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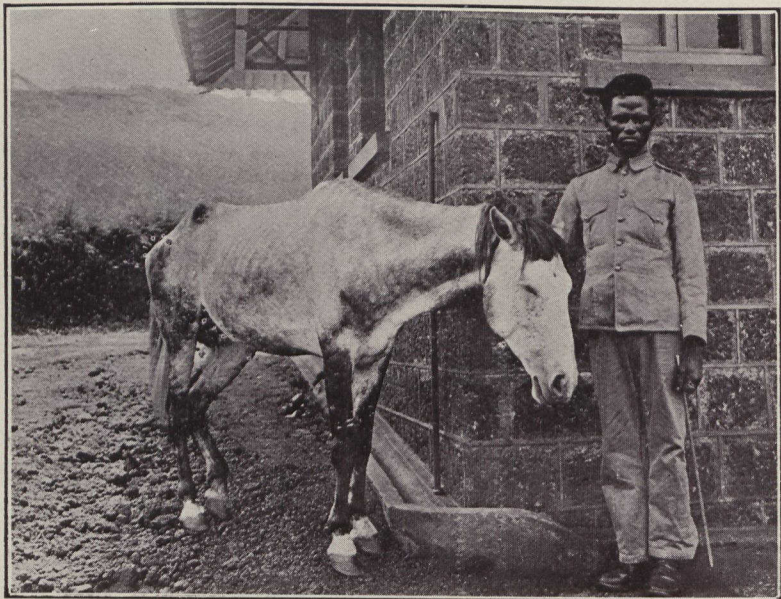
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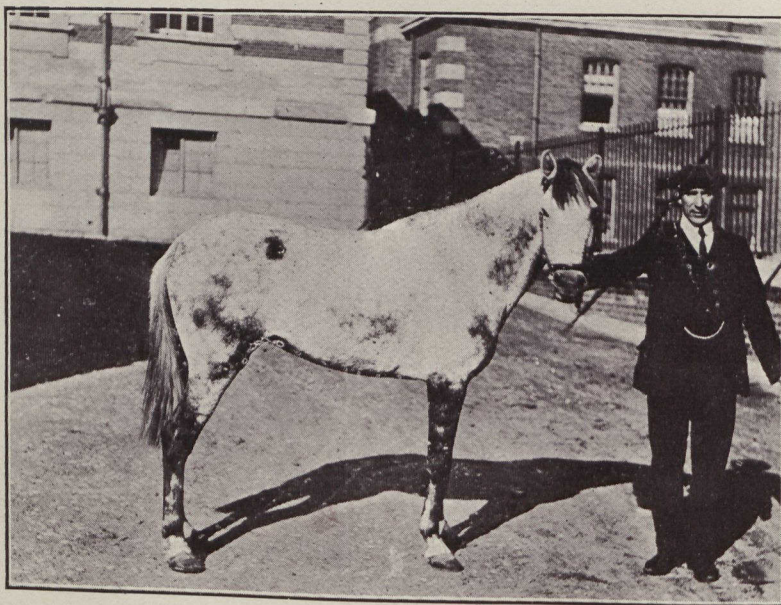
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"Sewi" dying. Sierra Leone, 29 December, 1907.



"Sewi" cured. London, 30 August, 1908.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA REVIEW

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No. 3

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

PISTOR : DE NATIVITATE DOMINI.

An English rendering, by FRANCIS W. GREY, Lit.D.

A Child is born in Bethlehem,
Rejoice! Rejoice! Jerusalem.
Here in a manger He is laid,
By whom the heavens and earth were made.
The stalled beasts before Him fall
And humbly own Him Lord of all.
The Kings of Saba, journeying, bring
Gold, myrrh, and incense to their King.
And, entering, humble homage pay
The New-Born Prince of Peace, to-day.
Born of a Virgin Mother, He
Flesh of our flesh is pleased to be.
Sinless, and free from ev'ry stain,
He comes to set us free again.
Man among men, to men akin
In all things—saving only sin.
That, as He deigned our flesh to wear
We in His Godhead might have share.
In this Day's glad festivity
Al! praise to God the Father be;
To the Most Blessed Trinity
All thanks and honour render we.

The Civilization of the 13th Century.

(Continued.)



WE are living in an age of industrial reform. Day after day the workingman is coming into a more equitable share of the wealth, in the production of which his labor contributes. It is something less than a century ago, however, that England, the foremost country of Europe in the progress of popular rights, removed the parliamentary restrictions that prohibited the combining of craftsmen for the purpose of bettering their wages. With the removal of those restrictions, there sprang up the labor unions which constitute the army of the craftsmen to-day.

But trades unions are no latter day novelty. Far back in the days when that perfect type of Pope, Innocent 3rd, occupied the papal chair, the Church organized the laboring men into honorable, chartered corporations, and in every way encouraged and assisted them in their pursuits. In those days when the Church was powerful and when she was free to exercise her beneficent and civilizing mission, and to mould social institutions according to her ideals, she bestowed on workingmen the most precious privileges and immunities. Trade guilds sprang up under her sanction in every city and quickly advanced to large power and influence. In the city of Florence at this time the arti or craftsmen became so powerful that it was impossible even for a noble to secure any public office unless he was enrolled among some of the major or minor arts.

President Eliot of Harvard, high minded and zealous social philosopher, as I believe him to be, has tried to preach to workingmen the gospel of love of work. But he is only echoing the counsel of the ancient Church. The men of the Thirteenth Century seemed to have applied themselves to their work in a spirit of love. We know, at all events, that they were contented with their lot, proud of their craft, satisfied and happy.

Europe in the Thirteenth Century was not Utopia. Misfortune, poverty, and oppression were no more extirpated then, than they were before or have been since. But poverty was regarded in a somewhat different light then. It did not make men the objects of ridicule and sneers. Moreover, they bore up with greater fortitude

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under the ills of adverse fortune, because they were more robust morally, and knew the use of that universal anodyne for all human ills, the abiding faith and hope in a hereafter. We have changed much of this. But have we found in the loss a gain to match? In the mediaeval world, the Church did not indulge in dreams or vaporous talk about humanity and the uplifting of the masses. Cold, systematized philanthropy was to her unthought of. She worked with individual men. She knew, as she always knows, that it is her sacred office to extend charity to all—to protect the poor against the ravages of poverty and disease and to shield the weak from the tyranny of the strong. In the Middle Age, the State or private individual never had to care for the poor. That sacred office was assumed by the Church. Wandering paupers and State-cared-for unfortunates were to be found only after that disastrous event of the Sixteenth Century which broke the unity of Christendom and interfered with the benign functions of the Church.

As I have remarked, organized central governments came into existence in the Thirteenth Century. But in order to prepare the ground for their establishment, the dignity of the individual and the family had to be raised. This work the Church accomplished by preaching the equality of all men in the eyes of God, by establishing the sanctity of marriage, and elevating the condition of woman.

That woman enjoys a position of social equality with man to-day and is not in the state of utter debasement and degradation in which she was in the old days of Rome and Greece, she owes to the Catholic Church of the Middle Age, and to the Catholic Church alone. Throughout all heathendom, Voluptuousness was worshipped as a goddess. But by Catholicism, maternity was made sacred, and the relationship of marriage sanctified. As a necessary consequence the position of woman was elevated.

In the Thirteenth Century, we find that many women rose even to large political and intellectual influence. Who is there who does not know that masterful woman, Blanche of Castile, who ruled the kingdom of France during the minority of her son Louis IX.; and the brilliant Isabella, who was unfortunately tied to that craven, King John of England? In the literary world of that time one of the brightest names is that of the famous writer of lays, Marie de France. There were no shrieking feline suffragists storming parliaments and legislatures in those days. Women gained respect and reverence by virtue of those gentle graces that make them the worthy objects of chivalry.

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Woman had her apotheosis about the Thirteenth Century. The reason of this is to be found in the words of a poet of that time, "It must be accredited to all women that the Mother of God was a woman." Women rose in esteem according as devotion to Our Lady increased, for the ardent devotion and veneration that was felt for her naturally extended to the sex of which she was the perfect type and exemplar.

Social philosophers may write ponderous and learned articles about the emancipation and elevation of woman, but the philosophy of it all is summed up in these few words, the Mother of God was a woman.

Summarizing in a few words the chief items of the world's political and social inheritance from the Thirteenth Century, we have an organized State preserving the spirit of feudalism, the Great Middle Class and the associated fact of town life, popular representative government, and the emancipation of woman.

It is a widespread notion, but a notion we are glad to say, which is gradually melting away in the sunlight of scientific historical inquiry, that the time from the Fifth to the Fifteenth Century was one long, dreary night of fetid gloom, intellectual torpor, and sterile inaction; and the first blush of the returning day of enlightenment was seen in that revival of classical literature of the Fifteenth Century, the revival that is commonly known as the Renaissance. But, as Emerson remarks, the darkness of those times arises from our own want of information, not from the absence of intelligence that distinguished them. It is only the most superficial student of history that fails to recognize in the Middle Age a period of immense intellectual activity.

The so-called Renaissance of the Fifteenth Century, was, no doubt, a period of unusual intellectual and artistic activity; but it had in it the seeds of moral, religious, and social anarchy. And after all, what was it in its most boasted features but a recrudescence of the decadent paganism of Greece and Rome?

The beneficent effects of the Renaissance of the Fifteenth Century have, to my mind, been magnified and exaggerated beyond reason. As I have said, it was a recrudescence of decadent paganism more than a revival of christian society. An error into which historians commonly fall is to attribute everything that may happen at any time to whatever movement may then predominate; for example, the marvellous Italian painting of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries is attributed to the Renaissance. In my opinion,

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it was simply the natural outgrowth of the life and thought of the Thirteenth Century rather than a result of the Renaissance.

The most noted feature of the Fifteenth Century movement was the revival of those poets who flourished in the later and decadent days of the Roman Empire. The great Latin masters, Virgil, Horace, Livy, and Tacitus, were read and taught, and appreciated, infinitely more than they are to-day, in the monastic schools of the Middle Age. Those who say the contrary simply betray a profound ignorance of the mediaeval schools. But then ignorance never deters some historians from spreading themselves in ink. It is often amusing to hear those lamentations over the base neglect of Virgil and the other Roman writers during the long years of the Middle Age. I wonder how many of those historical Jeremiahs, who wail these lamentations, could read Virgil. How many of the graduates of our classical schools to-day can read ten consecutive lines of Virgil or any of the Latin poets within an hour, without running to a dictionary for every second word? It might be more pertinent to ask how many people read our own great master, Shakespeare, once they have left school. Why not weep over the neglect of Shakespeare? It would certainly be more justifiable and infinitely more to the purpose.

