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TEN BUSINESS COMMANDMENTS.



RAINING, with brain work, is what brings success. Your work cannot extemporize success; it must be wrought out with patience and toil."

The scholastic year 1906-1907 is drawing to a close, and to the students of the final course in Business the words above quoted bear special meaning, convey a timely warning, impart a salutary word of advice.

The ability to keep, accurately and neatly, the accounts and books of a business is too often erroneously looked upon by the young and inexperienced as the sum total of business ability; whereas, in fact, book-keeping is only an incident to business. It is the art and science of recording the results of business transactions. The best kept books can never put a dollar in the till; but they may save hundreds from unnecessarily going out. Good book-keeping tends to save and turn to profitable use that which is already in; by its records of the past, it throws light on the future for the guidance of him who manages and directs the affairs of the concern. Book-keeping is subordinate to the business, for, where no business has been done, no books of accounts are needed. Viewed in this light, it will be readily seen that the great consideration is the actual transacting of business. To succeed in this there are certain conditions and requisites of vital importance.

The Decalogue formulates laws, which, if respected and obeyed, help man to carry out those moral transactions leading to eternal success. In our present age of mercantile struggles for commercial supremacy, man must needs have and obey certain laws in order to attain success. There are here ten commandments also; nay, let us say eleven, and this last one embraces them all:

“MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.”

FIRST COMMANDMENT—Depend on your own efforts.

I know of no short cut, of no royal road to success bearing the imprint of permanence. Some there are, alas! it is true, who are elevated to high positions, not through efforts of their own, but by hands anxious to further their own ends. The man who reaches the coveted mark in life, borne on the pinions of adulation, will die the death of a cringing sycophant. Be yourself! Be independent! Be resourceful and self-reliant! This is essential even to moderate success. The man of energy controls circumstances otherwise unfavorable, and opens up avenues by which he advances to honor and wealth. Why, tell me, are the sons of rich men miserable failures? The want of energy, the absence of laudable ambition and self-reliance are the cause. They have the ability to succeed as their fathers did, but they lack that stimulus which excites energy and calls into action the full strength of manhood. “Vita est in motu,” says Philosophy, or, according to the vernacular: Energy is the active principle in man. It is the force which rides over and around obstacles. Almighty God has planned that Heaven and Success cannot be attained without a struggle.

Neither advantages of birth, nor wealth; neither genius, nor opportunity, but his own efforts, make the man; his own right arm and manly enterprise—such achieve for man, success, wealth, and renown.

Do not be mercurial! Extraordinary success should not unduly elate, nor should reverses of fortune easily depress.

SECOND COMMANDMENT—Having made an effort, persevere in it.

Never give up or leave the enterprise considerably selected for others that, for the moment, may appear more promising. A career or a business is not built up in a month or a year. Men that have grown gray and wise at the school of experience, tell us that it matters not what a person engages in, by perseverance he will succeed. Many a man has pursued, with energy and ability, some

enterprise until just on the eve of success when, shutting his eyes to the prospect of reward, abandons the project and sells out his chance to a newcomer, who steps in and enjoys the fruits of relinquished labor, while he, poor unsuspecting soul, allured by the distant glimmering sheen of other schemes, starts anew, only to repeat the failure. Want of perseverance often comes from levity of mind. Some there are who seem to think that "life is but an empty dream," a grand holiday, and business a plaything. When, under such circumstances, they do not meet with success they are like children with toys, who, being dissatisfied, clamor for something new or different.

Others are the unhappy possessors of an overweening conceit, not always supported by corresponding abilities, and the consequence often is, if success does not follow their efforts as quickly as expected, the occupation is at fault, and to keep up the conceit of superior abilities the occupation is changed to something more promising. Bear well in mind, then, that changes are dangerous.

THIRD COMMANDMENT—Be prompt.

This is a quality of the highest importance to the business man. Depend on strengthening your credit by a close attention to all your engagements rather than by pompous outside display in living, dressing, or equipage. If possible, meet all financial obligations promptly; but this cannot always be done, and in such cases make a plain, straightforward statement beforehand and ask for an extension of time. To a man who is prompt and business-like almost any creditor will cheerfully grant either the renewal of a paper or an extension of time. The prompt business man resolves as he closes his store at night, and is off on the first train in the morning; and, while others are hesitating, he gets the first selection of the new goods. He hears that one of his debtors is in trouble, and at once he is there to obtain security for his debt, while other creditors arrive a day or two later to find the sheriff in full possession.

FOURTH COMMANDMENT—Keep your pledges.

Yes, by all means, do as you agree. Nothing weakens faith in man so much as quibbling, "beating around the bush," and sly and contemptible attempts at evasions of promises. Alas! men too often damage their reputation by backing out of a bargain, or breaking faith, to save a few paltry dollars. Do not sell yourself so cheaply! No; do as you agree and abide manfully by the consequences. You will thus soon learn to be exceedingly careful about what you agree

to do, and such carefulness is not too dear at any price. In a word, make "your promises as good as your bond."

FIFTH COMMANDMENT—Be a psychologist.

All men, no matter what their calling is, should study to acquire a knowledge of human nature, but to the business man this spirit of observation is well-nigh indispensable. Surely no one would dare dispute the importance of the ability to penetrate into other men's minds, to discover their motives, and predict their actions. The working of the mind is indicated by the countenance, the tone of the voice, or a tremor of the nerves, and by observation of these psychological phenomena we obtain an indication of what the person's actions will be. Readily enough we can see the more prominent indications of anger, fear, etc., but to be able to read the mind and see the inner motives and desires of those with whom we come in contact, is a most valuable resource, since it enables us to suit our own words and actions to the case.

SIXTH COMMANDMENT—Train your memory.

A good memory adds much to success in business life. The merchant or the employee, who remembers customers and calls them by name, no matter how long their absence, commands a large trade. When we go into a store to buy, thinking that we are almost perfect strangers there, and are addressed by name, and reference made, perhaps, to some former visit, or to some incident connected with our business, home or friends, the recognition surprises and pleases, and we are induced to purchase more than we first intended. On the other hand, the reverse feeling is produced if, upon entering a store where we think we ought to be known, we are met with a scrutinizing gaze and treated as a stranger.

