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UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW.



Of Special Interest

**Father Emery.
Book Reviews.
Electro-mechanics at
Louvain.**

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VERY REV. J. E. EMERY, O.M.I., D.D., L.L.D.,
Ex-Rector of the University of Ottawa.

The title is enclosed in a rectangular frame with ornate, symmetrical floral and scrollwork decorations on the sides and corners. The text is arranged in three horizontal bands.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW

No. 1

OTTAWA, ONT., October, 1905.

Vol. VIII

FINIS CORONAT OPUS.

THE celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, has been brought home to us in a special manner by the honor done our Rector at that august assembly of friends of Catholic education. As the event showed, the conferring of this degree came as a fitting close to Dr. Emery's work in our midst.

AN APOTHEOSIS OF MERIT.

Of the celebration in itself a word is due. It must be said that down in the Lower Provinces they have set a standard which we may do well to attempt at some future time to imitate. The maritime people are nothing if not practical and thorough, and their day of jubilee, from Rectorial address to farewell luncheon, was a distinct and encouraging success.

The Rev. President, Dr. Thomson, was particularly felicitous in his address, which evoked the spirits of Bishops Burke and McKinnon, the mighty dead, to share in the glory of the present ordinary, Most Rev. John Cameron, in the hour of success achieved. Speaking of the good such a reunion of classes and creeds was bound to do, the speaker pointed out a lesson of intercollegiate fraternity.

Seventeen students came forward for the B. A. degree and then the title of Doctor of Laws was conferred on a number of represent-

ative educationists and public men. Among these were John Francis Waters, of Ottawa, the distinguished lecturer, and Very Rev. J. E. Emery, O.M.I., the President of the University of Ottawa.

At 8 p.m. Dr. Morrison, of Charlottetown, preached the baccalaureate sermon, a magnificent apology for Christian education. Benediction was given by His Lordship and the *Te Deum* sang for the blessings of fifty years.

Ad multos et magnos annos Sister! The University of Ottawa rejoices.

THE AFTERMATH.

Like a bolt from the blue heaven came the word that our revered President, scarcely returned from the Lower Provinces was called to a new field of labor. Although the fibres of his heart had grown round the stones that have risen on the ashes of what has been, he, the strong one in command, knew best how to obey. Our duty it is here to award him a meed of praise "Let us" in the words of Ecclesiasticus "praise men of renown and our fathers in their generation—such as have borne rule in their dominions and by the strength of wisdom instructing the people in the most holy words."—During the time allotted to him the passing Rector has done literally wonders. A contemporary puts it very well when it says.

"It was in the presence of great difficulties that he devoted himself to the cause of education, but he knew how to use human means and how to obtain divine aid in the accomplishment of his worthy designs.

"He was a man above national bigotry with the interests of the University as he saw them at heart. A French-Canadian by birth, Scotch by education and American of twenty years' standing, he combined in himself the qualities of a man of the world and a priest of God. He looked to the interests of Catholic education in no restricted or limited sense, but was a man of large views and progressive methods. Under his regime the new Arts building—which will truly be his monument—has risen from the ashes of the fire of Dec. 2nd, 1903, the vast personnel has been kept together and the substantial sympathy elicited both of the Ontario Government and of Lord Strathcona. He leaves the University with a larger number and a better class of students than when he took hold of it. He was in-

strumental in establishing a course of Applied Science in connection with the Institution, in having the Business course in a separate building and in securing participation in the Rhodes' Scholarships. The minor details of University administration have also benefitted—as an example may be mentioned the entrance of the students into intercollegiate debating and intercollegiate football.

“Rev. Dr. Emery was among those appointed to prepare for the Canadian Plenary Council, and was recently given the degree of L.L.D. by St. Francis Xavier College, Antigonish. He had made distinct strides in the solution of racial difficulties, and will take his departure with the regret of all, irrespective of creed or nationality.”

How those nearest and dearest to him, the students of old Varsity, felt on hearing of his approaching departure, is well voiced in the address which they prevailed upon him to hear on the steps of the new building.

“The students of the University are grieved indeed to hear that in a few short hours their beloved Rector and father will no longer be with them. In the strenuous times, those never to be forgotten days succeeding the great fire of 1903, we have grown to admire and love you. We admire you for the qualities that have made you successful, your clear and comprehensive view of our needs, your untiring energy in furthering your plans for our welfare. We love you for the good you have done us in your private and public capacity, the generous treatment that has in our mutual relations been our constant experience, the lessons of moral conduct that you daily inculcated, the boon of your fervent prayers, the graces flown from your hand lifted in benediction.

“Ah yes, we remember your dauntless personality fronting so bravely the trials of those troublous times, and we thank God that at the critical moment we ourselves did not desert you. We rallied round you even as to-day. And God was pleased at the sight of filial love responsive to your paternal care : he leaned towards you and blessed you with that grace of hope and confidence which has made you invincible. Well may you repeat with the Roman :

Exegi monumentum ære perennius.

Quod nec imber edax nec aquilo impotens.

Possit cruet.

"So long as those majestic columns stand fronting the New Arts Building, they shall herald forth the story of the victory of sacrifice and zeal that sealed the destinies of the University of Ottawa.

"One word more—there is, dear Father Rector, a more lasting monument yet, that which you have built in the grateful hearts of your children. When we shall have reached mature years and perhaps grown grey in the special avocations assigned to us by the will of God, we shall be slow to forget the debt we owe you. To us you will always represent in the concrete all that is best in the ideal of the Catholic educationist and priest of God.

"We have taken advantage of this present occasion to present you with a slight, tangible token of our gratitude and love which we beg you to accept and treasure in memory of the students of 1905.

"Go forth, then, Soldier of the Cross, worthy successor of the saintly Tabaret! Go forth where God calls you, strong in the knowledge that your work here has been appreciated by all, strong in their good wishes, strong in their prayers!"

The students then presented a statue of the Blessed Virgin and the Rector feelingly responded.

On Monday evening the western-bound flier bore him away, still to do the Father's will, and in all probability on lines not alien to University interests.



Literary Department.

Lakes of the North!

(Written for the Review.)

LAKES of the North, flash out in sheen
Of silver and engirdling green!
White birch and fragrant tamarack,
Your lavish beauties vainly screen!

Lakes of the North, how quaintly ring
Those native sounds:— Temiskaming,
Temagami of jeweled sands,
And deeply-mirrored Couchiching!

Blue spaces of the happy sky
Reflected in your waters lie;
When in the hush of cloudless day.
The fretful loon makes eldritch cry.

The brush of Nature, free as air,
Shall touch your shore lines here and there,
Till deep with gold and rubies set,
The pure wave gleams a crystal rare!

Lakes of the North, tho' winter close
Your death-cold lips in mute repose,
Not all his icy blasts can chill
That glow your lover's bosom knows.

REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD.



"Christianity as a Natural Religion."



R. W. H. Mallock is always interesting, no matter where of he writes, but most of all when his subject is Christianity. As to his orthodoxy or otherwise, theologians must decide, not hastily, it is to be hoped, nor yet on narrow or unyielding lines. Such decision is, of course, wholly beyond my province, as it is wholly, or practically, beside our present purpose, which is, simply, to call attention to his article, under the above title, in the September number of the "Nineteenth Century."

Briefly, his contention is that Christianity, though originally made known to us by means of a Divine revelation, becomes, so soon as man assimilates it, a "natural" religion. He gives, by way of simile, the case of some savage tribe endowed with all the powers necessary for nutrition, but ignorant of the "art" of feeding. A white man, arriving among them, shows them how to prepare and how to eat, the food, for want of which they are in danger of dying. Such knowledge, as first given, is of the nature of a "natural" process. The illustration is striking if neither adequate nor convincing. Yet, to the layman, it would seem that, since our spiritual "appetites" are capable of feeding on "the sincere milk of the word", and even on the "meat" spoken of by S. Paul, the process of assimilation, "digestion," and "that ye may grow thereby" must be, in a very real sense, a "natural" one.

Mr. Mallock further draws attention to the parallelisms between Christianity and the "ethical paganism"—Roman, Mithric, Buddhist,—Which bears so startling a resemblance to the One Truth. This, again, is the domain of the theologian, but, even here the path is so plain that "the wayfaring man, though a "fool, shall not err therein." S. Paul, for one, will be found to have dealt with this point: "God left not Himself without witness" he declares, and further, that "in every nation, he that feareth God, and worketh "righteousness, is accepted of Him." He also speaks of men "seeking after God, if haply they might find Him;" indeed, his whole sermon, preached on Mars' Hill, at Athens, bears witness to the truths that underlay "ethical paganism." But, after all, S.

