

THE CASKET.

The Poets of Sottishness.

May God forgive the poets who have sung
Those pleasant songs in every human tongue
Which have, alas! too bright a halo flung
Around "the drink" of every taste and hue.

who hold them to their principles. They
dread the English and Americans because
these people understand what religious
liberty means. These gave the Church
freedom in their own territory and they
find it difficult to understand why the
Church is not likewise free in countries
professedly Catholic.

Dickensiana.

Thackeray offered his services to
Dickens as an illustrator, but his drawings
were rejected. If this be true, we cannot
be too grateful to Dickens, for had
Thackeray been retained as an illustrator
he might never have become an author.

It is astonishing what a human interest
the reading public takes in an author's
heroes and heroines. Mr. Snowden Ward
declares when Dickens was writing "The
Old Curiosity Shop," he was overwhelmed
with letters from the most distinguished
men and women begging him not to kill
little Nell. They declared it would be too
cruel, and waited on his verdict as an
anxious family on that of a physician.

The old Peggotty house in Yarmouth, in
which some of the most pathetic passages
of Dickens' celebrated novel "David Cop-
perfield," took place, has been sold at
auction for £460.

Few of the public have any idea of the
sums paid by photographers for "sole sel-
ling rights." Dickens is credited with
having been the first notability to exact a
fee for the privilege of taking his portrait.
A photographer kept bothering him for
sittings and Dickens asked and obtained
\$250. On learning of Dickens' triumph
Fanny Kemble refused to sit for less than
\$250, and then Ada Cavendish demanded
and received \$1,500. Mary Anderson,
toward the close of her career, used to
receive \$500 a sitting. Recently a firm of
Parisian photographers arranged with
Sarah Bernhardt for a series at \$250
apiece.

Charles Dickens was one of the novelists
who seemed to live with his characters.
When he felt the necessity of accepting
the tragic ending to his story, "The Old
Curiosity Shop," he wrote to his friend,
Mr. Foster, as follows: "You can't imagine
how exhausted I am with yesterday's
labour. All night I have been possessed
with the child ("Little Nell"), and this
morning I am unrefreshed and miserable.
I don't know what to do with myself. The
difficulty has been tremendous, the anguish
unspeakable."

An amusing instance of anticipation of
the penetrating character of the so-called
X-rays has been discovered in a most un-
likely place—i. e., in Dickens' "Christmas
Carol." It will be remembered that when
the miser Scrooge sees the ghost of his
former partner, Marley, entering the room,
Marley's body appears to be transparent,
so that Scrooge can see clear through him
and discern the two buttons on the back of
his coat. It may be presumed (says the
Electrical Review) that Marley wore the
old-time blue coat with brass buttons, and
that flesh and blood became transparent
when metal buttons would not. It is now
in order for the Society of Psychological
Research to try the X-rays for the detection
of ghosts, but if they are successful they
must give the credit to Dickens.—Compiled
for Literary Life.

Portland's New Bishop.

At the last meeting of the Congregation
of the Propaganda, the Rev. Father M. C.
O'Brien was appointed Bishop of Portland,
Me.

Father O'Brien was born in County
Kerry, near Killarney, Ireland, Oct. 20,
1842. He finished his earlier classical
studies in Ireland, and in 1860 came to this
country, landing in New York. The fol-
lowing spring he entered St. Charles' Col-
lege in Maryland, and remained there until
September, 1861, when he entered St.
Mary's Seminary in Baltimore.

He was ordained in September of 1865,
at the Cathedral in Portland, Me., during
the term of Bishop Bacon, although he
was fourteen months under the canonical
age. The ceremony was possible only by
special dispensation.

