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"Criticisms."*

By Dr. Shaeffer,

Secretary of Apostolic Delegation.



HEN we speak of critical knowledge of the author's literary work, we usually fancy that the office of a critic is not our own, that it is necessary to be a professional critic if we wish to pronounce an opinion upon the nerits or demerits of a book or writing of any kind, and consequently that we must unconditionally follow the dictates of public opinion or of some professional critic. This is a mistake. We

n.ay not all be able to examine minutely into the grammatical correctness or beauty of diction of a writing, but we are all able to accurately judge, by standards to which we are accustomed, if a book offends against the moral order, if its general trend is against religion, and particularly if it contains anything against our holy faith, if it is intelligible, thought-provoking and truthful. It is true that even in this work a certain method is to be observed, and I hope to be able in the future to address you more fully on the subject.

^{*} Appeared in the St. John Monitor.

My only concern now is to show how true is the statement that we should not rely too much upon what critics say, and I wish to show this in a sort of negative way by bringing forward the opinions which writers have held of one another. You will easily discern how entirely untrustworthy and conflicting are the statements of even the best writers when judging others, and, as these men are the agencies that fashion public opinion, how little you can depend upon it.

I wish, however, to mention that these remarks apply in no manner to the obedience we owe to our spiritual directors or ecclesiastical authorities. Their criticisms and judgments refer to the moral order and to what is for or against faith, and therefore their directions must always be accepted and reverentially followed.

If the world at large and if the critics themselves would accept Mr. Andrew Lang's definition of criticism as a more or less agreeable way of airing one's personal preferences, there might be less heart-burning in the literary guild.

Criticism has never been an exact art and never will become The critics have their say and then we turn around and criticise the critics. One age reversed the verdict of its predecessor. Nay, even these temporary verdicts are but the clash of opposing opinions. The strongest hand carries the day for a moment, and then night comes and the new day brings in new conditions. The critic by profession has always been an object of authorial hatred. The envy of the unsuccessful against the successful has been described as the motive power of criticism from the days of the Greek Callimachus to the English Disraeli. Yet when an author himself tries his hand at criticism he makes no better fist of it than the professional. If Quintilian fell foul of Seneca, if Athenæus treated Socrates as illiterate, if Dionysius picked flaws in the style of Xenophen, let us not forget that poets and historians have also misprized and reviled each other, that Homer had no relish for the coarse humor of Plautus, that if the critics of Callimachus were unjust, he too was a critic accused of injustice.

Take the greatest figure in modern literature. The civilization of the western world has by a majority vote conferred that distinction upon Shakespeare. But there is still a small but respectable minority who refuse to yield to his spell. In the past there was frequently a respectable majority against him. And whether a majority or a minority, the list was mainly composed of fellow-poets, or at least authors who were not professional critics.

The earliest voice raised against Shakespeare was that of his contemporary Robert Greene, a dramatist like himself. He writes of him: "Here is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the rest of you, and being an absolute Joannes factotum, is, in his own conceit, the only shake-scene in the country." Then there is Dryden. Shakespeare had been dead too long to be considered a dangerous rival. Dryden himself, though he wrote criticisms, was only secondarily a critic; he had not failed in literature, but had made a most brilliant and enduring success. Yet he finds in every page of Shakespeare "either some solecism of speech, or some notorious flaw in sense." He denounces the lameness of his plots, "made up of some ridiculous incoherent story.

or the historical plays of Shakespeare; besides many others, as the Winter's Tale, Love's Labor Lost, Measure for Measure, which were either grounded on impossibilities, or at least so meanly written that the comedy neither caused your mirth nor the serious part your concernment." These gems of thought may be found in his "Defense of the epilogue," a postscript to his tragedy of the "Conquest of Granada," elsewhere he notes that Shakespeare "writes in many places below the dullest writers of our or of any precedent age. Never did any author precipitate himself from such heights of thought to do so low expressions as he often does. He is the very Janus of poets; he wears almost everywhere two faces; and you have scarce begun to admire the one ere you despise the other."

Samuel Pepys accounted "Romeo and Juliet" the worst play that ever he heard; "Othello" he considered a mean thing. "Twelfth Night" a silly play, while with "Midsummer Night's

Dream" he was so dissatisfied that he would never see it again, for he says "it is the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life." Evidently he deemed it even worse than "Romeo and Juliet." Thomas Rymer, at one time the critical authority of England, thought that "in the neighing of a horse or in the growling of a mastiff there is a meaning, there is a lively expression, and I may say more humanity, than in the tragical fights of Shakespeare." Of that great scene between Brutus and Cassius which aroused Macaualy's enthusiasm, Rymer says: "They are put there to play the bully and the buffoon, to show their activity of face and muscles. They are to play for a prize, a trial of skill and hugging and swaggering, like two drunken Hectors for a two-penny reckoning." Addison, too, must have shared such an opinion, for he left Shakespeare unnamed in his "Account of the Greatest English Poets," which he addressed to Hume calls Shakespeare "a disportioned and misshapen giant." Goldsmith attacks the famous soliloquy, that beginning,

"To be or not to be, ay, there's the question,---"

and shows the absurdity of the phrase "that bourne from which no traveller returns," in the mouth of Hamlet just after an interview with his father's ghost come from hell. Byron tells us that "Shakespeare and Milton had their rise and they will have their decline." Samuel Rogers, the veteran poet, was well known to have had little real admiration for Shakespeare. He would frequently read aloud from Ben Jonson's "Discoveries" the passage referring to the players who boasted that the poet never "blotted out a single line," and on the concluding sentence of Jonson's "Would he had blotted out a thousand!" Besides these that I have mentioned, many other writers of great repute have criticised the Bard of Avon in the same strain. Other classic authors have shared the same fate.

Milton as well as Shakespeare has found his detractors among many of the most eminent of his contemporaries and successors. Waller wrote of his greatest work, Paradise Lost: "The blind old schoolmaster hath published a tedious poem on the fall of man; it its length be not considered a merit it hath no other." Win-

staneley, who wrote "The Lives of the Most Famous English Poets," notes that "his fame is gone out like a candle in a snuff, and his memory will always stink;" truly a pleasant and genial figure of speech. Dr. Johnson abused Milton's sonnets, and declared that he would hang a dog who should read "Lycidas" twice. He writes of this poem: "The diction is harsh, the rhymes uncertain, and the numbers unpleasing whatever images it can supply are long ago exhausted, and its inherent improbability always forces dissatisfaction on the mind." Coleridge said that Pope was hardly the man to criticise Milton. Still he has done so, and in no uncertain sound. Witness the following lines:

"Milton's strong pinion now not heaven can bound.

Now serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground;

In quibbles angel and archangel join,

And God the Father turns a school divine."

Coleridge himself saw no good in Sir Walter Scott. "Wretched abortions" is the phrase he flung at Ivanhoe. The poems as well as the novels supply, he thinks, "both instance and solution of the present conditions and components of popularity, viz., to amuse without requiring any effort of thought and without exciting any emotion." Of Scott's poetry he said that not twenty lines of it would ever reach posterity, for it had relation to nothing. This opinion was heartily shared by Landor, who called Scott an ale-house writer, and said of his verse: "It is not to be sung or danced, it is to be jumped." Thomas L. Peacock compared the Waverly series to the pantomimes of the stage, with this difference, that the latter were told in music and action, the other in the worst dialects of the English language. "As to any sentence worth remembering, any moral or political truth, anything having a tendency, however remote, to make men wiser or better, to make them think, to make them even think of thinking-they were both alike."

Gray is another example. Dr. Johnson could never see anything in him. He attacked him in print and in his private conversation. He is "a dull fellow," he said to Boswell; and when the latter remonstrated—"he might be dull in company, but

surely he was not dull in poetry,"-Dr. Johnson continued," Sir, he was dull in company, dull in his study, dull everywhere. He was dull in a new way, and that made people call him great." "I called the fellow a block-head Of Churchill he remarked, at first, and I call him block-head still." Fielding was also a "block-head" and upon Boswell venturing to express astonishment at so strange an assertion, Johnson was good enough to explain, "What I mean by his being a block-head, is that he is a barren rascal." Over and over again he showed his contempt of Dining once in company with some friends the doctor said, dogmatically: "Swift was a shallow fellow, a very shallow fellow." Sheridan, with whom Swift was a favorite, dissented: "Pardon me for differing from you, but I have always thought the Dean a very clear writer." To this Dr. Johnson answered very laconically: " All shadows are clear."

But Dr. Johnson himself must find his critic and a bitter one Horace Walpole, an acute man and fond of books, was as bitter and prejudiced as Johnson himself. Perhaps that was the reason why he hated Johnson, and found nothing better to say of him than he was an old babbling woman. In speaking of him he says: " Prejudice and bigotry, and pride and presumption, and arrogance and pedantry, are the hags that brew his ink, though wages alone supply his bread." Boswell's book he curtly dismisses as the story of a mountebank and his zany. same Horace Walpole and of his work the "Mysterious Mother," -which Byron praised so extravagantly as a "tragedy of the highest order, and not a puling love-play," Coleridge remarked that it is the "most disgusting, vile, detestable composition that ever came from the hand of man. No one with a spark of true manliness, of which Horace Walpole had none, could have written it." Coleridge accused Gibbon of "sacrificing all truth and reality," called his style detestable, and added, "his style is not the worst thing about him. His history has proved an effectual bar to all real familiarity with the temper and habits of imperial Rome." In Landor's view Gibbon was an old dressed up fop, keeping up the same sneering grin from one end of the history to the other with incredible fixity." Of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," even his friend Southey said: "It is the clumsiest attempt at German simplicity I ever saw." Mrs. Barbauld rather grotesquely found fault with the same poem, because it was improbable and had no moral." Coleridge thought it had too much moral. Byron called Spencer a dull fellow, Chaucer obscene and contemptible, and scornfully characterized Wordsworth's masterpiece as,

"A clumsy, frowzy poem called the excursion, Writ in a manner that is my aversion."

