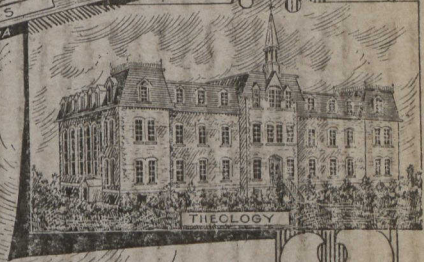
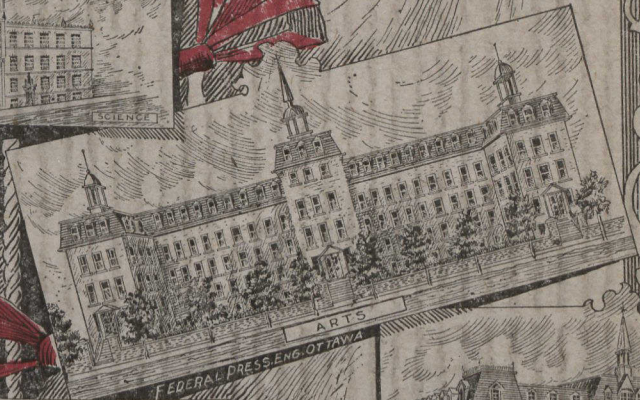




University of Ottawa Review.



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University of Ottawa REVIEW

No. 1

SEPTEMBER, 1911.

Vol. IV

THE CRADLE OF MARY.

Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising?

CANT, vi, 9.



MY soul, behold this wondrous sight,
Angelic multitudes descend,
And, lustrous with refulgent light,
O'er one sweet cradled Infant bend.

Here sleeps God's purest, chosen Pearl,
Hid, as in alabaster cave,
Here beauties doth His Rose unfurl,
While round her sheltering lilies wave.

This cradle—'tis morn's azure sky,
Here riseth Jacob's promised Star,
Which tells that Light divine draws nigh
To shine on nations from afar.

Let all creation gladly pay
Meet homage to the morning star,
That warns the gloomy night away,
And guides the Sun's resplendent car.

White-shadowed, Jordan's spotless dove
Doth o'er the crystal waters glide
Descending on like wings of love,
The Spirit hovers o'er His Bride.

The Father watches from on high
A daughter in this little child,
The Word, with filial piety,
Reveres a mother undefiled.

Your infants, Christian matrons bring,
'Mid Mary's angels let them pray ;
Come, virgins, in life's opening spring
Let innocence its worship pay.

We sinners, too, will venture in—
With heavy heart yet noiseless tread—
And silently bewail our sin,
Around this spotless cradle-bed.

K. D. B.



UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.



THE following is the address of the Very Rev. H. A. Constantineau, O.M.I., Rector, delivered at the fifty-third Annual Commencement exercises of the University of Ottawa, June 19, 1901 :

Most Reverend Archbishops, Rev. Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen.

It behooves me, as Rector of the University, to make a few remarks on the occasion of the closing exercises of this scholastic year. It is a pleasing duty for me to do so on account of the very flattering report that I have to present to our friends and well-wishers with regard to the present prosperous condition of our institution. Our year's work has been, indeed, most satisfactory from every point of view. Students and professors have contributed towards this successful result. We have had, this year, the happy experience that devoted and zealous professors with honorable and studious pupils constitute a perfect college home. Our sincerest wish, then, is that the young men confided to our care during the year may, by their upright and manly conduct, deserve the same praise at the hands of the good and self sacrificing parents to whom they will soon return.

It is a great satisfaction to us to note that every student—yes, I may even say, without exception—has made a profitable use of the opportunities so abundantly offered him in this University for the development of his moral, intellectual and physical faculties. We believe and maintain that the moral training is the most important, hence it should come first.

Alas ! how many Catholic parents there are who overlook this most necessary factor in education, which, were it wanting, this essential feature, could claim to be nothing more than "instruction." We also know, by experience, that a young man who is good and virtuous possesses a foundation upon which he may build a solid intellectual edifice. The heart and mind of man were too closely allied by the Creator to imagine that it is possible to neglect one without injury to the other. As far as physical devel-

opment is concerned, the heavy financial burden that we have placed upon ourselves in order to encourage honest and manly sport is sufficient proof of our desire to never lose sight of the old adage *Meus sana in corpore sano*.

It is, therefore, for me, a cause of just pride, on this last day of the year to extend my sincerest thanks to our entire staff of professors whose devotedness, zeal, and self-sacrifice have made it possible for our students for their cordial appreciation of, and sincere correspondence with the efforts made in their behalf by their learned and distinguished professors.

Catholic parents whether from this Province of Ontario, or from any other province of the Dominion, whether from the United States or from any other country, should become convinced of our sincere determination to ever occupy the foremost place in the field of education. No sacrifice, however great, can deter us from providing the young men of our day with the most improved methods and the latest and more practical facilities that should be a special feature of a leading University.

This fact is made quite evident to-day by the blessing and solemn inauguration of our new Science Hall. This grand and very expensive structure is certainly unsurpassed in this country from every point of view. It will stand as a monument to the self-sacrificing spirit that animates all the members of our Faculty who are devoting their every energy, their very life to the great work of the education of youth. Its special purpose is to supply the demand that is now so general for a first-class scientific education. We know that this is an age of specialists in every field of human knowledge. This tendency when applied by political economists to the manufacturing world is called the "Division of Labor."

Thanks to the large and well equipped laboratories and scientific lecture rooms contained in our new Science Hall we shall soon be able to afford our students an opportunity of embracing every branch of scientific knowledge in which they have wish to become proficient. We sincerely expect to have here, in the near future, a school of science that will be on an equal footing with the best schools of the country. The encouragement and assistance of our friends will be required to successfully carry through

this project, but I am sure that we may confidently count upon their earnest and hearty support in this undertaking which will redound to the honor of education in Ontario and also, in great part, to the honor of the capital city of the Dominion.

Let me herè express, in very special manner, the sincerest thanks of the faculty towards two noble benefactors who have understood that an institution such as ours should not be allowed to stand alone, unaided, unassisted by government or individual. For the first time in the history of the University we have received a donation pure and simple, one that imposes upon us no obligation of a perpetual nature. The generous sum of \$5,000 each was kindly donated by Mr. P. Davis, of this city and Mr. N. J. Haney, of Toronto, to aid us in the erection of our Science Hall, the cost of which will be a burden upon us for many years to come unless other kind friends follow the example of our generous benefactors.

Our earnest wish, in fact the sole object of our presence in Ontario, is to disseminate knowledge among the young men who may desire to drink at the fountain of learning. We realize that we shall be meeting a long felt want in this city by the inauguration, next Fall, of evening lectures on scientific subjects and especially by opening our laboratories to those who are desirous of acquiring a knowledge of Chemistry, Mineralogy, Geology and other analogous sciences. The incalculable wealth of the mineral resources of our country, even of Ontario alone, has opened up a vast field to young men who are specialists in these branches.

Whilst making a special effort in the direction of scientific knowledge, we have not lowered, nor do we intend to lower in the slightest degree, the well known high standard of our Collegiate and Arts courses. We have always endeavored to present a solid front along the whole line of human knowledge; but, above all, has it ever been our ambition to impart an education that would be practical, in the highest sense of the word. I shall not delay you with arguments in support of this assertion. The brilliant success of so many of our graduates, who now occupy high positions in Church and State, is a sufficient proof of my contention. Moreover, it is a source of satisfaction for us to notice that we have forestalled the want that is now felt in other institutions for

a high-grade commercial department. A visit to our well-appointed business class room would readily convince one that nothing is left undone to in-part to our students a thorough and practical knowledge of book-keeping, banking, commercial and all business requirements that will be most valuable to them, whatever state of life they may embrace.

In conclusion, I wish to extend a hearty Godspeed to the graduates in the different departments of the University. By their departure we are losing good and earnest students, but we are also increasing the number of our true and lasting friends, who will always, by their practical interest in our work, prove that they are faithful and grateful children of "Alma Mater"

To His Grace, the Apostolic Chancellor, to His Grace, the Archbishop of Kingston, to the distinguished representative of our Very Rev. Father Superior General, Rev. Father Tatin, to the numerous clergy both regular and secular, to our large and sympathetic audience, I wish to say, in the name of the family "thanks for the kind encouragement of your presence here to-day."



VALEDICTORY.



Y LORD Archbishops, Very Reverend and Reverend Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen :

For the members of the class of 1901 the old College bell has already rung out its last summons and on their behalf I have now to fulfil a time honored custom and deliver our farewell address.

Strange, indeed, are our feelings when we fully realize that we are gathered here as students of Ottawa University for the last time. Surely we may be permitted to rejoice and be glad that we have successfully completed our course, and, still, in all our gladness we feel a deep pang of regret, not that we are now called upon to go forth and enter the struggle of the world, nor that we feel ourselves altogether unfitted for that struggle, but because with our farewell we must break in a measure the links which have bound us so closely in those best of all friendships—the pure unalloyed friendships of our College days. That pang of regret, too, we feel particularly because we part from those noble self-sacrificing professors, through whose labors we have been guided along the thorny ways of knowledge, and to whose efforts coupled with those of our parents we owe all that we are or can hope to be in this life, or in that happier life beyond the veil of which we all so fondly hope to reach. Assembled here then for the last time and standing as it were on the threshold of manhood, we gladly avail ourselves of this occasion to express our heartfelt gratitude to our parents whose loving and anxious care attended us not only in the early and helpless years of our childhood but with ever increasing fervor through the long years of our College course, to them and to our learned professors for the great work they have done for us and for which we can never sufficiently repay them. We offer our most gratitude. May the feelings of joy which are ours to-day be also theirs and may the Giver of all good gifts repay them a thousand fold for their great labors in our behalf !

Sad, too, lovingly sad are our feelings in leaving Ottawa University—our beloved Alma Mater. To-day more than ever

before do those words Alma Mater convey to us their full significance. It has been here where we have spent those happy college days which will ever afford us none but the most pleasant recollections. It has been here, too, within these old gray and classical walls where we have plodded on and on along the difficult paths of learning, until to-day when we reach the end of our course. To the education, imparted in Ottawa College, we gladly and gratefully render our tribute, though I am deeply sensible that no poor words of mine can adequately attest its excellence. The high and responsible positions in Church and State and the learned professions that are occupied by her honored graduates both in our own fair Canada and in the neighboring Republic; the long continued progress she has made and is making; and the opening of the magnificent new Science Hall and Museum at which we have just assisted afford most gratifying evidences of the high standard of excellence Ottawa University has attained, and make her as she justly deserves to be, the pride of the Catholic people of Canada.

Assuredly may I say that the course of studies of our Alma Mater is calculated to educate the whole man intellectually and morally which, after all, is the object of education, is the true meaning of the word. It is, however in the most important part of one's education—the moral training of her students—in which Alma Mater particularly excels. In addition to the Christian and Catholic education imparted through the various channels of the course, we have had ever before us that most edifying example of the learned and priestly professors, who have sacrificed all that one can hold near and dear in this life for the sole purpose of engaging in the noblest work God gives to man—that of leading their fellow creatures ever onward, ever upward to higher and so nobler things. Through the grand and noble devotion of those men to the cause of Catholic education we have been well taught the facts and mysteries of the sciences, the worth and beauty of the classics, and the foundation thus formed has been rounded off by a thorough course in Philosophy, the keystone of all true knowledge, the rightly crowned queen of all studies. Well have we learned that true science, true reason, true knowledge must ever be in accord, must ever go hand in hand with true religion. Hence,

if we go forth to-day from our college home bearing away the honors of a college course and presumably blessed with the knowledge which fits us for the battle of life, we go forth, too, fortified with benign principles of faith and morality, and fully impressed with the omnipotence and goodness of one above "who rules the harmonious mystery of the world," and, "without whose care not a sparrow droppeth to the ground."

Such has been our course, and fain would we prolong it but we have reached its end. Reluctant, then, though we are, Reverend Fathers and Professors, we must away, and in bidding you farewell we beg of you to accept our heartfelt thanks for your great labours in our behalf. We can never sufficiently express to you our appreciation of those labours, but we trust you will accept our hearty assurance of the deep gratitude we feel towards you. We would also assure you that we are sensible of the obligations which rest upon us as graduates of Alma Mater, and it will always be our endeavor to uphold in so far as we shall be able the excellence of the reputation which your training and Ottawa University has ever enjoyed.

The next to whom we have to say farewell and with whom we are, indeed, loath to part are the good people of Ottawa. I must first, though, Ladies and Gentlemen of Ottawa, tender you on behalf of the class of 1901 our most sincere thanks for the kind interest you have ever taken in all our College events—Literary and Scientific, and I may well add Athletic. Not the least kind memories that we shall carry away with us will be those of you and your lovely city, and we trust that future years will find you as fondly devoted to Alma Mater as you have ever been during our course. With our farewell, then, be good enough to accept our sincere thanks for your many kindnesses and our best wishes for the future prosperity of yourselves and your Washington of the North.