He labored in different parts of the

Helpless as a Baby.—South American
Rheumatic Cure strikes the root of the
ailment and strikes it quick. W. R.
Wright, 10 Daniel street, Brockville, Ont.,
for twelve years a great sufferer from
rheumatism, couldn't wash himself, feed
himself or dress himself. After using six
bottles he was able to go to work, and says:
"I think pain has left me forever." Sold
by Foster Bros.—26.

diocese and for a while was with the Indian
tribes at Oldtown, where he mastered their
dialect and made the researches into the
Indian tongue which have made him
famous among philologists everywhere.
He was unusually successful there. He
went to St. Mary's in Bangor in 1880. In
the following ten years he relieved that
church of a great debt and built a parochial
school.

He was appointed to Bangor more than
twenty years ago, and is now permanent
rector of St. Mary's parish of that city
and vicar-general of the Maine diocese.

Father O'Brien is a man of great ability,
and is renowned for his scholarly attain-
ments. He speaks seven languages fluently,
and is a master of English.

In September, 1890, Father O'Brien
celebrated the silver jubilee of his priest-
hood. In 1893 Bishop Healy appointed
him vicar-general of the diocese, as a suc-
cessor to Father John W. Murphy. Father
O'Brien is very popular among Catholics
and non-Catholics alike.

It is now proposed, if possible, to have
the Bishop's seat of the Maine diocese
removed from Portland to Bangor. Num-
erous petitions to that effect have been
sent to the Congregation of the Propaganda
at Rome, and it is hoped that a favorable
verdict will be received. It is argued that
Portland is not in the centre of the diocese,
but that only one or two parishes are
located west of that city. The petition in
connection with the request named asks
that St. Mary's parish in Bangor be made
into a Cathedral parish. If the request is
granted, there is no doubt that a large and
splendid church will be erected there.—
Providence Visitor.

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money-making position; no
books, insurance or fake
scheme; every house a customer. Particulars
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Family Knitter
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Price \$8.00. Agents wanted.
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DUNDAS, ONT.

Consumption is the bane of
our country. It destroys hundreds
of precious lives yearly. Upon the
first appearance of the symptoms, or
where a predisposition to this dread
disease is feared,

PUTTNER'S EMULSION
should be at once resorted to.
Begin with small doses, but take it
regularly and persistently, and you
will surely benefit. Many a life has
been saved by taking this invaluable
remedy in time.

Be sure you get PUTTNER'S,
the original and best Emulsion.
Of all druggists and dealers.

What we have we'll hold
What we hav'nt we're after
The PAGE WIRE FENCE CO. (Ltd.)
WALKERVILLE, ONT.

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We give this beautiful
gold or silver com-
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ANTIGONISH SASH and DOOR FACTORY.
Doors, Sashes, Sash and Door Frames,
Mouldings, all Kinds,
Spruce Flooring and Sheathing,
KILN DRIED BIRCH FLOORING,
LATHS, SCANTLING, Etc., Etc.
JOHN McDONALD

Sailors at Rome.

The navy department has received a
report of a trip taken by Ensign Edward
McCauley, Jr., attached to the United
States steamer Dixie, together with five
warrant officers and 101 petty officers and
men of that vessel, from Naples to Rome,
early in December when the Dixie was
cruising down the Mediterranean.

The party was formed and conducted as
a pilgrimage to the city of Rome during
this, the jubilee year, and as such the men
were housed and cared for most hospitably.
The party was controlled as a military
formation, and carried the national flag at
the head of the column, which latter, says
Ensign McCauley, elicited considerable
enthusiasm and show of patriotism on the
part of resident and tourist Americans.

The party was given free access to many
famous places in Rome to which entrance
is, as a rule, prohibited. The appearance
and behaviour of the men while on their
tour through the city are described as ex-
emplary in every way. The American
rector, Monsignor Schmitz, was untiring
in his efforts to place all possible privileges
in the way of the visitors. As a fitting
climax to their stay in the city, the men
obtained an audience with the Pope.

Lord Erskine's Happy Retort.

