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No. I.

In Memoriam.

UNEXPECTED, indeed, was the message that brought to the student the sad tidings that James Bransfield was dead. Those who were with him in college during the winter of 1900-01 will learn with feelings of profound sorrow that the gladsome voice of their poet friend is hushed forever, that never more will they hear his sweet strains of song. James Bransfield died at his home in New Glasgow on Sunday, 5th inst., and was laid to rest on the following Tuesday in the presence of a large concourse of people, among whom were the members of the local branch of the C. M. B. A., of which the deceased was a member.

In the fall of 1900, Bransfield entered St. F. X. College, remaining but one year. Upon leaving college he spent some time in the City of Montreal. Last winter, finding that his health

was failing fast, he returned to his home where he remained until his untimely death a few days ago.

While in college he endeared himself both to the professors and students. He was a young man of the most lovable disposition, pious, modest, and retiring. When the news reached us that he was dead it quickly passed from lip to lip. Expressions of regret and sorrow were heard on all sides. His former associates could be seen in groups, here and there, discussing the sad event.

The sweet and beautiful poems that now and again graced the pages of EXCELSIOR during the last few years were the productions of his pen. They are the outpourings of a pure and stainless soul, with here and there a note of sadness, which only enhances their beauty. No person reads these poems without a feeling of love and admiration for their author. In his quiet, unassuming way he did not write for fame, nor for money, nor for the sake of writing, but he wrote whenever the poetic spirit moved him, and the poetic spell came upon him.

Before he ever came to college many of us had heard of Bransfield. In the spring of 1897 there appeared in the columns of the *Casket* a poem entitled "Easter" over the name of J. Bransfield. Those who read it were so struck with its beauty that they began to wonder who this J. Bransfield could be. It was soon learned that the author of this really beautiful poem was a young man scarcely out of his teens, living in the neighboring town of New Glasgow. This poem, though written when he was young and unknown, contains sublimity of thought, beauty of expression, and depth of imagination that would do credit to poets of much greater pretensions.

Much of what Bransfield wrote was never given to the public. We hope that in some future issue we may be able to present our readers with those poetic gems. The poems that have already been published we have collected, and take much pleasure in inserting them in this issue :

EASTER.

Wake! day's glory-shrouded monarch
Dancing mounts his throne of azure,
Showering thick his golden arrows
On the fast retreating darkness.

Down the dew-bespangled hillside
 Stretch the trees their giant shadows,
 While their icy-sheeted branches
 Gleam like gems of giant lustre
 On earth's fair luxuriant bosom.

Wake! a thousand times awoken?
 Easter this, O needs my telling
 Why, of all time's gladsome children,
 Why, of all days, sun-illumined
 Easter brings joy's sweetest fragrance?
 Need I tell how Christ our Saviour
 Rose triumphant o'er His enemies,
 Rose above that night of darkness,
 When Despair and Hope sat vieing,
 Loud proclaiming to all nations
 That Redemption's day had dawned,
 That from hell's claim men were ransomed,
 Made again the heirs of heaven?

Ye who have a voice to praise Him
 Raise it in a storm of glory.
 Swell with myriad tongues the chorus
 Till it soar to highest heaven,
 Till it drown the rolling thunder,
 Till the mountains tire of echo,
 Glory to the God triumphant,
 Glory to the risen Saviour,
 Glory to our Life forever.

God of wisdom, God of mercy
 When you sun doth pine and vanish,
 And this stained earth sinks in darkness,
 When Judah's tall mountain
 Roll their awful screen of granite
 O'er that scene the last and dredest
 In Time's sad and sinful drama
 When above the wrangling chaos
 Of despair and gloom and horror
 Rise the chosen with their Saviour,
 Rise and leave this world forever,
 May I be among the chosen.
 May I rise to life eternal!

His next poem is entitled "Departing Summer." It appeared in the *Casket* of Sept. 16th, 1897. This poem will

appeal to every cultured mind. Simple, elegant, it fascinates us with its beauty, and recalls to our minds the transitory nature of earthly things. He strikes a note of melancholy tenderness in the last four lines. Perhaps he felt that his own day was nearing its close.

DEPARTING SUMMER.

Once more o'er the shadowy ocean of time
 The tide wave of summer recedes from our clime;
 Once more on the hillside, deep foliaged and green,
 The heralding tincture of Autumn is seen;
 Each tree in the orchard with fruitage freight ben'ed,
 The swish of the scythe from the meadow ascends,
 And the loud creaking hay carts, with lofty piled loads,
 Come swaying and slow 'long the forest-hemmed roads;
 The crow in the tree-top, the brook in the dell,
 Join Nature in wailing the summer's farewell.

O joy-freighted visitant! linger awhile;
 Let us bask in the charm of thy vanishing smile;
 For thy love 'lumined visage that beams on the shore,
 Though 'twill deluge the earth with its raptures once more,
 May never recall, with its nurturing ray,
 The 'fume breaking flowers to incense our way.
 For the seed of the blossoms that 'last summer shed
 May cover with verdure our next summer bed;
 And many that last summer's sunshine did lave
 Will sleep in the gloom of a next summer grave.

Then follow his other poems :

CHRISTMAS

Christmas with its wealth of joys,
 With the hearth-lights' ruddy glow
 With the merry, festive noise
 And the laughter 'cross the snow.
 Still we see the forms of yore
 Lightly through our visions dance.
 Acting their weird follies o'er
 'Neath the glimmer of romance.
 Circled 'round the noi-y hearth,
 By the roaring yule-fire lit,
 Rev'lling in uproarious mirth,

Still our hoary fathers sit.
 We can see the rafters bare,
 We can taste the oak-steeped ale,
 And as loud as any there,
 Laugh a chorus to each tale.

We can hear the minstrel thrill
 Distant sounding in our ears;
 See the aged minstrel still
 Through the shadow of the years.
 Stalks the singer's hero-knight,
 Clad in mail, and battle-worn;
 Moves his lady-love as lithe
 As the scrolled mist of morn.

O what charms are these that hide
 In the peaceful Christmas hours,
 Native to the Christmas-tide
 As the fragrance to the flowers?
 Age derides his weakness now,
 Avarice forgets his lust,
 Constant Trade unbends his brow,
 Beggars revel o'er a crust.

Thus the secret long ago
 Sin had shrouded earth in night;
 Wretched all, yet hoping on,
 Men did wait the promised Light.
 Such a time, traditions say,
 'Twixt the midnight and the morn,
 Broke o'er earth a brighter day:—
 Our Redeemer, Christ, was born!

So this season of the year
 (Hinting that great happiness)
 Brightens up the eye of Care.
 Tempers sorrow and distress,
 Then o'er all the grateful earth
 Let men to the New-Born sing,
 He the Cause of all our mirth,
 Glory to the Infant King!

THE NEW YEAR.

O Time, how fast thy thread doth run
 Another year's already spun;
 Drops from the loom that knits the date

The woven fabric, "Ninety-eight."
 The slipping yarn, dissevered here,
 Glides fast into the issuing year;
 Which, be its pattern coarse or fine,
 We'll stamp and call it "Ninety-nine."

If men to sober thought attain,
 'Tis when the year has ceased to reign;
 For passing time at each year's close,
 Methinks, a deeper shadow throws.
 Accustomed to Time's changeless train,
 We, heedless, note no onward gain;
 Save when the files of the moving year
 Emblazed with other date appear;
 Then start we from our callous state
 An older world to contemplate:
 To find that life's fast length'ning chain
 Doth still another link contain.

All hail, thou princely "Ninety-nine!"
 Last of the Nineteenth Century line;
 Advance triumphal and sublime,
 Awaits thee now the throne of time,
 Which nigh six thousand kingly years
 Have halloed with their high careers.
 No nerveless summer lights thy way
 With feeble, uninspiring ray:
 Thou comest in thy wintry suit,
 With all the glow of lusty youth,

Enlivened with thy regal cheer
 We, too, are young like thee, O Year!
 The gem-like stars' pale, quivering light
 Gleams cold and brilliant 'er the night;
 The crisp snow creaks beneath our tread;
 Our fiery pulses quicker beat;
 The light of youth beams from our brow;
 Nor life nor death can daunt us now!

O youthful year—but more to speak,
 Though faint, my words were all too weak;
 The forceful thoughts thou dost suggest
 Are stayed, and flow not from my breast:
 As when the ice-fraught brook, late freed,
 While sargi'g on with freshened speed,
 Is by the massing fragments' force
 Retarded on its onward course.
 O infant year! may God ordain
 Thou be not born for us in vain;
 That when thy sceptre's lowered we may
 Be wiser, nobler for its sway.

Pages Missing

Bespoke the wisdom of his years,
Anon he paused with thoughtful stroke
To part his beard while thus he spoke:
"My son, what hours of secret we
Your faults have caused me none may know.
Since you to thoughtful years have grown,
I now have hopes your wild oats sown,—
"Wild oats" you know's a term man uses
When making virtues of abuses—
You'll honestly strive to understand
The duties that your years demand.
Think not the homely tricks you've learned
Will make folks stare: one thing discerned,
When cats and men first look about them,
Is that the world could do without them.
And furthermore, remember that
You are no vulgar, common cat.
Your ancestors, I have been told.
Were mousers to a lord of old.
Then bring no shame upon the brood
By corresponding with the rude.
Come they, however, in your way
Drop them a courtesy you may.
But with such dignity and state
That shows the lineage of the great.
'Tis difficult at times, I know,
To draw the line 'twixt high and low,
For spiteful Nature made the masses
Resembling much the upper classes.
No doubt, you'll meet with cats whose bearing
Will argue sense and noble rearing,
But bubbles that the surf has made
Display the diamond's ev'ry shade.
'The shallow'st pool reflects the sky
And looks as deep as heaven is high,
Sure cats, then, can't be too discreet
When Nature, even, shows deceit.
By this the other, serious grown,
Replied: "Your council, sir, I own
Is good, but, faith, it strikes me that's
Ungrateful towards the self-made cats,
If they'll be lost, who'll take their places
To teach and save the feline races.
And do it gratis? Such behaviour
Should prompt exceptions in their favour."

