

Excelsior.

December, 1899.



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gifts and good-wishes, and EXCELSIOR, in accord with this spirit, wishes its readers a merry Yule-tide.

A writer in a recent number of one of our exchanges discussing the scope of the College journal, thinks it should, to be useful, discuss political and economic questions. We are prone to view with regret the decadence of political morality and would welcome anything which tended even in a slight measure to elevate public sentiment, but the work of reform needs an experienced eye and a mature mind. These are not often found on the editorial staff of the College journal. Besides its failure to accomplish the desired end, the course suggested would tend to sow the seeds of discord among students and would stir up in many quarters a more bitter partisanship than that which, unfortunately for the public weal, exists to-day. Let the college journal avoid politics.

In a few days the students will leave the College to spend their Christmas holidays. The thoughtful student needs not be told that the most useful vacation is that which lays up a store of energy against the hard work that will begin with the opening year. EXCELSIOR wishes all a pleasant and profitable vacation.

This month we present to our readers some extra pages of reading matter. Should our friends experience any difficulty in the selection of a Christmas gift for EXCELSIOR we can assure them that a most acceptable one would be a quantity of coin equivalent to one year's subscription.

CHRISTMAS IN SONG.

Christmas! What fond memories, what hopeful anticipations form a halo round the name! Who is there so dead to sentiment, and so devoid of enthusiasm as not to have his finest feelings aroused at the magic sound of the word? It has ever been a ready theme for the poet, and we think we can do no better than to reproduce some "crystalized thoughts" of master-minds on the subject :

"Let dead Yules' and
 Their bright reflections,
 Let fond friends blend
 Their recollections—

"Let love revive
 Joy's ashen embers,
 For love is Life
 Since Love remembers."

The words of Lord Dufferin make us realize that this is the season of the year when feuds and factions are forgotten, when men pay the homage of Love to the Prince of Peace, and when every heart "touched by remembrance, trembles to the pole" of home and kindred.

Subject and ruler, young and old, all become imbued with the spirit of the season; and appropriate as the above quotation from our former Governor General are these lines from our own Canadian poetess Kate Seymour McLean:

"The birthday of the Christ-child dawneth slow
 Out of the opal east in rosy flame,
 As if a luminous picture in its frame—
 A great cathedral window, toward the sun,
 Lifted a form divine, which still below
 Stretched hands of benediction—even so
 Look on us from the heavens, divinest One!
 And let us hear through the slow moving years,
 Long centuries of wrongs, and crimes, and tears,
 'The echo of the angels' song again,
 Peace and good will, good will and peace to men."

Should not we shake off indifference, and feel "the moral dignity of our nature exalted" when Nature herself, as seen by Milton, deems it fitting to don a robe of white :

"It was the winter wild
While the Heav'n-born child
All meanly wrapped in the rude manger lies ;
Nature in awe to him
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize ;
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

"Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw,
Confounded that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities."

We, who in joy and gladness rise on this occasion above the toils and troubles of the world, should not forget those to whose hearts "the glad tidings of great joy" brings not peace and comfort ; but should follow the teachings of the " Babe of Bethlehem," for what would Christmas be without " the kindly light " of that Star in the East ?

"How can I keep my Christmas feast
In its due festive show,
Reft of the sight of the High Priest
From whom its glories flow ?

"I hear the tuneful bells around,
The blessed towers I see ;
A stranger on a foreign ground,
They peal a fast for me.

"O Britons ! now so brave and high,
How will ye weep the day
When Christ in judgment passes by,
And calls the Bride away !

“When Christmas then will lose it mirth,
Your Easter lose it bloom ;
Abroad, a scene of strife and dearth ;
Within a cheerless home.”

And when the midnight bells awake Christendom to rejoice
at the “peace on earth, good will among men,” may we be
led by the light for which Tennyson prays :

“The time draws near the birth of Christ,
The moon is hid ; the earth is still ;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

“Four voices of four hamlets round,
From far and near, on mead and moor,
Swell out and fail, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound.

“Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate, and now decrease,
Peace and good-will, good-will and peace,
Peace and good-will to all mankind.

“This year I slept and woke with pain,
I almost wish'd no more to wake,
And that my hold on life would break
Before I heard those bells again :

“But they my troubled spirit rule,
For they controlled me when a boy ;
They bring me sorrow touch'd with joy,
The merry merry bells of Yule.

“Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from night ;
O Father, touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born.”

SANTA CLAUS.

Hang up the baby's stocking—and be the baby. For the nonce, come out of your philosophic shell, listen to the jingle of the Christmas bells, to the clattering of reindeer feet over frozen snow, and to the scrambling in the chimney of gray-bearded Santa Claus, patron-dispenser of Christmas toys.

It will do us good, the change will be a relief, to depart from the unromantic path of scientific curiosity, and to accept, without questioning, the traditions handed down from time immemorial, concerning this ever-old, never-older gentleman, at once everywhere, and on the move. Our reason may rebel against them, but fancy fondly clings to the stories told our marvelling childhood by "The race of yore, who danced our infancy upon their knee." What matters it if we cannot understand how Santa Claus, who passes the rest of the year in some Sleepy Hollow, unknown and unknowable, should on this particular day emerge into omnipresence, not Rip Van Winkle-like, but with full knowledge of the state of society and of the wants of children? Why inquire who he is, or how is it that this much-talked-of personage should be so persistently and perversely invisible to the eager vigil of children?

"When science from creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws."

And analogously, how cruelly would the child be undeceived, if we were to draw aside the veil of mystery that obscures Santa Claus! But when we admire its iridescence, why burst the bubble?

