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Vol. XIII.

OTTAWA, ONT., JANUARY, 1911.

No. 4

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

The Harp of 3,000 Strings.

LIKE the intelligent workman who first becomes acquainted with his instruments, so that he may not call for a plane when he wants a draw-knife, we have now touched upon each part of the complicated machinery by which the sonorous vibrations of external nature are carried to the auditory nerve. We have yet, however, to learn the particular use of each part.

As we have mentioned before, sound can be propagated through any elastic medium. Hence even the bones of the head could conduct sound to the inner ear or a simple open tube from the auricle to the inner ear should serve the purpose. The entire elaborate mechanism of the organ of hearing can then only be for the purpose of rendering more easy and perfect the sonorous vibrations, and multiplying them by resonance. From their structure and their action, anatomy has found that this is so.

The external ear serves in three ways:—(1) by collecting the vibrations and leading them into the meatus, (2) by the conducting power of the cartilage and membrane composing it, and (3) by the resonance of the column of air it contains.

The peculiar shape of the auricle is so that it can present a perpendicular surface to vibrations no matter what direction they come from. These are carried by the cartilage to the tympanum. The vibrations that fall obliquely are carried to the tympanum by successive reflections from the walls of the auricle

and meatus. All these vibrations are increased in effect by the resonance of the column of air in the external passage.

In order to understand the functions of the parts of the middle ear, we must be acquainted with the results of some experiments made regarding the propagation of sound from one medium to another. It was found that sonorous vibrations passing from air to solids suffered a very serious diminution of intensity while in passing from air directly to water a very considerable though not so great diminution also occurred. Experiment showed that if between the air and the water there was interposed an elastic membrane the vibrations were transmitted from one medium to the other with very great, in fact with undiminished intensity. Here we have the explanation of the foramen rotundum already mentioned. This opening, closed by an elastic membrane, serves to convey unimpaired the vibrations from the cavity of the tympanum to the labyrinth of the inner ear. It has also been experimentally demonstrated that if to the elastic membrane between air and water, there be fastened a small solid body occupying the greater surface of the membrane and alone coming in contact with the water, the vibrations are in no way lessened in intensity. Hence the solid stapes, connected with the circumference of the fenestra ovalis by a ring of membrane transmits with almost their original vigour the vibrations received. But though a small body thus fixed in an opening by means of a border of membrane transmits sounds very freely, it is found that the propagation is greatly increased when the solid body thus occupying the opening is attached by the other end to a stretched membrane which has atmospheric pressure on both sides of it. This condition is found perfectly in the ear. The stapes is the solid piece held in the fenestra ovalis by a membranous border and in direct touch with the fluid of the inner ear, while the drum or tympanic membrane, to which the stapes is also attached by connection with the incus and malleus, forms the elastic membrane surrounded by atmospheric air. Thus we find in the ear a condition which experiment shows to be of the maximum efficiency in transferring vibrations from air to liquid.

Another factor in securing intensity of the transmitted vibrations is by the isolation of the three bones of the middle ear from all other bony substance. It is a demonstrable fact that a body surrounded by air will convey vibrations more readily through its own substance than it will impart them to the surrounding medium. To secure this result we find the bones of the middle ear enter into contact with no other bony substance, being connected at one end with the tympanum, surrounded by

air throughout and being secured by another membrane in the fenestra ovalis. Thus, as before noted, the whole mechanism of the ear seems not to transmit sound vibrations — any substance would do that — but to transmit them with the greatest conservation of their force. A sonorous vibration, then, conducted through the meatus, strikes upon the tympanum to which the long arm of the malleus is attached. The malleus — which is a lever with a short arm fitting into a pocket in the surrounding bone as a fulcrum — applies the power transmitted through its head to the incus, which in turn passes it on to the stapes and at the base of the stapes, the work is performed, where that bone pushes into the oval window on whose other side lies the labyrinth.

The delicate and beautiful arrangement of the various parts of the middle ear is worthy of the highest wonder and admiration. If, for instance, the tympanum were a flat membrane stretched across the end of the meatus, then the vibrations would be of the greatest amplitude at its centre and diminish towards the border. To offset this we find that while the membrane as a whole bulges inwards, it is composed of fibres so arranged as to present to the incoming sound waves a convex surface. Hence a small change in the pressure of the air will produce a considerable tightening of the fibres and of the whole membrane. In this way, the feeblest of tones can vibrate the tympanic membrane sufficiently to transmit themselves to the inner ear. Examine also the mechanism of the series of bones of the middle ear. The power is applied at the long arm and the work done by the short arm of the series. In this way power is gained, and space is used in the middle ear where it can be spared to save space in the wall of the inner ear where the base of the stapes enters. The whole arrangement of these bones is such as to diminish the amplitude of the vibrations at the oval window, while doing the work in a smaller area than that of the tympanic membrane. Another remarkable provision of nature is the remarkable joint between the incus and the head of the malleus. Its nature and construction are such that if the tympanic membrane be pushed in violently as by a very loud sound, the malleus and incus rotate at the joint in such a way as to lock and prevent any further movement. On the other hand, if the drum head be pushed outwards violently, as may be done by filling the middle ear with air through the Eustachian tubes, the little joint opens up and the head of the malleus is free from connection with the incus. In either contingency the stapes cannot be driven too forcibly into the oval window nor can it be pulled too

far out of it and any danger to the inner ear from violent movements of the drum head is impossible.

We have now led a sound wave through the meatus to the drum head, across the malleus incus and stapes to the oval window. Through that opening the domain of the inner ear is reached.

Two little sacs, the utricle and saccule, are the first bodies upon which the impulses imparted by the stapes are received. The former communicates with the semi-circular canals; the latter with the cochlea. Of course the impulses from the stapes are communicated through the fluid of the vestibule. Now as these two sacs are imbedded in bone, it follows that, as the fluid of the vestibule would be practically incompressible, no vibrations or movements could be transmitted. Here is the use of the foramen rotundum, a round opening in the osseous wall of the vestibule, covered with an elastic membrane. When the base of the stapes presses into the vestibule, the membrane of the round window bulges outwards, and vice-versa. In this way a to and fro movement of the liquid is allowed, which may be communicated to the sacs and tubes. On the wall of the utricle directly in front of the oval window there are neither nerve endings nor modified epithelium; but on its back wall is a ridge of long cells with stiff hair-like points directly towards the base of the stapes. In front of the cells and lying among their long points are the otoliths or ear stones. Now when an impulse is transmitted by the stapes, either of two things results.

The otoliths, being movable, may oscillate among the hair-like endings of the cells and thus convey the excitation to those cells, or the membrane bearing the cells may readily move with the force given by the base of the stapes: as these cells are of small mass the motion would soon die out and hence the purpose of the otoliths,—being slow to move on account of their greater mass but capable of continuing that motion longer,—their purpose may be to keep up the excitation of the nerve cells. In whichever way, nevertheless, at this point some of the sound waves are in contact with filaments of the auditory nerve. So much for sound waves in the vestibule. In the semi-circular canals, at the end of the ampullae we have nerve endings of the kind described in the utricle. The ampulae being wide cavities with narrow exits into the canals proper are capable, when the fluid is put in motion in them, of forming eddies such as may be seen when water is allowed to run out of an ordinary sink basin. This circular motion of the liquid will stimulate the nerve end-

ings on the side. Thus also can sonorous vibrations be brought in touch with the auditory nerve. Recent physiological researches have shown that the semi-circular canals play an important part in the equilibrium of the person and the co-ordination of the muscles, but they have also their auditory function, and their double purpose is but another proof of the wisdom of the Creator.