Any effort after a new life, which we take a renaissance to be, in order to be truly beneficent, must be constructive, must be philosophic, must be spiritual. All this the revival of the Thirteenth Century undeniably was. Whereas the humanist movement of the Fifteenth Century was, as its warmest admirers must admit, destructive, contemptuous of philosophic guidance, and pagan.

In the christian Renaissance of the Thirteenth Century, minds that have no superior in all the records of human endeavor, were co-operating not for a revival of things which the world could only too well spare, and which, it was to the world's shame, had ever lived; but were putting forth all their forces in art, poetry, philosophy, and religion towards the permanent organization of society on Catholic lines. That their ideals were cast aside by succeeding generations, is one of the most lamentable things in all history.

A mere cursory glance at the intellectual life of the Thirteenth Century will give one some idea of what a vastly superior world this would be, and what a purer and more spiritual civilization we would now enjoy, if the work of that time had not been frustrated by the distressing events of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries.

We of this day and country lay the flattering unct'ion to our

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souls, that intellectually we are far and away beyond our ancestors. Self-depreciation is hardly our ruling passion. However, we may have some reason for our opinion. Let us see.

Prof. Barrett Wendell, of Harvard, writing in the *Cambridge Modern History*, says that the most striking characteristic of the United States to-day is its superstitious devotion to education. No matter where we look, we see majestic educational institutions. The finest buildings in this country are devoted to educational work. The means of education are countless and within the reach of everybody. But we fail to make an important distinction. Possession of means is one thing, and proper use of means is another and quite different thing. Some philosophic historian of the future may some day set it down against us that in our absorbing worship of means we were blinded to ends. Palatial buildings do not mean schools, much less do they mean education. It was said of Mark Hopkins, the eminent educator, that with him at one end of a log and an eager, intelligent pupil at the other was found a university. The remark is quite true. For what, after all, is education, in its nature and process, but the intimate personal influence of the mind formed upon the mind forming?

Education was, without doubt, less widespread in the Thirteenth Century than it is to-day; but I am inclined to think it was more genuine. Even at the risk of being thought reactionary and obscurantist, I state it as my conviction, that, if we were to throw away the art of printing, we would find that we have far less appreciation of genius, of wisdom, of poetry, and of art, than had the people of Europe in the days of St. Thomas, Roger Bacon, Giotto, and Dante.

The Crusades, those great movements of men, were, as the French historian Duruy remarks, followed by a great movement of ideas. This movement of ideas found its chief instrument in the universities. The Thirteenth Century must be regarded as the great age of universities; for, although a few of them existed prior to this time, it was only now they reached their full stature and were given definite charters and constitutions.

As can be readily imagined, they became the controlling force in philosophy, literature, and politics. But apart from that, they subserved a more important purpose; they continued and completed what was, no doubt, the most real, lasting, and beneficent result of the crusades—the engendering among those who took part in them of a spirit of christian fraternity and a sense of the common interests of all the people of western Europe.

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Feudalism had in it much of isolation. Each fief, barony, and kingdom was something apart by itself. The universities counteracted this isolation, for even the smallest of them were European rather than local. The cosmopolitan character of the student-body and the community of scholastic pursuits created an intellectual kinship which made brothers of all nationalities, so that a Frenchman was as much at home in Oxford as he was in the Latin Quarter of Paris. To the universities, therefore, next to the crusades, must be credited the Europeanizing of Europe.

Then, again, the universities were the democratizing and leveling agents of that time,—the greatest democratizing agents that had thus far appeared. Every one of them was a free commonwealth; the only pass-port required for admission, was the ability and desire to learn. They allowed no distinction of class; prince and peasant were on exactly the same footing. The only aristocracy recognized within their walls was the aristocracy of brains.

In the universities of those days, there were not, of course, so many faculties as we find in our institutions to-day. As a rule, each school devoted itself to some one department of knowledge—liberal arts, medicine, law or theology. The system of teaching was simple, almost exclusively oral. But what more effective teacher is there than the living voice? There was no attempt made at giving the student the whole sum of knowledge before he left the college walls. They aimed at a severe training of the intellectual powers. They realized, what modern makers of educational systems sometimes forget, that if the student has the root of knowledge, the branches and fruit will come of experience.

Primary schools were no novelty in the Thirteenth Century. They had already been in existence for many years. And in spite of the calumnious statements of the enemies of Rome, the church urged, even from the pulpit, the attendance of children at these schools. In the city of Florence in the Thirteenth Century, we find that out of a population of 90,000, twelve thousand were attending the schools. And yet those times have been called ages of ignorance and mental bondage!

Of course, there was a pretty wide prevalence of illiteracy in the Thirteenth Century, but not nearly so great as it was in subsequent centuries down to the Nineteenth. But then, illiteracy is not necessarily ignorance. Illiteracy, moreover, is not quite as extinct as the Dodo. We have a form of illiteracy to-day that is far more reprehensible than that of the olden time. It is "educated illiteracy" —

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the illiteracy which consists in bidding a final farewell to books and literature the very day one graduates from school. The illiteracy of the slums is bad enough. But of all the deplorable shapes of illiteracy, the illiteracy of the supposed cultivated man is the most tragic. To have the means of knowing the best that the choicest minds have seen, and felt, and thought, and not to know it, is surely mental destitution. May God protect the land the illiterate cultivated high school boy, or the illiterate college graduate is let loose on to drag it down to the prosaic, narrow level on which they themselves are doomed to live.

William D. Howells says that he has never been able to see much difference between what is called literature and what is called life. This was, indeed, true of the Thirteenth Century. Literature then was life. The people lived in the very atmosphere of poetry. Their times may not have been quite so safe as ours, but they were at least more picturesque. If a poor French peasant of those days should come back to life in one of our dismally prosaic villages or commonplace commercial cities, I think he would lose no time in quitting earth again.

One of the commonest sights of those days was the itinerant poet, or the gaily clad minstrel, singing snatches of lays as he wandered along from hall to castle. Every place he went he was welcomed with hospitality, even at the table of the king.

Literature and life are not so intimately connected now, I believe, as they were in the Thirteenth Century days. Ours is a world that reads and writes. It has been said that we take our literature like deaf-mutes. It is simply a matter of pen and eye. The world of the Thirteenth Century was one that sang and listened. And surely words were made for tongue and ear. In those times, too, the common man had a large share in imaginative art. To-day the literature worthy of the name is of the few and for the few.

Let us glance just for a moment at the literature of the Thirteenth Century. The Catholic hymnal is, without doubt, one of the most glorious anthologies in all literature. The Thirteenth Century saw the production of some of the most notable of its masterpieces: the Dies Irae, that soul-stirring cry of terror, and guilt, and prayer for mercy; the *Stabat Mater*, the sublimest of all elegies. I say this though mindful of the surpassing excellence of Milton's *Lycidas*, Grey's *Elegy*, and Shelley's *Adonais*—the *Stabat Mater* even after the thousandth reading, does what they can never do, send a thrill of exquisite pain through the heart. Then there are the glorious

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hymns of St. Thomas, the Pange Lingua and the Lauda Sion. Why is it we do not appreciate these hymns more? Even in English translation we get a great deal of their power and their charm. It cannot be, I hope, that use has made them stale.

In the realm of profane poetry, every subject worthy of literary art was sung by the poets of the Thirteenth Century. A very large part of our imaginative literature, both prose and verse, has taken its themes from these two great cycles of songs in which is concentrated the highest poetry of Catholic age—the Carolingian cycle of epics and the Arthurian cycle or stories of King Arthur and the Holy Grail. Then, again, we have the famous poetical romances, the chansons de geste of the Trouveres, and the love songs of the Troubadours in France and the Minnesingers in Germany. In Spain, we find the appearance of those poems that go to make her national epic, the *Cid*. And Germany produced her *Iliad* in the *Nibelungen Lied*. Finally there appeared in the last half of the century, the greatest of all poets, Dante Alighieri. Born in 1265, it was only "in the midway of his mortal life," in 1300, that he commenced the writing of his *Divina Commedia*. Yet it really belongs to the Thirteenth Century. Of course the *Divina Commedia* is a world-poem, and in its spiritual theme—the story of human nature sinning, struggling against vice and making towards perfection through knowledge and grace—in this spiritual sense it belongs to all times and ages. Yet it is in an especial manner the song of the Thirteenth Century. It is the picture of the life, the embodiment of the spirit, the record of the deeds, thoughts and aspirations of that closing century of the Middle Age.

When Carlyle says that Dante was the "voice of ten silent centuries," he goes on to add, "The *Divina Commedia* is of Dante's writing; yet in truth it belongs to ten Christian centuries, only the finishing of it is Dante's.—Dante is the spokesman of the Middle Ages; the thought they lived by stands here in everlasting music. These sublime ideas of his, terrible and beautiful, are the fruit of the Christian Meditation of all the good men who had gone before him—The noblest idea made real hitherto among men, is sung and emblemed-forth abidingly by one of the noblest men." Surely the *Divina Commedia* was a most glorious crowning of a splendid era.

W. A. MARTIN, M.A., '02.

(To be continued.)

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SUNRISE.

O'er yon dim hills I see a silvery grey
 Lining on the border of a cloud—
 Black as the inky texture of a shroud
 Enveloping its soul-abandoned clay.
 Note how prophetic glimmerings faintly stray
 Illumining the east, like reason's dawn,
 Upon a mind from which its light has flown.
 Now lo! Behold the Monarch of the Day,
 Clad in majestic radiance, in his hand
 Such scepters as no earthly kings adorn,
 Shedding in rich profusion o'er the land
 His liquid rays to cheer the rosy morn.
 Taste you the bitter cup?—Then understand
 'Tis from the womb of Night the Day is born.

SUNSET.

O for a brush to paint the gorgeous west
 Resplendent with the sun's declining ray!
 O for a tongue with power to portray
 The manifold emotions in my breast
 As on this scene my sated eyes now rest!
 A conflagration's tamed to tenderness;
 The devouring flame's subdued till Heaven's dress
 Is ruby, emerald, sapphire, amethyst.
 Imagination bodies forth for me
 A mermaid with her tresses to the breeze
 And wanton Naiads sporting merrily
 Round faery islands set in silvery seas.
 Is this a memory of my infancy
 Or but a dream?—Behold! It vanishes like these.

A. G.

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His Double Loss.

THE angel of death drew nigh. With what pangs of grief did the father watch by the bedside of his only child, a girl of sixteen years. Others of the household were gathered around, answering, with bowed-down heads and in sorrowfully expressed words, the prayers for the dying. From the death-bed came the weak voice, almost a whisper, of the one who was so soon to hold communion with the angelic choirs. Her face, radiant with smiles, though wan, was turned towards the parent, who gazed at her in almost an adoring manner. She was lost to him now; but, was she not going to a brighter place, that abode of celestial happiness, where only God's children enter? He seemed to see her surrounded by angels, singing the glad Hosannas in honor of Him, who gave up His life-blood for wayward sons. Oh! how he wished he could go with her now, and be a participant in all the heavenly joys! How poor and insignificant must this material sphere of ours be when compared to that eternal Paradise! Happy, indeed, is he who has for his reward that home of the just and the righteous.

