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Rector's Address at Commencement, 1912.

Rev. Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen,—

A most joyful duty indeed is the one that falls to my lot on this occasion. A custom, as old as the Institution itself; a custom, therefore, which is 64 years old today, bids me say a few words. My address, since such is the name, shall have one undeniable quality—briefness! But were I to give full scope to my sentiments and thoughts on this occasion, I should have every reason to believe that the only quality I now claim would soon vanish.

A duty I have to perform, and what else could it be but to thank you, kind friends of the Institution, for your loyal support and benevolent sympathies. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, in the name of the University of Ottawa, in the name of the staff of teachers and instructors whose sentiments I am proud to voice, I thank you from the bottom of my heart.

The year 1911-1912 will pass down in the annals of the College as a record-breaking year, as far as attendance is concerned. I may joyfully state that the enrolment is the highest in the history of the College, reaching this year the 700 mark. We had to triple the First Form, increase the staff of teachers, tear down partitions and put up new ones in order to afford class accommodation. This large increase is indeed very gratifying, but how

much higher would it be had we been prepared to shelter those who presented themselves for admission last fall. Strange as it may appear, we were forced to turn students away through lack of accommodation.

Shortly after the calamitous fire of 1903, too well remembered, elaborate plans were laid out, but owing to lack of funds only a small part of those plans was carried out. That portion we now occupy, modern in every detail, has one woeful defect, it is too small!

But why don't you build? we are frequently asked. Why? The answer may be summed up in two words: No Money!!

Some there are, and not a few, who believe that educational work is a money-making affair. It is a very grave error, and to prove it we have only to point to sister institutions who are fortunate enough to be the recipients of large endowments and donations, and in spite of that have now and then to face deficits. The University of Ottawa is not an endowed institution; the University of Ottawa has not yet felt the warm hand of generosity,—it is a self-supporting institution. This latter fact may be the reason that leads people to believe that we are rich. Yes, the U. of O. is rich in self devotion. Yes, the U. of O. is rich in that spirit born of Christianity—Sacrifice; rich in men who devote their entire time to the noble work of Education for a nobler end than gold. Were we to pay to our teachers the salary of an ordinary laborer, of one who scrapes the dirt off the streets, we would simply have to abandon our work, to drop out of existence.

In spite of this, ladies and gentlemen, we are full of hope for the future. Let the public once understand the work we are doing and manifest their appreciation by sending pupils, desirable students, to follow our different courses, and that same public may hope with us that one day the City of Ottawa may see the University with two wings ready to soar higher and higher in her grand work of education.

Now, dear students, a few words to you. An old saying claims that the best of friends must part, and to-day is parting day for professors and students. Some of you will leave us for good; others, the larger number, to return to us next Fall. To those who graduate this year, I say farewell. To those who have not completed their studies, I wish a happy vacation and a no less happy return.

To the graduating class of 1912 I wish success in whatever

calling they may choose. The prayers of your Alma Mater accompany you. You are about to begin the real struggle so unavoidable in life. Your Alma Mater did its best to form your hearts and minds for the battle. Your duty is to prove to the world that you are trained soldiers. Let us hope that success awaits you at the door, but success will not accompany you on the road of life if you neglect to perform your duty.

Be firm in the pursuit of your ideals! Be energetic! Be self-reliant! Be real Christians! Be sincere Catholics, and then God will bless your endeavors; you will be a credit to society, the pride of your Alma Mater, the consolation of the dear ones at home.

The University of Ottawa cannot be indifferent to the welfare of her Alumni. With fond anticipation does she scan the horizon of their future; she rejoices in their joys; she condoles with their sorrows, and stands ever ready to bestow generous plaudits on their success.

To-day we take great pleasure in conferring honorary degrees on a few chosen ones who have attracted our especial attention through their marked success and worthy achievements in life.

The degree of D.D. we desire to confer on one of our most deserving Alumni whose scholarly attainments are still fresh in our minds; on one who, as member of our staff proved himself a most able professor; on one who now occupies a prominent position, a foremost rank in the Church. The Rev. Father on whom we confer our highest academic degree is well known in Ottawa—it is the Very Rev. Terence Wade Smith, O.M.I., Provincial of the Oblate Order in the Northern Province of the United States.

Our desire to honour those who were once our students and who honoured themselves, is not confined within the sacred precincts of the Church. The laity has a just claim upon our benevolent solicitude. Hence it is that we are glad and proud to-day to confer the degree of Doctor of Laws on one whose career as lawyer, as jurist, was so marked with success that it attracted the attention of one of the leading States of the great Republic to the South.

The eminent lawyer I refer to was lately named Judge of the Superior Court of Massachusetts. In recognition of his unquestionable merits at the Bar and of his elevation to the above mentioned high and responsible position, the Senate of the University of Ottawa confers the degree of Doctor of Laws on the Hon. Judge Joseph Quinn, of Salem, Mass.

The University might justly be accused of egotism did she honour but her own sons. She feels it her duty to give fitting recognition to pre-eminent merit, even outside the ranks of her Alumni. Hence the Senate of the University is pleased to pay homage to one whose works have placed him in the forefront of national poets, and bespoken the admiration not only of this continent but of countries beyond the sea.

His principal work, "Les Rayons du Nord," has been crowned by that distinguished literary tribunal—the French Academy,—moreover, at the last Floral Contest in France he won a brilliant victory over 376 competitors and obtained three medals and a diploma.

The University, therefore, takes great pleasure in conferring upon Mr. W. Chapman, of Ottawa, the degree of Doctor of Letters.

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## Broke! Broke! Broke!

(Apologies to Tennyson.)

Broke, Broke, Broke,  
 I have spent all my money, O Sea!  
 And I would I could cuss to utter  
 The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well for the innocent babe,  
 That he for long green may not yearn!  
 O, well for the millionaire,  
 That for money he has no concern!

And bill after bill comes in  
 Into thousands they seem to amount;  
 But, O, for the touch of a ten dollar bill,  
 Or a cheque to square the account!

Broke, Broke, Broke,  
 I don't care who knows it, O Sea!  
 But the tender thought of the money that's spent  
 Will ever come back to me.

THEODORE J. KELLY, '14.

## The Infidel's Dream.

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He dreamed he stood in space dim and abysmal;  
A great clock, with a ghastly face before,  
That slowly measured seconds long and dismal,  
To midnight as it seemed, the moment wore;  
Like hideous serpents of corruption crawling,  
The clock hands crept around the dial's face,  
And there was heard a heavy sound appalling,  
Of blood drops falling in that ghastly place.  
Each clock tick was a drop that gathered gory,  
About his feet in a deep stagnant pool,  
And sprinkled in his breast a darksome story,  
He strove in vain to cleanse his breast,—ah, fool!  
For he beheld his hands, too, stained and hateful,  
The clock hands slowly crawled to midnight hour.  
Then there arose a vapor hot and fateful,  
That wrapped him in a cloud of blighting power.  
Then failed within him every aspiration,  
Hope, love, and even hate, groaned, gasped and died;  
And he, too, groaned and gasped in desperation.  
But could not die,—the would-be Deicide.  
Each heart-beat was to him a crucifixion:  
Each clock tick an eternity of pain;  
He felt his flesh rot, and in dereliction  
His bones did crumble, and he writhed in vain.  
He shrank no longer from the blood-drops teeming.  
But moistened lips and brow in clotted gore;  
And in the same breath uttered foul blaspheming.  
And prayed for morning,—would it come no more?  
The clock hands reached the midnight hour and slumbered  
And there was no more time for him for aye.  
Then deeper darkness nameless horrors numbered,  
Thirst him consumed, the blood pool dried away.  
After an age of misery so utter,  
He cried, "Is there no sunlight, no more life?"  
And lo! a voice replied in tones as bitter,  
"No sunlight for the stirrer up of strife!"  
An age of ages passed, and then despairing,  
He broke the awful silence with a shriek,

"Is there no dawn?" and the voice harsh and sneering  
 Replied, "For you the dawn shall never break."  
 "For the denier, the blasphemer shrouded  
 In lies and selfishness there is no dawn."  
 Then stillness of the grave once more up-clouded,  
 But after long eternities were drawn,  
 He cried once more, "My God, is there no morning,  
 Must I be ever crushed into the sod?"  
 And hark! the answer with relentless scorning,  
 "There is no morning and you have no God."

E. C. M. T.

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## Rousseau.

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DMUND BURKE'S analytical knowledge of human character could in no way be better shown than in his appreciation of Rousseau, one of the chief instigators of the French Revolution. Burke was never more graphic nor more vehement than in his denunciations of the French innovations, in his splendid "Essay on Vanity." At the root of these innovations, and prompting the French to more extreme measures, was found the powerful influence of Rousseau. Burke claims that the motive, which persuaded the great French philosopher to side with the revolutionists, was a deranged, eccentric, inordinate and omnivorous vanity.

Rousseau was in himself a personification of this selfish, flattering, seductive and ostentatious vice; yet France chose him as a model and even turned out statues which, though ostensibly portraying him, yet in reality were the representations of Vanity. Rousseau had but one quality and that, as Burke says, consisted in an unbounded vanity. As for good qualities he had none, not even a belief in his Creator. Yet he was appointed the French hero. Surely this is an inverted order of the true and proper mode of reward for services.

