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ANTIGONISH

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Has not Canada reason to feel proud? In the broiling heat of South Africa the sons of "Our Lady of the Snows" have shown themselves worthy to represent on the battle-field the premier colony of our great Empire; they have justified the special honor paid our premier when, on the occasion of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee he held the foremost place among colonial representatives. The gallant service they rendered at the relief of Kimberley cannot fail to have a salutary effect on the unity of the Empire, and probably statesmanship no less than strategy placed them in a position where their valor could distinguish itself. Canadian volunteers, backed up by the famous Gordon Highlanders, cutting their way through the forces oppressing their brethren in the Transvaal, must tend to show France, Russia, the world, that we are at heart one nation and know but one cause.

The recent successes of British arms are an earnest that in the end British pluck and perseverance will win the day. Some mistakes may have been made during the early part of the campaign; but now we find the Boer generals outwitted on every side. The struggle may be long and bloody; but unless the powers interfere—and it is not reasonable to expect it—there can be no doubt that the Boers will finally be conquered; in fact, in view of the stubborn resistance, causing a vain shedding of blood, made by General Cronje, and the boast of Kruger that the burghers will cease fighting only with death, our only fear is that some future historian describing the conquest of the Boers may say of the British: "*solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.*"

We note with pleasure the flattering tone in which the press of London comment upon a speech recently delivered in the Canadian House of Commons welcoming the idea of colonial representation in the Imperial Parliament. We think that the time has come when Canada may well claim a voice in the legislative body that shapes the destiny of the Empire. Our importance as a colony, our standing as a people, the vastness of our resources, and the material part we are destined to play in the history of the British Empire, all call for our representation there. The generous action of our government in aiding the Mother Country in the present struggle has established a precedent which we are in a manner committed to follow in the future; and no one should claim that Canada should lend a helping hand to Britain in struggles which the latter alone had in her power to bring on or to avoid. Nor should Britain be without the aid and guidance which our statesmen, from their position, may be able to give in many questions that arise in the Home Parliament vitally affecting the interests of her first colony. When, a century and a quarter back, our neighbors to the south rebelled against taxation by a parliament in which they were not represented, there arose in the House of Commons of Eng-

land many able men who in all the fervor of their eloquence urged the justice of the stand taken by the American Colonies; and to-day when Canada voluntarily taxes her population, and sends her flesh and blood abroad in support of the flag, it is not surprising to see how London welcomes the idea of colonial representation in the Home Parliament.

A peculiar winter this! Rain follows frost, and sunshine, shower without order or apparent reason. We have long expected to be told that the Gulf Stream has changed, or that under-currents come express from some warm country to effect the change in our climate; but these explanations not forthcoming, we are inclined to attribute the changeableness of the weather to pure cussedness to excel in capriciousness anything within the memory of the oldest inhabitant!

IRELAND PAST AND PRESENT.

Over two thousand miles to the east of our fair Canada there lies amid the foaming billows of the Atlantic an island, sad but majestic, that presents subject matter for many a thought this day, when Irishmen the world over commemorate their national feast and do honor to St. Patrick, the glorious patriot of their beloved island. This morning, throughout the length and breadth of the Old and the New World, with the first rays of the rising sun, there ascended from earth to heaven, from the trembling lips of millions the sweet prayer of "God save Ireland." Those words first lisped at a loving mother's knee, repeated later in life, give rise to memories of the Ireland that was, and breathe a prayer for the Ireland that is to be.

For ages the school-house of the world she alone, with her neighboring sister, amid the ravages of Vandal and Goth saw Christianity unmolested when the dense cloud of northern

barbarism overshadowed the European continent. When civilization had been well nigh extinguished, she caught up its flickering torch from the ruins of fallen Rome and rekindled it in her schools and monasteries. When nearly all Europe, torn asunder with civil feuds, and suffering from the fatal effects of luxury and vice, was submerged in anarchy and confusion the light of science shone from Ireland's shores, brightening even beyond the banks of the Danube and the valley of the Rhine. From all parts—from Greece, Germany, Italy and France, to her schools came the youth of nations, who enriched with the learning which she had snatched from the brink of oblivion, returned home to establish seats of learning whence should radiate truth on a world only emerging from barbarism.