As he looked back at the past, those sixteen years seemed but an infinitely short time. But a few years earlier, he had led his smiling bride, her mother, into her new home. What magnificent plans had he laid for the future; but, alas! too soon were they to be broken. On a lovely morning in May, when the trees were resplendent with blossoms and the birds were singing their most blithesome songs, she was called away. A daughter had been born to her, and sorrowful was she to leave this fair creature unprotected, and far from the watchful eye of a mother. She died, and was buried in the little village graveyard, where many of her ancestors had been laid before her. Every spring, from the time the child was able to walk, did the father and daughter visit that grave of their loved one. Flowers, they strewed everywhere; planting, besides, two tall lilies, those sweet emblems of purity and modesty. In the winter, while the cruel wind blew the snow into high drifts and swayed the tall elms by the roadside, at the hearth they would sit for hours, while he repeated, to the great satisfaction of the child, the story of her mother.

Years flew by. Babyhood was soon left behind, and in its place was maidenhood, full of hope and gladness. Day by day she grew more like her mother, both in features and in manners. Sometimes

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in reverie, he would call her by his wife's name, thinking, no doubt, that her death had been but a dream. As of yore, these two were inseparable, and she naturally made him her playmate and confidant. In summer their pleasures were many. First, they would repair to the graveyard; and, after bedecking the mound with flowers, they would stroll off through the meadows, spotted here and there with daffodils, daisies, and buttercups. Pleased would she be when they rested by some babbling brook, where myriads of shadows of variegated colors could be seen darting in every direction as the busy stream sped onward. At other times, when their destination was some neighboring hill, she would always seek the highest and most jutting point, where a clear view of the village and of the country could be had. There they would sit for hours in the happy contemplation of Nature in all its grandeur and lordliness.

Summer changed to Winter. Once more the ground was covered with its pure vast mantle of snow. The forest trees looked blanch and stark as the wind whistled through their boughs. Cold, indeed, was it, but what care people for this, when, muffled up in warm clothes and furs, they drive through the drifts to the merry sounds of the sleigh-bells. With winter comes Christmas and all the joys of that holy season. This Christmas seemed a most pleasant one for the father and daughter. Why should they not be happy at that auspicious moment when centuries before the Christ-child had been born in the humble stable at Bethlehem? Needs there be a greater cause for joy and good-will? This happiness is redoubled, when, on Christmas Eve, we are called to prayer at the signal of "those merry, merry bells of Yule."

"The times draws near the birth of Christ;
 The moon is hid; the night is still;
 The Christmas bells from hill to hill
 Answer each other in the mist."

With thoughts like these did those two spend Christmas. Though the child was happy, the parent was sad. Something kept continually telling him that this blessed season would never be again seen by one of them. What if she were called away like her mother, was! The thought was unbearable. However, as winter crept on, she contracted a cold. All medical aid was called in, but none seemed to have a cure for it. As spring came with its blossoms and flowers she was fast fading away, an image of her former self. The father was distracted; every doctor had the same verdict,—helpless.

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One fine Spring morning, another such as the one on which her mother died, it was evident that her hours were numbered. Seeing that the inevitable had to happen, he left her to God's care, for He who gives has power to take away. The prayers ended, the child said good-bye to those present; and, locked in her father's arms, she gave her parting sigh. They placed her by her mother in that little graveyard, where, summer after summer, was seen that dear old parent, now bent with age, wending his way to pray by those two lonely graves. Not long afterwards, he, too, received his reward, and joined those happy ones who had preceded him.

ONONO.



WASHINGTON CLUB ELECTIONS.

The Washington Club, which is composed of all students from across the line, held its first meeting of the year a few weeks ago for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year.

The meeting was quite a success, but when the Rev. Moderator, Fr. Hammersley, called the meeting to order, it was noticed with regret that the assembly was not as great as that of last year. Yet the new members made up in spirit what they lacked in numbers.

The results of the elections were that Mr. F. Otto Linke, '09, was unanimously elected president, while Mr. F. J. Whalen, '12, was in like manner chosen vice-president. For the office of treasurer there was a little excitement, and Mr. E. L. Ginna, '13, was elected. Mr. B. G. Du Bois, '10, was chosen to fill the secretaryship.

At the conclusion of the meeting, the Rev. Moderator expressed a desire to resign his office as Moderator of the club, but the new executive, well aware of the good the Rev. Father has done for the club since its organization, prevailed upon him to continue in office.

Before the meeting adjourned, the members were favored by short addresses from the Rev. Moderator, Fr. Stanton, and Mr. E. McCarthy, the retiring president.

Judging from the interest taken in the election, and by the enthusiasm of the members, this year promises to be a very successful one. The present executive appear to be endeavouring to their utmost to make the Washington Club a brilliant success.

E. G., '13.

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GAME OF LIFE LIKE BASEBALL.

Life's little play and a baseball game
 Are about the same;
 In Life we struggle for Big League fame
 Just about the same.
 We'll risk our necks for a grand-stand play—
 We're after our hits in the same old way—
 And the Umpire's voice has the final say
 Just about the same.

We must "run 'em out," if we hope to win
 Just about the same;
 And we're in there hustling for the "tin"
 Just about the same.
 We must be right there with the sacrifice
 And the little bunt we must not despise—
 Yet we need our long-range batting eyes
 Just about the same.

We must keep our eye on the ball throughout
 Just about the same,
 And swing at the good ones with a clout
 Just about the same;
 When the right one comes it is foolish to wait
 For the swing is lost that is made too late—
 You can't hit the ball that has crossed the plate
 In either game.

If we win--we're heroes, true and tried,
 Just about the same;
 If we lose--we're hoboos on the slide
 Just about the same,
 And some are bound to the big Show trend,
 While others back to the Bush League wend—
 But we'll all be "has beens" in the end
 Just about the same.

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An error rarely deserves abuse
 Just about the same;
 But a dumb play never has any excuse
 Just about the same.
 But in the scrap for the Flag of Fame,
 Whatever our measure of praise or blame
 We will all get there if we play the game
 Just about the same.

G. RICE.

FINIS.

Smile and the world smiles with you,
 Knock and you knock alone,
 For the cheerful grin
 Will let you in
 Where the knocker is never known.

WASHINGTON CLUB SMOKER.

The Washington Club held the first of a series of Smokers on Tuesday evening, December 1, 1908.

A very pleasant evening was spent. A nice little programme was prepared and carried out. The first item was, of necessity, "the feed." Then followed a sort of amateur vaudeville night in which each member contributed five minutes' entertainment for his fellow-members.

Such a galaxy of songs, speeches, dances, has never been given off the vaudeville stage.

Fathers Hammersley, Stanton and Finnegan enraptured the members with their songs, while Father Kunz refreshed us with a short natty speech.

As is the custom, two new members were chosen to be initiated. The favored ones were Messrs. D. Harrington and Jones, who willingly accepted the inevitable Crash-Bang.

A word must also be said of the orchestra — which contributed the accompaniment to the songs, and also furnished the music for dancing, which was superfine. The orchestra was composed of Pres. Linke, Hip-Hip. After smoking until the lights were clouded, the meeting adjourned.

F. W., '12.

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A HORSE CURED OF "SLEEPING SICKNESS."

(The following remarkable narrative was written for "The African Mail," and is here published for the first time on the American continent. M.S. and photos were graciously lent by Dr. F. W. Crey, of Ottawa. -Ed.)



HE people in this country (England) who regard Germany with suspicion bordering on, if not actually amounting to fear, may be right or wrong; it is certain that there are very many of them. Such people dislike the Germans, while admiring their system, their discipline, and their achievements; to them, the Teuton is invariably right and always ahead of the uneducated, unsystematic laissez-faire Briton who, slothful in business, is enthusiastic only for flannelled fools or muddied oafs." To all such pessimists there comes to-day a crumb of comfort, a lightening of their wonted gloom; the idle, slack, unscientific Britisher has achieved that which for years the best state-aided brains of the fatherland have striven to solve and striven in vain; for two Englishmen, without any outside assistance, have succeeded in effecting the cure of trypanosomiasis or "sleeping-sickness." And even the hosts of Germany can scarce forbear to cheer.

Those who know Tropical Africa are aware that there are many, perhaps twenty, kinds of "sleeping-sickness"; and the two Englishmen referred to have so far cured only one kind. Nevertheless, what is sauce for the goose may well give a line towards ascertaining what will best suit the gander. Possibly the same will do for both; that remains to be seen; the important point about this particular cure is that it is the first authentically recorded, and that there have been innumerable failures. Those who know Tropical Africa know also that trypanosomiasis is, from the economic point of view, by far the most deadly disease in the dark continent. Whether or not inherent in the blood of wild animals and obtained solely (at first) from them, it is now communicated by the indefatigable tsetse fly from every infected man or beast, to every healthy being, human or otherwise, in its vicinity. The tsetse fly itself increases and multiplies, and thus every fresh case of trypanosomiasis becomes a new centre of distribution. So great have been the ravages of

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trypanosomiasis within the last few years that it has entirely depopulated parts of Central Africa; and the German Professor Koch having failed to cure the disease by injections of atoxyl, it was seriously suggested that the countries affected should be abandoned and that crocodiles and all big game should be killed out, as a possible means of eliminating this pestilence. In pursuance of this policy, it is the case that in N. E. and N. W. Rhodesia, infinitely greater facilities are given for shooting in districts infested by the tsetse fly, than in uninfested districts. In fact, quite lately it was reported that one party of Boers killed 67 elephants and obtained about a ton of ivory in a few days in one of these tsetse-fly-infested areas. Plainly there are four courses open in dealing with such a matter. One may admit oneself defeated and abandon the country; one may endeavour to eradicate the suspected sources of origin of the complaint (in this case, the wild game); one may attempt to prevent its dissemination by exterminating the tsetse fly; or one may try to cure the disease itself. All four have been tried tentatively, but so far entirely without success, until this year; and now a cure has been effected by Major Smeaton and Captain Fred Harvey, the patient being a pony belonging to the former. The story is worth telling, for its sequel bids fair to revolutionize Tropical Africa.

