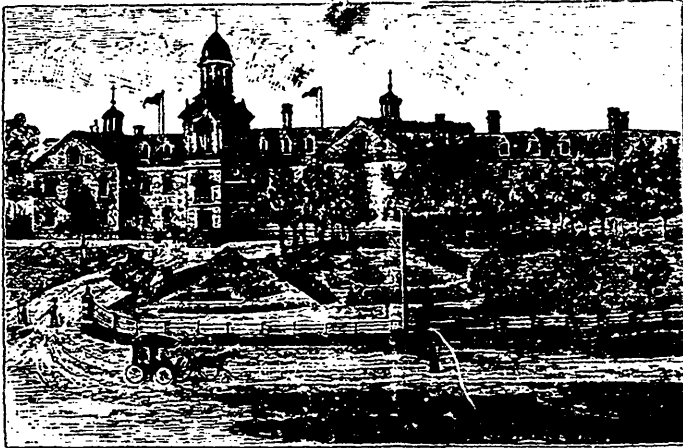


November

# Excelsior.



Published by the

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Antigonish, N. S.

1900

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# Excelsior.

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

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VOI. V.

ANTIGONISH, N. S., NOVEMBER, 1900.

No. 2

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An important step recently taken by the College authorities is the opening of a school in practical Science. In this branch of learning the educational facilities in this Province have been very meagre. In this age, when Science is king, there is nothing needed so much as a first-class scientific school. This is what is being established at St. Francis Xavier's.

The Faculty of this School is one of the ablest that could be procured. Geology and Mineralogy are under the able supervisor of Dr. R. Macdonald. Dr. H. Macpherson, who has just completed a course in one of the best science schools in Europe, has charge of Chemistry and Mining Engineering.

Mr. C. C. Gregory, so well known throughout Canada, conducts the lecture on Civil Engineering and Applied

Mechanics. The other branches are under Messrs. G. A. Bernasconi, G. Macdonald and J. D. McKenna.

A class under such management and having the advantage of the many improvements which have lately been made at this college, should be able to obtain a more thorough knowledge of science than could be procured at any other place in the Maritime Provinces.

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The return of our soldiers from South Africa was rightly made a gala day at Halifax. These young men, a year ago, when the call for volunteers was made, gave up, for the treacherous chances of war, all that they held most dearly. It is, then, but right that they who were ready to sacrifice everything for their country should be given a royal welcome.

These young men, although comparatively unskilled in the art of arms, have won for Canada a name that will make her be respected on any future battle-field. Happily but few of them were left as a sacrifice to Mars. Those few by their heroic deaths, showed the hardened soldier of Britain that a Canadian, although only a colonial, loved his father-land with a love that even death could not lessen. They have demonstrated to the mother country and to the world that no matter where, in Canada, Australia or New Zealand, a son of Britain holds for Old England the same reverence, the same devotion and the same love as if he had been born under the shadow of its oaks.

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The Federal elections which have just taken place resulted in a return of the government. In the history of Canada no political battle was ever so pronounced in its decision. Among the Opposition Leaders defeated the most prominent was Sir Chas. Tupper by Alexander Johnson, a young man who has but recently entered the political arena. Johnson is an old student of St. F. X. During a public life of forty-five years Sir Charles Tupper never suffered a defeat like the present. This recalls the defeat of that great Nova Scotian, Joseph Howe, by Sir Charles Tupper when but a young man.

## MONTH OF THE HOLY SOULS.

Last month Holy Church placed before our eyes the Queen of Heaven as Queen of the Holy Rosary, and invited her children to invoke Mary under this title. Every day we were called upon to contemplate the glories and joys of this Heavenly Mother. On the 1st day of this month the Church calls us to honor the Saints in Heaven. No longer does she tell us to honor such and such a saint, but she points toward the abode of happiness and bids us honor the hundreds and thousands of holy ones whose names are written in the Book of Life. She points with joy and gladness to the glorious legions of heaven and our imagination carries us upward even to the throne of the Most High. Midst the Hosannas of the saints and angels we look for faces of those gone before, and wondering that we find them not we turn away sorrowing. Then Holy Church points toward that place of suffering, that abode of so many poor souls, and we are consoled to think of our loved ones, saints, indeed, but still suffering. This doctrine of Purgatory, so consoling and so stimulating to our piety, is a dogma found only in the Catholic Church. Others reject it, but they cannot understand the beauties of this doctrine.