But how was it that while the darkness of ignorance threatened to envelop everything in its onward march this little isle of the ocean shone so brilliantly? Ask any student of history, and his reply will be: "St. Patrick did it, when he unfurled the banner of Christ on the green hills of Erin." Providence in His infinite wisdom and mercy raised up this great apostle to dispel the spiritual darkness of Ireland's pagan clans, and thus bring these noble types of humanity to a knowledge of the true God. This was done and well; for never since have Erin's children, notwithstanding the sufferings and vicissitudes of nearly fifteen centuries, been infested with the slightest taunt of barbarism, nor have they relinquished the sweet boon of faith implanted in their hearts by the simple but persuasive eloquence of the Saint.

Ireland was converted early in the fifth century, and so heartily did the whole nation enter into the spirit of the Gospel "that she became a nation of monks and nuns almost on the day she became a nation of Christians." At this period she was at the height of her national power and social happiness. Her bishops and monks, her scholars and poets, her orators and musicians, her princes and warriors began to weave for her that web of glory and renown which has rendered her famous both in history and in song. From that time she began to give to the world that talent and

genius for which her sons have ever been famous.

But alas, her happiness was not to continue long. The greed of an English King dried up her springs of freedom and glory, and from this time Ireland fast began to decline. Innocently she allowed foreign politicians to interfere in her affairs of state, thus causing to be forged the chains of oppression which have bound for over seven hundred years a once happy race to every species of misery and oppression. And hence it is that a people who under more favourable circumstances would be as happy as any under the sun, have been almost exterminated by sword, scaffold, exile, or famine. The freedom of their institutions, long the great source of their power, became contaminated by the atmosphere of foreign rule; her children, hitherto with minds bedecked with "laurels from the hill of science" were after a time deprived of that glorious privilege of Christian education; nay, more, they were not allowed the practice of their faith. The harp, the national instrument of Ireland, with its strains of melancholy pathos, no longer sounded within her halls; and her warriors, no longer cheered by its martial notes, reluctantly submitted to the yoke of despotism.

From the middle of the sixteenth century till quite recent times, Ireland groaned under the weight of misrule; but as England's prejudices are slowly but surely giving way, so is Ireland's discontentment slowly but none the less surely giving way to contentment.

During the century just closing her sons have been particularly active in procuring for her that freedom for which she sought so many hundred years in vain. The patriotism of Grattan, the eloquence of Curran, the wit of O'Connell were not lost to her; for ever since their time has she seen steady advancement—commercial and political.

What Ireland has done and is still doing for the faith which St. Patrick brought to her shores is too well known to be mentioned, as every reader of Church history knows well that the "Soggarth Aroon" of Erin has ever been since the days of St. Patrick a powerful instrument in the hands of God to preach his Gospel to all nations, and to furnish to the

world abundant proof that the life of His Divine Son lives in the members of His Church.

Ireland is not an independent nation, but still can well be proud to be a part of the greatest empire that ever unfurled a flag. Her flag is the flag of Britain, for it have her heroes fought, for it have they died. England's battles are Scotland's, and Scotland's are hers; the thistle, the shamrock and the rose are one, for their admirers are Britons all. We have no longer three peoples, but an united nation; a union that is daily being cemented on the kopjes of Natal, where in the grey dawn after battle may be found mingled with the blood of Englishman and Scotchman the heart blood of the true son of Erin.

COM.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE WAR.

