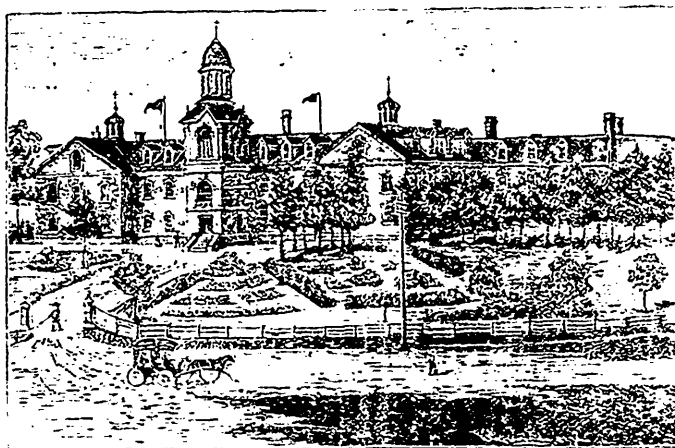


February

Excelsior.



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Antigonish, N. S.

1901

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**QUEEN
VICTORIA.**

The death of our venerable Queen after a glorious reign of nearly 64 years is mourned in every part of the civilized world. That she had the respect of the people of every nation and the deep love of her own subjects was amply proven when the news of her death was flashed round the world. During her life she was ever an example both in public and in private life. Every British subject throughout the vast empire mourns her death almost as a personal loss. In following her example her successor must needs set himself a high standard and we pray God that he may follow worthily in her footsteps.

God Save the King!

**WARS THAT
WERE "OVER."**

Some months ago the world was assured that the war in South Africa was over and that in a very short time peace would again reign. Looking through the daily papers of the past week, one can learn how active the war still is and how well the Boers are holding their own against such large odds. Since Lord Roberts returned from South Africa the British troops have done little to distinguish themselves unless by getting DeWet in a "trap" and not keeping him there. DeWet has been so often in a "trap" or "entirely surrounded" or "surely captured" that a reader of the daily papers is not a bit surprised, but simply remarks "Again!" and continues his reading. The capture of this famous general would very likely finish the war but he is still far from being captured.

The commanders in South Africa are calling for more troops, but where are they to come from? Why not send Lord Roberts out there again and let him finish what he began so well, and come back when the war is *over*.

Another war that has been "over" some time is the war in the Philippines, or as our neighbors are pleased to call it, the *rebellion* of the Filipinos. Why they should call to-day a rebellion what two years ago was a war of independence we cannot understand, but our neighbors *probably* understand it.

STAR OF THE MORNING.

When we were little, you remember how
For one whole summer I amused me quite,
By watching nightly for a gleaming star
That twinkled far away, a speck of light.

My star, I called it, and I loved it well,
Giving it person and some angelhood,
And fancying that it held within itself
All that men dream or know or have of good.

It seemed like to some habitant on high
That stooped with gracious state a little low,
That I might key my childish fancy's harp
And set it to star-music soft and slow.

And it was well when days had been serene,
To see its white arms slowly merge to view,
While the glad soul sped upward on its beam,
So rapt it all but took the body too.

And it was sad, grotesquely now it seems,
When something had occurred to mar the day,
To feel the passionate self-reproach and pain,
A doubt if that pure star-love dare to stay.

Strange fancies that a childish heart will have,
Children must live to something near or far,
They seize the passing bloom nor stop to ask
The why and wherefore of the things that are.

And are we wiser who, with labored care
And long-drawn theories of that and this,
Kill roses' fragrance in the wherefore's train,
And in the sunset's reason lose its bliss?

MARY AGNES O'CONNOR.

MODERN POETRY.

"And thou sweet Poetry! thou loveliest maid,
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade:
 Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame
 To catch the heart or strike for honest fame
 Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride:
 Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe
 That found'st me poor at first and keep'st me so
 Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel
 Thou nurse of every virtue, fare-thee-well."

These words bear the appeal of a lover of poetry who saw that, when avarice and ambition had taken the place of simplicity and contentment, poetry must fall rapidly into decay. The words as we read them now and look in vain through the English speaking world for some man who is worthy to bear the name of poet, bring before us the question, Why is it thus? Surely all are not under the influence which Goldsmith attacks. Surely out of the many learned and capable men whom we see around us, there are many who are not affected by the vices which he decries. Yet, why are there no poets in our language to-day?

