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A Legend of Erin.

High on the Western coast of Eire
Towers a mountain's rocky spire,
Its top is lost in folding mist
Which wreaths in many an eerie form.
There the free winds blow as they list,
Now, taking tones of wildest storm
Changing anon to breezes warm
Of softest notes that soothe and charm.

One fair June morn in the far past,
The dim past, half concealed
A vigorous youth in panting haste
Went bounding up the mountain waste.
Behind, a glance revealed
An angry band of armed men
Whose shouts resound o'er hill and glen.
What means, you ask, this scene?
It is a relic of the days
Of paganism's reign,
When first the Christian morn's bright rays
Beamed over Erin's plain.

Aidan, a sprightly mountain youth,
Soon gathered precious pearls of truth,
Soon was a Christian seen.

And this is why he flees, pursued
 By worshippers of stone and wood,
 Loud clamoring for his Christian blood,—
 Sweet sacrifice, I ween.

On, on, and upward, ah! despair!
 The summit almost gained, but there
 High cliff of granite grey
 Rises upright, and circling round
 Beneath, deep chasms lay,
 A prisoner thus securely bound
 Fair Aidan stands at bay.

What feelings charged that youthful breast:
 Love — sorrow — they may well be guessed.
 One parting thought to Father — Mother,—
 To all in that dear cottage nest
 And one beloved other;
 “My dear, affianced Dariene,
 Thou star-eyed angel maiden,
 Farewell, my Rose, my mountain Queen,
 No more our steps will stray at e’en
 The vales of fair Ardfinan green
 That sweet and lovely Eden.”

Now, closer pressed the pagan foes
 Where Aidan’s graceful form arose.
 Huge stones upraised each giant’s hand,
 While some sharp blades of steel command.
 But, calm and undismayed,
 The youth devoutly lifts his hand,
 Calls on his God for aid.

“The Christian’s sign.” they furious, shout,
 And sinewy arms are whirled about,
 And one a stone has flung.
 It struck Fair Aidan’s noble brow
 And laid him on the mountain low.
 Green heather beds among.

The tiger thirsts for human blood
 As for the Christian’s they;
 But in the eager race they stood
 When midway to their prey,

Black eyes into each other gazed
 With looks alarmed, distraught, amazed,
 For, suddenly, a cloud
 Of strange and awful visage, spread
 The fair, blue sky with purple red,
 While the deep thunder's clangor dread
 Roared solemnly and loud;
 Fierce and deadly lightnings flew,
 Thundering tempests madly blew,
 Low the proud forests bowed.

Amid that wild and wicked storm
 Among the clouds that swept
 The mountain's brow, appeared a form,—
 A dreadful shape; the heart's blood warm
 Grew icy cold in chill alarm
 And, curdling, backward crept
 Thro' tingling veins, the pagan band
 Transfixed, and mute as statues stand
 As powerless to fly;
 For strange and vengeful glances leaped
 From that dread monster's eye,
 Back, many a league among the clouds
 Wild, streamed his fiery hair
 Of light'ning streaks in livid crowds
 One hot and burning lair.
 But, can the tongue of mortal say
 Or can a mortal pen portray
 That mystic Face, Oh! Fear!
 Hide thy pale face, and veil thine eye,
 Lest life in lingering torments die
 That dreadful presence near.

A voice, and from far distant nests
 Affrighted eagles flew,
 Low in the mountain's rocky breast
 Deep groaning murmurs grew
 Like shudderings of a heart distressed
 Of a strong man in pain;
 Convulsed, the earth rocked to its heart,
 The thunder clouds were rent apart,
 A crash of doom — a fierce death dart,
 And all was peace again.

Aidan, still prostrate, heard a voice,—
 A gentle voice, "Arise!"
 "Arise and fear not, but rejoice."
 What vision fair doth greet his eyes;
 A form of more than mortal grace
 In snowy white arrayed,
 Whose radiant wings and angel face
 Brighter than morning sunbeams chase
 The last pale tempest shade.
 "Aidan, good youth, thy faith is strong,
 Go, love the right, abhor the wrong,
 And God will be thine aid."

Unnumbered echoes rung the tones
 In one long, thrilling strain,
 When Aidan looked around with awe,
 Nor form divine, nor human saw,
 Nor where the pagans stood that day.
 Could he of animated clay
 The slightest sign or token say,
 Only some broken stones
 In weird, expressive figures lay,
 And leaves around were hung with spray,
 Like drops of crimson rain.