John's words explain this best of all: "That was the True Light
"which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world."

Our little systems have their day,
They have their day, and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

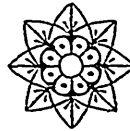
And even if Christianity should prove to be, as Mr. Mallock seems to assert, but one religion among many, it yet remains true, as he himself admits that its claim to be *the* religion rests on the fact that it is, of all others, the most "natural"; the one which, alone, satisfies, utterly and completely, every craving and desire of man's spiritual nature. That is to say, it is the food which God, Himself, has prepared for him. So that, should all be admitted that Mr. Mallock brings forward, Christianity stands not lower, but higher, seeing that it sums up and makes perfect, all that is good in human devotion to Him, who is:

Father of all, in ev'ry age,
By every clime adored;
By saint, by savage, or by sage,
Jehovah, Joye, or Lord.

We owe Mr. Mallock, therefore, yet one more debt — of prayer that he may follow, himself, the path which he has so clearly pointed out to others.

In conclusion; — Read his article.

BEATUS, O.S.B.



Florence Nightingale.

It is seldom one enjoys one's own epitaph. The very interesting story of the heroine of the Crimean war, written by Miss Tooley, is not an epitaph, nor is it in any sense mere fulsome eulogy, but it is generally deemed best to make all biography *post mortem* acknowledgments. This life of this valiant woman is written in such a spirit as to make it pleasant reading for the modest and gracious personality herself; not the easiest thing in the world to do, this telling people the truth about themselves without hurting their pride or overshadowing their dignified reserve.

It is easy, however, to understand that Florence Nightingale should be given a place of great honor among the heroines of history; and it is easy too, to see how suited are the names of Florence to this English girl, born in the flowery city of Tuscan, and why should not the name of the sweetest singer be hers? The real family name was Shore; her father was William Shore, of Derbyshire, he assumed the name of Nightingale by the sign manual of the Prince Regent, when he succeeded, in 1815, to his estates, that were his by right of his maternal relatives. This was five years before the birth of the daughter who was to make the name famous. Florence Nightingale's mother was Frances Smith of Parndon, in Essex.

The author of her fascinating biography is not a Catholic, but apart from a wee phrase now and then, no Catholic can hesitate to pronounce her book delightful. She says, somewhere in the course of the story, that these brave and generous women, Florence and her band of thirty-eight volunteer nurses, with the French, English, and Irish Sisters of Charity who made up the Corps, "were more truly the successors of the Apostles than all the Cardinals," we are not going to quarrel over that, and it is good to see how all these noble and fearless women served at Scutari and Sebastopol, etc, during the horrible siege, and after suffering all the incommodities of war, the rigors of the climate and the lack of means to save all whom they might have saved had the commissariat been properly managed. The eyes of the reader are apt to grow misty and a full feeling may be in his throat as he reads some of the chapters that tell of the dismal helplessness of these devoted servants of their suffering fellow-creatures; not the least

interesting notes are those that show Miss Nightingale in training with the Sisters of Saint Vincent de Paul at Paris, before setting out for the seat of war ; the most sisterly relations have always been kept up between this survivor of that fearful experience and all the Sisters. Some of the letters from the Sisters to their various convents and relatives show their "chief" to have been loved and venerated as a Mother Superior, though she says, in writing to the superior of the English contingent of Sisters of Charity, who had returned to the mother-house because of illness : " You know that I shall do everything I can for the sisters whom you have left me. I will care for them as if they were my own children. But it will not be like you. I do not presume to express praise or gratitude to you, Reverend Mother, because it would look as though I thought you had done this work not unto God, but unto me. You were far above me in fitness for the general superintendency in worldly talent of administration, and far more in spiritual qualifications which God values in a superior; my being placed over you was a misfortune, not my fault. What you have done for the work no one can ever say. I do not presume to give any other tribute but my tears. But I should be glad that the Bishop of Southwark (afterwards Cardinal Manning) knew that you were valued here as you deserve, and that the gratitude of the army is yours." Like the Sisters, she was tireless in ministering to the soul-needs of the sick and wounded, and especially of the convalescent. They all tried to promote the mental and moral good of their charges by providing them with rational means of occupation and amusement. Miss Nightingale was personally instrumental in establishing a *café* at Inkerman to serve as a counter attraction to the canteens. The men were gently urged to avail themselves of every chance to write to their families ; they were supplied by their kindly nurses with stamps and stationery, and who can tell how often it was the sad duty of these sympathetic women to break the news of the death of husband, son or brother to their anxious dear ones ! In view of the desolation now prevailing in the Farther East, these object lessons are of singularly timely value. We have made much progress in the way of the ambulance service, but the old God-like charity has not changed, and always woman will be ready to go to the succor of the distressed, but why should men not strive to prevent these horrors of war, each one more horrible

than the other since the Holy Alliance at Vienna, in 1815, pledged themselves to save the world from these fearful devastations, could they do it? Must there needs be war? Is that included in the scandals that needs must be? Who knows?

Fast falls the eventide for this admirable woman. She is now in her eighty-fifth year, and lives in retirement in her pleasant home in Derbyshire. His Majesty the King paid a graceful compliment to the lady, who is easily the most illustrious heroine in the English world, by conferring on her the dignity of a "Lady of Grace of the order of Saint John of Jerusalem." And only the other day President Loubet decorated a Sister of Charity. Thus the story goes on; the world is always redeeming itself by the manifestation of the sweetest of all truths: "God is love, and men and women are made to the image of God."

S. N.

The Informer.

(A page from "Glenanaar.")

Canon Sheehan's place in literature will be as a portrayer of Irish life. In this respect his niche will be high in the temple of Fame, on a level with the very best artist of the kind of any nation. In "My New Curate" and "Luke Delmege," he opened up a distinctively new field and achieved a wonderful success, and though the latest work from his pen may be classed as in a sense inferior to the works just mentioned, it is characterized by an exactness of delineation and a purity of style that place it far above like productions of Irish writers.

Glenanaar opens with a page or two borrowed from the history of Whiteboyism, the genealogy of which is thus succinctly but clearly stated:—

'Cromwell begat massacres and burning; and massacres and burning begat reprisals; and reprisals begat Penal Laws; and Penal Laws begat insurrection; and insurrection begat the Union; and the Union begat outlawry; and outlawry begat Whiteboyism; and Whiteboyism begat informers and judicial murders; and judicial murders begat revenge, *e da capo*.'

This brief bit of history and the introduction of the informer

are the basis of the story. It is impossible at the present time, especially for people living under such conditions as we do, to conceive the hatred, the rancor, the aversion, which the Irish people fifty years ago had towards the informer. A hatred so virulent and implacable did not confine itself to the individual who offended, but was the foul heritage of his children and his children's children. It is all brought out in frightful, living, detail in the present work.

Terence Casey an ardent Irish patriot, has it cast up to him at a hurling match, in the excitement of the contest, that he is the son of an informer. His mother, a gracious soul, was "*Cloumper Daly's Daughter*" and the terrible secret had been kept from him up to that time. The revelation literally made him a madman. That night he could not return home, but wandered to and fro upon the hills. Of what happened then, let us give Terence Casey's own recital of it many years afterwards:—

'I came down the following morning from the hills and entered the forge, and, without a word, flung off my coat, and put on my apron. My father and myself worked steadily on, without exchanging a word, until just about dinner time, when Donal Connor came in. He said: "I heard ye were near having a big row at the match yesterday, Ted. Who won?"

"'We won', I said, laconically, and went on with my work.

"After a few minutes, my father said:—

"'What was the row about that Donal speaks of?'

"I said nothing, but went on working.

"After a few more seconds, he again asked:—

"It must be a mighty secret whin you can't answer a civil question of your father.'

"I flung the sledge aside, and confronting him, I said, with very ill-concealed fury:—

"'Lave me ask you another question. What the devil possessed you to marry the daughter of an informer?'

.....

I turned swiftly and saw—and, oh, my God! the vision will never leave my brain,—neither Donal Connors, although he was within a yard of me, nor anything else in God's universe, but the pale face and staring eyes of my mother..... She said nothing, only looked at me with speechless sorrow..... and yet standing there in all my self-loathing I could not forgive her for the shame she wrought on me; I could not forgive her for the blameless disgrace she had inherited."