Once, a prominent and successful contractor entered a store; he was shabbily dressed, as most "busy men" are. The manager of the establishment seeing him, cried out in a gruff tone of voice: "No carting to-day." "I am not looking for cartage," said the astonished contractor, "I am So and So." "Oh!" said the manager, "I beg your pardon." But it was too late, the contractor had left the store never to return cancelling thereby orders worth thousands of dollars.

A defective memory can be greatly improved by practice and exercise in trying to remember names, faces, and incidents. It has been the key of success to many.

SEVENTH COMMANDMENT—Control your tongue.

Yes, by all means, keep your own counsel. Learn all you can of what is going on around you, but communicate little. Never make a parade of your business, but go about it quietly and transact it in a business-like way. Do no boast of your shrewdness, much less of your profits. Do not go about telling people what you are doing or what you propose doing. The successful business man, like the successful general, conceals all his plans until he has fully matured them, perfected them; wisely he awaits the hour of their report. Young men in the employ of others should know that their employer's business is their secret, to be kept strictly confidential. Some there are who can hardly keep a secret.

Often has it been said that a secret is a thing that rankles and burns in the brains of women, and the poor creatures have no rest until it is disclosed to someone. If this statement is true, as experience warrants us to affirm, it were well to add that many a man is of the feminine gender in that respect. Such persons, of course, will never attain a high degree of success.

EIGHTH COMMANDMENT—Have some foresight.

The happy faculty of looking into the future and divining what will come to pass is of supreme importance to the business man. The greatest success in business is found where this qualification is greatest. The man of foresight has just the articles that are in greatest demand. He owns acres of land now sought at high prices for building lots. Some say he is "in luck," but the truth is that he foresaw the demand and prepared for it. It was not luck, but calculation. What has most contributed to pile millions in the vaults of the kings of finance was foresight.

NINTH COMMANDMENT—Be sociable.

A pleasant manner is of great importance, of unquestionable great advantage to the business man in securing custom. A gruff tone of voice, or surly look often loses a customer, when no harsh feelings are intended. A courteous and considerate regard for the feelings of others, manifested by pleasant words or looks, has been the means of many a success in business life. Some men are so unhinged by any trifling circumstances of an unpleasant character as to be moody and irritable for a day afterward.

TENTH COMMANDMENT—Be not a society man.

This commandment is not in contradiction of the preceding one.

Cultivate friends and acquaintances in business. The former are won by years of honesty and integrity, but the latter are the daily reward of a courteous and affable manner. You may succeed without giving much thought to the social side of your nature, but you will be compelled to labor a lifetime for the same reward you could have attained in a few years. Enlarge the circle of your acquaintances among those who are so situated in life as to become your customers, as far as you can without taking too much time from your business. Do not consider an hour or an evening taken occasionally as entirely lost. The influence of every intelligent and upright business man in a community is beneficial, and it is your duty to exert that influence for the general welfare, not looking for any reward personally, but accepting that compensation which comes from an extended and favorable acquaintance. But beware of being drawn into social matters to the extent of causing a neglect of your business. Do not allow yourself to be president of this, secretary of that, and treasurer of the other, so that your time and energy is taken up with these matters to the injury of your business. Do not allow your store or office to become a club-room or a place for political meetings.

ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT—Make a good choice of a business.

In selecting a business for your life, choose an honest one, one which is agreeable to your tastes and of which you have or may acquire a thorough knowledge of the details and then

“MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS”—and mind it well.

Should we not deem it fortunate that this last commandment was never dictated to Moses on Mount Sinai? Yes, indeed, for were it the case, few of us would see Salvation, so much above our poor, frail nature is it, not to devote our spare moments to the minding of other people's affairs.

“BUSINESS.”

Employment, which has been called “Nature's physician,” is so essential to human happiness that indolence is justly considered as the mother of misery.

PROHIBITION.



FORMER minister of finance, aided by the statistics at his disposal, in 1884 made the statement that the total direct cost to Canada for liquor, from 1868 to 1882, would not only have defrayed our cost of government, and built our railways, but would have left us without a shadow of national debt. He pointed out that, to this direct loss, we must add the incalculable cost of citizens slain, labor destroyed, pauperism borne, and crime watched, restrained and punished.

Mr. Gladstone has said of the liquor traffic that, "it is the measure of England's discredit and disgrace." Cardinal Manning, that it is responsible "for 75% of the crimes committed; causing the disastrous ruination of families, and destroying domestic life, together with the practice of religion and the education of children." Sir Oliver Mowat, that "three-fourths of the vice that prevails at present, of the lunacy, the idiocy, the poverty and misery of every kind, was owing to the foul vice—intemperance."

But the testimony of the great leaders of thought is unnecessary. All are sufficiently familiar with its ravages to know that it is the greatest source of moral, social, and material evils. And these are only the visible evils. The invisible results of this vice—the pain, the shame, the suffering, the death not only of body, but of soul are things not numerically calculable and known only to Him "whose piercing eye seeth all things." The remedy must be proportionate to the disease. Time has proven that this moral pestilence cannot be stayed in its onward course by any opiate potion of license law.

But what remedy is proportionate to the disease? The opponents of prohibition argue that it is wrong in principle, and ineffective in operation. If so, it has no claim to consideration.

It is said to be wrong in principle, because it is an infringement upon the rights of the individual. The common good, rather than the rights of the individual, is the criterion of the justice of legislation. As a member of society, the individual must make sacrifices that would not be demanded of him were he in a state of isolation. This is a principle universally recognized. Then, are the interests of society better served by giving to this iniquitous traffic the sanction of the law, or by refusing this sanction? Considering only the principle, the answer is not far to seek.

Can the law refuse this sanction? Surely it can. By virtue of a contract entered into by the state and the individual, the individual is permitted to engage in the liquor traffic. But this contract is for one year, and at the end of that time the state may terminate the contract. The individual is aware of this when he enters upon the contract, and no plea of vested interests can prevent the conclusion that license is restriction, and that the right to restrict admits the right to prohibit, not only the individual engaged, but the entire traffic.

So much for the argument that prohibition is wrong in principle. Let us now see the positive arguments that prohibition is right in principle.

By means of its object, its circumstances, and its end, we are unable to prove that, intrinsically, the action of disposing of liquor by sale is morally wrong. Analysis may assist us. The object is evidently to reap the benefits to be derived from the sale of liquor. If we purchase any other commodity, the benefits from the transaction are mutual. With a transaction involving the sale of liquor the benefits are manifestly confined to the agent, since liquor, to say the least, does not possess the slightest potentiality for good. Then the object is purely a selfish one, and might surely be attained in another pursuit. From the point of view of the end the same is true.