Metinks Santa Claus must have some kinship with the Lares and Penates. Who is there but feels thrills of domestic love vibrating through his inmost being at this season of the year? When within mother's caress I, at least, am wont to be in ecstasy at the mere thought of being privileged to breathe the atmosphere of Yuletide so saturated with the

incense-offerings of Christian hearts to the Baby born in Bethlehem ; but abroad I could never attain the pinnacle of enthusiasm to which, at home, my heart, as though in response to the *Sursum Corda* of the Church, arises at the "glad tid-ing of great joy."

I do not believe in the theory of Innate Ideas, but it seems to me there is an hereditary or instinctive predisposition for notions concerning Santa Claus. How kindly the prattling infant takes to the subject, and what curiosity he shows to know more about him ! Many parents are prone to discourage the inventions of the awakened imagination at play with Santa Claus ; and while they allow their children to call the broomstick a horse, and to hitch it to the carriage, the old arm-chair, with a *mea culpa* they strike their breast, if, unwittingly they have allowed them to foster a thought of our free-handed gray-beard.

But mentally man is a ruminant. Bring up the child on cold material facts, and inflexible figures, and you rob the man of the pleasures of the imagination ; let him forage among facts, fancies and folk-lore, and when in mature years he chews the cud of early memories his enlarged mind will have something on which to act and feed. To what do we owe the highest productions of Scott, so vivid in imagery, and so happy in portrayal, but to the weird stories poured into his ready ear by the nurse of his tender childhood, faithful Jenny ? And if we so admire the productions of the cultured imagination why not sow the seed in the virgin soil ?

UNIVERSITY DEVELOPMENT.

(Read in conjunction with the Salutatory at the Commencement Exercises of '99.)

Undoubtedly you are somewhat acquainted with the history of this institution which has been founded in your midst, but, in all probability you have never considered, from a historical point of view, the development of the University in general. It is with such a subject that this paper purports to deal, but owing to the long period over which the history of the University extends, "University Development" can only be briefly considered on this occasion.

The word "university" is derived from the French *universite* which comes from the Latin *universitas*, meaning, first, the whole of anything, the universe, and, again, an association, a corporation, or a company. It is with these latter meanings that we have to do, that is, with the university as an association or corporation.

What to-day is generally understood by the term "university" is "an establishment or corporation for the purpose of instruction in all or some of the most important sciences, and in literature, and having power to confer certain honorary dignities, called degrees, in certain faculties, as arts, science, medicine, law, theology, etc." "If I were asked," says Newman, "to describe as briefly and popularly as I could, what a university was, I should draw my answer from its ancient designation of a *Studium Generale* or 'School of Universal learning.' Accordingly, in its simple and rudimental form, it is a school of knowledge of every kind, consisting of teachers and learners from every quarter. A university seems to be in essence, a place for the communication and circulation of thought, by means of personal intercourse, through a wide extent of country." These definitions apply more strikingly to the modern university than to that of ancient and mediæval times, for what the university then implied was the whole body of learners and teachers, or simply the whole body of learners with corporate rights, and under by-laws of their

own. These bodies, however constituted, were divided by the Faculty, according to the different countries which their members represented.

Were simply the term *universitas* (or our English "university") applied indiscriminately to either of these divisions, it would result in obscurity. Consequently, for the purpose of distinction, the University of teachers and scholars, for instance, was known as the *Universitas magistrorum et auditorum*. It was not till the 14th century that *universitas* acquired, in a strict sense, the technical meaning of the modern term "university."

The first evidence of the university to be had is to be found in the History of Greece, for as early as 500 B. C., men have been known to wend their way to Athens from all parts of the then known world for no other purpose than the attainment of knowledge. No stately buildings, no extensive libraries made unto the students comfort in those days; nothing but a lawn under the open canopy of heaven defined the limits of the lecture-room, while the amount of knowledge the students acquired depended upon their experience, their personal intercourse, and their ability to grasp and retain the lectures delivered by the professors.

The actual university is undoubtedly of episcopal or monastic origin; that is, it has developed out of the schools which existed in conjunction with the cathedrals and monasteries of the Roman Empire between the 6th and the 12th centuries. These schools confined themselves to the preparation of their students for the priesthood and monastic life; but gradually a taste for the study of law and medicine developed, which resulted in the Universities Salerno and Bologna in Italy and of Paris in France.

In the history of the 12th century is also recorded the institution of the first college. The terms "College" and "University" are nowadays used indiscriminately, particularly on this continent; but in Europe the distinction is more marked. Hitherto, the students who attended the universities found their board and lodging at licensed dwellings, but the foundation of colleges established the practice of living toge-

ther. In the words of Cardinal Newman, the college was a "place of residence for the university student who would there find himself under the guidance and instruction of the superiors and tutors bound to attend to his personal interests, moral and intellectual." And he added that "if colleges with endowments and local interests, provincial or county, are necessarily, when compared with universities, of a national character, it follows that the education which they will administer will also be far more given to the study of Arts than to learned professions or to any special class of pursuits at all; and such in matter of fact has ever been the case." The words of Newman, besides showing why the college is exclusively the seat of arts, also imply a distinction which is to be made between a College and a University. To bring this distinction clearly before your mind, take this institution as an example in point. If there were but one faculty which devoted itself to teaching merely those branches which are included in an Arts course, you would have what is strictly a college. If, on the other hand, there reside here besides the Faculty of Arts, Faculties of Law, Philosophy, and Theology, as is actually the case, then you have what to-day is considered a university.

