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The Hymn of the Stars of Morning.

By REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD,

(*Sliav-na-mon.*)

GOD made the Earth in its beauty—the land and the limitless seas
The arching domes of Heaven with their infinite mysteries
He guideth the ponderous worlds that wheel thro' boundless space
The blazing suns that light them He holdeth to their place
With sword of the sudden lightning He cleaves the ether through
The rock-ribbed hills with thunder, He thrills and thrills anew
When bellowing seas in anger buffet the wreck strewn shore
His war-steeds are the billows that prance His hosts before
When gentler tones His greatness Earth's kinder moods proclaim
Green field and soft voiced streamlet speak praise unto His Name
The incense of the flowers, the zephyr amid the leaves
The shimmer of golden corn aripe for the harvest sheaves
Spake the Lord unto David, His chosen singer of old
"See the works of my power—the Earth and the Heaven unrolled"
Lo, the wonders about thee, the stars that flash on high
The and the moon, my beacons to light the embracing sky

Sing for my praise and homage a canticle to these
 A hymn of the beauty of Earth and the thunder of the seas
 A chant of the firm-based hills that sentinel stand for aye
 Of the sun-blessed fields and flowers that bask in smiling day
 Sing of the soul of man in sombre or joyous mood
 The Lord, not man is Judge, if the singer's work be good"
 And ever the poet adoring chants of the gifts of God
 (The mountains quake to His whisper—the Spheres obey His nod)
 Bounty and love and goodness in stream and field and flower
 His wrath in the rushing storm, in the pathless seas His power
 God's kingdom in His Creatures—God's reign in the soul of man
 The Hymn of the Stars of Morning out-poured when the world
 [began.

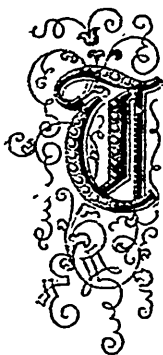
A Non-Catholic Tribute.

Sir Humphrey Davy in his "Consolations in Travel," after describing an interview at Fontainebleau with Pius VII who had blessed a rosary brought by his visitor from the Holy Land, writes :

"It was eighteen months after this interview that I went out with almost the whole population of Rome to receive and welcome the triumphal entry of this illustrious Father of the Church into his capital. He was borne on the shoulders of the most distinguished artists, headed by Canova, and never shall I forget the enthusiasm with which he was received. It is impossible to describe the shouts of triumph and rapture sent up to heaven by every voice. And when he gave his benediction to the people, there was a universal prostration,—a sobbing and marks of emotions of joy, like the bursting of the heart. I heard everywhere around me cries of "Holy Father,—the most Holy Father ! His restoration is the work of God !" I saw tears streaming from the eyes of almost all the women around me,—many of them were sobbing hysterically and old men were weeping as if they had been children. I pressed my rosary to my breast on this occasion, and repeatedly touched with my lips that part of it which had received the kiss of the most venerated Pontiff. I preserve it with a kind of hallowed sentiment, as the memorial of a man whose sanctity, firmness, meekness and benevolence are an honor to his church and to human nature."

Debate.

RESOLVED THAT STRIKES ARE JUSTIFIABLE.



THE following two papers were delivered at a public prize debate held in May 16th 1902. The arguments presented at the time attracted more than usual attention but now after the ordeal to which we have been subjected by the coal strikers of Pennsylvania, these arguments in favor and against strikes seem to be of more than ordinary value. We regret that space will not permit us to give more than two of the address delivered.

THE AFFIRMATIVE.

Mr. Chairman—The question under discussion, the Justice of Strikes, is, at the present time of paramount interest to all countries and to all classes. Claiming attention for centuries back, the strike grievance now overshadows all other movements; the general welfare is so imperilled that the public at last realizes that the solution of this problem can no longer be safely adjourned

The spectacle of 147,000 miners ceasing work in order to obtain a higher wage for the labour they perform, their stubborn fight against corporations seemingly beyond the pale of the law, and the terror, famine, and even blood-shed this demand has caused assuredly stamp it the most pertinent problem of the century.

When we glance at the records of past strikes and behold the devastation that has accompanied and followed many of them, when we see the riots, the disturbances, the acts of violence and even attempts on public life our sympathy vanishes; when the sacred precincts of one's home have been desecrated by the mob and ruffian of that locality in which a strike may be in progress, righteous indignation is aroused,

and recourse to the law seems a fitting measure. Consequently, the uninterested observer rashly condemns strikes because of their effects, while not considering the principle involved.

The affirmative, I may say, does not deny that evils have and do attend most strikes; I will go further and declare, that, judging from the exterior surface they are bad in themselves. Upon what then do we maintain our position as firm believers in the justice of strikes? Upon what points or particular point does this question hinge, this question whose import is so vital that whole nations, yes, the entire world, must needs devote the greatest attention to it? These and other queries I shall presently answer, but, let us, meanwhile, examine the nature of a strike and note its leaning on Capital and labour. A strike consists in a simultaneous cessation from work by one class of operatives at least, for the purpose of making a better bargain with the master in respect of wages. It must, consequently, be combined in its purpose and unified in action. You will note the term *better bargain*, and, to my mind, herein lies the significance of the definition. For dissatisfaction must be present where a more beneficial change is sought or desired; a strike, therefore, is the combining of the working-men for the purpose of obtaining a fitting wage for the labour they perform. It is the indispensable weapon of modern society, the only means whereby operatives can make capitalists realize that it will be more profitable for them to let workmen participate in the increasing production rather than attempt to exclude them from it. There would then seem a dispute, and dispute there is, concerning the mutual relations of the worker with his master,

It will be, and is argued, that the laborer has no moral right to unite, and, at the moment when the product is very much in demand suddenly withdraw the utility of his labour from the market. But there is no more reason in equity and public policy for prohibiting laborers from quitting work in a body, or for refusing to work when the wage is too low or for particularly objectionable people, there is no more reason in this, I say, than there is for preventing capitalists from closing down their factories when they regard it to their

advantage so to do. We look upon the forestallers of wheat, grain and the other provisions contemptuously, sometimes enviously; why then cannot the strikers, who, to obtain the adjustment of their wrongs and the requirements of their needs, demand an advance in the price of their labour? Why cannot they become like monopolists?

The objections generally hurled at strikers are, that production ceases, profits vanish, loss of interest and insurance, alienation of trade, rioting, carousing, wanton disturbances, endangering of public and private property, in many cases the filthy and untenable condition of the strikers, even starvation. All these are objections and objections of a most serious nature. We do not gainsay them; but they are accidents, not wholly unlooked for we admit, yet far from the real object of a strike. The concerted action of a capital against strikes is therefore connived at, while the extreme letter of the law is invoked and its interpretation in many instances stretched in the opposite direction against laborers; and capitalists persist in opposing them aided by the press and sustained by the courts. The object in view when a strike has been declared is perfectly legitimate,—that of combining forces in order to compel an increase, or prevent a reduction of wages. And here it may be wise to say a word concerning men uniting themselves for the purpose of bettering their conditions, to vindicate and justify Trades Unions.

The old proverb, 'A brother that is helped by a brother is like a strong city,' here seems applicable. We have to revert no further than 1825, when we find that the establishing of these Unions was an offence against the law. In the last half century only have they become recognized industrially as well as legally. And rightly so. This combining of men falls nothing short of a natural right, and the State is bound to protect natural rights—not to destroy them. The condition of affairs has become such under unscrupulous, tyrannical, and selfish employers that the State must of necessity recognize the fact that these Unions should exist.

The negative side of the question presents statements giving data of unsuccessful strikes and citing cases where, in those successful, the end obtained was attended by greater evil than was the former condition of

things. Because with many strikes have been associated the worst of crime and misdemeanor they judge them to be intrinsically bad. From many particulars of their evil effects they conclude, illogically, that strikes must be wrong. That the great strikes of the world were responsible for much crime, the destruction of property and even loss of life we won't deny; that the individuals who perpetrated these outrages acted unwisely we as readily affirm. But, are the principles for which they were fighting to be so lightly surmounted? In no instance—I challenge the negative to cite one—has a strike occurred in which the fundamental reason for such a measure had not been that of bettering the condition of the working-man. By this I do not mean that for every petty grievance, real or fancied, a cessation of labour would constitute an action in keeping with right wisdom. To my mind, the man who labours should receive that remuneration which shall keep him free from want, in comparatively frugal comfort, and provide some means for a little diversion. That is, he must obtain a just compensation for the work he performs, which compensation must be sufficient to provide the ordinary necessities with a small balance for the comforts of life. With these denied him the working-man is justified, even in the extremity of denying his children food, in joining and going out on strike; for, does it not logically follow that man may suffer a temporary loss to obtain a permanent good?

The three conditions and the only ones that would make a strike unjustifiable, are, first, when they violate the right of property; secondly when by intimidation, operatives prevent those from working who desire so to do; and lastly when there is no possibility of success. With these three conditions present, a strike would be in keeping neither with justice nor charity. Regarding the first I might say, that when, during a strike, the right of property has been violated, it is the result of ungovernable individuals and not in accordance with the end desired; and this purpose, the betterment of the workers in regard to wages, is a real aim of a strike. Consequently when private right has been infringed it must not be confounded with the object of the strike; it is accidental to it and nothing more.

In respect to the second condition, intimidation, I can say that in a well ordered strike there is absolutely none of this. That it is a violation of a fundamental principle of public right to prevent a man from working we admit. That a command with intimidation is a misdemeanor or a crime we as readily concede. But we maintain that coercion is to day unnecessary—the negative have yet to make us see it so—because Trades Unions, recognized legally, do away with intimidation ; consequently, where perfect harmony exists among the strikers we see no reason for flouting this objection. The third condition in which a strike would be unjustifiable—where there is no probability of success, I need scarcely mention. The idea of a strike without some assurance of triumph, however slight, would be absurd. Self-willed and obstinate as man might be he would naturally shirk an undertaking where victory must be denied him. So with strikes. If there is one attainment hoped for, prayed for, it is success and consequently this objection may be logically passed over. Summing up then, we find, that where the right of property has not been violated, where there has been no force used in persuading others to join the strikers, where there is a firm belief that some measure of success will crown the efforts of those “going-out,” a cessation from labour is morally justifiable.

