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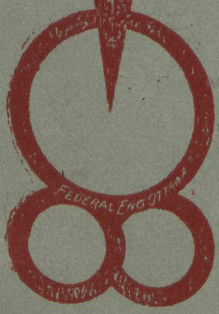
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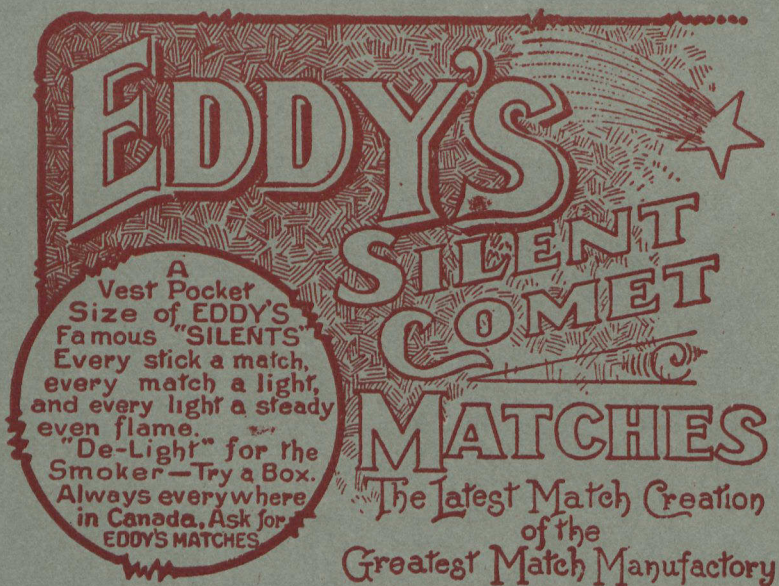
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CONTENTS.

	Page.
Commencement 1909	1
Rector's Address	2
A Storm	5
Thomas Chatterton, the Boy Poet of Bristol	7
Christianity and Politics	14
Valedictory	16
Just an "Ad"	20
Debating Society	22
EDITORIALS:—	
Foreword	23
Ubi Concordia Ibi Victoria	24
Exchanges	24
Books and Reviews	26
Priorum Temporum Flores	27
Obituary	29
Personals	31
Athletics	32
Of Local Interest	34
Junior Department	36

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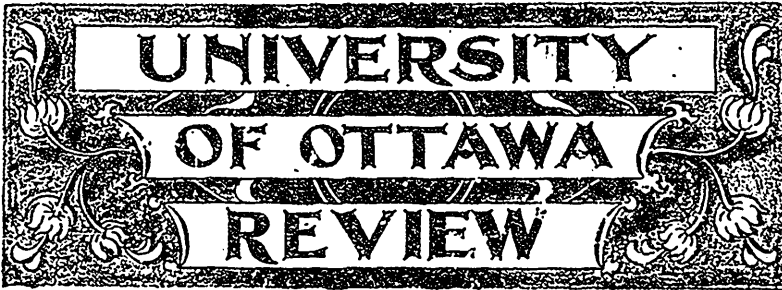
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UNIVERSITY
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REVIEW

Vol. XII.

OTTAWA, ONT., OCTOBER, 1909.

No. 1

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Commencement 1909.

BEFORE a great attendance of students, friends, and alumni, the annual commencement exercises took place on Wednesday, June 16th. in St. Patrick's Hall. On the platform were Rev. Dr. Murphy, Rector; Canon Sloan, and Rev. Professors Lajeunesse, Duvie, Gavary, Jasmin, Peruisset, Rheaume, Binet, T. P. Murphy, Fallon, S. Murphy, Collins, M. Murphy, Maguire, Stanton, Finnegan and Sherry; Hon. Charles Mareil, Judge J. J. Kehoe. In the audience were noticed Revs. Dr. McNally, J. J. O'Gorman, J. R. O'Gorman; W. J. Teaffe, representing the A.O.H. After the presentation of medals and conferring of degrees, His Honour Judge Kehoe delivered an eloquent address.

He recalled a former occasion, similar to the one which he now attended, when The Merchant of Venice had been presented by the students and the judge himself had taken the part of Portia. He referred to the loss sustained by the university in the death of the late head of the archdiocese of Ottawa. Speaking of the fields of opportunity open to young men and university graduates in particular, he stated that Canada never presented to youth such advantages as she does now. The material and physical possibilities of the country were boundless and if the young men who were now to enter, after years of preparation, into the struggle of life, would only bear in mind the lessons learned during college life he knew they would fill with credit to themselves and their university the places open for them.

Some very interesting reminiscences of early college life were contained in the address delivered by Hon. Charles Marcell, the next speaker, who also received the degree of LL.D. He told of his boyhood days in Hull. In 1875 he had crossed the ice on the Ottawa river, for there was then no Interprovincial bridge, and had become a student of the university under the direction of the late Father Tabaret, one of the pioneers of Catholic education in the city. Then St. Joseph's college, the present important seat of learning, was situated in the midst of broad fields. Parliament Hill, upon which the present governmental buildings are erected, was at one time contemplated as a site for the university, said Mr. Marcell incidentally. Like the former speakers he paid his tribute to the late Archbishop Duhamel. "The University of Ottawa is one of the greatest monuments which will remain to his memory," he said. The great work of the Oblate Fathers who had built the university was also referred to. Mr. Marcell then spoke in French in much the same vein.

Valedictory Addresses.

The valedictory addresses were delivered by Messrs. Edward Byrnes in English and A. Couillard in French. "The lessons learned in college will stand you in good stead in later life," said the first of the speakers. He referred to the feeling, almost of sorrow, with which he and his fellow graduates said good-by to their alma mater, a feeling tempered somewhat by hope for the future. He hoped that the university would continue to progress as it had and that the trophies emblematic of supremacy in athletics and debating would soon be regained. Mr. Couillard spoke to the same effect in French.

RECTOR'S ADDRESS.

We are assembled for the sixty-first annual Commencement. The first Commencement then took place just sixty years ago. An account of the exercises on that occasion has not come down to us. There were no doubt addresses in which the establishment of the colleges of Bytown, later the University of Ottawa, and the prospects of the young institution were dwelt upon.

Have the hopes and wishes expressed on the first Commencement Day been realized? Well, on that day enthusiasm may have run very high. Then, too, there have been obstacles, and hindrances and calamities that could hardly have been foreseen three score years ago.

And yet, and yet, though the results after sixty years perhaps fall short of those wished for, they do seem even better than could have been reasonably hoped for at the beginning. The tangible and material results obtained by an individual or an institution are those most readily recognized. In this order, to speak only of advantages it now offers, the College founded in Bytown in 1848 now has degree-conferring powers from church and state. It has over fifty professors, prefects and instructors. The entire time of that large number is given to the work in the five departments of the College—the Theological, Philosophical, Arts, Collegiate and Business Departments.

Much building, and much destruction by fire have been prominent features since the first Commencement Day six decades ago. As permanent net result we have two fire-proof structures ranking amongst the finest and best-equipped college buildings in Canada. Spacious athletic grounds, more than six acres, within the city limits, are a very important and useful part of the material possessions acquired during the last sixty years.

The buildings and grounds of an educational institution, and even its charter and courses of study are perhaps rather guarantees of future usefulness than proofs of past success. If the University of Ottawa has so far really fulfilled the hopes and wishes probably expressed on this occasion sixty years ago, it has been by results of the physical, intellectual and moral orders produced in the boys and young men who have been taught here. What then of the number of students and their success in life?

The attendance at first was naturally small, but it has gradually grown. The list of students was published for the first time in the University Calendar issued at the end of the academic year 1882. It shows about two hundred registered in all departments. The Calendar which will be out in a few days will show over five hundred names on the registers for the year now closing. The largest attendance so far.

In every province of the Dominion, as well as in many of the neighbouring states are found old students of the University of Ottawa, and many of them have reached foremost places in the callings of their choice. To signalize the success of just a few since last Commencement.

The list which I have here shows some old students, who during the past year (I am not out many weeks, I am sure) have reached the positions coupled with their names. The list is made out in the order of the time of appointment or election, if my memory serves me well:

Hon. F. R. Latchford, Judge of the High Court of Justice for Ontario.

His Honour Judge John J. Kehoe, Judge of the County Court of Ontario.

D'Arcy Scott, K.C., Assistant Chief Railway Commissioner of Canada.

Hon. Charles Murphy, Secretary of State for the Dominion.