As the feast of All Saints draws towards its vespertide our hearts are suddenly stilled and we pour forth our prayers when from the depth of that abyss of suffering we hear that reproachful cry: "Have pity on me you at least who were my friends, have pity on me, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me." Our Holy Mother the Church, ever watchful of all her children, recalls to our mind those holy souls and begs us not to forget them. Not only on the second day, but during the whole month we are exhorted to pray for those souls, and we are told again and again, that while we are looking towards our heavenly home and yearning for its happiness, we are not to forget those helpless ones in Purgatory, who are ever calling on us for aid. Let us then respond to the spirit of Holy Church in dedicating this month to the souls in Purgatory and hearken ever to that pitiable cry of those whom we so easily forget: "Have pity on me, you at least who were my friends, have pity on me, for the hand of the Lord is upon me."

## VALEDICTORY 1900.

(Read by H. Y. McDONALD, B. A. '00.)

To-day we have graduated. We have reached the end of our college career and the cares and toils of years are now rewarded. Now we must bid farewell to the halls of our Alma Mater so hallowed by associations that shall ever leave their impress on our character, and we enter on the more responsible duties of life; more responsible because henceforth there shall not be so ready to us that prudent counsel which we never sought in vain from the Professors of St. Francis Xavier's College who have assisted us in moulding our characters as well as in developing our intellects. Hereafter our conduct must be guided by our own ideas of right and wrong, and by our power of will to command the doing of good and the avoidance of evil. We are now to enter the world; for a college course has, I believe, ever been regarded as a preparation for the life thereafter, on this as on the other side of the tomb. Yet that graduation marks the beginning of the real struggle for existence on one's own part holds true of this much less than of many other institutions. For the students of this college are mostly young men who at their entrance here have already borne "the burden of the day and the heat," and who alternate the development of self with that of others. Nevertheless this may not be altogether to their disadvantage: self-dependence is a great spur to action, and the highest achievements of genius may owe their conception to necessity, and if we look back over the history of the college we find that, whatever walk of life they chose to tread, its graduates have grown up, not like the parasitic ivy that twines its tendrils round a support to attain the heights to which it would ascend, but rather like the sturdy oak that, taking stronger root in the stem, opposes its gnarled self to the raging of the elements.

Now, as I have said, we are to fall into rank "on the world's broad field of battle," and our actions there will redound to the good or ill of all. It is natural, then, that we should be called upon to produce our credentials, to express



these ideas of morality which shall give color to our conduct. To give you then an idea, necessarily imperfect on account of the short time at my disposal, of our notions of right and wrong, of the source of the distinction, and the correlative obligation, and of the sanction of the natural law, this shall be my purpose here.

(To be Continued.)

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### SALUTATORY 1900.

BY H. A. CHISHOLM, B. A. '00.

(Continued from October Number.)

Religion then and morality are two of the most universal characteristics of mankind. They both spring from the very constitution of his rational nature. If we take away from human life these two vital influences then all will disappear that now distinguishes man from the beast of the fields. For the greater part of mankind religion and morality have been intimately connected. But now some of our modern philosophers tell us that this connection is no longer necessary, that it has had its day, and that intellectuality has made such progress that it has outstripped religion and that religion no longer has the control over conduct it once had. We can seek a solution of the question of the nature of the relation between religion and morality by two methods. First by considering the religious beliefs of man and their influence on his conduct. Secondly by analyzing the various elements of moral life, and thus determining whether or not morality depends upon our relations to the supreme being to whom we owe obedience,

Let us first consider the most ancient forms of which we have any knowledge, namely, the religion of Assyria and Babylonia. All the relics of this old race point to a system of religion called Polytheism, that is one which recognizes a plurality of gods but giving to one or more pre-eminence. They believed that good conduct pleased their gods whereas bad conduct angered them and was sure to be visited with

punishment. They believed in a hereafter, but they did not know that the good would occupy a higher place than the bad, because they regarded it as a land of gloom and thought that virtue would receive its reward in this life.