The remaining part of the inner ear is the cochlea in which the nerve endings exist in the form of the remarkable rods of Corti — about three thousand in number. To this the sonorous vibrations are carried either directly through the bones of the head or from the vestibule. I have already said that these rods are of different lengths and, therefore, in accordance with the theory of sympathetic vibration — which teaches that any body can vibrate in sympathy with a given note provided that its wave length be the same as that of the given note — one of these rods will vibrate for each simple sound that enters the cochlea. This apparently selective power of the rods of Corti is not against any known principle, for it may easily be shown that if a violin be played in front of the sounding board of a piano, the strings of the latter instrument will vibrate to the notes of the former; that is, if you sound A on the violin that note will also sound on the piano. Hence, for every simple note there is a rod in the organ of Corti whose vibratory period is the same, and every time that note is sounded the corresponding rod will enter into sympathetic vibration.

(To be Continued.)

J. J. FREELAND, M.A., '07.

The Church in Canada.



HE activity of the Catholic Church in Canada from its earliest times to the present has been a vigorous and fruitful one.

The first to step on Canada's virgin soil were missionaries of Holy Mother Church. The brave French Jesuits appeared with the first discoverers and settlers in Canada, erecting the big black cross emblematic of Christ's Church. There their labors among the savage Indians was begun, and was successful, but at what a terrible and cruel cost. These men gave up their homes, friends, everything for the Church, and suffered bloody martyrdom at the hands of the savage red men. Then these missionaries assumed a dual role of discoverers and preachers of the word of God. The Mississippi and other rivers were discovered by the intrepid Jesuit, Pere Marquette. Towns and villages were founded at the instigation of these holy men; churches were erected; colleges, convents, hospitals, homes, and asylums were founded, and into them came those holy women of the church, who ministered to the sufferings and wants of the early settlers.

Bishop Laval established his college at Quebec, and did wonderful work for the church in both religious and educational matters.

The teaching office of the church was never for an instant neglected, no matter what were the hardships and privations attending it. Wherever a few were gathered together as Catholics, there went the Catholic priest to plant the Holy Cross of Christ and teach His doctrines, minister to the sick, comfort the dying, and pray for the departed.

Be it the Eskimo in the frozen north; the Indian in the wild and unexplored West; the French-Canadian settler in Quebec, or the Irish and Scotch immigrants of Ontario, all had and still have their priests and their churches, their hospitals and their schools.

As the country grows the responsibilities of the Catholic church arise, and are being met with the same wisdom and courage as were the hardships of the early Catholic church in Canada. The western part of Canada, with its vast stretches of prairie land, and its hundreds of thousands of new settlers, now offers

the biggest and most important field for the work of the Catholic church. The eastern and extreme western parts of Canada are thoroughly equipped with churches and schools, but the middle west is sadly in need of priests, chapels, churches and schools with capable Catholic teachers. The different religious orders which did such noble work in other parts of the world and Canada are now expending their energies towards supplying the pressing needs of the western settlers.

Ruthenians, Galicians, Austrians, and many other foreigners, are taking up homes in the west, and need priests of their own language to minister to them, and the Catholic church through its religious orders and the Catholic Church Extension Society is doing wonderful work among these newcomers to Canada.

As the country advances, so does the church, and her methods are always modernized where found necessary; but her doctrines are always and ever will be the same sturdy teachings that have stood the test of twenty centuries. The orders of Jesuits, Sulpicians, Oblates, Dominicans, Trappists, Marists, Redemptorists, all are doing good work in union with the vast army of secular priests, and their work is ever trying and exhausting. Archbishops, Bishops, Vicars-general, and priests, still continue the work of preaching the gospel of Christ all over Canada, and everywhere is found the little church steeple, like silent fingers pointing to the sky.

P. C. HARRIS, '10.



Passing By.



NDER this heading I intend to give a few hasty impressions of a trip from Ottawa to Quebec by water. I had long been desirous of making this trip, and when the opportunity presented itself I was not slow to grasp it.

The passage down the Ottawa was very pleasant, as the weather was all that could be desired. The scenery is very picturesque, and does not belie the Ottawa's claim to be a beautiful river. Here and there, now on one side, now on the other, may be seen low-lying alluvial plains, covered with a

luxuriant growth of Canadian trees. The surrounding country does not detract from the beauty of the wooded banks and placid waters. Densely wooded sloping lands, with comfortable-looking farmhouses interspersed here and there, present a landscape scene that would delight the most fastidious painter.

There are many little towns along the route, the principal being Rockland, Buckingham, Montebello and Grenville. The lumber industry would appear to be the mainstay of these towns. At Grenville, sixty-two miles from Ottawa, we boarded a train for Carillon. Between Grenville and the last named place, a distance of nine miles, the Ottawa river is not open to navigation.

The Grenville-Carillon train is a curious little affair. It is of the type first used in Canada. The engine is very small, carries no tender and burns wood instead of coal. Despite these drawbacks it attains a speed of eighteen or twenty miles an hour, carrying a passenger and a baggage car in its wake. The roadbed is not well ballasted, so that the traveller receives a thorough shaking up.

At Carillon we boarded another boat. From this place we had a beautiful run to Montreal, where we arrived early in the evening. At St. Anne de Bellevue, the Ottawa joins forces with the stately St. Lawrence. As before, the scenery was delightful; whitewashed farmhouses dotted along the way served to increase the natural beauty. The Indian village of Caughnawaga, across the river from Lachine, and only a short distance above the Lachine Rapids, is of particular interest. This thriving town of five thousand inhabitants contains the remnant of the once numerous and powerful Iroquois tribe.

"Shooting" the rapids is very popular, if one may judge by the crowds which invade the boat at Lachine. The run through the rapids is made with great rapidity and with four men tugging at the steering wheel. The water foamed and surged among the rocks, but seemed to break its strength in combatting itself, as our boat ploughed its tortuous way through the boiling surf with much greater smoothness than I expected. Shortly after this exhilarating passage we steamed into Montreal harbor and reached our hotel as soon as possible.

Montreal is the Canadian metropolis, and one of the most important business centres in North America. Its manufactures and shipping are especially extensive. There is a continual stream of incoming and outgoing trains; in fact, the only lull in the traffic is between the hours of three and four in the morning.

The street railways are taxed to their fullest capacity, and, if I am not mistaken, there is a project on foot to install an underground railway service. Of course, this would prove a costly undertaking, but would naturally be a paying venture a few years after its inception, as Montreal is growing by leaps and bounds.

Montreal is not a picturesque city by any means, though reared on the foot of Mount Royal; few large distributing centres are noted for their beauty. The public buildings, stations and places of worship are large and imposing. Notre Dame holds its own for majesty and impressiveness. The main thoroughfares are generally crowded, and this fact gives the casual observer an insight of the volume of business transacted. I was most impressed with St. James street; many large banks and commercial houses are situated along this thoroughfare. The side streets are very narrow, and, from a distance, appear as deep canyons through compact walls of stone and cement.