On Tuesday evening, March 20th, the Rev. Dr. McGregor delivered a lecture on this subject in the College Hall. It might seem that this question, which has been so much discussed of late, would prove uninteresting, but the lecturer's ability was a sufficient guarantee that many interesting and instructive facts would be brought up for review, and those who came expecting a treat were not disappointed. His masterly presentation of the subject was such as should break down all prejudices and bring home to even the most ardent sympathizers with the Boers a conviction that this war is a just one on the part of Britain. Even where there is some ground for speculative doubt we should at the command of our country brush it aside and form our conscience on the practical basis of our allegiance. It is only when the causes are manifestly insufficient that we are bound to refrain from making war. The Pope had declared a just cause for war the refusal of the Turks to allow Christians to visit the Holy Places; England was justly praised for declaring war against Abyssinia when three English subjects were unjustly imprisoned in that country; Italy was on the point of declaring war against Turkey unless the Sultan immediately released

one very young Italian girl who was about to be shut up in a harem! But if wars declared for such reasons were just, how much more just is the present one for which, as the reverend lecturer pointed out, there was not one but many causes.

He began by tracing the history of the English and Dutch settlements in South Africa to the time when the English paid the Dutch Government \$30,000,000 for its claims in that country. For a time all went well, but eventually some grievances, but particularly racial jealousies, caused the Dutch to trek northwards across the Vaal river, and ever since that country has been called the Transvaal. Here it must be remembered that this country formed part of the territory purchased by Great Britain. Shortly after this, about 1870, Kruger appears on the scene, as a leader in one of the numerous fights that occurred between the rival candidates for the presidency of the so-called republic; and established for himself a name for cunning and selfishness as well as for ability. These political troubles were followed by more serious difficulties, when the Bechuanas repulsed a Boer invasion into their territory, threatening the destruction of the republic. The Boers were now in such an extremity that the British authorities found it necessary to send Sir Theophilus Shepstone to formally bring the country immediately under British rule as a crown colony. This was done not forcibly, as is clear from the fact that he had with him but twenty-five mounted policemen.

Now that peace was assured Kruger's ambitious designs began to show themselves. Gladstone, then leader of the opposition, was advocating in his Midlothian speeches the annulment of the "annexation" of the Transvaal. Kruger thought this an opportune time to obtain mastery of the country, and he and his followers began to assert their independence. In the meantime Gladstone came into power and with responsibility came a change of attitude on the Boer question. For two years he positively refused to relinquish his hold on the country in spite of Kruger's petitions. The refusal exasperated the Boers who then broke into open revolt. The Majuba disaster brought Gladstone to terms.

The lecturer then went on to trace the negotiations which ensued between the Imperial Government and Kruger, Joubert & Co., and he showed conclusively that England did not give up her claim of suzerainty at either the Pretoria or London convention. This part of the lecture we pass over as the facts are generally well known, and shall treat of the way in which the Uitlanders are oppressed. At the London convention Kruger invited British capitalists to come to the Transvaal to develop the country, promising them equal rights with the burghers. This promise he has shamefully broken, and even if no such promise had been given, England like every other nation, would have a right to see that her subjects received justice. Some may say that the matter should have been referred to arbitration, but what under the north star would be the sense of arbitrating with a people like the Boers, who merely wished delay that they might fortify still more strongly their military positions. When it had taken them nine years to settle in that manner a dispute about a railway at Delagoa Bay, it would take them nine and ninety years to settle the question of the rights of the Uitlanders. While the lecturer recognized the propriety of referring to an arbiter a controversy between a man with a stick and another man of equal size with a like cudgel, he thought it absurd to think of so settling a dispute between a gentleman and a dirty impudent boy who had stolen the former's handkerchief.

The Uitlanders are practically excluded from ever becoming citizens of the Transvaal. The oligarchy which rules the country passed laws which required for citizenship, first, two years residence, later seven, and finally fourteen. Not only this but the applicant would have to be recommended by a majority of the Boers in his district, have his application sanctioned by a vote of the Volksraad, and finally be approved of by the president. Thus it is plain that the Uitlanders were excluded from having any voice in the government of the country of which they are a majority of the white population. A case a young doctor was cited, who

after all other conditions had been complied with, was refused the franchise by the president!

Then the treatment of the Uitlanders in regard to schools is most outrageous. Before the commencement of hostilities there were in the city of Johannesburg some eighty thousand English-speaking people, ninety thousand natives, and only three thousand Boers. For the support of schools the English or Uitlanders, who pay all the taxes, got about three thousand dollars provided that not more than an hour each day be devoted to the study of English, while the Boer schools received thirty-two thousand dollars, paid by the Uitlanders.