All their literature breaths a conviction that in order to please their gods they should lead good moral lives. The religion of the Egyptians resembled this in that they also worshipped a plurality of gods, but being a more highly civilized people their religion took on a more elaborate system, and gradually they began to look upon one supreme being on whom man was dependent and this led them to believe in a life to come when that being would mete out to them the reward or punishment which their conduct merited. The fragments we possess of their literature show us that they entertained a very high notion of morality, and that this morality was due largely to their idea of God. But the Egyptians never reached the true idea of God. Gradually they declined, their standards of morality were lowered as they receded from monotheism to pantheism and from that to animal worship. In this latter debased form of worship we find them corrupt in morality as well as in religion. Thus we see that while their religion was pure they were a highly moral people, but when their religion became a gross mythology they became a corrupt race and an easy prey to their foes.

Of all the ancient religions those of India are the most interesting because they have the oldest literature, going back two thousand years before the Christian Era, and also because these religions were practised by a larger proportion of the earth's inhabitants than any other. They all resembled one another by being a compound of polytheism and pantheism, with a tendency to monotheism. Throughout all there runs a belief in the immortality of the soul; that at death the soul does not perish but passes into another form of existence, for the better or worse according to its merits or demerits in its first life. The paramount influence of the priestly class imposed upon the people that rigid system of caste which brought out a complex system of laws and customs embracing all branches of life, and built up a moral code

which was a recognition of the importance of religion in prescribing a sanction for morality. The wide extent of territory over which these religions prevailed together with the long period of their duration bears ample testimony to the fact that there is in man a tendency to ascribe to moral law a sanction coming from beyond this world.

The paganisms of Greece and Rome resembled those we have just treated of, but their conception of the gods themselves fell far below that of the Egyptians or Assyrians. Thus their moral standards were lower than those of the older peoples. Each of them was a patron of some particular passion. If the gods were such what could be expected of the people that worshipped them? They feasted their eyes on wanton spectacles in the temples and theaters and then slaked their thirst in human blood in the arena. Their gods were scarcely more than human. On Mount Olympus they lived a dissolute life. They were honored by prayer and sacrifice not because they were regarded as worthy of such, but because they were feared by man. Thus the pagan worship of Greece and Rome was one not of love but one of fear. Consequently it was not a religion that tended to uplift the morals of man, but one that tended to make him even worse than the gods themselves were. Hence they indulged in all sorts of crimes without stopping to consider them as right or wrong. Thus we see that when the religion of a people is of an uplifting character so will the morals of the people be, but on the contrary if the worship be of a base sort so will the people themselves be.

A glance at all the savage tribes shows that they one and all believed in some future state where men of good and brave deeds would meet with rewards suitable to their merits; and that they trusted in a divinity who was the ruler of all and who was cognizant of all their actions.

But it was left to Christianity itself to reach the proper ideal of worship. The supreme excellence of Christian over pagan morals is due to the peerless life and example of its Divine founder. It is a system of religion that makes it its chief aim to inculcate moral excellence, and by its doctrine of a future retribution to raise its disciples to a very high

condition of morality. By placing duty in a clear light and giving a solid foundation to the principles of morality it wields an immense influence for the elevation of morality itself.

This survey of the various forms of worship and the relation which morality bears to religion in them leads us to the following conclusions: That religion and morality spring from the very constitution of man's rational nature. That there exists in man from the earliest times an inherent tendency to connect religion with morality and to look for a sanction, as well as a reward or punishment, for his moral conduct in things beyond this world. That man's conduct is so influenced by his religious beliefs that if it be an uplifting one he will tend to lofty ideals, but on the contrary if his religion be corrupt he himself will be debased.

Thus we see that religion is man's supreme effort to rise above his natural self. It gives him a definite aim and an absolute ideal. It exalts his aims and heightens his standards of conduct. It appeals to the better part of man to his soul, and thus it gives him that pre-eminence which is the condition of all progress. It proclaims the true worth of right conduct which alone brings man peace with himself as well as with the rest of the world, and thus brings about a harmonious development of his being. Thus true religion as it appeals to all man's highest faculties with a supreme power must necessarily promote true morality.

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#### CLASS OF '00.