This lurid picture may be overdrawn in the blindness of strong national sentiment, but it shows, as the dark clouds scurrying across a sullen sky, the storm—the storm of feelings, too bitter to be acridly enough written, that was the consequence and the curse of centuries of misrule with its concomitant evils. This is only one page of Glenanaar, and a verry dark and repulsive, though easily comprehended, page it is. In the rest of the work other characteristics of the Irish people, more natural and more pleasing, are drawn into relief from the hazy indefinite back ground of the everyday actions, that make a nation's life.

S. E. L.

Development of Free Institutions in England

The English people did not come upon the liberty, they now enjoy all at once, nor did they always have what might even be called a pretence at liberty; we cannot say in a true sense "Britons never have been slaves" whatever of the "shall be." The institutions as they exist to-day, which mean justice, peace and prosperity to the people that enjoy them, are the outcome and development of a conviction long upheld by the people in the most bloody wars against tyranny and oppression. Government by the people has been proven to be the success that it is, in our own century only. It is shown by the wealth and contentment of the nations of the globe that have representative governments and therefore liberty; as compared to the condition of the nations that live under the iron rule of an absolute sovereign. The gradual decline of autocracy is held to be the result of a more advanced civilization, in which the people recognize and rightfully demand their rights.

The evolution of English liberty may be traced from the foundation of the Monarchy in 827. At this epoch was formed what is known as the council of Wise men, "Witana-gemot". The councillors were selected from the people to advise the king, who had supreme power. In account of his admitted supremacy, the king was under no obligation to act upon the advice of these councillors, so that in this council nothing more is shown than a feeling of good will between the sovereign and his people; but this was a beginning.

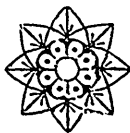
These conditions existed until oppression grew so severe that the nobles were unable to support the tyranny of the king and ac-

cordingly a combination was formed against him. King John was forced to sign and seal at Runnymede, in 1215, the Magna Charta, which is regarded as the great bulwark of English liberty even at the present time. Some of the more important clauses were 'that the people should have a voice in the levying of taxes,' and 'that suspects should have the right of trial by a jury of peers.'

In spite of Magna Charta the people still suffered wrongs. Relief was obtained through the Petition of Rights in the time of Charles I. The Petition stopped forced loans, and specified cases of taxation, in fact reiterated in a clearer way the Great Charter. Again the Bill of Right under William III limited the power of William of Orange, and forbade the raising of an army without the consent of parliament, the suspension of laws and the arbitrary collection of money. It asserted the right of the people to depose the king and change the order of succession, thus putting aside all claim to divine right.

In the Jacobite movement which followed party government had its beginning. Through the indolence and ignorance of George I. a cabinet was formed and Walpole became the first Prime Minister of England. On account of his great financial abilities, he was made first Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer. Henceforth it was the rule that the first Lord of the Treasury became the finder of the revenues expended by the other ministers. Any adviser who questioned his authority invited dismissal and thus he became Premier in his Cabinet. In 1837 the constituencies were redistributed, representatives coming from "rotten" boroughs were thrown out and their places given to members from the new constituencies. On this foundation rests the government of our day created for and by the people, grown with the industrial life of England, in which the sovereign is a useful figure head.

A. B. C.



Book Review.

"*The Ruler of the Kingdom*" is the title of a neat little volume by Grace Keon. It consists of a number of well written Catholic tales, each with a beautiful moral. In the attractive and aptly designed binding in which it is presented by Benziger Bros. it should make a very appropriate gift for the Christmas season.

W. F. C.

* * *

A DAUGHTER OF KINGS. By Katherine Tynan. \$1.25. London. Hutchinson & Co., Paternoster Row.

If every new novel were as sweet and fresh and strong as this latest from the exquisite poet and novelist, who is doing so much to justify the hopes of the new Irish school of authors, the outcry against the too rapid making of books would be stilled; here is a genuine Irish lady depicted by a twin soul, placed in English society but never in reality displaced from "Witch's Castle" at Ballincrusheen, between the sea and the mountains, where in the bright autumn days, we first walked with her, listening to the gulls cry in the gloaming and the pewits call across the bog, with never a habitation in sight except those which betrayed themselves by the glare of the windows throwing back the red sunset. The austere landscape, the well worn things in the castle, these were never relinquished by this daughter of kings, who could serve for money, yet be her true, queenly, lovable, bright and sweet self to the end. She that had been absolutely happy in the wild, Irish, forlorn and worn splendour; she had no desire to travel, to see fine sights and new faces and places. She distrusted change and travel as profoundly as did Thomas à Kempis. Even in Italy she had been homesick, but she can fill the position offered because "there were so many things Gran. needed which she was always going without." Well, she went and conquered. The end shows an "heir apparent with as fine a red head, as fine a pair of blue eyes as ever a baby was blessed with." He'll be talking Irish, says his Gran.

* * *

THE CRUCIBLE. A Catholic magazine of Higher Education for women.

This stout Quarterly is now in its second number. It is full of promise as to a long felt want at last filling. It is not so exclusively

feministic in its aims and means as to be of no value to men engaged in the great work of educating other men; one of the aims of the brave undertaking is to engage parents to enter more directly into the revival of interest in Higher Education. It looks—from the Editor's candid assertion in number two of this Quarterly—as if it would take some time to realize this particular aim; from this side of the water the situation does not seem so beset with difficulties and if there is a serious fault to be found with this English publication, it is the same fault that has always been found with English things—too insular. When will England grasp her imperial size and distinguish as to which sections do not relish being considered as colonial? The Crucible however has some pages of universal interest, but it will prove tiresome to the “colonials,” especially the Canadians, to be called upon to listen every three months to suggestions as to means and ways of raising the standard of Catholic Education. In spite of the snobbishness not quite invisible here in Canada, we don't feel alarmed as to the chasm between the “leisured class” and the working people, and we don't worry about the middle class trend our young folks may follow. The paper on “Will Power and Obedience” by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. is not of insular timeliness only. Always and everywhere it must meet the hearty approval of those who dare to call their soul their own. The paper runs on these lines: “How much of man's destiny lies in his own hand is evident from the history of every man and woman who has left a mark upon the world's life. Whatever speculations philosophy may have about the nature of moral freedom, it is certain that the power to choose and determine for oneself is the secret of all real greatness. Personal initiative and self-determination are as necessary to the saint as to any other successful individual; and the stronger these qualities are in the saint, the greater he appears to be, indecision, want of character and an indolent will have no part in the making of sanctity”—when he launches forth against the cheap books of devotion that are so capable of muddling one's interpretation of obedience, he says: “Were one to form one's judgment by these, it would be impossible almost to understand such men and women as Saint Francis, Saint Ignatius, Saint Teresa”

This publication is procured at 89 Woodstock Road, Oxford, also at Burns & Oates, London. Price, \$1.20 a year. The Editor is Margaret Fuller, well known by some recent books that make good reading in the cloister and by the hearth. S. N.

One of Mr. Parker's books "Pierre and his People" suggests a Review. A number of tales, through which we trace the adventures of a French Canadian half-breed in his wanderings through the great lone land of the Hudson's Bay Co., the Canadian North West—nothing more. We think the half-breed an unusual specimen of his kind; he is pretty and takes his beauty from his Indian side. Now, he is cruel and treacherous, planning murder; at another time, he is chivalrously lending his aid and risking his life for his friends. The best characters are made younger sons of English families who here come to the colony for adventure and perhaps fortune. The adventures of the half-breed gambler are colored in some cases with Indian tradition. Some of the tales are slightly interesting but the whole would hardly invite second reading.

Sir Gilbert Parker Bart was quite recently the guest of the Canadian Club of Ottawa at luncheon in the Russell House. The Canadian Club, as we know, is non-political and numbers among its members our most distinguished men, including quite a galaxy of brilliant intellects. Its laudable purpose is the advancement of the best form of Canadian patriotism, the development of the higher and finer national ideals. In complimenting the club, the author of "Pierre and his People" advocated a national art gallery. He appreciated the progress of the country during the last twenty years and looked to the best results from its passion for education.

Though Sir Gilbert was born in Canada on the 23rd of November, 1862, he is of English descent and while professing some attachment for this country, he seems to have a predilection for the land of his fathers for he made England his home and became a member of the parliament of the United Kingdom. He was knighted by King Edward in 1902 and is a prominent social light in the imperial capital. He is an anti-annexationist. In fact he has but little sympathy with our southern neighbors, and as a follower of Mr. Chamberlain in the country of his adoption is an ardent imperialist. Speaking before the Canadian Club he advised British settlers for Canada, a preferential tariff, and expressed his hope of closer imperial relationship, though he did not propose any scheme for its accomplishment or prophesy much special benefit to Canada therefrom. He also enliterated the notable—ought we to say notorious—ex-colonial secretary to some extent.