But Wordsworth could be equally unjust. Dryden's "Ode on St. Cecelia's Day" seemed to him a drunken song, and Burns' "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" was "trash! stuff! miserable inanity! Without a thought, without an image!"

Horace Walpole called Dante "extravagant, absurd, disgusting; in short a Methodist parson in Bedlam." Voltaire characterized the "Divina Comedia" as studidly extravagant and barbarous," and said of its author that "his reputation will now be growing greater and greater, because there is nobody who reads him." This is, indeed the fate of all the immortals, to become classic, or, in other words, books which are much praised but little read because the people who praise them find them unreadable.

It is here that I wish to wedge in a few remarks anent the number of people who willingly join in expressing veneration for works which they would think it a heavy burden to read from beginning to end, and I venture to avow that I am voicing your own experience in doing so. How often when the question has been put to you: "Have you read this or that celebrated poem or literary production?" What answer did you give? Did you not answer in the affirmative? You dissembled and maintained you had read it, albeit you had only read one or the other stanza or chapter. You were afraid to own up to the fact that the literary work is either abstrase, or too long, or too tedious for you to read. Fear not, for if sin it be you are sinning in good company as a few of many samples will show you.

What will you say, writes Lord Chesterfield, when I tell you that I cannot possibly read our countryman, Milton, through? He seems to be in something of a funk about it. "Keep the secret

for me," he begs, "for if it should be known, I should be abused by every tasteless pedant and every solid divine in Europe." Toni Moore declared that he found Chaucer unreadable. downe secretly acknowledged that he was of the same opinion, but did not dare to speak of Rollin and the Universal I. story of Charlotte Bronte in her list of legends says, "For nistory read Hume, you can; I never did." Professor Mason, lecturing on Sidney's "Arcadia," acknowledges that nobody not absolutely Sidney-smitten could possibly read it through, and in another lecture on Boyle's "Parthenissa" he boldly declares and candidly owns that he had not been able to penetrate more than a few pages beyond the introductory sentence, and anon, referring to various old-world worthies who are brought into the story, he adds, "How they came into his story, or what the story is, I cannot tell you, nor will any mortal know, any more than I do, between this and doomsday." And mind you, this professor had made the study of the great writers his life-work. Macaulay was an omnivorous reader. Yet Macaulay finds in the "Fairie Queene" one unpardonable fault, the fault of tediousness. "Very few and very weary are those who are in at the death of the Blatant Beast." Macaulay was not of those few, or he would have known that the Blatant Beast does not die at all, though lamed for the time by Calydore. The last Stanza tells us that

> "Now he raungeth through the world againe And rageth sore in each degree and state, Ne any is that may him now restraine, He growen is so great and strong of late."

As the great of the past are often overrated, so the great of the present are often underrated.

"It is easy," says Col. Higginson, "for older men to recall when Thackeray and Dickens were in some measure obscured by now-forgotten contemporaries. It is to be one of the most vivid remembrances of my college graduation that, having rashly ventured upon a commencement oration whose theme was 'Poetry in in an Unpoetical Age,' I closed with an urgent appeal to young poets to 'lay down their Spenser and Tennyson' and look into life for themselves. Prof. Edward T. Channing, then the highest

literary authority in New England, paused in amazement, with uplifted pencil, over this combination of names. 'You mean,' said he, 'that they should neither defer to the highest authority nor be influenced by the lowest.' When I persisted, with the zeal of seventeen, that I had no such meaning, but regarded them both as being among the gods, he said, good-naturedly, 'Ah, that is a different thing. I wish you to say what you think. I regard Tennyson as a great calf; but you are entitled to your own opinion.' The oration met with much applause at certain passages, including this one; and the applause was just, for these passages were written by my eldest sister, who had indeed suggested the subject of the whole address. But I fear that its only value to posterity will consist in the remark it elicited from the worthy professor; this comment affording certainly an excellent mile-stone for Tennyson's early reputation."

Carlyle was denounced as a mountebank, and his style characterized as a travesty of English. Ruskin is now looked upon as one of the great masters of English style, yet, he too, was at first greeted with unmeasured ridicule. When Browning published his first poem "Pauline," so Archdeacon Farrar says, "some critic or other called him verbose. Unfortunately, as he has told us, he paid too much attention to the remark, and, in his desire to use no superfluous word, studied an elliptic concentration of style which told fatally against the ready intelligibility of "Soidello" and other later poems.

These few samples must show you how inane and ridiculous it would be to follow, without any further enquiry of your own, and unconditionally, the statements of others regarding the intrinsic value of the literary work of so many authors. Almost all criticisms are either more or less personal opinions, colored according to the critic's own fancy, learning and whims, or they are simply parrot-like reiterations of what others have said. This remark is especially true of the condition of modern literary criticism, as a simple observation will show. During the past decade the literary world has seen productions of the pen and the muse flash up as apparently brilliant stars of first magnitude on the firmament of letters; they were heralded as the greatest

masterpieces, and when they appeared they were read-yea, they were devoured with the greatest avidity by the reading public. The names of the authors and their works were in everybody's mouth, and no one was considered up to the standard of literary accomplishments unless he or she had read them. To-day no one thinks of them any more. They have been engulfed in the sea of oblivion. Now I maintain that if these praises and favorable criticisms bestowed so lavishly upon this class of literary productions, fairly represented their intrinsic value, it could not have happened that they would be so easily forgotten. A thing really good and valuable will remain. But so much of our modern literature has only been produced to cater to some fad or fancy of the reading public, and when this fad or fancy changes, the . books will be useless and cast aside. In consequence of this there is another result. Literature, accommodating itself to the depraved tastes of the reading public, steps down from its lofty throne as the instructor and guide in high ideals and healthy knowledge, and becomes a slave, a serf; and this literary taste having no guidance will become depraved more and more until it reaches the primitive state of savagery.

BUT WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

Indiscriminate exploitation of the American youth is having the inevitable result. We are hearing a little too much of him in roles that do offend. As the East side immigrant's son who knows more than his father; as the Broad street messenger lad who assaults the peripatetic Greek; as the hoodlum who infests the cross streets; as the college boy who ties the calt in the belfry with fatuous appreciation of his own humor, who interrupts public speakers, although he has nothing of value to say himself, who guys musicians at concerts but himself furnishes the poorest excuse for music in his glee club, or as the athlete who goes daft when he wins and boohoos when he loses, the American youth is often something of a trial.—From the New York Mail and Express.

Mainly About Books.

COMPILED BY MAURICE CASEY.

THIRD PAPER.

F E

read poetry chiefly, to use the words of Sir Richard Steele, in order that the "images we find therein may give us a new pleasure in our sight, and fix upon our minds traces of reflection, which accompany us when-

ever the like objects occur." Our infant century in swaddling cloths is surrounded by a thick atmosphere of science; modern or physical science, I mean, which, by the way, generally fails because it has attempted to carry out the investigation of Nature from the intellectual side alone, neglecting the emotional and instinctive sides. But those latter features of Nature, which are, in my humble opinion, the greatest of all, do not allow themselves to be neglected, and it is probable the readers of poetry would be more numerous than they are did not the process of reading poetry call for a more than ordinary effort of the mind. To think is to toil. But thought is the great lever of all things, and, naturally, the act of thinking is a labor that can scarcely fail to be crowned with exceedingly rich fruits. define poetry," said Joseph Roux, in his excellent Meditations of a Parish Priest, "as the exquisite expression of exquisite impressions." Many definitions of poetry have been given us by very able writers, but, I feel convinced, none of them is so terse and truthful as the one I have just quoted. To appreciate the "exquisite expression of exquisite impressions" is, doubtlessly, worth all the thought and study that can be devoted to the task by any reader. When literary culture is refined and mature, as it is in our time, man finds it less easy to write in verse than in prose, so he reserves for this form of writing his choicest thoughts and his best emotions. The constraint of verse also compels a selection in the words employed, and a special nicety in their arrangement and combinations. Hence, the poet is insensibly led to require as fit for verse, sentiments that are rare and usually

noble, and emotions that are uncommon for their elevation, strength and purity. This is the principal reason why English poetry is superior to English prose; although now that Thackeray and Ruskin and Newman have lived and labored, that superiority is not so striking as it was before their time.

It has been justly remarked that no luxury of literature is so exquisite as that which comes of a really superior poem of which the diction is finished and smooth, the imagery is bold and brilliant, the sentiments are inspiring and elevating, the pathos is tender and sweet, and the faith is reverent yet bold. body may object that all poems are not superior, and that many there are in which the rhyme is jingle, the words are strained, the pictures are hazy, the sentiment is silly. Quite true. that the student of poetry must learn to be very discriminative in his reading, and to acquire a taste for the very best; and taste is acquired by the dutiful examination and the careful comparison of authors. Indeed, wretched poetry has become so intrusive that the reader who desires to escape its infection, and who has not armed himself against it by assuming the armor of a cultivated taste must, like the Greek hero of old, shut his eyes, close his nostrils, and seal his ears with wax, as it assaults every passage to the soul.

The third edition of Lampman's poems has been given to the public in a worthy form, and I hope it will meet with a ready sale, not altogether because Lampman gave Canadian landscape a splendid interpretation, but rather because the lamented poet was, while in life, a quiet, unpretentious literary worker, and a model citizen. The poet dearly loved his country, yet he never once struck the grand note of Canadian nationality; but it is just to his memory to remember that nationality cannot be sung in a colony. A colonist knows as little of nationality as an Esquimo of the outdoor cultivation of oranges. Unless universal history is throughout wrong, the colonist lives the stifled life of political nullity, and nationality, with its numerous grand and elevating responsibilities, is essential to bring him into what Milton calls

"the liberal air," wherein alone can be wrought the final triumph of the spirit. At most, a colonial bard can but endeavor to make the future present to ourselves by vague hint and inuendo. Much of the verse produced in America is puling, melancholy stuff. Much of the verse produced in Canada is unworthy of the country. The spirit of Lampman's poetry, albeit a shade melancholy, is not puling, and the conception and execution of his poems are far above the average. This is, probably, as high as any Canadian poet can attain while Canada remains a colony.