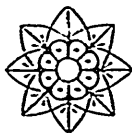
And now dear fellow-students with you too we must also part. Good old companions with whom, whether on the campus or in the daily worries of the study-hall, we have fought the same battles, suffered the same defeats, and joyed in the same victories; with you too we must also say good-bye. This is for us in many

respects the saddest parting of them all. Before we leave you, however, I have great pleasure in extending you the most sincere good wishes of the class of 1901 for your success both here and after you will have passed beyond the fostering care of Alma Mater. May all your college societies continue to prosper - may Ottawa University REVIEW long retain a worthy position in the front rank of college journals—may the record of the Ottawa University Athletic Association be as glorious and as honorable in the future as it has been in the past—and may the Garnet and Grey floating high, ever tell of victory. Let all these, though, fellow-students, be secondary and subordinate, let them be a means to the first and last object of your being students of Ottawa University, that you may qualify yourselves in mind and heart for the work of the world in which you too will soon be called upon to engage. Ever keep in mind and have respect of college traditions. In all your undertakings, whether in class or on the field of sport, let the great love you bear Ottawa College spur you on, and with the motto of the O.U.A.A., *Ubi Concordia Ibi Victoria* as your standard, be assured that success will ever crown your efforts. Gladly, indeed, would we tarry with you a while longer, gladly would we wander a few more times up and down the Via Sacra but our time has come. We have had our day, and however unwilling, we must now part—therefore fellow students, on behalf of the class of 1901, I bid you a fond farewell.

A few more words and I have done. Strange, I have said, are the feelings we experience to-day, and strange they are. Our joy and gladness at having reached a long sought goal, like all earthly joys is not unmixed with sorrow. If we rejoice today that we have climbed the highest rung on the ladder of a college course and are now numbered among the graduates of Alma Mater, we are at the same time sad because we are here for the last time, and sadder still, because we part with some whom perchance on earth we may never meet again. What the future has in store for us we are not permitted to know and willingly would we linger to delay the parting, to keep back our farewell. Once more allow me to assure you that our happy college days and those best of friends with whom we have been so closely associated will ever afford us

most pleasant memories. We shall ever look to the further progress of Alma Mater—long may she prosper. To all our friends we again extend our best wishes for a happy future—may their voyage over the sea of life be a safe and pleasant one, and when in our own good time all of us shall have passed to that bourn whence no traveller returns, it is our fondest hope that we shall all meet in the beautiful land of promise, the happy home of the Angels where partings are unknown. Once more on behalf of the class of 1901, farewell.

J. E. McGLADE.



THE HOUSE OF DUTY.

Four walls were called Duty ; and therein,
Two spirits dwelt. One murmured at his lot
And cried : " Alas ! to languish it this spot,
Where none but captive souls have ever been !
Oh, could I but my way to freedom win,
And 'scape these narrow walls that please me not ! "

The other, busy at his well-loved task,
Looked up anon and saw the same four walls
Expand to a palace rich and fair.
Bright fountains sparkled in its marble halls,
And beams of strange white glory seemed to bask
On milky pillar and on shining stair.

—JAMES BUCKHAM.

THE FOURTH CENSUS OF CANADA.



HE enumeration of the inhabitants of the Dominion of Canada taken by order of the legislature, and officially known as the Fourth Census, has been under way for many months. After weary delay, the first bulletin, which deals exclusively with the population, has at length been issued by the Census Commissioner. This general count of polls all too clearly indicates that our people are of less account—forgive the pun—than many soulful patriots fondly anticipated. Unlike the accounts of public expenditure, the census returns contain few evidences of the “growing time.” Precisely what the latter demonstrate may be succinctly gathered from the following comparative statement of the population by Provinces, showing increases and decreases during the past decade :—

Province.	1901.	1891.	Increase.
Ontario.....	2,167,978	2,114,321	53,657
Quebec.....	1,620,974	1,488,535	132,439
Nova Scotia.....	459,116	450,396	8,720
New Brunswick.....	531,093	321,263	9,830
Manitoba.....	246,464	152,506	93,958
British Columbia.....	190,000	98,173	91,827
North-west Territories ...	145,000	66,799	78,201
Prince Edward Island	103,258	109,078	*5,820
Total.....	5,338,883	4,833,239	505,644

* Decrease.

The population of one province decreasing, that of two other practically at a standstill, and that of the new provinces of the West slowly increasing—such is the showing of the first bulletin of the Fourth Census, and all Canadians will agree it is by no means a rosy display. The population of the Dominion which was 4,833,239 in 1891, is now 5,338,883, an increase of 505,644, which is small enough in all conscience. The general expectation was that our people would number from 5,600,000 to 6,000,000, and many enthusiasts expected the six million figure to be passed. The wide difference between this poetical expectation and the grim prosaic reality of the census returns may be accepted as the mea-

sure of the public disappointment; somebody once said that no epidemic reduces the population of a country so much as a census.

The percentages of increase in 1901 over 1891, are as follows :

	Increase per cent.
British Columbia	94
Manitoba.	62
New Brunswick	3½
Nova Scotia	2
Ontario	2½
P. E. Island	*5½
Quebec	9
Territories....	122

*Decrease.

The percentage of increase for the whole Dominion, namely from 4,833,239 in 1891 to 5,338,883 now, or 505,644, is about 10 and a half per cent.

The percentages enable us to institute some interesting comparisons with other countries. The per centum increase shown by the recent census of the British Isles, for example, was over 12, despite a loss of a million and a half of people by emigration during the ten years. So the old country can boast a greater percentage than the new. Again, the per centum of increase in Australia for the decade was 19; so Canada, poor lady, must doff her sun-bonnet to her sister Australia. Finally, the per centum in United States was 21, a formidable advance on the British figures.

Compared with the preceding enumerations, the Fourth Census makes a poor figure.

	Population.	Increase number.	Increase per cent.
1871.....	3,635,024
1881.....	4,324,810	689,786	19
1891.....	4,833,239	508,429	12
1901.....	5,338,883	505,644	10½

it is a fact, as undeniable as it is objectionable, that for thirty years Canada has been progressing in the matter of population at a rate a great deal slower than even the most pessimistic should

expect in a country whose prairies are the wonder of the world and whose soil is generally fertile and arable; where the winter frosts revive and purify; where the summer sun crowns the maize with a silken floss and transmutes the grains of wheat into shining nuggets of infinitely more value than all the precious ore locked up in the rocky bosom of the Klondike; where the showers of soft rain, might also be called golden, seeing that the sun, shining as they fall, turns all their drops into molten topazes, and every drop is good for a grain of corn, or a green plant, or a bright blossom, or a thistle, at least.

As an observer of the trend of our times might naturally expect, the census figures clearly indicate the wild rush constantly taking place in all quarters of Canada, but in the older Provinces especially, from the rural districts to the towns and cities. The population of the chief towns and cities of the Dominion is given as follows, inside the municipal limits and exclusive of suburbs :

	1891.	1901.
Montreal	226,181	266,826
Toronto	181,220	207,971
Quebec.....	63,090	68,834
Ottawa.....	44,154	59,902
Hamilton.....	48,980	52,550
Winnipeg.....	25,639	42,336
Halifax.....	38,495	40,787
St. John.....	39,179	40,711
London.....	31,977	37,983
Vancouver.....	13,700	26,196
Victoria..	16,841	20,821
Kingston..	19,263	18,043
Brantford.....	12,753	16,631
Hull.....	11,264	13,988
Calgary.....	3,876	12,142
Charlottetown.....	11,373	12,010
Valleyfield.....	5,515	11,055
Sherbrooke.....	10,097	11,765
Sydney.....	2,427	9,608
Moncton.....	5,165	9,026
Brandon.....	3,778	5,733

Kingston is the only city showing a decrease.

The cities over 20,000 showing the greatest per centage of increase are Vancouver, Winnipeg, Ottawa, Montreal, Victoria and London, in the order named, as follows:—

	Increase per cent.
Vancouver	91
Winnipeg	68
Ottawa	36
Montreal	21
London	19
Victoria	17

Whether this almost universal desertion of the country for the town and the rapid growth of the latter, which the table indicates, be a blessing or the reverse, is, I hold, too big a question to be discussed within the narrow limits of a brief paper, even if I had the ability for such discussion, which I have not.

The percentages of increase in Quebec and Ontario during the last ten years are 9 for the former and $2\frac{1}{2}$ for the latter. Those figures must furnish sorry gratification for the strange people who school themselves to regard the French Canadians as an ogre, set on devouring that interesting hybrid, the "Anglo-Saxon." Recently I have had occasion to examine the latest criminal statistics bearing upon the two provinces, and I, as a Celt and a Catholic, took an excusable pride in finding that the great Catholic and Celtic province of Quebec surpassed her sister province even more in freedom from grave crime than in the increase of her population. The French increase because they are virtuous. Coming to the province of Ontario exclusively, we find, that summarized, the gains revealed by the census in Ontario during the past six decades are —

Census.	Increase per cent.
1851	104
1861	47
1871	16
1881	19
1891	10
1901	3

The census figures may be read with increased interest and instruction by all of us, if we can but manage to keep one eye on quite a different set of statistics—the trade, commercial and industrial returns of Canada. The latter prove that if the population of Canada is not so large as one may wish, what people live in this country are exceedingly active and well off withal. The

following list compiled from many authentic sources and coverings all the years between Confederation and the present, will, I venture to think, fully illustrate the truth of the foregoing :

	1867.	1901.
Population.....	3,300,000	3,883,239
Public Receipts.....	\$13,687,928	\$ 51,029,944
Expenditure.....	13,486,092	42,975,279
Importations.....	71,985,306	180,804,316
Exportations.....	48,504,999	170,642,369
Miles of railway..	2,087	17,328
Stock Exchange.....	10	41
Post Offices.....	3,638	9,627
Letters carried.....	18,100,000	178,292,500
National debt.....	\$75,757,135	\$265,493,806
Value of bank-bills in circulation.....	\$ 7,450,334	\$ 28,113,229
Deposits in Post Office Saving Banks.....	\$ 5,057,607	\$ 66,155,282
Proportion per head in population.....	\$ 1.50	\$ 12.45
Value of mined gold..	\$ 3,013,431	\$ 21,260,457
Consumption of spirits, each inhabitant, in gallons.	1.12	0.66
Consumption of beer	2.29	3.39
Life insurance policies in force.....	\$35,680,082	\$404,135,593
Ocean vessels entering Canadian ports.....	8,038	14,607

The foregoing figures enable us to form a tolerably accurate idea of the extent of Canadian trade and commerce, and go far to suggest the present wealth and civilization of the people at large. After we have mastered the items we are in a position to judge of the real worth of what Sir Wilfrid Laurier said, when he strove to put the best face he could on the census returns in his speech at the opening of the Toronto Exhibition. As to the census, Sir Wilfrid expressed himself :—

“We have all been disappointed with the figures. As a Quebecker, I am disappointed also. We have not done half enough. Our population has not increased as it used to do, when families numbered sixteen or seventeen persons. I had believed that since our trade had so greatly increased it must take six millions of people to make such a large trade. Our neighbors to the south, our kith and kin, tell us that we have not done well, that we cannot do better until we throw in our lot with them. But I look on the figures of our trade and on the figures of their trade and I find that in their last fiscal year they exported and imported \$2,125,000,000; that means with a population of 75,000,000, a trade of about \$29 per head. Canada exported and imported to the extent of \$380,000,000, which, with a population of five and one-third mil-



Her Royal Highness The Duchess of Cornwall and York.



His Royal Highness The Duke of Cornwall and York.

lions, means a per capita trade of about \$78. So that you see even with our limited resources we can trade man for man about two-thirds more than our American neighbors."

