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A Farewell to 1912.

Nineteen twelve, your robes are trailing,
O'er our earth, which they are veiling,
In deep shadows, at whose paling,
 We will hail another year.
And the church bells, wildly swinging,
Happy greetings now are flinging,
To the New Year; and are ringing
 Telling us that it is here.

Let us chant a carol holy,
Praising you, as you pass slowly,
Until you have vanished wholly,
 To return to us no more.
Robed in winter's snowy whiteness,
With your steps of fairy lightness,
You will glide out from the brightness,
 When the New Year ope's the door.

We can see you slowly slipping,
While your drowsy days are dipping,
In the darkness, that is gripping,
 All the aeons that have passed.
In the future we'll be yearning,
For the days we now are spurning,
When in memory we're returning,
 Through the years we have amassed.

THEODORE J. KELLY, '14.

Christmas and its Customs.

Dark and dull night, flee hence away
 And give the honor to this day
 That sees December turn'd to May.

Why does the chilling winter's morn
 Smile like a field beset with corn?
 Or smell like to a meade new-shorne,
 Thus on the sudden:—Come and see
 The cause why things thus fragrant be.

HERRICK.

ALMOST twenty centuries have passed since the Christ-Child, the Redeemer of the Human Race, came upon earth. The Virgin Mother, St. Joseph and the humble shepherds, who happened to be tending flocks in the neighborhood of the stable at Bethlehem, were the only human beings to know that the prophecies concerning the coming of the Messiah had been fulfilled that night. But angel spirits adored and rejoiced, and a heavenly brightness surrounded the manger in which the Infant lay. Little did nations dream, that the King of Kings had been born, and that He was to establish a reign upon earth which would last "until the consummation of the world."

The day of the birth of Christ, or Christmas, as it is called, is not specifically known. However Pope Julius I., after having caused a strict inquiry to be made, set the date as December the twenty-fifth of each year, and since then all Christendom has celebrated the gladsome festival on that day. Primarily, the celebration was of a strictly religious character, but as time has passed, and as man is both spiritual and corporal in nature many quaint and curious features have been associated with Christmas, all tending to express homage to God, and good-will to all men.

In Catholic countries, a double supper is partaken of on Christmas eve. At twelve o'clock midnight masses commence, and throughout the entire morning, masses are being celebrated continually. The faithful sing Christmas carols and the day is spent in innocent amusements and pastimes appropriate to the

great festival. It is in Rome, the Eternal City, however, that the anniversary of Christ's birth is celebrated with all religious splendor; it is essentially a day of holy fervor and thanksgiving.

Children, in a special manner, should be remembered on Christmas day, since they bear the nearest resemblance to Him, who was born as a little child. Fond parents must make their little ones happy. They tell them to hang up their stockings near the hearth, and during the night, Santa Claus, the spirit of Christmas, will descend the chimney and fill them with beautiful presents and other good things. It is very seldom that Santa fails to come. At break of day—sometimes before—the house is filled with shouts of joy and surprise as the treasures are brought to light. Happy child-hood days! How many of us did not feel a pang of regret, when we discovered who Santa really is, and wish that the truth had remained hidden from us? It is the first awakening to the cold reality of life.

In many households, the Christmas tree replaces the stockings. Its branches are dotted with numerous lighted candles, and a present is attached for each member of the family. Many interesting legends surround this form of celebration, but the German legend, ascribing the idea of the Christmas tree to St. Winfrid is the most beautiful, and most compatible with Christian belief. After he had finished preaching to a multitude of converts, he set about hewing down an immense oak tree, which in days of heathen worship had been adored by the Druids. "Then the sole wonder in Winfrid's life came to pass; for as the bright blade circled above his head and the flakes of wood flew from the deepening gash in the body of the tree, a whirling wind passed over the forest. It gripped the oak in its foundations. Backward it fell like a tower, groaning as it split asunder in four pieces. But just behind it, and unharmed by the ruin, stood a young fir tree pointing a green spire towards the stars. Winfrid let the axe drop and turned to speak to the people. 'This little tree, a young child of the forest, shall be your holy tree tonight. It is the wood of peace, for your houses are built of the fir. It is the sign of an endless life, for its leaves are ever green. See how it points upward to heaven. Let this be called the tree of the Christ-Child. Gather about it, not in the cold wood, but in your own homes. There it will shelter no deeds of blood, but loving gifts and rites of kindness.'"

The inhabitants of the British Isles celebrate the happy day with every evidence of joy. The Irish have surrounded Christ-

mas with many beautiful customs, and the same may be said of Scotch Catholics. Both springing from the Celtic race, regard the mysteries of the Christian faith with great awe and veneration. A candle is kept lighted in every household on Christmas eve, for it would not seem right to permit darkness to hold sway on a night which commemorates the entry into this world of the Light of Heaven. All attend mass, and throughout the entire day the happiness and joy within is reflected on every countenance. They have brought this Christmas spirit with them to every known land, and it was mainly through their example, that puritan ideas gave way to broader and more Christian-like views.

In "Merrie England," the Anglo-Saxons have customs peculiar to themselves. It was during the Christmas celebrations in eight hundred and seventy-eight, that the English army, commanded by Alfred the Great, was cut to pieces by the invading Danes. With the advent of William the Conqueror and the Normans, the feast was celebrated with becoming splendor. It was a day on which all men were equal. Squires and tenants mingled as brothers, and the mansion of the one, and the humble dwelling of the other were open to all-comers. But England became non-Catholic, and when the fanatical puritans held sway, Christmas and all other cardinal feasts, so dear to the heart of a true Christian, were abolished. Thus it was that the very existence of Christmas, in this hitherto happy land, was threatened. Fortunately matters did not remain long in this state, and before many years had passed, the people once more freely gave vent to their feelings of Christmas joy. A favorite custom of the present day is to burn the Yule-log, and to decorate the rooms with holly and mistletoe.

Polanders believe that on Christmas eve, Jacob's ladder is let down from heaven, but saints only have the privilege of witnessing the spectacle. In Germany most of the celebrating is done on the day before Christmas, while on the feast itself, the people pay and receive visits. The peasants of Austria place a lighted candle in the window, that the Infant Jesus may be guided on his way. Russians form into immense processions, and wend their way through the town or village, singing carols and other Christmas songs. When passing a nobleman's residence, or that of the mayor, coppers are thrown to them, as a mark of appreciation and of good-will. In Scandinavia every pair of shoes in the household is placed in a row, to show that

the family will live peacefully and harmoniously during the coming year.

Returning to our own hemisphere let us visit Peru. Here, also we find joy and good-will. The door of every household is opened to whomsoever may wish to enter, and if a foreigner or a stranger should partake of the hospitality, double attention is paid to him. On Christmas eve processions are formed—all ranks of people, monks and soldiers swell the numbers. In the centre, a statue of the Madonna, bearing in her arms the Holy Child is carried. The enjoyment lasts till twelve, when all enter the churches to hear midnight mass.

In the United States and Canada, Christmas is regarded as *the day* of the year. Friends, who have not seen one another for many years, exchange gifts and greetings. For weeks before the festival, the mails are choked with letters, cards and parcels. Some are of the opinion that the people are spoiling the Christmas spirit by sending so many gifts, but happily they are few and far between. Our watchword should always be:—

Christmas comes but once in a year
Let's be merry and of good cheer.

At the present day, Christmas, throughout the entire Christian world, is the holiday specially set apart, on which all classes of society must rejoice. In centuries gone by, it was often marked with shameful revels and debaucheries, but today, most of the unpleasant features have disappeared and innocent amusements and pastimes are indulged in by all. In the morning of the day, the faithful attend their respective churches, to adore the Child-Redeemer and to offer thanksgiving to God for his bounties. Returning from the performance of their religious duties, the family gather around the Christmas table. It is last Christmas since many have been home—it is the single day in the year that all the chairs round the festive-board are filled. Fond memories of the past float back again. Happiness is marked on every visage and it is the fervent prayer that next Christmas, all may once again celebrate the joyous festival, under the parental roof. Harmony and peace hold sway, and one cannot help but recall the message of the angels to the shepherds—"Gloria in excelsis Deo; et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis."

J. A. TALLON, '14.

Who's Who in Literature.

THE REVEREND P. A. SHEEHAN.

IT is now just about ten years ago that "My New Curate"—undoubtedly the best known novel of the Reverend P. A. Sheehan—made its appearance. Up to that time although the author's signature was familiar to the readers of "The Irish Monthly" and "The Irish Ecclesiastical Record," his literary reputation was yet to be made.

It is rather remarkable that at an age where religious prejudice and race bigotry still, hold their own, a book so frankly Catholic, so redolent of poor suffering Ireland, the land of saints and heroes should have achieved such wonderful popularity. Even the staid, autocratic English press, lavished unstinted praise upon the simple delightful tale of those two most lovable Irish priests:—Father Dan and Father Letherby.

Indeed librarians tell us that the Reverend P. A. Sheehan and Father Robert Hugh Benson are among the few Catholic writers sufficiently patronized by the reading public to admit them to the "*sanctum*" of the Public Libraries. As many as ten copies of "My New Curate" had to be purchased at a public library in Hull, England, which fact goes to prove that religious bigotry cannot long withstand the force of classic English, irresistible humor, and vivid delineation of character.

Whereas neither "Geoffrey Austin Student," nor its stronger sequel, "The Triumph of Failure," ever won the popularity of "My New Curate," in point of depth, they are both superior to their more successful forerunner. "The Triumph of Failure," is a masterpiece of its kind, equalled only by Thackeray's "Pendennis" and Thomas Nelson Page's "John Marvel, Assistant."

When "Luke Delmege"—the prime favorite of the philosophical reader—came out, it was rumored that the unsophisticated hero of the book was none other than the Reverend P. A. Sheehan himself. It is hard to believe, however, that so keen a student of human character in all its phases, as the parish priest of Cloyne, has shown himself to be, could ever have passed

through the illusions, follies, and vagaries, that fell to the lot of the strangely attractive, if wholly impractical, Luke.

But a word of the scholarly priest's antecedents. The Reverend Patrick Augustine Sheehan was sixty years old on March seventeenth, 1912. The name of the glorious Apostle of Ireland, whose love of the Isle of the Sea, is almost equalled by the poet-priest of Cloyne, came to him by right in view of his natal day, but "Augustine" was his by choice, as he himself tells us, because of his admiration for the saintly bishop of Hippo.

Mallow, the birthplace of many Irish notables, claims Father Sheehan as one of its brightest stars, and the old people there to-day can tell you of the silent, reserved, ascetic-looking boy, who, though endowed with singular aptitude for mathematics, gave but little promise of his brilliant literary gifts. In fact, his professors at Maynooth, tell us that he showed marked apathy during his theological studies, and seemed far less interested in the bewildering ways of scholastic philosophy, and theology, than in the dreamy mysticism and musical cadence of Tennyson, or the rugged, masterful works of his demigod, Carlyle.

Time, however, matured his views and we find him no longer worshipping at the shrine of the late English laureate, but reveling in the deeper, more philosophical poetry of Dante and Browning. His naturally religious nature, could not long brook Carlyle's defiant attitude towards Christianity, and like Luke Delmege, he cast aside the specious ideals of his youth, and "fed on the marrow of giants."

Despite his delicate health and apparent lack of enthusiasm—his piety was unequivocal,—he was ordained in 1875, being then just twenty-three years of age.