In their delineations of Nature, the poems of Lampman are as accurate, as uncompromising, as a photograph, and, at the same time, as instinct with genius as a painting by Angelo. The poet, probably recognizing his limitation, confined himself almost entirely to the delineation of Nature. When Matthew Arnold, in his apparent depreciation of Nature-poetry, dismissed Shelley as the poet of clouds and sunsets, and said he had not got hold of the right subject matter for poetry, the fine critic was probably in the main correct. The "Proper study of mankind, is man," no doubt. and hate are the two cords that all the greatest poets never tired of smiting. Men and women are the constant themes of Homer and Dante and Shakespeare and Hugo, and those great masters introduce Nature merely as a background for the personages. Yet, as somebody has said, in a time when all secrets are at length supposed to be laid bare before man's microscopic understanding, all superstitions exploded, all mysteries explained; when the universe emptied of ancient awe seems no longer venerable; when love is metamorphosed into a sensation and man shrivelled to a handful of dust before the Circe-wand of materialism; when the angels of Faith and Hope seem to be deserting the desecrated shrines mankind, it is something to have a poet take his stand, like a very minister of Heaven, pointing men to the beauty of the Creator as revealed in the creation, and commanding them once more to veil their faces before the splendor of earth and sky.

To the sensitive spirit of Lampman, the fields, the streams, the clouds, the mountains, the valleys were types and symbols of

permanence, order and eternity. The moods of Nature responded to the moods of her lover the poet. He did not peer too closely into the minutiæ of the painful strife and struggle of Nature; and so her general aspect seemed to him to be inevitable and calm, and not in perpetual spiritual conflict, like ourselves. Hence, she offered him rest, and it is this feeling of repose which he acquired and transmutes that lends a charm and a rare usefulness to Lampman's poems of Nature.

I wonder did the census enumerator count the characters in "Johnnie Courteau?" If he did, his assiduity will go far to account for the comparatively large increase of population in the good, old Province of Quebec. If he did not, he assuredly passed over a large and lively assembly of French-Canadian men and women, girls and boys. What may be called the American poetic "heavy-weights" are all dead; that is to say, they have put on their angel plumage. In America the poetic art has become merely mechanic. Literary finish, and not wealth of thought, or altitude of ideal, is what is sought after by almost all our bards and bardlings. Dr. W. H. Drummond, the author of "The Habitant" and "Johnnie Courteau," reverses a great deal of this process. His chief object seems to be to draw closer together the different nationalities of those provinces, and the patriotic work done by him is, I venture to think, worth untold tons of glittering rhetorical nonsense. His latest volume needs no praise from me. It is making its way with the public at home and beyond seas, as rapidly as did his former volume. This success, so rare for a Canadian author, does not surprise me in the least. The gentle, good-nature of the author, exuding from every page, like sap from the maple, rivets you into his heart. He has sketched French-Canadian life from the cure down to the notary's cat, and his pictures are invariably fresh, full of color, and romantic with the romance that abounds in the life they portray. Being the result of nice interpretive per ception, the portraits possess a humor, a pathos, and a dramatic intensity to be met with in the works of no other Canadian versifier. The general impression conveyed by the book is that the

French-Canadians are a kind, lively, simple-thinking, commonsense race; in fact, such a people as one should desire for neighbors and friends. To be short, those pleasant and truthful sketches of our French-Canadian fellow-citizens must raise more strong incitements to racial unity than cart-loads of oratory, and be a quick and prevailing method of producing something worthy the name of Canadian nationality.

* *

I notice that the printer, the illustrator, and the bookbinder have conspired to deck out Johnnie Shorty (Johnnie Courteau) in the very best their arts afford; and, while gazing on the fine portrait of the author, whereby he is represented as being by no means carnaverous, I was reminded of a story, which is quite good enough to be true. When the great French actress, Sarah Bernhardt, paid her first visit to Canada she was shown the sights of Quebec city and its neighborhood by the portly poet-laureate, Mr. Fréchette. Among other places they visited Lorette, the home of a thoroughly sophisticated tribe of Indians. Returning, the "divine" Sarah exclaimed: "What a country of contrasts is Canada; why here all the Indians are tame and the poets are fat!" No eye can see so keenly as the visiting eye.

**<u>*</u>

I have just read with great interest and instruction the "Life of Robert Louis Stevenson," by his kinsman Graham Balfour. When Stevenson lay dead at Vailima, in far-away Samoa, the doctor raised the slight hand and wrist, and marvelled that it should ever have achieved the manual labor of a single volume. "With that hand," said his mother, standing by, "he wrote seven-and-twenty volumes." He was a weak, sickly person, whose whole life, like that of Pope, was a long struggle against illness, yet, by the sheer force of cheerfulness, constancy, and resolution, his small, thin hand managed to grasp a mighty lever which set the literary world of our day vibrating. Stevenson was one of the great writers of Scotland, whom many competent critics compare with Scott, and that is equivalent to saying he was one of the great literary ornaments of the English-speaking world. By the way, have my readers ever put so-called "English" liter-

ature to the test of deducting from it the contributions that have been made by Scotchmen and Irishmen? If they have done so, what remained after the division, must have looked like the tail of Tam O'Shanter's "gray mare, Meg," after the witches had subjected it to their "pull," as if they had been political office-seekers.

Stevenson was open-minded, a hater of cruelty, a lover of mankind, and all his best work reflected his great qualities. spirit was intensely humane, sensitive, and eager. The lovers of good fiction should thank Heaven for Stevenson. mid-career, laying out vast projects, planning monstrous foundations, and flushed with hope." Yet, his life-work was done, and The best fruits of his genius will live as long it was well done. as the English language. Speaking of the different ways of writing a story, he once said: "There are three ways, and three ways only. You may take a plot and fit characters to it, or you may take a character and choose incidents and situations to develop it, or, lastly, you may take a certain atmosphere and get action and persons to express and realize it." There is the whole art of the novelist described by a master! He acquired his beautiful style Beginning the profession of literature in his by hard work. sixteenth year, he pegged away year after year, but it was not till thirteen years after his first essay, that he made something like Truly a writer's success is not picked up as easily as a blade of grass! Had Stevenson done no more than defended the heroic memory of Father Damien from the brutal aspersions of a modern Caliban, he would have deserved the undving gratitude of all Catholics.

THE END.

* FOOTBALL *

Sketches of the Players.



JOHN O'BRIEN, of Ottawa City, full-back, is 19 years of age and weighs 137 lbs. He is in his second year of senior football, and is the personification of coolness, a quick kicker and a fast runner.



E. P. GLEESON, of Ottawa, centre half-back, is 27 years of age, and has been playing the game since 1893. In '94, '95, '96 and '97 he captained the Collegians, but in 1898 played with Osgoode Hall, and with the Argonauts in 1899 and 1900. He has no equal as a football general, and is, without doubt, Canada's premier half-back. As a good kicker he is without an equal, and proved this in the final game by dropping two goals from the field. As a member of the law firm of Scott, Scott, Curle and Gleeson, he is fast making a name for himself as a lawyer.



W. A. CALLAGHAN, of Ogdensburg, N.Y., 19 years of age, weighs 160 lbs., began football and figured on the champions of 1899. A very clever half-back, splendid kicker, sure catcher, he seldom misses in tackling. He also plays good baseball and hockey.



W. RICHARDS, of Pembroke, Ont., the other half-back, has played this position for two consecutive seasons. Previous to this he played with and captained the Junior team for two years. A sure kicker and very fast man. He is 18 years of age and weighs 144 lbs.



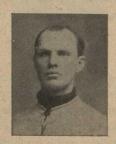
W. H. DOONER, of Cobden, Ont., learned the game with the Renfrew High School team. Came to Ottawa College in the fall of 1900 and played in the scrimmage. This season he played quarter, where in bucking the line he is second to none. He is strongly built and active, 20 years of age and weighing 165 lbs.



J. J. COX, of Parsons, Penn., President of the O. U. A. A. and Manager of the team, is 25 years of age and weighs 205 lbs. Began football as a scrimmager in 1899, and stuck to that. Although heavy he is very fast and a determined tackler.



TOM BOUCHER, of Ottawa, the side scrimmager and Captain of the team, has been playing the game since 1894, and figured prominently on the College teams when they were champions in '94. '96. '97 and in '98, when they lost to Ottawa City. In 1899 he played with the Rough Riders, but 1900 saw him back with his favorite team. In the first game, however, he was injured and retired. He is a man of immense strength, very fast, and possessing a thorough knowledge of the game.



HAL WALTERS, third wing, seems born for war, having indeed soldiered in Africa. His 205 lbs. disposed about a sixfoot frame acts like a live vire and motor. This, his first year with 'Varsity, he has, however, learned to "step down" his tremendous power to feats which delight honest rooters. Getting touchdowns is his forte.



R. J. McCREDIE, third wing, weighs 207 lbs. and has been playing since 1893 with Ottawa 'Varsity, figuring conspicuously in all the games. Previous to the last two seasons he was one of the famous trio scrimmagers, Clancy, Boucher and McCredie, who gained a great name in '99, when they so successfully worked the corkscrew scrimmage on Toronto 'Varsity. 'Bob" is a jolly good fellow, and is the life of the team when travelling.



R. DEVLIN, of Ottawa, is 21 years of age and weighs 159 lbs. Beginning in 1899 he has played ever since. He devotes the whole of his attention to the game, and has a knack of getting the ball twice as often as any man on the field.



JOHN HARRINGTON, of Killaloe, Ont., centre-scrimmage of the team, began the game in 1900, and although the lightest man playing that position is considered as one of the best. A tireless worker, and possessing fine staying qualities, he is always in the game. He is 21 years of age and weighs 158 lbs.



F. FRENCH, of Renfrew, Ont., learned the game with the Renfrew High School team of which, later on, he was captain. Coming to College in '99 he quickly climbed into senior ranks and made a name for himself at first wing. He is 19 years of age, stands 6 feet, and weighs 156 lbs.



