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April, 1900

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ANTIGONISH

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## ERRATA.

- Page 7, line 21, for Neurthur, read Mempthur.  
 " 9, " 2, for Claude, read Cluade.  
 " 10, " 22, for abhore, read abhor.  
 " 16, " 10, for library, read literary.

*W B M Isaac*

# Excelsior.

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The world again rejoices, for the joyous Easter has come. The Resurrection of our Lord may well be called the keystone of that immortal edifice, the Church, which for nigh two thousand years has stood, unmoved by the storms of the world, alone and grand amid the ruins of empires. This triumph of our Lord over death, rising on the third day as He had foretold, put the seal of infallible confirmation on His teachings, and invincibly proved Him the author of life. Assuming the impossible hypothesis that His prediction should not have been fulfilled, then the work of His thirty-three years on earth would have been undone; but the happy consummation of the last act in the tragic work of our redemption is to our faith a guarantee that they who bear His cross shall rise again, glorious and immortal.

It is particularly fitting that this, the happiest festival of

the ecclesiastical year, should be celebrated in spring. At Christmas when, in His infinite condescension, our Lord takes human form, nature, as unworthy to receive Him, shivers under a white robe sent down from the heavens to hide her shame; the cold and storms of winter are nature's expressions of sympathy with the pains and sufferings of Him Who alone could command the winds and the seas; but the bud opens, the blade of grass peeps forth, the rill, freed from the slavery of the frost, bubbles anew, the robin tunes its throat to song, and the sun, according to tradition beautiful, however founded, gives three joyous leaps to announce the resurrection of the Christ crucified.

Likewise is the means of determining the date of Easter in keeping with the nature of the festival. The feast, as is generally known, falls on the first Sunday after the full moon on or after the twenty-first of March. Thus as the salvation of man depends on the redemption by our Saviour and on man's own free acts, so is the date of the commemoration of the resurrection determined by the movements of the heavenly bodies, God's handiwork, and by man who elected these as determinants. And as the satellites follow the movements of the planets, so do the other moveable feasts depend on Easter for the time of their observance.

Easter has always been celebrated with great fervor and ceremonial; and a special sanctity attaches to the festival in this holy year which marks the close of the century.

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The name of Gladstone is one that is much in evidence in the latter history of Ireland. He it was who introduced the legislation that abolished the State Church; he was instrumental in materially changing the Land Law; and the closing days of his long public career were spent in constructing an Irish Constitution. In view of these facts, it seems strange that Gladstone should have visited Ireland but once during his long tenure of public office. That visit, which was paid in October, 1877, was of a personal and private character; he

went there with the avowed object of seeing the people, and the people extended him a warm welcome.

And now a warm welcome is being extended by the Irish people to a personage greater than even Gladstone, a personage who for almost forty years had not crossed St. George's Channel. It has been a mystery to many why the Queen had passed in Ireland less than sixty days of her more than sixty years' reign; and not only the Queen, whose advancing years might excuse her seeming neglect of the emerald gem in her multiple-crown, but the Prince of Wales as well, has kept aloof from Erin. But the welcome of the Grand Old Man was none the less cordial because his visit had been so long delayed; nor is that of the Grand Old Queen any the less sincere, though tempered by a memory of the troubles and wrongs of Ireland. Her visit to the sister-kingdom is not the only manifestation our Sovereign has given of her aroused enthusiasm for Ireland and its people. A short time ago the Queen herself sent a message of thanks to "her brave Irish soldiers;" and pursuant to the wishes of Her Majesty, Lord Wolseley has given instructions "that in future upon St. Patrick's Day, all ranks in Her Majesty's Irish regiments shall wear, as a distinction a sprig of shamrock in their head-dress to commemorate the gallantry of her Irish soldiers during the recent battles in South Africa."

The Irish blood so freely shed on the altar of the Empire's cause cries to England for recognition of rights; and all lovers of fair-play must hope that the flag which on March 17 waved over the Mansion House in London will soon float from the staff of a Catholic University in Ireland.

## WHERE WAS ST. PATRICK BORN?

The Birthplace of St. Patrick (Irish Ecclesiastical Record, Sept. 1899), Very Rev. Edward O'Brien, V.G. Lemnavady, St. Patrick's Birthplace (I. E. Record, Nov., 1899, to Feb., 1900), Rev. Gerald Stack.

