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### DO YOUR DUTY.

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If you have a task to do,  
Do it right;  
It may be this work you view  
With affright;  
But your conscience, Sir, is there,  
And, if with it you'd be square,  
Work away with all your might:  
Do your task and do it right.

If your dad has bid you hoe  
At a row,  
And there should be none to throw  
Blame or show  
How it is you've not been true  
To the orders given you,  
March in honour's pathway bright:  
Hoe your row and hoe it right.

You are launch'd upon this world  
In life's boat;  
Though on rocks you may be hurl'd,  
Keep afloat;  
Do not let your courage fail you,  
Though the stoutest foes assail you;  
Whatsoe'er may be your fate,  
Steer your boat, and steer it straight.

L. E. O. PAYMENT, M.A., '03.

## What Home Rule will mean for Ireland.

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“**H**AIL 1912!—Ireland’s year,” such is the cry so frequently heard nowadays in the Emerald Isle. After the threshold of obtaining their heart’s desire—many years of perseverance the Irish people are on Home Rule. What a noble battle has been fought! Sometimes the coveted prize seemed to be within grasp, at other times it was almost lost sight of. But not even for a moment did Erin’s sons give up the struggle; they continually kept in mind the well-known axiom: “Persevere and success will surely crown your efforts.”

It was back in the seventies that Sir Isaac Butt, an Irish non-Catholic member at Westminster, first commenced the agitation for Home Rule for Ireland. Since then, Parnell and Redmond have faithfully kept Ireland’s just demand, before the British Parliament, and, indeed, before the eyes of the entire speaking world. In the past, the Veto Power of the House of Lords has been the one obstacle to the granting of Home Rule, but happily, by the Veto Bill of recent date, the Upper House has lost its obstructive and preventative powers. The present Liberal Government is pledged to pass a Home Rule measure, and the Rt. Hon. Augustine Birrell, chief secretary for Ireland says: “At the very earliest opportunity next session the government will introduce a Home Rule Bill, and I am sure that the government will have the people of Scotland and Wales behind them.” Mr. Asquith, the Prime-Minister, declares that the “very earliest opportunity” will be on April the ninth or tenth. Is it any wonder then that true Irishmen the world over rejoice and cry out—“Hail 1912!—Ireland’s year.”

Now what will Home Rule mean to Ireland. Those opposing the measure predict terrible things, but every student of history, and every fair-minded man is of the firm opinion that it will bring hapiness, contentment and prosperity, to a hitherto persecuted people. The benefits are many. There are some of imperial importance, some of national importance, and some of local importance.

Home Rule will encourage Irish loyalty. Ireland is a part of the Empire in name only. Centuries of persecution has created an intense feeling of hatred against the persecutor—England, and even today this feeling is still fostered in many Irish breasts.

Irishmen have fought against Great Britain in every war for hundreds of years back, and God knows they cannot be blamed for having done so. The Irish-Americans look upon England with loathing, and it is mainly on account of this unfriendly feeling that all efforts to make trade and other treaties between the United States and Britain, have so far proved useless. Now if England does away completely with the present method of governing Ireland, by granting Home Rule, it will be the signal for Irishmen in every country of the world to forget the past. Those, subjects of the British Empire, will become loyal and true, those, subjects of other nations will become friends with England, and thus the great impediment to the union of the English-speaking nations will be removed.

The deadening influence upon Ireland's prosperity since 1850, has been the continual exodus of her sons and daughters to foreign lands. Before the famine, the population was over eight millions but today it barely reaches the four million five hundred thousand mark. Although steps have been taken in recent years to check this national evil, the success has been only partial. Now Home Rule is the true remedy for the evil. Irishmen will not emigrate to distant lands when they can live and prosper on their own dear soil, and when the government of their native land is just in their own hands—in fact many wandering children will return to the Emerald Isle. Ireland will be a nation within a nation, and her sons and daughters, will strive to make her glorious.

Now when emigration has ceased, prosperity will come to the land of St. Patrick. The real wealth of a nation lies in its agricultural lands, so that the more farming done, the wealthier will be the nation. According to the report for nineteen hundred and ten of the Minister of Agriculture for Ireland, "the decline in area of land under cultivation has been almost exactly in relative proportion to the decline in population." A deserted farm is a common sight. Thousands of acres of excellent wheat land have been converted into pastures, and the greater majority of farms are five, or under five acres, in area. The first act of the Irish Parliament will be to correct this condition of affairs. The deserted farms and the pasture lands will be reclaimed to agriculture, and many poor men will become prosperous tillers of the soil.

Since eighteen hundred and one, Ireland has been governed by the British Parliament. Formerly such a slight matter as the opening up of a new road or the building of a small bridge had to

first receive the approbation of the Imperial House. Of course much of this strictly local business has been put in the hands of the county councils, but even today the draining of a river or the construction of sewer in Dublin must first be authorized in London. Such a system of government has its evils. Matters of national importance have been held up for days, perhaps for weeks, at a time, while petty affairs have occupied the attention of the House—and contrariwise, people in certain parts of Ireland have suffered great inconvenience, and have been put to considerable expense because needed improvements were delayed. The Irish Parliament will do away with this cause of complaint. It will deal with purely Irish affairs and everyone will be satisfied. It will control its own expenditure thus insuring a better and more up-to-date Ireland.

It is the intention of the government, to give Ireland control of her customs. Such an act would be only just, as it would give the country an opportunity to encourage manufacturing and to make advantageous commercial treaties with other countries.

The bitter opponents of Home Rule claim that such a measure will mean Rome Rule—and that the Catholic majority will persecute the Protestant minority. Now, the English government, during the past half century or more, has not passed a law affecting the Catholic Church in Ireland or the Irish people without first consulting the Pope—and yet the Orangemen have continued to prosper in Ireland. As for the charge of bigotry and persecution on the part of Catholics, it is nonsensical. Sir Horace Plunkett says: "My own experience distinctly proves that it is no disadvantage to a man to be a Protestant in Ireland and that, where opposition is shown by Roman Catholics, it is almost invariably on political, social or agrarian, but not on religious grounds." No, Irish Catholics will not treat their non-Catholic fellows with injustice—rather will they make overtures of friendship—and, address them thus:

Come, pledge again thy heart and hand,  
 One grip that ne'er shall sever,  
 Our watchword be—"Our native land."  
 Our motto—"Love for ever."

And let the Orange lily be  
 Thy badge, my patriot brother;  
 The everlasting Green for me;  
 And we for one another.

J. A. TALLON, '14.

## The Children of Fochlut Wood.

**A**MONG the many poems from the pen of that eminent Irish Catholic poet, Aubrey De Vere, none stand forth with greater pre-eminence than the one entitled "The Children of Fochlut Wood." Whoever has become acquainted with the writings of this distinguished author, must have noticed that he is imbued with a deep love for his race, his country and his God. Especially does he show this in the present legend and by combining the beauties of poetry with the various incidents and tales which arise, he makes this subject a suitable one for brief consideration.

The story is briefly as follows: St. Patrick makes way into Fochlut wood by the sea, the oldest of Erin's forests, whence there had been borne unto him, then in a distant land, the Children's Wail from Erin. He meets there two young virgins, who sing a dirge of man's sorrowful condition. Afterwards they lead him to the fortress of the king, their father. There are sung two songs, a song of vengeance and a song of lament; which ended, St. Patrick makes proclamation of the Advent and of the Resurrection. The king and all his chiefs believe with full contentment and the maidens go to a convent where they live a life of sacrifice.

In the beginning of the Legend De Vere makes a most beautiful comparison, by comparing Fochlut Wood to the life of man. After dwelling on the darkness, density and gloom of Fochlut Wood he goes on to say,

"O life of man, how dark a wood art thou!  
Erring how many track thee till despair,  
Sad host, receives them in his crypt-like porch at nightfall."

St. Patrick travelled many days through the wood, being continually haunted by a doleful wail, which he says is the cry of the Irish race, calling forth to him for Christian faith. The Saint immediately advances towards the wailing and

"Ere long they came to where a river broad,  
Swiftly amid the dense trees winding, brimmed  
The flower-enamelled marge, and onward bore  
Green branches 'mid its eddies.

Here, St. Patrick meets two beautiful maidens who recount to him the story of their grief, which is chiefly concerning the sorrowful conditions of their country and their race. One of the maidens relates a dream in which there appeared to her a lady with a sword piercing her heart. At the sight of such a vision the maiden burst into tears but "the lady spoke":—

"My child, weep not for me, but for thy country weep;  
Her wound is deeper far than mine. Cry loud!  
The cry of grief is prayer.

The two maidens invite Patrick to go with them to their father's palace. Patrick consents and De Vere takes advantage of this occasion to describe many incidents. Very well indeed does he describe the beauty of Benigns' countenance in few words;

Her looks were sad  
And awe-struck; his, fulfilled with secret  
Joy, sent forth a gleam as when a morn-touched bay  
Though ambush shines of woodlands.

At last, they reached the king's palace and the king and queen being pleased with their daughter's story, extend a hearty welcome to the guests. A royal banquet is prepared at which a blind bard sings to the blind king a song of vengeance which arouses the feelings of the guests.

"And the great hall roared  
With wrath of those wild listeners."

Then, after the wrath had died away, the queen bids her daughters to sing of man's sorrowful condition. The saint, deeply impressed, told the gathering how God had died for man, how He cares for his children and in Him alone is found peace and consolation. The king and queen along with their followers became converted and the two daughters whose wail had summoned Patrick, entered a convent and spend a life of peace and virtue.