JOS. CORBETT, of Alexandria, Ont., but lately of Ottawa, is in his first year of football. He is an athlete of no mean standing, having won the Canadian broad jump championship in 1901. Though his first season in football, his speed was a great factor, and the manner in which he bowled over Hardisty in the final game went a long way towards keeping down the score of the Argos.



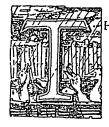
O. LAFLEUR, of Ottawa, is 27 years of age. Began his football career in '95 and played with College in '96, '97 and '98. In '99 and 1900 he was with the Rough Riders. Being exceptionally fast, he has no equal as a first wing. "Lafferty," as he is familiarly known, has played great games in his time, and in the game against "Hamilton Tiger." in 1897, he ran 50 yards, securing a try, which practically won the game for Ottawa College.



R. FILIATREAULT, of Buckingham, Que., playing on the wing since '99, is a brilliant and tireless player, always on hand where the ball pitches. He watches his man carefully and rarely lets him get past. He is 20 years of age and weighs 179 lbs.



Wise and Otherwise.



HE Championship is home again, hurrah! hurrah! For the fourth time in eight years the championship of Canada has come to winter within the walls of Ottawa University. Twice besides it appeared within view, but failed to alight in our midst only through the force of circumstances. This record, although by no means

equal to other periods of the team's existence, is not only creditable but decidedly remarkable. It has, too, its lessons to unfold. Wherein lies the secret of the College club's success? is a question of frequent repetition. It has its answer in the spirit with which the team enters into the lists, and the effort each player makes to prepare himself for the contest. In speed, or weight or strength, our men frequently cannot compare with their opponents. result to be obtained from a union of those three qualities, they have no rivals at all. An ability to conform to all conditions has always been the distinguishing mark of the Garnet and Grey. They dovetail their weak and strong points so as to make a tormidable whole. If there be any lessons which, above all others, the College club has illustrated, they are firstly the benefit to be derived from harmonious, united action, and secondly the comparative omnipotence of the young man with a will.

Perhaps the fiercest and most nerve-wrecking struggle ever engaged in by the College team was the Queen's-College championship match played in Toronto in 1895. Our boys were young, and although carefully trained, could hardly compare with the Kingston men in physical strength and weight, each of which were used in every way consistent with clean sportsmanship Both teams were in perfect trim, while determination to win was visibly marked on the features of every one of the thirty men that stepped upon the field of Rosedale. The whistle blew; the men lined up, and then began a game which will never be forgotten, either by the victors or vanquished. As has always been the

case with College in important matches, their opponents scored first. The battle waxed warm. The tackling on both sides was extremely severe. Seldom did any man rise with alacrity from a fall, while at no period of the play did any runner gain more than ten yards at a time. An occasional series of kicks or a successful dribble now and then transferred the play from end 's end, imparting a chequered character to the hopes of the players and supporters of either team. College by terrific exertion ploughed their way inch by inch until they had evened the score. Two minutes before time was up the board read six to six, and the battered and exhausted players now saw no better prospect ahead than to try to reconcile themselves to an additional half hour's play to decide the championship. At this period fate intervened in the shape of a fifty-yard kick, which bounded along quietly into touch-in-goal, gaining for College a championship which they had not won for years. A minute more and time was up. A faint cheer went up from the spectators. A fainter shout by far was the response of our war-scarred heroes to their captain's "Three cheers for Queen's."

"Say," remarked King Clancy, stooped from the day's exertion, as he emerged from the scrimmage with a more crest-fallen appearance and more defeated expression than any of the vanquished, "What are you lads doing? Let's finish the game before we cheer." Then turning to the official: "How long will we have to play each way, Mr. Referee?"

"Seven to six and the College win," was the Referee's brief reply.

The effect was astounding. The words were no sooner uttered than the tired King started on a sprint. The next seen of him he was suspended in mid-air a sufficient height about he four foot fence that skirted Rosedale, to constitute an Inter-Collegiate record. Report says that he never stopped until he reached the Rossin. At any rate we will warrant that his majesty never before experienced a more agreeable surprise since he passed his matriculation.

It is said that there are in commercial and financial affairs regular periods of depression and prosperity that may be foretold

with scientific accuracy. Can it be possible that such is also the case in athletics? From 1885 to 1890 was five years of unprecedented success for the College team. It dropped then to low-water mark for the succeeding three seasons. Five years, from 1893 to 1898, showed again a series of almost uninterrupted victories. Three seasons of varying fortunes again followed. There evidently appears reason for the hope that the championship recently won will not be lost until 1906. The above facts should at any rate afford an interesting subject of investigation for the thoughtful student. Care, however, must be taken lest at examination time it should be confused with Kepler's or Bode's law.

Football has its comedies as well as its tragedies. or seven years ago a young man who came from what at that time was known as "Up the Creek" was in an emergency called on to fill an unexpected gap. Pat (for without trying to add humor to the situation, such was his name) had been educated in the fine points of the game to the extent of knowing the efficacy of cold water as a panacea in the case of accidents. On the day in question a miniature deluge had preceded the hour set apart for the beginning of the match, leaving the grounds in a state which had the very unusual tendency of making one wish himself snugly seated in the study-hall. The ball had just emerged from the first scrimmage when it accidentally found itself landed in Patrick's What might have been a sensational dash was rudely interrupted by half a dozen burly opponents who almost together fell upon the excited runner with the malicious design of crushing It is a fact having no sufficient explanation him to the ground. in football or philosophy that under such circumstances one usually finds himself in contact with the most uncongenial part of the field. The rule had no exception in this case, and our hero's advance was interrupted just at that spot where Jupiter Pluvius had showered his most abundant and most beneficent gifts. without struggle to retain his feet, however, did Patrick submit to his impending fate. In a moment his men were by his side.

A struggle ensued,
They pull; they tug; down! down! they go;
Two teams above, Pat Lawn below.

Sad to relate, when the remainder of the men lad risen to their feet, no trace was to be seen of the player with the ball, and nothing remained to indicate his whereabouts except a few bubbles which now and then appeared upon the troubled visage of the deep. Immediately willing hands were at work. Soon an apparently lifeless body was tenderly lifted out of the heartless stream. Not an eye was dry among the on-lookers. Even the ball, tucked firmly under the victim's arm could not forbear a tear. ful Kosciusko ever was cut off in a more glorious cause. with the sacred words "Held! Held!" upon his lips. No monument, however, marks the spot, for the fates that hover over the gridiron had mercifully decreed that he had fallen only to rise again. During his absence of body, strange to say, he had retained his presence of mind. Waking from an apparent semiunconsciousness, while yet dripping from every pore, judge of the surprise of his sympathisers when the first coherent words uttered by the outstretched form were the gurgling appeal "Water! Water ! Boys-fetch-me-some water !"

An elderly gentleman, whose presence has been noted for years at College practice, and who by this time has acquired a considerable reputation as a critic of the play, claims that our game cannot compare in interest or excitement with that played in the "old country" where he passed his youth. It appears from his explanation that the most important matches are there contested between counties instead of between provinces as is the in Canada. The modus operandi, then, is as follows: The ball is placed on the boundary line between the two counties, and twenty men line up on either side. The referee, who is on horseback, gives the signal, and the ball is kicked off. No useless rules against low-tackling, tripping or interference intervene to restrain the over-wrought enthusiasm of the contestants. Before the game is won, the victors must kick or carry the ball five miles into the opponent's county. Additional excitement arises from the circumstance that before a quarter of the distance is covered, the aggressors are forced to beat their way against the complete armed population of the invaded domain. We feel inclined to think from the above description, that our game is perhaps sadly lacking in some elements that might be profitably added, and we respectfully submit the same to the consideration of the Canadian Union.

The Argonauts since '98.

To the courtesy of Mr. Joe Wright, the world-famed strokeoar and hardly less successful centre-scrimmage, we owe the following letter and short sketch of the Argonaut Football Club since its organization.

"We began with some twenty players. Many of the men belonged to the various senior clubs of the City (Toronto). When the T. A. C. went up, we thought we could get together a team that might win the Ontario Rugby championship. So we started out with this in view. However, when the first practice was called we found that several of the players whom we had depended upon were playing for Osgoode Hall. This rendered the work of these two teams most unreliable and most unsatisfactory. In fact we did not win a game all season, and quit at the close some five or six hundred dollars short in accounts. Once we were beaten by the Ottawas with a score something like fifty to five.

"We were nothing daunted. Next season opened with brighter prospects. Osgoode, satisfied with the phenomenal record it had succeeded in making, dropped out, giving us some good men. With the help of the peerless Gleeson we managed to win two games, again finishing the season behind as far as money and games were concerned, but away ahead in experience, and bound to try again.

"When the season of 1900 opened we found ourselves without Gleeson, as he had decided to quit the gridiron. We won two games and lost one. We realized that to make a show for the championship we had to get Gleeson back. You know the result when you know Edward, who does not like coaxing; he would sooner be playing than to have the bunch after him. He weakened under pressure and played the rest of the season with us, doing great work. We made a draw with Ottawa for the championship, but were beaten in the play-off. Financially the season was a success, placing about seven hundred to our credit.

"The season of 1901 is still fresh in our minds. Our footballers went to work with a will. We won every game but one, that in Kingston, the score in which stood 1 to 0. Many of our best players did not take part. After that it was an uphill fight. The Ottawas had to be beaten twice, not a very easy matter as we know. We also know who trimmed us for the Canadian championship. The day was won from us and the better team won. I hope the same two teams are in the final for 1902, when we shall try and redeem ourselves. I might say we finished 1901 about five hundred ahead. We also played Toronto 'Varsity for the City championship three seasons, winning two and losing one.

"The captains of the Argonauts since they were organized have been; In 1898, Joe Wright; in 1899, Ralph Ripley; in 1900, R. Ripley for one part of the season, Edward Gleeson the other; in 1901, H. A. E. Kent.

"I do not think I can say any more, only we will be on the job next year and we are there to win if we can."

Jos. WRIGHT.



The 'Varsity Captain's Impressions.

"The greatest victory the College team ever achieved."