Seven cities, according to an ancient story, claimed Homer as a native. To at least as many town or villages has the birthplace of the Apostle of Ireland been ascribed, not indeed by the townsmen themselves, in any but one case, but by writers who, during the last seventy-eight years, have devoted attention more or less serious to the matter.

1. Cardinal Moran, Bishop Healy, Dr. John O'Donovan, Professor Eugene O'Curry; all the *great* Irish scholars and archaeologists,—Dr. Lanigan alone excepted—of this century; all the notable editors, reviewers, and biographers who wrote before 1822; and nearly all the writers who wrote since 1880, have maintained that to Kilpatrick, four miles distant from Dumbarton at the mouth of the Clyde, in Scotland, must be awarded the honor. I pass the older authors of past centuries over for the present.

2. R. R. Dr. Lanigan in his Ecclesiastical History published in 1822—a second edition followed in 1829—contended that *Boulogne Sur Mer*, a seaport in France, was the true and distinctly specified locality; and from his time onward till an article by Cardinal Moran appeared in the Dublin Review, 1880, quite a number of persons came before the public and endorsed, so far as they could endorse, i. e., they accepted, Dr. Lanigan's theory; but they did not add, and did not profess to add, any new evidence in its favor. They did not search records or sift testimony. They simply reiterated his opinion, because they confidently relied on his authority. That they should do so, and why it was natural that they should do so, and why they were acclaimed by general popular applause when they did so, shall be known later on.

3. Mr. Patrick Lynch, in a Life of St. Patrick, that saw the light in 1828, arguing from the word *Nempthur* or *Emp-*



*thur*, one of several terms used in the most ancient of all the records that we have, relating to the Apostle's early years, infers that he was born in the French city of Tours. When I remark that nobody has since come forward to prove or endorse Mr. Lynch's etymological deduction, I at the same time give a valid reason why it is not to be alluded to at length in this imperfect paper. It will never, I feel safe in saying, be seconded until the present methods of archaeological investigation shall have been radically forgotten.

4. Rev. Sylvester Malone, Vicar General of Killaloe, an antiquarian of considerable merit and celebrity, says in the Dublin Review, 1886:—"It is equally certain that South Britain . . . and most probably Bath, in Somersetshire, was St. Patrick's native town." This, our readers will perceive is measuring, with a new name, an old locality in the map of antiquity; but the process was not satisfactory, as is proved by the sequel; for

5. Father Malone subsequently rejected Bath, and accepted Uskdown thirty miles further north instead. A gaelic scholar will at once very properly infer that the word *Tabernia*—found like *Neurthur* in old patrician manuscripts and nowhere else, and possibly meaning a well or spring of water,—has suggested first Bath, famous for its springs, and then Uskdown, i. e., Watertown, to the mind of the erudite Vicar General. *Tobair* is celtic for a well, and if it be particularly remembered that, in some gaelic dialects, the "o" in the first syllable is sounded like o in Lord; and also that the "a" in the first syllable of *Tabernia* was sometimes pronounced like a in "Law," the transition, easy in any case from *Taker* to *Tobair*, is already affected. I do not pass this as a conclusive argument that *Tabernia*, everywhere and indisputably, must be taken to mean a well—one Irish writer goes so far as to say that it may mean a river—but if it be so taken, then it is not Bath or Uskdown, whose water supplies are not even once recorded by ancient authors, but the well of Killpatrick near Dumbarton, seen to this day, frequently mentioned by annalists, and pointed out for one thousand years as the fountain whose waters baptized St. Patrick, that very probably will be

taken as the objective reality of "Tabernia." Old writers had made express allusions to St. Patrick's church and St. Patrick's well, by the Clyde—and to no other well in this connection—centuries before the springs of Bath or Usktown found a scribe to publish their existence. In every case the one "word well or spring" is so general an appellation that a definite conclusion cannot be deduced from it.

6. In the year 1893, the Rev. Alfred Barry in the December number of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, starts an astonishing theory which would make St. Patrick a Welshman, or a native of North Wales. He indeed recognizes the Clyde as a name coming down from prehistoric times, and used by the old annalists in connection with St. Patrick's birth; but he says there was a "Rock of Clwyd" also, and "that it was situated upon the banks of the River Clwyd in the Vale of Clwyd, near the present town of Rhyl." Of this "Rock of Clwyd" in Wales, no mention can be found in any author by other readers; and as Father Barry has had seven years and has besides been requested to furnish particular references, and has not done so, it is fair to assume that he was misled by too hasty a reading of old books or of older manuscripts. His theory then rests on the existence of a Rock of Clwyd in Wales; and nobody else before himself, in either modern, mediæval, or more ancient days—so far as I can learn—ever as much as heard of the existence of such a rock in such a place; but everybody knows that Dumbarton in Scotland was frequently in old times, and just as frequently in new, called not *a* but *the* Rock of Clyde.