S. P. QUILTY, '12.

## Preservation of the Forests in Canada.



ON Wednesday evening, January the 24th, Mr. Lawler, Secretary of the Forestry Association of Canada, gave a lecture in the Science Hall on the Preservation of Canadian Forests. The lecture was illustrated by lantern slides, and this fact, coupled with Mr. Lawler's excellent ability as a lecturer, caused the two hours' duration of the lecture, to pass all too quickly. I will endeavour to bring out the most important points of Canadian forestry, which Mr. Lawler specially emphasized.

When the white man came to the New World, the whole of North America was covered by an immense virgin forest. Gigantic trees, worth hundreds of dollars were to be found by the millions. But this state of things did not last long. During the nineteenth century, the lumberman's axe was busy, and the result was that timber was so ruthlessly cut, that the people of today are suffering for lack of forests. The governments of both Canada and the United States, have taken up the problem of the Preservation of the Forests that still remain, and the Reforestation of barren land, that once gave sustenance to beautiful trees. This work is as yet in its infancy, but for all that, millions of feet of lumber are being saved annually, which, of course, means increased assets to the two countries.

In Canada, several colleges, and Toronto University have added a new course of studies to their already long list—that of Forest Engineers. The number of students is increasing yearly, and in time, a forest engineer will doubtless be as common as a civil engineer.

The Preservation of the Forests is carried on in this way, when a lumberman goes into a forest to cut, he is accompanied by one or more forest engineers. These men mark certain trees which must not be cut—generally ten or twelve to the acre. These dozen trees are left standing as "seed-trees." In a few years young trees start to shoot up, in the place of the ones cut down, and the result is that in seventy or eighty years a new forest has grown up. Now if these few trees had not been preserved in the first place, the land on which the new forest now stands would doubtless remain barren and unfertile, because the soil, where timber trees grow is good for no other purpose than that of supplying nourishment to these trees.

But the greatest enemy and destroyer of forests is the forest fire. In a few days, millions upon millions' worth of valuable timber are swept away, and a barren waste remains; this was just what occurred in the terrible fire in the Porcupine district last summer. In almost every case these forest fires could have been easily quenched in their infancy. It is with this in view that the Ontario government, and in fact nearly all the provincial governments, appoint hundreds of forest rangers every spring and summer, whose sole duty is to keep a strict lookout for fires until the winter snows fall.

The work of Reforestation is interesting in the extreme. The Ontario government has established several nurseries. From these nurseries, hundreds of thousands of young trees, mostly white pine, are sent out yearly, free of charge, to farmers in every part of the province. With but little care, these trees flourish, and the result will be, that barren lands will have been covered with beautiful forests.

Foresters are not working for their own good, but rather for the good of the country, to increase its natural wealth, and for the good of the generation to come. It takes a crop of wheat only a few months to grow, but a crop of trees takes from sixty to seventy years to become fit to cut.

Now, as I have already said, the people of the United States and Canada are today suffering for lack of forests. In the Republic to the south of us, timber is becoming scarce, but matters have not yet come to such a pass in Canada. However the people of both countries suffer in this wise. When forests covered the land, the moisture remained soaked in the soil, but when the trees were cut away, this moisture all rushed towards the rivers. The result is that every spring these rivers overflow their banks and great floods occur; and during the rest of the warm weather, the same streams are almost dry. The annual Ohio floods in the United States, and the floods of the Ottawa and the Rideau, in Canada furnish good examples of this.

Therefore it is quite plain that we should all take care of our forests. They are not only a great national asset, but also a blessing in disguise. It is the wish of every student of O. U., that the Forestry Association may prosper in its noble work.

J. T., '14.



## St. Patrick's Day Banquet.

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**E**VERY feast day of the year revives reminiscences in the minds of the Catholic world. Christmas and Easter recall respectively the birth and resurrection of Christ, and while all Christian nations in every part of the universe honor and revere these feasts indiscriminately, they also hold dear feasts which commemorate their national Saint.

No feast receives greater recognition than that of Saint Patrick which reproduces to every Irish Catholic the story of his nation's conversion to Christianity. To honor the founder of the Irish faith, the Irish students of the University held their twenty-fourth annual banquet in the recreation hall of the Arts' building which was appropriately decorated for the occasion.

There were about one hundred and fifty students and guests.

The guests were: The Very Rev. Rector Father Roy, O.M.I., His Honor Justice Anglin, Hon. Senator Costigan, Mr. J. J. McLugh, Dr. White, Dr. J. L. Chabot, M.P., Mr. Wm. Foran, Mr. Louis J. Kehoe, Mr. J. M. Clarke and Rev. Fathers Sherry, Fallon, Stanton, McGuire, S. and M. Murphy, and Healy.

After those assembled had satisfied the wants of the inner man Mr. J. Q. Coughlan, the toastmaster, thus suggested a toast to St. Patrick:

Gentlemen we have met today for a dual purpose, to acclaim with Irishmen who assemble in every part of this mundane sphere the national day of Ireland and to rejoice in the memory of her patronal saint—Patrick.

Though dwelling in foreign climes Irishmen are today at home among the green glades and beautiful hills of Erin where first was plucked the national emblem blessed by the anointed hand of Saint Patrick and today Irishmen find the noblest inspiration in the memory of the greatest benefactor who ever trod Erin's soil, the Saint who thrilled to the core the hearts of their forefathers.

I ask you gentlemen to join me in a toast to the "Day We Celebrate" with which is coupled the name of Mr. S. P. Quilty.

Mr. S. P. Quilty responded to the toast as follows:

### The Day We Celebrate.

That great statesman and patriot, Daniel Webster, in proposing a toast to the memory of George Washington, made use of the following memorable words: "The recurrence of anniversaries or of periods of time naturally freshens the recollection and deepens the impression of events with which they are historically connected. No American can pass by the fields of Bunker Hill or Monmouth or Camden as if they were ordinary spots on the earth's surface. Whoever visits them feels the sentiments of love of country kindling anew, as if the spirits which belonged to the transactions that have rendered those places distinguished, hovered round with power to move and excite all who, in future time may chance to approach them." Surely, with much greater reason does the recurring of St. Patrick's Day deepen the affection of Irishmen for their native land and add fresh fuel to the fire of their devotion for its patron saint. For, while Webster could see in Washington, the father of his country, "first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen," and could at the same time praise him as a Christian statesman, Irishmen can see in St. Patrick, not only a patriot, but the devout champion of their religion, which is infinitely more sublime in its end, than any mere temporal blessing that secures for us happiness or prosperity here below.

Every true man loves his country. And, with good reason. It is the place of his birth, the land of his fathers, the tender nurse of his youth, the chosen home of his mature age, the spot where he hopes to die. This is a general sentiment; this love of country is common to all classes and to all races of men.

But Irishmen have a much stronger, a much more sacred reason to be attached to the Green Isle. Beyond and above all narrow national considerations, stands the glorious fact, that Ireland is the land of their faith and their religion, and that her perseverance, against the most violent and persistent persecution, has been the crowning characteristic of her people, and has won for them the respect and admiration of the civilized world.

Gentlemen, this is not only a patriotic holiday, a day on which we are to rejoice over the earthly glories of our country; but it is a religious holiday as well, a day on which we are to celebrate the successful entrance of the gospel into Ireland, and commemorate the victories of St. Patrick over paganism and unbelief. These are the thoughts which should fill every Irish heart on St. Patrick's day. Although it is many centuries since St.

Patrick sanctified Erin with his presence and preaching yet, he still looks down from his high place in heaven upon the sons of the scattered Gael, expecting to find in them a conduct worthy of the Gospel that they have received from him. Let every Irishman, therefore, act in a manner which becomes an Irishman and a Christian. If the day be celebrated in this manner, rest assured that St. Patrick will look down on the Irish race with a heavenly smile and will take a just pride in saying, 'these are the young soldiers to whose fathers I first preached the gospel and in whose native land I first planted the cross of Christ.'

The multitudes of the Irish people that have long since been driven from their native land, and are scattered through all countries will today pay a visit in spirit to that dear little isle of the ocean and deplore the cruelty and oppression which drove them hence. They will recount over and over again the hardships of their ancestors and they will bitterly lament the sad fate that obliged their forefathers to become exiles forever. I would strive in vain to express in adequate terms the indescribable sufferings of the Irish people. The bitterness of their sorrows shall never be fitly told by tongue or pen, shall never be known to mortals, until it be revealed in glory on God's great judgment day. Although her political history has been dimmed and her prosperity blighted, yet she holds a favor from heaven, which would be the pride of the most powerful nation on earth—this inestimable favor is the possession of the faith of St. Patrick. That faith was Ireland's only hope in persecution, her consolation in adversity, and it is still today her pride and her boast.

As the offspring of Irish parents and as partakers in all the blessings and honors of the Irish race we sincerely hope and pray that God will give to the land of our fathers, in the happy days of future peace and worldly success, that same strong ardent attachment to the faith of St. Patrick, that she so nobly exhibited in the days of her persecution and suffering.

The next toast was proposed in these words:

That illustrious patriot, Daniel O'Connor, fittingly expressed the sentiments of his countrymen when he bequeathed his soul to God, his heart to Rome and his body to Ireland. While we have given tonight no indication of nearness to death, yet we can affirm with the great Liberator that after our love for God and before our affections for Ireland comes our devotion to the Holy See. To Pius X., the present occupant of the See of Peter, we shall now drink a toast to which Mr. J. J. Kennedy will respond.

Mr. J. J. Kennedy responded to the toast to the Pope:

## Pius X.

While we are celebrating to-day the feast of the glorious apostle of the Irish nation, let us transport our thoughts to the Vatican where St. Patrick and his devoted companions received authority and were sent forth to bring our forefathers under the saving and sanctifying influence of Christianity.

