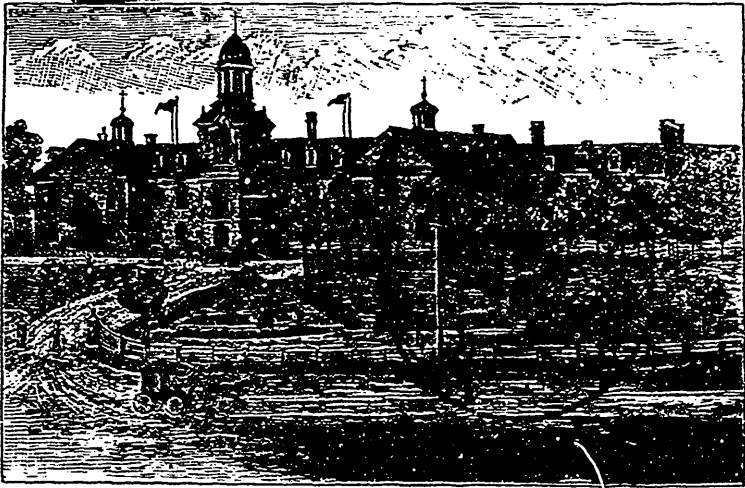


EXCELSIOR.

OCTOBER
1898.



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W B M Isaac

EXCELSIOR.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY STUDENTS OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S COLLEGE.

VOL. 3. ANTIGONISH, N. S., OCTOBER, 1898. No. 2.

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ANTIGONISH, N. S.

“The young man lifted his earnest eyes —
‘Oh! tell me, my father, for thou art wise,
Is it better to live till the set of sun
Or to die when the morn hath but scarce begun?’
The old man sighed and he shook his head;
‘I cannot tell thee my son,’ he said,
But whether thy days be many or few,
Do thou the work that thou hast to do.
For him who his Master obeys and fears
The butterfly’s hour is a thousand years,
For the service of sin and idle sport,
The thousand years of the oak are naught.’”

Judicious criticism is an excellent and interesting thing. It fills a wholesome function in the literary world, and has a corrective and improving effect when intelligently bestowed and wisely utilized. So far as our College Journal EXCELSIOR is concerned it will ever give and accept well-grounded criticism. Since its name is EXCELSIOR and its motto, “Do well whatever

is to be done," it will apply itself to the removal of apparent defects, pointed out by good-natured and well-meaning critics. In its September issue there were many things that could have been remedied and we thank our friends for their genuinely good-natured criticisms and we hope to make a better showing in future.

Yet it is with no spirit of boasting, that we ask our kind readers to note the progress made by EXCELSIOR in its two short years of existence. Its successful course to the present time will continue to be its guide in the future. Our readers and well-wishers will continue to see us advance o'er the stormy journalistic way. Improvements will still be in order, until we attain as near perfection, as we with our limited capacities and limited means can ever expect to attain.

At a meeting of the editors a few days ago, it was decided to admit to our columns (previously open to college news only) all matter of whatever nature written by students or alumni and the publication of which would honor and be worthy of the representative of such an institution as our beloved University of St. Francis Xavier.

The students are therefore invited to hand in their contributions and show what they are made of. All the best workers are surely not on the editorial staff of EXCELSIOR. Many of our fellow students we know to be excellent writers and their essays will always be welcome to the pages of our paper. Come then, young men, bestir yourselves, and show what the St. F. X. boys can do when "with grateful hearts they all combine."

Our Alumni, we are pleased to note, are delighted with the success of the boys of '98-'99, and many of them have given us the benefit of their wise criticisms, and are congratulating EXCELSIOR on its new features and general progressiveness.

Still we believe many of them must have spent many a pleasant hour at St. F. X., and we should be very well pleased to learn a little of their experiences. We notice often little happenings, the recollection of which will give us many moments of pleasure when our busy life begins in later years; and we know that during the years gone by, St. F. X. was not without its quota of pleasant "accidents." Our Alumni, we are sure, often recall those things with joy, and when sometimes recalling those agreeable remembrances, they might jot a few on paper and give us also the enjoyment of their thoughts. With what relish their class-mates would read such reminiscences, and how happy,

too, it would make our boys to hear of the many happy hours their fathers spent in by-gone years beneath the eye of St. Francis Xavier on College Hill!

We will try then to make EXCELSIOR worthy of our University, worthy of our Alumni, and worthy of our students of the present day. Yet we understand the grave responsibility we have undertaken, and it is only with the help of our students and Alumni that we can expect success. We will do our share and let them do the same for the honor of St. Francis Xavier's, our College home.

We thank our many friends who sent in their subscriptions, and also those who obtained for us the names of new subscribers.

THE SPECTRE-GUARD.