7. Dr. Edward O'Brien, in the June and September numbers of the *Dublin Review* of last year, 1899, comes forward with the name of the latest, up-to-date place in which St. Patrick was born. He first changes *Nempthur*, *Cluade* and *Brittanniæ*, the places frequently mentioned by the venerable writers who lived and died centuries ago, into *Emporiæ*, *Clodianus*, and *Brettonniæ*, and finds them and some other relevant localities all situated in Spain; and next he professes his inability—an inability not shared as to everything by all commentators—to discover any specimen of the interesting

and partially renovated nomenclature — except Clyde, or as sometimes written, Claude, which he concedes to Scotland — in any country outside the Iberian peninsula. His papers are quite ingeniously drawn up; — to change *Britanniae* into *Bretannia*, as Dr. Lanigan had changed it into French armoric *Bretagne* is, however, a very hazardous exploit — still were there no evidence forthcoming other than a number of old names of places to be spelled and understood without reference to antique fashions, and documents, the case he makes would amount to a sort of speculative probability, that one might admit in an idle hour as one thinks of squaring a circle. If Dr. Lanigan happened to forestall Dr. O'Brien in opinions as he did in years, and argued on the lines laid down by him, one is safe in saying that Dr. Lanigan would not have been, by the public at large, so easily dethroned from his once regal position — and his scholarship graced the pre-eminence — as a reliable authority on the theme, to whose elucidation this humble contribution of mine is dedicated.

I have not quoted the five last mentioned opinions with a view of offering their exhaustive refutation; they have not yet obtained, nor is it at all probable that they will ever obtain, so much credit with the public as to render their demolition a matter of much interest or importance. But Dr. Lanigan really did gain credence, during a considerable time, for his theory. I cite the five later theories simply to show that — while I echo the words of the Rev. Gerald Stack, an Irish-born priest — that that time must be said to have passed away forever among the learned, though it will take many a blow to kill it among the people. The five theories in later question may not, certainly will not, of themselves conciliate acquiescence; but they are, all the same, unimpeachable evidence that their authors had successfully rebelled against the rule that Dr. Lanigan's greater name and fame had, from 1822 to 1880, succeeded in imposing in Ireland on the antiquarian scholarship of many an average expert in archaeology; for it is an undoubted fact that, during the fifty-eight years alluded to, the learned Dr.'s views were accepted cordially and unhesitatingly by the unthinking crowd, and by a majority of the

more or less trained men who wrote a notice of, preached a panegyric on, or even compiled a biography of the apostle of the Irish nation. How is the existence of this majority accounted for?

From the time of St. Patrick to the time of Mary, Queen of Scotland, there was familiar intercourse between the people of Ireland and those of North Britain; and there were a common mistrust and detestation of England by both nations, particularly after Henry had publicly asserted his claim to sovereignty over the former country. The royal descendants of William the Conqueror were ever ambitious. They established their power very effectually by the edge of the sword in some Irish counties, and by written edict professedly in all of them. They had time and again attempted to do the same in Scotland, and under Edward I. had over-run the entire Lowlands. William Wallace alone almost, of the higher classes, with a handful of men of inferior birth—his own was not of the very high—hid themselves on the flanks of the mountains and bade inveterate defiance to the English monarch, against whom patriots in both Albion and Erin simultaneously united themselves, as each had equal cause to dread the cupidity and abhorre the cruelty of that potentate. Robert the Bruce a few years later succeeded in throwing off the yoke of the tyrant in a war with that tyrant's son; and Irish chieftains then invited Edward the Bruce to come and reign over them, with the view that his military skill and prowess would effect the expulsion of the English from Ireland, just as his elder brother had driven them out of every stronghold they had seized in the Scotch Kingdom. This proves the mutual good will and cordiality that then flourished between the two nations; and if some Dr. Lanigan had at that period broached a Gallic theory about St. Patrick, the hitherto unheard of innovation would have been instantly scouted with as much vehemence, as that with which it was afterwards, in very different circumstances, accepted by the popular voice.

