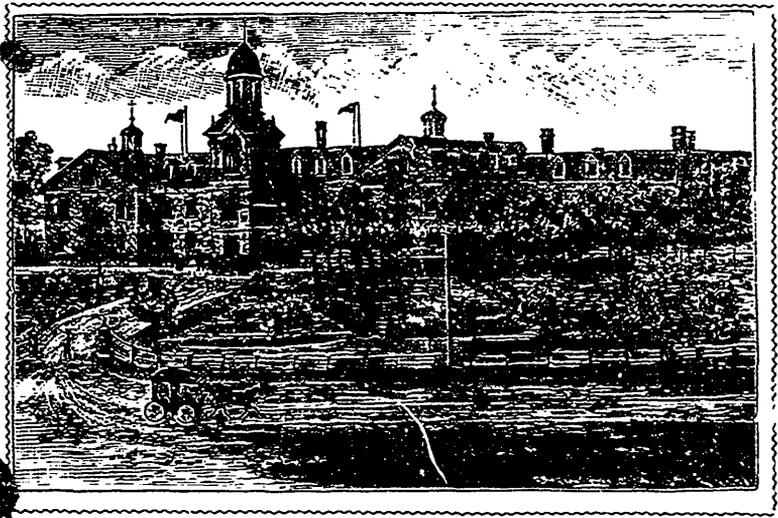


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The plight of the Superintendent of Education at the present moment recalls that of MacBeth:

“ They have tied me to a stake, I cannot fly
But, bear-like, I must fight the *course*.”

For well nigh a twelve month — since August 24th last — the civilized world has been in possession of that unique proposal of the Czar of all the Russias, in which he pleads for the cause of peace, and now the eyes of the world are centered on the “gathering of the clans” at the Hague to discuss disarmament and arbitration. Whatever be the immediate outcome of the conference now sitting at the Hague, it can scarcely fail to bring the world in some degree nearer to the realization of the universal brotherhood of man, and of the possibility of civilized nations possessing some means of deciding questions of right and wrong other than by the shedding of human blood. No discussion can be said to be fruitless which contributes even indirectly to the

establishment of a principle which was too long regarded as but the golden dream of poets. "For a' that, etc."

"For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that."

Leading up to the conference were many less general proposals such as that of Great Britain to the United States a couple of years ago. These have paved the way for the present scheme. It is to be hoped that it will receive more cordial consideration than that given by the Senate of the United States to the question of Arbitration.

If some amicable arrangement is arrived at, it will not be for the first time that the tidings of peace come from Holland. The disputes of nations were settled and their differences composed by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. This fact, coupled with the amity existing between the delegates, gives us courage to hope for the best.

The countries represented are Britain, United States, Austria, China, Denmark, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, Netherlands, Persia, Russia, Roumania, Siam, Spain, Switzerland and Turkey.

That equity and strict justice do not form the basis for deliberation is sufficiently proven by the fact that the most Christian of all the powers is debarred from participating. The Pope has a following of over three hundred millions — a number not to be despised — yet he is denied representation at this as-it-were Christian meeting. To consider the injustice he suffers would necessitate the renewing of old sores now outwardly healed but inwardly taking their fatal and invidious course.

Although this and other evils will remain unlettered much good may nevertheless be the result of this friendly gathering. The whole world is eagerly awaiting the closing of the Conference, for then and not till then will it be known what benefit mankind may expect to reap from the Czar's proposal for peace.

AN INCIDENT OF THE '45.

The wind was weirdly moaning through the pine trees, making sweet sad melodies as it rose and fell, with ever and anon a protracted mournful sigh, as if it were weary and longed to be at rest. The moon struggling through the drifting clouds, and hurrying as it were to her setting, revealed from time to time a thatched cot, half way up in the solitude of a wild Highland glen, within which there was no light save the red glow from the peat fire. Beside it sat an old woman shrivelled and grey, her face brown and wrinkled with age; but the dark piercing eyes, turned ever towards the door, gleamed with fire and passion.

“Oh Alastair my only love,” she wailed, “would that I could give my life for you, my son, my only son!”

She started as the door was softly pushed open, and a tall beautiful girl entered, with an expression of sadness and apprehension on her sweet young face.

“Margaret,” she cried, breathlessly, “It can’t be true that Alastair has been taken by the blood-thirsty mercenaries. Don’t, oh dear Margaret, don’t say it is. Speak to me; tell me.”

