

THE REVIEW

A Monthly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE

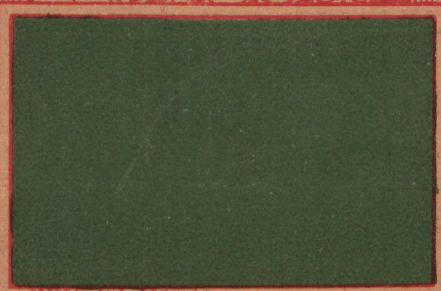
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UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW

No. 1

OTTAWA, ONT., October, 1906.

Vol. IX

Entered at the Post Office at Ottawa, Ont., as Second-Class Matter.

Hail ! To The Wilds.

Written for THE REVIEW.

Hail ! to the wilds, and the woods, and the hills, and the streams :

 Gladsome and pure are they as the heart of a child ;

 List to the tale they tell—you who are undefiled

With the dust of what men call Life, with the mist of its dreams.

Few as the birds that are left when the Summer is gone

 Are the the friends who are true, are the loves which are worthy the name :

 They were with us, erstwhile, on the wearisome highway we came :

They have vanished like wraiths in the distance, and we are alone.

But, sweet is the rest in the welcoming heart of the wood :

 'Neath its charm the cares and the toils of the vain world cease.

 Soft is the voice of the wind as it whispers us peace ;

In Eden we dwell, as we muse in the green solitude.

CAMEO.

NORTHERN LAKES.

Written for THE REVIEW.

I sing not of our inland seas,
 Their mighty torrents that discharges,
 With thunder thr' Niagara's gorge,—
 Far less sublime my theme than these.

Lakes of the North, flash out in sheen,
 Of silver and engirdling green !
 White birch and fragrant tamarac,
 Your lavish beauties vainly screen.

Lakes of the North ! how quaintly ring
 Those native sounds :—Temiskaming,
 Temagami of jewelled sands,
 And deeply-mirrored Couchiching !

Blue spaces of the happy sky
 Reflected in your waters lie,
 When in the hush of cloudless noon,
 The fretful loon makes eldritch cry.

God's artist free,—the Autumn air,
 Shall touch your shore-lines here and there,
 Till deep with gold and rubies set,
 The pure wave gleams, a crystal rare !

Lakes of the North ! tho' winter close.
 Your death-cold lips in mute repose ;
 Not all his icy blasts can chill,
 The glow your lover's bosom knows !

REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD.

The Sergeant and the Priest.



THE day was intensely hot. The sun beat down, glaring and fierce, its rays falling upon one's head like burning darts or like wasp stings. Sergeant Gloanec's brain was aflame.

It was in Tonkin. Captured in an ambush by Chinese bandits of the worst class, he had seen his companions cut to pieces before him and, on opening his eyes he could see just above him, their heads fixed at the end of pikes. His own safety he owed to a panic, which had sent his tormentors scampering away.

On awakening, a curse rose in his throat. He could not utter it, for the outlaws had torn out his tongue. He wanted to lift his hands to his aching forehead, but his wrists only were there, the villains having deprived him of both hands also. So that by comparison, he was hardly better off than his companions. With legs broken, hands mutilated, tongue cut out, he lay there helpless, scorched alive by the Chinese sun, which lighted up in him a fever of hunger and thirst.

"Ugh!" he groaned.

But no sound could pass between his swollen lips, except a prolonged, inarticulate murmur. Nevertheless, at the slight noise, something nearby began to move; and Gloanec perceived a pale face and two large eyes fixed upon him.

The sergeant turned away his face.

"Ha!" thought he to himself: "A priest! that's all that was lacking to annoy me"

It was a young missionary, who had been captured the day before and tormented by the soldiers.

"Confound him!" reflected the sergeant, "I would give a good deal to see that black robed priest hung up over there instead of that soldier's red uniform." And in spite of himself he cast his eyes once more upon the pale face.

But no longer was the priest there. He was crawling away slowly and painfully, and little by little he disappeared in the high weeds.

“Oh, the coward! The mean impostor!”

And immediately upon his departure, which he had just now desired, his solitude grew more lonely.

Strewing the ground all about him were blood-stained remains, axes and reddened sabres and dying coals from which arose a disagreeable smoke and a fetid odor of burning flesh. Nearby, in a pool of blood were two feet cut off at the ankles. Whose were they? The sergeant closed his eyes so as shut out this terrible sight.

Suddenly he felt something cool and fresh at his parched lips. Water! Yes, it was water he drank so eagerly, and, muddy as it was, to him it seemed delicious and pure as crystal. Opening his heavy eyelids, he beheld the missionary bending over him.

“Drink, comrade,” said he. “I guessed your agony; I would have relieved you sooner, but I myself am not whole.”

The sergeant looked at him more closely. It was a young man, scarcely twenty-five years of age, just out from that nursery of martyrs, the Foreign Missions. His livid face told of intense pain. Where his ears should have been were two open wounds and by a movement which lifted his cassock, Gloanec noticed that his two feet had been cut off. And the old soldier who had never shed tears in his life, felt two scalding drops gather beneath his bushy brows. He felt ashamed for having inwardly condemned this priest, who, all maimed as he was, had displayed more than human courage in painfully dragging himself to the muddy river in order to fetch him a little water. Though he might have a heart of flint, the heart of a Turk, such heroism softened him and he viewed the priest with a more human look. The latter, with a deft hand which recalled his mother's, dressed the frightful wounds of the veteran, who felt weak as a child before this beardless recruit.

“You must suffer cruelly!” said the priest. “But in truth I myself am not much better off,” and he smiled.

“Indeed,” thought the ruffian of the barracks, “this priest is worthy to wear the colored pantaloons”

“After all,” continued the missionary, “we should not complain too much, since our crucified Saviour suffered greatly. Like

him let us forgive our torturers and thank God for having left us time to know each other.

‘There it comes!’ said the sergeant to himself, as his brows fell; “the sermon is beginning.”

The priest perceived this movement, and smiling, added: “Rest assured, I shall take no mean advantage of your inability to interrupt me, to teach you catechism against your will. I have more confidence in God’s infinite mercy and power than in my own poor eloquence. Above, He will take into account what you have undergone here below.”

The veteran shook his head.