(Written for Excelsior.)

Where from the river's margin steep
 The clinging birches lean —
 Where the river's current is clear and deep
 As, curving, draws in its silent sweep
 The bank's loose fringe of green ;

There nightly 'neath the pallid gleam
 Of twinkling stars above,
 Where the moaning wind o'er the lurid stream
 Disturbs the night with its hollow stream,
 A ghostly light doth move.

And far across the tide below
 Its glimmering ray is seen —
 In the glancing stream it is seen to glow
 As it moves like a sentry to and fro
 On its nightly weird routine.

'Tis said far back in ages old,
 When lived the brave pioneer,
 That the pirate Kidd with his comrades bold
 Sailed up this stream with their freight of gold,
 And buried the treasure here.

And one with dreadful oaths they bound
 Its secret guard to keep ;
 Then shaping a grave in the neighboring ground,
 With a blackened banner they wrapt him round,
 And laid him there to sleep.

And since that time his step each night
 Glides by the wind-swept stream ;
 Like a skin-cased skull is his visage white,
 And his eyeballs, red with a hellish light,
 From cave-like sockets gleam.

A white plume wreathes his sombrero wide,
 His hair is long beneath,
 And a dagger hangs by his belted side
 But its bloody sweat, solidified,
 Has sealed it in its sheath.

There nightly 'neath the wooded hill
 He guards the hidden store :
 Some say no rest can he find until
 The out-burnt sun, o'er the western hill
 Sinks down to rise no more.

— JAS. BRANSFIELD.



CLASS OF '98.

The next member of the "Class of '98," about whom it is not our duty to venture a few remarks is D. McP—n. We enter upon the task with a strange admixture of pleasure and fear; pleasure, because it is always pleasant to pay a tribute to merit; fear, from the inability of our pen to do justice to the subject of this sketch. The greatness of the task, however, does not arise from the magnitude of his person, for with him as with many great personages, we find a large mind lodged in a small body.

Brought up in the beautiful and stirring town of Sydney Mines, with the hum of busy machinery in his ears, and many examples of that power which a true education gives before him, D's mind early acquired a thirst for knowledge and a desire to penetrate within the inner circle, to fathom those secrets known only to the chosen few. This thirst it was which caused him to make good progress in the school of his native village; this desire it was which led him at an early age to present himself at St. F. X. College, there, to have opened before his eyes a broader field for his activity, and to have his intellect fed on the choicest pabulum which such an institution alone can furnish.

To a casual observer, there was very little in D's appearance to attract attention; but a second look at his open and ingenuous countenance, served to convince one of the gentleness and modesty of his nature. No need when thinking of him to recall those famous lines of Burns,—

"O wad some pow'r the giftee gie us.
To see oursels as others see us!"

Or, if recalled, these lines in his case would bear an interpretation opposite to what the poet intended.

Jovial and full of humor, McP. soon became a prime favorite with all classes in the College, but especially with the younger members. Often were we almost terrified, imagining some dire calamity about to happen, on beholding, what appeared to be a line of approaching soldiers, their bayonets glistening in the light; but which on a nearer approach proved to be nothing more formidable than a number of the *little boys* with D. at their head, bearing aloft poles, sticks and other equally dangerous weapons, and marching in a body to attack the stronghold of *the harpies*.

Dan's patriotism knew no bounds. Not content with bringing his single arm to his country's defence, he endeavored to

infuse his patriotic fervor into the breasts of some of his College associates, and often on the *campus* might be heard, in his clear commanding voice, a voice that must needs enforce obedience, the orders: Squad—shun—shoulder arms—march—charge.

In the various sports he took an active part. On the cricket grounds, the tennis court and the hand-ball alley, he might often be seen, if not himself engaged in the game, yet cheering on others to victory.

In our Mock Parliament and Debating Society D-n-e-l generally proved an onlooker rather than a participator. Occasionally, however, his voice was heard in debate and on such occasions all were struck with the liberality and justice of his views. Perhaps to this latter trait he owed his election to the important position of Minister of Justice in the Progressionist Government.

Kind and courteous in his manner, sincere in his views, a true friend and a forgiving enemy, he yet possesses an unflinching will and a spirit capable of surmounting every difficulty. A number of last year's most valuable prizes bear witness to the brilliancy of his course in College. Nor should his success be wondered at, when the zeal and determination with which he entered upon his work, are remembered. A habit of thoroughness in his work, a desire of knowing the subject for its own sake, rather than for the purpose of passing his examinations, accounts to a large extent for his success.

He is at present taking his first year in Theology in St. F. X. College. We do not, we think, exaggerate when we predict for him a bright place among the able body of clergy who minister to the spiritual wants of this Diocese. That his future life may be bright and happy, and that he may be long spared to perform his destined work is the fervent wish of EXCELSIOR.

