifting social conditions of the hour.

*Donohoe's Magazine* for September has an instructive article entitled "Religious Persecution in France." After a perusal we grow somewhat sceptical about the reports that emanate from a subsidized press relative to religious matters,

*The Gael* is a monthly, worthy of much praise. To outline its scope and its usefulness is to say that it is a bi-lingual magazine devoted to the promotion of the language, literature, music and art of Ireland, In the issue for September is a poem from Father Dollard (Sliv-na-Mon.) It is but proper to mention that the University of Ottawa possesses a Gaelic Society.

The September *Catholic World*, is, as usual replete with reading to suit all tastes. "The vexed Question of the Friars," and, "An Economic Study of the Miner as He is," are in our opinion very timely articles.

*The Rosary Magazine*, which merits to be read from page to page has among other things an address delivered before a convention of W.C.T.U. by The V. Rev. Frank O'Brien. There is also an interesting study of "Diana of the Crossways."

*Success* is, not only always instructive but promises to be more than usually interesting. Sam. Loyd, the great puzzle expert has been engaged to furnish in its pages, during the winter months a new and interesting series of puzzles, based on Chinese Tangrams.

Allusion has been made elsewhere to the *Messenger* of New York. *The Canadian Messenger*, of the Sacred Heart is almost its counterpart. To-day when devotion to the Sacred Heart has become a world movement, Catholic students are kept in touch with it by those ably directed religious organs.

The *Ave Maria*, a weekly has long since reached the highest literary watermark and keeps it. Its "Notes and Remarks," "with Authors and Publishers" are peculiarly pithy and comprehensive.

From Nazareth (near Raleigh) N. C. travels the *Truth* a publication particularly opportune in a time when the most sacred or religious teaching is bandied recklessly from mouth to mouth. It is an overflowing source of information on points affecting religious belief. To gather the pages devoted to the "Question Box" and preserve them in book form would, we believe, be a distinct benefit.

California sends in the *Dominicana* and Niagara Falls the *Carmelite Review*. The latest venture in this field is the "Annales du T. S. Rosaire" a chronicle of the Pilgrimage Church at Cape la Magdaleine. The editor is the A. Gladu, O. M. I., who has just severed his connection with the University. To this class belongs another very instructive little monthly the "*Missionary Record* of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate," the Editor of which, Rev. Thomas Dawson O.M.I. resides in Kilburn, London.

From Benziger Brothers we receive the *Catholic Home Annual* for 1903. Two of the stories are contributed by Father Finn, S. J. and Mr. Maurice Francis Egan. The calendar, the illustrations and the reading matter recommend the *Annual* to every Catholic home.

## Exchanges.

Another Canadian University has passed its fiftyth year ; and the Jubilee number, this year of the *Trinity University Review* recalls the efforts of one part of our people; their disappointments, their renewed hopes their ventures, their measure of success ; their energetic lives capturing outposts, colonizing, perpetuating types ; the generosity ; the pride of race and country ; the love and admiration of England, and of England's National Church.

For, Trinity University was formed in 1850, as protesting against secularism in education, and against the Church of England being put down from the position of a quasi-Establishment in Canada. The present University of Toronto had been King College, and Anglican. It was secularized ; plundered, as the founder of Trinity said. Henceforth it was to be non-sectarian, supported by the state. And now Toronto, and another quondam King's College, the present University of New Brunswick, are the only two Canadian universities thus supported. The larger province's public institution has grown larger with Ontario's growth. It has absorbed the Methodist University, Victoria, formerly at Coburg; it has a Catholic affiliated College, St. Michael's. And there remains in Toronto, (besides the Baptist, MacMaster) the Anglican College of High Church traditions, Trinity, with whom the question of affiliation is today a great matter of discussion. The other form of Anglicanism, represented by Wyckliffe College, is already bound to this State University.

The founder of King's College, Toronto, may be said to have been Bishop Strachan, who had been a Scottish Presbyterian. When nearing eighty years old, he set to work to found Trinity College, the older institution having slipped from his hands. For a long time, attendance at chapel, and submission to instruction in tenets of Anglicanism was exacted in the College. Now, those who object, have extra Biblical study. But this College is still meant to declare its founder's purpose of bringing up youth, with religion taught and practised as part of the college work and life.

As a result of Bishop Strachan's action, Presbyterians founded Queen's College, Kingston; which is now a university with 700 students from the high schools and collegiate institutes; and which today is claiming public money, as being no longer 'denominational.

Things have changed since the Presbyterians and Anglicans received money of the clergy reserves, as representing "a Protestant clergy." Though in Bishop Strachan's day, the Anglicans said that to their ministers only could the term "a Protestant clergy" be here properly applied.