“Come! come! Hardened as you may be, you have somewhere a dear old mother, who taught you your prayers when a child and who prays for you today, an aged mother whose heart perhaps you have broken, and who, for this very reason, loves you still more; for a mother’s tenderness, like God’s, is lavished the most on her prodigal children.”

“I, too, had a devout mother. She is now in heaven. We were two brothers. It was my good fortune never to have caused her to shed a single tear, but poor Joseph was for her a source of ceaseless anxiety. And what do you think? In her dying hour, her most loving thoughts were for him who had been her greatest grief.”

The soldier made a movement.

“I tire you, my friend? Perhaps my words annoy you?”

The other by a gesture signified “no.”

“We are indeed strangers to each other. We never met before and we cannot recall memories of childhood or youth, but we have a common mother, France. Although one may come from the north and the other from the south, we are nevertheless both French.”

The soldier made a gesture of approval.

“I am a Breton,” said the missionary in answer to a dumb interrogation.

The poor mutilated man struck his breast restlessly with his stump.

“You also?”

“Yes,” was the answer the priest read in his look.

“From what part?”

"Pardon," he resumed, "I forgot that you cannot speak. I come from Ploc, near Auray. You, too? Well! well! what a meeting!" said he with the unaffected gaiety peculiar to the ascetical. "We may have been neighbors in that land, but I was very young when our parish priest placed me in Vannes Seminary. You must have already been a grown-up man. Assuredly, you must recollect my name. I am Jean-Marie Gloanec, and you must have known my brother Joseph?"

The sergeant gazed on him with eyes full of tears.

It was his little brother, whom he had so often nursed before he deserted forever the home where life for him had been so pleasant.

In the midst of the follies and extravagances of his adventurous life as soldier, his dreams and all his thoughts ever preserved the memory of his sorrowing mother and this child so fair. What had become of them? Were they still alive? And now these two brothers met at last, only to die a frightful death four thousand miles from the hamlet in which they were born.

"You are in great pain, brother," said the priest, uneasy at his brother's feverish restlessness, and his livid, agitated features. "The cup is empty, I shall fill it again."

But his bloodless, stiffened limbs could no longer bear him. His pale face was bathed in sweat.

The sergeant tried to cry out:

"Stay, stay, do not leave me!"

He felt that the end of his terrible agony was near at hand. If he should die separated from him!

The young priest fell down exhausted—

"O God! I cannot"——

Then with a last desperate effort, the veteran half raised himself up, placed his old grey head on the knees of his brother, and with his poor mutilated arm, he made a rough sign of the cross, his heart full of repentance.

The missionary lifted his eyes to heaven with a burst of infinite gratitude, and traced a second time the sign of salvation on the forehead of his dying brother, and gave him the kiss of peace.

The sun was setting behind a purple veil: night came down

slowly, enveloping its shadows the soldier who expired, the priest who prayed and absolved him.

The morning dawn found them stark and motionless in each other's embrace, sleeping together their last sleep.

Such is the influence of the remembrance of a pious mother.

On the Reformation Period.

THE historical novel still maintains its place among the most acceptable forms of literature, and the fashion set by Sir Walter Scott shows, as yet, no marked signs of passing away. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has recently returned to the fortunes of Sir Nigel Loring, famous among the heroes of the "White Company;" Rudyard Kipling has been telling the early history of Britain, in "personal narrative" form, for the delight and instruction of children of all ages; Father Benson has written of the troublous days of Elizabeth in his story: "By What Authority."

The book, as may be gathered from its title, is frankly controversial and has been reviewed by those far better fitted for the task than I can pretend to be. But, of all complex periods of English history, the age of Elizabeth stands easily first for complexity and seems likely so to stand till the end of time. It is an age concerning which no two authorities are agreed. Froude, of course, is utterly biassed and unreliable, yet even Froude presents aspects of Elizabeth's character and policy which must be taken into account in any estimate of her time. Lingard again, represents the view of an older generation of Catholics, free from the extreme ultramontaniam of a perfervid generation of converts.

Dom Bede Camm's "A Martyr in England" tells the story from the hagiographer's standpoint, rather than from that of the historian in the stricter sense; Father Benson's novel, being controversial, naturally heightens the lights, if it does not consciously darken the shadows, of the picture, as seen by the painter of it. Or, to change simile, Father Benson, as is natural and lawful, presents his tale with

all the dramatic effect that a regard for historic truth and for charity, even to the enemies of our Faith, will allow him to make use of.

It is not, therefore, for a mere amateur, like myself, to attempt an estimate, much less an explanation of so complexed a period. This much, however, it may be permitted me to suggest, namely, that the age of Elizabeth is, above all else, the age of "Might Have Been," and exceeds, in this respect, as the sixteenth century surpasses the eighteenth, the interest of what might have happened had Prince Charles marched from Derby to London, in that memorable year of 1746, and restored the Stuarts to the throne of Britain.

"There is much virtue," as Touchstone justly says, "in your If," and never more than in matters of history. If the exigencies of a temporal sovereignty had allowed the Pope to recognize Elizabeth as queen of England *de facto*, as she was by the choice of the English people, who can doubt that Elizabeth would, at least, have forced toleration on Catholics and Protestants alike? She had, certainly, no love for Protestantism *per se*, still less for its maimed rites, which seems to her as incompatible with the dignity of earthly majesty as of Divine. She showed marked favor to such Catholic musicians as Byrd and Tallis, so long as they made no parade of their Catholicism, showed, also, marked disfavor to Christopher Tye, when he made a parade of his conversion to the state religion, and flung her royal slipper—not to speak of language—at a zealous choirmaster who had enquired too closely as to the faith of a good singer, thereby causing the gentleman in question to make his escape in terror of his life. "A careless Gallio," Elizabeth may have been; a Protestant, in any true sense, she certainly was not. Rather, she was prepared to use Catholicism or Protestantism according as either presented itself as the tool readiest to her hand, and most likely to serve her purpose. Circumstances, the exigencies of Papal and Imperial politics, decided in favour of Protestantism, which Elizabeth hated and despised, but which was, certainly, a more pliant tool than she could hope to find even in a State Catholicism, such as her father had devised.