In A. M. the physical and the intellectual would make, to use a base-ball term, a heavy battery. Of tall stature and manly proportions he was easily the big boy of the Class of '98. Standing about six feet he was strong limbed, deep chested and massively built. As the embodiment of all that was rugged and sturdy he would be a man after Roderick Dhu's own heart, for in him could be found not a trace of those womanly weaknesses which the haughty chieftain affected to discover in the "Graeme."

Indeed, perhaps it was the utter absence of such features that led to the interminable and testy contentions between himself and two others of the Immortals whose names are writ in graphite on the walls of the quondam Index Debating Room. Encomiums of doubtful value were constantly exchanged anent each other's beauty; but which of the three possessed most of this abstract element I leave to others to decide.

If A. M. was a type of the stronger side of humanity in form he was by no means effeminate in intellect. He was the equal of any one of his class. His proficiency was of a decided type and when the *dies iræ* had come and gone and the result of a year's hard work had been disclosed he was found in the van of the class of '98. I say hard work, for inclination and will to study were backed by a good, robust constitution—an equipment sure to overcome the most stubborn obstacle in the path of knowledge.

Impelled by his love of study and his untiring energy he made "the night joint laborer with the day." Usually his "mid-night oil" was furnished by the scanty remains of a paraffine candle. This he used in preference to a lamp, if indeed he had an option, for it could be made to sit on a small area—a bed-post, for instance. Those whose veracity has never been and can never be called in question, and whose proximity to his quarters excluded the possibility of their being deceived, affirm that "jump at the dead hour of night" the Ghost of Hamlet was wont to caper and gesticulate about the flickering flame, whilst A. M. was conscious of nothing save his *revving*. "To be or not to be" he interpreted "to win or not to win."

At the meetings of the Debating and Literary Society our friend took a prominent part. Few indeed there were who would cross swords with him in discussion. Of a logical turn of mind, he was able at all times to keep within the latitude and longitude of the *question before the house*. When crossed by an adversary his language became as pungent as caustic to a fresh wound. His varied stock of information and his command of language coupled with his innate power of giving expression to his feelings were factors always at his bidding. In the political field he was a conspicuous figure. When, last year, this "Canada of ours" determined to place its interests in the hands of a Patriot Government his chagrin was deep, so deep indeed that it disturbed his peace of mind. That our country should be run by a pack of unconscionable boodlers was too much for his *patriotism* and

uprightness. He put forth strenuous efforts to ward off the doom that threaten "Our Lady of the Snows." In this struggle "pro patria" he was ably seconded by A. C. and J. F. C. whose name must and shall go down to posterity as that of him who had the temerity actually to rise, address the chair, and move the "previous question" in the face of fifty eyes not less terrifying than the gaping mouths of brazen cannon charged with missives of annihilation. Surely such exertions in behalf of country could not but succeed, and so it was. The boodlers were ousted, and an unimpeachable government, with A. M. as first minister, was soon in charge of the already depleted treasury. The new premier filled the onerous position with credit to himself, honor to his colleagues, and everlasting benefit to his grateful country.

"*Ut esset unus sicut in corpore sano*" A. M. never neglected bodily exercise, his favorite game being handball, at which he was an adept. Time and time again he was the winner in hotly-contested games.

Once, when base-ball fever was raging and everybody had made up his mind that he himself had the requisite qualities for the game, our man found himself one of the nine who played "scrub" on the croquet grounds, if not to perfection at least to their own extreme satisfaction.

As for the foot-ball, it fairly groaned as it went shooting from his grasp, glad to escape and become the plaything of more genial *kickers*.

A. M. played cribbage with great dexterity, but in this sphere he needed all his ability, for "there were others."

Perhaps no one enjoyed the good will of his fellows to a greater extent than did A. M. While naturally the companion of his larger and older brothers, he was frequently the chum of the *smaller* boys, to whom he always proved an agreeable associate on the campus and on the walk.

For the present our friend has taken up his abode among sturdy Highlanders in the lap of nature on the far-famed Bras D'or. His care is to plant the seeds of knowledge amongst the youth of a place whose name, handed down the ages, and carried across the Atlantic by the early settler, as a tie of affection to dear old Scotia's land, has been surrounded by a halo of sanctity and enlightenment.

That Fortune may wear a benignant smile whilst assigning to M. A. W. his lot in life, is the fervent wish of EXCELSIOR and his associates of college days.

THE ARCHBISHOPS' VISIT.

Seldom indeed did the professors and students of St. F. X. College have more reason to rejoice, than on the evening of Monday, Oct. 3rd, when they were honored by a visit from two of the highest dignitaries of the Catholic Church in Canada — Archbishop Begin of Quebec and Archbishop Bruchesi of Montreal.