The fact that his native diocese was amply supplied with priests, made him offer his services to the Bishop of Plymouth. For three months, he was attached to the Cathedral Staff, after which, he was curate at Exeter for two years. It is probably to this early exile that Father Sheehan owes much of his insight into the workings of the English mind. His zealous, sympathetic nature was keenly alive to the situation, and while losing none of his love for the intangible, mystical charm of Ireland, his priestly soul went out to those who sat, "in darkness and the shadow of death." It is little surprising then to learn that he returned to his native diocese with some reluctance.

During his first four years' stay in his native parish,—he returned there from Queenstown in 1889,—he wrote his first stories, published later in book-form, under the title of "A Spoiled Priest." They were manifestly weak, indeed one can hardly believe, they are due, to the now virile, masterful pen, of the author of "My New Curate."

Cardinal Newman's critics—and he, incontestably the greatest master of Modern English Stylists, had them!—accused his poetry of being too prosaic and his prose of being too poetic, but Father Sheehan has solved to a remarkable degree the secret of melodious, cadenced prose, which while it sounds like music, is so absolutely spontaneous that it in no way suggests metre. His is the artlessness of art. Critics tell us that the great test of good English, is the facility with which it may be read aloud. To any one who has attempted to read aloud, either "The Blindness of Doctor Grey" or "The Queen's Fillet," it will be no surprise to hear their author proclaimed the peer of any living English writer.

"Corona Mariae" and "Cithara Mea" are the title of two volumes of verse, issued over the signature of "P. A. Sheehan," and each one goes to prove that its author is possessed of true poetic insight, with a heaven-born gift of harmonious expression.

It happens all too frequently that literary aspirations interfere with the pastoral duties of priests, but the scholarly Canon of Doneraile, is a striking exception to the general rule. Although his literary output is immense and ranges from philosophical dissertations like "Under the Cedars and the Stars," "Parerga," and "The Intellectuals," through mazes of exquisitely polished verses, to the modern society novel typified in "Lisheen" and "Glenanaar," he is, nevertheless, in close touch with his parish, a typical Irish priest, who finds time to teach the children catechism, to hold the young girls of his parish spellbound, by his vivid delineations of Mary, all beautiful, and to bear the last rites of the Church, to those who have borne for Christ's sweet sake, the burden and heat of the day.

The two chief objections made to Canon Sheehan's two novels are:—their rather freely-drawn portraits of Irish clerical life, and their somewhat disparaging view of the Irish temperament. To those who stigmatize the author of "Luke Delmege" for his compromising picture of the old Canon we can but reply that the Irish clergy at large, owe a life-long debt of gratitude to Father Sheehan for having set them before the world as

types of all that is best and noblest, the incarnation of high principles, sublime charity and child-like simplicity. If he gives us an occasional picture of a worldly-minded or rigid ecclesiastic, can we forget the hosts of self-sacrificing, lovable priests that throng his novels?

If the scholarly Canon sometimes leaves us breathless in our fruitless attempts to dovetail the typical Irishman's theories and practices, it is simply because he realizes that centuries of oppression and persecution, have made of the Irish race, a people better fitted for heaven than for earth. Hunger and poverty endured for their faith, have spiritualized the Irish nature, just as macerations and fasting etheralized the anchorites of the desert. The trivial luxuries of life are too trivial to engage the interests of the Irish peasant, what cares he for a palace or filthy lucre, when God's blue heaven spreads its sapphire vault above him, while the bracing breezes from the grassy downs and briny marshes set his nerves a-tingle and soothe his brow with their pure, stimulating touch? It is little surprising that the world of to-day in its maddened rush after glory, luxury, and self-satisfaction, should sneer at the simple-minded, pure-living Irish peasant. It is nothing more than the eternal antagonism of evil to sanctity — like the "eternal monks," Ireland has kept her birthright, where others have sold it for a pittance. When the moral vision of the world, is all distorted and false idols reign in the once glorious shrines of the God of Israel, the faithful sons and daughters of Ireland, see still God's power in the lightning. His beauty in the snowy white and heavenly blue of the Irish sky—His love in the Cross that now weighs them down—His tenderness in the suffering that ages have meted out to them. They, perhaps alone, with the Heroic Poets have by supernatural insight felt the truth of those exquisite lines of Father Tabb:—

"Is thy servant a dog? So *must* he be
If in the street where flaunting sin, and cruel envy meet,
He'd find the sweet, faint vestige of thy feet."

In reading any of Father Sheehan's works, one cannot but be struck by the author's vast erudition. He seems equally well-versed in German, French, Greek and Italian, while his pages teem with historical and classical allusions. Yet never is the reader wearied by the writer's "savoir." All seems so

absolutely spontaneous and natural that only the manifestly prejudiced could accuse him of pedantry.

Canon Sheehan's love for Mary Immaculate, is irresistible. She is the alpha, and omega, of his priestly duties. Little surprising is it then that with such a vision in his mind, he should have drawn such exquisite pictures of idealized womanhood as he gives us in saintly, self-sacrificing, Barbara Wilson, and the spiritualized, heroic Alice Moylan.—both without a doubt, types of suffering Ireland.

Like "Luke Delmege" who tells us to look for him "in the nurseries of Heaven," Father Sheehan's simple, kindly nature was an easy victim to the charms of guileless childhood. A few months ago, a little girl of my acquaintance wrote to the now famous priest of Doueraile asking for his autograph. I reproduce his answer which speaks for itself.

"Your letter came in by this mail; and as you are good enough to say that an autograph of mine would give you pleasure, I send it herewith. May God bless you: and may our Lady's Rosary be always in your hands.

Yours sincerely,

P. A. Sheehan, D. D. P. P."

LOUIS STERNER.

A Visit to the House of Commons.

IS there anything more interesting, throughout the length and breadth of our fair Dominion, than spending a few hours within the walls of the legislature buildings. It is the case in all self-governing countries, and especially in our own, that the people take an extensive interest in the proceedings of their Parliament, and thus we always find a good attendance in the public galleries when the governing body is in session.

The Parliament buildings, situated at Ottawa, are the seat of the legislative body which enacts Canada's federal laws, and, for this reason, they attract more general interest than do any of the Provincial Houses. Visitors and even the residents of

this city find themselves voluntarily drawn to the home of our governing bodies.

While ascending the wide paved pathway which leads to the main edifice on Parliament Hill, we observe the magnificent architectural display which stands before us. Those three large buildings are of Gothic structure, and are built with beautiful quarried sandstone. On approaching the main entrance of the largest building, we admire the magnificent pillars of polished marble, supporting red arches, and the skillful carving adorning them.

The entrance leads us into a large rotunda beautifully faced with white marble. The floor is inlaid with tiles of many colors in which are embodied the coats-of-arms of Canada and of her different provinces that were in the Confederation in the year 1904. Two stairways, one on the right and the other on the left, lead to the Senate and the House of Commons respectively. By mounting either of these staircases we would come into long hallways, on the walls of which are hung the portraits of Canada's leading politicians. Two small doors, on one side of the Commons lobby, give access to the Lower House. These are guarded by armed policemen, standing at attention, who permit only the members and civil servants to pass. Across the hall from these private portals we find a marble stairway and elevator by way of which we reach the public galleries.

The interior of the House of Commons is in keeping with the rest of this magnificent building, its dimensions being eighty-two feet long by forty-five feet wide. The ceiling is formed in pieces of glass of various designs. This admits a bright light, which otherwise would be shut out by the dark colored glass of the windows. At the ends of the chamber are large portraits of their Majesties, King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra.

A full view of the proceedings may be had from the large galleries which have been constructed to accommodate the public. From here we can look down upon and hear the Ministers and the Members of Parliament as they draw up the laws for our country.

The Speaker's chair, the most noticeable in the House, is enthroned on a dais about the centre of the east side of the room. It looks down upon a large table at which are seated the Clerk of the House and his assistants. Upon this table is placed the mace, a gilt emblem of the authority of the House.

One hundred and ten seats are arranged on each side of the chamber, all facing this ensign of authority. The Govern-

ment party, now the Conservatives, occupy the seats to the right of the Speaker and the opposition party, at present the Liberals, are on his left. The Nationalist party, or at least those who were elected in the different ridings of Quebec as supporters of a separate policy, have thrown in their lot with the Conservatives and are found on the Government side of the House. For this reason the number of members of the united parties became too large for all to be seated on the right side of the chamber and thus we find some of the Conservatives and Nationalists occupying the vacant seats on the opposition side.

Above the Speaker's chair is situated the press gallery. Through the writings of those many reporters seated there, the general public is made cognizant of all that passes in their Parliament, a few hours after it takes place. In this way they can follow the moves of their representatives in the House and thereby they can judge for themselves the ability of the men whom they have elected.

The Debates Reporters are seated at small tables about the centre of the room, directly in front of the Speaker. These men report all the Debates of the House and these proceedings are then printed in both French and English for distribution to the members. Behind them is seated the Sergeant-at-Arms, the principal executive officer of the Commons. His duty it is to direct the messengers and pages as they fulfil the minor wants of the assembly, and also to look after the furniture of the buildings. Like his many young assistants, he is fitted out in a dress suit, but in addition, he carries a sword at his side. The Sergeant-at-Arms in the House of Commons corresponds to the gentleman usher of the black rod in the Senate.

At three o'clock the members take their places and the Speaker mounts his throne. The mace is placed on the table by the Sergeant-at-Arms and the Speaker, who holds the dignified and responsible office of permanent chairman of the House, then commences the proceedings with prayers, which are taken from the Church of England liturgy. The Speaker, on finishing the prayer, puts a motion in regular form before the house, by reading it from the chair, and in this way lays the question open for debate. An amendment is then usually proposed to the motion and every member who wishes has an opportunity to speak on the subject. In order not to prolong the debate on any one question, a member cannot rise to speak a second time, before the House, until such a motion as, "that this house adjourn the previous question," is moved, seconded and carried.

Members, as we may notice, sit with their hats on, if they please to do so, but they must take them off when they address the house. When a member speaks, he must address himself to the Speaker and not to the other members, and, should he forget this fact, he is called to order. No one is allowed to interrupt a speaker or pass between him and the Speaker's throne. In referring to other members, no names are mentioned but they are addressed with reference to the constituency which they represent, and in this way, personalities are repressed and the debate is conducted in a calm and temperate manner.

On the conclusion of the debating on a motion, the Speaker calls for the opinion of the house and the question is decided by the number of "yeas" and "nays."

But of more interest to us, than many of these proceedings, are the Honorable Ministers of the Borden Cabinet and all the other Members of Parliament who are seated below us. There we see men who assemble from all parts of our large Dominion, to represent the people of their different constituencies, that all may have an equal voice, in the making of our laws. Among them are men representing nearly all religions and nationalities in Canada. The prominent profession found among the members is that of the lawyer, there being over seventy per cent. of the them members of the bar. In the Borden Cabinet there are but six who are not lawyers.

Occupying the Speaker's chair, arrayed in his robes of office, we find Hon. T. S. Sproule. In the middle of the front bench to his right is seated the Hon. R. L. Borden, the Prime Minister of Canada, surrounded by the ministers of his Cabinet and the members of his government party. Beside the Prime Minister is the Hon. Geo. E. Foster, the Minister of Trade and Commerce, while on his left is the Hon. Mr. Pelletier, Postmaster-General. On the opposite side of the House, directly across from Mr. Borden, is the Leader of the Liberal Party, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, while by his side we find the Hon. Geo. P. Graham, the ex-Minister of Railways and Canals.