Rousseau, says Burke, changed the whole system of life in

France. First, the relations between parents and children were destroyed, and the sanctity of the home was irreparably attacked and ruined. Next, in the office of reliable and worthy teachers, he placed over the youth of the country petulant literators and gay young military sparks, who sought only to vitiate their female pupils and to corrupt the children under their care. Rousseau taught that these debauchers are safe company and fit guardians for the youth of both sexes of even the most unapproachable families.

Naturally association with these instructors cannot help but destroy the taste for the beautiful, and to permit the sense of what is virtuous, holy and right. Such was the case in France, so that all grace and nobleness was lost, all natural sentiment demolished, and all virtues obliterated. True love, an inspiring and noble virtue, has been discarded, and in its place is a love without gallantry or fervour. Into the youth of that time was infused an unfashioned, indelicate and ferocious medley of pedantry and lewdness.

To Rousseau is also attributed the law of equality. He has broken down all barriers and has blended democracy with royalty by both regular and irregular relations. The children of the first families have become easy prey to the lowest and coarsest in the land.

Burke concludes his invective declamation by saying that at times Rousseau is moral in a very sublime strain, but that the actual spirit and tendency of his works is mischievous. It is this combination of morality and immorality which makes Rousseau the more dangerous.

L. K., '14.

#### TO THESGIO.

Soft comes the night, all nature is at rest,  
All, save the twinkling stars and breeze so gently sighing,  
Hushed bitter strife, the world by sleep's caressed,  
Deep in sweet God-like peace for one brief moment lying.

To thee, dear heart, my thought flies on swift wing,  
Thy vision bright and fair in memory's halls abiding,  
Hear thou my loving voice in fondest accents ring:  
"God bless thee now and ever, grave or gay or chiding."

P. P.

## Modern Journalism.

**H**UMBLE in its origin, but wonderful in its growth, Journalism is to-day the greatest of earthly powers. It sways nations as the wind sways the mighty oak. It sets up new rulers, causes and prevents war, instils content or discontent into the hearts of the people. Its influence for good and evil is predominant. Napoleon Bonaparte once said that he feared three newspapers more than one hundred thousand men.

Modern journalism may be said "to include the whole intelligent work comprised in producing a newspaper or a magazine." Newspapers are three in kind, according to publication,—daily, semi-weekly, and weekly. Nearly every journal supports its own political party. Magazines or periodicals are published monthly and semi-monthly, but unlike the newspapers they are very seldom the supporters of political factions. By this is not meant that they take no interest on politics. Far from it. They have the welfare of their country at heart, just as much as any private individual,—and more so in fact. The individual is often blinded by political bigotry, but the magazines, free from such a disease, pick the good, or what they consider to be the good, out of the platform of the different parties, and do all in their power to support their convictions. But the political side of a magazine is not the most important. The great majority of periodicals are literary, scientific, and diplomatical in their character. To read and to understand their contents, a well educated mind is essential.

As a rule weekly and semi-weekly newspapers are issued in the large towns. Very often a great daily prints a weekly also, in which a summary of the most important happenings of the past week is given, along with agricultural news and a magazine section. This is done to cater to the farmer. The daily is the production of the city. The larger the centre of population, the greater number of dailies there are. In important commercial cities such as New York, Chicago, and Montreal, where the population is cosmopolitan, each race has newspapers printed in its particular language.

The staff of a great daily is a wonderful machine in itself. It may be divided into the managerial side and the editorial side.



The former must take care of the circulation department, and also see that the paper is a financial success; while the duty of the latter is to supply the printers with news, literary articles, and political writings.

The financial success of our modern newspaper does not depend upon receipts from circulation, but rather upon the revenue derived from advertisements. An issue of any daily sells at one cent per copy. Supposing the circulation to be one hundred thousand, the receipts from its sale would be one thousand dollars, not sufficient to pay for the paper on which the printing is done. It is quite evident then that money must be obtained from some other source. "Advertising pays," is the slogan of newspapers great and small. This is true in two senses. Profit comes to the medium of advertising as well as to the advertiser.

The editorial staff is a numerous body. It comprises the editor, assistant editors, sub-editors, leader writers, critics, and reporters. It is their task to make a success of all other departments, and they are many. News of all sorts, sport and finance, tit-bits, personal journalism, interview, telegraphic news, literary and artistic news, review of books, etc., etc. They are occupied night and day, and their work is invariably done in a rush. As a result of their constant hurry, "the modern tendency is to make journalism less literary and literature more journalistic."

Perhaps a few words concerning the education and abilities of the personnel of the staff of the modern journal would not be amiss. Fifty years ago, editors would not employ college men. They required, or at least thought they required, men who had grown up with the paper, whose first position was "printer's devil." Evidently the standard of education of such a person would not be very high. But to-day, how matters have changed? The meanest position on an editorial staff demands a mind of superior education. A well known American newspaper man, while delivering an address in this city last February, on Modern Journalism, made the following comment: "It is strange that that improvement in the intellectual preparation of the personnel should have taken place at the very time that the newspaper has to reach a much less cultivated audience. Fifty years ago the newspaper was written for the few. It was written for what you might roughly call the stock holding class and the prosperous class."

In reply to a question from one of the audience whether any university man would qualify on a newspaper staff, the same gen-

tleman said: "Certainly not. About ninety-nine out of a hundred we would have nothing to do with." As a sort of compromise he asserted that where one out of a hundred university men would make a good journalist, only one out of a thousand others would be considered competent.

The establishment of news agencies has greatly facilitated the collection and distribution of telegraphic news. "Reuters" was the first, having come into existence in eighteen forty-eight. It has branches in all parts of the world. In Canada we have the "Canadian Associated Press," and in the United States the "New York Associated Press." All news of any importance, both foreign and domestic, are first telegraphed to these centres; then broadcast to all newspapers in the country. If there is doubt as to the authenticity of any report, that report is held over until verified. Thus it is that newspapers connected with the above agencies are considered reliable.

Journalism, as has already been stated, has a predominant influence for Good and Evil. A few years ago the influence for Evil overbalanced the influence for Good. The yellow journal then flourished. It printed news for news' sake, and not for the sake of educating the people. It was ever seeking something sensational,—true or false it mattered not. It was vile and filthy. It is still so. But yellow journals are decreasing in numbers, and those that yet remain are slowly becoming reformed. The Reformation is one of necessity, not of free-will.

Corrupt advertising matter is a great blot on the name of any respectable newspaper. Men of few or no scruples saw in the newspapers a means of enriching themselves by deceiving the public, and they lost no time in taking advantage of the opportunity offered. Fake advertisements began to appear and the public were the innocent victims. They told of patent medicines that would cure every disease conceivable. The credulous put faith in what they read. It became not an uncommon occurrence if a man felt unwell for him to say to his wife, "Open the paper, Sarah, and see what's the matter with me." At first newspaper men were blind to the great damage being done. As long as the advertisements were well paid for, they thought that their responsibility ceased. Happily, such is not now the case. A great American weekly periodical started the "ball a-rolling." The managers, recognizing the great evil being done, completely eliminated patent medicine advertisements from their columns. Nor did they stop

there. A violent campaign against "fake" advertising was inaugurated. Other periodicals and newspapers took up the cry, and success crowned their efforts. To-day a respectable newspaper will have nothing to do with deceptive advertising matter.

The tendency to-day is towards a clean press. The law demands that children should attend school until they have reached the age of fourteen. The result is that the people are better educated. Education tends to refinement. Murders, suicides, scandals, and the like, interest the great minority. The workman reads the daily for its labour news; the business man for its commercial and financial news; the man of letters for its literary reviews; the sporting man for its sport news, and every man reads every paper for its political news. To please the great majority, Modern Journalism is doing away with the unpleasant features. As journalism is, so is the people. Let the newspaper and magazine be clean and truthful, and the masses will follow in its footsteps.

J. A. TALLON, '14.



## An Anecdote.

"Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides;  
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides."



THE above quotation, taken from Shakespeare, is fully contained in one of P. T. Barnum's statements, in simpler language, to the effect that you can fool some of the people some of 'time but you can't fool all the people all the time. Mr. 'Barnum is but one man of many who know the truth of the above statement. He partly owned and managed a circus for years.

In order to illustrate more fully the above, I will cite an example that came under my own observation.

A certain Mr. Blank was head bookkeeper for a railroad company, controlled by English capitalists, which operates about two hundred miles of road in the Province of Quebec. A repre-

representative of the capitalists is sent to this country once a year to inspect the books and stock of the company.

The same representative came for years as inspector, while Mr. Blank was bookkeeper. They became friendly after several yearly meetings. The representative, having never found anything wrong in the books, turned negligent, and, instead of doing his duty, he took the head bookkeeper's word, and accepted everything as being in good condition.

Matters went on like this for years, until one sad day the old representative suddenly passed away, and a new man replaced him.

Upon arriving in Canada, he learned from the Canadian officials that it was customary for the inspector to take their word to the effect that everything was in good shape. The new man was willing to follow a precedent, but, upon arriving at Halifax on his return to England, it dawned upon him that he was not performing his duty. He immediately returned to the officials' headquarters, and began his task seriously.

The first work that he went over happened to be that of the head bookkeeper. He audited the books only for the two preceding years, and found that Mr. Blank had stolen in that short time more than four hundred thousand dollars (\$400,000) from the company and other roads by overcharges.