The trypanosome commonest in Sierra Leone is that known as "dimorphon," which for some unknown reason does not appear to affect human beings. Domestic animals, however, it kills off ruthlessly, though some are able to hold out against it longer than others. Thanks to the assiduous distribution of the dimorphon trypanosome by the tsetse fly, domestic animals may be said to be almost non-existent in Sierra Leone; horses and cattle die so certainly and so soon as to make it not worth while to employ them economically and all the work of transport, cultivation, etc., carried out elsewhere by domestic animals, is there done by men. It follows from this that the guns of Major Smeaton's battery were carried on men's heads instead of mules' backs; and the great extra expense thus involved first turned that artillery officer's attention to the subject. On his return to West Africa about a year ago, he met his friend, Captain Frederic Harvey, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, who was Specialist Sanitary Medical Officer in Sierra Leone last year; and Captain F. Harvey explained that he believed he could cure trypanosomiasis. He frankly admitted that he had tried many times and had not once succeeded; but he seemed confident that he had found the cure at last; and he was particularly anxious to try to cure a horse.

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There are very few horses in Sierra Leone, and most of them belong to native chiefs, who keep them more to enhance their own dignity among their tribesmen, than because horses are of much or indeed of any use there, under existing conditions. These horses are imported usually from Senegal or the Gambia. Some of them live for years, some die at once; some have the disease so slightly that it seems to become chronic and they linger on for a long time; others get it violently and die immediately; but they all get it eventually and they all die of it, sooner or later. Now, Captain Frederic Harvey had spent nearly a year in experimenting and investigating in Sierra Leone; it seemed hard that he should have to leave his data behind for some other man to reap the fruits of; yet what was he to do? The Army Council look with displeasure on officers who remain over a year at a time in Sierra Leone, and Captain F. Harvey's year was all but finished. Moreover, the experiment bade fair to be a costly one, and he was unable to bear the expense which it must involve. Therefore, he spoke to his friend, Major Smeaton, about it, knowing that he was interested in the matter from an economic point of view, could well afford the expense, and having just arrived from England, had a year on the West Coast in front of him. So these two settled it between them; Captain F. Harvey agreed to find all the scientific knowledge, while his partner found the money and agreed to carry the work to its conclusion when the man of science should have retired to Europe at the end of his tour.

On the 18th November, 1907, they bought a pony from the local Timiny chief, the Alimamy Momodu. This pony is called "Sewi," which word means a horse in the Timiny tongue; he was then apparently 11 years of age and had been some years in the Colony. He exhibited all the usual symptoms of trypanosomiasis, which he seemed to have in its mild form, and which symptoms he had certainly shown for some months back. The Alimamy knew well enough that Sewi had the disease, and gladly parted with his dying pony to the mad white Major for £10; he would have got double that for a healthy horse. Now the natives of Sierra Leone may not be brilliantly intellectual or scintillatingly erudite, but they view with marked displeasure any attempt to alter the status quo. Even today every aborigine cannot get a job in Freetown; if horses should supplant hammocks, what would become of the hammock-boys? Hence, horses and mules are regarded not only with suspicion but with animosity. It is true that the native servants, of whatever tribe, dislike monkeys or dogs or any other pet animals, chiefly be-

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cause they give extra trouble; but the feeling against horses is much more bitter, for the reason above mentioned. So when Major Smeaton bought Sewi, he first hired three more servants to look after the pony, thus making it plain that, far from Sewi's advent leading to any reduction of the establishment, it had already increased it. This undoubtedly had a soothing effect on the aboriginal mind, which was confirmed when Major Smeaton told all his servants that he had bought Sewi in order to fatten him up, and to kill and eat him at Easter. He added that any portions of the pony which the officers could not eat would be given to the servants, and therefore urged all the servants, for their own sakes, to feed Sewi and take every care of him. He also told them that if anything went wrong with Sewi, he would sack all his servants, "one-time," so that they had better be careful.

The scientific aspect of this experiment has been elaborately explained by Captain F. Harvey in the R.A.M.C. Journal, and I do not propose to go into that aspect of the case here. The lay mind is concerned only, or at least chiefly, with the economic aspect; and this business side of the matter is fortunately lightened by a few touches of humour. The partners examined Sewi's blood several times microscopically, but failed to find trypanosomes. Captain F. Harvey naturally said that he did not care to attempt to cure an animal which he could not prove had contracted the complaint; so they decided to inoculate Sewi with the worst form of trypanosomiasis available. Consequently they inoculated this pony with blood taken from a dying dog, which died from trypanosomiasis a day or two afterwards. A fortnight later Sewi developed trypanosomes in his blood; then the partners commenced the treatment.

For the first five days the pony became rapidly worse, and on the fifth day (29th December, 1907) they both thought he would die; therefore Major Smeaton had Sewi photographed that day, when he was at the lowest ebb. A copy of this photograph is shown here, taken when the partners had practically given up all hope; it is a characteristic illustration of the later stage of the complaint. However, by the morning of the 30th December last, Sewi was not only not dead; he was a little better; and after that date, he steadily progressed towards recovery; trypanosomes could no longer be discovered in his blood and his haemoglobin figure of merit showed that his general health and condition had appreciably improved. A photograph of Sewi with Captain F. Harvey was taken on 1st February—the pony seemed much improved. By the time this picture was

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taken Sewi had been free from trypanosomes for a fortnight, and his general condition was decidedly good. Things therefore looked hopeful when, on 4th February, 1908, Captain F. Harvey sailed for England. From this time forward Major Smeaton began to give the pony a little exercise daily, riding him himself. As all the servants without any exception were both frightened and untrustworthy where Sewi was concerned, Major Smeaton had to feed, groom, and exercise the pony himself every day for five months after Captain Harvey sailed for home; and this in a very hot and enervating climate, throughout the training season, when the military year was being brought to a climax by drills and manoeuvres and staff-rides, and every soldier was kept busy from dawn to sunset.

On the 24th February Sewi carried his master on the line of march for 14 miles, and from that day forward he was ridden regularly on parade, a very pleasant change for his owner. The pony soon got used to the sound of artillery firing and behaved quite well considering that he is a stallion. When the practice-camp was over, Major Smeaton rode back 20 miles to Freetown in one day; this was on the 7th of March, which shows how rapidly the pony picked up in strength and condition. On this day, when crossing the iron bridge at Gratton, Sewi started at some thing, reared and fell with his master off the roadway into the girders alongside. The bridge was under repair, and though really 10 feet wide, had only a narrow strip of roadway, 3 feet wide, available for use, the rest of the space on either side being open ironwork girders. Neither man nor beast were much the worse for this misadventure, no bones being broken, though much epidermis was abraded. The journey was resumed and completed by sunset at the Garrison Club in Freetown, where the cavalier and his steed were welcomed with enthusiasm and with other things even more refreshing. Needless to say, the whole civilized community in Sierra Leone watched the progress of this experiment with deep interest, realizing fully how the future of West Africa was concerned in the result.

As Easter drew near, Major Smeaton judged it expedient to tell his servants that the eating of Sewi had been postponed until Whitsunday on the ground that the pony was not sufficiently fat. After this pronouncement the servants redoubled their efforts to feed him and vied with each other in giving him sugar cane, bread and "kous-kous," which is the native name for Guinea corn. Twice during these months that followed the camp, Sewi got away into Freetown and fought with other animals in the streets; but each time he was

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brought back uninjured by the police. His temper was distinctly bad, and whenever he got loose (generally by eating his head-rope) he went for man or beast alike, thereby making many enemies for his owner and himself. These escapades, however, served to lighten an otherwise very dull season, and did no real harm to anybody. One of the most amusing things which came to light about this time, was the indignation of the Alimamy Momodu. He considered himself swindled and said so; he had sold a horse which from long and bitter experience he knew to be dying and it had recovered. About the middle of January he had asked to have Sewi back, offering to return the £10 for which he had sold him; of course the offer was refused. After that, at varying intervals, he offered increasing sums for Sewi; £12, £15, £18, and finally even £20; and he considered himself very much aggrieved because all his offers were declined. Later, there came a time when the Alimamy Momodu sent to Major Smeaton and asked him to "mend" his little bay mare, which had contracted trypanosomiasis very badly; the chief offered £2 for this, but unfortunately Captain Houghton (Captain F. Harvey's successor) was away in the interior, and Major Smeaton with the best will in the world had not got the details as to the ingredients used; these had been taken to England by Captain F. Harvey; so it was not possible to comply with the chief's request, and the bay mare died before Captain Houghton returned to Freetown.

This incident shows that the more intelligent natives realised that a cure had been effected, of a disease hitherto invariably fatal; and that one of them, at least, believed that it could be done again. It is most unfortunate that a second opportunity of trying Captain F. Harvey's remedy was not obtained; but this one could not, under the circumstances, be utilised.

Early in April preparations were begun by Major Smeaton's solicitors in England—Messrs. Lawrence Jones & Co., 4 St. Mary Axe, London, E. C.—for Sewi's passage to England, which had long before been determined upon. A horse-box was sent out by Messrs. Elder Dempster & Co., and clothing, forage, etc., were imported. The steamship company very kindly agreed to take the pony on any of their ships—though cargo is not accepted from Sierra Leone by mail steamers as a general rule. However, it was not until June that Sewi was fit (in Major Smeaton's opinion) to stand the voyage. At that time the weather is usually good, and besides, for an animal born in the tropics and which had lived there all its life, it seemed best that it should arrive in England in the middle of summer. Ac-

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cordingly, Sewi was sent home on 30th June in the "Axim" in charge of Captain J. Chrystie, R.A., who kindly took care of him during the voyage. The pony was sent across Liverpool in his horse-box, direct from ship to station; and he was conveyed across London in a "float" or horse-ambulance, to Millbank Barracks, where he still remains.

During the embarkation at Freetown an awkward incident occurred which might have spoiled the whole experiment. The pony was in the box, on the quay, properly slung, with his owner sitting in the manger beside him. When the crane-man lifted the weight, the box (as often happens) began to turn slowly round; and when the crane lowered the box, a corner struck the wall of the wharf. The concussion was so violent that the box was upset and the pony fell, breaking his sling. When the box righted itself, Sewi tried to jump out, quite regardless of the fact that twenty feet below him was, not the sea, but a barge filled with baggage. He got his off-fore foot into the manger before Major Smeaton caught him by the nose and ear; and it was even money for a few seconds whether the pair went into the lighter in the horse-box, or ahead of it. More by luck than management, they eventually descended in the orthodox fashion. There was not the slightest difficulty in getting on board the Axim and the passage home was calm and uneventful.

When in Sierra Leone, Whitsunday drew near, Major Smeaton explained to his servants that he intended to send Sewi to H.M. King Edward the VII., and he promised to give each servant 5/- (as compensation for not eating part of Sewi) when he was once safely on board the Axim. And this undertaking was faithfully carried out on 30th June; though the servants all declared that they would far rather have eaten their share than have had the money. For they had all, long before, made up their minds which part of the horse they wished to eat. Thus one man who had been kicked by the pony's near-hind-foot, marked down that foot as his share, when the time for eating should come. Evidently he considered that that would be an admirable revenge. Again, another servant had been bitten more than once by Sewi, and he chose the pony's head for his share, saying "his face tried to eat me, so I will eat his face." These people are childish, but none the less are they very vindictive; and it was essential for the sake of the experiment that they should be kept in a good humour.