In the course of an argument before an
English judge, Mr. Erskine (as he was
then) had occasion to use the word
"curator," which he pronounced in the
Scottish fashion "cútor," accenting the
first syllable. Whereupon the judge, in
his ponderous and patronising English
way, interrupted the young barrister and
observed: "Let me call the attention of
counsel to the fact that the word which has
just been pronounced 'cútor' should
properly be called 'curátor,' thereby fol-
lowing the usage of the Latin language, in
which a long penultimate syllable receives
an accent." Quick as a flash Erskine
bowed low and replied with the blandest
possible manner: "I am profoundly
grateful for any correction at the hands of
so accomplished an 'orátor' and so learned
a 'senátor' as your lordship." A neater
retort it would be difficult to find.—The
Bookman.

THE RUBENS VEST
PATENTED.
The Rubens Vest is the BEST
undershirt ever devised for infants. No
BUTTONS, PINS, or STRINGS
required. No pulling over the head to
worry small children. Its use is recom-
mended by the most eminent physicians
for its efficient protection of lungs and
abdomen. For sale by all leading Dry
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The Toledo Pen Co., Box 317, Toronto

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S. S. "HALIFAX" will leave Halifax every
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Scotia Wharf, Boston, every Saturday at
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Dealer in
Red and Grey
Granite, Marble
and Freestone
Monuments.
Designs and prices
sent on application
all work entrusted
to me will receive
prompt attention.
Main Street,
Antigonish.

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MEAT MARKET
Having taken the store lately occupied
by T. V. Sears, I propose keeping on
hand a supply of the
BEST QUALITY OF MEATS
The County Will Produce.

We have now on hand a
large and varied stock of
Patent Medicines,
Pills, Ointments,
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Maltine Preparations,
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PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS
CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.
Night Bell on Door.

FOSTER BROS.
Druggists, Antigonish.
Remember the place, opp. A Kirk & Co

NOTICE!
NOTICE is hereby given that in virtue of the
Act of the Dominion Parliament, 63 and 64
Victoria, Chapter 103 and Chapter 104, the
name of
The Merchants Bank of Halifax
will be changed to
"THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA"
From and after the
Second day of January, 1901.
E. L. PEASE,
General Manager
Halifax 1st Nov., 1900.

GIRLS I FREE!
This Beautiful Doll
I have a first-class Horse Shoe
forge, and all work will be done in first-
style.
D. McISAAC
Antigonish, Dec. 20, 1900.

E. H. Grover
This signature is on every box of the genuine
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets
the remedy that cures a cold in one day

[For the Casket.] The War-Spirit.

From the innermost, undermost depths of the deep, Where the battle-dogs leashed gnaw their chains in their sleep, From their outermost, farthest confines of hell, Where the demons of discord and strife-furies dwell, Amid blazing of homesteads and shrieking of shells, Amid wailing of women and clamor of bells, Amongst eyes dark with passion and faces aflame, In hatred, in terror, in madness, in shame, At the lowest ebb-tide man's nobility knows, The Spirit of War in wild riot arose. She is queen by dread right of the base in the soul, For the needle of character swerves from its pole, When passion and pride are combined to deflect, In a whirlwind of hate she rides proudly erect, A heart is her footstool; the sob and the moan Of the soldier, her music; her sceptre a bone. She feasts like a ghoul on the bodies of men, When the spirit grows faint she can fire it again, For she brews an elixir for veins that are dull, The potion is blood, and the beaker, a skull.

—Mary Agnes O'Connor.

IN THE GARDEN OF THE CHATEAU.

Continued from last issue.