We can sit there for hours, and listen attentively to the well-delivered speeches of Canada's prominent politicians. And we do not find the time slipping by, till, on taking a glance at the large clock across from us, we find that the entire afternoon has been spent in furthering our knowledge of the political questions of our country.

Coal Refining.



THE history of the coal-mining industry of a country may almost always be divided into two distinct periods. This has been the case notably in Canada and the United States. When first coal was discovered in these countries the seams were large, the quality good, and the mines accessible. Right at the doors, so to speak, of the iron furnaces was found coal possessing great calorific value, and as a result the mining methods were hasty, cheap and wasteful. Only the very best coal was taken; that of inferior quality was either not touched or left as a heap of waste at the mouth of the mine.

But in a short time it became necessary to employ new methods. The demand for coal increased, as the supply decreased; the seams were deteriorating; and the consumers were becoming more exacting. The greatest consumers of all, the iron and steel industries, had to have pure coal; for three reasons. First, the ashes of the impurities blocked the grates of the smelting-furnaces; secondly, the heat was diverted to the purification of the coal itself instead of to that of the iron; and thirdly, these companies refused to pay for the transportation of useless weight, such as the impurities were. It was discovered also that gases e.g. sulphur and phosphorus, passing into the molten iron, render it unfit for use in the manufacture of steel.

The impurities in coal are of three kinds—innate, infiltrated and sedimentary. The innate impurities are those that were in the parent plant, and have become part of the chemical combination of the coal itself—such as silica and alumina. The infiltrated are those that have percolated through the ground while the coal was in process of formation, and have entered into the seams as a separate element. These are principally sulphur and phosphorus. The sedimentary impurities are foreign substances, such as slate, shale and rock floods whose seams run through the coal, and which become mixed with it in the mining process. The first two classes of impurities are removed by coking; the sedimentary impurities by crushing, sizing and washing.

Crushing and sizing operations are first performed to fit the coal for washing. These operations are possible because of

the difference in strength and character between the coal and the slate, shale, etc. The idea in crushing is to remove as much slate and shale as possible without breaking the coal into too small pieces—for calorific value decreases with the size of the coal. In sizing, the principal consideration is to have the coal graded into pieces of uniform size. The exact size varies from $\frac{1}{4}$ inch to 3 and 4 inches—but all the $\frac{1}{4}$ inch pieces must be treated separate from the $\frac{1}{2}$ inch pieces, and the 2 inches separate from the 3 inches and so on. The machinery for these operations will be explained below. The principle of coal-washing is the same as that of ore-concentration. It depends upon the difference in specific gravity between the mineral sought for and the impurities. The washing of gold is a good example of ore-concentration. The specific gravity of gold is from 15 to 19 and so it is much heavier than the rock which bears it. The ore is carefully pulverized, and placed in a pan in which there is a small quantity of mercury. The pan is immersed in water and rocked and twisted in such a way as to cause the heavy gold to drop to the bottom while the lighter rock remains on top of it. The water is allowed to carry away this top waste and the gold unites with the mercury. A stream of water is directed onto this mixture and the last particles of rock are carried away. The lighter material is called the tail; the heavy substance, the concentrate. Now the principal difference between ore-concentration and coal-washing is this—that in the former process the material sought for is the concentrate, in the latter the concentrate is the waste and the tail is retained. This is because of the fact that coal is lighter than the rock in which it is found. It is the only important industrial mineral of which this is true. Its specific gravity varies from 1.129 to 1.420.

It is because of this that sizing is so important. When the size of the crushed rock and coal is uniform it is easy to effect a separation of the two substances. Let us suppose that the impurities are five times as heavy as the coal. It would be easy to separate slate and shale $\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter from coal of that size or even of three times that size; for the coal would still be lighter and would be separated from the worthless material. But if pieces of coal, after crushing, were allowed to enter the washing apparatus mixed with slate four or five times as large, the specific gravity of the two materials would be about equal and the principal of coal-washing could not be applied.

For fuel—coal crushing is seldom necessary—this operation being performed only on bituminous coal used in iron and steel industries. Before being crushed the coal must be analyzed for the purpose of finding out what size it must be broken into in order to get rid of the impurities, and at the same time not decrease it too much in size. Different coals vary in regard to the amount of breakage necessary.

In crushing, the first purifying operation, most Canadian coal companies use the Bradford Ore-breaker. This breaker is a revolving, cylindrical vessel, suspended in a position not quite horizontal, along the inside of which are parallel projecting shelves. The coal is fed into it from the higher end. When the breaker revolves, the pure coal, striking the shelves, breaks up and passes through the parallel bars which form the walls of the machine; but the slate and pyrite, being harder, remain whole and are unable to pass through the sides. In this way the breaker is also a sizing machine. The inclination of the cylinder causes the impurities to slide towards the lower end, where they are ejected. Of course some of the refuse passes through the sides with the crushed coal and a further separation of these materials is effected by washing.

There are various types of washing apparatus. Those most commonly in use in Canada are the trough washer and the piston-jig systems. The former is a long trough slightly inclined, with riffles at regular distances along the bottom, down which a stream of water is driven. The crushed coal is fed at the upper end. The impurities, being heavy, drop to the bottom and are caught in the riffles which move up to the top of the trough, discharging their load over the end. The pure coal is carried along suspended in the water, to the lower end, whence it is discharged.

The piston-jig washer is a box filled with water, the bottom of which is shaped like an inverted pyramid. It is divided into two sections by a partition which reaches two-thirds of the way to the bottom. On one side of the partition is suspended a box-like screen or sieve, into which the unwashed coal is fed. On the other side of the partition is a plunger which moves up and down in the water. On the down stroke of the plunger, the water is forced up through the screen; on the up stroke it is sucked back. This pulsating movement is very rapid and the coal quickly stratifies. The pure coal rises quickly and drops slowly; the impurities rise slowly and drop back quickly. The

former goes over the end of the sieve or jig with the overflow water and is collected, to be drained and dried later. The impurities fall to the bottom of the jig, from where they are drained off by a gate in the side. This is a single compartment piston-jig. Sometimes the impurities are more persistent or the coal is very small; in this case a series of two or more jigs is used. Two precautions are to be observed in washing—first, crush the coal as little as possible; secondly, wash the coal so that it can be easily and cheaply drained.

Washing frees the coal from sedimentary impurities; another operation is necessary to drive out the infiltrated impurities. This is the coking process. Coke is a strong, hard, cellular material, bearing the same relation to coal as charcoal to wood; it burns without smoke or tar and possesses a high calorific intensity. The advantage of these qualities is readily seen. It is cellular and consequently light, therefore transportation expenses are decreased. It is strong and hard; therefore it does not crumble, but remains in large pieces and its heat value is very great. It burns without smoke or tar, therefore it is invaluable for iron-smelting.

Coke is formed by heating bituminous coal in ovens in vacuo; decomposition occurs, and water, gases and volatile compounds are released. These released impurities are usually retained to create more heat; but sometimes the useful impurities such as tar and ammonia, are collected and only those remaining are burned. This latter style of oven is called the by-product recovery oven; that in which all the impurities are burnt is called the non-recovery oven. The non-recovery oven is more generally in use in Canada than the recovery oven. It is shaped like a beehive—because of this it is called the beehive non-recovery oven. In the top there are a few holes, which admit just enough air to keep the heat alive. The coal is fed through a door in the side; when it is heated, the gases are released and remain ignited over the coal, so that even when the exterior heat dies down, the oven remains hot, as long as the coal has any gas left in it. When the gases are entirely released, ignition ceases and the coke is cooled by a spray of water; very little water is required, as, too much would render the coke wet and heavy, and would cool the walls of the oven. As the process nears completion, hydrocarbons pass up from the bottom of the coal to the surface, where a layer of coke is already formed. These compounds break up and yield a silvery deposit of carbon

on top of the coke. This deposit usually indicates coke of good quality.

A peculiar feature of the beehive ovens is the method employed to keep them heated at the least possible expense. The ovens are placed side by side. Let us suppose that it requires 72 hours to make the coke. On the first day ovens No. 1, 4, 7, etc., are heated and charged with the coal. The heat from these is communicated to ovens 2, 5, 8, etc., and on the second day these are ready to be charged; on the third day ovens 3, 6, 9 have been heated by 2, 5, 8 and are charged. By the fourth day the coke in ovens 1, 4, 7, etc., is finished and no more heat is being developed in these ovens. But here the advantage of this system is again apparent. Ovens 3, 6, 9 have re-heated 4, 7, 10 and when the coke is removed from the latter they are ready to be recharged. In this way no heat is lost, no time wasted in reheating, and the oven can be re-charged as soon as it is emptied.

Non-recovery ovens of various types are used by the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Co., at Sydney Mines, N. S., and the West Canadian Collieries Co., at Lille, Alberta. The beehive style of non-recovery oven is used by the International Coke and Coal Co. of Coleman, Alberta. By-product recovery ovens are in use in the plant of the Dominion Iron and Steel Co., Sydney, N.S. Most coal companies have their own washeries, although sometimes independent companies unite in having a common washery among them.

R. T. QUAIN, '16.



The Call of the Game.

Have you ever stopped to ponder, on a sunny day in autumn,
When the very air around you breathes football,
And you see the kids all playing, and you wonder what has
caught 'em

That they never cry however hard they fall?
Have you ever had a feeling that you'd like to share their
pleasure,
If Time would but turn back a while for you,
To the days of childhood's pleasure, happiness without a
measure?

Then listen to the game—it's calling you.

Have you ever been at college, struggling to obtain some
knowledge,

Making resolutions for the new fall term,
That you'll go to every lecture, listen to the prof's conjecture,
As to how he'd rid the water of the germ?
But before a week is over, are you out upon the clover,
Wasting study-time which later on you'll rue,
While the crisp air brings a feeling which will set your brains
a-reeling?

Then listen to the game—it's calling you.

Have you ever joined a Rooters' Club to help your Alma Mater,
And with lusty voice the very rafters raise,
And sat up nights transforming songs you heard in the theatre,
To add your quota to her hymns of praise?

Have you gone to every practice, spent your money buying
pennants,

And let your lodging-bill go overdue,
Till your landlady began to advertize for other tenants?
Then listen to the game—it's calling you.

Have you ever been among a crowd of students in the bleachers,
While on the field the warriors perform,
And from every throat in unison there comes a set of "screech-
ers,"

Far louder than the thunder in a storm?

Have you watched your heroes struggling, towards the hostile
 goal advancing,
 Till there at forty yards, with trusty shoe
 The full-back kicked? You saw the ball right o'er the cross-bar
 glancing?
 Then listen to the game—it's calling you.

Have you ever backed your team to win right down to your last
 dollar.
 And then they lost, and dashed your hopes to dirt,
 And you left the stand and went down town and tried to sell a
 collar,
 Or hurried to the pawushop with a shirt?
 And lived on beans for days entire, oft went without your dinner.
 While at night you dreamed of eating oyster stew?
 If you took it like a sport and said, "Can't always be a winner."
 Then listen to the game—it's calling you.