If, again, the reunion of England with the rest of Christendom had not been presented, to the English people, by Philip of Spain and the guns of the Invincible Armada, who can doubt but that England might have been reconciled, once more, to the Holy See, as in Mary's reign? Father Gerard, S. J., in his history of the Gun-

powder Plot, is authority for the statement that forty per cent. of the population were Catholic at heart at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The proportion, at the date of the Armada, must have been even greater. But the alliance between Pope and Philip, between Rome and Spain, made every Englishman a patriot and a lover of his country before all else. And from patriotism to Protestantism was but too easy a transition for many when "Popery" meant—or could be shown to mean—subjection to a hated and implacable enemy.

"There is much virtue in your If," but not, presumably, in matters of Faith and morals. Yet, when Naaman, the Syrian, craved indulgence should he bow down his knees in the house of Rimmon, when in attendance on his royal master, the Prophet of God, answered: "Go in peace," which sounds like a "tolerari potest," a concession to the exigences of a difficult situation. The question: Could the Church have tolerated attendance at State worship the age of Elizabeth? is one for theologians to decide. The circumstances of the time were, certainly, such as we find it difficult even to imagine, and the vast mass of English Churchmen, who had witnessed, or been told of the changes from Henry to Edward, from Edward to Mary, and from Mary to Elizabeth, may well have been inclined to the safer course of bending to the storm in the confident hope that it must soon blow over, as it had blown over before.

Many, as we know, chose the thornier and more glorious path of martyrdom; thousands the no less arduous lot of being fined from wealth to abject poverty, rather than bow the knee in the House of Rimmon. But, to the great mass of churchmen, temporary compliance with the state religion, outward conformity, must have seemed excusable under the circumstances. The results are matters of history. Outward conformity, in most cases, ended in apostasy.

Thomas Graves Law's "Jesuits and Seculars in the Reign of Elizabeth," bears, in its very title, evidence of the *désroqué's* animus against the Faith which he has renounced. Yet, since the accounts therein contained are drawn, chiefly, from official and state documents, the book needs to be studied by those who wish to understand the period. Briefly, the older Marian clergy were accused of laxity in this matter of outward conformity with the state religion, of standing well with the Government at the expense of their zeal

for the Faith. They, in their turn, maintained that the new missionaries wished to deal with England as with a Catholic country, and acted as if the England of Elizabeth were the Spain of Philip, or Charles V. On the one hand, therefore, was the claim to a familiar practical knowledge of the Catholic remnant; on the other, an array of martyrs, confessors, and persecutions. The question remains a vexed one, even at the present day. This much, however, may be said concerning it, and of the age, in general, namely, that Church and State, politics and religion, were so inextricably intertwined as to make it impossible for us, at this day, to say, of any one event, or course of action, that it was either right or wrong, in itself.

History, therefore, and the historical novel, can, at best, present a partial view of any period. In none is this partiality, this incompleteness, so manifest, as in any attempt to deal with the age of Elizabeth. Concerning no other has prejudice been stronger, or have passions run higher. The prejudice, moreover, is as strong today as ever, nor are the passions by any means stilled. In a word, the circumstances of the time were so wholly without parallel that it is, literally, impossible to pass judgment on one side or the other. Certain facts, as of passionate hatred of Spain, of passionate loyalty to England, stand out, clear and distinct, and insist on being taken into account. It was the fate of the age that Catholicism should be associated with the former, and the new faith with the latter. It has been the fate of succeeding generations to identify "Popery" with all that is most inimical to the spiritual and temporal welfare of their well-loved native land; to regard "Rome" as a foreign power, bent on the subjugation of their religious and political liberties. The memory of the Armada is the tradition of English Protestantism. England, according to this tradition, escaped, at one and the same time, from the tyranny of the Pope and the tyranny of Spain, and the motto of Drake's victory over the Armada is not yet forgotten: "*Flavit ventis suis et dissipavit eos.*"

BEATUS O. S. B.



Callista.



HE masterly skill and genius of a writer is shown by Cardinal Newman in his excellent work, *Callista*—a tale of the third century. It exhibits a richness and fullness of colour and imagery that it is apt to withdraw the mind from the story to the admiration and enjoyment of each passing phrase and picture. It is a book deserving a place in every house. It portrays the devotion and zeal the early Christians had for God. Moreover it shows the willingness, courage and fortitude with which the first converts from heathenism accepted martyrdom in order to prove themselves true soldiers of Christ.

The pagans were greatly alarmed at the rapid spreading of the Christian Religion which openly condemned their vicious lives and their monstrous idolatry; and they resolved to exterminate it. Its adherents were asked either to abjure it or to die under the most cruel torments. They were scourged and lacerated, and were cast before wild beasts; their sides were torn with iron hooks or burnt with torches. Everywhere the Christians suffered tortures beyond all description. The whole earth was drenched with their blood and hundreds of thousands of every age, sex and condition died under the most dreadful torments.

The scene of "*Callista*" is laid in Sicca, the central city of Northern Africa. The Roman Empire still extended throughout various parts of the then known world.

In the immediate neighborhood of Sicca were flourishing vineyards and meadows. In one of the more carefully dressed and neatly arranged of the vineyards was engaged as assistant bailiff, a comely though shy and reserved youth named Agellius. His employer, having met him in the gardens, wondered that he should be working while the townspeople were holidaying, feasting and worshipping in the nearby groves and fields. On the way to his cottage, Agellius met several of the revelling and intoxicated parties returning from the place of their idolatrous practices. Although they jeered at him and flouted him as a Christian he paid no heed and passed them by.

Agellius was the eldest of two sons of a retired Roman legionary named Strabo who had settled in Sicca. Strabo was twice married. The second wife, however, was a malignant and profligate woman. This was a severe blow to Strabo and, in his old age seeking to be comforted, he accepted Christianity, in which faith he died. When six years old Agellius was baptised, but as the efforts to Christianize the people were suspended for a considerable time in Africa he received little or no religious training. He was firm in his belief however, and could not be induced to relinquish it, either by the chilling sarcasms of his infidel brother Juba, nor by the offers, promises or threats of his pagan uncle.