"That team compares favorably with the team of '96."

Those were the words heard on the street corners by supporters of the greatest finishers that ever donned football togs.

That the champions of 1902 compare favorably with the champions of '93 goes without saying.

The College team of the past season deserve more credit than any team that has represented Ottawa College for years.

Starting the season with a comparatively green lot of players—with the exception of four men—who had previously taken part in a game for the Dominion championship, and winning the final game by a score of 18 to 3, is indeed, a proud position for the College team to occupy in Canadian Rugby.

But the title "Champions of Canada," has wintered so often at old Ottawa College, that it is a sort of novelty to be without it.

To the players themselves, a great deal of credit is due. Faithful practice, always ready to listen and profit by the experience of older players, and paying strict attention to the king of Canadian Rugby coaches—Tom Clancy—the younger members of the team developed wonderfully, and when the whistle blew to commence the final game on Nov. 30, 1901, the College lined up a team of which any athletic association might well be proud.

Though the season was long, and the players were compelled to practice in the snow in order to keep themselves fit for battle, not a player was heard to object. And this has been the great point about the College team—faithful practice and strict attention to the coaches.

It would be almost unfair to single out any of the players for brilliancy on the field, but the names of Hal Walters, Bob McCreadie, Ovide Lafleur, McSwiggan Harrington, Free Silver Cox, Billie Callaghan, Billie Richards, and last but not least, the king of Canadian half-backs. "Trustee" Eddie Gleason, can be mentioned as the bright particular stars of the team.

Having been captain of the team for the past season, I feel it my duty to thank each and every one of the players for the manner in which they attended practice, and also for the gentlemanly way in which they conducted themselves on every occasion upon the field, also to thank the football committee for their good judgment in selecting players for the different games played.

Having decided to retire from the game, my advice to young players is to follow closely the advice of your coach and the older players. "The game requires not only physical strength, but moral courage, and it is hard to say which must predominate Like the great game of life, it cannot be played by a weakling nor enjoyed by a coward." Such are the words by Clifton Clark in Physical Culture of November, 1901; and any young man who intends playing football

should read them over carefully, and if he thinks he has not the necessary qualifications, I would strongly advise him to save his time and devote it to study, for without the above qualifications he will only be a source of weakness and expense to the team, which has to look to him to contribute towards its success. Trusting that the College team in years to come may acquit themselves as honorably as they have in the past, and with as much success.

Tom Boucher.



Qualifications for a Half-back.

THE two great requisites of a half-back are a thorough know-ledge of the ins and outs of the game, and almost perfect condition. The former does not come from studying the rule-book, but by continual practice, and by observing the style of some famous half-backs who are still on the gridiron. Condition depends entirely on the player himself and his trainer. He receives instructions concerning his diet; he is told to give up tobacco and liquor in every torm, to keep good hours, and to avoid late suppers, etc. So it rests with the player whether he will train faithfully and be able to hold his own in a game, or to be blowing and puffing like a perpoise if he does the least bit of exertion.

In a game, the half-back has to be a very quick thinker. He has to decide in a second whether it would be best to kick the ball, run with it, or pass it to one of his team mates. If he decides to kick, he has to conclude whether to kick into touch, or down the field; if he runs he tucks the ball under his arm and dashes for an opening to gain ground. When running with the ball it is necessary to change the ball from one arm to the other, in order to have an arm free to ward off a tackler whether he comes from the left or right side. He should be careful not to try and force his way through an opposing line, for he will be surely downed. "Forward, and to the open" should be his motto.

In attempting a pass, he should be able to note in an instant whether his pass is likely to be intercepted by an opponent and thus lose possession of the ball. It is better to be downed in your tracks than to let the "other fellows" get possession.

Of course "sand" is another quality that every footballer must possess. Without it a person should not even try to play. A man who will not tackle another because he is afraid of hurting himself, should never put on a foot-ball suit at all.

A half-back may be a phenomenal player, but without team support he would not shine very brightly; so for a half-back line to show up exceptionally well it is necessary to have a strong and reliable line before it in order to afford them sufficient protection to get in their sometimes light, but always telling work.

W. A. RICHARDS.



Should Rugby Football be Encouraged?

MANY are of the opinion that Rugby football is befitting only men of gigantic stature and extraordinary strength. Erroneous idea. It is sufficient to say that the Ottawa College team played throughout the past season nine championship games in all, the largest number ever required to decide a Canadian championship, without having to call upon a single spare man. It depends in a great measure on the temperament of the players and on the manner of playing.

Any field-game can be carried on roughly, and in football there may be more opportunities of doing what is termed "dirty work" than in any of the other games; but would an unprejudiced observer deem this a sufficient reason for its condemnation. Indeed, it a brutal player wilfully injures an opponent, people will condemn the game without even considering that that same player is as liable to act thus, even when off the field. In the two games for the Canadian championship between College and

Argos on hard-frozen ground, the contest was as hard fought, and the tackling as fierce as any ever seen, still every player that stepped out on the field stayed in the game and played right to the finish. In the final game, not a single man on either team was ruled off, nor did the officials ever find occasion to give even a warning. These facts evidently demonstrate that the game can be played, and is played in the proper manner. Furthermore, it proves that Rugby is not as rough as many people hold it to be, and that it certainly does not deserve the reputation it has of being a "Life and Limb Destroyer."

Nor does it take big men to play the game. Among the champions of the past season there are several light youths not yet fully developed into manhood. It is pluck that counts, and this quality in a piayer, is always preferable to weight or strength. A cool head, grit and patient endurance, are characteristics of the typical footballer.

The benefits to be derived from playing Rugby are numerous. It exercises every muscle from the finger tips to the toes. There is no game played that develops, strengthens and builds up the human frame as it does. It even trains the eye, and tends to make a person keen and active. Not only is the physical man benefited by it, but the moral man also. It teaches how to hold one's temper, tries one's patience, and enables us to bear a little suffering without making complaint. It strengthens the willpower, and helps to form a firmness of character that will stand by one through life. There is no place on the football field for the cowardly, selfish or crabbed man. To become a good football player, one must be brave, resolute, unselfish and patient. The cool invigorating atmosphere of the fall season is decidedly more beneficial and preferable to the dampness of spring, the dead heat of summer, or the frosts of winter. Rugby accustoms the player to hardships and reverses. The tried footballer leaves college fitted to cope with the ups and downs of life. This I think is sufficient to substantiate an affirmative answer to the question "Should Rugby Football be Encouraged."

FELIX A. FRENCH.

Recent Rugby Legislation.

THE scrimmage is perhaps the most important article there is in a football team. On the scrimmage depends team play, brilliant work of all other parts, and success. Hence the scrimmage has been undergoing a steady evolution. College has always been unsurpassed in scrimmage work. One of the most notable features about the Argonaut team was the now famous "Wright scrimmage." But towards the end of the long season we have just successfully closed, the curious character of this later creation gave rise to interminable debate.

Last year the chief rule regulating the formation of the scrimmage was interpreted in different ways. This rule read:— "The ball must be placed dead on the ground, even with the foremost foot of any scrimmager." Could side-scrimmagers range beside their centre so as to be partially ahead of him and still be on side? Such was admitted to be the meaning of the rule in the Ontario Union. The Quebec Union interpreted this same rule a little differently: The ball must be placed dead on the ground even with the foremost foot of every scrimmager. However, most of the teams in the Quebec Union did not strictly adhere to this latter interpretation, but it was required that the three scrimmagers should be evenly locked together so as to have every player in the line partially behind the ball when the centre put it in motion with his foot.

These different holdings of the rule in the two Unions gave the referees infinite trouble and occasioned considerable excitement when their respective champions entered the lists for Dominion honors. As a rule the best teams in either union compete for the championship of Canada, and the majority of the lovers of the sport flock in to see this game; they naturally expect to see a good, hard, cleanly fought contest, carried out as closely as possible within the letter of the rules. It was a surprise to many old footballers to find the two teams lined up on the field governed by the same regulations, in the same Union, with different scrimmage formations, each claiming to be right according to its own interpretation of the rules. Much talk and trouble resulted.

When the annual meeting of the Canadian Rugby Football Union, attended by the delegates of the Provincial Unions, took place the matter was discussed. The rule in question was taken up and so worded as to render but one interpretation possible. In its amended form it reads as follows: "The ball must be placed dead on the ground even with the foremost foot of the foremost scrimmager."

This change puts an end to the incident. The play henceforth will be more open. The ball will be scrimmaged wholly instead of partially ahead of every man on the line. The fruitful source of "off-side playing" will be obviated; the referee and umpire will find their duties less complex and more pleasant.

JOHN J. Cox.



University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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

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No. V.

JANUARY, 1902.

Vol. IV.

"STRAWS."

Thanksgiving Day occasions indigestion and bad literature. Society's unprecedented prosperity is sung in every key. We owe thanks, to whom? To humanity of course, answer a chorus of cocksure prophets. Is it not to man's own strenuous effort that is due our unrivalled progress, marvellous inventions and matchless civilization? God, all-ruling and supreme, is superannuated, disappeared with our forefathers. Religion is invited to "go away back and sit down." Non-Catholic ministers of the Gospel unbosom their messages to empty seats and literature reflects the prevailing naturalism. The profane raving for which Harpers' lately apologized, because a hitherto meek Catholic sentiment could endure no more, is merely a symptom of the epidemic. More than once has the Catholic Record, for instance, lifted its voice in

protest. The Catholic Register has done the same. The Casket observes:- "The utterances of some presidents of the large American universities on the aims, objects and results of their systems are as pagan as though there never was such a thing as Christianity." Rev. Fr. Campbell, S.J., in the current Messenger of New York, writes: "At the present time the world is flat on its face before its scientific idols which it adores because of their hugeness, and in spite of the unlovely and at times grotesque features which they often present." At the demand of insane, untried fads, in the name of so-called science, hitherto inviolable principles of belief and conduct were ruthlessly exposed to dissection and dissolution. When, however, the insatiable craving for experiment and sensation resulted in McKinley's assassination the last straw was reached. Easy-going folk awoke to the grave peril occasioned by their mistaken tolerance. And President Thwing of the Western Reserve University simply voices the reaction that is setting in when he declared recently before the Illinois State Teachers' Association: "We have gone further than we need to go in the elimination of religious teaching in the schools. Protestant, would rather have my children taught by a wise Roman Catholic nun than by an atheist."