The so-called Reformation was effected in the Lowlands of Scotland during the lifetime of Queen Mary; it was never till this day effected in Ireland; but with the change of

religion in the former country, a marked and natural alteration came over the feelings with which the populace of one nation regarded the other. Mutual distrust succeeded mutual sympathy. The hostile sentiment was enormously increased by Protector Cromwell, when he forcibly dispossessed thousands of the best families in Ireland of their lands, and planted in their place colonies of Protestant strangers drawn from the Lowlands of Scotland. Antipathy had reached its highest degree of intensity when Dr. Lanigan was publishing the two first editions of his history in 1822-1829; for then the people of Ireland were fighting a crucial constitutional battle for Emancipation, and the Lowlanders of Scotland were united—almost to a man—against repealing a single proviso of the Penal Laws. Such were the circumstances when St. Patrick was pronounced a native of France, and the population of Ireland would not be *men*, if they had not rejoiced in the deep gladness of their hearts, that their beloved and venerated apostle did not owe his birth, or anything else, to the country of the black hearted crowd of North Britons who came over with Cromwell and always acted the tyrant, and now assisted the equally black hearted brethren who staid at home, in moving earth and the other place to prevent the throwing away of one drop of the large cup of miseries that England was pouring over Ireland's long-suffering and tortured head. The memory of injuries endured, dies more quickly perhaps on Irish soil than anywhere else in the world; but the memory of Cromwell's Scotch Lowlanders is still green in many quarters—it would be unnatural, if it were otherwise—and while the remembrance survives, Dr. Lanigan's theory will find in popular sympathy a portion at least of the credence which it has already utterly lost, and lost forever, in the world of the learned. But I have not yet detailed his arguments in support. They are substantially: “ (1) Old writers tell us that St. Patrick was born in Britain, “ there is a place called Britain in France; (2) they tell us “ further that he was born at Taberniae; now, this is simply “ another form of the word Taruana, or Taravanna, and there “ was a Taravanna in Gaul, which town is now named Ther-

“ouane; (3) they sometimes call his birth place Bonavon— (celtic for lower end of a river) — and Boulogne Sur Mer is certainly at the mouth of a river. True, the Dr. informs (4) us there is another Britain in existence also; it is called *Great Britain*, but the adjective ‘Great’ is not used in the very early writers — it is a later addition to the records and therefore to be rejected; and (5) the *Romen Breviary* specifically mentions *Britannia Gallicana* as the birth place in dispute.”

I have fairly paraphrased the Dr.’s arguments which like to, though not so specious as those of Dr. O’Brien, would be of some value, if we had no other data, to rest a case on. But what after all is their real cogency? Put Dr. Lanigan’s arguments at their fullest possible strength, and they amount to this: “St. Patrick says he was born in Britain, Bonavon, Taberniae, Nemphtur, and these four names can, as I know, be ‘predicated’ of France; therefore, he was born in France.”

This reasoning violates a fundamental rule of logic, which it would be technical to quote; especially since it will be more satisfactory to the average reader to illustrate the fallacy by an example:—St. Patrick was a man; and it is verified of a man I know, that he has but one eye; therefore, St. Patrick had but one eye.”

There were other men with two eyes, just as there are other places than France, of which the names *Britannia*, *Bonavon*, *Taberniae* and *Nemphtur*, are verified. Hence, without further evidence, we can conclude nothing from mere names; and this other evidence, or some of it, I will now adduce.

↳ To be continued.

## THE NUN ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

T. D. SULLIVAN.

Dead on the corpse-strewed battle plain  
Where war's dread work is done,  
She lies amid the heaps of slain,  
The pure and holy nun ;  
She saw the stricken soldier fall,  
And, ere the strife was o'er  
She rushed, unheeding blade or ball,  
To staunch his flowing gore ;  
To gently raise his drooping head,  
To cool his lips of flame,  
To whisper ere his spirit fled  
The Saviour's Holy Name.

And on from one to one to pass,  
'Midst those who, living yet,  
Lay groaning on the crimson grass  
Their streaming blood had wet ;  
With saintly love and tenderness  
Their suffering hearts to aid,  
What'er the color of the dress  
Through which the wounds were made,  
And—in whatever form of speech  
They prayed to God above—  
Unto their dying lips to reach  
The emblem of His love.