For instance, at the end of every month, railroads send their bills to one another for the conveying of freight to its destination. Mr. Blank would send the C.P.R. its bill for four thousand (\$4,000) and credit them with four hundred (\$400) in the company's book, thereby pocketing three thousand six hundred (\$3,600) for himself. These were the tactics he followed, adding or subtracting an extra cipher.

In the end, "he was caught at his own game," if I may use the expression, which tends to prove that "time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides."

F. W. HACKETT, '14.

## The Canadian People.

**N**ATURE seems to have selected the twentieth century as the private and undivided property of the Land of the Maple Leaf. The mother country points with undisguised pride to the progress of her eldest daughter. Shrewd financiers from foreign powers willingly invest their capital and then proudly proclaim upon the merits of such a prolific field of financial endeavor. Travel in what direction you may and the keynote of the whole country seems to be prosperity, and what necessarily follows—complete satisfaction. Now we are told that every effect follows from some cause. What then actuates such widespread success and such happy conditions in this country? To this question we must answer that the Canadian people, one and all, have united in order to place their native country high up in the category of the famous nations of the world. And the very fact that they aim to accomplish such a great work is an evidence that they must be possessed of characteristics which are indeed worthy of note.

Perhaps the most apparent trait of our people is what we may term their hardiness or endurance. Whether we attribute this to the climate or to the country's formation matters not, because the fact remains that it is there and has been there from the earliest pioneer days. Often it is necessary for people, especially in our rural districts, to endure great hardships during our cruel and unrelenting winters. Blinding snowstorms last for days and days, thus prohibiting a departure from the old log shanty, so if the supply of food is insufficient it often means that the inhabitants are forced to exist on the scantiest of rations. Men and women of weak physique would succumb under such trying circumstances, and the northern sections where even now there is but a sparse settlement, would surely become in time entirely depopulated. The chief occupations for the poorer classes in this country consist in lumbering, mining and construction work. In order to uphold the burden in either class it is necessary to be endowed with at least a fair percentage of brute strength. This inheritance has been handed down from father to son, so that now these main sources of work are filled with big, clean-limbed, able-bodied men. Even in our cities you find the ordinary office man

of vigorous tendencies due to the amount of clear fresh air in which he feels it his duty to work.

Independence is an asset which should be highly valued and which is found to a high degree in Canadians. I speak not of independence which tends to exterminate all relations between employer and employee, nor which tends almost to self-existence, but rather of independence prompted by confidence, self-reliance and ambition. It is a spirit which should be imbued in the youth of every country, for it would undoubtedly lead to an effort of self-betterment. It does away forever with the social events which are so prevalent in a country of which the inhabitants willingly submit to oppression. Tyranny of any sort would have absolutely no chance of obtaining a hold upon our people. Their independence is such that rebellion, bloodshed and riot would prevail if their freedom was ever threatened.

Canadians are given credit for being an industrious and clean living people, who are ever seeking to better their position in life. The rank to which this country has risen in the commercial world is evidence of the industry and enterprise of the people, while a glance at the Government's annual morality report is substantial proof that the Canadian people live for some other motive than merely to gratify their passions in worldly pleasures.

People of our nationality have been accused of being somewhat exuberant in their feelings at times, but this is merely the result of the spell of overwrought happiness. Loyalty is perhaps an inherent characteristic of this country, but the bursts of enthusiasm with which we display our adherence and allegiance to the British Crown are equalled only by the fidelity of the British people themselves. So long as the United Empire exists Canada will be found a loyal and unflinching member always willing to bear her share of the mother country's burdens, whether by working in the fields to supply the national appetite or by facing the murderous fire of the enemies' cannon to uphold the national honor and integrity.

L. W. KELLEY, '14.

## Mr. Tulman of Ty Jssa.



T was a miserable evening, and to Mr. Timothy Tulman the tramp home never before seemed so long; which fact he attributed solely to the poor condition of the road, though it might have occurred to a stranger that Mr. Tulman's years were beginning to rest heavily upon his shoulders. What ever the cause, that gentleman felt an unmistakable thrill of joy shoot through his breast as he neared his house and remembered that this was the night upon which he received his newspapers.

He had chosen a pretty spot to live, and, probably, to die in, so many years ago. His cottage stood on the side of a hill, on a natural landing near the foot, and beside it rippled and tumbled a merry little stream. The windows were shaded by the straight, solitary-looking pines, while the ground was carpeted with their soft, slippery needles. But to-night, as Mr. Tulman stopped at the usual tree to admire his domain, he saw, instead of the habitually perfect order, a scene of the wildest confusion. Boxes and trunks were scattered broadcast, a brass bedstead rested against Mr. Tulman's favourite jack-pine, while on its stateliest branch, jauntily swung a bird cage. Packing paper and excelsior were strewn all over the ground, and sitting calmly in a rose-chintz covered chair sat a young lady, the author of this disorder.

With surprise and exertion, Mr. Tulman was sufficiently out of breath, but, when he approached and the girl rushed forward, and gave him an embrace of the closest kind, he thought his end was near, and struggled so violently that she was forced to let him go. "Why, uncle!" she exclaimed in a disappointed tone. "I thought you'd be glad to see me."

As Mr. Tulman continued to look at her in a dazed way, she went on, "If you didn't want me to come, why didn't you let me know? and I did think you would be at the station to meet me, uncle. That is, you are my uncle, aren't you? O, dear! whatever shall I do! It's been simply awful, sitting here for over an hour, and the man who drove me out said you would be here soon. I am so cold and so's poor Dickey. Please, do open the door and

let us in." Here she broke down, and began to cry, while Mr. Tulman, still unable to speak a word, opened the door.

"Who in thunder are you, anyway?" at length gasped that astounded gentleman in a choked voice.

It was now the young lady's turn to be most astonished. "Why, surely you received my letter, saying that I was coming," she said.

"No, indeed, I did not," returned Mr. Tulman, with strong emphasis on the "not."

"Then maybe I had better explain," the girl responded, with rather a hopeless air. "My name is Betty Tulman, and I am your niece, that is, if you are Mr. Timothy Tulman, and the man said you would be the only old——" Mr. Tulman winced, so his niece substituted: "The only gentleman around here, and I'm sure I am not in the wrong neighborhood, but I'd best tell my story, so I will continue." She was recovering from her emotion, and beginning to enjoy herself thoroughly. "I have just finished my last term at boarding school. One night, while there, I was telling the girls your story—it's so tremendously romantic—they were very much interested, and, while we were talking it over someone dared me to come here and visit you. Of course, I accepted the dare, and, as soon as I could, I came to Melton with a friend who was going to Calgary. Yesterday I arrived in the town and engaged a man to drive me out to your house. I did wonder why you were not at the station to meet me, but the man there told me that probably you were not able to, because the roads were so bad, and they certainly are," she finished with a reminiscent sigh, as she thought of the jolts she had received on the journey.

During the latter part of the girl's recital Mr. Tulman had in some measure recovered his composure, and now was preparing a simple supper.

In spite of the oddity of the situation, Betty was really enjoying herself, and chatting away gaily. It was very strange, and not altogether unpleasant, Mr. Tulman confessed to himself, to have his tea poured out of the familiar brown pot by plump little hands, while a pleasing voice told him more family news than he had received in all the twenty odd years he had been away from home. If he rather wondered at his niece's parents allowing her to commit such an unconventional act as her present escapade, he soon learned that she was an orphan, with a small



income, and so was practically her own mistress. Betty was a pretty little thing, brought Mr. Tulman, with a roguish twinkle in her brown eyes that belied the demureness of her countenance, and Mr. Tulman was not surprised that she had been kept in a strict boarding school as long as she was under age, when she told, innocently enough, of mischievous pranks played upon friends, guardians and teachers alike.

Maybe as she talked Mr. Tulman rather repented of his rashness in choosing the solitary existence, with which he had believed himself perfectly satisfied, and he tried to justify himself by thinking of the series of events which had led to his renouncing companions and living alone—a friend's treachery in selling the secret of the scientific discovery which he (Mr. Tulman) had made and confided to him,—the abrupt way in which his fiancée had broken their engagement, to marry a far richer man; and, finally, his mother's death. But, somehow, as he contrasted his usually lonely evenings with those Betty described as having taken place at her aunt's, the old feeling of unrest arose, and in his heart Mr. Tulman was not sorry for her advent. He was dimly aware that the life he led was not altogether fit for an educated man, such as he. Certainly, it was not for a lively young girl; but he could not decide, just now, what was the best thing to do. So he listened, almost in silence, to the plans Betty was making for her stay.

For several weeks they led a quiet life that differed but little from Mr. Tulman's ordinary one, only that instead of going shooting he remained at home, and watched his niece potter around, putting those homelike touches so essentially a woman's. In the afternoon she would induce her uncle to take her for a walk, and she was greatly interested in the wild woodland scenery with which Mr. Tulman was so familiar. After supper Betty would read aloud or they played cribbage.

But when the novelty wore off, Betty soon tired of the solitude, and became very lonely, especially when no passing acquaintance brought her mail. It was with dissatisfaction and sorrow that Mr. Tulman saw his niece begin to droop, and he often thought and worried about her, and out of his pondering came an idea that grew into a resolve.