From Montreal to Quebec the distance is one hundred and seventy-two miles by water. The passage down the winding St. Lawrence is not easily forgotten. At high tide the St. Lawrence appears as a large river, wide and deep; at low tide its appearance is changed considerably. We can then appreciate the St. Lawrence's value as a commercial artery, especially at Cap Rouge, where many a good ship has met disaster; a very narrow channel, not more than thirty-four feet deep, lies between a large expanse of jutting rocks. Few vessels drawing over thirty feet of water come up to Montreal, and then not without a considerable element of danger.

From Montreal to Three Rivers the scenery is indeed pleasant. It is a beautiful land; a land surrounded with a tinge of romance, for here, many years ago, the Iroquois battled for the mastery of their hunting-grounds, with the intrepid adventurers from over the sea. It is the home of the *Habitant*; it is the land that inspired the soul-stirring verses of Dr. Drummond. The whitewashed houses of the descendants of the *Habitants* are spread along the water-edge, whilst their arpents of land stretch back towards the Laurentians, which loom up in the distance.

As we approach Quebec, the nature of the country appears to change. Whilst before we beheld level plains and sloping farm lands, we now see steep hills and forbidding bluffs. A few miles above the city the much-discussed Quebec bridge attracts considerable attention. It stands out high and imposing on both sides of the river. It will not be completed for a few years to come.

At last we come in sight of the City of Quebec, the Gibraltar of Canada, and the second oldest city in the New World. The steep declivities and grim-looking fortifications present a forbidding aspect. At the base of one of these declivities, there is erected a tablet with the inscription: "General Montgomery fell here Jan. 1, 1776"; it speaks for itself. The Chateau Frontenac and Dufferin Terrace are easily distinguishable from mid-river. Quebec is a city of historical associations. It has been the scene of many bloody conflicts, and for a long period was the battle ground of the New World. Quebec lacks the bustling activity of Montreal; it is more staid and dignified, as becomes a city that has played such an important role in the past.

C. M. O'H., '12.



DULCIS LECTULUS.

The clock has struck five. Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding!... Oh! we must rise so early? Brr! Brr! The weather looks cold to-day and I am so comfortable. My bed has an attraction for me, and when I want to get up he weeps, cries, and adopts all sorts of ruses to keep me in his arms. He promises to give me warmth and rest to my tired limbs! And, after so many advances, we must rise? Oh! my bed, let us embrace once more before separating! Oh! what warmth inside!

A leg emerges from the blanket... Brr! The weather is icy. Hasten... put on a stocking! Try to get out the other leg! Brr? It is a little less cold! Now we must rise altogether. Oh! my bed, so good for me, let me glance at you for a short time; and to reward you for your good offices, I will withdraw my limbs, only a little... Alas! nature is feeble, the eyes are weak, they close easily; and the lazy boy is almost asleep...

The clock strikes three! He is up. Two minutes more and he is dressed... little shoes, modest overcoat,—and he is out for a walk... He walks, admiring the beauties of nature, the early songs of the feathered singers gracefully perched on the top of the tree; he listens to the gentle murmurs of the silvery brook; his gaze wanders in every direction, and when he has filled his eyes with this spectacle, and his ears with the songs of birds, he stops and listens to the conversation of his friend.

G. S., '14.

Ferg "the Star" Elgain.



FERG'S house stood all alone in the suburbs. One cold day in winter he was sitting by a blazing fire, his head bowed down, and his eyes fixed on the flickering flames. The wind was whirling in fitful eddies, and curling the snow into weird figures in front of the house, but Ferg inside, the only occupant that afternoon, seemed unconscious of what was going on outside. But, hark! sleigh bells in the distance; the sparks that issue from the flames and pass up the chimney no longer attract his attention; the bells become more distinct, and in a moment more the snow on the doorsteps creaks beneath the feet of the stranger. A knock at the door. "Come in," said Ferg. The stranger enters on the invitation, hurriedly throws off his fur coat, and then a great belt which rings of gold and silver.

Ferg gets everything he requires, gives him a chair near the blazing fire, and makes a few comments on the indecency of the weather, stirs up the fire and sits down. A hurried excuse of going for some more coal gives him a moment's opportunity to search the stranger's sleigh, but to his great delight he finds nothing with which he can defend himself. He returns quickly with the coal and continues his conversation with the visitor. The latter speaks of being once a stage manager in one of the large theatres in New York City, a position which he filled for upwards of ten years. He stated that travelling for the company was the worst and most dangerous part of his work. Ferg assures him that he should not fear anything as long as he remained with him, but he would not guarantee any security outside his own house. The stranger listened attentively and seemed to be quite satisfied with these remarks.

Then he asked if it were possible for him to stay that night, stating that he had some urgent business to transact in the city, which would occupy about two hours. He paid Ferg for his lodging and supper before leaving and promised to be back at 9.30. He put on his belt, locked it, and buttoned his coat tight around his neck, leaving for the city at once.

Ferg must soon act or not at all. He decided to leave his house a short time before the stranger was expected, and hurried

off in the direction of the city. Now and then he stood to listen; suddenly he heard the sound of the sleigh bells in the distance. "Yes, he is coming,—I must prepare." The horse soon appeared on the clear snow. Ferg rushed forth disguised, reached the sleigh, and demanded money. The stranger shouted to his horse, but Ferg was too quick to be eluded. He pulled his opponent with all his strength from the sleigh and let the horse dash off at a great speed. Ferg fought like a madman, and though the stranger was a much stronger man, yet he repeatedly threw him to the ground. After a long struggle he unfastened the belt, and with one snatch he pulled off overcoat and belt; then ran away.

When he reached home he thought of the stage manager lying half dead on the snow, and passion after passion rolled in storms over his soul. He did not feel easy. He hid the treasure, and, tossing sleeplessly all night, decided to leave the house early the following morning. He went to a distant town in the Southern States where no one knew him or would suspect him of being a criminal. Fifteen years passed away and the mysterious robbery of the stranger was seldom spoken of except as an instance of the deepest cunning on the part of the perpetrator, whoever he was, for as yet he had not been found, though several had been arrested on suspicion, and one had been confined for eighteen months. But never for a moment did Ferg's friends dream that it was he who committed the crime. Ferg alone knew it, but oh, how well he could solve that long-discussed mystery!

Conscience may be momentarily lulled, but she will rise again and again to assert herself in all her powers,—so it was with Ferg. In the midst of his sleep he would be awakened by the ringing of sleigh bells in his ears, even in the daytime he would often ask if others around did not hear the bells, but they only rang in the ears of his conscience.

As he grew older he became more terrified lest he might be tempted to reveal the awful secret. When he first left his house he took a separate room in the George Apartments and joined a young men's club called the "Brilliants," whose object it was to meet occasionally and play at whist, read the leading newspapers, magazines, and discuss the political questions of the day, but still he felt unhappy; he could not shut out conscience,—the thief was always before his mind. One day a friend asked him what was the reason he looked so despondent. Ferg answered him in an indirect way, giving him no satisfaction. He was

indeed very much afraid that he might divulge his secret, and seldom talked about himself. In early life he was styled the practical joker, given him from the fact that he had plenty of that keen worldly sense which seems like an instinct in some men, but in his case it taught him how to discriminate character and on whom he might play jokes with impunity, safe from their resentment, and with a security of applause from the most boisterous, but all these characteristic traits were gone.