CAT NO. 2.

"There's reason in your observation.
 But know, my son, though gravitation
 Has small effect on common air,
 'Twould draw such weighty wind, I fear,
 As self-made folks are pleased to vent
 And, maybe, cause an accident.
 Therefore the set has deemed that"—smash!
 The treacherous branch broke with a crash
 On which I leaned. And in the night
 The two cats vanished from my sight.

THE SPIRIT OF OUR FATHERS.

Convey, ye soft zephyrs that amorously hover
 O'er the song-hallowed vales where the east rivers glide ;
 From leaf-cradled Ayr or sweet Avon waft over
 One breath of that odour distilled by its side.
 For lost to our times are the loftier numbers,
 And lost are the bosoms that throb at their strain ;
 The pipes are thrown by, and the high spirit slumbers :—
 O! fire of our fathers consume us again!

We do not complain of one beauty bereft us,
 Romantic and wild are our glens as of yore :
 Our mountains, our meads—not a glory has left us ;
 The rapture remains, but we feel it no more.
 We look to the heavens, but where is its azure?
 We gaze on the forest, but where is its green?
 Around, one Sahara extends beyond measure,
 With no font to refresh, or oasis to screen !

ONCE WE DIDN'T CARE.

There was a time we didn't care
 For statutes, or the state's career,
 Successful wrong possessed no stings,
 The gloss of cold material things,
 That now embroil distracted men,
 Had no attraction for us then.
 Pride's wounds and disappointment's dart
 That tears the festering, nerve-knit heart,
 The blood-shot eye, the throbbing brow,
 The toil, the fret, the torture row,
 Once woke no sigh, provoked no tear,—
 There was a time we didn't care.

There was a time we didn't care,
 When heaven and earth and all were fair,
 When free as fleecy clouds on high,
 Swift cruising down the sapphire sky
 We traced the balsam-scented ways,
 That tunneled deep the greenwood's maze,
 And felt the tingling, healthy blood
 Heat high each fibre with its flood.
 Ere hampered with the whims of dress,
 Ere we had studied to impress,
 Ere beauty's thrill, ere sorrow's tear,
 There was a time we didn't care.

We have left his poem on "Labour" to the last. It is truly the work of a genius. In it we find exalted thought clothed in purest English; the ideas are original and the language choice and expressive. To fully take in all its beauty it will not do to read it over hurriedly. Every line abounds in deep thought, and every thought is original, and expressed in terse and beautiful language.

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 every 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 argurs durst not tell,
 And fate is written as our deeds dictate.
 What realm where Labor'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.

Bransfield is dead, but his memory will be long and lovingly cherished in the hearts of those who had the privilege of knowing him. It is, indeed, sad to see a young man of so much promise cut off in the hey day of youth; but let us hope it is all for the best, and, that as he sang so sweetly of things Divine in this world, he is now chanting with the angelic choirs the praises of God eternal.

His poetry we shall read, for we value it highly. It is, indeed, true poetry. Poetry is never more entrancing than when it blends the ideal with the real, and teaches a moral applicable to our lives. In nearly all his poems Bransfield touches the heart. He has something to attract, something to please, something to dwell upon. If poems we have recently read were worthy of the name, if they reflected credit on their authors, then, indeed, would these poems, of which we feel so proud, suffice to crown our dead poet friend with a wreath of immortality.

To his widowed mother, brothers and sisters, the editors of EXCELSIOR extend their heart-felt sympathy in this the sad hour of their bereavement; but let them be consoled with the hope that this loving son and brother is now enjoying a blissful rest in Heaven—a sure reward for such a pure and blameless life as his has been.
 R. I. P.



LONDON.

↳ the rising generation of this country in general—and to the readers of EXCELSIOR in particular—it is probable that the name of London conveys nothing more than an abstraction—an indefinite idea as of a gigantic hive in which some millions of their own species live, move, and have their being.

Such knowledge as they have will presumably be that which is derived from reading, and consequently associated with historical or literary interests. They may probably have a closer knowledge, for instance, of the topography of the Tower of London, than the great majority of Londoners born and bred. Lady Jane Grey and Annie Boleyn, Sir Thomas Wyatt and Sir Walter Raleigh, have familiarized them with the Traitor's Gate, The White Tower, or the spot on Tower Hill which has so often been stained with noble blood.

To their minds Fleet Street may suggest a present picture of the home of the English press, of a row of stately publishing houses giving birth to such giants of the fourth estate as the *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph*; or a picture of the past in which are shadowed the mighty dead of literature, in which are dimly outlined the Addison, Popes, Drydens, Johnsons and Goldsmiths—whose names are associated as closely with the old thoroughfare as with the very works they produced.

Westminster Abbey, and St. Paul's Cathedral, St. James Palace, or Whitehall, each of these will awaken a train of associations in the minds of readers and students, and in all probability the students to whom the writer has the honor of addressing himself, will have a larger, or at least a fresher memory of these associations than many who have studied London's history amidst the scenes in which it was made.

To a knowledge of London in its historical and literary aspects, in its development from the Londinium of old, or from the even more remote *Luan-Dun** of Francis Crossley, I have neither the wish nor the power to bring my reader; but should I succeed in giving him some slight grasp of the conditions of life

*City of the Moon.—Celtic.

in the London of to-day,—of the people, the places and the things one sees there—then my little labour of love will not have been quite in vain.

It would give me great pleasure to be able to secure the services of that magic carpet mentioned in the Arabian Nights, and with its friendly aid to transport my readers to the top of the thirty-foot gilded cross which surmounts St. Paul's Cathedral, 404 feet above ground.

Given one of these bright days, with a blue sky and bright sun, which—despite popular belief to the contrary—do occur in London, I would bid him gaze around him, and thus impress him with the magnitude of a subject with which I make a feeble attempt to deal.

I would bid him note the unbroken sequence of streets and houses for sixteen miles, from Acton in the west to St. atford in the east, from Highgate in the north to Sydenham in the south ; the Alexandra Palace on one horizon and the Crystal Palace on the other—both well within the limits of London—but further apart than two feudal strongholds of the mediæval barons may have been.

I would point out to him how that vast city of which Defoe tells us, which was decimated by fire and plague, would—if the Great Fire of London should occur again—leave a burnt spot relatively no larger than the pip of an orange.

I would impress him with the fact that the scenes of Jack Sheppard's hanging, of John Gilpin's wedding-day adventures, of the rendezvous of Catesby and Guy Fawkes, whence to witness the upheaval of the House of Commons, of a host of other incidents which song or story have placed at various distances from London, are now parts of one town. When I had properly imbued and saturated his mind with a just idea of the vastness of this monstrosity among towns I might say with Saint Paul, "I am a citizen of no mean city." In no place may be seen more of life's ironies and life's contrasts than in modern London. There one may see the senile crossing-sweeper devoting his life to a daily task of keeping clear a narrow strip across which lords and ladies, or noble dukes may find daily occasion to walk. There one may see the ragged, half-starved, but ever impudent street arab, hold open the door of a cab for the man who juggles daily

with millions. In the ornate milliners' shops of Regent Street a wooden counter divides a pale, over-worked and underpaid assistant from the exacting and imperious woman of fashion whose dress alone would cost a sum sufficient to keep the assistant and all her family in comfort for a year. In the neighborhood of Piccadilly may be seen the house of the Duke of Devonshire, quite possibly with a dirty loafer or frowsy woman leaning against a pillar at the entrance.

The heart of London is undoubtedly that part of it known to Londoners as "the City." "The City" the part in which are situated the chief offices of these banks and business houses whose branches extend, and whose influence is felt wherever civilized man has settled. Within an area of little more than half a mile square is contained what, without exaggeration, might be called the financial centre of the universe. To call this the heart of London suggests a fitting analogy in the shape of its daily beat, which institutes a circulation of some thousands of human beings. These are drawn each morning from their homes in all the points of the compass in Greater London, and sent back each night with a monotonous regularity, like the corpuscles of the blood.

From every railway station in the neighborhood of this "heart" of London issues a ceaseless throng of people from seven to ten o'clock each morning. From seven to eight the trains bear loads of third-class passengers—artisans, laborers and the poorer class of clerks and apprentices. These latter, with their pinched faces and shabby clothes, give eloquent testimony to the bitterness of the daily struggle for existence.

The character of the incoming crowds undergoes two distinctly marked changes in the three hours or so during which the "rush" to the city lasts.

From about half-past eight to half-past nine a more prosperous looking class of workers throng the railway approaches. Silk hats and smart frock coats, well-rolled umbrellas or handsome walking canes, are seen in plenty, while here and there a tweed walking suit, or tennis flannels—a set of golf clubs or a bag of cricket gear; denote those whose working day will be brief, in view of an early indulgence in that recreation which is denied to their harder-worked and worse-paid fellow-beings.