Most Rev. Augustine Dontenwill, Archbishop of Vancouver, Superior General of the Oblate Fathers.

Hon. Charles Marcell, Speaker of the Dominion House of Commons.

Hon. F. A. Anglin, Judge of the Supreme Court of the Dominion.

Sir Edward Morris, Premier of Newfoundland.

To the students present this list should be rather inspiring. Almost every name on it is that of a comparatively young man who two or three decades ago, or less, was preparing for the battle of life in the old College building and on the old College grounds in Ottawa.

There are, I think, on this list just two who left College a little more than thirty years ago. Though still young, they are the seniors of this group, and Alma Mater in deciding to confer the degree of Doctor of Laws upon two old students this year, has with parental impartiality, as well as with parental pride, thought of them.

The Degree of Doctor of Laws may well be conferred upon His Honour Judge Kehoe in recognition of his long and successful professional career, his scholarly contributions to legal literature, and his attainment of the proud position of Judge in the courts of his country.

The Hon. Charles Marcell very fittingly receives an academic testimonial of the splendid ability and attainments which have deserved and commanded success in journalism and public speaking, and made him the first commoner of the land.

I congratulate all who are receiving medals and diplomas. A look at this year's diplomas, however, produces before all else a feeling of sorrow. On some of them there is a line unfilled. He who was to place his signature there has been summoned hence by the angel of death.

More time than is available this morning, and an eloquence not mine, would be required to express all that the University of Ottawa owes to the late Apostolic Chancellor, the Most Rev. Joseph Thomas Duhamel. As a student, he was probably present at the first Commencement sixty years ago. From that day to the

day of his regretted death, less than a fortnight ago, as a model student, a devoted professor, a zealous parish priest, and during the thirty-five years that he was Bishop and Archbishop of Ottawa, he ever showed himself a loyal son and a firm friend of his Alma Mater. Long will she remember him.

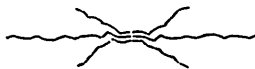
Before concluding, I must say a word in acknowledgment of the gifts received during this academic year. Through the benefaction of friends and sister institutions, several hundred volumes have been added to our library. Donations of money have been received from two former students, namely:

The late Rev. Thos. J. Cronan, New Haven, Conn., \$1,000.

Ven. Archdeacon Andrieux, London, Ont., \$1,750.

To these benefactors, to the donors of medals, and to many others who have done us favours and acts of kindness during the year, the authorities of the institution are sincerely thankful.

Now I wish students the pleasantest of vacations. For them all, for those who are returning next year, and for those whose work here is done, I hope that the future has in store as full a measure of success as has been achieved by the best of those who have gone forth from the University during the past sixty years.



A STORM.

IHAVE witnessed several terrific storms, and I can remember one in particular that is worth describing. It occurred two summers ago while I was on my holidays up the Ottawa.

The days had been extremely hot and there seemed to be very little breeze. One generally sought the shelter of the tall shade trees where the sun's ceaseless rays could not penetrate. About two o'clock, I remember it well, I went down to the beach and got out my canoe. I paddled down the river past the old wharf for some time, wondering how the laborer could toil and sweat in such a heat. All that could be heard was the shrill, rasping noise of the sawmills in the distance.

Now and again I would look back, and gradually I saw the

sky overhead grow dark, but almost imperceptibly. Once or twice low, rumbling thunder could be heard and odd flashes of lightning darted across the lake in the distance. At once I turned and came back, for I was aware that a storm was coming up. Looking off in the west, I could see the storm approaching at a terrific rate. Then came the rain, with a very heavy wind. Whitecaps were on the lake. I managed to reach shelter in good time, and indeed I was fortunate, for the terrific wind would no doubt carry my canoe far out in the current and I could never hope to battle with such a strong wind.

It was a grand and terrible sight to see the huge billows come racing down, the mountains of water leap and plunge, dance and rush on. The black sky, which showed me clearly that a bad storm was near, was vivid with chain lightning. The thunder roared, and truly the flood-gates of Heaven were opened. It was a wonderful sight to see the sky light up now and then with huge sheets of fire that darted and raced on and then disappeared.

When the storm had spent its fury, I went up to the village to see if any damage had been done. The storm had evidently been a bad one. A regular mountain of sand was carried down from the hills, making a channel as it went along, till it reached the river. The culverts along the railway tracks were overflowing. Fences were torn down and crops were destroyed. A giant maple tree was split in two by the lightning. The spire on the village church was also struck, but the building escaped serious harm. For days after one could go down to the lower street and wade knee deep in the sand.

When evening came, the air was fragrant and sweet, a beautiful freshness pervaded the atmosphere. The western sky was all crimson and golden. Slowly the sun sank to rest. All was still. Nothing could be heard but the silent rippling of the waters or the faint murmuring of the breezes.

J. J. B., '10.



Thomas Chatterton, the Boy Poet of Bristol.



THE intermittent discussions which for well nigh a century waged around the name of Thomas Chatterton as to the authenticity of the poems attributed by him to an imagined monk of the fifteenth century, named Thomas Rowley, left his name to the mercy of a host of critics too prejudiced to fairly judge his character or his poetical works.

It is only about fourteen years ago since the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, LL.D., Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, marshalled the proofs of the spuriousness of the Rowley poems and analyzed them with such convincing effect that it would be puerile folly now to maintain their genuineness. Mr. Skeat, also, at the same time, presented in two small volumes the poetical works and letters of Chatterton to the public in a more methodical form and as much as possible, in chronological order, which has done much to redeem them from their former chaos. He has also largely modernized the spurious antique poems by supplying equivalents for old English words, thereby ridding them of their former want of interest or attractiveness to the general public. Interest is now chiefly attached to the strange life of this ill-fated poet, who died in his teens, his double acting as a pretended transcriber of ancient poetry, and writer of modern verses, his extraordinary genius and complex character.

In a small and obscure dwelling on Pile Street, Bristol, one of the chief commercial and manufacturing ports of England, Thomas Chatterton first saw the light on the 20th of November, 1752. It was but three months before this that his father, Thomas Chatterton, Sr., died. Left in his childhood dependent upon a poor widow, who, by her skilled needlework, earned for him and his little sister, her only other child, the bare necessities of subsistence, life at the very outset must have appeared to him in but sombre colors at its best. Not long after his father's death, his mother removed to a house near St. Mary Redcliff Church, "that mastery of a human hand, the pride of Bristol and the Western land," as described by Chatterton. The office of sexton of this church was held, during the poet's life, by Charles Phillips, his uncle, to whom it had come down through little less than two centuries in the Chatterton family. The young orphan, availing himself of the friendship of his uncle, the sexton, frequently resorted to the Church of St. Mary Redcliff, the church in which he had been baptized, and where his boyish mind, in wondering thought,

was often absorbed by the sight of the figures of knights, ecclesiastics, eminent men, the great of bygone times, adorning its altar tombs.

In his fifth year, Chatterton was sent to the Pile Street School, the master of which was Stephen Love. Thomas Chatterton, the poet's father, who had aspired to something higher than being sexton of St. Mary Redcliff, which office he therefore declined, had been teacher of this school at the time of his death. The boy's record in Pile Street School was one of inaptitude to learn, confirming his mother's opinion of him as being extremely stupid, in fact an idiot up to about his sixth year. This opinion was shared by his sister and by Mrs. Edkin, who resided with them. But even before this age he displayed traits of character, afterwards recalled by his sister, which were not only inconsistent with his being such a weakling, but which were the first indications of his strong individuality and ambition. She says, as recorded in the excellent memoir of his life by Mr. Edward Bell, M.A., published in Mr. Keat's volume No. 1, that he would preside as master over his playmates, the latter acting the role of hired servants. She related this to instance his "thirst for pre-eminence." As an evidence of the same strong impulse in the child, she also related that a friend of the family, a manufacturer of earthenware, having promised to present Mrs. Chatterton's children with two little bowls, he was asked "what device he would like to have painted on his." His reply given with "precocious grandiloquence," was, "Paint me an angel with wings and a trumpet to trumpet my name over the world." This anecdote shows that the child was father of the man, notwithstanding the low opinion of his mental powers first held by the Chatterton family.