He was not even recognized by an old school companion, Mr. Cook, who happened to visit the George Apartments one day after Ferg had been there for some years. He was introduced to Ferg by some man in the company while they were sitting on the veranda. They were talking about various things, and Ferg in the course of the conversation made reference to the amusements and rugby games of his Alma Mater. Mr. Cook listened with delight to his friend, but could not keep his seat when Ferg described the events that took place at the college in somewhat the same vivid manner as he himself had done a few years before to an old student whom he chanced to meet on the banks of the Amazon. He now recognized him, and, jumping from his seat, he clasped him firmly by the hand, congratulated him a thousand times, and said in a loud voice, "You have changed considerably since I saw you twenty years ago at college."

Both men were glad to renew old acquaintances and took their seats again.

Ferg's heart was apparently touched by the words of his friend. He left the veranda later, and went to his room, perhaps he wept the whole afternoon. Mr. Cook did not again see him until the following morning at the breakfast table. He was in the same despondent mood, took no part in the conversation and had very little breakfast. He told his old friend that he was leaving by the 10.30 a.m. train for Rio Janeiro, and promised to write him as soon as he would arrive at the station. Mr. Cook had no time to speak at length on any matter, but wished him a safe journey and lots of luck. The train left at the appointed time and was supposed to travel at the rate of sixty-five miles per hour. At some distance from his destination the train was derailed, and many of the passengers were killed and others seriously hurt. Ferg escaped with a few slight bruises in the head, and his coat torn. When he recovered from the shock he began to help the injured, and one of the passengers whom he pulled from under a carriage looked at him with sorrowful eyes. Ferg in an instant recognized him as being the man whom he had

robbed fifteen years before near his own home. What a great surprise? He dropped unconscious at the stranger's feet, and was there for some time before he returned to consciousness. He could not return the money; it was all spent. The stranger took him by the hand and lifted him up. Ferg had nothing to say but to heave deep sighs of remorse. At last he regained courage enough to look the stranger in the face, and said in a very low tone, "What can I do?" "Do not worry, my friend, you have saved my life which is far dearer of me than all the money in the world; I forgive you." These consoling words comforted him; an ambulance then arrived and carried both to the nearest hospital. They were put in different wards and properly attended to on arrival. When Ferg's wounds were dressed, he asked for a priest, and made a general confession, and freed his conscience from the thoughts that haunted him so long. He and the stranger parted good friends. Ferg returned to his home a changed man from what he had been twenty years before. He became virtuous and cheerful, attending to all his religious duties, and was afterwards endowed with that spirit of virtue which flourishes under the most iniquitous tyrannies.

M. J. O'M. '13.



Address to Bishop Charlebois, O.M.I.

On December the 15th, after the celebration of his first Pontifical High Mass at St. Joseph's Church, His Lordship, Bishop Charlebois was tendered a reception and banquet at the University, at which many prominent people, including heads of the Religious Orders in the Ottawa district were represented. An address in French was read by Mr. Sauvé, '11. Mr. Corkery, '11, read the following address in English:

To the Right Reverend Ovide Charlebois, O.M.I., Vicar-Apostolic of Keewatin and Titular Bishop of Berenice;

Your Lordship.—

The students of the University of Ottawa highly appreciate the honor that is done them to-day in the visit of one who received a portion of his secular and religious education in this

institution, and upon whom has so recently been conferred the plenitude of the priesthood.

Though many years have passed by since the time when the studies of the class-room were your principal occupation, though since then numerous changes have been wrought in your Alma Mater, and many generations of students have come and gone, the student body of to-day rejoice in the sublime dignity that has been conferred on you, and in the signal mark of confidence of which you have been made the object by the Sovereign Pontif.

By a long and arduous missionary life you have given ample proof of your fitness for the high office to which you have been called. In your endeavours to bring the blessings of Christianity and civilization to the remotest parts of this new country you have borne with apostolic zeal and self-denial the many dangers and severe privations that were your daily lot, and have labored for the spread of Christianity with the constancy and ardour that characterized the chosen twelve to whom Christ Himself entrusted the task of preaching His doctrines. You have exchanged the pleasures and even the conveniences of civilized society for the sufferings and trials of the Far North, in order that you might bring the glad tidings of the gospel to the most forsaken of God's children. Thus in your willingness to endure every bodily pain, and every mental anxiety for the welfare of souls as well as in the remarkable success that has attended your efforts, you have shown yourself eminently possessed of those qualities that make the ideal pastor.

You will return to your diocese accompanied by the prayers and good wishes of the students of the University of Ottawa. They trust that the choicest of Heaven's blessings will be showered upon you, and that, as with other zealous pioneer missionaries, you have solidly laid the foundation of Catholicity in the regions that have been the scene of your priestly labors, you may live for many long years to build upon that foundation an edifice that will resist every attack that may be directed against it by the enemies of our holy religion.

THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

HIS LORDSHIP'S REPLY.

Mes chers Amis,—

Je suis touché du fond de mon âme par vos adresses et vos gracieux cadeaux. J'en suis reconnaissant et j'en garderai toujours un précieux souvenir.

Vous devez vous glorifier d'être élèves de l'Université d'Ottawa. Moi aussi, je suis heureux de pouvoir dire que cette institution est mon Alma Mater, car j'ai eu le bonheur de faire ici ma philosophie et une partie de ma théologie.

J'ai toujours conservé un vif souvenir de l'Université d'Ottawa et dans ma mission lointaine, au milieu de mes pauvres sauvages, j'ai pris part à ses épreuves et à ses gloires.

Quand le feu dévastateur vous jeta dans le deuil, mon cœur de missionnaire fut sincèrement touché, et j'ai prié Dieu avec vos professeurs dévoués de faire renaître de ses cendres le superbe édifice que vous occupez aujourd'hui. — Nos prières ont été amplement exaucées, et comme je suis content de vous voir aussi nombreux! J'admire le bon esprit qui préside vos rangs.

Dans mes missions du Nord, j'aimerai à me rappeler cette belle fête au milieu de vous.

Vous me dites que vous priez pour ma mission. Oui, je vous demande de penser à nous dans vos bonnes prières.

Vous ne sauriez croire combien les Pères missionnaires éprouvent de misères, de sacrifices et de privations, au milieu des solitudes de l'immense pays du Keewatin.

C'est notre grand désir de faire participants de nos mérites tous ceux qui s'intéressent à nos pauvres sauvages, et par vos prières vous devenez les compagnons d'armes des Pères, dévoués et pleins de zèle, des missions.

Priez donc pour eux afin que le Ciel leur donne tout le courage dont ils ont besoin, et soyez certains, mes chers amis, que tous les jours je prierai pour vous.

En terminant, je vous dis, non pas adieu, mais au revoir, car je reviendrai encore, si Dieu le veut bien, sous le toit hospitalier de la vieille Alma-Mater.

The University Orchestra and Glee Club, under the able direction of Rev. Fr. Paquet, O.M.I., contributed several delightful selections, after which the new Bishop stated that the Christmas holidays would be lengthened by two days, an announcement which was greeted by ringing cheers followed by a lusty Varsity yell.

Self-Government for India.

WITHIN the last four or five years especially, the question of Self-Government for India has gained great prominence among the various vexing constitutional questions of the British Empire. But it is hard to understand how anyone who has the slightest knowledge of the present conditions in India can conscientiously assert that India should have a full measure of Self-Government at the present time. Furthermore, since it is England that is dealing with one of her colonies; England,—the country which, as a good and prudent mother knows what to give to her children,—we may rest assured that she will give India a full measure of Self-Government when she sees fit.