These are the rising young men of the city; the secretaries or

cashiers, chief book-keepers and confidential clerks, men who are making their way to the front in bank, railway or Stock Exchange.

During the next hour may be seen another class of arrivals. They are older men—not always so smartly dressed, or so spruce in appearance as the last class noticed—but the facts that they live well out of London, travel by the special saloon-car trains, and drive from the railway to their offices in cabs, eliciting civil salutations from porters, cabmen and doorkeepers, all point to them as men of substance. These are the heads of firms, the bankers, the ship brokers, the directors of city companies and the chairmen of boards, whose duties range from their own offices to the produce exchanges, or to Lloyd's—possibly to a club in the afternoon in Pall Mall, and to the House of Parliament in the evening.

That confusion of tongues which befell at the building of the Tower of Babel might find a ready parallel in modern London. One may explore the streets of Hatton Garden, and find an atmosphere of Naples or Civita Vecchia among the Italian organ-grinders, and itinerant vendors of fruit, ice cream and other doubtful articles of food. One may walk in Soho and find French restaurants as thoroughly national in all their characteristics as any of those on the banks of the Seine—where Mr. Ledbury and his friend Jack Johnson, or Little Billee, the Laird and Taffy used to spend their spare time.

In Whitechapel, Stepney and Mile End, may be heard every tongue spoken from the Ural Mountains to Gris Nez, including that Volapuk of the Jews known as Yiddish, which is composed of parts of every language known to the Aryan stock. In the lower East End streets near the river may be heard the sibilant speech of Malays, Lascars and Burmese, whilst Indian and Chinese coolies, brown-faced, wiry little Japanese and Portugese with oiled curls, black eyes and rings in their ears, jostle against the fair-haired, blue-eyed, giants of Norway and Sweden, who, in these congested streets, find few to rival them in stature except the stalwart, blue-coated “Bobby,” or London policeman.

A necessary consequence to the conditions of life in a large town is the great increase of land values. One or two instances of this may perhaps bear some interest. For example, a plot of ground measuring about thirty feet by twenty, and situated within the city limit, was recently sold at public auction for the sum of

nineteen thousand dollars. This is a large price, but even this by no means gives a fair estimate of the value of such ground as that occupied by the Royal Exchange or the Mansion House. It is no figure of speech to say that it is practically impossible to acquire land at any price in the real business centre of the Town.

In the approaches to large hotels and railway stations every available inch of space is utilized to establish small shops, which are used by jewellers, florists, money changers, or picture and photograph sellers. The approach to the great Hotel Cecil has two of these shops at its corners. These shops face the Strand—one of London's arteries, and each of them commands a rental of ten thousand dollars per annum.

In Marylebone, one of the dozens of different parishes in London, are situated three estates, the Eyre, Portland and Portman, whose combined rentals reach the respectable sum of six million dollars per year.

It would be easy, now that figures are introduced, to indulge in a statistical flight; to quote the number of barrels of beer, of gallons of milk, of casks of wine, that London daily consumes; the mountains of bread, the thousands of bullocks and sheep, the flocks of ducks and sheep, and the shiploads of fruit, butter and eggs that enter London daily; to glance at the cubic feet of gas, the electrical voltage, and the candles and oils that light London's houses, or at the vast reservoirs of fresh water that supply London's needs; in a word, to heap Ossa upon Petion in a staggering accumulation of figures before which the elasticity of Colenso's arithmetic seems likely to suffer a strain.

It would be a pleasure to dilate upon London's churches, theatres, magnificent picture galleries and museums, her miles and miles of public parks, where wood, meadow and lake are surrounded by houses; her post offices, cable and telegraph stations, universal supply stores, or the grand buildings in which are the old established London clubs.

Interesting, too, would be some idea of London's wonderful underworld, could the limitations imposed by lack of space and inadequacy of language be overcome. The maze of gas mains, sewer pipes, telegraph, telephone and light wires being below the surface, must be left to the imagination.

The fact that there are many spots in London where one can stand upon a sidewalk and reflect that beneath him is such a maze—beneath that maze is a subterranean footpath, beneath the footpath a steam railway, and beneath that yet, an electric railway—may serve to show the manner in which London is undermined.

Reflecting on the congestion which renders such conditions necessary, and which at the same time emphasizes the terrible keenness of that struggle for existence which is but the survival of the fittest, leads one naturally to the question whether it would not tend to the good of the human race could some of the superfluous life of the world's great towns be diverted to such countries as this, where

“Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighbouring
ocean

“Speaks, and in accents disconsolate, answers the wail of the
forest.”

1

J. D. W.



THE CHARACTER OF HAMLET.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark, is a veritable prince—young beautiful, polished in manners, possessing a pure, moral nature and an active contemplative mind. The sudden death of his father, the debaucheries of a lewd and wicked court overwhelm him. But while he never hesitates to show his detestation of his uncle, he is always gentle and dutiful towards his mother. Hamlet did not possess that independence of spirit, that inflexibility of purpose, that firmness of resolution, or elasticity of conscience with which we are wont to clothe a popular hero. A foul deed has been committed. Purgatory sends its ghost to reveal all and spur him to revenge. But Hamlet seems rather overcome with grief, rails at all smiling villains and exclaims :

“The time is out of joint ; O cursed spite.
That ever I was born to set it right !”

Hamlet seems to feel that he lacks the necessary strength for grappling with such a problem. He has been censured for not immediately complying with the behests of the ghost. There seems to be sufficient evidence to justify his wavering conduct. In the first place the spirit that appeared to him may have been the Evil One inspiring him to commit a most foul and unnatural act. Again the King, however wicked, was his uncle, and married to his mother. The spirit enjoins him not to do anything which would either incriminate himself or hurt the feelings of his mother. The killing of the King might lead to both. Again, however guilty he might consider the King, a person in his high station would naturally shrink from committing a deed which would bring the whole court of Denmark into public disrepute. Moreover, the king has frustrated his ambition, besides disgracing his family. His first utterances show his deep hatred of him. This gives him personal inducements for revenge, and hence he doubts the purity of his own motives. Whenever there is necessity for him to act he shows great determination. When he discovers the treacherous mission of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern he does not hesitate for a moment to send them to the block. When attacked by pirates he boldly grapples with them. And when he proves beyond the possibility of doubt that the king, besides the other infamous deeds, has deliberately

attempted to take his life, he boldly asks "Is it not perfect conscience to quit him with this arm? It will be short: the interim is mine, etc."

His conduct towards Læertes can scarcely be justified, and he himself expresses his deep sorrow for it.

His conduct towards Ophelia was also harsh, yet the motives which induced such actions might be offered in extenuation. That his attachment for her was real and pure there is ample proof. And the utter disregard he shows for her feelings was due rather to his intense desire to revenge his father's murder—to blot everything else from his memory—than to any callousness of nature or premeditated deception.

When Polonius rashly concealed himself in the queen's chamber, and led Hamlet—who mistook him "for his better"—to pierce him with his sword, he silently weeps over the body of his cunning enemy. Such tears could only be provoked by the fact that the death of Polonius was another indignity which cruel fortune reserved to utterly blight the hopes and blast the life of the pure and innocent Ophelia.





THE MICMACS AND THE SCOTTISH PIONEERS.

WHEN first visited by Europeans, Nova Scotia was found to be peopled by a branch of the great Algonquin race of Indians—the *Miggumahki*, or Micmacs. They were the most powerful of the many powerful tribes of this family, and tradition has it with them that they successfully fought off repeated raids of the mighty Mohawks. Their country they divided into districts, each under a separate chief, all of whom were subordinate to an arch-chief, or *Sachkamov*, as he was called in their language, who ruled in *Oonanahgee*, or Cape Breton. He it was who presided over all their great councils, and settled disputed questions between the minor chiefs. Previous to the coming of the white man the Micmacs were Pagans. Their supreme deity they called *Manitou*. They believed in the immortality of the soul, and that after death they went up into the stars, and, afterwards, into fair green fields full of flowers and rare fruits. Writing of their religious belief Champlain, the great explorer, says :

“A savage told me that they verily believe in one God, who hath created all things. And when I asked him, seeing that they believe in one only God, by what means he placed them in this world he answered me that, after God had made all things he took a number of arrows and did stick them into the ground, from whence men and women sprung up who have multiplied in the world till now.”

The barbarous custom of killing the aged and infirm was at this time common amongst them. Not many years ago several bludgeons or war clubs were unearthed near Indian Island, Merigomish. The coming of the Jesuit saw the passing of Paganism. Many of these courageous, self-sacrificing priests fell victims to their own zeal. Previously to their arrival the Micmacs were ferocious idolators and cannibals; now—thanks to these fearless servants of Christ, who did not hesitate to come among them, live with them, and, frequently, perish at their merciless hands—they are gentle, humane and submissive

Christians. It was the spectacle of fervent zeal such as this that inspired Whittier to address the Jesuit in the lines :

“Press bravely onward ! not in vain
Your generous trust in human kind ;
The good which bloodshed could not gain,
Your peaceful zeal shall find.”

It was zeal such as this that inspired the greatest of word painters—Macaulay—in his well deserved tribute to the sons of Loyola :

“When in our time a new and terrible pestilence passed round the globe ; when in some great city fear had dissolved all the ties which hold society together ; when medical succor was not to be purchased by gold ; when the strongest natural affections had yielded to the love of life, even then the Jesuit was found by the pallet which physician and nurse, father and mother had deserted, bending over infected lips to catch the faint accents of confession, and holding up to the last, before the expiring penitent, the image of the expiring Redeemer.”

