
UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA
REVIEW.

VOLUME XVI, 1913—1914.

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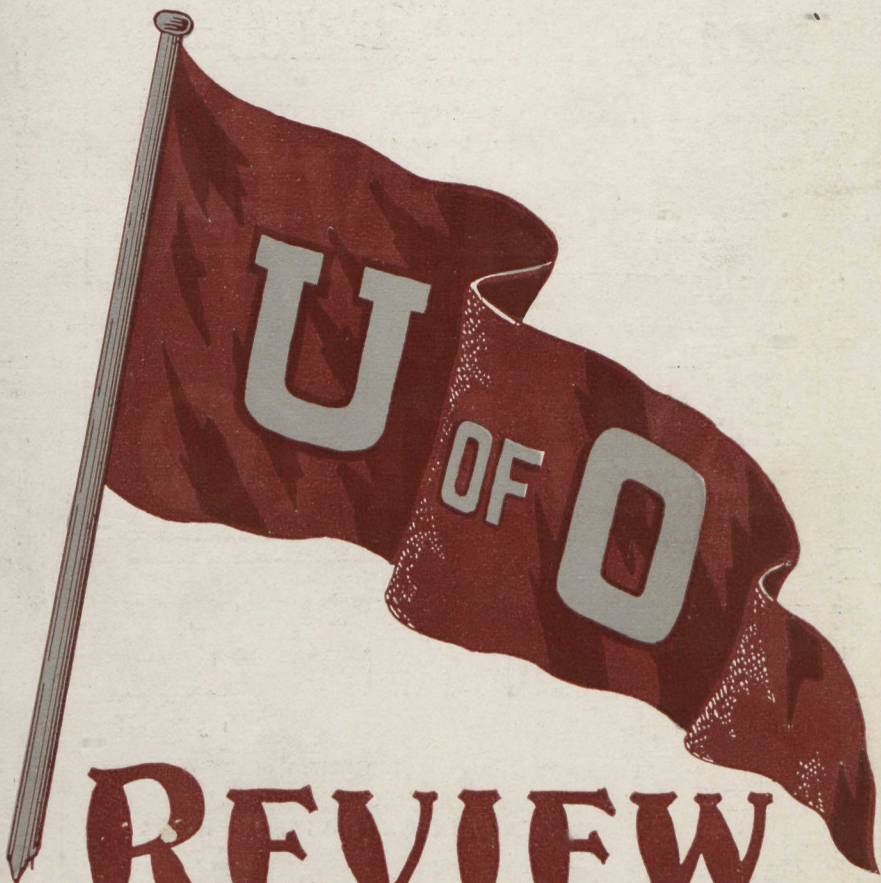
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REVIEW



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Vol. XVI.

OTTAWA, ONT., OCTOBER, 1913.

No. 1

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Commencement, 1913.



IN the presence of a large gathering of friends, students, and alumni, the 65th annual commencement exercises of the University of Ottawa were held in St. Patrick's Hall.

Very Rev. A. B. Roy, O.M.I., D.D., rector of the University, was the first speaker, and though he had no definite announcement to make regarding the building plans which are now in a tentative state, he declared that in view of the fact that the accommodation at the University had been taxed to its utmost capacity last year, it would soon be necessary to start operations. He thanked all those who in the past year have contributed to the success of the University and wished them every success in life.

Mr. Thomas C. Carrigan, dean of the faculty of law at the Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C., had conferred on him the degree of LL.D., as also did Hon. Senator A. C. Phillippe Landry of Quebec.

FORMERLY A STUDENT.

Mr. Carrigan was a student at Ottawa University twenty years ago, and in the course of his speech of thanks, he referred feelingly to the associations recalled by his presence. To the graduating class he addressed a few words of advice, and lauded the work of the Oblates, particularly in the educational line. Their missionary

endeavors came in also for its mead of praise. He was received with marked attention, a tribute to his clear, concise and logical manner of presenting his views. Senator Landry spoke along similar lines in French.

Mr. A. George McHugh, of the graduating class, delivered the English valedictory, while Mr. Philippe Cornellier showed his versatility in lines other than athletics by representing his class.

FAVORITES APPLAUDED.

Thunderous applause was evoked as the popular favorites were presented with their degrees. Many of those who have represented the University on the gridiron, and in the debating halls, graduated this year.

The following is the supplementary list of degrees:—

The Degree of Bachelor of Theology was conferred on

Rev. Gilbert Ovila Julien.....Ottawa, Ont.
Rev. Louis Péalopra, O.M.I.....Ottawa, Ont.

The Degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on

Hon. Senator A. C. Philippe Robert Landry, Quebec, Que.
Mr. Thomas C. Carrigan.....Worcester, Mass.

The Degree of Licentiate of Philosophy was conferred on

Rev. Xiste Charlebois, O.M.I.....Ottawa, Ont.
Mr. L. Philippe Cornellier.....Montreal, Que.
Mr. George F. Coupal.....Lajord, Sask.
Rev. Joseph Gravel, O.M.I.....Ottawa, Ont.
Rev. Albert Jacques, O.M.I.....Ottawa, Ont.
Rev. René Lamoureux, O.M.I.....Ottawa, Ont.
Rev. Emile L'Heureux, O.M.I.....Ottawa, Ont.
Mr. A. George McHugh, O.M.I.....Ottawa, Ont.
Rev. Elzéar Paquette, O.M.I.....Ottawa, Ont.
Rev. Donat Poulet, O.M.I.....Ottawa, Ont.

The Degree of Bachelor of Philosophy was conferred on

Alexander L. Cameron.....Alexandria, Ont.
John S. Cross.....Ottawa, Ont.
Rev. Jean-Baptiste Ethier, O.M.I..Ottawa, Ont.
Leonard A. Kelley.....Ottawa, Ont.
Rev. Thomas Kennedy, O.M.I.....Ottawa, Ont.
Ralph C. Lahaie.....Cheboygan, Mich.
Lawrence A. Landriau.....Ottawa, Ont.
John J. McNally.....Bryson, Que.
Joseph Meinrad Perron.....Ottawa, Ont.

Rev. Cyrille Pilon, O.M.I.....Ottawa, Ont.
 Rev. François Plischke, O.M.I.....Ottawa, Ont.
 John A. Tallon.....Cornwall, Ont.
 Ambrose A. Unger.....Ottawa, Ont.

The Degree of Master of Arts was conferred on

John J. Sammon.....Gorman, Ont.
 Osias Sauvé.....Bourget, Ont.

The Degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on

L. Philippe Cornellier.....Montreal, Que.
 Jeremiah Harrington.....Killaloe, Ont.
 George F. Coupal.....Lajord, Sask.
 A. George McHugh.....Ottawa, Ont.
 J. Albert Harris.....Montreal, Que.
 Philip N. L. Phelan (*Extra-Mural Course*) Ottawa, Ont.

INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATION.

ENGLISH COURSE.

Have passed in order of merit:

James C. Leacy.....Lanark, Ont.
 Joseph E. Gravelle.....Renfrew, Ont.
 John Sullivan.....Quilty, Ont.
 Charles C. McMahon.....Goldfield, Ont.
 J. Leonard Duffy.....Cornwall, Ont.
 Gregory J. Rock.....Ottawa, Ont.
 J. Dorney Adams.....Ottawa, Ont.
 M. John Minnock.....Ottawa, Ont.
 Timothy P. Holly.....Brudenell, Ont.
 George F. Coupal.....Lajord, Sask.
 F. Winfield Hackett.....Stanstead, Que.

FRENCH COURSE.

Joseph A. Rousseau.....Quebec, Que.
 J. Emmanuel Duplain.....St. Raymond, Que.
 P. Raoul Leblanc.....St. Paul d'Abbottsford, Que.
 A. Hervé Ménard.....Ottawa, Ont.
 Louis Joseph de la Durantaye.....Ottawa, Ont.
 A. René de la Durantaye.....Ottawa, Ont.
 C. Adolphe Girard.....Saint Isidore, Que.
 Joseph M. Perron.....Ottawa, Ont.