W. F. C.

THE VOYAGEUR. By the author of the "Habitant." *New York & London. J. P. Putman's Sons.*

It is very easy to endorse all that the English and United States reviews are saying about our Dr. Henry Drummond. A new book from him is, indeed, "a literary event" and more, it is an unfeigned delight to thousands; for us here in Canada, who know just which shoulder to shrug, just how high to arch the brows and just how to use both hands as helps to speech, we are more than glad to enter with our clever, sympathetic, good humoured Doctor into these close relations with the genuine French Canadian out of the higher schools as the kindhearted poet has done. This volume named from the initial poem, takes us into the more intimate life of the people, the tragedies and comedies of the quaint little homes that must, alas, in due time give way to the so-called improvements! Meantime, these homely chronicles will live to show what has been lost and gained as the years go by. This particular volume has deep sociological value, and all of us, who are appalled at the blackest evil of our time, must read easily between the lines of these simple pictures of domestic life how great is the disaster awaiting the people, for whom the home has lost its sacred significance. How exquisite, for instance, is the picture of the joy in the humble cottage of the glad father, who knows why—"M'sieu Robin wissle low."

W'en we see de baby lyin dere upon de bed

Lak little son of Mary on de ole tam long ago—

Wit de sunshine and de shadder makin ring aroun' hees head."—

Who that knows ought of the brave Canadian parents can be slow to believe that this father should make a small comparison when he declares that if:—he "sole his ole blind trotter for fifty dollar cash, or win de beeg'cs' prize on lotterie," or if some friend should bequeath him "fines house on St. Eustache" he could not be happier than at the advent of his "petit Dieudonné" who, he is sure, "will waken up some day an be as bad as little boy Bateese." Then see in "the family Laramic"—why so many of our sturdy people take to the water.

"Look at ba-bee on de little blue chair, w'at youtink he's tryin' to do?

Wit' pole on de han' lak lumberman, a shovin' along canoe.

Dere's purty strong current behin' de stove, w'ere its passin' de chimley stone,

But he'll come roun' yet, if he don't upset. So long he was lef' alone."—

This child, like all who had preceded him in "dat little blue chair", began "no sooner he's twelve mont' ole; to play canoe, to paddle ar' push de pole, to "hawl- de log all about de place, for "de storm las night was carry away de boom". Ah yes the boy will take to "de reever" and his "moder"—"she'll sit by de shore w'en de evenin come, and spik to de reever too:

"O, reever, you know how dey love you so, since ever dey're seein you,

For sake of dat love bring de little boy home once more to de moder's knee.

And mebbe de prayer I be makin' dere will bring dem back to me."

Of course it will, as for the poem: "Yankee families," it is quite possible that Mr. Roosevelt may be minded to decree that it should be taught in every class of day school and Sunday school in the "Jan' w'ere de king heeself can't spen' lak Yankees is do, but w'ere de lied. chil'ren are not heard, except w'er de oder folk have come workin on de state—w'ere you see "petite Marie, little Joe, an Angélique, Hormidas, an' Dieudonné."

But now "dem gang of feller dat's come across de sea. They're gettin' little smarter, an' he got the familie. So Uncle Sam mus' purty soon look out." It is hard to limit one's self to a few extracts, the whole book is to be read and re-read and pondered. Here's to Dr. Drummond!

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## Exchanges.

—

It is with pleasurable anticipation of a year of all-round good fellowship with our brother-editors, that we take up, the year's work among the exchanges. And that good fellowship, as being of students, cannot but be frank and hearty and sincere. In it, we know, we shall find encouragement. We want to make it our endeavour to add to encouragement.

We hope to be able to profit by the lessons we shall learn, and the inspiration we shall find, in the society of our confreres. We ourselves shall seek for the merit in all—and do our best to recognize it as it deserves. As for failings, mistakes or errors—well, these are things we must all fall into, even *we editors*. But, right here, we want earnestly to request of all, that they would point out

to us at least our chief mistakes. We do not wish to keep repeating mistakes (tho' we've done it thrice already); friendly criticism will show them to us and tell us how to avoid them. And that is what we wish to do. And, on our part, we shall aim at pointing out what we consider the mistakes of other college magazines. We shall always take, and give such criticism in sincerity and kindness of spirit. Let honest good-fellowship be our motto, and with this motto we enter into the society of student-editors for '05-'06.

The *Ottawa Campus*, from Ottawa, Kansas, comes first to hand. From even the most casual perusal of its pages, one is indeed convinced that, with the *Campus* and its editors

“Life is real, life is earnest.”

It stands for that earnestness so much missed in modern life. “It is certainly worth our while to cultivate within ourselves a character and high moral purpose, that shall be to all, the expression of some definite, living, enduring principle.” This is the lesson the *Campus* wants its readers to take to heart. “*Fit via vi*,” it adds, “in class work, association work, society work and athletics;”—That’s especially true of Rugby. Among the articles found in the *Campus* are such subjects as “Ottawa’s Opportunity,” (does it not seem a fit subject for ourselves just at this time, and, in fact, at all times?) “The strength and limitations of Ruskin,” “Religion in the Student’s Life,”—all evident interest and importance and all with *earnestness* for keynote. The article on Ruskin shows a fine appreciation of his great genius, and rightly judges that his work is “an influence, a stimulus rather than an authority.” But, if it is true that Ruskin’s soul “is as profoundly filled with a divine message as a St. Francis,” why did not that inspiration buoy him up to the last? It is but too true that that noble heart and exalted mind was filled with the blackest, most wretched despair and scepticism in the last years of his life. And the explanation of it can only be found in the fact that Ruskin relied entirely on the promptings of the noble in himself and others, so that, when he saw men still go on in their wickedness, he lost all hope in human nature. For he lacked that lasting hope that is founded on Faith and is found with Faith alone,—the Faith of a St. Francis.

In the *Notre Dame Scholastic* we find a genuine atmosphere of college life. It is certainly an excellent magazine. Its poetry is of a high order. The articles embraced range from the lighter nar-

rative to the philosophical essay. Locke's "Idea of Substance" is an able reputation of the errors of Locke's teaching. "Adrian IV and Ireland" is a discussion of the much-disputed question of the famous bull "Landabiliter." The writer well declares that the question can never be settled whilst vituperation takes the place of argument.

The three points dealt with are, the Pope's right to grant Ireland to Henry, the justice and the authenticity of the Bull. The first point we may take for granted. On the question of justice we fancy the writer has made some mistakes. He states that, in 1155, Henry II could only be supposed to be swayed by generous impulses to restore peace to the church in Ireland. The Pope could not question his sincerity, at that time. What, then, is the meaning of that letter of Adrian IV, written in 1156,—and certainly not written without due consideration, for Rome always acts slowly,—the letter to Theobald, archbishop of Canterbury? In it the Pope upbraids Theobald for giving way before Henry's encroachments on the rights of the Church. It can only mean that Henry had already begun the policy which was to end finally in the martyrdom of Thomas a Becket. Had the Pope, then, no cause to suspect Henry? We fear he had, and this part of the argument does not count for much.

As for the authenticity of the "Bull," we do not think that the writer's statement that "it is contrary to the opinion of nearly all authorities on the subject," that *some* historians deny the authenticity of the "Bull" is quite in accord with facts. We imagine that some of the very greatest, and many of the great, authorities are numbered among those opposed to the idea of its authenticity. We think, too, these men have *some substantial* evidence that the "Bull" is an exercise of a medieval student. It lacks the technical terms which are invariably found in Papal documents, and over these same technicalities, the greatest caution has always been exercised in the *Cancellaria*. Its structure is clumsy and unfinished, and it bears unmistakable evidences of being an attempt to model a Bull granting Ireland to Henry after the copy of the letter sent to Henry by Adrian concerning Spain and the Mohammedans. It has on the face of it every feature but the feature of a papal document.

The "Brief" of Alexander III, quoted by the writer as confirmatory evidence of the genuineness of the "Bull," has, unhappily, poor authority. Giraldus, its sole authority, could not write about Ireland without heaping abuse on her. And even this man admits that this very letter of Alexander is anything but of certain authenticity. So much, then, for the "Bull" and the "Brief." We might



add that the "Brief" has on its very face, like the "Bull," many evidences of being a forgery.

These are a few of the facts which lead us to a conclusion quite opposite to that of our writer.

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## A Hymn to the Queen of Heaven.

(From Faber's Sir Launcelot.)