His Uncle Jucundus resided in Sicca and dealt in images and statues, which he supplied to the idol worshippers of that city. The most saleable and most skillful workmanship he obtained from two Greeks, Aristo and his sister Callista who had immigrated to Sicca in the hope of receiving better pay for their handicraft. Through his uncle, Agellius became acquainted with these heathen foreigners and after a few visits a close and friendly intimacy was formed between them. Frequently, when his labor was finished, Agellius would sit and ponder upon Christianity. Naturally Callista came to share his thoughts, for he inwardly felt that he was falling deeply in love with her. "What an excellent wife she would make if she were only a Christian," he often told himself. Jucundus had noticed the dislike and hatred his nephew had for the gods, his close adherence to Christianity and his profound affection for Callista. He resolved, to make him a worshipper of the gods in marrying Callista. Towards this end he sought occasions to bring them together, thinking that Callista's influence would be sufficient to sway his nephew. Though Agellius unconsciously fell in with the scheme the result was not as desired. While making his way home through the streets one day, Agellius came upon an edict, published by the Emperor, authorizing the pagans to exterminate the Christians. The reading made him weak and he fainted; and it was only with difficulty he reached his lodging. Arriving there he was taken ill and took to bed with a fever of prolonged duration. On recovery he found he had been waited upon by a priest, who eventually turned out to be the Bishop of Carthage. From this holy Father he received the Blessed Eucharist and religious instruction.

A famine spread throughout the land, as the results of a locust plague. A mob, organized in the city for the purpose of slaying the the Christians, to whom incidentally, they attached the blame of being the direct cause of the famine. Agellius' home was visited but he had been secretly warned and conveyed to his uncle's. Callista, not knowing this, arrived too late to inform him but met the Bishop with whom she conversed until the mob was upon them. Both hastened to escape; each was seized and carried off by a different portion of the mob. Juba was instrumental in securing the Bishop's escape but, unfortunately, Callista was taken to prison.

After a day or so she was summoned for trial and protested she was not a Christian but would not swear by the 'genius' of the Emperor. She was remanded and again brought forth and again refused to sacrifice. The brother used every entreaty and made every possible endeavor to have her denounce Christianity, which since her entrance to prison she appeared in no manner inclined to do so. Agellius having escaped from his uncle's made his way to the retreat of the Christians where he sought the Bishop and informed him of Callista's plight.

A secret visit was paid the girl by the Bishop who found her reading extracts from the gospel he had given her at their former meeting. Such a change had come over her that she now vividly saw her "True Love;" and she was immediately desirous of embracing Christianity. The good Bishop baptized, confirmed and gave her Holy Communion then left her in prayer. The day after, she was summoned before the magistrates. Upon refusing to scatter the incense she was sentenced to death. This sentence was carried out the following morning in the hideous manner then in vogue.

Thus Callista, by sacrificing her innocent young life for her devotion to Christ, was crowned with martyrdom and placed upon the calendar of the saints. Agellius became a priest and was also martyred some time later. After the persecution of the Christians ceased a church was erected in Sicca, beneath the main altar of which the bodies of St. Callista and St. Agellius have found a resting place.

G. P. McH., '09.

University of Ottawa Review.

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

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Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

Vol. IX.

OTTAWA, ONT., October, 1906.

No. I.

LIFE'S PRIZES.

The summer is passed; the bracing autumn mornings hint at the season of hard plugging for academic honors. THE REVIEW, stiff old foggy though it may seem, was on hand the opening day, as impatient to meet incoming student friends as a mother is to clasp a long absent boy. For the newcomer, it was a hearty shake and a greeting of warm welcome; for the old, "Delighted to see you again."

This thronging of students to College is something to impress the reflective mind. In a way it is an analogous to a baptism, a marriage, or a war. To explain, it is an event of momentous import, pregnant with inconceivable possibilities. Consequently, as we move about among the animated groups on the Campus we find we are growing serious. We cannot help feeling distaste for the gay chat about the vacation just terminating, about the excursions, the sail-

ing, the baseball and the what not. We become deaf to enquiries regarding the coming seasons of Football and Hockey. Is it because we do not believe in sports? On the contrary we are a keen sportsman and an advocate of reasonable healthy exercise. We are not going to preach but, as an organ of the University body, we would like to say a few things. Athletics are alright. They have been sung by Homer and Vergil; and they are responsible today for tons of print. But, let us say it fairly and squarely, they should be kept in their place and used in moderation. They should not take up too much of the student's time. The object of a college course is not merely a triumph of our football, but the greater success of our men in a wider, more elevated and nobler sphere. We have the success of 'Varsity men in athletics dinned into our ears but seldom is any thing said of their equal success in intellectual pursuits. The energy, organisation, determination and ambition necessary in the world of sport should be equally valuable in the greater field of life.

The object of a college course, to our mind, is to become imbued with the best thought of the present and past ages; to grow familiar with facts, truths and principles, to discover the proper bearings of these and appreciate them at their true value. Cardinal Manning once said in this offhand way: "Have legs and use legs." Yes, the College man must not only have brains but use brains. He must not leave unexplored any region of truth, historical, social, intellectual, scientific or religious. He must attain to ideals and actualize them, so to speak, in his life; he must acquire principles and adhere to them; he must learn duties and accept them, no matter what the cost. This is what the college man is expected to do, and if he does it, he is fitted to go forth into the broad world and become a leader of men.

President Roosevelt undoubtedly voices the spirit of the time when last June at the Georgetown Commencement he said: "I believe in athletics but I believe in them chiefly because of the moral qualities that they display. If you have pluck and grit in you to count in sports just as if you have pluck and grit in you to count in your studies so it will help you to count in after life." It is every student's best interest to tackle resolutely all the matters of his Form and to conform to all the disciplinary regulations of the College. A good start helps in a race. By lagging at the "scratch" many a

bright lad loses in the swift dash of the scholastic year. There are prizes for the winners—a diploma, a medal, a sheepskin or even, good class notes for each month. These prizes are an earnest of the "Life's Prizes" to fall to the well-trained graduate. Boys, copy out the motto which Mr. Roosevelt so much recommends and which should be the motto of each wearer of the Garnet and Grey. "Don't flinch, don't foul, and hit the line hard!"

A COMMUNICATION.

The Rev. James B. Dollard is a singer of no ordinary gifts. His poetry is sought for and admired in Canada and the United States. The pages of THE REVIEW have from time to time been honored with productions of his muse, one of his flights being given on another page of this issue. His verse has been gathered and published in a volume. Father Dollard goes to the trouble of expressing his appreciation of the work done by THE REVIEW last year. We are greatly encouraged as well as flattered, thereby. The following is Father Dollard's letter:—

Uptergrove, Ont., Canada, Aug. 18, '06.