Concerning the circumstances, could we justify the sale of liquor to a man known to be a drunkard, to a man whose means were required for the sustenance of his family, or, in a word, to a man who was liable to injury, directly or indirectly, because of this sale? If not, few indeed are the instances in which the sale of liquor can be justified, and we are able to place the liquor traffic in the category of moral evils. Beyond a doubt, it is the efficient cause of intemperance, and of all its attendant evils, and as such has no place in another category.

The true object of legislation is to prevent—not to protect evil. If we recognize the principle that a government should frame its laws so as to make it as hard as possible for a man to do wrong, and as easy as possible for a man to do right, then, since intemperance is an evil, dangerous to the material and moral well-being of man, and the liquor traffic is largely the efficient cause of this evil, surely prohibition, rather than license, affords the maximum fulfilment of this principle.

The morality of a people is proportionate to the morality of

fair laws. While gambling was legal it could not be made disgraceful. While slavery was a creature of the law, it was bulwarked by the law. Where polygamy is lawful, a plurality of wives is reputable. But with the sanction of the law removed, each and all become disreputable. So it must be with the liquor traffic and intemperance.

To prove, positively, the efficacy of prohibition is also a very difficult task. Prohibition is the legal forbidding of the manufacture, importation, and sale of intoxicating liquors. There are no examples of a prohibitory law which fulfills all these conditions. We may say that, in so far as it fails to fulfill these conditions, it must fail in efficacy. Again, the area affected must be considered. It must be evident that with the same measure of enforcement the efficacy must be in proportion to the area, since, as the prohibition area is increased, the force of the opposition to the law from the traffic (which, after all, is the main source of the opposition) must be correspondingly diminished.

Now, existing prohibition examples do not fulfill all the conditions, and are very limited in area. But even with these disadvantages they will assist materially in reaching a conclusion. Space does not permit the insertion of statistics. By means of them the advocates of prohibition prove its efficacy. But we have the strange anomaly of the opponents of prohibition proving their case by means of the same statistics. The average man has not the time to investigate and ascertain for himself the reliableness of the computations of either. There is another means of judging. The prohibitionists are, in most cases, animated solely by a desire to benefit humanity; their opponents, in most cases, individually, by selfish motives of personal gain, and collectively, by the mighty forces behind the infamous traffic, which sees in prohibition a peril to its very existence. The reasonable man will be inclined to accept the figures of the prohibitionist.

Let us judge its efficacy by another standard, that of the opinion of those affected by prohibitory legislation. Prohibition, of a varying degree of perfection, has been in force, with the exception of one year, in the limited area of the State of Maine, since 1851. After 33 years of trial it was, in 1884, by a majority of over 47,000, the largest ever given in the State on a constitutional amendment, made a part of the constitution of the State. In the legislature a bill to resubmit the question to the people was, despite the efforts of the advocates of license, defeated by a vote of 114 to 13. In

Kansas the same occurred in 1880. This shows that the people who know most about the law, who are thoroughly acquainted with its merits and its defects, are satisfied, by long experience, that the only way to deal with the traffic is to prohibit it. They are through experimenting. Should we listen to their testimony, or to that of the friends of the liquor traffic?

Liquor laws are remarkable for the difficulties in enforcing them. The opponents of a prohibitory law, to prove that it is inefficient in operation, reason that because it does not annihilate the evil it is a failure. The real question is, does it serve the end better than a license law? But, if a triple alliance of man, women and the devil, to break a prohibitory law, proves the law to be a failure, then the prohibitory law, given to Moses on Mount Sinai, is the masterpiece of failures, and, according to the same reasoning, we should substitute for the prohibitions of the Decalogue, a system of license.

Hooker has said that, "the seat of law is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power." Because not merely of its external authority, but because of this strong instinct of reverence which it commands, the influence of a law, though silent, is yet constant and powerful. In this instinct of reverence, and of silent homage to law, which is a part of man's nature, lies the moral force of prohibition as compared to license. By prohibition, the law, with this homage and reverence at its command, points out the path to moral rectitude; by license, the law, with this same homage and reverence at its command, sanctions the path to moral degeneracy.

The remedy offered by the opponents of prohibition is high license, which they claim will eliminate low dives. Perhaps it may accomplish this, but facts do not bear out the contention. Would they try to conciliate an enraged animal by holding a red rag before his eyes? As well try to do this as to try to eliminate intemperance by surrounding its cause with all the enticing allurements which wealth can procure.

What matter to the broken-hearted mother, to the wife and little children suffering from hunger and cold, whether he who would otherwise have been a good son, a good husband, and a good father, procured his first glass of liquor in the gilded and liveried high license saloon, or in the miserable hovel which it may have displaced? The effect is the same. And when

this man's life is drawing to a premature close, when he finds himself on the brink of a drunkard's, and, perhaps, a felon's grave; when he thinks of the parents whom he has dishonored, of the wife whose life he has blasted, of the children whom he has started on life's journey under so many disadvantages; and, lastly, of what his own life was, and what it might have been—which would he prefer, a license law, high or low, which made the downward path so easy, which provided him with the opportunity for evil or a prohibitory law, which, to say the least, would have made this path vastly more difficult, and, in all probability, have started him on the path to rectitude?

C. J. JONES, '07.

THE RENAISSANCE AND THE REVIVAL OF LEARNING.



It is a statement commonly made, and repeated in and out of season, that the Renaissance marks the revival of learning. Prior to the period so defined secular knowledge was, so it is asserted, practically non-existent, or, at least, looked on as incompatible with the profession and practice of a pious Christian. According to this view, therefore, the Renaissance signifies the emancipation of the human mind from the ignorance and superstition, from all the spiritual and intellectual trammels of the Dark Ages.

That, one takes it, is approximately the ordinary, non-Catholic conception of the Renaissance; possibly, also, of certain modern and very enlightened Catholics. Great minds, it will be readily admitted, are to be found, here and there, in the centuries immediately preceding the later fifteenth and early sixteenth, among whom Saint Thomas of Aquin stands, by common consent, first and without a rival. But even Saint Thomas seems, to believers in the Renaissance, to have frittered away his powers on questions of no practical value to humanity, of interest, at most, to schoolmen and theologians.