Then there are monopolies, controlled wholly by the Boers and mostly by relatives of Kruger. These monopolies cover every article necessary to the Uitlanders, for which articles they are charged exorbitant prices. Dynamite—an important article in mining, and one of which Kruger's immediate friends have a monopoly—is brought into Johannesburg at a cost of \$7.50 a case; it is then divided into smaller packages—which the Boers call manufacturing it—and sold to the Uitlanders for \$22.50 a case. About \$1.50 of this immense profit goes into the treasury, while the remainder goes to swell the coffers of Kruger's son-in-law.

A poll tax of \$4.75 was imposed on the inhabitants, and Kruger took good care to see that it was collected from the Uitlanders, but not once from a Boer. A tax of \$20.00 was imposed upon farms, but the law applied only to lands held by companies. The Boers are not interested in such companies, but many of them hold thousands of acres of land, so they thus escaped this tax as well as all the rest. All religions outside their own are discriminated against, especially the Catholic, whose members are prohibited from holding any position of importance in the country.

These are the poor simple farmers—the crushed people whom we are asked to pity,—the people fighting for their liberty! The reverend lecturer clearly showed that they were not the oppressed but the oppressors! They treat the natives—who are slaves in all but the name—far more cruelly than ever a slave was treated in the Southern States of

America. For there a slave very often became so attached to his master as to refuse to accept his liberty, and even to give up his life in saving his master. But in the Transvaal a native has never been known to have the least affection for a Boer, while they at all times look to the Uitlanders for protection.

But protection the Uitlanders themselves did not receive. A show of justice was sometimes made; but what justice could a Uitlander expect from an exclusively Boer jury in a court conducted in Dutch *patois*?

In conclusion the lecturer incidentally referred to the Boer character, and their abuse of the white flag. They indeed possess that animal courage so useful in hunting wild beasts, but not so valuable in civilized warfare. Men who use that flag to locate an officer in the opposing ranks, simply to make him a target for their dum-dums are worthy of no quarter and should receive none.

Who will say that this war is not a just one?—a war not offensive, but defensive, undertaken to redress such grievances as broken promises, refusal of franchise, taxation without representation, *patois* education, oppressive monopolies, and lop-sided justice?

We wish to thank those subscribers who have so promptly responded to our call in last issue, and would remind all who have not paid up that an early payment will greatly oblige us.

RANCH LIFE IN SOUTH-WESTERN ARIZONA.

(Continued.)

The ranches vary in number of buildings from the one-roomed shanty and little corral of the small rancher to the great houses and outbuildings of the large proprietors and companies. The "doby" houses, made of sun-dried bricks as their name indicates, are perhaps the most comfortable dwelling places to be found, their thick walls serving equally well to exclude the cold of winter and the heat of summer. In some places may still be seen, now long disused, the first abode of the settler, namely, the "dugout," an excavation in the side of a hill roofed over and walled in on the open side, large enough to admit a bed and other necessary articles of furniture. The corral, an inseparable adjunct to a ranch, used for herding cattle, is made of heavy logs with their ends sunk deep in the ground and their tops bound securely with saplings and rawhide, making altogether a fence of great strength and height.

Large tracts of country called the "ranges" separate different ranches from each other. As these ranges are not fenced in, the cattle mix up and move away with those of other proprietors and render branding and earmarking absolutely necessary. Hence it happens that ranches are designated by their principal brands, and we hear of the Turkey Track ranch, The Firehooks ranch, etc. To bring back the stray cattle and to brand the "crops" of newly born calves semi-yearly round ups are held in May and September. When a ranchman decides to have one he notifies his neighbors within a radius of ten or fifteen miles to that effect. It is to everybody's interest to attend, as they will without doubt find some of their own cattle which need to be branded and driven home. Accordingly, on the day appointed, fourteen or fifteen cowboys, each with a train of four or five spare horses, gallop up to the ranch and dismount. They are met by the owner and told off into groups of two or three each to drive the cattle in from all parts of the range. It may be evening before all the herds are gathered in, and in that case it is neces-