Looking over the history of India, prior to the coming of the English, there is one question which we are inclined to ask ourselves; that is, was India ever a nation? Before the English came to India, the Indians were mere bands of warriors fighting among themselves and very seldom were they ever united against a common enemy. Every year thousands of Indians died from famine; for as the men were constantly at war the vast areas of rich soil were neglected.

But many and great were the changes that took place after the English took possession of India. England saw that India's primary need was the diffusion of a sound course of technical knowledge; and that it was the surest remedy for the poverty and helplessness of her teeming millions; thus she founded such schools of learning as the Technical Institute of Bombay and similar schools at Madras, and soon the young Indians were raised to an equal educational footing with their English friends. The English advanced the Arts and Manufactures of India, and raised that country to one of the highest positions in the commercial world.

In 1879 the British government passed the Deccan's Agriculturist Relief Act to aid the Indian cultivator; this enacted that when land was mortgaged, the court, on failure of the tenant to repay the loan, could direct the land to be cultivated for seven years for the benefit of the money-lender; the debtor and his family being allowed sufficient to support themselves out of the proceeds, after which time the land was to be restored to the

tenant. Lord Curzon passed a bill imposing duties on bounty-fed articles, proportionate to the subventions paid to the producers or exporters in the country of origin, which encouraged the Indian sugar grower, whose profits were lowered by the increasing importation of the bounty-fed sugar of Europe.

But better than all these Acts, the British government keeps a standing army in India, not only to put down uprisings, but to check invasions, and thereby enable the cultivator to till the soil in peace. Lyall says: "Since the English took possession of India, religious ideas and institutions are being rapidly transformed by English law and morality, and the end of paganism in India is not far distant."

Having seen how beneficial the British rule is to India, let us see how India is governed. One-third of the country is in the hands of the native-rulers, subordinate in varying degrees of relationship to the Suzerain government. The remaining two-thirds of India is British territory and is divided into thirteen provinces, each under its own Governor; but all these Governors are under the control of the Supreme government of India, represented by the Governor-General or Viceroy in Council. The Secretary for India is assisted by a council of expert advisers sitting in London and selected for the most part from Indian officials, for a period of ten years. The legislative council's members are nominated by the Governor-General or Viceroy, some of whom are always natives.

John Morrison says: "The British government in India is a wonderful thing by the coinage, the Post Office, the railways, the administration of justice, the encouragement of education, the relief of famine, and by such organizations has overcome the greatest difficulties, and in spite of its faults it is the greatest blessing that has come to India in her long history." However, it may be said that India's progress under British rule has not been in proportion to the progress of other countries under the same rule. This indeed may be so, but it must be remembered that the people of India differ greatly from those of any other country; for instance, there has never been a census taken in India but that the Indians suspected that England was desirous of compelling enlistment or of securing wives for her soldiers.

Now, as we all know, there is unrest in India at the present day, but let us consider the real causes of this unrest. In the first place, the young Indians who have received degrees at Oxford and other colleges abroad think that they are as well edu-

cated as their English friends (which, indeed, may be true), and therefore that they are as well able to rule as their English friends (which, indeed, is not true). Secondly, the influence the vernacular press has among the more ignorant; it incites the half-educated youths by eulogies of political assassins of past ages till they burn with the desire to be classed as heroes by doing some act to drive the foreigners out of the country. An example of this may be had from the shooting of Mr. Allen at Goalando. When the men who committed the crime were caught, they did not attempt to escape, but boasted openly of their heroic conduct.

Having seen the causes of the present unrest in India, let us now see why England should not grant a full measure of Self-Government to her. First, because the majority of the Indians do not want Self-Government. They know that the Englishman treats everyone alike and as long as he is in power they have nothing to fear. The vast majority of the leading Indians recognize the high character and advantage of British rule. They realize that political disturbances have been caused unnecessarily, and they promise to do all in their power to restore peace. If India were given a full measure of Self-Government it would only be the beginning of many disturbances. Consider India, which has an area of 1,000,000 square miles, peopled by an immense variety of races ranging from the lowest to the highest stages of culture, and numbering 300,000,000 inhabitants speaking 150 languages. Add to this bewildering complexity of race and language the various conflicting customs and religions, and we shall readily perceive that a full measure of Self-Government at the present time would prove seriously detrimental to the future of India.

C. A. MULVIHILL, '14.

Total Abstinence.

Dealing with Total Abstinence, one would think it a very desirable thing, but with a little investigation in a short while we would come to the opinion it is not the most desirable object for the welfare of a country. The object should be true temperance,—use without abuse, enjoyment without excess,—this should be the golden rule for men.

Just here is the place to take issue with the theory that total abstinence is the virtue, and that all who fall short of it are sinners lost to shame. A great philosopher, who has survived the ages, says that the mean is always the virtue, the extreme is always the vice. That is to say, the safest place is in the middle of the road. Every mean, according to this wise man, has two extremes. Take for example, the mean "courage." What falls below it is "cowardice." What goes beyond it is rashness. To lean too much either way is to do wrong. To be good one must keep in the centre. Excess is a vice. This applies even to religion. "Piety," the mean, is the virtue. "Impiety," "sanctimoniousness," its extremes, are vices. Similarly "temperance" is the virtue. "Drunkenness," "total abstinence," are the vices. By all means give us temperance. But even prohibition is not temperance. It is total abstinence with a club.

The truth is that alcohol, like everything else we eat or drink, is a thing of good well used, an ill one misused,—a good servant, but a bad master. It was given to gladden not to sadden the heart of man. Even tea and coffee may be used to a point where the theine and tannin in it play havoc with the constitution. People say alcohol is a bad thing, but the Founder of Christianity himself turned the water into wine. Everybody has read Timothy's advice, "a little wine for the stomach's sake." These are old, trite arguments. The only reason for bringing them up here is that there is a tendency among people for total abstinence to wave back everything that doesn't suit their book.

F. BOURROWS, '14.

Thomas Leo McEvoy,

Ottawa's first Rhodes Scholar.

Mr. McEvoy, who has been selected as the first Rhodes scholar at Oxford from the University of Ottawa, is a son of Mr. Samuel T. McEvoy, Waller street, Ottawa. He was born at Long Island, Ont., on Jan. 4th, 1891, and is thus just twenty years of age. In 1897 he entered St. Joseph's School, Ottawa, where he passed the High School Entrance in 1903. In the same years he

entered the Business Course at U. of O.; in 1905 he passed first in rank on the Final Examination for Second Class Business Diploma; and in 1906 passed first in the finals for First Class Business Diploma, winning the Gold Medal for highest aggregate marks and percentage for the year.

In 1906 he entered the Collegiate Course. In 1907 he gained the Medal for highest marks of year in Form I. In 1909 he won the Medal for highest marks of year in Form III; the Gold Medal of the A.O.U. for first in rank on Matriculation; also the Medal for Canadian History.

In 1909 he entered the University Course. In 1910 he won the Freshman Medal for class-standing (Form IV); the Gold Medal awarded each representative of the U. of O. Debating Society, Champions of the Canadian Inter-University Debating League for 1909-1910; also the Roche Prize for English Literature (\$20.00 in gold), open to any University student.

In addition to his scholastic successes, Mr. McEvoy has taken a prominent part in student activities, having held the following offices: President of the University Debating Society; Secretary-Treasurer of the Canadian Inter-University Debating League; Secretary of the University Athletic Association.