On the other hand, the view which regards the Renaissance as "the devil's travesty of the New Birth," is not without supporters, even in the twentieth century, as it certainly was not in the age which saw the dawn of this supposed intellectual and spiritual freedom. Admitting, however, all that is claimed by the heirs of the Renaissance, what defence is the Catholic to make for his forebears in the Faith?

The lines of defence, indeed, are not far to seek, nor need we summon Catholic evidence alone. The Puritan of the age almost immediately succeeding the Renaissance was, most assuredly, not a believer in either intellectual or spiritual freedom, as conceived by the originators, or by the champions of either. To him, as to the monk of the Dark Ages, as to Saint Jerome, Saint Augustine, or Tertullian, God and the soul were of such paramount concern that all else was not only less than nothing, but utterly inimical to his real welfare: "What fellowship hath light with darkness? Or Christ with Belial?"

Yet, even for the older Catholic attitude, there is much to be said. Dr. Maitland, indeed, in his "Dark Ages," boldly asserts that "the monks took the lead in learning." [Edn., 1889, p. 193]. "It might, I think," he continues, "be shown that there were a good many persons in those ages not so destitute of all that is now called learning as some have asserted, and many, without much enquiring, believe. I might ask, how does it happen that the classics, and the older works on art and science, have been preserved in existence?" [Ibid].

Dr. Maitland, however, is disposed rather to defend, or, at least, to present fairly what he defines as "the Dark Age view of profane learning." He goes on, therefore, to say that "people in those days were brought up with views respecting profane learning which it is necessary for us to understand before we form our judgment of the men." What, briefly, were those views? "They thought," our author tells us, "that Virgil and Horace . . . spoke of things whereof it is a shame to speak . . . which it were better that Christian men should not know. It was not, as modern conceit loves to talk, that they were ignorant that such books existed, or that they were men so destitute of brains and passions as not to admire the language in which the heathen poets described . . . ambition, rage, lust, intemperance, and a variety of other things which were quite contrary to the Rules of Saint Benedict and Saint Chrodegang. . . They thought, too, that there were worse things in the world than false quantities, and preferred running the risk of them to some other risks which they apprehended." [p. 197.]

Two men, probably, stand out more than any others as types of this spirit, Saint Bernard and Thomas A. Kempis, just as Erasmus stands as the type par excellence of the Renaissance. The contrast, surely, needs no elaboration. Erasmus has left us a picture of himself in his "Life and Letters." Thomas a Kempis, in the

"Imitation"; Saint Bernard in his devotional writings. But from each of the two last a phrase may be gathered which contains, as it were, the essential spirit of the Ages of Faith in respect of secular learning. "How many," says the author of the "Imitation," "perish by reason of vain learning in this world, who take little care of the serving of God? And because they rather choose to be great than humble, therefore they become vain in their imaginations (Rom. I, 21)." He adds: "He is truly learned that doeth the will of God, and forsaketh his own will." (Imit., Bk. I, c,iii.) From Saint Bernard, also, we may learn that which, if we have not forgotten, we have, probably, looked on as unattainable. "Si scribas," he says, "non sapit mihi, nisi legero ibi Jesum." (Serm. 15 super Cant.) An impossible standard? Perhaps; yet the only standard for those who profess and call themselves followers of Him who is the Wisdom of God.

It was from such trammels of mediaeval superstition that the Renaissance set free the mind of man. That it, incidentally, set free much besides, which had been held in not unwholesome bondage, is, of course, studiously ignored by its champions. "Their eyes are holden so that they cannot see"; blinded, it may be, by the glare of that false dawn.

Those, therefore, who hold that the Renaissance was, in truth, "the devil's travesty of the New Birth," are not wholly without grounds for their contention. Man's intellect, man's soul, were, if you will have it so, set free from the bondage of the Dark Ages, but what has he gained thereby? If he is no longer priest-ridden it may be that he is devil-ridden; if he is no longer a slave to the Church is it not possible that he has become a slave to himself?

But the Renaissance, it is asserted, marks the revival of learning. Granted; but, as Maitland says: "What is learning?" The scholars and Saints of the Dark Ages did not, indeed, "give the first place to classical or scientific learning." If so, may it not have been for the causes assigned by Saint Bernard and Thomas à Kempis, the causes which mark them off from Erasmus and his fellows; the Ages of Faith from the Ages of Enlightenment? "Behold the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding." (Job XXXIII, 28). And if men, in the Ages of Faith, fell short of this ideal, the ideal of Saint Paul, Saint Bernard and of Thomas à Kempis that does not, surely, prove that the Old Learning was less real, less true, or of less value than the New.

BEATUS. O.S.B.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE HABITANT."

IT would not be easy to make an exaggerated estimation of the regret that almost universally pervaded, not only the people of Canada and the United States, but also those of far distant countries, wherever the English language is spoken, when the doleful news of the unexpected death of William Henry Drummond, M.D., the most faithful delineator of French-Canadian life and customs, was made public, through the instrumentality of the press. The mournful announcement spread over the civilized world like the gloomy shadow of night. The reason for this general and wide-spread grief, a rare tribute of sincerity to a dead poet in this materialistic age, is not difficult to discover, and it will, the writer ventures to hope, make itself evident in the following paragraphs, wherein the attitude which the lamented writer maintained toward several matters of note, is succinctly indicated, chiefly by his own pen:

I first met the author of "The Habitant" at his residence in Montreal, early in 1896. He stood before me the very embodiment of perfect manliness. Well grown, large of frame, with firm step, and an open, yet dignified, deportment, he would have been singled out anywhere in a crowd. Like David, he had "a beautiful countenance and goodly to look at." His features were regular and handsome, his forehead high and broad, and his dark eyes illumined by the fire of genius. The flush of health on his sunburned cheek testified to his abiding passion for the life in the open; by meandering stream with rod and line, or in solitary forest shades with fowling-piece and beloved dog, ever drawn on by the lure of the wilderness. After touching on many topics in our talk, we finally settled down to a discussion of the Irish poets, both the living and dead. He named Sir Samuel Ferguson as his prime favorite, and proceeded to place him on the throne of supreme modern Irish poetic genius. I ventured to state some of the claims of Thomas Moore to such an exalted position, but without effect, although the critics are on my side. Then I hinted that the Doctor was partial to his fellow north of Ireland man, and, to show the error of the contention, he highly praised James Joseph Callanan, and declared James Clarence Mangin to have been "the mystery-making Edgar Allen Poe of Ireland." Passing on to the Irish-American poets, the Doctor chose the Rev. Abram Ryan for the highest place in his estimation. On

my making a reference to John B. O'Reilly, the Doctor warmly declared that "he was a profound and sane thinker, like Thomas D'Arcy McGee, and could, when at his best, evoke a captivating music."