But the next game have you put up all your dough once again.
 Never thinking of the time you lost before?
 And when it's over gathered in the "little iron men"?
 (For your team has won this game, with doubled score.)
 Then have you gone to celebrate and paint the town with red,
 And with the bunch stayed up till half-past two,
 And woke up the next morning with a dull pain in your head?
 Then listen to the game—it's calling you.

Have you ever played the game yourself. lain down before a
 buck,
 While fourteen men came sprawling o'er your head,
 And your eyes and ears and nostrils were completely filled with
 muck,
 And you gasped for breath, and wished that you were dead?
 Have you made a flying tackle, heard the fans in acclamation.
 While you struck your head against a cleated shoe?
 In hospital then read your fame after the operation?
 Then listen to the game—it's calling you.

A. MAHER, '14.

Politics and Religion in the Balkans

WORD has come to the East through the messenger of war, that all things shall be made right, and the Cross shall be raised as the sign of Peace, where the Crescent has so long been the emblem of Tyranny. In the territory bounded by the Mediterranean, the Danube, the Black Sea and the Adriatic, fifteen million Christian inhabitants shall feel this peace; for the hand of the Turkish oppressor shall be removed, and every man shall have his rightful heritage unmolested. In every sanguinary struggle fought by the Greek, Bulgarian and Macedonian against the Moslem the purpose and incentive has mainly been a religious one.

The Balkan states were not anxiously awaiting this war, for, if they were, they could have easily driven the Turks out of Europe, when they were at war with the Italians. But, seeing that the Christians desired to obtain better rights and more protection in European Turkey, the Turks began to mobilize. They continually harassed the Christians in Albania, Old Serbia and Macedonia, until, finally popular feeling in the now allied states manifested itself in a demand for war. But this Alliance did not declare war without a cause. In Old Serbia, the Christian possessions were taken by armed Mohammedan Albanians, a few of whom would take up a residence, on the outskirts of a Christian village and plunder and rob the entire place. The Servians were forbidden to carry weapons. As a result many had their lands and other worldly possessions taken. Thus a great number of them became tenants to these Albanians. Finally the Old Servians had to flee to Serbia, and there dwell as a burden on the state.

Many Servian women and girls were carried off and by mere force were Islamized. Some were compelled to say that they had changed their religion of their own free will; and then followed the death of their fathers or husbands, as the case might be, unless they fled. Many, however, adopted the religion of their oppressors, professed Islam outwardly and practiced Christianity in their privacy. If a man possessed a great amount of money, he was forced to give it up or be slain. If a brigand

were implacable enemies. Half-a-century ago, such hatred and at his first opportunity slew his accuser.

The Servians, for a short time, possessed their own municipalities, schools and churches, but the rising Turks, heedless of the Patriarch's protest, deprived them of these privileges. Christian churches and monasteries were confiscated by the Mohammedan authorities and Turkish emigrants were settled upon them. They, even confiscated the tenants' land for these emigrants. They placed Turkish emigrants in one village and Servians in the other; thus forming a mixed population, which led to many fatal quarrels. Turkish devastation has caused thousands of Servians from Old Serbia to enter New Serbia. Although many have migrated there, and many have been Islamized, nevertheless, eight hundred thousand Orthodox Servians, still dwell in Old Serbia.

But, as to religion, there still exists a schism among them. In the centuries which have passed, the Bulgars and Grecians were implacable enemies. Half-a-century ago, such hatred and rivalry existed between Bulgaria and Greece, that it became a prominent question of the East. No less than five years ago, we know that Bulgaria was equipping herself for a war with Turkey; and at that period, the Greeks were quite willing to help the Turks, but the latter claimed that their assistance was not necessary. When the Greeks were told that the Bulgarians belonged to the Orthodox Church they denounced them as schismatics. This schism began in the Greek Church as soon as the now allied states were rising to powerful peoples or nations. In the eighteenth century the humble priests of the Orthodox Church might be Arabs, Bulgars or Serbs, but the high offices, such as that of a bishop or the head of a monastery, were filled by Greeks who came from the Patriarch's residence at Constantinople, which has been the centre of Grecian faith. But these Bulgars and Serbs had always entertained the idea of becoming independent in politics; and this meant under the Ottoman government the establishment of a national religion. They saw the Russians in communication with the Oecumenical Patriarch, yet having their own bishops and using their own language. Then was there any reason, why they should not have the same? This led to an ecclesiastical rebellion; and ended in the excommunication of all the rising powers from the Orthodox Church for phyletism (nationalism in religion). But the phyletists were victorious in every instance, except in Bulgaria, where the schism still exists and is the cause of many a bitter quarrel.

As a result, the Bulgarians have claimed all the Bulgarians, no matter where they dwell, as belonging to their church; and consequently throughout Macedonia rival bishops exist; and in Constantinople there are the Grecian Patriarch and the Bulgarian Exarch. The differences existing between the two are the celebration of mass in a different tongue, the Bulgarian independence of the Patriarch, and the appointment of their own Bulgarian bishops.

But, in the territories of these states, the Catholic religion is scarcely tolerated.

The Grecian authorities admit some toleration, but the conversion of the inhabitants is forbidden. Thus we can easily understand, why it is, that the Church seldom gains any converts. Of the twenty-five thousand Catholics in Greece, two-thirds are foreigners. In Bulgaria and Roumania the governments tolerate the Catholic religion, but, the latter place oppresses the Catholics as much as possible. Servia possesses no hierarchy, the Catholics are nearly all foreigners, and the Orthodox Church bigotry is so strong, that it darkens all ways of bettering the present conditions. We have religious freedom in Montenegro. King Nicholas of Montenegro is a Catholic, while his son is an Orthodox Greek.

Throughout the entire captured Turkish country, there is a superabundance of mosques, while Catholic churches are few. In Old Servia, there are only two Christian churches, which have the privilege of ringing the bells, to announce the time of service to the faithful. One is at Ipek, the other at High-Detcham. The absence of Christianity in Macedonia and Old Servia has been replaced; and throughout the now captured territory of the Turks, there can be, once more, noticed, traces of Christian European civilization.

At the present time the Powers of Europe are taking quite an interest in the result of the Balkan war, and the occupation of the European Turkish territory by the allied states. Sazonoff, the Russian minister of Foreign Affairs says, "We cannot conceal from ourselves, nor indeed from others, the fact that the sympathy and friendship of Russia are on the side of those, who are our Slav brothers both by race and by faith. We wish to be understood that the primordial interest of Russia is the maintenance of peace." Even Austria claims that she will not take action against the allied states, as long as the sanjak of Novi-Bazar, on the confines of Servia, is not occupied by them.

One advantage, at present, has been derived from this war;

for the Greeks and Bulgars, who were not joined politically or religiously, laid aside political dissension at least, and joined in this common cause. Yet, if they are successful in their endeavours, not one of this quadruple Alliance desires to occupy Constantinople or the Isthmus. The greatest achievement which they wish to attain, is the solution of their national question. Should Austria leave aside her claims to the Sanjak and be satisfied with her communication and economical interests in the Balkan States, it would enable her to greatly increase her mercantile interests in these States. It is to be hoped that this captured territory, fertilized many times by Christian blood, may be forever liberated from Mohammedan oppression. But it must not be forgotten that Western Europe has been saved from Turkish encroachment by these now allied states, and by every principle of justice they should at least have our sympathy and prayers.

WM. HAYDEN, '16.

"Crossing the Bar."

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.



NOTHING that Tennyson has ever written," declares Dr. Henry Van Dyke, "is more beautiful in body and soul than Crossing the Bar. It is perfect poetry—simple even to the verge of austerity, yet rich with all the suggestions of wide ocean and waning light and vesper bells; easy to understand and full of music, yet opening inward to a truth which has no words, and pointing onward to a vision which transcends all forms; it is a delight and a consolation, a song for mortal ears and a prelude to the larger music of immortality."

As a poem, this exquisite lyric has already won a foremost

place in our language; and as a hymn, it is steadily increasing in popularity.

Space forbids that we give even a hurried review of the life-work of the great poet who wrote these tender lines "in the white winter of his age," but since it is so intimately connected with his last days, and was sung for the first time, as an anthem. at his funeral, there is a peculiar fitness in recalling just here some of the very interesting events connected with his death and burial.

The present Lord Tennyson writes: "Crossing the Bar" was written by my father in his eighty-first year, on a day in October when we came from Aldworth to Farring Ford he had the 'Moaning of the Bar' in his mind, and after dinner he showed me the poem written out. I said, "That is the crown of your life's work." He answered, 'It came in a moment.'

On the morning of Thursday, October 6, 1892. at half past one o'clock Alfred Tennyson "passed to where beyond these voices there is peace." One of his physicians, Sir Andrew Clark, said that it was the most glorious death he ever witnessed. The room was flooded and bathed in the light of the full moon streaming through the oriel window. The midnight silence was unbroken save by the autumn wind as it gently played through the trees surrounding the house, a fitting requiem for him who had so often wandered beneath their sheltering arms.

The tide of his life ebbed peacefully out into the great ocean of eternity, and so calmly did he respond to the beckoning hand of the death angel that those who stood about his bed scarcely knew when the end came. The world-loved poet, weary with the burden of many years entered into his longed for rest.

In Westminster Abbey during the funeral services "Sunset and Evening Star" set to music by Dr. Bridge was sung.

It is pleasant to have the following graphic picture of the scene at the grave preserved to us by the pen of the daughter of the Dean: "As the procession slowly passed up the nave and paused beneath the lantern where the coffin was placed during the first part of the burial service, the sun lit up the dark scene, and touched the red-and-blue Union Jack upon the coffin with brilliant light, filtering through the painted panes of Chaucer's window on the cleared purple space by the open grave, and lighting up the beautiful bust of Dryden the massive head of

Longfellow, the gray tomb of Chaucer, and the innumerable wreaths upon it. In the intense and solemn silence which followed the reading of the lesson were heard the voices of the choir singing in subdued and tender tones Tennyson's 'Crossing the Bar'—those beautiful words in which the poet, as it were, foretold his calm and peaceful deathbed. In the second line, the clear, thrilling notes of a boy's voice sounded like a silver trumpet call amongst the arches, and it was only at intervals that one distinguished Dr. Bridge's beautiful organ accompaniment, which swelled gradually from a subdued murmur, as of the moaning tide into a triumphant burst from the voices, so blended together were words and music."

"Tennyson retained" writes Dr. Sutherland, "his power of vision and expression to the last. He never wrote anything more exquisite or enduring than "Sunset and Evening Star." He had all that makes life sweet and valuable—'love, obedience, troop of friends; and when death came there was 'no moaning of the bar,' as he crossed into the haven of eternal peace, for his intellect was unclouded and his faith firm. His life was a long and golden day with a magnificent sunset. The world was thrilled and gladdened by that little song, and now that he has 'crossed the bar,' we do not need to ask if he sleeps well beyond the grave."

To me the one clear call is not to face death but life, to take my Pilot on board for time as well as for eternity, to feel the need of Him as much on the storm tossed main as when making for the harbor. The one clear call is a trumpet sound to present duty and a splendid stimulus to all to follow the gleam. And when we gaze into the tranquil evening sky on the sunset and evening star we should ever be grateful to Tennyson for helping us by his tender lines, to make us feel the experience an ever present and inciting force to nobler endeavour.

BEN HUR.

The Lesson.

HARRY MANCER was discontented with the place and he told his room-mate as much.