Between six and seven years he gave the first decisive evidence of his being fit for something better than the "gloomy abstraction" which made him a cause of annoyance and discouragement to his mother. An old music folio in the hands of his mother attracted his attention by its illuminated letters. His interest in it became a sharp contrast to his accustomed listless dreaming, and soon he was able to learn the letters which had so won upon his fancy. A large black letter Bible became his primer by which he soon learned to read. From thenceforth his precociousness was truly marvellous. At eight, when other boys of the same age were laboriously spelling their primers, he was a constant reader with an insatiable appetite for books, and at eleven he was a contributor to Felix Farley's *Bristol Journal*, when the selling of

that paper on the streets of Bristol would be an occupation far more seeming for a boy of his age.

From the time Chatterton was able to read, his musings on the sculptured figures with quaint inscriptions which met his eye in St. Mary Redcliff Church acquired greater sway over his ardent imagination. They first awakened in his mind that love for a past age which afterwards became so marked a characteristic of his literary career. Later on in the muniment room of that church he found in some age-rusted chests, neglected parchments covered with the dust of centuries, which inspired his design of reviving the antiquated lore of that munificent age when William Craynge occupied Bristol's civic chair, and Henry VI. and Edward IV. successively reigned as Kings.

At the age of eight, he became a pupil of Colton Hospital, which he attended for about six years. Only the elementary branches of a common school education were taught in this charity school. To a prodigy like Chatterton, eagerly ambitious to take pre-eminence of others, it was a great disappointment to realize, as he did before long, that the education imparted in this school was so meagre, that, according to his own complaints, he could have learned more at home by self-study. He was, from the earliest, self-confident and disdainful of conditions more adapted to less gifted mortals. To the credit of Colton School, it may be stated, however, that cramming was an unknown art there and that it was not an entirely Godless school, like so many of our boasted modern institutions of learning, whose aims never rise higher than the narrow horizon of this world. That Chatterton failed to profit perseveringly to the end by the little religious instruction which he received in this school may only teach many that disregard for religion is a danger against which the English Church Catechism is an insufficient safeguard.

Colton School was also linked with historical associations, some or all of which must have left their lasting influences upon a mind so susceptible of impressions as that of Thomas Chatterton. Its site was once occupied by a monastery whose walls were wont to echo the mellow voices in prayer and psalms of the Carmelite order of Friars, when the outside world was wrapped in the silence of night. The patter of the monks' feet, once heard through its dimlit corridors, fitting counts for the hour-glass of charity and prayer, unselfish industry, heavenly patience, and heroic sacrifice, ceased when the hostile influences of the Reformation had emptied its cells and converted St. Mary Redcliff into an Anglican temple. On the site once occupied by the monastery

was built in later times, a great civic mansion, in which Queen Elizabeth once held court in 1581. Afterwards, Edward Colton, one of Bristol's merchant princes, acquired this mansion and converted it in 1708, into an hospital school, "the Bluecoat school of Bristol." His new environment acted to some extent upon the mind of Chatterton similarly with the associations which clustered around St. Mary Redcliff in drawing his thoughts to the glories of an age which he so ardently admired, for its learning, its chivalry and romance, in contrast to the sordid age in which he lived, as viewed by him in the commercially devoted world of Bristol.

To Thomas Phillips, one of the teachers of Colton School, is attributed some practical development of Chatterton's poetic genius. Mr. Phillips was, himself, a votary of the muse, and under his direction, Chatterton and two or three others of his pupils were induced to engage in a friendly rivalry in the art of verse making, some of which found its way into the columns of Felix Farley's *Bristol Journal*. That Chatterton, himself, regarded Mr. Phillips as a true friend and greatly esteemed him can be inferred from the feeling elegy which he composed after hearing of his death, and which begins:

"No more I hail the morning's golden gleam,
No more the wonders of the view I sing;
Friendship requires a melancholy theme.
At her command the awful lyre I string."

And towards its close he sings:

"Now rest, my Muse, but only rest to weep
A friend made dear by every sacred tie."

The untoward circumstances surrounding his early childhood, not the least the lack of needed parental training, were adverse formative influences which must always be taken into account in reading the story of his life. Thomas Phillips' friendship was really beneficial to him. If all the others among whom his lot was cast, or with whom he had any relations after leaving Colton Hospital, had been as noble and true as Phillips, it is not hard to believe that his light would not have gone out as it did, in the darkness of hopeless misery.

His powers as a satirist were rather indiscriminately used against his acquaintances in Bristol, having greatly exasperated several, among them Rev. Mr. Catcott, who really deserved bet-

ter at his hands. There is one notable example, however, of his proper use of sarcasm, as popularly regarded, which must not be omitted. An overzealous church warden had ordered the removal of a beautiful cross from the churchyard of St. Mary Redcliff, where it had been the greatest attraction for more than three hundred years. Chatterton wrote a satire upon this act of vandalism to Felix Farley's *Journal*. It is regarded as his first contribution to that paper and was written when he was in his eighth year.

Those who have accused Chatterton of the improper use of his talents at so early an age, should not forget that he deserves much praise for the good use he had also made of them before he left his native Bristol. Besides composing several poems of a high order of merit, he had made himself remarkable for his unremitting application in the acquisition of knowledge. All his spare pocket money, while attending Colton School was spent by him in the purchase of books, such as Chaucer, Spenser, Collins and others. There is no record of any poet who, at his age, had written so much. He was an author of many poems of undoubted merit, at an age which the world's other great poets had left well behind before they had written their maiden efforts.

Before he was quite fifteen years, and after he had been nearly seven years in the school of Colton Hospital, Chatterton was apprenticed as a law clerk to John Lambert, a Bristol attorney. In the lawyer's office he continued his literary efforts, using his spare time when not engaged in the routine of clerical work, in the more congenial employment to which he had devoted himself, as a writer of prose and verse. His love of mystery and secrecy did not evidently abate on his entering upon the matter-of-fact duties of a lawyer's clerk.

It was while in Mr. Lambert's office that he palmed off on a credulous public an article written by him for Felix Farley's *Journal*, as an ancient manuscript. It was signed "Dunelmus Bristolensis," the signature under which he sometimes masqueraded, and was written on the occasion of the opening for traffic of a new bridge over the Avon, the old one, which had been built in the reign of Henry II., having given way to a new structure. The writing purported to be a copied description of the Bristol Mayor's first passing over the old bridge. The identity of the copyist was soon afterwards discovered when he appeared personally in the office of the *Bristol Journal* and submitted another article for publication. It was about then that the rumor became current that Chatterton had transcribed ancient manuscripts

found by his father in a coffer in St. Mary Redcliff, and thereby prevented their being lost to the world. This naturally led to the seemingly interminable discussion by scholars and antiquarians as to the authorship of the writings which Chatterton had attributed to a poet-priest, Thomas Rowley.

This highly imaginative young dreamer became singularly wedded in his thoughts with an age that appealed for interpretation very strongly to his genius. He was drawn gently and with insinuatingly increasing power to a past which seemed to him eloquent of the things for which he yearned, and in which his own age was sadly defective. Keats and Byron, after him, felt a like strange overmastering desire to become a living voice for the Hellenic race. It was such inspiration, which oft has rescued genius from oblivion, that moved the wizard of the North to make Scottish scenes and tales of romance so familiar to the world in song and story. The indifference of the people of Bristol to the pursuits of literature, amounting almost to scorn for poetry and romance on the part of Rev. Mr. Catcott, an enthusiast in scientific matters, only made Chatterton the more partial to the pictures of his imagination, drawn from a less materialistic age. Very different from Mr. Catcott, appeared to him William Canynge, erstwhile Mayor of Bristol, the founder, and in later years, the priest of St. Mary Redcliff, conceived by him as the patron of letters, and the dispenser of hospitality to the learned and gifted, such as the imagined monk, Rowley. In one of his best antique poems, "The Story of William Canynge," written under the inspiration of the muse which appeared to him in the form of a beauteous maid "with semblance sweet and an angel's grace," he makes Thomas Rowley say of the childhood of Canynge, Chatterton's own childhood forming the picture:

"Straight was I carried back to times of yore,
 Whilst Canynge swathed yet in fleshly bed
 And saw all actions which had been before,
 And all the scroll of Fate unravelled;
 And when the Fate-marked babe appeared to sight
 I saw him eager gasping after light.
 In all his sheepen gambols and child's play,
 In every merry-making fair, or wake,
 I kenn'd a perplexed light of wisdom's ray;
 He ate down learning with the wastel-cake.
 As wise as any of the aldermen,
 He'd wit enough to make a mayor at ten."