HOW HECTOR WAS AVENGED.

After the draw game, the Argonauts felt the coveted championship was beyond their grasp, though they manfully tried the second time. 'Varsity, like another Achilles, after a period of inglorious repose, issued from his tent in irresistible might to trail his hard earned glories at his chariot wheels. The Telegram seizes the cudgels and lands a solar-plexus, terming the patrons of 'Varsity '' Jesuits.'' The move was hasty but showed marvellous acumen. Presumably the Ontario champions as well as Ottawa 'Varsity possessed on its rolls members of every denomination. The Toronto daily however, haunted by the '' disguised Jesuit' bugbear, supposed detestable shifts that needlewitted rivals, officials (the most competent on the whole for years) and spectators were unable either to detect or denounce. The

contest was purely for sport; keen enough surely without the unwelcome addition of religious warmth. Entire respect and admiration we concede to the Argonauts. They give us a lesson of consistent and strenuous effort; simply it was met by one just as honorable at least, and as intelligently worked out. Journalistic sharps, by resort to antediluvian weapons and deciding for a ground (religion) whereon the adversary has at bottom the advantage, manifest poor strategy.

VARIOUS.

This month's cover is due to Rev. J. A. Lajeunesse, O.M.I.

* *

Congratulations to the Catholic Register, for "it's agrowin'."

* *

From Dawson, Y. T., no less. hails the Yukon Catholic, in a get-up something like the Union's. It is "devoted to the interests of the Catholic Church in the north."

The Labour Gasette may amuse logarithmic contortionists. Amid the universal statistical deluge, our feet could rest only on "Labour" spelt with the "u."

* *

The five trustees of the national library which Mr. Carnegic donated to the United States have been named. Catholics, about twelve millions, are as usual honored by no representation therein.

Catholics in Manitoba enjoy the luxury of a grievance. The Provincial Government is the grim Procrustes, lopping off their schools.

**

At a convention lately in Cincinnati, "The American Federation of Catholic Societies" was effected. This is a move to safeguard Catholic civil rights against associations akin with the A. P. Λ .

"You can lade a man up to th' university but you can't make him think."—Mr. Dooley.

"Teachers in Real Danger!" was a scare head-line the other day in one the daily papers. It referred to the American teachers who have gone to the Philippines. On reading down a tew lines to see what danger threatened, we discovered that in all probability they would have to eat the same food as the Filipinos.

—Sacred Heart Review.



Book Reviews.

Juvenile Round Table, a collection of twenty short interesting stories from the pen of the foremost Catholic authors of the day, has just been published by Benziger Bros. This neatly illustrated volume of over two hundred pages, can not be too highly recommended to parents as an appropriate incentive for arousing and developing in youths a taste for good reading.

We have just received a neatly printed volume of three hundred pages entitled A Life's Labyrinth. It is a romantic story with a young English lady for heroine. The scene is laid partly in Greece and partly in England. For the main features of the plot, the authoress, Mary E. Mannix, confesses herself indebted to the German romance, "Irrgäuge des Lebens," but she has introduced so many changes and innovations, that the story may justly be called her own. The style is admirably adapted to the nature of the piece. The deep interest created by the variety and romantic character of the scenes and incidents, as well as the religious spirit that pervades the whole, cannot fail to have irresistible charms for our Catholic youth. The Ave Maria, Notre Dame, Ind.

The same press has forwarded us a short treatise entitled Religious Education and its Failures, by Right Rev. James Bellord, D.D. The learned author first calls attention to the fact of so many Catholics falling away from the Church—even those who have enjoyed a complete catechetical training under her care.

After searching about for the causes of this deplorable state of affairs, he attributes it to the present method of conveying religious instruction. Children are made learn by rote, catechisms that would take a theologian to fully understand, while little time is given to explanations. By his psychological insight into the nature of memory, he clearly shows the pernicious deficiencies of this system, points out its errors and suggests speedy remedy.

The Elementary Treatise on Navigation and Nautical Astronomy by Eugene L. Richards, M.A., Professor of Mathematics in Yale University—American Book Company,—New York, will be read with pleasure and profit by the careful student who has a good knowledge of plain and solid geometry and of trigonometry. The definitions of the nautical terms are plain; the subject-matter is treated very methodically; the demonstrations are simple and easy, the problems practical; the astronomical facts are reduced to a few and conspicuously exposed. The knowledge imported in this neat little book is all that is necessary to introduce a young man to the practice of navigation, and to the young learner of mathematics it points out the practical utility of his abstract studies.

In this enlightened twentieth century, the student who wishes to devote himself to the commercial world realizes that he must grasp the most practical business methods, even at the cost of laying aside long cherished school forms and practices. this in view, it seems to us that the Modern and Illustrative Bookkeeping (complete course) by E. V. Neal, has filled a long felt necessity. Herein are carefully compiled the different methods used in the leading business houses and banks of the United States. Remembering that the successful business man has to master multitudinous details, the student is led on step by step, overcoming all obstacles from the day-book to the trial balance sheet. The work is graded and divided into twelve parts, each month having its special line of business. We are positive that after closing his December books, the student will be fitted to record the transactions of any firm, no matter what be their special line of business.

As to the mechanical finish of the book, suffice it to say that it is the work of the American Book Company. The script type used for the entries, the beautiful engravings representing different bills, together with the "Review questions" at the end of each month, contribute to render it not only practical but elegant. Published by the American Book Company.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Pilot Publishing Company, Boston-Lalor's Maples, by Katherine E. Conway.

American Book Company, New York—Ten Common Trees, by Susan Stokes.

Benzinger Bros., New York—Instructions and Prayers for Catholic Youth, 60 cts.; Short Visits to the Blessed Sacrament—compiled by Rev. Fr. Lasance, 25 cts.



Among the Magazines.

In excellence, literary, artistic, etc., the Canadian Magasine for January needs no praise. Among its trained pens are men who, with positions of trust, enjoy the confidence of the community. It shames us to differ so much (at times we have to) with that tireless writer, Prof. Goldwin Smith, -a man a great deal older than we, -so when we see his masterly treatment of "The Public School Question," we promptly bury the Mauser. undoubted practical experience, sound philosophy and sterling common sense shine forth in this article, from which we glean too briefly as follows: "A State system of education can hardly fail to be mechanical and Procruste, " ... We cannot all actually climb over each other's heads, though restless desire may be The State has no natural right to take away kindled in all. the child from the parent, or those to whom the parent chooses to entrust it . . . The Catholics being a large and united vote assert that right (the natural right of parents) against the general principle of the State system "

The Ave Maria executes with exactitude its difficult programme—to furnish rational amusement and sound instruction. In this popular family magazine, Faith and Science work in complete harmony, thereby lending each other inconceivable lustre and effectiveness. The fiction is ample, while "Concerning the Episcopate" is a well-timed bit of theology.

In the Saturday Evening Post, a scholarly article from Charles F. Thwing, LL.D., President of the Western Reserve University and Adelbert College, Cleveland, contrasts the disadvantages and advantages of a college training as a preparation for railroad men. "Letters from a Self-made Merchant to his Sen," as usual overflow with worldly wisdom aptly illustrated. A sample aphorism: "A real salesman is one-part talk and nineparts judgment: and he uses the nine-parts of judgment to tell when to use the one-part talk."

The Rosary Magazine for January is unusually excellent. "A Visit to Ladycliff" carries one to a beautiful spot up in the Hudson Highlands, where we are shown around the "Academy of Our Lady of Angels." Rev. John F. Mullaney, LL.D., and Rev. J. S. Lynch, D.D., respectively of Syracuse and Utica, N. Y., contribute their experiences, travelling, in "The Old World seen through American eyes." Other articles are: "Thoughts on Timely Topics," "Letters from an Embryo Settlement," "What can be done for the Blind." "A Son of Adam," and "Stoddard's Resurrection," are stories of interest.

One would be hard to please if he failed to find the New Year's Catholic World very attractive by reason of its great variety of reading matter and appropriate illustrations. The opening editorial, "The Mebilization of Christian Forces," treats on a present need. Rev. James J. Fox joins issue with the eminent controversionalist, W. H. Mallock, concerning his recent articles in the Fortnightly on: "The Conflict of Science and Religion." Rev. Dr. Fox claims that while Mr. Mallock carefully defines the meaning of the word religion, as he uses it, he is not so careful to show in what sense he employs the term science, thus falling into some faulty conclusions. The distinction between "Human Love and Divine Love" is traced by M. D. Petre. "Associations of Hawthorne," "A Visit to the Catacombs of St Calixtus: Jovce Josselyn, Sinner," "Marriage of Capital or Labor," etc., lurnish every kind of very good reading.

Exchanges.

Tis with our judgments as our watches, none Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

-Pope.

Criticism is not an exact science, and consequently we do not consider ourselves obliged to take the opinion of some editors, that one poem or story is worth half a dozen essays. We believe that a perfect essay is as good as a perfect story or a perfect poem. Undoubtedly a magazine would be better if it contained every species of literature, but we would like to call attention to one fact: When the contributions are mediocre, as they frequently are, the story and the poem may fail to amuse or instruct, but the essay, no matter how poorly written, generally imparts some information. A little more culling with regard to fiction would not injure some of our college papers. The short story, ambitious young contributors ought to remember, has a technique of its own, which ought to be studied and mastered.