That I have not gone into detail concerning past strikes and those present; that I have refrained from telling you of the sin, the misery, the crime, the disorder, and, generally, the demoralized condition of striking communities, was intentional on my part. These I consider wholly outside of and superfluous to the nature of this debate. That I have not deduced arguments sufficient to substantiate the affirmative, or that I have not been clear in those put forth is due to my inability and not to any weakness on our side of the question. The condition of the wage earner to-day is such that strikes must occur ; so long as this present system of slave-driving exists, for, slavery is just as prevalent in our large factories to-day as it was in the Southern States previous to 1863, so long as this condition exists, I say, strikes are bound to happen. Capitalists are seeking to get the most possible and in return give very

little. But the employer's duty to his employees is a binding obligation. To satisfy 'greed for gold' at the costly price of violating all those principles which man owes his fellow man and to society, is a wrong that will, in time, bring its own revenge. The individual, therefore, who abets and allies himself against the worker, the capitalist whose purpose it is to sacrifice the public good to gain his own ends commits a public crime, and such a movement as a strike is nothing more than organized labour against selfishness, against tyranny and against immorality. Let it be taken for granted then, that work-man and employer should as a rule, and in particular, agree freely as to wages; nevertheless, there underlies a dictate of nature more imperious and more ancient than any bargain between man and man, namely, that the remuneration must be sufficient to support the wage-earner in reasonable and frugal comfort. With this comfort assured strikes are unnecessary; without, they are perfectly justifiable.

In conclusion I can only ask a word for the working man; his weight, when placed in the balance against combined capital, is scarcely perceptible; his children barely subsisting, he can but make a feeble effort for better conditions. That effort is derided by the public, scoffed at or ignored by the press, and often condemned by the courts. This is unjust, uncharitable. Do not take this privilege of striking from him. It is his by every right as regards man and his common well-being; it is, I do not hesitate to say it, his right in the eyes of his Creator.

C. P. McCORMAC, '03.

THE NEGATIVE.

MR. CHAIRMAN — You have heard, many arguments for and against the justice of strikes; you have heard the strike defined and have been told its relation to social economics; you have been told that strikes, though often carried to extremes and regrettable excesses, are a necessary and just arm of defence in the hand of the oppressed workman against his merciless employer. Our worthy opponents have attempted to prove to you that with the world's present

developments and enlightenment, there is no other known means of keeping a check upon the atrocities of capital than the strike, with of course all its accompaniments; and they conclude, that since strikes are, according to their own version, absolutely necessary, and, as 'necessity has no law,' therefore strikes are justifiable. But I shall endeavor to show that strikes, such as occur in the present times,—for it is of these we must speak — are by no means necessary, and, neither upon principle nor from a standpoint of utility are they justifiable.

What is the principle underlying strikes? A body of workmen,—it may be part or the whole of a mill or factory, or it may be a labor union or collection of labor unions,—decides that the existing relation between its members and the employers is not satisfactory. They request some change, which may or may not be granted; if it is not, the demand is next in order, and after the ultimatum has been given, and if the concession is not forth-coming,—a strike is declared. This means that a body of free men, preaching the glories of liberty and independence and the tyranny and injustice of coercion, have banded themselves together and taken aggressive means to force one, or a number, of their fellow-men to act in opposition to their own judgment, to deprive them of that same liberty which they themselves have untiringly proclaimed to be a man's immortal birthright. Is there then, any justice in taking it away from any man by the force of a rebellious strike?

But further,—there exists between the employer and the employed, a contract, binding upon both parties in honor and in justice. In it are the stipulations regarding wages, hours and the other concessions or limitations which are to govern the contracting parties for the coming year. Now if at the end of a few months under their agreement, some change is demanded by the employees, and the man or company employing them is either unable or unwilling to concede and they endeavor to force him by means of a strike,—what becomes of the contract? Do not the workmen entirely disregard it?—and act in direct opposition to their agreement? They promised to perform a certain work for a certain price and in a certain time; they have not done this;

they have broken their words; they have brought dishonor upon themselves; they may have seriously injured their employer, by rendering him unable to fulfil his contracts with others to supply the goods the strikers agreed to produce for him; they are themselves in wilful idleness, and the families of great numbers of them are in sore distress. And is this justice? Is this the justification our opponents have endeavored to uphold? If there be justice in all other features of the strike, surely there is *no* justice on the side of the man or the body of men, who, openly and often with little or no good cause, trample under foot their manliness and honor by the breach of a lawful agreement.

To show that a strike is unjust, viewed from its practical and substantial aspect, I shall take as a fair illustration, the great steel strike of '92, popularly known as the 'Homestead Strike.' It was made by the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers of United States, by order of its president, Mr. Shaffer, against the United States Steel Corporation, which had existed for twenty-six years under the personal management of Mr. Carnegie, without a single example of a strike or lockout. But now the leaders of this association decided there should be a strike, and the workmen, whether they saw a cause or not, were obliged to break their agreements with their employers and quit work. It was neither a strike for higher wages nor for shorter hours, but apparently one for business control, and moreover it was aimed directly at a right which was most naturally the lawful property of the employer, viz.—the privilege of employing either union or non-union labor, as best suited his interests.

To accomplish their unjust end the strike was continued throughout the various steel works for nearly five months, but the result was not as anticipated. Mr. Carnegie gave his men every opportunity to reconsider their act and return to work, but their leaders would not consent. He then filled their places with non-union men and the works were re-opened. This was followed by war and bloodshed and the infuriated strikers were only subdued to peace by recourse to 6000 of the militia. The disgraceful and uncivilized acts which took place during the period of actual strike I need not rehearse, but let it

suffice to say that the strike failed. Over twenty weeks of idleness had been registered against them forever and though many were returned to their old jobs, how much of the future would it require to repair the loss? And who was to answer for the starvation and misery that prevailed in the families of so many of them, and who for the deaths that should not have occurred? And when we remember that in this, as in the average strike, a large proportion of the men were strongly opposed to the act, but were forced under penalty of expulsion from the Union, which really meant a sort of banishment, to obey the general order for revolt; when we remember that most strikes are ordered by a minority of the members and often indeed upon the sole authority of the great leaders who have no occupation at all, and are always seeking their own personal aggrandizement, shall we not hesitate in granting the justification of the strike?

My worthy opponents have told you strikes are justifiable, and by reasoning much with ideals rather than realities, have perhaps led you to wrong impressions on the matter;—but let us examine things as they are. The strike itself is a comer; the strikers are monopolists, they withdraw the product of their labor from the market, and usually at a time when it is specially in demand. Just as a monopolist withdraws such essential commodities as wheat or provisions, so the striker withdraws what is equally important,—labor. You may say a producer or manufacturer has a perfect right to refrain from handling his products or manufactures if he finds he is losing, or if he takes any other fancy,—yes, but on one condition, he must first fulfil his contracts. If he has contracted to supply articles of a certain quality at a certain price and at a given date, he must supply them, or be liable for damages. In the same way the workman who has engaged to furnish certain services or certain fixed products during a given period, must first fulfil his engagements. If not, like any other person, he can be sued for damages. But, at the expiration of his contract, if he does not wish it renewed, he does not go on strike but, simply severs connections and is again free as he was before he engaged. Now if such methods can be applied to all business relationships, and I hold they can, where is the justification for strikes?

They have held that strikes are necessary, and as such, are justifiable. But, ladies and gentlemen, I shall tell you why they are not necessary. Every man has the right to offer his labor for sale and every purchaser of labor has an equal right to procure it if the price and terms are satisfactory to both. But if those who furnish labor think the rate offered to be insufficient, they have a perfect right to ask for more pay—just as the corn-merchant might refuse to sell if he considered the price too low. The purchaser of labor should decide whether he can afford to give the remuneration asked; if not, he must refuse. This ought to be done without passion, with the same tranquility that offers to buy and sell are made every day on the Trade and Stock Exchanges. There is no room to quarrel; you ask a price; I think you ask too much; I will give only such a price; you refuse; let us part good friends. There can be no relations until one or the other will make different proposals, and if there are no relations there cannot be a strike; but, if an agreement be made, it must be observed. This is in accord with all principles of private rights.

You have been told that the workmen have a perfect right to band themselves together in the form of a labor union to procure, even by force if necessary, a fair wage—a wage sufficient to supply at least the necessities of life,—and a length of day compatible with reasonable justice. I willingly concede them this, but providing lawful means be employed. Labor unions properly organized and conducted are good and very necessary to protect the rights and interests of the laborer,—but, both sides have rights. For instance, could we consider it a right of the employer, to order what kind of houses his men should live in, or how their family affairs should be conducted, or could we support him in forcing his employees to work fifteen hours a day or for an unreasonably small wage? Decidedly not. Then similarly, how could we excuse or justify the workmen in the form of the labor union, for insisting upon taking a hand, and often a very large one, in the direct business management, which belongs exclusively to the owner? And this is not idle talk; this is exactly what has been taking place in our strikes. It is found, that in the history of strikes, which have occurred almost without number, most of the important ones were not about

wages or hours but some question of management, such as a discharge, maximum of work allowed to a hustling workman, number of apprentices, introduction of a new machine, or the admission of a man not recognized by the Union. That is scores of thousands have been obliged to suffer all the miseries and privations of the great strikes, and the employers have suffered incalculable losses, only because questions of tenure, methods or control were not always adjusted to the entire satisfaction of the great labor leaders, who in fact had little or no right to interfere in them.

Take the great steel strike of last July. Here the demand was 'that the non-union mills should be coercively unionized'. Now, professedly, coercion is the very thing against which labor organizations have struggled for nearly a century, and it is most right they should, because the principle is false and pernicious; but in this strike it was very evident that the contest never had the real approval of even a considerable portion of the men who were actually leading it. The great mills at Joliet, Mich., and those at Milwaukee were with difficulty practically forced to join the movement. But what a state of things is this? Here we have a double coercion;—an executive committee using coercion as a means of forcing non-union men to forfeit their rightful liberty.

