

CONTENTS.

| | PAGE |
|----------------------------------|------|
| Poetry: | |
| Keeping Christmas..... | 147 |
| Some of the Dickens' People..... | 148 |
| Labor Unions and Strikes..... | 154 |
| Poetry: | |
| St. Thomas The Apostle..... | 161 |
| A Christmas Story..... | 162 |
| The Pulp Industry of Canada..... | 166 |
| Poetry: | |
| After Many Days..... | 171 |
| The First of The Hermits..... | 172 |
| Editorials: | |
| Christmas..... | 175 |
| The University's Guests..... | 176 |
| Re-Opening Day..... | 177 |
| Notice..... | 177 |
| Obituary..... | 177 |
| Various..... | 177 |
| Notices of Books..... | 179 |
| Among the Magazines..... | 182 |
| Exchanges..... | 186 |
| Of Local Interest..... | 187 |
| Athletics..... | 191 |
| Priorum Temporum Flores..... | 191 |
| Junior Department..... | 192 |

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University of Ottawa

REVIEW

No. 4

DECEMBER, 1900.

Vol. III

KEEPING CHRISTMAS.

(Written for the University Review.)


MY neighbor ! Oh, my neighbor !
Is rich, and fair to see,
Her hands, unstained by labor,
Are white as hands can be ;
No sorrows round her hover,
No cares with her abide,
While busy conning over
The balls of Christmas-tide.

My neighbor ! Oh, my neighbor !
She acts a humble part,
And keen woe, like a sabre,
Has cut into her heart :
Out of a day of moiling
On Christmas Eve she came,
Yet midnight found her toiling
In Charity's sweet name.

My neighbors ! Oh, my neighbors !
Glad Christmas comes with glee,
And trumpets, drums, and tabours,
Are chiming merrily.
The lady, half in slumber,
A passing triumph hears,
But Jesus chants the number
His servant's vigil cheers.

MAURICE CASEY.

SOME OF THE DICKENS' PEOPLE.

NE must admit the word *Novel* has wonderfully expanded and variegated its meaning, since the days when it suggested simply an extraordinary hero and a still more extraordinary heroine, both blessed with an exceptional faculty of getting into difficulties, and an equally exceptional faculty of getting out of them. Not so very long ago, when our mothers and fathers were lassies and laddies, the little word *Novel*—only five letters—was the verbal lever by which the eloquent shoulder and eye-brow of the modern Pharisee were elevated to a phenomenally high point of dubious interrogation; while their owner launched out on a sea of mathematical calculation as to the number of degenerate youth who lived, thought and acted in harmony with *Robinson Crusoe*, *Tom Jones* and *Peregrine Pickle*. Now, however, whether it be because of a decrease of Pharisaical shoulders and eyebrows, or an increase of common sense, i. e. of practical experience, I know not, but certain it is, the *novel* has been given a dignified place in literature, and is universally recognized as the popular vehicle of even philosophical and theological thought, as well as the analysis of human life, under all possible conditions of time, place and rank. We have now the religious, the philosophical, the psychological, the historical, the romantic, the realistic, aye the mystic novel—refer to Marie Corelli for the latter—but seriously speaking, there's a Newman, there's Dr. Wm. F. Barry among the novelists, as well as James Lane Allen, John Oliver Hobbes,—oh! but what's the use of specifying? Still this paper is special in its purport as the heading indicates—the others may come and they may go, but Dickens is forever. No matter how Mr. Howells may scowl upon us, Dickens with all his faults, will outlive Mr. Howells, etc. It is even safe to say no novelist ever enjoyed such a wide popularity as Charles Dickens; no writer surely has ever equalled him in the power of awakening the sympathy and reaching the heart of the multitude, and of proving that the multitude has a heart.

From the day the Jolly Pickwickians commenced their wanderings in search of adventure, and the delighted public had learned to expect, almost anything in the line of quaint humour from the original and irreverent "Comersal" to the last pen-stroke in "Edwin Drood," the popularity of Dickens was unquestioned.

Biographical details, in connection with a writer so generally known, are obviously unnecessary. Nevertheless with a reverence for *facts* worthy of the literal "grad grind," it may be well to touch upon a few details just now. We all know that Charles Dickens was born at Landport, a suburb of Portsmouth on the seventh of February 1812, and we all fear it is only too true, his father, John Dickens, was the exponent of that class of individuals whose principal object in life is to keep the generosity of friends in a healthy state of activity :—a class existing under protest and only consenting to exist at all on condition that they be allowed to breathe the transcendental atmosphere of poetical irresponsibility. Indeed, the father of Charles Dickens very likely is the prototype of the unsophisticated and *urbane* "Wilkins Micawber," the sanguinity of whose character enabled him to spend half his life in "waiting for something to turn up," and the other half in cultivating a tender, pathetic epistolary style, well-calculated to open the heart and purse of unsuspecting humanity. Poor "Mr. Jellyby's" sole claim to distinction, we must remember, was—in being the husband of the philanthropic "Mrs. Jellyby" So Mrs. Dickens seems to have courted celebrity—only as being the wife of the ostentatious Mr. D., and the possessor of a sample copy of the extraordinary, inverted church-steeple style of waist known as "wasp-like." It is doubtless to the poverty and general wretchedness of Dickens' early life, and to his familiarity with the shadowy side of London, that we are indebted for the most graphic description that has ever been given to the literary world. Possessed of an unusual faculty of observation, and a habit of noticing the most trifling objects of every-day life, nothing is deemed unworthy of consideration. Everything from a cob-web to a rusty nail becomes interesting when touched by his magic pen, but woe betide his imitators ! We wonder at his power when we find ourselves listening—almost against our will—with breathless

attention to the discourse of an argumentative tea-kettle and cricket ; all our sympathies being enlisted on the side of the cricket—the cheery little fairy of “ Dot’s ” hearthstone. Even an old mat becomes transformed into a thing of interest, when we are told that “ being too old for a *mat*, it had directed its industry into another channel and taken to tripping people up.” Such writing as that would have given the classics of Queen Anne’s time a fit,—ending possibly in the surrender of the ghost—but in Queen Victoria’s time, we not only endure such nonsense, but we love it (in Dickens), we put up with Dickens’ exaggerations, because they are not wilful, but rather the result of an over-rich fancy. If he has caricatured American spread-eagleism in “ General Choke,” he has burlesqued English brag in “ Podsnap,” and proved that for pure, unadulterated bombast the Englishman takes, not only the *cake* but the whole *bakery*. The truth of all this is an excuse for the slang, besides, the above assertion is not mine, I remember having heard a lecturer who hailed from *Boston* say that ;—said lecturer was of medium height, decidedly portly and undecidedly grey, spectaclad as to eyes, and (will I say it ?) “ stiggins-like ” as to nose, he impressed me as being just the sort of person for the subject, but dear me, where am I ? I was speaking of Dickens’ exaggeration. This lecturer, by the way, did not think “ Do the boy’s Hall ” at all exaggerated, and even if it is a digression, I must put down here an anecdote of an impossible boy who, upon being asked to name the books of the Old Testament, answered : Genesis, Geometry, Numbers, Astronomy, Deuteronomy, Botany, Judges, Luke and Songs.” So there might be just such a boy in the wonderful school of Old Squeers. Another excuse for Dickens’ exaggeration may be found in his enthusiasm, which sometimes runs away with his judgment. Enthusiasm ! what would life be without it ? Saltless cold potato-ism. I think it is the vinegar and mustard of life. “ Hooroar ! ” for enthusiasm and enthusiasts, and down with the animated ciphers, who feel in exact measure, or in semi-tones ! But let me slide back to my first intent. Among the many truths Dickens teaches, none is more obvious than that there is something beautiful and something worthy of our kindly consideration underneath the most

unprepossessing exterior, "Young Baily," for instance. Who can help feeling interested in the precocious youth as he flashes into our mental vision with his æsthetic green-baize apron and the thrilling announcement: "The wittles is up!" Nearly all of Dickens' characters were pen-portraits of individuals he had either known or heard of. The emphatic "Baythorn," in *Bleak House*, was suggested to Dickens by the character of his friend and admirer, Walter Savage Landor, to the fury of whose superlatives, we owe one of the most delightfully whimsical of Dickens' creations. The indolently genteel and distressingly polished "Turveydrop" is supposed to be a caricature of the elder Dickens; "Esther Summerson" bears a slight resemblance to a sister of a protegee of Charles Lamb, charming, unsophisticated, unworldly! "Harold Skimpale" was an exaggerated illustration of Leigh Hunt's manner of conversing, whose gay ostentatious humoring of a subject appealed to Dickens' love of the odd and the whimsical. We all know that it was Dickens' failure to secure an international copyright that gave rise to a bilious state of feeling that soon found vent in "American Notes" and in "Martin Chuzzlewit," two books of unquestionable popularity even yet in the United States. Never does his humor seem to be called into play with greater relish than when directed against the foibles of Americans, but only such Americans as Mr. Howells withhold forgiveness, and it is safe to quote, even in the city of Penn, Dickens' impression of Philadelphia. "It is a handsome city," he says, "but distractingly regular. After walking about for an hour or more I felt I would have given the world for a crooked street. The collar of my coat appeared to stiffen and the rim of my hat to expand beneath its Quakerly influence, my hair shrunk into a sleek, short crop; my hands folded themselves upon my breast of their own calm accord, and thoughts of taking lodgings in Mark Lane over against the market-place and of making a large fortune by speculating in corn came over me involuntarily."