Trinity University has two names in literature of which she is proud, Lampman, the Canadian poet who had to pass a life hard for him—wearying to his best gift, it seems—in Ottawa's great business of the public service. At college he was the centre of many friends, all happy in his companionship; loving him for what was in him so generous and imaginative.

The other is a successful citizen of the world, Sir Gilbert Parker now an English M. P., and a sympathiser with French Canada, who has dedicated his book concerning his native country to the Prime Minister, oratorical in both its tongues.

We are a practical people, but evidently not insensible to the prestige of the writer of books.

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Most of our new readers and some old ones, perhaps, will ask of what use is the exchange column? Now an exchange column may be; first, and perhaps oftenest, a criticism of articles in various college journals; reading as interesting as the want ads. in a newspaper; occasionally a jumbling of important college jokes which having been wandering back and forth across the continent for dear knows how long: sometimes a budget of college news; frequently a column for free inter-collegiate journalistic fights: again a collection of humorous criticisms of other magazines and witty defences of one's own; or finally, a vehicle for conveying hints about running a college journal successfully. Here are six different styles of 'ex-columns and all are found. Generally however it is a judicious mixture of them all, and as long as there is not too much of the "want ad" style, the mixture may be a success.

To be what it should, the exchange column demands work, work, work; not only a careful reading of what is to be reviewed but a painstaking study of the methods likely to improve the department. The benefit to accrue to the Editor, to our people reviewed and to the general reader forms a list too lengthy for present space. But from a year's experience as head of this department we are forced to confess that a well conducted exchange column is rare, why? We ex-men like most mortals are—lazy. We do not sufficiently study the requirements of our position, more aim to improve. Perhaps, some of us, male and also female, lack the ability, most people prefer to be called lazy instead of ignorant or dull; so admit we are lazy, nevertheless a good ex-department should and can easily be had. Get a ex-man and make him work.

J. J. O'GORMAN, '04.



## Flores.

On Sept. 17th, Mr. F. Devine a barrister of Renfrew, Ont. was married to Miss Gertrude Havey of Ottawa. Rev. Fr. Devine of Osceola assisted by Rev. Fr. French of Brudenell, cousins, was celebrant of the Nuptial Mass. Dr. John O'Brien, attending physician of the University, was best man. The *Review* joins with a large circle of friends in wishing "Fee" success and happiness.

Messrs Breen, '00 and O'Gorman, '01 called on us while on their way to The Grand Seminary, Montreal.

W. Martin and J. Gookin of the class of '02 have entered the Oblate novitiate at Tewksbury, Mass.

F. P. Burns, '02 is to enter the New York Law School.

E. Gallagher, '02 is in the Grand Seminary, Montreal.

J. McDonnell, '02 is studying in The Diocesan Seminary attached to the College.

T. P. Staley, '05 has entered upon his philosophical studies in The Grand Seminary, Montreal.

W. A. Richards of last year's Matriculating class has entered McGill, Montreal, where he will pursue a course of electrical engineering.

J. Maloney, '03 has entered St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore.

A. T. Gabriels, who was in the the College last year, is at present in Niagara University.

F. French, a matriculant of '02 has entered the Toronto School of Dentistry.



## Junior Department.

The Junior campus is again all animation. A good many of last year's faces are missing; some are gone to the Seniors; the majority of the IV Grade are now devoting themselves to some of the mercantile pursuits of the busy world. The number of new lads more than made up the vacancies left by vacation in the ranks. In this respect, the little town of Buckingham has nobly done its duty by sending not less than twenty of her gossoons to represent her in College and Juniorate. The kind and attentive Prefect, Rev. Fa. Legault remains at his post of last year. The Junior Editor in behalf of the *Review* extends best wishes to every member of the Commercial Course.

On Sept. 15th the members of J. A. A. assembled in their hall to elect officers for the present scholastic year. After a few words in which the Rev. Prefect repassed in pleasant terms the successes of the past year, in every field of sport, the enthusiastic gathering proceeded with the business of the meeting.

The following officers were chosen.

A. Bastien,

J. Labrosse,

L. Leonard,

President

I Vice President

II Vice President



E. Berlinguette,	Secretary
A. Gamache,	Treasurer
A. Fleming,	} Councillors
J. Shields,	
J. Walsh,	

Master Bawlf, being the smallest boy in the Junior ranks, was appointed "mascot." Another was equally eligible, but they did not need any *Moore*.