And how do strikes stand the economic test? I shall speak from the authority and observation of J. S. Nicholson, Prof. of Political Economy at the Union of Edinburgh. Having personally visited the scene of a recent collier strike, he said two features constantly forced themselves upon him,—one, the great numbers of policemen and soldiers, and the other, men going around with various kinds of money boxes. The military were keeping order, the colliers were asking support for the strikers and both seemed sick of their tasks; and no wonder, for, using proper names, it was coercion on one side and pauperism on the other. Where laws are maintained by military force, and able-bodied men apply to public charity for their necessaries, it needs no showing that something is wrong. When we but recall such examples as the Homestead strike in which several bloody fights took place between the

Pinkertons and the strikers, and was only subdued by a large body of troops; or the Chicago strike of the Pullman employees in '94, which saw twelve deaths and nearly six hundred arrests, trains blocked in every direction, whole lines destroyed, incendiary fires the order of the day and 14,000 troops and police engaged to preserve life and property; when we but consider the enormous losses to the workmen and the employers, the widespread misery and privation among the laborers' families, much of which can never be repaired, shall we not unanimously conclude that the strike of this nature has no economic character? During a strike, no means are neglected, on the part of the men, to distress the capitalist, but which side suffers more? The masters lose in profits and upkeep of capital only, but on the other hand they gain in ridding themselves of accumulated stock at high prices, which condition lasts until some time after the strike. So while the masters' chief loss is in profits, which in fact they never had, the workmen suffer an absolute dead loss. Their lost time can never be returned, and even if they now obtain higher pay, it takes a very long time at the small increase to make up the difference. Besides, the few extra comforts the higher wage will purchase are not for a moment sufficient compensation for the suffering and privation while they were in idleness. From an economic standpoint, then, the strike does not redeem itself, even so far as the striker himself is concerned.

In all things, the remedy should never prove worse than the disease. For, just as it would be unlawful to decapitate a man in order to save his life, so would it be unjust for a trade or labor union to order a strike, when the result would be proportionately disastrous.

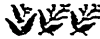
The affirmative would justify the strike upon the ground that it is the only sure means of settling the differences which arise between capital and labor. This I dispute. To offer arbitration as a means to peace and prosperous relationship between them seem to meet with rejection. But there is a form of arbitration which is giving unlimited satisfaction at the present time both in England and America. This is the Conference Board System, which provides a committee of conciliation consisting of members from both sides, men who fully understand the condition and needs of the parties they represent, and not as

is usually the case when boards of arbitration are appointed.—men who know little or nothing of the real circumstances or principle involved. In England, in the coal and cotton trades, the process of arbitration by the Conciliatory Boards is very complete and satisfactory ; in the frequent and regular conferences, accounts are examined, costs sheets and records of sales laid bare, and representatives of labor are admitted, in this consultation, to all the secrets of capital necessary in the joint work of production to a fair bargain on wages. In the United States we have several similar examples which stand conspicuous for their success. One of these is the Masons Builders' Association and Bricklayers' Union of N.Y. City. The Conference Board meets once a week to hear grievances and settle disputes between the employer and the employed. The board consists of ten members, elected for terms of not less than three months. It was adopted in 1885 and has since given the best results. As a sample of their work I shall mention one example. In 1890, eight Bricklayers' Unions asked an 8 hour work-day instead of a nine, and an increase in wages from 45c to 50c per hour. After a few meetings of the Board this important subject was settled. The Unions carried the point of an 8 hour day, but gave in regarding the pay. Thus a victory was gained without resorting to a strike. Now to briefly sum up:— I undertook to show that the principles underlying strikes are unjust; that the strikes themselves are not essentially necessary, and, moreover, that their practical utility is at variance with the laws of social economics. If I have succeeded, it proves they are not justifiable. I have first shown how the striker is unjust to himself, not only by breaking faith with his employer in the disregard of an honest agreement, but by failing, as usually happens, to better his own condition, and by wasting in idleness or rebellion, time that he had no right to waste.

I have shown how he is unjust to his fellow-man, in the person of the employer or non-unionist, in endeavoring by coercion to deprive him of what he himself would defend with his life, his liberty and right of free judgement. I have also shown that he has been grossly unjust to his family and the families of others, by subjecting them to severe

privations and often indeed to abject want and misery. We have seen that the so-called necessity for the strike has originated very often with the tyrannical and selfish labor-leader, and I have quoted examples where the majority of the strikers were acting against their will or even without knowing why they were on strike and we have recalled a few of the disgraceful calamities with which the strike is so commonly indentified. Moreover, I have shown that there is no room for a strike at all, so long as both sides respect business principles and live up to their agreements, but if they do not, and a difficulty arise, I have shown that the strike is not the best, nor is it an efficient remedy. But, on the other hand, I have described and quoted good working examples of a law abiding, efficient and justifiable remedy for the differences that may arise between capital and labor,—and there seems nothing left but the evident conclusion,—strikes are *not* justifiable,

L. M. STALEY, '04.



OCTOBER.

Out in the haze of the autumn weather
 On the slopes the beechnuts patter and fall,
 The sweet brown nuts that the children gather
 While the woodland voices echo and call.
 The squirrels chatter, the late bees humming,
 The rustle of leaves to the rabbits' fear,
 The hollow whir of the partridge drumming,
 The cawing of crows in the tree-tops near,
 The brown hawk sails with the king-bird after,
 The beechnuts fall, and the children's laughter
 Is mellow and sweet as in days of old.

—The Farm Journal

A Friend's Revenge.

(Continued)

K. R. '03.

WE had travelled for perhaps three hours in the direction of the declining sun, when a dark moving speck in the far distance to the northwest, attracted the attention of our captors. The foremost of them rode back to take counsel of his fellows. Danger was scented, for instantly the course of the party was changed. We rode more closely, and the cattle were urged to their utmost speed. The dark speck however, grew larger and approached steadily nearer. Soon twenty horsemen became visible. Then came the loud report of the winchester and the shout of the combatants. We bent low in our saddles to avoid the whistling bullets. The Indians, at length seeing that it was useless to strive against superior numbers, deserted their quarry and galloped away, leaving two of their number dead upon the prairie. Our rescuers, who were a party of cowboys, on the lookout for this very pack of Indian marauders, ceased from the pursuit when they found that one of their number had been shot down by the tie retreating savages.

As soon as Dalwit and myself had been released from our bonds, we mingled with the group that had gathered about the prostrate form of the fallen cowboy, who appeared to suffer much from the wound he had received. We could not catch a glimpse of his face though we could hear his words.

"Those Sioux have done for me at last" he panted. "I feel that I cannot last long. I would die without regret, were it not for leaving my two children."

As it was now getting quiet dark, a tent was erected close by and the wounded man carried into it. A small fire was also kindled from the wood of a few prairie shrubs, as we intended to pass the night there. I had picked a small crucifix, on the spot where the wounded man had

fallen; and when everything had been put in order for the night, I came to examine it in the firelight and, if possible, find out the owner. On the back was traced the inscription: *A Souvenir of our friendship.*
W. J.

"Are these the initials of your fallen comrade?" I asked one of the cowboys.

"No," he returned, "they cannot be his, for he is called Cotton."

The name sounded like an echo from the past, recalling the events of a few weeks previous—a voyage to the hills and the rescue of a man from death. But I was not the only one in whose mind the name had started a train of recollections. There was Dalwit close behind us now, gazing at us intently and catching each word uttered. I handed the crucifix to him and again the sudden change in his manner and the twitching of his features, recalled to me a scene in a sick room where a stricken man was tossing nervously on his bed.

"I must see this Cotton to-night at all costs," Dalwit said to me soon after when we were alone. "I cannot tell you the reason now, except that it is something that concerns me nearly; but I shall tell you later."

Soon a deep silence fell upon the camp. A sharp lookout was kept for a possible return of the savages; but no one slept. All awaited anxiously news from the tent where hovered the angel of death. Early in the morning, Dalwit came to me.

"He is gone," he said, with a melancholy ring in his voice. "The poor fellow suffered much but oh! I am so glad to have been there to remove one pang at least from his passing."

* * *

Three months had elapsed since the death of Cotton. I was again at Glenfail; and although I met Dalwit frequently, I did not dare question him in regard to his connection with Cotton, or of the result of his last interview with the dying man. I had too much respect for Dalwit's sorrow to break in upon him with curious questions. He, however, revealed to me all the facts of the case without any solicitation on my part.

"It is no small penance for me," he began, "to recount the details of my connection with Cotton, since it must not only awaken afresh in my mind many a dormant regret, but likewise make me appear a very different man from what you think me. How my presence in the home of my friend, brought desolation there, rendering his children motherless and all but homeless—these are the things that it pains me to speak about.

"You remember the initials upon the crucifix you found. Those are mine, for my real name is not Dalwit but Jennings. In early life, Cotton and I were fast friends; and when he moved out west with his family, to seek his fortune anew in new lands, I gave him this crucifix as a souvenir of our friendship. The news of Cotton's success—how he had, by honest industry, procured for himself a fairly excellent ranche with a homestead and out buildings, aroused in my mind a determination of also going west. I accordingly collected all the money I had at hand and sent it by mail to Cotton, with instructions to have it invested in prairie lands. I started west myself in a few weeks, carrying with me my remaining wealth which amounted to one thousand dollars in notes.

On my arrival at the home of Cotton, I received a hearty reception from the happy couple. The children, too, seemed overjoyed to see me. However, the pleasure I first felt at the meeting, was somewhat dampened when Cotton told me that he had not received the money I had sent him by mail.

"You must know," he said, "we have not here in the west the efficient mail service of New York or Washington. If your letter has not been delayed by other mishap, it must now be in the hands of some train-wrecker or brigand of the Jessie James type."