Scmewhere in the fall of '96 there arrived from the town of Chatham our friend Tom. Perhaps he might be called Tom the second (not, however, *Tomus secundus*, as some wag wittily remarked), for we have been adorned with another Tom from the above-mentioned place. There was a marked difference between those Toms. The first graduated, the other did not. The last was not what you would call a great worker, the former undoubtedly was. Yes, Thos. B. was a

good worker, although he may have sometimes imagined he knew everything. He possessed great pluck and endurance, and no obstacle, however difficult, would turn him from his course. This was fully seen when he began to ride a bicycle. On the first day he attempted to ride the two wheeled engine, Tom went up the grove and made the acquaintance of the barbed wire fence and the frog pond. Here was shown his charity, for thinking that the poor wire fence looked bare he covered portions of it with pieces of at least four pairs of pants. Needless to say Tom learned to ride; but some of our townspeople are of the opinion that it is highly unsafe to attempt to pass him on the same bridge.

Often with pleasure have we listened to him in debate. He was a good speaker. His voice was strong and distinct. He loved to discuss a question not for discussion's sake, but because he knew he would learn something, and Tom always liked to turn everything to good account. He was also one of our leading vocalists and in monthly entertainments always favored us with some choice selections.

Tom was a noted hand-ball player—one of the most famous we have had, not only for his skill in the game, but also for the spirited manner in which he disputed the decisions of the referee and endeavored to carry his point in spite of all opposition. In tennis he was also famous, but when he played base ball, we must say that his ability to play the game was not such as pointed to a brilliant future in that field of sport.

Of Tom alone of the seniors can it be truthfully said that nothing but his love for the classics drew him to the class room. Still it must not be supposed that he was not susceptible to the influences which helped to draw the others there. In his case, however, he was able to distinguish the causes of attraction, although names were not included in the marks of difference.

He is now at Chicoutimi studying French, and in whatever profession he may enter EXCELSIOR wishes him success.

We have now to deal with the fourth member of the class of 1900, namely, our genial friend Jim. The writer on ac-

count of not being a student of the University at the time Jim made his appearance within its walls is unable to state how he acted on that occasion, still it may be taken for granted that he did that which all freshmen are accustomed to do, namely, to gaze with awe at the new surroundings, and keep a watchful eye on the older students for fear that he might be made the victim of some prank.

Jim, by his many manly qualities and genial disposition, soon won his way into the heart and affections of his fellow-students. One seldom found him looking for pugilistic honors, but by cool argument he was always able to calm his wrathful antagonist. The study of the lower animals had a great attraction for him, and on more than one occasion he had the opportunity to distinguish himself, especially at dissection. Once he undertook to dissect a cat, and he set about it in the following manner: first, he chloroformed the feline and when he thought it was dead hung it by the tail on to a clothes-line, rolled up his sleeves, seized his instruments of torture and was about to proceed to business, when lo! the cat gave a yell, broke from its bonds and escaped. This, however, did not dampen his ardor for dissection. He resorted to the use of smaller animals for practice and often he might be seen wending his way to the marsh in search of frogs, lizards and other marsh inhabitants. He was much given to playing pranks on his classmates of the east end, especially in the parachute line. Jim was well versed in the classics and in the science classes he always obtained an enviable position. As a student he was a hard and steady worker and possessed of that pluck so essential on the battlefield of life. EXCELSIOR, feeling confident that Jim will be able to fulfill his lot in life no matter what it may be, and that he will do honor to his country and his Alma Mater, says success Jim.

The college machinery had been started and the fall term of '98 was well under way when there appeared on our campus a new student, somewhat reserved in manner and shy to make acquaintances. It surprised us somewhat to know that such a modest youth came from across the line. The strange-

ness, however, was not long in wearing off, and very soon it was noticed that J. E. W. was not so shy as he looked and that he had most of the proverbial push of his countrymen. It took him only a short time to make friends and not many days after his entrance he could be called one of the most popular students of his class.

J. made himself at home in any surroundings, but he always had an unaccountable aversion to the bell at 6 a. m. At first he considered it a notice to turn over and go to sleep again, and for many mornings all admonitions to the contrary were unheeded and J. took his (post bell) nap. The contented look on his face showed how much he enjoyed the respite and how pleasant must have been his dreams. But alas! such could not last forever, and J. would himself narrate how one morning while pleasantly dreaming of the Granite state, its valleys and hills, its rivers and waterfalls he suddenly found himself deluged in one of the latter, and opened his eyes to find his bed and bedding thoroughly soaked—the work of some envious fellow-student. J.'s morning nap ended here and the idea of a recurrence of such a dream caused him to respond to the bell. Many other pleasant tales are told at Joe's expense, which space obliges us to omit.