The boy dreamer was carried by his impetuous genius beyond

the bounds of discretion unconsciously. He did not realize that it was anywise wrong to attribute to another, an imagined author less alien to the scene to be commemorated, the sentiments which stirred his own being, when his main object was so praiseworthy, as he deemed the immortalizing of the storied past. By his misleading so many he abused his marvellous powers, but he might have atoned for this boyish erring, even in the short span of his life, if guided by wiser counsel, he had abandoned his deception in time instead of persisting in it until the fear of the discredit which its admission would bring upon his name was too much for his pride.

His fabricating a great pedigree for the obscure Mr. Burgum of Bristol, who thoroughly believed in its genuineness and paid five shillings for it, can less easily be condoned than his spreading pretended manuscripts among his over-credulous townspeople. The ease with which he was able to gull those upon whom he had at first practised his imposition was a practical encouragement for its continuance. A desire to supply his own wants and to relieve the embarrassed circumstances in which his mother and sister, to whom he was devotedly attached, were left, may have hastened his attempt to negotiate with Dodsley and with Walpole in regard to the Rowley poems. That he rendered himself liable not only to the charge of having erred in judgment, but of having seriously compromised his integrity was most unfortunate, but the great laxity which historical romance had reached in his age is an extenuation of his mistake, whatever motives led to its commission. It required only the dauntless, if unscrupulous, genius of a Chatterton to overleap the moral distinction between the invention of the characters of a story and its presentation by a pretended author.

If he had written the Rowley poems with the purpose of maligning any of the characters mentioned in them, or had wilfully attributed in them immoral or unbecoming sentiments to their fictitious author, he would have deserved indeed the condemnation of posterity. How many authors have more deeply sinned against truth than he and yet have escaped unscathed by public criticism? This much may be said against Chatterton, that while he manifested no guilty animus in the Rowley poems, some of their verses are not fitting language for one whom he calls "a holy monk," but not grossly so considering their context. Romance and war as treated by the genius of Chatterton have never been favorite subjects for the cloister.

A. J. McGillivray.

(To be Continued.)

CHRISTIANITY AND POLITICS.

IF we consider how great an influence religion has in politics we cannot but come to the conclusion that a change in religion must needs be accompanied by a change in government. The coming of Christianity was no doubt the greatest change ever operated in religion, and therefore it must have operated a similar great change in politics. It is this which we will try to determine. Ancient society was founded on the old religion, the principal dogma of which was that each god protected his special family or city and existed for nothing else but that family or that city. From this same religion proceeded all the laws; the laws concerning men in their relations with one another, the laws of property and inheritance, in fact the laws of all proceedings, and this not according to the precepts of Justice but in view of promoting the interests of religion. Again this same creed became a government; it dictated the duties for the kings, the governors and heads of each family. All came from religion, that is, from the opinion man had formed of "Divinity." Religion, law and government were all the same thing under three different aspects.

We see that in this ancient social system religion reigned supreme in private as well as in public life. The state was a religious community, the king a pontiff, the magistrate a priest, and the law a holy maxim. There patriotism was piety, exile an excommunication, and individual liberty was unknown. Man was a slave to the state by his soul, body and riches; moreover, hatred for strangers was an obligation, the notions of law, duty, justice and affection were limited to the city, and human associations were necessarily bound within a certain circumference about the shrine of some god. Such were the conditions of Grecian and Roman laws in the earlier part of their history. Gradually, however, society bettered itself, changes were accomplished in creeds, and consequently in laws and government. Already during the five centuries preceding Christianity, religion, politics and law were becoming more and more distinct. The efforts made by the oppressed classes, and the work of philosophers and the great progress of the human mind, finally did away with the old principles of human association. The people could no longer believe in their old religion, and this fact answers the question why laws and politics became eventually detached from the creed.

This species of divorce came directly from the disappearance of the ancient religion. If law and politics were becoming more and more independent, it was because men ceased having a creed; if society was independent of religion, it was owing to religion's impotency. There came a day, however, when the religious sentiment again assumed life and vigour, when under the form of Christianity a creed again took its seat in man's soul. Shall we again see the ancient confusion of priesthood and government, of faith and law? With the advent of Christianity the religious sentiment was not only revived but it assumed a higher and less material expression. In the past the human soul and the great physical forces were all deified, now the conception of God was modified; God was essentially a stranger to the world and human nature. Divinity was at last placed outside the visible nature and above it. Again, in the past, each individual had his own god and there were as many gods as families and cities, now God was looked upon as unique, immense and universal, the Power animating the world, and the sole object of the adoration which is in man. Religion was no longer an old tradition, but a collection of dogmas and a great object of faith. It was no exterior thing; it was enthroned especially in man's reason. It was no longer matter, it became spirit, in fact Christianity changed the whole nature and form of adoration. The soul had a new relation with divinity and the fear of God was replaced by the love of God.

The Government in its own evolution came to a form identical with that which Christianity on coming would have given it, had it not evolved of itself. From these few facts we naturally conclude that Christianity not only lends itself to politics, but also that it promotes good politics as in the case of Greece and Rome, after these empires had thrown off the yoke of paganism.

J. F. SIMARD, '12.



Valedictory.

BUOYED up by the tide of our existence, we find ourselves often tossed about rudely by the raging billows of adversity, and at intervals wafted gently towards our goal by a favorable breeze. First comes a storm, and then follows a calm,—a calm such as this, at the hour of graduation, and such as marks the succeeding stages of our lives,—a momentary respite that affords us leisure for a reflection of the past which to us, the members of the class '09, is our college days.

There were occasions when our strength seemed to fail us and we would fain have forsaken our task in its rude, unfinished state, but these dark times were brightened by flashes of hope, which,

Like the gleaming taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

One thought there was that occupied more than the ordinary the attention of our minds, and that centred around our devoted, unselfish parents. All along they have been deprived of themselves of comforts and of pleasures that we might have every advantage to attain success. At present, though we can do no more than give expression to a deep sense of gratitude within. yet something tells us that this slight token of appreciation will be a welcome recompense to them.

Picture to yourselves the battle-scarred veteran as he sits by the camp-fire and opens a letter from Home! The sound of that magic word causes his strong heart, hardened to danger, to beat heavily against his bosom, and a sad longing droops his sturdy frame, or, as other thoughts ensue, a thousand pleasant scenes, doubly dear now, come fitting back to his memory, and a thrill of delight vibrates through his high-strung nerves as he lives the old life over again. We, too, have come under its spell. It has charmed us many a time; and, to-day, the regret at leaving the old familiar college, loses much of its bitterness as it commingles with the pleasure we take in returning to the dear ones at home.

The future lies before us. Its outline is hazy and indistinct. We can form but a vague, uncertain notion of the pleasant

surprises or the sad disappointments it may have in store for us. However, if we have learned to appreciate fully the value of those principles deeply inculcated into our minds during those college days, they will stand us in good stead when we are perplexed by doubt, tried by temptation, or when fortune fails us. Now, restless ambition kindles the fire within and seems to lend us strength, and cheerful hope stirs our imaginations to picture glory already won before an attempt has been made to win it. We enter with warm and sanguine interest into the cold and callous, busy and exacting world, and realize but slightly our responsibilities. However, we have principles, and these are our charts and compasses. They have been forcibly and indelibly impressed on our memories, they savor of the very atmosphere of our Alma Mater, and are all embodied in the admonition ever on the lips of those truly solicitous fathers:—"Be true to your country, to your religion, and to your God." If we cling to these principles all the mystic nature of our surroundings will vanish, the veil of doubt and perplexity be lifted, and socialism, skepticism, irreligion and the other baneful off-springs of modernism will be revealed in their naked hideousness.

We are here to say farewell,—farewell to fond companions, to the kind fathers, to dear old Alma Mater. Let us hesitate, at least for a moment; to bid good-bye,—perhaps for years, to congenial scenes and characters that day by day we were brought to prize the more,—requires an extraordinary effort.