As likely as this conjecture might be, I little relished it, and I went to rest that night with a heavy heart. But try as I might, I could not sleep. I tossed about in a fever of vexation, until my nerves became completely unstrung. In order to bring back the quiet to my irritated mind, I finally left my bed-room and went out for a stroll in the cool night air. I made my way toward a small group of prairie maples about a quarter of a mile distant. Here after walking vigorously for some time, I felt my calm restored; and when next I stretched myself on my pallet, I slept without a dream.

(To be continued.)

Madame de Maintenon (1635-1719)

SINCE 1887, students of history have gradually begun to acknowledge the truth of the warning uttered over a century ago by Voltaire, and re-echoed some thirty years ago by Lavallée in the columns of the *Correspondance*, to the effect, that the Madame de Maintenon of our acquaintance is not the Madame de Maintenon of history—that she is in reality the product of the inventive dishonesty of La Beaumelle. No romance could be more thrilling than the familiar story of her life. The cell of a prison, the gutter of a city, the kitchen of a woman of fortune, the king's favor, the king's hand—these are the successive steps in her ascent to fortune. Add thereto a reckless use of her acquired power, a complete absorption of herself into the political transactions and religious doings of the French nation, but especially, throw in a generous supply of intrigue, ambition, double-dealing, and the reader will have the essential features of this romantic story.

The publication in 1887 by M. A. Geffroy, a member of the French Academy, of the private correspondence of Mme de Maintenon, thrust upon the public mind the conviction that they had been misled concerning this French lady. To the candid sincerity of M. Geffroy and the well-vouched authority of the documents he showed in support of his statements, at once convinced all fairminded critics, that La Beaumelle's report could not bear the test of the canons of rigid historic criticism. It was evident that his known hostility to the subject of his volumes had blinded him to her real merits,—and what is totally unpardonable in a writer of history of any kind—led him, in order to bolster up his theory, to garble and otherwise mutilate the text of her letters.

This hypocrisy in La Beaumelle and likewise in Saint Simon and La Palatine, aroused the indignation of all upright men, and, among others, of M. Ferdinand Brunetière. This latter gave vent to his feelings in a memorable essay, wherein he upbraided with biting scorn the vile slanders of these would-be historians.

And lately the Count d'Haussonville treading, no doubt, in the steps of M. A. Geffroy and Brunetière, has given to the world under the title "Souvenirs de Madame de Maintenon" what, it is hoped, will prove the death-blow of these same calumnies. The Count d'Haussonville's work is the complement of that of M. Geffroy, being made up mainly of the private correspondence of Mlle. Aumale, for fourteen years constant companion and private secretary of Mme. de Maintenon. With the facts furnished by these two publications, let us endeavor to get a true portrait of this notorious lady.

In politics, it scarcely needs stating, men habitually associate great and startling success with double dealing and deceit. Successful politicians are clever wire-pullers. Transporting ourselves then in fancy, to the days of Lewis XIV—an era frequent with political schemers—how would we have unraveled the mystery that, to outsiders, wrapped round Françoise d'Aubigné and her fortune. Would we have solved the problem of her promotion from a common scullion to be wife of the king, hostile court-factions and rivalries notwithstanding, without calling in the unseen agencies of cunning and craft? The people of those days certainly did not; and herein lay the plausibility of La Beaumelle's story. The people were not deceived by his fabrications; they had already deceived themselves in building François d'Aubigné in symmetry with their own conception of her fortune.

The great mistake concerning this lady, Brunetière pointed out in his article, is that she has been pictured far more extraordinary than facts will warrant; her virtues have been exalted, her vices exaggerated.

Taking her own account of her life before her accession to court favor we are astonished at its even tenor and rural simplicity. Living by turns at Mme. d'Heudicourt's and at Mme. de Montcheuvreuil, she employed herself at the most commonplace tasks. The first to rise in the morning, she busied herself with the house, swept, dusted, ran on errands, washed, swaddled the babies and put them to bed, "as worn out at the end of the day and as slovenly as any hired girl." Far from me the pretension of making little of these traits of character. Will any

sane mind dare call them intrigue, craft, ambition? Yet such are the very means to which Françoise d'Aubigné owed her introduction to court life.

It happened in this way. Madame de Montespan, then reigning favorite of the king, wanted some one to nurse her children. Not every one could fill this position, for she had, or imagined she had, a reputation to bolster up and maintain. A short acquaintance with Madame de Maintenon sufficed to convince Madame de Montespan that here was a personage to whose discretion she could safely trust her personal reputation, and to whose gentleness and goodwill she could fearlessly confide the rearing and education of her children. Without further ado, our heroine was ushered into the royal household.

The winning of the king's love was equally bereft of intrigue, and here, again, Mme. de Montespan was the real, though unconscious, agency. Endowed with intelligence and mental vigor, but spiteful and shrewish, this concubine had long bored the king. Kings are of the self-same metal as other men and hate hen-pecking. His majesty had a fatherly solicitude for his adulterine progeny, and this sentiment inspired him to bestow a good deal of his idle moments in their company. Familiarity with Madame de Maintenon's good kindly nature bred in the king's heart a strong attachment to her, that rooted itself deeper and deeper from contact with the gusty, stormy moods of his reigning paramour.

This article must not be interpreted as an apology of the life of Madame de Maintenon, or as aiming at setting her up as a pattern for imitation. Much there is in her life that forfeits for her this honor. There is no room to doubt, in the first place, that a scrupulously virtuous person would not have undertaken the rearing of these adulterine children. Her listening to the disloyal love-vows of the king is a real blot on her memory. Nor is she excused by saying that those were carnal days and, consequently, coarse in their codes of honor. The only explanation admissible, that she is, as Brunetière asserted, by no means an extraordinary character.

"She was in fortune, wrote Brunetière, what she had been in her days of mediocrity: extremely watchful over herself, and more than ever 'on her guard' against her passions. It might ever have been said that she feared to dissipate her glorious and unforeseen dream, by trying to secure it. No vain honors, no display of her influence, a modest life, an apologetic air, and intertwined with all, even in the glee of her triumph, thoughts of sadness and of death." The very month following her marriage she wrote to her brother: "I do not know how you make out that I wrote you a melancholic letter. I have no reason to be cast down in spirits and certainly no one is less so." She adds this mark-worthy phrase: "I spoke to you about death because I think often of it and believe I can do no better than prepare for it." This gloominess is not confined to her days of favor. Long before that period we find notable traces of it in her "*Correspondance*." "I am weary of life," she wrote. "Would that I could make you see the tediousness that haunts the great and the trouble they have to fill up their days. Do you not see that I am dying of sadness in a fortune utterly beyond my most sanguine dreams?"

These traits of character must be borne in mind while estimating her political rôle. In her correspondence with that other illustrious adventuress, the Princess of the Nesins, who indeed ruled Spain Mme. de Maintenon strenuously denies taking any part in politics. "You do not believe me then, Madame, when I tell you that I have no share in public affairs, and that the rulers would have as much reluctance for communicating them to me, as I have aversion for hearing them." That this language was inspired by policy as a blind to set at naught the prying indiscretion of her correspondent is the impression of M. Geffroy. Brunetière, while admitting that there is exaggeration in the letter quoted, upholds against Geffroy that there is a great deal of truth. And, in fact, had Mme. de Maintenon been immersed in public business, she would not have had leisure for gloom and sadness. Mlle. Aumale corroborates Brunetière's view and gives as reason that the king's jealousy of interference barred her from the political sphere.

It would be preposterous however, to affirm that this legal ostracism was absolute. The king, no doubt, out of courtesy and amiability,

gave her the pleasure of initiating unimportant enterprises. Her views even may have, in certain transactions, controlled the voting of the state-ministers. But certainly she never took such an important part as to shape the destinies of the French people, or to be responsible for the disasters that befell them.

Religious affairs were more consonant to her tastes. We know that to her influence Fenelon owed the See of Cambrai, Noailles the See of Paris. Apart from these nominations there is no trace of her influence. She lacked the qualities indispensable for such influence—force of character, resoluteness of will, fixity of purpose. Witness her adopting quietism at the example of Fenelon; her shifting to Jansenism at the instigation of Noailles; her forsaking both at a frown of the king. No child could have been more attentive to the voice of its parents than she to the voice of her parish priest. Such being her character, it surely is not an exaggeration to say that she could never wield a telling influence for good or evil.

We feel it would be wronging her memory, however, not to eulogize the good work she set on foot in instituting St. Cyr. Although of noble extraction, Françoise d'Antigüe had in childhood and youth, battled with all the pangs and miseries that haunt the footsteps of poverty; hunger and thirst, scoffs and scorn had been her companions for many a long day. Arrived, at length, at the pinnacle of fame, secure from poverty, courted by the great and noble, she kept alive the memory of her stern history, and this memory kindled in her heart a deep, strong, keen pity for the many who, like her, were suffering the pangs of genteel indigence. St. Cyr was the outcome of this kindly feeling, and viewed in this light, is a noble monument to her memory.

Such is Mme. de Maintenon as the writer has seen her portrayed in her genuine writings and doings. May these few items in her life contribute in their small measure, to hasten the day when La Palatine's falsehoods, Saint Simon's prejudices and La Beaumelle's slander will receive their due of merit—condemnation and gibbeting in the minds of all upright men. Let us not be afraid to front the facts and face the truth. What if Mme. de Maintenon is shorn of the splendor that

at present wraps her round! Is not truth worth more than fiction? There is, at any rate, ample compensation in the consciousness that by a true view of this disputed character, and by it only, we will be able to read as it should be read, the history of the last thirty years of Lewis the Fourteenth's reign.

W. F. McCULLOUGH, O.M.I.

A Canadian Idyl.