We believe that the age of poetry is past. True poetry is the art of doing by the pen what the painter does by the brush—producing an *illusion* on the imagination. The human mind in its less perfect state was more sensitive to the charms of poetry than it is at present. The illusion of the poet was taken by the semi-barbarian as a reality. When the old poets are now read the illusion is taken for an illusion, it is often looked upon as silly and seldom admired. The creative faculties are now gone. Niagara would have inspired a poem in ages gone by: to-day it is reckoned by its horse-power.

Another factor that plays a very important part in poetry is language. The language of a half-civilized people is simpler; it is better adapted for painting images, consequently it is more the language of the poet, than a more advanced tongue. The abstracting of the scientist changes a language

from one simple to one of general terms. Consequently we have a language of classes and not of individuals. Under these disadvantages we see men laboring to produce a work of any merit with very little success. In future we may see great works produced in painting and sculpture. Poetry has had its day. Men will read and enjoy and perhaps admire the old poets, who may be imitated and criticised but never equalled.

LIFE OF THE STUDENT.

In placing before my readers this short sketch of our life at college I have two purposes in view. 1st. To give a clear and truthful account of our daily routine and 2ndly. to do away with an opinion which in some quarters is prevalent that college training is not beneficial for young boys. The ordinary age at which a boy enters college is about 15. Let us take a boy then at this age and place him in a Catholic college, then let us follow him on in his course and see what influences are at work in the moulding of his character.

The ordinary time for rising is six o'clock. He is awakened then at this time, and a half hour is given him to dress and fix up; then he marches with his comrades down to chapel and there assists at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Think of this my readers. How many boys in the world hear Mass every morning. What favours and what graces the young student receives by attending at this Holy Sacrifice will be known only on the day of judgment. From the chapel we follow him to the study where he usually spends fifteen minutes before breakfast in reading some religious book or in looking over his lessons.

At last the welcome sound of the breakfast bell is heard and he marches from his study into the refectory, and here for the first time his fellow students have the opportunity of seeing whether or not he is a gentleman. If he is a gentleman his comrades will tell you so after his first day at table. Mother need not feel afraid that Harry will loose all his good manners at college; the college boys breakfast does not in

the least resemble a cannibal's feast. And now, breakfast finished, the boys stand at their places until grace is said and then go to the play-ground.

The older students generally spend their fifteen minutes on a walk, while the younger students take part in tennis, hand ball or the other numerous games supplied for them. And now the big bell rings out from the tower and the boys enter the college and prepare for class. The first class starts at eight o'clock and from that until twelve our young friend is engaged in his different studies, Latin, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, etc. At twelve the boys assemble in the chapel and recite that beautiful prayer, the Angelus. Again I ask: How many boys in the world come before our Blessed Lord at midday to honour and thank Him for the graces and favours of the morning and to ask additional ones for the afternoon? Next comes dinner and just here I might say that our young friend will probably miss a few dainties which he had at home, but the food provided for him is good healthy food—well cooked and lots of it, so again I might say, mother need have no fear of her boy's starving at college.

After dinner an hour is given for recreation and then comes class again, and our friend enters upon his afternoon work. If he goes into the class-room with the proper spirit, he finds pleasure in his work, for he knows that he is doing his duty and it is pleasant for one to know he is doing what is expected of him. I do not mean to say that he will have all plain sailing. No; but if he does his part faithfully his professors will help him over his difficulties and cheer him on when he is feeling disappointed because he is not making enough headway. After class at 3.30 the students make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament and this is one of the most beautiful of all our religious exercises. After our work in class and after our disappointments or our victories it is indeed beautiful to repair to the chapel and lay them all at the feet of our Saviour. Think you what blessings are showered on us kneeling before our Blessed Lord as we pronounce our acts of adoration and love. After visit, which lasts about a quarter of an hour, the boys repair to the campus—but some