Although the Board of Agriculture only require a certificate that a horse is not suffering from glanders, prior to permitting it to be

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landed in England, it was thought best to isolate Sewi for three months after landing, because West Africa is, nominally at least, a possible place from which Epizootic Lymphangitis might be imported. So the pony was confined in the Isolation Stable at Millbank from 14th July till 13th October. During that time he was, as he is still, under expert observation; no sign of disease can be found in him, however. He has been seen by many scientific men, including Sir David Bruce, who is now in command of the "sleeping-sickness" commission in Uganda. The pony has been exercised regularly every day in the barracks; and now he is ridden outside the barracks daily. He is not yet used to the traffic in London and views electric cars and automobiles and trains with dangerous curiosity; but it is hoped that he will soon become accustomed to his new surroundings, and that he may be seen ere long carrying his master in the Row.

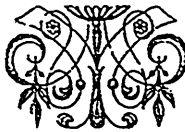
He seems to be becoming acclimatised, which is now the chief anxiety felt about him. He was photographed on 9th June in Sierra Leone—when he was in regular hard work there—and has since been photographed at Millbank Barracks in London on 30th August; both pictures are reproduced here.*

The accounts of money expended on this experiment up to date have been kept carefully; the amount spent on him in West Africa was over £100, and the sum expended in this country is about £70. It is intended to keep Sewi as at present, under expert observation, until 22nd January next, when, if still well, he will have been free of trypanosomiasis for more than twelve months. The German Professor Koch claims to have kept a sleeping-sickness case for ten months, in such a state that the disease could not be communicated from the patient by the tsetse fly; Sir David Bruce undoubtedly was able to keep horses suffering from this disease alive, by doses of arsenic; but these achievements differ from the Smeaton-Harvey case radically, because the last-named not only prevented dissemination and maintained life; they have brought their patient back to such a state of health and condition that he has been able to work, and that is what their predecessors were not able to do. Koch and Bruce made experiments which were scientifically interesting, Smea-

* NOTE.—Major Smeaton, in a private letter to Dr. Grey, writes. "I ride Sewi in the streets (of London) every day now, and rode him in the Row last Sunday. He is a truculent stallion, and 'goes for' horses and dogs indiscriminately; he wants to fight every animal we meet. On Sunday, i.e. walked on his hind feet, screaming and crowing like a cock; we attracted quite a crowd, who evidently thought we emanated from the Hippodrome."

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ton and Harvey have produced a result which is economically valuable; and between the two, there is truly a great gulf fixed. It remains for the Imperial Government to carry this matter a stage further. No one can expect private individuals to pursue such experiments indefinitely. The Government should now appoint a small Commission, consisting of the two men who have carried the experiment out so far, (together with a Veterinary Officer to assist them) and send these men to some Colony—preferably Sierra Leone — where the treatment can be thoroughly tried and tested. There is no doubt that the several Colonies concerned would willingly cooperate in this work and the matter is an urgent one. In fact, the Government which sent Sir David Bruce to Uganda should now follow up its advantage by dispatching to West Africa the men from whom he has derived at least some of his knowledge, in order that the West Coast of Africa, which is economically of great value to Great Britain, shall not lag behind the East Coast—which is comparatively valueless—in consideration by the Imperial authorities. And, in conclusion, it must be borne in mind that the abolition of trypanosomiasis means more than a scientific triumph; more than the conquest of a new country; it resembles rather the access of humanity to a new planet.



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KING BRIAN'S BATTLE-MARCH.

Dano-Norse Invasion of Ireland, A.D. 1014.



HE power of the Northmen in Ireland was completely broken and further invasion on their part arrested by the defeat which they suffered, A.D. 1014, in the decisive battle of Clontarf, at the hands of the combined Connacht, Meath and Munster forces led by Brian, King of Munster and High-King of Ireland, and by Malachy, King of Meath. Of Irish terms in this ballad which may require explanation, *Ath-Cliath*, (pronounced Aw-kleea), "the Ford of Hurdles," is the Gaelic name of Dublin, where the Dano-Norse had established a kingdom, the chief stronghold of which was a stone fort or *caiseal* (cashel) in the spot where Dublin Castle stands now. *Gall*, meaning "stranger," was a race-term applied first to the Scandinavian, and afterward to the English, invaders of Ireland. *Lochlann* is "the land of lakes," or Scandinavia. *Mumhan* (*Moo-an*) is Munster. *Laighean* (pronounced Ly-un) is Leinster, whose king, Maolmordha (Maelmurra) with the greater part of his tributaries, had joined the Dano-Norse. The *Borumha* (Boru), whence Brian is supposed to have derived his surname, was a tribute of cattle imposed on Leinster by the High-Kings. The *Dal gCais* ("descendants of Cas") or Dalcassians, were Brian's own clansmen of Clare, Limerick and Tipperary. *Maelisheachlainn*, anglicized Malachy, is pronounced "M'loughlin." An *eric*, under the Breton law, was a fine for homicide. Corc and Cian were chieftains who commanded the tribes of Desmond or South Munster at Clontarf. Teig O'Kelly, king of Hy-Many, and Fergal O'Ruairc, king of Bresny, were the principal leaders of the Connacht clans. Graphic descriptions of the battle itself may be found in Rev. E. A. D'Alton's, Martin Haverty's and P. W. Joyce's histories of Ireland, and in "Niamh," a fine historical novel entirely in Gaelic, written by Rev. Canon O'Leary, of Castlelyons, and published in Dublin by the Gaelic League.

O'er the Plain of the Flocks, from Fingall to Athlee,
 Roll the hosts of the Gael like the march of the sea;
 Like the crashing of shells when the winter winds blow,
 The smashing of mail as they burst on the foe!

"Brian Boróimhe's March," by P. J. McCall.

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We have marched from Maighnenn's altar* since the ruddy
 break of day,
 Men of Connacht, Meath and Mumhan, garbed and weaponed
 for the fray—
 From the sea-slope under Edar to Ath-Cliath's caiseal wall
 We have spoiled and burned and harried sore the march-lands
 of the Gall.

From the hill-set glens Ossorian to Liffey-banks once more
 House and hold in traitor Laighean with the false tribes' blood
 ran o'er,
 As the cattle-preys we lifted and the fighting-men we slew—
 Who dares now to keep from Brian hide or hoof of the Boru?

First where Brian breaks the battle, last when beaten ranks
 give way,
 Who denies Clan Cas the vanguard of the High-King's war-
 array?
 Erin's wolves, to feed the eagles, they have dragged the Loch-
 lann down
 At Glen-Mama ridge and Tara! they have spoiled Ath-Cliath
 town!

Odin's ravens smell the sword-feast where our pipes the onset
 blow—
 Many Galls must seek their Valhall* ere a Gael in death lie
 low—
 Lo, the mail-clad men of Lochlann from their eyrie grim stream
 forth,
 And Maolmordha's clans are marching with the pirates of the
 North!

Up with spears, claymores and axes! Let the sunburst go
 before!
 Men of Meath, behind Maelsheach!ainn! Home, good steel, and
 scourge them sore
 For the border-lands they wasted and the true men stricken
 there!
 For the raidings and the slayings they shall pay an eric rare!

* Cill-Mhaighneann, "the cell of Maighneann," the monastery of Kilmainham, near which Brian's army had encamped.

* Valhalla — the paradise of the Scandinavian pagans.

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Core and Cian, let the Laighean men taste well the Desmond
steel!
Teig and Fergal, to Ath-Cliath's Danes till back their battle
reel!
God and Mary aid our Dal gCais blades to cleave the heathen
mail
With champion blows for freedom and the White Christ of the
Gael!

HUBERT ARTHUR O'MEARA.

LIFE.

A man seldom sees the tide that is bearing him onward, or studies the swells, the waves, and the ripples that leave their impression on the most susceptible soul. Indeed, he more often awakens to behold the flood receding further and further into the gray watery wastes of oblivion.

The years of youth are as metal moulded for priming Life's compass. The senseless needle, through his inattention, may carry one to an old, forgotten, aphelion anchorage, or, with a little care, to a happier haven.

The blessed in age are truly vanquishers, and themselves their victims. They are crowned with the snows of Time, tanned by the rays of three-score and more years, tempered by the frosts of as many winters. Their intellects, brightened and mellowed in tone and action, counsel us in cautious words, arresting our attention and captivating our love. But the falling shadows, twining their meshes about the beloved ones, steal them from us, with the softness of a morning mist's flight over lofty, rugged peaks, upward into dreamy heights, at the beck of the rising orb of day.

J. '11.

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A Motor Tour Through Ireland.

“There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven, o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night—
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth.”



LONG had beautiful Ireland, the uncrowned queen of Western Europe, enthroned amid Atlantic billows and caressed by the wild west wind, beckoned lovingly, yet sadly, toward me across the broad expanse of water, and bid me come to her, Niobe of Nations, mother of our scattered race.

How often had I thought and dreamed of Ireland with her high cliffs and fertile valleys and gently flowing streams, where nature smiles in verdant freshness even amid her tears. Erin with her legends, traditions, ruins of the past, the land of music, poesy and deeds of arms. Lamp of the North, Haven of saints and scholars, Inisfail the fair.

At length my hopes were realized, and the happy opportunity arrived to which I had been so long looking ardently forward. In July last, I sailed from Montreal on the *Virginian*, and after following the course of the noble *St. Lawrence* for two days, was soon on the high seas bound for the Green Little Isle. Life on shipboard has been so often described, and is so generally uniform, that it would be useless to set it forth in detail; suffice it to say that we had beautiful weather, a fine ship, and most delightful company.

After an uneventful voyage, we woke up one morning to the cry of “There’s Ireland,” and there she was, glistening like an emerald amid the sun-kissed waves—bringing a sparkle to the eye, and a throb to the heart, of each child of the Gael on board.

For several hours we skirted her gleaming shores and then turned eastward past the quaint little Isle of Man, on the way towards Liverpool, the shipping metropolis of the world.

We reached port just as the setting sun was gilding the domes of the vast city, and I was met at the landing stage by some friends, who accompanied me on the Belfast boat sailing that night. After a somewhat stormy eight hours’ passage, we landed at that busy

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hive of commerce and industry where we spent the next few days in sight-seeing.