At 7 p. m. their Graces, accompanied by our own beloved Bishop, entered the convocation hall, which had been, beforehand, fittingly and tastefully decorated. After a splendidly executed "March" by H. Hayes, the following programme, specially prepared for the occasion, was carried out in a manner that reflected much credit on those who took part in it;

Eecce Sacredos Magnus, St. Cecelia Choir
 Quartette,
 R. A. J. McIsaac, J. J. Corbett, H. Hayes,
 A. McDonald.

Address, L. E. A. O'Keeffe
 Quartette,
 W. P. Rawley, R. A. J. McIsaac,
 J. J. Corbett, H. Hayes.

Vive Leone, St. Cecelia Choir

The address on behalf of the Faculty and students, which was read by Mr. O'Keeffe, was as follows: —

My Lords: —

In bidding you a hearty welcome to St. Francis Xavier College, we beg to assure you of the genuine pleasure and profound respect with which we receive you within these walls. To us indeed it is always a source of gratification to see among us any of those venerable and exalted pastors whom the spirit of God has placed to rule His Holy Church; but the present auspicious occasion offers many special motives for rejoicing. Quebec, the Mater Ecclesiarum of this vast Dominion, the historic city upon whose heights was placed the first Episcopal throne; what loyal son of our Holy Church in this fair Canada of ours can fail to feel honored and gratified at a visit from the Archbishops of that illustrious and venerable See. From it brave pioneers have gone forth to plant the Cross of Christ throughout the length and breadth of this country and beneath the fostering care of that parent church the seeds of divine faith took root and developed into the numerous and flourishing churches which to day adorn this portion of the Lord's vineyard. The seat, too, of Catholic learning, the city which so justly prides itself on its great university founded by the industrious Laval. Quebec appeals to the heart

of Catholic students throughout the whole of Canada; and in offering you the tribute of our respect it is an additional source of gratification to reflect that we are honoring in your venerable and exalted person your glorious and saintly predecessor, the first Canadian bishop and the founder of the first Canadian seat of higher education.

How happy, too, is this occasion on which we greet for the first time the revered Archbishop of Montreal, whose learning and virtues have raised him to the high dignity of metropolitan of that most flourishing See, which has justly been called a focus of Catholic faith and charity. To us especially who have been blessed and doubly blessed in having so many of our youth trained by the good Sisters of Notre Dame, those heroic daughters of our Lady of Montreal, this visit of your Grace who so worthily fills the Archiepiscopal chair of the city of Mary is indeed an auspicious event.

We therefore join our welcome to that of the venerated and beloved Bishop whose guests you are, and whose friendship for you makes ours the stronger. In him you behold one whose life has been a battle for Catholic truth, and it is but fitting that this institution whose present flourishing state is due to his zeal should not be slow in honoring those whom he so much desires to honor. Welcome, then, thrice welcome, to St. Francis Xavier's College.

His Grace of Quebec replied in French. The happy blending of simplicity and dignity in the appearance of the venerable Archbishop, together with his kindly tone of voice held the attention of those who were not so fortunate as to be able to admire the glowing beauty and eloquence of his language. We shall be content to touch upon a few of the points taken up in his reply. He said that it was to him a great pleasure to come to the Diocese of Antigonish; not only for the purpose of seeing his distinguished friend, Bishop Cameron, but also owing to the fact that this diocese was at one time under the jurisdiction of the See of Quebec. It was not the first time that he visited our beautiful country and he hoped that it would not be the last.

Turning his attention to the students, he dwelt upon the excellent moral and intellectual advantages that were theirs. While a professor at Quebec, he had repeated testimonies of the high standing acquired by this institution in the young men it sent to the seminary. He exhorted the students to persevere in their studies, not to lose the benefit of the unselfish labors of their professors, saying, that they were here now to gather the sweets of virtue and knowledge from the flowers of good example and instruction strewn in their path, and that later on they were to

go forth to spread the honey of their beneficent influence throughout the country.

Reverting to English, His Grace remarked that his speaking in different languages reminded him of letters he used to receive from his good friend Father McPherson. They were written partly in English, partly in Latin, and partly in French. Now, he was going to impose a task upon him who was at Quebec, one of his brightest pupils, so he would ask Father McPherson to translate his discourse into English.

Through the repeated cheers of the students Father McPherson was brought to the floor. He modestly declined the task imposed upon him, saying that he should be doing an injustice if he undertook to translate the address of His Grace; but promised that he would give the benefit of the sage advices therein contained to his French class on next class day.