“Ellen,” began Margaret hoarsely. “Alastair is taken. He was with the Prince yesterday in the cave of Dun Artach when the red-coated soldiers came; the Prince thought it better to leave the cave, take shelter in the woods, and when night came on cross the loch to Clanronald’s country. But the red Sassenach came too near as they lay in the heather, and Alastair to save his noble Prince, by showing himself to them now and again led them far down the Corrie of Artoch and through the woods to Dengla. Then when he knew the Prince was in safety he bounded up the hill-side among the rocks. But it was too late. He had let them come too near. They fired on him and he fell. Quickly they seized and bound him, and are now swiftly bearing him away to Fort William to be hanged as a rebel, he who was so good, so noble, he who saved his Prince. Hush! What is that?” she exclaimed as the door shook and shivered.

“It is but the wind,” replied Ellen as she opened the door to satisfy the old woman.

“But to her cheek in feverish flood,
One instant rushed the throbbing blood,
Then ebbing back with sudden sway,
Left its domain as white as clay.”

“Alastair! Margaret!” she gasped — “Alastair has come

back to us!" She threw her arms around him, and gently drew him into the hut. But how changed from the comely yet manly youth of yesterday. Unbonnetted and with his hair in wild disorder, his chequered plaid and tartan kilt rent in many places; wet and mud-stained, he sank down exhausted, and Ellen knew that he would never again hunt the dark-brown doe in the forests of Artoch, or help her carry peat in the autumn evenings. Margaret had pillowed his curly head in her lap, and was crooning soft Gaelic words of endearment over him as he lay half unconscious; but as the fire blazed the heat seemed to put new life in his stiffened limbs, and consciousness returned.

"Mother," he faintly whispered as he took her old wrinkled hand in his and looked fondly into her face, "they could not keep me. I thought of you and Ellen, and how anxiously you would look for me; it gave me strength, and I snapped the cords that bound me and escaped down the banks of Loch Dengla. They tried to follow, but I outstripped them, and I knew every step of the way. I feared that I should be too late to say good-bye, mother, but I am happy now. And the Prince, is he safe?"

"He safely crossed the Loch last night," answered Margaret, "and is with the loyal Macdonalds, and he bemoans the day that saw his safety bought with your life; but don't try to speak more just now. We will make your bed here by the fire, and then you will rest."

They made a bed of fresh heather, covered it with a plaid, and then assisted Alastair into it. As they did, his plaid fell back, and they saw that his shirt was darkly stained with his life-blood which was slowly ebbing away.

"Ellen, my loved one," he said, as he again opened his eyes, "you were to have been my wife, but it cannot be now. Tonight as I came up the hill I felt that I had not long to live, that my life was fast waning; and now I see in the distance my Heavenly Mother beckoning to me. Take care of my mother, Ellen, and comfort her; and some day, if a good man should love you, look kindly upon him, and know that Alastair will be pleased to see you happy."

"Alastair, my love" cried Ellen, "don't leave me, what shall I do. I cannot live without you, Alastair! Alastair!"

His mother was moistening his lips with water, and he smiled to her and murmured feebly—"Kiss me mother and Ellen."

As the fire burned low and the dawn dimly shone on Alastair's pale face, his soul went out from its tenement of clay. Gently they wrapped him in his tartan, while the sun rose and the wind sang his coronach among the pine trees.

MAGNA CHARTA.

Runnymede lies on the north bank of the Thames. Here on the night of June the 14th, 1215, encamped the Barons with their hosts of well-equipped men-at-arms. The King should have to cross the river in order to meet them; but strong in the power of might and right the Barons were not willing to treat with becoming deference him, who whatever else, was their Sovereign ruler. Mortification at his own weakness would not be unnecessarily increased. A small island lying in the river at this point was therefore determined upon as a trysting-place. A modern English writer on visiting the scene associated with such an historic event conjures up in imagination the meeting of the opposing powers which on account of its air of delightful reality, we may be pardoned for transcribing to these pages:

It is noon and we and all the people have been waiting patient for many an hour, and the rumour has run round that Slippery John has again escaped from the Barons' grasp, and has stolen away from Duncroft Hall, with his mercenaries at his heels, and will soon be doing other work than signing charters for his people's liberty.

"Not so! This time the grip upon him has been one of iron and he has slid and wriggled in vain. Far down the road a little cloud of dust has risen, and draws nearer and grows larger, and the pattering of many hoofs grows louder, and in and out between the scattered groups of drawn-up men there pushes on its way a brilliant cavalcade of gay-dressed lords and knights. And front and rear and either flank, there ride the yeomen of the Barons, and in the midst King John.