On the athletic field J. was unknown, and for the first few months this was the more noticeable because of his frequent visits to the Western Wing. Nevertheless a few of the students will tell how at one time he was discovered playing tennis, but it is said he never ventured a second time.

Joe entered the junior class when he came to college and thus his stay was short among us. Nevertheless, while at St. F. X. he was a persevering student and no one can remember hearing him complain of the difficulties of philosophy or of the classics. Joe was ever foremost in an argument, and as a senior he is said to have astonished his class-mates and professors.

EXCELSIOR, and in fact every student of Alma Mater, wishes J. God-speed on the road of life and expects one day to hear of him as a bright light among the many bright men of his native state.

## FARM LIFE IN MANITOBA.

(Extract from a Letter Written by a Former Student.)

My dear Friend :

If anyone had been bold enough to tell me about the time I left Cape Breton for Manitoba that I should not write you within two months, my answer would probably be, "Get thee behind me, Satan." But the times do not give what they promise—and neither does Manitoba. I have been for the most part "roughing it" since I came out here. It was rather a pleasant ride out, though rather too long to continue without a stop. We left New Glasgow at 7 a. m. Monday morning, and got to St. John about 6 p. m. We had just time then to get our tickets and check our baggage when we were off for the West. I got my ticket for Swan River which, according to the posters was on the main line of the C. P. R., but before reaching Winnipeg I learned that it was about 200 miles Nor'west of Portage-La-Prairie; so I decided to stop at Portage, leaving the future to decide whether I would go to Swan River before my ticket expired. I took the first chance of employment in Portage, as my purse was too light, and hired with a farmer I met there who lived sixteen miles southeast of Portage, and where I am working now. I only worked one day with him when with the heat and the alkaline water I got sick and had to lay back for a week. I then hired with another man, with whom I stayed while recuperating—a Macdonald who came from the Isle of Lewis, and whom I found very kind. Of course I had plenty of hard work when harvesting began. It was a picnic while we were haymaking, but when the binder started, I had more than I bargained for. I strained my left arm the first day, rubbed it with liniment, got wet and got a swelling on my arm. I had to work with one hand mostly then. I was not able to keep up with the binder, but kept at it till the skin wore off my fingers, for I had neglected to provide myself with harvesting gloves. "Stooking" is much harder work than anyone who has not seen it or tried it would suppose. A harvesting maching will cut from ten to twelve acres a



day, and it often goes one hundred stooks or more to the acre. It was the most dreary spell of existence I ever experienced—working all alone on the broad, flat, monotonous prairie, the sun beating down with merciless fury from a cloudless sky, not a mountain nor a hill in sight, not a river, not a brook, not even a friendly pool to make life a little more endurable. Oh! the sinking of the heart at the thought of my friends left behind in Cape Breton, two thousand two hundred and fifty miles away, with little prospect of ever seeing them again! I sometimes thought it would have been better if I had no friends at all down there. Then that lump would not rise in the throat, and no flood of tears would overflow the face at the thought of them. However, I did my best to bear my load with patience and had need of all the Christian Philosophy I could muster. I was able to go to Portage to hear Mass but once during August. I met Father Vieus, the P. P., and a finer or kinder man I have not met. He took a business course in Halifax, taught school in P. E. I., and finally went to Quebec to study for the Church. I think he is German but he speaks English very well.

When my month with Macdonald was up I did not hire with him again, but worked with him a week waiting till the threshing would begin. When it did, it was even worse than stooking, not harder work, but longer hours. We are up at 4 a. m., and work till 3 p. m. and sometimes later, after which we have supper, and strive to get a little rest during truces with the fleas. The threshing gang consists of fourteen or fifteen men who sleep in a little house built on wheels, called a "caboose," which is hauled around to every farm. It is 8 by 18 feet, with a small stove in the centre, and it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a Christian to live in it, and be happy.

These steam-threshers will daily thresh out seventy acres of wheat on the average, or about two thousand bushels, and one-third more of oats and barley. We have the worst and wettest season for threshing that was ever seen here. In the past two weeks we put in six days, and to-day it stopped us at 9 a. m., and is pouring down generously with an easterly

wind. It seems a streak of bad luck that I should have come on this gang, but then a fellow cannot always tell.