Hail, Mary, hail ! O Maiden Mother, hail !  
In thankfulness, I lean upon the thought  
Of the mysterious chastities ; unsought  
Comes the sweet faith thy prayers can never fail  
In that high Heaven where thou hast been assumed ;  
And with this hope my spirit newly plumed  
Shines upward, like a weary dove in sight  
Of her lost refuge, steering by the light  
Wherewith thy name hath silently illumed  
The church below, cheering the gradual night  
The world hath forced upon the primal day  
Of our sweet faith ; and I on penance cast  
Till patient yearning should retrieve the past,  
May bless thee for the succor of thy ray !  
The light is vocal, wavering on the glass ;—  
The jewel midway in the braided hair,  
The eyes, the lifted hood, are speaking there,  
And o'er the lips the argent quiverings pass.  
She sings ! she sings, but thirsty silence drinks  
The heavenly sound before its burden sinks  
Into my listening ear. Hail, Mary, hail !  
Hail thou that art the haven of the heart  
Accessible in all our moods, a veil  
Obscuring not, but gifted to impart  
New aspects of the cross : though sin erase  
That sign from Heaven, before our downcast eyes,  
Which fall on thee, its sweet reflection lies  
Like a soft shadow in a moonlit place.  
Hail, Mary, hail ! O wondrous Mother ! pray  
To thy dear Son who takes our sins away !

# Science Notes.

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## THE ELECTRO-MECHANICAL INSTITUTE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF LOUVAIN.

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This establishment, situated on the street "Rue des Flamands" is the most recent of the additions to the Special Schools of Louvain. It groups in a large and commodious building a series of laboratories, where the student may investigate all the difficulties of modern electro-technics.

The institute possesses motor power in variety. A boiler of 32 square meters heated surface at 6 atmospheres pressure of the Cornwall-Galloway system runs a 15 horse-power steam engine of the Ridder--Bollinck type, and at the same time serves to heat the rooms, the pressure then being reduced to a tenth or so of an atmosphere. There is in addition an Otto-Crossley gas motor of 30 horse-power.

These two machines are placed with the experimental dynamos in a vast hall lighted from above. This hall, 30 meters by 10, will in time be furnished with a sliding bridge operated by 3 electric motors, for the handling of the machines.

The steam-motor works a dynamo of 10 kilowatts and the gas motor another dynamo of 18 kilowatts. These two generators may be used to charge the secondary battery with which they can be placed in a parallel combination, when strong currents are desired for experimentation.

Between the two mechanical motors and just opposite the switch-board, is mounted a group of transformers capable of furnishing monophasic or triphasic currents.

The hall is a regular storehouse of mechanical and electrical power furnishing a direct or continuous current up to 300 amperes at 110 volts, alternating or triphasic currents up to 10 kilowatts.

All the machines are used in the experiments of the pupils and help to understand the gear of a large workshop.

To the left of the hall are arranged in order four benches arranged for experimentation in the various actual types of electric machines, direct current generators, motors, alternating current motors and generators, tramway motors, transformers and commutators.

Among the constructors represented in this group are the following houses: Siemens and Halske, Pieper, Dulait, Helios, Fein, Allgemeine Elektrizitäts Gesellschaft, Vereinigte Elektrizitäts Werke, etc.

At the base of each bench are six binding screws, by means of which the student may avail himself of any kind of current, provided the proper connections are made with the generators of the storage battery. These connections are easily made by a secondary switch-board.

The pulpit makes the circuit of the machine to be tested, receiving from the director of the laboratory the instruments necessary, the resistances, fuses, etc.

Each student spends 6 hours a week at the machines.

The storage batteries are lodged in a room just behind the principal switch board. It contains a battery of 60 elements with a capacity of 325 ampere hours. Adjoining is a small room, for experiments in secondary batteries.

We next enter the shop where are to be found the machine-tools most needed, all set in motion by an electric motor. An experienced mechanic trains the students in the working of the different materials employed in electro-technical construction, with a special review of isolating and conducting substances.

On the ground floor is the photometric laboratory, furnished for the study of incandescent and arc lamps. The student compares the different lighting systems,—oil, gas and electricity.

The first story is reserved for the general measurements, and a lecture hall.

The hall of measurements, 22 meters by 10, contains all the currents necessary for measurements of amperage, electro-motive force capacity, self induction, hysteresis, etc., which forms the base of the technical education of the engineer.

The lecture hall has room for 72 students ranged amphitheatre wise. The lessons are illustrated by a projection lantern.

On the second flat is the museum, where a collection of samples relating to electricity is preserved, a hall for delicate tests and finally a room for experiments at high tension. Here are found

transformers which have a range of voltage anywhere between 110 and 20,000 volts.

Among the experiments made in this last mentioned chamber are, the piercing of different insulators and the measuring of transformers. The students become accustomed to precautions necessary in the handling of high potential currents. Every apparatus or wire conducting the high-voltage currents is enclosed in a glass case, the door of which in opening breaks the circuit automatically.

To complete its scientific equipment the electro-technic institute has furnished a drawing room, a large one, very well lighted, where the student finishes four series during the last year—a series of drawings in connection with the wiring of a house, another for a direct current dynamo, another for an alternating dynamo and finally a system of traction—in all, 9 hours a week.

The nature of the equipment already suggests the teaching done. The programme includes, 3 principal courses; the general electro-technic course, a special course in alternating currents and a course of electro-technical construction.

The theory is concretised as much as possible, each chapter ending by a mathematical application; the experiments in the laboratory and the schemes done in the drawing room together with a series of excursions to the different factories in the neighborhood complete the practical part of the course.

The course is four years for electric specialists.

Such is the splendid effort being made by the Catholic University of Louvain, the direction of the important question of technical education. What Louvain can do in little Belgium, Ottawa can do in magnificent Canada.

W.



# University of Ottawa Review.

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PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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

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Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

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Vol. VIII.

OTTAWA, ONT., October, 1905.

No. I

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#### ENGINEERS.

In connection with the accomplished establishment of Engineering Courses at the University, the reader will find the article on page 21, Science Notes, encouraging.

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#### A SLIP.

One of the best informed monthly publications in the language is the "Dolphin" of Philadelphia. When however in its last issue the reviewer speaks of Professor Rutherford of McGill University, Toronto, we cannot but quote the populations of two of our villages and the distance between. Montreal counts 376,000 souls, Toronto 326,000 albeit some small ones, and 333 miles yawn between the two centres.

### THE SABBATH.

If we search the Scriptures from Genesis to Revelation we shall find concerning a Sabbath to be observed nothing more than the Mosaic prescription concerning Saturday. Our Divine Redeemer did not change the decalogue, nor did he attribute to his Resurrection-day a special observance. Who then lugged in this Sunday we hear so much of? Who but the teaching church, of her traditional authority! Refreshing to find that after all the Sunday was 'made in the Catholic Church'—Beware of imitations.

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### THE TALL TIMBERS.

We in Canada can no more with truthful accent sing 'This is the forest primeval,' for swinging axe and leaping flame have well nigh swept upland and swale of the 'murmuring pines and the hemlock'. Yet "Canada possesses one of the largest areas of virgin forest of any country in the world and is ranked by European experts, first or among the first of the important sources of the world's timber apply for the future." The words in inverted commas form the opening sentence of an appeal issued by the honored prime-minister with a view to the assembling of a convention to study the best methods for the preservation or renewal of our forest areas. The best minds of the country will give it thought, the Universities being specially invited. This move on the part of Sir Wilfrid is patriotism simon-pure. What better place for the meet too, than the "Lumber City."

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### ROUNDELAY.

In the old Talmud  
 An egg is tabooed  
 If laid by the hen *on Sunday*.  
 And Cotton Mather  
 And Co. would rather  
 Not have hot meals *on Sunday*.  
 And at the College  
 To best o' my knowledge  
 They're dropping kicks *on Sunday*.

## OBITUARY.

It is our sad duty to record the death of Leo Poupore, who was the victim of a drowning fatality at Prescott, Ont., where he was spending the summer. His parents formerly lived in Ottawa and he attended the college for some time. For several years prior to his death, he had been following a brilliant course in law in Montreal. He died aged 21 years. The Review tenders its heartfelt condolence to the bereaved relatives. *Requiescat in Pace!*

We have also received news of the death of Louis Weldon who attended Ottawa College back in the 8 o's. During his course he was a favorite and is said to have composed the Varsity cry, V.A.R. At that time he lived in Pittsburg but some years ago moved to Denver for his health and died there during the month of August. To his sorrowing friends and relatives we offer our sincere sympathy. R. I. P.

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### REQUIEM MASSES.