Belfast is admirably situated for commercial purposes, possessing a fine harbour at the head of Belfast Lough, and considerable water-power. It is the manufacturing metropolis of the north and is especially noteworthy for its mills which produce the famous linen known and prized the world over. We were fortunate in being able to visit the huge shipbuilding works of Harland and Wolff, which turn out some of the largest and swiftest "ocean greyhounds." Belfast is remarkable for its handsome buildings; particularly striking is the city hall with its noble proportions and classic architecture. The museum is very interesting and contains some fine specimens of Irish antiquities, notably the Dalway harp, some ancient boats, the coronation chair of the O'Neils of Castlereagh.

There is much to think about as you walk the streets and lanes of this great city, stretching back as many of them do through full a thousand years of Irish history.

We usually attended mass at Saint Mary's, the oldest and one of the most beautiful churches in Belfast. We also visited that of the Passionists at Ardine, which contains some splendid mural paintings executed by members of the Order.

On Wednesday, 11th of August, we set out from the Albert Hotel, which is situated near the memorial of that name on our motor tour through Ireland. There is no doubt that this is the best way of seeing the country, for there are many places which cannot easily be reached by train. Our first stopping place was Newry, a town of great antiquity, often mentioned in the Bardic Literature of Ireland. It is situated in a narrow vale through the centre of which runs the Newry canal. It is bounded on the west by the heather-clad Newry Mts., and on the east by the majestic Mourne range, the highest point of which is Slieve Donard, 2,796 ft. above the sea. The ancient name of Newry was Tubharcinn-tragha, which signifies yew tree at the head of the Strand; a yew tree being supposed to have been planted there by St. Patrick himself.

From Newry we continued our route over the fine Irish roads past an ever-changing panorama of field and stream, hill and vale; to the right the bold mountain ranges, and to the left a succession of small but picturesque lakes. On we sped through many a little town or straggling village, until, crossing the Boyne, famed in song and story, we reached the old historic town of Drogheda, "The bridge of the ford." Here many a fierce battle was fought, and

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here sat several of the early parliaments; but boldest of all upon the pages of its history stands forth one name written in letters of blood --Cromwell! who in 1649 took the town by storm, and put garrison and inhabitants to the sword. We saw the famous walls, portions of which still remain; the west gate and St. Lawrence's gate, one of the most perfect specimens of ancient Irish battlements now extant. Here, too, are the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, originally founded by St. Patrick, and once the residence of St. Columba.

Leaving Drogheda our road now winds in and out past bay and estuary, rock and strand, following the undulations of the coastline. We pass in turn Balbriggan and Skerries, pretty little seaport towns much patronized in summer time, and at length we reach Dublin which was to be our headquarters for the next week. The name Dubhlinn means "the black pool," and the famous city has been the theatre of many stirring scenes in the checkered history of Ireland, as it has been in turn the stronghold of Dane and Celt Anglo-Norman and Englishman. Though Dublin is, owing to its port, an extremely busy city, yet it is very interesting and very handsome. To the visitor its first and most striking feature is the Liffey which flows through the heart of the metropolis, and is spanned by a number of fine bridges, chief of which is the O'Connell bridge, a truly noble structure, whence we obtained a splendid view of the river, most of the public buildings, and O'Connell street, which is justly considered one of the largest and finest in the British Isles.

The first building we visited was the Bank of Ireland, formerly the House of Parliament. As we passed beneath its lofty arches, and on through its Ionic colonnades into the historic chamber, there arose from our hearts the hopeful prayer that ere long these halls, which had re-echoed the eloquence of Flood and Grattan, would again receive the representatives of Ireland a nation.

Crossing College Green we entered the famous old Trinity College founded by Elizabeth in 1591, on the site of the ancient Augustinian Monastery of All Hallows.

The interior is divided into several quadrangles, the first of which--Parliament Square--contains the chapel with its beautiful stucco ceiling and carved woodwork, the theatre (Examination Hall) and dining hall from whose walls a long line of Provosts look down upon the visitor with calm and quiet dignity. Library Square contains the schools and the world-famous Library with its 250,000 volumes and 2,000 MSS.

Here we saw Egyptian papyri. Greek and Oriental manuscripts,

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the Book of Armagh, the Book of Leinster, and the Book of Kells. This last has been well called "the most beautiful book in the world," for the glory of its ornamentation, its exquisite tracery and the perfect harmony of its colors.

Here, too, we saw the Harp of Great Brian Boru.

On another occasion we visited Christ church and St. Patrick's Cathedral, both noble edifices, relics of the ancient days when the ruling powers in Ireland were, like its people, Catholic.

One memory dominates St. Patrick's Cathedral, that of Dean Swift, since here is the pulpit where he preached for over thirty years, and here is his tomb, side by side with that of Stella.

Among the most interesting public buildings which we saw were the Four Courts, Customs House, Rotunda, and City Hall, all of them in the Greek style of architecture, and also the stern old castle, scene of many a dark episode in the city's history. Another building of grim interest to us was Kilmainham Gaol, which received within its cold embrace so many Irish patriots.

On the outskirts of the city is Phoenix Park, one of the finest in Europe, being no less than seven miles in circumference, and possessing lovely woods, lakes and driveways. After seeing the bright side of Ireland's Capital, we come to the home of her sorrows, Glasnevin. Here lie her children and many of her departed great ones. In the centre of the cemetery rises a stately granite shaft, built in the style of the ancient round towers, fitting emblem of the immortal fame of O'Connell

"Who loved his God; with true man's pride
For Ireland lived and Ireland d'ed."

All around are the "graves where her heroes lie buried," but there is one that appeals to the visitor by its touching simplicity and its pathetic associations—that of Charles Stewart Parnell.

On the opposite side of the city is Donnybrook, which we visited one day to get an idea of the place where the famous Fair used to be held, and which witnessed many a merry jest.

One thing which particularly distinguishes Dublin is the number of famous men who have at one time or another lived within her walls. Here the patriots, Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Robert Emmet, were captured; here Dean Swift, Thomas Moore, Edmund Burke, Michael Balfe, Sheridan, and the Duke of Wellington were born, and here lived Daniel O'Connell, the brothers Sheares, and Henry Grattan; truly a galaxy of great and distinguished Irishmen.

EIBLINN.

(To be continued.)

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University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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

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Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

Vol. XI. OTTAWA, ONT., DECEMBER, 1908. No. 3

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS."

We have come once more to the glad season when men's hearts are naturally prone to kindlier sentiments and more fraternal acts. Mid festive evergreens and bounteous cheer, we realize a little more our common brotherhood, and by contributing to the happiness of others, we increase our own. Since the coming of the God-Child, well nigh two thousand years ago, Christmas, Christ's Mass, has been the signal for sheathing of swords and mutual proffering of olive-branches. Peace, gentle peace, mantles all men, just as the beautiful snow covers our Canadian fields with a white-robed solemn calm. 'Tis a season of gratitude and thanksgiving, high purpose, noble resolve and all-conquering love, enkindled from the spark of God's goodness and fanned into mighty flame by man's generosity. Once more we hear the "tidings of great joy," and we are glad not for ourselves alone, not merely for kith and kin, but for that great human family scattered over the globe. "Glory to God on high and peace on earth to men of good will." "Good will"—let us never

forget to take that into account, especially while the Yule-log burns brightly and the merry bells are ringing out their blithesome peals. Towards one and all, particularly its readers and its friends, the Review is filled with heartiest good will, and in all sincerity says: "A merry, merry Christmas!"

PLAY THE GAME.

The Inter-Collegiate "Big Four" are to be sincerely congratulated for the efforts they have made to place their athletic and other contests on a lofty plane of true sportsmanship, friendly feeling and fair play. They have shown the public that it is possible to engage in friendly rivalry, to struggle for supremacy in a branch of sport or a contest of skill, and yet remain gentlemen. The public has shown its appreciation by liberal patronage. The universities have done a great work, whose influence cannot fail to be far-reaching, since the student of to-day is the prominent citizen of to-morrow. Any deviation from this honorable path, any approach to that dangerous motto of "win fairly if you can, if you can't, win anyhow," so prevalent elsewhere, is to be shunned with the greatest care. Let us not take a mean advantage of our adversaries, who are, after all, our friends, on the field, the platform, or in the committee-room. In this regard we might well take a leaf from the book of our sister seats of learning over-seas. There they have the century-consecrated tradition that the contest is for itself—victory for the better man, that defeat with honor can be borne, but victory with dishonor—never! In other words, they play the game! Let us ever live up to that golden rule, for to us is given the making of a nation.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

On Saturday, November 21st, 1908, the Kansas College Editors' Association held its second annual meeting in the Carnegie Library at Washburn College, Topeka, and a great number of college editors attended. The following resolution was unanimously passed: "Whereas, the Kansas College Editors' Association believes it will improve college publications, and that it is only giving

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editors credit to which they are justly entitled, therefore be it resolved, that we recommend to the different college faculties that they grant the editors of their student publication credit in English equal to one year's work in that department." We are not prepared to go as far as that, but we do think that any article written for the Review by a student or member of the editorial staff might be accepted as equivalent to at least one class-essay each month. The Debaters enjoy a certain amount of consideration — why not the Editors?

Exchanges.

The *Georgetown College Journal* lies at hand just as neat and well gotten up as usual. "Tribunal Mortis," a gruesome story of inquisition days, occupies the most prominent space. It reminds one of Henty in everything but its ending. No particular reason appears why the laws of story-telling should be set aside, and the hero left to the mercies of his enemies.

An article on sport contains some interesting facts. To quote—"Here at Georgetown it costs only seventeen thousand five hundred dollars a year to run the recognized major college sports. This is to supply the recreation of some one hundred undergraduates: for that is all we number from Freshman to Senior in the college department." The article goes on to say that it costs only five times this amount to run the college and preparatory school combined, and maintain the plant. Such expense does seem out of proportion, yet it speaks volumes for a body of students, so few in numbers, which is able to more than hold its own with the other large universities.

We can sum up our appreciation of the *Holy Cross Purple* only by saying that it is splendid. Its very cover seems to hint at the excellence of the material to be found inside. There is an atmosphere of taste and refinement about it which is refreshing. It is essentially an undergraduates' publication. One is surprised, to say the least, to find their names under such finished poetic offerings as "October," "The Road to Yesterday," and "Autumn." There is perhaps more poetry in this journal than in any other at hand, yet this fact has in no way mitigated against the quality of the prose.

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"The Plagiarist" is a story of exceptional merits. The plot is quite original and handled throughout with the skill of an experienced writer. We hope to hear more from the same author.

The editors of the *Vox Lycei*, Hamilton, will have just cause for trepidation as to the future success of their paper, if they continue to publish such narrow-minded, bigoted stuff, as appeared in their initial number.

All the way from the Pacific comes the *Columbiad*. We welcome it with all heartiness. Especially were we pleased with its appreciation of Tennyson's "Idylls." We are one with it in saying that this epic is "one of the greatest productions of modern times." One would expect, however, that Elaine, which Andrew Long terms the "matchless idyll," and the Holy Grail, would receive more prominence in an essay of this character.