Pity 'tis that testimony so true, so vividly portrayed in language incomparable, should be marred in further references by the author's anti-Catholic prejudices.

The Micmacs look upon the period immediately preceding the arrival of the Europeans as their golden age. Holding undisputed possession of the whole region they were of a truth “lords of all they surveyed.” At that time they numbered thousands, and as the rivers and lakes teemed with immense trout and salmon, and the land abounded in game, they were, as a result, contented and happy, living at peace with one another and giving not a thought to the morrow. The immense trees of “the forest primeval” they felled by an alternate process—burning, and backing the burt part with hatchets of stone. With rude implements of stone they scooped out these trees and formed them into boats. Birch bark canoes, from twelve to twenty feet in length, and of such weight that they could easily be borne great distances on the owner's head, were also in use. When spearing fish from a canoe the Indian, or Squaw, stood at one end, watched closely until the fish rose, and then plunged the *higogue*, or spear, nearly always being successful in aim.

Despite their assertions to the contrary, there is ample

evidence to prove they were not always successful³ in their wars with the Mohawks. As the name of Richard, Cœur De Lion, raised terror in the breasts of the Saracens long after his heroic attempt to recover the Holy Sepulchre had proved a failure, so, in like manner, did the name of a Mohawk brave excite fear in the Micmacs. That the traditions telling of fierce and bloody feuds between these tribes are not without foundation is shown from the fact that here and there along the shores of Chapel Island (where formerly they assembled in thousands for war) pieces of stone axes and flint arrow heads have been unearthed.

About the year 1760, while the French and English were at war, a large party of Mohawks appeared near Pictou. The Micmacs finding themselves greatly outnumbered withdrew to an island nearby. Between this island and the mainland the passage was very narrow. Their hiding place was soon discovered by the cunning foe, who resolved on an attack under cover of darkness. Accordingly when night had spread her sable pall the Mohawk braves, each with a tomahawk tied to his head, plunged into the water, determined to steal upon the Micmacs unperceived. But even Indian cunning fails, at times, to provide against all contingencies. The Mohawks had not allowed for the strong ebb tide. As a result they were swept to sea and all perished. The returning tide and an easterly wind brought back their dead bodies the following morning, and told the tale of their destruction to the overjoyed Micmacs. So at least speaks Indian tradition.

In the year 1761 the Indians held a great *pow-wow* at Halifax, at which a treaty of peace was concluded with the English. On behalf of the former it was signed by James Pectougawack (the latter name meaning Pictou man), chief of the Indians of Pictou and Merigomish. Pectougawack is supposed to have been a Frenchman, who, adopting the mode of life of the Indians, was eventually chosen as their chief. He spoke not only French and Micmac, but English as well and with great fluency. On Citadel Hill—England's silent, but ever watchful sentinel—a huge grave was dug in which were solemnly buried bow, arrow and tomahawk on the part of the Indians, and sword, bayonet and musket on the part of the English. This imposing ceremony concluded, a great feast was held, the pipe of peace was smoked, after which the Indians returned to their homes laden with presents. This

compact the Micmac has never violated, and it is not at all likely ever will.

In the first decade of the last century occurred the great Highland clearances. We, in Nova Scotia, are accustomed to speak eloquently in denunciation of the cruelty shown towards the unfortunate Acadians. Not a word is heard of the no less cruel expulsion of honest, industrious clansmen, who were forced by rapacious landlords to leave the Land of the Heather to seek in a new Scotland the freedom denied them at home. Highland poets, in the rich and mellifluous Gælic, have sung sweet, pathetic wails telling of the broken hearts of their exiled countrymen.

“The homes of our fathers are bleak and decayed,
And cold is the hearth where in childhood we played ;
Where the hungry were fed and the weary found rest,
The fox has his lair, and the owl has her nest.”

As a result of these disgraceful clearances thousands immigrated to Eastern Nova Scotia, and the Island of Prince Edward—the gem of the North Atlantic. What was Scotland's loss was New Scotland's gain. There is no one element in the population of the Lower Provinces upon which their social, moral and religious condition has depended more than upon its sturdy, stalwart Highland immigrants. In many ways they were well fitted for settling in a new and undeveloped country. They were stout-hearted men—men who had the intrepidity and independence which knows how to do and suffer, how to dare and die. Well might they sing with their native band—

“No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace,
No luxurious tables enervate our race ;
Our loud-sounding pipe bears the true martial strain,
So do we the old Scottish valour retain.”

On a glorious autumn evening the ship *Hector*, the finest of the emigrant ships to cross the Atlantic, dropped anchor in Pictou harbour. A sight calculated to delight the eye was here visible—a vision of Nature's choicest and rarest handiwork. Rugged, massive hills, thickly wooded to their summits, rose colosseum-like, from the water's edge. Forming the arena below the placid waters of the bay, illumined by the rays of the setting sun, presented a vision of loveliness on which the eye of the poet would lovingly linger. Canada's luxuriant emblem—the fairest of nature's fair children, blazing in gorgeous tints of crimson,

and claret, and orange, and gold was everywhere to be seen. Patriarchial pines, clothed in liveries of darkest green, gnarled and sturdy oaks, shimmering beech and birch, grand old elms,—all combined to produce a scenic effect unique in primitive picturesqueness. On "their wide umbrageous branches" thousands of sweet, feathered songsters, as if enthused with the incomparable work of the God of Nature, poured forth melodious warblings. Their varied notes, now high, now low, now sweet, now shrill, rose in concert, as if to offer in their paen of song a hymn of thanksgiving to the First Great Cause. Little did these immigrants dream that in a few short years the almost unbroken forest would give way to smiling fields of golden grain, and grass plots of darkest green, dotted by clusters of pretty cottages. All honor to the men who achieved this transformation,—men of oak, who feared nothing but God. To their descendants, their lives should serve as models in courage, in charity, in simple, earnest piety and in brotherly love.

"Nourish the patriot flame that history dow'rs,
And o'er the old men's graves go strew your choicest flowers"

Prior to the arrival of the Highland immigrants a number of settlers from Philadelphia had taken up lands at Pictou. To these the Indians had been somewhat troublesome, considering them interlopers and usurpers of their rights. As a result they frequently imposed on the weak. But with the arrival of the Highlanders a new condition of affairs obtained. The Micmacs had seen Scotchmen fight at Quebec, and felt no very great craving to meet in combat the "men in dresses," as they called them.

Occasionally, however, they sought to intimidate the women folk, and by preying on their fears extort food and clothing. On one occasion a brave entered a settler's hut, and in a bold voice demanded food. The master of the house was absent, but in the "gude wife" the Indian found a "a foe(woman) worthy of his steel." Rising from her loom she coolly opened the door, and seizing "Joe" by the coat collar and his nether habiliments heaved him head first into a snow bank.

On another occasion "Shoolee," a brave of gigantic stature, and of great strength, walked from Cape Breton to test the strength of "Big Donald," the strongest man in the settlement. The giant Highlandman, always ready to accommodate any one

particularly in a wrestling bout, dropped his *caschrom* and quickly seizing the Indian threw him over his head and across a stream, a distance of ten feet.

"Well, Shoolee, are you satisfied now?" queried Big Donald.

The Micmac assumed a bi-pedal position, shook himself, grunted and replied:

"Not quite, Mister Lonal. Sposum you come cross—throw me back. Dat be more better. You heap smart, Mister Lonal—too smart for Injun."

As we have previously noticed, the zealous French missionaries are to be credited with the conversion of the Micmacs to Christianity. Lallemand, Jaques, Maillard, and, in later years, the indomitable Vincent, are names that will remain imperishable on the records of early missionary labor in Nova Scotia. The coming of the white man has in many ways, 'tis true, corrupted the guileless aborigines, but in retaining the faith taught them by the early missionaries they have, in this one particular, shown themselves proof against perversion. In fact they reveal a tenacity in clinging to that faith despite determined, concentrated, and, not unfrequently, unfair means employed, at times, in the interests of proselytism, which makes them the wonder of all, and places them, in this respect, far above some of their more highly civilized white brothers.

The revered and saintly Father Vincent de Paul—a religious of whom it has been well said "virtue unmistakably marked as her own"—in his interesting memoir pays the following tribute to the faith of the Indian :

"How is that this people who were formerly so unnatural and so barbarous are today so different, so humane and quiet and tractable? What has rendered them so docile and submissive; in short, what has worked the happy change if not the Catholic religion. . . . Each year they have Masses said for different intentions, and in this they give evidence of generosity and nobleness of sentiment. The first mass that they recommend is for the human race, that is for all men living; the second is for the souls in purgatory; the third is for all Indians and others who have died during the year; the fourth to thank God for all benefits received from His hand during

the year, and the fifth to offer up to Him the coming year so that He may bless it."

By means of great application, Father Maillard, a priest of the Society of Foreign Missions in Paris, accomplished the formidable task of translating into their language a number of prayers and parts of the mass so that they now sing those parts in their own tongue. Father Maillard came to Louisburg in 1735, but fixed his principal residence on an island in the Bras d'Or. Every year he went from village to village, sometimes as far as Miramichi, in New Brunswick, attending to his priestly ministrations. He learned their language thoroughly, and reduced it to writing by means of hieroglyphics, the use of which he taught them. After the founding of Halifax, in 1749, the citizens could scarcely go out of the city without falling into some ambuscade of the Indians, who shared in the hostility of the Acadians. Instead of sending out a force to conquer the hostile Micmacs, the government adopted the wiser plan of inducing Father Maillard to reside in Halifax, who used his influence over the Micmacs for the protection of life and property.