"He rides to where the barges lie in readiness, and the great Barons step from their ranks to meet him. He greets them with a smile and laugh, and pleasant honeyed words, as though it were some feast in his honor to which he had been invited. But as he rises to dismount, he casts one hurried glance from his own

French mercenaries drawn up in the rear to the grim ranks of the Barons' men that hem him in.

“ Is it too late? One fierce blow at the unsuspecting horsemen by his side, one cry to his French troops, one desperate charge upon the unready lines before him, and these rebellious Barons might rue the day they dared to thwart his plans! A bolder hand might have turned the game even at that point. Had it been a Richard there! the cup of liberty might have been dashed from England's lips, and the taste of freedom held back for a hundred years.

“ But the heart of King John sinks before the stern faces of the English fighting men, and the arm of King John drops back on to his rein, and he dismounts and takes his seat in the foremost barge. And the Barons follow in, with each mailed hand upon the sword-hilt, and the word is given to let go.

“ Slowly the heavy bright-decked barges leave the shore of Runnymede. Slowly against the swift current they work their ponderous way, till, with a low grumble, they grate against the bank of the little island that from this day will bear the name of Magna Charta Island. And King John has stepped upon the shore, and we wait in breathless silence till a great shout cleaves the air, and the great corner-stone in England's temple of liberty has, now we know, been firmly laid.”

So much for this great meeting. The priceless rights which were wrung from the unwilling hands of a tyrant King are mainly these :

(1). The government of the country by an hereditary Sovereign ruling with limited powers, and bound to summon and consult a parliament of the whole realm, comprising hereditary peers and elective representation of the commons.

(2). No tax to be levied without the consent of parliament, and no law to be made, repealed, or altered.

(3). No man to be arbitrarily fined or imprisoned, and no man's property or liberties to be impaired, and no man to be in any way punished, except after lawful trial.

(4). Trial by jury.

(5). Justice shall not be sold or delayed.

All these provisions are either expressly declared or are implied in this great Charter and its supplement, *Confirmatio Cartarum*, which followed soon after. Its language is simple,

brief, general, without being abstract, and expressed in terms of authority, not of argument, yet commonly so reasonable as to carry with it the intrinsic evidence of its own fitness. It was understood by the simplest of the unlettered age for which it was intended. It was remembered by them, and although they did not perceive the extensive consequences which might be derived from it, their feelings were, unconsciously, elevated by its comprehensiveness and its grandeur.

From this time forth new life and spirit were infused into the English people. Long enslaved and subject to the caprices of tyrants they became, although much was yet to be desired, a truly free people, who felt their power and who wisely exerted it.

No sculptured marble marks the spot where Freedom achieved its first triumph over despotism on English soil. Yet to him who thinks on Runnymede and the glory which it suggests the following lines of Akenside serve for a lasting memorial :

“Thou who the verdant plain dost traverse here
While Thames among his willows from thy view
Retires; O stranger, stay thee, and the scene
Around contemplate well. This is the place
Where England’s ancient Barons, clad in arms
And stern with conquest, from their tyrant King
(Then render’d tame) did challenge and secure
The Charter of thy Freedom. Pass not on
Till thou hast blessed their memory and paid
Those thanks which God appointed the reward
Of public virtue. And if chance thy house
Salute thee with a father’s honoured name,
Go, call thy sons; instruct them what a debt
They owe their ancestors; and make them swear
To pay it, by transmitting down entire
Those sacred rights to which themselves were born.”

THE ITALY OF TO-DAY.

The whole of Europe, however, has exonerated the Clerical party and blamed the Government alone. Strange to say almost every English journal of standing condemned the Government and not the Church. This shows the great change which has come over England of late years. At first the English had set themselves resolutely to believe that the union of Italy was desired by the great majority of Italians themselves and that when they did unite they were happy. Like a person who foolishly shuts his eyes to the light of day lest he see anything disagreeable but who sometime or another acts naturally and opens them, so England made herself believe that the union of Italy was a very desirable thing and for years obstinately refused to recognize the discontent and the evils brought into the peninsula by the union, but now after long years England is opening her eyes and beginning to see that the union of Italy was untimely and not wisely made. One would imagine that Italy's own experience of late years would compel her to change her policy; but a change to satisfy the discontented would mean a restitution to rightful owners of almost all in the possession of the Italian Government. This the Italian politician will never consent to do for under the present order of things he manages to live in comfort, if not in luxury, let the general condition of the country be what it may, while if things were set aright, he would be without power, without property, almost dependent on public alms.