CAMEO.

~~~~~

"By little strokes,  
 Men fell great oaks."

"The stone is hard and the drop is small,  
 But a hole is made by the constant fall."

"Where there is a will there is a way."

"The sun shines for all the world."

"Cheer, boys, cheer, God help them that help themselves."

"Never mind Luck. The best luck in the world is made of  
 elbow-grease."

## Genesis and Evolution of the Cabinet

**T**HE origination and development of the modern cabinet as exemplified in Canada is not likely to enlist the attention of the average man; its existence is sufficiently satisfying, and he has no desire to delve into its history during preceding ages; if its policy conflicts with his interests he censures it, if it aids his interests materially he praises it. But to the philosopher and student of history, the study of the early formation of the cabinet offers a wide and varied range for intelligent consideration of the primitive modes and processes of government.

As the present form of government in Canada is a product and a heritage of the British system, it follows quite naturally that to form a proper idea of the Canadian cabinet we must first consider the origin, rise and advancement of the British cabinet. It has been a singular characteristic of the constitutional history of England, that her political growth has been one of incessant development,—a remarkable continuity existing from the first settlement of the Jutes to the present time. All the way through it is a history of almost insensible change, of slow modification, and seemingly unconscious development. Very few changes of importance can be given exact dates, since the process of development advanced so slowly; notwithstanding this fact, however, there is a marked contrast in the character of government in one age and in a succeeding age a century or more later.

The year 449 A.D. witnessed the first Teutonic settlement of permanency, in Britain. Vortigern, a British prince, being unable to cope successfully with the Picts and Scots, entreated the aid of the Jutes, who were hovering near the coast, under the leadership of Hengist and Horsa. With the assistance of the Jutes, the Northern invaders were easily defeated; as a reward for their services, Vortigern gave them a portion of Kent. Shortly afterwards, when the Jutes fully realized the weak condition of the Britons, they invited their Teutonic brethren, the Angles and the Saxons, to assist them in the conquest of Britain. They were so far successful that, after a century and a half of relentless and bloody warfare, the remnants of the British race were compelled to seek refuge in the fastnesses of the North and in the wilds of Wales and Cornwall. Tradition has it that King Arthur and his "Table Round" lived during this period, and led the Britons against the hosts of the invaders.

When the Teutons first settled in Britain, they found no traces of the Romans. The Roman legions were withdrawn in the year 418 (about) to defend the crumbling Roman Empire from the incursions of the "Goth and ruthless Hun." So it is that there is no trace of Rome's handiwork in the basis of English constitutional history. The law of the Teutons in England was a production of their own usages. Now, it has been the experience of history that local tribal government always precedes central national government. It is beyond my subject to discuss the formation of society; let it suffice that the Patriarchal was the first method of government. It was not the primitive form of family life, but represented a later development. It represented the leadership of the eldest male member of a family or group of families, including all relations by blood, marriage and adoption. The leader or chief was an absolute ruler, and owned practically the whole property of the family. The family was ruled more by custom than by law; the Patriarchal leader himself was bound by the customs of his forefathers. His compactly organized family maintained its identity, and became a source of power.

Thus it was with the Teutons. As the members of the Teutonic group increased, they quite naturally founded communities called villages in favorable locations. These Teuton villages were the centres of political activity. National organization they knew only for war. As time advanced, the freemen dominated in the villages: even in war each freeman had a vote in the distribution of booty, and, on occasion, could check the rapacity of his commander. As may be inferred, the Teutons were a warlike race inured to hardship and equally at home on land or on sea. Their settlement in England did not abate their national temperament. Concerted organized movements for conquests, however, made the Teutons, like the Franks, perceive the necessity of kingship for an abiding basis of national organization. Again, they soon recognized that the same cohesion was needed to enjoy conquest as to effect it. As a result of their new experiences they elected their military leader king.

The Teutons formed seven kingdoms in England, known as the Saxon Heptarchy; the last of the seven was founded about the year 585. Though originally there were three tribes of Teutonic settlers, the Jutes, Angles and Saxons, the name Anglo-Saxon, viz., Saxon of England, was given to the whole people, and the country was named after the Angles, viz., Angle-land or England. As a matter of course, there was constant quarrelling

among the Saxon kingdoms; often one king became so powerful that he gained control over all the others. He was then called Bretwalda, (wielder or ruler of the Britons). The less powerful kings were always striving for this dignity. The number of kingdoms was gradually lessened, until, in 827, Egbert, king of Wessex, subdued the remaining kingdoms, and became the first ruler of United England.

Prior to the formation of the Saxon Heptarchy we perceive the basic principle of the present system of government. The Hundred-Moot (moot means meeting) was a meeting of the representatives from the different Hundreds or communities of the kingdom. Communities were formed into Hundreds, and it was a combination of Hundreds doubtless that constituted the little kingdoms of the first periods of Saxon dominion,—some of which became the "shires" and "counties" of later times when all England was united under one rule. The representatives to the Hundred-Moot were the priest, the reeve and four men from each township within its limits. The villages also had their "moots" or meetings. The Hundred-Moot was a judicial rather than an administrative body. Above this body was the Folk-Moot, a general assembly of freemen; in short, it was a national council with administrative functions.

After the English kingdoms had been united under Egbert, we reach another stage in the progress of British government. The Mycel-Gemot (council of the people) was a national assembly with legislative powers. Whenever the king wished to convene a National Council, he would sometimes summon the "moots" of all the "shires" to meet him in a grand "Mysel-Gemot," at some central point in his kingdom, and declare assent to his laws. The Witenagemot (assembly of the wise) or upper house, was a general assembly with judicial and executive powers. Woodrow Wilson remarks in "The State": "We have no certain knowledge of the exact character of this famous national body; but we are probably warranted in concluding that it was formed more or less closely upon the model of the assemblies which it supplanted ("Folk Moots"). The national councils of the smaller kingdoms of the earlier time, which had now shrank into mere "shire" courts, handed on their functions of a general council, and in theory also, it may be, their organization to the "Witenagemot."

It may have been the right of every freeman to attend and vote in this great meeting of the nation; but, it seems its membership was limited, apparently from the first, to the chief men

of the "shires" and the royal household. The membership was restricted to Sheriffs, Bishops, Abbots, caldormen (corresponds to aldermen), and Thegns (Earls). The power of the Witenagemot was great in the early days of its inception. It had the privilege of electing or deposing the king. Grants of public lands were subject to its consent. It was virtually the supreme court for both civil and criminal cases. It shared with the king the law-making and appointing power and joined him in the imposition of taxes. However, as the influence of the king increased, the power of the Witenagemot dwindled away, until it was only a shadow of its former self. Two or three meetings were held yearly; but they proved only a form, a symbolic remembrance of its quondam power.

With the coming of William of Normandy and his conquering army in 1066, profound changes were made in the government of England. The feudal system, with its vast baronial jurisdictions, and its personal dependence of vassal upon lord, and of lord upon overlord, was firmly established. However, William preserved the Witenagemot, with modifications most suitable to his manner of rule. He sought and obtained formal election to the throne, and as much as possible, in accordance with ancient forms; having made his throne secure he endeavoured to rule with the sanction of ancient custom. The "Meele-Gemot" was merged into the "Great Council" (Magnum Consilium) of the king's tenants-in-chief. Theoretically, every landowner was entitled to claim a seat in this council; it was meant to be a national assembly which would speak for the governing classes, but in the course of time, "tenure by barony" became the only valid title to membership. Woodrow Wilson in "The State" says: "The development of the Great Council of the Norman kings is the central subject of early English constitutional history; out of it directly or indirectly, by one process or another, have been evolved Parliament, the Cabinet, and the Courts of Law."

The Great Council finally became the parliament of the realm; members who were state officers and chief officials of the court became a "Permanent Royal Council," from which sprang the modern "Privy Council" and, at length, the "cabinet." I will attempt to trace the connection as briefly as possible. The "Permanent Council" was composed of former members of the "Great Council"; it formed an "inner circle" of the latter body. The "Great Council" met but three times a year and its membership varied numerically and personally from year to year. Gradually this "Permanent Council" became more powerful than

the "Great Council," continually having the ear of the king. Under the Norman kings, the membership of the "Permanent Council" consisted usually of two Archbishops (Canterbury and York), the Justiciar, the Treasurer, the Chancellor, the Steward, the Marshall, the Chamberlain and the Butler, and of such others as the king saw fit to favor, as it seems to have lain within the king's choice to constitute it as he wished.

The powers of the "Permanent Council" were as great as those of the king himself, who made it his administrative, judicial and legislative agent. A. V. Dicey, in "The Privy Council," says: "The king does nearly every act in his 'Permanent Council' of great men, which he could perform when surrounded by a larger number of his nobles, except impose taxes on those nobles themselves." As may be inferred, the "Permanent Council" was a committee; and, in the course of time, it soon dissolved its nominal connection with the "Great Council" and was split into committees itself. The "Great Council" was greatly affected by the "Magna Charta," which the barons forced from King John, on the field of Runnymede in 1215. It was then that the system of "representation" was first introduced, so that commoners as well as nobles were allowed to sit in the "National assembly." The Parliament which Edward I. summoned in 1295, established the type for the composition of all future parliaments. However, this parliament did not act long as a single assembly, but presently fell apart into two "houses." The House of Lords consisted of Lords, Archbishops, Bishops and Abbots; the House of Commons consisted of commoners from the towns and the middle order of gentry, the knights from the "shires." The formation of the two "Houses" was completed by the middle of the fourteenth century, and the existence of Parliament as it is now dates from that time.