**MATRICULATION EXAMINATION.
ENGLISH COURSE.**

Have passed in order of merit:

Salter A. Hayden.....	Ottawa, Ont.
J. Vernon Hayes.....	Peterboro, Ont.
William M. Unger.....	Ottawa, Ont.
Hubert J. Fortune.....	Ottawa, Ont.
J. Donnell O'Neill.....	Pinewood, Ont.
W. Francis Tierney.....	Jockvale, Ont.
Wilfrid J. McNab.....	Belleville, Ont.
C. Telesphore Fink.....	Mattawa, Ont.
James A. Howard.....	Ottawa, Ont.
Joseph P. Mangan.....	Atkinson, Ont.
Duncan J. McDonald.....	Glen Robertson, Ont.
Thomas B. Grace.....	Ottawa, Ont.
Charles E. G. de Grandpré.....	Plattsburg, N.Y.
Ludovic Goulet.....	Montmartre, Sask.
William J. Foley.....	Ottawa, Ont.
J. Terence Robert.....	Chatham, Ont.
John P. Bonfield.....	Ottawa, Ont.
Hubert D. Bishop.....	Battleford, Sask.
W. James Gross.....	Ottawa, Ont.
Robert J. O'Reilly.....	Ottawa, Ont.
Daniel C. Sullivan.....	Arnprior, Ont.
Hugh J. Ryan.....	Kingston, Ont.
John T. Gorman.....	Killaloe, Ont.
James C. Leacy.....	Lanark, Ont.
James A. MacDonald.....	Arnprior, Ont.
Thomas J. Hunt.....	Mount St. Patrick, Ont.
William M. Egan.....	Chatham, Ont.
Wilfrid A. Martin.....	Kingston, Ont.
Michael J. Mulvihill.....	Arnprior, Ont.

Gloucester Street Convent

Rita L. C. Brophy.....	Ottawa, Ont.
Mary A. Brooks.....	Ottawa, Ont.
Maude M. Burns.....	Ottawa, Ont.

FRENCH COURSE.

Joseph S. Marion.....	Ottawa, Ont.
Robert F. Malo.....	Sudbury, Ont.
Joseph E. Richard.....	St. Perpetue, Que.
Joseph G. Hébert.....	Quebec, Que.
Joseph L. Racine.....	Upton, Que.
Joseph W. Bourbonnais.....	Plantagenet, Ont.
J. Isidore Leclerc.....	Quebec, Que.
Leopold Mantha.....	Ottawa, Ont.
Joseph A. Désilets.....	Bécancour, Que.

Louis Philippe Pelletier.....	Springvale, Maine.
Joseph O. Ferron.....	St. Léon, Que.
J. P. Edgar Boutet.....	Ottawa, Ont.
J. Lucien A. Rattey.....	Ottawa, Ont.
Rodolphe J. Proulx.....	Ottawa, Ont.
Omer Brisebois.....	Ottawa, Ont.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.
Second Class Diploma.*Have passed in order of merit:*

Frederick Flahiff.....	Paris, Ont.
Henri Fontaine.....	Maniwaki, Que.
Donald Gillespie.....	Vancouver, B.C.
Andrew Shea.....	Ottawa, Ont.
Robert Dorval.....	Ottawa, Ont.
Ovila Payette.....	Lowell, Mass.
Aurelio Diaz.....	Mexico, D. C.
Guy Gilmore.....	Rock Island, Que.
Alfred Langlois.....	Warren, Ont.
Joseph Robertson.....	Ottawa, Ont.

Entrance Certificate.*Have passed in order of merit:*

Frederick Burrows.....	Ottawa, Ont.
Edward Duggan.....	Ottawa, Ont.
Augustus Kelly.....	Ottawa, Ont.
Howard Armstrong.....	Ottawa, Ont.
Claude Gliddon.....	Ottawa, Ont.
Raymond Barcelo.....	Sainte Scholastique, Que.
Michael Ryan.....	Ottawa, Ont.
Maurice Richard.....	Ottawa, Ont.
Victor Duford.....	Clayton, N. Y.
William Young.....	Ottawa, Ont.
Xavier Beaulieu.....	Saint-Laurent, Que.
Alfred Côté.....	Ottawa, Ont.
Edgar Mineau.....	Louiseville, Que.
Leopold O'Reilly.....	Ottawa, Ont.
Adélard Hurteau.....	Hull, Que.
Raynold Dagenais.....	Ottawa, Ont.
Edouard Viau.....	Ottawa, Ont.
Henri Martinette.....	Ottawa, Ont.
John Maloney.....	Ottawa, Ont.
James Murphy.....	Tweed, Ont.
Aurelio Diaz.....	Mexico, D. C.
Louis Duhamel.....	Ottawa, Ont.

Valedictory.

Very Rev. Rector, Rev. Fathers, Fellow-Students, Ladies and Gentlemen,—

There are times when even the most stoical amongst us ignores, for a space, his philosophy and grants priority to his feelings. Such a moment is this. For Class '13 the hour of parting draws rapidly nigh. And it is with conflicting emotions that we make the last few halting steps which will carry us beyond the gates of Alma Mater. We proceed with a sense of pleasure which, as the poet says,

“Hath something too of sternness and of pain,
For it drives back my thoughts upon their spring.”

Amid the hurry and bustle of the last few weeks we have had little time to reflect upon the days which have now passed away from us forever,—upon our college days, upon the life which is the only one we know as yet. Perhaps 'tis as well, for in the trial we needed all the incentive which the anticipation of success could bring to urge us on. We have been pleased to have achieved success. With pleasure we have anticipated the launching of our several barks upon the sea of life. But to-day these pleasures, these anticipations, sink into very insignificance in the face of the price which they demand. We must part. The memory of the happy years which we have spent, of the struggles in field and forum which we have enjoyed and in which we have engaged, of the good fellows we have met and warm friendships we have made, the memory of all these is borne back upon us with an intensity which makes us realize in some measure the good fortune which has been ours.

It is but natural that such reflection would lead us to remember those to whose labours and sacrifices we are indebted for all our good fortune. I mean our parents. Our debt to them we can never clear off, least of all at this moment. They have struggled to educate us, to fit us for the battle of life. We thank them now. We shall repay them by the trophies which we win in the battle.

Yet our regret at parting does not check the ardour with which we set forth upon the unbeaten tracks. We have youth and vigor. We have the brilliant example of those who have gone before,

graduates of old Varsity who occupy the highest places in Church and State; we have their examples to call forth our best efforts. But, most of all, we have firmly implanted in our minds those sound principles of moral and of logic for which Alma Mater is noted. These will guide us on our way, these will remove the perplexities which beset us.

For these principles, for the training which has been ours, we are deeply indebted to our kind professors. They have spared no pains to help us towards the goal. They have urged us on and laboured for us when we have showed ourselves backward or lax; they have applauded and encouraged us when we were apt. Good professors, we could not be insensible to your solicitous care. If at times we have appeared ungrateful we beg you to forget. Our last, our only and enduring sentiment is one of sincere gratitude for all that you have done in our behalf, and of affection which our intercourse with you has incited. We must say farewell. The pains of parting increase with delay.

To the good people of Ottawa we extend a hearty thanks for their many kindnesses. They have applauded us in victory, they have condoned with us in defeat. They have been our friends and patrons on all occasions, and we regret that we must bid them now "Farewell."

Fellow-students,—we stand at the parting of the ways. The time approaches when we s'all part with many of you, perhaps forever. But be assured that you will live in our memory always. You follow the path which we have already walked and we beg leave to offer you this advice: Be true to the principles which Alma Mater teaches. Open your hearts as well as your ears to your teachers. Remember your motto: *Ubi Concordia ibi Victoria.*" Do these things and success cannot be denied you. And now, "Good-bye," one last fond duty remains.

Alma Mater,—to you we turn last. The pains of parting with you are keenest. For seven long, happy years we have known you as our kind and provident foster mother. And now we must leave you. But there is between us a bond which neither time nor space can weaken.

May God prosper you and hurry you on to the proud position of Canaga's premier university, a place which even now you contest with institutions older and much more opulent than you. But whatever your successes, whether your trials, whatever the relationships which may exist between us and other institutions of learning, you shall be ever our Alma Mater, and now, as such, "Farewell."

Dr. Carrigan's Address.



TO-DAY this graduating class matriculates in the University of Every Day Life, and it is to you, young gentlemen, that I address my remarks.

Education has been your quest. "What is the education of the majority of the world"? asks Edmund Burke, "Reading a parcel of books? No! Restraint and discipline, examples of virtue and justice, these are what form the education of the world." And James Phinney Munroe adds—"Self-restraint and self-discipline are what public education must instill if it would rightly preface and forestall the work of the greater school, the world. Without these the furnishing of mere book-learning will be like giving dynamite to children and gatling guns to war-thirsty savages."

