

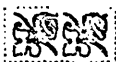
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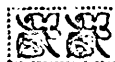


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Vol. 14, December, 1914 No. 3



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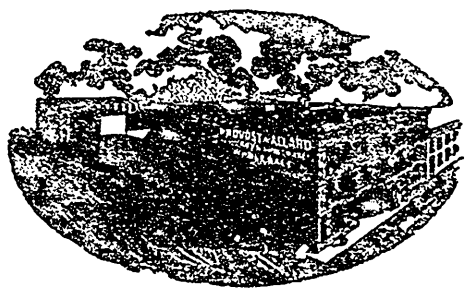
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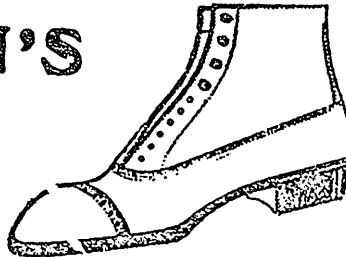
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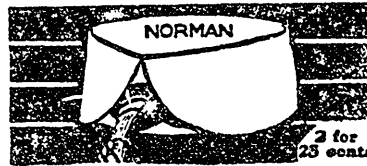
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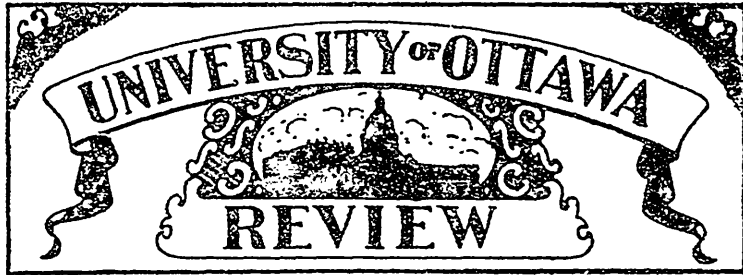
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No. 3

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

## Christmas and Its Customs.

“While shepherds watched their flocks by night,  
All seated on the ground;  
An angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.”



VER two thousand years ago that glorious event took place, and the shepherds, believing the words of the blessed one, repaired to the little hut at Nazareth, and there found, wrapt in swaddling clothes, the little Infant Jesus. The anniversary of that happy night is fast approaching. In a few days we will be in the midst of festivities. It is truly the season of enjoyment, the one day of the year when all men forget their animosities and proclaim with the heavenly host “Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will.” The anniversary of Christmas touches the soul of the hardest sinner and makes him forget at least for the time being that treasured hatred, strife, envy and prejudice sustained in his heart during the past year. The very name of Christ betokens love, charity, affection. It brings that desire for union with old friends that is never felt at any other time of the year. It is the tie between the exile and his home.

At the time of the Nativity the world was buried in idolatry, and quite naturally the first Christians, in their joy, associated many heathen customs with their great feast. They retained those emblems of gladness that were so prevalent in the feasts of their forefathers. The vine was looked on by the ancients as a symbol of good fortune, and they had a special feast in its honour—the vintage feast. The holly, with its profusion of berries, and the mistletoe came in for special veneration, the reason for which we know not. And even today, when the world sneers at the superstitious ideas of former days, many of those practices, the purest and most soul-touching of our heathen ancestors, are to be found in the Christmas celebrations of all creeds, classes and nations.

The religious services about this season are extremely tender and inspiring. The beautiful story of the origin of our faith and the scenes that accompanied its announcement receive the greatest attention. Is there anything grander or more edifying than the midnight mass? And as Rome is the centre of Christendom, it is there, also, in the greatest edifice attributed to the genius of man, that the most elevating spectacle is to be held. The atheist lives in the eternal city all the year round, mocking, slandering and belieing the word of God, but when the lofty chime begins to toll on Christmas morning he, too, with the long concourse of pious worshippers, wends his way to the majestic St. Peter's, and assists in the greatest act of all, whether led thither by curiosity or by the rumblings of a dissatisfied conscience.

Every country where the standard of Christ has found its way has its countless legends of Christmastide, but time and international intercourse has so intermingled them that it is hard to trace them to the one from which they first emanated. Thus we find the Yule-leg, the material for the great Christmas fire, in vogue in most-ly all, althou<sup>g</sup> it is pretty sure the custom originated among the Saxons and other northern nations, who used it in their feasts as a mark of respect to one of their gods. Ghost stories have been prevalent in all places and at all times, and, indeed, Christmas would be incomplete without them. At no other period of the year is such vent given to those tales of the true blood-curdling type that not only beset the feelings of the younger generation, but cause a sensation in the minds of the older. In Ireland and Scotland prevails the usage of a Christmas candle, which is burned all

night under the watchful eye of a member of the household, in honour of the visiting Babe. We are all acquainted with the Christmas tree and its traditions, whose origin is claimed by both France and Germany.

In no country has there been more frivolity at Christmas time than in England. The spirit of the courts at this particular feast was magnificent. Young and old, rich and poor, were all welcome, and whatever distinction there may be at other times, all were equal on that day. Jocund guests filled the halls, and with minstrels, gleemen, harpers, pipe-players, jugglers and dancers around the big fires there was no limit to the merriment. In 1016 King Canute's celebration lasted for twelve days, but before the King entered into the medley he had presents sent to all the religious houses and comforts of the customary nature sent to all the poor who could not come. From the earliest days people looked to the wants of the poor, as at no other season of the year are they so keenly felt, and never was it known a stranger to be turned from the door. But when the refined Normans came to England the coarse voracity and drunkenness of their Saxon and Danish friends disappeared, and with banquets, delicate rather than abundant, and wines remarkable rather for their exquisite tastes than for their intoxicating powers, Christmas was celebrated.

If we tread the path of ages a remarkable fact reveals itself, that not only the birth of Christ took place on Christmas day, but that some of the most noted events of history occurred on its anniversary. Charlemagne, one of the greatest of Catholic laymen, was crowned Emperor of Rome on Christmas day. When Alfred the Great was in the midst of the Christmas festivity the Danes became masters of his kingdom. On Christmas day William the Conqueror was crowned King of England. King John I. signed the Magna Charta while the feast was in operation, and on Christmas day the first national parliament of England was summoned.

By a beautiful arrangement, also, derived from days of yore, the Christmas festival not only commemorates the announcement of the religion of peace and love, but it has been made the season of gathering together of family connections,—of calling back the children of a family who have launched forth in life and wandered widely asunder once more to sit around the sparkling yule-log,

that rallying-place of the affections, and once again grow young and loving, as in the charming days of childhood.

And what of old Santa Claus? The social old fellow never forgets the little ones. His little sleigh laden with toys, oranges, apples, candies and scores of other delicious ingredients, still glides merrily around.

“For he never forgets the children,  
They all are dear to him;  
You'll see that with wonderful presents,  
His pockets are crammed to the brim.”

Now-a-days, after the sacred duties of the soul, the Christmas dinner plays the most important part. With clean conscience and simple hearts, the family circle takes its fill of fine roast turkey and steaming plum pudding.

But although the world today might be better and brighter, the old spirit of Christmas still lives as in days gone by, though undoubtedly many of its ceremonies are fast decaying. But as many of the old customs become obliterated new ones take their place. Up to thirty years ago Christmas cards were unheard of, and yet today greetings are carried all over the world through this simple invention. Children scattered far and wide, friends driven apart by force of circumstances, through this medium, unite with affectionate parents and friends their wishes for a merry, happy and holy Christmas.

J. FOGARTY, '16.



## The Late Mgr. Benson.

---



THE death of the Very Rev. Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson, M.A., the distinguished writer and preacher, occurred on October 19, 1914. The sad event took place at Bishop's House, Salford, after an illness of a week's duration. The health of Mgr. Benson had been anything but good for some months past, but the immediate cause of death was congestion of the lungs, following upon an attack of neuritis.

Robert Hugh Benson was born in November, 1871, at Wellington College, where his father was then headmaster. He was the youngest of the sons of Edward White Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury. He was educated first at a private school at Clevedon, from which he proceeded to Eton, and finally to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated M.A.

One could hardly expect to ever meet a finer, nobler, or holier character than Father Benson. His was a personality all charming and captivating. He was simple and straight as a child, lovable and hopeful as a boy, and strong and resolute as a man. True to his friends, generous to his foes, Robert Benson was a Catholic Englishman of whom they might all feel proud. Not soon again will the world see so refreshing a personality.

Monseignor Benson's Catholic life almost exactly synchronized with the reign of Pius X. He was received into the Church September 11, 1903, and in 1904 he was raised to the priesthood in Rome, and the Holy Father's grief over the lights that were falling from high places was assuaged by the sight of a bright young intellect, original and vigorous, coming forth from the Protestant Primacy of England to take up the championship of Christ, and, with the most effective of modern weapons, to fight the battles of His Church in the newest avenues of life. The equal years that were given him were hardly less packed with achievement in his sphere than the full years of Pius.