Fellow students,—we graduates have trodden the same course you are pursuing, and would be only too glad to offer a word of encouragement to those who will fill our places. If there is encouragement needed, there is none wanting. Look into the past and you will find grounds to hope, as well as reason to swell with pride. Our Alma Mater has a name widely known, and wherever it has been heard it has elicited applause. On the gridiron old varsity has merited a lasting fame. It will live, but we would have its name crowned with still greater laurels. *Ubi Concordia ibi victoria*. There is our motto. It was the spirit of these words that actuated those who made our Alma Mater famous, and it is our earnest desire that you shall enter into that spirit. We trust you shall. Remember it is not always necessary to win. We could witness your defeats with very good grace, if you would fight manfully and with concerted action. We shall follow your progress, and because our fullest confidence rests in you, hope to see the trophy so recently in our proud possession brought back triumphantly to adorn the walls of Alma

Mater. Moreover, that same confidence leads us to hope that the cup emblematic of the Intercollegiate Debating championship shall soon be returned where it lately rested among our other trophies. Look out into the world to-day. There our graduates, in all walks of life, have done admirably, setting noble examples for us to emulate. In church, in state, in the professions they are among the foremost.

Fellow students, the time has come for us to shake those hands in farewell that have been so often extended in welcome or congratulation. As we do so, it is with low, faltering accents that we bid you a last lingering farewell.

College fathers! You who, in sowing the seeds of discipline, knowledge and wisdom, have labored so zealously, without reward and without cessation, the harvest season has come. The usual order is reversed. You who were the sowers are not to be the reapers. We, instead, are to reap the fruits of your endeavours. It was impossible to fully appreciate the sterling value of your friendship, the incalculable amount of your self-sacrifice, until we were about to lose the pleasure of your company and the protection offered to us through the kindly word spoken in advice and the ready hand raised in admonition. To-day we realize the sad significance of our departure. We leave your tender care, but, happily, we have buried in the depths of our souls the warnings, the directions you have given us. If there has been any unfortunate occurrence in the past that recurs to your memory and throws a shadow o'er the fair prospect of our present cordiality, we would have it forgotten. If there has been any lack of due respect, any evidence of unrequited love, then we would offer our regret and promise to make the future a compensation for the past. If such thoughts should happen to arise we know full well you will cast them into oblivion and not add to our regret a still more pungent remorse. We feel that we are parting on the best of terms and trust that we may meet again to renew old acquaintances and augment our present words of gratitude by others quite as sincere.

We have been counting upon too much. Some of those same kind fathers may ere long be cold and motionless beneath the dull grey sod. The possibility chills our blood. To think that it is only too probable spreads a gloom over our countenances and brings us to reflect upon a recent very sad happening. Only a few short days ago our beloved archbishop passed away at the post of duty, with staff in hand, as he was always to be found,—the shepherd of his flock. His labours will bring their own re-

ward. His life is a history of our university; his death marks an epoch in its progress through trials and misfortunes. Always ready to proffer generous assistance, he saw it safely through a disastrous fire and lived to behold it in a state of renewed vigour.

The students of Ottawa University long ago learned to enjoy the yearly visit of their firm, but fatherly Chancellor, and they shall recall with pleasure his gentle, ennobling advice. Requiescat in pace.

Dear old Alma Mater, we reserve farewell to you until the last. We will always remember you as you are to-day—the fountain from which spring the crystal waters of knowledge.

You shall never change, though the Angel of Death may level with his destructive sword those well known and dearly cherished among us, though Father Time may erase our stately venerable edifices or remove from our minds other memories once vivid and realistic.

And as we turn to wish you a sincere and hearty farewell, it is most fitting that we should extend it to the patrons of our Alma Mater. Citizens of Ottawa, you have encouraged us on the field of sports, cheered us in defeat and victory; you have encouraged us in public speaking and taken an active interest in our debates; you have encouraged us in our studies and have attended our exercises to foster scholarship. To you we extend a farewell as we reluctantly bid good-bye to our Alma Mater.

E. J. BYRNES, '09.



Just an "Ad."

WANTED:—A competent young man to take charge of Corporate and Working Books. Apply

THE STAR ROLLING MILLS, LTD.

THAT very advertisement, no doubt, was the cause of bringing to the manager's office of the above concern not a few applicants for the vacant position.

The long oaken seat, just outside the manager's private office, was taxed to its full capacity a few minutes after the doors had been thrown open. Interesting enough should it be to study the mien of those awaiting impatiently the arrival of Mr. Burns, the president and head manager of the Company. Some were tall and slender of form; others thick set and evidently well fed. Two or three were attentively perusing the morning paper; others wore a vacant look and twisted their more or less abundant upper-lip adornment with some evident signs of nervousness. The greater number, however, were exchanging comments and jokes that brought their hilarity into full eruption.

The manager, they had been told, would reach the office at nine o'clock sharp. The minute hand of the large time-piece, placed in a conspicuous position in the accounting room, was not yet in a perpendicular position, when the last trepidations of a handsome touring car were heard at the door. "It's the boss," said a janitor, lazily busy burnishing the brass fittings of the main entrance. All hilarity ceased; all eyes were now turned towards the door. The janitor deferentially opened the door and in came a tall, square-shouldered man of perplexing age; he was surely fifty, yet one could have given him forty just as well.

Passing by the oaken seat, where the applicants were awaiting his arrival, Mr. Burns cast a short but searching glance upon the long file of work-seekers. Mr. Burns had hardly sat down at his desk when John Monroe, a junior clerk, appeared to announce that "a lot of young fellows" wanted to see him about the "ad."

"Show them in one by one," said he, without looking at the speaker, and smartly added, "first come first served."

The first introduced was a tidy specimen of humanity, a real Lover's Lane beau, fashionably dressed. He wore the regimental red leather low shoes, turned up trousers and a flaring necktie, knowingly tucked up into the bosom of his negligee shirt to set off to advantage a dubious bit of cut glass.

He bowed timidly and said falteringly: I came, sir...I came, hem! I came to... "To answer my advertisement," said Mr. Burns. "Yes, sir." "Well, what experience have you?" "Three years, sir, and I have testim..." "Never mind that, young man, (not allowing him time to take them out of his pocket) "I have just one question to ask you: 'What do you do when, by mistake, you make a wrong entry in your ledger?'" "I usually," replied he, "make a corresponding entry on the opposite side of the account 'by error' or 'to error' as the case might be, which would balance the erroneous entry. Technically, sir, this is what we call making 'a cross entry.'" "Well," replied Mr. Burns, "you are too technical for us, and we shall not need your services. Good morning."

The next applicant, rather slovenly dressed, but very shrewd in looks, said that he disposed of wrong entries by expert erasing, and expressed the willingness to prove that he could erase an entry so neatly that no one could detect that it had ever been made. "You are much too skillful," remarked the wide-awake manager, "we should never feel safe with our books in your hands," and the smart looking young man was shown his way out.

Applicant after applicant appeared. Each had some ingenious method, a "cute device" for adjusting wrong entries, and each was quietly dismissed with the assurance that his services were not wanted.

At last an unassuming and plainly dressed young man appeared. The manager of "The Star Rolling Mills" asked the usual question: "How do you proceed when you make a wrong entry in your ledger?" "I never make wrong entries in my ledger," quietly replied the young man. "You are the man we have been looking for," said Mr. Burns, with no little fervor in his voice; "you may consider yourself engaged," And, leaning over on the side of his revolving chair, he caught a metaphone connecting his office with the different departments of a plant covering several acres, and said laconically, "Henry! here a minute!"

In fact, a minute later, the assistant manager stood before Mr. Burns. "Henry, set this young man to work on the main

books, and report to me in a week or two." Then turning to our young applicant, and fixing his keen eyes, searching and far-reading, upon him he said: "Young man, I'll start you at \$15.00 a week; time will tell whether you deserve less, more or nothing at all. Start your work to-day if you can, and keep good to your promise: NEVER MAKE A MISTAKE."

A month later the same young man was called to the manager's presence and was told that his salary had been raised to \$25.00 a week.

A year later he was given a substantial interest in the vast establishment, for he had kept true to his promise—he had never made a single mistake in his books.

Business students of to-day, the accountants of to-morrow, do likewise—NEVER MAKE A MISTAKE IN YOUR BOOKS!
"BUSINESS."



THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

The annual meeting for the election of officers in the English debating society for the ensuing term was held on Friday, Oct. 1st, at which were present Rev. Fr. Fallon, the director, and the students from third form and upwards.

The meeting was addressed by Rev. Fr. Fallon, who, this year, was appointed by the administration council to direct the debating society.

He explained in a few well-chosen words the functions and significance of the society, making a comparison with the other societies of the institution, which are only secondary to the debating society. He also demonstrated the importance of the election of officers. After his remarks, the election of officers began under the chairmanship of C. O'Gorman. They resulted as follows:

- President—J. T. Brennan, '10.
- Vice-President—J. J. Sammon, '11.
- Treasurer—M. J. Smith, '10.
- Secretary—P. C. Harris, '11.
- First Councillor—T. McEvoy, '13.
- Second Councillor—A. Gilligan, '14.