You have received a religious education. Let me define religious education in the words of Very Rev. Dr. Edward A. Pace of the Catholic University of America:—"We mean that the boy or girl who go through the Catholic School shall have been permeated not merely with ideas about religion, not merely with definitions of religious duty, but with the spirit of religion, of shaping their lives in accordance with the law of God. The whole work culminates in this one result, namely, that religion shall not be an appendix or addition to the studies of the School, but religion shall pulsate like a vital stream through every part of our course of education, and shall vitalize every element there; and while it stoops down to accommodate itself to the needs of the little child it shall gently and gradually lift the mind, the thought, the will of the child beyond the present range of things, beyond the horizon we survey with our eyes, to a higher world, to a world where dwells that God who is the fundamental unity, but something more; who is the power that makes for righteousness but also the power who defines what righteousness is; who is, if you please, the Author of this scheme of things that we call the universe, and who reveals Himself alike in the circling orbs that we survey in the firmament and in the eyes of the child that sits before us in our Catholic Schools."

Young gentlemen, religious education in Catholic Schools, is a means to an end—and the end is character. The flower of character is virtue. The success or failure of the religious education in any school is not finally written at the end of youth but must include manhood in all its phases. The supreme test comes in the

hour of temptation. The young man, the middle aged man and the old man register by their conduct the efficiency of the philosophy, that is found at the base of the educational system from which their characters draw sustenance.

The faculty of this University planned the progress of each member of the class of 1913 from the day of your entrance to this eventful Commencement Day. Through all the intervening years, each stage of your education has been correlated with the preceding and succeeding stages, and never, not even for a day, has your port been forgotten. You have reached it to-day by a route prescribed by religion and education. You have not frittered away any of your time on side trips to the barren Island of Fads, the graveyard of the educational sea, whose shores are strewn with the remains of pedagogical and psychological theories. Your evolution has been consistent, a solid foundation was laid, each story of your education was built "in the light not only of educational experience but also of our Catholic faith, and in that light your professors undertake to solve educational problems, not for one day, nor one year, nor one generation, but for all the years and all the generations to come, so long as man shall need to walk in the light of faith and with the help of his education towards his eternal home with God."

In any community the water supply is of paramount importance. Whether drawn from the majestic river as it courses to the sea or from a reservoir on the hilltop, through the arteries of mains beneath the city streets the water is carried into the homes to purify and strengthen. Ottawa University has been since its foundation a reservoir of education not merely for this city, but beyond, throughout this province of Ontario, and this Dominion of Canada and into the United States have gone forth alumni. The ideals of the Oblates have been impressed on their students, and if the doors of this noble seat of learning should be closed to-day, the historian must record that Ottawa University was dedicated to God, that it taught its students loyalty to country, that liberty was here preached through obedience to law.

Young gentlemen you will not long remember what is here said to you to-day. In that you will but repeat the history of your fellow graduates. Be not cast down even if tomorrow you cannot recall all that was proffered on this occasion. Ideas find complete expression in action. If your lives are complete expressions of the lessons you have learned within these halls, no matter what the future may have in store, success must be written across your careers as Christian citizens and Catholic gentlemen.

Autumn in Ontario.

ALL our seasons possess charms that endear them to us. Some people like the winter, with her frozen lakes, clear, crisp atmosphere, and vast fields of snow; others enjoy the buoyant life and fresh greenness of the vernal season; while still others prefer the pleasant summer time, with its wealth of foliage and beauty of blossom; and even autumn draws admiring eyes toward herself, decked out as she is in her robes of variegated colours.

The last named season is the one most dear to me. All other seasons have attractions that make me sometimes long for them, but too often certain features make them repulsive. Winter's cold is very severe, and who would say that the months of March and April, with their cold rains and raw winds, are pleasant ones? Summer no doubt is very attractive, but the sweltering heat of July and August too often brings a feeling of oppression. Autumn provides a happy medium to these extremes. It is the evening of the year, a period of calm before the stern approach of winter.

No mistake can be made as to the time of year Autumn is ushered in. September, October and November were the months that our kind teachers of the Primary classes tried to make us believe made up that season, but they, although geographically right, were in reality wrong. That Fall creeps in on us during the last fortnight of August, and leaves us when the cold November skies, overhung with dreary clouds, tell us that winter has arrived. We know well just when the first day of Autumn comes, and mark with regret the disappearance of its peaceful smile in November's gloom.

It comes in a very unassuming manner, in the night too, not at all like what we would expect in the arrival of such a personage. A cold evening, a frosty night, and we wake in the morning and know that Fall has come with the frozen moisture that lies on the fences and on the grass around us. The hot sun through the day may almost deceive us into thinking that summer's sway has returned, but the marks of the colder season are with us in the meadow ferns that have all been turned to brown and the whitened leaves of the cornstalks.

Not only in the vegetation are we aware that a new season has arrived. The birds that fear the cold, the swallows, the king-

birds and the orioles, that come back to us only when the warm sun of May has banished all signs of frost, now take their departure. We miss the scarlet flash of the tanagers and even the pewees have deserted their summer haunts,—the bridges and the dilapidated sheds. The bluebirds and the noisy bobolinks have left for other climes. So unlike other friends of the feathered tribe, these birds make very little fuss when leave-taking. They probably know how dear they are to us and have taken the poet's advice to steal away and give little warning. They say not "Good-night," but in the summer time to come bid us "Good-morning."

But no matter how quietly they slip away, we feel the loss of every one of them, a loss which would be far more serious did not some of our other bird friends try to palliate it. At no time of the year are the crows, jays and blackbirds so noisy. The crows gather together in great flocks, and from morn till night make the air resound with their ceaseless "caw." From all around, in the depths of the woods and in the neighborhood of grain fields, the shrieking of the jays is heard. The blackbirds return from the northern woods where they went early in summer to hatch and rear their second brood of young; and being banded together in flocks try, one would think, to make amends for the pleasure which they had deprived us of in their summer outing in the North.

This noise one may say is a rather poor substitute for the floods of melody of our summer songsters, but the time has to be taken into consideration. For instance, on a bright frosty morning in October, the constant chirping of a flock of blackbirds as they hop around in search of their food might be more welcome at that particular time than even the most melodious notes of a catbird, thrush or robin. The last named bird which remains with us all Fall knows just how out of place his happy song of the spring would be on October mornings, so substitutes for it a merry chirp.

There are many, very many features, that make Autumn a delightful season, far too many in fact to be taken note of here. The two things above all others that render her charming are the beauty of her vegetation and the pleasantness of her atmosphere.

It is in the Fall that Nature puts on her most luxurious garment, her evening dress of truly wonderful hues. One who has not been in Canada in Autumn can scarcely imagine the variety of colours that the woods present at that time. Nearly every colour in the spectrum is represented there, in the bright red of the sumac, the orange and yellow hues of the poplar and birch, the green of the pines and cedars, and the almost purplish tints of the

maple. One could not behold a prettier sight than to ascend a mountain and look out over the wooded areas of the neighbourhood. Away as far as the eye can reach is a vast ocean of bright colours with little islands of green here and there, where some lofty pine lifts its head high into the air, in disdain of the fickle friends around him, or where the patch of green of some farmer's field appears. It is true that the leaves in a short time fall to the earth, but here they form a blanket that rivals in beauty what was but a few days before the covering of the trees.

Too often people think of Autumn as a dreary time when cold winds blow and drizzling rains make all uncomfortable. Just the opposite of this is true. Although we have many disagreeable days, probably more than in summer time, still the beauty of those that come between soon counteracts their unpleasantness. Who among us does not admire the bright sunny days of September and October? There is a clearness, a buoyancy in the air that does not characterize the sunny days of the other seasons. At other times old Sol's "smile" is either coldly formal or oppressive, but now, 'tis open and broad in his true gladness of heart. Brighter days come in summer, but we avoid their glare by seeking the protection of some cool retreat. In winter the sun has a sickly smile, the paleness of which does not wholly disappear even in Spring, and then we prefer the warmth of indoors. But in the sunny days of Autumn we want to be out in the open to enjoy the brightness and clearness that seems to be a part of the atmosphere which we inhale. In "Indian Summer," the most pleasant two weeks of the year, a certain, scarcely noticeable tinge of smokiness in the air lends a touch of melancholy to all the objects of Nature. And then in November

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods and meadows brown and
sear."

But before Winter comes, and to repay us for many sad days before, Autumn makes its last appearance.

"And then there comes a calm, still day, as still such days
will come,
To call the squirrel and bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard and all the air
is still,
And twinkles in the smoky light the waters of the rill."

J. C. LEACY, '15.

Higher Education and the Nation.