Notwithstanding the fact that Dickens seems to have understood women better than Thackeray, he has given us no ideals, unless some people claim "Little Nell" as one; the women characters of Dickens' creation might be classed as positive and negative, though it would be no easy matter to know just where to

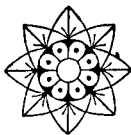
draw the dividing line, since few of his women are bad, many are good, and some were intended for ideals. Brisk, busy "Dame Durden," with her jingling keys and her marvellous faculty of turning away the "east wind," shares with "Little Nell" the honor of heading the positive list. Then there is charming "Ruth Pinch;" how heartily we share her anxiety for the success of that wonderful beefsteak pudding, undertaken with secret trepidation, for Tom's own particular enjoyment. Our solicitude is materially increased when, in answer to Tom's enthusiastically expressed liking for the article in question, modest little Ruth says: "Yes, my dear, that's excellent, but if it should happen not to come out quite right the first time, if it should happen not to be a pudding exactly, but should turn out a stew or a soup or something of that kind you'll not be vexed, Tom, will you?" Now, what sort of a monster would Tom or any other man be who would dare to allude to his mother's cooking in the hearing of such a dear creature as Ruth? "Kate Nickleby;" in pleasant contrast to the voluble "Mrs. Nickleby." "Dot," the carrier's cheery little wife; "Miss Pross," tender of heart though crimson of aspect and fierce of demeanor; "Peggoty," whose complexion resembled the "red velvet footstool in the best parlor," and whose emotions defied buttons in a way most "surprizin," as "Mrs. Gamp" would say, are all admirable in their several ways, though indeed overdone and underdone (as the critics like it). That "mercenary little wretch," "Bella Wilfer," would deserve a place of honor in the negative list if her devotion to the "Cherubic Pa" and her ability to supply "R. W." with quantities of balm of Gilead at the shortest possible notice, did not force us to regard her as one of the most delightful of Dickens' foolish virgins. Unselfish "Little Dorrit," beautiful in her devotion to the "ten year old Maggy," is equal to a whole volume of sermons, and with the artistic, yellow-turbaned, curl-papered, good-natured "Miss La Creery" deserves to close the affirmative list. The gloomily reminiscent "Mrs. Wilfer," revelling in self-complacent misery and dragging the relevant "R. W." into the same condition, is chiefly admirable for doing everything to the "Dead March in Saul." The lugubrious female named the "Cherub" swept, dusted, washed dishes, made beds, talked, ate and thought to the

strains of the "Dead March," and was altogether a most oppressive domestic hum-bug! "Mrs. Sairy Gamp" occupies a conspicuous place among the most disagreeable of the women in the Dickens' world, and is one for whom, despite the recommendation of the illusive "Mrs. Harris," we feel nothing but disgust from first to last." "Miggs," "the servant of all work," is a startling individual of peculiar views, and one who delights in exclaiming: "I hopes, I hates and despises both myself and all my fellow creeturs." "Mrs. Nickleby," a lady of fog-enveloped details, is at all times and on all subjects, interesting, having a happy knack of being vaguely reminiscent and leaving her auditors completely in the dark as to her meaning.

In spite of his realism, Dickens has written passages full of poetic feeling, those particularly relating to the death of "Little Nell," "Little Joe," "Sydney Carton," etc. There is no need now to plead for the good his pen has accomplished in crying down abuses and abolishing shams. George Macdonald seems to have expressed Dickens' thought when he says: "If I can put one touch of a rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, I shall feel that I have worked with God."

M.

Ottawa, Dec., 1900.



LABOR UNIONS AND STRIKES.



NOW that international strife has for the time being ceased, seemingly that the nineteenth century may peacefully fall into history, the great labor question forces itself into prominence. The subject is an old one, but is at present especially deserving of notice, owing to the widespread organization of one of the parties, and the industrial wars which that organization has made possible. It is a question which relates directly to the two great classes of our population, the employer and the employed. They now stand more isolated than ever in the history of commerce, and the most peaceful existing relation between them is nothing more or less than armed truce, which, with sufficient cause, may at any moment be broken, thereby causing disaster not only to the contestants, but also to the public, of which the poorer class would be the more seriously affected. The growth of centralized capital as exemplified in the trusts, a product of the present century, and of trades-unions, which are potent factors in every country with any claim to commercial importance, renders the conflict all the more bitter.

In this age of combined capitalists the toiler would, if unorganized be entirely at their mercy—and mercy is a quality conspicuously absent in the majority of them. It is past all question of a doubt that organization among laboring men is an absolute necessity; it is merely opposing force to force, for self-preservation. We shall for a time scrutinize the pages of history, that we may better grasp the relations which capital has borne to labor through the lapse of centuries.

We first meet the laborer as a serf, who although not a slave, was by no means a free man, being subject to his lord and master, and receiving from him a protection, which even if given through selfish motives, was none the less genuine.

About the year twelve hundred and sixty, we find the mechanic, whose position was about the same as that of the serf. He had no political-rights until he became a member of a guild. Ownership of property was necessary for entrance into one of

these organisations, and this was the bridge between thralldom and freedom. These guilds were the first examples of union among the laboring classes. They have frequently been represented as identical with the unions of our day ; however, the latter are organisations of workers against their masters, while the former were confederations of masters as well as of men against outsiders. The serf of the centuries past did not enjoy liberty ; yet his serfdom was to some extent a blessing and his position was on the whole much better than that of the free pauper of our day, whose freedom is frequently his burden. As Carlyle says " Liberty I am told, is a divine thing. Liberty, when it becomes the liberty to die by starvation, is not so divine." History tells us too that the golden age of British labor was in the fifteenth century some time previous to the Reformation, when the worker received ample wages and in old age had the protection of the monastery or parish church, while the mechanic had his guild which protected him when his interests were endangered, supported him when sick, and buried him when dead. It also looked after the maintenance of his widow and family.

This "golden age" was too good to last. We now come to the wholesale confiscations of the reign of Henry VIII., when the properties of the monasteries and guilds were seized, thereby robbing the working class of their only support and comfort. As a natural consequence misery was everywhere manifest, and crime was greatly increased. The institutions which formerly consoled the toiler now merely mocked his misery. Under this infamous system the generations of English laborers and artisans worked out their existence till the year eighteen hundred and twenty-four, when all laws circumscribing their liberty were finally repealed. Now the workingman "stood on the borderland of a future brighter than his 'good old times' had ever been— one of independence, comfort, and a high civility unknown to his forefathers. He has crossed the Atlantic, and to-day on this American soil he confronts the capitalist with all the confidence, pluck, and zeal born of freedom and the strength of numbers.

Under these favorable circumstances we can readily understand the almost incredible growth of trades-unionism, which forms a veritable net-work all over the United States and Canada.

In every city, town and hamlet, with any pretension to commercial importance, you will find protective associations of the working people. Unfortunately many of these organizations are not what they should be ; they are frequently guided by men who harm more than they benefit any cause to which they lend their energies. Workingmen cannot be too faithful in their adherence to the wise advice of Cardinal Gibbons : "They should exercise unceasing vigilance in securing their body from the control of designing demagogues who would make it subservient to their own selfish ends or convert it into a political engine. They should also be jealous of their reputation and of the good name of the rank and file of the society as well as its chosen leaders. For while the organization is ennobled and commands the respect of the public by the moral and civic virtues of its members, the scandalous and unworthy conduct of even a few of them is apt to bring reproach on the whole body, and to excite the distrust of the community."

The ruling spirit of all trades organizations, that they may be a benefit instead of a menace to humanity, must be religion. This fact Pope Leo emphasizes in his encyclical on the condition of labor. The Holy Father thus speaks : "Let our associations, then, look first and before all to God ; let religious instruction have therein a foremost place, each one being carefully taught what is his duty to God, what to believe, what to hope for, and how to work out his salvation, and let all be warned and fortified with especial solitude against wrong opinion and false teaching."

The first object of trades-unions is to accomplish the greatest good for the greatest number of those for whose benefit they are instituted. This is in fact the aim of all organizations having the good of the people at heart. In order to attain this noble end, they must discourage everything tending to create race, class or creed animosity, which in itself is one of the greatest curses of the present time. They should strive also to ameliorate the relations existing between employers and employed, which can alone be effected by a complete understanding between the two parties. They cannot exist without each other's aid ; the life of the one depends on the life of the other, and the welfare of the State depends upon the prosperity of both. Therefore we conclude that

the State may, and at times, must interfere for the preservation of itself.

These advanced times call for education, and labor associations must heed the summons, the sound of which is, day by day, becoming more distinct and unmistakable. The imperative need of education can readily be understood when we consider that capitalists are both educated and rich, and would be an irresistible force were they not met by educated labor. Labor associations should not forget that their mission is to care for the toiler, both intellectually and physically. Capital strengthened by education and multiplied by organization can alone be counteracted by labor combined and educated. The laborer must always bear in mind that capital represents ability, and that if the riches of the world are in the hands of a few, obvious it is that these few are men of ability; they are the great productive agents, whilst labor is merely instrumental in the production. Mr. Mallock thus defines both. "Labor, he says, is that kind of industrial exertion which is applied to one task at a time only, and while so applied, begins and ends with that task; as distinguished from ability, which influences simultaneously an indefinite number of tasks."

Undoubtedly these labor unions could, owing to the power of the ballot, dominate over capital; but would such a course be to the interests of toiling humanity, whose welfare is, or should be, the sole object of united labor? Emphatically no: since by so doing they would rule that from which they derive their very existence—Ability. In relation to capital labor should endeavor to elevate its position without injuring that to which it owes its existence. I quote the words of Mr. Mallock: "It will to the laborer be far more encouraging, to feel that the problem before him is not how to undermine a vast system which is hostile to him, and which though often attacked, has never yet been subverted, but merely to accommodate more completely to his needs a system which has been, and is, constantly working in his favor." In passing we must make mention of an evil which, although it has not as yet assumed formidable proportions, should be checked before it becomes dangerously active. That evil is Socialism, the doctrine of the discontented, who would if permitted better their

own condition at the expense of their more fortunate brothers, by depriving them of that which their own ability produced. Unions should note that inequality of fortune is a natural result of inequality of condition and Socialism being a false doctrine should not be countenanced by them.

The crowning achievement of organized workers has been governmental recognition of the working man's rights. In Canada we have our minister of labor who recently offered his services as arbiter of the Valleyfield strike. New Zealand has its Board of Arbitration which has challenged the admiration of the world. The English Government consults the National Association of United Trades on all matters which affect the interests of the workingman. When we consider that in Great Britain there are 1,330 unions with 12,807 branches, and a total membership of 1,487,562, having a balance on hand of about \$18,000,000, we are not surprised that the Government carries the favor of such a power. We see the laboring interests represented in parliament, where their wrongs are voiced by unbiased minds. This is certainly the most potent influence that has yet worked in favor of the toiling millions.