After the elections the President occupied the chair. He thanked the students for the honorable position confided to him, assuring them that he would do all in his power to further the interests of the students and of Ottawa University.

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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

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J. BURKE, '10 ;	PH. HARRIS, '11 ;	C. D. O'GORMAN, '10 ;
	M. SMITH, '10.	

Business Managers : C. GAUTHIER '10 ; ; D. BREEN, '11.

Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

Vol. XII.

OTTAWA, ONT., OCTOBER, 1909.

No. 1

FOREWORD.

Once more The Review steps forth to greet its kind and appreciative friends. Until the "Ides of June" it will keep its watchful eye ever open, like the wise old bird whose successor it is, to note and chronicle the doings of "the boys," grave or gay, in the realms of intellectual endeavour, or in the field of brawn and muscle. While feeling a certain amount of gratification at the encomiums so freely lavished on last year's issue, we are not unconscious of the fact that there is still room for improvement in many ways, and we trust that a capable and enthusiastic staff will give the matter its most serious attention. But the whole burden does not rest upon the board of editors. The students should feel it their duty to send in any contributions which they think worthy of publication, whether on literary or scientific subjects. We shall be glad also to receive from our alumni reminiscences of their old college days or phases of their present career,—these would, without doubt, prove interesting

and instructive to the younger generation. Finally, since material improvement necessarily involves additional expense, we would strongly urge non-residential students to help along the good work by immediately sending in their subscription.

UBI CONCORDIA IBI VICTORIA.

At this the beginning of the new college year, there are one or two matters to which we would in all kindness direct the attention of our fellow-students. Application to one's studies, punctual attendance at class, good recitations, satisfactory examinations, though of the highest importance, are not all that is required to constitute a good collegian. He must at all times show due deference and respect towards his professors and those who in any way have authority over him, more especially if they be honoured with the sacerdotal dignity. Everywhere there are to be found ignorant, foolish fellows who are so puffed up with empty-headed vanity, that they consider themselves the equals if not the superiors of those to whom the shaping of their destinies has been entrusted. Secondly, we have our literary, scientific, dramatic and athletic associations, whose success and very existence depend on the active assistance and co-operation of the whole student body. Everyone who is eligible for membership should join these societies and do his best to advance their interests. He should feel it his duty to avoid all narrow-minded selfishness, and to stamp out with the utmost vigour every appearance of clique and sectional contention. He should cordially support and actively assist, as far as in him lies, every effort of the society officers, upon whom devolves such a large measure of responsibility and downright hard work. In a word, he must have the true college spirit of labouring for the greatest good of the greatest number, and for the honour and glory of Alma Mater. If there is complete and cordial unity, there is bound to be success.

Exchanges.

When the Exchange editor returned to his desk this autumn to take up for another year the unpleasant task of critic, he

found a bundle of "Commencement" numbers awaiting his perusal. None of the September numbers of our sister-colleges has reached us yet, so we shall have to confine ourselves to the last issue of last year. And, right here, let us express the hope that '09 will be a successful year in College journalism; that it will mark the "*commencement*" of a new epoch in the literary work of our educational institutions. To our brother scribes, we extend the hand of welcome. We wish them a successful year; not only in their journalistic work, but in their studies and athletics as well.

The D'Youville Magazine contains an interesting little sketch on Mediaeval College life. Gee! but those fellows got it hard! Lectures at six or seven in the morning, nothing to eat until ten, and only truckle-beds on which to lie.

The "Valedictory" by Chas. Abbott in "St. Mary's Sentinel" is one of the most eloquent we have ever read. It is filled with sentiments typically student-like, and with ideals truly Catholic. We wish Mr. Abbott and his class-mates success in their respective walks in life.

Many of us have read in the newspapers of the lecture tour in the United States of Guglielmo Ferrero, the celebrated Italian historian. St. Joseph's Collegian contains a review of the lectures given up to date, and takes much ire at Ferrero's views on Caesar compared with Napoleon. We are inclined to side with the Professor. That Napoleon was a great hypocrite no one will deny; that Caesar was a noble type of manhood every reader of Roman history is aware; and that he did more that is worthy of imitation than Napoleon we think all deep students of history will admit.

The last number of the "Patrician" teems with essays on religious topics. Among them we notice "Devotion to the Relics of the Saints," "Christian Education," and "Persecutions under Nero." There are also several very funny drawings, representing Columbus fans.

Besides the above mentioned, we beg to acknowledge receipt of the following: Abbey Student, Acta Victoriana, Adelpian, Agnetian Monthly, Argosy, Allisonia, Academic Herald, Assumption College Review, Amherst Literary Monthly, Bates' Student, Bethany Student, Bethany Messenger, Columbiad, Collegian, Comet, Central Catholic, Catholic University Bulletin, College Mercury, Echoes from the Pines, Exponent, Educational Review, Echoes from St. Anne's, Fordham Monthly, Geneva Cabinet, Georgetown College Journal, Hya Yaka, Holy Cross Purple,

Laurel, Leaflets from Loretto, Leader, Martlet, Mitre, Manitoba College Journal, McMaster University Monthly, Mt. St. Mary's Record, Manhattan Quarterly, Notre Dame Scholastic, Niagara Index, Nazarene, Nazareth Chimes, Niagara Rainbow, O. A. C. Review, Ottawa Campus, Oracle, O. N. C. Monthly, Presbyterian College Journal, Pharos, Patrician, Vox Wesleyana, Vox Lycei.

Books and Reviews.

The *Contemporary Review* for September contains an article headed "Fallacies of the Doctrine of Compulsory Service." It begins by laying down emphatically the principle that to spend money upon compulsory military training of the population of the British Isles is not to follow the line of defensive policy which will provide the maximum of national security for the outlay involved. It then endeavours to show, rather vaguely, that this principle has been universally adopted by leading statesmen. Then, introducing two articles from a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century Review*, by prominent specialists, it goes on to quarrel with them in turn, and having quoted from them at much length and to small purpose, it finally places them to one side and concludes with the assertion, that compulsory service would be justified only to a very limited extent, which might become necessary to fill up gaps in the Territorial Army if voluntary enlistment failed. Having made this deduction, the subject is lightly dismissed, but not, however, without leaving the reader in much doubt as to the grounds upon which such a conclusion was reached. The article savours much of the pot-boiler, and one is led to believe that even this estimable review is at times pressed for material to fill its pages.

The August issue of the *Review of Reviews* has much of interest about the recent successes of aviators. These successes have brought about a conference to be held shortly in Paris. It is to discuss a code of laws governing the new method of transit. This follows naturally from the crossing of the English channel last summer. When air-ships become the vogue, frontiers will disappear and present laws governing international commerce will cease to be of value. How air-ships, with their great capabilities for speed, with their power of putting to naught all present routes of travel, and with their ability to carry both passengers and freight, are to be subjected to certain laws for their passage from one country to another, will undoubtedly be one

of the important questions of the near future. The conference of Paris will be of interest as marking a new epoch in the progress of science, and will introduce a novel element in law-making.

To one wishing to get a clear and concise knowledge of the Catholic school system in the United States, with its past history, the principle upon which it is carried on, its origin and establishment, the *Catholic School System in the United States*, published by Benziger, is to be recommended. Its impartiality may be judged from the criticism of the Educational Review: "The book is characterized by fairness and candor."

Another recent book of much interest to Catholics is W. H. Bennett's *Catholic Footsteps in Old New York*. It reviews a period from 1524 to 1808. Treating as it does of the trials of the early missionaries, of the martyrdom of Father Jogues, of Bishop Carroll's efforts, of the struggle of the early colonists, it is vastly interesting, contains much valuable information, and reads like a romance.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

On Monday, Sept. 20th, the graduating class of '06 had a happy re-union in the Science Hall of the University. The following members were present: W. H. Cavanagh, W. P. Durham, R. O. Filiatreault, J. N. George, G. W. O'Toole, C. A. Seguin, T. J. Sloan and T. J. Tobin.

Messrs. M. Doyle, '08; A. Stanton, '09; J. Connaghan, '09, and C. J. Jones, '07, on their way to Montreal Seminary, which opened on Sept. 21st, stopped off and paid Alma Mater a flying visit.