How then is the Italian question going to resolve itself? It seems pretty evident that the Italian people cannot stand the present order of things for many more years. When "United Italy" came into existence the people were fairly well off. But for twenty-eight years they bore what no other nation in the world would bear. The property of thousands has disappeared and that of many more awaits the same fate in the near future. This exasperates the nation and fires it for revolution. The worst element with which the Government of Italy shall have to contend is the product of its own schools—the godless youth of the cities and towns so much in evidence during the late revolts. It is impossible for a Government to reduce a whole nation to begging. When the hunger and the famine reaches the nation's stomach, the Italian is very liable to reach his hand and grab the Government for a bite. Nor can the Italian Government very easily

change its present policy so as to bear lighter on the people and thus come down to a bearable normal. Introduced by injustice, its very existence perpetuates that injustice. The people know this and the Government feels it. Such is the dissatisfaction and the viciousness of many that the authorities can not very well dispense with the militarism so unbearable to a free people.

XII.

To all appearances the taxation cannot be much lessened. The expenses of the Government, the interest on the national debt, and various pensions, subsidies and salaries must be paid. Should the present "Disarmament Congress" succeed in its object one great item — the tremendous cost of a standing army and a large navy would have a slim chance of disappearing. At present Italy's connection with the Triple Alliance necessitates the large army and navy and should the Congress come to naught Italy would still be under the same obligation. Even though Italy should recede from the Triple Alliance and the present "Disarmament Congress" succeed in its object, it is very doubtful if the Italian Government would disband the army, for in the present dissatisfied state of the country any weakness on the part of the Government would be eagerly seized by multitudes of revolutionists and no doubt the present form of Government in Italy would soon disappear. This the authorities know, so they maintain the army as a protection rather against the Italians themselves than against foreign foes. Then the whole case stands thus to all appearances the Government cannot change — it being almost constrained by circumstances to maintain its present policy and the people cannot bear this policy for any length of time so a clash must come between the people on the one hand and the Government on the other. To what methods and means an exasperated and enraged people can resort the French Revolution bears witness. The Government will depend for its existence upon the army. At present the Italian people are supposed to have a great sympathy and respect for the army, and the army for the people. The Government takes pride in parading this, but it forgets that this very sympathy will be its own death blow when the crucial moment comes. An army recruited year after year from among a dissatisfied people will in a short time also become dissatisfied with the Government and will want only an occasion

to revolt. When the people rise, to rely on such an army to operate against them is utter madness, for however strong the power of a Government may be, however stringent its orders, however cruel its punishments, the love of wife and family outweighs them all. As nothing is the cringing respect to civic tyranny, when compared with family and paternal love. And when comes the moment for the Italian soldier to choose between his weeping wife and the burly officer who commands him who doubts upon what side all the power of his might and manhood shall be cast. That choice will decide the fate of the present "United Italy," and what comes then? It is hard to say in such a country as this with so many radically different parties and radically different local interests. Any movement in favour of an anarchistic or a socialistic Government could not even be dreamed of although these parties at present have a good footing in the land. The party having the greatest prospect in such an event would be the Republican. Though much persecuted by the Government it is now one of the very strongest of the radical parties of Italy. Whether it would be strong enough to keep Italy "United" it is hard to say. This only we know that however great the destruction wrought by the bursting forth of the pent up frenzy of a quarter of a century, when the innocent no doubt shall be involved in a common ruin with the guilty, we have Divine assurance that the Church shall in the end rise glorious and triumphant and once again stand warner to the Buonapartes of future ages, pointing to the centuries from Nero to Garibaldi strewn with the wrecks of individuals and principalities and powers crushed by the brand of a living God for having dared to raise against Her the finger of their pride.

Note.— In writing the foregoing, articles on the same subject in some of the 1898 issues of the following newspapers and magazines were consulted: *The London Times*, *Mail and Tablet*, *The Review of Reviews*, *The Nineteenth Century*, *Civiltà Cattolica*, *Osservatore Romano* and *La Voce*. Should any reader feel inclined to pronounce these articles too strong he is referred to the above papers which, taken all in all, contain substantially much of what has been written in *EXCELSIOR* and that almost always in much stronger terms. The Pope's Encyclical of last year on the condition of the Church in Italy, the letters from Rome to various American newspapers might also be consulted. FROXN.

SHALL AND WILL.

To those who have not been trained in the use of them, these two little words, with their preterite and subjunctive forms, *should* and *would* are the most troublesome in the language. An Englishman seldom fails to make the proper distinction between them, being, as it were, "to the manner born." But among the people of other nationalities who speak the English tongue there are very few who employ them correctly. The rules laid down by grammarians for the use of *shall* and *will* by no means cover all the cases in which good usage distinguishes between them. Yet even these simple rules all are far "more honoured in the breach than the observance."