It may serve a useful purpose to point out that Sir Wilfrid had allusion to the country districts in Quebec as distinguished from the cities and centres of population. While the percentage of increase in the cities is large there is a falling off in the rural parts. For the rest, Sir Wilfrid seemed to argue that the real wealth of a country consists of its trade and riches, not of its humanity; its strong men and gentle, patient women. The Conservative press, for reasons which I shall presently show, are not unselfish, applaud Sir Wilfrid, and affirm he has taken a sensible view of the vexed question of population. It was an organ of the Opposition that, commenting on Sir Wilfrid's speech, declared that if 75,000,000 Americans export and import \$2,125,000,000 per year, an average of \$29 per head, and 5,400,000 Canadians export and import \$380,000,000 worth or about \$70 per head, the Canadian is three times the man the American is, judged by worldly possession. The reader is free to make what he likes of this logic, although to me it has an untrue ring about it. In so far as Sir Wilfrid expresses himself as considering wealth an equivalent, or even a compensation, for men and women, he is using a time-honored Tory argument—he has got into a way of using such things—hence the new-born admiration for him of the Conservative press. Most of us would, it is safe to assume, rather see great multitudes of men and women of moderate means in our land than a few dozen millionaires. The possession of worldly gear does not necessarily indicate that a man is comfortable or prosperous, much less that he is great, happy or content. Leaving Sir Wilfrid to the applause of his Tory friends, and the latter to their materialism, I prefer to say with Goldsmith:

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made,
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

As we may well suppose, many widely different reasons have been put forward to account for the unpleasant condition of things unveiled by the census enumerator. An explanation must always depend upon the point of view. The politicians may be allowed to debate the questions arising out of the census at their leisure, and it is safe to prophecy that much of the approaching session of parliament will be devoted to just such debates. Meanwhile I, who, thank heaven, am not a politician nor the son of a politician, may point out that among all the reasons advanced for our paucity of inhabitants two strike me as being worthy of some consideration. The first relates to the method in which the census was taken. When discussed in Parliament beforehand the method was given a Latin name, but the classical appellation does not seem to have enhanced its value. The system of counting, not the actual inhabitants but the number of people who, according to the joint wisdom of the inhabitants and the enumerator, may fairly be counted as belonging to that house, gives room for any amount of stretching of figures. When the members of the present administration were still on the wrong side of the Jordan and had not entered the promised land of place and pelf, many of them repudiated this grossly dishonest method of enumeration, but once in power, they seemed incapable of substituting a better one, and accepted what they had hitherto condemned; nor was this the sole instance wherein they so acted.

But, though the method is faulty and dishonest, and the Commissioner has proved more than once that he is far from being infallible, we must, I think, seek farther for the cause of a result that goes to show that after half a decade of unexampled prosperity the recorded population of Canada has barely increased ten and a half per centum, which is small, even compared with European countries, except France, where the increase during the past five years has been little more than one per centum. Even Great Britain and Norway have increased twelve per centum during the past ten years, in spite of the drain of emigration; Germany increased fourteen per centum, Holland and Denmark thirteen per centum, and Belgium and Hungary eleven per centum. No fault in system or unfitness of enumerators can account for Canada lagging so

much behind the nations, many of which can claim few of her endowments. It would be unreasonable to look for the cause of an event of this nature and importance in circumstances either trivial in themselves or circumscribed by places and events of a limited kind. A great result must have a great cause, and it can, I think, be found ready to hand in the present instance.

Reverting to the figures of the population of Ontario, we find the last two censuses have been taken at the close of decades during which the Protective Policy has been in force. The other were all periods of low tariffs. The censuses of 1851 and 1861 show a good rate of growth. The censuses of 1871 and 1881 demonstrate large growths also. The censuses taken after that date show decreases. Now, it is right to hold that the latter enumerations would not have revealed a decrease in population if something had not happened in the interval. There is a fact that came into existence at that time, or to speak more accurately, was borrowed from our American neighbors, since it is a Yankee notion like wooden nutmegs—a fact of transcendent importance; on account of the number, variety, and consequence of its influences—a fact extremely interesting, because it is connected with the principal events of our modern political history. That fact is Protection or the Protective Tariff. One school of politicians swear by it. Another school profess to regard it as a wrong business policy. While the Liberal party was in Opposition it shouted itself hoarse for “free trade,” the principle of Protection was denounced as “radically unsound and unjust” and a solemn pledge was given that if the party attained to power “free trade as we have it in England” would be produced. It was with such cries that the Liberals prevailed upon a majority of the people to give them their support, but they were no sooner seated on the treasury benches than they threw over the policy and principles which they professed while in opposition. Like Browning’s “Artemis”—

“ Their journeyings were brought to Jerico :
Thus they resume.”

They indulged in no little tariff tinkering, it is true, but at the end of it all the tariff remain, almost exactly what it grew to be

under Conservative rule. A tariff by which the manufacturer is made rich at the expense of the farmer cannot be a sound fiscal policy for an agricultural country like this. It too much resembles the commercial scheme of the Italian who described it by saying: "What I makes on da peanut, I lose on da dam hanaan." While Canada is an agricultural country, we have robbed the farmer by customs duties in order to build up hot-house industries at a few points; then to repay the farmer we have fleeced him a second time and the forced industries also, in order to lavish bonuses upon railways many of them of little of no value to the country. Around this vicious circle the unfortunate taxpayer has been whipped by Conservative and Liberal alike with the result that population is almost at a standstill, immigration refuses to touch our shores; our young men flock out to the States, and agriculture is depressed and impoverished.

WILLIAM GRAY.



THEY SHALL NOT BE.



YEAR after year, day after day,
I hear unthinking people say :
"These awful contrasts which we see
Have ever been—must ever be."

It is not so. The future brings
A better balance for all things.
The laborer long deemed a serf,
Knows now he is joint heir to earth.

The devil's contract, made with time,
Is running out ; injustice, crime
And idleness must go—for right
Is gaining on the heels of Might.

Slow is the gain ; eager, slow, but sure,
The verities alone endure.
The prosperous lie, the purse-proud creed,
The Progress that is based on greed

Are but the desperate throes of Wrong,
Who knows his reign must end ere long.
Mere boasts a dying century flings,
Square in the face of better things.

United thought, that mighty flood,
Sweeps on to Universal good,
Those awful contrasts which we see,
They shall not be—They shall not be.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

BELLE YVONNE AND HER HUSBAND THE DWARF.

FROM THE STRAND.



SOLITARY, by the sea-shore, in a cottage which the rough winds from across the ocean shook like a worn-out and abandoned ship, lived the aunt of Belle Yvonne, who was as beautiful as a spring day, with the gold-glint of her hair, her eyes as bright as the cloudless sky, and her skin as fair as the hue of the lilies growing by the margin of the well.

But though she was beautiful enough to surprise a king, Yvonne was very unhappy. Her old witch of an aunt, who lived by theft and the spoils of wretched mariners gathered from the shore, beat her much more than she complimented her on her good looks.

The little one never complained, however. Merely to live was a delight to her and while listening to the songs of the birds on the heath, and breathing the sweet scent of the furze-flower she forgot all the ill-treatment of which she was a daily victim.

Now, one afternoon, when the old woman sent Yvonne to gather mussels on the shore, a handsome carriage, drawn by six white horses, stopped at the cottage door. All the people of the village followed it, wonderingly, expecting that some charming prince would alight from it. But to their great astonishment the person who descended was a little man—not taller than a distaff—with a head as big as a lion's and a great black beard which he wore plaited down to his waist, round which it was coiled like a belt.

The dwarf was dressed in silk, satin, and gold; rings and jewels sparkled on all his fingers while the knob of his cane was composed of a single diamond.

He entered the miserable cottage, and the old woman was so overcome by the sight of him that she threw herself upon her knees before him in sign of humility and deference.

"Rise, woman," said the dwarf, in a shrill little voice, like the tone of a flageolet; "I have to speak with you on a matter of importance."

As she was rising in obedience to his command, she received full in the nose, a purse filled with gold pieces ; but far from complaining, her face brightened into a hideous smile, and she asked humbly :—

“ What can I do to satisfy you, my lord ? ”

“ I have noticed,” he replied, “ your niece Yvonne, agile as a young goat flitting about the rocks ; she is so beautiful that I have come to ask for her hand.

The old woman clapped her hands three times in sign of utter stupefaction.

“ You, a rich lord, who have a carriage drawn by six white horses, and so many purses full of gold pieces that you throw them at old women—you wish to marry my niece ? ”

“ It is my dearest wish, supposing she will consent.”

“ She refuse such an honour ? ” exclaimed the old woman ; “ I would eat her alive if she dared ! ”

From a distance, Yvonne perceived the assembled village and though she could not imagine what it meant, the concourse of people about her aunt's door alarmed her so much that her rosy cheeks became pale.

She was obliged to go home, however. Slowly and bending under the load of mussels she had gathered, she made her way towards the cottage. On seeing her approach the curious crowd opened to let her pass, crying :—

“ Here she is—here she is ! ”

The poor child felt her heart contract more and more.

When she learned that her hand was sought by the dwarf, Belle Yvonne burst into tears. She would have preferred to remain unmarried all her life rather than wed such a frightful creature !

Seeing this, the old witch of an aunt begged his lordship to come again the next day, assuring him that her niece would then be ready to accept ; and when next day the dwarf returned, Yvonne received him with smiles.

What had the old woman said to bring about this change ? Had she dazzled her with the prospect of riches or terrorized her by force of threats ?

No, the old witch had caused her to eat unsuspectingly the brain of a mole, strangled with three fern-stalks on a moonless night under a tree in which an owl was hooting. This charm, the power of which lasted two days, made all men who met her sight, appear as beautiful as the heroes of a dream.

She, therefore, received the dwarf with joy, and, on the second day they were married after which he conducted her over lands and through dark forests to her new home.

Once arrived in the great hall of her magnificent castle, lit by four torches held in golden sockets, the charm came to an end and poor Yvonne trembled with fear on hearing her dwarf husband say to her :—

“ Madam, I know that I am neither big nor beautiful, even with my fine, long beard ; yet as I am very jealous, I warn you never to go beyond the limits of my domain. You will see no other man besides myself. With these exceptions, pray understand me, gentle wife, your slightest desire or fancy shall be accomplished.”

Yvonne was at first greatly distressed by her complete solitude. Youth needs noise and movement for the expenditure of its excess of strength ; it needs, also, in provision for the days of old age, to store up pictures, thoughts, and facts to be revived when the time comes when activity is replaced by a quilted seat in an old arm-chair by the fireside.

A sense of deadly weariness weighed upon her. But as years made no change in her situation, she determined to make the best of it, by diverting herself by all means possible, in company with her servant, Marie-Jeanne—a good, rough girl fond of laughing and chattering.

At the close of an autumn day the two women were sitting at a window watching the setting sun, when some portion of a ballad, sung by two delicate and fluent voices, reached their ears.

This song thrilling the dusky calm, touched and delighted the two recluses and when the voices ceased, both leaned out of the window to get sight of the troubadours, but saw, under their balcony, only two dwarfs so exactly like Yvonne’s husband that they could not repress an exclamation of bewildered astonishment.

Like him they were not taller than a distaff; like him they had each a head as big as a lion's; and like him, each had a long plaited beard coiled round his waist.

Recovered from their astonishment, the two young women were moved to laughter by this curious resemblance. Marie-Jeanne, who was always on the look-out for distraction for her mistress, proposed :

"Let us invite them to play for us."

"How can you think of such a thing? What if my lord should return?"

"Oh, never fear, madam! He will not return till late in the evening; you will have plenty of time to amuse yourself with their songs."

It did not need much pressing to induce the poor recluse to accept this tempting offer, and clapping her hands with pleasure she permitted Marie-Jeanne to make a sign to them to approach.

In the course of a few moments the two dwarfs began to sing, accompanying themselves on the viol, while the lady and her servant, who for so long had not had much amusement of any kind, danced till they were out of breath.

Suddenly, while they were in the full enjoyment of their new-found pleasure, the sound of footsteps, gritting on the gravel-walk in the court of honour, fell upon their ears.

"Heavens! My husband!"

"Your husband?"

"We are lost!"

"Don't give way to despair so quickly," said Marie-Jeanne, who was not readily alarmed. "Chickens don't allow their necks to be wrung without shrieking loud enough to make themselves heard. We'll find some way."

"Do you think it possible?"

Marie-Jeanne did not answer this question, but hurried across the room to a large coffer the lid of which she raised.

"Quick! hide yourselves in this chest," she said to the musicians. "Our master is very spiteful, and if he discovers you in this house, he will be sure to cut you to pieces and feed you to his dogs."

Terrified out of their wits, they instantly obeyed and Marie-Jeanne shut down the lid, seated herself upon it and coolly set to work knitting.

Not a moment too soon ; for she had hardly made a dozen loops when the little lord entered the room. The discomposure of his wife was at once observed by him.

“ What is the matter with you Belle Yvonne? You are as pale as a corpse.”

“ I. my lord?” she stammered ; “ I am feeling a little weak this evening that is all.”

“ That comes from your not being allowed to go abroad, perhaps,” said Marie-Jeanne boldly.

“ The park is large, my love, it should suffice for your walks.” Then changing the subject to avoid a discussion which had many times been re-opened, he added : “ I have mislaid here a little box of pistoles, of which I have need and I have returned in search of them.”

“ Search, search, my lord,” said Belle Yvonne ; adding, in a tone scarcely louder than the breath of the summer air, “ the company of my lord is always agreeable.” Leisurely he examined all the furniture, felt in all the drawers, hoping by chance to discover what his wife was hiding from him—for that she was hiding something from him he felt certain ; but neither seeing nor hearing anything unusual he kissed her hand and with his coffret under his arm quitted the room.