Messrs. F. Higgerty, '09, and J. Connaghan, '09, two members of last year's graduation class, have commenced their theological studies at the Grand Seminary, Montreal.

Mr. A. Reynolds, who has entered Ste. Thérèse Seminary, Quebec, to continue his studies in theology, favored Alma Mater with a visit a few weeks ago.

Mr. E. Byrnes, '09, and Mr. V. K. O'Gorman, '09, have both decided to take a year's rest.

Rev. J. J. O'Gorman, '03; Rev. J. R. O'Gorman, '01, and Rev. J. Warner, '01, are leaving early next month for Rome where they intend to spend two years in the study of Canon Law.

Mr. A. Couillard, '09, and Mr. M. Lachaine, '09, visited the University within the last two weeks. The former has entered Osgoode Hall, Toronto, in order to take up a course in law; the latter is attending the School of Pedagogy in Toronto.

Mr. I. Derosiers, '09, is at McGill University, where he is taking up architecture.

Mr. J. Corkery, '09, will attend Osgoode Hall this year. He is taking up the Law course. Incidentally he is starring on the half-back division of the Argonauts.

Mr. W. P. Breen, '12, left for Buffalo a few days ago where he has accepted a position as professor on D'Youville College. Mr. Breen will continue his studies in Buffalo.

Mr. T. J. Tobin, '06, after successfully completing a course in several European Colleges, has entered the Seminary of Ottawa.

Rev. J. J. McDonnell, '02, of Cornwall, favored Alma Mater with a visit his week. We are pleased to notice that the reverend gentleman seems to have regained in a large measure his former good health. He left behind him his best wishes for the success of the team with which he was once so prominently connected.

REV. G. I. NOLAN, O.M.I.

It was with a great deal of pleasurable pride that the Faculty and students of Ottawa University learned of the appointment of Rev. Father Nolan to the Pastorate of the Immaculate Conception church, Lowell, Mass.

A graduate of the class of '03, Father Nolan entered the Oblate Novitiate in the fall of '04, and after completing with great distinction his theological studies, he was ordained in Boston, Mass., June 15, '01. He was at once placed on the missionary staff of the Oblates, and won an enviable reputation for himself on account of his oratorical powers, and the earnestness and zeal that he displayed in his work.

His recent appointment to this important post is but another mark of the confidence and esteem in which he is held by his superiors.

His many friends here will follow his career with great interest and best wishes.

Obituary.

HUBERT ARTHUR O'MEARA.

It is with feelings of the very deepest regret that we are called upon in this the initial number of *The Review* to record the death, during the past summer, of one of our truest and most trusted of friends, Hubert O'Meara. Little did we think, when we dispersed last June, that before the holiday season should have passed away, Death would have claimed for his own one who for the last few years has been among the most earnest workers on behalf of our college journal. Mr. O'Meara's illness was exceedingly short, lasting but two weeks, and when the notice of his death, which occurred at the Water Street Hospital on August 18th, appeared in the daily papers, it came as a distinct shock to his many friends. The funeral was a large and representative one, and testified to the esteem in which Mr. O'Meara was held by old and young. The Knights of Columbus and the members of St. Patrick's Hall, to which societies the deceased was a member, attended the funeral in a body.

Hubert O'Meara was the son of John O'Meara, K.C., of this city, and was born in Peterboro twenty-six years ago. At an early age he came to the Capital where his family has since resided. He received his primary education in Quebec City, and later attended Rigaud College where he followed the classical course, with much distinction for five years. Here he became thoroughly acquainted with the classics and acquired a perfect knowledge of French. On leaving Rigaud he was for some years a member of the Citizen staff of Ottawa, and afterwards entered the Government Printing Bureau, where his unquestioned ability earned for him rapid promotion.

Mr. O'Meara was the possessor of many and varied attainments. He had a distinct taste for languages. Besides having a sound knowledge of Latin and Greek, he spoke and wrote French with the ease of a native, and during the last three years had made himself master of Gaelic. He was also gifted with a refined literary taste. Poems and essays from his pen have appeared frequently in *The Review*. His poems, especially, contained much that gave evidence of a brilliant career for their youthful author. He was deeply interested in the Gaelic Revival Movement, and was one of the most enthusiastic members of the Ottawa branch

of the Gaelic League. He was likewise the first secretary-treasurer of the Gaelic Corresponding Society, which office he held at the time of his death. He had an astonishing knowledge of the details of Irish history and it was, as a rule, from these sources that he drew inspiration for his literary work. His efforts along these lines had already begun to receive recognition, for he was a contributor to the columns of the Irish national papers.

In bearing he was gentlemanly, dignified and somewhat reserved; in conversation full of original thought expressed with rare precision and rich aptitude; in his studies he was rigorously thorough; in his dealings with others he was unfailingly courteous, generous and kind; he would go to any trouble in order to accommodate a friend. He possessed all the sensitiveness of the poet, coupled with a seemingly inexhaustible capacity for hard study. This trait had much to do with his early death; for, having weakened an already delicate constitution by overwork, when sickness came, he was unable to fight against its ravages.

Thus in the flower of his youth, when Fortune seemed to be smiling most brightly, and when the future appeared to be holding out the very best promises of success, "God's finger touched him and he slept." He is gone to that Heavenly Father whom throughout his short life he served so quietly and so well. In the death of Mr. O'Meara, The Review feels that it has suffered a loss that will not easily be repaired. Although never a student of the University, Mr. O'Meara possessed a deep sympathy in its aims and was ever ready to aid in any of the undertakings of the student body, for by nature he was a student, and his pleasures were found along the paths of knowledge. To the bereaved family we extend our heartfelt sympathy in their great grief, and we trust that the consciousness of Hubert's blameless life may be a consolation to them in their sorrow.

JUDGE CURRAN.

Since going to press, we have learned with deepest regret the death of His Honour Judge Curran. We hope in our next issue to give a biographical sketch of the distinguished legal luminary. Meanwhile to the family we tender our respectful sympathy.

Personals.

Rev. Father M. J. Stanton, O.P., preached the annual retreat to the English speaking boys of the University. His instructions were listened to with great interest by the students, and judging from the conduct of the latter since the closing his efforts have been crowned with success.

Rev. Father Gavary, O.M.I., whose reputation as an earnest and sincere expounder of the Gospel has long been known, conducted the retreat for the French-speaking students, and needless to say his labors were not in vain.

Rev. Fathers Murphy, Rector, and Poli, Vice-Rector, are at present attending the Plenary Council at Quebec.

Archbishop Langevin, O.M.I., of St. Boniface; Bishop Legal, O.M.I., St. Albert; Bishop Grouard, O.M.I., Athabaska; Bishop Joussard, O.M.I., Auxiliary Bishop of Athabaska; Rev. Fr. Lacasse, O.M.I., Theologian of St. Boniface Diocese; Rev. J. Ryan, Theologian of Pembroke Diocese; Rev. Fr. Bernier, O.M.I., Theologian of St. Albert Diocese; Rev. Fr. Walsh, O.M.I., Theologian of Victoria Diocese; Rev. Fr. Charlebois, O.M.I., Theologian of Athabaska Diocese; Rev. Fr. Allard, O.M.I., Vicar General, St. Boniface Diocese; Rev. Fr. Lacombe, O.M.I., Vicar General, St. Albert; Rev. Fr. Lacoste, O.M.I., Vicar General, Prince Albert; Very Rev. Fr. Magnan, O.M.I., and Grandin, O.M.I., Provincials, paid a visit to the University when passing through Ottawa on their way to the Plenary Council at Quebec.

Rev. Fr. Nilles, O.M.I., has returned from Mattawa to resume the chaplaincy of the Mother House of the Grey Nuns, Water street.

Rev. Fr. Lajeunesse, O.M.I., has become secretary of the University and chaplain to the Rideau street convent.

Rev. Fr. Fallon, O.M.I., has been appointed Prefect of Studies.

Rev. Fr. Peruisset, O.M.I., is chaplain to the Gloucester St. convent.

Rev. Fr. Browne, a native of Newfoundland, is a new member of our professorial staff.

Rev. Fr. Dewe has returned from an extended tour of Europe.

Rev. Fr. Gauvreau, O.M.I., former professor of chemistry, paid us a visit recently.



ATHLETICS

The bright and frosty autumn weather is here again, and with it comes, as regularly as the seasons, the "Grid-Iron" hero, supplanting with majestic stride and tawny mane the baseball and lacrosse player.