Notwithstanding that the Indian of to-day is nurtured in close proximity to his white brother, he retains many of the habits and customs of his race. The coming of the pale-face has in many ways corrupted him—in fact it has been said that the white man's vices contributed more to the deterioration of his character, than his virtues to its improvement. Still many good traits of character remain—his honesty, his hospitality, his love of kindred and his affection for the young. Whiskey and disease have left but a fast-decaying remnant of this once powerful people who, not so many years ago, ruled supreme over Micmac-land.

IAN MCEWAN.



CLASS OF 1902.

IT is with some reluctance that we write the career of A. D. McI., one of the leading members of the class of '02. The full narration of the manner in which he scorned the use of those baser methods of securing advancement during a time when cribbing was rampant, and how he developed into a noted graduate of St. F. X., would occupy much more than the short space allotted to this work. We shall have to be content with a few cursory remarks in addition to stating that he came, graduated and left.

Arriving at the commencement of the term of '98, McI. entered at once into Freshman Year. His open, manly countenance soon attracted the attention of all, and till the end he remained popular with all classes of students. Gifted with good imaginative power, A. D. could yell "Come in" at any hour of the night to the amazement of the divinities who presided over noises in the Eastern Wing. McI. found no difficulty in studying any subject on the course. He paid more attention, however, to Latin, Philosophy and English, particularly the last, as his work during the last two years amply testifies. He was a regular contributor to EXCELSIOR, a work for which his deep study of English eminently fitted him. His ability as a controversial writer will be remembered by those who have read the Exchange columns of last year.

A night of debate never passed without a speech from A. D. He always spoke with an air of a man having a firm grasp of his subject, using finished and well enunciated English. His speeches were always largely listened to from the time he figured in the Mock Parliament of '98 till a night late in the term of '02—a night fatal to the Advanced Debating Society of the year. Concerning the part he bore in what has been called "the breaking up of the Constitution," and the "storming of the Constitution" we shall say very little. This breaking up was not due so much to any ability on the part of those concerned in it as to the inability of the chair. Speakers who were continually out of order were allowed to speak the night away, everything resulting first in chaos, then in the dissolution of the society.

A. D. always took an active part in sports, but did not engage in them to such an extent as many in his class. He seemed to be content to exercise enough to have *mens sana in corpore sano*. When games were not played he took long walks, and "round the hill" became very familiar to him. He also showed a fondness for hunting, sailing and fishing. He is at present teaching in his native place, and in whatever sphere of life he enters EXCELSIOR wishes him success.

* **

Among the splendid crowd of youthful heroes who at the beginning of last June were bidding adieu to their Alma Mater was a neat-looking young man, slightly below the middle size, with a calm and bright expression always present on his countenance. He arrived sometime in the fall of '97, and entered what was then known as first year work. He was very shy and modest at first, but these qualities soon wore away as he became acquainted with the surroundings, and not many days elapsed before he could with justice be called one of the most popular students of his class. We may say he studied quite hard through his whole course; but during the last two years of his stay here, he became very fond of skating, and we were for some time at a loss to know why he was so anxious to devote a portion of the time allotted to study to the development of that dignified exercise. However, he always stood well in his classes, and in consequence of having some literary aspirations he was upon his entrance into the Junior Year appointed to the staff of editors of our College journal, in which position he remained till his graduation in '02. But, though his taste for literature seemed stronger than any other, yet he had a peculiar aptitude for the sciences, especially Astronomy, where he stood particularly high.

W. J. R., for those are the initials of the subject of our sketch, was an interested member of the Debating Society, and never allowed a night to pass without speaking at least once, and generally twice upon the subject under discussion. He was always among the foremost in all matters pertaining to college societies, and his experience in such matters is excellently testified by the fact that during his last year he was president of no less than five of those flourishing and important institutions. He also acted as prefect in several studies, yet his popularity with the

boys did not decrease on that account. Many interesting anecdotes are told of him while prefect in the Senior Dormitory, but space forbids us to refer to them at length. One was that on cold frosty mornings he would, after rousing the occupants of the different beds, return to his own and sleep the time away until the breakfast bell was sounded. This worked well enough for a time; but the boys were not slow to retaliate, feeling confident that to sleep in with a prefect did not necessarily mean to go without a breakfast. However, in spite of these foibles he was always successful in that line, although his success may have been largely due to the ability of his *con*.

Always of a gentle disposition W. J. has seldom been known to have taken advantage of the noble art of self-defence. In his encounter with Aesculapius, however, he displayed considerable agility, and soon calmed the wrath of his impetuous opponent. He was also a good actor and an esteemed member of the Dramatic Society, in whose proceedings he always evinced a lively interest. But the open charm of nature had the strongest attractions for him. His chief delight consisted in gathering roses, a whim for which many awkward critics have given explanations, none of which we deem satisfactory. His social accomplishments and affable manners won for him many fair friends while at College, and by whom we are sure he will long be gratefully remembered. He has not yet entered any profession, but we assure him that in whatever bark he sails down the river of life EXCELSIOR wishes him success.



THE BOOKMAN.

Books should to one of these four ends conduce,
For wisdom, piety, delight or use.

—Denham.

WHAT between the coronation of the King, and the triumphant return of Lord Kitchener, the crop of autumn poets is unusually large. In the United States, when anyone does anything entitling him to fame or notoriety—terms not unfrequently confounded in that country—it is usual to put him forward as a candidate for the gubernatorial, yes, even the presidential, chair; in England they do things differently—they bombard him with Austinian poetry which, surely, is punishment severe as can well be imagined. That newspaper poetry cannot always be relied upon as the offspring of genius is a truth too evident to require proof. We trust, however, to be pardoned for drawing attention to the work of one badly afflicted with the poetic itch, who, in a recent issue of Labouchere's *Truth*, inflicts on its readers several columns of what, evidently, is intended as a poetical panegyric on Kitchener of Khartoum. In these days of "literary coincidences" one need not be surprised to find in this "pome" traces of the muse that inspired Mrs. Leo Hunter in her touching, if simple, "Ode to an Expiring Frog." Who can wish for anything more imaginative and inspiring than this:

"Great soldiers we have known before, who mighty deeds have done,
But here is one whose chief renown has not in war been won;
True, he in making that has shown his energy and skill,
But he, in making peace, has gained a triumph greater still."

One cannot help thinking that it was the contemplation of machine-made poetry such as this that prompted Dryden to write:

"The itch of writing
Is an endless curse."

Apropos of the coronation it must be a source of gratification to Canadians that one of the two best of the many thousand odes, composed in honor of King Edward, was written by Bliss Carman, of Toronto. In this poem the stanza and rhythm are sedate, and the argument true; whilst a picturesque touch of history, and a

sober sense of the significance of the spectacular scene is ever apparent. How well to the purpose are the following lines :

“There are joy bells over England, there are flags on London town;
 There is bunting on the channel, where the fleets go up and down;
 There are bonfires alight
 In the pageant of the night;
 There are bands that blare for splendour, and guns that speak for might;
 For another king in England is coming to the crown.”

In connection with the poem it should be borne in mind that it was written prior to the king's illness, and, therefore, pictures the events as they were *to be* rather than as they *were*.

Speaking of Canadian authors reminds me that there has been considerable criticism of late in regard to Gilbert Parker's interesting novel “The Right of Way.” There are those who maintain that the work is “wantonly marred by a touch of pruriency.” For my own part I believe that the author made a mistake in adding to Charlie Steele's record the abhorrent, cowardly sin of suicide. But in other respects I confess my admiration for the work. The portrait of the kindly old *cure* is very well drawn by one *not a Catholic*.

Charlie Steele, having risen from the mire of an animal nature, loses the mastery of himself—but he rises with strength sufficient to renew the struggle for a pure, consecrated life ; he never repeats the sin. To guard his wife against its repetition he separates himself from her, utterly—endures the torture of knowing that she misjudges his not meeting her, that she must think of him the very worst that a woman possibly can of the man she had trusted, and who had abused that trust. But he is equal to the conflict : his victory over his old self was proved in what seemed a cruel separation from her. She was in his power ; he defended her from himself, and herself as well, and so made atonement for their sin—revealing to what mastery of his lower nature he had attained. His was a change most wonderful—a change that made continuance in sin most abhorrent to him, and that, too, at a time when circumstances favored that continuance.

A translation of the poems of the poet Pope—Leo XIII.—has recently been published. Without doubt the present Pope stands pre-eminent as the marvel of Christendom—the one figure on which all eyes are turned. His enemies cannot but admire his

genius and unfailing vivacity. His poems reveal the man, the brother, the friend, as well as the Pope. In a future issue of EXCELSIOR we shall attempt to review this simple yet soulful verse—the first poem of which was written in 1822.

The career of Donald Smith, the raw Scotch lad who immigrated to Canada in 1837 as a junior clerk in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, and whose success is remarkable even in an age of great fortunes and rapid promotion, should afford distinct encouragement to young Canadians. From Willson's biography of the eminently patriotic statesman, capitalist and philanthropist, we may learn that it was energy, unceasing and unremitting, integrity, and long years of strenuous endeavour, which brought success to Donald Smith. To lovers of Dickens it may be of interest to note that the originals of the Brothers Cheeryble, in "Nicholas Nickleby," were two men named Grant, uncles of Lord Strathcona. So at least avers Beckles Willson.