In the decade of his priesthood he preached and lectured widely, up and down England, in Rome and Ireland and America, and between times he issued some twenty-five volumes, so artisti-

cally set and phrased that many will live in literature, and so uniformly wholesome and helpful that the inspiring eloquence of his voice and personality will continue long to preach from their pages. He had imagination and artistic tastes and a many-sided intellect, and a pen facile to translate the varied and subtle reaches of mind and fancy into clear and flowing phrase; but he never wrote for the sake of writing. He had a message from the King, which he began to deliver only when He had explained it, and he delivered it in such varying language as those for whom it was given could best understand. The key to it is found in the story of his preparatory struggles toward its acquisition, "The Confessions of a Convert." This is not merely a "human document," nor a controversial tract. The forces of grace that made Benson a Catholic despite himself, and then opened the floodgates of his powers and guided the wide spreading stream through safe and fertilizing courses, are so visualized in that they seem rising from the page to operate in like manner on the soul of the reader.

Reared in the citadel of Protestantism, amid a cultured and literary family, fed on the very best that the highest Protestant culture has to give in school and university, and trained religiously with special care by the head of the Church of England, the fourth son of the Archbishop of Canterbury found, at twenty-one, that though he had been always obedient to his father's teachings, whom he loved and respected, his "religion had no spark in it of real vitality." A retreat given soon after his ordination by Father Maturin, then one of the "Cawley Fathers," disclosed to him, for the first time, the Christian doctrine and sacraments as an orderly scheme, springing inevitably from the Incarnation, and his subsequent travels, in 1897, through Europe, Egypt and the Holy Land, bringing home to him the isolation of Anglicanism and the identity of Catholicity, everywhere, awakened the suspicion that this was the scheme of Christ. He received the first shock of conversion in a little mud-chapel in Egypt, and the second when, on the road to Damascus, he read that Father Maturin had become a Catholic. Arguments no longer availed. He knew that Catholicity was the system that Christ gave, "because it worked"; it was for all always, and a child could understand it and know its duties, as Catholic children do, so finally he made his submission to the Catholic Church.



The more interesting of Father Benson's many works are "Oddsfish," which is his last and greatest historical novel, published only a month before his death; "An Average Man," the story of two converts of a great Franciscan preacher; "Come Rack! Come Rope!" a romance of martyrdoms; "An Alphabet of Saints," "The Religion of the Plain Man," "The King's Achievement," a tale of the suppression of the monasteries by Henry VIII; "By What Authority," a tale of the times of Queen Elizabeth; "The Light Invisible," the life-stories of an old Priest, and many others too numerous to mention.

There was an absorbing charm in his style that was absolutely fascinating. When you add to this the fact that he usually wrote of the most solemn and important matters pertaining to life and death, and the world beyond the grave, you will understand why he had such an influence over deep-thinking minds and earnest Christian souls. He seemed ever to realize that his time here was destined to be short, and, therefore, he continued to work with feverish haste and impatience. He had his account to present to the Lord, and he meant to bring it up to date.

He was wise in his designs. The good that men do is "oft interred with their bones," but not when they leave the results of their labours behind them in the shape of books. A good book will live forever to edify and strengthen thousands, and hundreds of thousands, in the leading of holy Christian lives. Monseignor Benson's books will continue to amass merit for his soul long after his bones have crumbled into dust.

Father Benson, with the ardour of the earnest convert, wanted to bring all others to see the glory of the truth, which he had himself discovered in the Catholic Church. His frail body, however, was not equal to the demands of his strenuous spirit, and his untimely death is the result. He has fought the good fight, and earned his eternal reward. May we all work as unselfishly for the glory of God and His Church.

J. ROBILLARD, '16.

## Peace and War.

---

Today the grand old earth is weeping,  
From far and near come cries of war.  
Today no race of man is sleeping  
For some one's roused the old god Thor.

In Belgium where till now was beauty,  
With cities, churches, statues tall,  
There lie today but spoils of booty,  
Before the foe all these must fall.

In France unhappy wives are grieved  
Their husbands fight with might and main  
To venge the blow they once received  
When Teuton took Alsace-Lorraine.

In England too all is confusion  
For her great flag each subject fights  
The Union Jack, in his delusion  
Now floats aloft on Berlin's heights.

And here at home do we stand idle  
When from our shores each day depart  
Large ships of men with horse and bridle  
And food and clothes to play our part.

And so today great war is waging  
But soon Christ will fulfill his plan,  
Will come, a child, amid this raging,  
With "Peace on earth good will to man."

JOS. E. GRAVELLE, '15.

## Modern Warfare.

---

**M**ILITARY organization has become a science, carefully studied by statesmen and soldiers. It is something more than a mere outgrowth of politics; it is a political act, initiated and controlled by government.

It is not easy to determine whether industrial progress, improved organization, spread of education, or mechanical invention have wrought the greater change in the military art. In the first place, war is a matter of movement, and for this reason good roads and steam appliances play an important part. Secondly, war is a matter of supply and the supply of foodstuffs depends on the area of cultivation. Again, war is a matter of destruction, and the greater the destructive ability of an army or navy the greater its value to a nation engaged in a contest of arms.

I shall first treat of warfare on land. A notable phase of the present conflict is the revolution in transportation facilities wrought by the automobile and the motor truck. The result of this is to render the armies of the present age mobile beyond the wildest dreams of the strategists of the past generation. Everything that an army needs can now be carried on motor trucks, though the equipment is by no means universal. There are auto wireless outfits, armoured autos, auto kitchens, auto ambulances, sleeping and office autos for the generals. Special airship guns are mounted on motor trucks.

The commander of today can keep in perfect touch with all the units of his force. The portable wireless telegraph, the field telephone and telegraph, aeroplane and motorcycle messengers, the signal flag and the heliograph all have their place in the equipment of a modern army. Even the homing pigeon, which carried messages in the wars of ancient times, has its place in the modern military camp.

The last century has seen a great improvement in the accuracy, range and power of heavy artillery, and the destructive power of projectiles. Heavy shells fired from long range will penetrate as much as twenty feet of sand, which offers more resistance than

other soils. In practically every European country turrets of steel or iron and steel revolving cupolas are in use. Even these were useless against the heavy siege guns of the Germans at Liege and Antwerp. The mine and hand grenades are being used effectively, the mine grenade, which is buried a few inches beneath the ground, being the deadlier of the two.

Now, regarding warfare at sea, marked progress has been made in submarine craft and projectiles. A typical submarine is about 150 feet long, and is capable of twelve knots on the surface and six knots submerged. They are not a particularly comfortable craft, but are very seaworthy. The torpedo which submarine craft use to destroy the ships of an enemy has been brought to a high state of perfection by an officer in the British navy. That the Germans are not far behind has been proven to the chagrin of British naval men. The cruisers *Aboukir*, *Cressy* and *Hogue* were all victims of German submarines and their deadly torpedoes.

The mine at sea has been brought into prominence by the sinking of many merchant craft, and not a few warships during the last few months. These mines are of two kinds. The first are those which are placed for the defence of a harbour. They are connected with a station on shore, and are set off by means of electricity, when attacking vessels are passing over them. The other type are known as contact mines, and are so arranged that they will float a short distance beneath the surface of the sea. They are exploded when struck by a passing vessel.

To describe minutely the various forms of air craft in use at the present time would make this article too lengthy. Suffice it to say that they have shown their practical value, both offensively and defensively.

The foregoing facts show that warfare has been revolutionized. The Red Cross societies of the warring nations, with the same sympathy and heroism that prompted Florence Nightingale, and with modern organization, are doing much to offset the ravages of infectious disease in military hospitals. Through their efforts the strongest ally of the Grim Reaper is being held in check. At the same time, mechanical invention has brought destructive weapons to a state of perfection hitherto considered impossible.

J. C. O'KEEFE, '16.

## The Production and Influence of Moving Pictures.

---

**T**HE sudden appearance and marvelous development of the moving picture industry has aroused the intense interest of all classes of people. The "movies," little known ten years ago, and practically unheard of ten years previous to that, have now become a feature—I almost said a factor—of our every-day existence. Costing little to operate, and attracting large crowds, they seem to grow up almost overnight; within the last ten years about twenty have come to Ottawa—and they have stayed. No matter how many there are, there always seems to be room for one more, and the people who attend them are not confined to any particular class—the rich and the poor, the old and the young, the lame and the halt, all go to the "movies" with unfailing regularity and unwaning interest.