Archbishop Bruchesi then spoke in English. He has a cheerful countenance, and speaks English with ease and fluency, and with a slightly foreign but pleasing accent. He was pleased to see how much Archbishop Begin's health had been improved by his visit to Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia, saying that the people of Quebec would feel grateful to the maritime Provinces for what their bracing and invigorating climate had done for the health of their beloved Archbishop.

He referred to the warm friendship that existed between the Bishop of Antigonish and the clergy and people of Montreal, and to the peculiar pleasure he had in meeting among the professors of St. F. X. College one who, at the Grand Seminary, held a high place among his pupils. Archbishop Bruchesi closed his remarks by proclaiming the day following a holiday, an announcement that was received with repeated cheers.

The visit of their Graces will long be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to be numbered among the students of '98-'99.

A ST. F. X. STUDENT AMONG THE SPANIARDS.

On the evening of July 4th the "Bessie Willis," a trim vessel of 200 tons, sailed from Halifax harbor. She had on board a valuable cargo, and her destination was Porto Rico, which at the time of our sailing was under blockade. Leaving Halifax we steered a *sou'-east* course, varying to *sou'-west*. We reached the Gulf Stream on the 8th and there met the great grey-hounds of the ocean which ply between America and Europe. The Gulf Stream is continually traversed by storms whose approach is easily discernible, and it is with awe that one stands on deck watching them coming up.

Hitherto the voyage was by no means an exciting one; few sights were seen, but what was lost in adventure was made up for in heat. The sun's rays were indeed very effective. So intense was their heat that, were one to lay his hand on any bit of metal which was exposed to them, it would be sorely blistered. Our curiosity was first aroused on the morning of July 15th. A huge whale came within twenty yards of us, blew and then sounded. It was a monstrous creature, the sight of which would make one shudder.

For almost the whole voyage flying fish were very numerous, so numerous indeed, that every morning several were found lying dead on deck, captives to our pet cat "Tib." Here it may be interesting to note that these fish can fly between 50 and 100 yards without riding the waves for a rest.

On the 18th land was sighted about 20 miles distant. Men were placed in the rigging with telescopes, and instructed to keep a sharp look-out for any steamers, particularly American men-o-war. When about twelve miles from San Juan, which place it was our aim to enter, we sighted a two-funnelled steamer. She appeared to be sailing away, and, apparently, taking no notice; but we suddenly perceived she had turned her head, and was making straight for us. When about a mile and a half off we saw that she was an American man-o-war, and that, at her mast head flew the signal to "heave to." Being so near our goal, we were in no mood for "heaving to," so we started a game of chase with the Yankees. It was a race between canvas and steam, and the odds were against the former because of the lightness of the breeze. The range of Morro Castle's guns was six miles, so the pursuers had to put on all steam in order to overtake us outside of the limits. Having rapidly gained on

us, and seeing that we were indisposed to obey their summons, they fired a shot across our bows. This, however, did not stop us. Thereupon the cruiser fired a six-inch solid shell, which went whistling over our heads as a warning that defiance was in vain. We yielded reluctantly, and dipped the dear old Union Jack, pride of all true British hearts, which courtesy the Americans returned by dipping the stars and stripes.

The dipping of the national flags surrounded by the spruce uniforms of Uncle Sam's men and our white spread of canvas, overhung by the blue vault of heaven made an exceedingly pretty picture.

Twelve men and an ensign, whose name we subsequently learned was Poore, were launched from the cruiser. After the lapse of a few minutes the Americans were clambering over our sides, and making themselves at home on deck. The officer asked for our papers, which were promptly handed over to him. He saw that our cargo consisted of such things as would be quite acceptable to the Spaniards. At first, he said he couldn't let us proceed, but, finally, after some persuasion, he telegraphed to the man-o-war, which was the New Orleans, in these words: "Bessie Willis from Halifax loaded with food stuffs." Whilst awaiting the reply, the Yankees, curiously peering about came upon our black cook, who had taken refuge behind the chain box when he heard the report of the first shot. He was promptly brought forth looking "more than pale." The application of a small dose of brandy, quickly restored him, and he soon recovered the color natural to a nigger. The answer from the ship was "Let'er go," but not to San Juan. We now made for Arecibo, a town about 30 miles distant, giving three cheers for the Americans and wishing them good luck. The Americans treated us with civility, nor were they over officious. They acted like gentlemen and should this short account fall under the eyes of Captain Folger of the New Orleans and of his Ensign Poore they will learn what those on board the "Bessie Willis" thought of them and their men.