"Getting an education," he said "is all right but I don't believe in this way of doing it. A fellow can't do anything but they jump on him. Why when I heard of this place I thought it was the whole cheese but let me tell you the automobile that makes the most noise isn't the one that runs the farthest or costs the most. I'm tired of the whole thing and I'm going home."

"Oh! come on," said Will Millat his room-mate, "You're in a grouch. Go to bed and sleep it off. You'll feel all right in the morning. Nearly all the bunch are contented so why not you?"

"If everyone were contented what would the politicians do for an issue? No, you needn't try to convince me; I'm going home."

"All right Harry, old man, but say what will your father think and say?"

Mancer was silent. His father he knew was making a good many sacrifices in sending him to college, in hopes that the education he would receive would place him in a good position. Now he was going to drop it all. Harry thought it out as he gazed at the wall before him. His mother was dead, and he had only his father and a little tot sister. But his mind was made up. He would go home.

He, however, decided to remain till the following noon. School the next morning was not to his liking and he informed the superior that he was leaving. Reasons were asked for, arguments were advanced, everyone tried to persuade him to stay but all to no purpose. He left the next morning. Arriving at his home town he went to his father's boarding house and waited there till his father came.

"Well Dad!" he said, "I've left the college, I can't study there. Everyone in authority was down on me. It was no use so I came home."

Mr. Mancer did not say much but his manner showed that

he was disappointed. "What are you going to do Son?" was his only answer.

"Oh I've been longing for freedom—for liberty, and now that I have it. I think I'll go to Montreal to work. They say that there is any amount down there. You remember Dave Phayne? Well he's getting \$200 per month now and I'm sure I can do as well as he can."

"Take my advice Harry and go back to college. The knocks may be a little bit hard there but they are worse out in the world. Some day you'll regret it."

But Harry's mind was set upon Montreal and nothing could change it. Two weeks later he left for the Metropolis.

* * * * *

Work was not very easily secured. He was there a week and no one seemed to have a job for him. The stock of money that his father had supplied him with was running low but by judicious spending he would be all right for another two or three weeks. A fortnight had passed before he secured a job, which consisted in piling lumber but it did not by any means satisfy him, so after working five days he left. Nothing else presented itself and two months later he was penniless. He had been forced to change his lodging and was now living in a low quarter of the city. The people he met with here were in keeping with the surroundings and soon he had descended to their level.

Drink had been his refuge, of late, from the rebuffs of life. No more money and nothing to eat. Hunger, a gnawing hunger was harassing him; that craving hunger must be stayed, but never did food seem so scarce. Nothing to eat, nothing to live for, why not suicide, he asked himself. Slowly he wandered down to the wharf. It was evening and everyone was hustling home.

Arriving at the wharf he stood near the edge and looked down at the water. Why not drop into it? There in its dark depths was oblivion—there was peace and contentment. Why toil and struggle when he could slip down into the St. Lawrence and end it all. After! After! oh well why trouble about after. The earnest needs of the present make us forget the future and forgetfulness was what Mancer wanted at present.

He turned to look back at the city. The great market place

was empty, the street seemed deserted and that busy mart of the great city seemed asleep. The long streets stretched north to St. Catherine street the Mecca for the trade of Montreal. The Bonsecours Church stood grim and dark on his left only a few hundred yards away. Mancer raised his eyes to the top of the imposing pile and there saw the statue of the Blessed Virgin, which tops it, silhouetted against the sky. Her arms were stretched out in mute appeal and she seemed to be begging him not to commit the rash deed he had contemplated. "Try, try again," she seemed to say "Anything is better than that."

"What's the use," said Harry to himself, "I can't get work and if I don't it means the bread line—and I'll never do that!"

He looked again at the water. Its appeal was not to be resisted. He had often heard that drowning was the easiest death. The waters were drawing him down. Why not let himself go? He felt himself yielding, slowly yielding till he threw out his arms and let himself fall. Falling, falling down and the cold dark river seemed to enfold him in its soft embrace—sinking—sinking!

"Harry! Harry! what's the matter?" Mancer opened his eyes in a frightened way. "Where—what—well yes I—where am I?" he asked. His gaze fell upon the table—the books, his pen and pencils, and then wandered around the room.

He heard Millat speaking, "What is wrong Harry—you shouted as if you were being murdered—waken up! You've been dreaming. What was the matter? What were you dreaming of?"

"Oh I was . . . No I don't know . . . that is I can't tell you."

Without any more comment upon either side the two chums climbed into bed.

Harry Mancer did not leave college; by the way, he has his B. A. now.

THEODORE J. KELLY, '14.

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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YULETIDE.

Once more we hail the Christmas season with its manifold joys, and *The Review* with thankful heart and kindest feelings, takes up the glad refrain which, chanted first by angelic choirs, broke the portentous silence of that glorious night at Bethlehem, and has since been re-echoed from pole to pole for well-nigh two thousand years: "Glory to God in the highest; peace on earth to men of good will." Glory to God—let us bow down before the Christ-Child in humble adoration. Peace to men—let our hands and hearts go forth in friendly greeting to our fellow-men. We take this opportunity of discharging our debt of deep gratitude to all our friends, our contributors, our exchanges, our advertisers, our subscribers, our readers, for their kind words, their warm support, literary or financial. We offer them the present holiday number with the old-time, cordial greeting 'A Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.'

AN APOLOGY.

By a most unfortunate accident, the "printer's devil" completely garbled the opening paragraph of the Prize Story entitled "The Hero" which appeared in our October issue. For this, as also for a couple of glaring mis-prints, we offer the promising young writer our sincere apologies.

CANADIAN RUGBY FOOTBALL.

The history of rugby football in Canada is, to say the least, an interesting one. It presents a record marked by successes and misfortunes, by advances and retrogressions. Like all sport or otherwise, rugby football in Canada has had its days of infancy, during which its imperfections were many, and chances for improvement numerous. But, as in the case of all other institutions, the flaws in the olden style of rugby eventually have made themselves evident, and perfections have gradually been introduced in every department of the game, until today, Canadian rugby football is a sport not only of physical stamina, but also one of science and brainwork.

The Canadian game of old, the style of which has now almost completely been relegated to the past, was essentially one of brute strength. Its most salient feature was the presence of numerous "bulkies" whose ability to stand up and play "stonewall" was their only redeemable characteristic. The game of football was, in those days, of a close-formation style, in which scrimmage work and kicking was ever predominant. Efficiency in the latter department, presented a particularly good opportunity to achieve fame on the gridiron.

But possibilities of changes for the better continued to display themselves, and the advent of young blood and lithe limb into the famous autumn sport necessitated a radical departure from the style of game which was now fast becoming antiquated.

The change has been a remarkable one. Speed has now become the prime requisite for the successful development of a football player. At first speed was chiefly in evidence on the back division, but now lightness and fleetness of foot are equally

essential in the make-up of a lineman, whether he figure in the scrimmage or at an outside station.

In the department of tackling, also, has the Canadian rugby game reached a high standard of perfection. Time was when a man was downed by whatever means presented themselves to the tackler, so long as the methods employed did not hint at an endeavour to use foul tactics. Players generally leaped through the air and landed none too gently on the shoulders or neck of the opposing footballer who happened to be in possession of the ball. Present-day methods, however, consist in a clean dive through the atmosphere, and a pair of arms encircling the limbs of the opponent, preferably around the knees. In the season which has just come to a close, efficiency in tackling has been a big factor in allotting to the various fourteens the position or league standing which they claim.

Canadian rugby football today, therefore, is a game of nimble young men, quick of action and quick of thought. And in its being reared from the days of infantile methods—though exercised by men—to the days of scientific principles, lies the success which this popular fall sport claims from the patronage of the athlete-loving public.

THE INTER-UNIVERSITY DEBATE.

Messrs. John Q. Coughlan and A. George McHugh, the stalwart champions of woman's rights, represented Ottawa University in the annual inter-university debate against Toronto University on Dec. 4th.

The subject of this year's forensic contest: "Resolved that the ballot should be granted to the women of Canada on the same basis as to men," attracted the largest assemblage that has ever attended an inter university debate in the Queen City. Fully fifteen hundred people crowded Convocation Hall to hear what proved to be a contest of unusual merit.

While we regret that the representatives of Alma Mater were unsuccessful in being declared winners over the "Blue and White," still we feel justly proud of the able manner in which they acquitted themselves, and owe to them a deep debt of gratitude for the labors expended in the attempt to bring debating honors to the Capital.

The debaters report a most enjoyable trip not the least pleasant feature of which was a banquet tendered them by the Toronto Club.



A few hours were spent in perusing the first number of the *D'Youville Magazine*, and leaving aside the time consumed in cutting the pages apart, we enjoyed ourselves immensely. It is indeed an excellent quarterly, and coming but once in every three months, makes it thrice welcome. The many articles are well written and bespeak both literary talent and faithful study. "The Roman Woman," and "Horace at Home," interested us in a particular manner, for the knowledge that so much attention is paid to classical education in our sister seat of learning is, to say the least, very gratifying. That there are budding novelists in D'Youville College is evidenced by several excellent stories. "The Feud Child" a very touching tale, brings back to our mind the lawlessness so rampant in certain southern states not many years ago, and which, in fact, has not been completely stamped out even in our day. Once again, we wish to extend our congratulations to the contributors of this issue, and it is our fond hope, that, in the near future, the *D'Youville Magazine* will appear monthly on our table.

The November number of *The Laurel* has indeed a few well written articles. amongst them that on "National Ethics" being a very good description of the present conditions existing in the United States and the means by which conditions may be bettered. The writer says, "When we scorn religion our hearts become hardened. personal honor and purity flee, then in turn public morality, truth and justice are down-trodden. The tainted fruit of man's drifting from the knowledge and respect of God is the nutriment, that nurtures all the social evils of the present day." Again he says, "Let our schools exclude all evil environments. Let religion enter, developing the best of the heart and mind teaching a secret horror and hatred for vice and everything unworthy of upright, noble men." The "Panama Question" is clearly and briefly discussed as regards the right of the United States to charge toll.

The "Jubilee Number" of *The Viatorian* is almost exclusively devoted to articles regarding the Superior General of the Clerics of St. Viator. The editorial on "Time" serves as a striking example of the priceless value of a student's few years at college. The erroneous idea prevailing amongst a certain class of students is that a college is a means of continual enjoyment without any work whatever. Happily the class is becoming smaller as time goes on. The right thing at the right time is the motto for the student who sees the true end of college life.

The Amherst Monthly contains a few poems which indeed do credit to the paper and which show that the writers have poetic ability and an abundance of originality. The poem on "Beauty" is probably the best one published while "The Eagle and the Beech" deserves considerable merit. However we are inclined to think that space in this monthly is not very valuable when such an article as "Hashimurd's letter" is found among its pages. Giving the editor the benefit of the doubt we will say that it must be an oversight on his part.

"German University Life" as portrayed by the fair writers in the November number of the *Geneva Cabinet* is given in a clear, distinctive, and to the point manner. George Eliot's character of Savonarolo as revealed in *Romola* is carefully and well delineated. The writer is apparently in a mood for criticizing when he disagrees so often with Eliot. The spicy darts or "Bats from the Belfry" are also very interesting. *The University Monthly* contains a number of well written, articles among these, "On the origin of life on the globe," "The semi-centennial of 'Prehistoric man'"—being the best. However, we readily take exception to many statements made in the former.