The cinematograph (writer of movements), as the "movies" are officially known, is rendered possible by "persistence of vision" that is, that quality in our vision by which the image of an object remains with us for a fraction of a second after the object itself has disappeared. The most familiar example of persistence of vision is illustrated in the zoetrope of our primary school days, or, as we called it, the "marble-a-peep" machine. It was a revolving cylinder covered with a strip of pictures of, for instance, a horse in its various postures as it was galloping. This was in a box, and, when seen through a peep-hole, the horse appeared to be running as the cylinder revolved. The object is given the appearance of life by the rapid representation of it in different positions.

In present-day cinematographs the images are passed through an optical lantern and then thrown in succession through the object lens onto the screen with incredible speed, and so the object appears to move. An idea of the speed required may be gained from the fact that it requires 150,000 to 165,000 exposures for an hour's exhibition. Attempts to reproduce colours by chemical means, or by colour screens, while sometimes auspicious in the experimental

stages, have not yet met with sufficient success in practice to encourage their general adoption.

It is difficult for the average man to realize the enormous expense incurred in the production of the pictures he sees so often, and which appear so simple to him. It comes, therefore, as something of a shock to us to hear that whole railroad trains are sometimes rented for cinematograph purposes, that ocean vessels of considerable size are chartered, that there are hotels devoted exclusively to moving-picture uses, that "movie" settlements are no uncommon thing, and even that in Western United States there is a town of several thousand population, all the inhabitants of which are either actors or assistants in the employ of the large film company that owns the place.

There are favourite actors and actresses in the "movies," just as there are on the stage; people flock to see their favourites perform, and Mary Pickford, Lillian Walker, Maurice Costello, Arthur Johnson and John Bunny are names to conjure with to the "movie-going" public.

The public demands thrills, and if the film companies can find daring men and women, who, for a consideration, are willing to climb steep cliffs, jump from high windows, drive an automobile over the bank of a lake, swim a swift river, or jump from a high bridge, so much the more popular will their productions be. For instance, about a year ago a man achieved notoriety when enclosed in a padded, egg-shaped metal projectile he allowed himself to be shot out of a sort of cannon by means of compressed air. The projectile was constructed so that it burst a short distance from the ground, and the man dropped into a pond beneath. In a few days an enterprising film company had him under contract to jump off a high bridge in one of its photo-plays. Fabulous salaries are paid to stars of the stage for appearing in photo-plays. Sometimes these "stars" are prominent, sometimes only conspicuous; often they are famous people, occasionally only notorious. But at any rate they seem to attract the public.

Owing to the infinite variety of subjects covered by the cinematograph, it is difficult to classify its work. We cannot, for instance, divide it into the two great classes into which the small boy mentally divides all things—the instructive and the enjoyable; because, for instance, while a book describing science or manufac-

turing, travels or scenery, might possibly be desperately dull or hopelessly intricate to the "man in the street," the same scenes and descriptions, portrayed in moving-pictures, cannot fail to be interesting. The manufacture of various articles of common use is illustrated in a manner that deprives it of the "dryness" commonly associated with written descriptions of such things. Scientific "articles" showing machinery in operation are quite common, and I have seen the activities of an electric spark represented in the "movies."

There are comedies and tragedies, the latter including famous plays, Shakespeare particularly being very popular. The comedies have a very wide field—from wild west stories to the ordinary type of "kitchen comedy"; in them we might include the usual run of love stories to which we are treated (?). I have never been able to decide whether these latter are really intended to be funny, or if their ridiculousness is only accidental.

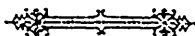
Natural history pictures always catch the public fancy. Moving pictures of a very instructive and interesting nature have been obtained under this head—animals in their native haunts, flowers in process of growth, eggs being hatched in an incubator, and oysters being prepared for the market, etc. I must admit, however, that it was not till some time after I had seen these last two that I could look upon an egg or an oyster without the pictures I had seen appearing unbidden before my eyes and spoiling my appetite. One of the most interesting articles is Pathé's weekly news serial, in which some of the notable events of the week are illustrated, and people of prominence are shown in the pursuit of their ordinary occupations.

Of course, the cinematograph show has its drawbacks. Most of these drawbacks, however, are due rather to the abuse of the "movie" than to its use. For instance, the difficulty of foolish, or even indecent pictures, can be and has been, to a very great extent, obviated by the establishment of a strict censorship; foul air presents a more difficult problem, especially in cold countries, where it is difficult to obtain and retain a medium between good ventilation and draughtiness. The introduction of ozone is said to be of practical use in improving the atmosphere. There is danger of fire owing to the intense heat required to generate sufficient light to project the pictures on the screen, and the close proximity of

this heat to the highly inflammable film. This danger has been localized by enclosing the instrument in an asbestos, or cement, cage. There is one defect which it will require considerable ingenuity to correct, and that is injury to the eyes, which indisputably is caused by habitual attendance of picture shows; notwithstanding statements that only weak eyes are so affected, it is a recognized fact that after watching the pictures for an hour or so one feels that his eyes have been subjected to considerable strain; resting the eyes by closing them once in a while is advantageous, but then think of what you may miss if you do this!

There are some who say that the intense enthusiasm over moving pictures is only a passing "craze." But this opinion is not borne out by facts. The "movies" evidently have a firm hold on the interest of the people. They have suffered much less from the war than other amusements, and predictions are freely made that in the near future moving picture shows will influence public opinion just as newspapers do at the present time.

R. T. QUAIN, '16.



## The Day.

By Henry Chappell.

*(The author of this magnificent poem is Mr. Henry Chappell, a railway porter at Bath. Mr. Chappell is known to his comrades as the "Bath Railway Poet." A poem such as this lifts him to the rank of a national poet.)*

You boasted the Day, and you toasted the Day,  
 And now the Day has come.  
 Blasphemer, braggart and coward all,  
 Little you reck of the numbing ball,  
 The blasting shell, or the "white arm's" fall,  
 As they speed poor humans home.



You spied for the Day, you lied for the Day,  
And woke the Day's red spleen.  
Monster, who asked God's aid Divine,  
Then strewed His seas with the ghastly mine;  
Not all the waters of all the Rhine  
Can wash thy foul hands clean.

You dreamed for the Day, you schemed for the Day;  
Watch how the Day will go.  
Slayer of age and youth and prime  
(Defenceless slain for never a crime)  
Thou art steeped in blood as a hog in slime,  
False friend and cowardly foe.

You have sown for the Day, you have grown for the Day;  
Yours is the Harvest red,  
Can you hear the groans and the awful cries?  
Can you see the heap of slain that lies,  
And sightless turned to the flame-split skies  
The glassy eyes of the dead?

You have wronged for the Day, you have longed for the Day  
That lit the awful flame.  
'Tis nothing to you that hill and plain  
Yield sheaves of dead men amid the grain;  
That widows mourn for their loved ones slain,  
And mothers curse thy name.

But after the Day there's a price to pay  
For the sleepers under the sod,  
And He you have mocked for many a day—  
Listen, and hear what He has to say:  
"VENGEANCE is mine, I will repay."  
What can you say to God?

Reprinted from the London *Daily Express*.

## A Merry Christmas Just The Same.



LL was silent in the study hall this evening. Each student seemed wrapped in thought over the many prospects which the next few days offered, for, be it known, that there were left but thirty-five hours before the ushering in of that grand old feast of Christmas. Any of the boys could tell you the exact interval of time which had to be passed within the college walls before they were allowed to rush for the early morning train. Even big Tom, who always managed to hold last rank in class, forgot for a moment his hatred for mathematics, and had it all figured out before him.

But there was one among the number whose mind seemed worried. For fully half an hour he had sat thus, a pad, a pen and ink spread before him, but they were still untouched. He was lost in thought, and not till the large clock had struck eight did he come to realize that the study hour was quickly slipping by, and that but a short time remained till dormitory.

Still he could not decide. "Should he or should he not?" The night mail would soon leave, and the question which bothered Jack was this: "What kind of a message would it convey to his mother?"

At last the decision came, and with it a deep red blush on the boy's face, as he muttered, "I will." Without a moment's delay he picked up his pen and quickly scribbled these few words:—

Dear Mother,—Kindly forgive me if I do wrong, but as soon as I send this short note off to you I intend asking my chum, Charlie, to come home with me for Christmas. I know he is used to style and all that, but, Mother, he is nice, and I cannot bear to see him remain here all alone for two long weeks, while I shall be so happy at home and with you. I'll tell him we're poor and cannot give him a very good time, and I'm sure he won't mind. Besides, I'll give him all that Mr. Smith sends me at Christmas, and, perhaps, he will be happy. O, I'm sure he will. Best love till we meet tomorrow noon, and be sure to carry out all the instructions I sent you. Your affectionate son,

JACKY.