He loved the quiet and the solitude, and felt out of sympathy with civilization and people (always excepting Betty, of whom he became very fond). But he saw his duty clearly before

him. Betty's resources were not great, and all her relatives were too engrossed in their own pursuits to devote themselves to her, while he had no pressing duties and could relieve her of any monetary troubles. So he would pocket his pride and prejudices and go back to the city, or if she wished it, would travel with her. Perhaps, when she was happily settled he would return to "Ty Issa," as Betty has christened it, and end his days in his beloved wilderness. His determination was vastly strengthened by the affection Betty displayed towards him.

One night, after supper, Mr. Tulman prepared to tell his niece of his plans, and she, unknowingly, broke the ice by remarking, with a little blush, "I received a letter from Dick—that is Mr. Stansfield, this morning. He wrote from London, but will be at home by this time. O, dear! I wish I were there now—and you were with me," she added, as Mr. Tulman looked rather disappointed.

"Betty, would you like to visit London?" said he after a little silence.

"Good gracious, uncle, of course I'd just love to go to Europe, but on \$300 a year such little excursions are out of the question, entirely. But, never mind, I'm going when my ship comes home, and you shall go, too," returned Betty, slipping her hand in his. She was a loving little creature, and something in Mr. Tulman appealed to her strongly.

"Who is this Mr. Stansfield?" queried her uncle.

"He's an awfully nice man whom I met at aunt Jane's. He's very clever, too. He invented something. I never could understand what it was, and he has been on the Continent demonstrating it for six months now. He is pretty poor, and finds it hard to interest capital in his project; people are so stupid in seeing new things," and Betty sighed impatiently.

"I should like to have a talk with him, you know I have some money uninvested?" said Mr. Tulman sharply.

"Why, no, I thought you must be frightfully poor to live here all by yourself for so long." She looked so surprised that Mr. Tulman could not help smiling, as he replied, "O, yes, dear, I am quite wealthy. But to return to the subject, I wish when you write to Mr. Stansfield that you would mention me. Tell him I shall be in the city shortly, any time you wish, in fact. Yes, I knew you would be surprised, but I've come to the conclusion that I have

lived alone too long, and if you don't mind being encumbered by your old uncle I——" Mr. Tulman left his sentence unfinished, and he spoke so wistfully that Betty jumped up to hug him.

"You dear old uncle, to think of such a thing; why, there is nothing I'd like better. I have always longed to have somebody of my very own. You know my aunts and uncles all have their own children, and I expect I was pretty tiresome, but they never made me feel overly welcome when I stayed at their houses, though they were all very kind. But now it will be just like having a father—if you will let me live with you. O dear, I am so glad, and will you really be able to help Dick? Now, I must tell you that I consider myself engaged to him, although he said he would never ask me to tie myself to him while his prospects are so unsettled. Don't you think that was very noble of him—because he's really very fond of me," she concluded ingeniously.

"Indeed I do, but it will be all the sweeter when it comes." said Mr. Tulman, heartily, and we can confidently say it was.

But when Betty sometime later became Mrs. Richard Stansfield, Mr. Tulman did not return to Ty Issa, because, as Betty said, she had done without a father too long to be robbed of one as soon as she had found him. Mr. Tulman is now teaching his eldest grandson, little Tim, to hold a gun to his shoulder, and has promised him a trip west (to Ty Issa, or the "house at the foot of the hill") when he can shoot properly.

M. ROUGHSEGE, (*Matric.*), '13.

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## Journalism and the University.

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THE term journalism as employed in Canada can be applied only to the newspaper proper: the weekly or daily, whose purpose is the reporting of current events. Journalism in Canada is still too young to be in the reflective stage. The number of periodicals devoted to comment is small. Hence, the term journalism as employed in this article is used in reference to reporting.

In recent years the sphere of journalism has been afforded re-

markable expansion by the invention of immense printing presses which turn out in an hour thousands and thousands of papers. The railway trains carry these papers far distant from the centre of publication and thus increase the sphere of journalism.

The telephone, telegraph and cable systems bring news from all parts of the world to the centre of publication in the course of a few short hours. The manner in which the news is presented to the public by the journalist; laying stress on this event and condensing that, he conveys to his readers the desired impression. This, at least, is the manner in which a first-class modern journalist works.

However, on the other hand, and it is very regrettable, there are a great many journalists or editors who apparently have no impression to convey. They write in detail all the incidents surrounding the latest murder that has been committed or the most recent scandal that has cropped up. Of course the papers that publish nothing but such rot belong to that class of "yellow journals," which is, properly speaking, the essence of vulgarity.

In reality the journalists are not to be blamed for this lack of culture and refinement in what they publish. The guilt lies in the fact that our Canadian universities offer no inducement to young men who possess certain aptitudes for journalism. "As it exists at present," says Prof. Ramsay, F.R.S., "a university is a technical school for theology, law, medicine and engineering; it ought also to be a place for the advancement of knowledge, for the training of philosophers who love wisdom for its own sake."

Although it would be more difficult to train young men to take a place in the journalistic world than to train them in law or medicine, nevertheless could not a course be given at our universities? Conjecturing, let us suppose it embrace English Literature, English constitutional and political History, Latin, French, or German, Natural Science or Mathematics, General History, Political Economy, a short course in the principles and practice of the law newspaper libel and copyright; lastly, general information.

Such a course would not include everything essential to journalism, however it would insure the public against the publication of anything by a man who does not possess the fundamentals of prudence.

On the other hand, if this standard of knowledge were required by the Associated Press before permitting a young man to

become a member of a staff or an apprentice, as it were, not only would better qualified men apply but *better* men in the strict sense of the word, and eventually the standard of journalism would be elevated to a higher degree of proficiency.

While attending the university the journalist student will have many opportunities along practical lines to make him better fitted to take up his work upon graduation. Say, in the first year of his course, there will surely be some local paper that will gladly publish the report of Collegiate debates, football matches, or some College function. In the second year he might write a few short stories, with local color, which could be published on the College page of the Saturday issue.

Again, every university in Canada has a magazine, a chronicle and review of university thoughts and events. Its direct object is not to enlighten the public outside of the university, but to give the student an opportunity to express his ideas in writing, to encourage and stimulate him along literary lines. However, it may exert a certain influence in its own community.

The journalistic student, whether he be a class reporter or an editor, or even the business manager of the undergraduates' journal, is gaining experience that will be of the highest value to him when, having completed his course, he takes up his profession (if profession we may be allowed to term it) of journalism.

There is nothing to prevent our universities giving such a course. According to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, in addressing Convocation at the University of Birmingham: "A university should be a place where knowledge is taught, tested, increased and applied." This definition within liberal terms embraces any important branch of intellectual work, and why not journalism?

Our newspaper editors and journalists, with their early university training, would ultimately become respected as well as powerful men in the country. This early training, together with whatever natural aptitude they might possess, would naturally add to their ability. As Elbert Hubbard has very nicely put it: "*Responsibilities* gravitate to the person who can shoulder them, and *Power* flows to the man who knows how."

F. W. HACKETT, '14.

# University of Ottawa Review

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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

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No. 2

### CANADIAN CHARACTERISTICS.

As a famous writer once remarked, "it is plain living and plain speech that fit best as an armour for the life contest." In a most fitting manner may these words be applied to the conditions which exist in our own fair land of the Maple Leaf. From the days of her infancy, standing on the threshold of Development, and ready to become emburdened with the task of working out a country's destiny, Canada's sons have marched on thus arrayed, in the armour of "plain living and plain speech." This is the crowning feature of the Canadian character, and from this noble asset issue the manifold other traits, which stamp the Canadian of to-day and of yesterday as a man of strength and worth, and which have brought our Dominion to the pinnacle of nation's glory, in this busy twentieth century.

United do the Canadians stand. God grant that the day comes not when divided we shall fall. The chief characteristics of

the Canadian populace is the spirit, quite proper and none the less gratifying, which predominates among all classes in our country, and which we term the spirit of brotherhood. A feeling of unity it is, strong and immutable, between man and man. Love of home and love of country, love also of fellow man. The palm of friendship extends in liberal measure between mechanic and laborer, and capitalist. We feel this brotherhood, and recognize its worth. In pursuance of practical theories, Canadians have always stood, and at the present stand side by side, fighting out the destiny of our country. And in this fight for a country's glory, national disease of corruption and demoralization has yet failed to mar the progress of our civilization. Factional hate of private interests has yet to cast its venomous talons into the fight and drive the Canadian to rebellion. Truly, the major stimulus to our country's progress is not its trade nor its laws; rather does it lie in the spirit of the people. Together we stand, and as each citizen makes his days profitable, so does Canada continue to rise to nationality.

A word about education. The praiseworthy foundation of school law in Canada is to give, in generous and noble measure, an equal and liberal education to all. This forms an ambition sprung from the highest instincts of unselfish kindness,—a kindness which found its source in the zealous desire of the early missionaries to impart the fundamentals of the Christian law to the early inhabitants of our fair country. The Canadian child is well looked after. His mentality is not impaired by a conspicuous absence of a knowledge of the three "R's". On the contrary, he is blessed with a participation in all the intelligible doctrines, which, when blossomed in his brain, mark him as a valuable citizen and worthy asset to any civilized community. Our sons are taught to fight the battle for themselves, to enter the thick of the contest without hesitating to be advised in what manner to act, yet at all times being cool and self-reliant. Ignorance is a word well-nigh unknown. Our workmen can read and write, and their ideas are those of progress and prosperity.