HERE is scarcely a subject more important in national life than that of education. In these days of civilization's rapid advance throughout the world, when self-government is the rule among nations, and democracy the hand that applies it, the increasing necessity of higher education is becoming more and more apparent. Far from being regarded as somewhat aloof from the general interests of life, the university, training the minds of men whose intellectual forces shall later form the nucleus of the country's strength, is gradually becoming wedged into the key-stone position of our national structure, until now, the common mind is turning into the profound conviction that advanced education, accompanied of course by the element of religion, is not only good but necessary for one and all.

But it was not always thus. We are now undergoing a rapid evolution from the quaint idea that education is the exclusive property of the well-to-do, a mere avenue of culture for the rich man's son. It is our fortunate lot, however, that the evolving years have well nigh brought complete relief from this illusion. True it is that there still exist those whose minds have not yet become disengaged from the old idea, Rip Van Winkles who imagine that education is being over-done, and who mutter that man should continue to ally himself with the soil in his primitive ignorance. But these are the few. We leave them to their mumblings. They have never trodden the avenues which lead to national efficiency and national virtue. Meanwhile the university holds out education not only to the chosen few, but reaches the individual in the ranks of the masses, and thus brings its influence to bear upon the whole people.

And though higher education remains academic, it is nevertheless intensely practical. Men to-day are not only trained to the professional walks of life, but they are also recruited for commissions in the great industrial army of the world. The day of the existence of the university solely for prospective clergymen, doctors, lawyers, engineers and writers is past. We have now entered an era in which Technology and Applied Science are moulding the future captains of our large business enterprises, and increasing the gap between brain and brawn. With the advanced forms of business education now in our midst, the business of the country is

calling for men whose minds have been trained, and to these they proffer ample scope, strongly confident in their ability to achieve success.

But the task of the university does not end here. An ancient adage declares that "a man's good consisteth not in what he has, but in what he is." And true it is, success in profession or business does not necessarily mean success in life. The achievement of our mission in this world is not measured by a sordid calculation of dollars and cents. The university would fall far short of its purpose if its influence had no wider diffusion than this. But such is not generally the case. Education, emanating from a university in which God is first and mammon second, opens up the avenues to the higher spheres of thought and action, removing the barriers of ignorance which so securely hold down the natural ambitions of man, and achieving for the individual a full development of the natural capacities with which his Creator has endowed him. It lifts him from the material to the intellectual and spiritual. It makes him familiar with the thoughts of the world's great thinkers, to champion good, to challenge evil, to enrich his life with the fruit of the ages which have preceded him.

The university, then, is essentially a school of character. It directs the willing mind to the attainments of truth, and develops within the individual the faculty of wise judgment. It places in our hands the weapons of truth, uprightness and faith, with which we enter the world's arena. It inspires us with all the good influences of human life. In short, where the soil is fertile, it moulds the type of man that the world needs to-day, "with a wider outlook, and a loftier sky," God-fearing and having at all times an interest in the welfare of his fellow-man. This is higher education in its truest sense.

And to the nation, what could be more desirable than the development of the individual in this manner. It has been said that conduct comprises the whole of life. The life of a nation, too, must be summed up in a number of acts, the standard of which depends to a great extent on the intellectual development accorded to the individual. Socrates often made the declaration that knowledge is virtue. And where education has been rightly applied, it has never failed to produce men of sound moral convictions, men whose minds are not merely splashed with the preambles of learning, but whose habits of self-government are reflected in the temper of the nation itself.

The future of our nation, then, depends to a great extent upon the university. Democracy, in my opinion, fails without its stimulation. Our emancipation, in the fullest sense, will not yet have been attained until the fetters of ignorance have been removed from the common mind. Education, and education alone, can banish the barriers which exist between class and class, and conduct us to the ultimate goal of national prosperity.

Let, therefore, men of thought and men of action, men who, on a higher plane, are reaping the intellectual fruits of a university training, let them cultivate a close sympathy and give full propagation to the rapidly spreading acknowledgment that education is indispensable to the common good. And with the desire for right education ever before the public mind, we may rest assured in our expectation that genius, rising from the talent which awaits development, will be not the exception but the rule. We may aptly repeat the words of a noted Canadian educationalist when he said, "For our future greatness we may look to the university as a keynote, but the great body must take up the song."

L. LANDRIAU, '14.

Up-to-date.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
 'Twas many years ago.
 A group of agents viewed the fire
 And said, "We told you so.
 We asked you to insure your ship,
 You simply would not bite,
 And now that it is all burned up
 We think it serves you right."

"If you had bought extinguishers
 From me," another cried,
 "You'd not be in this sorry fix
 With fire on every side."
 "We guarantee our fire-proof tints,"
 A varnish agent said.
 "The boards may burn but not the paint,
 'Twill be there when you're dead."

The boy stood on the burning deck,
The coward crew had fled.
The flaming ship lit up the sea;
The scene was grim and dread.
The people cried, "Oh! leave your boat
'Twill do no good to die."
But through the smoke and flying sparks
He made them this reply:

"My dear good people, can't you see,
I wear asbestos clothes,
Made by John Faker Company,
Whom everybody knows.
This is just a demonstration
To show how good they are.
I made this fire with Skinner's oil,
Imported from afar.

"So there you see the reason why
I stand up here and bake,
Though I would much prefer, you know,
To jump into the lake.
Don't wring your hands or weep for me,
Nor voice despairing moans,
I do this stunt here every night,
And make one hundred bones."

THEODORE J. KELLY, '14.



At the Seaside.

FROM the continually increasing exodus of city people, the continent over, towards those summer resorts bordering the ocean, it is evident that sea-side summer places are but coming into the popularity which they so justly merit. For the benefit of those who have not yet visited one of these watering places, I will attempt to describe the sort of time one may expect to have during his stay there,—taking as an example Old Orchard in the State of Maine.

Upon stepping from the train you would imagine that the whole population must be crowded into the little wooden station, but after a few days' stay you find that this crowd was just following the customary habit of meeting all trains, and especially those from Montreal. The station is always the scene of joyful activity, for when any one leaves the different hotels the other guests always troop to the train, usually accompanied by the dinner bell, confetti and loud cheers. When you are greeted by a scene such as this upon arrival, you usually enter into the spirit of fun at once, and wonder why you didn't spend your other summer holidays at this place, where class distinctions are cast aside and everyone joins in the pursuit of King Joy.

The village really has only two streets,—one, parallel to the ocean, upon which are built most of the hotels; the other is the main street upon which run the electric cars for Portland and Biddeford. At the head of the main street is the post office, and directly opposite the Catholic Church. Further down is the main entrance to a large amusement park, and from there down to the railroad tracks is occupied by a variety of stores, fake games, and garages. At the intersection of the street and the track is a large nickel theatre, and across the way an immense roller rink invites patronage. Nearby stands the Arcade, the largest dancing hall in the village. Now the street continues on to the ocean where it meets the long pier,—a welcome place indeed on a warm day. Games of every description are played on the pier, and one spieler vies with the next to sell you three tickets with which to win a teddy bear or five rings to win a cane or jack-knife. The pier greatly resembles the midway at an Exhibition. At the end of the wooden

structure is a large hall where, twice a day, vaudeville artists (?) perform, and after each show the audience is permitted to dance. This place is always filled, both on account of its cool situation and the freedom allowed in the dancing.

One rises in the morning about eight o'clock, has breakfast, sits around the veranda for a while, and then starts for the post office, and after collecting his mail he generally takes a stroll to the pier-end, after which he loiters along the beach and arrives at his temporary dwelling about ten o'clock—the accepted time of bathing. He undresses in his room and joins the crowd from the hotel on the beach,—which is without a doubt the finest on the American continent. Nantucket, Newport and Atlantic City are not to be compared to Old Orchard so far as the beach is concerned, if we may believe the tourists who have visited these other resorts. There is a clear stretch of fine sand for ten miles, and when the tide is out it affords an excellent walking surface—hard and compact. Of course the sand further back where the water doesn't touch is loose and clean and no better place could be found to steal a sleep than there. In fact people often come down early and lie there for hours in the warm sunshine with the sonorous swish-swish of the ocean in their ears. I remember one chap who did this and when he wakened he found that one side of his face was sunburned to a glowing red while the other side was snow white. He presented a queer appearance for about a week, and then he went back and heroically let the other side burn. It takes a brave man to do this, for the burn one gets at the seaside isn't to be compared to that which he received at an inland resort.