One T. W. H. Crossland, an Englishman with a very large E, has written a book entitled "The Unspeakable Scot," wherein he attempts to show that in politics, art, letters, journalism—I was going to add, war,—no, he leaves that severely alone—and sundry other departments of activity, the Scot has never accomplished anything of importance. It has chapters devoted to Scottish swagger, clannishness, uncouthness and general "underbredness;" others on Scottish superstition and lewdness; still others on the Scot in journalism and literature, culminating with an onslaught of fierce invective on the immortal Burns—what he is pleased to term the "Burns myth." In one of the books of the day—"The Spenders,"—the author says, "it takes all kinds of fools to make a world," an assertion which is daily being proved true. Mr. Crossland who, if we are to judge from the illustration in "The Book man," has now reached the equator in life's latitude—two score years—an age when, surely, one has lived long enough to be wise and not so long as to be dotard, must have a very poor opinion of the literary world if he expects it to believe his Munchausen tales.

In the opening of his truly remarkable character sketch of the Scottish people, he regales his readers with an antediluvian "chestnut"—a story whose venerable age should surround it with reverence and place it beyond the unholy touch of a flippant Crossland—the old, old joke (save the mark) about a surgical operation being necessary to get a joke into a Scotchman's head. Evidently he meant a Crossland joke, for even the most pains-

taking, patient reader, armed with a pair of Sam Weller's own "patent, double-million, magnifyin', gas microscopes, of hextra power," will fail to discover anything in "The Unspeakable Scot" bearing the slightest resemblance to a joke. The book is not only an exaggeration of the most pronounced type—it is more—apathetic, heavy, dull, the product of English egotism combined with a diet of beef, ale and plum pudding.

The author's allusions to the "illicit love and flaming drunkenness" of Burns are as coarse as they are uncharitable and exaggerated. It must be admitted that, in poor Burns' case Genius, occasionally, laid her wreath on Folly's shrine, but certainly, it ill becomes one who boasts of Byron as a brother Englishman, to lay bare the immorality of Burns, who if he did sometimes stray from the path of rectitude, did so when "Reason's sacred power was drowned in wine," and who was always the first to accuse himself for so doing.

Burns had his faults—so has the sun spots on his surface—but dissimulation was not one of them. This base attempt to drag from the pedestal of fame the King of Song reminds one of Mrs. Laggen's lines:

"See Cunning, Dullness, Ignorance and Pride
Exulting o'er his grave, in triumph ride;
And boast, 'though Genius, Humor, Wit agree,
Cold, selfish Prudence far excels the three;
Nor think, while grovelling on the earth they go,
How few can mount so high to fall so low."

Mr. Crossland says that the book was undertaken with an honest desire to show Scotland her reflection as others see it. Had he said "as Crossland sees it," he would have been nearer the truth. The world is blessed in that there are few Crosslands. As the late Sir John Thompson once said of a political opponent, we may well say of the unreadable Crossland—"Nature formed him in a mould which, thank God, she broke when she cast him." The plain, unvarnished truth is that the book was gotten up, like Isaac's razors, to sell. It was written by an arrogant, self-opinionated, dyspeptic Englishman, whose ignorance of the subject treated is equalled only by his mendacious assurance. Should the author ever cross the Atlantic I would advise him to give a wide berth to Eastern Nova Scotia, for here he will certainly meet "the swaggering, clannish, uncouth and underbred Scot," who may be tempted to "review" Mr. Crossland in a style more convincing than conventional. Even Scottish hospitality has its limit, and a certain part of the anatomy of an Ananias is peculiarly inviting to a Scot's brogan.

THE BOOKMAN.

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THE STAFF:

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TO OUR READERS.

With this issue EXCELSIOR enters upon its seventh journalistic year. It appears clothed in new and more respectable garments and increased to almost double its former size. Much as our predecessors wished to do this, yet the difficulties with which they had to contend were such that even with stern and unremitting toil, they could do little more than keep it in existence. It must not, however, be inferred that we were not confronted with difficulties, when we were appointed editors at the beginning of this scholastic year. They were many and varied, but, perhaps, the greatest of all was an empty treasury. Nothing

daunted, however, we resolved to make an effort to publish this year a paper which we hope will be satisfactory to our readers, and a credit to the institution of which we have the good fortune to be students.

The enlarging of EXCELSIOR means, of course, a corresponding increase in expenses, but we hope that the hearts of our patrons will expand, and their purse-strings unshaken. We sincerely hope that those who assisted our predecessors will continue the good work. Those who during the past year or two were somewhat remiss in paying their subscriptions—and they are many as may be seen by glancing at our books—we would ask them not to forget us this year. We modestly make the assertion that our subscribers will send us the needful as soon as they will have read our first number, and witness our endeavours to improve our college paper in order to satisfy and please them.

The price this year is the same as usual—one dollar *per annum*. We need the cash, for it costs something to have our paper published. We cannot keep it in existence unless we have the practical good will of every one of our subscribers. Other colleges—Catholic and Protestant—have their journals, published by the students and supported by the patrons of the institutions. Why, then, should not the students of St. Francis Xavier's College be able to publish a paper equal to that of any college in the land. We are ready and willing to do our share, but let us receive encouragement from every person to whom we send a copy of this the first number of the seventh volume of EXCELSIOR. If this be done we guarantee satisfaction.

* * *

TO THE STUDENTS.

To our fellow-students we have a word or two to say. Right glad are we to see so many of our old acquaintances back again! and to the new students—our acquaintances to be—we say *welcome!* To all we say, “May your college career be a happy and successful one! May you fit yourselves morally, intellectually and physically for whatever state of life you expect to follow after leaving your *Alma Mater!*” It is for that you are here.

We thank you for having appointed us to the position of editors of EXCELSIOR, and highly appreciate your confidence in

us. We shall endeavour to fulfil our duties faithfully. Finally we solicit literary and pecuniary aid from you—pecuniary from all, literary from every one who can wield a facile pen. Write for EXCELSIOR. Even if your productions will not stand the test of censorship, yet your reward will be worth the labor of composition and the humiliation of your endeavours being rejected, for you will, at any rate, be doing something to acquire facility of expression and grace of diction. All this comes by writing and re-writing.

CATHOLICISM IN FRANCE AND GERMANY

In France there are 37,700,000 Catholics and 7,000,000 Protestants. In Germany the Catholics number 18,600,000, while the Protestant population is 32,700,000. Let us take a brief glance at the condition of the Catholic Church in these two countries, and in doing so it would be well to bear in mind that geographically these two countries are separated only by the river Rhine. From the figures given above, we see that in Germany the Catholics number only a little more than a third of the whole population; yet, in spite of this they are able to hold more than their own.

The German clergy are men of influence and learning! they are men of courage also, and fearlessly fight for the rights of the Church. The laity are devoted to their religion and look up to the clergy as their leaders in temporal as well as in spiritual matters. Though the schools are controlled by the State, yet a portion of the day is devoted to religious instruction, during which time a priest may enter and examine the pupils in Christian Doctrine. Nowhere, we venture to say has the Church a more learned and fearless clergy, nowhere has she more devoted or loyal subjects than in Germany, and we may add that there are few countries on the face of the earth where the Catholic Church on the whole, is in such a flourishing condition as in the empire of Kaiser William. This fact is a striking one when we consider that the majority are Protestants who are not always generous or even just.

Now look at France. Glance at the above figures and see the Catholic majority. Notwithstanding this there is no country

on the face of the earth where the clergy are more powerless, more disregarded, and the laity more inactive and indifferent than in France. It is no doubt true that in the rural districts, and among a few of autocrats the faith is yet strong, but this is insignificant as far as bettering the religious condition of the French nation is concerned. The clergy seem powerless, the people inert, the faithful ones in high places afraid. At any rate they seem unable to stem the awful torrent of infidelity and atheism that threatens to devastate the fair land of France, known of old as the "Eldest Daughter of the Church."

Now there is something wrong here. What is it? Here it is in the words of a French priest recently speaking to the people of France: "Our task is not merely that of overturning a few politicians, it is that of re-making a christian people a christian society. France is neither a monarchy nor an autocracy; nor has it a true and healthy democracy which can transcend the mere forms of government."

This puts the situation tersely and clearly. The government of France is in the hands of a few infidels,—half-Jews whose greatest aim in life is that of subverting the power of the Church of Christ. Moreover, the election of such infamous rulers is in the hands of the people, the very people who are the cringing slaves of these tyrannical rulers. The people, not the executive, are to be blamed for the sad state of affairs in the French Church. If, instead of bewailing their own miserable condition, and bemoaning the tyranny of their rulers, the people of France would set to work, as the Pope has often advised them, and try to purify the government by electing good, God believing and God fearing men as their rulers, there would be a different state of affairs. To do this lies in their power, but it seems to be the last thing they are capable or willing to do.

As France is to-day, social and religious reforms will not be brought about by beginning with the rulers and extending them downwards to the people, but they must be begun by the people and extended upwards to the rulers. It is by assuming a spirit of independence that the afflictions of the French Catholics can be assuaged. This is a difficult thing to do, for during the past number of years the history of France is but a story of tyranny and despotism on the part of the rulers; slavery, inactivity, and indifference on the part of the people. The

French Catholics have been deprived of their personal liberty. It is the absence of this spirit of freedom that has delivered them, bound hand and foot, to the mercies of the men that would fear them were they free.

The separation of Church and State in France, if effected at once, might result in immediate harm, but we believe that eventually it would be productive of good. It would, no doubt, better the religious condition of the French Catholics. But this can be done without separation of Church and State, simply by the people of France having the backbone to exercise their political power, and purify the republic. With determination and self-sacrifice they can recover their liberties. Until they rise up as one man, and elect christians to the high offices, they cannot expect to better their condition, and they must be content to live as slaves of persecuting rulers.