The Young Eagle gives us a detailed and interesting account of the work of Father Samuel Mozzuchelli, O.P., as a missionary, a citizen, and an educator. The poem "Still o'er the dear, remembered paths" is short and full of originality and meaning. Other articles such as "Chaucer, master of harmony and picturesque," "The Catholic Colonization Society, U.S.A.," are well worth the reading. *The Fordham Monthly* in the article entitled "The Hunt for Happiness" affords very interesting matter for its readers. The writer no doubt dwells in a high sphere of thought and fancy thus producing such figurative language. "When day is done" and "Fireside dreams" are both well written, the former savoring somewhat of Gray's *Elegy*.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of *McGill Daily*, *Queen's Journal*, *Viatorian*, *Agnesian Quarterly*, *Niagara Index*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *Clarke College Monthly*, *The Columbia*, *Gateway*, *Vox Collegii*, *Solanian*, *The Columbiad*, *Acta Victoriana*, *Georgetown Monthly*, *Loyola University Magazine*, *The Collegian*, *St. John's Record*, *McDonald College Magazine*, *Vox Wesleyana*, *King's College Record*, *Niagara Rainbow*, *McMaster Monthly*, *The Trinity Review*, *Xaverian*, *Exponent*, *Comet*, *Schoolman*, *Fordham Monthly*, *Nazarene*, *Nazareth Chimes*.



"The Sugar Camp and After," by Rev. H. S. Spalding, S.J. (Benziger Bros., New York, etc.; 85 cts.)

This is another juvenile book by a writer famed for his boys' stories. The characters are well drawn—they are real boys, not mere goody-goodies. There are many humorous, and a few pathetic situations, and all is done with the object of making the reader (boy or man) better and manlier.

It concerns, chiefly, young Raymond Bolt, the son of a Chicago contractor, who while fleeing from an irate engineer whose train he flagged, crawled into a freight car and before long found himself sealed in and speeding God knows where. After a long while the train stopped and Raymond found himself in Louisville. While hanging around the freight yard he saw a box with the magic "Chicago" on it and resolved to follow it believing it would take him home. He managed to be locked in the same car with the

box and arrived at Chicago—not Chicago, Ill., but Chicago, Kty. He hunted up the parish priest and found shelter. Meanwhile the father was notified that all was well and took this chance of going for his son and also to establish a market for an invention of his. So Raymond found himself enjoying quite a long visit in Kentucky. He helped the syrup and sugar makers when maple-tapping time came and gained a knowledge of things which would startle the average Chicago boy.

About this time a certain Mr. Bell, whose son Leo was Raymond's great chum, became interested in the study of insects and bugs which affect the crops. He undertook to furnish the government officials with a lot of data which was missing from their records, and of course the boys were to do quite a lot in helping him.

Father Spalding uses Chapters XIII to XXII very nicely as a vehicle for his knowledge of entomology, and which interest even one who doesn't know the least thing about "bugs." These chapters are taken up with the boy's efforts to further the cause of science in farming and fruit-raising. Their money prizes which were the reward for having found new insects were spent in buying two windows for the parish church.

When their work was finished Raymond started back to Chicago to school and to astound his fellows with tales of immense stretches of open country which exist only in the minds of most young Chicagoans.

All one can say after reading the book is that it is diverting, to say nothing of being highly instructive. The way the author explains how each thing was done shows that he knew what he was writing about. Father Spalding has written several boys' stories, all good, but in this book he has made a crown for himself.—a crown which marks him as the king of juvenile story writers.

It is with genuine pleasure that we attempt a short sketch of a truly delightful novel which has just reached our table. It is none other than "Faustula," fresh from the pen of John Ayseough. The very name of the author is indeed quite sufficient to bring before the reader's mind such successful novels as Marotz, Hurdcott and Mezzogiorno; but in "Faustula" it is our honest opinion that he has more than surpassed himself. Philosopher, poet and cultured writer, he is a satirist of high order and his satire enhances the charm of his book.

Faustula was a girl of illustrious Roman birth.—her father

being able to claim descent from the shepherd who foster-fathered Romulus,—who was forced to become a Vestal Virgin. There were several reasons why a beautiful girl, as Faustula was, should become a Vestal. In the first place her mother was dead, and her father marrying again could not stand to see his daughter molested by a new step-mother; besides her wedding dowry had dwindled to almost nothing as a result of the inroads made upon it by her brother Tattius. Rather than see his daughter ill-used at home, for he was not man enough to demand his rights, and unwilling to supply her with a new dowry, he took advantage of a vacancy in the Atrium Vestae and placed his daughter at the service of the goddess when she was ten years old.

While visiting at the country house of her Aunt Sabina, Faustula became acquainted with a Christian boy who was about the same age as she was. A childish love sprung up between them, a love which bore directly on the execution of Faustula later on. However, she spent her ten years as a novice, learning the many duties of a Vestal, and the more she learned the more she became convinced that the worship of the goddess Vesta, and the other gods and goddesses for that matter, was all humbug. Although a pagan by birth and training, she could not believe that Apollo could strike one dead with his dreadful thunderbolts. At any rate she went about her duties mechanically, but in her heart she would never talk herself into becoming a priestess, never imagine herself devoted to Vesta for it was contrary to a nature such as hers to feign anything, to ape anything, to take anything for granted, because it happened to be convenient.

After she had been a Vesta for twelve or thirteen years, she met Fabian, the Christian love of her childhood. He was in the army now and seldom came to Rome, but by means of a slave they had a means of communication. Soon his love for her caused him to write a letter which his brother was to deliver. The letter was in some way found on the brother's person and he was condemned to death by flogging for attempting to corrupt a Vestal. The sentence was to be carried out at games given by the city prefect. Faustula of course attended with the Vestals, who occupied the Imperial box. Thinking it was Fabian, she acknowledged in her distress that she too was a Christian. She was accused of having broken her vows to Vesta and condemned to die by being buried alive. After some time the sentence was carried out, and Faustula died, fortified by the baptism of desire.

It is a wonderful story. It delineates Roman life with won-

derful charm and rare appeal, and in sweetness, delicacy, tenderness and purity "Faustula" is a masterpiece.

This novel can be had from Benziger Bros., New York, etc., in a handsome binding, for \$1.35 net.

"The Little Cardinal," Olive Katherine Parr; Benziger Bros.; \$1.25.

An interesting, instructive story for young people, yes and their elders, too. A great Cardinal becoming the fast friend of a supposed boy of the slums can't fail to hold one's attention. Uriel Adair, an orphan, living in the poorer sections of the great City of London, is the dominating character, around whom centre the various developments of the story. No, there is no plot in this story, but it teems with human interest and heart throbs from title page to "finis." Our "Little Cardinal" is an innocent, manly and charitable boy, with thoughts and aspirations worthy of a much older person. With such traits of character he becomes a favorite with his foster-mother, Mere Dubois, his school teacher, Beauty the policeman, and his classmates. He wins first prize in the Cardinal's competition, and in his essay expresses the wish to become a Cardinal, giving as his reason that in such a high place he can help poor children. Father Pat and the Cardinal become interested in the lad and discover he is the son of a noble lord, who was cut off by an irate father for marrying for love and not position. Uriel comes to his own, and with regrets is forced to leave his old favorites and friends and live like a real lord. In his new position, not forgetful of his friends, he builds an altar for Father Pat, gives a gold watch to Beauty the copper, and restores to Mere Dubois her farm in France.

In his visits to the slums to help a poor little girl, Uriel is viciously attacked by the girl's drunken father, and fatally injured. He shelters the girl's father, and says he fell down the stairs. The poor drunken parent repents and dies from remorse and despair. Smith, the father, confesses his deed to Father Pat, whilst Uriel confesses his deception to the Cardinal. The seal of confession closes forever the lips of both confessors, who although fast friends, never hint at the secret each holds hidden. Uriel died happy in the thought that he has given his life to save another little friend from a vicious parent. A pretty love story between Uriel's American teacher and a young English lord, in which the little hero plays an unconscious though important part, ends in the proverbial manner and they live happily ever after. A book to be read with profit by old and young.

Among the Magazines.

Holly decorations, Christmas stories, timely suggestions for Christmas gifts, are some of the significant warnings given by the magazines to the effect that old Kris Kringle will, soon, once more be on his rounds in his stocking-filling quest. Before the next issue of *The Review* appears we will have begun to date our letters "1913," so the Magazine Reviewer takes this opportunity to wish his readers a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

We are accustomed to receive *Scientific American* in plain black and white, but, occasionally, the publishers depart from this austerity and enhance the usual attractiveness of the magazine with a colored cover design. The design, as a rule, depicts some picturesque phase of industrial life; and, as the execution of the cover designs has, in every case so far, been masterly, we hope that the publishers will continue their "lenient" policy. In a recent number of *Scientific* we read of a labor-saving device which would be a valuable addition to any reference library. It is a photographic device which delivers within a few minutes a duplicate of a design or drawing, or of a page of a magazine or book, thereby saving one the onerous task of transcribing long passages or copying cuts, not to mention the saving in time.

It appears that *Saturday Night* has been criticizing our Civil Service in the performance or, as *Saturday Night* would have it, in the mis-performance of its work. To this criticism *The Civilian* vigorously objects, declaring that the cause of the inefficiency, which sometimes crops up in the Service, is not to be imputed to the Service itself, but to the patronage system, according to which not a few civilians receive appointments. A case in point is cited. A financial department needed a man of certain educational qualifications for its outside service. A Patronage Committee of 35 men disputed about the appointment, and when they could not agree upon a nominee, they cleverly decided that the department did not need a man. It developed that the Committee did not know the nature of the office to which they were about to make an appointment. Finally a bricklayer, without education, or any previous financial training, was nominated to the vacant position. If this case is authentic and, as the article claims, typical, the Civil Service of Canada certainly has a grievance.

The Missionary contains, in its November issue, a short poem in memory of Fr. Doyle from the pen of Maurice Francis Egan,

upon whom the University of Ottawa conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws in 1891. The poem is written in stately pentameter verse and the appreciation of Fr. Doyle is, we venture to assert, exact. "The University Mission" is an interesting article telling how the Catholic students at the University of Wisconsin procured a student chapel and a student chaplain. Although the University is non-sectarian, the Catholic students, boys and girls, by their splendid organization, are a recognized power in university affairs, possesses a club house, and print their own paper, *The Catholic Student*.

A recent number of the *Arc Maria* tells us of an interesting episode which occurred not long ago in South Algeria. In an engagement with the tribesmen of the region a French commandant was mortally wounded. Being told that he had only three or four hours to live he expressed a desire for the services of a priest. His remark was overheard by an aviator attached to the company, a Lieutenant Brégaré. The young lieutenant offered his services, and, at the commandant's bidding, he made a flight of some one hundred and thirty miles to the nearest town, found a chaplain, and brought him and the Holy Viaticum back in the monoplane to the dying chief's bedside. The priest was just in time to administer the last rites of the Church. An article in the same number of the *Arc Maria*, under the caption "An Old-Time Irish Physician," tells us many interesting anecdotes in the life of an Irish doctor of the seventeenth century. The material is drawn from the diary or fee book of one Dr. Thos. Arthur of the family of Fitzwilliam. It is written in Latin and it is to be noted that ailments and diseases had practically the same names three hundred years ago as they have to-day.