Within the meerechaum colored walls of the Vatican, we shall behold a plain, feeble, venerable, and unpretending old man, Pius X., who guides the destinies of the Church as Vicar of Christ. When we gaze upon that holy face we behold in it an expression of love, pity, and charity; his pathetic eyes have in them a look of Godlike piety and infinite patience; his individuality appeals to us as that of a man of extreme humility and virtue. To use words of a Protestant who visited the Vatican last year, "He surely is a Christly man." That Protestant visitor was inspired by the appearance of His Holiness; he said when leaving the Vatican "I feel like a new and better man. I understand now as I never fully grasped before what the Israelites meant when they said the spirit of God had descended upon them." He had no faith in the Catholic creed, but he assisted at a papal audience out of pure curiosity, he attended a second one through veneration for that divinely gifted man, that seemingly supernatural personage. and then he proceeded to make arrangements whereby he could be blessed by the Pope before leaving Rome.

It is that simple and humble follower of the lowly Christ, who was cradled in a manger, that we Irish Catholics honor and turn towards to express our feelings of loyalty, devotion, gratitude, and fidelity; it is that venerable peasant, that humble Venetian priest, Bishop, and Cardinal, now a prisoner in the Vatican glancing with discerning eye upon his children in the universe, to whom we express our devotedness and affection.

Just one year ago yesterday the new church dedicated to St. Patrick in the eternal City was blessed. That happy Isle which Aubrey De Vere terms "the light of a darkling world," dedicated that church to serve as an endearing symbol of the unflinching love of its race for the Vicar of Christ. Pope Leo XIII. encouraged and most generously contributed to the work, and Pius X. showed himself equally sympathetic in assisting the priests who had charge of it.

Irishmen take a deep interest in the furtherance of religious affairs in the Eternal City in which their apostle received his commission and consecration, for besides St. Patrick's Church in

Rome they have established there other institutions representing their faith, learning, and piety.

We read much of the civil independence of the Holy See, and it has been conjectured by many, among whom Archbishop Bourne, that the independence of the Holy Fathers can be adequately secured without detracting in any way from the essential unity of Italy. The necessity of that Civil Independence of the papacy has been admitted not only by Catholic but even by Protestant statesmen of the highest eminence. In Pius Tenth we conceive sufficient ability to determine what measures of independent sovereignty are essential for the free exercise of his spiritual rights. In 1901 the Duke of Norfolk said, "It is not for us to say what arrangement with the Italian government would be satisfactory to the Pope. That is a question which he alone can determine. We know that the interests of the church are safe in the hands of the Pope." The Pope does not wish for temporal dominion, he has no longing for territory; his thoughts are not of worldly possessions, but he desires such temporal power as will enable him to safeguard things spiritual.

Gentlemen, we the progeny of Irish Catholic parents, and children of that reverend and democratic Patriarch in the Vatican, rejoice to-day in our profession; we manifest our submission to Pius X. by honoring a great apostle of the church of which he is head. Within his domain may we ever find the haven of our desire, may we ever bear in mind those magnificent sentiments expressed by that eminent Irish poet, Aubrey De Vere, in the Confessions of St. Patrick:

Lamp of the North!

My race, my realm, my great inheritance,  
To lesser nations leave inferior crowns;  
Speak ye the thing that is; be just, be kind;  
Live ye God's Truth, and in its strength be free!

After Mr. Kennedy responded to the toast to Pius X, Mr. J. J. Cusack rendered a vocal solo, with Mr. W. Egan as accompanist.

Canada was the next number on the toast list, and Mr. J. Q. Coughlan in these apt words proposed a toast to our fair Dominion:

Tonight we proclaim the fact that we are Irish, but first of all the great majority present are Canadians, loyal sons of this child of the twentieth century, this land of destiny Canada.

Impelled by cruelties unbearable and suffering many of them

the pangs of hunger, caused by British mal-administration and an unfortunate famine, the Irish emigrants found in Canada an asylum where they might escape their unhappy lot. To Canada then the land which welcomed our ancestors and which to-day numbers among her most prominent citizens expatriated Irishmen, I propose a toast to which is joined the name of Mr. J. A. Huot.

The "Land of the Maple Leaf" was lauded in the following terms:

#### Toast to Canada.

To be called upon to proclaim the glories of our young and fair Dominion is a pleasure to every Canadian. In this Land of the Maple Leaf we find in her comparatively short history, memories which gladden our hearts and which we can always recall with pride.

But a few score years ago, Canada was regarded by foreigners as a land of frosts and snow whose climate was adapted only for the American Indian and the northern Eskimo, but, to-day, the eyes of the entire civilized world are centered upon her, and there can be no doubt that, as one of Canada's greatest statesmen, the Right Honourable Sir Wilfrid Laurier, asserted some time ago, the twentieth century belongs to the Canadian Confederation. No country is more richly endowed with natural resources than this native land of ours. Besides her inexhaustible mineral wealth and her vast virgin forests which any nation would be proud to possess, her boundless prairies which, but yesterday, were the home of the buffalo, produce to-day sufficient grain to satisfy the wants of many millions of people.

In fact, so enormous is the quantity of wheat yielded by our western provinces that the transportation facilities are by no means adequate; yet there is, after all, at the present moment but a small fraction of our fertile prairies under cultivation. It is evident that one of the most difficult problems with which the Canadian government will have to deal in the near future will be that of providing means of transporting to the sea-board the product of the western wheat-fields.

One transcontinental railroad has already been constructed. At the time it was built many regarded it as an undertaking of utter folly and prophesied that our trade would never justify the expenditures that it necessitated. To-day, another transcontinental railroad is under way of construction and we are told that, before its completion, a third will have become a necessity. To

solve the question of the carriage of our western grain, the building of the Georgian Bay Canal seems indispensable. We who live in this part of Canada have really but a faint idea of the rich inheritance given to us by Divine Providence in the more remote and newer portions of our country.

As a result of the renown that our Dominion has acquired abroad, every ship that enters a Canadian port brings with it its quota of immigrants that have been attracted hither by the famed wealth of the Land of the Maple Leaf and by the excellence of its government. They hope to find here conditions under which they may be enabled so to work as to gain a livelihood and enjoy peace and happiness. They shall not be disappointed. We welcome them to a country where there is an abundance of work and where honest toil will be rewarded with a generous recompense. We give them the guarantee of freedom and assure them the protection of laws more excellent than which are now enjoyed by any other country under the sun.

If I were asked: What is the secret of Canada's prosperity? I would answer: first, of course, the limitless natural wealth. But that wealth would be of little value if we were not blessed with responsible government. Canadians know best how to govern Canada. They know her wants best, they are best acquainted with her resources and they are most deeply interested in her welfare. This, I believe, is the principal cause of Canada's success as well as the explanation of her attachment to the British Empire and to British institutions. I believe, likewise, that responsible government for Ireland by Irishmen is absolutely indispensable for the prosperity of that country, and that it is also the only means of uniting Erin to the British Empire by a bond of affectionate loyalty. The day seems to have already dawned when the Emerald Isle will have her own parliament. Then we may rest assured will she be blessed with peace and success, and not until then can the British government look for that unhesitating love and support from her Irish subjects that will make Ireland what Canada is to-day, a bulwark and not a source of weakness to the Empire.

The toastmaster proposed the toast to the Irish party in the following terms:

The one speck upon the sun of British constitutional liberty to-day is Ireland. For more than 300 years Ireland's political freedom has lain fettered in the chains of British oppression and in vain had incessant protests emanated from the Emerald Isle against this inhuman procedure until the influential Irish party

sprang into existence. Since its inception by judicious labors the Irish Parliamentary party has eradicated many of the evils, social and political that militate against the prosperity of Ireland. The rescue from thralldom of her long suffering sons and daughters has been singularly successful and to-day the road is clear for an advancing force against the fortress of misgovernment.

As an expression of our endorsement of the noble efforts of these brave men, I propose a toast to the Irish Party to which Mr. A. G. McHugh will reply.

Mr. McHugh commented upon the work of the Irish party as follows:

#### The Irish Party.

More heartily now than ever before do Irishmen respond to the toast of the Irish Party. Now, more than ever before, do Irish bosoms swell with pride when mention is made of their valiant and able representatives in the British House of Commons. For to the Irish Party we may point to-day and proudly say, "There is the Irish David who has slain the British Goliath, the Veto of the Lords."

I have remarked, in St. Patrick's Day speeches, how often that buoyant hope, so characteristic of the Irish race, displays itself. How many times, on occasions such as this, have Irishmen expressed the confidence that they would soon see the day when Ireland would have a just system of education and a national university, when Ireland would have a just system of land tenure, when Ireland would have Home Rule. Gentlemen, the fact that, with the exception of Home Rule, all these benefits have been obtained, and many others with them, demonstrates that there is great moral force behind strong, Irish hope.

Now, indeed, when the passage of the Home Rule Bill is, apparently, only a matter of a short time, may not our buoyant Irish nature give expression to the hope that soon, yes, while this very day is bright in our memory, His Majesty the King will preside in person at the opening of an Irish Parliament in Dublin?

And, gentlemen, the moral force that has wrought such a wonderful change in Irish affairs is centered in the Irish Party. It is that party which has given Ireland a national university, old age pensions, the great Land Act of 1909, increased funds for teachers' salaries and for school buildings, and dozens of minor reforms. Finally, it is that party which has achieved one of the



greatest bloodless revolutions in the interests of democracy, the passage of the Lords' Veto Bill.