When they had seen him across the draw-bridge Marie-Jeanne hurried to the great chest and raised the lid. Alas ! the little lord had stayed too long and the two musicians, deprived of air, had both been suffocated.

Belle Yvonne and the well-meaning servant wept. It was abominable that two such gay and well-bred little singers who had made them dance so delightfully, should lose their lives in so miserable a manner. When they became somewhat calmer, Yvonne wondered what would become of this pitiful adventure. Had they done wrong in indulging in a little recreation, in disobedience to the will of their lord and master, and had this accident occurred to punish them ?

Marie-Jeanne, with a shrug of her broad shoulders, cut short her mistress's lamentations.

"Don't be downcast, Madam," she said; "this misfortune has only one cause—my weight—which made the lid of the chest air tight so that I alone am responsible for what has happened. It is for me, therefore, to find some way of getting rid of the proofs of our disobedience before your husband returns."

For a long time she cudgelled her brains. Night was closing in upon the castle and filling its halls with sinister gloom when she suddenly cried out in tones of triumph:

"I have it!"

"Speak quickly" exclaimed Yvonne, exceedingly glad to have a servant so resourceful.

"This is my plan," replied Marie-Jeanne unhesitatingly: "In the wildest depths of the forests there lives by himself, an honest wood-man; he knows nobody and does not even suspect that he is the vassal of your noble husband. I will go and ask him to relieve me of these two poor little musicians and for a trifle he will be sure to do this piece of service.

"Do you think he will not be astonished?"

"Don't worry yourself on that account, my dear mistress, but leave all to me," replied Marie-Jeanne, hurrying off for time pressed.

In his hut Marie found old Guido, whose hair and beard had so long been left untrimmed as to cover his entire face. Squatting before a fireless hearth, the wood-man was seeking the solution of the difficult problem—how to live on nothing.

Astonished at receiving a visitor, he hastily rose and offered a plump fagot as the only substitute of an arm-chair he was able to command.

"To what do I owe the honor of your presence, demoiselle?" he asked.

"The lady Châtelaine of whom I am the servant," replied Marie-Jeanne boldly, "this morning admitted into the castle a frightful little starveling and moved by compassion—for she has a tender soul—she had a meal set before him of which he ate so gluttonously as to choke himself to death."

"The clumsy fool!" said Guido, wishing that such a chance might have fallen in his way. "He would have done better if he had filled his pockets instead of choking himself, so that he might have doubled the pleasure of a good meal the next day."

"That is what he ought to have done, wasn't it?" said Marie-Jeanne. "Well, my mistress, having invited this poor wretch in the absence of her lord and fearing his anger, has send me to beg you to come and take away the body—for which service she will give you three pistoles."

Guido closed his eyes and under the close-pressed lids saw a river of gold. Three pistoles! Never had he possessed such a fortune!

"What the lady desires, is an order. I will immediately go for your gormandizer and throw him into the sea."

"That's it," cried Marie-Jeanne.

Running back to the castle, she drew one of the dwarfs from the chest and descended with him to the grand vestibule and waited against one of the thousand marble columns which supported the antique dwelling, till she was joined by the old woodman to whom she simply said:

"Here is your load."

"Good, good," he said taking him upon his shoulders: "in five minutes I shall be back, and by that time, your glutton will be in the stomach of a shark."

So Guido went off and Belle-Yvonne's cunning maid returned upstairs to her mistress, who waited in the corner of the room farthest from the chest.

"There's one got rid of."

"Yes, but there is another," tremulously said her mistress.

"Don't distress yourself about that, we'll get rid of it quite as easily." And drawing the body from the chest, she descended with it to the vestibule as before. The sea was only a short distance from the castle and Marie-Jeanne soon saw the woodman coming back for his reward. Then, with her two hands planted on her hips and putting on an air of indignation, she cried:—

"Upon my word!—you've a pretty way of executing the commissions intrusted to you!"

"What do you mean?" stammered the woodman.

"Why not five minutes ago, our glutton returned and fell dead at my feet."

"Impossible, I saw him sink."

"How could he be here at this instant, then?" demanded Marie-Jeanne pointing to the second musician.

"If I did not see it with my own eyes I would not believe it, for I swear that I threw him into the sea from the top of the rock."

"The proof."

Greatly irritated at being taken for an incompetent, Guido threatened the lifeless body of the poor little musician :—

"Son of a sorcerer, this time I will load your carcass with stones, and I promise that you shall never come to the surface again!"

Then shouldering his burden, he once more set off without having the least suspicion of the trick which was being played on him.

Marie-Jeanne, delighted at the success of her stratagem, went back to her mistress who could not help smiling at the narration of the old woodman's indignation on finding the second dwarf at the place whence he had taken the first.

But time passed and Guido did not return. At last, in their uneasiness concerning him, they were wondering whether he might have fallen into the sea with his load, when they saw him approaching, wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

Marie-Jeanne took from the casket the sum agreed upon and hastened to meet him.

While she was filling out a goblet of rosy wine, the old fellow, his eyes sparkling with joy carefully examined, weighed and sniffed at the pieces of gold. Then after having wrapped them up in a water-lily leaf, and emptied the goblet at a draught, giving vent to a deep sigh of satisfaction, he said :—

"Take my word for it, that devil's cub gave me some trouble!"

"Yes, obliged you to make two journeys."

"Three!—for in spite of my having filled the sack he was in with heavy stones, the little man escaped again!"

Marie-Jeanne's eyes opened wider than ever they had opened before in her life. She was bewildered.

"What do you mean?" she asked as soon as she regained the use of her tongue.

"I was coming back for the money you promised me, fully convinced that I had finally got rid of your embarrassing visitor, when close to the portcullis what should I see but my little man walking in front of me, quietly this time with a small box under his arm."

Guessing the nature of the mistake, Marie-Jeanne, a little pale, inquired:—

"What happened then?"

"My blood was up!" exclaimed the old woodman. "A mere chap like him—a thing not taller than a distaff—had no right to snap his fingers at an honest woodman like me. So snatching up a thick stick and giving him no time to make even a gesture, I brought him down with a single blow, saying, as I planted my cudgel upon his head: 'To slip from the trap once might do, but to slip twice is once too many.'"

Without asking leave, Guido helped himself to another goblet of wine and then concluded:—

"Now if he comes back, I hope this drink may choke me! To your health demoiselle!"

Without saying a word, Marie-Jeanne let him depart; then, when the heavy iron-bound doors had closed behind him she rushed to her mistress crying out:—

"Lady, put on a black veil for your lord is dead and buried!"

A low cry escaped from the lips of Belle Yvonne and she fainted—without Marie-Jeanne knowing whether her swoon was owing to grief or joy.

The charming widow did not take long to console herself. The windows of the ancient manor-house, closed for so many years, were opened wide, allowing the pure breath of the breeze and the gay beams of the sun to enter in floods.

The somber ivy disappeared from the antique walls giving place to clustering roses; the superb halls, built for joy and mouldering in gloominess, were once more illuminated brightly and Yvonne—omitting an invitation to her aunt—gave there sumptuous entertainments.

At the end of a year's widowhood, the beautiful lady allowed herself to be wooed by the King's son, who married her and made her so happy—so happy indeed that she never grew old.

FACTS ABOUT OTTAWA UNIVERSITY.

In *The Evening Journal* of Ottawa, Sept. 5, Mr. L. E. O. Payment, formerly a public school teacher in this province, afterwards a student and teacher in the University of Ottawa, from which he graduated, writes a strong and clear defence of that honored institution, which has been recently attacked in the daily newspapers of the Capital as regards the supposed inadequate teaching and representation of the English language therein. Mr. Payment passes in review all the professors of Ottawa University and shows that the teachers of English are fully qualified for the task. He points to the *UNIVERSITY REVIEW* which, of itself, is the best answer to that foolish charge; but Mr. Payment is too modest to allude to his own valuable contributions to that very creditable publication.—*North-west Review*.

Mr. Payment writes :

So much has recently been said and written regarding the teaching of English in the University of Ottawa that a few facts concerning that institution may not be considered quite out of place. The question up to the present day has been wholly one-sided, the authorities of the University not having published a single article to defend their stand or to expose their doings in the past or plans for the future. The ship that is strong and safe can weather the storm without trouble; even so with the University, its safety was not in the least imperilled by the gale which has been blowing.

The question is one of fact, not theory, and as such should be dealt with calmly, having in view no other object than that of arriving at a true and adequate insight into the question. As a graduate of that deservedly honored institution, I feel it my duty to say word in its behalf, and, though it may be thought I come late into the field, yet the certainty I felt, that the University was not in dangerous straits, made me refrain from expressing an opinion till the present day when I am in possession of certain additional data which may be of interest to the public, and which, for certain reasons, I could not obtain at an earlier date.

In order to judge of the merits of a man we should not seek the opinions of his enemies, but rather should address ourselves to himself directly. The same honest proceeding should be pursued with regard to the University of Ottawa ; we should look to it for our information. This is given in its Calendar issued annually and distributed to the public. But before opening this Calendar for the last academic year, let us cast a glance over the past.

For upwards of fifteen years before 1893, the lay professors of the commercial course were wholly English, if I may be allowed Boyle O'Roche's license, of calling Irishmen and Scotchmen English. Professors Fitzpatrick, Canning, Smith, Newman, Delaney, Fallon, McDonald, Campbell, Phalen, Murphy, Mea, are names of which we need not ask the origin. From 1893 till 1898, the only teacher of French extraction was myself. The staff to-day is made up entirely of men bearing English names. The French names which appear among the clerical professors of the commercial course are those of men who teach French, Christian doctrine, drawing, mathematics, book-keeping, commercial law and shorthand since its introduction several years ago, but who have never been, and are never, called upon to take charge of a class of English, though many of them have been students of the University itself, and who, consequently, have made a more thorough English than French course of studies. Summing up, we have the following : For the last twenty-one years among the lay professors, of whom there are six to eight each year, there has been one of French extraction, just sufficient to indicate that the French are not wholly debarred from being lay professors ; and among the French clerical professors not one has ever been placed in charge of an English class. The teaching of English, which includes English grammar, composition, reading and spelling, has been left entirely to the teachers of English tongue. A very strange fact may be noted in last year's list of lay professors ; it is that an Irishman, Mr. Day, has been appointed professor of French. The authorities have evidently no great fear for the pronunciation of the alleged official language of the University. The moral of this fact is quite clear.

Let us now proceed to the collegiate course. The professors here are for the greater part graduates of the University itself, and, consequently, have a complete mastery of the English language. Yet, here also, as in the commercial course, though they know that language thoroughly, not one teaches the classes of English. For this year these latter are taught by Professor Horrigan, Fallon, Kirwin, McGirty and Ouimet. The last, though bearing a French name, has made all his studies in the English language, and, judging by his fluent use of it, would be easily mistaken for an Englishman. Anyone knowing the true state of affairs at the University will have no fears for the safety of the English language with that array of names. Here, again, we see that the French professors teach the subjects already enumerated, with the addition of Latin and the natural sciences. And whom do we find among those not hitherto mentioned? Rev. A. Antoine, Ph.D., a graduate of Rome, professor of mathematics, a man of thirteen years' experience as a teacher; Rev. G. Gauvreau, M.A., a graduate of Ottawa University, who has been some fifteen years professors of chemistry and classics, and who is besides one of the leading mathematicians of the University; Rev. A. Lajeunesse, the distinguished president of the Scientific Society and director of the Academic hall; Rev. A. Binet, B.A., of Ottawa University. The rest of the staff, including the talented professor A. Belanger, B.A., teach either French, Christian doctrine, mathematics or the classics. The French professors here enumerated have a thorough knowledge of both languages, yet but one is on the staff of English professors. This one exception does not, however, detract from the merit of the argument that English is well looked after in the collegiate course, for it is not absolutely necessary to be an Englishman in order to teach the English language with success. My statement is borne out by the fact that the most capable and successful professor of English who ever taught in the University of Ottawa was none other than the late lamented Dr. Henry Glasmacher, a man of pure German blood. The requisites for the successful teaching of any language, science or art, are the thorough knowledge of them and the possession of the qualities that go to make a true teacher. In fact, the latter

are perhaps the most important, for it is a principle of pedagogy that a thorough knowledge of the art of teaching is more important than a thorough knowledge of the subject to be taught.