Editor, UNIVERSITY REVIEW.

Dear Sir,

I wish to say that your REVIEW in its late numbers, as always, has been full of good things cleverly written. The articles relating to Ireland, and the Gaelic tongue, of course, particularly interested me. I was charmed with E. P. Stanton's essay on the Gaelic proverbs and wise saws."

Then Hubert O'Meara's ballad on the "Coming of Edward Bruce" was a revelation to me. He has the true ballad-swing and fire, and that ballad in the June number was worthy of a place in any Irish Anthology, or collection, by the side of the ballads of Davis and Dwyer Joyce.

It does one good to see the young Irish-Canadians showing such evident proof of genius, and I hope to enjoy in the future many other gems from their brilliant pens.

With congratulations on your work, I remain, Dear Editor,

Yours sincerely,

REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD.



Book Review.

BENNER & SMITH'S BEGINNER'S GREEK BOOK. *American Book Company, New York.*

This book contains all the grammar that is needed by students in the first year of Greek. On the completion of the sixty lessons in it the student should be able, without much difficulty, to translate simple Attic prose.

HARKNESS, KIRKLAND & WILLIAMS' CICERO. Nine orations. *American Book Company, New York.*

The introduction gives an outline of the life of Cicero, of the history of Roman oratory, etc. The volume is supplied with a complete vocabulary, with maps and plans and many useful illustrations.

INTRODUCTORY COURSE IN ARGUMENTATION. By Frances M. Perry, Instructor in English in Wellesley College. *American Book Company, New York.*

The subject of brief drawing and argumentative composition is here presented in a form suitable for colleges and secondary schools. The books contain three divisions, the first relating to finding and formulating the proposition for argument, the second to proving the proposition and the last to proving the material to prove the proposition.

MORE FIVE O'CLOCK STORIES, published by Benziger Bros., is a neat book containing no fewer than twenty-five stories and legends. If it is a legend, as legend it is offered and not as veritable history. The poetical legends are especially charming. There is no other class of reading, no matter of what kind, which affords such soothing balm to the mind as well-told tales of the old saints and the marvellous things piety or fancy attributes to them. They may bristle with exaggeration but "the perfect faith they depict and the nobility

of self sacrifice which forms the saints' claim upon Divine favour in all cases is a lesson that cannot fail to impress the mind with the full conviction of religion, even though it be conveyed only in the form of exaggeration or popular myth."

Among the Magazines.

The Northwest Review, the organ of the Catholics of Central Canada, has changed its name. It is now known as the *Central Catholic*. The change is made to harmonize with the changed conditions of the country. Geographically Manitoba, though hitherto considered north and west with respect to settled Canada, is no longer really so. The term North-West properly applies now to the territories north and west of the Saskatchewan province. Manitoba belongs to the great central valley of North America, as meteorologists call it; in fact, Winnipeg is the geographical centre of the North American continent. Hence the name "The Central Catholic" which presents the additional advantage of frankly stating its religious attitude. The organ takes the shape of an illustrated weekly of twelve folio pages. There will be no change of policy as the editor who furnished copy for eleven years, has been retained. It promises to furnish its readers in its editorial review of events and ideas, its specially prepared articles and its selected general reading matter, the standard by which to measure and estimate the significance and value of the social, political and religious movements of the time.

The September *Labour Gazette* describes industrial conditions as very active throughout Canada during August. At no period in the history of the Dominion was the demand for labor more pronounced. Railway construction operations increase in volume. The mining, lumbering and manufacturing industries are exceedingly busy, and transportation in all branches is very heavy, the tourist season being at its height. Wages have taken, in consequence of this condition, a strongly upward tendency in the case of farm laborers, railway construction employees and unskilled laborers. The cost of living has advanced. Butter, eggs, bacon and other farm produce were exceptionally high for the season. Owing to the dry weather there is a

milk and ice famine in Ottawa. Investigations were in progress in Toronto with a view to meeting the shortage of moderately priced houses for workmen.

Exchanges.

The new Business Manager began his term of office by putting the *Sanctum* to rights. Last year's litter is swept away, floors scrubbed, furniture dusted, ink-well replenished, stationary supplied, new paste ordered; and with elevated feet, we gazed at the sign conspicuously hung opposite the door: "This is our busy day." In answer to the notice "Chore-Boy Wanted" several Juniors gambol noisily into the quiet passage. We look them over severely. When we tell them "we want silence only, and little of that," and ask them to make use of the mat for their muddy boots, they turn regretfully away with the backward fling: "Say, wise Mike, is the REVIEW due to arrive soon?"

Left to the brooding silence and overcome by the afternoon heat and the weight of editorial cares, we sink into a deep reverie. We come back to earth as the sun was sinking, at the sound of footsteps coming up the walk and pausing at our "chamber door." We catch the thud of a package dropping into the empty mail box. Rah! Rah! Rah! it is the *Bates Student*. Welcome, first visitor of the academic year! Mightily pleased are we with its quiet grey attire and twenty-eight pages of natty printed reading. A poem, an essay, two well-conceived stories, not to speak of Locals, describe the pleasure of the meeting.

A bell sounds somewhere. We rise politely as in comes our second visitor, tall, trim and dainty,—*St. Mary's Chimes*. For the next half-hour our poor head fairly buzzes under the terrific rapid fire of converse on subjects ranging from poetical to etiquetical. Deftly posed is the question: "Do we want Tragedy or Comedy in our Novels!" In Geo. Elliot's "Mill on the Floss" we discuss Maggie Tolliver ending her life in intense tragic gloom unrelieved by a ray of hope and sunshine, and we wonder if such should be a text-book placed in the hands of potential Maggies. Other authors of "decay

and "cadence" are noticed as producing "the best selling books" of the moment. Dingy gloom permeates Mrs. Wharton's "House of Mirth." Mrs. Humphrey Ward in "The Marriage of William Ashe" allows Nemesis to descend in her usual unrelenting fashion on the offending parties, etc. Oh, please give us Comedy. "We have tragedy and moral unrest and sorrow enough around us without seeking for it in our novels."