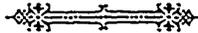
Henceforth, I will leave aside all references to the "National assembly," and consider the "Permanent Council," from which the cabinet was finally evolved. Those who were entitled to membership in the "Permanent Council" were members of the Royal Family, Bishops, and those ennobled by the king. When the members of this council became so numerous as to render its workings unwieldy, the king found it convenient to reduce the number of his advisers, thus forming an "inner circle" in the Permanent Council, which itself had been originally an "inner circle" of the "Great Council." Henry VI. (1422-1461) was the originator of this second "inner circle," which was named the "Privy Council," because its members bound themselves to him

by special oaths of secrecy and fidelity. From that time the "Permanent Council" was relegated to the background and the "Privy Council" became the chief administrative and governing body of the realm.

As the rank of Privy Counsellor was often conferred as an honorary distinction upon men whose opinions were never required in matters of State, the "Privy Council" soon became "too large for despatch and secrecy." Long before the Parliamentary wars, the same causes which had caused the formation of the Permanent and Privy Councils again re-asserted themselves and caused the formation of a third "inner circle" called the "cabinet." This "inner circle" of the "Privy Council" received its name from the fact that the members of the "Privy Council" who enjoyed the confidence of the king consulted with him, not in the large council chamber, but in a smaller room, or "cabinet," apart. I will now detail as briefly as possible the successive steps through which the cabinet reached its present position of power and influence.

C. M. O'HALLORAN, '12.

*(To be Continued.)*



### THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,  
 And one is for love you know,  
 But God put another in for luck—  
 If you search you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope, and you must have faith,  
 You must love and be strong, and so,  
 If you work, if you wait, you will find the place  
 Where the four-leaf Shamrocks grow.

## Pagan Ireland.

**T**HE early history of Ireland is shrouded in obscurity; our knowledge of Ireland during pagan times has come down to us through the haze of tradition, embodied in the Sagas, the Annals of the Four Masters, and those touching folk-songs which, Irish writers assert, may still be heard among the people in isolated portions of the island.

The first known inhabitants of Ireland were the Milesians; tradition has it that, after the confusion of tongues at the tower of Babel, the early Milesians wended their way westward and settled on the coast of Spain; as their number increased so also did their desire for adventure. On one of their sea-faring expeditions, they caught sight of Ireland, and being favorably impressed with the green-clad hills, and rugged coast of the new land, they landed and founded a settlement there, calling the island the "land of Eire."

Like the Aztecs of Mexico, and the early peoples of South America, a shroud of mystery surrounds the first-mentioned inhabitants of Ireland. The Milesians neglect to inform us of them to any extent. The question remains unsolved. Who these early people were, where did they come from, were they extremely barbarous? and many such questions are of little avail, serving as stumbling blocks to the eager students and proving a bone of contention among learned antiquarians and Gaelic historians.

Concerning the Milesians themselves, our knowledge is derived from mythical sources; mythical or not, the "adventures of Cuchulain and the Red Cross knights," "the misfortunes of Queen Maeve," and other legends are full of fruitful reading, containing as they do that spirit of chivalry and "derring-do" which modern writers wish to picture existing so universally during the early and middle ages.

Tradition again tells us that, six hundred years before Christ, a parliament was assembled at Tara, presided over by the "Ard-ri" or high-king, and composed of the chiefs or princes of the more powerful class. Another spice of tradition tells us of an Irish Prince and a few followers who were present at Christ's crucifixion, returning home and devoting themselves to the most rigorous austerities for the remainder of their lives, they were so affected by the sight of the Saviour on the Cross.

Of course we must not imbibe these interesting legends without a grain of salt. The bard or seer who composed them was anxious to please his chief, and so gave his imagination free rein; in those primitive days exaggeration was at a premium. We have all heard of the exploits of "Cox of the 100 battles"; Thomas Osborne Davis, the poet of the "Nation," in writing of this legendary hero, said, "he had always held a profound admiration for 'he of the 100 battles', until he found out that the 'famous Cox' had been victorious in only one-third of the encounters."

Despite all these facts, we will ever read with interest the legends and sagas of the early days of a nation, which though robbed of its independence, has played a foremost part in the formation and government of the young nations of modern times.

C. M. O'H., '12.



## A Sketch of President Wm. H. Taft

**W**ILLIAM HOWARD TAFT is the twenty-seventh President of the United States of America. A man does not become President of a great republic without having the main facts of his life and many minor incidents of it chronicled from time to time. Mr. Taft had experienced this sort of publicity long before the campaign of 1908, and I am sure most of my readers are familiar with it. We are now asking what has he done? What manner of man is he? What kind of a President has he been?

William H. Taft entered upon his duties not only the most thoroughly trained man who has ever held the office, but the only man who has had a specific training for it. He had been the wheelhorse of the Roosevelt administration for seven years, taking a leading part in the solution of its problems, in the formulating of its policies, and the execution of many of the most difficult ones. His capacity for work like his intellectual capacity is well nigh inexhaustible. His is literally the sound mind in the sound body, and it works with the ease and precision of a perfect machine. He represents in the White House all that is

best in the national life, and in his policies and acts he seeks to attain those results which will conform most nearly to the ideals and aspirations of the American people.

Surprise need not have been felt that, when drawn from the quiet of a judge's life, Mr. Taft speedily showed ability as an administrator far overshadowing his judicial record. Before he became a federal judge, he had been a newspaper reporter, a lawyer in private practice, a prosecuting lawyer, an internal revenue collector, a legal adviser, a United States Solicitor General, State Judge, and while a Federal Judge he dealt with not a few cases, such as railroads, strikes, boycotts and trusts, which took him deeply not only into the study of the economic laws but into their practical aspects.

You may ask, Is he a fighter for reforms? Yes and No. Here we must discuss him frankly as a compromiser. He will fight but he will first deliberately exhaust all peaceful means. As he said once to a pugnacious official whose methods won enemies for his measures: "Pull in your elbows. You can't make headway jabbing the crowd in the ribs." He believes in adjustment, in reconciliation of conflicting interests, in diplomatic negotiations, in compromise. (Witness the pending Reciprocity Treaty.) The general plan of the Phillipine Government, the Phil. Church property and friars' lands settlement, the pacification of Cuba, these are only the more commonly cited evidences of his preference for and his remarkable success with it.

Taft the man and Taft the official are two distinct entities. Politicians and office seekers have discovered with amazement the inflexible rigidity with which the line of separation is drawn. The best thing in Washington, said a New Yorker just returned from a visit to the then Secretary of War, is Taft's laugh. It is worth a journey from New York just to hear it. Everybody who has heard it will concur in this judgment. It is a laugh of a frank, open, generous, thoroughly human man, who likes his fellowmen and wishes to share with them all the fun that is going. It cannot be said of him, as of lots of others, that he laughs with the outside of his face only. He laughs all over, with his whole body, and the laugh is as big as the body, and that's some laugh. He weighs 295 lbs. when in condition.

The fun of life is one thing and the public business quite another. The Taft laugh has nothing to do with the latter. With him there is only one question. What is best for the public service? Nothing will swerve the big man at the desk from that point. When the question of public interest is raised, all per-

sonal obligations and relations are put relentlessly aside. No matter how close a personal friend a man may be, no matter what personal service he may have rendered Mr. Taft in the past, if he has shown his unfitness for public positions of trust out he goes.

The American people admires courage in politics,—“they dew like a man who ain't afeard” and they are always in favor of fair play. Mr. Taft gave them a chance to go on record on these points, and they improved the opportunity as they have seldom done in our history.

In his defense of his conduct as judge in certain labor troubles Mr. Taft simply carried out the law as it stood. He was in favor of equal justice to all, no more and no less, the same justice to the laboring man as to all others, no modified or partial justice for anybody but straight plain justice for all. The simplicity, the directness, and the fearless honesty of the man stood out so clearly that all the world could see what manner of man he was. To the everlasting honor of the American people, including thousands of workingmen of the land, he who dared to take this position was elected President by an overwhelming majority, the nation saying with the poet Lowell:

I honor the man who has courage to sink  
 Half his present repute for the freedom to think;  
 And when he has thought, be his cause strong or weak  
 Will risk t'other half for the freedom to speak.  
 Caring not for what vengeance the mob have in store  
 Let that mob be the upper ten thousand or lower.

PHIL. C. HARRIS, '11.



Don't be too fond of personal liberty. A rein and a curb help a fellow to go straight.

Don't be a boor. The poorest boy in a college can be a model of good manners and neatness.

Don't show contempt. No one ever forgives that.

Don't be noisy. the guffaw evinces less enjoyment than the quiet smile.

Don't let your conscience get away from you. It might be killed.

Don't tease. A practical joker gradually loses caste. Be witty but not personal.

Don't waste the minutes. They quickly run into hours.

## St. Patrick's Day Banquet.



ONCE again the Irish students of Ottawa University celebrated St. Patrick's Day in their usual manner. The annual St. Patrick's Day banquet took place in the students' refectory, which was beautifully decorated in green and white, while large portraits and flags hung on every side, and in the centre of the hall the silver trophies, the emblems of so many championships, were displayed.

The banquet took place on Thursday evening, March 16th, and more than one hundred guests, composed of the student body and a number of invited friends, sat down to a sumptuous feast which will long be remembered by those present. The banquet was this year superior to any of its predecessors. Much credit is due to those in charge as they worked zealously to make it a success.