We have now reached the climax—that is, the Arts course. A glance at its list of professors will more than ever convince us of the solicitude of the University for the preservation of the English language. First among its professors is the Reverend H. A. Constantineau, M.A., D.D., graduate of Ottawa University and its Rector, whose course of studies was made wholly in the English language. Then come successively Rev. H. Lacoste, Ph.D., D.D., a graduate of Rome, the sole member of St. Thomas Academy in America, the vice-rector, who is professor of philosophy and whose lectures, consequently, are given wholly in Latin; Rev. N. Nilles, D.D., also graduate of Rome, who is a linguist, speaking German, English, Italian and French. He has taught philosophy and the classics for upwards of 18 years. Rev. L. H. Gervais, M.A., speaks fluently and correctly English and French, and has taught Latin and Greek for some fifteen years. Rev. L. M. Lajeune, professor of French, graduate of *l'Institut Catholique de Paris*, is a man of brilliant parts and an authority on the subject he teaches. I have omitted from this list the names of certain French professors whom I have mentioned in connection with the collegiate course, but who do not teach English. How, the intelligent reader will ask, is the English provided for in the Arts course? A glance at the Calendar reveals the names of Prof. Horrigan, M.A., whose services have been engaged by the University to fill the chair of English literature. Then comes Rev. James Fallon, B.A., and lastly Rev. W. O'Boyle, B.A., D.D., an Ontario boy, who, after being graduated from Ottawa University, went to Rome and took his degree of Doctor of Theology with the highest honors. These are the three professors entrusted with the care of the English language in the Arts course at the University, and I am convinced that with such talent it should be in no immediate danger.

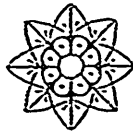
Let us now glance at the organizations within the University. The debates and records of the Scientific Society are conducted solely in English; the sermons delivered in the University chapel

are invariably given in English ; the announcements on the bulletin board bear a striking resemblance to the language of Shakespeare, not quite so eloquent at times, but good English nevertheless. In the reading room at least nine-tenths of the newspapers are in the English language, while "The Review" published by the students is not, as everybody knows, looked upon as a French publication, and a glance at the back numbers of "The Owl" and "The Review" will show that the articles published by French students compare at least favorably with those of their English fellows, a proof of the thorough manner in which they learn the language of their English friends.

It may not be amiss to add that Rev. Wm. Murphy, M.A., still retains his nationality and the position of secretary of the University, whose correspondence, therefore, is not carried on in the French language.

Without further comment, I leave these facts for the public to consider, feeling certain all will conclude that the attack upon the University has not only been most unjust, but would have been avoided had the proper means of ascertaining the truth been taken, that is, by a careful perusal of the University Calendar, and a conscientious inquiry into the qualifications of the professors of that institution.

L. E. O. PAYMENT.



MASSACRE OF LACHINE.

AUGUST 5, 1689.



SECURELY they sleep through the loud raging night,
 The rain and the hail may patter in vain,
 On their log-built cabins, so staunch and so tight ;
 They will rest till the dawn shines in through the
 pane;
 They will dream of loved homes all so joyous and
 bright—
 But ne'er shall they dream of those dear scenes
 again.

How oft did their hearts throb with pleasure and glee,
 As their lives glided on with a current as fair,
 As their own deep St. Lawrence gliding on to the sea,
 For faith and pure love found a residence there ;
 But now they sleep on, from all boding thought free—
 Of the dark, lurking danger, they repose unaware.

Midst the wet and the gloom of the night and the storm,
 From the now foaming river, an Iroquois band,
 With silent paddle and lithe, stealthy form,
 Grate their bark canoes on St. Louis' strand,
 And, impatient, await but the glow of the morn
 To mar the rare joy of this happy land.

Then wild bursts their whoop through each cleared open space,
 Their eagle plumes flashing the sun's rising beam ;
 As they brandish aloft cruel hatchet and mace,
 Fierce fury and death from their savage eyes gleam,—
 O God look down on Lachine's fated race
 List the prayer of the aged and the child's treble scream !

Now serene shines the sun and bright is the day,
 But its brightness is gloom to many a heart—
 Fell sorrow has stolen all gladness away
 And children from parents in anguish must part ;
 For who will turn the fierce savage away,
 Or a pang of remorse in his rude conscience start.

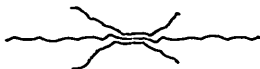
Ah ! if you would paint the grief of this view,
Recall your own home as in memory it dwells ;
And when with delight you are thrilling anew—
With sweet recollections your breast fondly swells—
Just think with what woe the Redman did strew
Blithe homes not less cherished in Lachine's olden dells !

And who'll be unmoved by the desolate scene ?
The drear, smoking ruins of hearths overcast,
The pale, scalpless corpse by each dewy green,
With the upturned face and fixed eyes aghast,—
For truly the Iroquois roved through Lachine
And left the mark of his trail where he passed.

But leave not unmourned those true ones who died :
They suffered and bled for this dear land of ours—
Hold sacred the spot where their courage was tried,
And deck their lone tomb with the tear-laden flowers—
Let it ever be Canada's glory and pride
To honor the dead whom its fair fame embowers.

M. S., '03.

Ottawa, Sept. 15, 1901.



THE STORY OF THE PILGRIMAGE.



OUR bright contemporary, the "Catholic Sun," Syracuse, makes reference to the Rev. William Dougherty of that city, the active and zealous Pastor of the Church of St. Vincent de Paul. Those who have the good fortune to be acquainted with Father Dougherty know the charm and influence of his genial and energetic temperament. He possesses the rare faculty, not only of making all he comes in contact with his friends, but retaining them as such. Father Dougherty organized in August, a pilgrimage to the Shrine of St. Anne of Beaupré. After the regulations of the pilgrimage were complied with, the "Sun" informs us, Father Dougherty started on a tour of the fishing grounds. The description of the pilgrimage which follows is so charmingly true and complimentary for the "Land of the Maple Leaf," that the temptation to place it before our readers was too strong to be resisted.

At this season thousands of pilgrims wend their way to the quaint little village of Beaupré in the province of Quebec to ask *la bonne Sainte Anne* to intercede for them. Two Protestant ladies who made *le pèlerinage* write their impressions. Although many of us have personally visited the famous shrine of miracles, it is none the less interesting to note how it is viewed through "other eyes than ours."

"Eighteen miles out of the "Old World City" of Quebec stands the miracle church of Sainte Anne de Beaupre. Two or three summers ago in our wanderings we happened upon it," says a pilgrim.

"Going down the Champlain Stairs, in steep-streeted Quebec one morning I was knocked suddenly up against a projecting wooden wall of a tumbledown house. As I turned to see my whereabouts, my eyes fell upon a placard that read:—

"*'La Congrégation Des Jeunes Gens fera son pèlerinage annuel à la bonne Sainte Anne,'* and much more of the same, *'Dimanche le 19 juillet,'* all of which signified that there was to be a 'pilgrimage' of young people the following Sunday to the renowned shrine of St. Anne, and that one could join it if they took

the proper preliminary steps. We especially wanted to make one trip there with a pilgrimage of the *habitants*.

"I purchased my ticket at once, as we were to go by train and enthusiastically told Fannie that I should 'wake and call her early' and whisk her off to Beaupré the morrow morning. So thus it was settled how we should go.

"On a rainy morning we opened our eyes upon the day of our pilgrimage; but nothing daunted by the rain, donning rubber overshoes and mackintoshes, we were off for the station by seven o'clock in a caleche.

"Let me tell you what a caleche is. It is a queer sort of carriage, as peculiar to Quebec province as the gondola is to Venice. It is wide and deep and black. It sits, with its cover thrown back, perched high on two loose-jointed springs, up over two big wheels. You mount it with difficulty, but sink back into its depths with ease. The driver climbs up before and starts the horse. You may look very uncomfortable and ungraceful, but in reality you are snug. You sit there rocking back and forth just as delightfully as Cinderella in her pumpkin shell. We soon reached a little wooden station, which was our starting point over Charlevoix and Montmorenci branch to Sainte Anne. We found ourselves with a party, which was wholly French-Canadian, in funny, primitive-looking little cars. We were travelling, as the *jeunes gens* traveled, quite second class, I suppose. It was all a new sensation, with the quaint French patois accompaniment. We enjoyed even the bare wooden seats, for they were by big, open windows. It is a very picturesque ride from Quebec to Beaupré. Pretty little pieces of woodland lie between dashing streams, high bluffs alternate with green meadows and wide-eaved white washed cottages are perched in shady retirement here and there, or glare by the roadside.

"About nine or ten miles out of the city the train stops on a little bridge to give one a fine view of the Montmorenci Falls. They are a graceful, dancing cascade, rather than a roaring cataract of waters. They bound down through the green gorge, tumbling from rock to rock in foaming rainbow veils of water.

" After this one halt, the train soon approached the Beauré road. The sound of welcoming bells were heard as we drew nearer—big-tongued bells, thundering so hearty and loud a welcome that we could hear them far up in the valley. We stopped suddenly on the 'open' near the church.

" Beauré village consists of the church, the open air shops and one straggling street lined with *pensions*, or boarding houses. During the summer, when boats and cars are hourly bringing their loads of pilgrims to the shrine, it is a very busy place. The walks are then thronged, the pensions overflow into the very street.

" It was about ten o'clock when we arrived. All about the stalls were bargaining crowds. A flourishing business was going on, in the sale of shrines, rosaries, and other souvenirs of St. Anne. On the sidewalk we found ourselves in a surging, throbbing mass of people; a concourse of brown-faced men and woman, scarcely one of whom could speak a word of English.

" They were plain, every day working people, off for a holiday, most of them. They were perfectly orderly and good natured as they jostled about in parti-colored costumes. The men smoked pipes full of *tabac blanc*; the women led about their serious-faced children. They were a rough looking people, these Canadian peasants, but there was a notable solemnity in their faces.

" Ours was but one of many 'pilgrimages' to the good Saint that day. We were obliged to stay outside until the large church could be emptied of its throng and our mass be called.

" After a time we found a quiet nook where we could rest for brief moment. Then we could dwell a little on the natural beauty of this quaint church hamlet.

" The large and conspicuous basilica is in beautiful woodland country. Before it lies the St. Lawrence, behind are the green slopes of the Laurentian hills.

" Nestled among this greenery, is the Franciscan convent, which is also a pension for ladies and where the white robed nuns extend a cordial welcome to visitors. The old church with its faded frescoes and the Scala Santa or Holy Stairs are on the side of the hill, at the foot of which rises a magnificent new Church, of St. Anne. Entering by the main doorway one is impressed by the

loftiness of the great white church, with its numerous side chapels. At the upper end of the main aisle is the brilliantly decorated altar, with an altar piece by Le Brun. In front of this standing above on a white pedestal is the figure of St. Anne herself. She holds on one arm a child—the little Mary—and in her other a branch of lilies. All about the foot of the pedestal are heaped votive offerings. Near the entrance door are two tower-like stands, reaching high into the air, filled with crutches, frames and other helps for crippled bodies. These have been left for St. Anne by the hundreds whom she is said to have miraculously cured. The mass, which we heard, was long and elaborate, and the singing most beautiful. St. Anne has in her especial care all the cripples of God's flock, and many wondrous cures are wrought through faith in her intercession with the Divine Heart. Here in this out-of-the-way nook she holds her sway and works her miracles. The imputation of this miraculous power to the good saint has made Beaupré. For centuries in this region St. Anne has been venerated, first in an old chapel in the old church, and now in this new basilica, finished a few years ago. After spending several hours about the village, eating an uninviting lunch and securing a souvenir or two, we returned to Quebec. There is something very solemn, on a quiet week day out of the crowded "season," to come upon this church in the forest, to see the trophies of its power and hear the story of its work. The steeples pointing heavenward through the tree tops, the sweet, musical chiming of the bells across the peaceful valley are a picture story unlike any other one, the New World can show."



GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.



UNIVERSITIES, or centres for general study, are a product of the Middle Ages, a result of the religious and intellectual revival of the 12th century. According to Guggenberger in his "Christian Era," they seem to have been at first of spontaneous growth, originating in guilds of teachers as at Paris, or in associations of students as at Bologna. As such they were essentially international, gathering disciples from the Christian nations round the chairs of noted doctors. These were supplemented by Universities founded by Popes and kings.

From the commencement their great intellectual, social and political influence was recognized. Hence, though we read of royal Universities, the juridical institution and supreme guidance belonged to the Holy See, the guardian of supernatural truth. In this sense all the Universities were Papal. The passing of centuries has not effaced all trace of this ecclesiastical parentage. Oxford in spite of the mighty storm of the Reformation, keeps yet, in out of the way corners, the coats of arms of old religious orders, then as now the trusted agents of Rome. In the Universities of the Latin countries, in Paris, Palencia, Bologna, etc., the evidences are yet more striking. The opening of the 20th century however, reserved a splendid vindication of this honorable connexion of the Church of the Dark Ages, with the advanced learning movement. It is from an unexpected quarter: none other than the University of Glasgow. The remarkable letter sent by its Protestant rector, to the reigning Pope, certainly speaks more than volumes of apology.