THE shining needle of a narrow stream,
Cast among pebbles where rich uplands slope
And bow, with meeting palms, a vale beside
Broad Ottawa, brown tintured and profound,
Shows through fathomless grass in silver girths
That glow amid the sweetness of the place;
Or, breaking, babbles over weirs of leaves.
Nearby strong mowers stoop to circling scythes,
And all day long leaf-hidden birds rejoice,
And all day, too, the sunshine falls in gold
Upon sweet scented hay cut recently,
Where in the glare the maidens turn the grass
In steady silence, or with song-like laugh;
And all day long the swallow skims about,
And swifts curve in their sweep to taste the wave.
At noon when skies are bright and no cloud nigh
The maidens file from work to shades apart;
For few trees stand within this broad expanse,
Save spreading elms around one pleasant home,
Low nestling in the valley's beryl crypt.
One noon a maiden, resting from her toil,

Seated on bank, with rake unused close by,
 Took from the tawny hand of sighing youth
 The tender present of a pluc'd wild rose;
 While he, with palm on cheek, and upturned gaze,
 Telling a tale by glance, gesture, or sigh,
 And punctuating with two nervous feet,
 Dreamed of unending Summer and no cloud.
 But Summer fadeth with the hopes of youth;
 Sunshine is chequered in the after-months
 Sorroꝝ trusts Joy aside, and swallows go
 To finer climes, when all the fields are bare.
 O youth, when youth is thine and hopes are high,
 Press the wild rose of Joy twixt folds of thought
 And place it on thy memory's safest ledge.
 Let colors fade and odors pass, the sight
 Of what was once so beautiful will make
 May brightness in thy Winter's darkest hour
 With visioned lustres of fair Summers gone.

DIS.

The Coal Strike,



MR. ATKINS thought himself a clever man, and as he often told his friends, it was through his extraordinary business ability that he had obtained his present lucrative position. Be that as it may, it was an undeniable fact that Mr. Atkins was superintendent in one of the richest coal districts of Pennsylvania, and that he knew and appreciated to its full extent the dignity and importance of his position. He also took good care that others, especially his subordinates should do so likewise. With these

latter the self important superintendent was no favorite and it was whispered around that his boasted business ability, had consisted in the betrayal of his fellow-workmen during the last strike. Mr. Atkins probably knew of this illfeeling borne towards him, for he took not the slightest pains to conciliate the miners, but on the contrary, by his arrogant manner made them consider his authority doubly unbearable. Taken all in all, Mr. Atkins' respect and regard for his own genial self was proportionally greater, as his respect and regard for the rights of others was reduced to a low point indeed. However, there was a class of persons for whose interests, it need hardly be mentioned, he had the greatest possible regard, since their interests were so closely connected with his own. These were his employers, the members of the coal trust, whose very trusty, useful, and obedient servant he flattered himself he was.

Perhaps he had reason for this flattering conclusion after the very confidential interview he had just had with Mr. Ursa the President of the Trust, in which the latter had been unusually kind and attentive towards him, and had finally entrusted him with a task of an extraordinary nature. After a great deal of hesitation, for he seemed somewhat afraid that his superintendent's conscience still retained a few troublesome scruples of honesty, (he might have set his mind at rest on that point,) the coal magnate confided to the latter that the profits of the company had been smaller than usual of late months owing to the supply of coal at hand already mined, and that he would shut down the mines himself if he were not afraid of what people would say about this deed. He had thought of another way to remedy this and at the same time to turn public indignation away from the operators. Could he trust Mr. Atkins' secrecy? Mr. Atkins assured him that he would not say a word about it, even to save his life. "Well," Mr. Ursa continued, it would be a good thing if the men would strike now, instead of later on as they will surely do. And if it could be managed, and Mr. Atkins' ability is well known, to have the strike at the present time, the company would not be ungrateful, and ten or twenty thousand dollars would not ruin them, especially if it went to a faithful, em-

ployee. And besides, these miners, confiding in their union, were getting to be altogether too arrogant and exacting in their demands. They were to be paid in cash, indeed! Just as if the orders on the company's stores which they received instead were not as good as cash. Complaining too, that these stores charged them twice as much for their goods, as other places did. A selfish lot, these miners, begrudging a few honest tradesmen their legitimate profit, of which they were even so generous as to give a liberal share to the company. They must be taught, at all costs, that the company did not intend to be dictated to by its workmen regarding its conduct towards them. At all events, the strike would not last longer than a month, and meanwhile they would have made up for the small profits of late by the sale of the coal at hand, at greatly advanced prices. Would Mr. Atkins undertake this task of—“he hesitated for a moment well, we might as well be plain—of forcing the miners to strike?”. The superintendent needed no second offer. His eyes had begun to glisten at the mention of the large sum to be earned by so little work. He did not doubt for the moment his ability to convince the men, as he told his worthy employer, with a grim smile, that now was the favorable time to strike. So these two honorable business men parted, mutually satisfied with each other.

Mr. Atkins was making his way towards the mine, his head already full of plans to accomplish the dastardly plot which would bring suffering to so many innocent persons. Suddenly the sound of angry voices struck upon his ear and caused him to enter quickly the building from which it proceeded. He found that the dispartants were his own brother-in-law and Mr. Armstrong with several other miners. Armstrong was an officer in the local union and generally prominent in union circles. This fact did not raise him one whit in the esteem of his superiors and he had suffered many affronts and injuries at their hands. Atkins was especially active in this petty persecution, for he bore Armstrong a personal grudge, for having been the chief instrument in his own condemnation and dismissal from the union during the last strike. He had tried hard to find a plausible reason for dis-

charging him but had been unsuccessful hitherto, as Armstrong was an industrious, conscientious workman and one who had the interests of his fellow-workmen too much at heart to jeopardize the good name of their union by violent and blameworthy behavior on the part of one of its officers.

The brother-in-law of the Superintendent, John Curby was the proprietor of one of the stores patronized by the Company. His profitable duty was to furnish oil for the miners' lamps for which these latter had, however, to pay themselves. Relying on Mr. Atkins' powerful influence to shield him from punishment, he had so shamefully overcharged the miners for this necessary commodity, until these had finally become desperate and on their complaint, the union had forbidden its members to purchase any more oil from Curby, unless he greatly reduced his price. Armstrong with a few others were delegated to inform that worthy of the decision of the union. Curby, furious at what he considered an unwarranted interference in his rights, took occasion to apply the most opprobrious epithets to all union men in general and to Armstrong in particular. On his entrance, Mr. Atkins drew his enraged brother-in-law aside and heard from him the highly colored account of the affair. He began to see his way clear towards the accomplishment of his aim, and he ruthlessly thrust aside all considerations that decency and justice exacted. He walked up to Armstrong and his companion, who were calmly awaiting his decision, and told them in a hard voice that they were discharged for their insubordination, and that all union men, who would not buy oil from Curby would be dismissed in like manner. Indeed the Company did not recognize the right of the Union to exist at all, much less to interfere in its affairs. Furthermore, they were informed that the company would hereafter employ no more union men, and that all who wished to remain in its service would be obliged to sign a written repudiation of the union.

Greatly excited and highly indignant at this arbitrary deed of the coal trust, Armstrong and his companions hastened from the room to report the occurrence. They saw, but too well, that it was a challenge

for a life and death battle between organized labor and organized capital. They knew that a strike was now inevitable, and were not surprised when the President of the United Coalminers declared a general strike a few days later. The miners were determined once for all to make a desperate fight for their rights as men and privileges as citizens of a free country.

Thus the great strike was a reality at last. The events that took place during it, and the sufferings it caused to so many millions of innocent persons is but too well known. How the strike stretched out from weeks into months and the approaching winter made itself painfully evident, the question of fuel for the cold weather became the all-absorbing topic of discussion, throughout the world. When the coal at hand had been sold at enormous profit to the trust, and no more could be bought at any price, then the indignation of an outraged people was vehement in its condemnation of the grasping trust, whose greed for gain made them insensible to the suffering of their fellow creatures. Then the haughty coal barons who but a few weeks before, when entreated to end the strike at any cost, had declared, through their President, that, Divine Providence having placed the coal mines in their hands, and with them the destinies of the miners and as consequently resisting them was sin, nothing but an unconditional return to work could be considered, trembled at the out cry made against them, and endeavored to resume the work of the mines with the aid of non-union men. But their efforts were in vain, and although, at their request, the whole military force of the state were there to protect them, there were very few to protect. How through the offices of the President of the Country the strike was finally settled and both parties consented to arbitrate is at present the topic of too many newspaper articles, to necessitate any further comment from me. Suffice it to say that with lighter hearts the whole world looks forward towards the winter, convinced that want of fuel shall not be the cause of suffering to them.

Mr. Atkins and John Curby however do not share in the general joy and they have good reasons for not doing so, as they are at present

both in the County jail waiting trial for conspiracy to murder. They had both been sworn in as deputy sheriffs and had taken advantage of their office to execute a little private vengeance. At a massmeeting of the miners, they took occasion of a slight disturbance, to shoot into the crowd, and dangerously, though happily not mortally wounding John Armstrong. Their animosity towards their victim being well known, they soon found themselves in their present little enviable position, with a good prospect of exchanging it for one somewhat more laborious but even more retired, the state prison. In the opinion of their fellow-citizens a few years sentence is hardly sufficient punishment for men whom they rightly consider as the cause of the suffering and want brought into so many homes by the great coal strike. As to Mr. Ursa, although human justice can visit him with no more grievous punishment than their contempt and detestation for the part he played in this great social battle, yet we may leave him with confidence to the justice of Divine Providence, whose privileges he and his partners in the coal trust have so blasphemously arrogated to themselves to the inquiry of their fellow creature.

H. J. '04

FULFILMENT.

MEN called it failure, but the angels saw
What mystic seed was sown
To bloom to bliss unknown
And bear celestial fruitage without flaw.

—*Mary T. Waggaman, in the Dolphin.*

The
University of Ottawa Review

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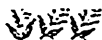
OCTOBER, 1902.