What surprised me most in all this was the astounding amount of Irish poetry that the Doctor had by heart. While speaking about Sir Samuel Ferguson, for an example, he recited page after page of his best poetry, without a single reference to a book. Callanan's tuneful "Gougana Barra" he repeated entire "out of his own head," as the children say, with a power I have never heard equalled. Father Ryan's "Song of the Mystic," and also his pathetic "Rest," were beautifully rendered without the aid of the printed page. He ended his charming entertainment by quoting copiously from O'Reilly, and highly praised the eulogy of Wendell Phillips, whom the Doctor, with a twinkle in his eye, declared "was good enough to have been Irish born."

At length, when the Doctor grew weary of reciting Irish poetry for an audience of one, he suddenly arose and strode over to a window that opened on a yard. Beckoning me to his side, he pointed proudly to two dogs, crouched on either side of a burrow. "They are Irish terriers," he explained, "and they will stay there at their post without bit or sup till the enemy appears, and then woe betide it. It would be well for the Irish race if they possessed more of the grim determination of their terriers!" The latter sentiment was uttered with a solemn tone and look but seldom absent for long from the Doctor's manner, and this pensive gravity is, I believe, characteristic of most humorists.

A year subsequently I happened to be alone with the Doctor while he stood on the Interprovincial Bridge at Ottawa, and drank in the beauty of the Chaudiere Falls. "Do you still believe in Moore?" he suddenly asked, turning about to me. I answered in the affirmative, sturdily enough. "Then you cannot understand that," he exclaimed, and he pointed toward the mighty torrent, with all the impressiveness of an Egyptian priest before the sacrificial altar. I considered it to have been one of those occasions when a laugh helps out, and so I replied, "The *more* I know of Moore the *more* I am pleased with the music of falling water, or any other sort of music." It speaks volumes for the Doctor's good nature that he actually laughed at the fatuous pun.

In a letter the Doctor wrote to me about this time he gives what he would probably have called the *raison* of his literary method.

"You ask if I have ever written upon a 'serious' subject," he wrote, "Well, I scarcely know if I have or not. So many choose this style and do so well that maybe the fact has deterred me from attempting anything that might 'go against the grain,' as it were. I seldom feel really serious enough; my digestion is so good, you know. Another thing, I 'start in' only when I am in the humor—in that way, too, I'm very irregular—but if there's one vein I would delight in it is the "roasting vein"; its only trouble is it gets people down on one so; then I see visions of law-suits and lawyers, that are worse, and they scare the life out of me; so, you see, my poetic taste is 'low' and of the 'lamp pouring' kind, therefore not to be encouraged. But there's some excuse, for, great heavens! how full the world is of shams, both sexes! and the gifted William Makepeace Thackeray and the o'er acid, but also gifted, Thomas Carlyle, never detested shams more than does your humble servant." In effect, the Doctor wrote humorously because he felt humorously, and had the good sense to follow his natural bent.

In another letter I find a passage containing more truth than poetry. Here it is: "It's all very well for men like President Eliot, of Harvard University, to talk as he did before an Irish audience the other day, and assure them that no bigotry or hatred of the Irish race exists in 'liberty-loving Massachusetts.' What rot! Look at the American comic papers and see how the Irish are maligned—caricatured. You have never seen anything like it in an English comic paper or magazine. They are decent on the other side of the water." This letter contains more in the same strain, but want of space prohibits further citation here.

He wrote of a poem I liked and sent to him: "Pretty little thing that of Miss Perry, 'Riding Down,' very pretty; I have copied it." Indeed, his invariable habit was to copy in his legible, beautiful chirography the passage in his reading that took his fancy. Generally, by the time the lines were written out, they were, I imagine, indelibly stamped on his memory.

Poor Drummond never went largely into his own merits and achievements, and very seldom into the demerits and shortcomings of his contemporaries; his whimsically expressed desire for "roasting" notwithstanding. The following bit of sharp criticism of a pretentious volume of verse published about the time he wrote has a value aside from the subject that suggested it: "Have you read ———'s poems? I essayed the task, but the effusions are clearly not for me. They are far too stilted—too rhetorical. They want

heart and they want soul. Candidly, little of what passes for Canadian poetry will survive many years. But the little—the exception—is really good, and when Johnny Canuck shall have amassed sufficient wealth to enable him to rest 'under his own fig tree' from driving logs and piling lumber he may do some great things. This is the way in all history. Elegance and refinement are always the last effort of opulence and leisure."

Soon after the receipt of the foregoing, I was given a lengthy epistle from the same kind pen. This letter fairly brimmed over with laudation of the verse of Moira O'Neill, the poet of the storied glens of Antrim, a writer also beloved of Kate Douglas Wiggin, the diverting author of "Penelope's Irish Experience." Dr. Drummond enclosed a written copy of Miss O'Neill's poem "The Little Son," concerning which he enquired, "Where will you find anything so pure and tender?" For the mischief of the thing, my reply was, that he generally was stone blind to the defects of anything emanating from his native north of Ireland, but, in the present instance, I added, I did not consider he was wrong, at least not entirely so. He responded on a pictorial post card, containing an illustration of "The Walls of Derry," and a line to the effect that "A little *Moore* of that would be too much." My rejoinder to this unexpected echo of my poor pun of long ago was a warning that the making of puns was considered by all respectable folk as conduct little short of *punishable*. And so the whole joke passed in laughter.

Another letter contains the following sententious and highly characteristic passage, with which I must close, having already overrun my allotted bounds: "I had an 8—page (large) letter from M— yesterday, all about dogs, and mostly dealing with the Irish terrier; so I must have given him quite a lecture on the subject of 'Hibernian ratters' the other day! You know they consider me a sort of authority on the I. T.! I'll make you a present of an Irish terrier in the spring, with a pedigree dating from the time of Strongbow."