Three years ago the House of Lords was the most powerful institution in the United Kingdom, indeed, perhaps, in Europe. It had behind it all the power of feudalism and wealth; its position seemed impregnable. It stood there a block in the path of all democratic reform. Three years ago those who attacked this powerful institution were ridiculed both in England and in Ireland. John Redmond, in a speech in Wicklow, said, last fall, "Up to the other day the Irish Party were mocked and scoffed at and ridiculed because we said that we could carry the Veto Bill, and clear this obstacle from the path of Home Rule. We were told, indeed, by one prominent Irishman that we might as easily cast Galteemore into the sea as remove the Veto from the House of Lords. Well, we have come back to you to-day, and we are able to tell you that we have destroyed that power. And you, 'we' have destroyed it. Aye, the Irish David has been the man who destroyed this Goliath, and to-day that block no longer stands in our way."

Had the Irish Party accomplished nothing more than this it would be worthy of all the praise it may receive and all the confidence placed in it. It gives no small measure of satisfaction to the Irish race throughout the world to know that it was Paddy from Cork who gently removed the monocle from the eye of the English Lord, took the coronet from his head, and made him drink the hemlock.

The policy of the Irish Party is to obtain, by constitutional means, the greatest good for Ireland in so far as that good does not militate against the welfare of the Empire as a whole. This greatest good they believe to be Home Rule. Some there are who claim that the granting of Home Rule to Ireland will breed disloyalty right in the heart of the Empire. Canada was once governed from Downing Street, and we all know the state of disaffection that then existed in this country. Canada is now autonomous and deeply attached to the Motherland. The only way to make people loyal is to make them contented. This the Irish Party will do by obtaining Home Rule for Ireland.

The statement has been widely made—and it is used as an argument against Home Rule—that under separate parliament in Dublin the Catholic majority would oppress their Protestant fellow-countrymen. Gentlemen, there is not the slightest foundation for such a statement. We must not forget that, among the most illustrious of those who have engaged in the struggle for Ireland's

legislative independence, we find the names of many whose religion is not that of the majority. Emmett was not a Catholic, neither was Wolfe, nor Isaac Butt, nor Parnell. Neither was the late Edward Blake, that brilliant Canadian, who for many years gave his best services to the Irish Party. Nor are the members of that party, to-day, exclusively of the Catholic faith. Many of the most ardent advocates of Home Rule in Ireland belong to Protestant denominations. Lord Pirrie, who recently received Mr. Churchill at Belfast, and who presided at the great Home Rule demonstration in that city—a demonstration, that we must not forget, was a Protestant demonstration—Lord Pirrie is only one of a multitude of prominent and wealthy Irish Protestants who support the demands of the Irish party for Home Rule.

No, gentlemen, Home Rule does not spell political inequality or religious persecution. I am sure that every Irish Catholic is willing to forget the past, and to work in harmony with his Protestant fellow-countryman for that prosperity of their common native land. Words could not better express the Irish Catholic's sentiments than those of the poet Frazer:

“Come—pledge again thy heart and hand  
One grasp that n'er shall sever;  
Our Watchword be—“Our Native Land,”  
Our motto—“Love for ever.”

“And let the Orange lily be  
Thy badge, my patriot brother—  
The everlasting Green for me;  
And we for one another.”

After Mr. McHugh's response to the toast to the Irish party, Mr. Louis J. Kehoe gave an interesting dissertation in the dialect of Mr. Dooley, which was highly appreciated by the assembly. After which the toastmaster thus proposed a toast to Alma Mater:

Universities are necessary as abodes of learning and citadels of truth. Catholic universities are the realization of the Church's ideals in education. From their halls must come forth the defenders of her faith. They must house the profound scholars who will cope with a profane science that proclaims a perpetual conflict between the natural and the supernatural order.

In mediæval times Ireland was the brilliant star that in the night of intellectual darkness shone down upon Europe with such

peerless lustre and beauty that she illumined the whole continent. We would indeed be recreant to Irish traditions were we unmindful to-night of our intellectual mother. I ask you then to drink to Alma Mater a toast with which is coupled the name of Mr. I. J. Rice.

Mr. Rice made the following optimistic reply:

#### Alma Mater.

It is indeed a great pleasure as well as a great honor for a student to be called upon to respond to the toast to an institution of learning, and particularly when that institution is his own Alma Mater.

Education is, and always has been, one of the most potent influences in determining the value of individuals as well as of nations, and in giving them whatever power they possess. Besides storing the mind with much information that is useful and imparting a science that must make much for the material progress of humanity, true education bestows a liberal culture that must be ever regarded as one of man's most precious endowments.

Whilst education has been held in high esteem among all peoples that have won distinction in the world's history, probably no race has been more devotedly and more persistently attached to it — as indeed they have been to all high ideals — than the sons of St. Patrick.

The legendary history of Ireland is replete with incidents bearing testimony of her deep love for the intellectual.

When St. Patrick visited her shores he found a people among whom education was common, and who had already a national literature of no mean value.

Later Irishmen became famed throughout Europe for science. Ireland was really one great university to which flocked men of every nation, seeking an education that could not be obtained elsewhere. Rightly indeed did she merit during the sixth and seventh centuries the proud titles, "Light of a darkling world" and "Lamp of the North."

Shortly after this period, however, learning was practically banished from Ireland, but it was banished only because the Irish clung with their characteristic tenacity to an ideal higher than education, or anything else that is merely temporal, namely the ideal of the true religion.

But the Irishman's love of learning was not destroyed by ages of intellectual darkness and oppression. Probably the greatest ecclesiastical seat of learning in the world at present is Maynooth, and certainly one of the most remarkable episcopates in Christendom for learning, as well as for sanctity, is the renowned body of Ireland's bishops.

Since the organization of the Irish National Party, the yearning of the Irish for higher education is symbolized in the great Catholic University that that party has won from the English government.

Hence as one of a race inspired with deep veneration for learning, I feel a great pride in responding to the toast to the University of Ottawa.

The gentleman who responded to this toast last year expressed the wish that the stately buildings of the University of Ottawa would soon rival in architectural beauty and expansion those of the Dominion government, and that her students would resemble in wisdom and gravity the members of the Canadian Senate. These sentiments are mine to-day. I hope it is no mere vision that I behold, with my mind's eye, and no vast plan, the realization of which will be long deferred; but it appears to me, though I can lay no claim to the prophetic insight of the ancient Irish seer, that I behold in the not far distant future, a University of Ottawa with her Arts Buildings dotting Sandy Hill, her School of Medicine crowning Parliament Hill, and her perfectly equipped Halls of Science resting securely on the princely endowments of such financial magnates as Jim Hill. In these days of the glorious future the student body will not only resemble the Canadian Senate; it will enact laws for the good government of this great Dominion.

Gentlemen, the University of Ottawa has been the object of much loyalty and support from Irish Canadians. To her they look for great achievements in the future, and it is hardly necessary for me to state that they are eager to lend her whatever assistance they can to aid her in her full development. They anxiously look forward to the day when she will have all the Faculties of a University in operation, and will be enjoying a prosperity unsurpassed by any of her sister institutions. They trust that under the wise guidance of Providence, and with Heaven's choicest blessings bestowed upon her, she may become a mighty force for good in Canada, and may furnish to future generations of Irish Canadians, and even to the sons of Irishmen from other parts of the world, that secular and

religious training which has ever been so dear to our race and for which it has made the most generous sacrifices in the past.

Mr. Coughlan introduced the next speaker as follows:

Under the spell of heavenly memories humanity had never ceased to dream of liberty and to aspire to its possession. Now and then, here and there, liberty had for a moment caressed humanity's brow but not until the Republic of the west was born, not until the Star Spangled Banner was unfurled to the skies was liberty caught up in humanity's embrace and embodied in a great and abiding nation. Ireland's appeal for justice has ever reverberated to the distant shores of liberty loving America and always have the returning waves of the Atlantic borne back upon their white crests, a heartfelt message of sympathy from the United States. To Columbia a greater republic than has been, I ask you to honor a toast to which Mr. M. A. Gilligan will respond.

Mr. M. A. Gilligan thus eulogized his native land.

#### Columbia.

I need not say to you, for you know, how very much I appreciate the honor which is mine to-day. To respond to the toast of one's country is always an honor; but especially is that true in a foreign land where one feels that his country is esteemed and loved.

The wonderful growth of the United States is a matter of such common knowledge, that reference to it, even in the remotest parts of the earth, is entirely superfluous. However, there are a few things in connection with that growth that it is very appropriate to mention on an occasion such as the present. Irishmen throughout the world to-day are celebrating the feast of their patron Saint; they are rejoicing over the fact that the prospects for Home Rule are brighter than ever before. I take the liberty of asserting that no other country has been so intimately associated with Ireland in her long struggle for justice as the United States, and that no other country has so much contributed to bring about the present very promising political condition in England. John Redmond, the leader of the Irish Party, has, frequently affirmed that the cause of Home Rule could never have been kept alive if it had not received the long continued assistance of the Irish in America.

This is only as it should be. When the colonies were fighting for what all, at the present time, admit to have been their rights,

none sympathised with them more heartily and none aided them more effectively than did the Irish. We find Celtic names affixed to the Declaration of Independence, and we know that thousands who bore similar names fought under the Father of American Independence and laid down their lives in the cause of the young Republic.

Their valor has been rewarded, not only by sympathy displayed towards Ireland but by generosity exhibited towards American citizens of Irish extraction. In many localities where Irish Americans are numerous, naturally they are well represented in the positions of public trust. But even in places where they are comparatively few, they have been generously honored by their fellow-citizens. In some places in the States you will find a situation similar to that discovered by a traveller recently in a Mexican town. The traveller happened to be delayed through a train wreck and he enquired during his stay about the different elements of the population. He learned that there were seven thousand Mexicans, 4,000 Italians, 1,500 Yankees, and one Irishman who was Mayor of the town.