A most commendable tradition is that of class requiem services. On the 13th of October an anniversary requiem mass was sung in the college chapel for the repose of the soul of Leo Gagnon, of Montreal, a member of the commercial graduating class of '92 represented in the city by Peter Connolly. The class of '92 remembers its friends.

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### AN AUTUMN LEAF.

Where is the victory or sting of death  
 When beauty smiling thus yields up its breath?  
 Or is it rather death's pale face all flushed  
 With lust of triumph o'er the life that's crushed?  
 Or faint reflection of the coming light  
 That steals like dawn from out the grave's black night?  
 I only know, poor leaf, thy burial shroud  
 Like yonder sunset tinted cloud  
 Is woven with a beauty strange and rare—  
 And if 'tis death, then Death is passing fair.

L. J.

# Our Alumni.

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## Quisque Suos Patimur Manes.

In college life as elsewhere, while outward successes such as degrees, medals and honors of all sorts, are not determined wholly by ourselves, yet, what permanent things we carry away from college, to what measure we have succeeded in educating ourselves, have been most emphatically the result of our own free choice. For education is primarily of the will. "Whatever we are able to will we are able to learn to do." And as our will is free, our failure or our success, in a word, our destiny, has been, and ever will be borne in our own hands.

Not only do we say fond farewell to kind sacrificing teachers, and whole-souled college chums, but chiefly to the life which they represent. Have we succeeded in our course, or is the judgment of the cynic right, which claims that students on leaving college quickly divide into two classes—those who have learned nothing, and those who have forgotten everything. It is indeed true we shall soon forget our Greek mathematics, just as we have forgotten our Greek. But that is of little import. The question is, have we been cultured, have we acquired character, have we formed that habit of mind which lasts through life, and whose attributes, according to Newman, are freedom, equitableness, calmness, moderation and wisdom. As he says, the object of education, is to open the mind to correct it, to enable it to know and digest, master, rule, and use its knowledge, to give it power over its own faculties, application, flexibility, method, critical exactness, sagacity, recourse, address, and eloquent expression.

It does not require much consideration to see that this work of education and of culture cannot end with the college course. B. A. diplomas proclaim us youths of good promise—nothing more. If at college we have learned how to learn, acquired the habit of study, we have deserved our degrees. And if we have acquired the habit, we are now ready to commence our real study



and our real education. Closing day is the graduates' commencement day of a new life of study, more earnest and more efficient than that which they have finished, because it will be the result of their sense of duty alone and their own uncontrolled self-activity. The world will then be their college and the universe their university. They will no longer exist in a class, but henceforth must be their own companions and their own rivals.

We bear our own destiny, that is to say, success consists in being, not in having, and as Bishop Spalding says, 'we are worth what our knowledge, love, admiration, hope, faith and desire make us worth.'

What ideal then shall we choose? Whether we know it or not, we must be dominated by some ideal. The supreme law of all life is growth; With plants and animals it is material growth; with man, primarily intellectual and moral. This is our ideal. Of this growth we ourselves are the architects. This growth is the supreme end of education, and it were folly to think that it ends to-day. This is our true vocation, and all else unless they lead to this are but avocations, do not call us away from our true destiny—the height we could grow to.

LAVAL.

### Priorum Temporum Flores.

It cannot but be gratifying to the Faculty as well as to the friends of Ottawa University to know that, out of the modest hundreds of our graduates as compared to the thousands from the more pretentious institutions in this country, the number of those from this seat of learning, who have gained eminence in church and state, in business and literary pursuits, is equal if not greater, in percentage to that from the other universities. So far as those who have already attained distinction are concerned, we are satisfied and reasonably proud of them. We now look forward with eagerness to see what will be the success of those who have but recently gone forth from their *alma mater*.

We were not a little pleased to hear that Dr. Sarsfield Nagle, a former student and one of last year's fourteen, has begun the practice of medicine in the city. Dr. Nagle has always proved himself a good student both here and at McGill. The faculty last year

acknowledged his talents in appointing him professor in physiology. His lectures on that subject were highly interesting and instructive. We are confident that Dr. Nagle will meet with success.

The news comes from Rome that Mr. John J. Cox of '02 matriculating class, who is now in the American College in the Eternal City, has taken honors in philosophy. This news will be gladly received by a large circle of friends. The unassuming, good natured disposition of Mr. Cox made him admired by all, students and professors alike.

In Germany the University of Ottawa has two representatives in the person of Mr. J. J. O'Gorman '04 now at Bonn, and Mr. Michael P. Burns '03, formerly student at Louvain, also at Bonn. Both Mr. O'Gorman and Mr. Burns were in their day editors of the "Review" and both contributed no small share towards making it a success. We trust that the talents they displayed as editors and essayists will prove advantageous to them in the near future.

With pleasure we record the fact that Dr. Thos. Costello, a matriculant of 1900, and afterwards a student in medicine at Queen's has gone to Calgary to practice his profession. Dr. Costello was a brilliant student here as well as at Queen's, where he took first honors in surgery. The "Review" tenders to Dr. Costello its best wishes and trust that his success will be proportionate to that of the world famous district, the golden West.

At the Commencement Exercises in June were present a number of recent graduates. Among them were three priests from Renfrew diocese, viz.: Rev. J. Breen '00 Rev. J. R. O'Gorman '01 and Rev. J. Warnock, '01. Mr. Michael Foley '00, a prominent hardware merchant of Syracuse, N. Y., Rev. John Meehan, of Gananoque, Elias Doyle, of Hawkesbury, were also with us.

Rev. Jos. McDonald and Mr. D. Rhéaume, both of whom were in the city recently, have returned to the Grand Seminary at Montreal.

Mr. Felix French of '02 matriculating class and one of the star wing men of the '00 and '01 football team was in Ottawa a few days ago. He has returned to Toronto to complete his course in dentistry. Mr. J. Lonergan, another old boy, will accompany him.

Mr. Wm. Kennedy of the '04 matriculating class and Mr. W. Murtagh of the same class left Ottawa last week for Queen's University, Kingston, to enter upon their second year in medicine.

## Athletics.

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Another season has dawned upon us, and, as usual, football is the all-important topic in the sporting world. But the gossip concerning the great college game proceeds along different lines to those of the past; for our team is no longer a member of the Q.R.U. Owing to membership in the Inter-collegiate Union our connection with our old and tried players of the city is cut off and we are left to our own resources to bring out a team in garnet and grey which will be composed of students only. Any reader may well realize the difficulty of the task in hand when they consider that our Athletic Association has not half the number to choose from that our opponents have nor have we the giants of which other Universities boast.

Nevertheless difficult as the task may be, the Athletic Association has consolation in the fact that it has acted as it did, in the interests of the students themselves, of the graduates of the university, and in the best interests of good, amateur, college sport.

Everywhere our latest move is meeting with the heartiest approval, but nowhere is more enthusiasm manifested than among the students, and more particularly among the footballers themselves. This last statement is verified by the fact that every evening since Sept. 17, two full teams have donned the padded togs for practice on the oval under Coach Clancy's eagle eye.

Our peerless coach admires the perseverance of the players and smiles at the efforts of the different candidates as they strive for a position on the team.

A general meeting of the U. O. A. A. was held on Wednesday, September 13. Custom had it in past years that one or two of the old members of the Executive remained at home after vacation, but this year is one of the rare exceptions. All the executive returned. As a consequence no elections were held at the meeting. The history of the football team was reviewed, the famous struggles of the old heroes were listened to with keen interest and when the tale came down to the present the entrance of the football team into the C. I. R. F. U. was greeted with rounds of applause. After speeches were delivered by the Rev. Director and the President, the meeting was about to adjourn when Mr. Clancy appeared on the scene. He was heartily received in the usual way and after he had given the

boys a few words of advice all dispersed hoping that at the next meeting they would welcome the Inter-collegiate champions.

At a private meeting of the Executive held a few days ago, Mr. C. J. Jones was elected manager of the first team and Mr. M. O'Neil manager of the second fourteen. Both managers are already at work trying out new material everyday especially in the intermediate ranks.

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#### A WORD OF ADVICE

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It seems to certain optimists to be a foregone conclusion among the boys that we have already a team that can easily win the Inter-collegiate championship. This opinion should not be held by anyone and such is the advice of those who know a little about what our oponents are. Our team is destined to have a hard battle to fight, every game, for our opponents are heavier and more experienced than the majority of our men and moreover they are trained to the minute.

It is but right to expect a good deal of our team. Place your confidence in our own men, but expect no more than what they are able to do. The holding of such opinions often leads to trouble afterwards especially if the coveted object is not attained. All the team asks is the undivided support of the student and then if it is not successful in the end, let us be the first to congratulate the victors.