Of the exchanges some are the same, whether they are good or not, month after month; others make special efforts to have their Christmas or Easter number better than the others. Accordingly some very good December exchanges have come to the sanctum, but none can compare with the Acta Victoriana. the introductory poem by Charles Heavyseage, one of our earliest and best Canadian poets, to the able book-reviews of Professor Horning, the Acta is equal to any magazine published in Canada. Among the contributors are Hon. G. E. Foster, Hon. R. Harcourt, Charles G. D. Roberts, W. H. Fraser and Goldwin Smith. Such names need no comment. Fiction, poetry, essays, criticisms, art, science, even theology, are all well represented in the number. But undergraduates cannot write a high class magazine, and the Acta will have to decide whether it is going to be the "organ of the students," or a rival of the Canadian Magasine. For its editorial department, consisting as it does of twenty-six pages, twenty-five of which are devoted to locals there was seemingly no room for an exchange department), would be out of place in any college paper. However, this does not seriously effect the excellence of the number, and we hope that financial difficulties will not prevent the Acta from carrying out what seems to be its ambition.

The latest addition to college, and we add undergraduate, journalism is the S. C. V. Index. Judging from the December issue, which it seems is its fourth number, we think it is going to be an excellent little paper. Though none call for particular notice, all the articles are well written. We are glad to see that it gives its exchange department its proper importance.

The *Harvard Advocate* contains a timely article on the present position of classic music in our cities and colleges, and some light literature. Nothing more.

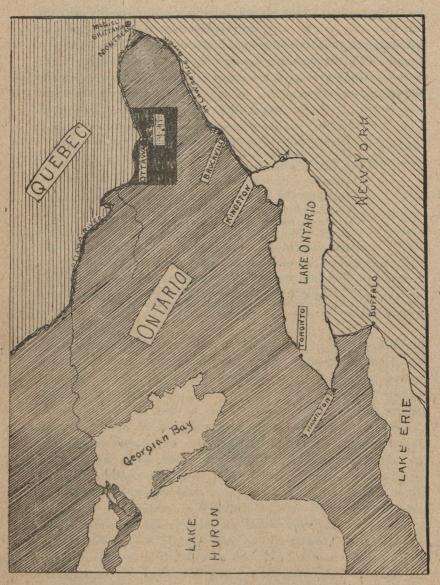
The Bee looks considerably better in its holiday dress. The essay on Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality," is undoubtedly a learned one, but we must confess we cannot understand the dissertation on innate ideas which it contains. The writer, if he wished to convince us poor ignorant Freshmen and Sophomores of the falseness of the theory, should have either simply crushed us with the authority of St. Thomas Aquinas, or written in English, something intelligible. The fiction and poetry is passable.

Generally criticism is not considered to be a very difficult form of writing, but perhaps an exception ought to be made when the subject under consideration is poetry. seems to be above mere rules. Accordingly a successful article on such a recent poet as Archibald Lampman, as that which appeared in the N. B. University Monthly, is worthy of praise. Lampman is shown from his calm love of nature, carefulness of technique and deep religious feeling to belong to the school of Tennyson, though as inferior to that writer, as he, in turn is, to Another and perhaps better article in the same Shakespeare. issue is "Translations of Horace," by Dr. Dobb. general remarks, from which we would conclude that no firstclass translation of Horace has yet appeared in English, the author taking one of the shorter odes (Ad Leuconæn Carm: Lib. I, 11) gives the various English renditions. The versions of Conington, Bulwer-Lytton, Sir S. De Vere and W. E. Gladstone, all fall short of our critic's wishes. Then, claiming that this, and one or two others of the shorter odes, are not in reality odes, he says that they might very properly be rendered into English in the form of the Ita!ian sonnet. As a proof of this he tries it himself. The translation is wonderfully literal, and in spite of one or two weak phrases quite a success. But of this our readers are perhaps better judges.

TO LEUCONŒ.

Leucone! you should not seek to know
What term of life the gods above to me
May have assigned, or what allotted thee;
Nor try if Babylonian tablets shew
Our destiny: 'tis wicked to do so.
How better far it were, whate'er shall be
Calmly to bear! whether, by Jove's decree
We've many winters more, on the last now
Dashes in fretted foam the Tuscan sea
'Gainst pumice-rocks. Be wise; your wines outpour;
Far reaching hopes cut down to a short span,
E'en while we speak, Time's envious moments flee
Our idle grasp. Seize, then, the present hour;
And to the morrow trust as little as you can.





OTTAWA "VARSITY"
LEADS THEM ALL









"Spare" Kennedy

Athletics.

DOMINION CHAMPIONSHIP, GAME.

After a long weary season in which hope has blossomed into success, the Ottawa College has landed the Rugby Championship of Canada. Once again does the "Garnet and Grey" float triumphantly from the home of football, and once again does that old familiar strain, "Hurrah, we're champions again," bring joy and gladness to the hearts of thousands of old college boys, throughout the land.

By a score of 18 points to 3, College demonstrated that they are masters of any other team in the Dominion, to-day, for the Argonauts were clearly outclassed in every part of the game. It was generalship and good judgment that won the game, and the work of Eddie Gleeson will go down in Rugby history as a record never before equaled.

The game was tull of spectacular features, the like of which were probably never before witnessed on a Canadian gridiron, Gleeson's first goal from the field was one of the most brilliant pieces of play ever attempted by a football artist. Just before the close of the first half College got a free kick at Argos' 15 yard line. It was directly in front of the goal, and Gleeson wanted the five points. He could have secured only two points had he kicked a goal from the field, but his fertile brain was at work, and conceived the idea of taking the free kick, and afterwards sending

No sooner thought than done! He merely the oval over the bar. tipped the ball with his toe, caught it again, and drop-kicked it over the goal-bar, making the score 5 to 2. The end of the first half of play transferred all the advantages of wind and sun from the Argos' to College, and from the fact that Argos had not been able to lead in points with these advantages, their courage began to They were not yet beaten, and in the second half they started at a clip which threatened disaster. The Collegians, however, were prepared for them, and after an exchange of punts between the half-backs the ball was worked up to the Argos' 25 vard line. Here coming out from the scrimmage, the pigskin was passed by Dooner to the King of Canadian half-backs, who dropped it over the goal, adding 5 more points to the College score. This last kick broke the Argonauts' hearts, and they began The Collegians began a procession which in all to go to pieces. netted them 18 points.

Beale, whom the Argos' grafted from Toronto 'Varsity to play full-back, made a sensational play in the last five minutes. He came up well on the half line, and when the ball was passed to him, got around the College line like a deer. He was brought down, however, by Lafleur, and violent contact with the hard earth rendered him unconscious. He revived very soon, and would not consent to quit the game. A few minutes later he got the ball again at his own 20 yard line, and made a famous run, dodging several tacklers, and getting to within five yards of College line. Had he not hesitated in front of Richards, he would have been over for a try.

Individually taken, there is not another organization in Canada that can boast of so many first-class footballers as can the Argonauts. While the Collegians cannot boast of as many stars, yet their play throughout the game was that of one man, and herein lies the secret of their success. Each College man acquitted himself creditably, and nobly did his duty.

The names of the Canadian Champions and those of their adversaries are as tollows:—

Canadian Champions. J. O'Brien	Argonauts,	Ontario Champions. N. Beale
W. Richards E. Gleeson W. Callaghan	Halves.	Ardagh Hardisty Henderson
W. Dooner	Quarter	Boyd
J. J. Cox J. Harrington T. Boucher	Scrimmage	Boyd Russell Wright
H. Walters R. McCredie R. Devlin R. Filiatreault J. Corbett O. Lafleur F. French	Wings	Langton Wilson Strange Grant Kent Parmenter Chadwick

The officials, who were, Referee, G. Mason of McGill, and Umpire, C. Wi'kinson, Brockville, are to be congratulated for the satisfactory manner in which they fulfilled their onerous duties. They enforced the rules in a very impartial manner, and the effect was one of the cleanest and fastest games ever witnessed on a Canadian gridiron.

Congratulatory telegrams were received from the following: Rev. Dr. Failon, San Antonio, Texas; Messrs. E. Tassé, Chabot, F. W. Carling, L. N. Bate, J. Barrett, A. Layeaux, of Ottawa; L. E. O. Payment, Quebec; Hon. F. R. Latchford, Toronto; D. J. McCarthy, Prescott; F. Slattery, Toronto.

THE RETURN TRIP.

The team left Montreal at 8 p.m., and at Moose Creek was met by a special train from Ottawa, on which were Mr. E. Tassé and other members of the Executive. Refreshments were served, and congratulatory speeches were made by Mayor Davidson, Messrs. Tassé, Chabot, Carling, Kennedy, White, Foran and Barrett. Messrs. B. Slattery, E. Gleeson, Tom Clancy and Tom Boucher, replied on behalf of the champions.

The trophies given by the Canadian Rugby Union have been received by the College Executive, and will be distributed among the players. The trophies consist of very handsome pewters with suitable engravings.

носкеу.

Messrs. Callaghan and Halligan have been selected as captain and manager respectively, of the College Hockey Team.

The names of those who are to do battle for championship honors in the College world for the season of 1902 are as follows:

R. T. Halligan (Captain) J. Ebbs Forwards. Z. Labrosse Cosgrove Brennan - Cover Point. Legault - Point. Lamothe - Gaol. W. Richards (Captain) H. Smith Forwards. Bonneau Rheaume W. Callaghan - Cover Point. J. Keeley -- Point. T. Sloan - Gaol. J. J. Macdonell (Captain) los. McDonald Forwards. I. O'Brien F. Blute J. P. Gillies — Cover Point. I. Lonergan - Point. R. Filiatreault - Goal.

The Hockey Schedule is as follows:

January 15th—Richards vs. Halligan.
,, 19th—Halligan vs. Macdonell.
,, 22nd—Macdonell vs. Richards.
,, 26th—Halligan vs. Richards.
,, 29th—Macdonell vs. Halligan.
February 2nd—Richards vs. Macdonell.

Obituary.

Ludger Bourque, aged 17, son of the church-building contractor, died at his home in Hull, P.Q., January 17th. Having been delicate since an attack of mumps in his fourth year he succumbed to one day's grippe which resulted in hemorrhage. His death is greatly regretted by his schoolmates.—R.I.P.

REV. FATHER FAYARD, O.M.I.