Without any further mishap we arrived at Arecibo on the evening of July 23rd. As we rounded into the bay the odor of spices and tropical fruits reached us from the shore. In the water about us could be seen dozens of sharks. Arecibo lies on a flat and level plain. A river which runs back of the town affords a delightful sail up its course. On all sides sugar plantations with their canes waving to and fro under the hot tropical sun, and

cocoonut palms rearing their tall and majestic heads, greet the eyes. The town, now but the ruins of what it was in former days, has a population of about 2500. Its narrow sidewalks are paved but have fallen into decay. In the business portions there are some very fine buildings. The Captain, the British Consul and myself were the only Britishers in the town at the time. Only those who have experience that indefinable feeling or yearning after a sight of their national flag in foreign parts, can imagine what a treat it was to me to see the *grand old Union Jack* fluttering in the breeze in this Porto Rican town.

On July 25th the feast day of Spain's Patron Saint, a grand procession was held in which all the Spanish troops in the town took part. We had a good opportunity of seeing the Spaniards, the majority of whom were able bodied men but lacked discipline. On this day the soldiers renew their oath of allegiance to the throne, which is done by kissing the flag.

Whilst discharging cargo the 600 Spanish troops who had retreated from the Ponce before the overwhelming force of Americans, entered the town. They were a band of men to be pitied; some were without boots, others without blankets, and others still without either. Their captain, feeling oppressed by disgrace, committed suicide the night of their arrival, by shooting himself. The Americans came across the island in our direction. They were 9000 strong. As we were ready to sail 1000 Americans, who were advancing on the town, were now about 3 miles distant. The feeling among the people of the island was intensely in favor of the Americans. They were anxious for them to come, and they went as far as to arm 500 men with machetes—a long, heavy, one-edged sword.

With our cargo of sugar, cocoonuts and pineapples aboard, we set sail for Halifax, where we arrived after an uneventful voyage of twelve days. When we left Porto Rico, flour was selling at \$18 a barrel, and tea at \$1 a pound, while beef could not be got at any price. It is hoped that as the Americans have succeeded in capturing the island, they will set to work *at once* and remove the grievances of the people as far as it is possible. If they do this the people will gain heart and make Porto Rico one of the finest markets in the world. The island is rich in ores of all kinds and needs only some enterprising speculators to open it up and develop it.

J. R. P., '01.

EXCHANGES.

While we feel that many of our subscribers, in all probability, neither observed nor regretted the absence of an exchange column in our first issue, yet, on the other hand, we are nearly positive, that in the eyes of our fellow-journalists of the college-world it was a most serious defect. If we were called on to explain that omission we would say that it was owing, first, to the non-appearance of other journals in our *sanctum* up to the time of going to press, and, secondly, to the nature of the matter prepared for our first issue, which was such that, were it allowed to remain for this number, it might be respected only for its age.

The first journal to demand our attention is *The Boston Provincialist*. We observe that Antigonish, the seat of our Alma Mater, has been given a permanent place in its columns; and furthermore, we have learned, to our great pleasure, that they have chosen, as their correspondent for this district, a former student of St. F. X. College. We wish to congratulate *The Boston Provincialist* on its choice, and, from our knowledge both of the correspondent himself and his ability with the pen, we can assure its editors that they have the right man in the right place.

Instead of the *Owl* which, in the past, winged its way here from the University of Ottawa, we receive the *University of Ottawa Review*. The *Owl* was always the object of considerable admiration with the editors of EXCELSIOR, and, consequently, it was with some difficulty that the older members of this year's staff became reconciled to its worthy successor. Rather than see it "cast down from its venerable perch" we should prefer to have the changes, which have been made for the better, considered as *improvements upon the Owl* even if those changes included the name of the journal. The *Review* certainly approaches more closely the "magazine-like form" than did its predecessor, the *Owl*; but, while we feel assured that success will crown its adventure in a more extensive field, yet, we think that it remains to be seen whether it will be as successful in commanding the universal approval of the students as was the *Owl*. Experience has taught us that too much space cannot be devoted to College doings; the more closely the matter of its pages is allied to the College, the more interesting the paper is to the students, and, consequently, the better able to command their approval. Success to the University of Ottawa Review in its field of labor which is, to it, partially new.

The next journal we take occasion to comment upon is the *S. V. C. Student*. As we have at present nothing to say but what is of a favorable nature, we do not need that handle-with-care warning of its ex-editor; and whether we shall heed it when occasion commands that we should not, we shall leave time and its events to decide. In scanning the columns of *Mr. Ex.* we found that he expressed an idea which is undoubtedly always conceived by the editors of the various college journals, but very seldom jotted down in so many words. We refer to his remarks upon the development of acquaintance of one editor with another. This intimacy he brings out in the following words: "He begins to feel he knows the editor of the paper he reads." Were we to judge all by ourselves (but we don't assume so much), we would say, without hesitation, that this assertion is universally true, for, upon taking up a sister-journal, we immediately turn to its editorial page, and familiarize ourselves with the names of its editors. In our humble estimation the thought is worthy of attention.