This is a good country in many ways, and I wish I had come here long ago. It has the richest soil probably in the world, and there is hardly any broken land at all. Some of it, along the rivers and "sloos"—dried up rivers where water runs in the late fall and early spring—has stretches of second growth forest, mostly poplar, oak and maple, but a great part of it is destroyed by prairie fires which sweep over the country every few years. They build nearly all their homes of logs hewed, and stopped with mortar. A few of the well-off farmers have frame-houses and granaries. I have not seen any barns. They have stables for their cattle, horses and pigs; these stables have very flat roofs made with poles covered with earth in lieu of shingles. In wet weather it is perhaps the dirtiest country on earth. The worst and dirtiest kind of mud in Cape Breton is clean compared with the black, dirty, sticky, gluey stuff that forms here when it rains. And around the stables—O, shades of skunkdom!—what a mighty mess of stinking dirt they have! Of course, having no use for the manure, or having too little time to haul it away, they consider it money wasted to move it, and sometimes they move the stable away to a clean place in preference.

The greatest drawback I see here is that they cannot raise apples. I should not like to live in a country where apples cannot be raised. They have, however, some other fruits growing wild, and probably after a time they may get some kinds of apples that will thrive here.

No man has less than a quarter section—160 acres—of land, many have 240, and some 320. There is a road on every side of every farm, a main road every mile, or between the sections, and again roads cutting the sections into quarters. The fences are all of barb-wire, mostly two wires, and they leave the full width of the road or six rods.

As for the people they are a rollicking rough-and-ready set of money-makers, and are often just as ready to spend it. Religion is at a discount with the great majority and they are ready to turn their jokes on the preachers at every turn.

In this vicinity they are mostly Methodists, with some Presbyterians. In Portage they also have a Baptist and a small Catholic church; they have a fine post-office, and the Salvation Army have barracks from which they make regular sorties.

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### SOCIETY NOTES.

The Holy Name Society held its monthly meeting on Sunday the 14th inst. After enrollment of the new members the Rev. Consultor Father Barry addressed the meeting. He dealt with the purpose for which the society was founded, and pointed out two reasons why we should venerate the holy name of Jesus. First, because we owe it to Him to do so; and secondly, because it is manly for us to show veneration to his holy name. This is the first time the society has had the pleasure of listening to Father Barry, and in him we feel sure we have found one to whom we can apply in all our difficulties.

On the following Friday the Rev. Director celebrated Mass, at which the society approached the Holy Table in a body. After Mass about forty new members pronounced their act of profession and were received into the society.

We are glad to see this society progressing and we trust every student will try to make himself a worthy member of it.

A new society has come into life since the last issue of EXCELSIOR, and this society which bears the name of the *Philomatic Review Society* held its first meeting on the evening of the 21st inst. W. R. Chisholm was unanimously voted president and W. J. Ryan will fill the position of secretary for the coming year.

A few words about the object of this society may not be amiss. The ordinary student often meets with difficulties which if left to himself he would be unable to solve. Especially is this the case with beginners in the study of philosophy. Now, this society is formed for the purpose of discussing any such difficulties as any member may encounter in his work, especially in the study of philosophy. The meet-

ing on 'he 18th inst. was probably the most interesting one held so far. The speeches of Mr. McIntosh and McDonald (A.) were both interesting and instructive, while Mr. Morse, by his sound reasoning proved himself to be a philosopher of no mean degree. And if there be any who think that attendance at such a society is a loss of time, let him remember the lines of Spenser :

“ He that is of *reason's skill* bereft,  
 And waits the staff of wisdom him to stay,  
 Is like a ship in midst of tempest left,  
 Without an helm or pilot her to sway.”

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#### EXCHANGES.

The *Xavier* of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, has reached us. The frontispiece is a reproduction of an old photograph of the class of '63, which is of interest to every reader, but of special interest to one who has the opportunity of noting the Alumni Notes, from which he can infer the positions that those members of the class still living occupy. It is very creditable to the institution to have so many of its students, and graduates especially, fulfilling such important and high positions in Church and state. The editorials are especially worthy of perusal, as they contain in terse and well chosen words the duties of the citizen as well as those of the student. Truly he says: “Even the humblest of us knows that he has a place to fill in the world, a place which God has appointed.” What a model should our neighbouring republic be to every nation, if everyone of her citizens had such a high conception of the “imperial destiny” of his republic as those budding balloters. Their “glorious destiny” is “to show that free will is not the tool of destiny”; their good fortune to corroborate by experiment in an experimental age that man is “*faber fortunæ suæ.*” We are always interested in the welfare of the students of an institution under the patronage of the same Saint as our own, and we hope *Xavier* will be a monthly visitor to our table.