Precisely what place the poems of Drummond are to occupy among the classics of the language—those authentic models, by the study of which that idea of excellence which is the result of the accumulated experience of past ages, may be most readily acquired—is a question the solution of which may well be left to Posterity, a word that, in pleasant anticipation of all the glory it is destined to express, I invariably write with the very largest initial letter at my command. Meanwhile the present generation will continue on read-

ing and reciting the verses, and finding in them marvellously true and vivid pictures of a people all too little known by the remaining components of our rather heterogeneous Canadian community. If signs have any meaning, the next generation will do likewise. The writer of whose literary work even so much can be affirmed with truth, has assuredly builded for himself a monument more enduring than bronze.

MAURICE CASEY.

A SHOWER OF GEMS.

Apollo, Beauty-maker,
 God of life and light,
 Throned in royal azure,
 'Wakes the world from night :
 Monarch most benignant,
 Regal gifts he flings,
 Far and wide, wher'er a child
 Of Hera weeps or sings.

From his golden chariot,
 In the fields of air,
 Flings he gems in showers ;
 Jewels bright and rare ;
 Rubies for the rose-cup ;
 Emeralds for the grass ;
 For the violet, jacinths,
 Pearls, clear as glass.

Deck the lady lily ;
 Sapphires, heavenly blue,
 Crown the morning glory,
 Nursed by night and dew,
 Glorious is Apollo
 In his kingly power ;
 Gracious messenger of Him
 Who loves both man and flower.

CAMEO.

A DANGER IN SUMMER.



LEADING editorial in the Montreal Gazette shows that the public is beginning to take notice of a very common danger. The advent of spring and summer, the article reads, while to some it brings recreation, to others change of employment, and to others still the season of their main activity, is for all alike a time of renewed risks to health and life. In Science Progress for April, Dr. Arthur E. Shipley, F.R.S., Fellow and Tutor of Christ's College, Cambridge, calls attention to one of these—the Danger of Flies. Although the common house fly is one of the most widely distributed of the insects that are known, the knowledge that has been collected as to its life history is strangely limited. Linnaeus gave it the name of *musca domestica*, and De Geer described its transformation. That was in the 18th century. In 1834 the larva was described. In 1873 the American entomologist, A. S. Packard, noticed an exceptional abundance of the house fly and spent much effort on its investigation. More recently, L. O. Howard, of the U. S. A., Department of Agriculture, issued a bulletin on the subject. Last year C. Gordon Hewitt, the English entomologist, published a preliminary outline of his monograph on the house-fly—a work which men of science are eagerly awaiting.

Enough is known already, however, to justify the warnings of those who have witnessed the activity of the fly in spreading certain forms of disease. Dr. Shipley, in view of the diseases that the fly conveys from man to man, considers the prince of devils well named the Lord of Flies, and holds that of all the plagues of Egypt, that of flies was by no means the least formidable. The house-fly is practically cosmopolitan. The British Museum collection, though very far from complete, includes specimens from the Mediterranean, India, South America, Nova Scotia, Madagascar, Somaliland, New Zealand and Hong Kong. The great breeding-ground of the house-fly is in the neighborhood of stables—the eggs being laid in crevices of the manure. They are hatched in about twenty-four hours. During its lifetime the larva moves actively about, eating decaying matter. In from five to seven days it becomes a dark-brown pupa chrysalis. The period required for complete metamorphosis has been found to vary with the climate. Hewitt has given some striking examples of the effect of weather on the rate of development. The method by which infection is conveyed by flies is mechanical—not

unlike that of the inoculating needle. The bacillus is thus conveyed without change from the diseased to the healthy subject. Anthrax bacillus may be thus picked up from a diseased person by the oral organism of the fly and imparted to the abraded surface of a healthy man so as to cause wool-sorter's disease. Plague-bacillus, it is thought, has been carried in the same way—the house-fly, as well as the flea, conveying that dreadful malady from man to man, either directly or through the mediation of the rat. That flies disseminate cholera has long since been ascertained. In spreading disease of the eye—an affliction with which Canada has been becoming familiar—there is ample evidence of the fly's participation. A curious proof of the mechanical nature of the infectional process is the fact, discovered by observation, that while the bite (so called), of the tsetse-fly will impart sleeping sickness, the man or animal visited immediately after has immunity—the insertion of the proboscis is the victim's body serving to cleanse the mouth-part which is the instrument of inoculation. It was once believed that the tsetse-fly was confined to the continent of Africa, but this has been disproved by the finding of the little plague in Southern Arabia, where it attacks donkeys, horses, dogs and man. Camels and sheep are not troubled by it.

During recent years much attention has been paid to the agency of the house-fly in disseminating bacterial diseases. In spreading such disorders as cholera and enteric fevers, which are caused by micro-organisms, flies have been shown to convey the bacteria from the dejecta of the sick to the food of the healthy. In the South African and Cuban wars melancholy demonstration of the activity of the too familiar fly in spreading disease and death was brought home to the army physicians. They sometimes even anticipate the exhibition of the disease, performing the task of messenger of fate by carrying the poison from the vicinity of those in whom, though doomed, the virus had not yet declared itself, to those who, but for the fatal assistance, might have escaped infection. Dr. Veeder reported in his observations some instructive instances of such mediation. Dr. Sandilands, in his remarks on epidemic diarrhoea, says that the course of the disease follows the temperature of the earth rather than that of the atmosphere, and Dr. Newsholme, of Brighton, in his report as health officer, points out how often food is rendered poisonous by flies crowded from all sorts of noisome places into the sugar bowl or milk-jug from which children are fed. Sweetened condensed milk, having a greater attraction for flies, is

all the more likely to cause infantile diarrhoea. The proboscis of the common fly is said to harbor another larval nemotode, though the history of this parasite is not fully known. Enough is known, however, to convince even the most sceptical that the house-fly is a danger to the community—a terrible danger in time of epidemic, but a danger at all times to those who dwell near stables, slaughter houses and other places where such insects congregate and breed. Lime, creolin and other germicides, may be profitably applied, but prevention is better than cure.

A MONUMENT TO MCGEE.

IT is rumored that the Canadian Government is considering the project of perpetuating the memory of Lafontaine and Baldwin in bronze on Parliament Hill. The *Ottawa Temps*, in a very sympathetic article, suggests that Thomas D'Arcy McGee should have his monument there too.

Irish by birth and country, D'Arcy McGee took part in the ill-starred insurrection of 1848 in Ireland. To escape the consequences of the part he took in this enterprise, he fled to the United States. There he soon won a name for himself by his pen and became the editor of several newspapers.