Vol. VI

The Literary Crucible

THERE is a time-honored cartoon to represent a public speaker who, when expected to outline a policy, treats, instead, his audience to "words, words, words." Here lies the fault of most literary productions; they are all chaff and no wheat; reams of paper smeared with ink but not an idea, no purpose, nothing beyond the penmanship. Usually attention is concentrated on the form or garb, and the substance of the article is woefully overlooked. This is a blunder against which younger literary workers cannot be sufficiently wary. The first product of even the most gifted pens, unless it has undergone the most drastic revision, will simply bristle with imperfections; only when these are known,

sought out and relentlessly expunged, will the road to literary success be clear. One requisite—and the first—is to have a subject to write about. The materials, that is, stray thoughts and ideas must be gathered by observation, study, and reflection. Use the judgment, too, in selecting those notions, thus picked up, which seem dramatic, one suitable for presentation; all that does not instruct, interest and delight, is better passed by. Then the thoughts should be linked together by some “thread” or logical order. The materials collected and assorted, the aim should be to mold them into as beautiful and compendious a form as possible. The fusion or condensation at this stage should be so thorough that the components are lost, as it were, in a new, more perfect unit. The young composer must sit in impartial judgment on every paragraph and sentence. He will profit by the wisdom of Ben Johnson’s rule regarding whatever figure of speech or expression pleases him at its birth; that is, not to be extreme, he will be more inclined to obliterate than preserve the darling of his brain because its appearance at this late day goes to prove its doubtful excellence. Students, ambitious, to contribute to the *Review*, are reminded of another reason to condense their effusions into the smallest compass; the space allowed them is very limited. Short compressed articles—notable for clear, definite, comprehensive ideas and words that are strong, virile, brilliant, packed with meaning—have the right of way. Yet the authors of sidetracked articles should remember the hint thrown out by Max O’Reil on the occasion of a reception once tendered him at the University. At the beginning of his career as a writer, he said, many of his manuscripts were returned by the publishers marked “Rejected.” When fame visited him he offered to the same publishers these same manuscripts and they were no longer rejected.

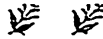


Reply.

A correspondent writes that reference to the late M. Emile Zola and his works cannot be evaded; that many of his books are to be had

in English anywhere at the newsvendors; that he is ranked by certain critics as a powerful exponent of realism in Art. We are sorry to have to admit it. Zola's power is due, not indeed to charm of style, but to hard work, mastery of detail, to incessant pandering to curiosity and passion. Yet to what purpose: *in stulto labore consumeris*? He is the "apostle of dirt:" and the sooner he is swept into oblivion the better. When the wonder created by the grossness of his first writings waned, he produced "Lourdes," "Rome," and "Paris," in the vain hope of retaining popularity. A new novel, announced shortly before his sudden death, had avowedly for purpose the alluring the women of France away from the Catholic Church. Mr. W. Winter of the *Tribune*, rightly, in our opinion, defines this author's value in regard to Art: "The Great Realities of our Modern life. it appears, are courtesans and blackguards, and a general stew of bestiality and corruption."

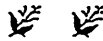
On the whole, it may be admitted that Zola was sincere, but that it was seemed impossible with him to look at things except through eyes inexplicably perverted and diseased.



Protest.

The Evening Mail, Halifax, contains a protest from Rev. Father O'Sullivan against the opera, "Lily of Killarney," presented recently in that city. To discern how just his strictures are against misrepresentation of Irish character and life on the stage, we have only to give *ni part*, the words of the indignant eye-witness of the play. In one scene figured; "An Irish priest who drank whiskey; an Irish clown who carried on his shoulders a small barrel of whiskey in order to 'treat' the guests; and a Irish "Colleen" who said and did things, etc." The priest, of course, was a finished specimen of the low villian; while drinking whiskey, he dilated on the virtues, and tells his people, whose greatest curse is drink, that they cannot do anything good thing without, a "dhrop." The Rev. Father goes on to say that, though familiar with every type of

the Irish peasant, he never met one to correspond with the characters represented in this play. Of the "colleen" he forebore to speak; the clown with the barrel was a novelty; the Irish priest or any other priest or any clergyman to act as scandalously and talk as indelicately as the one described he had yet to see. The suggestive remarks about the Catholic confessional explained to him why people talk about the priesthood as they do. "If the stage thus habitually represents them, it is only natural that the world should entertain the false idea it has of these institutions." It is obvious that theatre-goers are too complacent in matters that should shock every sense of propriety, not to say, morality. Let an energetic protest be lodged against the stage-Irishman wherever he appears; let it be seen that these vulgar caricatures of our people are no longer tolerated and the time for such representations as the "Lily of Killarney" will, please God, be past forever.



A Communication.

WINNIPEG, OCT. 23 1902.

Kindly send the Review hereafter to my address at 11 Kennedy St. As an old student of Ottawa College and an ardent admirer and faithful watcher of the Football team. I feel you ought to give us a good description of the games.

Wishing the team the Canadian Championship as they have the Quebec one now. I am,

Yours truly,

W. R. BAWLF.

Old college friends will be glad to hear of 'Willie' and to know that he is doing well. We are very grateful to him for this token of the lively interest he continues to take in the doings of the present generation of students for the sake of 'old College.' At the same time we beg leave to remind some of our subscribers who have changed address to kindly acquaint the business manager with the fact at their earliest convenience.

Book Review.

The latest books do not come to our sanctum. Yet criticisms on some of the more important books published every day, would be a great benefit to any college magazine. With the Catholic Review this department is more than merely advantageous almost a duty. Consider the amount of excellent Catholic literature constantly appearing of which we seldom even hear. How then can we conscientiously blame the surprising ignorance of Protestants concerning things Catholic when we are so often culpable ourselves. There is need of advertising, (using the word in the true sense) our literature more. It is with this end in view that this department is written. The book notes are in the main based upon the criticisms in the standard Catholic magazines.

The reader will have it is to be hoped after this little preface, a fair idea of the humble sphere and plan of this department of the Review.

The agitation about the new edition of Appleton's Cyclopaedia ended, as most of us know, with the promise of the publishers to revise the work. The result is a hint to Catholics how to deal with similar publications. Encyclopedias will be bigoted only as long as it pays. It is of course too much to expect now from Appleton an edition which shall be altogether impartial. But at least it ought to be less bigoted than any encyclopedia in English. What Catholics should now decide is whether to demand a revision of every encyclopedia or perhaps better, to publish an impartial one themselves, as has been done in Germany.

A History of Mary I, Queen of England by J. M. Stone proves Mary, miscalled 'Bloody' was just, chaste, charitable, honest. She was neither a saint nor a political genius, but simply an ordinary good Christian. With regard to the persecutions of her reign, when we consider that their number have been greatly exaggerated, that many were political rather than religious, that the queen disliked them, that they were principally the work of her ministers and parliament, we must conclude that, in the age she lived in, Mary deserved more the title of 'The Tolerant' than that of 'Bloody.'

The charge of presenting but one side of a question certainly cannot be advanced against the school of Catholic historians, to which Rev. H. K. Mann belongs. His history of the *Popes of the Early Middle Ages* promises to be an authority for those times. Truth, no matter how unflattering is presented impartially. This is in spirit with Leo XIII's action where he then opened without reserve the Vatican archive to the students of all countries and religions.

Among the latest Catholic novels, that is novels written by Catholics in a Catholic tone, are *A King's Woman*, by Katheryn Tynan Hinkson and *North South and Over the Sea* by Mrs. Frances Blundell (M. E. Francis). Mrs. Hinkson is one of the most popular and prolific of Irish novelists. This her latest story deals with 'ninety-eight' *North, South and Over the Sea* are short stories of England and Ireland. Another novel which appeared a short time ago has a rather large sale, *The Lady Paramount* by Henry Harland. The conversation is very cleverly written. Some critics though consider it inferior to its predecessor, *The Cardinal's Snuff-Box*, which however is probably the only Catholic novel in English reaching a circulation of one hundred thousand. John Oliver Hobbs (Mrs. Craigie,) the author of *The School for Saints*, *Robert Orange* and other psychological novels varying in the spirit of their Catholicity has a new story on the market.

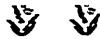
J. J. O'G. '04.

A word about Father Schoupe's Abridged Course of Religious Instruction. It is a new edition thoroughly revised. It is designed to acquaint the youth with the philosophical and historical foundations of our Catholic faith and gives the means of defense against all attacks and sophisms. Dogmas are explained in their true light whilst objections and prejudices arising from ignorance or false ideas of religion are removed. The third part presents an exposition of Christian virtues and objections. Bishop Bellord's New Catechism goes over the same ground but in brief, simple and forcible terms.

In this age of hurry and bustle such treatment as Father Schouppe and Bishop Bellord give of those old subjects is very useful and necessary

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Church of the Living God, by Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J.:
 And in the Days of King Hal, by Marion Amas Taggart, Benziger
 Bros., Virgil's Æneid, Complete. Freize. Revised; (American
 Book Company), price \$1.50.



Exchanges.

Of the many periodicals on our Exchange table this month, none is more interesting than the *Notre Dame Scholastic*. Each number contains several well written articles on leading subjects, in addition to the interesting accounts of college doings. Some good "Varsity verse" is an interesting feature. We would recommend Bishop Spalding's address on education, which appears in the issue of Oct. 18th to the careful consideration of everyone, interested in christian education.

The *Holy Cross Purple* comes to us in good form. "Caesar in history and in drama" is a well written essay. An inspiring editorial, in which the writer explains the aim of the *Purple* should arouse interest for this magazine among the students of *Holy Cross*.

The *Fordham Monthly* for Oct. contains some good reading. "College Recollections" by a member of the class of '53 is an interesting sketch, which emphasises the fact that the "student spirit" is the same at all times and in all places. The frontispiece is a photo of the Rt. Rev. J. M. Farley, D.D. the recently appointed Archbishop of New York, who was a Fordham boy of the class of '65. St. John's should be proud of the honor conferred on her distinguished Alumnus.

The Ottawa Campus is always a welcome visitor to our Sanctum. Apart from the fact that we are students of another Ottawa University

ourselves, we are deeply in sympathy with the work of the students of our namesake in Kansas for another reason, which is our love for the word "Campus." At this season of the year it is on the lips of every one of use. We can only wish that this unassuming visitor will continue to pay us its respects in the future, as faithfully as in the past. "The contribution of Greece to civilization" in the September number is certainly a credit to the writer, a member of the class of '04.

An account of a visit to Florence and Bologna in the *St. John's University Record* should be of interest to every student of history. "An address to a lynch mob" is an article fraught with reason, justice and common sense. It were well if every resident in the South would take to heart the principles which the writer inculcates.