sary to keep guard over them during the night. There are generally three or four shifts. The men on duty ride slowly around the herd, singing or whistling. No matter how poor the singing may be, it seems to soothe and quiet the cattle. But if the least sudden sound, such as the stumbling of a horse, or the howl of a coyote, startles them, they instantly stampede. The cowboys ride swiftly up to the leaders, and by continually heading them off they try to "mill" them, that is to get them running in a circle. Should a horse by any mishap fall before that mad rush, in a few moments its rider would be trampled to death. Sometimes they are successful in keeping them together, but very often the cattle scatter, and the work of rounding them up must be done over again. If all goes well, on the next day branding takes place. The irons are shaped like the letter J, and are held to the place to be branded until the flesh is seared. The ownership of the calf is determined by the brand on the cow it follows. If one finds an unbranded yearling calf in his ranch, even if he knows it belongs to another, he has the right to put his own brand and earmark on it. Such calves are called "mavericks."

When a buyer comes along and decides to make a purchase the whole herd is collected, and he takes his pick of them. A cowboy then "cuts out"—to use their term—the animals selected. This is one of the operations in which the wiriness and training of the western bronco is brought into evidence. The cowboy works his way among the herd and drives out a beast. This is not done without a struggle, but the bronco nimbly follows every move of the cow, often turning so suddenly and with such a lurch that the spur of the rider touches the ground. When the whole purchase is "cut out" the cattle must be driven to town. The "chuck" wagon, or wagon for grub, bedding, etc., is then got ready and the herd, surrounded by cowboys moves slowly on its way. Driving herds is often made difficult and disagreeable by the sandstorms that prevail in the country, blinding cattle and cowboys. At night-fall a guard is placed over the cattle and the drivers having supped on "sody" biscuits, coffee *sine lacte*, and beef in some form, retire to that blissful, peaceful slumber induced by healthful exercise.

EXCHANGES.

On entering our sanctum one evening last month curious and pleasing sounds greeted us—the humming of a *Bee* mingled with the cheerful notes of a *Skylark*. Looking around to discover whence the sounds came our attention was attracted by two little strangers that had come to visit us. Although we have heard the humming of bees we have never had the pleasure of seeing any skylarks in this country; and thought that this one must have come from over the sea. We were soon undeceived, however, for this little songster soon made known to us that he came from our fair consins across the border. This little *bird* truly upholds the reputation of his prototype, and the richness of his voice is surpassed only by the true merit of the songs which he sings. These are on various topics, in prose as well as verse, and of a high literary character. Having always associated skylarks with England we are disappointed by one note in his song, where he tries to make out that England is in the wrong in the question that is now being so freely discussed. We are very glad to receive the *Skylark*, and shall always accord it a hearty welcome.

The *Bee* is a neat little paper published by the students of St. Jerome College, Berlin, Ont. We have read the second number of the *Bee* and find it quite up-to-date. It is essentially a student's paper, containing short, well written articles on various questions. Its opening article, "A Miniature Life of Leo XIII.," gives concisely the leading events in the life of that great and noble successor of Saint Peter. "The Trend to Literature" very forcibly suggests the contrast that can be drawn between the literature of the past and most of the writings of the present day. The surprise and disgust of the ancient monk when he discovers the trashy stuff that some modern intellects, and costly machinery turn out, is well put; but the article considers only the dark side of the question. No doubt a large number of persons, nowadays, are confirmed novel-readers, but that is not caused so much

by the lack of good literature as by the training those people receive. We wish to compliment our Ontario friends on the neat appearance of their paper as well as on the literary talent shown in their articles, and trust that the *Bee* may be a regular visitor to our sanctum.