University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object 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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VOL. XIII.

OTTAWA, ONT., JANUARY, 1911.

No. 4

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

One more page in the big "Year Book of Life" has been completed and turned over, exposing to our view a brand new sheet headed "1911." Whether its immaculate surface will be illumined with brilliant victories, or be stained with dismal defeats, is not within our power to foretell. But there are some things we can do: namely, take good and firm resolutions to do our "Best," always hoping that that "Best" will be better than the previous year's good resolves.

For instance, let "O. U.'s" hockey team, coach and manager receive the hearty support and co-operation of the student body and professors, and no efforts on their parts will be spared to realize their aim, which is to develop a winner in the Inter-Collegiate Hockey Union. Here's hoping that "success" will crown the efforts of the team in its "debut" in the I.C.H.U., 1911.

THRIFTIER CITIZENSHIP.

It has been said by those who have investigated the matter carefully that, although at the age of 45 fully 80% of men are established in whatever pursuit they follow and are in receipt of incomes in excess of their expenditure, at the age of 60 it has been found that 95% are dependent upon their daily earnings, or upon their children for support. Many, no doubt, read the despatch from Detroit which recently appeared in the Canadian papers, and which described the condition of a man who but a little more than forty years ago was a "financial power" in that city, who had a "palatial home" on one of the most fashionable thoroughfares, entertained lavishly, and to whom every person, high and low, was prepared to pay homage. But the fates were against him. He suffered serious financial losses, and when he began to go down hill he found it was properly greased for the occasion. His friends deserted him like rats from a sinking ship, and now at 80 years of age, after his day's labour, he wends his way to the city with the bent, broken down old men who have influence enough to have their names on the city's pay roll.

The moral is that out of your abundance something should be laid aside for declining years, and invested where thieves cannot reach it, and where one cannot be deprived of it in any possible way. This means is afforded you under the Canadian Government Annuities Act which the Parliament of Canada passed in the Session 1908, and which received the unanimous support of both sides of the House.

You may get all information by applying at the Post Office, or by addressing the Superintendent of Annuities, Ottawa.

ANENT GREY COVERS.

Why is it that so many college magazines affect grey covers? This is a *greyrc* question and one that should be thoroughly investigated. For years and years we have revolved this all-important problem, but alas! it is as far from solution as those hardy annuals, the trisection of the right angle or perpetual motion. Is it because grey covers are a delicate reminder of the *rah* material which goes into our classic think-factories, to emerge the finished (?) product? Or, again, is it to form a suitable and harmonious background for the hoary old villains who

lurk, on deceit intent, in the joke-column, only to be betrayed by the length and color of their whiskers? Or, since the absorbent tendencies of grey covers are exceeded only by those of a sponge or piano-mover, who knows but 'tis a deep and damnable plot 'twixt the business manager and the manufacturer of printers' ink to boost the consumption of that funereal pigment, and thereby increase the cost of living?



The Football issue of the Notre Dame "Scholastic" contains a number of "cuts" of the coaches and the players of the Varsity squad. Most of the printed matter is devoted to short biographies of the players of this year's successful team, to short accounts of some of the principal games, to a discussion of the new rules, and to a forecast of next year's prospects. The whole is indicative of the good feeling existing among the students of Notre Dame, and the unanimous support they accord their team.

Varsity Verse, a humorous poem, written in broken Spanish-English, is almost as good as some of our own Dr. Drummond's French-English verse.

The "Agnetian Quarterly" is a credit to Mt. St. Agnes' College. The verse is of a very high order, particularly the Latin translation, by the Rev. Hugh Henry. One prose article throws light upon the forgotten novel, "Dion and the Sybils" by Keon, and another gives a faithful summary of Hawthorne's "The House of the Seven Gables"; but we think the "War in the Air" article is a little too optimistic. The numerous disasters which aviators have suffered during the past few months certainly do not indicate the degree of perfection in the art of flying, which the author claims has been attained.

"The Red and White," the journal of a Pennsylvania High School, although not up to the standard of College journalism, yet gives promise of producing some good numbers before the

year is over. "The Thief" is an interesting story, and the best in this number. We notice a slight crudeness of expression in some of the articles, but no doubt patience and practice will give some of the youthful contributors a readier flow of words.

For a second number of a small High School students' publication, the effort deserves credit. The magazine certainly deserves the support of the students for which the editor makes a strong plea.

We beg to acknowledge receipt of the following:—"Xavier," "Manitoba College Journal," "Niagara Index," "Viatorian," "Queen's University Journal," "The Nazareth Journal," "Acta Victoriana," "The University Monthly," "The McGill Martlet," "The Trinity University Journal," "Ilya Yaka," "St. John's University Record," "The College Spokesman," "The Columbiad," "The O.A.C. Review," "Allisonia," "The Bates Student," "The Comet," "Mt. St. Mary Record," "St. Mary's Angelos," "The Collegian," "The Laurel," "The Patrician," "Vox Collegii," "The Xaverian," "Abbey Student," "St. Ignatius Collegian," "Georgetown College Journal," "The Young Eagle," "College Mercury," "The Solanian," "Echoes from the Pines," "The Pharos," "Geneva Cabinet," "Argosy," "The Schoolman," "St. Mary's Chimes," "The Columbia," "McMaster U. Monthly," "Niagara Index," "The Gateway," "Western University Gazette."

Books and Reviews.

Empire Review.—November.

Late Prince Francis of Teck — a memoir and appreciation by the editor. Prince Francis was closely connected with the Middlesex Hospital, first as Governor, and later as Vice-President and Deputy Chairman. In these different capacities he was largely instrumental in clearing off the Hospital's debt of £20,000. He was a special favorite of King Edward. He mixed with the people perhaps more than any other member of the Royal Family. His funeral was simple, but impressive; a gallant soldier, a true gentleman and a faithful friend, he was laid to rest amidst historic surroundings.

Foreign Affairs.—Edward Dicey, C.B.

(a) New situation in Portugal.—Within a week a Provisional Government entered into possession of power with scant opposi-

tion, amidst the plaudits of the people and the backing of the army and navy. It is difficult to understand the anti-clerical intolerance which seems to be the prevailing note of the Provisional government. In King Manuel, the Portuguese had a most excellent king, a man, young in years, and ready to do everything that was required of him, possessing a charming individuality and a true friend of the people.

(b) The Turkish Loan and After.—British influence seems to be on the wane in Turkey. The Young Turk Party is looking towards Germany and Austria. The latest evidence of this fact is the loan of £6,000,000 to Turkey, through a German syndicate.

(c) The British Note to Persia.—This action of Britain is regarded with distrust in Berlin, St. Petersburg and Constantinople. However, England has made it clear that no encroachment whatever is intended on the integrity of Persia itself, and the only Indian troops it is suggested should be employed are a few Indian officers. Everyone agrees that it is time the Southern caravan routes were properly safeguarded, and no fault can possibly be found with Britain for taking steps to bring about so desirable a change.

Imperial Defence: F. A. W. Gisborne.—This article results from the memorial of two hundred and fifty naval and military officers in Great Britain to the government, to sanction the issue of a loan of £100,000,000 to strengthen the national defences. He says the rebuke issued two thousand years ago, by Demosthenes, to the pleasure-loving Athenians, for having assented to a fatuous decree by which certain funds that had been previously devoted to the maintenance of a fleet were transferred to the support of the public games, may soon, unless present tendencies be checked, be applied to the modern recipients of unearned pensions and the devotees of football. In scientific organization, in provident statesmanship, Japan has set an example which Great Britain and her daughter states might well follow.” From the tenor of his remarks, Mr. Gisborne may be classed as an ardent supporter of militarism.