The Sacred Heart Collegian contains a thoughtful sketch which for clearness, depth of reason and beauty of languages compares favorably with the best productions of any college periodical in the country.

The Niagara Index for October is up to its usual standard. The address to the graduates of Niagara ('02) by the Rev. J. H. Barrett is a masterly effort, well worthy of perusal by everyone who sooner or later must play his part on the stage of life. "The need of religion in education" deals in a thoroughly practical way with present conditions in the Educational problem.

In examining the different journals on our Exchange list we are very forcibly impressed with the high standard of the Convent publications. It is indeed a pleasure to read the contributions which come from the pens of the "gifted fair" not only because we are deeply interested in the work of our sisters in the different schools throughout America, but because of the articles in themselves. Continue the good work girls; do not abandon your post in the vanquard of college journalism.

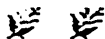
The St. Mary's Chimes contains much of interest to the lover of up-to-date literature. In addition to the number of prose essays, several good verses ap ear, a proof that the "vision and the faculty divine", is not wanting among the inmates of St. Mary's.

The Niagara Rainbow is one of the best specimens of finished workmanship which has come under our notice. The illustrations are excellent, the typography errorless, and the contributions all of interest. The Rainbow is in every way worthy of the Institution from which it comes.

Another good example of what a college magazine should be is "The Young Eagle" of St. Clara College. We hope for the continued success of this friendly Western messenger.

Other exchanges to hand are; *The Laurel*; *St. Mary's Sentinel*; *Bates' Student*; *Purple and Gold*; *Mount St. Mary's Record*; *Mountaineer*; *Bee*; *St. Joseph's Collegian*; *College Mercury*; *Manitoba College Journal*; *St. Vincent's Journal*; *Mitre*; *Acta Victoriana*, *Argosy*, *Abhey Student*; *Aquarian Monthly*.

H. J. M. '04,



Athletics.

Brockville, 4—College, 2.

On Oct. 11th College accompanied by about 250 supporters went by C. P. R. special train to Brockville to meet the local fifteen. While the Ottawa Varsity boys were resolved to defeat the heretofore "invincibles" at home, they reflected too with misgiving on the chances of the "huge hill" and the miserable gridiron than which there are many better and few worse. The hard earned victory was therefore all the more gratifying and showed the bearers of the Garnet and Gray what a strong team they possessed. Here is the impression of Mr. J. E. McGlade, '01, a Brockvillite.

I would say that the victory of College was due largely to their well known superior system of coaching and training. Individually Brockville though not quite so strong as last year, is still composed of some exceptionally good footballers but they lack the united effort that has always been such a prominent feature of Ottawa College teams. The play on the line Saturday was evenly divided though College

broke through oftener than their opponents and in mass work more than held their own. On the back divisions, too, College was stronger. Callahan and Gleeson caught better and more surely and outpsted the Island City boys. They seemed also to place their returns to better advantage. For speed though Mallory was easily the fastest back on the field and made what was perchance one of the prettiest runs ever seen in Brockville. The game was indeed well contested and while College deserved their victory the Brockvilles have no reason to be ashamed of the result.

The following were the players :—

Brockvilles—Backs, Rev. Bedford Jones, Moore, Weatherhead, Mallory, Dier ; Forwards, Dobbie, Doran, Carr, Fraser, Ritchie, Simpson, Graham, Costello, McLaren (Capt), Phillips.

College—Backs, O'Brien, Gleeson, Callaghan, Beaulieu, Dooner ; Cox (Capt) Harrington, Killeen, McCredie, Castonguay, Devlin, Filiatreault, Corbett, Lafleur, Austin.

Referee and Umpire were respectively Messrs F. Burland and F. McRobie of Montreal.

To pick out the players for special comment is as difficult as to count up the holes in the "Island City" gridiron. Callaghan as centre-half was a whole back division while he was ably assisted by his collegues, Gleeson and Beaulieu. O'Brien behind this trio was always reliable. Dooner at quarter was phenomenal ; Cox, Harrington and Killeen are "hummers" in the scrimmage : McCredie, Lafleur, Austin, and Filiatreault foiled many a Brockville play as well as carried out some neat combinations of their own. Devlin's special liking for the ball linked to Corbett's speed repulsed several daring attacks on the home fort.

After supper, excursionists and students, well pleased with the cordial manner of their hosts, bade them farewell and rendering a cheer that startled Brockville Station boarded the train for Ottawa, tired and happy.

Montreal 6—College 38.

Through the courtesy of the Montreal Football Club the match scheduled for Oct. 18 was played on Oct. 16th, Thanksgiving Day.

A large holiday crowd filled the stand ; the weather was ideal, bright, and cool. Though Montreal began with the wind and sun in their favor, it was soon obvious that it was much the weaker team. The back divisions of both teams showed themselves almost perfect ; the wings are all particularly skilled in offensive tactics. Montreal scored largely by long punts though College punted oftener and farther, Callaghan shining in this respect: College scored 10 points by the elusive dribbling and might have easily scored 25 more had Dooner and the wings experimented more in this kind of play. A bit of passing or two by both the teams evoked rounds of applause from the stand. It was the referee however who figured throughout the match. He acquitted himself with rare success of his arduous duties and to everybody's satisfaction. His ruling was in constant demand by the faulty heeling out of both teams, the ball in consequence repeatedly passing from one side to the other during the same scrimmage. Towards the end, the Montrealers gave up heeling out, simply dropping the ball among the scrimmagers as if it burnt. The five yard rule, which is designed to protect the back was too much disregarded by players, when they were off-side. The infractions of it were so properly penalized by countermarching that the services of one waterboy were scarcely sufficient.

From this game the following deductions may be made viz; that the college team is very strong ; that more reliance is to be placed in combination in quick short passing, and in dribbling.

The following were the players.—

Montreal (6) Back, Peck ; halves, Craig, Suckling and Johnston ; Quarter, McMaster ; Scrimmage, McKenzie, Roberts, and McMillan ; Wings, Ogilvie (capt) Reid, Bryson, Burtson, O'Brien, Yuile, Burland,
 College (38) Back, O'Brien ; halves, Ussher, Callaghan, Gleeson ; Quarter, Dooner ; Scrimmage, Killeen, Harrington, Cox (capt), Wings ; Devlin, Filiatreault, Corbett, McCreadie, Costonguay, Austin and Laffeur.

Referee, C. Wilkinson, Brockville.

Umpire, T. Martin, Brockville.

College 28—Britannias o.

The M.A.A.A. grounds, an ideal day, 2000 people, six tries or total of 28 points, for college, a goose-egg for the Brits,—resume of the trip of the Garnet and Grey to Montreal on Saturday, Oct the 25th. The new 8x4 Saratoga that went with the Collegians had not after all too much room. What happened the Brits; were they not in the running? Certainly, if any team was. But it was a case of Sheik Iderim's racers against them and "King" Clancy is the Ben Hur of the occasion. Every man on the College team realizes that he is on the fifteen to play football; knowing all niceties of the grand game, knowing what and the time to do it, every player becomes an effective unit in a most effective whole. The Brits did their utmost to stem the current but in five minutes from the start the lightning College dribbles, passes, rushes had tallied three touchdowns, feats that were repeated almost at will during the rest of the play. The players were nearly the same as those which took part in the previous match between the two teams.



A Foray.

"The enemy has been sighted;" this was the news communicated to Capt. Cox, in command of the college squad of warriors. Preparations were completed and about two hundred and fifty attendants accompanied their squad on the journey to a little hamlet on the North shore of the St. Lawrence, known as Brockville. After repairing the railroad-track at several points, the army reached Smith's Falls where refreshments were served—"gratis," and the necessary utensils for the commissariat's department, in charge of Commissary Halligan, were procured. The march was again begun; Gen. Clancy brought forth a score or more of his timeworn charts and a plan of campaign was decided upon.

While the sun was still high, the Company landed at their place of destination. Capt. Cox immediately posted his men at different points

in a low valley at the foot of a mountain.—Sergeant Callaghan commanding the artillery, which was stationed in the rear, and Corporal Dooner in charge of the ammunition stores. Behold! The enemy is seen coming over the top of the mountain; this was the signal for battle. And such a battle! I would feign lift the curtain upon that terrible scene, but since we are all time-worn warriors, we must needs live again in the deeds of our heroes. "Fighting" John Harrington was the first to start the "ball-a-rolling," and, immediately every man was pressed into active service. Sergeant Callaghan and his men showered their cannon-balls so fast, and with such judgment and precision, into the midst of the enemy, that the scene was but a repetition of the English Yeomen's work in the battle of Crecy. On account of the height of the mountain, the enemy's position was most advantageous; yet, with the grit and determination which characterized the noble warriors of the "Light Brigade", did our gallants twice force the enemy to retreat for safety. The long and steep ascent up the mountain side was fast wearing on our little band, and, in consequence they were forced into a retreat for safety four times.

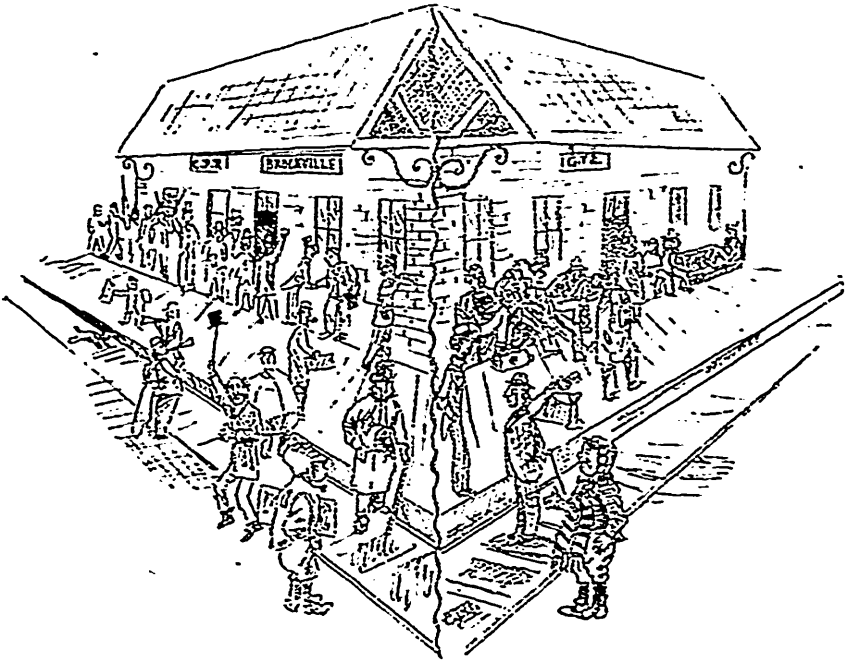
Now, no quarter was given. Again and again did the enemy rush down upon our gallant army only to meet rebuke; terrible indeed were the hand-to-hand engagements that followed. That old hero of many a battle, Sergeant "Bob" was twice divested of his armor, but he managed to "raise" one before leaving the field. Awful was the din of battle; inspiring were the camp-songs of Trumpeter King and his band placed among the "tall pines"; and when the smoke had cleared away and the flag of truce was hoisted to enable the contending armies to care for the wounded, Capt. Cox and his warriors had gained the "hill" and had practically won the day.