Shall and *will* *should* and *would* may be what Mason calls "notional" verbs, or they may be mere auxiliaries. As notional verbs they retain their full and proper meaning; as auxiliaries, their own meaning disappears, and they become mere tense-signs. This premised, the general principle that governs these verbs may be stated.

I. Shall and Will as auxiliaries.

(1) *Shall* and *should* are used for the first person, *will* and *would* for the second and third: thus:

Future Indicative	{	I shall go. You will go. He will go.
Present Subjunctive	{	I should think. You would think. They would think.

The exceptions to the rule, or rather to the second part of it, may be roughly classified as follows:

(a) In adverbial clauses of time, condition and concession, as also in restrictive adjective clauses when the antecedent is indefinite, *shall* and *should* are used in all these persons.

(b) In a noun clause which is the subject or the object of a verbal phrase *should* is used in all three persons when the thought requires the employment of the subjunctive, as I am anxious that my pupils *should* study chemistry. "It is too bad you *should* disagree." Also in adverbial clauses of purpose introduced by a relative, as "Napoleon sent a detachment of soldiers who *should* intercept the enemy." But this is hardly an English idiom.

Instances of correct usages under (1) :

“ I *shall* allow myself no unpleasant remarks, and I *shall* make as much noise as anybody in the theatre.”

“ We *shall* go to Surrey.”

“ I *should* hate you and the Stuarts to think that of me.”

“ And as things are at present, it is impossible that she *should* learn.”

Instances of incorrect usages under (1) :

“ I *will* lend the magazines to anyone asking for them, and *would* send the “ Messengers ” to those who wished “ them.”

“ I *would* think it waste of time to dwell any longer on this subject.”

“ If I were to sit in judgment on this apology, I *would* prejudice the entire question. etc.”

In most of the cases which belong to this class modern writers use the present indicative instead of the future or the subjunctive : as “ When that day *comes*, etc ” “ Let him who *wins* the crown wear it.”

II.—SHALL AND WILL AS NOTIONAL VERBS.

Shall (Anglo-Saxon, *scéal* = “ I am obliged ”) implies an obligation to do something. *Will* (A. S. *willan*) denotes willingness, consent, promise or fixed purpose, and as an obligation is something imposed by the will of another, we have : I will go = I mean or am determined to go.

You shall go = I mean you to go. He shall go = I mean him to go. *Shall* therefore in the second and third persons, and *will* in the first person, are notional verbs not mere tense-signs. The same, of course, holds true of *should* and *would*.

EXAMPLES.

“ The will ! we will hear Caesar’s will.”

“ He shall (go) to the market place.”

“ Thou shalt not steal ” = It is my will that thou steal not.

As the idea of necessity is closely allied with that of obligation, *shall* is used in speaking of future events which have an element of necessity about them, and which are accordingly looked up as fixed facts, certain to come to pass. Hence *shall* is applied to future events which are (a) foreordained by God and foretold in his name ; or (b) simply permitted by Him, while known with infallible certainty ; or (c) spoken of by one who assumes the role of a prophet.

EXAMPLES.

(a) "Behold thou *shalt* conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a Son."

(b) "This day before the cock crow, thou *shalt* deny me thrice."

(c) "While stands the coliseum, Rome *shall* stand."

III.—SHALL AND WILL IN QUESTIONS AND INDIRECT NARRATION.

The general rule for the use of *shall* and *will* in asking questions is: think in what terms the answer will be given and put your question in the same. Hence in questions concerning the *will* of the person addressed, we have:

Volition	{	Shall I? You shall.
		Will you? I will.
		Shall he? He shall.

On the other hand when the question is about something that in no way depends on the will of the person addressed, we have:

Futurity	{	Shall I? You will (exception).
		Shall you? I shall.
		Will he? He will.

One would expect "Will I?" in this second case: but here as ever, the exception proves the rule. We never can under any circumstances say "will I," "will we," except in one rare instance of attraction, when the question is repeated in the same terms, as: "Will you do this?" "Will I? of course I will." It may be added that "shall you" and "will he" particularly the latter form, imply at times some degree of volition.

In reporting the words of another, the rule is: Use the words employed by the speaking, changing the tense if need be:

EXAMPLES.

Direct Discourse.	Indirect Discourse.
We "will" be revenged.	They say they "will" be revenged.
I "shall" go.	He said he "should" go.
I fear I "shall" be late.	He feared he "should" be late.