The Canadian, then, is a strong character, manly and of perfect equipoise. He is a lover of his fellow man and cherishes an ardent desire to aid his countryman. Farmer and fisherman reverence the dweller in the city, and vice versa. The Canadian-born stands upright, proud of himself and of his country, while lacking, perhaps, in some of the elegant refinements of the Old World, yet he is a sober-thinking man. And, after all, is it not

better to be somewhat unpolished in industry and honest existence than refined in indolence and corruption?

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### EXIT COLLEGE.

Ottawa College has finally withdrawn from Intercollegiate sport.

While this action has seemed imperative for some time past, still when the cutting off came it brought with it just a touch of pain, for we felt that we were leaving a circle where as a University we had a right to be, and some friends at least who were worth the having.

However, subsequent events, the altogether unfair things that have been said and written against us, by our sister Universities have only strengthened our belief that the action taken was not only justifiable but should have been taken sooner. We wonder that they were able to repress it all for so long a time and still survive; surely it was a great deal to carry in silence.

It is indeed most flattering to know now, after six years of faithful service to the Intercollegiate body—and let it be remarked faithful service under most trying conditions with the parental rod never spared but rather regularly and diligently applied—that the real reason of our being in the Union was a sordid and monetary one. Most consoling to know that we were welcome merely to help to fill the coffers of our sister Universities. Where are all those terms of endearment we heard at a nineteen-eleven banquet in Toronto? Where the messages of encouragement and good cheer so often voiced by the gentlemen associated with Intercollegiate sport? Where, O where the many flattering and kind references made by the local press of Toronto and Montreal? Farewell to all our greatness, and merely because the smallest of the four principal Universities of our fair Dominion had the courage and acted accordingly.

We cherish the hope that the Intercollegiate Union will very soon awaken to the fact that it has been grossly unfair towards its little sister University, and when once convinced of its error, will act the manly part and make amends. Until then we shall have to play in our own back yard, content with our lot, and not envying the good fortune of our more favored friends. Exiled we may be, but disloyal we are not, and it will always be our pleasure to feel a thrill of pride and to give a lusty cheer when we hear of any success that has attended the Intercollegiate Union.



## CONSTITUTIONS AND OTHER THINGS.

Canadian sport is to-day suffering greatly from a lack of competent and impartial men to handle the various athletic contests. Scarcely a game has been played of late wherein the officials have not taken a more prominent part than the players themselves. Surely this is a deplorable condition of affairs, which certainly will not be bettered any if our executives are going to uphold and countenance such inefficiency, even to the sacrificing of carefully drafted constitutions.

Immediate action is imperative, if we hope to teach our young men to respect authority properly invested. We shall never teach them to submit to tyranny.

We understand that a Union has a right to hold a team to a drafted and signed schedule, only when such Union fulfills a prior contract by keeping to a drafted and signed constitution.

Just what will be done in this matter we do not know. We humbly submit, however, that the Governors of the Union take henceforth a more active part in the handling of matters which seem to mean so little but which really mean so much. We all know what damage may be done when unlimited power is placed in the hands of incapable and irresponsible men.





We have learned to anticipate with every number of the *O. A. C. Review* a wealth of information pertaining to agricultural pursuits. There is, however, a commanding feature about this exchange which has never failed to excite our unstinted admiration. It is the versatility and comprehensive aspect of its numerous contributions. While agricultural subjects are necessarily of paramount importance to the students of the Ontario Agricultural College, seldom does it occur that one or more refreshing stories or a number of attractive poetic effusions cannot be found in each number of the *Review*. The October number is of equally as high a standard as its predecessors. "The Full-Back," the narrative of a struggle for football supremacy, afforded us several minutes' genuine pleasure.

"The Federation of Catholic Societies" is the subject of a capably written article in the *Abbey Student*. The author treats of this organization in a most comprehensive manner. He lucidly presents the aim of the society and briefly enumerates the remedies that have been applied in removing some of the injustices to which American Catholics have been subjected. We cannot refrain from expressing the hope that such a commendable organization may meet with the unqualified success its efforts deserve.

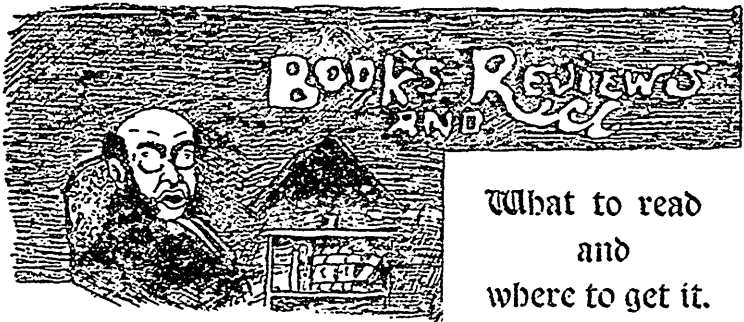
Seldom indeed are we afforded the pleasure of reading such a clever delineation of one's personal experiences as that contained in the October number of the *Acta Victoriana* under the caption "The Ideal and the Real." The assurance that we read it three times should in itself prove our appreciation of its worth. The fair writer is, we presume, a student of Victoria University, who, buoyed up by an exuberance of spirit and an unsuspecting innocence, essayed the rough road of pedagogic pursuit in the wilds of New Ontario. An unusually good description of the natural grandeur of Northern Ontario is given and a still more humorous presentation of her own varied experiences is made. Once located in the

northern wilderness her fancied pleasures vanish, her courage flees and her optimism is rudely shattered; when brought into close proximity with the grim realities of simple pioneer life and exposed to the ravages of the omnipresent black fly and mosquito her life is rendered intolerable, and she hastily retreats to a more congenial atmosphere in Old Ontario, fully appreciating the vast divide separating "the Ideal from the Real." The style is captivating and genuine originality pervades the article throughout.

We conclude that space is not a valuable asset to the *College Spokesman* when a place is found in its columns for the publication of such a scurrilous piece of poetic diction as that entitled "Reciprocity." Neither youth nor inexperience, nor a highly imaginative temperament can exculpate the author of such partial observations. His grossly unfair characterization of the Canadian farmer, coupled with his absolute ignorance of Canadian sentiment towards reciprocity as evidenced in our recent elections was ludicrous, while the attempt at metric composition merited an immediate discard to the waste basket. The scrupulous exercise of an editor's functions should obviate the possibility of such literary trash stigmatizing the column of his journal.

The following paragraph from the *Niagara Index* summarizes a praiseworthy editorial on the "Value of Athletics": "Undoubtedly we have all met during our college career the man who places too much stress on his mental growth; we have likewise seen the 'dude' whose every thought was of fashion and society, and we have seen the athlete who looked upon the school book with contempt. And we abhor the one just about as much as we do the other. The development of the mind by a strict and severe classroom; the development of the social part of education by means of good up-to-date and morally clean societies; the development of fine athletics along legitimate lines, all have their place in a true college education, and it is certain that each will play an important part in the life and character of the student."

We gratefully acknowledge: *Agnetian Quarterly, The Young Eagle, Fordham Monthly, Civilian, McGill Daily, Trinity Review, The Notre Dame Scholastic, St. Mary's Chimes, Georgetown College Journal, The Schoolman, The Nazarene, Exponent, St. John's Record, Queen's Journal, St. Ignatius Collegian, The Nazareth Chimes, Niagara Rainbow, The Comet.*



What to read  
and  
where to get it.

We are very fortunate to say nothing of being pleased to have to review so interesting a book as "Prisoners' Years" (Benziger Bros., New York, \$1.35). It is a novel by one of the best Catholic authors, I. Clarke, and is interesting beyond the ordinary; not strictly religious, but Catholic in tone and feeling. It is a story of modern, twentieth century life, and will undoubtedly prove popular to all who enjoy a touch of romance in an age so unromantic.

It concerns an orphan young woman, Evodia Essex, who is forced to live as companion with a widowed aunt because her parents have purchased foolish annuities. Her unusual prettiness attracts much attention from the eligible young men whom she meets, but they are all rejected, much to her aunt's dismay. Soon Felix Scaife enters into her life, and Evodia announces him as her future husband. Things run along quietly for a few weeks till the engagement is suddenly broken off, the reason being that Felix, while helping a sick monk has been attracted to the Catholic faith. His action arouses the wrath of his grandfather, whose property he was to inherit at the old gentleman's death. As a result Felix finds himself practically penniless. Presumably rather than face the idea of a life of comparative poverty, Evodia uses his poverty as another excuse for her action. Felix drops out of the world, as it were, and Evodia Essex is left alone with her thoughts. She refuses to consider all other offers of marriage, and accompanies her aunt on a prolonged visit to Europe. After stopping in France and Italy, the old lady returns home to London, and Evodia continues to Morocco with Italian Catholic friends. Soon she hears reports from servants of a certain Mr. Smith who is leading the life of a hermit in the desert. Through his ravings during an illness it develops that he is none other than Felix Scaife. Evodia

vows her conversion provided he recovers. News arrive from England that the old grandfather has changed his mind and has died, leaving his title and estates to Felix.

So the breaches are stopped up, for Evodia has become a Catholic, too, and their prospective poverty is now only a bad nightmare. Felix is now able to take his bride back to Mollingmere, his new estate, where, to use a rather stereotyped expression, "they lived happily ever afterwards."