Just as we were thinking that this world is a sad place, indeed, our attention was diverted by a third visitor: *The Notre Dame Scholastic*. This weekly caller, always with his quiet, even tone, bids us look at Francis Thompson. Here is a soul that has tasted the lees of adversity, yet gives to his readers, in poetic numbers, the message of heavenly hope and undying peace. He touches not the "problems" which defile; and he possesses the key solving the question that drives to despair skeptics in regard to supernatural belief and religion. We always say to this worthy exchange, "Glad to see you."

Priorum Temporum Flores.

Mr. Geo. O'Toole, last year's graduate, has donned the cassock and can be found across the street at Divinity Hall.

Friends of the O. U. A. A. will be glad to learn that Mr. Raphael Filiatreault, "Champeen" of many Autumns, is back to make his final studies and will again turn out with the Garnet and Grey.

Mr. James George, '06, Business Manager of the REVIEW for years past, called on his way to the Grand Seminary.

The Ottawa College contingent at the Queens Medical has been increased by the presence of Mr. William T. Kavanagh of last year's class.

The Gaelic Society loses one of its most active members in the person of its secretary, Mr. Thos. Tobin who has sailed for Belgium to take up Theology at Louvain.

Mr. William Kennedy, at present captain of Queen's Rugby team, was a welcome visitor here when on his way to Kingston.

When the "boys" in Garnet and Grey go to play ball in Toronto they will find Mr. William Derham, '06 there to greet them.

"Willie" is taking up a course of Technology in Toronto University.

Mr. George Busney, of last year's 7th, continues his studies at Louvain. He has left his mark as a genial instructor in the Commercial.

Mr. Sloan, '06, late President of the U. O. A. A., has joined the Ottawa College "bunch" at Montreal Seminary.

Mr. Donat Collins, '09, is enrolled as law student in Manitoba University.

Charles Seguin, presiding officer last year of the Scientific Society, has entered at Osgoode Hall.

Among the "old boys" who dropped in on their way to Montreal Seminary were: J. V. Meagher, R. Halligan, J. Harrington, W. H. Dooner, D. Rheame, J. McDonald, W. T. Callaghan, A. Reynolds, A. Letang, M. O'Neil.

Mr. Henry Mauriel, recipient last June of a first-class commercial diploma, has secured a lucrative position in Provost & Allard's Wholesale Grocery, Ottawa.

Of last year's students, Messrs. J. A. Johnson, V. Guilefoyle, Gerald Dunne, A. McDonald, J. E. O'Keefe, are at McGill.

Mr. R. T. Byrnes, '05, is student of Law at Osgoode Hall.

With pleasure we hear of the return to our shores, of Rev. Michael Burns, '03, who has been rounding out his studies for the last three years in the Universities of Europe. Father Michael is stationed at St. Mary's Cathedral, Ogdensburg, and delivers lectures to the students of St. Mary's Academy in that city.

The REVIEW desires to congratulate the Rev. Donald R. McDonald, '89, on his recent promotion to the pastorate of Glen Nevis. His former parishioners of Finch and Chrysler, showed appreciation of his many years of ministry among them by an eloquent address and a valuable gift, presented to him on the occasion of his departure to his new field of labor. We join in their good wishes of many years of prosperity to the new Pastor of Glen Nevis.

During the opening week of September, we were favored with a visit from L. E. O. Payment, '92. Leo is a frequent and valued contributor of THE REVIEW. He renewed acquaintances among the lay professors and viewed the changes wrought in his *Alma Mater* by the erection of the new Arts Building. Mr. Payment is a married man and conducts an extensive law practice in the city of Quebec.

The Rev. Fathers Carriere and Brunet, both Ottawa College graduates, are co-laborers at the Basilica. The former is Spiritual Director of the School of Nurses at the General Hospital and Chaplain of Murray St Chapel. The latter, besides his duties as Secretary, conducts Retreats and Triduums.

It is with great pleasure we learn of the promotion, during the summer months, of Rev. John T. Meagher, '93, to the charge of the Kemptville parish. Father Meagher has shown marked ability in different posts as professor in Regiopolis College, curate at Brockville, and pastor in Madoc. The latest responsibility is a proof of the confidence which his Archbishop reposes in him. THE REVIEW wishes Rev. Father Meagher greater success, if possible, for the future.

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## Athletics.

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The regular semi-annual meeting of the U. O. A. A. was held in the lecture hall of the Science building on the evening of Wednesday, the 19th. Pres. Jones called the meeting to order, and after the reading and adoption of the minutes of last meeting, in a few words outlined to the new-comers the aim and scope of the U. O. A. A. The next business was to elect officers to fill the vacancies on the executive caused by the departure of Messrs O'Neil and Johnston, 1st Vice-Pres. and Treasurer respectively. For the first position Mr. G. P. McHugh was chosen and for that of Treasurer, Mr. J. E. McNeil. The latter's appointment caused another vacancies for which Mr. M. J. Smith was the choice. The executive as now constituted is :

President—C. J. Jones, '07.

1st Vice-President—G. P. McHugh, '09.

2nd Vice President—G. Lamothé, '09.

Treasurer—J. E. McNeil, '07.

Corresponding Secretary—N. Bawlf, '09.

Recording Secretary—M. J. Smith, '09.

Councillors—L. Joron, '08, E. McCarthy, '09.

After the election of officers the President complimented the members on their choice of officers and exhorted all, not only the executive, but each and every member of the Association to work

harmoniously and energetically for the common end,—that of placing in the field the best possible team to represent the Garnet and Grey.

The Rev. Director, Fr. Fortier was enthusiastically received and his stirring words had a marked effect upon his listeners. With the customary V. A. R., heartily given, the meeting was closed.

#### INTERCGLLEGIATE SCHEDULE—1906.

Oct. 13—Queen's at Ottawa and McGill at Toronto.

Oct. 20—Ottawa at McGill and Toronto at Queens.

Oct. 27—McGill at Queen's and Ottawa at Toronto.

Nov. 3—Queen's at McGill and Toronto at Ottawa.

Nov. 10—Ottawa at Queen's and Toronto at McGill.

Nov. 17—Queen's at Toronto and McGill at Ottawa.