A city orchestra supplied music throughout the evening, which was enjoyed by all. Master G. Freeland contributed to the musical part of the programme by the rendition of several Irish melodies on the harp.

Among the invited guests were His Grace Archbishop Gauthier, Canon Sloan, Rev. Father McGowan, Rev. Father Sherry, Rev. Father Dewe, Rev. Father Healy, Rev. Fathers Stanton, Collins, Kelly, Murphy, Maguire, Hon. Justice Anglin, Judge O'Connor, and Mr. E. Devlin, M.P.

After the guests had done justice to the dainty material part, the toastmaster, Mr. Alan C. Fleming, '11, arose and spoke as follows:

Once more the cycle of the year has brought round to us our annual St. Patrick's Day celebration. This yearly banquet of ours, in which we are assisted to-day by the gracious presence of dignitaries of Church and State, cannot but awaken in our hearts sentiments of faith and patriotism; of faith because we are celebrating the festival of the Apostle of Ireland, and of patriotism because this is also the day which Irishmen have consecrated to the memory of her national heroes. It is, indeed, a striking testimonial to the character of the Irish, that they are thus able to unite the two noblest impulses of the human heart, religion and love of country, in one salvo of song and

oratory, which on every St. Patrick's Day springs from thousands of Irish hearts.

To St. Patrick's Day then, gentlemen, because it unites us to the land of our forefathers, because it keeps green in our hearts the title of our Irish nationality, and because it unites us in a bond of common sympathy with thousands of our kindred, I propose a toast to which I ask Mr. Breen to respond.

Mr. D. J. Breen, M.P., responded to the toast in these glowing terms:—

### The Day We Celebrate.

The love of one's country is an instinct, planted by nature's own hand in every heart, but in the Irishman the love of Ireland seems to be an affection more than ordinarily rooted, a germ fragrant with the richest enthusiasm. Wherever he wanders, his heart is ever in the Isle of the West. Ploughing the surges of the sea, or wasting away his manhood in the red-coated cohorts of Britain, hewing or delving in the vast expanses of America, whether under the burning tropical sun, or in the frozen latitudes, his thoughts are continually straying back to the valleys of his Fatherland.

Why does the Irish heart beat with a new impulse to-day? Why this smile lighting up his countenance? Why are the deep sounds of the harp so prolific of recollection, a medley of cheerful and sad? Is this green flag, that of a once mighty empire, guarded by a wealth of arms and armaments, whose powerful squadrons swept the seas and whose heavy-laden trading vessels brought to her ports the luxuries from the east or the products from the west? History does not bear testimony to this. Where will we find the reason?

Centuries ago, when Paganism held complete sway of northern Europe, there came to an island, which beneficent nature had set somewhat apart from the mainland, a man named Patrick. To that ardent, truth-loving, unselfish and affectionate race, dwelling on the velvety plains and emerald hillsides, the lovable apostle of the Irish brought the ennobling and elevating beliefs, and surely never did a people throw all it had without reserve into the lap of Christianity as they did. The little island was soon covered with innumerable churches, and monasteries rose everywhere.

Fidelity to faith and principle has ever been the distinctive but not the only characteristic of the Irish. As a natural com-

panion of religion, came also love for the intellectual. The fame which she acquired for learning spread far and near, thereby attracting countless numbers to her schools. In the days of her political freedom, she was the very vanguard of progress and civilization. To her it was given to hold up undimmed the lamp of learning which had flickered and died out in Europe.

The brightest pages of her history are tinged with gloom. As the seed grown to maturity, is wafted by the winds, or carried by the rolling seas to take root, develop and bless with the shade of the full-grown tree some barren spot, thus the Irish were dispersed over the entire earth, by a persecution which for violence and duration exceeded any other in the annals of history. They crossed to Europe, into France, Spain and Germany. They climbed the frozen Alps, descended to the plains of sunny Italy, piercing the gloomiest solitudes, spreading the faith which tyranny and despotism could not wrench from them. Thus they shed the light of culture, "keeping the hallowed flame burning when it had elsewhere gone out in a cold and hopeless night."

Through the wreck and ruin of centuries, through the vicissitudes of changeful time, the Irish race has held up to humanity the beacon lights of learning and religion.

What a grand and glorious mission is that of our race; and what an immense influence it exerts throughout the entire world! Its members are aiding in building up nations and republics based on the firmest foundations. The spirit of Saint Patrick is as much alive to-day as of old. Go-where you will, there you will find the Irish energetic leaders in the march of progress; their motto is "Onward and Upward." In every land are stately monuments erected by their labor and the generosity of their contributions. To the eyes of the western world, in the heart of our greatest American city, stands a majestic cathedral, dedicated to the memory of Saint Patrick. In far off Australia rises a similar memorial, where but a short time ago the savage roamed in "untrammelled lawlessness."

These are the reasons why we celebrate to-day the memory of Saint Patrick and his people. We are proud of the great legacy of faith which was bequeathed to our race; proud of the fact that in spite of physical and spiritual torture it has clung to that faith with an unflinching adhesion. We are proud also of the virtue of its sons and daughters, and of the noble work which they are everywhere accomplishing for religion and humanity.

"May the faith of Ireland ever be her glory, may its bright light never cease to shine, never till the Atlantic wave shall cease to lash her bold promontories, till the winds of heaven cease to play about her mountain ridges, till the sun shall no more send forth his genial rays and the earth feel no longer the pulsations of human life."

The next toast was proposed in these words: One of the most remarkable characteristics of the Irish, and the wonder of every historian, is their devotion to their religion. That faith, which they received pure from the hands of St. Patrick, they have not only preserved unsullied, but have even embellished by the multitude of their saints and martyrs. Their devotion to the See of Peter has remained unshaken by the most implacable of persecutions, and notwithstanding the perfidious example of many other nations. To Pius X, the present occupant of the Chair of Peter, I propose a toast, to which I ask Mr. O'Neill to respond.

Mr. T. J. O'Neill, '11, responded to the toast to the Pope:—

#### To the Pope.

There is nothing more remarkable in the history of the Irish people than their intimate and affectionate union with the Vicar of Christ. So close has that union ever been since the days of St. Patrick, and so reverently has Ireland received whatever proceeded from Rome, that, in the midst of her national grandeur and prosperity, and of her intellectual supremacy, as well as when she was afflicted by poverty, illiteracy and persecution, she has maintained with uniform constancy her unquestioning submission to the Holy See.

In drinking to the health of the Pope this evening, and in proclaiming our deep respect for him and our undying attachment to the chair of Peter, we are only giving a proof that in this twentieth century the scattered Gael is as true as his forefathers to the Head of Catholicity.

Why do we honor Pius X? In the first place we honor him because of the sublime office which he holds—as Vicar of Christ. True Catholicity and loyalty to the successor of Peter are inseparable. We may well form an estimate of the Catholicity of a people by the veneration and affection that they entertain for the Holy Father; and, as the pages of Irish history pay eloquent tribute to the heroic attachment of Irishmen to their faith, they also bear evidence of unquestioning obedience and reverential love towards every Supreme Pontiff that has sat upon the throne

of the Fisherman from the days of St. Patrick to those of Pius X.

In the case of Pius X there are additional reasons why the love of Ireland should be displayed towards him with especial intensity. Other Pontiffs have been remarkable for the sanctity of their lives, for the brilliancy of their intellects, for the extraordinary activity that they displayed in the government of the Church. Perhaps the trait in Pius X that appeals most to the Irish people is his extreme simplicity and his tender solicitude for the suffering classes of society. It is his custom to receive on certain days the children of convents and parochial schools. When it was suggested to him recently that the children of the convents should be received separately from those of the parochial schools, his answer was that they were all his children, and he would have no distinction. At the time of the terrible earthquake in Calabria he took an active part in assuaging the sufferings of the afflicted, establishing a Relief Fund and appealing of the entire Catholic world for assistance. In this connection it is worthy of note that when one of the Irish bishops sent a contribution to that Fund His Holiness returned, if I mistake not, half the contribution for the poor of the bishop's own diocese.

Though occupied with the numerous matters that relate to the government of the Church, Pius X takes a lively interest in Irish affairs. Proof of this was given at the audience which he accorded some time ago to John Redmond. He termed the Irish Party the defender of the Catholic religion in Ireland; he extended his sympathy and blessing to the efforts of the Irish people for political liberty; and he presented his portrait to Mr. Redmond with the following autograph inscription:

"To our beloved son Redmond, leader of the Irish party in the British House of Commons, with the wish that he, together with his equally beloved colleagues, using all legal and pacific means, may win that liberty which makes for the welfare of the Catholic Church and the entire Irish nation, we impart our apostolic benediction with particular affection."

May Pius X long live to govern the Church with the prudence and wisdom that have up to the present distinguished him in guiding the Bark of Peter, and may Irishmen ever retain for him and his successors the same sentiments of loyalty and affection that the Papacy has always received from the devoted children of Ireland.

Mr. W. Egan was then called upon to contribute his part to the programme; this he did in a very able manner by singing "Ireland I Love Thee." When the outburst of appreciation had died away, the toastmaster rose and proposed the toast to the Irish Party in the following terms: The history of Ireland is a story of contrasts. The bright light shed by Irish learning and sanctity at the golden age of their prosperity was following by the black night of invasion and persecution, during which the nation was robbed of her richest treasures. Many thought that these were lost forever, but the struggle for their reacquisition was immediately undertaken by a few, and to-day victory is all but assured. To the noble band of patriots, who still continue the constitutional struggle for legislative equality, I ask you to drink a toast, to which is coupled the name of Mr. O'Halloran.

Mr. C. O'Halloran, '12, thus eulogized the Irish Party:—