The title of this delightful story is taken from Ben Johnson's *Sad Shepherd*.

. . . How long are lovers' weeks,  
Do you think, Robin, when they are asunder  
Are they not prisoners' years?

Mr. E. C. Everard Owen, in the *Contemporary Review*, writes a very wholesome article on "The Literary Element in Modern Side Education in English Public Schools."

He says that classical education has centuries of experience behind it and that the system is therefore deeply rooted in some principles, and thereby it has become part of the life of the nation and has borne fruit in national character and national ideals. There are primarily three objects for gaining an education—the acquisition of knowledge, whether for strictly practical or other purposes—the general training of the mind so that all its powers may be quickened and developed—spiritual culture in the widest sense including the appreciation of literary beauty the formation of style and the moulding of character.

It is difficult to lay down any standard examples of classically trained students exhibiting superior ability to modern trained students or vice versa, but it has been shown that as a rule classical students beat modern students in their own subjects, History, English, Literature, Geography, etc. Examiners admit that they find difficulty in assigning marks to modern candidates in Latin for their knowledge of this branch is admittedly limited, generally inaccurate and often deplorable.

On the other hand the classical student finds his accurate knowledge of Greek and Latin to be of great service in many ways. The influences of a classical education are influences which help a student always, bite into the characters as it were, and leave some peculiar mark. A modern education, that is strictly modern, will not have the same effect on the character unless there

is at least one classical subject included. Often this is sufficient, oftener it is not.

"The Black Brotherhood," by Rev. R. P. Garrold, S.J., (Benziger Bros., \$1.35 net). This is another of Benziger Bros.' books and should be a great seller. Father Garrold has little short of excelled himself in "The Black Brotherhood. It is a boy's story essentially, the chief characters being three schoolboys whose utter weariness of trigonometry, or "trig" for short, got them into a variety of troubles. The story is full of humorous, tragic and pathetic incidents besides giving a really complete inside view of schoolboy life as the boys see it. About each character is woven a peculiar personality. Billy May seems to show the best record, but then Tommy Browne didn't have a chance "to own up on his own." Dr. Whale shouldn't have collared him in particular. But then he had to collar somebody.

Briefly, the story is about three schoolboys who grease the blackboard to take revenge on their mathematics professor. They unite as the Black Brotherhood, and to prevent their being caught and to avert suspicion they grease another board. As the plot deepens, each seems to be getting into trouble at home and everything is going wrong. One boy who persists in annoying them and interfering with their plans is accidentally hurt, and two of the Black Brothers admit of being with him when the accident occurred. The third upon showing the white feather is expelled from the Brotherhood. The parents of the two Brothers without waiting for any explanation take steps toward punishment, with the result that one becomes delirious after being locked up in a dark cellar. His chum is called on by the doctors to help quieten him, and as Dr Bellamy said, he acted with great prudence and discretion.

The horizon begins to clear; the parents understand their little mistakes and the boys do too; the "white Black Brother repents and is received into the fraternity again and the injured boy becomes well.

Father Garrold's style is easy and simple, so easy and familiar that one might think a schoolboy wrote the story. The various chapters are well spread with schoolboy terms and vernacular, and the whole story leaves a really pleasant impression on the reader.

## Among the Magazines.

The Catholic world, indeed the world at large, is still re-echoing with the success and the magnificence of the Eucharistic Congress held at Vienna this September. The issue of *America* for October 12th gives an excellent and very interesting account of the great celebration, the best we have read to date. Archbishops and bishops, priests, and laymen of all ranks and conditions of life were there to profess their love for Our Lord in the Eucharist. Members of the royal household, the Emperor Francis Joseph himself, despite his eighty odd years, despite the advice of his physician to the contrary, braved the inclemency of the weather to partake in the great procession. Seldom before has there been such a polyglot and cosmopolitan assemblage with but one purpose. Truly, the Church has observed the admonition of Christ, "Go, teach ye all nations." Although it rained unrelentingly upon the day of the procession, yet one hundred and fifty thousand took part in the procession itself, while many hundreds of thousands of devout Catholics lined the route.

The October number of *The Rosary* contains the first chapters of what promises to be a very interesting serial. "The Commodore and Mad Jack," by James Connolly, is a tale of the last days of the sailing packet trade between Baltimore and Ris. The plot is a three-cornered race between rival packets with the future welfare of the commodore's little daughter at stake. "Bourke of Belleek," an Irish chieftain's story of Elizabethan times in Ireland, which has been running some months in *The Rosary*, is approaching an appropriate culmination. It has been interesting from the very first and has given much information concerning a period of Irish history about which little has yet been written.

*The Missionary* is, as its sub-title explains, a record of the progress of Christian unity. It is published monthly at the Apostolic Mission House at Washington, and gives much information and advice regarding the many problems and difficulties with which the modern missionary must cope. The October number, with much reason, laments the loss, by death, of Father A. P. Doyle, C.S.P., probably the foremost missionary of the Paulist community. The good father was well known in Rome, and his great work as Rector of the Apostolic Mission House is highly appreciated there. It may have been the good fortune of some of our students to have heard Fr. Doyle at the Eucharistic Congress in Montreal, at which Congress he read a paper.

The *Ave Maria*, in a recent number, gives an appreciation of the great work being done among the Eskimos by the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. The Oblate Fathers labored for years, and with great success, among the Indians of the Canadian North-West. As early as 1868 the Eskimos of our Arctic and Hudson Bay coasts began to occupy their attention. About this time Fr. Gasté, Superior of St. Peter's Mission, Lake Caritoo, became acquainted with them and acquired considerable influence over them. But it was Fr. Turquetil who, first of all missionaries, made his tedious way to the Eskimo camps and there took up his abode. Since then Fr. Turquetil has labored almost unceasingly among these people. He is now endeavoring to establish a mission among the tribes on Chesterfield Inlet.

An open letter to the editor, appearing in the *Educational Review*, gives us an insight into the unique conditions of higher education in the Maritime Provinces. The conditions are, indeed, unique, for here we find more colleges and universities, possessing similar curricula, than the people really need or can properly support. By actual count, it is shown that five universities—Dalhousie, Mt. Allison, University of New Brunswick, Acadia, and King's—cater to twelve hundred students, a number scarcely in excess of the attendance at any of our Central Canada institutions. The writer of the article claims that all these five institutions might flourish did they but come to an agreement and choose different curricula. There is, he says, a splendid field for specialization in the Maritime Provinces.

*Extension* for November tells us of some of the hardships endured by Catholic missionaries in the Philippines. There is also an appeal for the assistance of the poor missions in the southwestern States where the parishioners are mainly poor Mexicans. "The Happiest Woman" is a short story which portrays vividly the evils of mixed marriage. A recent number of *The Civilian* prints an article upon the Publication Branch of the Department of Agriculture. This very useful branch has been organized for the purpose of dealing with the International Agricultural Institute and with the distribution of the publications of the department. "Silas Wegg," in his accustomed witty manner, catalogues all books under the seven primary colours, according to the "shades" of their character, as it were.

*Scientific American* describes the baro-cyclonometer in a recent issue. This instrument has been used for years by the Philippine Weather Bureau and has proved to be of inestimable value



in determining the proximity and direction of typhoons. The American Government is now endeavoring to adapt this instrument to the conditions which obtain in the North Atlantic and West Indies waters. It is interesting to note that the inventor of the barocyclonometer is a Catholic priest, Fr. José Algué, S.J.

## Priorum Temporum Flores.

Rev. Thomas W. Albin, '00, is at present stationed at St. Andrew's Cathedral, 165 Sheldon street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Rev. Joseph Warnock, '01, was last year appointed P. P. of Maynooth, Ont., by His Lordship Bishop Lorrain, to whom he had, since his ordination, acted as secretary.

Rev. J. R. O'Gorman, '01, is engaged in parish work in New Ontario, having charge of Haileybury parish.

Rev. John Meehan, '00, is exercising his priestly functions in Belleville, Ont.

Rev. M. J. O'Connell, '00, is at present stationed at Palmer, Mass.

Rev. Léon Binet, O.M.I., '01, besides occupying one of the professorial chairs, is also secretary of his Alma Mater.

Rev. P. J. Galvin, '00, Kinmount P. O., Ont., has charge of Galway Parish in the Peterboro diocese.

Rev. F. T. French, '91, P.P., Brudenell, paid a visit to his Alma Mater on his way home from an extended tour through Western Canada to the Pacific coast. During his sojourn in the West, Father French was heard publicly on several occasions, and his pertinent criticisms of conditions as he saw them caused wide-spread comment in the newspapers of the West.

Mr. P. Leacy, '14, is taking up a medical course at Queen's Kingston

Mr. Joseph Simard, '12, has been seriously ill for the past three or four months at his home in Ville Marie. The earnest wish of his friends at College is that he may soon be able to go around in the full possession of his usual good health.

During the course of the month we were favored with a call from the following Alumni:

Rev. J. J. Quilty, Douglas.  
 Rev. J. J. O'Gorman, Ottawa.  
 Rev. W. T. McCauley, Russell.  
 Rev. M. T. O'Neil, Almonte.

Mr. James Connaghan, '09, has been re-engaged to fill the duties of principal of the Bryson high school.

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## Obituary.

LEO HAROLD O'MEARA, M.D., C.M. (Matric., '06.)