Soon this little letter was on its way, and the boys were hurriedly packing their suit cases to be all ready for the morning. Charlie Burton and Jacky Brown seemed the happiest pair of the lot, for, as you know, it did not take the boys long to fix up matters, and both could now see days of happiness, which, but a short while before, had prospects of being so lonesome.

These two lads had, even from the first days in college, taken a fancy to each other, and it being their first year there, with everything so much different from home, what began by being a mere fancy soon grew to close friendship. Charlie came from the west, and although slightly older than Jack, he nevertheless took a strong interest in his young eastern friend. Jacky was a manly boy, and poverty at home, along with a good training from his mother, had always taught him to be charitable. He lived in a small village close by, where his only living relative, his mother, worked hard to put him through his studies. It is true there was another son, but he had been adopted by an uncle many years before, when Mr. Brown had been accidentally killed, and since that time no word had come from them.

Mrs. Brown saved neither time nor energy in carrying out her late husband's wish, that their sons, but now their son, should receive a good education. Jacky had just reached the age of fifteen, and as he was well prepared in primary work he was packed off to college for the opening of the term in September. Many were the tears shed on that day at the separation of mother and son, and the hope of soon being together again was their only encouragement.

It was at this point that our story begins. A few hours more and that longed for reunion would take place. The mother, on receiving her son's note, was at first a little put out, for she knew what it would mean to invite a rich boy to their home, especially at such a time as Christmas, when he would be accustomed to enjoy so many luxuries. But later on she came to admire her son's feelings for this new friend of his, and accordingly she hastened to make all necessary preparations. A big dinner was already being prepared for Jacky, and it required but a moment to double the quantities.

It seemed as though twelve o'clock would never come. Two restless boys, peering from a frosted train window, surveyed the fields, which were rapidly flying past. A joyful mother stood on

the little station platform, now thickly covered with soft falling snow. A short distance off, well protected from the snow, was Jack's big pony sleigh, with his dog, his old friend Rex, standing impatiently in the harness.

At last the time was up. A sharp whistle, and around the bend came that big engine, proudly pushing aside the soft snow, and, like a large steamer, making her way through the unbroken path to the very edge of the platform. A cry of joy and Jacky leaped from the steps, forgetting, for a moment, his college friend. His mother was no less delighted, and the train had pulled far out from the station when they remembered that Charlie and Rex were being neglected.

But here their joys were not to end. Mrs. Brown, on being introduced to Charlie, stood astounded for a second, as though unable to believe her eyes. Then, with a loud cry of joy, she rushed forward, and, grasping Charlie in a close embrace, cried out: "Why, Jacky, this is your long lost brother."

I need not dwell any longer with these happy boys, or with their still happier bother, for fear I would seem intruding. Nor need I tell you the answers to all the questions asked that day. I will only relate this part of Charlie's story. It seems the rich uncle with whom he had lived in the west for a few years after his father's death had died, while Charlie was yet but seven years old. Mr. Burton's will left his nephew all his wealth, but with the restriction that he was to be placed under a guardian for three years and then returned to his mother, in whose name the money had been placed. Through neglect, Mrs. Brown's address had been mislaid, and so, when the time came to send Charlie to his mother, the mother could not be found.

Year after year her name and address were sought, but all efforts brought no result. Charlie was then sent to college, in the hope that while he waited there they might find out what was required. And now, through the kindness of Jack towards his friend, the happy family was once more united.

"And you told Mother you'd give me all you got for Christmas, did you, you awful boy?"

"Yes, said Jack, but I knew we'd have a merry Christmas just the same."

JOS. E. GRAVELLE, '15.

## Twelve Hundred for Your Own Son.

---

**I**F you are a student you know who Mike was; if not, I will tell you that Mike was our football coach, a tall, good-natured Irishman, the friend of everybody in the school. Doyle was his last name, but he didn't need such a thing as far as we were concerned, for everybody in the town knew Mike. He had directed the school team to three successive championships, and surely this was a sufficient claim to fame. Mike was a professional ball-player in summer, and finished his year's work with three months of coaching in the fall. Mike was fond of football, but he loved baseball, and no monologist ever had a greater variety of stories about the great summer pastime. These stories, fictitious or otherwise, were always interesting, and for the reason Mike was as strong a drawing-card among students as a circus parade.

There were five of us, all students, sitting around the gymnasium one October afternoon. Outside the rain came pouring down, dampening, among other things, our feelings. Our faces and our talk were about as cheerful as a hearse, each of us having some complaint to make about the way we were being treated by the teachers and by the world in general. The rain, of course, had cancelled the football practice, so we were not surprised when Mike walked in, and, having placed a new football in his locker, walked over and joined us. We all welcomed him as cheerfully as our feelings at that time permitted, and after this formality we dropped back to the same line of talk. Mike sat down and listened to us for a time. Our conversation soon began to drag in spots, and it was during one of these lulls that Mike tilted his chair back against the wall and began.

"Far be it from me," says Mike, "to take the part of a monitor, but I think what's the matter with you fellows is that you don't take enough interest in your work, and, believe me, it's the fellow who plugs that gets there every time. I don't suppose any of you fellows ever heard of Ned Squires, at least Mayor Squires? I thought not. Well, Ned would be a good model for all of you."

"Never heard of him," said "Mutt" O'Reilly, who was not

fond of advice. "There's a story to Ned's life," said Mike, and I don't think it would do you any harm to hear it." We all agreed that we would be only too tickled to hear it, but Mike wasn't particular whether we were or not, because, before we were finished talking he was off.

"I met Ned last year, when I was managing the Guelph team in the Canadian League, as good an eight-club minor league as there is on the continent. Last year was my second year there. I had heard of Ned the first year I was up there, but I never happened to run across him. He was one of those town patriots, you know his kind, that stands on a street corner with a bunch of cronies figuring how they can repave the whole town and still lower the taxes. Ned had the interests of Guelph at heart, and I think he would go without eating for a week if, by it, two or three new families could be brought into the town. If they had all worked as hard as Ned they would be holding the next world's fair at Guelph.

"I might have learned to like Ned if it wasn't for one thing. Ned hated baseball. This may sound pretty strange to you, at least it did to me until I heard the facts of the case, and then I couldn't blame the old fellow.

"It seems the old man had a son (Archie was his name), who was somewhat of a ball-player. He had played in the Guelph City League the year before, and he led the league in pitching. Whether this gave him the 'swelled-head' or not I do not know. At all events, he got the idea of being a big league pitcher. But his 'dad' couldn't see it that way. With him Archie was either to be the Right Rev. Bishop Squires, D.D., or, if not that, at least His Worship Mayor Squires. But this didn't appeal to Archie half as much as it would have appealed to him to win the world series with a home run in the tenth inning, in the deciding game, or something equally as sensational. He finished it all by skipping out one night, leaving a note that he was going to try out at a big league camp.

"Archie never wrote his father a line, and this nearly broke the old fellow's heart. You have heard of people who have had friends killed in a railway accident refusing ever to ride on a train. Because baseball had taken Ned's son, he naturally hated baseball.

"We were last in the league that year, though I never con-

sidered it was my fault. I was afraid some public school team would challenge and beat the bunch of players whom I had the misfortune to manage. I guess the management saw it was not my fault, for they signed me to again manage the team the next year.

"The following year I took the recruits and last year's remains to Fort Wayne for spring training, and they proved to be a pretty fair-looking organization. We opened the season at home on or about June the tenth. After we had marched up and down the field with a band at our head, the time-worn ceremony wherever baseball is played, the mayor walked out to pitch the first ball, and I nearly dropped dead when I saw who it was. Sure, you guessed right, it was Edward Squires, old Ned himself, and if enthusiasm and zeal count for anything, as they certainly do, he deserved the position. We trimmed Ottawa, the Capital City, that afternoon, and this tickled Ned enough for him to come to me after the game and tell me to keep it up.

"We did keep it up, too, until the middle of August, and then we struck a slump, dropping down to third place. I hadn't seen Ned since the opening game, and, to tell the truth, I was thinking more of my team than I was of him. What was my surprise, then, one August evening, to have him burst in upon me just as I was about to lock up the club-house. I could see by the look in his eyes that he was peeved, and I wasn't talking to him very long before I was sure of it. I just forget the words he used now, but the gist of the matter was that he wasn't going to have a team that represented the town of which he was mayor hanging down around last place.

" 'But I haven't got the players,' I told him.

" 'Get them!'

" 'But,' I came back, 'the club won't pay for them, and you can't get good players for nothing.'

" 'Get them and I'll see they're paid for,' snapped Ned; 'if you never do another thing in your life get a winning team,' and he turned on his heel and was off as fast as he came.