Our daily journals have for the past year been filled with accounts of strikes, with their invariable accompaniments of misery, starvation and outrage. It is appalling to think that after all these centuries of the world's history, men must war with men for the bare necessities of life. The question now arises: Are strikes ever lawful? And what are the features of an unlawful industrial war? We shall consider the circumstances which render a strike lawful and in some instances imperative. When the toiler feels that his earnings are not such as will allow him and his family to live not only comfortably but more particularly in a manner becoming a Christian, and when we consider that the toiler has a soul to be saved as well as a body to be fed, who will question his right to protest? When we learn that the wages in some districts are so meagre that the laborer has to send his children, young though they be, either to the mine where their undeveloped bodies are subjected to the most trying labor, or to the factory, where their innocent minds absorb the often-times immoral atmosphere

of these modern money-making institutions who will deny to the unfortunate working man the only available means of righting his wrongs—the strike. With such a state of affairs existing, there is no longer a question of right or wrong ; he must as a Christian refer his wrongs to the stern arbitrament of the strike.

Another most reasonable cause, which frequently occasions these strikes, is that of an overlong working day. Such, if report be true, is the eleven hour day of the Hazleton coal miners, whose work is “the most severe that the hands of man perform anywhere on the earth ; it bows the frame beyond the power of muscles to straighten it.” These men are at least entitled to an eight hour day. Nine hours should be the maximum number for the class of work generally performed by the laborer, especially when he has any intention of educating himself, and in our day education is a real necessity. Let us suppose the working day is not too long, and that the wages in themselves are ample, the price of provisions may be raised, thus depreciating the value of the laboringman’s wages. This rise is often the result of national prosperity, and it is often the work of our latter day trusts. Men who combine to rob the poor toiler of the conveniences and even of the necessaries of life, who deprive him of fuel in winter, of ice in summer, and of bread all the year round, are as criminal as many of the inmates of our prisons.

Strikes are invariable causes of great loss both to employer and employee, and they sometimes develop into general riot and bloodshed, as was the case in the recent trouble at Valleyfield, where several of the strikers and many of the militia were severely injured. As this strike was characterized by violence it was unlawful. That the reader may know what it means to carry on one of these industrial wars, I shall give a few figures. The New York Cigar Makers’ strike which lasted many months cost over thirty thousand dollars a week to sustain the seven thousand five hundred men involved in it. The great Hazelton coal miners’ strike caused a loss of \$2,288,000 to the miners and \$2,000,000 to the operators. It lasted twenty-seven days, and there were engaged in it 137,000 strikers, which is more than twice the population of the City of Ottawa. The strike resulted in a ten per cent. increase

in wages, and the influence of the United Mine Workers' Union was greatly increased.

Is there not a means of avoiding all this unnecessary expense, not to speak of the bloodshed, starvation and outrage which so frequently disgrace labor troubles? Arbitration is certainly the most available remedy. New Zealand has of late years acquired a reputation for the earnest attempts she has made to solve the disputes of the labor world. This country passed the Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration Act in the year 1894. This Act makes arbitration compulsory and therein lies the secret of its success. No strike or lock-out in connection with organized labor has occurred since the institution of this law. The working classes have always been favored by the Arbitration Board, which fact speaks well for the impartiality of its members. Since this law has been so beneficial to commerce in New Zealand there is no doubt that it would work equally well in Canada. If we had compulsory arbitration, the ten strikes which took place in the month of October alone, involving a loss both to capital and labor, would have been unnecessary and impossible. The capitalist and the laborer were not intended by God to be distinct classes of men, antagonistic to each other. They were created with a closer bond between them than mere wages; these men are brothers. Compulsory arbitration would do much towards fostering a fraternal spirit between them and precluding future strife. It would, to some extent at least, realize the dream of the poet,—

" Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws."

OWEN MCGARVEY.

Third Form.

ST. THOMAS THE APOSTLE.

FEAST DEC. 21ST.

PATRON SAINT OF HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF OTTAWA.



HOLD him none the lesser for the dust
 Of earthliness that clouded his high dreams,
 If shining armour bear a trace of rust
 It still the warrior's honoured use beseems.

From out the twelve, he Thomas seems to stand,
 A figure full of love and full of zeal;
 The lustrous eye, the tender, eager hand
 Bespeak his ardent will to serve and heal.

A pathos clings about the gospel word
 That paints of him the mistrust and the doubt,
 As if the struggle in his heart one heard
 And felt its sadness pulsing in and out.

"Unless I see." A groping through the mist
 Of feeble earth-sight for the sight complete;
 A love that would defiantly insist
 In making realms of earth and heaven meet

Within the precincts of our mortal sphere;
 All this, the doubt and agony unfold
 As agonies of our modern times, in fear
 That belief might fail therein, sneering unfaith hold.


Too much he sought, and yet I hold it dear
 The cry of love, without demand or terms—
 "My Lord and my God!" Heart and life are here
 As offering made, and fullest faith affirms.

So in these days of ours that long and reach
 For sweetness and for light beyond our ken,
 May Thomas in his wisdom's fulness teach
 The trustfulness that bringeth peace to men.

Ottawa, Dec., 1900.

M. L.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

“ MERRY Christmas !” Every heart-string thrills as the hearty, joyful salutation is exchanged. Every body and everything proclaim throughout the land : A Merry Christmas. The white-haired man, the stripling, the rich in his festive hall, the poor, forlorn being on the street corner ; the wise man in his sanctum, the matron, the lisping child—all-- ; the merry jingling of bells, the majestic gait of steeds, the joyous shouts, the glowing features, the laughing eyes, the hearty hand-shake, the embrace, the kiss ; even nature herself, with her snow-covered bosom, her cold, biting, withering gale—every body and everything proclaim with resounding voice throughout the land : “ A hearty and a merry Christmas ! ”

But hold ! Not so ; in a distant corner of America’s rolling prairie lands ; in a lonely, isolated habitation, evidently the abode of some vaquero, lies a savage-looking individual, the terror of the West. Deep sighs and groans strangely intermingled with menaces and curses manifest the terrible suffering of the miserable being in the hut. The night is inky black, the wind howls and tears across the plain, and shakes the old log cabin as if threatening to carry it off contents and all ; now there is a lull and all is quiet. The hands of a dusty, dilapidated clock are fast verging toward the little figures.

Between the fitful gusts of the cold, north-eastern gale comes the sound of Yule chimes, now swelling, now falling in a rough though touching “ Gloria in Excelsis Deo.” The wounded cowboy hears. A groan and a curse is his only answer ; but somehow, the sounds seem to affect him as he turns toward a few smouldering embers which faintly light the room. The last note had tremulously died away, a peculiar change comes over the lonely cow-herd. Why those gushing tears ? Why those sorrowful features so alien to the cruel, threatening face of a few moments ago ? Was he thinking of a loving family and Christmas hearth ? Of the joy and happiness of more fortunate mortals ? The dawn of Christmas was indeed inauspicious for the poor, fretful soul in the prairie-hut and as the recollections of the past flitted through

his mind, the tears trickled down his swarthy cheeks. Heaving another deep, despairing sigh, he turned in his bed. Outside, the wind wailed and howled, and entering through cracks and crevices, threatened to rend the rafters.

The scene now shifts northward to a neighboring ranch where one of the long, low, narrow buildings which flank a deep ravine serves as a chapel. A number of small candles twinkle about the altar as so many stray stars, while close by is a rude representation of the grotto of Bethlehem. Two red lights are conspicuous near the Infant Jesus. Groups of cow-boys, ranchers and semi-savages silently converse in front of the building. Soon, the bells that a few moments before, had torched the heart of the wretched sufferer in the hut, ring out their warning. The brave, heroic, self-denying missionary is at the altar, and all cluster around to hear midnight Mass in their own peculiar fashion. Mass is finished; the crowd has dispersed. The night is still pitch dark; the air cold and pinching, though the wind has abated. Not a sound disturbs the solemn tranquillity of the chapel, except the low murmuring of the priest at the feet of Mother Mary.

Suddenly, the outer door of the barn is noiselessly pushed open and the burly form of a man with bushy beard and blood-shot eyes, a brace of fierce looking revolvers and a murderous bowie-knife fastened around his waist, strides across the floor. The projection of his shadow on the wall is so magnified in the dimly lighted chapel that it attracts the missionary's attention. Thus unexpectedly interrupted, the priest hastily rises. The wild-looking stranger falls on his knees. "Father," he cries, in deep contrition, "behold at your feet the most miserable of cow-boys. Yesterday I fatally stabbed a comrade during a game of poker. Ever since I have been haunted by all sorts of evil spirits and tormented by the worm of conscience. Forgive me, Father! In the name of little Jesus yonder, forgive me! I was carried away by the heat of passion. I had been plucked, cheated and cleaned out completely; a desperate thought flashed through my mind—the dreadful deed was done....O Father, Father, do forgive me!" And the murderous-looking cow-boy opened the flood-gates of copious and long pent-up tears. Could the generous, compassionate missionary remain deaf to such a heartrending appeal?

Lifting the penitent from the floor, the warm-hearted priest cheered him as best he could. "Quick, Father, hear my confession," said the cow-boy, with husky, sob-broken voice, "for another poor soul in a shanty hard by requires your assistance. Ah! what a doleful Christmas is mine!"

His confession ended and a fervent prayer offered at the lowly crib, the cow-boy beckoned the Father to follow him. Out into the sharp, chilly night they went, trudging along at a quick pace to keep their blood heated as well as to avoid the approaching snow-storm. Faint streaks of gray straggling along the distant eastern horizon seemed to presage the dawn of a memorable Christmas. Memorable! Ay, indeed!—though sad!

Arriving at the snow-covered shanty of his wounded comrade the cow-boy peered through the frosty window. The fire was out, the house in darkness; but right under the sill he could see the form of his victim, still lying in the position he had left him. To reach the door, to enter and gain the sick man's side was the work of but a moment. The guide busied himself about the fire and the general arrangement of the room, while the dusty old time-piece on the wall with its energetic, wondering tick..... tack, tick..... tack, served to welcome the visitors. "He breathes rapidly and painfully," muttered the missionary, "and will not live long." Again, the warning timepiece echoes ominously through the night, distinct as a passing foot-step's fall—tick, tack, tick, tack..... "The clock ticks slower than before," mused the cow-boy. Just then, the wounded man turned on his left side, heaved a deep sigh and in a rough though sincere voice, exclaimed: "How beautiful! See the little Saviour and listen to the heavenly strains! 'Peace on earth to men of good will' they sing..... Well.... well, I too wish for peace..... My Jesus, forgive me as I forgive my enemies.... I shiver and I feel my end is drawing near..... Ah, could I but shake his hand and wish him a Merry Christmas..... Ten years ago..... yes..... ten years ago, those merry, merry bells of Yule controlled me!"... and sorrowful tears streamed down his cheeks. The guide was looking from the window at the noiseless work of the skies,

"Heaping fields and highways
With silence deep and white."