The October *Naxier* is rich in descriptive prose, but noticeably lacking in that more serious form of writing usually associated with college journals.

The quarterly number of the *Niagara Rainbow* is resplendent with its many full page illustrations. These are printed in sepia shades on heavy paper, and depict a great variety of scenes. They lend much beauty and attractiveness to the volume.

Those of our readers who are studying the Merchant of Venice, will find an interesting article headed "Belmont Equity versus Venetian Law" in the *Abbey Student* for October.

We are glad that the *Marlet* has again made its appearance in the sanctum. It is all the more welcome after its temporary absence. The Review extends best wishes for future success.

"Genius begins great things, Labor always finishes them," is the motto of a much-valued exchange, *Echoes From The Pines*. The sweetness and originality of its poetry, the correctness of its prose, together with the perfect taste shown in its cover, in the printing and in the arrangement of matter, clearly show that this motto is not an empty one.

"Life has two sovereign moments:
One, when we settle down
To some life-worthy purpose;
One, when we grasp the crown."

—The *Allisonia*.

In view of the fact that our business manager is put to considerable inconvenience monthly, sending out exchanges—to say nothing

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of the expense—we find it strange that some of our brother ex-men should see fit to ignore us when publishing lists of acknowledgements.

Other exchanges at hand are:—"St. John's University Record," "Bates Student," "The Exponent," "The Victorian," "The Patrician," "Niagara Index," "Trinity University Review," "The Comet," "McMaster University Monthly," "Echoes From St. Ann's," "The Civilian," "Mt. St. Mary's Record," "Bethany Messenger," "The Mitre," "Queen's University Journal," "Echoes," "The Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs," "Hya-Yaka," "College Mercury," "Amherst Literary Monthly," "Geneva Cabinet," "Solonian," "The Argosy," "Agnetic Monthly," "The Young Eagle," "St. John's Quarterly," "Manhattan Quarterly," "Assumption College Review," "Fordham Monthly," "Acta Victoriana," "St. Jerome Schoolman," "Allisonia," "Collegian."

Books and Magazines.

The Quarterly Review contains an excellent essay on Modern Journalism. It goes to show the rapid strides made in this department since the dawn of the Victorian Age when men of fame and reputation dreaded to see their names in the journals. Now even the most illustrious of our statesmen and litterateurs contribute to the daily papers. This change has raised the standard of journalism. On the other hand the entrance into the publication of papers of politicians has thwarted the great influence of the press on morals and character. Editors, moreover, make use of sensationalism to arouse the interest of the public, and in such ways fail to fulfill their trust. We have some and we want more men of honesty to encourage sound and pure journalism.

The Contemporary Review has an article on the genius of Dickens that gives an analysis of the characteristics of the author's works. The object seems to be to show that the renowned humourist had the powers of a tragic writer to penetrate the darkness of human nature and the agonies of mankind.

An essay in the Empire Review proves to a point of demonstration that no conference of the powers of Europe will take upon itself the authority to force Bulgaria to give up the provinces of Bosnia

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and Herzgovina. Bulgaria now possesses them, and possession is nine-tenths of the law. She knows the powers would prevent the aggression of Turkey, and Turkey considers the Bulgarian army strong in discipline if not in numbers. Moreover, the German Emperor desires peace.

A comprehensive treatise on the Government of England has been written by A. Lawrence Lowell, professor of science of Harvard University. This is a unique work. No other author has dealt with the subject in such a thorough manner. He starts with the King and finishes with the minute details of government.

Sydney George Fisher in his "Struggle for American Independence," shows that there were two sides to the question. A large number of Americans exaggerated England's injustice and considered Englishmen to be inhuman beings. The fact was that the action of England proved only a mistake in policy and not deliberately oppressive. A Referendum might have saved America to England at the time for it was more the King than the people that forced the hated taxes on America.

Priorum Temporum Flores.

J. J. Torsney, of the class of '06, has left Dunwoodie Seminary, and is continuing his theological studies in Louvain.

Rev. F. French, '91, paid a short visit to his Alma Mater during the past month.

J. J. Harrington, W. Dooner and H. Letang, all of the class of '05, will be raised to the dignity of the holy priesthood by Bishop Lorrain at Pembroke on the 19th inst.

"Fee" French, who is now practising dentistry with great success in Renfrew, paid a visit to the College when he was down to the Varsity-Queens game.

John O'Gorman, '04, will be ordained to the priesthood this month by Archbishop Duhamel, in St. Patrick's church, Ottawa.

Alex. McDonald, '05, will be raised to the priesthood this month by Bishop McDonald, in the Cathedral, Alexandria, Ont.

It was with deep regret that the Review learned of the sudden illness of Rev. J. H. McDonald, '03, who was operated on for appendicitis last week. The Rev. gentleman is progressing favorably now, and it is to be hoped that he will soon be seen around again.

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"Andy" Devine and Leo O'Meara, when up with their team at the recent Varsity-Queens game, renewed old acquaintances.

Obituary.

Universal sorrow has been caused by the death of the Rev. Theophilus Laboureau. The missionary's great work was the raising of the Memorial Church in Penetanguishene to the martyrs, Jean de Breboeuf and Gabriel Lalement. Like theirs his life has exemplified the union of whole-hearted zeal and virtue.

Thos. E. Kenny, son of the late Sir Edward Kenny, died recently at Halifax. Rev. Geo. Kenny, S.J., is a surviving brother.

Rev. Father J. E. Crinnon, I.P., of Paris, died in St. Joseph's Hospital, Guelph, Saturday, November 7.

We extend our sincerest sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Byrnes and family, of King Edward avenue, on the loss of their daughter Isabella.

Mr. Edward Devlin, of Daly avenue, who died on the 7th inst., has always been known for his strong convictions and works of charity. He was one of the University Athletic Club's warmest supporters. R.I.P.

Personals

Monsignor Sbaretta, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, accompanied by his acting secretary, Rev. Dr. McNally, will return from Italy before Christmas.

The Right Rev. E. A. Latulipe was consecrated Bishop of Femiscaming on the 30th ult. The ceremony took place at Pembroke, where the reverend gentleman had been parish priest for about eleven years before going north two years ago. Both the clergy and the laity took advantage of the occasion to show their esteem for their former pastor. Father Latulipe, O.M.L., director of the Commercial Course, is the new bishop's nephew.

The Rector is expected home for Christmas.

Hon. C. R. Devlin left on the second week of November for

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Belgium. Dr. Devlin will surely visit his old constituency, Galway, before coming home.

Archbishop McEvay, of Toronto, was the leading figure in the recent Extension Congress held in Chicago. He is a warm friend of this movement which has gained the support of the hierarchy of the United States and Canada.

Rev. A. H. Kunz and Rev. Thos. Murphy, who have been in charge of St. Joseph's parish during the pastor's absence, have each been presented by the parishioners with a fur-lined coat.

Rev. J. A. Dewe is again moderator of the Debating Society. The defeat in Kingston has only brought the debaters closer together.

Rev. Canon Corkery, of Pakenham, has been in the city recently.

Mr. James Conmee, M.P., of Port Arthur, and family, have returned to Ottawa.

The Catholic Record advises Mr. Lowe to lecture on Life and Customs nearer to him than Ireland. We ask him not to do so.

Father Vaughan's charitable work is to be helped on by a concert given by Mme. Patti at the Albert Hall, London, Eng.

Knowing what a pitiless destroyer fire is, Ottawa College can feelingly sympathize with her sister institution, St. Jerome's College, on the loss they have sustained.

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ATHLETICS

At this season of the year there is very little in the athletic line to attract the student of any college. His mind is filled with questions for examinations and the ever pleasant thought of returning home for the 'Xmas Vacation. With these two all-important propositions before him, it is difficult to attract his attention with anything else. However, the ever-thoughtful prefects and executive are making every effort possible to provide amusements for the dull period known as "After 'Xmas." We can assure our readers that said prefects and executive are successful in their efforts, and if as much spirit is shown by the students on their return, Ottawa University will carry off the championship of the City Hockey League, and of the newly-formed City Basketball League.

Yes, we are entered in both leagues, and our prospects are exceptionally bright. In the hockey league we are to have the assistance of several former City League stars, and will, without a doubt, do credit to the University. Games are already under arrangement with some of our amateur friends without the city, and every effort is being made to arrange games with all the Intercollegiate teams. After 'Xmas. will see the team in good form on the Rideau Rink.

Basketball, which was lightly indulged in last year, more or less as an experiment, will form one of our principle sports this season. We have some excellent material which will, under the able direction of Rev. Fr. Stanton, who has consented to coach the team, be whipped into condition, so as to cope honorably with such skilled teams as represent the Y.M.C.A. and the O.A.A.C.

Although the topic of football is now almost forgotten, we cannot with justice to team overlook the excellent work of the men in the last three games. Many of our followers are of the opinion that the team played its best game of the season at Kingston, when it held the then undefeated Queens' team down to 17 points and scored 11 against it. The game was "hard fought" in every sense of the word, and at no time were our opponents sure of their victory, until the referee's whistle sounded the final.

With but one day's rest after that hardest of all games, the team was again in uniform to afford the citizens of Ottawa an op-

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portunity of seeing, as has been the custom, a game of football on Thanksgiving Day. It was a game, indeed, and one well worth seeing. While we were defeated by this year's famous Ottawa City team, we made an excellent showing, and surprised many of the spectators. The game is conceded to be the most spectacular played on the Oval in many years.

On the following Saturday we met our old rivals, McGill, captained by Gilmour, one of the Intercollegiate stars. McGill started off at a good pace, but it was another case where one man can't do it all, and College rolled up a score of 12 to 3, McGill's only score resulting in a drop goal. This in a measure proves our superiority over McGill, which was manifested on their grounds earlier in the season.

Ottawa was this year favored with a great championship game between Toronto Varsity and Queens. Each team had defeated the other on home grounds and had been successful elsewhere, and the great battle for supremacy took place here. The ground was in terrible condition, owing to the recent snow storm, and under the conditions the game was excellent. Varsity was victorious, winning by a score of 12-0. Queens were entirely outclassed, and were unable to score against the victors. Toronto gloriously won on the following Saturday the Intercollegiate championship, and honorably upheld the Union's laurels by playing the famous Hamilton Tigers a game that surprised them. The score was 17-11 in favor of Hamilton, but everything was running to Varsity toward the last of the game.