of my young friends in reading this would say he has left out the best thing ; and that is the lunch which is served to the younger students at this time. Here for two hours the boys indulge in good healthy exercise, in summer, Tennis, Base-ball, and Croquet, in winter, Hockey, Hand-ball, and gymnasiun take up the students' time. All these games we are taught to play with fairness, and whether on the campus, in the gymnasium, or in the class room the student is taught to be a gentleman. At about five o'clock the bell rings and the students drop the games they are engaged in, and hurry to their studies. Then an hour is given to study, after which we proceed to chapel and say that beautiful prayer, the rosary, and on special nights such as Sunday assist at Benediction. After our evening prayers comes supper. The two hours recreation has quickened our young friend's appetite and consequently he does ample justice to the good things put before him. After supper we have a short recreation and then proceed to study which lasts until 9.30. As the student began the day with prayer so he also ends it and at 9.30 proceeds to the chapel to ask forgiveness for his faults, and to return thanks for the graces received during the day, and to pray for his relations and benefactors, and for the welfare of himself and his fellow students. Leaving the chapel he proceeds to the dormitory and in a very short time our friend is tucked in his blankets unconscious of all about him. Many things I would like to speak of at some length, but space forbids. The different societies of the college are a great help to our young friend. Societies of Our Lord and Blessed Lady, societies of the saints, or again our class societies are all so many helps to our young friend in advancing in piety and knowledge. Again, as he grows old he becomes a member of the debating society and is there taught to express his opinions in a clear and forcible manner. Indeed I might write pages on this society alone, but space forbids.

On Sunday, as natural, more time is given to religious instruction and the boys are instructed in the practice of their religion.

Our young friend, then, follows on in this life day after day

doing his duty and all the time advancing in knowledge and in piety. Finally the time comes for him to leave his Alma Mater, he is to sever his connection with his teachers who have taught him both by word and example his duties to God and man. He is to part with his fellow-students with whom he has formed friendships which will never be broken.

We have followed him on in his course, we have watched him in his different positions, let us now see him at the close.

The commencement exercises are past, the boys are leaving for home. Our friend now a B. A. stands bidding farewell to his comrades. We stood here five years ago with him when he first entered college, we have followed him on in his daily routine, we have seen the training he has received and now we are able to judge how great a help a Catholic College education is to our young friend. Our young friend entered college a boy, but as he closes the door and walks from his Alma Mater he knows, he is, in the truest sense of the word, a *man*.

A PRINCELY GIFT.

The College Library has recently been the recipient of a most munificent gift from the Lord Bishop. The addition made to the library by His Lordship's generosity consists of the *Acta Sanctorum* of the Bollandists, forming a series of sixty volumes in folio. The whole set is bound in calf. The work is most valuable to students of history, and is almost as rare as it is precious. Very few libraries in Canada can boast of such an acquisition and St. Francis Xavier's is to be congratulated upon this most valuable addition to its rapidly growing library. His Lordship has, during the whole of his episcopate, been placing the College under the deepest obligation to him, and this latest act of his generosity is a notable addition to numerous proofs which he has already given of his devoted friendship towards the leading educational institution of the Diocese. We feel confident that, at the present moment, while the people are being appealed to on behalf of the College, the shining example of generosity just given by the Bishop will find many desirous of imitating it to a certain degree.

LABOUR.

The cost of life is labour : men are born
To work, not live : to act, not to exist.
Our errand here is writ on ev'ry hand ;
Each sun proclaims not day but work begun ;
The costly light is wove for labour's dress.
A blush did ne'er betray a baser deed,
Nor penalty pursue more daring fraud,
Than abject shirking of the common fee
Which Nature lays on those who sit around
The green-spread table of our Father—God.

A straw for destiny ! It is a stream
Whose course lies through the present and may be
Directed as we will. Our acts forecast
A surer future than the horoscope.
Toil gives a fortune augurs durst not tell,
And fate is written as our deeds dictate.
What realm where Labour's credit is not good ?
What current things doth lack his signature ?
What peaks his airy footsteps have not pressed ?

This is the Power that did weld the worlds,
And fathom down the star-lit gulfs of night.
Tall as ambition he, strong as the force
That drives the circling planets on their course.
As from the sterner regions of the north
The chilly Mississippi issues forth,
Flows, widening, down 'mid scenes where Nature's hand
Forever raised doth bless the smiling land;
So toil, from harsh privations that distress
The winter-world, tends onward to success.
And as the gulf stream's felt far out at sea
Our labours here affect eternity.