Down his cheeks too, rolled the tears large and fast, and the clock seemed to tick slower than ever.

Slowly, the sick man opened his eyes. Bewildered at first by the ruddy blaze on the hearth, it was some time before he was conscious of the presence of the much wished for priest. A sunny smile illumined his features but on beholding the cow-boy who had accompanied the priest, it vanished into a deep scowl and the sick man placed a doubtful hand on his revolver. The impulse however was but momentary, and he turned eagerly to the priest: "Father," said he, humbly, penitently, "have mercy on me! I am dying! In a dream little Jesus whispered me that I would pass Christmas in heaven"... Then with an effort, "I forgive my friend yonder with all my heart," and calling the cow-boy to him, he said in a rough, familiar, weak though loving voice: "Fred..... dear Fred don't cry..... I wish you a mer.....ry..... Christ! m!....." The clock said tick—and stopped: four o'clock. The last word of the moribund had died away into the sweetest smile, while the dilapidated time-piece seemed to have lost its purpose in life and stared silently and blankly at every body and everything in the room.

" Just when the sun in all his state,
Illumined the eastern skies,
He passed through 'Xmas' morning gate
And walked in Paradise."

W, CHAPUT, '03.



THE PULP INDUSTRY OF CANADA.

WOOD was first used for making paper, during the war of Secession, when the prices of so many articles rose to a point almost beyond the reach of the masses. In their search for cheap materials, paper-manufacturers began to substitute paper "stock" made from wood, for the product of rags. The use of wood fibre was limited at first by the fact that all its processes were patented, and by the slow progress of knowledge in the use of the new material. But with the increasing demand for paper and the improvements in the machinery used, capitalists quickly became interested in new investments and a new era was opened up for the industry. Not only did it spread through the Northern States, but a revolution was wrought in the industry itself by wonderful advancement in the methods of manufacture.

The new grade of paper was for some time produced only for the press, the reduction in cost enabling publishers to cut down the prices of their daily issues, and this lowering of price has gone on, until now, the poorest wage-earner is able generally to buy his daily journal without feeling the price to be a burden.

With the rapid development of the industry came the question of wood supply. The spruce forests in proximity to the mills soon disappeared, and the mill-owners were thus forced to seek for the material in more remote districts. The farther removed the forests were from the manufacturing centres, the cheaper could the pulp-manufacturer buy his limits. The question lay then between buying limits at enormous sums near home, or purchasing them for a much smaller sum further north but with the additional cost of transportation. The latter it appears was always the more profitable, and shrewd business men soon crossed the border and bought up limits in the great forests along the Ottawa river and its tributaries, and in Quebec.

Another inducement which led the capitalist to buy Canadian pulp-wood was the comparative cheapness of labor in getting it cut. Thus our first ideas about making paper from pulp were derived from the operations of getting out the spruce and shipping

it to mills on the American side. Even to this day, the export of the spruce-wood across the line is very great, although many of the manufacturers have erected new mills on their Canadian limits. The export for last year amounted to some \$809,795. The recent law passed by the Ontario government prohibiting further exportation, as a protection to the home manufacture, will likely have the effect of compelling more of the capitalists to build their factories on this side. Quebec, also, with the same intention has lately levied a very heavy tax on all trees cut down, to be manufactured outside of the Province.

The industry of manufacturing the pulp, although comparatively new in Canada, is progressing almost as fast as it did on the American side some years ago. The development of the industry has had the effect of imparting value to timber lands that were formerly worthless. Thus where the lumbermen made a fortune some years ago by taking out the best timber and leaving behind what they thought of very little value, the pulp manufacturers are to-day reaping a rich harvest from the same forests. They buy up these areas abandoned by the lumbermen and build their mills on a suitable site for hydraulic power, very often in towns where the lumber mills are still in operation, and thus the place again assumes the hum and prosperity it had in the palmy days of the lumber trade.

It was only five years ago that Mr. Clergue, now known as the uncrowned King of Northern Ontario, started the first of those mills where the useful and the picturesque are so happily blended, that it is doubtful whether anywhere else in the world such a group of industrial buildings can be found. One of these mills is the largest in the world, turning out some 150 tons of wood-pulp a day. The increased demand for paper and the other products of the pulp has given this great impetus to the trade. Besides furnishing the paper whereon the world's news is printed, all kinds and qualities of paper are made from pulp. Within the last few years millions of dollars have been spent annually in the new paper-making plants. The cost of production is now only a small fraction of what it was in the United States some fifteen years ago, the chief factor in the change being the constant improvement in the process of manufacture.

The total production of wood pulp for 1899 in Canada was estimated at \$1,272,276. Besides this native production, Canadian forests furnished wood to the American mills to the amount already quoted, and sent some to the mills in Great Britain. The production for this year will be much in excess of this owing to the great number of new mills recently put into operation. The value of the pulp shipped to Great Britain last year was \$671,704, and to the United States \$578,329, showing that most of our wood-pulp is manufactured into paper in these two countries.

Some of our pulp-makers are, however, paper manufacturers as well, and on a very large scale; the most extensive being the E. B. Eddy Company of Hull, whose mammoth establishment was destroyed in the late disastrous fire. Besides the different kinds of paper the company made pails, tubs, and many other articles from the product of the pulp.

The size of the wood used must suit the machinery in the mill, varying from 7 to 18 inches in diameter, and in length from 2 to 4 feet. This is the case in mills where "mechanical" pulp is made. There is, however, another process, known as the "sulphite" or "chemical," which is rapidly replacing the former. The first step in the manufacture by the "mechanical" method is to take the bark off. For this purpose the blocks are put into the "barker," which removes all the outer bark. The block of wood is then ready for the "grinder," a grindstone of superior quality, and reaching sometimes to twenty-four inches in thickness. When the wood is thrown into the iron hood which covers the "grinder" it is forced against the stone by pistons, operated by hydraulic force, and water is introduced in such a manner as to keep the wood from becoming ignited as the grinder revolves. This machine grinds the wood into a product called "mechanical" pulp, the cheapest kind of wood-pulp. The ground substance is next dropped into an agitator where the fine wood-fibre is separated from the course by means of a screen, and afterwards run through a "wet-machine," which gathers it up on the face of a woollen felt or blanket and presses it into layers, about an eighth of an inch in thickness. These "laps" are folded into compact shape, and piled on each other until a bundle is formed weighing

100 lbs., being one-third pulp and two-thirds water, it never having been found practicable until quite recently, to press out all the water. The honor of inventing the new process of making dry pulp belongs to Mr. Clergue and his associates at the "Soo." In some mills the proportion of water in each 100 lbs. bundle of pulp had been reduced to nearly one-half, the advantage being a saving in freight when the pulp was shipped to a paper-mill. Large paper-making plants as a rule grind their own pulp, and in many instances, pump it directly into the mixing "engines," thus saving all expense of maintaining and operating wet machines and pressing into "laps." However, in most of our pulp mills the article is simply manufactured into this coarse state and shipped to paper-manufacturers.

Roughly estimating, it can be stated that a cord of good, sound spruce-wood will produce a ton of ground wood-pulp. About 200 horse-power is required in grinding 3 tons of ground wood-pulp in 24 hours, the figures varying, of course, with the quality of the wood and the kind of machinery used.

The "sulphite" or "chemical" method is now being adopted by all the best and most modern mills. The wood is cut by a saw into small pieces, or cut into chips and placed in huge boilers or "digesters" containing the proper proportions of steam and product of sulphur. In this way, the fibres are disintegrated instead of being rubbed and pulled apart, as in the grinding process and their full strength is retained. The manufacture of sulphite-fibre cannot be carried on profitably except on a large scale.

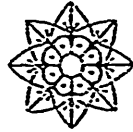
In making paper the quality depends upon the percentage of wood-pulp, sulphite-fibre and rags used. The cheap grades of paper are made chiefly from wood-pulp; the middle grades contain more sulphite-fibre or chemical pulp, and the higher grades a small percentage of sulphite-fibre and rags. Some of the most progressive manufacturers make all their paper from the wood-pulp and sulphite-fibre alone.

In the mixing "engines" of a paper-mill, the constituents required in making the paper, are thoroughly mixed in a certain proportion, the pulp being again thoroughly re-dissolved into a milky liquid. After being properly colored it is passed along through various pipes and vats until it reaches the paper machine

proper. Here it is run over plates and wires to a proper thickness, and passed over a succession of rollers which squeeze and dry out the water and cause the sheet to be formed. The paper machines are of enormous length and height, and of delicate mechanism. The large ones destroyed by the fire in Mr. Eddy's mills cost \$45,000 a-piece. They are run day and night, except Sunday. Each machine turns out several miles of paper per hour. The width of these machines varies from 100 to 140 inches. At the end of each machine are stacks of heavy steel rollers, over and between which the paper passes until it acquires the proper smoothness.

Considering that some day Canada must supply a large portion of the world's requirements so far as pulp and paper are concerned, and that she is just now beginning to experience a great "boom" in the pulp trade, it behooves the Provincial governments to pass restrictive measures in time, with regard to preserving the spruce-wood supply. This has been found necessary many years ago in most of the European countries where paper is made from pulp; the largest manufacturing corporations of the United States have introduced the German system of cutting only trees of a certain diameter, and thus allowing the sapplings to grow.

T. E. DAY, '03.



AFTER MANY DAYS.

MRS. G. A. PALMER.



REALLY am obliged to you for bringing back my book,
 It moves me much to look whereon I thought no more
 to look,
 It minds me of the early time wherein 'twas lent to you,
 When life was young and hope was fair—and this old book was new !

How well does memory recall the gilt this volume wore
 The day it first attracted me at Fitch and Billings' store,
 And also I remember how I could not buy, unless
 I practised some economy in articles of dress.

Nor have I yet forgotten how my foolish heart beat higher,
 At owning what my cultured friends must certainly admire ;
 And vividly I recollect you called around that day,
 Admired it, and borrowed it, and carried it away !

To-day it comes to me again, across the lapse of time,
 Wearing the somewhat battered look of those beyond their prime.
 O man ! O book ! The years go by and leave you both, alack !
 With faded color, worn insides—a weakness of the back.