In the words above quoted, reference is made to the "national character" of the college. It may not be uninteresting to note the particular meaning attached to the word "national" in this connection. As is the case at the present day, the students who attended the primitive universities came thither from different parts of the globe. Those from neighboring sections generally assembled together, and formed what was called a "nation." They elected their own superior officer, the proctor; they made their own laws; and, at the convention of the university faculties, they were represented by their own delegates. The university of Bologna may be cited as one of the first in which the "nation" existed. It was in the year 1219 that "nations" were first formed. At Bologna, they were four in number and constituted as follows: the French composed, besides the native element, the Spaniards, Italians, and Greeks; the Picard nation, the Netherlands; the third

was of Normans ; and finally the English, which comprised the students from England, Ireland, Scotland, and Germany. Though these nations were all connected with the same university, they were as independent of one another as are the political nations of to-day, and it is in reference to organizations of this nature that Newman uses the term "national" when he alludes to the character of colleges.

It may be remarked that the college proved to be one of the greatest improvements in the development of the university. True, it had its defects. It was the resort of rank and fashion ; it was also an organ of government, but, eventually, it has become the abode of morals, order, and discipline ; it has become the very soul of the university, that without which the university could not maintain a successful existence.

Another step in advance made by the university was the conferring of degrees. This practice was inaugurated by the abbot of the monastery of St. Genevieve, who appointed, in 1255, a chancellor to confer a *licentia docendi*, that is a license to teach, upon those desiring to open schools. This license was, in reality, the degree, Master of Arts. He who held the degree Bachelor of Arts was then looked upon as an apprentice for the mastership. The step from the bachelorhood to the mastership was symbolized by placing on the head of the bachelor the magestrcial cap ; and then, amidst grand ceremonies, the successful candidate took the master's chair.

Reviewing the work of the university during the ancient epoch, it is found that law, medicine, philosophy, and theology were the principal branches of study. There was, however, a tendency to increase the number of subjects, but the gradual advancement was impeded in England by the Reformation, in Germany by the thirty years war, and in France by the Revolution of 1789. When the effects of this general depression was overcome, a more systematic method of education was adopted, more attention was given to the study of mathematics, science, and literature ; and the college and university were more closely united by bestowing upon collegiate institutions university privileges. This improvement gives

us what is practically the type of university that obtains at the present day.

There are some men who labor under the impression that an education, sufficient in itself, may be received from a study of nature, or by private application in their libraries. A knowledge of first principles may be acquired in this manner, but the faculty of proper interpretation will be left undeveloped. You may find "sermons in stones, and books in running brooks"; you may have in your libraries "works larger and more comprehensive than those which gained for the ancients an immortality"; but without the aid of a tutor you will fail to grasp the vital principles which they contain. If you wish to enjoy the beauty that is found wild in nature, but cultivated in the classic text of standard authors, you must seek it in living beings, in teachers; and, if you desire to share in the advantages of the best teachers, you must seek the professors at the university.

The university of our own time is a grand and noble institution. Its motives are the loftiest, its mission most sublime. The home of ancient and new learning, it strives to teach the best that is known, and to encourage research; to stimulate thought, to refine taste, and to awaken a love of excellence; it labors to make the student see what is true, and to inspire him with a love of all truth; and while it is a scientific institution, it is, at the same, a school of culture and a training ground for the business of life. To conclude in the eloquent words of the great English Cardinal, "The university is a place where inquiry is pushed forward, and discoveries are verified and errors exposed by the collision of mind with mind, and knowledge with knowledge. It is the place where the catechist makes good his ground as he goes, treading in the truth, day by day, into the ready memory, and wedging and tightening it into the expanding reason. It is a seat of wisdom, a light of the world, a minister of faith, an Alma Mater of the rising generation."

INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATING.

It has been said by Cardinal Newman that the end or aim of a university is to train good members for society, in other words to make men and women fit for the world. By fitness for the world is meant the capability of filling any place in society, either in business, professional, political or social life. The same author tells us that education is the enlargement or illumination of the intellect. This is brought about by various methods. One of the chief factors in a university education, and the one with which this article purports to deal is the Debating Society. We consider it one of the most important means of preparing students for the world.

Our universities and colleges should not keep their students apart from the every-day world, but should keep them so well in touch with it that when the graduate leaves the halls of his Alma Mater, he may not be ushered into the world as into an unknown region; but rather as one who has been steadily working to the front rank of society. In order to produce such men and women a university training should include in it something of the nature of the world. Now, we think the Debating Society is one of the best means to this end. In our Arts course we study the classics, the sciences or mathematics as a preparation for taking up some one of the professional courses; but in the debating society we have an opportunity for putting much of our knowledge into practice. It is a miniature world in itself. In it we discuss the questions of the day, there we hold our mock parliaments, our mock trials and our entertainments. The questions discussed there are real up to date topics, topics which concern the present and future actions of society. The students of to-day are the men and women on whose shoulders will fall, a few years hence, the task of solving the many difficult problems that are agitating the world at the present time. When the graduate steps forth into the world he needs to be prepared to buckle on his armor and take hold of those questions with a practised hand, and this proficiency may be attained from the debate.

There is a tendency among students to look upon the debating club as a place for the more gifted to parade their eloquence rather than a place for the less favored to acquire the art of expressing their views in public. Now this should not be the case, for although the former may certainly improve their manner of discussion as well as their oratorical powers, still it is the latter who should derive the most benefit from the society, and should they allow this opportunity to pass away without making an effort to obtain some advantage therefrom they would commit an error that would be sorely regretted in after life.