Before taking to the water everyone has to pose and form groups, for the camera fiend is nowhere so prominent as here. This over, a tennis court is often marked out and play proceeds until the ball from continual dips in the ocean becomes too heavy to handle. Leap-frog, a game of our youth, is often indulged in, and it is usually followed by crack-the-whip, the object in this being to send the end man helter-skelter into the cold water without even a preliminary dip. It is queer to see dignified lawyers, doctors of serious mien, and square-jawed financiers abandoning their customary bearing and taking part in these frivolous and childish pastimes with all the ardour of the thoughtless college student to whom such play is more or less suited.

Now comes the time to enter the water. To one unaccustomed to sea bathing it is difficult to explain just what this water is like and how it acts. In the first place it is never warm but always

somewhere near the temperature of ice water. This explains why so many people are forbidden to bathe there because the chill which goes through the body is hardly good for a weakling. Now the hardened bather dashes in and takes a duck under the first wave he meets, and thus has it over quickly, but the novice enters hesitatingly, wetting his body little by little, and at the same time shivering with the cold until someone goes up and playfully trips him. Once you are well soaked it isn't so cold, but the newcomers don't realize this, much to the disgust of the veterans. The ocean is never calm, but the waves anywhere from three to eight feet high are always rolling in, and it certainly doesn't look welcome at first. Now the proper way to bathe is to wait until the wave is about to strike you, then jump about a foot from the bottom and the immense wall of water, after passing over your head, will deposit you a few feet shoreward and you must at once prepare to encounter the next one. Often if you don't notice the wave and fail to jump it lifts you off your feet and after buffeting you about it carries you on its crest and you are thrown in shallow water about twenty feet from where you first stood. It surely is great sport to dive through these shining masses and land in a hollow on the other side just in time to gain your feet and meet the next one. If you manage to get out into very deep water the waves are not so high, and the water being so heavy it is no effort to swim, but you must be careful to keep your mouth closed for if the salty water enters it chokes you and renders you rather helpless. There is nothing so exhilarating as a dip in the water, and one enters the dining room with vengeance in his eye.

However, there are certain dangers attached to this bathing, for at Old Orchard there are no guard houses or life boats. At Atlantic City there are men in towers every few hundred feet scanning the ocean for anyone who needs help, and there are boats ready to go to the rescue, and often they have saved people from a watery grave. Not so at Old Orchard, and only this summer I saw a prominent doctor of New York drown while we were only a few yards away. It happened this way. On very windy days the waves roll to a fearful height, and when they break it causes what is termed an under-tow,—that is the water underneath is running out while that above is coming in. Now if you get caught in this undertow you are gradually pulled out until over your head and no swimmer can progress against the pull. This doctor ventured too far out and suddenly we heard a heartrending scream and knew that he was being slowly pulled away. He implored the

crowd to go to his rescue, but the older residents of the beach refused to allow anyone to attempt going out, well knowing that they would meet the same fate. Slowly the head disappeared, and next day the body was washed ashore. From this cause there are three or four who never return to their winter homes.

The afternoon at the beach is usually spent in long walks or in boat tugs, there being several short ocean voyages to be enjoyed. The evening sees the populace at the nickel show, the roller rink, the end of the pier, or attending dances at the various hotels. Of course the amatory couples take to the beach for long and quiet strolls. One returns rather late to his hotel and is transported to the "land of nod" with the swishing sound of the surf on the beach acting as a sweet lullaby.

L. A. KELLEY, '14.



University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object 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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OTTAWA, ONT., OCTOBER, 1913.

No. 1

A TERM OF PROMISE.

The joyous vacation days are over and we have all settled down once more to the steady grind of the first term. Several of the old familiar faces are gone, those of the class of 1913, who have set about choosing their career, Law, Medicine, or the Church. To them we extend our best wishes for success, and shall always be glad to hear of their activities in their new spheres. Very many new faces, too, are to be seen in the class-halls, or on the campus, for this is a banner year—there are over one hundred and seventy students in Form I, alone, and the other Forms have increased in proportion.

A spirit of optimism and the will to "do things" is apparent on all sides. *The Review* staff, the English and French Debating Societies, and the various athletic organizations, have all been re-organized amid great enthusiasm, which is of good augury for splendid success.

To crown all, the announcement has been made that plans are definitely under consideration for the immediate building of the chapel and the Laurier avenue wing. This is indeed good news, for it means better accommodation and relief from the congestion which has become very marked in the past few years, owing to the notable increase in the number of students, resident and non-resident. We trust that the day is not far distant when the original plan will be completed in its entirety, thus giving to the Capital one of its architectural glories, and a home worthy of the only Catholic University in Ontario.

THE DROUGHT.

Few who have never experienced a dry and fruitless season can realize the serious and pathetic situation of the farmer who is forced to stand aside quite helplessly and watch a burning sun slowly but surely destroy his only means of subsistence. There is a tinge of the unnatural quite noticeable when nature and her soil are deprived of their requisite moisture.

The summer just passed has been such that, in many sections of Ontario, the almost triumphal progress of the farmer was brought to an abrupt conclusion. He planted his crops during the excellent weather which last spring afforded for seeding, and his hopes naturally were sanguine, but he did not foresee that rain would be denied him from May until September, and that his labours would be in vain.

The loss of last summer's crops will take many years of real prosperity from the affected districts. Mixed farming is carried on very extensively, and many farmers make the great mistake of raising only fodder enough to carry their herds of livestock over the following winter, but since crops have proven absolute failures the stock must be disposed of at any price, and years will elapse before they are replaced. When the farmer is prosperous, so also is the townsman, but when he suffers the townsman likewise comes to grief, so we may expect a general depression in many districts of our province during the coming year at least.

Apart from the financial losses, which are very serious aspects of the situation, there is another and a sadder side of the problem to be considered. Many children of the afflicted farmers have been forced to leave schools and colleges because the wherewith is lacking to pay expenses. Some of these may return in time to resume their studies, but many will not, and our country will be deprived of her quota of educated men.

NOTES AND COMMENT.

Next to the Home Rule embroglio, the "headliner" on the British stage at the present time is the industrial war which threatens to become general throughout Ireland. The labours of James Larkin, the Liverpool agitator, for education among the masses and an increased solidarity in unions, are now bearing tangible results. Four years of campaigning among dockers, transport workers and wage-earners in every branch of industry have caused Labour to forget religious differences in the search for economic justice.

Industrial unionism in Ireland's factory cities is gradually becoming stronger. The co-operation toward agricultural efficiency in rural parts, in a great measure due to the Land Purchase Act of Balfour's administration, also gives evidence that sooner or later Ireland's new era of economic development must receive the recognition which it justly deserves.

Granted Home Rule within Erin's boundaries, we may be assured of a speedy return to those days when the industrial efficiency of Ireland was on a very high plane.

* * *

In a speech on the Far East delivered last month before the Canadian Club of this city, Hon. George E. Foster laid emphasis on the fact that a large majority of the people in China neither know whether they live under a republican or a monarchial form of government, nor do they care. The poor status of China to-day may well be attributed to this very fact. No form of government can be successful which in its use or misuse is so far removed from the people as is Yuan Shi-Kai and his party at the present time. With Dr. Sun Yat Sen an exile, and President Yuan entertaining his party of co-rulers in whatever fashion he wishes, there is no small danger that the near future will see an attempt to overthrow the present republican form, and a return to the despotic rule of the Manchu.

* * *

The effect of the new Wilson-Underwood tariff bill, as adopted by the House of Representatives about a fortnight ago, will occasion no small amount of interest in Canadian political, financial and commercial circles, and among students of economics in both countries.

In consideration of the present heavy exportation under existing tariff conditions, it seems safe to predict an enormous growth in Canadian exports under the decreased levies stipulated in President Wilson's revision of the Aldrich-Payne tariff.

* * *

Science has added another victim to its list of martyrs. The death of Dr. Charles Leonard a few weeks ago, due to a disease contracted by experimenting with the X-Ray machine, adds another name to the number of laboratory sacrifices. It also furnishes food for thought to those who, because some doctors may have been wicked, show an eagerness to carp at the medical profession. The late Dr. Leonard was only one of the several victims of X-Ray experiments performed in the interests of waiting humanity. This fresh self-sacrifice gives further evidence that highly humane standards of the medical profession are still being well sustained.

* * *

The recent opening of St. Augustine's Seminary on Scarborough Heights, Toronto, marks the erection of one more centre of theological learning in Eastern Canada. The inaugural ceremonies, held on the twenty-eighth of August, bear forecasts of a future filled with wonderful possibilities. The urgent necessity of a greater number of English speaking missionaries in Canada is day by day looming up before Catholic clerics and laymen alike. It is thus a source of rejoicing that private munificence has once more rendered it possible to meet the demands of the rapidly increasing population of this country.