Excuse these foolish tears ; they come unbidden as I find
 The finger marks, a silent proof of service to mankind.
 Old book, you need a rest, but 'ere you're laid upon the shelf,
 Just try to hang together till I read you through myself.

Selected.

THE FIRST OF THE HERMITS.

FEAST JAN. 15TH.



HERE is a charm to the mind of a Christian in the lives of the Fathers of the Desert unlike any other which the whole range of literature affords. The mind dwells upon the lives of those holy solitaries, with somewhat of the enjoyment, which the tired traveller over the desert must experience, while he rests for a time in a fair and fruitful oasis. Who does not feel attracted towards the Fathers of the Desert? Is there one who has never felt inclined to imitate them, to break away from the worry and bustle and din, from the vanity and deceit and hollowness of this world, to live and commune with God and God's creation? But the dream of a moment was not the call of grace, and we live on in the busy world. God calls souls to serve Him in many and various ways; and the eremitical or solitary state is one of these. Of course it is well understood, as the staid and sober Butler takes care to observe, "that an entire solitude and sequestration of self from human society, after the manner of the early solitaries, is one of those *extraordinary* ways by which God leads souls to Himself, and is more worthy of our admiration than calculated for imitation and practice."

St. Paul, who has the honor to be called the First Hermit, was born of wealthy Christian parents in the lower Thebais, a province of Egypt. In his fifteenth year he had the misfortune to be deprived of both his parents, thus becoming at an early age the inheritor of their wealth. When the persecution of Decius against the Christians broke out, Paul retired to a country house till the storm should blow over; but a covetous relative, casting an eye upon the young man's wealth, determined to denounce him as a Christian. Paul received timely notice of his danger and quitted his retreat for a safer one, turning his steps this time towards the desert of Thebais, confident of being secure in the wilderness. St. Denis, who was bishop of Alexandria at the time of this persecution, writes that it drove many into the deserts and mountains,

where great numbers perished from hunger or sickness, or fell a prey to robbers and wild beasts. Paul took up his temporary abode in a ruined fortress. "Egypt was a country of ruins," says Father Dalgairns. "The hermit could live in a tomb sleeping with his head on a mummy for his pillow, as St. Macarius did once in his travels. He could find an old castle once a Roman station, then a den of coiners, with St. Paul. Or, like the monks of Metanea, he could take up his abode in many a ruined temple, undisturbed by the avenues of stony-eyed sphinxes looking down upon him in his prayers, or by the long procession of bright-colored figures of Egyptian men and women on the walls." The young and fervent Christian gradually became enamored of his solitude, and he who had fled from a speedy martyrdom at the hands of violent persecutors, devoted himself in his solitude to a life-long martyrdom of penance. "There is a strange attraction to solitude in the Christian soul," says the writer just quoted. None have ever made any progress in perfection without feeling a longing to break away from men, and to be alone with God. This yearning for solitude could not fail to show itself early in the history of the Church; and it might almost have been prophesied that it would appear first in Egypt. The Nile valley is but one narrow strip of green rescued out of the sandy desert. Close upon the beautiful cities, swarming with life, centres of commerce for the Jew, of learning for the Greek, of easy living and frantic joys for every race under the sun, lay the sands of the solitary wilderness. A Christian soul could not long withstand the temptation of flying away like a dove, of escaping out of this den of wickedness, into the endless expanse of silent solitude. Not even the solemn chants and the gorgeous ceremonies of the majestic church of Athanasius could lure the wanderer back. There was every requisite for a hermit life. In the two limestone ranges, on each side of the broad resistless river, in the rocky walls of the gorges which brought the desert sands close upon the stream, were numberless caves, ready made for the solitary. "Above all," adds this charming writer, the hermit would, "in almost all cases, be at no great distance from the many villages bordering on the Nile, or even from a town. The monks could thus combine two things

apparently impossible—the proximity of the sacraments and the solitude of the desert.”

For ninety years St. Paul lived in his solitude. Near the end of his days he was visited by the holy patriarch St. Anthony, who journeyed a long distance to look upon this wonder of prayer and penance—the First of the Hermits. Anthony beheld an aged man whose white hairs fell upon a body emaciated by age and the austerities of penance, and who looked more like a living skeleton than a man. “What are men doing now?” queried the hermit. “Do they still build new houses in their old cities? What master do they obey? And do they still persecute the Christians?” When St. Anthony returned to his own monastery he exclaimed: “Woe to me a sinner, who deserve not to bear the name of a religious man! I have seen Elias; I have seen John in the wilderness; I have seen with truth Paul in Paradise.” On a second visit St. Anthony found the inanimate body of the holy hermit in the posture of one at prayer, kneeling, with uplifted hands. St. Anthony buried the body of his friend with great respect. Two lions came from the wilderness and digged the grave wherein one saint laid the body of another.

The sceptical man of the world—the worldling simply—may shrug his shoulders or smile at the lives of the Fathers of the Desert; but St. Jerome, a most distinguished name in ecclesiastical history, wrote the life of the First Hermit; and St. Athanasius, a fearless bishop of Alexandria, was the friend of the great solitary St. Anthony and subsequently became his biographer. St. Jerome and St. Athanasius did not write old wives' fables. Since the days of Jerome and Athanasius many biographies have appeared, many lives of great men and many more of little men, have been written and read and forgotten in those fifteen hundred years, but the lives of the Fathers of the Desert are still read, and the lesson taught by their simple, holy lives, is still powerful to elevate men's minds and hearts above material things.

M. D. N.

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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

TERMS:

One dollar a year in advance. Single copies, 15 cents. Advertising rates on application.

Address all communications to the "UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW," OTTAWA, ONT.

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No. IV.

DECEMBER, 1900.

Vol. III.

CHRISTMAS.

The season of Christmas is at hand. Holy and wholesome memories crowd upon the Christian mind. We seem to be lifted into a new world, to breathe a new atmosphere, and so indeed it is. Our spirit that cannot be circumscribed by space and that knows neither lapse nor limitation of time has transported us to the land of Judea, and makes us feel contemporary with the shepherds of Beit Saour. Let us listen with the shepherds to the words of the angel: "This day is born to you a Saviour who is Christ the Lord in the city of David." Let us hear the song of the multitude of heavenly spirits: "Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth to men of goodwill." With these words in our ears let us with the shepherds go over to Bethlehem. Let us look upon the Infant God lying in the manger, and while we gaze let our hearts go out to him in love.

No festival in all the year so appeals to the heart alike of young and old as that of Christmas. How comes it that the birth of an infant can, even two thousand years after the event, be a subject of joy to millions of hearts, can brighten and make glad even the most desolate of homes? How came it also to pass that the advent of this infant was looked for and waited for and longed for by the world for thousands of years? These two facts are beyond accounting for on any other assumption than that the world was lost and that this infant came to be its Saviour: "This day is born to you a Saviour." How well, too, has the event fulfilled the prophecy of the angel that the birth of the Saviour should be a subject of joy "to all the people."

In the hallowed phrase "A Merry Christmas," the REVIEW wishes all its readers much joy during this holy season. To the students who will spend the holidays at home, to their less fortunate fellows who will remain at the University, to the old boys of the old times, to all our readers, even (in the exuberance of our good nature) to our delinquent subscribers—even to them, we wish A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

THE UNIVERSITY'S GUESTS

The Paulist Fathers—Rev. Elias Younan and Rev. Wm. L. Sullivan—who have been conducting a mission in St. Joseph's Church, have been for a few weeks the guests of the University. The Reverend Fathers have won golden opinions for themselves both from members of the faculty and from the student body. We were not surprised to hear that the mission given by them was a great success; their zeal for souls and their spirit of self-sacrifice have been so evident from the beginning, that it was a foregone conclusion their work would be abundantly blessed. His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate was present at several services of the mission, and we are assured that he entertains the highest regard for the good Fathers. His Excellency was especially pleased with the mission to non-Catholics, with the manner in which it was conducted, and with the signal success which attended it. At the closing of the non-Catholic mission both His Excellency and the Archbishop of Ottawa were present.

The students had the pleasure of hearing both the missionary Fathers preach in the University chapel ; many of them also were allowed to attend several of the mission sermons. May the good work carried on by the Paulists be always abundantly blessed.

RE-OPENING DAY.

The students who are going home for the holidays will do well to bear in mind the necessity of returning in good time. To preclude all late-coming and the disorder consequent thereon, there is a standing decree of the University that no student returning after January 7th will be re-admitted.

NOTICE.

Through a mistake as regrettable as it is inexcusable the present volume of the REVIEW has been numbered the fourth, whereas it is only the third. The error is corrected in this number. It can be harmful only to those who bind the numbers at the end of the year, and we trust this notice will not escape their attention. It was only after an exciting search for the third volume that we discovered this mistake.

OBITUARY.

The student body was grieved to learn of the death of Mrs. J. E. Valin, of this city, which occurred on Wednesday, November 28th. To our fellow students, Messrs. Aimée and Eugène Valin, and the other members of the bereaved family, the Review extends the most sincere sympathy of the faculty and students. *Requiescat in pace.*

VARIOUS.

It is a hopeful sign of the times in France when a distinguished Archbishop, Mgr. Mignot, thus addresses his clergy :

"Let us be wide awake in the interests of truth. Do not let us be always refractory to new ideas. Instead of condemning too readily new ideas with which we happen to be unacquainted let us rather say with Gamaliel: 'If this be of men it will fall to nothing; but if it be of God you are not able to destroy it.' Do not let us live exclusively in the past. As a rule we do not like going out of our beaten track in the intellectual order, any more than in the ordinary business of life. Let us be on our guard lest what we take to be zeal for the glory of God be not in reality mental apathy and obstinacy. Do not let us sit down while the world is going on" There are other prelates in France of the type of Mgr. Mignot.

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In the days preceding the general election we heard a great deal of some intangible, wonderful thing called "the machine." It is probable that by the next general election "the machine" will be a real visible entity. There has been patented in England an invention to facilitate voting and the counting of votes. *Chambers's Journal* says of the new invention: "This is a machine which its contriver claims to fulfil all, and more than all, the provisions and intentions of the Ballot Act, in enabling a voter to record his vote without any chance of blunder and in absolute secrecy. Each voter passes through a turnstile and finds himself in a small chamber, where facing him is a row of handles above each of which is the name of a candidate. He pulls the handle of the man he wishes to vote for, an action which at once locks all the other handles; and as he passes out of another turnstile the handle he has moved returns to its place, and his vote is printed upon a travelling roll of paper. The votes are printed in consecutive numbers so that the last one recorded for each candidate gives the total of his poll, and thus no counting is necessary."