Public speaking is only one of the many advantages to be obtained from a debating club. The proper discussion of a question involves careful preparation; one has to consult many books, and look up material that he would otherwise pass by unheeded; he has to view the subject from every standpoint, and arrange his arguments in syllogistic form; in a word, to be prepared to meet and rebut the arguments of his opponents. The importance of this part of a university training can be seen from the fact that the leading institutions of America have made it a part of their regular courses. The result of this has been the establishment of a System of Inter-collegiate Debates between these institutions. Now why do we not establish such a system among the universities of the Maritime Provinces? The benefits that would be derived from the establishment of such a system can be scarcely over-estimated. It would work great changes in our own debating societies, by introducing into them a keen competition, and awakening a more general interest. Students would make the same effort to be one of those chosen to represent his college as they do at present to secure a place on the teams that go abroad to meet others on the field of sport. Again it would serve to show the public what the institutions to which they contribute so generously, are really doing; and it would counteract that false impression which obtains at the present day in regard to the amount of time which is devoted to athletic sports. For intellectual improvement is the primary while physical is only the secondary object of our institutions.

In our home debates meeting the same opponents every week, and hearing the same manner of discussion, becomes monotonous and tiresome; whereas if we were to go abroad we should encounter new opponents, be brought into contact with new ideas, and be enabled to observe different methods of discussion. It would enable us to discover our weak points as well as to bring out our good qualities. In a public discussion of this nature a student will not have the freedom that he so often takes advantage of at home. His time will be so limited that he will be obliged to put forth his arguments in as concise a manner as clearness will allow, and select only matter that bears directly on the point at issue.

It has been said that only a few would obtain any advantage from those debates. Better a few than none at all; but that would not be the case, for before the men would be selected, every member would have a chance to show what he can do, and make an effort to obtain the coveted place; and this preparation alone would be worth the time given to it. Again it has been argued that too much time would be spent in preparation for those debates; but like the Irishman we answer how could this time be better employed?

The above are only a few of the many points that could be urged in favor of Intercollegiate Debating. We think that it would not only be an excellent way of advertising the best universities, but it would also bring the best men before the public, and besides the influence for good which it would have on our home debates, the men who go abroad to meet others in the arena of debate, would return, like the crusaders of old, with higher ideas, and a wider horizon of thought.

OUR PATRON SAINT.

(Delivered by Rev. Father Phelan on the festival
of St. Francis Xavier.)

“What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?” (Matt. 16 : 26.)

From earliest childhood we all admire a hero. As soon as a baby has learned to talk, its mother or its nurse begins to tell it stories; and there is no story which pleases it so well as the tale of the wonderful deeds done by some wonderful man. But if the babe grows up to boyhood and learns that many of those wonderful men who did those wonderful deeds, that many of those heroes who were as good as they were brave, who fought against wicked monsters and conquered them; who helped all those who were in distress—if the boy finds that many of those wonderful men were members of his own family, O then his heart swells with pride! He walks through the halls of his father's castle and looks at the portraits which hang on either side of him, and he says “I am glad that I belong to such a family. When I am a man I must do something wonderful too, and then when I die they will put my picture up on that wall, and my grandchildren will point to it and say—he was one of the great men of our family.”

Almost four hundred years ago, in a castle in the north of Spain, there was just such a boy as this, and he was dreaming just such a dream as this. He was of a noble family—many of his ancestors had distinguished themselves in the service of their king. He burned to do something which might make him worthy of them. Robust in body, and high in spirit, he eagerly looked forward to being a soldier, that he might win new laurels for his house upon the field of battle. But his love for his aged parents, and respect for their wishes, dissuaded him from that career. His enthusiasm, like a rushing river obstructed in its course, had to cut a new channel for itself. If he could not be a leader of armies, he must be a leader of minds, if he could not gain distinction as a soldier,

he must gain it as a philosopher—all for the glory of Francis Xavier and of the family to which he belonged.

So, he enters the University of Paris, and after having been a brilliant student becomes a still more brilliant professor. And he is as popular in the drawing rooms of society as he is in the class-room. He is far from being wicked, as young men go, but he is good-looking and good-humored and clever, and not at all inclined to be religious, and it is very easy for that sort of young man to get spoiled in a gay city like Paris.

But there is some one watching him closely who is determined that Francis Xavier shall not be spoiled if he can help it. A strange-looking man, poorly dressed, but with something in his face which seems to say that he was born to command. Ignatius Loyola is studying there in Paris. He has been a soldier, he has commanded on many a hard fought field, only lately did he cast his sword away. But now he has a plan for raising another army, an army which shall make greater conquests than ever were made by a Caesar or an Alexander the Great—an army which shall conquer the world not for the King of France, or the King of Spain, but for the King of Kings. Such is Loyola's plan. As soon as he sets eyes on Francis Xavier he says to himself "What a splendid soldier he would make—for the Company of Jesus! I must have him." Loyola is now past middle age, but he attends the lectures of the young professor of philosophy at the University. Xavier soon takes notice of him but it is only to make him a butt for jokes and ridicule. Loyola doesn't mind this—he would rather be noticed in this way than not noticed at all. Slowly, very slowly, he wins his way—forces his way into the friendship of his young teacher—talks to him about his work—listens to all he has to say, and when at last Xavier grows confidential and speaks of his ambition and his hopes to make a great name for himself in the world, Loyola unmasks his battery and fires at him the tremendous question: "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" The shot reaches the mark. Xavier is shaken, though he is not yet conquered. But Loyola keeps up the siege, he follows the young man

everywhere, he talks with him about anything and everything, in the most interesting way, but he manages to end every conversation with the solemn question, "What doth it profit?"

At last Xavier surrenders. From being Loyola's teacher he becomes his pupil, and humbly asks him "What would you advise me to do?" Quickly comes the answer: "Be a soldier in my company—the Company of Jesus!"