Nineteenth Century.—December.

German Views of an Anglo-German Understanding: H. H. Johnston. The average expression of opinion in Germany is, that during the last ten years, Great Britain has made all possible use of her diplomacy and finance to deny to Germany and Austria combined, any great expansion or colonial development. Accord-

ing to prominent Germans, the hypocrisy of the British press and British statesmen in this direction exasperate them even more than by plain-spoken intentions. It reminds some of them who have read *Punch* — and *Punch* has a great circulation in Germany — of a picture drawn by Reginald Cleaver some ten years ago. A daughter is pleading with her middle-aged mother in the Park: "Mother, why mayn't I go to the ball?" The mother replies: "My dear, I have been through all that sort of thing, and now see the vanity of it all." And the daughter: "But, mayn't I see the vanity too?"

Question of the House of Lords: W. S. Lilly.—The very reason for the existence of the House of Lords should be that it should not be swayed by popular passion, that it should be "above the vulgar range of low desire." Unquestionably, the House of Commons must continue to be what it has been for long years, the predominant feature in the constitution. Unquestionably, as predominant power it must retain an effective control of the national purse. But to be the predominant power is one thing; to be the unchecked power is quite another. The functions of an Upper Chamber must be chiefly corrective and suspensory; but if composed of men of light and leading, all holding their positions for life, by an independent tenure, it might well be a pioneer to lead the nation on the path of true progress.

Is There a Conservative Party?: J. A. Marriott. — It is common ground that political parties are, to an unusual extent, in a condition of disintegration. Political health depends on the preservation of a due balance in the party, between the integrating and disintegrating elements. But there are times when the latter acquire a predominance which seems permanently to threaten and does temporarily destroy the party fabric itself. Beyond all dispute, such a time is the present. To emphasize the fact would be to labour a commonplace. The essence of modern conservatism was never more felicitously expressed than in the adoption of the watchword, "*Imperium et libertas*." Both are seriously threatened. The first, by neglect of the primary duty of self-defence, by reliance upon the foolish vaporings of amiable enthusiasts; by the active hostility of the assailants of the Union; and above all, by indifference to the manifest hopes and ambitions of the Oversea Dominions. In regard to all these points, the duty of the conservative party is at once obvious and generally recognized.

"*Joseph Haydn, the Story of His Life*," translated from the German of Franz Von Seeherg, by the Rev. J. M. Toohey, C.S.C.

—\$1.25,—the “*Ave Maria*” Press, Notre Dame, Indiana. The life of “Father” Haydn, the great Austrian composer, is faithfully portrayed herein. It tells of the struggles of his youth, and the triumphs of his mature age. Joseph Haydn began his life-work in the clutches of poverty; in fact, he was not in comfortable circumstances until many long years after he had attained fame. But, to him, money was not a primary consideration; his aesthetic taste rebelled against a matter of such practical importance.

His soul was wrapt in music; whilst engaged in the composition of his soul-stirring symphonies he was oblivious to all else. He revelled in music; it formed a necessary part of his existence. He never lowered himself to make an unworthy use of his talents; his themes were the purest, the noblest, the highest. He himself said of his two famous oratorios, “*The Creation*” and “*The Seasons*”: “I esteem ‘*The Creation*’ higher, for in it the angels of God speak; but in ‘*The Seasons*’ it is only the peasant Simon that talks.”

A notable side of his character was his close friendship with Mozart, his great rival. Their affection was as dear as it was lasting, and was only terminated by the death of Mozart. He also bestowed his friendship on Ludwig von Beethoven, who was a rather young man. Joseph Haydn died at Vienna in 1809, with a *Laus Deo* on his lips, in his seventy-eighth year.

We heartily recommend this interesting and beautiful biography to our readers.

Among the Magazines.

In our last number we made reference to an article in a certain magazine having respect to the raising of the U. S. battleship Maine. As is well known to all on this continent, the blowing up of the Maine was the signal for the United States to make war on Spain in 1898. The vessel was supposed to have been blown up by the Spaniards, which supposition being acted upon furnished a cause for war. But it has been oft disputed whether it was the Spaniards or the Americans themselves who blew the vessel up. To the end of clearing the matter up, Congress last year voted \$300,000 for the purpose of raising the battleship for examination. Much has transpired of a strange nature since then.

Responsible Army men have tried every means to prevent the salvage and consequent revelations of the vessel's condition.

But it appears, according to the *Scientific American*, that some persons are resolved that the work shall be proceeded with. And a new plan has been forwarded to aid the engineers. It is proposed to drive cylindrical steel caissons, or hollow vessels, deep into the mud; then fill the cylinders with concrete; and thus form a complete dam around the vessel. Since the *Maine* was sunk in 27 feet of water, and the mud will be about 30 feet in depth, these tubes will have considerable size. It is further intended to use centrifugal pumps to remove all the water; after which scrapers will be employed to draw the mud away from the hull towards the cofferdam. When this has been done, a thorough examination of the hull can be made with great facility. And it remains afterwards for Congress to do whatever they wish with the vessel.

The current number of the *America* contains, in the Canadian news, an article on the meeting of the Prime Ministers of the Provinces in Ottawa on Dec. 9. The object of their meeting was to discuss the question of proportional representation for Canada. It appears that it was agreed, in the British North America Act, to give a fixed number of Representatives to Quebec; while the other Provinces were to send up representatives numbered in proportion to the populations of each as compared with that of Quebec. Now the Maritime Provinces raised the objection that their representation would be decreased, as they were not growing as fast as the Western ones. In a short time, it seems, Prince Edward Island would have only one member in a House much larger than it was at the time of Confederation. The Premiers of the Maritime places then took up the stand that they be conceded what was given to British Columbia in 1871, when that Province was accorded the privilege of always having at least three members.

The *Ave Maria* for September contains a small article touching on the life of Murray of Victoria, Australia. Mr. Murray, in one of his recent speeches, spoke out very plainly on the subject of Catholics in his country. He could not see how religious intolerance could be retained in the twentieth century. In fact, he said, his experience with Roman Catholics was one of his most pleasing memories, and he went on to pay such glowing tributes to Catholics, as well might make them blush to hear from the lips of a member of their own fold. Mr. Murray's government succeeds one which was a pet of the Orangemen, and was joy-

fully approved of by them as being "the most Protestant government this country has ever had."

Priorum Temporum Flores.

Rev. H. E. Letang of Pembroke, while visiting his father in the city, spent a few hours renewing old acquaintances at his Alma Mater.

Rev. Canon Corkery, Pakenham, and Father McCauley, Osgoode, were visitors at the University on Monday, Jan. 9th.

Mr. Louis Côté, '09, who is studying at Osgoode Hall, called to see his old friends here before returning to Toronto.

Dr. Joseph P. Boyle, B.A., an old Varsity boy, was married to Miss Katharine Greer at Casselman on Dec. 14th. Heartiest congratulations!

J. F. White, Esq., LL.D., Principal of the Normal School, has been re-elected Grand Knight in the local council of K. of C.