In telling what passed in another's mind, what he thought of, feared, hoped, believed, etc., with regard to the future, one puts oneself in his place, as it were, and uses "will" or "shall" as he would have used the one or the other if he had expressed his

thoughts in words. Hence we say: He thought he "should" never see the man again, because he would have said: I think I "shall" never, etc. But, he thought his brother "would" come, because the corresponding form is: I think my brother "will" come. So, he was sure he "should" succeed.

It remains to point out some special applications of "should" and "would" when used as notional verbs. "Should" is often notional in the first person. This use of it is to be carefully distinguished from its employment as a tense-sign. Compare, we "should" (notional) love our country, and, we "should" (auxiliary) have seen him had he been there. In like manner "would" may be used as a notional verb in the second and third persons. For instance, he "would" (was determined to) have his way; if they "would" (should be willing to) come. It is also used to denote the frequent repetition of an act, or what is wont to take place, as: on such occasions he "would" rave like a madman.

What has been said of "would" is likewise true of "will," as: In spite of warnings he "will" continue his evil course. Why, if thou "wilt" so let it be.

A few sentences, taken from various sources, are here added, which will serve to exercise the reader's skill in making the needful distinctions. "It *won't* do to let the public see so much of me in future. Talk to me, and I *shall* forget it." "I don't think I *would*, if I were you." "I *should* let it alone." "I wish she understood it better. I *should* like to help her understand it—but I *won't* quarrel with her, even in my thoughts." I felt at first inclined to turn the thing off with a jest, but suddenly I thought to myself that I too *would* speak my mind." "I knew very well how you and Wallace *would* take her. You and I *will* have to defend each other, and when we go to see her afterward I *shall* be invaluable, for I *shall* be able to save Kendal and Wallace the humbug of compliments."

The following usages are sometimes hard in conversation: I knocked at the door, but I *would not* be let in (meaning they who were inside would not let me in). I wanted to bathe but I *wouldn't* be allowed (they who were in authority would not allow me).

Most of the examples of correct usage cited above are taken at first hand from the works of a noted English writer of fiction.

THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES.

The visitor in Paris, after having seen the principal sights of that beautiful city, has yet a pleasure in store for him by visiting the suburban village of Versailles. He takes the train at *Montparnasse* station and in less than half an hour is at his destination. If the day is fine, and if he has acquired the Parisian habit of smoking cigarettes he will take a seat in the half-open compartment on the top of the car, whence he can have a better view of the country through which he passes.

Versailles is a village of about 50,000 inhabitants. Its chief attraction, indeed its only attraction, is its magnificent palace and garden. Before the time of Louis XIV. the site of this palace, one of the grandest historic monuments of France, was a swampy marsh, whither the Kings of France with their courtiers went occasionally to hunt. To Louis Quatorze is due the distinction of having converted this wilderness into an Eden. When he conceived the design of building Versailles, he confided the execution of his vast idea to the architect Mansard, who told him that it was impossible. Louis replied with true kingly logic; *Raison de plus*—all the more reason. Mansard and the Prince of gardeners, Le Notre, set to work to execute the King's wish. There was no limit set to the money needed. Voltaire called Versailles the abyss of expenses. It is calculated that the work originally cost \$5,000,000, and that at one time 36,000 men and 6,000 horses were employed. To make the gardens was a more difficult undertaking than to build the palace. The country for miles around was a swamp abounding with reptiles, and reeking with vapours of so deadly a character that the men employed in draining it died like flies. They refused for a time to continue the work, though enormous wages were offered, and it was found necessary at last under pain of abandoning it, to press men into the service as for the army in time of war. Twenty thousand men are said to have perished in the execution of this royal freak.

Le Notre begged the King not to come to inspect the work until it had progressed to a certain point, in order that the magnificent sight should make a stronger impression upon him. Louis good-naturedly consented, and kept his promise in spite of many temptations of curiosity and impatience to the contrary. The day came at last when his forbearance was awarded. Le Notre invited him to enter the closed doors. He went in and found

that the reality far outstripped his most sanguine expectations; he was in raptures at all he beheld and declared himself abundantly rewarded for his patience. Le Notre would at times request the King to close his eyes, and not open them until they would get to a certain point, then he would give the signal for opening them by crying *Voilà*. The view was indeed enchanting. It seemed as if a whole army of fairies had been at work to bring such a paradise out of chaos. Long rows of stately full-grown trees, brought from distant countries, had taken root and were flourishing as in their native soil: winding paths intersected majestic avenues and led the visitor, unexpectedly to richly planted groves, where marble fauns coyly hid; all the elves in fairyland, all the gods in Olympia were here congregated, now astray in the green tangled wood, now standing in majestic groups, or peeping singly through an opening in the foliage as if they were playing hide-and-seek; water-nymphs dashing the soft spray about them, started unexpectedly from nooks and corners, cooling the air that was heavy with the scent of flowers. The laughing ripple of artistic fountains answered the wild rush of the cascade, and both contrasted pleasantly with the still surface of the artificial lakes. The whole was indeed a sight worthy to set before a King, and Le Notre transported with joy at the monarch's delight, declared that day to be the proudest in his life.