On the Ides of May M.C.M.I. the institution had counted 450 years since the foundation by Nicholas V, "patron of learning and the arts." It is of this Nicholas that Pastor writes on his history of the Church—"The election of Parentucelli (Thomas) marks one of the greatest epochs in the story of the Popes of Rome, because with him, the Christian Renaissance ascended the Papal throne." His oft repeated desire had been to spend money

on books and buildings. This prompted him to enlarge the Vatican library, that corner stone of learning in our time.

With such dispositions the making of a University demanded nothing but professors and students, and in the middle ages neither were wanting—and he left to posterity the University of Glasgow.

Unfortunately since the Reformation, the institution has been Protestant. But the memory of the founder has survived as is quite evident from the following remarkable document addressed by a Protestant corporation, headed by the Rector to the present successor of Nicholas, Leo XIII. It is an additional proof of Newman's thesis vs. Gladstone, that the Christian Church is historically Papal.

The text is a translation from the Latin.

“To the Sovereign Pontiff,

“The Most Holy, the Most Reverend, and the Most Learned Man,

“LEO XIII.,

“The Entire University of Glasgow, the Chancellor, the Rector, the Professors, the Graduates, and the Students,

“(Send) Health.

“In our great joy (for soon we celebrate our centennial feasts), this above all else we can remember with grateful minds, that this splendid University, which is to-day enriched with all wealth of talent and works, started from the Apostolic See itself, and that it commenced with the most loving patronage of the Supreme Pontiff, as we have learned from our forefathers.

“For that most learned Pontiff, Nicholas V., in the year of the Incarnation of Our Lord one thousand four hundred and fifty-one, displaying the greatest love for the Scottish people, being himself a man most illustrious for all the lights of talent and of the liberal arts, founded among us a University, and in which that our doctors, masters and students should enjoy and use all the liberties which had been granted to the University of his own city of Bologna.

“The which so great benefit, as like a loving daughter we ascribe it to the most dear mother from whom it came, we think leads us to hope that Your Holiness may become a sharer of our joy, as also to utter our thanks to the Holy See for so great a favor.

“We therefore pray that you may deign to increase this our happiness with your authority; and if on account of these wicked times it could not be that Your Beatitude should come to us in these feasts, over such difficulties of sea and journeying, we hope at least that you will express to us your feelings through some other person enjoying your favor, and that this our University, founded by the learned Nicholas, fostered by James, King of the Scots, cared

for and defended by William, Bishop of Glasgow, and furthermore enhanced by many benefits from of our Kings, you your-elf, most elegant cultivator of Latin Literature, through your kindness may deign to honor still more, and to commend to yet new ages.

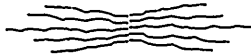
“We write, at Glasgow, on the Ides of May, M.C.M.I.

“The Prefect and the Vice-Chancellor.”

The University of Glasgow is certainly to be congratulated on its change of sentiment towards the Church of Rome. Leo XIII is of all the Popes, the one to elect for such a demonstration, light from heaven that he is, sent as Nicholas was sent, to our predecessors years ago. The answer of the grey old guardian on the watch tower of Israel betrays, as do all his later utterances, that overmastering desire to see before he goes steps taken towards the unity of the fold.

We have heard the Scotch pilgrims chanting in St. Peters that grand old hymn, Faith of our Fathers, and mused on that model queen of theirs, and on the ill-fated Stuart line, so Catholic, whose last heir sleeps beneath the wondrous dome, and we cannot find it in us to despair of that magnificent Scottish race, but trust to see them once again made one with Christendom in “their auld lang hame.”

IONA.



THE CHANCELLOR'S VISIT.

Friday, September 20, was a festive day at the college, it being the occasion of the annual official visit of His Grace, Archbishop Duhamel, as Chancellor of the University. At 9 a. m., solemn high mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated by Rev. Father Froc, at which His Grace assisted from the throne.

Mass being ended, the solemn ceremony of the profession of faith by the members of the Faculty took place at the foot of the altar. After the religious ceremonies in the chapel all proceeded to the Academic Hall, where addresses of welcome were read in French and English to the honored guest. His Grace thanked the boys very sincerely for their hearty reception and urged them to be ever faithful to the teachings of *Alma Mater*. At the conclusion of his remarks a two-days' respite from work was granted the students, and for this they showed their appreciation by a rousing V-A-R.

Following is the English address as read by G. I. Nolan, '03.

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

My Lord Archbishop :—

With feelings of unmingled pleasure we bid you welcome to *Alma Mater*. We welcome you as the Chief Pastor and Bishop of our souls; we welcome you as a distinguished son of our Canadian fatherland; we welcome you as the patron and protector through a long course of years, of this Catholic University. We are proud to recall the fact that Your Grace was once a student within these walls. And we are led on to reflect on what priceless services *Alma Mater* has conferred on this country, under your guidance. Her sons have won distinction not only in the Church, but on the judicial bench, at the bar, and in every elevated walk of life. The memory of the greatness achieved by those who once occupied the place which we now occupy is an inspiration that urges us to emulate their example. We appreciate the manifold advantages which we possess in this institution, for the acquiring of a solid training and we are aware also of the obligation that lies upon us of turning to good account the present time and the present opportunity. We trust with God's blessing to do our duty here, in preparation for our career in the greater world beyond, knowing well that on the education of our minds and hearts after *Alma Mater's* plans depend our hopes for the future.

We pray Your Grace may long be spared to watch over the destinies of this institution, to see its sphere of usefulness increase as the years go by and its services to church and state multiplied.

Such Your Grace are the heart born wishes of your most devoted children.

THE STUDENTS OF OTTAWA UNIVERSITY.

THE DUKE'S VISIT.

ROYALTY has rarely been seen on this continent. Since the downfall of the Aztecs there have been two short-lived monarchies, Brazil and Mexico. Brazil had three Emperors; the exiled John of Portugal, who was foully murdered; his son who reigned peacefully for a few years; and his grandson, who twelve years ago was deposed. Mexico's Emperors have a still more disastrous history. Her liberator, Iturbide, proclaimed himself Emperor, only to be executed two years later. Archduke Maximilian, who came to Mexico in 1863 to found a dynasty, was four years later, on the anniversary of Iturbide's death, mercilessly executed by the victorious republicans. In a very different manner and with happier results Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, visited Canada and the United States, in 1860, remaining three months on the American continent. Now he is King of England, and his son George, Duke of Cornwall and York, is in our midst.

The Prince of Wales came to America, a youth of nineteen. His trip was marked by the opening of Victoria Bridge, the laying of the corner-stone of the Parliament Buildings, and by public ovations all along the route; whilst the balls, banquets and hunting trips in which he took part are still well remembered. Prince George comes a man of thirty-six years. He had settled down to a quiet life in the navy when the death of his elder brother, the Duke of Clarence, gave him, not only his claim to the throne, but the latter's intended bride, Princess May. Everybody pitied the well-nigh widowed Princess, and it was with the public's warmest approval she married the younger brother. Upon the death of the Queen and the accession of his father, King Edward, Prince George became heir-apparent, and consequently, Duke of Cornwall. His other title, Duke of York, he had received shortly before his marriage. While the Queen was yet alive, the present trip to Canada and Australia had been arranged.

March 16th, the Duke and Duchess started their long voyage. They proceeded on the royal yacht "Ophir," by way of Gibraltar,

Malta, Port Said, Aden, Colombo and Singapore, receiving a warm reception in each place. In Melbourne the Duke opened the first parliament of the recently created Commonwealth of Australia. After calling at New Zealand, the royal pair started their long journey west. Durham, Natal, was reached August 12th, and Cape Town four days later. Then bidding adieu to the African continent they set sail to America. On September 15th, the Duke and Duchess landed at Quebec. The celebration they received, there and in Montreal was, as everyone knows, a most enthusiastic one. Nor was the Capital backw. rd. The future king and queen of England alighted from their train amid the patriotic cheers of thousands. A still greater welcome was given them on Parliament Hill where all the school children of the city and the University students in cap and gown were waiting. Six thousand voices joined to sing the national anthem, while a couple of Varsity cheers expressed the respect the students of Ottawa University felt for the heir-apparent of the British throne. A still grander sight was there, on that same hill that night, when the three magnificent Gothic piles were made bright as day by thousands of electric lights. Hardly, if ever, has the world seen such a spectacle. Other cities may have shown the Duke something more interesting than a war-canoe race or a lacrosse match, or have given him something better than a trip with lumbermen down the slides, but Ottawa may at least claim that her electrical display, surpassed any other spectacle that the Duke has met so far, or will meet, in the rest of his trip across America.

Though one cannot yet definitely point out all the results of this visit, the bonds of friendship between the different portions of the British Dominions will likely be strengthened by it. And here comes to mind the great question of Imperial Federation. As Sir John Bourinot pointed out some years ago, Canada's present state that of a great colony, is merely a temporary one, and the day will come when she will have to choose one of the three futures, independence, annexation, or consolidation in the Empire. Annexation, if it were ever really thought of, has, since Confederation, become completely a dead question. On the other hand, Imperial Federation, before hardly dreamed of, has advanced by leaps and

bounds, and this not only in Canada but in the other colonies as well. But whether Canada will ever consent to give up her separate nationality, even for such a prospect of greatness, and whether even were such consolidation consummated, it would be of advantage to the Empire in general, are questions not to be answered here. But if such a result ever does occur, not the least important factor in it will be the visit of Prince George, Duke of Cornwall and York.

JOHN J. O'GORMAN, '04.



University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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

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No. I.

SEPTEMBER, 1901.

Vol. IV.

PROLOGUE.

Our class-halls stand ajar. The Muses that preside therein are again besieged by youthful but eager worshippers. For everyone, THE REVIEW has a warm-hearted greeting. To all last year's faces welcome, then, cordial welcome! Vacation has renewed you in freshness and vigor of purpose. It rejoices us exceedingly to see you returning. You come back to your Alma Mater with the unquestioning trust of children. Could it possibly be otherwise? Your Alma Mater appears to the world resplendent in her descent, deeds and office. Descent, she traces to that soul of a genius and heart of a hero, Dr. Tabaret, O.M.I. Her deeds live in the work of graduates who, famed or unnoticed, as clerics or as laymen, each, contribute a share to the advancement of Christian civilization. Her office, which is to initiate you into every department of polished learning, is fully guaranteed in the laws

of this country, while extended and particularly blessed by the Vicar of Christ, Pope Leo XIII, when His Holiness raised the College of Ottawa to the rank of a Catholic University. To the new candidates appearing this year for academic honors, also welcome! You are highly privileged ones indeed, chosen from out of hundreds, nay, thousands. Many a youth less fortunate, multitudes of men, though risen to the highest posts by sheer force of talent and industry, are heard to say with a sort of envy: "Oh, if I too had had a chance to go to college!" Why is it that the college boy occupies first place in both family and society? True, he unfortunately too often falls a victim to his own levity and indifference. When in addition he adopts a riotous and vicious course of life, retribution soon drafts him into the ranks of the hopeless misfits. But in the college boy as a rule, parents, friends, companions, are sensible of a curious charm. What is more surprising still, people do not usually ask for great talent or great brilliancy. Merely to chance upon a seedling that promises splendid fruitage some day; merely to watch its growth or aid even by a mite in its development, proves to be, they feel, some of the purest joy there is in life. It is much in this vein THE REVIEW feels, if it is supposed to feel at all. It is going to be the sympathetic spectator of your doings for the ensuing year. This is in fact the chief object of its existence. Hence its profuse welcome for you as its prospective supporters and contributors. And of one thing be certain. For the least, for each and every one of your literary fledglings THE REVIEW promises the warmest kind of a welcome.

THE RETIRING EDITORS.

All is fleeting here below. Each has his day, then ceases to be. Especially is this true with the editor of a college magazine. The graduates of 1901, who served on last year's staff, have gone from among us to pursue their labors in different fields; yet do we owe it in gratitude not to suffer them to pass without a little word of thanks. If the REVIEW of 1900 or attained any eminence in the world of college journalism, if it won any measure of respect

for Alma Mater, for the agents of this we must look to the men, who, by their sacrifice, their labor and their zeal, made the *Review* what it was. Well, indeed, therefore, do they merit our sincerest thanks which right heartily we offer them along with a fervent prayer for plenteous success in the vocations for which Providence has destined them.

“SECOND WIND.”

“All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,” is an adage that is duly regarded for the treatment of the students during their course. Though the numerous and varied classes and studies which go to make an efficient college formation, and the application essential to the object of education, are onerous, ample time is given to the students to amuse themselves.

Naturally football is the popular autumn game and one to which the professors have given every encouragement. The now imperishable renown of the “Garnet and Grey” began even as far back as the time of Fr. Tabaret. A busy man himself, Fr. Tabaret could not bear the sight of aimless loafing about. To a deputation begging for a holiday he once said: “If I do not find you all playing every minute, this *congé* will be the last.” Old students recall the sensation created when the white-haired ascetical figure of Fr. Bennet appeared in a boisterous assembly held to celebrate one of the first of a long series of triumphs. The occasion seemed to rekindle the youth and ardor of the Caledonian enthusiast that he had been. It may be objected that the conditions for successful football on the college campus are different from what they were; that the difficulties are greater if not insuperable. So much the better. Greater will be the risk, the excitement, the incentive; greater too the honor when success is attained.