#### The Irish Party.

An occasion such as this would not be fittingly celebrated if we failed to eulogize the notable success of the Irish Parliamentary Party in safeguarding and advancing the interests of Ireland, and in keeping the cause of Home Rule before the world. The Irish Party was founded by Charles Stewart Parnell in 1880, the same year in which the land league was organized by Michael Davitt.

Now, gentlemen, let me ask, is the Irish Parliamentary Party fulfilling the object for which it was organized? The answer comes re-echoing back over the broad Atlantic from the sea-girt shores of Ireland, from the widely scattered centres of population in the American Republic, from New Zealand and Australia beneath the Southern Cross, from Canso to Vancouver in our own Dominion, and that answer — representing the sentiments of the scattered Gael — is an unqualified and vigorous affirmative.

A few months ago the faculty and students of this University were favored with a visit from Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the well-known Irish Parliamentarian and Journalist. In the course of his reply to an address of welcome, Mr. O'Connor treated of the three foremost achievements of the Irish Party, to wit: Catholic Primary Schools in England, the Irish National University, and the abolition of landlordism.

During the last few years several bills were introduced into the British House of Commons, which if they had passed would have proved a staggering blow to Catholic Primary education in England. But the Irish Party, faithful to the religious and

political ideas of the people it represented, espoused the cause of the English Catholics and succeeded in bringing about the defeat of the obnoxious bills.

Some writer has called the Irish Party the "Army and Navy" of Ireland engaged in the peaceful re-conquest of Irish rights. It was aptly named. Twenty years ago Ireland was practically owned by 360 landlords; not so to-day, for in 1909 the Irish Party secured the adoption of a measure that took the land from the landlords and graziers at a fixed price, and distributed it to the people on fair terms. The adoption of that measure sounded the death-knell of landlordism in Ireland, for at present 300,000 Irishmen own their own land with no lord above them but the "Lord of the Cedars and the Stars."

The Irish University, which marks the development of a new era in Irish education, owes its inception to the unwavering and uncompromising attitude of the Irish Party. His educational boon will play a part of paramount importance in the future, for within its classic halls will be trained the young minds who will shape the destinies of Ireland in the days to be.

In its 31 years of existence the Irish Party has had many remarkable characters among its members. It has enjoyed the distinction of having in its membership men of recognized literary ability as Justin McCarthy, T. D. Sullivan and T. P. O'Connor, and men of superior oratorical attainments, as Charles Stewart Parnell, Edward Blake and John Redmond, the present leader of the Irish Nationalists, than whom it is generally conceded there is no more finished speaker in the British House of Commons.

Ireland's prospects for freedom were never brighter than at present; a new Ireland is slowly rising, Phoenix-like from the ashes of the old. We of this new Canadian land in which many of Irish birth and descent have risen to more than local fame, we, I say, are unanimous in our approval of the endeavours of the Irish Party to secure Home Rule, which as patriotic Irish-Canadians, we deem the panacea of Ireland's ills, and we confidently hope that,—

When the nations onward march  
To better days to be,  
The Irish flag shall float among  
The banners of the free.

The toast to Alma Mater was proposed as follows: While sentiment lingers fondly with memory, and together they lov-

ingly embrace the care-worn features of our national mother, let us not forget our intellectual mother under whose roof we now sit, and of whose bounty we now partake. Gentlemen, this banquet would indeed be incomplete without a toast to the health of Alma Mater, which I ask you to drink, and to which Mr. J. J. Sammon will respond.

Mr. J. J. Sammon, '11, in suitable words toasted Alma Mater as follows:—

**“Alma Mater.”**

Gentlemen, as one of a race that has ever been characterized for its love of learning, I take great pride and pleasure in responding to the toast to my Alma Mater.

As long as the history of Ireland has been in the making, its pages have been dotted with the struggles for higher education. In the days of St. Patrick, no less than in the day of Logue, there has always been shown by the Irish a marked predilection for the study of Letters. A literary awakening was one of the first consequences of Patrick's Apostolate in Ireland; and but recently the persistent demands of the Catholics of Ireland for an institution of higher learning suitable to their needs were rewarded with the creation of a great national University that promises much for the prosperity of their country.

Between the dusk of Ireland's former glory and the dawn of modern educational freedom, tyrant forces have compelled the Gaelic mind to cross a perilous gulf of illiteracy. But, luckily for her learning and herself, Ireland proved strong enough to resist all violence,—and to-day we find her entering upon an era which, in learning as well as in piety, we may well hope will rival that period in her history when she was renowned throughout Europe for her scholars and her saints.

But if learning in Ireland is a matter of intense interest to us, and if the promising condition of her educational affairs is reason for rejoicing, how much keener should be our interest in the Catholic institutions of our own country,—particularly our Alma Mater,—with how great pride we should contemplate the successes of this home of learning to which we all owe so much and with what earnestness we should wish for her future welfare.

She has accomplished much excellent work in the past, though, unfortunately, she has not been blessed with that abundance of earthly means that have facilitated the work of other Canadian Universities. It is within her walls that some of the most distinguished of Canadian ecclesiastics and public men

have received their formation; and it is towards her that the present generation of Canadian Catholics look for many of the future leaders of Catholic life and thought. A great task is before her; and it is the duty of the Catholics of this country to aid her in the fulfillment of that task.

Let us hope that, as the ability of Irishmen in Canada has won for many of them wealth and influence, they will give generous assistance to Alma Mater, enabling her to increase the sphere of her usefulness, to give courses of all the branches of University training, and to erect numerous buildings worthy of Catholic education, and of this centre of Canadian life. It is our fond desire that generous benefactions may enable her to construct halls of such ample proportions that, when visitors come in future years to the Capital, they will not know which are the buildings of the Parliament of Canada and which those of the University of Ottawa. We might even be so extravagant as to wish that these benefactions would have so adequately attained their ultimate object that after the stranger had entered the completed Arts Building, or any one of the magnificent structures in the immediate neighborhood,—the homes of the various sciences,—he would be under the impression that he had come into the solemn precincts of the Dominion's legislators—so dignified in demeanor and so learned in aspect would appear the student body of these future years of greatness.

In these days, of course, all yearning after championships in the athletic arena would have become a thing of the semi-barbarous past. The student body would be exclusively engaged poring over the ancient classics, or mastering the yet hidden secrets of natural science, or studying some complicated question in Political Economy, or following some philosophic train of thought to its logical conclusion.

Such a glorious future, I am sure, we all hope for our Alma Mater, and though we can hardly expect the complete realization of our hope, we do sincerely trust that the day will come, even within the lifetime of the present generation of students, when the University of Ottawa will have assumed many times her present proportions, when her student body will be counted by the hundreds in every year of every faculty, and when, by magnificent endowments, the permanency and efficiency of her work will have been placed beyond all possibility of doubt.

Canada was next on the list and Mr. Fleming, in these few well-chosen words, proposed a toast to the "Land of the Maple Leaf": While dwelling upon the joys and sorrows, the hopes

and struggles of the land of our forefathers, let us not forget the land of our adoption. To the work of upbuilding Canada, many thousands of Irishmen has given their time and energies, and sometimes even their lives, and Canada has provided them in return with that freedom and protection which they were denied at home. To the Land of the Maple then, gentlemen, I propose a toast and call upon Mr. O'Gorman to respond.

Mr. M. J. O'Gorman, '11, responded to the Land of the Maple Leaf:—

### Canada.

Canadian citizens of Irish origin though passionately attached to the land of their forefathers, are filled with intense affection for the land of their adoption in which they have found liberty and happiness, and whose future holds out to them a lifetime of prosperity.

Three centuries ago Canada was a wilderness, to-day she is a flourishing colony, and fast developing into a state which will give her a prominent position among the nations of the world. The early history of Canada—her struggles for existence as a colony of France, the heroic sacrifices of Catholic missionaries among the Indians; the efforts of the first governors in the midst of the greatest difficulties, give an idea of the work which was necessary to build the foundation upon which rests a large portion of our Dominion's greatness. From the time that Champlain began the task of colonization on the banks of the St. Lawrence, through the period of French rule and absolute government, through the period of English rule and responsible government, Canada has made advances along educational, political and commercial lines, utterly exceeding the most sanguine hopes of her administrators.

To-day we need but look around us for evidence of our country's prosperity. Thousands of immigrants are coming annually from all parts of the globe to settle in our western provinces; our silver and gold-fields to the north are commanding the attention of the world, and our vast timber tracts and unlimited water-power constitute a wealth of natural resources far beyond present computation.

For centuries Canada has been the hospitable haven of the oppressed. She has received within her boundaries, from all Europe, and even from Asia, those people seeking the livelihood and contentedness often denied them at home; the early Irish immigrants themselves fled to America from persecution and

poverty. We cannot allude to the first Irish settlers in Canada without a sad thought of the hardships they underwent, and the tragic fate met by not a few of their number. The poor exiles of '47 and '48, after leaving their homes forever, and turning towards what was for them a land of promise, were stricken on board with a fever that was to prevent many of them from reaching their destination. Thousands died at sea, and of those who reached Canadian soil hundreds found a last resting-place along the lonely shores of Grosse Isle. Others of the fever-stricken journeyed on to Montreal, only there to be repulsed and forced to seek refuge outside the metropolis, and several other Canadian cities—among them this Capital of our Dominion—offered last resting-places for the hallowed remains of many Irish exiles of these ill-fated days. The excessive sufferings of these unhappy refugees are still green in the minds of all Irish inhabitants of Canada, and to judge by the events of late years that sacred memory is not apt to fade. During the last few months action has been taken by various Irish societies of Canada, to preserve from further desecration the plot of ground in the City of Montreal which marks the graves of many of our unfortunate kinsmen. The dispute over the land has been finally settled, and the great monument erected in 1859 is to be returned to its former position, and will mark forever the ground made sacred by the tears and blood of these heroic martyr-exiles.