"I figured that where we needed reinforcement most was in our pitching department, and, taking Ned at his word, I decided to buy one real good pitcher. I had heard of a 'kid' pitcher by the name of Allen, who was burning up the Central League and incidentally filling the newspapers with praise for his work. I

decided that was my man, and I started out to get him. With him I decided we could just about carry off the flag in our league. They wanted \$1,200 for him, but I thought he was worth it, and I bought him. I got a letter from Fort Wayne, from whom I was buying him, that he didn't want to come to Guelph, but there was no alternative, so he decided to report.

"He sent me word that he would get into town at 10.30 a.m. on Tuesday morning. I sent him back word to come right to my house right away, and then I phoned to Ned to come up to the house at that time if he wanted to see the man his money had bought. Ned was there first, and he and I were sitting talking in my office when my wife opened the door and announced 'Mr. Allen.' I thought my young son had crawled around behind Ned and stuck a pin in him. His face was as startled looking as a fawn caught in its lair.

" 'Archie!' he cried, as he rushed into the outstretched arms of 'Allen.' I saw through it like a flash. He had bought his own son.

"Did we win the championship? Say, we couldn't lose. Those other teams might as well have sold their bats for all the hits they got when 'Archie' pitched. Was Ned tickled? He wanted to buy two more pitchers for me. 'What for?' says I, as tickled as he was himself, 'have you lost a couple of cousins?'"

J. A. GRACE, '16.





## An Exam. in Physiology.

---

Where can you buy a cap for your knee?  
Are there gems in the crown of your head?  
Is the coat of your stomach tailor-made?  
Will your shoulder-blades cut bread?

If you wanted to shingle the roof of your mouth  
Would you use all the nails on your toes?  
Do you think that the arch of your foot is used  
For a span of the bridge of your nose?

Would you say that your hands were a tropical land  
Because some palms are there?  
If you sailed through the alimentary canal  
Would you pass through the locks of your hair?

Do you think that the crook of your elbow  
Will ever be sent to jail?  
Or that the pupils of your eyes  
At their exams. will fail?

Could you build a ship on the slips of your tongue?  
Who plays on the drums of your ears?  
Who lives in the chambers of your heart?  
Who discovered the fountain of tears?

J. DORNEY ADAMS, '15.

## First Aid to the Injured.

---

**I**F we come to consider the great number of ways in which we may meet with untimely accidents we naturally conclude that every portion of the community should have a knowledge of first aid. Everyone knows of the daily accidents that occur on the battlefield, in the forest, in the street, in railway trains, on rivers, in boats and steamers, in factories, in mines, and in the private home. Some little, unforeseen accident occurs, some limb is broken, or some bad wound is made, and the first thing that strikes you is that the people around, the sympathizing relations and friends have not the least notion of what to do, the lucky person among the crowd is the one who is sent for the doctor. The one who remains behind feels that he is absolutely useless. When we see ourselves in this light we cannot but think well of those who propagate the noble work of first aid.

Very different is the case if people who have gone through the first aid course are at hand. In the street, in the home, or wherever it is, the first aider knows where to put the finger to prevent the artery bleeding the poor victim to death; he knows how to make a simple tight bandage and a tourniquet to prevent the bleeding going on until the doctor arrives; he, perhaps, knows how to improvise a splint out of a stick or umbrella, and a few pocket handkerchiefs, and, perhaps, knows what to do to restore the apparently drowned, because many have been saved by knowing just what to do in the first instance in case of apparent drowning.

Is there a single policeman in the whole of Canada, or of the Empire, who ought not to know, if he finds a man collapsed on the sidewalk, whether that man is in a state of alcoholic collapse or a state of collapse from want of nourishment? Is there a policeman who ought not to know what to do on finding a man in that condition, or with a shoulder broken, or an ankle sprained? Is there a fireman who should not be competent to administer first aid? Ought there not be in every factory a certain proportion of employees competent to render first aid? Ought there not be in every mine a certain number of people who would know what to do in the case of an accident?

Now arises the question, how is the knowledge acquired? The whole thing is extremely simple. The first aid course consists of fine lectures written by the greatest medical men, and in cases where possible the lectures are given by a doctor directly. The whole movement in Canada has really been undertaken by very devoted doctors. In Canada, during the last fifteen years, centres of this work have been established in Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa. There were a few lectures in Ottawa some time ago, a few lectures were not long ago delivered at Sydney Mines, there is a flourishing centre at Victoria, B.C., and classes at Berlin and London, Ont., and other places. Then there is the railway movement in Canada, which is very important. The Canadian Pacific Railway has done very well, indeed, having founded classes at several of their shops; they intend carrying out the work until every workshop and every crew will have people able to render first aid. The Grand Trunk are also turning their attention seriously to this question, and the other railways in Canada have all taken up this noble work.

In fact, after giving this subject a little research, it appears to me there is no other movement which so typifies that mixture of conservatism and practical common sense, which is, after all, the birthright of our race as this particular movement, which bands together the ordinary citizens to do a practical, helpful and common-sense act, the helping their neighbour when he most wants help.

C. T. SULLIVAN, '16.

# University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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No. 3

### CHRISTMAS WISHES.

Once more the happy Christmas season bids us hark back in fancy to the greatest event in the history of the world, and reflect on the manifold blessings which the birth of Christ brought into the world. Above all others, we of the Catholic faith should realise the value of our inheritance, since the touching symbolism and the majestic ceremonies of the Church bring home to us in so vivid a manner the greatness of the gift, and the love of Him who gave it. We, more than all others, should have a deep sense of our common brotherhood in Christ, and of the reciprocal obligations of charity and good will which result therefrom. Let us, then, endeavour to spread around us those tokens of kindness and good-fellowship which the spirit of Yule-tide demands, to increase the treasure of friendship and happiness in our own immediate circle. Let our

chant of "peace on earth, good will to men" ring out above the shock of armies and the boom of the murderous guns, that He, the Lord of the world, may stretch forth His hand over the warring nations, and create a deep and lasting peace.

To each and every one of our friends we wish, with all our heart, all the joys and blessings of this gladsome season, and pray our Lord, the Christ-child, to grant them a prosperous New Year.

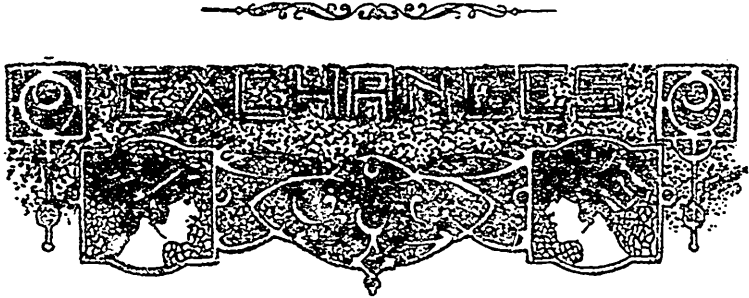
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### THE MEXICAN FIASCO.

Ever since the government of Madero was overthrown Mexico has witnessed a series of internal troubles unparalleled in history since France lived under the reign of terror. Revolutions and counter-revolutions have sprung up in every part of the country, which is now drenched in the blood of its own inhabitants, and the poor civilian populace is subjected to the unmerciful rule of unrelenting bandits.

No doubt the United States is more to blame for this than are the Mexican people themselves. True, Huerta rose to the position of provisional president on a bloody ladder, but his rebellion was merely a Mexican internal affair, with only Mexican interests at stake. On account of this Mr. Wilson should have recognized Huerta, so that he could have borrowed money and put down the numerous rebellions which sprang up almost simultaneously with Madero's downfall. But the American government took a different course, and secretly helped Carranza and Villa, two brigands, who, with their lawless followers, swooped down from the northern mountains, overthrew Huerta, and plunged their country still further into misery. Since these two murderers have gained ascendancy the state of affairs has become deplorable. They have done away with all order, justice and religion, and set up a government contrary to the laws of God and of man. Thousands and thousands of people have been outraged because of their religious convictions, churches and convents have been destroyed and robbed, bishops, priests and nuns cruelly tortured and murdered because they stood by what was right. Surely men of this type are not capable of guiding the destinies of a troubled land. If President Wilson had thrown his religious prejudices aside, and had sent men

to confer with Huerta, who understood the religion, the language, and the affairs of Mexico, most likely that country would be at peace today, instead of being enveloped in the flames of a civil war, from which she may never recover.



The October number of *The Young Eagle* contains two interesting and well written stories, "The Bell-Ringer" and "Discovered—A Heart." The qualities which mark the first of these are its brevity and the high interest it holds throughout. The writer draws us to a small village in France, and there pictures the heroic deed of a young hunchback in saving the inhabitants from an attack by German infantry. The second story, although not having these qualifications, is a good incident of a change in a girl's character brought about by a shy little Italian girl. The author of "Woman and the Ballot" comes to a conclusion in which is advocated "Division of Labour," that is, that man and woman should keep to the work for which they were intended, and divide their duties as they do at the present day. The first paragraphs, however, seem to imply that woman should be given everything, even the ballot, from the words, "is she not the most important player on the stage of life?" The several short pieces of poetry are good, and help much in making this an interesting issue.