ADVERTISING.

We hear it said every day that we live in a progressive age, an age of wonders, unsurpassed by any period of the world's history. Every newspaper and magazine in our land devotes pages to the history of the latter part of the last century, telling us of the marvels science has wrought, and the facilities created for the better enjoyment of life by all classes of men. Yes, we are proud of this age of ours. It is different from all other ages. Who can but wonder at and appreciate the great inventions wrought by brilliant intellects during the last decade or two? Who but admires the statesmen who have devoted their energies and their lives to the eradication of abuses which, in the beginning of the nineteenth century pervaded the constitutional domains of most countries?

But everything changes. Time continually brings before us new circumstances and new conditions. No sooner are abuses and impositions swept away, and defects remedied, than fresh ones arise before us, and hence we must always be on the watch, lest, instead of advancing, we retrograde. And one of the questions that should demand the attention of our legislators is that prevalent and public practice of fraud carried on in the newspapers by means of advertising.

We are not aware that this question has ever been discussed in the press—to many papers a conscientious consideration of it would be repugnant,—but the fact, that so much “ill-gotten goods” is being obtained in this manner by individuals and companies as to constitute it a menace to the use of newspaper advertising as a legitimate means of furthering one's business or enterprises, should induce our best papers to call attention to the matter.

There are numerous individuals and companies in the United States and some parts of Canada who enrich themselves solely by the sale of spurious articles, a sale which is facilitated to an almost incredible extent by means of extensive newspaper advertising. And the managers are well

aware of the fact that they are taking part in fraudulent transactions when they admit such advertisements into their columns; and they know, moreover, whose pockets are to suffer thereby. Yet we are told that the modern newspaper is the great educator of the people! Well, inconsistency to some lies deep, but it is a mark of weakness. As to the boast that the newspaper of to-day exerts an educating influence on the people, it may be regarded with a good deal of suspicion. If the people who "run" the paper are themselves educated, in the sense in which this term was explained in the last issue of Excelsior, then we may expect that its influence will be beneficial. Since, in the majority of cases, this is unfortunately not so, our legislators should, in the interests of the people and of the country, take steps to curtail the license of the press in regard to advertising; and if its co-operation in disseminating improper literature, which it sends to the best of our homes, were weakened, liberty would not be encroached upon.

SCHOOL NOTES.

It was a surprise to us that you got the January number of your paper out before the end of the term, and our eyes were weary watching at the entrance of the Lower Hall for that green parcel. But we got it and the Minims are easily satisfied. January is gone and I assure you that it was a hard month for our little boat. Sailing from its home port early in the month, with the odor of Xmas still clinging to them our crew found stiff sailing and stormy ways. At our destination we are launched once more into the deep, and through the dark and rocky shoals of a sessional examination we beat and tacked for many days. Did we succeed in entering port? Look to EXCELSIOR for January.

Safely across the bar of exams. we arrive in the miserable harbor of mild weather, where for two long weeks we are buffeted about by the hope of better things. But January kept up its record and with the soft ice, we could not sail nor

could we skate up the harbor of hockey and happiness. Yet with all this bad weather we enjoyed ourselves with our daily games, our weekly debates and monthly concerts.

Our St. John Baptist Literary Union and Debating Club (what an absurdly long name!) is in full swing and the order and regularity observed in the meeting, might be copied by others. I cannot say the same of the many subjects chosen for discussion, but the committees seem to have a great faculty for choosing the ridiculous. The first subject for January, "Is the Liar more harmful to society than the Thief?" was ably discussed. The opener took a somewhat curious and rather discouraging way of opening the debate. After addressing the chair, he declared himself to be the opener and that the liar was the worse *and* he sat down. The respondent must have seen something decidedly ridiculous in this procedure, because he got up and repeated almost word for word the opener's speech. This was a poor start, but it was a start and one which later caused the mighty river of Minim oratory to gush forth. Bud wished to quote Scripture in his oration and he repeatedly informed the chair of his intention to do so. But he got no further than expressing his intention—we waited in vain for the quotations. Nullius had a strong party but Didy could also command not a few. I. T. fought strongly for his side of the question and Fitz proved his right to be called a debater. A tie was the result. Two other subjects were debated on the following Saturdays but very little of either oratory, eloquence or wit was to be noted. The Club seemed to be taking a rest for that final event, the monthly entertainment.