An article in a recent issue of a Catholic newspaper published in England ends with these significant words: "Let France cast its eyes at Germany, not with lust of territorial conquest, but with a desire to learn how their German brethren have managed to conduct their affairs, and they will read a lesson far better than any they can discover among the tombstones of their royal dead. It is because they fancied they were too weak to walk on their legs that they have been kept in leading-strings so long. Cemeteries and nurseries are the last places in the world in which to find active and self-reliant men. The Church was instituted not to keep men babies, or make them corpses, but to lead them along the paths of virtue and knowledge, and obedience, until they have attained the full stature of manhood in Jesus Christ."

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We are very sorry, indeed, that on account of the labour incident on enlarging our paper, we found it necessary to delay publishing the first issue of Volume VII. to this late date. We shall hereafter make strenuous efforts to get out EXCELSIOR on time every month.

EDITORS EXCELSIOR.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

Labor and Capital are again at daggers drawn, or rather are they locked in desperate and deadly strife, while from the world's gallery men look down upon the fierce arena and anxiously watch a struggle, the issue of which they can neither hasten nor foretell. The struggle is the most stubborn yet witnessed in the history of "strikes." On the one hand there is a stern determination to maintain the *status quo ante bellum*—the alleged right of Capital to control, and dictate its own terms. It must crush at whatever cost this latest and gravest menace to its traditional sovereignty. On the other hand there seems to be a determination equally resolute to compel a recognition of mutual rights, and to decide once and for all whether the condition of labor shall be one of servitude or of freedom and equality with Capital. It is now a question of endurance with both forces. If the contest is prolonged much further, however, nothing can avert a national calamity of the most disastrous consequences but a direct interference by the Government of the United States, which will either have to force arbitration or take over the working of the mines temporarily. In either case the moral victory would seem to rest with the "strikers." Meantime, vital interests, together with mistrust and hate, jealousy and cupidity, are the strongest forces that prevent an amiable understanding,



An ethical consideration of the problem would lead us far afield, and, we are free to confess, would be a more knotty question than we are prepared to face with any degree of confidence. Nevertheless we may note the position of the contending forces, leaving the reader to his own sympathies.

It will be remembered that not further back than last year President Mitchell, of the Workers' Union, called his men off on strike, and after maintaining the struggle for some three months, was compelled to acknowledge defeat. Since that time he has been perfecting his organization, so that he can now rely on the implicit obedience of a force of 170,000 men.



There is but little, if any, difference between the causes that have led to this and the previous great strike. "Recognition of the Union" was then the watchword. Mitchell now declares that

“the paramount issue is not recognition of the Union, but higher wages and improved environment.” The distinction is hardly necessary. An admission of the demands of the strikers will certainly imply a recognition of the Union—a result obviously destructive of the first principle of Capitalism, to wit, the unfettered right to make its own terms.

Here, then, is the deadlock: Alleged grievances urged through an organization which cannot be recognized without immediate peril to vital interests, without, indeed a complete revolution in the traditional relations between Labor and Capital. For, Capital alone has hitherto claimed the right to the wealth which the union of both produced, considering itself in no wise bound to advance the wage rate with increase in its own profits. And, indeed much can be said in support of this attitude. Socialism has long ridiculed their pretension and fought it tooth and nail, but all to no effect. Its triumphs were few and of a very transitory character. It was but ill-equipped to fight so powerful and unscrupulous a foe, and the struggles ended as a rule in suppression by the strong hand or the law, whose majesty from the nature of the case it could hardly help ignoring. The fight has been one of brains against brawn and, as might be expected, “main strength and ignorance has not gone down to defeat, with systematic and untiring organization, however, and frequent trials of strength which have served at least to point out its weaknesses, the Labor Union has become a powerful and dangerous enemy. It remains to see how successful.



At all events Mr. John Mitchell has been perfectly successful in thoroughly arousing the ire of his friends, the enemy. “The cleverness of the devil” (Query: is the “devil” *capitalized?*) is the picturesque and expressive manner in which one of the great coal magnates records his opinion of the strenuous ways of the labor leader. And on different occasions he has been characterized as a liar and a fomentor of disorder and lawlessness—in fact a dangerous anarchist whom the Government should immediately and ruthlessly “suppress.” President Mitchell is by no means slow to “sass back,” and thus while the great and long-suffering American public waits for coal, it is treated to a war of bitter recriminations between the principals which, notwithstanding their undoubted sympathy for that public, they confess regretfully their

inability to forego. And the great public aforesaid, with a last lingering gleam of hope, remembers that we can always warm up by shovelling snow.



Mr. George F. Baer, President of the Philadelphia & Reading Railway and Iron Company, and so forth, and so forth, spokesman of the coal magnates at the recent conference, in which President Roosevelt offered his services as mediator, puts himself on record as a very proper moral sort of man. His sentiments breathe a noble indignation over the wrongs to which the guileless and much-suffering organization which he represents is subjected. Also, his patriotism and love of order, peace and harmony, are pure and boundless as wish could claim. But especially is Mr. Baer remarkable for his child-like reverence and respect for the law which he invoked with all the earnestness and pathos of the one-time Jew of Venice. "Most heartily I do beseech the court to give the judgment," cries the Jew, and Mr. Baer echoes the sentiment. "The law is the only safeguard of a free people," is his sententious assurance. Let the law be administered. But what if the President of the numerous railways before mentioned is party to a system that is not only contrary to the spirit of freedom but that covertly evades the law, that even openly violates and debases it—a system that drives it, as it were, to view its own shame. Did Mr. Baer remember this when solemnly appealing to the law to respect its majesty and the freedom of a free people. Possibly not. For, in Mr. Baer's code of justice the law shall work one way only; it shall be a good servant but a hard master. Never—except for those whose interests clash with those of the concern of which he is president, that huge canker that is constantly gnawing at the vitals of the commonwealth.



And now Zola's place is empty in the ranks of the world's celebrities. Born in 1840, his span of life stretched beyond the three-score limit, and comprised a period within which we should expect to find from a man so gifted by nature no small contribution to the world's wants. But we seek in vain for his legacy of good. Fertile talents, great industry, and capacity for work, a love for the grotesque and monstrous in nature, an unhealthy, not to say nasty, imagination, and an untruthfulness and inaccuracy

as an artistic mind ; these are his characteristics, and as such will send Zola's name down among many of his betters to a quiet and doubtless lasting obscurity. In a brief sketch of his life, written some years ago for a prominent London paper, Zola took occasion to declare that notwithstanding his interest in and connection with the Dreyfus affair, he was not a politician. " I am a literary man," quoth he, and there can be no doubt that he did exert himself to the utmost to shine as a man of letters. And yet, whatever small glory may attach to the memory of his name can only be in connection with his advocacy of the Dreyfus cause ; a poor enough foundation on which to rest an immortality of fame. " I am a literary man," quotha. O vain boast ! Sham and humbug and immorality never yet did make literature how sprightly soever their garb. Zola responded to the demands of a depraved taste among the most depraved of his countrymen, and must have eminently, and as he lived in the delights of a vitiated succeeded moral atmosphere, so was there a peculiar ironical fitness in the manner of his death.

IN THE ATHLETIC WORLD.

Friday, September 18th a mass meeting of the students was held in the Assembly Hall for the purpose of re-organizing the Athletic Association. Rev.

with their supporters

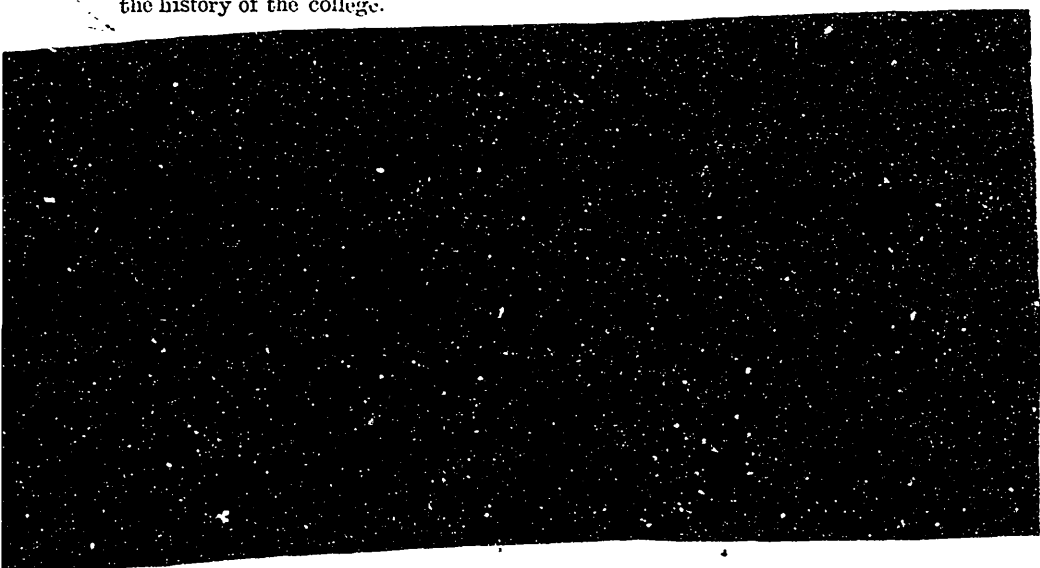


there is good material among the new comers and old men, who did not play on last year's team, and so the blue, white and blue should be often carried to victory this season.