In *The University Symposium* for the month of October there appears a very well written editorial on the present war. The editor, in the first few lines, gives a most interesting account of the cause and breaking out of this great struggle. Let us read what he says:—

"For years Europe has been a veritable witches' cauldron, in which a hell-broth more terrible than that of the weird sisters has

been constantly simmering and bubbling. Race hatred, commercial rivalry, national ambitions, dreadnoughts, and the lust of empire—these were some of the ingredients of the poisoned chalice. Royal blood was shed by the hand of an assassin, and this devil's pot boiled over, out went the fires of twenty centuries of civilization, a darkness as of midnight fell over half the world. Today, when untold millions of men are in arms, when the fields and meadows of Europe are drenched with the blood of her strongest and bravest, when only the weaklings and the aged are left to play the spectator in that vast arena, cruelly ironical seems the phrase, "survival of the fittest." Confusion now hath made his masterpiece."

*The Loyola University Magazine* is a welcome friend, rich in well worked contributions. This Chicago publication might well be proud to have on its editorial staff such fluent writers as the authors of the two interesting stories, "The Vengeance" and "Held by the Teutons," which are both a credit to this issue of the magazine. The first of these, "The Vengeance," is a splendid model of our short stories, in which we see only the most essential matter used. In this way the writer holds the reader's attention throughout, and not for a moment do we lose interest in the series of events which lead to the final conclusion. The other interesting story, "Held by the Teutons," has a well spread sense of humour running from start to finish, and this, picturing as ordinary what would otherwise appear most serious situations. The main personality, in himself, suggests all that is mirthful. The several selections of poetry, though all of them very short, are well worded and expressive. The writer of "Robert Hugh Benson" gives us a short outline of that worthy bishop's life and a review of his works. And, lastly, three pages of good editorials bring up that department to the standard set by the rest, and all unite in making a splendid showing for the first issue from the pens of the new staff.

A copy of *The McGill Daily*, dated Friday, November 6, was a welcome visitor to our exchange table. And for a good reason, since, on glaucing over the editorial page, we remarked, with pride, that the editor for this issue was Mr. T. J. Kelly, but lately of our own staff. Mr. Kelly, during the last few years spent at the University of Ottawa, distinguished himself on many occasions by his interesting contributions, remarkable among which were his proofs of poetical ability. And here we see Theodore in a new field, but

never failing to show that same racy style which he acquired in years long past. This issue of *The McGill Daily* is highly interesting, and certainly brings credit to its editor. Moreover, our student body finds it so, for there on the last page can be read a poem from the pen of Mr. Kelly, wholly as good as those which our readers last year enjoyed. Let's see!

## Home, Sweet (?) Home.

---

What is home without a mother?  
 Ah! but it's a lonesome place,  
 For 'tis brightened up divinely  
 By her smiling cheery face.  
 Mother makes a home attractive,  
 Keeps it free from every care,  
 (Of course I mean you understand,  
 When the mother remains there).

But, now she's off to some convention  
 Wearing father's shirt and hat;  
 Wishing to secure the suffrage,  
 To reform both this and that.  
 See the sink is piled with dishes;  
 No one's here to bake the bread,  
 While young Tommy plugs the baby  
 Full of little hunks of lead.

Arthur's fallen down the cellar  
 And he scraped his face a bit;  
 Jimmy's playing with some matches,  
 And the cat just took a fit.  
 See those prunes—they're surely burning—  
 While poor Dad looks worried bad;  
 But with mother out campaigning,  
 He has reason to be sad.

She will come back in the morning,  
 About half-past two or three,  
 After preaching some oration,



On why women should be free.  
Oh, these poor misguided females,  
Do they think it helps their cause.  
To be burning great cathedrals,  
Just to show they hate the laws.

If they wish to have the suffrage,  
Let them take a saner way ;  
Use lawful methods, and so keep  
Hubby's hair from turning grey.  
What is home without a mother?  
Do not tempt me brother, dear,  
Should I give you my opinion,  
Some rough language you might hear.

T. J. KELLY, B.A., Law, '17.

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## Among the Magazines.

The threatened famine in Belgium is a crisis of humanity. Thousands upon thousands of her people have been rendered homeless, and are now suffering for lack of food and clothing. The approaching cold weather will, of course, intensify the distress. The associations for its relief formed in this country are under able and energetic management, and it is hoped that by united effort Christmas may be rendered less agonizing and less sad for the unfortunate Belgians. No question of nationality or creed, no opinion as to the causes of the great war should lessen the sympathy of any heart among us, for a people whose need is so appalling. Nor should the magnificent Rockefeller benefaction serve otherwise than as an example and stimulus to those who count themselves poor, though in need of nothing.

An article in *America*, under the title of "Ireland and the War," tells us that in proportion to population Ireland furnishes the largest contingent to the regular British army in the present war. It also says that the relative proportion of Irishmen in the British navy is still larger, and that every really capable leader of

England's campaigns for a century, by sea and land, has been by birth or extraction, though not in principles and sentiments, almost without exception, an Irishman.

In the same magazine appears a short article in connection with Lord Roberts, who died in France on November 14. It says that he, who was called by the Kaiser some years ago "one of the finest soldiers of our age," was born in Cawnpore in 1832, that he was educated at Eton and Sandhurst, that in 1858, during his first Indian campaign, he won the Victoria Cross, and that in 1901 he was elevated to the peerage as Earl of Kandahar. It also says that for the last ten years Lord Roberts endeavoured, but with little success, to prepare his country for the present war, which he believed inevitable. Time has shown the wisdom of his counsels.

In the November issue of the *Scientific American* we learn that Dr. Fournier d'Albe has invented an instrument called the optophone, by which the blind may read.

In the same magazine we see, among the latest inventions, that a talking machine is now being utilized as a burglar alarm. This machine is started to give an alarm in the event of a window or door being opened by an intruder. It offers vast opportunities in the selection of exclamations and phrases designed to frighten away the would-be burglar.

In the *Missionary* appears a very interesting story entitled "the Convict." It relates how a convict, who was sentenced to death, and who was a hardened criminal, was converted and saved from the gallows by the prayers of two good nuns.

This story, of which every word is true, shows the great things which can be worked by prayers.

An interesting article appears in *America*, entitled "Not Anti-clerical, but Inhuman." It says that the worst spirit of French anti-clericalism is exhibited in the attacks of the Socialist press upon the nuns who are nursing the wounded along the battle lines in northern France. These devoted women are enduring all the sufferings and horrors of war for the sake of their country and of humanity. More than one has given her life in the work. Their crime is that they offer the consolations of religion to men dying and in pain. The hostile newspapers call this an unfair advantage taken by the Church of the opportunity the war has given it.

Not merely the hostile newspapers; the government itself is

displaying even bitterer hostility to the twenty thousand priests and the devoted religious women who are giving heroic service to their country. The men on the fighting line had shown too much appreciation of those priests and nuns, and their services. Hundreds of such reports as this come from the soldier priests: "Many officers and men come to confession during the night in intervals of the fighting, and I have a crowd at the Military Mass on Sundays." Another recites that on ten different occasions of danger he had given public absolution to the kneeling soldiers at their own request.

The leading article in the *Ave Maria*, under the heading of "Difficulties of Prayer," is from the pen of a pastor who was formerly a professor of theology; hence its solidity, clarity and practicality. It explains the chief difficulties of prayer, and shows how they may be overcome. Those especially who complain that their prayers are not heard, and those whose prayers are generally accompanied with distraction, would do well to give this article attentive perusal. No wonder prayer is so often without effect, since it must so often, as the Catechism says, offend God rather than please Him. The writer points out that it is impossible to avoid distractions—impossible, therefore, to pray well—if one's life is devoid of seriousness, given up to frivolity and pleasure.

There can be no question that the main difficulties in prayer are of our own making, and it is an inestimable benefit to have this fact brought home to us. A profitable reflection for many, perhaps most Christians, would be: So many prayers without attention, so many confessions without amendment, so many communions without love!



*Holy Bible.*—Messrs. Benziger have recently published a new edition of the Holy Bible, in a handy size and with large and easily-readable type. It contains numerous indices and references. It is, in our opinion, the best edition yet published for ordinary use. The price is, according to binding, from one to five dollars.