The club had its concert on the 9th inst., and it was a success. To begin with, the members bought a new organ or rather a *mouth* organ for our friend Crisp. A Com. was appointed to accompany Master C. in town and the result was a new organ. He gave it plenty of work on Saturday night. Nullius sang some of his old songs and the Minim Quartette was a concert in itself. Johnny T. has a knack of kicking, but when he kicked to the music of that new mouth organ it was very good. Fitz can whistle and Didy dance, but the

H. T. quartette was remarkable. Bud's solo was well rendered and Hamy's reading was received with great applause. The Suris Bros. gave some choice Spanish songs, and the Midgets charming recitations. In a word, our concert was first-class. I should like to notify some of the members of the U. that if they want to come to our concerts they will have to see the Head-Master. Anyway the month is gone, and hoping EXCELSIOR won't be so late for February, I am
 always yours to command,
 MOONSHINE.

St. J. B. School, Feb. 10th, 1901.

XAVERIANA.

RECEPTION AT MT. ST. BERNARD.

On the 15th inst. a reception in honor of the anniversary of the birthday of His Lordship Bishop Cameron was tendered him by the Reverend Sisters and the pupils of Mt. St. Bernard. The Assembly Hall showed exquisite taste and care. The reception was a splendid one and gave every evidence of patience and hard work. On the entrance of His Lordship, Greg'h's "Galop de Bravura" was beautifully rendered by six young ladies. The "Little Ones' Greeting" was truly the best number on the splendid programme. Each little tot looked resplendent in the regalia of the flower which she represented, and all spoke their various parts clearly and well. The address read by Miss Eulalia Smythe was accompanied by a magnificent basket of roses and lilies, which was presented to His Lordship by Miss Isabel Chisholm. The rendering of the address conveying to His Lordship the best wishes of the Sisters and pupils, was such as to draw forth well deserved marks of appreciation from the listeners. His Lordship in a few well chosen words thanked all for their kind reception, adding that all he had ever done for Mt. St. Bernard would be amply repaid by the sweet fragrance of the prayers that would issue from their pure hearts for him.

EXCELSIOR joins hearts with those of Mt. St. Bernard in wishing His Lordship many happy returns of the day.

SOCIETY NOTES. Since our last issue we have been pleased to see that the Handball committee have had the alley repaired so that those who do not take part in the other sports may recreate themselves with a game of handball.

Although we made mention that we should like to see the St. F. X. Debating Society re-organized, still we find that no steps have yet been taken in that direction. Why not have the Seniors and Juniors participate in friendly debate?

A meeting of the members of St. Cecilia's Society was held on the 3rd inst., when it was decided to place a musicale on the stage for St. Patrick's Day. Whether the entertainment shall be public or not, will be decided later on. The members are now hard at work practising their different parts so that we can expect something good.

The class of '01 held its bi-monthly meeting on Wednesday evening the 6th inst. This was the second meeting of the Society since Xmas as the examinations prevented the class from meeting more frequently. The Seniors fraternized in October having as their object the intellectual and moral development of each member. This is the first society of its kind ever formed in the College and we wish it every success.

VISITORS. The past month has seen many visitors in our sanctum, including Rev. Frs. R. McDonald, J. Chisholm, McLeod, and M. Power. John Donalds, a former student, paid us a flying visit while on his way to Sydney.

EXCHANGES.

We hope that our college exchanges will not regard us as being inconsistent, if instead of commenting on their own merits and demerits we turn our attention in this issue to Maher's Philosophy as reviewed in that cleverly written paper, the *North West Review*. Of course we assume that all our exchanges know more or less about this work.

We are accustomed to make a distinction between natural ability and rectitude of judgment, and regular philosophical training or acquired logic. While it is true that some are naturally of a logical turn of mind, the instances, we must admit, are rare. So then it is of paramount value to any young man capable of grasping metaphysical notions to have a sound training in a consistent system of philosophy.