On Saturday, Nov. 2, Leo Harold O'Meara, M.D., C.M., was drowned in the Albany river near Hobon, Canada, while attempting to cross the ice at that point.

Dr. O'Meara was born in Fallowfield, Ontario, and there received his primary education. He matriculated from Ottawa University in '06, and also took his first year in Arts. He graduated in medicine from Queen's in 1911, and spent a year in St. Vincent's and St. Gregory's Hospitals, New York City. At the time of his death he was resident surgeon to the A. C. and H. B. R. R. in charge of the Ito Lake Hospital.

The news of his sudden demise came as a great shock to his very many friends both at the University and in the city. To be cut off in the flower of manhood seems hard indeed, but we must always look to the Higher Power who disposes and plans everything as He wills.

Besides his father and mother, he leaves to mourn his loss three sisters: Mrs. (Dr.) F. S. Jamcom of New York City, Mrs. (Dr.) C. R. Mitchell of Paterson, N.J., and Laura of New York City.

To his parents and relatives *The Review* extends its sincerest sympathies in this their hour of bereavement.

On Tuesday, Oct. 22nd, the voice of Delcourt McCaffrey was forever hushed. Death claimed another victim. With his old associates on the playground Delcourt will never again mingle. Little was it thought one month ago that the end was so near, although he had been in failing health for some time. The end

was brought about, prematurely, by the setting in of that dread disease, pleuro-pneumonia, and fortified by the rites of Holy Mother Church he breathed forth his pure soul to its Maker.

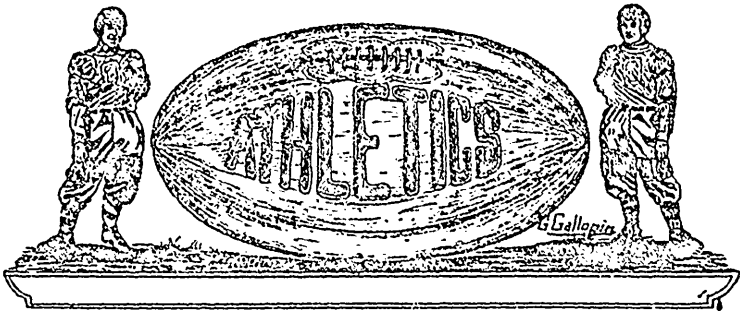
During his term in our midst, by his kind and affable disposition, he endeared himself to both professors and students, and his classmates and teachers of the Commercial unite in the expression of their heartfelt sorrow at his demise, and desire to record their appreciation of his kindness and his devotion as a pupil. To his bereaved parents and sister *The Review* extends its sincerest sympathy. Those who have known a son's attachment or a brother's love can understand their loss and grieve with them. We will only urge them to bear their trial with fortitude, knowing that he is not lost but gone before. Being always a strong supporter of the garnet and grey, the College's senior rugby team testified their appreciation of his sentiments by attending his funeral in a body. R.I.P.

On Tuesday, Nov. 5th, by the death of Joseph Couture, two of our students have been deprived of a loving parent. Mr. Couture carried on a lucrative jewellery business in the city of Hull, and by his sterling qualities and sound business principles, which he always put into effect, earned for himself the esteem of a wide circle of friends. To his sons, Albert and Ernest, and to the other members of the family, *The Review* extends its sympathy. R.I.P.

It is our sorrowful task to chronicle in this issue the death of Mr. McDermott, father of Wm. McDermott, of Matric., '08. Mr. McDermott, during his residence in the city, conducted a thriving business in real estate, besides being a successful auctioneer. His death, which came as a great blow to his family, was due to heart failure. May his soul rest in peace is our fervent prayer.

In connection with Mr. McDermott's death we must cite an incident which tended to augment the family sorrow. Wm., his son, was at the time working on a survey at La Tuque, and being apprized of the sad news, at once set out for Ottawa. On the way he was mixed up in a wreck in which he sustained a fracture of one of his legs. By this it would appear as if the fates were against him, but he was not to be outdone, and proceeded on his way, arriving in time to see the remains of his dear parent before they were consigned to the tomb. To the bereaved family in its hour of family sorrow we offer our heartfelt condolence.

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Hats off to the cartoonist, caricaturist, designer, or whatever you may wish to call the gifted artist of the *Queen's Journal*. Oracle-like we may say that this young man has a future before him. In return for this compliment, won't you, Mr. Cartoonist, Caricaturist, or Designer, attempt for our special benefit an oil painting of the College-Queen's game (1912) in Kingston, giving due prominence to the referee suggested for that match by your manager? Really we need a little comedy and amusement to help dry those tears so beautifully "designed" by you.

Ottawa College may be lacking in a sense of true sportsmanship; it may be true that our sense of chivalry is somewhat deadened; our knowledge of the deference and courtesy that is due to itinerant budding newspaper scribes who trail forsooth seeking scoops and other things, may be hobbling around on crutches. Doubtless there are many other things which we have yet to learn. Two things we have left to us, however: our sense of fairness and our sense of humor. The former caused us to shudder and the latter to laugh and laugh, and then laugh when we read the leading article in a recent copy of the *Queen's Journal*. Indeed, kind friend, it was a fitting side-piece to the touching cartoon from the pen of the gifted artist (?) of the *Queens' Journal*.

Doubtless our exchange editor will comment favorably upon the future and possibilities of this gifted young writer, who takes it upon himself to divulge the minutes of an Intercollegiate meeting, which because of the secrecy and privacy desired, saw fit to refuse admittance to the reporters of our local press.

In passing, may we remark that it delights us to know that at least some of the Queen's students are devoting their time to other things than sport. Our comment on the article itself may be summed up in these two quotations: "They that have done this deed are honorable." "He seen his duty and he done it."

TORONTO VARSITY — OTTAWA COLLEGE.

Costly fumbles at critical times gave Toronto a win over College, Oct. 12th.

Time and time again College forced the play into Varsity territory, only to lose the ball by some misplay of our back men.

Varsity did not impress the local critics as favorably as some of her teams of the past; in fact, without Gonter, Cuzner and Campbell the outfit would have a difficult time contending for the "Big Cup." In fact had Gonter been given a through ticket to Ottawa, and not persuaded to help out our sister university, Toronto (struggling along with only a couple of thousand to pick from), Ottawa College might now be in the finals. It is almost too late to boast of our "good team," but good team it surely is. In the minds of many it is one of the very best that Ottawa College has ever turned out. May we add that this is perhaps the real reason why Toronto, McGill and Queen's have shown such a deep interest in all our 1912 affairs.

T.R.A.A. — COLLEGE.

"A splendid exhibition; one of the best football games I have ever seen," was the verdict of referee "Tom" Clancy after the Toronto-College game.

Open and fast from start to finish, the game was replete with sensational plays, and the large football gathering went away greatly satisfied with the O.R.F.U. brand of football.

Heffernan, one of our last year's stars, was with the Toronto's and put up a very effective game. "Heff" is one of the best.

OTTAWA COLLEGE — OTTAWA CITY.

Somewhat out of condition College stacked up against the big City team in an exhibition game, Nov. 6th. Until three-quarter time the play was all Ottawa College, the sharp tackling and fast formation work of the garnet and grey playing havoc with the Interprovincial leaders.

Some gave the score in favor of College; others said that Ottawa had nosed out a point ahead. At all events our Tally-ho brought home a pretty happy bunch of footballers, who inwardly felt that only cruel fate had kept them from a Dominion championship.

## NOTES.

College has sold her husky centre scrimmage, James Kennedy, to the Ottawas. They had to all sit up and take notice of "Jim," both here and in Toronto, for the same James certainly has the goods.

1912 marks the passing of Jerry Harrington from our football ranks, and incidentally of one of the real stars of Intercollegiate football. Jerry has always been there to the very finish, and has been a wonderful help to our teams. Likewise we lose Phil Cornellier, conceded to be one of the finest punters in Canada, and the cleanest and best little sport in the world.

Rev. Father Finnigan's second team brought glad news to our hearts when they defeated the strong New Edinburgh team for the city championship. Real class is stamped all over our Seconds. They and their coach are deserving of a great deal of credit for keeping within our walls the "Carling Cup," emblematic of city honors.

The championship of the Inter-Mural League was won by J. McNally's team. The games all through were closely contested, and the whole organization reflects much credit upon the Director, Father Latulippe, and our "martyred president," J. Q. Coughlan.

While the 1912 season did not give to us a championship, still we are deeply grateful for the following finds: T. Holly, Bill McCart, Larry McCormac, Jack Lajoie, Tommie Kent, Len Chantal, and a bunch of others, not forgetting Bill Chartrand, who qualified just as we were going to press.

Chew upon this, Montreal, Toronto and Kingston journalists: Ottawa College's home gate with McGill, plus the profit from the Kingston excursion, would have netted us at least five hundred dollars over and above our expenses to McGill and Toronto. Masters of high finance had nothing whatever to do with our withdrawal from Intercollegiate sport. Perish the thought!!

Regarding a recent article in the "McGill Daily," we have this to offer:

The "scoop," so utterly inconsistent and untrue; the venomous outburst of a long standing grievance, was considered unfit for publication by newspapers in Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto.

The writer's fellow-students forced him to retract his statements. It will take something more than an "air castle" to purchase the honor of "Old McGill."