*The Prophet's Wife.*—Ann C. Browne, Benziger Bros., \$1.25. A gripping story of modern life, filled with dramatic episodes. Judge Lee had the courage of his convictions, and we follow him and his family with interest and affection throughout their tangled skein of difficulty and anguish, until peace and joy finally prevail.

*The Ups and Downs of Marjorie.*—Mary T. Waggaman, Benziger Bros., 45 cts. A pretty little tale, very suitable for the young folks. Such books as this might well replace a lot of the trash on which the children are regaled in these days.

*The Ivy Hedge.*—Maurice Francis Egan, Benziger Bros. Postpaid, \$1.45. Anything from the splendid pen of Dr. Egan is sure to prove a source of delight, especially to Catholic readers, and this, his latest work, is no exception. In what may be called a "problem book," he treats in masterly style of the complex conditions of modern social life, and hurries us on from one interesting development to another. It is essentially the work of a deep thinker and student of human nature, and to the priceless value of high and ennobling principles it adds the charm of a good story, told in exquisite language. We recommend this book as a Christmas gift.

*Pope Benedict XV.*—Benziger Bros. have just issued a fine picture of our new Pope. It is a very artistic reproduction in colours of Kaufman's splendid painting, for which His Holiness specially posed. The price is very reasonable—50 cts.—and the picture might well be in every Catholic home.

*Rambles in Catholic Lands.*—Rev. M. Barrett, O.S.B., Benziger Bros., \$2.00. This is an entrancing book of travels, written with a strength and simplicity which remind us of Washington Irving. The author guides us through the Catholic portions of Germany, Austria and over the Alps into sunny Italy, with beautiful descriptions of their historic fanes, and interesting sidelights on the character and customs of their people. The volume is handsomely bound, and will make an ideal Christmas gift.

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## Priorum Temporum Flores.

In military orders recently published, Mr. F. A. Landriau, '15, who is with the first Canadian contingent at Salisbury Plains, Eng., was raised from the post of color-sergeant to that of quartermaster in C. Company of the Second Battalion.

Mr. I. Rice, '12, has completed two years' theology in the Grand Seminary, Montreal.

Rev. Fr. M. O'Neill, of Richmond, graduate of a couple of years back, is meeting with success in his effort to erect a new Mission Church in the Goulbourn district.

Mr. S. G. Quilty, '12, has decided to study medicine, and is in his first year at McGill.

Mr. J. Deschamp, '12, is in his third year theology at the University Seminary.

Mr. J. Kellegher, of the matric. class of '12, is making a success of the cattle business in the west. Jack called on us when in Ottawa during the latter part of November.

Mr. J. J. Kennedy, '12, is with the Capital Life Insurance Co.

Mr. W. Label, '12, is at present in third year medicine at McGill.

Mr. H. A. Gauthier, of the class of '15, has successfully completed two years of his engineering course at Queens.

Messrs. R. Guindon and R. Glande, '12. are studying for the priesthood at the Ottawa Seminary.

Mr. C. Moreau, matric. '12, has taken up a homestead at Pierce River Crossing, near Edmonton. During the winter Mr. Moreau manages his cigar store in Edmonton.

Mr. J. A. Huot, '12, is now studying theology at the Grand Seminary, Montreal.

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## Obituary.

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The death occurred at Buffalo, N.Y., on Sunday, Nov. 15th, following a very short illness, of Mrs. Catherine Stanton, beloved mother of Rev. Fr. W. J. Stanton, of the University.

Besides Rev. Fr. W. J. Stanton, the deceased leaves to mourn her death Rev. Fr. J. Stanton, O.P., and Sister St. Catherine, of the Cross, and Sister Joseph, both of the Community of Grey Nuns. The deep sympathy of *The Review* staff is extended to our Rev. Prefect and the members of his family in their sad bereavement.

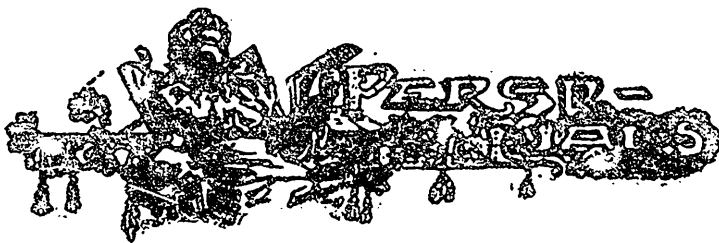
*The Review* extends heartfelt sympathy to Rev. Father J. L. Binet, of the University, in the sad death of his mother, which occurred after an illness of one month, in Hull, Que., on Nov. 7th.

Mr. Michael Leahy, of Franklin Centre, Que., has the deep sympathy of *The Review* in the loss sustained by the death of his sister, Elizabeth Maud, which occurred on Dec. 1st in the Hotel Dieu Hospital, Montreal, following an operation for appendicitis. R. I. P.

### PROFESSOR HORRIGAN.

We regret to chronicle the death of Professor Horrigan, whom many of our students will remember with interest and affection as their old-time teacher of elocution. After leaving Ottawa he taught at St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, and for some time past occupied the position of choir-director at the Sacred Heart Church, Sydney. On Sept. 19th last he complained of indigestion shortly before going to his office. A short time later he was found dying of heart failure. His funeral service was held in the Sacred Heart Church, Sydney, and his body was then accompanied by two Knights of Columbus to his home in Peabody, Mass. R. I. P.

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Mr. Frank Corkery, '10, a nephew of Rev. Canon Corkery, of Pakenham, who has been a student in both arts and scholastic courses here, will be ordained to the holy priesthood in Almonte Dec. 16th. Through the columns of *The Review*, the Fathers and students wish to express the sincere hope that Mr. Corkery will have all success in his new calling.

Rev. Fr. Walsh, Provincial of the Oblates in British Columbia, spent a few days in our midst during the latter part of November.

Rev. Fr. Rector, whose health has not been good for many weeks, has returned to the University to assume his duties.

Rev. W. J. Stanton has returned to the University after an absence of two weeks, occasioned by the death of his mother.

His Grace Archbishop Gauthier paid us a short visit during the first part of December.

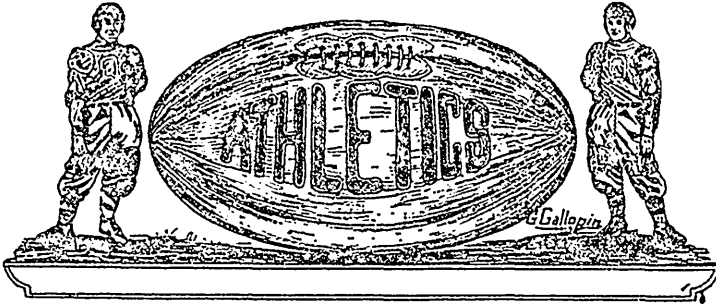
Frank Heffernan and Ed. Lajoie, while in the city with the T. R. and A. A. football team, paid a visit to friends at the University.

We are very glad to hear that Rev. Canon Sloan, who was very seriously injured last month, is on the road to recovery at Water Street Hospital.

Rev. Fr. O'Toole, of Cantley, while in the city a few weeks ago, visited friends at the University.

We had a visit last month from two of our old grads., "Silver" Quilty and J. Tallon.

Mr. B. J. Lee, who was operated upon Dec. 1st, is slowly recovering at the General Hospital.



The Intermural Football League, after the most successful season of its career, was terminated by cold weather and snow before the winners could be determined. The standing was:—

	Won.	Lost.	To play.
Federals .....	4	3	2
Wildcats .....	4	3	2
Shamrocks .....	3	4	2
Stars .....	3	4	2

If the games had been continued it would have required two double-headers, and then most likely another saw-off game before the championship could have been awarded. So in view of the fact that the two leading teams had just been decisively beaten by the other two, and that the latter were generally admitted to have at least an equal chance with the leaders, it was agreed, at a meeting of the directors, coaches, captains and managers, to decide the championship by the flip of a coin—Federals and Wildcats each flipping with one of the other two, and the winners flipping off. In this way the prizes can be awarded, the watch-fobs of the winners engraved before Christmas, and the banquet tendered the director, coach, captain and manager and best other player of each team.

Many players of ability were uncovered, and several developed into stars during the season. The play was very clean all through, and there was not one deliberate foul during the whole season, although the tackling was often hard, and there were some temporary injuries.

Several players from the Intermural League figured on out-



side teams in emergency calls. Ten of the St. Patrick O. R. F. U. squad that defeated T. R. A. A. 11-2 and put them out of the running were from the College. They were Nagle, Madden, Higgins, Rock, Cunningham, Adams, Doyle, P. Fogarty, M. Fogarty, Heney, Ward. When St. Patrick's II. won the championship of the City League, defeating the three times champion New Edinburgh team, 20-5, Carey, Moran, Heney, Genest, McIntosh, Otis, Foley, from the Intermural League, were in the winners' line-up.