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The Very Rev. R. O. Kennedy is well known to readers of the *Ave Maria* as a charming writer. "The Virginity of Holy Mary" is a theme worthy of his pen. His articles on that subject which are appearing in the *Ave Maria* must have the effect of fostering reverence and love for our Lady, even in those who already believe, with the Catholic Church, in her virginity.

Notices of Books.

"A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."—MILTON.

It is a matter of congratulation that true criticism is still the important feature of the College press. Though this department has been omitted by some, and by others carried on in a more or less heartless and spiritless manner that deters readers from looking at such pages, yet it is a fact worthy of note that so many of the fraternity afford their clientele of readers such honest, impartial and original criticism. And the College magazine that can not maintain independent work in this department, will speedily relegate itself out of the publishing world. Derelict in his duty would be the critic, who sacrifices his independent attitude by a superficial examination of a work, for such would be to an intelligent reader only a mere advertisement for the publishing house.

The true critic gives his best, independent of religious, national or other considerations, and thus true merit will always be appreciated and error vigorously denounced. The extravagances and inconsistencies of a Canadian writer, are just as reprehensible as similar faults would be when found in the works of an American author. Neither are American publishers to be bowed to with obsequious deference, nor Canadian firms to be acknowledged with any extra degree of fear or of reverence. No such criticism as "too Canadian, too Catholic," etc., would then catch the eye of the reader. False criticism injures the reviewer, misleads the publisher, and deceives the reader.

THE LANE THAT HAD NO TURNING: By Gilbert Parker, Geo. Morang & Co., Toronto.

That Gilbert Parker has a distinct claim on the appreciation of readers is evidenced by the eagerness and avidity with which his novels have been received. Meritorious indeed, have been his works as a Canadian litterateur and generous has been the appreciation of thousands of readers who have enjoyed that series which "The Lane that had no Turning," now brings to a close. Appearing at a time too when the national question threatens to break

the bond which unites the diversified elements of our population, this novel seems almost to have a providential mission to unite the two great races in Canada. The author is ever faithful to nature and true to life in depicting French Canadian life and characters, deferential and respectful to their clergy, and interests his readers without any sacrifice of the dramatic intensity which is characteristic of all the novels of this series. There is a breath of sympathy with the people described, a true and just portrayal of their virtues and, when necessary, a gentle yet effective reproof of their few faults. The volume at hand consists of the main story "The Lane that had no Turning" and fifteen short sketches which have an additional charm and interest since they are the tendons as it were of the plot which had its inception in his remarkably clever novel "When Valmond Come to Ponctiac." Now, as "human nature is very human," Mr. Parker's work is not free from censure. Reprehensible indeed, is the sentimentalism which seems to halo the death of Racine as found in the closing chapter of the main story. The passing of a soul "unhousell'd, disappointed and unanel'd," is a matter of terrible importance to Catholics, and hence the suicide should have appeared censurable to readers. Again we protest against bringing in the Irish brogue in connection with a description of a renegade, uncouth, vice ridden Catholic who might claim Ireland as the birthplace of his ancestors. Some inaccuracies in his description of Catholic practices appear in this volume, but the critic should be indulgent when the author is of a religion different to that held by the people he presents to us in this volume. All facts being considered, Gilbert Parker well merits the success he has achieved.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD AND OTHER WAYS: By Katherine E. Conway. Pilot Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

"The Way of the World and Other Ways" is one of those few remarkable novels that appeal to the heart with irresistible fascination and charm. By it we are translated from the sordid things of life and raised to the realms where the true and the beautiful of God's creation hold a superior power over the erring thoughts and doings of mankind. We become conscious that

each of us has a noble mission to fulfil in life and to its accomplishment each of us must direct our energies. Leaving aside the novel and bearing in mind its moral teaching, we thank God that life with truth and justice is worth living. "Done to death by slanderous tongues" conveys the moral lesson that this novel teaches. A reticent, over-cautious girl, the idle gossip of fashionable society leaders endeavoring to fathom the mystery which surrounds this young girl's engagement, her want of prudence in its concealment even from her dearest friends, the slanderous tongues of "Our Set" estranging her from her lover, and finally the reconciliation of the estranged couple, form the woof which a skilful artist has woven into a novel of real life. Esther Ward, the leading character of the story, is a noble type of woman. Religious, intellectual, affectionate, keeping the even tenor of her way regardless of the affectations and caprices of what this world terms society. She, however, lacks prudence in her reticence, for life's battle can not be fought single-handed. The secrecy of her engagement to Arthur Esmond and everything appertaining to it give motive power to wagging tongues. The machinations of "those women who do not scruple to chatter 'just between ourselves you know,' about other people's business and family affairs and misfortunes," result in the sudden estrangement of the lovers. Esther Ward's cup of sorrow overflows with bitterness. The night of darkness which covers this period of her life is at times illumined by the attentions of a few devoted friends. Yet her great heart breaks under the weight of those afflictions of the soul and the agonies of her secret, lonely sorrow. The shadow of death is upon Esther Ward. A tragic climax is reached, but the skilful dramatic power of the author turns it for a grand and necessary effect. This is most important, for this last chapter is the only one where some true knowledge of Arthur Esmond's character may be found. Ere this we know him as a clever business man, cautious, truthful and generous; then as the rash, jealous and estranged lover. His reconciliation at the death-bed, when consciousness has almost flit the soul of Esther, unfolds the nobler part of his character to our view. The two grand lessons taught by this book—charity towards our neighbors and the sinfulness of "slanderous gossip," appeal with mighty force at this

festive season of the year. We wish this truly admirable work every success.

JOURNALISTIC GERMAN: Edited by August Prehn, Ph. D., Columbia Grammar School, New York. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

This little volume, which is written in German, but printed in Roman characters, has for its object, as the preface indicates, to provide reading material for young students of German. The selections are well made and the various topics treated are always interesting. The style throughout is simple. The volume must be intended for students, not of German nationality; for these latter would not agree with some statements made in the preface concerning weak points in German literature. If the author had consulted *Geschichte der Deutschen National Litteratur*, by G. Brugier, he would perhaps have drawn some different conclusions. As a class text-book the work should well suit its purpose. In exterior make up and appearance *Journalistic German* is of that kind for which the American Book Co. is well and favorably known.

Books Received.

SELECTED LETTERS OF VOLTAIRE. American Book Co. New York.

A TROUBLED HEART AND HOW IT WAS COMFORTED AT LAST. The Ave Maria. Notre Dame, Indiana.

THE CATHOLIC ALMANAC OF ONTARIO FOR 1901.

THE ENGLISH SENTENCE. By Lillian G. Kimball.

MADAME THÉRÈSE. By Erckmann-Chatrian. American Book Co., New York.



Among the Magazines.

The agreeable combination of utility and pleasure that is found in this month's *Catholic World* makes it highly commendable for holiday reading. The leading paper, *The Latest Word on the*

Temporal Power of the Pope, by Rev. Humphrey Moynihan, D.D., will claim the attention of Catholic readers in general. From the fact that the Vatican extended condolences to the Italian nation at Humbert's assassination, the rumor was set afloat that Leo had yielded to the Italian claims. The time was ill-suited for contention, the Vatican, however, in order to define its real position, was forced to break silence and reassert its rights, denouncing again the spoliation of the Papal territory. Dexterously availing himself of the interest excited by the events of last August, Rev. Dr. Moynihan places before the public, in clear and cogent terms, the salient points of the Roman Question. Arguing for the necessity of the temporal freedom of the pope in exercising his spiritual jurisdiction, the writer has this to say :

“ The Church is essentially a sovereign and complete society, possessing its own organization and laws, and having to do with the moral and spiritual interests of mankind. At its head is one who is the Universal Teacher of Christendom. The spiritual ruler of many nations cannot be the vassal or dependent of a government ; the man who guides the destinies of a mighty spiritual empire, standing for justice and righteousness amongst the nations and rulers of nations, must be independent of political control. Independence is the very breath of life of a moral power. ‘ Let the very enemies of the Temporal Power of the Apostolic See,’ wrote Pius IX, ‘ say with what confidence and respect they would receive the exhortations, advice, orders, and decrees of the Sovereign Pontiff if they beheld him subject to the will of a prince or government.’ The Pope must be above suspicion. His authority must not be neutralized by mistrust as to his motives or uncertainty as to his freedom of action. If Leo XIII, were but the first subject of the new King of Italy, he would ere long be regarded as the instrument of a government, and his decrees would be scanned for evidences of Quirinal diplomacy. Other nations would not turn to him with that unquestioning confidence which is due to the Father of the Faithful. Sooner or later the Roman Pontiff would be no better than the Archbishop of Canterbury, who exercises spiritual jurisdiction only under the shadow of a sceptre, and the Church Catholic would shrink to the limits and the servitude of a national institution.”

The Missionary Movement in the Anglican Church, is an examination of Fr. Ragey's *Missions Anglicanes* from the pen of Rev. W. L. Sullivan, C. S. P. Describing the wonderful activity displayed by the Anglican propaganda, the writer appeals to us Catholics to emulate the Anglicans' deeds of generosity and to shake off the apathy with which we have been regarding the spread of our religion. Fr. Sullivan holds that far from taunting the English Churchmen with their fruitless expenditure in proselytizing, we should, without indulging in their error, admire their zeal and ardently pray God to restore them to the true fold. What a field of missionary activity is to be found throughout the English-speaking world! It is to call the attention of Catholics, both lay and clerical, to this grand prospect that Fr. Sullivan has written his paper. Mr. T. F. Healey presents in *The Development and not the Evolution of Dogma* a trenchant critique of Prof. Levi L. Paine's *Evolution of Trinitarianism*. Mr. Paine, like some of his religious confrères, totally ignores the Catholic Church as a factor in solving the problems of Christianity. This seems puerile when we consider that the Catholic Church far outnumbers the combined branches of Protestantism. Mr. Paine goes further still, and speaks of Christianity as if comprising Protestantism alone. For this he receives a well-merited rebuke from the writer of the article before us. It seems to be very true that present-day philosophy and theology can be summed up in the word "Evolution." Hence being a theologian of the times, Mr. Paine maintains that for the proper understanding of theology a knowledge of the workings of the law of "historical evolution" is imperatively requisite. Theology, he tells us, has passed through three stages of evolution—development, cyclic changes, reaction and revolution. The fabric that he rests on these foundations Mr. Healey demolishes entirely. That there has been a development, *i.e.*, an outgrowth from the germinal doctrines of Scripture, the writer admits. But that this development has had its cycles and cataclysms he denies absolutely. Mr. Healey's purpose is to disprove the application of the law of "historical evolution" to theology, and this he does in a very masterly way. The fiction of the present number is of no mean standard. *By Grace of the Governor-Elect*, by Miss A. E. O'Hara, has for theme the joy-diffusing spirit

of Christmas-time. *The Regimentals* is a catchy story of the time of the American Revolution.