From that hour Francis Xavier gave up all thought of winning glory for himself or for his family. From that hour till his dying day his motto was *ad majorem Dei gloriam*, "all for the greater glory of God." He no longer sought for fame, but it came to him unsought. His native land was then and had long been the greatest military power in the world, than on its long roll of captains there is no name so glorious, even in the eyes of men as the name of Francis Xavier. More than one Spanish hero has been honored by his country with the title Conquistador, but none of them ever made such wonderful conquests as did the humble Jesuit who subdued the most stubborn enemies of Christ not with the sword but with the Cross; for Francis Xavier, in his missionary journeys travelled over more than ten thousand miles of country, converted fifty kingdoms, and baptized more than a million of pagans with his own hand. As a boy Xavier had heard the stories of Alexander and his generals, of Charlemagne and his paladins, and of the prodigious feats which they performed—stories in which a very slight portion of truth was mingled with a vast deal of fable—how they stormed enchanted castles, how they fought and slew terrible giants and frightful dragons. Yet these stories marvellous as they are, are not so marvellous as those which now are told of Xavier himself, and for which we have the sworn testimony of many eyewitnesses. Scores of times he raised the dead to life. Twice he stopped a funeral and sent the man who was about to be buried home alive to his family. Once he stopped before a tomb and one who had lain therein for twenty-four hours came forth at his call. Then listen to this account of something which occurred on one of his voyages. I give it

you as I find it in a Protestant author, a Professor of Modern History at the University of Oxford, a man who certainly cannot be accused of credulity, and who relates it as an historical event: "As his ship drove before the monsoon, dragging after her a smaller bark which she had taken in tow, the connecting ropes were suddenly burst asunder, and in a few minutes the two vessels were no longer in sight. Thrice the sun rose and set in their dark course, the unchained elements roaring on in mad revelry around them and the ocean seething like a caldron. Xavier's shipmates wept over the loss of friends and kindred in the foundered bark, and shuddered at their own approaching doom. He also wept; but his were grateful tears. As the screaming whirlwind swept over the abyss, the present Deity was revealed to his faithful worshipper, shedding tranquility and peace and joy over the sanctuary of a devout and confiding heart. 'Mourn not, my friend,' was his gay address to Edward de Gama, as he lamented the loss of his brother in the bark; 'before three days the daughter will have returned to her mother.' They were weary and anxious days, but as the third drew to a close, a sail appeared on the horizon. Defying the adverse winds she made straight toward them and at last dropped alongside as calmly as the seabird ends her flight and furls her ruffled plumage on the swelling serge. The cry of miracle burst from every lip; and well it might. There was the lost bark, and not the bark only, but Xavier himself on board of her! What though he had ridden out the tempest in the larger vessel, the stay of their drooping spirits, he had at the same time been in the smaller ship, performing there also the same charitable office; and yet, when the two hailed and spoke to each other, there was but one Francis Xavier and he composedly standing by the side of Edward de Gama on the deck of the *Holy Cross*."

But some will say: "These miracles seem to be more wonderful than those which our Saviour worked." Even so. Our Saviour himself said: "Amen, amen, I say to you, he that believeth in me, the works that I do, he shall do, and greater than these shall he do." (John 14:12.) The miracles of St. Francis Xavier are a fulfilment of that

prophecy. He needed such wonderful powers to convince those heathen nations that he was really a messenger of God, and therefore God gave him such powers.

But miracles, though they may convince the minds of men, do not generally win their hearts. Our Lord won the hearts of the people whom he met, not by his miracles, but by his love as shown in acts of kindness. And in these too, St. Francis Xavier followed the footsteps of his Divine Master. On the voyage from Portugal to India, though he was worn out by seasickness, though he ate nothing but such food as the sailors left, though he took the little sleep he allowed himself lying on coils of rope, yet he waited on those who were sick, and performed for them the humblest and what we are accustomed to call the most degrading services. On the other hand he mingled with the officers as one of themselves, a scholar and a gentleman, talked with them of war or trade, of politics or navigation. Again, he went among the common sailors, told them stories and invented new games for their amusement. When he could not stop them from gambling he sat down with them and looked on, sometimes even held the stakes, so that by his presence and by his cheerful talk he might at least check them from cursing and swearing and quarrelling while they played. In short, he made himself agreeable to all, and so he won the hearts of all and gained an influence over them for good.

At the first port of call a fever broke out and Xavier came near dying with it. Still he managed to crawl to the beds of others who were sick, to soothe and comfort them. Arrived in India, one of his missions was given to the pearl divers of Malabar. For fifteen months he lived among those poor wretches, his only food their rice and water, his only resting place their huts, where he allowed himself only three hours sleep out of the twenty-four. He made himself their physician, he settled their disputes, he pleaded for them with the port government to get them released of a tax which was too heavy for them to pay. While he was giving a mission in another place, a band of pirates came to ravage it. But a pestilence broke out on board the pirate ships. Xavier went

aboard, lived with them day and night, nursed them, and in the end melted their hearts, so that when they got well they went away without doing the harm they had come to do. When he was about to set out on another mission he was advised not to go, that it was too dangerous. What was his answer? "If those lands had mines of gold, Christians would find courage to go there, nor would all the perils of the world prevent them. But because there is nothing to be gained there but the souls of men, they are afraid to go. Shall love be less hardy than avarice? You say they will poison me, but this I dare say, that whatever form of torture and death awaits me, I am ready to suffer it ten thousand times for the salvation of a single soul." On another occasion he was passing by Malacca, a place which had refused to listen to him when he went to preach there. Now he heard that the plague was raging. Did he keep on his way, saying, it is a visitation of God, it serves them right? No, he went ashore to help them, he carried the sick in his own arms to the hospitals. Night and day he lived among the diseased and the dying, leaving them only to beg food or medicine from door to door for their relief.