We are always pleased to get the *University of Ottawa Review*. The January number contains many good things in poetry and prose. "The Poetry of Edwin Markham" is a lengthy article carefully thought out and well expressed. "The Dark Ages," comparing the period so called with the present century clearly shows that no one but a "very ignorant or very malignant" person can use that name; for it was in many respects, if not superior, at least equal to the present time. The writer concludes: "If only our enlightened age would try to be in some respects as *dark* as those ages were, we would not hear any more talk about money difficulties, social troubles, and we do not know what kind of questions. We would not have to listen to speeches about the rights of women, because in the 'Dark Ages' every woman knew her right, aye, and her duty too. We would not have to look at the wretchedness of the poor, which is constantly before our eyes, because the monasteries which our age has destroyed, and the 'lazy good-for-nothing' monks which our age insults and tries to do away with, took care of them. We would find out that the 'Dark Ages' with all their failings, made man happier and more contented than our enlightened age, which has—no failings at all? In short we would find out that the 'Dark Ages' were not so dark after all." This number of the *Review* also contains some very good bits of poetry. "Homely Courage," being deserving of special mention, we quote the last stanza:

"Revere the brave who die to serve
The cause which they deem best,
And waft your hearty blessings on
Each living warrior's crest;
But ne'er forget the hero souls,
The men of dauntless might,
Who day by day wherever found,
Show courage to do right."

In its February number the *Acadia Athenaeum* maintains its usual good standard. The contributed articles show very good literary taste.

The appearance of the February number of the *Argosy* is greatly enhanced by the pictures of "Mount Allison's Tribute to the Empire." Three of her sons are now fighting for their Queen, and one of her fair daughters ministering to the wounded.

SPORT.

HOCKEY. OUR TRIP.

Our hockey team left on its annual tour on the 19th ult., playing at Truro, Wolfville, Windsor, and Canning. The team consisted of :

B. Brown, Left Wing,
 J. McNeil Centre,
 H. Gillis, Rover,
 J. W. Brown, Capt., Right Wing,
 A. McGillivray, Cover Point,
 W. Harrington, Point,
 P. Power, Goal.

They were accompanied by F. Brown, H. McGillivray and P. Brown. The team was the same in all games, except for P. Brown who took rover's position at Wolfville. Odds were decidedly against our team on this trip on account of not having any rink practice, but that our boys did great work can be seen from the following :

The first game was with the Truro champions, "The Rovers," in the new Metropolitan Rink, and resulted in a victory for College by a score of 3 to 1. The rink was very large with ice in fair condition, and a good fast game was on from start to finish. The College scored two goals in some seven minutes of play, adding another before half time. In the second half the play was more even, and Truro scored its only goal during the last five minutes. Truro has twice this year demonstrated her superiority over one of the best teams

in Eastern Nova Scotia, and had never before been beaten in the new rink. Our boys did credit to themselves on this evening, and ably upheld the reputation of those who have gone before. Capt. Tupper, Smith and McDonald deserve special mention as good hockeyists. The boys were well received and much enjoyed their short visit to Truro.

The evening of the 20th found us lined up against Acadia University, and here we suffered our first defeat. The game was very fast but too one-sided the first half, as Acadia scored nine goals to our two. The second half was much more even, each side adding one goal. The game on the whole was good, but how *Chr-stic* was allowed to *Ste-le* off-side so much was a wonder to all. Excuses for our defeat would be in bad taste, but had the referee been sharper a few of our opponents would have done more "sitting" than playing. A little light on the *ice* and more room would have made the game much more satisfactory, but this was the fault of the rink management, not of the players. A return game in Windsor on the 23rd was eagerly sought in order that we might redeem ourselves, but our brother students could not consider it, being too tired after Tuesday's game, and we suppose not able to get sufficiently rested by Friday. What about our men being tired? This would have been our fifth successive game. We had a guarantee for them to cover all expenses, so they would have lost nothing, not even an hour's class, as they could have returned the same evening. We were certainly entitled to this return game after going so far, and it shows a lack of proper spirit on the part of the Acadians, which perhaps they may explain. Our boys were well used at Acadia, being given a sleigh drive to Grand Pre and Port William, which was greatly enjoyed, and our thanks are especially due to Captain Jones and Mr. Woods for our entertainment.