Certain hatters in the city have informed the Junior Editor, that the heads of many of last year's student have considerably increased in size. To several days I was in a sorry plight over the matter. It was only after I had observed the conduct of the older boys toward the new comers, that it occurred to me that the disease was only a case of "big head" caused by the assumed superiority of the former over the latter. Boys, you overtop yourselves, because you were at College last year. Superiority is better displayed in class, by excellence in studies, by good bearing in the dormitory, study hall, recreation, and above all in the chapel. Make your new comrades feel at home; nobody likes the bully or those boys who cruelly tease a helpless comrade,

Thirty husky youths don their uniforms daily, to contend for places on the first team. From present indications, it looks as if we would not only humble the pride of those "would be" seniors, but the "Juniors," and the city teams had better see to of their laurels. We are ready to meet all "comers."

#### Jnniorate II—6 Smallyard II—I.

Our second team suffered its first defeat on Sept. 25th. Their opponents, who hail from Juniorate Hall played a superior game, and won. We forewarn the victors from across the street, to be prepared to get a stinging defeat, at the next meeting.

Durocher will be our star *punter* this year.

Teddy Gr——x will be our star *kicker*.

The Junior team would like to secure the valuable services of A., Phillips the "famous full back."

Lost: "My dear Gaston." Finder is *earnestly* requested to return him to "His dear Alphonse," and the small boy said, Oh! fudge.

Say, O—B——n. Why don't you eat more, you are a regular rail? Willie had time to say, "Ha!"

First team aspirant,— "What position shall I play?"

Captain, roughly,— "Go—wayback."

The "Newboy"—I want my key! boo-hoo. Oh! gimme my key! I want to go home to my ma!

Teacher:—Master McDuff. Please define an adverb.

McDuff (vacantly) Jene comprends pas l'Anglais.

Last year we had in our midst, a Bishop. He is replaced this year by a Cardinal. I might also mention the acquisition of a Pigeon—He's a *homer* (that is a day scholar.)

#### "OUR RUBBER NECKS."

What is it can with ease be wound,  
So that it bears our faces round,  
Till backward turned, our eyes have found,  
Those throats whence flows melodi'us sound?  
Our Rubber Necks!

What is it looks so lovely too,  
Two feet or more of darkened hue,  
When stretched, a class-room window through;  
Out of a tie and collar new?  
Our Rubber Necks!

What is it *some boys in the yard*,  
Should take a tumble and discard,  
Or, though such punishment be hard,  
Should be, at least from chapel, barred?—  
Their Rubber Necks.

Jr. P. E.

## Of Local Interest.

We are happy to welcome so many students and to see that they want to get down to business.

The students annual retreat opened on Sunday, 28th inst. and closed the following Thursday. Rev. Father Lawrence O. M. I. and Rev. Father Lamonte, O. M. I., both of Lowell, Mass., conducted the services. To both these eloquent priests, the students return their sincerest thanks.

We are glad to see that REC has gone into training for the arduous labors which await him.

The Reading Room is again in full swing and all the leading papers and magazines are to be found on file. The following gentlemen are in charge of this department:—President, J. O'Dowd; Secretary-Treasurer, J. P. King; Curators, R. T. Halligan, J. Hurley, F. Gaboury; Librarians, J. P. Harrington, W. Kennedy.

Hard to handle:—A Cross (e) stick.

Don't lose your temper on the foot-ball field; self-control under trying circumstances is the mark of a manly heart and a strong mind.

On the 27th. of August, Rev. F. W. Fortier, one of the disciplinarians of the senior department, was raised to the sacred dignity of the Priesthood, by His Grace, the Archbishop of Ottawa. The *Review* extends its heartiest congratulations to this popular young Priest, and wishes him many years of fruitful service in the vineyard of his Divine Master.

The Altar Society, at a recent Meeting, elected the following officers;—President, J. O. Dowd; First Vice President, J. P. King; Second Vice President, R. T. Halligan; Sacristan, J. McNeill; Masters of Ceremonies, R. A. Carey, John Harrington.

McSwig, has cautioned patrons of the Reading Room against carelessly throwing lighted matches around. John declares that, although a Quaker, duty commands him to protect a certain "Puritan" placed under his care.

The Senior Debating Society is soon to organize, and a few words regarding this important integral of a student's education, might not be amiss. During the season of foot-ball, the proper interest in the Debating Society is generally lacking, and the "gridiron" is the sole absorbing topic. Not deflecting for an instant from the proper interest which should be manifested in athletics, it is also the duty of every student to regard the end for which he is here; and we may safely say, that there is no society connected with the University which better fosters this end or offers more educational advantages than the Debating Society. Let, then, every student, eligible to membership, join the society and manifest such interest in its affairs, that the Debating Society of the present year will eclipse in brilliancy all previous records.