Such was the life of St. Francis and his death was in keeping with his life. My words are too weak to describe that death-bed scene, let me give you those of the Protestant writer whom I have already mentioned :

"The angel of death appeared with a summons for which, since death first entered our world, no man was ever more triumphantly prepared. It found him on board the vessel on the point of departing for Siam. At his own request he was removed to the shore, that he might meet his end with the greater composure. Stretched on the naked beach, with the cold blasts of a Chinese winter aggravating his pain, he contended alone with the agonies of a fever which wasted his vital powers. It was a solitude and an agony for which the happiest of the sons of men might well have exchanged the dearest society and the purest of the joys of life. It was an agony in which his still uplifted crucifix reminded him of a far more awful woe endured for his deliverance ; and a soli-

tude thronged by blessed ministers of peace and consolation, visible in all their light and lovely aspects to the now unchained eye of faith; and audible to the dying martyr through the yielding bars of his mental prison house, in strains of exulting joy till then unheard and unimagined. Tears burst from his fading eyes, tears of an emotion too big for utterance. In the cold collapse of death his features were for a few brief moments irradiated as with the first beams of approaching glory. He raised himself on his crucifix, and exclaiming, *In te Domine speravi non confundor in aeternum!* he bowed his head and died."

You all admire a hero, then here is a hero for you to admire. You see the impression made by his life and death upon one who was not a Catholic; shall it make a less impression on you? For you are Catholics—not only that, you are students of a college of which Francis Xavier is the special patron. You are, as it were, members of his family—he is your elder brother. You should feel proud to belong to such a family, proud to be younger brothers of one who did such glorious deeds. Admire him—of course you do: you cannot help it. But don't stop at that; don't be satisfied with admiring him; try to imitate him. To imitate St. Francis Xavier? Yes. To imitate his miracles? No. You cannot do that; you cannot even try to do it. But you can try to imitate his kindness. You can be cheerful and good natured with one another. You can try by kindness to gain an influence over your fellow students and use that influence for good. You can imitate him in your obedience to those who have authority over you. The great man was so humble that he never wrote to his superior-general—his former pupil, St. Ignatius Loyola—except upon his knees. You needn't go on your knees to speak to your superiors, but at least you ought to respect them and faithfully obey all their commands. You can imitate him by hating sin, no matter how attractive sin may be, no matter what pleasure sin may promise you, no matter what you may hope to gain by committing sin. You can imitate him by remembering and hearkening to the words which converted Francis Xavier:

"What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" You can imitate him by doing all that you do "for the greater glory of God." For whatever is not a sin may be done for God's glory, and St. Paul tells us, "Whether you eat or drink or whatsoever else you do, do all to the glory of God." (I Cor. 10:31.)

You can imitate St. Francis Xavier in this way, and if you want to imitate him, he can help you. While he was on earth Francis Xavier did great things for God, and now God rewards him by doing great things for whom Francis Xavier prays. Ask him to pray for you then, not only to-day but every day. Take him for one of your patron saints. Ask him to pray for you that you may save your soul, and may help to save the souls of others by good example, by good influence, by kindness. Ask him to pray for you that you may lead a good life, and die a happy death. And then, even though you have not imitated St. Francis Xavier in his wonderful deeds on earth, you will win the same reward which he now enjoys in heaven

CLASS OF '99.

With these sketches we shall have done with the class of '99. We are quite conscious that our portraits have not been quite perfect. More (or perhaps less) might have been said. Thus far, however, the essential element in what we have said has not been challenged by any of those concerned. It is therefore with some degree of confidence that we approach the subjects of our present sketches, whose modesty and genial temper are an ample guarantee for our continued immunity from violence, even if we fail to do them that measure of justice to which their merits entitle them.

After a number of years interruption in his studies, J. J. M. re-entered college in the autumn of '97 to complete his course. The task before him was more than ordinarily formidable, as an array of some fourteen subjects at sessional and terminal

examination of the junior year will sufficiently evidence. J. too was "rather rusty" as the boys phrase it; but he resolutely set to work and early adopted and acted on the principle to "Earn well the thrifty months." This industry, coupled with sound mental qualifications guided him well through the mists of knowledge to the welcome goal of his ambition.

J. evinced a strong fondness for rhyme, (of course there were others). The undiscerning were wont to term it "doggerel," and to heap strong epithets indiscriminately upon rhyme and rhymers. J., however, was not to be thus intimidated, not even by terrible "Cribbage King" himself. It is said that he even bearded the latter in his own dominions, using his doubly offensive weapon to such purpose that he eventually brought that great potentate to easy terms of surrender. J. never sought distinction in the athletic field. He usually contented himself with a game of tennis, as the inclination prompted. The open charms of nature had stronger attractions for him. This was probably because of his poetical temperament.

As a debater he was remarkable for his solid grasp of the subject, and his perception of the strong points of an argument, rather than for any florid eloquence. He frequently acted as chairman, a position which acquitted himself to the general satisfaction. He was also a member of the board of Editors of this paper, and always took a keen interest in its welfare — an interest which he manifested in a substantial manner by contributing to its columns.

J. was a general favourite with the boys while in college, and now EXCELSIOR joins with his many friends in wishing him every success.

It was the fall of '93 that also ushered into college life R. A. J., the subject of this, our last sketch. The appearance of a new fellow on the campus always excites interest and curiosity, and the usual questions of who he was and whence he came elicited that he was from the country; but the tone of his speech, and "naughty little twinkle in his eye" forbade the thought that he was "green."