It would be altogether improper, gentlemen, if, in speaking to the toast of Columbia on St. Patrick's day, one did not refer to the marvellous progress that Catholicity has made in that country. The recent appointment of two American Cardinals is a demonstration of the strength of American Catholicity and of the rapidly increasing influence of the American Church. And the receptions accorded them on their return to their respective cities were among the most remarkable demonstrations of popular affection ever witnessed on this continent. Two millions of people thronged the streets of New York on the occasion of Cardinal Farley's recent return from Rome. Never before, says Burke Cochran, has a Prince of the Church, returning to his episcopal see been greeted by such a demonstration and more than this, never has a state, of which less than half the population was Catholic, by a unanimous vote of both legislative assemblies, expressed gratitude to the Pope for raising one of its citizens to the dignity of the Senate of the universal church. Nobody will take offense, I am sure, if I say, particularly on St. Patrick's day, that Irish Americans and the Irish race as a whole, take a pride in the fact that Farley and O'Connell, and the other illustrious American, Cardinal Gibbons, are sons of those to whom the great "apostle of Ireland" brought the light of faith.

Whilst speaking of the Catholicity of my country I should like to briefly state a few further facts. The honor of having

built, in fifty years, more Catholic churches than any other city in the history of the world is held by Chicago. New York, Boston, St. Louis, Chicago, Buffalo, and a number of other prominent American cities are centres of a Catholicity as practical and as influential as can be found in any other part of the world. In New York city on the feast day of the Holy Name last year 50,000 men walked in procession; and in Philadelphia on the same day, there were 65,000 men in line.

These are facts pleasing alike to Ireland and to the Catholics of America. A bond of deep affection has ever united us to Ireland; and we sincerely trust that time will strengthen that bond and will make it a source of power to those whom it unites. And now that Ireland seems to be approaching the dawn of full religious and political liberty, there is but one sentiment in the hearts of Americans on that matter. It is a sentiment of rejoicing that the goal seems so near and of ardent hope that that liberty which has been fought for with such persevering courage may soon take up its abode on Irish soil and remain there until the crack of doom.

After the applause to Mr. Gilligan's response had subsided, Mr. J. M. Clarke favored us with a vocal solo.

The toast to Soggarth Aroon was proposed as follows:

We would be derelict to our duty were we unmindful of the heroic endeavors made by the Irish priesthood to sustain even under the most violent persecution the Catholic faith in the Irish nation.

The Irish priest has ever exercised a talismanic influence over the ardent and sensitive race from which he sprung, and wherever the Irish emigrant has gone his devoted Soggarth has accompanied him to be as the Soggarth was at home his guide and protection. Whether it be to the Land of the Midnight Sun or to the tropical jungle, whether to the crowded metropolis or to the arid desert the Irish priest has gone unhesitatingly to bear Christ's message.

It is with much pleasure that I propose a toast to Soggarth Aroon, to which Rev. Fr. S. Murphy will respond.

### Soggarth Aroon.

Rev. Stephen Muryhy, O.M.I., replied in a short but appropriate and pleasing address:

### Our Guests.

The toast to "Our Guests" was responded to by Justice Anglin, Senator Costigan, Dr. J. L. Chabot, Wm. Foran, Dr. White, and Rev. A. B. Roy, our Rector. Each in turn congratulated the speakers of the evening and the students in general for their manifestation of reverence and affection for the apostle of the Irish nation.

Too much credit cannot be given Rev. J. P. Fallon, O.M.I., and the committee for the great success of the banquet, it being one of the best ever held in Ottawa University.

Executive Committee—Hon. Chairman, Rev. J. P. Fallon, O.M.I.; Chairman, I. J. Rice, '12; Secretary, J. J. Kennedy, '12; Treasurer, D. J. Dolan, '13; S. P. Quilty, '12, J. A. Huot, '12, J. Q. Coughlan, '13, J. Harrington, '13.



### ORDINATIONS.

On Sunday, March 17, in the chapel of the Mother House, Water street, Rev. Eudore Theriault was raised to the dignity of the priesthood. The ceremony was performed by His Grace Archbishop Gauthier, assisted by Rev. Fr. Poli and Brunet. The beautiful chapel was filled to overflowing with the parents, relatives and friends of the young priest. After the service the choir of the Rev. Sisters sang the Magnificat with splendid effect.

In the Cathedral at 8 a.m. the following day, Fr. Theriault celebrated his first mass. He was assisted by Rev. Canon Campeau, P.P. The children's choir sang several appropriate hymns in pleasing manner. Prof. Tremblay presided at the organ. Among those present in the sanctuary were Mgr. Routhier, Canon Plantin, Frs. Poli, Estéve, Lalonde, Lapointe, Richard, Tibault, Normandin, and the Grand Seminary students. A touching feature of the service was the fact that the two mass servers were Christian Brothers, and brothers of the young man.

The Basilica was crowded with friends and relatives. Canon Campeau preached a splendid sermon on the dignity of the priesthood.



## THE UNIVERSITIES OF THE EMPIRE.

## Congress to be Held in London to Discuss Many Important Questions.

A congress of all universities in the Empire is shortly to be held in London, Eng. The purpose is to discuss various matters affecting (1) universities in their relations to one another; and (2) universities in relation to students, graduates and the professions. Under the first head come the following subjects:

(1) Conditions of entrance to universities and the question of equivalence and mutual recognition of entrance tests to degree courses.

(2) Interchange of university teachers.

(3) Inter-university arrangements for post-graduate and research students.

(4) Question of division of work among universities.

(5) The establishment of a central University Bureau.

Other matters to be taken up under the second head are:

(1) the relation of universities to technical and professional education and to education for the Civil Service.

(2) Provision of courses of study and examinations for other than degree students, including university extension and tutorial class work, and special courses, both of a general and technical character for students engaged in professional, commercial and industrial pursuits.

(3) The representation of teachers and graduates on the governing body of a university.

(4) The position of women in universities.

(5) Residential facilities, including colleges and hotels.

There are thirty-three colonial universities and it is expected that nearly all will be represented at the congress. The McGill Daily gives the names of Lord Strathcona, Principal Peterson, and Prof. Cox as the representatives from McGill. Queen's will be represented by two of her ablest professors, Vice-Principal Watson and Dean Cappon, who were chosen at a recent meeting of the Senate.

A preliminary conference of the delegates from Canadian universities is to be held in Montreal. The London Congress will meet in June.

# University of Ottawa Review.

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PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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

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No. 6

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## HOME RULE.

It is but natural that at the advent of another St. Patrick's Day, Irishmen the world over turn their thoughts to the land of their forefathers, that land which has struggled so long against most tremendous odds, giving to the cause of right versus might the life's blood of her most illustrious sons. When they remember O'Connell, Grattan, Emmett, Parnell, and the other great men down to the present leader of the Irish Parliamentary party, John E. Redmond, whose very names are synonymous with the Home Rule movement, is it any wonder that all in whose veins there flows the blood of the true loyal Gael should, at the approach of the festival day of Ireland's Patron Saint, turn their thoughts to this great measure which will emancipate their brethren on the Green Isle, and restore to them the rights so ruthlessly ravished by the English aristocracy.

Home Rule is a question of long standing in English politics. It is a question which has had the loyal support of not only the cream of Irish statesmen and the great bulk of the Irish people far

and wide, but also of many fair-minded Englishmen. True the fight has been long and strenuous, waged with all the acumen inspired by love and loyalty on the one part, and avarice and hatred on the other; but with principles of fair-play and justice opposed to oppression, it does not require a very profound logical reasoning to anticipate where victory will finally rest.

The outlook was never brighter than it is at present, and we have every reason to believe that before St. Patrick's Day, 1914, Irishmen from pole to pole will not only be celebrating the feast of Ireland's patron Saint, but also that of her legislative freedom.

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#### MUSICAL IRELAND.

To-day music lovers have thrust upon them a useless mass of would-be music supplied by composers whose sole design is the accumulation of the almighty dollar, by the dispensation of noisy discordant bars. That such composition should be classified as music denotes either a marked depreciation in our musical tastes or an absolute indifference as to the proper application of our most ordinary words.

With what genuine joy does any person, whether he possess the keen musical appreciation of the true artist, or the instinctive love of the most common being, lend his ear to the soul-inspiring melodies, which in the days of her power re-echoed throughout the halls and bowers of the Emerald Isle.

The hoary harpist, threading the strings of his beloved instrument, and singing the inspiring verses that are to-day familiar to the most remote regions of this globe, soared with his notes to regions ethereal.

And during the years intervening from the twelfth century to the present day, the effacing finger of time has detracted nothing from the beauty of Erin's Celtic ballads. A striking tribute to the musical instinct of the Irish people is the fact that she alone is the one country that has established as her national emblem a musical instrument,—the grand old Irish harp!



We have frequently opined that many of the Exchange columns in College journals have apparently degenerated into so many mutual admiration departments used exclusively for the interchange of compliments. We have always welcomed alike, with gratitude, conscientious criticism and favorable comment, by competent individuals, and it has ever been our policy to commend where commendation is due our fellow workers in the field of journalistic endeavor, and when possible to arouse our contemporaries from a lethargic literary mood, through the less pleasant agency of criticism.

We have evidently incurred the displeasure of some of the literary lights who control the destinies of the *Trinity University Review*, as a recent criticism would indicate. Such a biased critical observation is, however, hardly worthy of passing notice, coming as it does from a journal of whose presence we would be scarcely cognizant were it not for a lurid cover, and a conspicuous absence of any literary effort worthy of attention.