Henceforth the King made the Palace of Versailles his permanent residence. His life there was a series of *fetes* of the most luxurious kind. He gathered around him the first men of the land, and played the King as it was never played before or since. He was handsome and majestic and truly merited the title of *Grand Monarque*. Here in the *Salle du Trone* all the potentates of the earth came and greeted him, as *the King*, as if he were the only real King, and they his humble imitators. The following characteristic story of him may not prove uninteresting.

His son, the Dauphin, while hunting in the neighbouring forest, strayed with a few companions from the rest of the party, and were obliged to seek hospitality for the night of an aged priest who occupied a small cottage in that deserted place. The latter thinking them one of the numerous bands of thieves in which the place abounded, refused to admit them; but they were well armed and forced admittance. In answer to their demand for supper the good *cure* gave them a leg of mutton, which they

were obliged to cook for themselves. They left early the next morning without revealing their identity. Shortly afterwards an urgent message came from the King commanding the *cure* to appear before him to answer to the charge of having violated the laws of the country. The priest trembling for his safety was conducted to the presence of the King, ceremoniously seated on his gorgeous throne, and surrounded by his courtiers. He bent a stern gaze upon the *cure*, and severely demanded why a man of his holy calling broke the laws of his country by harbouring robbers, or if they forced admittance, why he had not reported them to proper authority. The *cure*, falling on his knees, pleaded that their bearing was so noble that he had some misgivings about their profession. The King then bade the malefactors to come forward, and introducing them by name, he admonished the bewildered priest to be more cautious in the future in admitting gentlemen of such doubtful character. "And in payment of the leg of mutton which my son so illegally confiscated on you," continued the King, "I name you Grand Prieur with the revenue and privileges attached to the office." This is probably the best price ever brought by a leg of mutton.

Perhaps it is in the *chambre à coucher du roi*, the King's bed-chamber, that we get a better notion of the kingly character of the *Grand Monarque*, and of the obsequiousness of his courtiers. The annals of the times tell us of the emulation among his courtiers to assist at the *grand coucher* and *lever du roi*. The solemn and imposing ceremonies by which the King got in and out of bed leave on us the impression of an irresistibly comic farce. It certainly had that effect on Frederick the Great, for he laughed immoderately when told about it, and said that if such a ceremony were attached to his office, he would hire a small King to do it for him. We find it hard to believe that those who strove for the honor of submissively landing the King his boots or his stockings were not fools or grinning idiots. No, they were his greatest warriors and statesmen, serious men who by their superior talents had distinguished themselves in war and in peace.

Louis XIV. died in this chamber after a reign of 72 years, a reign perhaps the most prosperous and brilliant in the history of France. His death was announced to the people by one of his courtiers appearing on a balcony of the palace with the King's

cane which he broke, crying thrice, "*le roi est mort*"—the King is dead. He immediately waves another cane shouting, "*Vive le roi*," long live the King, meaning of course the successor of the dead King. The people in the court below repeated the phrase :

"Thou double-headed monster thing,
Oh! who would wish to be thy King"—

The *chambre du roi* was never afterwards occupied, and it is found today in nearly the same condition as it was when the Kingly Louis lived in it. Visitors are not allowed to enter this room without a guide, who acts also as guard, lest the curious should bear away with them a part of its ancient furniture. Guides are always at hand, however, in the adjacent *Salle de la glace*, and invariably expect a *pourboire* (tip) for their trouble.

The *Salle de la glace* is a magnificent hall, facing the gardens. It is 230 ft. long, 34 ft. wide and 42 ft. high. It is impossible, however, within the limits of a short article, to give a detailed description of the palace and what it contains; its beautiful halls, its statuary, its paintings, moral and otherwise. All these must be seen to be appreciated.

The palace has passed through many changes, and has seen many stirring events. Under Louis XIV. it was the scene of kingly splendor and extravagance: under his successor, Louis XV., it became the scene of depravity and corruption, which is the natural consequence of luxurious living, and which ultimately led to the revolution and to the reign of terror. From within its walls the savage and frantic rabble dragged forth the magnanimous Louis XVI. and his beautiful Queen, Marie Antoinette. These suffered shortly afterwards for the extravagance of their predecessors, by adding their life-blood to the lake of gore that had already flowed from the keen blade of the guillotine. After the revolution the palace was neglected and plundered. It was restored by Louis XVIII., and was used by the Germans as a hospital during the siege of Paris in the recent Franco-German war. To-day it is looked upon as a national monument and museum, to which travellers from all parts flock, to see and to admire.