We desire to thank individually and collectively the members of the football team who so nobly defended the honor of O. U. in the past season. While the team was not victorious, nevertheless, it reflected great credit upon the University at home and throughout the Dominion. We desire to thank in a special manner Rev. Fr. Stanton, coach of the team, for his untiring efforts on the field this year. We feel that he worked even harder this year than last, and doubt very much if others could have done the same with the material he had to work with. We are indeed grateful to Rev. Fr. Stanton for all he has done for the team, and we sincerely hope to have him with us next year. Do. Rev. Fr. Fortier. We also wish to thank President Nick Bawlf, Mgr. E. H. McCarthy and Treasurer P. C. Harris, and the entire executive, for their valuable services rendered the team throughout the season. These positions require a great deal of time and attention, and necessitate much hard work. We speak lightly when we say they were filled admirably.

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TOLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

Our many admirers will, no doubt, now admit the Ottawa College were the real victors in Montreal, if they will judge from the showing our boys made at the Oval against the Red and White.

We have been quite fortunate this year in being able to witness two extra games of football, one in which the garnet and grey showed brilliantly, namely, the College and Ottawa City game. Then we saw two teams of the Intercollegiate, Toronto and Queens clash upon the gridiron to see who would take the cup from its snug little quarters in the parlor. It was sad to take it from its resting place, but consoling to know "good sports" possess it.

Much credit is due to Manager McCarthy and Treasurer Harris in the masterly way they conducted the management of the Toronto and Queens game. "TORONTO" sent both officers slight tokens as a mark of their appreciation for the work.

Capt. Mike Smith was in the game to the very last. His advances on the field on many occasions infused courage into our boys to forge ahead.

Jack Corkery proved a star in the four games in which he participated. Those long runs were hair-raising.

Strenuous efforts were made on the part of Rev. Fathers Fortier and Stanton and President Nick Bawlf to launch a team into the newly formed Interprovincial Hockey League, but our application, with many others, was not accepted owing to the unsettled condition of the league.

Billy Richards is a hockey player of some note, and undoubtedly will don the garnet and grey uniform this season. Billy while registered at McGill, chased the puck for the Red and White.

By the combined efforts of the prefects, in securing hockey players, Ottawa University promises to be well represented in the City League this year.

The old reliable Nick will soon be ringing the steel on the glassy surface, and we can feel confident that if the bunting is landed by O.U., Nick will have figured conspicuously in securing it.

Vince Braceland and Pete Dunn will certainly strengthen the College septet. Vince is one of the best defence men in amateur hockey, while Pete is also there with the goods.

Under the able direction and coaching of Rev. Fr. Fortier, the third have done nobly. It would not be too preposterous to say that one or two, if not more, will be defending O.U. in the Intercollegiate Union next year.

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Of Local Interest

Sully, we did not know your father did not allow you to smoke. Well, too late. Do not cry over spilt milk.

Frankfurter We-r intends to open a quick lunch-room. Three cheers for his best customer—Himself. Later we learn that the name of this establishment will be called Uwanta Bark. Levi Wolf will be the manager.

O'Gor-an (with a pair of pants, a leg in each hand): This pair in my right hand is mine, but the pair in my left belongs to someone else. Wake up, Charlie! You must have been out the night before.

Jimmy Joh-s-n strongly advocates in favor of the Lynch law.

History Professor: If Montcalm had been a little more calm, Quebec would not have fallen.

The exciting melodrama entitled "Messenger Boy 42," which recently held the boards at the Grand, will be reproduced at the College with S-m-rd in the title role.

L-e-y: Why is a hen?

Fl-m-ng: Perhaps the Duck knows something about it.

G-ll-g-n (the morning after the ghost party): Say, Dewey, you will not need a sheet to look ghost-like to-night.

The Guichon Bros. are devising a scheme to heat their room with natural gas.

H-k-tt's parlors were such a success that a barber shop has been opened on the premises. All remedies for the scalp have been thoroughly tested by proprietor (C-nr-y is an honorable man) and guaranteed to contain nothing injurious.

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Come up and have your upper lip treated, Wh-l-n.

O'L-r-y: I see G-n-a is interested in the 5 and 10 cent store.

O'K-fe: How?

O'L—: Handling the baby dolls.

B-y-le: Indians, Indians, Oh! give me another name for them.
"Scotch": Red mon."

K-n-dy is introducing a new fad in the line of dancing. Watch him do the trick.

J: C-rk-y is going to produce a vaudeville sketch entitled "In the Good Old Summer Time." John will play the title role. We do not know his friend as yet.

D-w-y has cultivated a strong desire to study the French language. We wonder why?

When did you say that navy would be a fact, Ga-h-er?

Since the football season, Ga-h-er has been noticed to be a little absent-minded. In English class while reading Hamlet instead of reading first player, our friend starts off something like this: "First play A-go."

R-d-n's motto: Non victoria sine pugna.

D—B and O'Br-n: Our Mellin's Food Twins. Are they not cute.

Prof. in English: What does Prosody treat of?

K-n-e-dy: Prose.

Another Tragedy in One Act.

Varsity steed,

Hard day's work,

Drop dead,

Steak for breakfast,

Skin game.

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Synonomous: L-a-y — Lazy.

Lunches at D-w-y's and H-r-ton's. Meals at all hours. Purveyors to H.R.H. S. W-r.

Prof. in Latin: Translate that sentence. The one ending in Hic.

Fresh Student: That's not a sentence. It's a drink.

NOTICE.

Messrs. W-l-n and L-ke wish to inform the student body at large that they are not running an opposition recreation hall. Kindly use the one the school provides.

I claim myself a man.

Who is a better—H-t.

O'G-m-n has started to smoke again.

H-k-tt a Hospitable Host.

Visitor: My honorable lord, I will most humbly take my leave from you.

H-k-tt: You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part with.

S-m-: They say she's a peach.

Br-dy: I'll have to get an introduction.

Local Editor: Have you any jokes for the Review Du B-is?

Du B-is: I had one once, but I lost it.

H-t: What do you do during the vacations?

H-k-tt: I have a government job taking the "senses."

H-t: You need some, but in the Singular.

Voice over the 'phone: Je veut parler avec mon——

O'K-e-f—: I can't understand this. It is French.

H-rt: Then it must be for L-k-e.

In spite of the fact that the football season has just finished,

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our old reliable sub, W-bs, continues to keep in trim by visiting his *Trainer* on congé afternoons.

Con-y, have you tried "Crisisgigno" yet?

1st Student: The silver plant does not take in carbon?

Botanical Instructor: It has a green streak.

2nd Student: Then sure it's Irish.

A genial gentleman matriculant has concluded that if farmers want an insect to destroy potato bugs, they must first shell them.

Prof., addressing a senior: You are a man with a brilliant future behind you, explain the passage.

No answer.

Prof.: Did you study it?

Jim stirred slightly and said that he must have been dozing when he passed there.

Prof.: There are carnivorous plants.

Student: Do they live on flies only?

Phil.: O no! They just get them for desert.

Wm.: Your hair parts in the centre.

Little brother: Yours has departed in the front.

Junior Department

The junior Editor wishes everybody in general, and all the members of the Junior Department in particular, a Merry 'Xmas. and a Happy New Year.

The football season has come to a close. The team representing the Small Yard gave a good account of itself. It was up against great odds—it was hopelessly outweighed, but by hard training, by careful attention to the coach's injunctions, by always manifesting an indomitable spirit of stick-to-it-iveness on the field, and by good team work, it obtained results such as to cover itself with glory, and to realize the sanguine hopes of its most enthusiastic supporters. It tied for first place with Collegiate II. The saw-off game was thus reported in the Ottawa Free Press:

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Wednesday afternoon (Nov. 24) at the Oval, Collegiate II. and Ottawa College Small Yard played off the tie for premier honors in the Junior City League. It was as good an exponent of Canadian Rugby as any football enthusiast would care to see. The kicking and catching of the back divisions was beyond the ordinary for juniors. The neat gilt-edged work of Cornellier in the booting line, at full for College, gave Small Yard the superiority in the back department and helped materially to win the game. The Collegiate was heavier and stronger on the line, but to offset this the three College halves went up to help their line, leaving the quarter-back and full to do all the work of the back division. The spectators were treated to on-side kicks, to end-runs, to dashes through a broken field, and to low, snappy tackling. The following-up of the College wings was a feature of the game.

"In the first half, Small Yard missed a good chance to score, when by a long run, Harris brought the ball within three feet of the Collegiate line where he was downed by Scott. Here the heavier line of the Collegiate showed to advantage. The Small Yard could not gain an inch and lost the ball on downs. Then half-time was called. In the second half, with only one minute to play, neither team had as yet scored, but College was in possession of the ball, first down, on Collegiate's ten-yard line. The signal was given, Cornellier kicked high, Leblanc, playing on side, rushed ahead, leapt into the air, caught the ball over the head of the Collegiate's full-back and flung himself on the ground for a try." Small Yard's lineup: Full, Cornellier; halves, Harris, Leblanc and Poulin; quarter-back, Nagle; Scrim, Lebel, Murtagh and Laroche; wings, Chantal (Capt.), Brennan, Clark, Fournier, Tobin and Batterton.

Much of the success of the season was due to the able and untiring coaching of Rev. Father Veronneau.

The team had two good, reliable spares in Gascon and Mi'ot.

It is conceded by all, that Chantal made an ideal captain. Good boy, Leonard!

That group picture is all right, and there is not the face of a poor player on it.

Hurrah! Hurrah! We are champions again!

The captain of the Seconds, when interviewed, gave out the following interesting bit of information: "We did not have a very successful season. We had so few games that I was unable to rightly size up the particular playing ability of each member of the team, and as a result I did not have my men working in their proper positions.

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I should have done more shifting about. But wait till the fall of '09. Those interested in amateur sports will be glad to hear that most of this year's material (including myself) will be on hand for next season. We will, however, lose a valuable player in W. Jones, who positively declares that he is to join senior company."

The championship of the Third League of the inter-mural series was won by A, and its success can be attributed largely to its machine-like team work. The winning players were: Leclaire W., Côté, McCabe, DesRosiers (capt.), Braitwaite, Lalonde, Bourgie, Leclaire L., Belanger, Chamberlin, Lamonde, Jeanotte, McNicholl, Gregory and Peachy, C.

Rev. Father Bertrand, who took an interest in the Third League, says that there are some "baby wonders" among the players, but he withholds the names for fear of developing "swelled heads."

Was not that game for pie's closely contested? Full time was played and ten minutes' overtime, and yet no score!

Would Mike's mother have known him if she had seen him in football "togs"?

The leagues in billiards and pool are in full swing. Who wins the championship?

Now for hockey! In this, as in football, Small Yard expects every man to do his duty.

Marathon races are becoming the fashion. The Small Yard had one. Twenty-five laps of the rink was the distance covered, but of the thirty entries only six finished. Andrew Murtagh of Aylmer, came first; Edward Nagle of Ottawa, second; and George Baithwaite of Crysler, third. The winners were presented with suitable prizes. There were no speeches.

At the banquet that's coming, take care, boys, not to overfeed yourselves.

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