The October issue of the *Bee* contains, as usual, some spicy literary productions. We think that the writer of "Civil Society" was unfortunate in quoting from Zigliara to prove that the democratic and aristocratic forms of government are the best. That philosopher says that "in general that form of government is best which best secures the end of society and is shown by history to be most firm and lasting." History reveals to us that the English nation is and was on a most firm and lasting basis. But England has been and is a monarchy. Therefore, we say, distinguish. The editorials breathe the purest ideas absorbed from the wholesome atmosphere of the ideal Catholic college. What the editor qualifies as the wise student is not found in their happy college, but they are found elsewhere. We infer therefrom that true philanthropy cannot be contented with ventilating its own apartment. Students are advised to be "men of persuasion and to fear not to give utterance to their persuasion, especially when they are in presence of their superiors." After careful perusal of "Our College" we state that it is written in strict accordance with Coleridge's political creed:

"Give me the line that ploughs its stately course  
Like a proud swan conquering the stream by force;  
That like some cottage beauty strikes the heart  
All unindebted to the tricks of art."

The exchange column is not lacking in humour, wit and common sense. We look forward with pleasure to the next visit of our esteemed friend.

The "Splendors and Wonders of Canada," on which we have commented in our October number is ended in the issue of Oct. 25th of the *Weekly Boquet*. We are glad that the writer has derived so much pleasure from visiting our "Lady of the Snows."

We also acknowledge as we go to press the receipt of the *Argosy* and the *Laurel*.

## FORT BEAUSEJOUR.

About four miles from the busy little town of Amherst, situated on a high mound overlooking the ruffled waters of Cumberland Basin stands Fort Beausejour. On approaching it one appreciates the keen foresight displayed by the French in the selection of such a formidable position; for not only does it overlook the basin lying at its feet, but takes in at a sweep the whole landscape for miles around. The foundation of the fort was laid in the year 1750, when M. La Corne, in company with a small detachment of men, landed on the Isthmus of Chignecto. The completion, however, took about five years, owing to the fact that most of the material employed in its construction, especially the stone and mortar, had to be obtained from France, a distance of many hundred miles.

La Corne erected his fort partly for the possession and protection of the disputed part of Acadia, including at that time what is now known as New Brunswick and a portion of the State of Maine; partly that by these means he might transport to Louisburg the cattle and provisions which were then greatly needed at Halifax, an action in direct violation of a law passed by the Governor and Council of Nova Scotia, forbidding produce to be sent out of the country. Another reason may yet be given which is doubtless a dark and shameful one. Although the English and French were not engaged in open hostilities, yet the French, ably assisted by the Indians, were artfully carrying on a secret warfare; coming suddenly, under cover of darkness, upon the few English settlements distributed far and wide throughout the peninsular, they would murder and torture the inhabitants in a most cruel manner, and when pursued, retreat to the fort where they were very hospitably received and amply rewarded for their brutal deeds. After vainly seeking a peaceful termination of these incursions, the English, in the year 1755, commenced preparations for dislodging the French from their stronghold on the Isthmus. Although the expedition was conducted at the expense of the crown, the troops were raised in Massa-