But oh ! The battle's thundering swell  
Had rolled not far away ;  
And still the thundering missels fell  
Where dead and dying lay ;  
Bullets, illsped, came whistled by,  
Huge shot tore up the ground,  
And shells like meteors from on high  
Spread fresh destruction round.  
She winced not while they hurtled past  
Nor turned her head aside,  
But when her death wound came at last,  
She blessed her God and died.

## "OBITER DICTA."

Have *you* ever been in Salem? I have. Of course I do not mean that I passed there a duration without beginning, but simply that part of the short mortal existence I have enjoyed or worried through was spent in that old Puritan city.

Salem seems to have been modelled after a doughnut; a railway tunnel, through which trains dash, whoop and shriek, wreathed in clouds of smoke, runs through the very centre of the city. Whether, as is said to be the case in the making of a doughnut, the hole was first taken, and the city built around it, I do not undertake to say; but certain it is that, to a casual observer, this subterranean highway under Town House Square—no cont. adiction of terms here, if you please—begets the idea of a heartless city. But the city, I don't care in what sense you take the term, is not a heartless one. The people are as cordial, sociable, and easy to get along with as any you can find in a *whole* city; and moreover, this tunnel is not of such a size as to vitally affect the integrity of so large a city as Salem. The plan according to which Salem was laid out has long been obsolete. In no modern town can you find streets that so vividly suggest the thought of a boy's—or a man's for that matter—first essay on his bicycle. Here narrow, there broad, for a short distance they run straight, only to turn with a suddenness that threatens to shoot off at a tangent one not on guard against his own inertia. This tortuous nature of the streets is probably due to their accommodating manner in trying to reach houses that were raised in a build-where-you please fashion that had no regard to regularity. The poor streets have put themselves out of joint in their efforts to oblige.

The chief, in fact the only, park in Salem is The Willows. This pleasure-resort, which derives its name from the shady trees that weep over those who there enjoy the refreshing breezes coming over the water to cool the brow blanched by the sweltering heat of the city, is about ten minutes' ride from the depot, and during the summer season is the scene of gay



activity. The "merry-go-round," the "razzle-dazzle," the constant clashing of caterer's dishes, the deafening shouts of "peanuts, pea-nuts, ten cents a bag," and, in its regular beat swelling grand above the din, the strains of the Salem Cadet Band, probably the best band in New England, all conspire to make lively a place that in winter is but the home of their memories and of snow-banks! To induce travel over this part of their road, the Lynn and Boston Ry. Co., which has control of the street railways of Salem, provides amusements of various kinds in the park, and it was there I saw a man-and-balloon ascension. I had always entertained the idea that the aeronaut went up *in* the balloon, but now I was undeceived. When first I saw the balloon it was but a convoluted bag of silk in the corner of a canvas tent; but Prof. Bonnett and his train of less aspiring helpers had so much *air of business*—heated air, I think it was—that the balloon began to swell up and strain at the cords that bound it to mother earth. Let loose, it began to ascend and the balloonist dangled beneath, amid a network of cords. Up, up it rose, and had not the earth more attraction for the aeronaut than the spectacle had for me the tempter of fate would never have returned. Alone at an increasing elevation, in the vague gaze of hundreds who, anxious for his safety, pitied him as much as they did admire, he was truly in possession of "sympathetic solitude." There are no public gardens in Salem, but there is a place called the Common, and indeed it is a common-place. Just a large, square of ground, crossed diagonally by foot-paths with settees placed here and there along its sides, and in the centre, a tall flagstaff, with an arc-light hung at half-mast! Salem is of much interest to literary people as the birth-place of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and many come to visit the scenes he immortalized. The mercenary spirit of the present owners of the *House of Seven Gables* has led them to trade on the curiosity of such visitors; an outer roof has been raised over the house so that the seven gables can be seen only from the inside, and an admission fee is charged.

There was a time when they burned witches in Salem; now they burn coal.