Canadians of all classes have long watched with kindly interest and intense sympathy the course of events in Ireland. Several resolutions have been passed through parliament in favor of Home Rule. But a few months ago the great statesman who to-day so brilliantly presides over the government of our country stated on the public platform that he was as ardent a Home-Ruler as ever, and the wish of the Canadian people is that the hopes of the Irish race will be realized in the near future, and that Ireland will once more assume control of her national affairs and govern herself in matters purely local according to the ideas of her representatives in the British House of Parliament and the desires of her own people.

Mr. Fleming introduced the next speaker as follows: When misery could no longer endure the unequal combat against war, persecution and famine, she fled to liberty and found in her home a haven wherein she might rest. Gentlemen, Irishmen never had a truer friend than America, whose helping hand has ever been stretched in sympathy and protection to her exiled sons, and whose generosity to-day largely provides the material support

in that struggle which the Irish are making for justice. To the Stars and Stripes then I propose a toast, to which is coupled the name of Mr. Coughlan.

Mr. J. T. Coughlan, '13, responded thus to the toast to his native land:—

#### United States.

I felicitate myself on having the honor and pleasure of speaking in behalf of the land of my home, and, especially to-night, when that spellword "Ireland" re-echoes around the world, from the "pines of the poles to the palms of the tropics."

Every Irish American to-day appreciates the many things in common which have linked the history of Ireland with that of the Glorious Republic to your south.

American chronicles show that, as early as 1607, among the first English settlements, and notably that of Jamestown, many a colonist bore an Irish patronymic and owned the nationality of the Emerald Isle. Since those days, driven from their happy homes by man's inhumanity to man, they have followed the star of hope as the wise men of the East, sixteen hundred years before, followed the Star of Bethlehem, and as one led to the cradle of the world's Redeemer, so did the other lead to the cradle of human liberty, to the land where the law rests upon the rights of man, and the spirit of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man was to have recognition in the structure of the nation.

It is to the Irish race in America and the part it has borne in the upbuilding of the United States, the assertion of its independence, and the maintenance of its integrity that I purpose to refer.

To those individuals who indulge in the impression that the Irish race played but a minor part in the formation stages of the nation's history, I have but to say that the War of Independence, which had such a happy culmination, saw no more numerous or dauntless volunteers fighting in the colonial armies than the Irish troops, and, still later, when the Union was threatened with disruption by civil strife, the Irish regiments were foremost in every combat. Those illustrious names,—John Barry, Patrick Henry, Sullivan and Carroll are emblazoned on the walls of fame, and it is such deeds as theirs that are in consonance with the ambitions and feelings of the true Irish-American.

In the United States which has sheltered and welcomed them,

whose greatness is largely of their making, and where the blood streams of a dozen races have by the mysterious alchemy of God, been harmoniously blended, and where that consummate flower of civilization, the God-fearing, liberty-loving American has been evolved, and where religious liberty and equality of opportunity afford scope for the uninterrupted pursuit of every ambition, there have the Irish shown their worth and there has that worth been appreciated.

The enthusiastic reception accorded the Irish envoys during their recent visit to the United States was a glowing tribute to the loyalty of the Irish-American for his native land, from which he has been banished quite as effectively by the marching orders of hunger, and eviction, and want of work, as he could have been by the command of a most tyrannical government.

At this moment the Irish in the United States are playing an important part in determining the destiny of Ireland. It has become evident to the English statesmen that Irish-Americans desire self-government for Ireland quite as much as do the Irish at home, and that until the English government meets the demands of the Irish people for legislative independence there shall be a continuance of that seemingly ineradicable hostility to Britain which pervades the whole Irish-Catholic population, now so large and potent a factor in the politics of the United States.

When the English government is prepared to meet the wishes of the Irish people, with a generous measure of home rule, granted without grudging, suspicion, or patronage, then and then only may she anticipate the establishment of an alliance with the United States.

The next toast was that of Soggarth Aroon. The toastmaster introduced the speaker as follows: We are celebrating to-day the festival of the first Irish priest and father of that long line of pastors and missionaries who have preserved the faith at home and laboured for its embellishment abroad. It is no exaggeration to say that in the case of Ireland the fire of patriotism has been kept alive by the lamps of religion carefully tended and trimmed by the hand of the Irish priest. To Soggarth Aroon then, gentlemen, I propose a toast, to which is coupled the name of Rev. Father Murphy.

**Soggarth Aroon.**

Father W. J. Murphy in a splendid and witty tribute to the Irish clergy, replied to the toast.

### Our Guests.

"Our Guests," the last toast of the evening, was fittingly responded to by His Grace Archbishop Gauthier. Words of advice were given by Justice Anglin, Judge Gunn, Canon Sloan, and Mr. Devlin. Then one of the most successful of St. Patrick's Day celebrations was brought to a close. On rising, the guests were greeted with the soul-stirring strains of "God Save Ireland." Thus terminated the twenty-third annual banquet in honor of St. Patrick.

Rev. Father Fallon as director, and the committee of management deserve much praise, for their efforts were crowned with success.

Executive Committee:—Hon. Chairman, Rev. J. P. Fallon, O.M.I.; Chairman, Francis Corkery, '11; Secretary, Daniel J. Breen, '11; Treasurer, Cornelius M. O'Halloran, '12; Alan C. Fleming, '11; Michael J. O'Gorman, '11; Edward A. Letang, '12; Sylvester P. Quilty, '12.



### FEW DON'TS.

Don't cease fighting the "Old Adam" in you. He is the cause of half the troubles in the world. His other name is Vice.

Don't forget that it does not take any more time to be polite and agreeable than it does to be rude and disagreeable.

Don't smoke if you are poor, for your purse's sake. If you are rich, you are better off without the weed.

Don't imagine yourself indispensable. Your place can be easily filled.

Don't fake. A fellow may bury his grandmother twice, but the third time he will be out of a job.

Don't use perfume. A scented young man is "the limit."

Don't forget you have within you the power to strangle any evil that may assail you.

Whatever lessens your respect for yourself will cheapen you. Don't forget.

Even though you may have grievously erred, correct the fault and plan for a better future. Don't despair.

Don't forget the Easter Examinations. You might make a fool of yourself.

Remember that: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again."

# University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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No. 6

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## ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

St. Patrick's Day, 1911, will be remembered as one of the best ever celebrated in Ottawa. The splendid Students' Banquet, the high-class Concert of the A.O.H., which, graced by the presence of the Archbishop, packed the Opera House to the doors, the imposing parade of Sunday, followed by the service in St. Joseph's Church presided by the First Pastor of the diocese, all combined to a magnificent celebration of Ireland's national festival. The day holds a grand meaning for every son of the Gael, for it reminds him of the fidelity of his ancestors and the fidelity which he himself owes to the Faith of Patrick, and to those undying principles of purest patriotism, for which the nation has fought and suffered during a thousand years. In this year of grace our gaze lingers not so much on the sorrowful but glorious past,—it peers forward into the immediate future; and at last, through the rift in the clouds, it beholds the first rays of Erin's hope beaming down in sweet expectancy upon her desolation. The democracy of Great Britain extends its hand in friendship to the Irish people, recognizes its claims, and promises com-

plete, though tardy justice. The fact has at last become patent that in Ireland, as elsewhere, the rule of the majority must prevail, and the government of the people must be for and by the people. Hence we may confidently anticipate that next St. Patrick's Day will be celebrated with rapturous enthusiasm by a nation which, having shaken off the shackles of bigotry and oppression, rejoices in the glorious freedom of legislative autonomy, enthroned in the historic fane on College Green.

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#### THE VISIT OF THE CHANCELLOR.

Owing to lack of space this month, we are compelled to defer until the April issue the account of His Grace's visit to the University. We take, however, the opportunity of re-echoing in the "Review" the hearty welcome and filial greetings accorded to the new Archbishop by the whole student body. We hope to make our next publication a distinctly "Chancellor's Number."



The exchange we enjoyed this month was the Notre Dame "Scholastic" for Feb. 4. "The Story of a Boy" is a faithful depiction of the character of the average small boy as we meet him in school and in the street. Jimmie, the hero is mischievous yet good-natured. He continually adapts himself to changing circumstances; he is fearless, and he can be held in subjection only by a promise of good things; he invariably reforms the month before Xmas, but lapses again until the vicinity of his next birthday. Mr. Rocewicz's humor is bright and sparkling.

We have lately been receiving quite a number of new periodicals from various high schools throughout the country. We are glad to see that these juvenile efforts in the field of college journalism are not confined to our American friends, and that

our Canadian schools are also endeavoring to cultivate facile and fluent pens among their students, and to create that bond of union between Alumni and students, which in any educational institution is rendered possible only by the columns of a student's journal.

The "Rocket," published by the Aberdeen High School, Moncton, N.B., is the newest arrival at the sanctum. The best article it contains is a Prize Essay on Maritime Union. The arguments are forceful and the diction clear and concise. The author is evidently animated with what one might call "Maritime" patriotism, and takes the broad comprehensive view that the only way for the three provinces down by the sea to recover their lost prestige in national affairs is to amalgamate. We trust that the lofty ideals of the political prominence of the East, entertained by Joseph Howe, when Nova Scotia was a weak colony struggling for responsible government, will be realized in the attainment of the youthful desire for broader union of his young disciple.