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#### THE INTER-COLLEGIATE SCHEDULE,

1905.

- Oct. 14 — Queen's at Toronto, McGill at Ottawa.
- Oct. 21 — Ottawa at Queen's, Toronto at McGill.
- Oct. 28 — Toronto at Queen's, Ottawa at McGill.
- Nov. 4 — Queen's at Ottawa, McGill at Toronto.
- Nov. 11 — Toronto at Ottawa, McGill at Queen's.
- Nov. 18 — Queen's at McGill, Ottawa at Toronto.

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Practices are being indulged in every evening and an interesting contest goes on for many of the positions on the team. All are candidates for premier honors but the most conspicuous are: Du-


rocher, Gleason, Bawlf, Costello, Joron, Ed. McDonald, Sloan, Sweeney, Collin, Smith, Gorman, Brennan, A. McDonald, Filiatreault, Jones, J. B. McDonald, Lajoie, and O'Neil.

Where is the enthusiast who composes the football songs. Every year we have favored our spectators with a few good college airs and it is really an enjoyment for them. But the effect produced upon the players is still greater. There is nothing which will set a player's blood a-going so quickly as the sound of a college song or a good old yell. When hard pressed it prompts him to do or die and in the open field it urges him onto greater efforts.

—So now clear your throats and practice.

It is a remarkable fact that, of the men playing senior football to-day, the following experts received their primary training in the small yard: Joe Gleason, Callaghan, Richards, Jimmie Murphy, Durocher, Bawlf, Dick McGee, Jack Freeland, Quinn, Filiatreault, Harry Smith, Sloan and lastly but by no means the least we may name the famous Eddie Gleason. Let the present small-yard pig-skin chasers master the fine points of the game, for undoubtedly it will be the role of some of them in the future to defend the laurels which we hope old Varsity will win in her first year in Intercollegiate company.

Father Brogan, '81, now stationed in South Boston, called on us the other day. Naturally he found things changed. The sight of the old grand-stand, hoary in its whitewash, developed in him a reminiscent mood. He spoke with animation of the day when College played Harvard, and confirmed the story told by Father M. F. Fallon, of "Red Breeches Riley". Although rather won over to the game as expounded across the line, Father Brogan, the justly famous "tackle" of olden days, admits that we have a fine crowd of husky fellows with the same old snap. Anent the origin of the Varsity yell, he refers it to Ex-Senator Sullivan,, U.S., now dead, then a student with him here.



## Of Local Interest.

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Of last year's graduates Mr. J. E. Burke has entered the Paulist Seminary at Washington. Messrs. A. L. McDonald and R. Lapointe are with us still, the latter having entered the Diocesan Seminary at Ottawa East. Mr. J. J. Freeland has secured a lucrative position on one of the leading New York Dailies. Mr. J. C. Walsh will enter a Science course at McGill, while Mr. R. J. Byrnes will take a year's vacation before entering Osgoode Hall.

Mr. J. T. Torsney, ex-'06, has donned the cassock at Dunwoodie Seminary, New York, and Mr. S. J. Harvey, ex-'07, has done likewise at the Seminary of Philosophy, Montreal.

Rev. J. R. O'Gorman, '01, paid his Alma Mater a short visit last week.

Mr. H. J. Macdonald, '04, has entered Osgoode Hall.

Mr. J. Morris, commercial course, '04, is making quite a reputation as an athlete. At the Caledonia games in Glengarry last month, he captured the high jump and the 100 yards dash, beating several prominent Montreal athletes.

Messrs. J. V. Meagher, '04, J. T. Harrington, ex '06, H. H. Dooner, ex '05, and H. Letang, ex '06, called at the University on their way to the Grand Seminary, Montreal.

Mr. F. W. Grey of the Archives department, late professor of English Literature at the University, leaves shortly for New York where he has been engaged in connection with the compiling of the Catholic Encyclopaedia.

Rev. W. J. Kirwin, a former prefect of discipline and warm friend of the students has been transferred to Holy Angel's College, Buffalo.

Rev. Fr. Roy has returned to the University and is again promoting the success of the business course.

On their return, the old students were glad to see the genial face of Rev. Fr. Quimet behind the desk of the Prefect of Discipline for another term. The Rev. gentleman takes a deep interest in everything that concerns the boys, and is always ready to help along anything that will tend to promote their well-being, particularly athletics.

Rev. Fr. Turcotte has charge of the junior department this year.

The choir is being reorganized under the able directorship of

Rev. W. Stanton. Owing to the unsettled state of things since the memorable fire, our choir has hardly been up to the standard of former years. Now, however, we have a permanent chapel, and we will expect better things of it.

A handsome chapel has been fitted up in the basement of the Science Hall. Although it does not compare in beauty with the one destroyed, it is much appreciated by the students who were put to a great deal of inconvenience attending St. Joseph's Church.

Now is the time for the organization of your societies, boys, so "get busy", as yet, the Athletic Association and the Debating Society are the only ones to make a move. The others will do well to follow the example. It is high time for those interested in the Debating Society to get to work, since the Intercollegiate Debate is now not far distant. Also it is to be hoped that those responsible for the fortunes of the Scientific Society will not repeat their discreditable showing of last year. With the advent of a science course, there is no reason why this society should not thrive this year.

Pres. St - - n requests all those who have occasion to leave *bouquets* at his door, kindly to attach their *cards*, so that he may acknowledge the receipt.

The Very Reverend Father Emery, O. M. I., D. D., has well merited the congratulations of both students and public for the New Arts Building which has been erected under his supervision. This building, which is modern in every respect, is an honor to the University, the City and the country.

The University will devote special attention to the study of Science, in its various departments, Physics, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Geology, Zoology, and Engineering. The Review extends its best wishes to the new department of Applied Science, which is but a stepping-stone to greater achievements.

Explanatory of the action of the members of the graduating class re the reorganization of the Debating Society it may be stated that these gentlemen had a private meeting for the consideration of class matters scheduled for the some date and hour that the worthy ex-secretary chose to call the meeting. Considering that the latter gentleman had slighted them in refusing to postpone said meeting the 7th Form men refused to attend. However since a fairly representative executive has been chosen and since it is to our common interest to stand together and make the thing a success the Upper

Ten have magnanimously condescended to recognize the society as organized. The executive may count upon the loyal support of the class of '06 and it is to be hoped that all the philosophers will display a kindred spirit in the various duties that fall to their lot during the year.

Our local right-half who hails from Lindsay refuses to be put out of the game, though a dastardly assault was lately made on his nasal appendage. Jack is good stuff.

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### HIS EXCELLENCY'S VISIT.

On Thursday, the 28th September, the University was honored by the visit of the representative of the Pope. His Excellency celebrated the Mass of the Holy Ghost, and addressed the students assembled in St. Joseph's Church. His encouraging words formed a fitting close for the exercises of the annual retreat so well conducted by Rev. Father Fitzgibbon, C. S. S., and Rev. Father Corbeil, of the Cathedral. His Excellency dwelt on the need of character and firmness in the battles of life and exhorted the students to remain true to the lessons learned day by day under the beneficent influences of Alma Mater.

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### VISIT OF ARCHBISHOP DUHAMEL.

On Sunday, October 8th, the University was honored by a visit from His Grace Joseph Thomas Duhamel, Archbishop of Ottawa. Being about to depart for Rome, to pay his respects to the Holy Pontiff, he desired to spend a few hours in his beloved Alma Mater before leaving. The students, hearing before hand of his intended call, prepared to give him a hearty welcome. Accordingly they met in St. Joseph's church, where His Grace spoke to them. Had the place of reception not been the House of God, His Grace would have received a hearty college cheer. But on account of the sanctity of the surroundings the welcome had to be of a quiet though none the less sincere nature. Messrs. W. P. Derham and C. E. Séguin approached the altar and read addresses in English and French respectively. The students wished Mgr. Duhamel a pleasant voyage, and asked him to convey their good wishes to His Holiness Pius X. In his reply the Archbishop thanked them for their addresses, and



promised to fulfill their request. He complimented the Rector and Faculty upon the manner in which they were succeeding with the New Building, and finished his remarks by granting a grand congé, which was greatly appreciated by the boys. Then having given benediction, His Grace was entertained by the Faculty of the University.

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### FAREWELL TO FATHER EMERY.