Edmonton papers to hand give a verbatim report and high eulogies of the magnificent speech delivered in the Alberta Legislature early last December by Mr. J. L. Côté, member for Athabasca, on the resources of the North. Mr. Côté is an Ottawa graduate.

Mr. W. Cavanagh, '06, and a former member of the Review staff, has entered the Ottawa Diocesan Seminary.

Rev. J. J. O'Gorman has returned from Rome after successfully passing the Examinations for the Doctorate of Canon Law.

D'Arcy McGee, B.A., the prominent young lawyer, has again been returned by acclamation Separate School Trustee for St. George's Ward, Ottawa.

E. P. Gleeson, B.A., the peerless Canadian half-back, has just been appointed Provincial Solicitor to the A.O.H. of Ontario.

Dr. J. R. O'Brien, the popular Varsity physician, recently held a "house-warming" party in his magnificent new residence on Laurier Ave.

During the month we had visits from the following:

Rev. Father Dowd, P.F., Cantley.

Rev. Fr. Meehan, Belleville.

Rev. Fr. Rhéaume, Gananoque.

Rev. Fr. Chartrand, Billings' Bridge.

Rev. J. T. Foley, Fallowfield.



Intercollegiate Hockey.

On Saturday, Dec. 17th, Rev. W. J. Stanton, O.M.I., attended the annual meeting of the I.C.H.U., and secured the admittance of our team with the Union. A series of home and home games will be played with Laval University, majority of goals to count. The initial encounter takes place in Ottawa Feby. 3rd at the Rideau Rink, and a great crowd of supporters are expected to be on hand to boost for Varsity in her first game of Intercollegiate hockey.

Manager James J. Kennedy is working hard, in union with the Rev. coach, and several promising players have signified their intentions of trying for a place on the "garnet and grey seven."

Such players as Ed. Nagle, Billy Chartrand, Jack Robillard, Lee Kelley, Charlie O'Neill, Eddie Lowery, J. McLean, Paddy Minnock, R. Guibord, and others, should be more than capable of holding their own against their opponents from the Laval Hall of Learning.

Inter-Course Hockey.

The Inter-Course Hockey League, so productive of fine hockey players last year, is again under way, and promises to be just as stubbornly contested. The teams are evenly balanced, and with one year's experience we should witness some herculean struggles on the College ice arena. Capt. Guibord, for Philosophers; Capt. Cornellier, for the Arts; Capt. A. Murtagh, for the Collegiates; and Capt. Heney, for the Commercials, is the way

the elections turned out. Each man is a first class hockeyist, and should all make good leaders in their respective courses.

A.U.A.A. "Elections."

President, James J. Kennedy, '12; 1st Vice-President, Albert M. Gilligan, '14; 2nd Vice-President, R. Guibord, '12; Treasurer, John Coughlan, '13; Corresponding Secretary, Thomas L. McEvoy, '13; Recording Secretary, John Sullivan; Counsellors, Jos. Coupal, George Whibbs.

The above are the students who were the unanimous choice of the members of the O.U.A.A. to represent them for the term of 1911. Never in the history of the association has such an event occurred, viz.: the election by acclamation of the complete board of officers. 'Tis true nominations were plentiful for most of the offices, but the students nominated got together and compared notes, and the one best fitted to fill the office was left in the field, while the others manfully declined to stand for election. It certainly was an innovation and a most agreeable one, doing away entirely with any underhand work and secret canvassing, which never fails to do harm to the students themselves, and also to their friends. Like many other good things, the change was suggested by the Rev. Director, and was immediately seconded by the old executive of 1910, who advised the students to adopt the new measure. They did so, and a fine, evenly balanced executive was the result. Every man on it, besides distinguishing himself in the field sports, stands high up in his classes, and enjoys the entire good-will and support of the whole body of students. To them we offer our sincere congratulations and wish them every success in their new callings.

To the old executive is due also the hearty thanks of the students for the manner in which it handles the affairs of O.U.A.A. in the face of a disastrous year. Through careful methods of purchasing supplies, and judicious handling of the club's finances by the treasurer, Mr. S. Coupal, and the Rev. Father Stanton, a surprisingly large balance is left to the 1911 officers with which to carry on the business of the coming year. They can do nothing better than follow closely the example of economy set by their predecessors of 1910.

A little "goodfellowship dinner" was held after the elections at which were present the newly-elected and the retiring executives and the prefect. A jolly hour was spent by all and the custom will now become an annual affair.

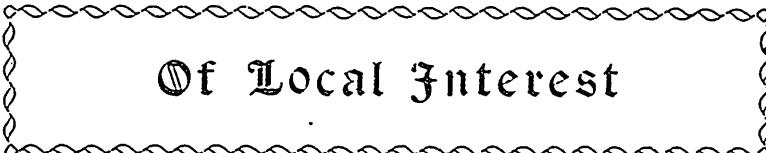
Notes.

The Bowling League is being organized with Dinny Guindon as the "big noise."

Martin and Hough, under the direction of Rev. Fr. Finnegan, have a fine sheet of ice on the Big Yard rink. Nice work. Keep it up.

Managerial duties, coupled with the worries of high office, and faculty cares, seem to weigh lightly on the shoulders of Sunny Jim. He's always happy.

The hitherto unbeaten "Renfrew Rivers" hockey team, which hobnobs with the "Millionaire Septet of Butterburg," went down to "bitter-r-r dee-feet" before the puck-chasers from Ottawa University, January 3rd, in Renfrew. Quite a few supporters accompanied the college team which Mgr. Jim Kennedy had coralled during the holidays, and played the "Rivers" to a standstill. Some new names were noticed in the line-up of O.U.'s team, but Kennedy is always springing surprises. Goal, McCullough; point, McLean; cover point, Charles O'Neil; rover, Lee Kelley; centre, Eddie Lowery; wings, Billy Chartrand and "Chie" Kent, was the way they lined up.



Of Local Interest

Hurrah for Peary,
Hurrah for Cook.
One got the pole,
The other got the hook.

Fl-mg: I feel like a fire-place.

Br-n: Grate.

O'G-man: I feel like a nutmeg.

Q-lty: Oh, greater.

L-ft-s, who was tacking carpet on the floor, let the hammer slip and struck Gill-gan.

Bert: What's the matter?

L-ft-s: I suppose you will have me arrested for assault?

Bert: No, I will have you pulled for a tuck.

Hats off to Tommie Hare C-ghlan.

I'm from Toledo, you can't snit me.

You can Kid Ardouin but you can't Phil Harris.

Professor in English: Mr. B-ke, that's not the correct answer.

Mr. B-ke: Well that's what the author says.

Professor: I don't want the author; I want you.

Mr. B-ke: Well, you've got me.

L-ft-s and K-n-dy have been Colliered.

C-ghlan's New Year Resolution—"I will never speak French again."

Ikey gave a street car conductor a transfer. The conductor looked at it and said, "this is four hours old." "Oh," said Ikey, "I can't help it if the car was late."

Willie Rose
Sat on a tuck,—
Willie rose.

Hnot to Duckett from Armstrong and Power, but there is no need to be "Houghey" about Rice.

Bill was home for Xmas,
We all know that;
But some said he was in Toledo
When they saw his hat.

Harr-g-ton had just tasted a little vigorous Roquefort at the close of the banquet. He called the waiter and said, "What's this?"

Waiter: "Cheese, sir."

Harr-g-ton: "I know it's cheese, but what's on it?"