The "Laurel" for last month contains a short and interesting biography of Percy Bysshe Shelley, the erratic English genius. Summarizing in the last paragraph the author says: "Bitter disappointment, cold neglect and an early grave marked the career of this unfortunate poet. While a student at Oxford, Shelley steeped his mind in the wild, tainted teachings of Hume, Locke and Hobbes. It was the distorted effects of these readings which produced 'The Necessity of Atheism,' a flaring pamphlet which caused little impression upon the reading mind of the country, but which drew forth a severe reprimand and formal expulsion from the University authorities. Shelley contracted two unfortunate marriages, which estranged him from his relatives and left him in poverty. He later proceeded to Italy where under the inspiration and magic spell of that home of the muses he wrote poem after poem to the astonishment and delight of his countrymen in the North."

Besides the above mentioned we thankfully acknowledge receipt of the following: "McMaster University Monthly," "Queen's University Journal," "Vox Wesleyana," "Georgetown College Journal," "The McGill Martlet," "St. John's University Record," "The Fordham Monthly," "The O. A. C. Review," "Acta Victoriana," "Xavier," "The Leader," "The Manitoba College Journal," "The Missionary," "The Gateway," "The Patrician," "Geneva Cabinet," "The Pharos," "The Niagara Index," "The Exponent," "The Mitre."



His Excellency Mgr. Pellegrino F. Stagni, third Apostolic delegate to Canada, has arrived in Ottawa, and has begun to take up the duties which his office imposes upon him.

His Grace Mgr. Gauthier officiated at the ordination of Rev. A. J. Reynolds, which took place at Eganville, Feb. 26th.

To the students of the Arts course has been given the privilege of attending the weekly sermons at St. Joseph's Church. The senior students appreciate the kindness of the authorities in this matter.

The participants in the University Prize Debate for 1911 have been named by the Debating Society. The subject is "Resolved that unrestricted reciprocity between Canada and the United States is desirable from a Canadian standpoint." The topic is a very live one at the present time, and should prove of great interest to the student body. Messrs. Unger and Burrows will uphold the affirmative. Messrs. Coughlan and Landriau the negative. The debate is fixed for the evening of Wednesday, April 26th.

Much credit must be given to Messrs. Egan, Curry, Searle and Simard for the splendid manner in which everything was arranged and carried out in the entertainment given on the evening of March 3rd.

St. Thomas Aquinas' Day passed off without any unusual demonstration by the Philosophers this year, but the report is that our enterprising undergrads. are already planning a surprise, very likely in the shape of a philosophical discourse, for 1912.

The typhoid epidemic has as yet succeeded in carrying off very few victims from College circles. A few of the students have been removed to local hospitals, but nothing of a serious character is anticipated.

The extended illness of Mr. Francis Corkery, '11, has been the cause of much sincere sympathy among his many College

friends. Mr. Corkery is at present at his home in Almonte, but we trust that he will be able to return shortly to resume his studies.

It is generally conceded that the banquet given by the Irish students of the University on the 16th inst. was the greatest success that has been achieved along this line in many years. Great credit must be given to Rev. Fr. Fallon, the honorary chairman of the committee, upon whom devolved much of the organization and labor in preparing the entertainment.

The committee was as follows: Hon. Chairman, Rev. J. P. Fallon, O.M.I.; Chairman, Mr. Francis Corkery, '11; Secretary, Mr. D. J. Breen, '11; Treasurer, Mr. C. M. O'Halloran, '12; Mr. Alan C. Fleming, '11, Mr. M. J. O'Gorman, '11; Mr. E. A. Le-tang, '12, Mr. S. P. Quilty, '12.

The "Review" extends its sincerest condolences to Rev. Frs. Stephen and Michael Murphy, O.M.I., on the demise of their respected sister, Mrs. Stephen E. Coffey, Marysville. Coming so soon after the death of their father, the sad news was a hard and unexpected blow to the Reverend Fathers.

The following are among the number who paid a visit to the University during the last month: Rev. Fr. McPhail, Rev. Fr. O'Toole, Rev. Fr. Prantz, Rev. Fr. McGuire, Rev. Fr. Bernaskie.

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## Among the Magazines.

The latest number of the "America" contains an interesting article on "The Lone Patrol." The hero of the story was a brave Irish policeman in the great metropolis. Coming down the street he met a band of wild anarchists waving the red flag of blood-thirstiness, and carrying the sign of slain anarchists ranged in rows beneath inspiring mottoes. This infamous gang was making furious demonstration, on evil purpose bent. But when the courageous policeman spied them, he marched straight into their midst, and stopped the whole thousand of them. Although he knew that ready knives and pistols were brandishing all around him, yet he walked with a show of amazing courage, till he reached the leader, whose flag he lowered, and whose villainous throat he handled somewhat indelicately. Such bravery is rarely exhibited by any man. But had it not been for the timely arrival of a platoon of police, his courage might have availed him little

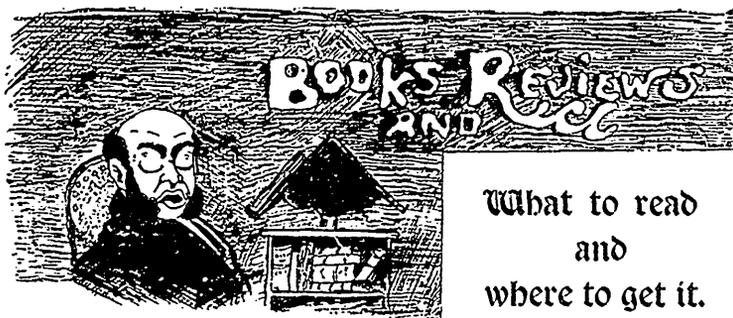
to save his life. However, bravery always does seem to receive the support of Fortune at the right moment, and this remarkable defender of the law shines now as the second Horatius at the Bridge.

The "Scientific American" this month gives an experimental explanation of "Seeing Things at Night." Now there is almost no one who has not received a fright from the exaggerated outlines of objects at night. The reason follows something like this: During darkness, the pupils of the eye are widely dilated, and the lens, as in similar conditions in a camera, can only focus for objects in a plane. In this way precision in measuring distances is out of the question altogether. Secondly, objects lose their colors in a regular succession, as the sun sinks at evening, until a point is reached at which all objects loom up in a cloak of sombre gray. These two causes combined, in vision, produce with the furtive sensory motions, a feeling of dread on the part of the person which tends to overcome the calmer reason, and cause all sorts of doubtful shades to cross the perturbed imagination.

Read this month's issue of the "Civilian." That is, if you want to be interested, notice the quatrains of "Silas Wegg." These little stanzas give indubitable proof of the author's poetic genius; and see with what facility words come to him. Common topics are rendered luminous by the scattered strains of "Rubbaiyat."

A new sheet comes from the Department of the Interior. "Forest Fires in Canada" gives us a comprehensive account of the dangers, damages, and remedies to be considered in the matter of Canadian forest conservation.

The "Canadian Messenger" produces yet another of its splendid articles relative to the condition of the laboring classes in society. "Working Women," like "Trades Unions" and others, gives at once the plainest common-sense view, and the most consoling reflections on the state of society, and the condition of the workers in particular.



“North American Review”—February.

Poetry of Lincoln — James Raymond Perry. — Presumably Lincoln did not consciously cast any part of his addresses in metrical form, yet the careful observer will discover here and there whole lines in the Iambic pentameter form. The charm of his poetical quality of expression lies in the deep poetical feeling back of the words. Some of Lincoln’s addresses, especially his inaugural addresses, may be read as poems. Striking traits of pathos and imagination are visible to the reader after a careful perusal of these addresses.

The Life of Benjamin Disraeli — Price Collier. — Disraeli’s meteoric rise on the horizon of English political and social life proved a continual puzzle to the average Englishman of the last century. A Jew—a member of the despised race,—a fop, an aspiring novelist, a headless wit, and endowed with a boundless vanity, “he dug, swept, and finally carpeted with red, a path to the highest office within the gift of the British people.” At the age of twenty-one he became involved in speculations on the Stock Exchange, and did not free himself from debt until thirty-four years later. Here are Disraeli’s own words regarding his ancestry: “My grandfather, who became an English denizen in 1748, was an Italian descendant of a Hebrew family, who emigrated to the Venetian Republic from the Spanish Peninsula during the fifteenth century; the family then assumed the name of Disraeli, a name never borne before or since by any other family, in order that their race might be forever recognized.” And, surely, Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, familiarly known as “Dizzy,” has shed his portion and more than his portion of lustre upon this aspiring name.

Tolstoi’s Religion — Louise Collier Willcox. — The inward

struggles of the eccentric Apostle of Russian liberty are vividly portrayed in this sketch. Tolstoi's idea was, that "religion should not dazzle itself with mysteries, miracles and metaphysical subtleties." And, after fifty years of search he passed away, and had not found a religion without "mysteries, or miracles, or metaphysical subtleties." The writer remarks, "his experiences of life, and its solutions of its problems were similar to those of St. Francis Assisi, St. Theresa and St. Catharine." We fail to see the similarity. Tolstoi was an idealist, a dreamer, a Utopian. Francis Assisi, Theresa and Catharine belonged to a religion of "mysteries and miracles." Their philosophy was not a compound of Socrates, Schopenhaur and Buddha.

Arthur Henry Hallam — Francis Butler Thiving. — Most likely Arthur Henry Hallam would be unknown to posterity save for "In Memoriam," Tennyson's beautiful elegiac poem. It was at Trinity College, Cambridge, that Hallam first met Tennyson. Together with Monckton Houghton, Chevenix French and other kindred spirits, they joined the "Apostles," a literary society formed in 1820. Hallam attained prominence in their discussion,—

"On mind and art,  
And labor, and the changing mart,  
And all the framework of the land."

During the vacation of 1830, Hallam, Tennyson and other "Apostles" set out for the Pyrenees with money and supplies for Torrijos, the leader of the revolt against Ferdinand of Spain. However, they arrived home safely, none the worse for the adventure, much to the relief of their parents. Tennyson refers to this adventure in "The Valley of Canteretz." Hallam died in his twenty-third year; Tennyson says of him, "had he lived, he would have been known as a great man, but not as a great poet; he was as near perfection as mortal man could be."

"American Historical Review"—January.

The Roman Law and the German Peasant — Sydney Bradshaw Fay. — Roman law was introduced into Germany during the 15th, 16th and 17th centuries. It was brought in by the ecclesiastics. The lords favored it, because it tended to regard the serfs as slaves. The serfs naturally hated it, because it hardened their lot. There was no good in appealing to it. It was one of their grievances. They must either rebel or submit. It attempted to fit German class distinctions into the social classification of Rome. This is the popular apprehension of the subject. Mr.