What particularly called our attention to the October number of the *S. V. C. Student* was the article headed "A Word on Arbitration," and we felt that were it allowed to go unobserved, an injustice would be done the writer. Aside from the choice of the subject, which is timely and very appropriate, the writer is deserving of credit for the manner in which he has succeeded in bringing historical facts—ancient, mediæval and modern—to bear upon the question, thus showing the evils of war and advantages Arbitration. In the same article, the writer in speaking with reference to war as a probate result of the acquisition of territory by some of the European nations (which acquisition would involve a threat of war) says that "such threats naturally disturb the peace of the world, and making large standing armies and navies a necessity, impoverish the various nations." A similar idea (which certainly makes a good argument for Arbitration) is expressed in John Ruskin's "Stores of Venice;" and, again, in his "Sesame and Lilies," Ruskin calls attention to the great expense of carrying on war, but in the latter works, instead of arguing for Arbitration, he endeavors to show how much better it would be if the money, which is appropriated for war purposes, were expended on literary commodities. How he brings out the fact that even our civilized nations are to-day spending millions of dollars in the purchase of "panic," as he calls war, while that money may be expended in ways innumerable and which would be productive of incalculably better

results. We make these observations merely to show that we, too, approve the doctrine of arbitration.

Many thanks to the *Bras D'Or Gazette* and *Railway News* for favorable comments on EXCELSIOR of '98-'99.

PERSONALS.

The Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Harbor Grace and the Rev. Dr. O'Regan, while on a tour through the Province, visited St. F. X.

At the conference of the C. M. B. A. held in Quebec last August, Mr. Joseph A. Chisholm, graduate and M. A. of St. F. X., was elected one of the trustees for the incoming term of three years. It gives us much pleasure to note this. His election reflects credit alike on himself and his Alma Mater.

Mr. J. P. Connolly, B. A. '95, has been recently engaged as Professor in St. F. X. Mr. Connolly, although quite a young man, has already achieved success as a teacher in Amherst Academy, where he occupied an important position during last year.

In our reference last issue to St. F. X. boys abroad, we inadvertently omitted the name of Mr. Neil McMillan, B. A., in the list of those who had entered upon their professional studies in Dalhousie. Mr. McMillan is completing his third year in Law.

Our warmest sympathy is extended to Mr. Stephen DeCoste, B. A., '98, in his bereavement consequent on the death of his father, Capt. DeCoste, of Harbor-au-Bouche.

Since last issue the following reverend gentlemen have visited us: Rev J. J. Chisholm, Pictou; Joseph Macdonald, Pomquet; R. McDonald, Ferrona.

Mr. John L. McIsaac, of Dunmore, Antigonish Co., one of our bright young men, departed for the Pacific Coast a short time ago. Mr. McIsaac, completed a partial senior course in '94-'95, and has since taught very successfully.

THE BOYS OF THE FRESHMAN YEAR.

What could be done without us—
 The boys of the Freshman Year?
 We el'vate all the others
 Who happen within our sphere:
 We raise them body and soul,
 Clothing and boots and all;
 And we're quite agreed to help them again,
 If through weakness they should fall.

Sophomore means wisdom,
 The second year fellows say;
 As well apply the term to them
 As call black mid-night day;
 I'd like you to tell, my Sophomore friends,
 Just where your wisdom lies;
 If I were asked to place it,
 I'd point to your arrogant eyes.

We're fresh but by no means verdant,
 Who ever said we were green?
 We're first to the front when they ring the bell—
 The dinner bell I mean;
 And we know the way to the orchard,
 Where sometimes we take quite a haul;
 Our knowledge is almost boundless—
 We simply know it all.

A day's work doesn't tire us,
 As it does the other boys;
 So at night we start up a racket,
 Which the prefect seldom enjoys;
 For you see he isn't a Freshman.
 And now to sum up the case,
 We're the life of this great institution;
 The soul of the blooming place.

SISTER RITA.

It was with feelings of deep concern that the students of St. F. X learned some two weeks ago that Sr. Mary Rita, last year the Superior of St. Martha's Convent, lay ill, even unto death in the Mother House at Halifax. Now they mourn her early death. But one short year ago and she moved among her associate Sisters in the vigor of health and life; now the silent tomb claims her earthly remains. The unsparing hand of death has touched this gentle Sister and she is removed forever from our midst. Her untimely death will be keenly felt by all who knew her; but there is consolation, nay, joy in the thought that if a life of self-abnegation and prayer is an assurance of an eternal reward then her portion is indeed blest.