Our only game last fall was with Dalhousie College, the champions of the Province, in which we were defeated; but in the spring we played New Glasgow and Sydney, each on their own home grounds, winning both. New Glasgow had a very fast team, though rather light, but nevertheless their scrim. had rather the better of it most of the game, pushing our heavier men practically at will. Our halves passed well and played a general all round good game, enabling us to win by the score of 14-0. May 24th the team went to Sydney, and by superior work together with being in good condition, won.

The tables were reversed this game, for our scrim. had everything their own way, having their opponents entirely at their mercy, for the day being rather warm, it certainly told on their scrim., who were evidently suffering from lack of practice, and could not stand the pace set by our men. All the scoring was done in the first half, a goal from the field and a try being obtained, thus making the score 7-0. Sydney has some very good individual players, but at the present day, individual plays matched against team work and combination can never accomplish much. During the short stay in Sydney the team was royally entertained by the S. A. A. A. We hope to meet them again in the near future, and endeavor to repay their kindness.

We are in negotiation now with St. Dunstan's, Acadia, New Glasgow, Truro and Sydney for games on our home grounds, and if possible we shall arrange a return game with Dalhousie and endeavor to regain our lost laurels. If these can all be arranged, we shall certainly have the best football season in the history of the college.



BASEBALL.

On the 12th of June last our team played the Sydney A. A. A. The game was very interesting from a spectator's point of view. Brilliant plays were numerous, many occurring on both sides, but the fielding of Hearn, of the S. A. A. A. deserves special mention. Our battery was the strong point of the team, for Rawley had the opposing batters completely at his mercy, striking out fifteen and allowing only six hits.

The throwing of our men was rather erratic at times, and on this account the visitors obtained most of their runs. Rain stopped the game in the eighth inning, S. A. A. A. winning by the score of 10—9. Rawley, our old stand-by, has left us this year, as likewise have many others of the team, but still we have new men who seem to be able to fill the vacant places, and in the spring we hope to see them all turn out on the diamond and become worthy representatives of St. F. X.

At last a vote was taken which resulted in a majority for the cow.

Chut has been down to see us and has relieved us of our surplus cash. But what care we for that? Is it not enough that we have been given a football for our own exclusive use? Yes, we can now *enjoy* our recreation, and we do, sending the air with our shouts and the ball with our kicks. Under the supervision and leadership of Mr. Gill we hope ere long to achieve wonderful results in this game. Already we have one game arranged with Main St. boys, to whom we intend administering a severe defeat. Nay, it is even rumored that we are to play an outside team, either Pictou or Glace Bay. Gay is greatly in favor of the former, for he could then make some of his home *twists*. Petrie strongly advocates the latter, as he wishes to test the latest supply of cigarettes imported into that town.

Well, I must stop now to begin my Latin, else I shall be held to account for waste of time. Trusting you will be contented with this scrap until I become acquainted here, I remain the friend of all Minims.

St. J. B.

MOONSHINE.

XAVERIANA.

Our return to the College this year strongly impresses us with the view that the motto of the governors of this institution is Progress. This impression is given to us both by the improvements in the surroundings and from an educational standpoint.

New Professors. Rev. James Tompkins, who was ordained at Rome last May, is Professor of Greek and Higher Mathematics. Fr. Tompkins was one of the brightest students of the College and taught here the year before leaving for Rome.

Rev. J. W. McIsaac is professor of English. Fr. McIsaac graduated in 1896, and was ordained in 1899. He has been curate at Sydney since his ordination. He has read extensively, and, judging from the deep interest he is taking in the teaching of this subject, we predict a most successful year.

The College was also fortunate in securing the services of a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in the person of Mr. Clarence Allen as Professor of Physics.

Another advance in the curriculum is the addition of a commercial course. Mr. Almon, who taught in the Business College in Yarmouth, has charge of this department. Students in the first years of their College course have now an opportunity of taking a commercial course along with their other subjects.

Benefit Entertainment. Dr. C. F. Fraser, the Superintendent of the School for the Blind at Halifax, and a number of his pupils have been making a tour through Eastern Nova Scotia in the interests of that institution. They arrived in Antigonish on October 2nd, and gave an entertainment to the students and townspeople in the College Hall. The entertainment consisted of instrumental and vocal solos, selections from the School Band and exercises in mental arithmetic, reading and geography. The pupils displayed great alertness in these exercises. Towards the close of the entertainment Dr. Fraser addressed the audience. He gave a brief history of the institution, of the obstacles it had to contend with, and of its ultimate success. He spoke of the great work that was being accomplished and the rapid increase in the number of students which necessitated an extension of the present buildings. The Legislature of Nova Scotia made an appropriation of \$20,000, and an equal sum is to be raised by subscription. Hence this appeal. The people generously responded to this appeal and a substantial sum was realized.

The debating societies have been organized and all promise to be successful. We hope that the interest which is now taken in the **Advanced Debating Society** debate will not wane as the year passes. The debate constitutes an important element in our education. After we leave College and enter upon the career of our respective professions we shall be expected to take an active part in the affairs of the community in which we live. It is then that we shall know how to appreciate the early training in the art of public speaking which a debating society affords.

The Seniors and Juniors organized their debating society on the evening of October 4th. A constitution was drawn up and agreed upon. The following officers were then elected for the ensuing year:—

| | | |
|-----------------------|-------|-----------------|
| <i>President</i> | - - - | W. B. GILLIS. |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | - - - | R. K. MCINTYRE. |
| <i>Secretary</i> | - - - | W. A. McDONALD. |

The subject for the first debate was presented in this resolution: "Resolved that Newfoundland should enter confederation with Canada." Although a very limited time was given to the preparation of this debate, nevertheless it proved a successful one. Mr. A. McNeil opened the debate, and in a brief but pertinent speech put forth very convincing arguments in favor of confederation. Mr. Stohelin replied in a rather brief speech. Mr. P. Beaton then followed, and in this, his first speech in our debate, gave promise of ranking among its best debaters. But the speech of the evening was that delivered by Mr. W. A. McDonald, who, in a masterly address, set forth the great benefits that would result both to Newfoundland and to Canada at large if the union would take place. W. B. Gillis was strongly opposed to confederation and succeeded in convincing some of the members to his views. A few other speakers followed and the question was then put to a vote which resulted in favor of confederation.

The next society that claims our attention is the Sophomore **Sophomore Debating Society**. This society was organized on September 27th. The officers for the year are:

| | | | |
|-----------------|-----------------------|-------|-----------------|
| Society. | <i>President</i> | - - - | J. J. McDONALD. |
| | <i>Vice-President</i> | - - - | W. C. McDONALD. |
| | <i>Secretary</i> | - - - | G. F. COURTNEY. |

The Freshman Debating Society was organized the same evening. The new officers for the year are:—

| | | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|-------|-----------------|
| Debating Society | <i>President</i> | - - - | W. DELANEY. |
| | <i>Vice-President</i> | - - - | A. A. MCKINNON. |
| | <i>Secretary</i> | - - - | F. FITZGERALD. |

PERSONALS.

Our late esteemed Vice-Rector, Dr. R. McDonald, is now in charge of the Parish of Lakevale. We wish the genial doctor success and happiness in his new sphere of labour.

Rev. A. Gagnon, Professor of French '01-'02, has gone to take charge of the Parish of Rimouski, Quec.

Mr. George McDonald, B. Sc., late Professor of Physics and Engineering, is taking the fourth year work in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Mr. A. Boudreau, of the Class '01. is pursuing his studies in Theology in St. Laur College, Montreal.

Mr. Daniel Beaton, B. A., '02, is also studying Theology in the Grand Seminary of Quebec.

We are glad to hear that two of our old boys, R. St. John McDonald, '99, and James McPhee, '95, are members of the first football team of McGill University, playing full-back and centre scrummage respectively.

ON THE HOP.

"How's that?"

"Rod L.'s me name."

Wanted—A new air for Jack's whistle.

Wanted—Something cutting for McC-r-i-k's apology.

St-h-n (waking suddenly)—"Joe, ring de bell."

Tom looks and laughs at B-e-e-f-s-t-e-a-k.

Gil-is says he has a marked advantage of all others in taking the high notes.

The S. P. U. A. have been re-organized and now hold monthly meetings in the Southern Wing.

Mac (on scrim)—"Who blew that whistle?"

The Man with the Red Nose—"The wind."

Chut (looking in convex mirror)—Say, its coming."

Dan—"I suppose Mr. H-r-n now sees something he never saw before."

Our hunters did not even have a tail to put a feather in their caps.

Jack (limping off football field)—"I should be in EXCELSIOR staff making Hops."

Mac—"Pocologan is the best place for salmon trout known."

The Man with the Red Nose—"That's a cod."

Dan—"The books of the Chaldaens were written on bricks."

Student (in an undertone)—"They must have been hard reading."

"How much do you think I should get for this article?" said one of our students the other day. "Six months," responded an agonized critic, with alacrity.

An apple plucked in Eden,
In the long, long, long ago,
Brought misery and sorrow—
The cause of all our woe.

An apple plucked by Eden—
'Twas only the other day—
Was bitten by the plucker
And hast'ly thrown away.

Students : Observe Advertisements in our Columns.

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T. H. HEARN,

SYDNEY, C. B.

E. L. GIRROIR, LL. B.,

Barrister and Solicitor,

ANTIGONISH, N. S.

W. F. MCKINNON, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

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