## EXCHANGES.

*The Xavier*, an ably edited magazine published by the students of the College of St. Francis Xavier, New York, is the latest addition to our list of exchanges. We have often wondered why we have so long been overlooked by the *Xavier*, although EXCELSIOR does not contain so many pages between its covers as some college journals, still we trust that what it does contain is worthy of notice. We have read the *Xavier* through and find that its matter is quite in keeping with the fame of the college from which it comes. Its articles show very good library taste. Subjects of general interest are treated of in an able manner, and are put forth in a straight matter of fact way that cannot fail to appeal to the most sceptical. "A Letter from the Other World" is a very forcible refutation of the absurd theories of some of the would-be philosophers of the day. The Prince of Agnostics' entrance to the Other World is described. His meeting with the wonderful boatman of Styx takes some of the conceit out of the apostle of negation; his visit to the Hotel of the U. S.'s was not a very happy one; for the disciples of Phyrro, true to their creed, tried to walk through him as they did through everything else, having no faith in the material existence of things. His next meeting was with Solomon, but the athiest found himself so foolish in the eyes of the Wise Man that he started off in a hurry and ran into the Grove of the Peripatetics. Here he came into contact with the *striking* arguments of Aristotle and was so far convinced that *some* effects at least must have a cause that he consented to take some lessons in the Peripatetic school.

"A critical analysis of the False Theories," and the demonstration of the "True Theory of the Origin of the Soul," are worthy of a careful perusal. "Easter and its Customs," is a timely article. These, together with some good poems, form the most interesting matter of a very good number. We trust that the *Xavier* will continue to favor us with its monthly visits.

We beg to offer our sincere sympathy to our friends of the University of Ottawa in their loss of so many able friends. The tributes paid to the departed clergymen and students are touching and show the reverence and high esteem in which they were held by the faculty and students.

The March number of the *Review* presents its readers with some excellent matter. "The Origin of Man" is an able refutation of the absurd and degrading theory of evolution. Why should any one insist in dragging man, created in an especial way for the honor and glory of God, down to the same origin as the brute? The article clearly shows that such theories cannot stand the searching light of Catholic Philosophy.

Again we have the pleasure of greeting the *Skylark*. The March issue presents us with its usual quota of entertaining reading. Its choice prose interspersed with good short pieces of poetry makes up a number that speaks well for the literary talents of our fair friends. "A Many Tinted Gem," a criticism of Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality," is well composed, showing a true appreciation for poems of such merit.

The *Bee* has paid us its second visit. The editors of this little journal may well pride themselves on the progress it has made since its inception just one year ago. "The Wanderer's Return" in the March number, is a poem of considerable merit. It brings home to us very forcibly the sad state of affairs that caused so many of Erin's sons and daughters to seek a livelihood in foreign lands. "The Roman Catacombs" is an interesting account of the life of the early Christians.

Other exchanges received are: *Acadian Athenaeum*, *Argosy*, *Kings College Record*, *Weekly Bouquet*, *North West Review*, *St. John Monitor*, and *Bras d'Or Gazette*.

## SPORT.

## HOCKEY — COLLEGE 4, STELLARTON 1.

On the 15th ult. our boys added another victory to their already long list by defeating the Stellarton hockey team by a score of 4 to 1. The game was fast and rough, and Stellarton was constantly on the defensive. College scored the first goal in ten minutes of play. The home team were blanked in this half, and thus it stood at half time.

To see the teams lined up it looked like an easy victory for our opponents, but although they were the heaviest team we were up against this year, our boys outplayed them at every point.

Our team was weakened by the absence of two regular players but their places were well filled by Babin in goal and P. Brown at right wing. Perhaps the greatest amount of credit for winning this game was due to our strong defence, and all admit they never played better. McGillivray was a wall at cover, while Harrington's long lifts dazzled the spectators. Babin in goal put up his usual fine game.

Stellarton scored second place in the Eastern League this season, also defeating our town friends. Thus this victory places our team in the front rank of hockeyists in Eastern Nova Scotia.

This season has been the most successful in our hockey history, and a short review of the history of Canada's favorite winter game in this College may be of interest to our old students. Just four short years ago was hockey in its most antique form added to our list of amusements. We had practised hockey, or more properly scientific *hurley*, to some extent, and were one day much surprised to receive a challenge from our Town friends for a game that evening. Knowing our weakness, yet scorning the non-acceptance of any challenge, we decided to do battle for the Blue-White-and-Blue, and after a smart game were defeated by a score of 8 to 1. A second game took place with the day scholars from town and resulted in a tie.

The following season the intense interest which had been

displayed in our first games was sadly absent, and no matches were played. The season of 98-99 was on the whole very successful, our boys scoring ten goals as against nineteen by our various opponents. We played eight matches during the season, winning one, two ties and losing five.