This year the prospects for a good team are indeed bright. It is safe to say, even at this date, that barring accidents, on the back division we will be unsurpassed. With Durocher, Bawlf, Joron, O'Neil and Marshall to choose from, there is little to fear in this respect. At least ten of last year's team will be again available, and though the line may be somewhat lighter than those of our opponents, still their knowledge of the game should supply this deficiency. But though prospects be bright, it is well not to expect too much from the team. Our confidence often leads to disappointment. With "King" Clancy to coach the men, and good material to work upon, there is every reason to hope for the best, but it must be remembered that the other Universities with their greater resources upon which to draw for material, are formidable opponents. However, we can rest assured that our team will do its best, that the executive will use every endeavor to place the strongest team possible in the field, and that the wearers of the Garnet and Grey must be seriously reckoned with in the disposition of the Championship.

Railbird—Don't you get tired answering, day by day, the same question about the prospects of the Team?

College Coach (waiting for a smart heel-out)—Awfully. Somebody is always asking me that one, you know.

At a meeting of the executive Mr. C. J. Jones was appointed

manager of the first fourteen, and Mr. George Costello of the second team.

Our old friend, Coach Clancy, will again handle the whistle and trainer Davis will see that the men are physically fit. The presence of these men in their respective capacities is a great asset to the team.

Last year the popularity of Intercollegiate football was eloquently attested by the large numbers who attended the games, not only in Ottawa, but in every city in which it was represented. Thus the public showed its approval of the style of play and of the clean and gentlemanly manner in which the games were contested. And the teams amply demonstrated that keen rivalry and strenuous contests are not incompatible with gentlemanly behaviour. In no case were the games marred by any exhibition of brutality. This is as it should be. The Universities are the natural custodians of our great fall sport, representing as they do the best features of it as of every other game, namely, amateurism and sport for the physical good that it affords. So long as the games are conducted as they were last year the public will continue to show its approval and support by attendance in large numbers. And, before leaving the subject, let us not forget that the best proof of the high class of ball played by the teams in our Union is the winning of the Canadian Championship by one of its representatives, Toronto 'Varsity, by their defeat of Rough Riders last season.

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## Of Local Interest.

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The Seniors have been busy from the first day, registering, calling on professors old and new, furnishing their quarters, forming societies and electing officers therefor.

One of the first things done was the re-constitution of the editorial staff of THE REVIEW. The list of editors will be found at the head of the editorials. The able Director of last year, Rev. Dr. O'Boyle, being no longer in our midst, Rev. Thos. P. Murphy, '88, was appointed to the vacant position.

Theology and Science are united under one roof, the Ottawa Grand Seminary having been removed from Ottawa East to a wing

of the Scientific Department. Rev. Fr. Poli, D.D., the Director of the Seminary is also Vice-Rector of the University. The chair of Moral Theology is taken by Rev. Fr. Gavary, O.M.I., who for six years filled this position in the Grand Seminary of Notre-Dame de Lumiere, France, later on adding to academic successes by the laurels of many successful missions in Europe and America.

Rev. Fr. Fortier has been installed behind the desk of Senior Prefect. He is an old friend, more or less intimately connected with the students for years. He takes a lively interest in their welfare and knows their wants down to the ground. His presence will be a guarantee for the success of the football team. Father Fortier has able assistants in Rev. Fathers McGowan, Stanton and Finnigan.

The Reading Room Society, which went out of existence at the time of the fire, is once more re-organized. Quarters have been fitted up and papers and magazines have been subscribed. The following officers were elected to take charge :

President—J. E. McNeil, '07.

Sec.-Treasurer—H. Burns, '09.

Librarians—G. Costello, '09; J. Lajoie, '09; E. Courtoir, '09.

The annual spiritual retreat began on Monday, September 24th. During those three days of prayer and devout recollection the students put aside studies and all worldly preoccupations. The preachers of this pious exercise were Rev. Canon Sloan and Gavary. The eloquent Canon Sloan is an old graduate and a friend of the students. The students appreciated very much his words of instruction and counsel.

Rev. James P. Fallon, O.M.I., old student and graduate, and for years past the able Professor of English Literature, has been made Secretary of the University.

The Senior English Debating Society held its first meeting, Oct. the 3rd. The officers elected were :

President—J. E. McNeill, '07.

Vice President—W. H. Veilloux, '07.

Secretary—M. Doyle, '08.

Treasurer—G. Costello, '09.

Councillors—F. W. Hatch, '07; G. P. McHugh, '09.

## The Chancellor's Visit.

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On Thursday, the 4th inst., His Grace Archbishop Duhamel<sup>1</sup> paid his annual official visit to the University.

At 8.30 a.m. the students filed into St. Joseph's Church where the Solemn High Mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated, His Grace assisting at the throne. At the conclusion of the Mass, addresses were presented to the distinguished visitor, one in French by T. J. Joron, and the other in English by J. McNeil. The English address was as follows :

*To His Grace*

*The Most Reverend J. T. Duhamel.*

*Archbishop of Ottawa.*

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE, —

We, the English-speaking students of the University of Ottawa, bid you a hearty welcome in our midst today. It is always a joyful event when Your Grace visits our beloved Institution, and why should it not be so? For we greet in you one who has, like us, passed through this home of learning, who, like us, claims the University for his Alma Mater and clings to Her with deep affection. But while the bonds of a common affection for our dear College binds us to Your Grace, and causes us to rejoice in your presence amongst us today, we do not forget that there are other reasons which make us glad of your visit.

We have in you, also, our Chief Pastor, the representative of the Vicar of Christ, and the honored Chancellor of the University. We know your zeal for the flock God has intrusted to your paternal care and we are aware in a measure of the many trials and cares this responsible position brings with it. We know best of all how deep an interest Your Grace takes in the students of Ottawa University and how anxious you are that they benefit to the fullest extent of the advantages offered them. For it is to us that your paternal heart turns with a particular predilection and we appreciate your affection and rejoice in the opportunity we now have in expressing our gratitude and our determination to prove worthy successors of yourself and the many distinguished men who have drunk, like we do today, out of the fountain of knowledge of which the University of Ottawa is the home.

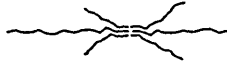
We see in your presence here today, an augury of the divine blessing. We draw from it hope and courage to work well and diligently during the year just begun in order that when we too shall have attained the goal for which we strive, and shall regretfully leave our College home, we shall be well prepared for the

more serious work of life—a work which with the means we now try to acquire, shall, we trust, be always in the path of duty and right.