Our attention was commanded by several excellent contributions in the *College Spokesman*. "Pars Vernalis" is indeed a cleverly composed piece of verse. The Realms of Rhyme, a department peculiar to this publication, is one which might profitably be initiated by other College periodicals. For February it is unusually prolific in poems, which bespeak much talent at St. Joseph's College.

*The Hya-Yaka*, published by the Dental students of Toronto University is always productive of an unusual number of clever witticisms. In this respect it possesses a unique distinction. Shak-in' Hands is a contribution which would have been considerably improved by a more careful application of the rules of prosody.

*The Mitre*, always read by us with genuine pleasure, contains in the February number an article which, as a pre-fixed editorial note would imply, was somewhat hesitatingly published. The subject, "Ethics of Flirting," treated in an indifferent and jocose

manner by its author, is decidedly more entertaining than instructive. A more serious presentation of this subject might prove of incalculable benefit to the effervescent college youth and would make a most welcome sequel.

"The Single Tax," the subject of a lengthy dissertation in *The University Monthly*, published by the University of New Brunswick, is an economical reform that has of late engrossed the minds of Canada's most profound thinkers and has occupied many columns of editorial space in the daily press. The writer makes a logical presentation of the trinity of arguments advanced by him in support of this questionable reform. He is evidently a pronounced "single-taxer," who failing to recognize the existence of any appreciable defect in the scheme, disposes of its opponents with an air of finality not altogether convincing.

Many of our exchanges for February vied with one another in commemorating the Centenary of Dickens' birth, by publishing exclusive "Dickens" numbers. No greater honor, we think, could possibly be paid by our sister institutions of learning to the memory of the novelist whose prolific genius yielded such literary treasures as "Oliver Twist," "David Copperfield," "Great Expectations," etcetera. The well written appreciations of his works and the clever delineations of his more famous characters afforded us genuine pleasure. The merits of Dickens' novels are well known and appreciated. But, we may ask ourselves, is their influence on society of such a character as to deserve the unlimited praise which some of our contemporaries would so generously bestow? Deserving of especial mention was the Dickens number of *The Abbey Student*, published by the students of St. Benedict's College, Atchison, Kansas.

We gratefully acknowledge *The Civilian*, *Echoes from the Pines*, *The Young Eagle*, *Niagara Index*, *St. John's University Record*, *Geneva Cabinet*, *Fordham Monthly*, *Vox Collegii*, *Western University Gazette*, *Queen's Journal*, *McGill Daily*, *Georgetown College Journal*, *McMaster University Monthly*, *The O.A.C. Review*, *L'Etudiant*, *Vox Wesleyana*, *The Laurel*, *Mt. St. Mary's Record*, *The Weekly Exponent*, *Pharos*, *Columbiad*, *Patrician*, *College Mercury*, *The Niagara Rainbow*, *Solanian*, *St. John's University Journal*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *Gonzaga*, *Comet*, *Red and White*, *Xaverian*, *St. Mary's Chimes*, *The Schoolman*, *Acta Victoriana*, *The Gateway*, *The Rosary Magazine*, *Mt. St. Joseph Collegian*, *The College Spokesman*, *Argosy*, *Collegian*, *Labarum*, *Adelphian*, *Nazareth Chimes*, *Manitoba College Journal*, and *The D'Youville Magazines*.

## Among the Magazines.

There is an interesting article on "Welfare Work in Germany" in a recent number of *The Scientific American*. German employers have found out that it pays to care for the working man. A man works better in good surroundings than in bad. Many German employers not only provide sanitary factories and pension funds, as stipulated by the Government, but they also see to it that their men are provided with good food at a low cost, and, in some cases, they build sanitary and attractive dwellings for their employees and their employees' families, renting these dwellings at a nominal charge. Political economy is an applied science in Germany, and the effects are gratifying.

"The Romance of a Chap-Book" in *The Rosary Magazine* promises to be a very interesting serial. It is a tale of Elizabethan times subsequent to the suppression of the Catholic faith in England by Act of Parliament. A tinge of the mysticism and quaintness of those days adds color to the plot. It may interest Catholics to read in *The Rosary* that the oldest American diocese of the Church was that of Greenland, which came into existence about the beginning of the twelfth century.

*America* keeps up the good fight against Socialism. A recent number sets forth, very clearly, the peril to Christian marriage ideals contained in the principles of Socialism. *America* contains some interesting data relative to the state of the Catholic Church in the East Indies. The Catholics of the Indies now number over two and one-half millions, an increase of some three hundred thousands in the last decade. For spicy reading, we recommend the editorials of *Extension*.

*The University Monthly*, a publication of the Alumni Association of Toronto University, is on our table. It contains much solid reading, indeed. We were surprised to read that the variety of subjects in Arts curricula of Toronto University required an average of about thirty hours of instruction per week. The student has little time left him for serious study. "A Sojourn in Rome," in the *Monthly*, is an excellent portrayal of the Rome of to-day. It is written with the enthusiasm of a "true lover of Rome" and informs us of the pleasure afforded the observant visitor to the Eternal City.

*The Catholic University Bulletin* contains much scholarly work. Each subject taken up is treated fully. "A Democratic King of

the Middle Ages" shows us that democracy is not such a modern thing after all, and that Louis IX of France had some ideas of government which are considered as recent discoveries by many to-day. "St. Augustine" is a philosophical essay in the *Bulletin*, setting forth the saint's Platonic way of thinking. "Intellectualism and "Pragmatism," in another number of the *Bulletin*, is also very profitable reading for the student.

A very interesting series of articles dealing with the various branches and departments of the Canadian Civil Service is being published in *The Civilian*. The object of the series is to make the public better acquainted with the work of the service and to assist the progress of the different departments by making known their many activities and their difficulties. A recent number describes the functions of the Mines Branch of the Canadian Dept. of Mines. These functions comprise: the publication of mining and metallurgical statistics, the investigation of mining conditions, the preparation of maps, scientific investigation, and the collection of museum specimens.

*The Educational Review*, from St. John, N.B., contains, in its February number, many interesting articles on Charles Dickens. His life, his humor, his love of children and of jolly living are among the points developed. "The Hill o' Dreams" in *The Ave Maria* brings out the beautiful piety of the Irish peasantry of to-day. "A Fool There Was," in the same magazine, exposes the folly of a worldly and fashionable wedding.

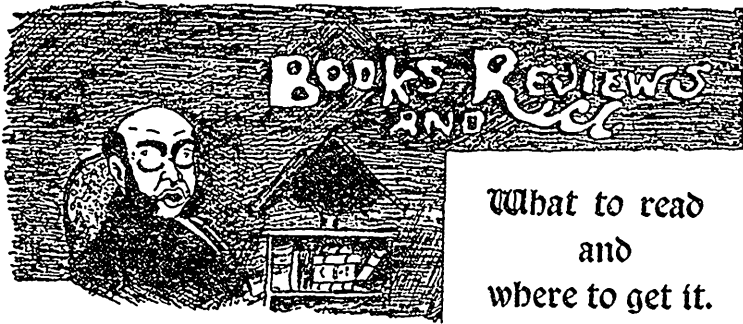
*Our Dumb Animals* contains an article on "Love's Power Over Wild Animals." The writer states that love is stronger than physical or mental power combined with knowledge. He proves his statement by examples.

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#### APHORISMS.

Speech is the small change of silence  
The danger of a little knowledge of things is disputable;  
but beware the little knowledge of one's self.

—Meredith.



*Through the Desert*—(Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, Chicago. Price, \$1.35 net. By H. Sienkiewicz.

Though the author of "Quo Vadis" here shows himself in a new vein, there remains the same power of diction and beauty of description which render his Roman masterpiece so brilliant.

The principal characters in the author's new story are Nell Rawlinson, a lonely eight-year-old daughter of a director of the Suez Canal, and Stanislaus Tarkowski, a sturdy and gallant lad of fourteen years, son of a Suez Canal engineer. Their parents are friends, and the children are as brother and sister. The departure of Rawlinson and Tarkowski on business cause the children to be left in the hands of a governess. Stosch and Nell are kidnapped by agents of the Mahdi, the wish of one of whose number has not been granted by Rawlinson. In the development of the plot, event follows event in remarkable succession. Among these occurrences are Stasch's refusal to accept the Mahdi religion, his shooting of the camel-drivers, the escape and wanderings of the children over the desert, their meeting with a dying explorer, and finally their rescue and restoration to distracted parents.

Throughout the narrative the author's motive is ever before us. Indeed it is a fitting background for so picturesque a story. The author's familiarity with the region is clearly evidenced in his description of the desert, its awesome mysteries, and its silent menace of danger and death. It is with unfeigned pleasure, then, that we declare this work to be an exceptionally interesting story for both old and young.

*Review of Reviews* (American), February, 1912. "The National Archives"—Rosa Chiles.



Too much importance cannot be attached to the maintenance of archives. Certainly, one of the important offices of government is to look after its records. By considering the character of a few of the government's papers, it is easy to imagine what might result from their destruction. Both from an administrative and a historical point of view, the loss would be very great. Government papers include records of Land Patents, Geological surveys, Indian treaty provisions, etc. Assuredly there is need of well-equipped well looked after archives buildings. The author deplores the condition of archives in the United States.

*Two Moulders of British Policy*—W. T. Stead.

Two of the most conspicuous personages in public life to-day are Rt. Hon. Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Sir Edward Grey, Secretary of State for foreign affairs. The former seems to be pursuing a policy which aims at the betterment of the condition of the masses. Mention is made at length of Lloyd George's attitude in regard to the Insurance Bill. Grey is a quiet man, extremely so. Though cold and aloof, he is a true friend, loyal and true-hearted. He is more anxious to do than to make show in the doing of things. Above all, he wishes to go his own way, and to be allowed the use of his own methods. In his oratorical role in Parliament, Grey lacks magnetism and fire, but he is irresistible. Like Macaulay, he is listened to by crowded Houses. Like all other great men, Grey has his peculiarities, and should be the more respected for them.