Wednesday evening we had the pleasure of crossing sticks with the "Avonians," the champions of Windsor and Annapolis Valley, and to say we enjoyed our visit and were royally entertained would be expressing it mildly. The change from

a small to a large rink had a good effect on our boys, and although up against a fast team they went in to win and came off victorious by a score of 2 to 0. The game was our fastest and was marked by good clean play on both sides. College scored one goal during the first half, also adding one in the second half, while our opponents were blanked. Shaw, Smith and Graham were the stars for the Avonians. After the game we were entertained at the Avonian club rooms, where a most enjoyable evening was spent.

Thursday evening, after a pleasant drive of nine miles from Wolfville, we lined up against the Canning team, and here met our second defeat by a score of 3 to 2. Our boys were again at a disadvantage owing to the smallness of the rink, but the game was fast, many beautiful individual rushes being made by members of both teams. Canning scored the first goal after five minutes of play and our boys immediately did the same trick. The home team again scored before half time, making the score 2 to 1 in our opponents' favor. The second half opened sharp and the home boys again succeeded in placing the rubber between our posts. Our boys also added one during the last five minutes of play, and thus it stood at the call of time. Parker, Borden and Cox are deserving of special mention for good playing. After the game we were the guests of our victorious friends at the Queen Hotel, and at a late hour we left this little village where we have always been given such a hearty reception and used in such a hospitable manner.

NAVERIANA.

Rev. L. J. McPherson, professor of French, has left the College for Glace Bay, the pastor of which parish has gone to North Sydney to take charge of that parish during the illness of the Rev. Jas. Gillis.

Prof. Horrigan, who has been associated with the institution for several years, is severing his connection with the

College. He will enter upon the lecturing field, in which we feel confident he will meet with a full measure of success. The students of his classes presented him with an address and souvenir.

St. Patrick's Day, 1900, will long be remembered by the students of the College, especially those whose progenitors were sons of "Dark Rosaleen." The Irish boys, following out the doctrine of the communion of Saints, had previously determined to have a Solemn Requiem chanted for the repose of the souls of the Irish Catholic soldiers who fell bravely and gloriously in South Africa, fighting the battle of the Empire. Accordingly Rev. D. C. Gillis, former Vice-Rector of the University, was requested to offer the Holy Sacrifice for the above intention. At 6.30 a. m. the intonation of the solemn service was begun. The celebrant was assisted at the altar by the Revs. Dr. R. McDonald and M. A. McAdam, who acted as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. After Mass Father Gillis, taking as his text the suggestions of the morning, spoke feelingly and eloquently. Having enumerated the manifold virtues which grew so luxuriantly in the Irish Church, and having shown how abundantly the tree of faith, planted by the great apostle, had born fruit, the rev. preacher proceeded to point out the woes and persecutions, the troubles and tyrannies which Erin had undergone since the "Emerald gem of the western world was set in the crown of a stranger." He urged upon all to learn the lessons which a study of St. Patrick's life conveys. The sermon, though brief, was deeply impressive, and well might the Irish boys feel proud of their good fortune in listening to the eloquent description of the glories and sorrows of the "Island of Saints and Sages."

As anticipated the entertainment on St. Patrick's night was quite a success. The trouble taken by the performers in preparing the various parts of the programme, was amply repaid by the appreciation of the audience. Of the vocal part we may say that the choruses were all well rendered, as were also the solos. Rev. M. A. McAdam's reading, published elsewhere, needs no commendation. The declamation by Mr. L. E. O'Keeffe was faultlessly given. The cornet solo by Mr. Millidge, the duets by Messrs. R. McDonald and A. Bernasconi, and the violin solos of Mr. D. McDonald are deserving of mention. The dialogue in which a number of students took part was well rendered. The farce was particularly interesting.

PERSONALS.

Rev. D. M. McGregor, D. D., who has been spending a few days at the College, preached an able and timely sermon on the Sacrament of Penance on Sunday, 25th inst., to the students of the University.

Rev. J. A. M. Gillis, curate of North Sydney, who has just recovered from a severe illness, remained a few days at his Alma Mater before proceeding on a recuperating tour through the Provinces.

Rev. Fathers Coady, P. P., Harbor au Bonche, and J. McNeil, P. P., Ingomish, were also amongst our recent visitors.