The season just closed has been a big advance in the interest taken in the game as well as in the art of playing it. Our second team, the best for years, has won every game of its series and in them we have a goodly reserve for future years. Our senior team has improved yearly and, remembering our first defeat at the hands of the town team, it is a source of pride to all to find that we have by hard practice turned the tables and to-day finds us the victors of our league. In order to appreciate this reward of hard labours one should be a student who, knowing the rivalry in sport between Town and College, can heartily congratulate our team on so successful a year.

The following are the results of matches between College and Town this year :

	Goals.		Goals
1st Game, College,	2	Town,	2
2nd " "	5	" "	7
3rd " "	5	" "	3
4th " "	5	" "	4

The closing game of this series took place on the 23rd ult. in Town Rink. As the teams were even in points much interest was manifested by the large crowd present and it is safe to say that never before were they treated to such fast hockey. It was evident from the start that both teams were on to win and as the game continued the play became faster and rougher. In the first half the Town scored two goals while College was blanked. The second half opened fast and College scored in ten minutes and soon followed with another. The Town again scored as did also College just before call of time. The score being even it was decided to play ten minutes and now the puck went as it had not gone before. College scored first and Town immediately evened matters. Some few minutes yet remained when our goal keeper in his excitement scored for the Town. We have never witnessed an embark-

ation of soldiers; but from reports, the scenes that followed among the Town players would remind one of that. The excitement at this point was intense. "Kindly wait neighbor, the game is not finished." We had yet *one half minute* to play from the face off. A series of quick moves and a wing had done the trick for the College and none too soon, as, with the signal that we had scored came also the call of time. score again even 4 to 4. Changing ends it was decided to play five minutes more. This was probably the fastest part of the game and in two minutes the College had the lead and held it and the game and championship of league was ours.

For the Town McLean and Jardine played the star games, and Mahoney at point was a big addition to the defence. For College B. Brown and McNeil played their usual fine games and were most ably supported by the defence.

Mr. Knight of Halifax refereed the game in a most satisfactory manner.

The second team also won a good game and the last of the series on the 28th ult., by a score of 4 to 2.

A meeting of athletic association was held on the 24th ult., and important business was transacted. A vote of thanks was tendered Prof. Horrigan, our retiring President to which he made a neat reply.

Rev. Fr. Phalen was unanimously chosen President. As much new material will be necessary to carry on our spring sports the students are requested to favour the secretary with the spring assessment immediately.

U-PI-DEE.

A new Good has alighted in town,  
U-pi-dee, U-pi-dee!  
In an up-to-date tailor-made gown, U-pi-dee-ida!  
The boys are wild, and prex is too,  
You never saw such a hullaballoo.

CHORUS. - U-pi-dee-ida-ida! etc.

Her voice is clear as a watering truck's,  
An' her wit is like those trolley-car sparks:  
When 'rress a mud-bly street she flits,  
The boys all have conjuncion fits!

The turn of her head turns all ours, too,  
There's always a smile to it in her jaw;  
'Tis enough to make a parson drunk,  
To hear her sing old coo-a-he-luak!

The above, and three other NEW verses to U-PI-DEE,  
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## MUCH ADO ABOUT NIT.

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Aesculapius : An M. D. Hero of many fights.

Sacristanus : A lover of nature.

Morpheus : The wandering Jew of A. B. L.

Vitate— : A cosmopolitan.

Don Fortisote : Non descript.

Pacificator : Peacemaker.

## Scene I. (In Arbusto.)

Sacristanus—Woe is me! After the pleasures of this morning, how little did I think that this damp spring air, contained the microbes of disease. My love for nature has exceeded the bounds of discretion. This thirst for May-flowers and Roses shall I fear cause many disorders. What value are *Roses* or *Lilies* in comparison with my precious health? But why this idle lamentation, I must hasten to seek a remedy for mine ill.

## Scene II. (In Valetudinario)

Sacristanus—I salute thee, noble Aesculapius. I come to seek a remedy for the ill which I fear, unimpeded would cause my decease. Canst thou not, O father of physicians, apply a tonic to allay the pain that *I endure*.

Aesculapius—I always welcome those who come hither sore pressed by nature's diseases. Sit thee down whilst I introduce the tell-tale whereby we shall know to what extent illness reigns within thee. Why according to the graduation thy temperature is mighty high—98.2. Tarry whilst I mix thee a potion that shall relieve thee.