The frontispiece of the *Educational Review* is a striking print of Queen Elizabeth signing the death warrant of Mary Queen of Scots. Stern determination is evidenced in the pose, as well as in the expression of the Queen, and perhaps, too, a little of malice. The print is a copy from a painting by A. Liezen-Mayer. We remember reading in the October number of *The Review* an article on the remarkable condition of higher education in the Maritime Provinces, namely, the existence of more universities than are needed. In the November issue is published a letter from the president of one of the smallest universities, King's College, who takes exception to many of the criticisms of his institution offered by the previous article. He claims that, while the students are not many, it is quality, not quantity, which is desired: moreover, the

institution is now beginning to forge ahead, and a substantial fund for its maintenance is being raised by its friends. Yet the fact remains that there are too many institutions in the Maritime Provinces teaching parallel courses in science and arts, and the sooner they come to an understanding, by affiliation or any other means, so that each will specialize, to a reasonable degree, in some of the sciences or in arts, the better for education down east.

An article on China in a recent issue of *America* throws some light on the standing of the Catholic Church in that country. It will surprise most people to hear that two-thirds of the Christian Chinese are Catholics, while the other third are Protestants of all denominations. Ignorance of this condition of affairs has been caused, principally, by the numerous reports and statements made annually by the various Protestant Chinese missions. In this department of the missionary work the Catholic priests have proved unskilled. However, according to the best data available, we learn that there are more than a million and a half Catholic Chinese, but only 1,498 European and 752 Chinese priests to minister to their spiritual needs. Money, also, is not very plentiful. A seminary for foreign missions has been established at Ossining, N.Y., which, it is hoped, will satisfy, in part, the demand for English-speaking priests in China.

The December number of the *Canadian Messenger* has a concise statement of social and religious conditions in the Argentine Republic. While the population is almost entirely Catholic and is noted for its piety, yet the laws of the country contain clauses which would give almost unlimited scope to the activities of an anti-clerical party did such a party ever secure the reins of government. However, there seems to be little danger of this at present.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

Rev. J. Meehan, '00, who for some time past has been curate at Belleville, has been appointed parish priest of Morrisburg.

Rev. J. J. Keeley, '03, has been transferred from curate at Morrisburg to curate at Belleville to replace Father Meehan.

Rev. T. J. Sloan, '06, the earnest and energetic young priest, who has acted in the capacity of curate at Chapeau for the past three years, has been appointed parish priest of Whitney.

Rev. M. Doyle, '08, of Renfrew succeeds Father Sloan as curate of Chapeau.

Rev. A. B. Côté, '09, of Peterborough, Ont., paid a visit to his alma mater during the past month.

Mr. Frank Hefferman, one of last year's students renewed old acquaintances while on a business trip to the Capital.

Rev. J. J. Quilty, Douglas, and Father Brunet, secretary to the Archbishop, Ottawa, called during the month.

Rev. Father Dorion Rheaume has been appointed chaplain of the Smith's Fall's Hospital.

Mr. Frederick MacDougall, matric '09, is home on a visit from the Troy Polytechnic School.

Among those who favored us with a call while in the Capital for the McGill-Varsity game were the following:

A. Couillard, '09.

Andrew Murtagh.

R. MacDougall.

B. Tait.

R. Renaud.

B. Conroy.

Rev. J. J. McDonell, '02, is at present exercising his priestly functions at Cornwall.

Mr. W. U. Valiquet, '02, is a successful doctor of this city.

Rev. P. J. Hammersley, O.M.I., M.A., of the class of '02 is professor of Greek and Physics in his alma mater.

Mr. W. A. Martin, M.A., is at present Prefect of Studies in D'Youville College, Buffalo.

Mr. T. P. Burns, '02, is a successful lawyer of New York City, N.Y.

Mr. W. O'Brien, '02, is engaged in the railway business in this city.

Rev. A. H. Kunz, O.M.I., '02, has charge of financial affairs in Holy Angels College, Buffalo.

Obituary.

JOSEPH SIMARD, '12.

It is our sorrowful task to chronicle from time to time the death of an alumnus. In this month's issue we are called upon to record the demise of J. Simard who just went forth from the portals of Alma Mater in June last in the full flush and vigor of Manhood. "Joe" as we were wont to call him while in our midst, returned after graduation, to his home in Ville Marie filled with high hopes as to what the future had in store for him. But alas his aspirations were blasted shortly after he reached the parental roof, by a nervous breakdown, a direct consequence, no doubt, of his seven years' conscientious study. In this enfeebled condition he was seized with pneumonia, which in turn gave way to typhoid fever, and although he struggled valiantly to overcome the ravages of these maladies, Divine Providence had willed it otherwise, and on Thursday, Dec. 5, consoled by al the rites of holy mother church, he yielded up his pure spirit to its Maker.

During his course at college his independence of character and his kindly disposition bound his fellow-students to him by the ties of true friendship. Those who knew him best loved him most, and those alone knew the depth and truth of his friendship. He always took a deep interest in the different athletic organizations about college, particularly the football club, being responsible, in a great measure, for the team's success last fall, by the able and intelligent manner in which he led the rooters' club.

To the sorrowing family *The Review* extends its sympathy at the loss of a son and brother, who at such an early age was taken from them; an age when high aspirations are enkindled and honorable ambitions formed, and in his case when the light of success seemed about to shed its splendor upon him. May his soul rest in peace is our earnest prayer.

GEORGE P. MURPHY, Matric '99.

On Sunday, Oct. 27, Mr. G. P. Murphy died suddenly at his late residence, 605, 187th street, New York City.

The late Mr. Murphy was born in Ottawa and received his education at Ottawa University, but has resided in New York for the last twenty years, where he had been engaged in the banking and brokerage business on Wall street.

He is survived by a widow and three children in New York; his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Murphy of Nelson street, two sisters, Mrs. E. P. Stanton and Miss Anna Murphy of this city; and two brothers Joseph and William of New York. R. I. P.

IVANHOE DESROSIERS, '09.

On Saturday, Nov. 30, the sad news reached us of the death of Ivanhoe DesRosiers, B.A., B.S., eldest son of L. A. DesRosiers, of the Public Works Department. He died at Saskatoon very suddenly. His relatives in the city did not know he was ill until he had passed away. A sad circumstance in connection with his death, is that he was to have started for home the day he died.

After securing his B.A. here in 1909 he entered upon a brilliant course of science in McGill from which institution he graduated last May, securing his degree of B.L. with highest honours.

Soon after leaving McGill he went to Saskatoon and entered the firm of Webster & Co., architects where his exceptional talents soon brought him into prominence. Besides being unusually clever he possessed a pleasing personality that won the friendship of all, and his untimely death is deeply regretted.

Besides his parents who live in this city, he leaves three brothers Arthur, Augustus and Joseph and a sister Emma.

To the sorrowing family *The Review* extends its sincerest sympathy in this their hour of affliction.



Rev. Fr. Dozois, O.M.I., Provincial of the order, was a visitor last month.

Dr. David Peterson of New York, whose sons were educated at the University, called on us during his visit to Ottawa in December.

Father D'Ortolan, O.M.I., from Rome, Italy, honoured us with a visit last month. Father D'Ortolan is a noted scientific writer.

"Rummy" Reaume, the famous outside wing of the victorious Argonaut football team, visited us when in Ottawa last month.

"Dutch" Gonter, likewise famous in football circles, came to see his friends when the Toronto 'Varsity team came to Ottawa for the play off with McGill. It was not Dutch's fault that Toronto didn't win.

Rev. Father Leacy of Ogdensbury, paid his friends at the University, a flying visit last month. The genial Father is always welcome, the trouble being that he will never stay long enough.

Mr. Laurie Roberts and Mr. Roddy McDougall paid us a visit about two weeks ago. They are staunch friends of Ottawa University and we are deeply indebted to the gentlemen for many acts of kindness. Come again!



Ottawa College, during the last few years has not maintained the same high standard in hockey, as befits her prowess in other athletic departments. For two years the students have supported a somewhat weak and poorly conditioned team. On this account interest had begun to wane.

Last year the team had no regular practice hours; they were practically devoid of all but the necessary equipment, and worst of all there was no scramble for places, so few were the number of candidates qualified to play in a senior series. Yet even under such trying conditions they managed to win one section of the Intercollegiate, but were hopelessly out-classed in the saw-off. However let us treat all this as a regrettable recollection, which we will strive to entirely blot out this year.

THIS YEAR'S OUTLOOK.

College have entered the Interprovincial Hockey League, which at present represents the fastest brand of winter sport outside the professional league. Some enthusiasts have even stated that there is more snap, vim and class displayed at the present time in the amateur union, than will ever be seen in Sammy Lichtenstein's big circus. This may or may not be true, but at the same time the "simon pures" have a following in Ottawa which certainly rivals that of the senior organization.

It will be seen then that College will have to step some to make a creditable showing in their new venture. In other years College's entrance to such a high class league would have

evoked a loud laugh from the independent ratepayers of Ottawa, but this year the daily papers have already heralded us as championship contenders. And they have struck the right note—even if we do say it ourselves.

The fact that the College "scout"—Jim Kennedy—made absolutely no bid to obtain several of the local city stars, is proof of the fact that we have no need to go beyond our own stone wall for players. The array of material which is this year pursuing their studies (when I say pursuing their studies I do not mean that they are always behind!) within our campus, is sufficient to round out a pretty smooth aggregation. There are no less than six contenders for the goal position, while Eddie O'Leary, "Chump" O'Neil, McCart, Ketchum, Tommy Kent and Gilligan are all seeking places on the defence. O'Neil played with Cliffside when they held the amateur cup; McCart is an O.H.A. product; Kent played in the famous Manitoba league last winter, and O'Leary was on last year's defence.

Nagle, Chartrand, Kelley, Poulin and Killian, who composed last year's line are all back. The new men include Brouse, last year a sensation in Toronto; O'Neil, who for four years captained Arnprior-Lower Ottawa Valley champions; Dore of the same team, who has been offered tempting terms to turn professional; Braithwaite, a beautiful stick handler, but a trifle light. These players are all fit for fast company, and there are a few dozen more who will be tried out and given every chance to make good.

Loud cheers! College have at last obtained regular practice hours. They will have three every week at the Arena so that prime asset—condition—will not be lacking this year. New and natty uniforms have been purchased and the team will this year be perfectly accoutred. Combining the new men—the rink accommodation—perfect condition and respectable outfits, we are at least able to say that College will make a hefty bid to once more occupy her long deserted place in local hockey circles.

HOCKEY TIPS.

Taking as a precedent last year's experience, College will once more go barnstorming during the Christmas vacation. Leaving on the 23rd of Dec. they will play in Hamilton on the 24th, stop off at Detroit for the 25th and 26th, Cleveland on the 27th and 28th. From this date they will leave for Syracuse and perform there on the 29th and 30th. Taking to the railroad ties

they will meet McGill University in New York on the 4th Jan. and will probably end the tour in Boston on the 6th. They will take along 11 or 12 players with a coach and Rev. Fr. Stanton in charge. It will serve to put the team in good shape for their regular league season.

INTERMURAL LEAGUE.

The outlaw league will again be in existence. All senior players will be denied admittance because after playing organized hockey it would be too difficult for them to conform to the peculiar rules which predominate in this Texas league. Arts, Commercial, Philosophers, and Juniors will all be represented and some interesting developments will surely result. Con Mulvihill, the well known fight promoter, will handle the destinies of this modern gladiatorial representation. Mr. Lawrence Landriau, the local Thespian, will assist in the staging of the comedy.