*The Forum* contains many excellent short articles, including "Pathology on Women's Work," by Anna Spencer, and "Stubborn Farmers," by P. McArthur.

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### VOCATION.

Every man has his own vocation. There is one direction in which all space is open to him. He has faculties silently inviting him thither to endless exertion. He is like a ship in a river; he runs against obstructions on every side but one; on that side all obstruction is taken away, and he sweeps serenely over a deepening channel into an infinite sea.

—Emerson.



### College (13) Laval (1).

By trouncing Laval 13—1 College won the Eastern Section of the Intercollegiate by the score of 22—11, and thus qualified to play McGill for the championship.

The visitors evidently thought discretion the better part of valor, and accordingly they left their slashing, body-checking togs at home, and appeared here in a suit of such meek and humble supplication that they were subject to ridicule and laughter. The warriors who showed no mercy in Montreal, sacrificed many a good chance here rather than risk the consequence of an expected body-check. Without having behind them a howling mob, who in time of stress could come to their aid, these seven heroes become limp with fear.

After the opening minutes the game was a runaway. Laval was completely outclassed and seldom ventured past centre; in fact after 15 minutes they started to shoot the disc from one end of the rink to the other. Their forwards were tightly bottled up, and the delicate checking of their defence was useless against the aggressive onslaughts of the garnet and grey forwards, who displayed rare form. The passing and shooting of Laval was weird while that of Ottawa was excellent. The College defence had an easy time blocking the rare attacks of the black and white. Both O'Leary and Heffernan cantered through the opposing ranks for a tally.

Chartrand was the pick of the line and his dashing play took well with the crowd, which numbered about 1,500. The game was very clean, not a penalty being meted out by Referee Alf Smith, who proved satisfactory to both sevens.

## McGill (8)—College (3).

On Feb. 27th College lost the first of the home and home series with McGill by the above score. A crowd of probably 2,000 thronged into the Arena, where they were welcomed by the now famous Rooters' Club. It might be remarked in passing that when the Montreal team stepped onto the ice, they received an ovation which rivalled that of the home team, but a deathly silence was the welcome of the Ottawa team in Montreal.

The red and white had looked for an easy victory and their dismay was apparent when they failed to tally in the first few minutes of play. Their confidence returned however when they scored after 9 minutes. Shortly after a pretty combination play made the score 2—0. But once more the frightened look appeared when Chartrand carried the puck in alone and eluded Warwick. Thus the score stood at half time. Play opened with a rush and Chartrand shook the nets again in five minutes. College had an excellent chance here to take the lead but Warwick proved invincible, stopping shot after shot with the greatest ease. At this stage Nagle took a cramp and was carried off while Poulin also dropped when Rankin was hurt. Then it was that condition told. College with only five men could not ward off the attacks of Scott and Thompson, who shot on Brisbois from pretty else quarters. The play was whlly individual, each team playing three men back. College missed several excellent chances, and in a last desperate attempt, the whole team played out on the dine. By this means they netted another but when McGill would break away they had a clear sheet of ice with only one man on the defence to pass. By breaking away in this manner they secured three more counts. Thus the game ended with the boys from the metropolis in the lead.

Although McGill have a fast well-balanced team, yet without the services of Warwick they would have been swamped. He surely gave a rare exhibition of what a goaler should be. Some of his stops were almost miraculous. Rankin, the mountain of flesh, seldom ventured past center ice. Wilson played a flashy game, his name figuring four times in the summary. Scott was the most effective man of the Montreal team. Chartrand and Heffernan starred for College, though the whole team performed well until Nagle was forced to retire. Little dirty work was indulged in, owing to the capable way in which the game was handled by Marty Walsh.

**McGill (17)—College (2).**

The second game with McGill proved somewhat of a farce. The red and white scored almost at will although at intervals College would seem to revive and for a time, play would be close and exciting. The Montreal team showed a 50% improvement over their form in Ottawa, while the Capital team went completely to pieces.

The predominating feature of the game was the dirty play of the Montreal seven. They were prompted however a great deal by the over-enthusiastic supporters, who repeatedly implored them to "get" such a man. Everything went with the referee and some of the tricks pulled off by the champions will surely not make Intercollegiate hockey popular in the French city.

Warwick again proved himself a wonder while Rankin displayed much better form. The big boy is very popular with the crowd. The whole line worked to perfection and had their best shooting sticks with them.

Calahan replaced Brisbois in goal but he could not keep the puck from dodging him. O'Leary was pretty well used up but played a good defence game. The line lagged in following back, but carried the puck well. With a little more heart the College team would have given a much better account of themselves.

**Inter-Mural League.**

The final game of the Inter-Mural League was played between Arts and Collegiate. Had Arts won this contest a tie would have resulted between Juniors and Collegiate. Fate however decided otherwise and Mulvihill's braves went down before the on-sweep of Dick Sheehy's silver seven. The game was played on sticky ice, which was very trying on the tempers of the contestants. Timely interference by the referee prevented several fistie encounters. After this game the champions were carried shoulder high from the ice.

**At Arnprior.**

Shortly before the Laval game the College first team journeyed to Arnprior and defeated the home team 5—3, in what was considered by the inhabitants as one of the fastest games of the season. After the struggle the teams renewed acquaintances over the festive board, which had been carefully prepared by the town's best known caterer. The trip all around was a most pleasant one.

### The Close of the Hockey Season.

The College Hockey team finished the season with a somewhat improved record over that of last year. They made a most creditable showing on their trip to Boston, and on their return they walked off with the championship of the eastern section of the Intercollegiate. They lost the saw-off by a good margin but this will be no detriment to their opening a new account in 1913 and perhaps surprising their most ardent admirers.

Only two games were played in the 'Varsity League, for it interfered somewhat with the first team's practice. But these games were won by Wildcats.

The Inter-Mural League had a most successful year, interest being sustained till the very last game. After the smoke of the final contest had cleared away, Collegiate were declared champions. We wish to extend our sincere congratulations to the new champions.

### Baseball.

"Batter up" boys, because the professors are hinting at the awful things which will happen in June and the ground is almost dry, these two signs being the surest heralds of the baseball season.

College will again be in the City League, where she captured second place last spring. The O.A.A.C. team has hung out the distress signal, and thus given College the right of way to the championship.

The last year's team will practically be intact, so that new comers will have to travel some to catch a berth. If however they deliver the goods, then past performances of the older players will count for nought and they will be replaced by the new blood. The fight for places will go merrily on until the last man has been called out or has won the game by a home run.

The Rev. coach has such excellent material to work on as—Milot, Morriseau, Killian, Quain—the boy wonder from Chelsea, Gilligan, Heffernan, Egan, Sheehy, Robillard, O'Leary, Pat Lacey, Poulin, Buntly Higgins, Renaud and Jim Kennedy.

### McGill Again.

After discussing in an egotistic and bombastic manner the wonderful record of the McGill teams for the current year, the

clever editor of the McGill Daily kindly reverts to his favorite topic, the abuse of what the Canadian public know and admit to be the gamest and the squarest aggregation of footballers in Canada. No proof of this is necessary.

There is an irrepressible rumor that the Daily is not the official organ of the students but is controlled by a clique, to whom the editor is but a tool. If however it is the official organ then we respectfully submit that that organ would benefit by appointing a censor of undoubted veracity and integrity, and one who would not sacrifice fairness and honor to cater to the tastes of part of the student body.

The Daily hints at the honesty of the referee in the Queen's-Ottawa game. Does the Daily appreciate the fact that the referee is a graduate of McGill and a former captain of their football team. Does the learned editor know that Dr. Quinn is one of the most respected of Ottawa citizens, and one who is wholly above the criticism or even a budding and butting editor. The Daily has the audacity to criticise this gentleman and yet they approve of such specimens of inefficiency as they sent here for the Toronto-Ottawa game. One of these pretenders remarked that when he heard he had been appointed he shut himself in his room for three hours to study the rule book. Oh why didn't some one steal the key, because behind a locked door is undoubtedly the most appropriate place for him. His rule book was entitled "The Shell Game, or Heads Toronto wins and tails Ottawa loses."

Again. Sportsmen that we claim to be we did not bring to the notice of the Union the decision of that other McGill pair who *handled (and handed) the Toronto-College final*. The papers wished to make an example of these "sports," and McGill may thank the U. of O. for killing what might have proven itself an unhealthy advertisement of the fairness of the Red and White.

So far as deliberate dirty work is concerned, few teams could equal the unenviable example of the McGill Hockey team in the play off with Ottawa. Without the least provocation they adopted mean and dirty tactics, which were vigorously applauded by their adherents. After that game one Ottawa boy had five stitches put in his head and another had two put over his eye. Yet McGill stands for all that is honorable in athletics. What a mockery! This calls for investigation and a new editor.



## Of Local Interest

### VISIT OF THE ARCHBISHOP.

On Thursday, March 7, His Grace Archbishop Gauthier paid his second official visit to the University.

At 9.30 a.m. in St. Joseph's Church solemn high mass was celebrated by Rev. Fr. Estève, O.M.I., assisted by Rev. E. Theriault and M. T. O'Neill. His Grace occupied the throne. Under the able leadership of Rev. Fr. Paquette, O.M.I., the University choir rendered the Gregorian mass with fine effect. The entire body of students was present, almost filling the spacious edifice.

After the mass came the profession of faith and the reading of addresses in English and French by Messrs. G. McHugh and P. Cornellier.