About 1850, at the invitation of Canadian literary societies, he gave lectures in Quebec and Montreal. At length he settled down in Montreal. His talents and his popularity soon ushered him into a prosperous political career. Successively member of Parliament, president of the Legislative Council, Minister of Agriculture, he evinced broadness of view, deep insight into political, economical, social organizations and their workings. He displayed a practical, tolerant and versatile mind; an upright, open and generous character.

When the question of Confederation came up for attention in 1864, D'Arcy McGee was a fervent and eloquent advocate of the movement. To demonstrate that the prosperity and future of the various provinces rested entirely into their fusion into a single unit was the task he undertook to accomplish. On July 18, 1867, the Dominion of Canada became a fact, and D'Arcy McGee was to be reckoned henceforth as one of the fathers of Confederation.

In April of the following year, while the chambers of the new

parliament at Ottawa still re-echoed with the accents of his eloquent plea in favor of confederation, D'Arcy McGee was foully assassinated on Sparks street, Ottawa, at a late hour of the night. He was the victim of a conspiracy, though mystery still shrouds this shocking crime. The Fenians were accused. McGee, in a speech at Montreal, claimed he possessed documents incriminating several Fenians sufficiently to place them behind prison bars. From that moment, to assure their immunity from conviction, an assassin was chosen to take McGee's life. A man named Whalen was arrested, tried, found guilty, and executed. The evidence was circumstantial; it was never shown that the condemned man was really the murderer or that he did not have accomplices.

Writer, poet, orator, statesman, D'Arcy McGee is undoubtedly one of the most imposing figures in our history. His sole ambition had been to graft upon a single trunk the several branches of the Canadian tree. "This tree," he said, "will supply to every Canadian his just portion of shade and shelter."

In the heart of every Canadian there is already an enduring monument erected to McGee. A movement to honor suitably his memory is meeting with public favor. In the recent session of Parliament Hon. Mr. Fielding, acting Prime Minister, in reply to a question, said that the government highly appreciated the part he took in Canadian affairs, and that a monument to him would be provided for in a future session.

PERE MONSABRE.

The May issue of the *Rosary* contains a brilliant appreciation of illustrious Pere Monsabré. After the usual studies Monsabré was ordained and joined the Order of Friar-Preachers. In the course of time he was invited to Paris, where he occupied the pulpit of Notre Dame for twenty years, and proved himself a worthy successor of Bossuet, Lacordaire and all the other great preachers whom the French Church produced. His "L'Exposition du Dogme Catholique" will remain a rich storehouse, and a treasury of religious literature. Almost as many amusing anecdotes are related of Monsabré as of his fellow Dominican, the witty Father Tom Burke. For the six or seven years before his death he lived in retirement.

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No. VIII

THE NEW POSTAL ARRANGEMENT.

On the 8th inst. the new postal regulations went into effect. Magazines, periodicals and newspapers, when mailed by publishers, have now to pay 4 cents a pound postage, instead of 1 cent, from the United States to Canada, and 4 cents a pound, instead of $\frac{1}{2}$ a cent, from Canada to the United States. Thus the old rate on newspapers for the United States, being half a cent, and in some cases a quarter of a cent a pound, was a bulk rate. The new rate of four cents a pound, while still a bulk rate, has a new ruling attached requiring a one cent stamp on each separate paper, whether it weighs a quarter of a pound or less; the postage, as now arranged, must be prepaid in stamps. This means a heavy additional expense, and many of the newspapers are up in arms. Still, there is another side to be considered. Under the treaty of 1887 Canada took American second class mail matter at the American rate, which was lower than the Canadian, due to the fact that the United States classed as such

publications to which the Canadian Government would not extend second class rates in Canada. The Canadian post office was carrying for United States publishers, at a low rate, matter in Canada for which our own people could not secure similar privileges. Moreover, the mass of American publications sent into Canada were choking our mail cars and post offices. Much of this matter was pure advertising, which would not be allowed the mails under this classification if published in Canada. It is believed that the new treaty secures more equitable terms. It will remove the anomaly which compelled the Canadian post office to carry 200 bags of newspapers and periodicals for every one bag carried by the United States of Canadian publications. It will relieve our service of a vast amount of work and expense. The subject has been under advisement for over twenty years, especially by the Canadian Press Association and various postmasters-general, with apparently an unanimity of opinion in support of the course just adopted. Some recommendations for wrappers and a revisal of the domestic rate on newspapers were accepted by the Government.

Book Review.

The Question of Anglican Ordinations, by Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B., D.D. The Ave Maria Press, Ind. Price, 15 cts.

An instructive booklet, showing on what grounds Leo XIII on Sept. 13, 1896, declared against the validity of Anglican Orders.

Patron Saints for Catholic Youth, vol. II, by Mary E. Mannix. Benziger Bros., New York. Price, 60 cts.

There are sketches of SS. Bernard, Martin of Tours, Blase, Cecilia, Monica, Bridget. It is just the book for a school prize.

The Christian School; Pastoral Letter of the Rt. Rev. James A. McFaul, D.D., Bishop of Trenton. Benziger Bros.

In this Pastoral, which is in its second edition, Bishop McFaul, before treating the nature and end of education, relates briefly its history and progress in the Greek, Roman and Jewish worlds; then he gives glimpses of the catechumenal, cathedral, chantry, guild, monastic, prince, schools under the Christian dispensation; he traces the rise of free public and parish schools in the United States. The Bishop states the injustice the Catholic minority suffer, because "the atheistic state has fallen far lower than that based on Paganism," because a class of would-be reformers trespass on the rights

of parents, when, in public and private institutions, they inflict their religious opinions and practices upon the children, irrespective of the wishes of their parents. The just solution of the grievance would be to allow Catholics to devote the money, which they are taxed in favor of the public schools, to their own schools, the children of which to be examined by a state or municipal board. The pleader is sanguine that fair-minded Americans will finally undertake some such solution.

Among the Magazines.

"Did the Church Ever Sell Indulgences?" is the title of a long article in the *Ave Maria* of April 27th. The subject is most exhaustively treated. The writer evidently is not afraid to go into the merits of the question. For every assertion he makes, he quotes his authority, whether Protestant or Catholic, in complete footnotes. The Catholic doctrine anent Indulgences is carefully outlined, the non-Catholic exaggerations are then recounted, the parts played in the controversy by Leo X, by Tetzel, and by Luther, are described in the light of documents, or in the words of their respective historians. It is a very handy article to have within reach to consult in moments of need.