The question now arises as to what particular text book should we use; because it is always helpful to consult some authority when we are sailing in that bark at the helm of which reason stands. The Council of Public Instruction prescribes for us James' Psychology written by a Sensist philosopher as an option. But commonsense, rationally expanded which is in itself philosophy, tells us that the theory of Sensism is not tenable. We say therefore that those preparing for a provincial Grade should not be allowed, much less be led to follow a text that is erroneous in its theories; and which by being such defiles the mind and impairs its reasoning powers.

The North West Review of Jan. 30th. advises students who may be going up for a normal school course to use Maher's Psychology. The characteristic of this work which gives it prominence over the best works on the subject is its thorough criticism of contemporary philosophers. In this respect it follows the method adopted by St. Thomas of Aquinas who deals with the false systems of his own century. The Review, strong in its conviction goes on to say: "As an instance of caricature of scholastic teaching vigorously exposed by Father Maher we may mention Mr. Sully's travesty of the distinction between the different faculties of the soul.

For those gentlemen who have thought proper to adopt Mr. Sully's 'Teacher's Handbook of Psychology' for the Normal course in this province Father Maher's criticism of that author's sensist contradictions would be a healthy eye-opener." James' Psychology is another instance of caricatures of scholastic teaching which Father Maher, especially in his latest revised edition severely criticises. This should be an eye-opener to the Council of Public Instruction of the Province of Nova Scotia. Father Maher has had conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Letters by a vote of the Senate of the University of London for the special excellence displayed in this work, notwithstanding that the writings of the two examiners, to whose judgment he submitted his work as comprising his claim to a degree, were therein refuted. The fact that the examiners of a university, and the university that of London, have attested its special excellence should make those who have the proper education of the young people of this province at heart pause to consider the importance of the step they would be taking by leaving James' Psychology unmentioned in the Course of Studies of our Province.

THE QUARTETTE.

"Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity,
 Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
 Nodes and Beckes, and wreathed Similes,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live on dimple sleek,
 Sport that wrinkled care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides,
 Come, and trip it as ye go
 On the light fantastic toe,"

What a merry crowd are they, all gathered together "in o liveree of a solempne and greet fraternitee." Though this place in solemn stillness lies, they will, ere the exit of many mouths, entwine about it the mantle of mirth. Through the day as they glide up and down the corridor with its white

walls, hard wood floor and suite of airy rooms they would warble some sweet refrain with here and there a discord resembling the harsh shrill note of the owl, O' Polyphymnia! But when Sol facing towards the other goal of his chamber in the east, bids night draw her curtains softly o'er day's garish eye, they, coming forth to play, would carol to themselves in an undertone, "Hail Goddess of Nocturnal sport." Of this merry company one, as a singer confessed without rival to shine and if not the foremost in the very first line, was in his person handsome, tall and straight. Nature had bestowed upon him a voice so linked with sweetness that it could untwist all the chains that fettered the hidden soul of harmony. Another a salad, for in him we see oil, vinegar and sugar agree. He was not so long ago pronounced heroic on account of his gallant defence in honour of his favorite pipe adorned with the precious metal; for although in this tremendous undertaking he did not actually triumph, he, nevertheless, won his *mark*. He possessed from childhood a voice, "was never trompe of half so great a sound," which resounded far above those of his companions and finding its way through the roof disturbed the elements in the ethereal vault. The third

"Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun!
Who relish'd a joke and rejoiced in a pun;
Whose temper was generous, open, sincere;—"

scattered around wit and humour at will. As a singer of comical songs, he was pre-eminently qualified, among such a noble company, to fulfil that transcendent position known to be the *foremost*. He had at one time vainly endeavored to prefix to his name the dear old "O" of that verdant isle, the home of the shamrock. He not only excelled in the singing of comical songs, but also in the graceful art of dancing, now backward, now forward, now in, now out, now round about, until with a majestic sweep of his foot and a polite little bow, he would announce, to the swarm of spectators, the end was drawing near. Last of this jolly group is the *esse* of all that

is pleasant in man. He reveled in the delights derived from the playing of tricks upon his neighbors.

Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all ;
 In short so provoking a devil was J—k
 That we wished him full ten times a day at Old N—k;

But when he succeeded a sly little twinkle flashed in his eye, a pleasant "hey, hey," sent its merry ring through the place, and his beaming countenance was adorned with a good humoured smile which playfully flitted about his lips. Now for the banquet ; there was salmon of excellent flavour, sweet-bread its place did obtain and pies both substantial and plain, preserves upon soda crackers placed, and nuts after the feast to be cracked.