Our knowledge of said writer goes back to the days of City

League hockey in Ottawa; later we knew him as an ex-yards man in Montreal; on Varsity Oval in 1908 we caught occasional glimpses of him in a football suit (his last appearance in public); now we see him hiding behind a "nawsty" pen. It takes some big man to hide behind a pen, so our impressions of said writer have not changed any, nor has our respect for him increased. Come forth, hammer brigade, and join with us while we sing, "Gee! but it's great to meet a friend from your home town."

Our sincere thanks are due to Doc Galvin, the successful Ottawa coach, for his helpful advice during the football season. If everyone had pulled as hard for the genial Doc as we did, Ottawa City might now be agreeing to Toronto officials for the big final.

#### STATEMENT BY ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE.

The following statement was issued to the press on October 17th:—

At a meeting of the Ottawa University Athletic Association held this morning, it was resolved, though somewhat reluctantly, to take the following stand regarding Intercollegiate football and Intercollegiate hockey:

In view of the evident animus displayed towards Ottawa University in the past by the executives of the Intercollegiate Union, of which the meeting of Friday last was but a logical climax;

As a just protest against the manifestly unconstitutional proceedings of that meeting and the inconsiderate treatment of the delegates of our sister universities towards our accredited representative, Mr. Coughlan, the president of the union; their seeming disregard, not only for his wishes, but more so for his authority relative to that meeting;

For the unsportsmanlike precedent which the executive established in sustaining of four, a final and evidently inspired not to mention irregular, report of the two most incompetent officials for whose appointment the Union was directly responsible;

In allowing to stand as criterion of Intercollegiate football a match which those officials reduced to a burlesque; thereby countenancing the wierd and altogether novel interpretation of the rules, which the constitution clearly states shall be interpreted literally;

Because such conduct of the Union instead of conducing to manliness in sport tends rather to develop in the student mind a perverted sense of true sportsmanship. Furthermore, as there seems to be no channel for redress in such matters, and, as we have no assurance that the future will see an adjustment to these obvious grievances and quite unsatisfactory conditions;

We believe that, in withdrawing from the series, we are acting in justice to those who have so loyally supported Ottawa University in her athletic endeavors and to the institution which we, as athletes, have tried under adverse circumstances to creditably represent.

It is with regret, therefore, that we find no other course open to us than to withdraw from the Intercollegiate series; still we find that we are acting by principle rather than by sentiment in this matter, no other action would be consistent with our position.

Taking this rather unusual stand for Ottawa University we fully realize and regret that our action places us in a somewhat defenceless and embarrassing position with those of the public who are not fully conversant with the true condition of affairs.

We desire to say that our relationship with the Intercollegiate players has always been the most cordial, and that it is at no small personal sacrifice that we find ourselves forced to take this drastic action.

We bear no personal animosity towards the Intercollegiate Union, but rather wish it every success.

(Signed) OTTAWA UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.



## Of Local Interest

The liquor question was again to the fore at the weekly meeting of the English Debating Society on Monday, Nov. 4th, and as usual was the source of much spirited argument. The resolution read as follows: "The enacting of an anti-treating law would be more effective in the cause of temperance in Ontario than the abolition of the bar." Presenting the arguments in favor of the resolution were Messrs. J. J. Power, J. B. Bonfield and H. Carleton. Messrs. A. T. Maher, J. Braithwaite and L. Cleary essayed to prove the effectiveness of the total abolition of the bar.

Both sides produced very convincing arguments, but an evidence of greater preparation and a somewhat freer delivery awarded a victory to the upholders of the affirmative.

Mr. J. Harrington presided over the meeting, and the following members of the society acted in the capacity of judges: L. W. Kelley, T. Grace, J. Fogarty, J. Cusack and L. Goulet.

Among those speaking from the floor of the house were Messrs. A. A. Unger, J. O'Brien, C. Mulvihill, V. O'Neill, H. Fallon and J. Powell.

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On Tuesday evening, Nov. 29th, another meeting of the Debating Society was held in the Lecture Hall, the session being productive of an interesting as well as instructive debate. The subject under discussion read: "Resolved, that there should be government inspection of all Canadian banks."

Upholding the affirmative side of the argument were Messrs. T. J. Kelly and J. S. Cross, while on the negative appeared Messrs. J. J. McNally and A. Martin. Each speaker was allowed eleven minutes in which to present his argument, and then the usual five minutes was allotted the leader of the affirmative in which to make his reply.

Basing their arguments upon the claim that inspection of banking houses by government officials would, in a great measure, eliminate the possibility of corruption in the banking business, the affirmative presented a strong and logically arranged line of at-

tack, and their efforts were rewarded with success, the judges deciding in favor of Messrs. Kelly and Cross. The negative also favored the audience with an interesting array of arguments, but the speakers were somewhat lacking in the art of delivery.

Mr. Andrew G. McHugh, '13, occupied the chair. Among those speaking from the floor were Messrs. Fallon, Hackett, Sullivan, Bonfield and Killian.

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On Tuesday evening, Nov. 22nd, the collegians were treated to a delightful entertainment, arranged through the energetic efforts of Rev. Father Stanton, senior prefect of discipline. After the evening meal, which was marked by the presence of numerous "good things," and at which Doctor Eugene Galvin, the Ottawa coach, was an honored guest, the students assembled in the senior recreation hall, where a fine programme had been arranged. Heading the list with an Irish selection from the repertoire of his famous namesake was Larry McCormack, of gridiron repute. After "Mac" had responded to an encore, a comic recitation by Monsieur Manion was well received. Vocal renderings then bowed before the manly arts, and a wrestling bout was staged between Ed. Lajoie and Bruce Ketchum. Referee Doc. Galvin awarded the palm of victory to Ketchum, who secured the only fall with a good imitation of a half-Nelson. Mr. George Coupal was then heard in a bass selection which merited much applause. A bantam-weight boxing bout between the popular Joe Coulas and Jack Grace, afforded much amusement to the onlookers. Comic songs by Phil. Cornellier and Dominic O'Neill were the concluding items of the very enjoyable programme. A bachelor dance then brought the pleasant evening to a close.

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The reading of the monthly notes is again an interesting feature of the scholastic programme. This practice, by which each student receives his class standing month by month in the presence of his fellow students, has long been in vogue, and is considered by the university authorities to be a good means of holding up to merit those who by their application obtain a high class standing, and of spurring the more lax to greater efforts. Owing to the substantial increase in the number of students attending the Arts and Collegiate courses since the fall opening, it has been deemed advisable to hold two assemblies, one for the students of the Collegiate course, and the other for the members of the Arts and Philosophy courses.

It is now quite certain that soon after the students have returned from their Xmas vacation, the classical drama "Julius Caesar" will be staged by the older collegians. The idea of presenting an amateur attraction to the theatre-loving public was conceived by one of those interested in the welfare and enjoyment of the students, and if plans proceed in the expected manner an opportunity will be afforded those interested to display their histrionic ability on the public stage.

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Leonard Kelley represented Alma Mater at the annual meeting of the Inter-University Debating League, held in Toronto on Oct. 31st. It was decided that Ottawa University will meet Toronto Varsity in Toronto on December 4th. Should the garnet and grey be victorious, the deciding debate for the Intercollegiate Debating championship will be held in Ottawa on January 24th, 1913.

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Rev. Father William Murphy, O.M.I., Vice-Rector of the University, and pastor of St. Joseph's parish, who had been absent in the western provinces since the middle of July, returned to the Capital on Oct. 15th, and has resumed his duties as parish priest. Father Murphy speaks highly of conditions in the west, but deplores the dearth of missionary relief in such a great field of labors.

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## Junior Department.

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As this is the first report from the Junior Department, it is not out of place to offer to Father Turcotte, our new prefect, and his assistants, Fathers Senecal and Voyer, our sincerest congratulations on their appointment, and to assure them of the goodwill and co-operation of all the students of the Small Yard in their endeavors not only to sustain but to surpass in all the different sports the already well established reputation of the athletes of this department.

The Small Yard football league will soon have fulfilled its schedule. There are four teams competing, namely, the Argonauts, captained by Moran; the Tigers, captained by Langlois; College,

captained by Nault, and the Canadians, captained by St. Francois. The Tigers are at present in the lead, but if they lose their next game to College we shall have a four-cornered tie. The teams are remarkably well matched, and we may expect to see some interesting games in case the Tigers lose the game.

Father Senecal, who has taken charge of the pool and billiards, has instituted a trial tournament. This will give the new boys a chance to learn the game, and will also let the prefect get a line on what the other boys can do. After the Christmas holidays he will have a league made up for the Small Yard championship.

B-r-tt does not care what the prefect does, as long as "Kitty" sticks to him.

Father Turcotte has secured a pianola for the music-loving boys of Small Yard. This is quite an addition, and will help very much to make the recreation pass pleasantly when the weather does not permit outdoor sports to be indulged in.

The Small Yarders are glad to see that Mr. Edmund McMahon is holding his own in Big Yard this year.

The prefects have re-arranged the dressing room and put in a stove. It will be used from now on by the boys who are to play, and there will be no need of them seeking the dormitory before and after games.

Don intends to get the respect of the smaller boys even if it takes force to do it.

Father Voyer has taken charge of the midgets. Under his able management a four-team league has been organized. The games to date have been most interesting. Several new stars have been discovered, who will likely on some future day bring championship honors to Ottawa College.