Another attraction of the *Ave Maria* is the "Confessions of a Convert," by the Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. Father Benson was the son of a former Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury. Though still a young man, he has accomplished much literary work. His books, "The King's Achievement," "By What Authority," "The Queen's Tragedy," fascinating stories of the reigns of Henry VIII, Elizabeth, and Mary Tudor, help to place in their true light the many obscure events involved in the breaking away of England from the Catholic communion. The unpretentious story of his own return to the faith of his fathers is here given to the public for the first time.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

On Thursday, May 9th, the ball-tossers from the small yard tried conclusions with the Hull Juniors, who proved superior in avoirdupois, and also in ability to score. The visitors lined out triple plays and three-baggers; yet the men in the little team got

under the high ones, and met the low, swift ones with such effect that while the players from beyond the inter-provincial bridge scored only eleven, the *Lilli-putians* completed the circuit once.

The College players were: P. Sabourin, p.; O. McHugh, 1st b.; L. Gillick, 2nd b.; J. Gillick, 3rd b.; M. Rousseau, s.s.; W. Perrault, r.f.; P. Mulligan, l.f.; O. Sauvé, c.f.; L. Smith, c.

The same nine played another, and a much more successful, game with the Snowflakes on Saturday, May 10th. The defeat they suffered in the previous match was evidently rankling, for they opened up with a vim that augured well of success. The score at the conclusion stood 14 to 11 in favor of Small Yard. Pitcher McHugh was relieved during the game by Rousseau, whose curves simply mesmerized the opposing batters. Mr. P. Conway, of the senior team, was umpire, and his decisions gave satisfaction.

ATHLETICS.

Chaotic best describes the condition of athletics in the Capital at present. Fortunately for us, we are not concerned in the present agitation, beyond being interested spectators. Local athletic organizations led the rebellion against the C. A. A. U., and we are naturally interested in the outcome.

Naturally, the question arises, what is the cause of this rebellion against the central authority? The first answer that will come to our minds is, that the impotency of that body itself in the past is primarily responsible. Failure to accomplish its purpose led to contempt for its laws, and the conduct of athletic organizations was framed by the individual expediency of their members. Now the C. A. A. U., awakened from its lethargy by the advent of a more vigorous executive, finds that this conduct is incompatible with the ideal it aims to attain. The inevitable results are conflict and chaos.

A second analysis may afford a reasonable foundation for the belief that the cause lies in a natural tendency towards the development of a permanent code of ethics in athletics, suitable to the character of the people, and for which the C. A. A. U. is responsible, only in so far as its new-found vigor hastened this development, and precipitated a conflict that, sooner or later, was inevitable.

On either hypothesis it appears that the task which the C. A. A.

U. has set itself to accomplish is indeed a very difficult one. If the first be accepted, is it not now too late to seek a remedy in drastic measures? Outside of the colleges, the major lacrosse, hockey and football leagues are professional, and will be professional. Participation in the games of these leagues is the dream of the young athlete. But this cannot be realized except by the sacrifice of his amateur standing. It is safe to say that when the opportunity comes he will be lost to the C. A. A. U., and that within its ranks will be found only those not qualified for the major leagues. Hockey, lacrosse, and football are our chief Canadian sports, adapted to our needs, and under proper control, an important factor for good in every community. What is true for the major, is, in a lesser degree, true for the minor leagues. With both beyond its control, the usefulness of the Canadian Union is minimized. And it is difficult to see how its present policy is going to regain this control.

If the second hypothesis be accepted, then no artificial barriers which the C. A. A. U. may erect can stem the tide of a natural tendency.

In either case disruption is inevitable. But is this not a matter for regret? That our athletes should be divided into two distinct, almost hostile classes, cannot work for the general good of athletics. The need for a central authority is apparent. But certainly this is now impossible without compromise. The men who, prompted by the best of motives, have set up as their ideal national amateurism, would call this a compromise with evil. But the consensus of opinion seems to be that this ideal is too high, and impossible of attainment. The trend of events goes to prove this view. If so, compromise is wisdom.

Why should a man lose his amateur standing for playing with or against a professional? Logically, a man becomes a professional only when he receives payment for his participation in sport. This constitutes the essential difference. The further distinction was originally intended to prevent individual competition. The legislators had not in view the present condition of sport in Canada. And we believe that the law will tend more towards increasing professionalism than towards accomplishing its object, since to participate in one of our three great sports is now to become a professional.

As we said before, the need for a central authority is evident. We think it is almost as evident that the C. A. A. U., by maintaining its present attitude, cannot hope to be that authority. The result is either conflict or annihilation. Neither is desirable. A com-

promise on the basis of a modification of the definition of an amateur would solve the difficulty, would place the C. A. A. U. abreast of existing conditions, and earn for it the confidence of athletic organizations. Then we might look for a truly potent central authority, recognized by all, maintaining the line of demarcation between amateurism and professionalism, but controlling both; by mutual intercourse and competition bringing out for mutual benefit that which is best in each, the professional giving of his experience to the amateur, and the influence of the amateur tending to gentlemanly conduct during competition; and at the same time eliminating deception by removing its object.

Fortunately the colleges are not affected by the prevailing confusion. Laws governing intercollegiate athletics are adapted to existing conditions. Needless to say, the outcome in the wider field will be looked for with interest.

Before this issue of the Review reaches its readers, the Field Day will be a matter of history. From present indications, it should be a success. The committee has labored diligently, and their labors have not been in vain. The aggregate of prizes has never been exceeded in Ottawa. The prominent athletes of the city are training faithfully, and every event will be keenly contested. In the next issue we will give a list of those who have so kindly donated prizes.

The baseball team is already at work. Capt. Lambert and Manager Bawlf, though without the services of many of those who helped to make the last season such a success, have some very promising material, which, in the opening game against Columbian's, demonstrated that prospects are bright for success. Six innings were played, and College tallied nine runs to Columbian's one. Durocher was in the box for College, and his speed and curves baffled the opponents. The following wore College uniforms: Lambert (Capt.), 2nd; Bawlf, 3rd; McCarthy, s.s.; Durocher, p.; McDougall, l.f.; Conway, c.f.; Hart, 1st; Burns, H., r.f.; Overand, c.

At the time of writing the City League is disorganized owing to the desire of some of its members to introduce professionalism. However, it is likely that a series will be arranged by teams representing the Y. M. C. A., C. S. A. A., and College.

C. J., '07.