It is also worthy of more than passing interest that in the new Seminary provision has been made for the training of Ruthenian students as prospective spiritual leaders among their people.

* * *

Catholic moderation may yet play an important part in the re-adjustment of the Mexican turmoil, and the expected recognition of Huerta's provisional government by President Wilson of the United States. The recall of Felix Diaz to Mexico and the selection of Gamboa as candidate by the Catholic party prior to the anticipated general election, already give prospect of the first rift in the cloud which has so long dimmed the progress of the "country of revolutions."

* * *

Authentic statements make plain the fact that over two million positions in the United States are absolutely barred to appli-

cants who are discovered to be addicted to drink. Nor is this surprising. The business world is slowly but surely closing its doors on the inebriate. The growing demand of large business enterprises to-day is for men who are unacquainted with the cup "that makes the strong man weak, and lays the wise man low."

* * *

Glancing through the pages of a recent number of an exchange, we notice that some particularly sound advice, lighting upon the different activities of a college existence, is given to students who are entering upon their freshman year. Too much advice, of course, often reaps poor results, especially if it is of the nagging variety. But sincere heart-to-heart talks, the imparting to the beginner of good wholesome counsel by those whom experience has made wise, should be both acceptable and desirable.

Let us, then, keep before us the mission which we have undertaken by our entrance into college life. Let us strive to cultivate, in all our doings, those principles of uprightness, manliness and openness of character which are sure to accomplish for us the success which we desire. And it is well always to remember that it is the "little things well done" that reap the best harvest.



It is with genuine pleasure that we assume the duties of him whose privilege it is, through the medium of this chapter, to exchange greetings with our sister institutions. We venture to express the opinion that stronger friendships are not to be found than those which are arrived at in the field of intellectual endeavor. It is with zest, then, that we enter upon our new task, confident in our ability to make friends, and extending to all our co-workers a generous welcome.

A first perusal of the exchanges which have reached this sanctorium convinces us that their worth well warrants the welcome extended to them. Student articles are generally identified by a

freshness and buoyancy somewhat foreign to the productions of older and more pen-plodding writers.

Most of the issues which have as yet come before our notice are Commencement numbers. A great number of these contain interesting valedictories, words of farewell and hope uttered by those whose college career had reached its consummation and whose task it now is to engage with the battling forces of a more hostile world. Many other articles also appear, the variety of which adds spice to the enjoyment which comes to us in their perusal.

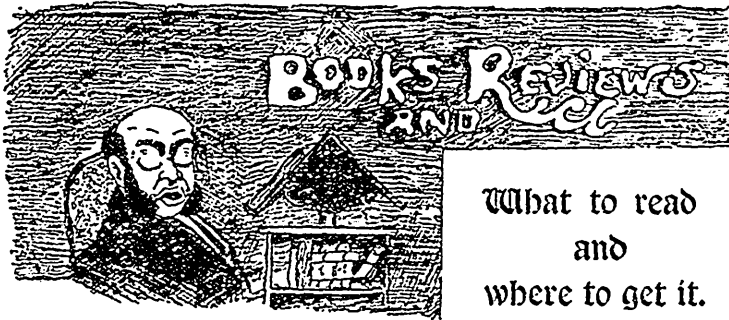
The last quarterly issue of the *D'Youville Magazine* is one of the most interesting on our table. The efforts of the editors in the field of fiction are particularly commendable. This is a department upon which more attention might wisely be bestowed by those interested in college literary work.

Poetry, too, is not forgotten by the fair editors of this issue, and several splendid attempts grace the pages of the edition before us.

Among the essays of a more critical nature several splendid articles also appear.

The ravages of Socialism on our political and social life are strongly borne out in "A Plea to Our Catholic Laity," which occupies a position of prominence in the pages of the *St. John's University Record*. The Catholic laity should consider it a profound obligation to oppose this ill-conceived dream, whose attempted realization can only lead to anarchy.

We gratefully acknowledge the following: *The Fordham Monthly*, *The Youth's Magazine*, *The O.A.C. Review*, *The Collegian*, *King's College Record*, *Abbey Student*, *The Loyola University Magazine*, *The St. John's University Record*, *The Missionary Record of the Oblate Fathers*, *The Young Eagle*, *The Viatorian*, *The Weekly Exponent*, *The Laurel*, *The Gospel Trumpet*, *Georgetown College Journal*, *D'Youville Magazine*, *The Nazarene*, *The Niagara Index*, *The Trinity University Review*, *The Notre Dame Scholastic*, *St. Mary's Chimes*, *Echoes From the Pines*, *Victoriana*, *Stanstead College Magazine*, *Sacred Heart Echoes*.



As in former years, the editor of this column will review each month several of the latest books and also any leading magazine articles of general interest. As every work is open to criticism he will seek to point out any errors which come to his notice in the various Reviews, but by far the greater part of the matter will consist of a summary of the thoughts expressed by professional writers. Should any one of the students chance upon a particularly interesting essay the editor would be pleased to receive it, that he may review it for the benefit of the student body as a whole.

J. A. Stevenson is the author of a timely article entitled "The Problem of the Foreigner in Canada" in the *Westminster Review*. In Canada we are confronted with the question as to what will be the effect of this foreign invasion upon our national life. In the United States the result of immigration is the replacement on a large scale of natives by foreign stock, and is it not reasonable to suppose that the same will eventually happen in Canada for "socially the foreign population may swamp the British stock as the reservoir from which they come is of infinite depth."

As a rule the foreigners are held in low esteem and the author places the blame for their poor condition at the door of the politicians "who see in the foreign note an element which, by skillful manipulation, can be used to great party advantage, and they are prepared to use any method and resort to any trickery in order to win its allegiance." He goes on to say that practically the only assistance given the foreigner is that rendered by the Catholic Church. The Protestant churches have shown comparatively small increase in foreign conversions in comparison with the Catholic Church. "The Protestants are less adequately equipped to deal with this immigration problem than the Catholics."

Naturally the author deplors the lamentable condition of the foreign population in Canada and suggests as a remedy that we might establish National Welfare Societies, whose duty it would be to mould these motley tribes of immigrants into self-respecting intelligent British citizens. He also claims that universities should have a course to train men to enter the Social Science in order that they might bring some sort of organization out of the chaos which we are now creating in the social order.

"Religion and Socialism," XIX. Century, N. W. Clarke. The question asked by the author is "How would religion fare under Socialism," and after a rather lengthy treatise he assumes "Under Socialism religion would die. It would perish in the realization of its own end." Experience has taught us that man is apt to be less religious when all goes well with him. The absence of pressure leads to decay of moral aspirations. We realize that men turn to God when their noon of prosperity is over-clouded and in time of trouble they will cry out "Save us." Now Socialism claims that it makes it possible for all men to succeed and impossible for any man not to succeed. Therefore it would tend to take away the pressure and to make men prosperous—all as I have said at the expense of religion.

It is said that under Socialism many temptations to sin would be removed because passions would not be aroused by the unfair distribution of material goods. This shows that Socialism secures merely a negative morality, and herein lies a mistaken conception of morality for it is taken to mean merely an abstention, as *not* doing certain things, as a simply prohibitive code of laws. However, it is not in this sense that religion has been understood through the ages.

It has now become a question of Socialism or religion and we must confess that religion holds the key to the social situation and is in itself a positive social benefit. It can do all Socialism professes to do and more. The sooner the advocates of Socialism come to a realization of these things, the sooner will they attain the object of their campaign—the amelioration of the lot among the less fortunate of the children of men.

In the *Outlook* we find the versatile Theodore Roosevelt in his favorite role as critic of Democratic principles. He attacks the newly devised Income Tax, or at least that section which reads, "The exempted income has been reduced to \$3,000; a man living with his wife is entitled to a further exemption of \$1,000 and an

additional \$500 for each of not more than two minor children." While in other countries the leading thinkers are pondering over the most effective premium to put on the third child of the average family, yet in the United States they are penalizing this third child, whose absence means speedy racial extinction. Roosevelt does not wish to reach a point where couples will have multitudes of children whom they will be unable to properly bring up, but rather have this than the cold, calculating and most unwomanly and unmanly selfishness which makes so many men and women shirk their most important duty to the State. The ex-President suggests placing the heaviest burden on the unmarried, to relieve every mother and father of a substantial sum of taxes for every child, to have no relief from taxes for a married couple without children and a very substantial additional and cumulative relief from taxes for the third and fourth child.