Again, Your Grace, we bid you a most hearty welcome.

His Grace made a very happy reply, expressing the deep pleasure he felt in hearing the religious and filial sentiments expressed in the name of so imposing a body of young men. In earnest words he briefly unfolded the meaning of the text: "Teach me goodness and discipline and knowledge." (Ps. 118, 66.) His Grace sought to impress on the minds of his attentive hearers the necessity of preparing themselves now in their college days in a manner calculated to make them in after years worthy members of society and of the Church.

The Profession of Faith was then made by the professors with the usual solemnity, after which there was a holiday.



## OBITUARY.

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### REV. EUGENE GROULX.

After an illness of five years, Reverend Eugene Groulx, vice-chancellor of the Archdiocese of Ottawa, passed to his reward, on the 18th of August last, at the age of 37 years.

By his death the Archdiocese loses one of its cleverest priests and the University of Ottawa, one of its most devoted alumni.

The deceased was bred and born in Ottawa, having received his baptism, first communion and priestly consecration in the parish of Notre Dame. His native parish was also the field of his labors. For ten years he exercised the holy ministry with a zeal and piety which will be long remembered by the parishioners of the Basilica.

It was at the Christian Brothers School of Notre-Dame (now LaSalle Academy) that he received his primary education. Noticing the brilliant talents of their young pupil, the Brothers advised his family to give him a classical education. He accordingly entered Ottawa College in 1881. As a college student young Groulx fulfilled

the expectations of his first teachers. His solid, sure, keen judgment, wonderful memory and, above all, untiring application to study assured his success in his classical studies. In 1889, he received with great distinction the degree of Bachelor of Arts. In September of the same year he entered the Ottawa Grand Seminary. After a thorough course of theology, he was ordained priest by His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, the 5th of March, 1893.

Father Groulx spent a year at St. Eugene as curate when he was then called to the Archbishop's palace to act as curate, as director of the men's congregation and, later on, as vice-chancellor of the Archdiocese. In these different functions the life of Father Groulx may be summarized in these words, "he was a priest," a true priest, a priest for souls and for the Divine Master whom he loved and served so well. Indifferent to the applause of the world, he did the work of God unostentatiously, his intimate friends and those who were the object of his priestly solicitude being the only witnesses of his good works and unbounded charity. God granted him but eleven years in the holy ministry; but how well those years were filled! "*Consummatus in brevi, explevit tempora multa*" are the words of Holy Writ which best characterized the life of this saintly priest.

Five years ago he was the victim of an accident to his knee while boarding a street car. The injury, which at first seemed insignificant, developed into tuberculosis. The young priest had to take to crutches and was forced to give up all outside ministry.

But this did not prevent him from attending to his other duties as vice-chancellor and confessor; and these he accomplished faithfully until a few months before his death.

In April last, the poor invalid's condition grew worse and he had to cease all work. Many prayers had been offered for his recovery, but it was becoming evident that God preferred calling to Himself this soul so ripe for heaven. He also had prayed for his own recovery with perseverance but had always submitted his will to the will of God. It was therefore easy for him to make generously the sacrifice of his life. His death was a fitting close to his saintly life. Fortified by the sacraments of Holy Church and by the blessing and prayers of his venerable archbishop, he breathed his last on Saturday, the 18th August.

The funeral took place on Monday, His Grace the Archbishop



singing the Mass of Requiem. Rev. F. Duhaut, O.M.I., one of the first teachers of Father Groulx at college, delivered the funeral sermon. His words in praise of the priest were listened to attentively by the large congregation present.

The mortal remains were laid to rest in the plot reserved for priests in the Notre-Dame cemetery—May his soul rest in peace.

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## Junior Department.

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Juniors seem to feel no need of extending their holidays. At 8 a.m., precisely, on September 5th they were coming in their troops and companies. The old-timers soon had their names down on the register and their class-tickets safely stowed away in their vest pockets. The raw recruits took more time to get into the swim. A few "babies" might be found weeping and asking for "mamma," but the majority, the preliminaries over, take to the Campus and are at once absorbed in becoming future "Champeens" and practicing the college war-cry. There is a continual, excited scramble for the elusive football, varied by the most wonderful punts and drop-kicks.

No time was to be lost in organizing for the Fall. The first rainy day the members of the Junior Athletic Association who had dashed in to the treasurer, assembled to elect officers. Vociferous cheering greeted the announcement of the vote as follows:—

President.—M. Rousseau.

1st Vice-President.—T. Smith.

Secretary.—T. Chantal.

Treasurer.—A. Legris.

Councillors.—O. Sauvé ; R. Robillard ; J. Simard.

Amid tremendous excitement the President rendered thanks for the honor and responsibility placed in him. Rev. Fr. Turcotte, the Prefect, added a few words of encouragement. As there are but a few gaps in last year's team and as the material to fill them is very good, there will be keen rivalry for the places.

The Juniors, though very zealous for the games, realize that

their books are not to be neglected. The chief end of being at college, they are aware, is to study. "Out on the campus, all recreation; in class and study, all application," is their motto. Those who combine the two wisely, succeed.

A Junior was seen the other day in the Reading-Room intently pouring over a small piece of paper. He explained that his parents had given him the following rhiming rules on table-manners to learn by heart before he should receive more pocket-money :—

In silence I must take my seat,  
 And give God thanks before I eat ;  
 Must for my food in patience wait  
 Till I am asked to hand my plate ;  
 I must not scold, nor whine, nor pout,  
 Nor move my chair nor plate about ;  
 With knife, or fork, or napkin ring  
 I must not play—nor must I sing ;  
 I must not speak a useless word—  
 For children must be seen—not heard ;  
 I must not talk about my food,  
 Nor fret if I don't think it good ;  
 My mouth with food I must not crowd,  
 Nor while I'm eating speak aloud ;  
 Must turn my head to cough or sneeze,  
 And when I ask, say "if you please ;"  
 The tablecloth I must not spoil,  
 Nor with my food my fingers soil ;  
 Must keep my seat when I have done,  
 Nor round the table sport or run ;  
 When told to rise, then I must put  
 My chair away with noiseless foot,  
 And lift my heart to God above  
 In praise for all His wondrous love.