Something is to be done, and done quickly. Doubtless, measures have been adopted to harden and train the probable candidates for championship honors. On this point, it is not to the purpose to proffer advice at present. What might be done to advantage, however, is to prepare the younger athletes for future

contests by enlisting them into third class teams. There is no body but should become proficient by practice about the yard, in punt and drop kicking. Other valuable allies to the "Garnet and Grey" used to be baseball and lacrosse. Indeed, there was not a student but stood ready to take off his coat and help if only in the scrimmage. Merely let such be the feeling this fall, and, "The Championship is home again."

FATHER WHELAN.

Sadly we have to record the continued illness of Father Whelan, O.M.I., last year's managing editor of the *Review*. As curate of St. Joseph's, professor and editor, this able young priest endeared himself to all, he came in contact with. Now in his sufferings he affords an example of heroic patience and resignation to God's will. The students would not have this occasion pass without expressing to Father Whelan in the pages of the *Review* their grateful recognition of his services and the assurance of their prayers.

VARIOUS.

The city of Detroit has just celebrated the 200th anniversary of its foundation by the French explorer, Cadillac, and the great missionary, Père Richard.

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The Pope receives the heaviest mail in the world. It requires 35 secretaries to handle it. It consists daily 22,000 letters and newspapers. King Edward VII receives 3,000 newspapers and 1,000 letters. The Czar and the German Emperor receive from 600 to 700 letters of various kinds.

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The annual report of the Catholic Library, which has just been filed with the Board of Estimate and Apportionment of the City of York, shows a circulation of 345,000 volumes. In consequence each volume in the library has circulated seven times or more. During the year several very successful branches have been established.

At the fifth meeting of the International Congress of Catholic Savants, recently held in Munich, 183 of the papers and addresses were in German, 4 in Latin, 9 in Spanish, 10 in Italian, 13 in English, and 41 in French. The subjects discussed were: Philology, history, philology, Orientalia, the history of religion, social science and jurisprudence, history of civilization and arts, natural sciences, which include mathematics, and geography.

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The following figures representing the sale of Kipling's books, furnished by *Literature* (London), are perhaps unprecedented:

"The Day's Work," 56,000; "The Jungle Book," 55,000; "Plain Tales from the Hills," 48,000; "The Light that failed," 44,000; "Life's Handicap," 39,000; "The Second Jungle Book," 38,000; "Stalky & Co." 33,000; "Captain Courageous," 27,000; "Soldiers three and other stories," 20,000; "Wee Willie Winkle," 17,000; "From Sea to Sea," 14,000; "Soldiers Tales," 11,000.

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On Friday, September 6th, the Catholic Summer School closed one of the most successful sessions in its history. Nearly five thousand persons visited this charming resort in quest of instruction and recreation. Thus this movement is found to be justifying the fondest hopes of its originators. Never before have so many and such eminent lecturers given of their time and their scholarship. Moreover, from a standpoint of social advantages, Cliff Haven has become a centre of far-reaching influence. Superior to beach and watering place, the Summer School is fitted to exercise upon all who attend its sessions a wholesome Catholic influence.

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For a nation that is so much pointed at as going into decay, France is remarkably progressive if her inventions in wireless telegraphy, and steering balloons, are tokens. The following dispatch in the *Sun*, New York, is curious: "A Paris physician has elaborated an ingenious process to increase the height of patients, by daily operating on the joints of the ankles and knees,

with an electric bulb. He says that the osseous matter at the sections of the points will thereby be expanded and the growth of the bones stimulated. The bulb is also applied to the spine. Two-fifths of an inch a month can be added during six months' operating. After six months the continuous treatment is to be stopped temporarily, and is resumed later if necessary. The patients should be young and supple, otherwise the effects of stretching their joints may be grave.

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A Rome correspondent writes that upon the feast of St. Joachim, Sunday, August 18th, the Holy Father's patron saint, the customary reception held every year, on this occasion took place at the Vatican. The Holy Father admitted to his presence the Sacred College of Cardinals. Cardinal Oreglin, the dean, read a congratulatory address, to which His Holiness eloquently replied in a short allocution. The Pontiff afterwards received the Patriarchs, Archbishops, Bishops, the members of the Papal Court and of the Roman aristocracy, the representatives of the Sovereign Order of Malta, and deputations from various religious bodies and Catholic associations. With his usual affability, Leo XIII had a word of kindness and fatherly benevolence for all, showing himself possessed of that intellectual vigor and prodigious memory for which he is justly famous. Indeed, the Holy Father, a splendid illustration of *Mens sana in corpore sano*, was looking remarkably well in spite of his great age and the unremitting labors of his exalted position.

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September 6th, the whole world was stricken with consternation and horror at the news that the Chief Magistrate of the United States was mortally wounded by two pistol shots aimed by Leon Czolgosz. Hopes of recovery were entertained, but President McKinley succumbed September 14th. The shooting took place at Buffalo on the grounds of the Pan-American Exposition, in presence of 3,000 people who had crowded into the Temple of Music, while 10,000 others stood without waiting for a chance to enter and shake hands with the President. The late Mr. McKinley is the third President to be assassinated, the two others being Lincoln and Garfield. Czolgosz, Booth and Guiteau, the assassins in each instance, were native-born. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt succeeds as the twenty sixth President of the United States.

Book Review.

"Drink and its Remedies," the title of a catechism originally compiled by Father Cullen, S.J., Dublin, and now enlarged by a Vincentian Father, is an excellent brochure simultaneously issued by six different Catholic publishing houses. The cause of temperance is therein treated with considerable detail. The principle inculcating the practice of this virtue, even for people moderately addicted to the use of stimulants, is copiously set forth with texts from Scripture and the Holy Fathers. The earnest advocates of the temperance movement will undoubtedly find this little work admirably adapted to their purpose.

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"Canadian Essays," on subjects critical and historical, form a volume neatly edited, in attractive cover, by the firm of William Briggs, Toronto. Written at different epochs, and published in various magazines, these valuable essays collected and preserved in book form is a distinct gain to Canadian literature. The author, Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., Ph.D., is also well known as a writer of verse. The first three essays, "Canadian Poets and Poetry," "Canadian Women Writers," and "French Canadian Life and Literature," treat these topics very succinctly but exhaustively. Evincing nothing but the true spirit of criticism they show untiring solicitude to search out and encourage real worth; therein the humblest as well as the more successful of literary workers are properly mentioned and commended. Not once is the author seen to dip his pen into vitriol for the purpose of humiliating a rival or stinging a competitor. Mr. O'Hagan dwells considerably on the undisputed activity of the Canadian writers, still he is far from thinking that the finish of perfection has been reached. "Not yet, it is true," he remarks, "has come our Canadian Longfellow, our Canadian Tennyson, or our Canadian Browning. When he does appear he shall come dowered with the fullest gift of song, and in that song he shall catch up something of the sublimity of our mountains, the azure of our Canadian skies, the light and glow of our northern stars—some-

thing of the sweep and dash of our mighty rivers, the music and murmur of our blossoming prairies, the honest manhood of our marts and farms, the strong virtues of our homes and firesides, the tenderness of our mothers' prayers, the sweetness and purity of our maidens' hearts!"

The remainder of the volume is taken up with matters mostly of interest to the historian and the Catholic. "The Mission Church at Tadousac," "The True Story of the Acadian Deportation," "In the Land of the Jesuit Martyrs," describe the earliest days of the French colonization, especially in the Lower Provinces. "The Pioneer Bishop of Ontario," and "The Catholic Church in Ontario," perform a like service in regard to Upper Canada.

As token of our sincere esteem and in grateful appreciation of the benefit, derived, and which we hope to derive, from the perusal of this book, we have no hesitation in recommending it to our readers, as a compendious and at the same time inexhaustible and accurate source, of information on topics, advantageous for us to familiar with.



Among the Magazines.

"The Catholic Home Annual" for 1902 contains a complete calendar of the Sundays for 1902. A general review of the notable events of 1901 and several original and very interesting stories. Published by Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, printers to the Holy Apostolic See.

* * *

That the tendency to amalgamation now-a-days has been extended to journalistic circles as well as commercial, is shown by the recent purchase of "The Canadian Home Journal" by Mr. Hugh C. MacLean, publisher of "The Ladies' Magazine," Toronto. "The Journal," which was established many years ago, will be discontinued as a distinct publication, and will be merged into "The Ladies' Magazine," which has already won a place for itself as the popular home paper for Canadian women.

We have to hand the "Piano Music Magazine," published by J. W. Pepper, of Philadelphia. The object of this new publication is to bring before the public the sweet strains of the most popular composed. It is a monthly magazine and its first number for October contains twenty-one choice selections, vocal and instrumental. And indeed judging from its first appearance, it bids fare to meet with great success before the music-loving public. Subscribers will find a source of enjoyment in the magazine, for, aside from meeting with many musical compositions that are often difficult to secure, they may send for publication, any piece of music they desire to appear in the magazine. Copies may be had at the popular price of ten cents a month.

* * *

The September "Gael" contains two historico-archæological disquisitions of value; one on St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, and the other on Grim Castle on the Bayne, whose ruins are yet linked with Patrick's name. Three pages are given to Celtic-type and a writer on Irish manuscripts forecasts the day, when the Celtic-type magazine will be an accomplished fact of the twentieth century. Our own D'arcy McGee's "Search for the Gael" is quoted entire in a plea for Pan-Celticism as an aid to the Galic movement. A graphic tale by "Sliav-na-mon" makes a "Night on the Suir" a scene for "fish-story" in which both salmon and peelers were caught. A page devoted to the rules of the national game of hurling, reveals that it is but the old reliable "Shinny" in an elaborate form. Altogether the September "Gael" is bright and serious, Gaelic in every paragraph.

* * *

The object of the "Canadian Magazine" for September, to furnish Canadian reading for Canadian minds, is obvious in, "Dawson as it is," "From Mount Roberts' Summit," "Cape Breton, Past and Present," "Humming Birds of Ontario," "An Early Canadian Statesman," "Did Wolfe take Quebec?" But why spoil good meat by means of the sauce? The burlesque, in which figures the "Red Box," shows that the venerable old chestnut of

the "Scarlet woman of Romè" has not yet found its way to the rubbish heap. Have the Catholics of the Dominion shown themselves so unworthy of the name of Canadian that they are to be refused elementary courtesy? "Perils of the Red Box" seems to be prepared for gullible and weak-minded people. The hero is deliciously unpretentious, a paragon of virtue and a counterfeit catholic. The villains are two imbecile priests possessed of the instincts of the inferior beasts of prey. One, a cardinal after some ridiculous performances, involves himself in a ludicrous scrape, wherein he remains with his intended victim long enough to sacrilegiously urge upon him, sacramental absolution, while resolved to go to death, himself unshriven. The whole is a caricature of poor design and of far worst finish. The tone will secure little sympathy from well informed inquiring minds. There is also a proclivity in effusions of this stripe to paint the supernatural authority, vested in the Pope, bishops, and priests, of the Catholic Church, much as wholesale usurpation and tyranny. There are perhaps no more industrious readers than Catholics as a rule, but if publications, that aim at wide circulation, wish to alienate this patronage, let them deal in unprovoked and unfounded attacks on that authority, which it is the duty of catholics, so they conscientiously believe, to respect. This mistake perhaps may not be intended, still there is no reason why it should continue. To work at the formation of a distinctly Canadian literature, is laudable, but all true literature, eschewing, by the very nature of things, what is temporary, local, and confined to a faction, must rise to what is lasting, universal and appealing to humanity as a whole.



Athletics.

Another vacation has come and gone, and another football season is now begun. True enough prospects, at first looked rather gloomy, on account of many defeats last year, however, of late they have brightened considerably.

There was no occasion for a general meeting of the Athletic Association this year, as all the members of last year's executive have returned, which is, indeed, a good omen.

Practice was first begun in the gymnasium, and on Wednesday 11th, the boys had their first field practice. Together with nearly all last year's players, many new-comers donned the garnet and gray suits, and if grit and determination count for anything, we may expect to see the championship return to its former home, beneath the furls of the time-honored Garnet and Grey.

But what is more inspiring of confidence is the spirit that pervades the whole student body, both players and non-players. There seems to be an increase of that old spirit, which, in years gone by, characterized the students of Ottawa College, and

helped so often to crown their efforts with the laurels of success. If the old adage, "where there is unity, there is strength," be true, this year both on and off the field, will be a memorable one. Let this true spirit, then continue, and success shall be ours.