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In the current number of the *American Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J., contributes an absorbingly interesting paper on the religious status of France. "Will France turn Protestant?" is answered in the negative, and in support of his view he marshals up very conclusive arguments. French Protestantism, he tells us, is decaying numerically. A century ago it boasted of 2,000,000 members, to-day it can claim but 650,000 adherents. Another reason for the decline of Protestantism in France is the existence of party rancor between the orthodox and liberal camps. The latter, by identifying themselves with the atheists and free-thinkers, have been reprobated by their orthodox brethren. The evangelization of France—the aim of Protestants—means, as Fr. Campbell observes, simply the overthrow of Christianity. This is proved by the words of Eugène Réveillaud, the general agent of the Tract Society, who in his plan of crusade against Catholicism calls for "anything and everything, no matter how iniquitous, to destroy what faith there is in the world beyond. As Catholics are the only ones who are found to cherish that belief, there must be a united movement to destroy them. This is what is meant by the evangelization of France." France might perhaps be de-Catholicized but never will it become Protestant, for as Paul Bourget says: "For the last hundred years, when a Frenchman ceased to be a Catholic he ceased to be a Christian."

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The Dominicana (San Francisco) gives promise of attaining a respectable rank among the magazines. The contents of the November number include papers by Eliza Allen Starr, Rt. Rev. J. M. Farley and Rev. J. R. Newell, O. P. Bishop Farley's contribution, *Why Church Property Should Not be Taxed*, is particularly noteworthy.

Exchanges

Dante still claims the attention of *Victorian* essayists. "The Spirituality of the Purgatorio" is dealt with in the November issue in a somewhat short but carefully prepared paper. A thoughtful study of Byron throws a strong light upon one of the strangest characters of the century, one in whom were combined the best and worst in human nature. The chief excellence of Byron as a poet the writer considers to be his originality.

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The *Tamarack* contains a comprehensive discussion of "The Filipino Question," which is well worth reading. The writer endeavors to prove "that it is the duty of the United States to grant independence to the inhabitants of the Philippine islands," considered constitutionally as well as from the point of view of the welfare of both nations. Several shorter contributions are fairly well-written but devoid of much interest. The editorials are able and important. Moreover they are the work of members of the editorial board, a fact which some other papers would do well to take note of.

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The *St. Joseph's Collegian* furnishes several good essays in the November number. "The Old Classics" is a sensible and timely plea for the study of Greek and Latin, which some would fain deprive of their "eminent and commanding place in our higher education." Thomas Jefferson is the subject of an appreciative character sketch entitled "An Ideal American."

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"Resolved, that the annexation of Canada to the United States would be beneficial to both countries." A negative view of this debate is published in the *Mountaineer*, and it naturally had considerable interest for us. The question is treated quite thoroughly and, a few unimportant points excepted, very accurately. The arguments brought forward are clear-cut and forcible and prove beyond a doubt that annexation would not be beneficial to

either country. Stress is laid upon the fact that Canada is to-day just as contented and prosperous as her neighbor, and that she would gain nothing, therefore, if annexed. "Whose Name Was Writ in Water" refers to one who, sad to say, has been almost entirely forgotten, even by his own countrymen—the brilliant but unfortunate Irish poet, James C. Mangan. It is a touching sketch of the untimely ruin by multiplied troubles of a noble intellect and promising career.



"The French Colonel's Story" in the *Purple* is superior to the average short story in the college magazine, although one or two passages struck us as rather crude. Reminiscences are always pleasant reading and those of "Quilldriver" can be enjoyed even by one who never saw Holy Cross. The series of "Letters to Living Writers" which was such a notable feature of the *Purple* last year has been discontinued, but in the current number we find the beginning of a similar one-sided correspondence with the immortals of old. The "Letter to Horace" evidences a close acquaintance with the works of the great Roman poet and a keen eye for their chief beauties. "Up the Mediterranean" is another very readable article. It affords much interesting information concerning Catholic progress in Syria.



Of Local Interest.

The season of rejoicing is near at hand and with it come the ever welcome holidays. The eagerness with which the time for departure is looked for indicates the pleasure that each one anticipates. We hope that all will enjoy a well earned rest and extend our best wishes for a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

The boards have been laid for the rink and we are now anxiously awaiting the arrival of hard frost to cover it with ice for us. However, the rink committee will find it difficult to have good skating if they do not receive willing and ample assistance from the rest of the students. Let each one be ready then to handle the shovel when called upon.

The opening lecture of the Scientific Society was delivered by J. T. Warnock, '01, on the subject "Meteorological Phenomena" in the Academic Hall on Thursday, 20th ult. A large audience attended. Messrs. Nolan and Magnan filled the intermissions with pleasing vocal and instrumental selections.

On the 6th instant Mr. J. O. Dowd, '03 read an interesting paper before the society on "Caves and Caverns." The treatise was well prepared and contained a splendid description of the formation of limestone caves of which there are some striking examples near Ottawa.

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The Senior Debating Society has once more been organised, the following being the management;—Director, Prof. T. Horrigan, M. A.; Pres., J. T. Warnock; Secretary, W. A. Martin; Councillors: J. O. Dowd, J. J. O'Gorman, W. Callaghan. The committee are striving to make this a successful year for the Club yet they will fail utterly if the members are not always willing to lend a helping hand. Attend all the meetings therefore and be ever ready to speak on the question under discussion.

The interests of the French Debating Society will this year be looked after by Director, Rev. G. Gauvreau, O. M. I.; Pres., M. U. Valiquet; Vice-President, R. Lapointe; Secretary, J. Lebeau; and Committee: E. Richard, G. Garand, R. Filiatreault. May success attend their efforts.

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The French Dramatic Society presented on Monday, the 3rd instant, two very laughable comedies entitled "Le Grondeur," and "Les Petits Pages et Triboulet." Both were well staged.

The casts were as follows:—

LE GRONDEUR.

M. Grichard, a doctor..R. Lapointe.
Barnabé } the doctor's U. Boucher.
Auguste J } sons A. Pepin.
Ariste, lawyer and brother to M. Grichard...O. Pepin.
M. Mamarra, Auguste's professor.....A. Gaboury.
Lolive, a valet of M. Grichard.....C. Seguin.
Jasmin, a valet of Ariste.O. Cloutier.
Frambard, Lolive's friendZ. Milette.

A dancing master, a professor of music and others.

LES PETITS PAGES ET TRIBOULET.

Triboulet, — the King's jester.O. Cloutier.
Roger—the King's page.J. Côté.
Jehan—Page.....W. Baril.
Yves— ".....A. Bastien.
Ingnerand —Page.....A. Pepin.
Gaston—Page.....L. Lane.
Adhemar—Page.....A. Arcand.
Raoul—Page.....H. Legault.

Between the acts Valentine's orchestra entertained with some excellent selections.

* * *

Nov. 30th, St. Andrew's Day was fittingly observed by those who claim Old Scotia as fatherland. The "gathering of the Clans" took place in the evening behind closed doors, however, and even our reporter would not be admitted. He therefore applied his all-seeing orb to the key hole but alas! was betrayed by an irrepressible sneeze. It (the key hole not the sneeze) was immediately plugged up but not before he had caught a glimpse of the scene within. What a picturesque sight met his eyes! Kilts, hose, tartans and bare knees! He had the good fortune to witness the graceful evolutions of Angus as he danced the Highland Fling to Ozzie's beautiful accompaniment on the bag-pipes. What occurred after this must be imagined. The only information vouchsafed by those who were present related to the speeches of the evening. They were as follows:—"Scottish Poets,"—Bobby Burns, jr.; "Mac or Mc," Charlie; "Highland Lassies,"—John J.; "Scottish Farmers,"—Alex. Auld Lang Syne, sung by all, con-

cluded the evening's programme.

* * *

A joint stock company under the renowned name of Vanderbilt We Us & Co., has been formed to protect the rights of foreigners.

* * *

The A. O. H. (Ancient Order of *Hebrews*) is now in full swing, an excellent management controlling. The following are the officers:—President, Isaac Philipstein; Secretary, Pontius Pilate; Treasurer, Abraham St. Peter; Committee:—Jacob Busy-Nit and Moses Pocket.

* * *

Prof.—"Ad illam difficultatem..."

Jim (excited).—"Negotium."

Prof.—"Do you deny that?"

Jim (gaining confidence).—"Concedo."

Prof.—"You concede that!"

Jim (in desperation).—"I'm rattled but I'd like to deny the argument."

* * *

Since joining the ranks of the Externs D—v—s's presence is known only by his depredations on Hotel de Vill.

* * *

New books for the library:—"Shaving Under difficulties or

The Mysterious Pumpkin," by
J. R. G—b—l—n ; "The New
Kaiser," by U. V—l—q—t ;
"(Dabb)ling in Love Affairs," by
H. C—n—ly ; and "Fine Points
in Crokinole," by F. F—nch.

* * *

After being spanked Mac felt
a pain, later on the *pune* felt
him.

* * *

A myriad-eyed people.—The
Thousand l(s)landers.

* * *

Hast heard ye of our minstrel boy
Who in St. Patrick's find his sphere,
'Tis Tommy Tobin of Third Form
Of solemn walk but ludicrous iter.

He may not shine in class room, no,
This joker with the light brown hair
But in a negro minstrel show
Our "Dinky" Tobin is "all there."

With bony form and ghastly smile
With collar high and large cravat
Appears the Third Form minstrel boy
His motto is "laugh and grow fat."