Following is a copy of the English address, etc.

To His Grace Archbishop Gauthier,  
Apostolic Chancellor of the  
University of Ottawa.

Your Grace,—

If the visit of the Chief Pastor is ever a source of pleasure and benediction to every parish in the diocese, not less is the visit of the Apostolic Chancellor to his University hailed with gratitude and delight. For we realize that Your Grace comes among us as a father amidst his children, bringing not only words of kindness and encouragement, but the choicest of heavenly blessings. During the long and fruitful years of your rule in the Archdiocese of Kingston, one of the chief objects of your endeavour was the all-important and most noble cause of Catholic education. Nor can we forget that even then Your Grace took a most lively interest in this institution, which occupies so special and pre-eminent a position in Ontario by reason of its dual University charter—Church and State.

And now that its destinies are entrusted in so special a manner to your paternal wisdom, we feel that the University and its students form, in no small degree, the object of your prayerful solicitude.

It is, therefore, with particular joy and pride that we can, this year, point out to a notable increase in the student body. The United States, Quebec, and even the most distant Provinces of the Dominion, are here represented in considerable number, but above all, Ontario has so swelled our ranks as to constitute a record attendance, far beyond the capacity of our present accommodations, and necessitating the opening of annexes in the immediate vicinity of the Arts Building.

The Grand Seminary which comes under Your Grace's more immediate supervision, has likewise been favoured with many new recruits; and, besides being a diocesan institution, attracts subjects from other parts of Canada, owing to the soundness of its theological teaching, and the thoroughness of the ecclesiastical training which it affords.

We take great pleasure in making known to Your Grace the extent of our improvements, because we are certain that above all others you will be exceedingly gratified to learn how constant is the progress which your University is making. We trust that you will continue to interest yourself in our behalf; that you will still use your influence to promote the good work to which you have already lent a helping hand, and while assuring you of our loyalty and love, we confidently hope that Almighty God may long spare you to revisit and receive filial welcome in this abode of science — to protect and watch over Alma Mater.

#### THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

Replying in both languages His Grace thanked the students sincerely for their expression of loyalty and attachment. He assured them that he took a very deep and lively interest both in their welfare and the welfare of the institution.

As priest, Archbishop and now as Chancellor he has ever had a warm regard for Ottawa University. He regretted that his visits were rather scarce, but he was always with them in spirit.

He was especially pleased to learn of the increased number in the student ranks. The fame of the institution has gone far, and as a result each year sees many new faces from all parts in the college. Even the grand seminary can boast of an increase over previous years.

His Grace then explained at some length the great necessity of work and prayer. "Labora et ora" should be the motto of every student. There is nothing of any account accomplished without



effort and labor. Work is the great essential in the life of the student. Whether mediocre, clever or brilliant, every one must work. Parents as well as professors expect it. In the medical world the doctor who does not study, who fails to keep in touch with the latest discoveries in science, is a failure. In the legal profession, the law student must spend long years over his volumes, he must study assiduously or else he will not succeed. And the priest too must ever be a student. He is never finished in his theological studies.

But religion and science go hand in hand. Thus prayer is the second requisite. Besides being students, all must be good, honest men. Prayer is the great means at our disposal.

The Archbishop then said that he had a very important announcement to make, one that would please the faculty, the students and all friends of the University. The Holy Father has deemed the Rev. Rector worthy to receive the honorary degree of doctor of divinity. Ever zealous of the welfare of the University, the Pope, Pius X., has been pleased to confer that high honor on him. Fr. Hebert, secretary to the Archbishop, then read the official document. His Grace afterwards conferred the degree.

Rev. Dr. Roy is the recipient of heartiest congratulations on all sides.



### WASHINGTON CLUB BANQUET.

The American students of the University fittingly celebrated the birth day of Columbia's first president by holding their Eighth Annual Banquet at the Hotel Glenora on Thursday, Feb. 22nd.

The dining hall was most tastefully decorated with a profusion of American, Canadian and Irish flags.

No more striking compliment could be rendered mine host Davidson than the evident gusto with which the fastidious college epicures consumed the dainty edibles provided by him.

The toastmaster Mr. J. Q. Coughlan expressed the regrets of the Washington Club, at the enforced absence, through illness of the Hon. President, Rev. Fr. Finnegan. The following toasts were proposed and responded to in a manner which bespoke considerable oratorical ability: "The Day we Celebrate," by J. A. Cusack; "The Holy Father," by Rev. Fr. Stanton; "Our Flag,"

by R. C. Lahaie; "The President Elect," by M. J. Killian; "Canada," by F. X. Burrows, and "Alma Mater," by M. A. Gilligan.

The guest of honor was Very Rev. Fr. Roy, Rector of the University whose short speech was one of the most enjoyable of the evening.

The Rev. Fathers present were Hammersley, Stanton, Turcotte and Senecal.

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On Wednesday evening, the 6th inst., the Senior students held their annual sleigh ride. A new course of procedure was inaugurated this year. Instead of having a "feed" after the ride, we indulged in one before this time. It was found to be a great asset in keeping warm.

At seven-thirty seven large vans lined up along Wilbrod street, and at the signal given by trumpeter Coupal, each of the drivers was assigned a load of leather lungs.

The evening was ideal. We went to Rockliffe and returned about nine-thirty. Light refreshments were then served, and singing and dancing were indulged in for the remainder of the evening.

On February 25th our friend, H. R., celebrated the eighteenth anniversary of his birth. In the evening an address very appropriate for the occasion was delivered by Mr. Coulas, who eulogized at length upon the honor that had been conferred upon him in being asked to express the good wishes and felicitations of the student body to one of its members. He also referred in very glowing terms to the Limestone City, the birthplace of our esteemed friend. In terminating, Mr. Coulas, on behalf of the student body and of himself, extended many happy returns of the day to Mr. R., and wished him a superabundance of health and an exuberance of wealth.

Although quite taken by surprise, Mr. R. responded in a few brief remarks quite in harmony with the occasion.

A most successful two weeks' mission has just been concluded in St. Joseph's Church. It was preached by Rev. Fathers J. Stanton and W. Murray, of the Dominican Order, and was noteworthy for the eloquence and practical application of the sermons. At each service, and particularly the evening ones, the spacious church was taxed beyond its capacity. The University students followed the men's mission evening services and derived great profit therefrom.

## Junior Department.

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The skating and hockey season has been over for three weeks past, at least as far as the College rinks were concerned. Owing to the mild, sunny weather during the first days of March, open-air rinks broke up earlier than usual. Nevertheless, the Junior Department had a busy, very little interrupted, and most successful year. The First Team had many games with outsiders, the inter-mural leagues had almost finished their respective schedules and the rinks were well patronized at all times either for hockey or for skating.

The First Team lived up to the promise of the Rev. Coach and to the expectations of their supporters. They went through the season without a defeat. They outclassed all challengers (and they were legions) and wound up the season by decisively beating the Juniorists, the champions of the inter-mural league of the Senior Department. It is now too late to bring on better men. Much of the success of the team is due to the judicious choice of players by the experienced coach, and to the playing of the men in the position best suited to their natural style of play. The team that showed up so remarkably well during the season was taken from the following: Doran, Brennan, Doyle, Shields, Sauve, Fahey, Langlois and Gouin.

Charlie Langlois' team won the championship of the Senior Inter-Mural League. Out of eight games played, they did not sustain a single defeat. The players were: O'Grady, Hayden, Doyle, Langlois, MacCosham, Howard and Howard. In the Junior League MacDonald's team came out ahead. It was a close fight for supremacy. In carrying off the honors, he made use of the following men: Bergin, Belisle, Power, MacDonald, Terrence Robert, Piche Patrie and MacIntosh. With the Midgets, the championship was decided by a sudden-death, saw-off game between Capt. P. A. Boucher's team and Capt. Tommie Hunt's, Captain Boucher's won. The champions: Boucher, Ivan Roy, Langlois, Bonhomme, Claude Olivier, Daoust, and Ribout (spare). Each winning team had a group picture taken and each player of the winning teams will receive, nicely mounted, the photo of his team—all at the expense of the Athletic Association.

Bert Robert was not on a winning team but he had his picture taken just the same.

R. M-r-hy does not know what to think of this country to the

north. He hails from the Sunny South and it is his first spring in Ottawa. He is a baseball enthusiast and longs to be into the game. He had his team picked three weeks ago. He ordered a practice one Saturday afternoon but he had to call it off, owing to a snowfall of four inches the night before. But he is not discouraged. He may be yet seen going around with a glove hanging from his belt, a bat under his arm and a ball bulging out of his pocket—waiting for the snow to go.

In billiards and pool the interminable schedule is lengthening out.

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#### A REQUEST.

Give me but six-feet-three (one inch to spare)  
Of Irish ground, dig it anywhere;  
And for the poor soul say an Irish prayer,  
Above the spot.

Let it be hill where cloud and mountain meet,  
Or vale where grows the tufted meadow sweet,  
Or "borreen" trod by peasant's shoeless feet;  
It matters not.

I loved them all—the vale, the hill,  
The moaning sea, the flagger-lilied rill,  
The yellow furze, the lake-shore lone and still,  
The wild bird's song.

But more than hill or valley, bird or moor,  
More than the green fields of my River Suir,  
I loved those hapless ones—the Irish Poor—  
All my life long.

Little I did for them in outward deed,  
And yet be unto them of praise the meed,  
For the stiff fight I waged 'gainst lust and greed:  
I learnt it there.

So give me Irish grave, 'mid Irish air,  
With Irish grass above it—anywhere;  
And let some passing peasant give a prayer  
For the soul there.

—Sir W. Butler.