After a short cessation of hostilities, the battle-cry was again sounded, and our men immediately started on their awful dash down the slope; for thirty minutes did they attack and charge the enemy's line; in vain did the enemy resist; in vain did they exert their energy in wounding our brilliant artilleryman. It was all to no avail; defeat was inevitable; and when the sun had gone to rest behind the battle-

stained mountain, and fighting was no longer possible, Capt. Cox and his squad had inflicted twelve severe wounds in the enemy's escutcheon which time will never heal.

The homeward journey of the victorious army was a triumphal march; their successes had preceeded them, and from all points could be heard the songs of praise and the cheering voices of its loyal followers.

May the Garnet and Grey ever spread its folds over a victorious army.
NIG, '03.



Of Local Interest.

Hurrah for the Garnet and Grey!
College, you are certainly "winners."

Although we mentioned the fact of our annual retreat in our last issue, yet, we cannot help referring to the beautiful closing, which took place on the 4th inst. The main altar was most appropriately decorated with flowers and candles; while just inside the altar-railing was erected an altar to the Blessed Virgin, surrounded on all sides by potted plants and lights. High Mass was celebrated by his Grace, Archbishop Langevin, of Winnipeg, who addressed the students in a few beautiful and inspiring words. Each student received Holy Communion, and after mass, five-hundred young men, lighted candle in hand, renewed their baptismal vows, under the direction of Rev. Fr. Lawrence, O.M.I. one of the zealous missionaries of the retreat. At the close of the ceremony, Papal Benediction was bestowed by Rev. Fr. Lamothe O.M.I.

Not in many years was witnessed such a beautiful and impressive closing; the students' sincerest thanks is extended to Rev. Fr. Rector, for the personal interest he took in making the final ceremony of the Holy season of Retreat, so inspiring and devotional. The musical part of the Mass was personally superintended by Rev. Fr. Fortier, which fact assures everyone of its high order of excellence,

At last, things are coming our way. The Review has changed its quarters, and nothing remains in the old sanctum to remind former editors of their hours of toil and "smoke," but the four grey walls, bedecked here and there with an occasional splatter of ink from a balky pen on the glue-stained table upon which many were wont to lounge an hour or so in the company of an "old chum". The one-time piano room has been fitted up and there the sanctum is established in much more suitable and commodious quarters.

Say Spud, did you keep your engagement at Smith's Falls? Bill says it was a "throw down."

Professor of Physiology.—“Will some boy kindly bring in a sheep's heart for dissection next class?”

Dick (in back seat)—“I'll bring in my sweetheart.”

The Fitzpatrick-Killaloo dancing class has been again organized and the latest dances are being taught by those famous French Masters.

One of our professors of English reports the following solution of a mooted question which was received by him the other day :

Teacher—“Why is our language called the “Mother Tongue”?”

Pupil—“I suppose, because our fathers never get a chance to speak it.”

One of the local baseball enthusiasts has already procured the services of a “pitcher” from Smith's Falls for the coming season. It's as good as a “find.”

Green? Oh! he doesn't look it.

There are a number of excellent musicians in college this year. What's the matter with an Orchestra?

Fitz says he can't dance jigs this year, because he's all *clogged up*.

Larry had a *lame* excuse, but still he got a ticket for the infirmary.

Teacher—Translate, “*Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.*”

Latin Scholar: “Homer is good when asleep.”

Antony. “Say Phillips, you are too “Philip” with me,” but “Felix” angrily told “Marc” that he was “too fresh for a Daisy.”

R. C. says “Nosey” is a very “touching” game.

Jack made a “beef” at the score, and the “stake” was his.

A problem in trigonometry :

Given ; tan shoes—two feet.

Cosgrove—1 yard

Sin nick—O.

What is the price of cotton ?

Please pass L. ngl-is the salt. *

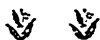
Concerning one of our recent lectures of the Scientific Society, one member remarked that "R—K" didn't warm up to his subject. J. P. (Jokingly) How could he? He was talking on "Icebergs."

Much new light has been thrown on athletics by a student who, a few days ago, handed in a composition on that subject. One of his heresies: "Atheistical sports greatly develop the mind."

It also contained another fact of his experience: "After the first "skite," you are very tired the next morning."

On the recent Brockville trip, lunch was served free at Smith's Falls, and all received an invitation to call again.

*This is a "fresh" joke.



Flores.

Dr. J. R. O'Brien '95 has been appointed one of the attending physicians to the University and has also taken charge of the class in Physiology in the Scientific Course.

Rev. Fathers Quilty '97 and Prudhomme '97 former gridiron heroes, were interested spectators of the Montreal game.

Mr. J. E. McGlade '01 gave a hearty welcome to many of his old friends on our recent visit to Brockville.

Mr. R. U. Valiquet of last year's graduating class is studying medicine at Laval University, Montreal.

Rev. Jno. Ryan '97 paid a short visit during Thanksgiving week.

Dr. Jno. Leacey, of the class of '98 is building up a fine dental practise in Ottawa. The "Review" wishes him every success in his chosen profession.

Rev. M. J. McKenna '97 has removed from Barre, Vt., to Chicago, Ill.

The Quebec Chronicle of Oct. 16, in an account of a trial for manslaughter, has the following item: Mr. Payment, who was only recently admitted to practice the legal profession, made an exceptionally eloquent speech, which occupied the space of one and a half hours, which commanded the attention of everyone present in the Court, and demonstrated the coming of a brilliant criminal lawyer. The name of the young barrister is familiar to most of our readers. We congratulate him on account of the early success he is securing.

Junior Department.

With a certain amount of satisfaction, the Junior Editor observes that a very cheerful spirit reigns among the small boys. Perhaps hard bumps on the football field, or maybe our own apparently insignificant remarks have brought about this state of things.

He who can certify that he has found out the name of the mysterious Junior Editor, is invited to call on the Rev. Prefect and receive a lecture for being too curious.

Juniors, 7. Smallyard, 4.

We regret to announce that our football team opened the season with a defeat. Their opponents, a team from Juniorate Hall, played a very fast and snappy game, and by their combined efforts took victory from our boys. Plaisance put up an exceptionally good game for the visitors, and deserves great credit for his effective work. Capt. "Jack" expressed himself as satisfied with the showing of his team mates, and predicts a more satisfactory result at the next meeting of the two teams.

A spectator remarked that Sl——ry ran like a *deer*. Doesn't Swa——s remind you of a *little deer*.

Albert Groulx, who was injured in a recent game, has been replaced by Hugg, who surely has the proper name for a quarter back. Let us hope that he will not forget to *ang* the ball.

Smallyard, 16. Mascottes, 0.

On Oct. 15th the first team played its second game, and defeated the Mascottes by the above score. Though the visitors were very much the lighter team, they, nevertheless, played a very aggressive game. The *boy in the blue shirt*, their quarterback, Slattery, and McDonald Groulx carried off the honors of the day.

Small boy— I wonder if the Senior III team will play the *Juniors* again.

Commenting on what appeared in the last issue of the Review Ph—ips says: *I ain't to be layed, and don't want to be guyed, see I*

The new "Dark Room" is quite an addition to the Junior Department. Besides being very conveniently located, it is filled with a complete assortment of sporting goods.

Bill—They should be hung up.

Percy (anxiously) who?

Bill—The straw hats.

On Oct. 20th, the Juniors second team was defeated by our 'Reserves.' The game was very closely contested, but our youngsters, displayed a better knowledge of some of the fine points of the game, and consequently won out by a score of 2—1

There is certainly a great quantity of gravel in the little yard, but during a recent game on the Oval there was nothing but *Gravel*, Eh John?

Prof—Use do, does and done in a short sentence.

McC—1—*Dunne* does not do his work.

"Bawlf's Midgets" won their first game on Thanksgiving Day. The features of the play were, the long punts of "Tommy," and the fast running of Willie O'Brien.

Master Bawlf has resigned the arduous position of mascot for the first team. But the *gang* declares that he will either be *mascotted* or *boycotted*.

Midget—A Raglan overcoat would be of more service to the team than D. J.

Big boy—Why?

Midget—Because it would at least cover its man.

If there are one hundred desks in the Senior study hall, how could you manage to put another *desk in* there without increasing the number.

Young American—Why is it you do not use cracking matches up here.

Young Canadian—Oh! we've suffered enough from your *strickers*.

The Junior Editor has been informed that some of the small boys—for the seniors are above such improprieties—thoughtlessly, yet frequently *expectorate* (Webster's Dictionary, Page 208) upon the floors, of the corridors, study halls, classrooms, dormitories, and even occasionally in the chapel. Boys, you all wish to be considered little gentlemen. Remember then, that though at college, you are still expected to practice the little rules of politeness learned at home.

Wonder of Wonders—The small yard has a *Beard*. Never before have we remarked such a phenomenon in such so youthful company, consequently I would earnestly request that our young *shavers* treat this new acquisition with due respect.

JR. EDITOR