In fact his pleasing manners and genial disposition soon made him a favorite among the boys, and was his "sesame" into the Glee Club. He perhaps more than any other member of the class may be said to have been an all-round man. His fondness for classics was equalled by his love of mathematics, and when we speak of his liking for astronomy, and then of his standing in society, some may try to find a double meaning in our remark that many a moonlight night did he await the appearance of meteors. One peculiar trait we have observed in his character was his strong prejudice in favor of everything American; and in debate where his fluency secured him rapt attention, he in season and out of season stood up for the Stars and Stripes.

He and a few others were frequent visitors in a room in the western wing, and the manner in which they would disappear whenever certain well-known steps were heard on the stairs still remains a mystery. Some of the more imaginative, noticing peculiar marks on the wall thought there might have been some secret means of exit; but these were only evidence that Ned's head was harder than the plaster.

At present he is teaching in the school where he himself received his early education, and EXCELSIOR wishes him *bon voyage* in whatever bark he may sail down the river of life.

VALEDICTORY.

(Read by R. St. John McDonald at the
Commencement Exercises, '99.)

With the feelings natural to students we have many times longed for this day. The winning of the parchment was to us an end devoutly to be wished—the final goal of our youthful ambition. Yet however fortunate we deem ourselves in having attained this long cherished end, like money and other things coveted and craved for by men, it does not bring us the fulness of content and happiness which we were wont to dream of. After long years of patient toil, mingled and tempered with the pleasures peculiar to college life, we

now stand gazing with anxious eye upon the new and hitherto unthought of prospect which stretches out before us. The battle of life is on. New labors and new responsibilities await us. Now it is that we can appreciate the extent to which we are indebted to our Alma Mater for the generous equipment with which we are provided. Rev. Fathers and kind Professors, the Class of '99 extend to you their sincerest thanks for your zeal and devotedness in their welfare. They are deeply grateful for the transcendent advantages gained in their college course, governed and guided by you whose lives have been devoted to the education of youth not merely on religious but secular lines as well; you who are not simply filling out a certain length of time but whose lives are consecrated to the teaching of youth. Whether our voyage through life be stormy and tempestuous, or peaceful and calm, whether buffeted by the winds of adversity, or pursuing the even tenor of our way in peace and prosperity, in our early efforts to later success—if success there be—we shall cherish fond recollections and grateful memories of your kindness and devotion to us while within the hallowed walls of our Alma Mater.

Ladies and gentlemen, we are also about to sever our relations with you. We had the pleasure of personal intercourse with many of you. But from all we have never experienced other than the most friendly and cordial sentiments. Your interest in our welfare and that of the institution has often been manifested to us, and we now express the hope that our successors will likewise enjoy your kind interest and friendship. To you, too, we extend a farewell—a farewell reluctantly uttered.

Fellow students, on such a day as this our feelings under ordinary circumstances would be feelings of unmingled joy and satisfaction. But when we remember that it is only a short time since grim death has taken away one of the brightest members of our class, of whom it might be truly said,

“*Quo nihil majus meliusve terris
Fata donavere bonique divi
Nec dabunt quamvis rideant in aurum
Tempora priscum.*”

A gloom for the moment falls over us, however, when we recall his holy and gentle life, his perfect resignation to the divine will, we feel that there is no cause for repining and sorrow.

We now come to address you a few words at parting, though words express but little of the feelings that well up in our hearts. We are bound by ties of friendship with each of you. It is hard to think that these ties must be snapped; that we shall part perchance to meet nevermore. The old associations which rise up in our mind of games, the glory of which we shared in common, of joys and sometimes perhaps sorrows which we participated in, make us feel sad when we recollect that they are now forever past, and that the student's life shall be no longer ours. In bidding you a last farewell permit us to say that in our "heart of hearts" we shall ever cherish the fondest recollection of you.

EXCHANGES.

The first of the November exchanges to reach us is the *Acadia Athenaeum*. This year it is entering upon a very extensive field of discussion. In a lengthy article headed "College Journalism," it advocates the discussion, by college journals, of the questions of the day, political and otherwise. Such a course is, we think, beyond the scope of most of our journals at the present time, on account of limited space and time, and infrequency of publication. The writer makes a good attempt to carry out the policy advocated by him, but in so doing shows that such a course is almost impossible; for he devotes about one half the paper to one article and a large part of the remainder to a second. Much as we should like to see college journals become leaders of thought, we think their present standing will not warrant such an undertaking as our contemporary commends.

The October number of *The University of Ottawa Review* was rather late in reaching us. We must compliment it on its neat appearance. It contains several well written reviews:

that of the *Tempest* being particularly so, while "The Fat Boy" is rather amusing.

The November number of the *Argosy* contains several good articles. In discussing "The Great West" the writer points out in a very forcible manner the advantages that would be derived from the settling in the West of the very large number of our youth that seek their fortunes in the already overcrowded United States.

How much better would it be for our government to offer the same, or even better, inducements to the young men and women of Eastern Canada to settle in the West; rather than to spend the public moneys in bringing to this country foreigners, who, for some time at least, cannot be looked upon as more than aliens.

Other exchanges to date are, *The Weekly Bouquet*, *North West Review*, *L'Oiseau Mouche*, and *Bras d'Or Gazette*.

SPORTS.

FOOT BALL.

By far the best game of the foot ball season took place on the 25th ult., on the A. A. A. A. grounds between the Varsity and town teams.