* * *

INSEPARABLES.

Bobby and the bed.
McSwiggen and A. C. Hew.
S—p—o and his pants.
Dic. and the foot-ball.

G. O. O'Kin and Nick Carter.
Ric and his 'tache.
Hong and hard work.
The Count and the pie-store.

* * *

Examination !

Mark low !

Teacher cross ?

Think so.

Examination !

Mark high !

Teacher smiles,

So do I.

Examinations !

Our lot !

Do we like 'em

Think not.

* * *

INFORMATION GLEANED FROM EXAMS.

"God permitted David to dye
before he built the temple."

"Hercules was killed by a
poisoned tart," . . .

Teacher :—Johnnie, what is
elocution ?

Johnnie :—(thinking of elec-
trocution) one way they have of
killing people.

(Ex.)

Athletics.

The ninth annual meeting of the Quebec Rugby Union was held on Dec. 1 in Montreal. The O. U. A. A. was represented by Messrs. T. F. Clancy, '98, and T. G. Morris, '01. We are pleased to state that at that meeting "King" Clancy was appointed President of the Union for the coming year. Mr. Clancy's long and successful career on the football field has made him worthy of the position he now occupies, and we have every reason to believe that under his leadership the Union will flourish.

The other officers of the Union are: 1st Vice-President, Mr. Allan Rankin, Britannia; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. A. G. Bowie of Brockville; Sec.-Treas., Mr. E. Herbert Brown of Montreal.

* * *

The Third Football Team

passed through the season without a defeat. They played in all five games: Juniorate, 7-5; 8-8; Emeralds, 1-1; Tigers, 4-1, 4-2. The team is composed of the following: Smith, George, Blate, Nolan (Capt.), McDonald, Heston, Fallon, Gabriels, Burns, Macdonell, Lonergan, King, Taillon, Gillies, McCormac, Dowd and Gleason.

The Fourth Team^{* * *} was almost as successful, having registered against it only one loss: Juniors, 4-3, Tigers II, 11-1; Juniorate II, 3-5. Dorion Rheaume captained the team at quarter, and the other players were: J. O'Donahue, H. Smith, Donovan, Chenier, Phillips, Sheridan, O'Neil, Armstrong, Lapointe, Déchéne, Leonard, Meagher, Marshall and Dupuis.



Priorum Temporum Flores

Mr. E. P. Gleason, '98, was a welcome visitor to the Sanctum last month.

J. J. Quilty,^{* * *} '97, and J. Ryan, '97, will be raised to the priest-

hood at Montreal on the occasion of the annual Christmas ordinations.

Mr. Denis^{* * *} Murphy, '92, M.P.P., Yale, B.C., was mar-

ried on Nov. 16th to Miss C. Maude Cameron, one of Cornwall's talented young ladies. The ceremony was performed at Cornwall by Rev. W. J. Murphy, '88, O.M.I., brother of the groom, assisted by Vicar-General Corbett. The REVIEW wishes the young couple many long years of wedded bliss.

Guy Poupore, ex '02, was in the city attending the funeral of his sister Mrs. Monck on the 10th inst. * * *

We had a pleasant call from A. Ross, ex '01, who has quite recovered from his recent illness. This was "Sandy's" first visit since his trip to the Klondike, and his many friends were glad to see him.

Junior Department,

We scarce deem it necessary to remind the small boys that the Christmas holidays are on the verge of dawning, for long before this have they gathered in camp to complain of the slowness of Nature's time-piece and to recount the joys and pleasures in store for them at home. We therefore offer them the heartfelt compliments of the season and again express the hope that the Babe of Bethlehem will shower upon each Junior the liberality of his gifts both spiritual and temporal.

* * *
On Tuesday, December 31st, the sodality of the Holy Angels held a very impressive meeting in the University chapel. His Excellency Monsignor Falconio, Apostolic Delegate, at the invitation of Rev. Father Benoit, kindly deigned to preside over the assembly of young boys. After receiving eighty-one new members into the sodality, His

Excellency delivered a short instruction on the Angels. He described the dignity of these ministering spirits and exhorted the boys to imitate them in their obedience and love of God.

The ceremony terminated with solemn benediction by Rev. Father Benoit.

We feel in duty bound to thank Rev. Father Lambert for the grand musical treat that he prepared for us on this occasion. Nor must we forget to extend our congratulations to Messrs. Mulligan and Legault for the artistic taste they displayed in decorating the High Altar and the Guardian Angel statue.

* * * "PRECOCIOUS GENIUSES" OF LILLIPUT.

The Junior Editor is slightly offended over the omission made in the article entitled "Precocious Geniuses" of the November issue of the REVIEW. Said writer travelled through-

out Europe to find material for his essay, whereas in our very midst we have Kings, Dwarfs and Mummies among the small fry of our own small yard. Those who have risen from a state of nonentity to greatness, fame and glory by the sheer force of their own premature genius and laziness are all between the age of one and ten.

There is that agricultural representative from up the Creek, of pumpkin fame, with winning smile and brawn and might, once one of the lowest in this democratic mob, now the foremost idol and king in football circles. This in the short space of three months! *Floan* to heights untold!

Again, where does there exist a mate for Mike from Gutineau Point—Irish as any son of Erin's Isle, accused of stealthily kissing the Blarney Stone and still closely allied to *Pepin*, king of the Francs.

Here's another *Cas-ch? Marc-an* that other. Fitzsimmons and Jeffries have not reached the height of pugilistic fame. After years of perseverance and downfalls they cannot be compared to our Nick, the would-be vanquisher of Belingquette with about ten minutes' practice. One word only was to be heard

among the extraordinary mid-gets after this combat for championship honors—He's a *Peach-ch? A Peach ch?*

And then our singers. Did any one ever hear the like of the boy wonder from Marquette? *Tout le monde* (translated, all the world) declared his rendering of *En roulant ma boule, ma boule*, before the audience assembled to hear him, equally comparable to Patti at her best. Jim never practised either, before the night of the performance.

As for Lapointe, there is no one like him for lifting a *dumb-bell*.

Then there's that member of the Cantley contingent. Such eyes! Good eye Flem! Where is the astronomer can talk angles and angle-worms with him? Four years old! But Clout...er! He after one performance made such a reputation for himself that he has been engaged for the next circus that strikes the town.

Now there are men who have excited the admiration of the world in acrobatic feats when awake, but where is the country that can point with pride to a wonderful babe who can make a leap for life when asleep?

Behold S. C. Himmel, the boy orator! He professes him-

self competent of enlightening hoary-headed philosophers on all things astronomical, theological, geological, biological, monkiological; and the other fellow with one hundred words a minute and who eats pies between syllables.

Mull again says he's not certain that he saw the cars; but he has an uncle that surely did. Wonderful for such black eyes.

Our own dear Tommy, born in Winnipeg where the bill of fare consists of canned cyclones and wasted tornadoes, had acquired the language of silence before he was two days old, and in the short space of one month he was such a master of the hieroglyphics of child language that his own nurse declared him a marvel. There are others, but their names shall be recorded only in the big book of wonders and curiosities. This book may be purchased at the sanctum for the small sum of ten cents. It has already entered its twenty-fifth edition.

* * *

On December 2nd, an interesting snow-ball charge was made upon the senior forts. As usual the Juniors destroyed the senior's fortresses and carried off many prisoners.

We invite the admirers of the

Junior football team to come and see their group picture. It is now on exhibition in the Dark Room. Admission free.

* * *

For Christmas—A great demand for old stockings for dormitory No. 5.

If you don't know how to use your *hand-bal* for goodness sake get off the alley.

An Archangel—Gabriels.

The modest flower — The *Heaty-o-trope*.

The latest ornithological discovery—A *Mulligander*.

A well re(a)id student — McCarthy.

Never heard—A *Court-neigh*.

A London coachman — *Jarvais*.

A schooner's warning—Barbells.

The most savage form of society—An Indian Club.

Strung up—A Trapeze.

* * *

The following hitherto unpublished manuscript by the younger Aesop has been unearthed from the archives of our sanctum. The manuscript will be of interest to all scholars but especially to a few whose acquaintance we are proud to claim.

A FABLE!

And it came to pass that a

learned body of scientists required a deputation to locate and report upon certain strata in Labelle county. And the members of this honorable body cogitated and resolved among themselves as to the selection of two capable men; and at last the society in its wisdom selected two who have charm and grace of language wherewith to fascinate and attract. And behold these two youths hied themselves to the distant village of Ancient Ham where they presented their credentials and were received by the good people of that place. And for them the fatted calf was killed and a great multitude came to receive them. And in that village they waited not for the gladsome sound of the dinner bell for the proverb hath it — "Stand not upon the order of your

going," but with jocund glee they hastened to the dining room of the good man of the place. And thus they feasted for a whole day and a whole night. And morning arose. And the justice of the good people was sorely tried by the conduct of such men. At last the mightiest man of the village arose and spoke to the people "Must ye even bring others from another city." "By me halidom tis monstrous our treatment," quoth the older philosopher. And they with tears and farewells betook themselves home to a village higher up the river where there was a learned Sanhedrim. And the good man who looks after absentees met the older offender and demanded explanations. And forthwith these two youths were severely reprimanded.

AESOP JUNIOR.



COMMERCIAL COURSE HONOR LIST NOVEMBER 1900.

First Grade--1st, Harry Casey, 2nd, Willie Baril, 3rd, Allen Fleming, 4th, Fernand Hamel. 50 students in class.

Second Grade, Div. A--1st, Ludger Bourque, 2nd, Edgar Chevrier, 3rd, Amiele Cote, 4th, Gerald Kirwan. 32 students in class.

Second Grade, Div. B--1st, Louis P. Levesque, 2nd, John Walsh, 3rd, Joseph Casey, 4th, Ulric Boucher. 34 students in class.

Third Grade, Div. A--1st, Joseph Coupal, 2nd, Joseph A. Fortin, 3rd, Gilbert Gaudry, 4th, Frank Donovan. 30 students in class.

Third Grade, Div. B--1st, M. J. Morris, 2nd, B. Helson, 3rd, Joseph Ranger, 4th, Percy Hodson. 24 students in class.

Fourth Grade--1st, Eugene Seguin, 2nd, Rene Lapointe, 3rd, Walter McGee, 4th, Albert Chamberland. 25 students in class.