## [Enter Morpheus.]

Morpheus [to Sacristanus]—O my, O my! This vile physic again. Can you not get relief by soothing sleep?

Aesculapius—Get the gone thou meddling somnifer. Go to thy realms of Repose. Know you not that the Immortalities despise the *sarcoter* process, by which you claim so high a place. To lie abed from morn 'till eve, is all the good you derive from life.

Morpheus—How now! Keep down thy wrath. Why get vexed, why do you frown? Don't make yourself seem so vile

as your quackery. Hello, what have you here? [Takes up mixture] Is this the remedy? Oh the ingredients! [Reads label] *Flores Sulphuris*, 1 pinch. *Sacchari spuma*, 3 draws.

!!! — I might as well add to the poison by spilling in this quarter pound *sulphuris*, and let Sacristanus drink and die.

Aesculapius [in a rage]—Hence from these regions! Get thee gone thou useless fellow, or I shall crush thee.

Morpheus—Be still. Keep down thine ire! Don't let thy reckless tongue wag so loose, or perhaps I shall do what thou thyself dost threaten so angrily.

[Aes. proceeds to eject Morp., who resists with all his little might. A struggle occurs. It is doubtful who shall be the victor. Meanwhile Sacris. scampers off, and leaves the pair to fight to a finish. But presently Don Fortisote puts in an appearance and tries to separate the combatants].

Don Fortisote—Step this *preliminary* or else I shall compelled to crush you both [a crowd gathers, among whom are Vitate— and Pacificator].

Vitate—[e longo]—Ho—Ho—o. This vas nice work, fighting and scruffing in such a fearful manner. Go, Pacificator, use your persuasion to mak peace.

Pacificator—Come now, Morpheus, come away. Do not rouse thyself so. Morpheus makes a second attempt, but is overcome by numbers.

Moral—In gathering Roses, beware of the thorns.

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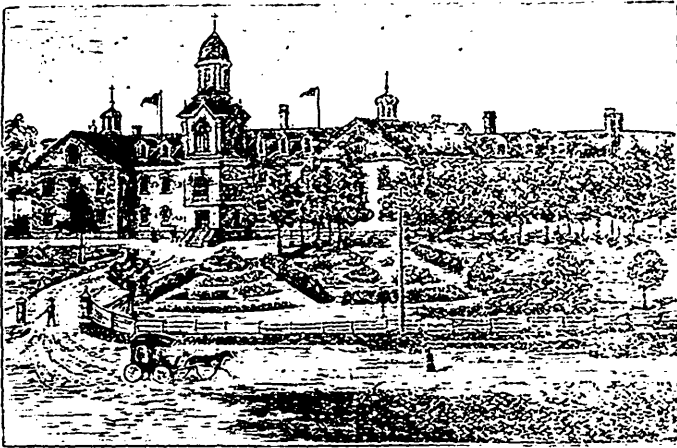
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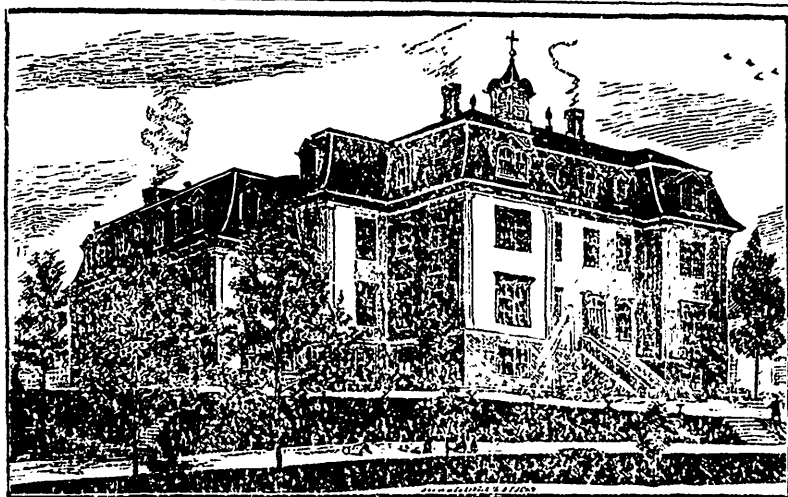
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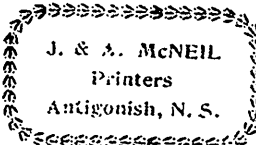
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