The day, although late in the season, was almost perfect and vast crowds of townsmen and students turned out to support the teams, which lined out as follows :

Varsity.		Town.
A. McEachen,	Forwards	Griffin (Capt.)
J. McNeil,	"	Jardine
J. H. McDonald,	"	McKimmie
H. A. Chisholm,	"	R. Morrison
A. O'Toole,	"	W. Borden
B. McGee,	"	J. D. McDonald
H. McGillivray,		D. Mahoney
C. Morse,		S. Copeland

P. Brown,	Quarters	P. Brine
J. B. McDonald,	"	C. McGillivray
H. Chisholm	Halves	R. McPhie
J. R. Power (Capt.)	"	D. McLean
W. Morse,	"	Waters
J. W. Brown,	"	W. Archibald
F. Brown,	Full backs	B. McIsaac

The Town kick off was well returned and a scrim followed on their twenty-five yard line. The Town boys having the advantage, followed it up well and for a time it looked as if they would score, but Power's long punt relieved the anxiety. The game was now waxing warm both sides determined to score the first points. Scrim followed scrim in the territory of the Town boys, but our halves were unable to score. At last, from a throw in, Chisholm crossed the line giving Varsity the first points amid tremendous applause from students. No goal was kicked from this touch. A few minutes of the half remained and the town made great efforts to score but to no avail.

The Varsity kick-off was followed by a scrim in Town territory and again Chisholm showed his sprinting qualities, scoring the second touch for Varsity. The ball was for some time held in centre field, neither side being able to gain any perceptible advantage. Finally, by good passing our halves worked to Town twenty-five yard line and H. Chisholm scored the last touch, which was converted into a goal by J. McNeil eight minutes before the call of time. The Town boys with renewed energy fought bravely, but the whistle found them minus the much coveted pleasure of scoring against Varsity.

Lack of space will not permit us to discuss the merits of individual players but a few are deserving of special mention. For the Town Waters, Jardine, Griffin and McKimmie played excellent football, while McEachern, H. A. Chisholm, Power, W. Morse and H. Chisholm proved to all to be men of such material as to grace any campus and to them particularly is due the glorious success achieved. Mr. Mellish refereed the

game to the satisfaction of all and H. Babin and R. McDonald acted as touch judges.

After rousing cheers for opponents and referee, the Varsity team and supporters marched triumphantly to the University singing College songs and giving the College yells. The old town was thoroughly awakened and the citizens cheered the conquering heroes. The victors were received at the University in a royal manner. Congratulations, elevating and merry making generally followed until the walls of old St. F. X. shook.

Gloriously has our foot ball season closed and let us hope the interest taken this year may not ebb, so that in time, when it is firmly established, we may be able to send a team to tour the province which will do credit to their Alma Mater on any campus.

Those students who have not favored the secretary of the Athletic Association with their initiation fee would confer an extreme favor by presenting the ever welcome mite as soon as possible.

ON THE HOP.

Mr. Touchline, I protest!

Did you see Joe wink when the lights went out?

Our philosophers were for a while in the dark about Free Will, but they soon got the light of three ages.

Prof. (to truant student): You were sick this morning?

Student: First I heard of it.

Prof.: Why were you not in class?

Student: O! yes, I was sick.

Who is in the public eye? D. Jôy.

Our bac(k) now runs to the East End. I wonder why!

Why is a hungry stomach said to bark?

Because it cannot bite.

O, for *power* to evaporate pomposity, especially in Chemistry!

What was Columbus noted for?

He once held the world's championship for crossing the Atlantic.

What political reasons had Queen Elizabeth for not marrying?

Her father married enough for the whole family.

McI. cannot see the ". "!

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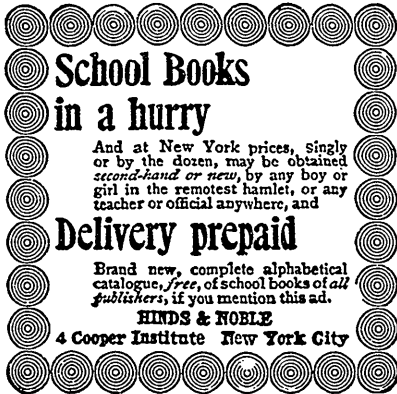
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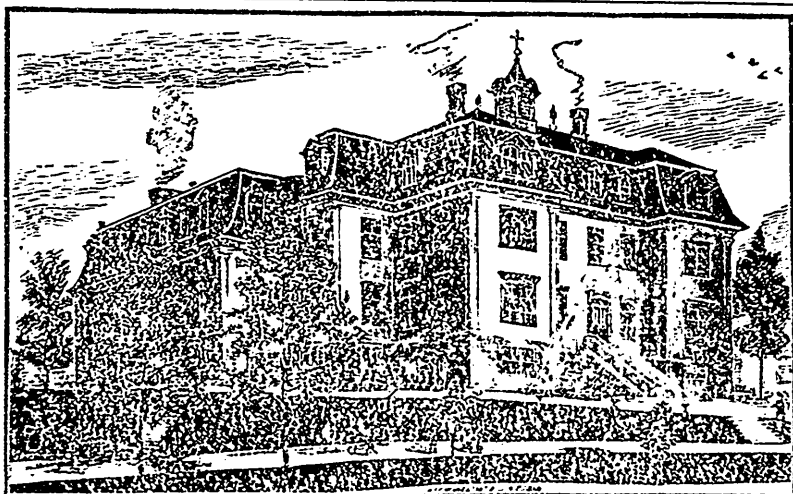
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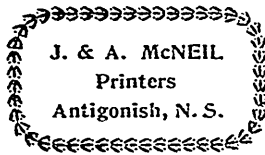
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