Rev. Fr. Fortier has charge of the choir this year, and many musical treats are already assured.

Wanted—Some one to find the Musical pitch of L-n-r-g-n's snores. C-x-y says, he'll pitch him out the window, some night.

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#### PROGRESSIVE

Philadelphia is to be credited with a new sect—The Church of the Soul. It is a species of spiritualism what carries the Bible under its arm but evolves its theology out of its head. Justice is its motto, and truth and progress are its watchwords. It believes in the divinity but not in the deity (save the mark) of Christ. A woman, once a spiritualistic medium, is at the head of the movement. O, restless, fitful, sectarian humanity! When wilt thou cease searching after strange doctrines and find and and test the ones that have been revealed and tried?

*Lutheran.*

## Athletics.

Usually college opens the Rugby season with much misgiving. Nothing of this was apparent however on Saturday, October 4th. With the old players on hand, fine new material to pick a team from, and the players licked into shape by steady practise, that the initial game with the Britannias resulted as it did in a score of 13 to 1, caused little surprise though more confidence perhaps in Varsity prospects than is safe. The Brits. could hardly hope to down the champions in their own stronghold though the return match in Montreal may tell a different story. The play on Saturday was clean and fast, the backs of both teams catching and punting unerringly and the flit college wings adding the spice of an occasional brilliant dash. The college scrimmagers may be blamed for not landing more on the ball, but apparently this was not a drawback as the play remained more open. With the exception of Cox and Harrington, the college forwards were fearfully slow in getting on side. Altogether too much time was consumed in lining up for "free kicks" "throw ins" and "kick outs," Varsity's back division seems strong, not being in fact hard pressed at any period of the match.

The following were the players :—

Britannias —Backs, McClure, Barclay, McKenzie, Marshall, Gordon; Forwards, Monk, Byrne, McAllen, Lightburn, Horsefall, Johnson, Strachan, Anderson, Christmas and Cowan (Capt.)

College—Backs, O'Brien, Beaulieu, Callaghan, Gleeson, Dooner, Forwards, Killeen, Harrington, Cox (Capt.), Kennedy, Devlin, Filiatreault, Fillion, Corbett, Austin, Lafleur.

Referee—Jack Savage.

Umpire—N. Lash, both of Montreal.

On Wednesday, September 17th a general meeting of the O. V. A. A. was held for the purpose of electing officers to vacancies in the executive caused by the resignations of President McCormic, 1st. Vice-President, Keely, and, Recording Secretary, Harrington.

After the usual business was disposed of, the resignations accepted, the elections were taken with the following results:— President, J. J. Cox; 1st. Vice-President, H. J. McDonald; Recording Secretary, R. A. Carey. The newly elected President on taking the chair, outlined in a forcible speech, the work Varsity had to do in order that the championship might remain in the present favorable retreat. A vote of thanks, having been rendered the retiring officers the genial president with stantorian voice sounded the keynote to a lusty V-A-R with which the meeting came to a close.

The executive as now constituted is as follows;—

President, J. J. Cox; Vice Presidents, H. J. McDonald, W. Dooner; Treasurer, R. Halligan; Corresponding Secretary, J. O. Dowd; Recording Secretary, R. A. Carey; Councillors, R. Fleat:rault, W. Callaghan; Director, Rev. W. Kerwin, O.M.I.

The executive at its first meeting appointed Mr. R. Halligan, manager of the senior fifteen while Mr. H. J. McDonald was charged with the junior. The valuable services of Mr. Thos. Clancy have been secured as coach, under his trained eye the candidates are rounding with every practice into shape.

The following is the schedule of games to be played in the Quebec Rugby Union.

Oct.	4th	Britannia at Ottawa College
		Brockville at Montreal
Oct.	11th	Montreal at Britannia
		Ottawa College at Brockville
Oct.	18th	Brockville at Britannia
		Montreal at Ottawa College
Oct.	25th	Ottawa College at Britannia
		Montreal at Brockville
Nov	1st	Ottawa College at Montreal
		Britannia at Brockville
Nov	8th	Britannia at Montreal
		Brockville at Ottawa

By request we affix to the above the schedule of games to be played in the Ontario Rugby Union.

Oct.	4	Argonauts at Hamilton; Ottawa a bye
Oct.	11	Hamilton at Ottawa; Argonauts a bye
Oct.	18	Ottawa at Argonauts; Hamilton a bye
Oct.	25	Argonauts at Ottawa; Hamilton a bye
Nov	1	Hamilton at Argonauts; Ottawa a bye
Nov	8	Ottawa at Hamilton; Argonauts a bye