chusetts Bay, and acted as a distinct body under their own officers with the promise of being treated in every respect as others in the same service. The command of the entire expedition was given to Lieutenant-Colonel Moncton, but the Massachusetts forces, being formed into two battalions, were placed under the command of John Winslow of Marshfield, a man whose influence was so great as to effect the enlistment of two thousand men in the short interval of eight weeks. They embarked at Boston on the 20th of May, arriving at Annapolis on the 25th, whence in a fleet of forty-one vessels, they sailed for Chignecto on the first of June and weighed anchor about six miles from the fort. On the 4th they were joined by three hundred regulars with a small train of artillery. Three frigates and sloops were despatched up the Bay of Fundy, under the command of Captain Rous, to give them assistance by sea. The English troops on their arrival at the Mirsaquash River, found themselves stoutly opposed by a large number of regulars, Acadians and Indians, some 480 of whom occupied a block-house on the opposite bank of the river, near the fort. The rest were posted in a strong breast-work of timber, thrown up as a protection to the block-house. The English Provincials attacked this place with such valour that the enemy was forced to retire, leaving the breast-work in possession of the victors. A passage across the river was now opened by which Colonel Moncton was enabled to effect a landing for his troops; and on the 18th day of June commenced the attack with such spirit, that after a bombardment of four days, the French, under their commander, De Vergor, despite the fact that he had cannon to the number of twenty-six and an abundant supply of ammunition, were forced to capitulate on the following terms: 1st. The commandant, officers, staff and others employed for the King, and the garrison of Beausejour, shall go out with arms and baggage, drums beating. 2nd. The garrison shall be sent direct by sea to Louisburg, at the expense of the King of Great Britain. 3rd. The garrison shall have provisions sufficient to last until they get to Louisburg. 4th. As to the Acadians, as they were forced to bear arms under pain of death, they shall be

pardoned. 5th. 'The garrison shall not bear arms in America for the space of six months. " Robert Moncton.

" At the camp before Beausejour,

" 16th June, 1755."

(To be Continued.)

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### ON THE HOP.

Alex. was badly frightened, so the *Minims* say, and the following is a diagnosis of his case according to their own doctor, Bud McD. : Capitis inflati, 50 per cent.; timoris minimorum, 45 per cent.; pigritiae, 5 per cent.

Football was on the hop once too often, and water and sponges were in order. Thus the motto of the dignified Aristos is "Never let the football hop . . . especially in the corridor.

History class (late in afternoon). Prof.—Who was Xerxes?

Student (with book open before him)—It is too dark to see.

Prof.—Which is better English "He smiled sweetly, or he sweetly smiled?"

Fresh Student—It depends on person at whom he smiles.

Will Freshie who casts reflections on Senior Latin class please step forward?

Future Poet, scanning a line in Horace: . . . quo *rum* . . .  
. . . *virorum*.

Prof—Too much rum in that, sir.

Prof—Translate "Comment est votre amie fidèle?"

Student (without hesitation)—How is your fiddle, friend?

Say Mac, what's the matter?

4 B.'s was singing in the dormitory and I haven't felt well since.

Did six of the U. T. hop?

J. C. S.—Three weeks, O'T.?

A. O'T.—Yes, I am still on the hop.

Who said Fouragh?



Freshness—Is pig taken from *piger* ?

Teacher—What do you think *er* would signify ?

F. (under his breath)—Something attached to it . . . probably its tail.

B.: F—n did you hear what happened to the man who shot himself ?

H. A. and P. B. went to the county a few days ago, but "we never dare to mention it."

How do you translate *pourquoi* ? Student—Why ?

Prof—Because I want to know.

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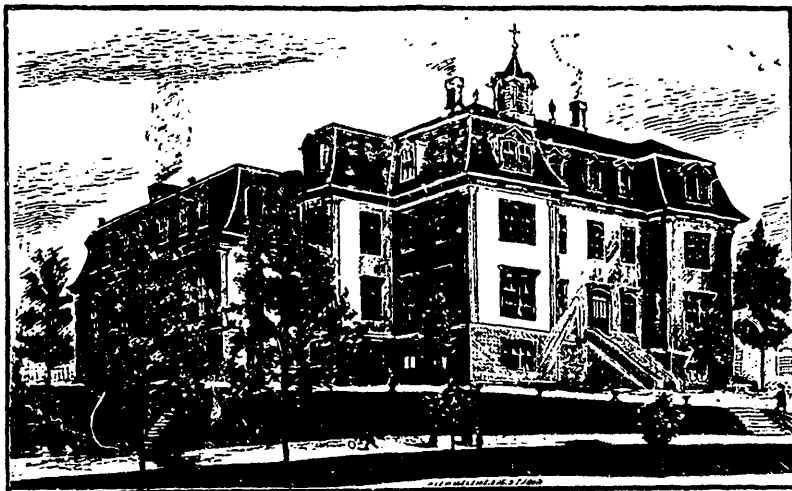
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