The death of Rev. Fr. Fayard, O.M.I., Dec. 28th, in Paris, has been announced. The deceased missionary was once Presisident of the University. Before and after this appointment he worked in British Columbia. A man of first-class ability, he rendered important services to Catholic education. From President of St. Louis' college, B.C., he was transferred to Paris, to the General Procuratorship of the Oblate Fathers, which dignity he held at his death. For the students of Ottawa University who have passed under his fatherly care, there will be sorrow at hearing of his demise.—R.I.P.

SISTER HÉLÈNE.

The many students who have succeeded each other for the last 33 years in Ottawa College and had keen gastronomic leanings to satisfy, will hear with sorrow of the death of Sr Hélène. Her duties in this department were exceedingly onerous, but she discharged them faithfully. She had been a member of the Grey Nuns since 1869. Pneumonia was the cause of her death in the 57th year of her age.—R.I.P.

<u>VALUETTIN KATOONATIIN TARATATTAA TARATAA TARATAA</u>

Heartfelt sympathy is extended to Rev. Francis and Rev. Isaiah French, pastors respectively of Brudenell and Killaloe, to Felix French at present student here and to the family for their recent bereavement. Fathers Frank and Isaiah are well remembered as old students. Their sister, for whom they mourn, had just made her religious profession in the convent of the Precious Blood, Ottawa, when she died.—R.I.P.

Mr. William Buckels who was compelled to give up his studies in October on account of illness, has just died at his home in Osgoode, Ont.—R.I.P.

Of Local Interest.

This department, closely allied to our student life, extends to all hearty greetings of the New Year.

"Who said quarantine?"

Bill asked Harry to Fayvor us with a song, when Shakespeare remarked that he was not Feeling well, and moved that they return to the Hall-again and watch Bobbie do the two-step.

Dick says he likes city-life well enough, but complains of the cars and so many teams on the street at the same time.

During the quarantine students vied with one another in making life as cheerful as possible under the circumstances. Consoling letters came from many an anxious heart and the recipients were made to feel that, although closely confined for a few weeks, paternal solicitude was doubly confirmed. The Fathers, too, sought to make more pleasant the enforced inhibition. A concert on the 17th inst. was evidence of this, the programme being: Vocal solo, Mr. Martin; lecture, "A Tr.p to Rome, the City and Surroundings," with views, Rev. W. O'Beyle. D.D.; vocal solo, Mr. Hurley; quartette, O. M. I. Glee Club, "Up Spring the Morn."

The meetings of the Debating Society were postponed owing to circumstances beyond the control of that body. The members are reminded of the admonition in November's issue to attend meetings in larger numbers. This Society is one of the University's oldest and most cherished institutions. The benefits it affords the earnest members are too discernible to be enlarged upon.

- "But what do the bees do with their honey?" asked the "Cap."
- "Cell it," replied the short philosopher. The looks with which this reply was greeted would have caused many to falter, but the youth who recently gave up rural life can now almost stare a person without blushing.

The students on returning received with surprise and regret the news of Rev. J. Lambert's retirement from the duties of the Prefect of Discipline. To Rev. W. Kirwin, his successor, THE REVIEW extends best wishes.

On Sunday, the 12th inst., the French Debating Society held its first meeting with President Valiquette in the chair. The subject, "Resolved that the fate of the Boers is more deplorable than was that of the Acadians," was ably argued in the affirmative by Messrs. R. Lapointe and G. Garand, while the negative was warmly advocated by Messrs. A. Girouard and R. Filiatreault. The features of the evening were fluent rather than eloquent speeches from J. McSwiggen Harring and F. Patrick Burns. The judges voted in favor of the affirmative. The Society this year is under the able direction of Rev. Fr. David.



Priorum Temporum Flores

Mr. S. Nagle, of the matriculating class of '99, gave us a triendly call during New Year's week.

Mr. Binnie Kearns, of McGill University, spent the holidays at his home in this city.

On the occasion of the Christmas ordinations, Rev. J. T. Hanley, '98, and Rev. E. Bolger, '98, students of the Grand Seminary, Montreal, were ordained to the priesthood. Father Hanley has already been stationed at the Cathedral, Kingston. During the month, Father Bolger paid his Alma Mater a visit, and whilst here, celebrated Mass for the boys in the University Chapel.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. O. McCoshen, a former student, has quite recovered from his recent illness.

Mr. E. P. Gleeson, '98, was a successful candidate in the recent elections of members for the Ottawa Separate School Board. Congratulations, Eddie.

On Jan. 15th, Mr. Hector Bisaillon, of Montreal, an old 'Varsity student, was married to Miss H. Barbeau, of the same city. The Review wishes the young couple many long years of wedded bliss.

Rev. G. D. Prudhomme, '97, for some time curate at Ct. Bridget's Church in this city, has been installer' pastor at Metcalfe. Father Prudhomme's promotion so soon after his ordination does him much credit in the sacred work to which he has pledged his life.

From the Winnipeg Evening News Bulletin of Jan. 9th, we learn that on that date Mr. F. X. Coupal, of Qu'Appelle, and Miss Bertha Dubuc, of St. Boniface a daughter of His Honor Judge Dubuc, were married in the Bishop's Palace at St. Boniface. Mr. Coupal is remembered by many of the boys, having been a student. To the newly married couple The Review extends its heartiest congratulations.

At the close of the football season, President Cox was the recipient of many congratulatory messages; among others were those from Messrs. J. E. McGlade and A. P. Donnelly, both of last year's graduating class.



Junior Department,

The exuberant brain of the urchin expands in times like 'Xmas when not too closely fettered to his baneful primers. It is a joy to lengthen day into night: to forego rest in order to enhance others' respose: to place the fruits of a sleepless ingenuity at everybody's disposal except one's own. Presumably, Gaudet(t)e super operam and his diminutive admirers found the drowsy objects of their tender regard very unresponsive; they have decided apparently that the revising of Larousse's Lexicon is more congenial and profitable than making French beds.

Sure cure for v. cination: 1 grain Canadian tobacco dust; 1 gr. French powder; 2 grs. pulverized charcoal; 3 grs. pepper; 1 cu. cm. bay rum. The consumers of the new snuff have given no other testimonials than tears and sobs (sneezing).

All the small-yard rooters are again coraled. The beautiful rink, attesting the care of the Rev. Prefect, naturally turns their thoughts to hockey. The past glories of the J.A.A. is no longer the "hull" thing. The abundance of raw material quickens their little hearts and the dark horses are frisking about in unusually large squads. The "Probs." indicate a "howl" likely to daze competitors. The Ottawa Electric R.R. is strengthening the trolley supports on Theodore St., while the Asst.-Procurator is inviting bids for more durable fence-lumber.

The holidays brought no sign from the Junior Editor. Had he "caved in" in consequence of his self-imposed severities? No! It leaked out that he had gone on a snowshoe tramp and when he was last seen, a blizzard was playing tag with him somewhere near Hogsback. The City Sleuth, Hero of a Hundred Escapes and Dare-Devil Detective of the Flats, continued next week, was put on the trail with the hopeless result, "no clue." Offers to fill the vacant chair began to pour in, with bribes too. One proposed to hand over the great part of Merchant Pilon's candy, but we looked up the man's record and found he was a confirmed "sponger"; another hopeful talked of a pair of hockey boots, as if our editorial feet would fit them. One night as we were just

closing an anxious eye over the matter, we heard the slipping of a paper in under the door. It was the unmistakeable scrawl of the Junior, but indignation—no explanation except the notes of a Banquet, to which The Review was not invited. Resisting a desire to be sarcastic, we give these notes.

THE JUNKET.

The cubs who remained in our midst for the holidays held their annual banquet as usual in the Dark Room. All preparations were duly made and invitations sent to the many sympathisers of the ill-used short-pants, when a warm discussion in the committee room arose over the wisdom of inviting the chronicler of the junior deeds and misdeeds. The three Winnipeg minims voted decidedly "Naw." Said Tommy: "That fellar "Il be there anyway."

Yes, the junior editor was "there," remotely, and from his invisible lookout, he viewed the delightfully appetizing spread of turkeys, cakes, pies, candies and cordials. He envied the little gathering of round faces and open mouths through which speeded the dainty eatables. Usually a feast of such proportions takes two or three hours to dispose of, but on this instance the rules of high society were off—on holidays. An hour before the time designed to wash fingers, pick teeth and tilt chairs, thematerial part of the feast had vanished. At last, Prince Mouchoir, toast master, ringing the bell, began the second part of the programme.

Said Prince Mouchoir: "It is meet" ("No, Turkey!" cries a voice), it is meet that on occasions like this, we assemble in friendly and jovial gatherings to feast old Sol and his heavenly satellites and express to the near relative of earth our honest opinions on the questions of the day. (Great applause and Hear! Hear! Tommy tilts his chair and falls to the floor. Great excitement!) "Gentlemen," continues the presumptuous orator, "I am no professor (Derisive laughter) hence I leave the floor to a more worthy occupant (All look for the suspect). I propose a toast to the quarantine, and with it couple the name of Tommy (Continued applause. A voice, "A new Prof.")

Tommy arose with a complacent smile on his face.

"Gentlemen," he cried, "I ain't got the small-pox and never had it (Laughter, and "neither had we") I never saw a real case of it in the house (A wee voice, "Bring him to the Island"). I can't see, gentlemen, why they quarantined us. (Voices, "Nor we".) But, gentlemen, the quarantine's not so bad when it doesn't come at Christmas. (A voice, "Bravo!" followed by prolonged applause during which Tommy décided to sit down.)

Several other speakers, who were on the bill, found their legs too shaky under the responsibility of uttering their teeming thoughts, so after a pause the musical programme was proceeded with. Here there was not a hitch. The performers were selected on account of their tried abilities, and executed their roles with acredit that merely sustained their previous reputations. We give the programme in full:





University Students !

We invite you to come and inspect our stock of up-to-date SUITINGS and OVERCOATINGS for Spring. Special prices to the Boys!

McCRACKEN BROS.

Merchant Tailors

139 BANK STREET.

(Between Slater and Maria Sts.)