In the arena of manly sports at Ottawa University, Football has always held, unchallenged, the premier position in the relative importances of all branches of athletics. True it is the other games, such as baseball, lacrosse, hand-ball, and basketball, have not by any means been neglected, but when Ottawa University is mentioned, Football, as by second nature, is immediately coupled with its name. And not a mediocre brand of Football either, but the kind that wins the support and respect of the public; that makes gentlemen out of its players, and incidentally wins championships. Let us hope that the team of 1909 will have a successful season, and add another championship to the already lengthy list.

This season witnessed the withdrawal from active football duties of Rev. Father Wm. J. Stanton, O.M.I. It is with sincere regret that we chronicle this information. Rev. Father Stanton was considered the brainiest coach in the Inter-Collegiate Union, and this body suffers a distinct loss in his resignation. In 1907 the championship cup of the C.I.R.F.U. was brought to our University for the first time in its history. True, we were not champions last year, but that should not reflect discredit on the coach or the team. The boys worked hard, likewise the coach, but the excessive weight of the opposing players told heavily against our team, and were were not successful. The team took its defeat gracefully and like gentlemen. Although not coach this year, Rev. Father Stanton is still head of athletics at the University, and directs the Association in a firm and able manner. He is also Prefect of Discipline for the term 1909-10.

The team of 1909 will be minus many familiar faces when it lines up for the initial game against McGill, Oct. 9th, at Montreal.

Frank Higgerty, our stellar inside wing, and the most consistent worker on last year's team, has gone to Montreal.

Billy Richards will be missing from the half-back line this season; Corkery, Ryan, Lalonde, Mac O'Neil, Costello, Whalen and Hart have not returned to the University.

Ed. McCarthy, manager of the teams of 1907-1908, and half-back of last year's team, has finished his studies at Ottawa. Mac's tackling and punting abilities were of great assistance to the team.

Jimmie Dean, our clever little quarter back, will not be with us this year. He will be a hard man to replace.

Nick Bawlf, the best full back of the Intercollegiate 1907-1908, and all-round athlete, whose performances and victories in the field of sport have added fame to Ottawa University's athletic achievements, will be missing from the team, and much missed at that. His terrific speed and kicking abilities were very vital factors in winning games.

Of last year's team we have Ch. O'Neill, captain 1909 team; Jerry Harrington, manager 1909; Quilty, Mike Smith, Pete Conway, Harvey Chartrand, Fleming, Dubois and Street.

Among the candidates for places on the first team are Charlie Kinsella, Bert. Gilligan, W. Chartrand, Joe Muzanti, Jack Contway, Dan Breen, J. Brennan, J. and O. Kennedy, P. Belanger, P. Lacey, Sullivan, Geo. Whibbs, Harrington and others.

The election of Charlie O'Neill as captain, and Jerry Harrington as manager for 1909, is a most acceptable one to players and students alike. Two more popular and capable players would be difficult to find.

An Inter-Mural Football League has been formed, and captains of the respective teams elected. To such leagues as this belongs the credit of discovering many brilliant footballers.

Rev. Father Turcotte has succeeded Rev. Father Stanton as coach of the senior team. If his successful work in Small Yard can be taken as a criterion, the team should have a most satisfactory season. Good luck and success is the earnest wish of all.

Rev. Father M. Murphy is acting as coach for the second team.

The Rule Books of the Canadian Inter-Collegiate Rugby Football Union for the season 1909 have been issued by Secretary-Treasurer P. C. Harris. Players could do nothing better than acquire a perfect knowledge of the rules of the game contained in this booklet, and note carefully the changes that have been made.

As a mark of the esteem in which he is held by the Inter-Collegiate Union, Rev. Father Stanton has been elected to the high office of Hon. President of that body. This is the first time

that position has been held by an Ottawa, and is a unique honor.

Mr. Winfield Hackett is the new Treasurer of the U.O.A.A., 1909-1910. Congratulations.

The complete senior Inter-Collegiate schedule is as follows:

Oct. 9—Toronto at Queen's, Ottawa at McGill.

Oct. 16—Queen's at Ottawa, McGill at Toronto.

Oct. 23—Ottawa at Toronto, Queen's at McGill.

Oct. 30—McGill at Queen's, Toronto at Ottawa.

Nov. 6—Queen's at Toronto, McGill at Ottawa.

Nov. 13—Toronto at McGill, Ottawa at Queen's.

Of Local Interest.

A stranger in our midst would surely see
 Some who excite much curiosity.
 As John Blake philosophically dopes
 Alone his brain with dangerous questions copes.
 While G-th-r in the act of stretching, spies
 A nest of spiders of enormous size.
 His thoughts of those around do quickly ebb
 As he doth watch the spiders spin their web.
 But suddenly the sharp ring of the bell
 Undoes abruptly Charlie's little spell;
 And then after much reason logical
 He says, "them is a funny animal."

Notable answers given to a Lay Prof. :—

Q. What is a Lake?

A. A Lake is a piece of land with water in the middle.

Q. What water did Cartier sail through on his first expedition?

A. Eau de vie.

O'G-n: How is your arm, G-l-an?

L-f-ty says he has a base voice.

Stop that noise, McE-oy.

Levi has disposed of his lots during the vacation.

Wh-bs and Jim K. made a good go at practice one evening.

Ke-n-dy has an awful punch.

Greek Prof.: What is the meaning of *eugens*?

O'N-l: Noble blooded beast.

Prof.: You're a follower of the ponies.

How are stocks selling, Harvey?

(Logging Chain, Jr.): Where is the gymnasium?

Pf-l: I am going down town, father.

Prefect: Oh, are you?

Professor (interrogating L-t-g): What was I saying, Ke-dy?

Ke-dy: You were asking the time.

Ga-p-n: Oh where! Oh where! is my little cat gone?

How are ponies selling, Levi?

Cr-ht-n: Rob-l-d kicked a drop last night playing in the rain.

Br-an: A drop of what?

Prefect of Studies (illustrating the importance of making the retreat): No person is exempt from attending the retreat except he bring me a letter from some Saint testifying as to his sanctity; and if any of you wish to do this you may go to St. Amour.

Some class to Ra-b-th when he could not be classified.

O'G-ra: My heavens, Wh-bs, don't break that man's neck.

Wh-bs: There are lots more.

H-k-t gives a good illustration of "Riding the Goat."

The M-x-can: I got shot in the thigh some time ago.

Ossie: Why did they shoot you?

J. K.: Did they think you were game?

O'G-n is going to try his Intermediate.

A drum, a drum! Mike S-th doth come.

Ke-n-dy avers that he is going in for Law. Ke-d-y is a joker.

Do you comb your hair in English or in French?

Are you a Protestant or a married man?

Which is it colder, in the summer or in the country?

How did you do in the last "test"? Nicely.

Query: Who's the Czar?

Eng. Professor: Who was this cobbler?

Brilliant Student: A famous Roman general.

"The bear shed his coat of peel!"

Who's talking now?

Junior Department

We extend a hearty welcome to all the members of the Junior Department. Now that they have passed through all the stages of that terrible malady called home-sickness, it is to be hoped that all will strive to keep up the enviable reputation of "small yard." Remember that "he who plays well studies well," and by not only keeping this maxim in mind, but also by putting it into practice, you will help in making this year's record as good as the glorious records of other years.

The Junior Department expects every member to do his duty during the term '09-'10.

Rev. M. Murphy, O.M.I., has been transferred to the Senior Department, and is replaced by Rev. W. J. Collins, O.M.I., as second prefect.

Have you seen Jim in his high diving act?

The Junior Athletic Association held its annual election of officers on Wednesday, Sept. 22. Rev. Fr. Veronneau, O.M.I., opened the meeting by giving a brief account of last year's successful work, and reminded the members that it all depended on them to make this year as successful as the one just passed.

The officers who will have the guiding of affairs in athletics this year are:

Director, Rev. J. A. Veronneau, O.M.I.; President, A. Milot; First Vice-President, E. Côté; Second Vice-President, C. Brennan; Treasurer, H. Richardson; Secretary, F. W. Harris; Counsellors, R. Renaud, L. Brady and E. Nagle.

At the meeting after the election F. Poulin was chosen captain of the senior football team.

Let every one get out to the football practices. There are continual changes on every team, and though not chosen at first you never know when your turn may come. Always be ready to fill a place when called on.

Some of our junior members came back very mannish in their long trousers, but, sad to relate, they have not yet caught the senior Prefect's eye.