The life of a Sister of Charity is one of the sublimest self-sacrifice. The world, with all its glamor, its allurements, and pleasures, is renounced,—the hidden life with its toil, its pain and privations, often its trials of the flesh, is assumed. Whether under the convent roof, where screened from the eyes of the world she labors with ceaseless care; whether confronting the cold world and enduring with meek submission its taunts and insults in the cause of God's poor and homeless, whether soothing with tender hand and words of sympathy the dying soldier in the hospital or on the field of battle while the deadly shells scream and scatter death around, the Sister of Charity is ever the servant of God and the friend of mankind.

Sister Rita was indeed worthy of such a noble organization, and the many tokens of kindness which she manifested toward the sick students while Superior of St. Martha's will be remembered gratefully by them while memory endures. Little did they dream that even while comforting them by her care and vigilance the Angel of Death was already hovering over herself.

We feel that the language of panegyric in reference to her may fittingly and deservedly be employed; we also feel how incapable we are of paying her the tribute we should wish to offer—one in some way expressive of our feelings and worthy of the departed. Nevertheless, we tender this humble offering to her memory while breathing the fervent hope that she whom God chose as his handmaid on earth to foster in others the love of virtue may have already attained to the full enjoyment of those "things that eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive."

SPORTS.

The "Rugby" match between the 1st and 2nd teams did not take place owing to the unfit condition of the grounds after the heavy rain storms. It is hoped that at an early date this match will be played. The 2nd fifteen is composed mostly of Freshmen and they are eager to meet and conquer all comers, while the Sophomores and Seniors are confident of an easy victory. Nevertheless the Freshmen are not to be looked upon with contempt. They have been practising faithfully and their admirers claim their "tactics" will soon demoralize the "veterans."

The "strong men" are still hard at work with "shot" and "hammer." New records are made every day, and our friend McK—is not very much behind. We are glad to see you at your work boys, and we are quite confident that you will uphold the honor of the Blue, White and Blue at the Spring games.

The lawn tennis courts are vacant. It is owing no doubt to the cold weather. Our lawn tennis players were credited with more "go in them." At present they prefer to talk about past exploits! We would sooner see you play than hear you talk.

Base-ball is dead! A few of the old sports are still seen with glove and ball, but outside of a few passes nothing is done—we boys, we shall all meet in the Spring.

The Association football match played between the "eleven" of the High School and the "eleven" of the Freshmen (College) resulted in a victory for the high school boys of 2 to 1. The combination of the "Freshmen" was miserable and their opponents took advantage of it. As the score indicates the game was hotly contested and it was only because of their heavy team that the Freshmen prevented the high school boys from running up a larger score. It was a hard fought game and the H. S. boys deserve their victory.

A discussion, which took place the other day between "Freshie" No. 1 and "Freshie" No. 2, if translated into pugilistic hieroglyphics would read thus:

(First round). Both men sparring cautiously. No. 1 feints with left; swings with right but falls short. No. 2 lands light blow on the face. No. 1 lands heavy on ribs. No. 2 returns with right and left swing. No. 1 swings savagely with right and left but falls short.

(Second round). No. 1 swings with right and left without effect. No. 2 lands lightly on the jaw. No. 1 rushes landing

right and left on head, following it up with upper cut and rushing No. 2 to the ropes.

(Third round). No. 2 comes up rather groggy. Both "Freshies" spar cautiously. No. 2 leads with right but falls short. No. 1 rushes and both men clinch. No. 2 fouls No. 1 in the break away.

(Fourth round). No. 2 lands twice in quick succession on ribs. No. 1 misses a savage upper cut. No. 1 rushes wildly. No. 2 lands gently on the face. Men clinch as gong sounds.

(Fifth round). Both "Freshies" appear tired. No. 2 swing with right, falls short. No. 1 retaliates with left under the ear. No. 2 lands heavily on jaw. No. 1 rushes. No. 2 stops him with right swing on the head. No. 1 lands twice in quick succession over the heart with left.

(Sixth round). No. 1 comes up tired. No. 2 lands on ribs following up with right hook under the ear. No. 1 lands lightly on nose, rushes and tries pivot swing. No. 2 ducks, landing left and right on head.

By mutual agreement both "Freshies" separate, fully satisfied.

ON THE HOP.

"Yaas—yaas; very true, yaas."

Professor of History — "What are hieroglyphics?"

Student — "They are signs to denote words, first used by the Egyptian mummies."

By the rubber-tube stethoscope, Mae's lungs have been found as capable of holding wind as a "bran new" bellows.

We have never been able to reconcile ourselves to the possibility of the existence of such a soporiferous entity as Dickens's "Fat Joe" in Pickwick papers. However, we are skeptical no longer. We have a gentle youth who literally "sleeps when he wakes," and over whom the drowsy god exercises the most tyrannical influence. Wake up, W.

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