At a feast so various—at such a repast ;
 Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last ?

After this sumptuous repast, the host kindly bade them stay and talk the night away. But during the course of their conversation, one happened to stroll towards the window and peering through the blind noticed the stars in the heavens receding from view and the horses of the sun, driven by Phoebus, ushering in the morn so with a pleasing

"To each to all a fair good night,
 Pleasing dreams and slumbers light,"

they withdrew.

Editors' Note—Owing to a mistake some of our subscribers received notices which were not intended for them. The editors feel very sorry for this and sincerely hope that those who receive any such notice will not take offense.

The editors ask the indulgence of subscribers for the non-appearance of "The Fourth Commandment." The copy of it has been misplaced but we hope to continue it in some future issue.

HOCKEY.

A most exciting and interesting game of hockey was played in the College Rink on the 7th Inst. between the Orientals and the Invincibles. The game was hotly contested throughout, the puck being now at one goal now at the other. Both teams were in the pink of condition showing the result of the hard training which they had undergone. At the end of the first half the score stood 2 to 1 in favor of the Orientals. Capt. A. Chisholm of the Orientals scored the first goal of the evening by a most brilliant dash. This woke the Invincibles up and immediately after the face off P. Beaton captured the puck and amid great applause carried it to his opponent's goal and passed to McLellan who scored on a splendid shot. The next score was made by the Orientals from a scrimmage in front of the Invincibles' goal.

When both teams lined up for the second half, the look of determination which was to be seen on the face of each Invincible gave every sign that they would put up a stubborn fight for the game. For a space of fully fifteen minutes neither side had the satisfaction of scoring, when Beaton succeeded in again securing the rubber and landing it safely in the box. Score 2 to 2. Intense excitement now prevailed on the side lines, the rooters became frantic. Although the supporters of the Orientals were the more numerous still the rooters of the Inviucibles made up in noise what they lacked in numbers. Both teams shared in the excitement. The puck was brought to the centre, the whistle sounded, and both teams were at it hammer and tongs. Body checking was freely indulged in, several of the players decorated the platform with their presence.

By a misunderstanding A. Chisholm was ordered to the side lines. In a mix up when Alex. was endeavoring to disengage himself he accidentally brought his stick down on the head of H. A. Gillis. Referee McRae immediately ordered him off the ice. There yet remained about five minutes to play. Time and time again would a player secure the disc and start for his opponent's goal only to be foiled. Finally A.

McNeil succeeded in capturing the rubber from a face off and by a splendid piece of stick handling he scored the third goal for the Invincibles, just a half minute before the whistle blew for the end of play. The rooters of the Invincibles made the grove resound with their songs and shouts until the College building was reached where they bounced the various members of their team.

ON THE HOP.

A. (seeing J. S. C. coming out of the dormitory) Aren't you sick?

J. S. C. Yes I am, but the confounded thermometer wont go up.

Prof.—What is the sine of 103° ?

Student—Sign you're sick.

Prof.—It is possible to do that?

Student—Yes sir: but not without a multiplicity of circles.

Prof. parse *Scribus*.

Student—That is the Dative of antiquity.

Are fascinators the latest thing?

No; Pochontas wore one.

C. M. is on the hop. He has a bunion on his foot.

Prof.—Why is *sit* the subjunctive?

Student—If it were *est* it would be the indicative.

Prof.—What was Byron's chief characteristic?

M. A.—He wore his hair long.

Christopher, if you please.

Prof.—What was there in South Africa?

Student—Black races, white races—and—and horse races.

Student (in geography class)—If one of those Arctic explorers reached the North Pole would he fly off into space?

Referee (during hockey match)—Who is that man dressed in white?

Player—White.

Referee—Yes, yes in white?

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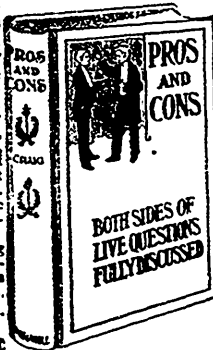
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