A city series between Ottawas, St. Pats. and College had been arranged, and College were to have played off with the winner of the St. Pat-Ottawa game; but, unfortunately, snow and cold weather prevented the series. We could have put a very formidable team in the field.

The boards for two large rinks, each about the size of the Arena, are up. The boards are about three and a half feet high, and are painted a soft gray, with garnet trimmings. (The softness is in the colour of the paint, not in the boards. A body-check will hurt just as much this year as last.)

As usual, there will be an Intermural Hockey League, and our own particular penalty system and set of rules will be in vogue. Six-man hockey will be played, as it was our experience last year that dropping the extra man tended to develop speed. There will be three periods of fifteen or twenty minutes each; men may be replaced at any time; "bodying" will probably be barred—it breaks the sides of the rink and rubs off the paint. There will be a scoring system, by which a player making an assist will be given credit for it. Any statement, however, that a prize will be given to the player making the most "put-outs" should be accepted with reserve.

At a recent meeting of the executive of the association the following were appointed managers and captains of the four teams which will comprise the Intermural Hockey League:—

Captain, Nagle; manager, O'Keefe.

Captain, Behan; manager, Ward.

Captain, Madden; manager, Adams.

Captain, Heney, manager, Higgins.

The league will hardly get under way before the Christmas holidays.

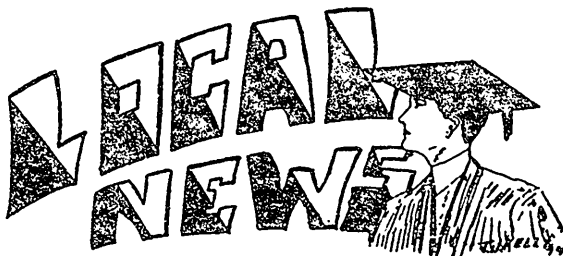
There will be a pool tournament, open to all members of the

association, after Christmas. The recent team tournament in pool started off with the following teams entered: Madden-Hayes, Duckett-McCann, Higgins-Behan, Robert-Poupore, Price-O'Keefe, Doran-Sullivan. Price and O'Keefe beat Poupore and Robert after a tie at the end of the series; Price also won the prize for the high run, with 27.

A boxing class will be started after Christmas. The entrants will be graded by weights—115 lbs., 125 lbs., 135 lbs., 145 lbs., and open, and there will undoubtedly be a rush of candidates.

Prospects for the hockey team are very bright. The team will tour at Christmas as usual, playing in New York, Boston and Cleveland, where they will meet the leading American universities, and probably some of the Canadians also. Of last year's team, O'Leary and Braithewaite are missing, but Nagle has been added, and will help make up for the loss of these two. Madden, Behan, Heney, Quain, Lally and Moran, of last year's team, will be out again, besides Doran and Grimes, of last year's squad. Robert, Carey, Cunningham, Ebbs, H. McCann, Brown, C. Sullivan, McNally, Hayes, Cully and Poupore, besides some new arrivals this year, will all be candidates. Indoor work is being done pending the opening of the rinks.





## DEBATES.

Nov. 2nd.—Resolved, that Italy should have come to the aid of Germany against the powers of the Triple Entente. The speakers for the affirmative were: W. Hayden, J. Lapensee and McDougall, for the negative; D. Adams, J. Robillard and A. Duckett. The judges were: Lally, McNally, Foley and Dolan. The negative won. Messrs. S. Hayden, B. J. Lee, A. Freeland and W. Doran spoke from the floor.

Nov. 9th.—Resolved, that there is no valid reason why the Canadian Government should refuse to admit Hindus into Canada. For the affirmative, L. Duffy, R. Quain and H. Fallon; for the negative, J. Leacy, F. Murphy and W. Hayes. The judges were: Duckett, Doran, Lapensee, Freeland and Brennan. The decision was awarded to the affirmative. E. McNally acted as chariman.

Nov. 23rd.—Resolved, that it would be preferable to make the Canadian Senate elective rather than to abolish it entirely. Messrs. Lee, Hammersly and Chisholm spoke for the affirmative, and Moher, Otis and Curtin for the negative. Mr. J. Fogarty was in the chair. The negative were awarded the decision.

Nov. 16th.—Resolved, that no doctor should be allowed to practice medicine without the degree of B.A. The speakers for the affirmative were Messrs. Nagle, Gannon and Armstrong; for the negative. McAuliffe, Lanthier and Bambrick. The negative won. Mr. G. Brennan acted as chairman.

Nov. 30th.—Resolved, that after the present war peace can best be secured by a restriction of armaments. The affirmative was upheld by B. Robert, F. Madden and J. R. Burke; Messrs. Kinlan,

Gilhooly and Tierney spoke for the negative. The judges were: Hayden, Ryan, Chisholm, Grace and Gannon. Mr. J. Grace occupied the chair. The affirmative was awarded the decision.

The Glee Club has done much to enliven proceedings at the weekly meetings of the Debating Society, and the members deserve a great deal of praise for the careful manner in which they prepare their vocal selections.

With the advent of winter weather the newly appointed rink managers, Messrs. Doyle and Corrigan, have put the rink in shape for flooding, and now all that is required to have ice is a drop in the temperature. A gang of men are employed in putting up the lighting system.

The new wing is rapidly nearing completion, and the professional staff will move into their new quarters immediately. We have been given to understand that the students rooming on Daly avenue will be moved to the rooms on Wilbrod street.

On Saturday evening, Oct. 31st, the members of the Senior Athletic Association gave their first informal entertainment of the season. Operations commenced in the yard, where a huge bonfire had been built. Everyone was obliged to appear "in disguise," and some of the costumes were gorgeous, to say the least. Among others, "Stout" Hayes came in a pompadour, and "Shadow Neck" Behan in a Ford. After a number of the local celebrities had been put through their paces by the strong arm squad, the crowd went to the recreation hall, where a short programme was put on. An attack was then made on the "German" hot dogs, rolls and coffee, in the refectory, and the enemy completely wiped out. Dancing was the next thing in order, and after "tripping the light fantastic toe" and incidentally stepping on everybody else's toes, the crowd suspended hostilities and betook themselves to bed.

A number of students, under the direction of Rev. Fr. Normannden, are busy rehearsing "The Upstart." The play will be ready for presentation in the very near future, and gives promise of being a success.

## Junior Department.

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Everybody is looking forward with eagerness and pleasure to the Christmas holidays and the happy prospects of being at home once more. Owing to the disagreeable weather, we have not been able to complete our football schedule, and, as a result, no games have been played for over a month. The team that won the championship is: Capt. Berthiaume, Rochon, Haoustalb, Potvin, Racine, Laporte, Coupal, Angus, Riché, Larose, Gadoury, Pothier, Horan, McKay, Wait, Paradis, Bonnehomme.

The first team football, and also the team that won the championship, had their pictures taken about a week ago at Mr. Dorion's studio.

The new boards for the rink have arrived, and they are all put up ready for use. The only thing that is needed now is a visit from our old friend, Jack Frost, and then the famous game of hockey will come into style again. Pool and billiard leagues have been formed by Rev. Father Cary, and many close and interesting games have been played to date. There are 44 teams in all, 22 in the seniors and 22 in the juniors. In the seniors, Dick White and Claude Boucher are in the lead, having won all their games so far, and in the juniors Poupore and Moel are heading the list, but there are many other teams close at their heels, and at any moment they may come to the surface.

Many of the French-speaking boys attended the banquet held in the big yard refectory on St. Catharine's Day, and they all report a very good time, especially, the lovers of the fragrant weed, who enjoyed themselves immensely after the banquet.

The excuse used to be "Please, Father, may I go out for a hair-cut?" but now it's "May I go out to get a pair of skates and a hockey stick?"

Everybody seems to be able to skate and play hockey here this year, and it should be a successful hockey season for the Junior Department.

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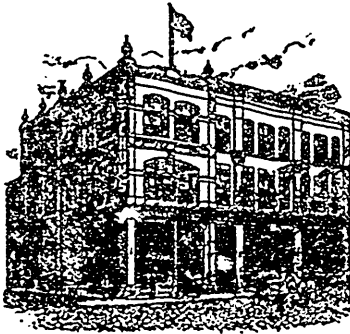
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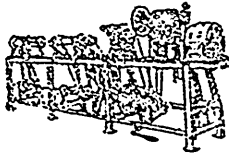
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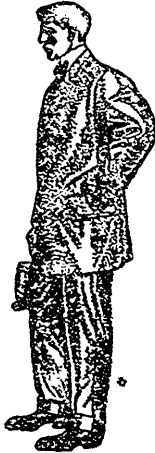
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