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Though it had been rumored for several days, it was not known publicly until Sunday October 8th, that our beloved Father Emery was to be relieved of his duties as Rector of the University. He came here in 1901, and under him the University flourished until the great fire of 1903; after this disaster it was through his ability that our Alma Mater rose grander and more beautiful than before. After the terrible disaster, the obstacles to be overcome were enough to discourage many a man; but the dauntless courage of Father Emery overcame all difficulties, and the fruit of his success is seen in the beautiful University building of to-day. His friends are many, and of all denominations; and to his popularity may be attributed many of the donations received by the University. His motto was: "Nothing but the best is good enough for the University of Ottawa," and a visit to the palatial New Building will convince anyone that he has followed out his motto to the letter. He was a very religious man and was specially devoted to the Blessed Virgin: the moral influence which he exercised over the students was very great. All will regret to learn of his departure; but will be pleased to hear that in the future he will be connected with the University in the work of raising funds.

The students could not allow Father Emery to depart without making some outward manifestation of their devotion to, and love for him. So, on the afternoon of Monday, October 9th, the Reverend Father was requested to come to the door of the New Building; when he appeared he was given a rousing V-a-r-s-i-t-y cheer, then three of the students advanced; one read a beautiful address, and the other two made the presentation of a handsome travelling case, and a bronze statuette of the Blessed Virgin. In the address was expressed the sorrow of the students at losing their Rector, who was their best friend, and whose sacrifice and zeal had accomplished such wonderful results in the rebuilding

of the University; and moreover the gratefulness of the pupils for the many moral lessons given by him. In reply, the retiring Rector thanked the students for their good wishes, and said that his work here had been greatly lessened by the hearty cooperation of the Faculty and teachers. In conclusion, he said, that in the future, as in the past he would always be the friend of the students, and promised to treasure their tokens with care. Three hearty cheers were then given for Father Emery, and the gathering dispersed.

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### An Ingenuous Undergrad.

(The trio mentioned in these letters came here in September, 1904, from New York. They were chums. Thomas Barton, James Wagner, and Willie Hughes. Their general appearance was dignity and innocence combined, but, I thought I detected a mischievous gleam in the eyes of all three. My suspicions proved to be well founded, for, in a couple of weeks, the prefects were heart broken with the tricks that were being daily played. They knew, and, in fact, all the student body knew that the trio was at the bottom of all, but, though the tricks were kept up all year until they became almost unnumberable, the offences could never be brought home to the three mischief makers.

"Foxy," the writer of these letters, was the brains of the trio. He was the greatest schemer for his age, that it has ever been my fortune to see. He could circumvent the college rules with the ease of an O'Connell. It did not take the student body long to recognize his abilities, and he was immediately dubbed "Foxy." "Spider," derived his name from his climbing abilities. There was nothing ever made in the shape of a wall, or a fence, or a pole, that "Spider" couldn't climb. One had but to see Hughes to know why he was called "Angel," for he had a face like one of Fra Angelo's cherubs. When he was plotting mischief, his face took on even a deeper air of holiness. I had marked this characteristic so carefully, that I often astonished him when he had on a more sanctimonious air than usual, by whispering mysteriously into his ear, "Don't do it, Angel."

I was apparently the only one whom Foxy would trust, and he made me his legal adviser. Many a night I laughed until the tears rolled down my cheeks as the two, seated in my room, told me of the last trick they had played. I am afraid I most villainously abused their confidence by advising them not to return this year. I felt lonesome for Foxy, however, and made him promise to write me every month. With apologies for the slang he uses.—[Ed.]

Dear Father,

You see I am keeping my promise about writing you every month even though you did call me "The Prince of the Terrible

Three." Well we three are still together. You see Pa rented a cottage up here at Peawankee Lake and rather than have his little boy lonely (I shed copious tears for two hours) he asked "Angel," and "Spider" to come up and keep me company. I am not the least bit lonesome now but sister Marguerite says we are "the bane of her life," or some phrase like that, that she learned at the convent.

It is too bad you are not with us; we just make things hum up here. We had a swell time all week; the fishing and boating are 24 karat fine. We tried hard to be models of sanctity this week, but it seems whenever a fellow tries to be good, everyone gets down on him. Just now, half the people on the lake are sore on us—we are anathema, or something like it that you used to use in catechism class.

You see it happened this way: the yacht-club people up here have a nice club-house, and they were giving a bonnet-hop on Wednesday night. Well, on Wednesday afternoon Pa cruelly spoiled a good fishing trip and sent us up to the club-house to help them decorate. Like Admiral Rojestvensky, we went full of dark and deep thoughts of revenge, and having adjusted our faces to the proper funeral shape (gosh! but we did look like a bunch of undertaker's assistants) we looked up the main squeeze and told him that Pa had sent us over to help them decorate. Of course he bit like a shiner; (I wonder what makes some guys so easy). He put on a winning castor-oil smile and told us to go ahead. Well we certainly did go ahead. They were having a German orchestra for the evening, and a mut, in shirt sleeves, with plate-glass fronts, (the mut not the shirt sleeves) told us to "kindly awange the auchestwa chails, boys." We arranged the chairs all right but the seats looked dreadfully scratchy—hadn't had a coat of varnish since Washington crossed the Brandywine. Spider said it was a crying shame to make musical artists sit on such chairs as those, and Angel allowed it would be nothing short of a crime. We hadn't any varnish, but I remembered a pot of nice spruce gum that I had at home for mending the bottom of my birch-bark canoe. Angel thought it would be just the thing, so we chased Spider over after it. When he got back we put a medium quantity of gum on each of the seats,—and say, it did make them look fine.

In the evening Angel went over, just before the big show commenced, to inspect things finally. He found the first coat of gum partly dried up, so he undertook a second application. This fixed things in excellent shape for the band who after they arrived *stuck*

to their work and played like "Trojans (whatever that means) until twelve o'clock; then they started down to get some refreshments, but they *only started*. Every time they moved, the chairs came with them. Say, Father, I've seen lots of mad Dutchmen, but I never saw a bunch like that band in my life. They cursed straight ahead until they were out of breath and then they turned around and cursed backwards. I shoved my head out the nearest window and laughed until my sides ached, but Angel never raised an eyebrow; he kept a face on him like Brother Joe at prayers. Say, do you know, that fellow actually had the nerve to go up and sympathize with the bandmen. Talk about crust! Say, he's the limit. But I guess neither he nor Spider nor yours truly will ever do any more decorating around that boat club.

But that is not all; I now come to one of the most harrowing incidents of my life. When I think of it my heart aches, and so does another part of my anatomy too. And to think I meant so well. You see it happened this way:—

Pa called our cottage "Washington Cottage" and stuck a big gold label on the front porch. Pa thinks he's a hot patriot, but it's only a false alarm. As a patriot Benedict Arnold makes him look like a frost. But to come back to the cottage: Thursday afternoon I was lying on the grass in front of the house looking up at that gold label and suddenly there came a rush of brains to my head and I thought how nice it would be to be as noble as George Washington when he told his dear pa that he had cut down the cherry-tree. Why couldn't I be like him? I went into the wood-shed and got the ax; then I went down to the walk in front of the house and picked out the easiest tree I could find; it wasn't a cherry-tree but I didn't think that made any difference, (I know now that it did.) Well, I cut the tree down (it wasn't easy either) and then I hid behind another tree to wait for Pa. I didn't have to wait long; in about five minutes he came up the walk. You should have heard him when he saw that tree—he talked in two languages, Dutch, and Profane. Then he gave a fierce look about him and fairly roared." Who in thunder cut down this tree." Now is my time I thought, so I came out from behind the tree, and throwing out my chest like Frank Smith did in the show last winter, I said, "It was I, Pa, I did it with my little ax."

Well, Pa was very quiet about it; he didn't scold a bit. I guess he thought I was too old to be scolded like a child, so he hung me

across the fence and reasoned with me. The arguments he used were very *striking*. I *knew* what he was *driving* at, but I couldn't *see* it. As an argue artist I tell you Pa is hot stuff. What *strikes* me so *forcibly*, in Pa's method of argumentation, is his *stick-to-it-iveness* as Father—used to say. One *feels* the *force* of every argument, and he *touches* one's *feelings* so; why, he actually brought tears to my eyes.

I can't write much this time; it is a little sore yet to sit down long so good-bye until next time.

Yours in trouble

"FOXY."



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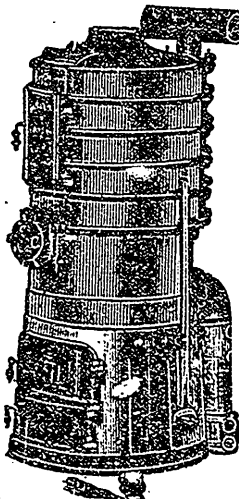
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