The committee of management is as follows: President, — J. J. Cox. Vice-Presidents, — R. Halligan, J. J. Keeley. Treasurer — J. J. Macdonell. Corresponding Secretary—J. P. King. Rec. Secretary—U. Valiquet. Councillors—W. Callaghan, C. McCormac. Director—Father Beaupré, O.M.I. At the first meeting of the executive, a step, calculated to improve matters for the team this season, was taken. It was that of having the football committee, which for the past few years consisted of practically all college men, composed of several members from outside the University. The expectation is that in this way a far wider interest will be created in the team, than there would be otherwise, and that more people will be brought into touch with the fifteen. The football committee now chosen

by the executive is composed of Rev. Father Beaupré, O.M.I.; Director, J. J. Cox; manager, the field captain and coach, not yet selected, and the following city gentlemen: Messrs. B. Slattery, E. Tasse and Dr. Chabot.

Perhaps it would not be out of place to say a few words to those who do not take an active part in football. Some, we are glad to note there are not many, think because they do not play football, they should not become members of the association. But football is not at all the only game played in the college; baseball, hand-ball and many other games are indulged in, and only those who have paid their fees are entitled to take part in these sports. Besides, no student can feel that he has the interest of the football team at heart, unless he is a member of

the O.U.A.A. Let, then, those who have so far not become members, hasten to do so. Many members there are who suppose that when they have paid in their fees, they have fulfilled their duty as members. Such, however, is not the case. Every student should have the interest of the football team at heart as much as the players themselves. The success of the team, does not depend entirely upon the players, but upon the whole student body, and no student should allow this fact to escape his memory. Let every one remember that he is an Ottawa College man, that he owes a duty of loyalty to his college, that the Ottawa University team is our team, its success our success, its defeat our defeat. By so doing the common interests of our little college world will be well and faithfully guarded.



Of Local Interest.

The REVIEW wishes every student in the house a happy, prosperous year.

* *

Did you hear Kilaloo's latest song?

* *

Several changes affecting the student body were made during the summer holidays. Rev. Dr. Nilles has been succeeded in the Vice-Rectorship by Rev. Dr. Lacoste. The office of Bursar has passed to Rev. A. McGorwan, Rev. Fr. Martin, who so ably performed the duties of that position for the last eleven years, having returned to British Columbia. The chair of Physics made vacant by the transfer of Rev. W. J. Murphy to the rectorship of St. Joseph's Church, is being filled by Rev. Dr. W. P. O'Boyle who gives promise of brilliant success. Rev. Father Legault has become prefect of the minors, vice Rev. Father Pepin who has gone to Lachine. Rev. Father Benoit has been appointed prefect of studies at the Juniorate. The last, but by no means the least agreeable in the list of appointments, is that of Rev. Thos. Murphy, late of the

Sacred Heart Church, Lowell, to the Managing Editorship of the REVIEW.

* *

The Altar Society has been organized for the ensuing year with the following officers:— President, W. J. Collins; First Vice-President, J. O. Dowd; Second Vice-President, H. Fay; Sacristan, J. McNeill; Masters of Ceremonies, R. Carey and John Harrington.

* *

Say, John, what was M-l-n-y's name before he was married?

* *

Hats off to Dick the physicist....

* *

Is that snuff-box air-tight?
It ought to be, it's an *heirloom*.

* *

At a meeting of the Senior English Debating Society held on the 13th inst., the following officers were elected for the season 1901-1902: President, W. A. Martin; Secretary-Treasurer, G. Nolan; Councillors, F. P. Burns, J. F. Hanley and R. Devlin. The object in commencing the society's work at

such an early date is to allow a reasonable number of meetings before the Prize Debate which it is proposed to hold some time in the month of February. In this connection we would like to say a word or two anent our Debating Society. That it is of great importance there is not the least doubt, but we will go further and declare that by reason of its large and varied educative advantage it is superior to any society connected with the University. Hence, it is expected that every one eligible to membership in the society will consider it his imperative duty not only to join the Society but also to do his utmost towards the success that it merits.

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Towards the close of the vacation our Very Rev. Rector made a tour through Western Canada, going as far as British Columbia. In the course of his travels he had the happy occasion of renewing acquaintances with many of the old students who are now doing honor to their *Alma Mater* in the wooly West. The Rector is charmed with the country toward the Pacific and believe it is destined to become a "greater Canada than has been."

What's the matter with a basket-ball court?—Success to the enterprise.

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The Reading Room has been re-opened with the following board of managers: President, J. J. Macdonell; Secretary-Treasurer, J. O. Dowd; Curators, F. P. Burns, J. P. King, Geo. Garand; Librarians, W. Collins, John Harrington.

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Some of the men near the window in No. 1, may say to their sorrow some night: *Il se met* in the dark.

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The latest addition to the bill of fare—Frankie's egg sauvage.

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We understand that Vice-President Kari's speech at the meeting of the Altar Society was a gem of oratory. Congratulations Dick.

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On their return, the old students regretted the departure of Rev. Father Campeau from the senior department, but they were not long in discovering that he has a worthy successor in Rev. Father Beaupré. In extending a hearty welcome to the new prefect we assure him that those under his charge will

co-operate with him to make the scholastic year a most pleasant one for students and prefect alike.

* * *

Charlie's first words: Who locked that door?—!—!—!—!

* * *

In view of the rapid spread of anarchy it was deemed wise to give McSwiggen a body guard. The Count de Puny and Mister T-r-i-y will protect our hero.

* * *

T. Ph-l-i-s.—Say, Smitty, who's dat guy wid his foot done ap in de crutch?

There was a confusion of shakes when Jimmy G. met T-r-i-y.

* * *

A certain philosopher says it's all a matter of *taste* whether we *see, hear or feel*.

* * *

C-l-a-h-n's rag-time quartette caused quite a *furor* (*s*) in the dormitory the other day.

* * *

The long and the short of it,—Cassius and his football pants.

* * *

Wanted—a man to play the comb in K-ee-ly's orchestra.



Priorum Temporum Flores

Many of last year's graduating class have already donned the soutane. Messrs. T. G. Morin, J. G. Warnock and J. R. O'Gorman, who were welcome visitors at *Alma Mater* during the month, are attending the Grand Seminary, Montreal.

* * *

On Sunday, the 15th inst., Right Rev Bishop Dontenville of New Westminster, B. C., a former student and professor, addressed the students in the university chapel.

We beg to congratulate Mr. J. Coughlin, ex '02 on his success last year at Holy Cross. Having crowned his college course with degrees in arts, Mr. Coughlin has entered upon the field of journalism, and is at present associate editor with his father, who is both editor and proprietor of a popular Water-town newspaper.

* * *

Mr. T. Harpell, ex '05, will be a student in the arts department of Queen's University this year.

During the month, P. J. Galvin, Dr. T. S. Albin, J. F. Breen and P. Kelly, all of the class of '00, J. J. O'Reilly, ex '01, and A. Morin, ex '02, called at old Varsity, on their way to Montreal to resume their studies at the Grand Seminary.

* *

Rev. E. Dorgan, O.M.I., '87, pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Lowell, was a visitor at the college during the month. It will interest many to learn that Father Dorgan while a student at the college, took an active interest

in athletics, and was a prominent member of the Varsity football team.

* *

Mr. C. Fallon, a member of last year's matriculation class will study medicine at Queen's.

* *

We learn from good report that R.J. Gyblyn, ex '03, is about to enter upon a course of studies at Niagara college.

* *

Rumor has it that J. J. Golden, ex '03, has already begun the study of law at Scranton, Pa. Success Jimmy.



Junior Department,

On one of those lonesome afternoons that mark a young boys entrance into college, the present misguided scribe of junior deeds and misdeeds was quietly lounging on the verdant green of the college campus. In his wild and unruly dreaminess he rolled into the deep abysm of sleep and like many a young night-walker whose scales chimney-tops to chase the phantoms of an excited imagination, this inglorious chronicler paced through

dreamland, pursued by an imaginary spectre.

But his wild fancy became calm, and in his own wee conceit he discovered himself among the silvery clouds, making love to Miss Moon from the prow of Santos-Dumont's new air-ship.

Why he was favored, among all other diminutive milk-tooth mortals, with such an exceptional honor remains a secret to the adventurous scribe and is

not open to the investigation of the reader.

In endeavoring during his aerial pilgrimage to cast the sweetest and most winning smiles at Miss Moon, the adventurer's high-blown pride was humbled, for the air-ship struck a high-stone steeple, and the captain and his crew sunk to the Earth. But I, being neither heavy nor dense, repelled all the attractive charms of Mother Earth and sped on through the sky-blue realms until my senses were crushed. How long I thus remained in the ethereal regions is a mystery to me. When I recovered from the shock, I was receiving the charitable attention of a young lad who had seen me fall from an enormous height into a neighboring hay-stack. Wishing to give substantial expression to the sympathy that he felt for me, he filled my pockets with delicious sweets. By his extreme kindness my pains were greatly relieved. But I was just raising a few choice candies to my watery mouth, when I was roused from the land of ghosts by a boisterous crowd of babbling knickerbockers. In the midst of this pandemonium of youthful voices stood their leader

who demanded my attention and read the following verdict:—

“We, the Junior Endeavor Society (hereafter designated the J. E. S.) knowing the literary ability of N., and his wonderful acumen, to say nothing of his marvellous sense of the fitness of things, do hereby proclaim and confirm the selection of said person N. as junior chronicler of the small yard. (Here I heaved a despondent sigh.)

“Again, we, the United Trust ordain, maintain and regulate in as far as we are capable, (and we think we are) that all his work, literary or critical, be done during class and study hours, at which times his vast deal of correspondence must be attended.”

Signed, The J. E. S. United Trust.

Boys, the present unworthy scribe was chosen by acclamation and he submitted desperately to the unanimous voice of the assembly. Fearing, however, that reckless Lilliput may be harboring unwittingly a few of those wild anarchists, who seek daily the scalps of eminent public men, we withhold the publication of our name.

We decline also to accept or attend any public reception which the grateful sympathy of Lilliput may see fit to extend to its newly appointed Editor.

He now enters upon his golden career of struggle and triumph in the grim old sanctum. As he brushes off the dust from his desk and takes up the meddlesome pen, he fondly hopes it may ever be employed in the interests and defence of the knickerbocker tribe.

* *

The first pleasant duty of the Editor is to announce and to welcome in the name of his fellow adherents, the appointment of Rev. Father Legault, O.M.I., as Prefect of the small yard. Under his paternal and directing hand, the Juniors anticipate a year of joy and peace in the house of studies, and a year of many victories in the arena of sports. The Rev. Prefect is ably assisted by the Rev. Brothers Binet and McGuire. To Rev. Father Legault and his assistants, welcome!

* *

Having witness the lengthy and heated discussions that this year preceded the election of officers for the Junior Athletic Association, the Junior Editor

anticipated a warm and interesting meeting of the Junior Politicians on Sept. 16. But, saving the few hats lost, and the exceptionally small number of ribs bruised in the rush and excitement to congratulate the newly elected officers, the meeting passed off with unusual quiet and order.

We cannot refrain from complimenting the fortunate officers on the manner in which they posed and bowed to the salutations and addresses of their responsible constituents.

* *

The following officer now hold positions of honor and responsibility in the J.A.A. President, G. Leonard; First Vice-President, L. P. Brousseau; Second Vice-President, N. Bawlf; Secretary, R. J. Byrnes; Treasurer, J. Coupal; Concillors, A. Bastien, J. Healy and A. Laberge.

At a meeting of the Executive, held in the evening, Rev. Bro. Binet was unanimously chosen manager of the football team.

* *

We have just been casting a glance around on the political horizon of Lilliput to see what the outlook is for the coming year. We rejoice to state that no cloud is visible. Sunshine

and smiles alone beam out on every countenance. Every little heart, beneath its little waist-coat, beats with a new joy to inhale once more the exhilarating air of the old father-land, which an absence of two months (no matter how pleasantly spent) has rendered doubly dear.

* *

Many new faces have appeared on the premises but our knickerbocker tribe have ever shown themselves a generous and broad-minded people and extend the hand of friendship to the new-comers with the most hearty welcome. Some few of the older members seem to be extremely proud of the scarcely perceptible beginnings of a white down on the lower part of their physiognomy. They talk about

seeing the barber but the barber will have to use the magnifying glass. Others, disregarding the ancient and time-honored traditions of Lillieput, have dared don long trowsers, but they have been ignominiously expelled from our boundaries and may now be seen looking ruefully over the picket fence that divides us from the big yard. *A'est-ce pas Giradou.*

* *

Prof.—Give the corresponding gender of steer.

Tom.—Rudder.

* *

Prof.—(To a boy not well-versed in English classics.) Paraphrase the following expression : He sits at his own table.

Boy. — (Self-complacently.) Why, he sits at his own synopsis.



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