Of Local Interest

The announcement that Alma Mater will in all likelihood figure in an American football series when the 1913 season arrives has created no small amount of interest in collegian circles. When it is considered that the American game,—partly, no doubt on account of partisan feeling, but chiefly because of the brilliant style of football which the United States collegians play—attracts at each fixture crowds of from thirty to fifty thousand spectators, the general concession is that the novelty would be a welcome one. With the knowledge that Father Stanton has of the American game, coupled with his experience as one of the best exponents of the Canadian autumnal sport, there is little doubt that the garnet and grey would be able to place on the gridiron an eleven which would be quite capable of displaying the mettle of the Canuck pigskin artists.

A great deal of interest is being displayed by the collegians in the active preparations which are now under way for the production of the drama "Julius Caesar." The caste has been selected and the principal roles will be filled by students who, by present indications, should give a creditable account of themselves. The caste will include such "bad actors" as Winfield Hackett, who will play the title role, Sammie Lee, as Brutus, Fabe Poulin as Cassius, Alex. Cameron as Casca and Lawrence Landriau as Mark Antony. Mr. Harry Hayes, the well-known local actor, is lending the students valuable assistance, and Rev. Fathers Stanton, Normandin and Lajeunesse will also coach the budding thespians. Rehearsals are being held regularly, and if possible the play will be staged at the Russell in January.

* * *

The students of the "Big Yard" had a very enjoyable time on Saturday evening, Dec. 7th. As a result of the energetic efforts put forth by a committee which was composed of Messrs. Lahaie, Kelly, Chantal and Cornellier, a stag dance had been arranged, and proved a huge success. The festivities commenced about half past seven, and the programme included sixteen "merry glides." During the intermission the boys repaired to the refectory, there to partake of an appetizing spread. Among the guests of the evening were Jim Kennedy, Ernie Rainboth, Jack Salmon and Silver Quilty. Rev. Father Latulippe was in charge of the evening's entertainment.

* * *

The annual feast of St. Catherine's banquet was held by the French students on Sunday evening, Nov. 24th and proved a decided success. The banquet was held in the senior refectory, and the spread was in all respects a most sumptuous one. After the wants of "mineself" had been amply satisfied, the collegians repaired to the recreation hall to enjoy a splendid programme, including songs, declamations and orchestra selections. Before entering upon the programme Mr. A. Harris, '13, president of the French Debating Society, addressed the assembly, referring to the traditions of the day in well chosen words. A bachelor dance brought the evening to a close.

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The members of the Washington Club held their annual meeting on Tuesday evening, Nov. 26th, for the purpose of electing officers for the coming year. Rev. Father Finnegan,

O.M.I., was chosen director, and the executive was elected as follows: President, R. C. Lahaie, '14; Vice-President, L. McCormick; Secretary, F. Higgins; Treasurer, M. A. Gilligan. Efforts will be extended to make the Washington banquet next February more successful than that of any preceding year.

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In commemoration of the American Thanksgiving Day, the students hailing from Uncle Sam's domains enjoyed a sleigh drive on Thursday evening, Nov. 28th. After a jolly ride about town which lasted about an hour, the Yankees returned to the University where an inviting "feed" was awaiting them in the refectory. The guests of the evening were Rev. Fathers Stanton, Hammersley and Senecal. At the conclusion of the supper Mr. Ralph Lahaie, president of the Washington club, addressed a few words to those present. Others of the guests also spoke in brief.

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The collegians had a "night off" on Sunday evening, Nov. 17th, a very pleasant bachelor celebration being enjoyed in the recreation hall. Musical numbers, for the most part, held the boards, and every number was well received by the large gathering. Mr. Bay Richards, the popular friend of the students, who was the guest of the evening, gave a brief speech on the comparative merits of Intercollegiate and Interprovincial football. Refreshments were served by the Philosophers, after which the usual stag dance was held, the "female of the species" being conspicuous by her absence. Mr. James Cusack presided at the piano.

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"Dutch" Gonter, the star half back of the ex-champion Varsity football fourteen, was the guest of the students at dinner on Sunday, Nov. 17th, and the former St. Michael's player made a decided hit with the collegians. At the conclusion of the meal "Dutch" was called upon for a speech, and was finally persuaded to say a few words to the students. Mr. Gonter referred to the defeat of the blue and white in brief, and readily admitted that Toronto had lost the Intercollegiate honors to a team, which, on the day's play, showed marked superiority in all departments. "Dutch" wished the garnet and grey all success in their gridiron doings next fall, and wound up his remarks with a few words of praise for Father Stanton.

WEEKLY DEBATES.

At the weekly meeting of the English Debating Society held on Monday evening, Dec. 2nd, the audience was treated to a display of somewhat fiery oratory, which flowed from at least two of the speakers of the evening. The opposing debaters took occasion to make known their convictions in a manner both eloquent and forcible. The question of the debate read, "That it is advisable that the modern languages, science and history should replace Latin and Greek in the Arts Course." Messrs. F. A. Landriau, T. J. Hunt and J. P. Gilhooly upheld the resolution, whilst the opposing forces included Messrs. J. M. Chart-rand, W. M. Hayden and E. J. Gorman. The meeting was pre-sided over by Mr. A. L. Cameron. The judges were Messrs. C. Mulvihill, J. Leacy, J. O'Keefe, J. McEvoy, and J. McMahan. Among those expressing their opinions from the floor of the house were Messrs. Unger, Cross, O'Neill, Maher, and Lahaie.

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The navy question was to the fore at the sitting of the debating society which occurred on Thursday evening, Nov. 14th. The subject of the argument was as follows: "Canada should assist Great Britain to maintain her naval supremacy by the creation of a distinct Canadian navy." Affirming the necessity of bringing into existence a distinct navy which would represent our Dominion's interest in the retention of the motherland's pride of position, Messrs. Leonard Kelley and F. Poulin sustained the contention that a cash contribution to England would be the most effective method of giving material aid to the country under the protecting aegis of whose flag Canada has grown from a colony to a nation. The decision of the judges awarded the palm of victory to the affirmative. Mr. J. S. Cross presided over the meeting in a very satisfactory manner. The austere dignity of judge was assumed by Messrs. Gilligan, Hayden, Hogan and Gorman.

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The French Debating Society held its first fall meeting on Monday, Nov. 11th in the Lecture Hall. "Will the French language subsist in Canada" was the question before the members of the assembly. Messrs. C. Glaude and J. Sauve appeared for the affirmative, while the negative was upheld by Messrs. L. De la Durantaye and R. Barrette. The negative was awarded the decision. Mr. Phil Cornellier acted in the capacity of chair-

man, and Messrs. Perron, Labelle, Viau and Dubois were the judges.

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"That it would be wiser for the Dominion government to expend money on the amelioration of the present country roads than on the construction of a national highway," was the resolution of the debate held on Monday evening, Nov. 18th. Speaking for the affirmative were Messrs. R. C. Lahaie, G. E. Brennan and W. H. Doran. The negative was upheld by Messrs. G. J. Rock, W. V. Corrigan and C. F. Fink. The negative was victorious. Mr. L. A. Landriau presided over the meeting.

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The session of the Mock Parliament, and innovation of the French Debating Society, opened on Tuesday, Nov. 19th. The questions of importance which were referred to by the "Governor" in his speech from the throne included the abolition of trade unions, the abolition of the Senate, and the construction of the Georgian Bay Canal. Mr. A. Harris, '13, acted in the capacity of Prime Minister, while Mr. J. Dubois led the Opposition forces.

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The trust question occupied the attention of the English debaters on Monday evening, Nov. 25th. The subject of the evening's argument was announced by the chairman "That the welfare of society demands the complete suppression of trusts." Messrs. J. J. Cusack, J. J. T. Gorman and W. T. Foley, favored the resolution, which was opposed by Messrs. J. H. Hogan, J. A. Grace and H. J. Fortune. Mr. F. W. Hackett occupied the chair. The negative won the debate.

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The members of the French Debating Society gathered together on Tuesday evening for the second sitting of the Mock Parliament. The vote on the first bill was taken after a few words from Mr. L. Chantal. The result of the ballot was a close majority for the government. The second bill on the abolition of the Senate was then discussed. Messrs. P. Dubois, H. Courtois and P. Cornellier being speakers of the evening.

Junior Department.

As this is the last opportunity the Junior Editor has of communicating with his young comrades before they disperse for the long-looked for Xmas holidays, he would like them to keep in mind, and not to forget amidst the amusements, pleasures and happiness of home, sweet home, the following from maturer minds:

“Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits.”

Family intimacy should never make brothers and sisters forget to be polite to each other.”

“Well-mannered people consult the wishes of others rather than their own.”

“Good manners like good words, cost nothing, and are worth everything.”

“The outward forms the inner man reveal,
We guess the pulp before we cut the peel.”

“A man’s manners are a mirror in which he shows his likeness to the intelligent observer.”

“Fine manners are a stronger bond than a beautiful face. The former binds, the latter only attracts.”

“Wise men read very sharply all your private history in your look, and gait and behavior.”

The weather-man, by the continuous rains with which he has favoured us, during the latter part of the fall, has made it impossible to complete our football schedule and thus deprived the Small Yard admirers of a few contests which bade fair to reduce the memorable McGill-Varsity struggle to the second rank.

The following is the standing of the teams:

VARSIITY LEAGUE.

Teams.	Captains.	Won	Lost	To Play
Tigers,	Langlois, C.	4	1	1
Argonauts,	Moran, A.	4	2	
Canadians,	St. Francois, O.	4	2	
College,	Nault, J.	3	2	1

On the season's showing the championship was awarded to the Tigers, and Langlois, together with his team mates, will have the honour of having their names engraved on the famous "Hurd Cup."

The Intercollegiate League, alias Midget League was left in the same predicament as its Senior.

Teams.	Captains.	Won	Lost	To Play
College,	Roy I.	4	1	1
Varsity,	Desmarais, J.	4	1	
Queens,	Laffeur, R.	1	4	
McGill,	McIntosh,	0	5	1

The championship honours were unanimously conceded to College.

The ex-Small Yarders, captained by Fahey, failed to show their last year form in a game against the present upholders of our department's prestige. They were defeated by a score 14—7. Our representatives were: Nault, Moran, Genest, Langlois, Gravel, St. François Leclair, Deleseleuc, Proulx, Cook, Cunningham, Leclair, Lafontaine, Ebbs and Chanron.

K—n is sure to be found in the Small Yard (where he belongs) at meal hours, but outside that—not.

Everybody has provided himself with a pair of skates and a hockey stick. All that is required now for the puck-chasers is good ice, and a couple of days of cold weather will do that for them.

We have discovered, among our athletes, a giant wrestler, in O'B-i-n. He can throw all the kids from McGowan to White.

If "rep" counts for anything, S. Y. ought to have a rattling good team for hockey. Renaud, Moran, Langlois, Ebbs, Nault, Ryan, Cook and Genest are all there with a "rep" twice as big as themselves.

The boys of the Junior Department showed that they can enjoy an "at home" with anybody at the recent entertainment tendered them by the Rev. Prefects. They know how to listen to choice music, how to applaud a young but nevertheless fluent orator—B-rr-t, how to laugh at a cleverly told story and, above all, how to do justice to a lunch.

The Junior Editor begs to wish all his companions and their beloved parents, "A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year."