The leading article in the *North American Review* is "The Direct Rule of the People" and its author George Kennan is of the opinion that what is needed in the United States is not a new political machinery, but a nation of good citizens, who will devote themselves faithfully and conscientiously, to the duty of choosing good representatives. In places this work brought back to memory passages of Burke's "Obedience to Instructions"—a refreshing recollection to refined literary tastes.

Our own Sir Gilbert Parker, in the *Fortnightly Review*, under the title of "The Welding of an Empire," deals with the various aspects of the Naval Question as it affects the colonies and more particularly Canada. He foreshadows the establishment of a real Imperial Parliament in which the vital interests of the Empire may be adequately respected.

Practically every *Review* contains an article touching in some way the Balkan trouble. R. W. Seton-Watson in dealing with "New phases of the Balkan Question" in the *Contemporary Review* expresses the belief that Roumania is entitled to the leadership of the Balkan States.

Again in the *British Review* we meet G. K. Chesterton of *Saturday Post* fame, and in a spirit of levity he makes everything perfectly clear as for instance when he says "The thing that is really at the back of all Turkey massacres can be seen by staring at a Turkey rug or carpet." The *Review of Reviews* suggests that if Turkey were not already provided with a Sultan the redoubtable G. K. C. could "fill the bill" as none other.

Among the Magazines.

.. In the *Catholic University Bulletin*, we read with considerable interest an article entitled "Instruction in Sex Hygiene." Needless to say our opinion on the subject is in strict accordance with that of the writer. He has treated his subject in a masterful manner, wherein he plainly shows that those who advocate this new system of education think only of the physical well-being of the individual without giving a thought to the salvation of his immortal soul. This is summed up in a short sentence of a pupil who has (pardon the expression) "reaped the benefits of instruction in sex hygiene," when he says: "I confess that I am not moral but I am hygienic." The young mind is not sufficiently developed to understand the sexual question; and not being able to do this, it is bound to take an evil and perverted meaning from the all too open talk of the instructor. What is the result? Immorality and impurities of every description are bound to increase, and souls which might have remained pure and unsullied are engulfed in the many vices which characterize the degenerate. Such delicate talk as is necessitated by sex hygiene should be left entirely to the father and mother. When the boy or girl has reached a certain age it is the duty of parents to enlighten their children,—not in too open a manner, but in such a way that the budding men and women may readily understand their duty to themselves and to their God. Mr. Melody seems to have a thorough knowledge of his subject, and were his advice followed out, instruction in sex hygiene would receive its death blow. It may be interesting to note that it was decided to introduce this new branch of study in the public schools of Chicago, but so numerous were the evil results which ensued, and so many protests were received from parents, that the plan had to be abandoned. Would that all parents were of the same mind!

Under the caption, "Why Choose the Catholic School?" the *Rosary* for the month of August gives us an excellent appreciation on Catholic education. "To educate, in the real meaning of the term, is simply to develop in the child those hidden powers which Nature has conferred upon him, together with his immortal, rational soul." Therefore, as the author very ably points out, whatever pertains to the power of that soul falls naturally under the scope of education. Banish religion from the school, and morality becomes but a matter of pure conscience. Intellect and intellectual attainments do not of themselves promote morality; it requires the

sanction of the divine law, and also that restraining power which comes from religion alone. The Catholic schools and colleges are the only place for the education of the Catholic youth of our country. As one author very aptly puts it: "A student at a Catholic institution of learning is a tree planted beside the rivers of waters, whose leaf shall not wither; planted in a congenial soil, sheltered from the cold winds of doubt and erroneous opinions; in the full sunshine of God's favor." It is a sacred birthright of every child born of Catholic parents to receive a sound Catholic training, whereby the faculties of his soul may be developed in such a manner that he is capable of conducting himself later on in the world as a Christian and a Catholic should. In this, our twentieth century, the folly of a godless education is becoming more and more apparent, and it is giving rise to many great evils, which if left unchecked will surely pave the way to national depravity and ruin. Quoting the words of a prominent preacher: "There is nothing permanent but God, and the Justice and Truth which are His kingdom; and no scheme of education can stand the test of time if it is not founded on that Justice and inspired by that Truth."

The editorial columns of a recent number of *America* contain much that is of interest and of great importance. In an article on Dangerous Periodicals the writer points out that the number of secular periodicals which can safely be introduced into Catholic homes is growing fewer year by year. Even high-priced magazines which were somewhat careful about the subject matter that entered their pages, now readily admit stories which are very often concerned with violations against the Sixth Commandment. Such periodicals can reproduce nothing but evil, particularly when they are "devoured" by youthful imaginations, and they, therefore, should not be tolerated within the sacred precincts of the home.

We also gratefully acknowledge *The Catholic Extension*, *The Educational Review*, *Scientific American*, *Ave Maria*, *Civilian*, *The Rosary*, *The America*, *The Missionary*, *The Canadian Messenger*, and *The Catholic University Bulletin*.

Prætorum Temporum Flores.

Rev. John W. Cavanagh, C.S.C., of Notre Dame, Ind., was a visitor to the University a few weeks ago.

Rev. W. Dooner, of Calabogie, Ont., was a visitor last week.

Rev. J. A. Houle, '09, is now parish priest of St. Mary's Church, Manistee, Mich.

W. P. Breen, an old student, was ordained to the priesthood at Douglas on Friday, August 15th.

Rev. Frs. Harrington and Reynolds, of Eganville and Renfrew respectively, paid visits to their Alma Mater recently.

Many of our old students are attending other colleges this year. Among those attending McGill are Fabe Poulin, Henry Robillard, Dan. Sullivan, Bert Tate, Andy Murtagh, Dick Renaud, and others; while Varsity claims Dick Sheehy and "Bill" Sullivan. Dick may play football for Varsity if the Freshman rule is lifted. Mr. W. Martin is attending Queen's, and Walter McMillan has gone to Holy Cross.

Messrs. Cornellier, Harrington, Coupal and Labelle of last year's B.A. class, are now studying for the priesthood.

Mr. George McHugh, '12, is at present holding a very lucrative position in the Civil Service.

Rev. J. Quilty, '97, paid us a visit on the first of the month.

Rev. Fr. Poli, O.M.I., has given over the charge of the seminary here to Fr. Rheume, and has gone to Tewkesbury, Mass.

Mr. Donald Gillespie, '12, is at present working for his father in Vancouver, B.C.

Messrs. D. Breen, '11, I. Rice, '12, and Charles O'Gorman made us a call on their way back to the Seminary.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW



Once again the boys are back to U. of O., and once again the corridors, halls and recreation grounds present an animated scene. It is in the yard especially that the young sports get rid of surplus energy and of that tired feeling which prevents the warm red blood from coursing through the veins. There are tall and short boys, fat and thin fellows, but all seem to take an active interest in their games. Doubtless they have in mind the well known axiom, "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy"—for what would College life be without athletics?

The prospects for a pleasant year were never brighter. We have, first, the combination Ottawa city and University team to cheer for. Teams have been entered in the City Football League, and in the Intermediate League as well. Con Mulvihill has been elected vice-president of the former league, and Felix Hackett vice-president of the latter. Then we have the Senior and Junior Intermural Leagues, which will enable any and every boy to take an active part in football. Rev. Father Stanton, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Finnigan, Latulippe and Veronneau, have charge of affairs, and they are sparing no pains to make each and every student feel at home.

A word of explanation anent our football plans is the first task of the sporting editor of 1913.

Our departure from Inter-Collegiate ranks necessitated the securing of other and more congenial camping grounds; the task was not easy, and was one that permitted of no delay. Three courses seemed open to us: a new Union, exhibition games, or an entrance into the O.R.F.U.

With the kind and tireless co-operation of three of Ottawa's leading sporting men, the formation of a Union was attempted, but the plan eventually had to be abandoned. The necessity of using non-student players—the at least remote possibility of re-kindling the old flame of trouble between College forces and City forces, with a memory of former hostile days,—and the lack of football teams of senior calibre, were some of the reasons why this scheme was not deemed feasible.

Exhibition games were thought of and as quickly given up, for the reason that they have always failed to appeal to the public, and have likewise proved a distinct financial failure.

For what were considered very good reasons by friends both here and in Toronto, the O.R.F.U. was out of the question. Its past record, the fact that its best team had been treated along lines similar to that accorded us by the Inter-Collegiate, together with the heavy expense of three trips to Toronto, were facts that could not be overlooked. However, we are thankful to this Union for the invitation extended to us.