XAVERIANA.

May is the month especially devoted by the Church to the honor of the Mother of God. A participation in its daily devotions to her followed by the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament offers the greatest advantages to students preparing for the battle of life which, come when it may, is ever fraught with temptations. The friendship of her in whom there is no guile should surely be an object of no small solicitude to those who know how great is her favor before God and how powerful is her intercession and help.

We are glad to have the Rev. Father McAdam still with us, notwithstanding that the charge of a parish is now committed to his care. Father McAdam's many and varied talents are well known and his tact and ability as professor fully appreciated by the students.

The monthly meeting of St. F. X. A. A. will take place in the Hall on June 1st, when most important business in connection with the society is expected to be transacted. All members are therefore requested to attend.

The closing exercises at the College will be held according to the following programme :

TUESDAY, JUNE 13.

3.30 p. m.—1st session of Alumni meeting.

7.30 p. m.—Convent Graduating Exercises.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14.

9 a. m.—Second Session Alumni Meeting.

3.30 p. m.—College Graduating Exercises.

7.30 p. m.—Alumni Dinner.

THURSDAY, JUNE 15.

9 a. m.—Baccalaureate Sermon.

Requiem Mass for departed Alumni.

Elocution contest takes place on the afternoon of Monday, 12th. Rev. D.V. Phalen, of Canso, preaches Baccalaureate Sermon.

THE WITNESS.

How shall a child of God fulfil
His vow to cleanse his soul from ill,
And raise on high his baptism-light,
Like Aaron's seed in vestment white
And holy-hearted Nazarite?

First, let him shun the haunts of vice,
Sin-feast, or heathen sacrifice ;
Fearing the board of wealthy pride,
Or heretic, self-trusting guide,
Or where the adulterer's smiles preside.

Next, as he threads the maze of men,
Aye must he lift his witness, when
A sin is spoke in Heaven's dread face,
And none at hand of higher grace
The Cross to carry in his place.

But if he hears and sits him still,
First, he will lose his hate of ill ;
Next, fear of sinning, after hate ;
Small sins his heart then desecrate ;
And last, despair persuade to great.

—*Cardinal Newman.*

SPORTS.

BASEBALL.

Town 24 — College 54.

On the 10th inst. the junior ball nine of the College defeated the junior Town nine by the stupendous score of 54 to 24. The juniors have a splendid aggregation of ball tossers, and with a little more training will be in tip-top shape to meet all comers on the 24th inst.

Town, 10 — Varsity, 9.

On the 24th inst. the Varsity Nine were defeated by the A. A. A. A. Nine. It was most assuredly the best game played on the A. A. A. A. grounds. The wind was rather high and made the work for the fielders extremely difficult. But the St. F. X. fielders upheld their reputation; nothing escaped them. The only weak point on the College nine was 1st base. But we cannot expect perfection in all at so early a date. The Town nine played their old style game to perfection. Their out-field was weak, but the battery of the Chisholm brothers easily counterbalanced this defect.

The races which took place after the ball game were very exciting.

W. Harrington (College) secured 2nd place in the one mile bicycle race.

L. Lacasse captured 1st place in the 220 yards (College); A. O'Toole 2nd.

Louis Macdonald (College) won easily in the mile race for students only.

We hope that next year we will see a still larger number of St. F. X. athletes in the field.

Following are the names of the Varsity and A. A. A. A. nines:

C. Hearn,	-	-	-	c.	-	-	-	A. Chisholm.
H. C. Macdonald,	-	-	-	p.	-	-	-	H. Chisholm.
J. B. Macdonald,	-	-	-	1 b.	-	-	-	M. J. Fitzgerald.
H. L. Hayes,	-	-	-	2 b.	-	-	-	D. Macdonald.
R. St. J. Macdonald,	-	-	-	3 b.	-	-	-	J. Floyd.
E. P. Power,	-	-	-	s. s.	-	-	-	D. McLean.
A. Bernasconi,	-	-	-	r. f.	-	-	-	C. McGillivray.
H. Gillis,	-	-	-	l. f.	-	-	-	M. Mahoney.
A. Fraser,	-	-	-	c. f.	-	-	-	R. McPhee.

W. W. Boyd, J. McNeil, W. Brown, spare men for College.

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