Bradshaw Fay attempts to correct the prevalent idea of the baleful effects of the introduction of Roman Law. He remarks, "examination of the writings of jurists and writers of the 16th century does not support the commonly accepted ideas that the introduction of Roman Law tended to depress the German peasant into the condition of a Roman slave, nor that there was popular opposition to it. Neither was it a grievance of the peasants and one of the causes of the revolt of 1525. These ideas are of the nature of a legend which has grown up in later centuries due partly to a confusion of peasant conditions East and West of the Elbe, partly to a Nationalistic German feeling, and partly to unwarranted generalizations and an uncritical dependence of one secondary authority upon another."

Horace Walpole's Memoirs of the Reign of George III — Carl Becker. — These interesting papers were written between 1766 and 1772; they cover the period from George's accession in 1760 until the death of the Princess Dowager in 1772. Walpole was thoroughly fitted for a task such as this, as he was an efficient ferreter-out of political secrets; nevertheless, he was not accepted as an authority by either the Whigs or the Tories.

The Scandinavian Element in American Population — Kendrick Chas. Babcock. — At the present day there are three million inhabitants of Scandinavian stock in the United States. Now, the test of the value of an alien element in the population must be its capacity for amalgamation with the better part of the adopting country, and its will to contribute towards the upgrowth and spirit of the nation. The Scandinavians have shown exceptional power of adaptability to the social and political life of the country of their adoption. One explanation of this may be that they bring with them no social or class distinction to this continent. The Scandinavians are found in the Northwestern States, Minnesota, Wisconsin and the two Dakotas. They have a tendency towards agriculture; not one-fifth of the people of Norse blood live in cities of 25,000 or over. Statistics of last year, regarding the proportionate tendency to agriculture among the different races, are rather interesting; the following proportions were found to exist: 1 out of 6 native Americans, 1 out of 7 Germans, 1 out of 12 Irish, and 1 out of 4 Scandinavians engaged in farming in the United States. The mentality of the Scandinavian race is vigorous, and though not likely to furnish great leaders, yet will place men in the front rank of those who follow the recognized leaders.

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effort to spread high-class Catholic literature, have instituted a "Lending Library" to put their excellent publications into the hands of thousands of Catholic families who live in small towns where no Catholic booksellers and no libraries (with Catholic books) can be had. This Mail-Order Lending Library will give to Catholics a choice of the best Catholic books by present-day writers in all the departments of literature — novels and juveniles, books of doctrine, instruction and devotion, history and biography, science, philosophy, etc. Instead of buying the books, the subscriber orders them from a list furnished for that purpose, reads them and then returns them to Benziger Brothers. As a book may be kept two weeks, more than one member of the family can read it, or arrangements can be made between two families to read the same book.

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Close of Hockey Season.

Canada's national winter sport was enjoyed to the full at the University this season by all the teams from the various courses. Besides a short series in the Interecollegiate Hockey Union, in which we sustained two defeats, a fine schedule of Inter-Course games was played. The interest in the race for

the College championship was kept up when the fast "blue and white" team from the Juniorat du Sacre Coeur romped off with the "Stanley Cup," emblematic of the supremacy in the College hockey world. We take great pleasure in offering our sincere congratulations to the winners. They played clean scientific hockey and richly deserved their hard won laurels.

#### Laval (11) — Ottawa Univ. (1).

In the return game of a "home and home" series our team could not do a "come-back" and were defeated by the above tally. Laval showed vast improvement over the form exhibited in the initial encounter, and strengthened by two new senior men administered the second trouncing to our team. This win entitled Laval to meet Toronto Varsity in the final. In this Laval received a dose of our medicine, being snowed under by the speed kings from Varsity.

Mgr. James J. Kennedy and Rev. Father Stanton, O.M.I., accompanied the team to Montreal and looked after the comfort of the players. Capt. Lee Kelly, W. C. Chartrand, J. Minnock, A. Huot, F. Poulin, Alec McHugh, H. Robillard and S. Quilty took in the trip. Several players, although young yet, will be heard of next year in faster company, and we hope to better our showing.

#### Baseball.

"Batter Up" will be the next thing to tickle the palate of the sporting-loving students of Varsity. With the appearance of the "spring robin" and the storing away of the accoutrements of hockey, we eagerly await for the melting away of the "virgin beautiful snow" to get into action on the baseball diamond. Ottawa University is always to the forefront when it comes to playing the great summer pastime, and can generally be counted upon to put up a stubborn game till the last man is out.

Of course we will be represented in the Ottawa City Amateur Baseball League, and we hope to improve on our last year's showing. We finished a good second, and with a little luck might have been on the top of the heap. As it was we twice defeated every team in the league and our captain, Mac O'Neill, captured the silver trophy for the highest batting average.

We have lost some good men in Lamoureux, Kinsella and O'Neill, but hope to fill their places with younger players of promise. Captain Tony Muzante, together with the reverend coach,

Father Stanton and manager Phil Harris, will try to shape out a ball team from the following prospective players: Dick Sheehy, Frank Curry, Mike Killian, J. Morriseau, T. Muzante, J. Conway, Jack Q. Coughlan (an old state leaguer), Bert Gilligan, Bill Egan, George Traynor, Pat. Leacey and J. Hogan.

### Hits and Runs.

The fast ball team from St-Laurent College, Vermont, are expected to hook up with the College team about May 1st.

The City Ball League will undoubtedly see some fast stuff served up this year. St. Pat's. will be particularly strong in all departments.

Mascots are expected to land a berth in the league this year.

"Bill" McEwan, the "Silk O'Laughlin of Ottawa baseball," will again handle the indicator. Bill is the best ever.

Mr. Wm. Foran has been re-elected president this year. The game needs such men at its head.

All those desirous of trying for a place on the team will please hand in their names to the manager as soon as possible.

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## Junior Department.

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The holy season of Lent is a time during which every one should endeavor to amend. Why not try to put into practice the following: Don't be mean; don't do mean things, and say mean things; cultivate a feeling of kindness, a spirit of charity, broad and pure, for men and things? Believe the best of everybody, have faith in humanity, and as you think better of other people you will be better yourself. You can, with some accuracy, measure a man's character by the esteem in which he holds other men. Nine times in ten, and frequently oftener, you will find that men endeavor to disfigure all other men with their own weaknesses, failings and vices. So let us think well and charitably of all people, for the world is full of good people, and above all let us strive to be one of that set ourselves.

Who said that the artists of the Junior Department should

favor the "bunch" with another concert while waiting for the baseball season?

Dick says he will remember where the prefect sits (sometimes) in the Study Hall.

G. B.: That new pipe is all right, Sul. Only I think it is a little too long. Methinks I noticed something suspicious sticking out of your overcoat pocket when we came in the other day.

Stan.: Next on you, George.

Some people can't explain why H. C. and L. L. are so friendly on the ice, specially when they play on opposite teams. They are cousins, don't you know!

The hockey season is drawing to an end. The S. Y. J. Intermural League wound up Wednesday. March the 1st, with Langlois' team, champions, having four wins, no losses and one draw game. Bishop's team is a close second, having three wins, one loss and one draw. The line-up of the new champions is as follows:—Goal, McMahon; p., Harris; c.p., Milot; r., Couture; c., Langlois (Capt.); wgs., L. Desjardins and C. Mayrand.

The Senior League has still a few more games to play before the champions and winners of the "Hurd cup" are decided. It is interesting to note that the teams are all fairly well matched, all the games having been hotly contested.

Now let us turn to the fortunes of our first team in the "Triangle League." On Feb. 22nd, Aberdeens tied the Small Yarders in a heavy-checking game at the German-Canadian rink, the score being 3-3. On March 1st we were beaten by New Edinburgh by the decisive score of 7-2. The half-time score was 2-2, and Small Yard had slightly the better of the play. Had Brisebois not been hurt, the story would undoubtedly have been different. We were beaten again on March 4th by a score of 3-1, by Queen's at Clemow rink. The forwards lost chance after chance in front of the nets. So far the following are the regular players who have participated in these three last games:—g., Brisebois; p., Dunn; c.p., Renaud; r., Morel; c., Doran; r.w., Brady; l.w., Sullivan. Braithwaite replaced Doran in the New Edinburgh game. Brisebois is playing a particularly brilliant game in goal, although he let in a couple of easy ones against New Edinburgh after being hurt. Renaud, Sullivan and Doran have been improving with every game. Dunn is a little on the small side to be playing against such big men. In fact, Small Yard has the smallest team in the league, and certainly the play-

ers deserve great praise for the creditable showing which they have made, losing but two games during the whole series.

The members of the Small Yard rejoice in seeing their sick "confreres" doing as well as can be expected. Frank Madden has already returned. Frank's face is one that everybody likes to see around.

P-w-r: Do you know of any one who likes cheese?

B-r-n: Well, I don't exactly know if he likes it or not, but I saw F. Q. adroitly slip a good square piece from the prefect's table into his pocket the other night.

Say, B-s-p, what do you get for your reports to the Free Press?

B-s-p (placidly): Oh, not much; letters, some times, from another department!

It would seem that most of our boys' aunties live in one particular corner of the city. Whenever one gets leave to visit his dear aunt, you are almost sure to meet the party about half-past four coming down Sparks street.

F-l-y (to B-n-d, fooling with G-r-n): Don't shake him too hard, Dick. You might rattle that box, you know, the one he always carries in the left pocket of his overcoat.

Somebody proposes that Ch. F. should get a pair of glasses since, of late, he seems often to mistake one prefect for another.

If P-rr-n receives many more hurry-up calls to the city, the authorities will have to dispense him from his studies as he will be too busy.

Mons. C-t-, in order to look big when he goes down to town lengthens his lips with a little roll of white paper, about two inches long. Some one said: Go back to your mother, you are out late.

Let us all remember, especially during Lent, that to receive Holy Communion is the most meritorious act that we can perform. It would be a pity, to say the least, to allow the graces that the Saviour has in store for each one of us in this Holy Sacrament to be wasted through sinful neglect. One day we will have to render an account of our stewardship.

At the moment of going to press, we hear of the great victory of our hockey team over the Juniors, champions of the "Inter-course League." Bravo, youngsters!!