It was easy enough to find weaknesses in all these schemes, but not quite so easy to form and to follow out a plan to our liking. After several conferences with the officers of the Ottawa Football Club, the present amalgamation was effected. The details of this agreement, after being approved of by the Faculty of the University, were drawn up in contract form and signed by both clubs. Financially we shall profit as much under the new order of things as we did in the palmiest of football days. Whether it will be to our interests in other ways remains to be seen. This much are we sure of. The alliance has received the approval of our most intimate friends as well as of the prominent men of the city. It will kill forever that old heirloom of animosity that has been handed down to both factions from days gone by. We may merely speculate as to what effect this will have on the future of our Alma Mater. Friends we surely need, and if football will bring them, then welcome football.

To date, our relations with this new state of affairs have been most pleasant, and we see no reason why they should not continue so. Six of our candidates for positions were chosen to play in the first game. At present we have just about ten men who are big enough and strong enough to play senior football. Later, when our other sources are in operation, we may be in a position to place a strictly student team in senior football ranks,—until then we shall have to temporize as we are doing.

Ottawa City-University (17)—Alerts (13).

It was only an exhibition game, but as much interest was created as if it had been a league fixture,—so many wished to get a line on the team. The play lacked finish, as might have been expected so early in the season, but at times the two thousand spectators were on their toes when something sensational was pulled off. The combination team will have to play better ball if they wish to qualify for the Dominion finals. Of course they defeated the Dominion champions, but that does not entitle them to an aeroplane trip. College were well represented,—Sullivan, Gilligan, Holly, O'Leary and Quilty were all given a chance to show their mettle. They proved themselves well capable of holding their own, and if they continue their good work they will be a great factor in landing the Dominion championship for the Capital City.

On Saturday next, October 4th, the boys will go to Montreal to try conclusions with the representative team of that city. A hard game is expected, but Eddie Gerard says "we must win."

The Intermural Leagues will undoubtedly succeed, for the necessary energy is being put behind them. Much close organization is required, and the very strictest discipline is needed to prevent a recurrence of those bloody days gone by, when students looked forward to such games as opportune times to vent their wrath on all who had in any way displeased them during the year. To date there has been a real manly spirit displayed, and we look for a continuance of it.

The first meeting of the U. of C. A. A., under the rules of the new constitution, took place in the Assembly Hall on Wednesday, the 10th of September, and the following officers were elected for the year 1913-14:—

President—J. Sullivan.

Secretary—A. L. Cameron.

Treasurer—M. A. Gilligan.

Rev. Father Stanton, O.M.I., is the director of the Association. Immediately after the meeting the Executive convened, and appointed the following officials:—

Official Scorer—T. J. Kelly.

Property Man—J. O'Leary; assistant, D. Breen.

President of the Intermural Football League—J. O'Brien.

It was decided to place four teams in the league, each team to have a captain and manager:—

Uni-Otto—A. J. Cameron, Mgr.; V. O'Neil, Capt.
 Amalgams—M. A. Gilligan, Mgr.; P. F. Harrington, Capt.
 Allies—J. Sullivan, Mgr.; Ph. Dubois, Capt.
 Combines—J. A. Tallon, Mgr.; J. McNally, Capt.
 Three teams comprise a Junior League:—
 Sons of Rest—Herb. Fallon, Mgr.; D. Ryan, Capt.
 Never-Sweats—Guibord, Mgr.; T. Laing, Capt.
 Jim-Jams—A. DeGrandpre, Mgr.; T. Robert, Capt.
 City Football Team—L. A. Landreau, Mgr.; C. A. Mulvihill,

Capt.

Baseball—Mgr., B. C. Lahaie; Capt., F. Higgins.
 Hockey—Mgr., L. A. Kelly; Capt., E. O'Leary.

To date, four games have been played in the Senior League. Space will not permit even a short account of each game in this month's issue, but in future the sporting editor hopes to be able to gratify the life dream of some of our aspirants to fame, by affording them the opportunity of seeing their names in black and white.

The standing is as follows:—

	Won.	Lost.	To play.
Amalgams	2	0	7
Allies	1	1	7
Combines	1	1	7
Uni-Otto	0	2	1

Two games have been played in the Junior League. Don Ryan's Never-Sweats and T. Robert's Jim-Jams played for forty-five minutes, and the game ended 0-0. In the second encounter, the Never Sweats succeeded in defeating Cupid Lang's team 7-0.

Notes.

For the especial benefit of youthful critics, we would re-assure them that "it is much easier to sit on the fence and watch the sawing than to come down off the perch and do the sawing yourself.

That youthful giant, Pat Fogarty, bids fair to become a wonderful football player. He stands about 6 ft. 5 in. in his stockings and weighs about 220 pounds. Donnelly has already proved to several skeptic gentlemen that he has the goods. Some weight there.

Jack Sullivan called out to the referee, "What do you think about that, Father, for trying to pull a fellow's head off." Ten yards for you fellow, Sully. If Ireland could broaden half as much as Sully's smile broadened his countenance, the Green Isle would reach across the Atlantic.



Of Local Interest

- We're back again!
- Growing every year!
- Where is Gauthier now?
- Hello, old man; glad to see you!
- Going to try for the team? Good!

The College opened on Wednesday, Sept. 3rd, and Thursday morning saw the classes in full swing. We miss a great many of the "old faces," so few of last year's students being back. However, the Freshmen are here with a vengeance, and more students than ever before have been registered.

The Annual Retreat, which opened Sept. 14th at 5 p.m., was brought to a close on the morning of the 18th with Solemn High Mass of the Holy Ghost. Father MacDonald, from Glen Nevis, preached to the English-speaking boys, and Father Gascon, of Grenville, to those of the French nationality. After mass Thursday morning all the students assembled in the rotunda, where Mr. J. Sullivan, on behalf of the English boys, and Mr. P. Dubois, for the French, thanked the Rev. Fathers and voiced the good-wishes of the students. Father MacDonald's modesty was well known to the students, and so no gift was given him at the time, but a few days later a coffee percolator was sent him. Father Gascon was the recipient of a brown leather travelling bag.

Father MacDonald thanked the boys and complimented them upon their attentiveness during the retreat. He stated he had made a great sacrifice in coming to preach our retreat, but that it was the fact of his "Alma Mater" honoring him in this way which had finally induced him to come.

Father Gascon in a few words expressed his thanks for the travelling bag and for the good feelings which accompanied it. He found it especially gratifying to have preached the retreat with his former college chum, Father MacDonald.

When Father Gascon sat down, Father MacDonald jumped up and proclaimed that we were to be given a "grand congé" or he'd know why. Turning to Mr. Sullivan he asked him to choose a day.

This done he induced Father Gascon to also obtain a holiday. Excitement ran riot for a while. Visions of a whole holiday week began to loom up. However, things quieted down; with a hearty "Hobble-Gobble" for each of the priests, the meeting broke up, and we were free for the rest of the day.

The officers of the Debating Society have been busily engaged in preparing the coming year's work. Already subjects have been given out, and debaters appointed. All indications seem to point to an exceptionally successful season.

The Seminary opened on September 15th with about twenty members. Rev. Father Poli, who was in charge last year, has gone to Tewkesbury, Mass. Rev. Father Rheume, professor of Higher Mathematics, has taken his place. Among those who have entered this year we notice Joseph Labelle, a member of last year's graduating class.

The Executive of the Athletic Association is to be complimented upon its very worthy move in opening a library and reading room. For a long time such a place was badly needed, and now that it has been finally instituted every student should consider it his duty to dig down and produce his dollar for membership. The local newspapers as well as those from other parts of Canada and those from the United States are on file. Periodicals from England have been subscribed to, and numerous volumes of the works of standard authors have been placed in the shelves. Messrs. Gravelle and Bourbonnais are in charge, and they are certainly doing everything possible to make the scheme a success. Be it known that they would have you read above the entrance, "abandon rough-house all ye who enter here."

Owing to Father Rheume being appointed director of the Seminary, it was necessary to secure another teacher in Higher Mathematics. Mr. Gavin, who taught last year in Halifax, Nova Scotia, has been engaged to fill the position; if present conditions are any criterion he will be a success here.

Ralph Lahaie, '14, returned on Sept. 25th, a protracted illness being the cause of his late arrival. Happily he is now in the best of health and ready for the year's work. He continually wears that 'smile which won't come off,'—we wonder why!

A piano has been installed in the recreation hall, and every evening "Greg" rattles off the latest in music. Choruses (volume never lacking) and impromptu speeches are much in demand. Hefernan made a decided hit the other night in a four line musical comedy entitled "I stood on the bridge at midnight."