Mr. R. Callahan, member of the Newfoundland legislature, was at the College during the month, and placed his son as a student of the institution.

Mr. Hector Fillion, theological student of St. Ann de la Pocatiere College, Quebec, arrived here about 15th inst. He intends to take a course in English so as to prepare himself for teaching that language on his return to his own college.

Mr. A. D. McEachern, who has been attending College for the past year, has gone to Whycoomagh, B. C., to take charge of the school at that place for the remainder of the term.

Mr. Leon LaCasse, has also left us. He intends to enter an hospital, preparatory to going to McGill University, Montreal to begin a course in medicine. We hope that Fortune may always smile upon him and that he may meet with success in the profession he has chosen.

Mr. L. E. A. O'Keeffe, one of the chief editors of EXCELSIOR and a distinguished graduate of St. F. X., left for his home, Rucker, Arizona, on the 26th inst. He was a student of the College for seven years, being but 11 years old at his entry. His course was a particularly brilliant one, he having obtained the highest honors in every subject. Being of a very unassuming disposition, Mr. O'Keeffe has always been the admired of his fellow students, and many genuine regrets have followed his departure. The boys, to show their esteem, presented him with an address and travelling outfit. We hope that his career in life shall, like his career at College, be crowned with success.

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Wanted—An arbiter. To *aving* or not to ring that is the question.

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Wanted—Information by P. as to whether the B. Bros. are to grow any more.

Wanted—The leeway of a ship sailing *dead against the wind*. The *funny man* has it.

Wanted—A stenographer in senior study, in case M. F.'s memory gives out.

Wanted—To know why a man is put *off* the ice to cool.

Wanted—Some cough drops to be taken in (the) March.

Wanted—The return of the N. G. prodigals, they *missed* one hockey match.

Wanted—A toe protector.

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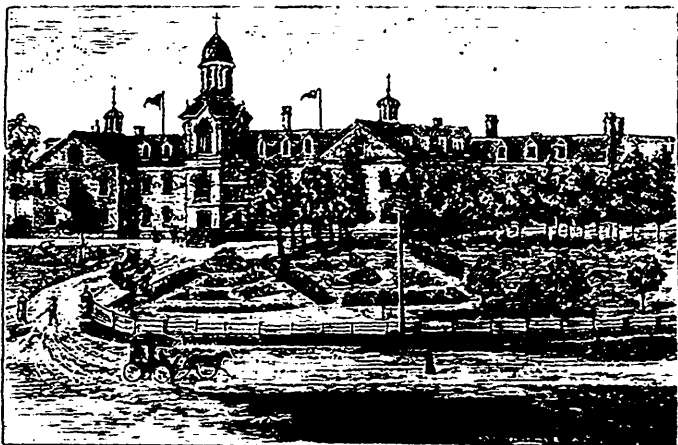
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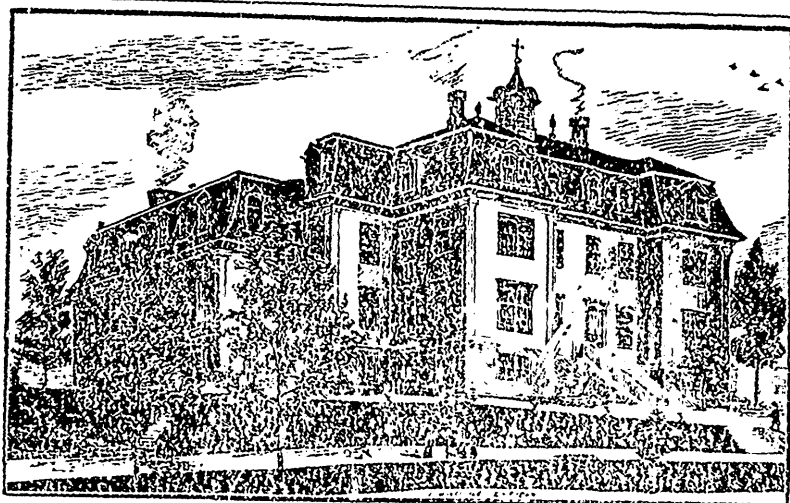
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