'Ah, Gabrielle! I know what I should do. I should be true to my lover.' Yolande, dear, you never had a father who loved and commanded you. And it seems I must do wrong in robbing Colonel de St. Valorie of what my father left him in trust with me. 'Then give it to him!' said Yolande, with a royal wave of her hand; 'or share it with him. Buy him off. When you get to heaven you can explain it all to your father, cousin Gabrielle; and it is my firm belief that he and his old friend, De St. Valorie's father, will have both gained in the meantime light on several subjects, seeing that they have been a long time putting their heads together about things in general in a wiser world.' Gabrielle shook her head. 'You have no sense of responsibility or you could not talk so lightly of awful things,' she said. 'But hasten now, Yolande, or De St. Valorie will be into the chateau to look for me.' Gabrielle then retreated and Yolande continued her dressing. 'A pretty situation!' she said. 'I wonder how I am to conduct such an affair? I must rely on inspiration, for poor Gabrielle is not in a state of mind to enlighten me.' Yolande twisted her golden hair into a picturesque knot on top of her head and gowned herself in the pure white which suited her personality. Her face had the fair freshness of a newly opened rose or lily; and the soubçon of a humorous smile which now touched it was very familiar to it. A saucy, charming, yet dignified maiden she looked as she passed down the garden walk, between the tall scarlet snapdragons and the white lilies nearly as tall as herself. The garden was delicious in its early morning freshness; fruit trees glittering with dew, birds twittering matins, air full of perfume of musk and lavender, roses burning ruby red on the arch midway down toward the arbor in the high yew screen. A peacock stood on the yew hedge and spread out his incomparable tail and screamed.

'Colonel de St. Valorie, you are keeping your betrothed waiting,' said Yolande aloud to herself, with a little laugh, as she gathered a sprig of lavender and sniffed its scent. 'No; on my word, I have been here for a quarter of an hour!' cried a man's voice behind her; and Yolande turned quickly, with another irrepressible slight laugh, making a musical note on the air. 'Really! Excuse my reproach, which was only soliloquy. But pray, Monsieur Valorie, why have you made choice of this very untimely hour? Suppose I had been a sleepy-headed person?' 'You don't look it,' answered De St. Valorie. What he thought she did look was visible in his eyes. He did not say 'You look adorable,' but the words are a literal translation of what his countenance involuntarily conveyed. 'I had to rub my eyes, I assure you,' said Yolande; 'and the dew and the birds wake one up.' So rapidly had she dropped upon an amusing false position that she found herself running on its lines without stopping to think what was to come of it. At least, she was gaining time for Gabrielle, as she had been bidden to do. 'It is I who need to rub my eyes,' said De St. Valorie, amazed. 'I thought I had a quite vivid recollection of your eyes, hair and complexion. I imagined my little sweetheart was brunette—a rich dark rose rather than a lily.' 'What!' exclaimed the girl. 'You expect a brune imp of seven to appear a brunette at twenty-five!' 'You cannot be twenty-five years old!' said De Valorie. 'You are a bad timekeeper, Monsieur. Seven and fifteen are twenty-five. And you are thirty-five.' 'Alas, yes!'

'Oh, do not be so sad about it!' said Yolande, and she looked critically at the striking figure before her. Here was a very distinguished looking soldier, with bronzed skin and bright eyes, shining with almost boyish gaiety, causing him to look younger than his age. 'Ten years make a difference, don't they?' he said, sighing. But sighs did not seem to suit him. He smiled again as he observed Yolande's critical looks. 'Nay, nor twelve,' she said, reflecting that she herself was younger than Gabrielle, and that if this lover had been hers she would not have thought him too old. Alas! why had one maiden a double share of affection for her disturbance, and another none at all for her happiness? 'How rejoiced I am to hear you say so!' said De St. Valorie. 'I feared you might think me too old. For you—you look so divinely young, such a very flower of a woman—a girl and yet a woman! Ah, Gabrielle, what a happy man I am this morning! Until I might hear you, understand from you that I was not quite displeasing to you—betrothals arranged by others are not always satisfactory—until reassured by you I felt restless.' 'But I have assured you of nothing,' she replied, startled at hearing herself called Gabrielle, and feeling a qualm of conscience at carrying a jest too far. At this moment another figure turned a corner of the yew hedges and was seen approaching them. It was Antoine! 'Good morning, Monsieur Antoine!' said Yolande, turning to him quickly to recover from her embarrassment and holding out a white hand. 'Allow me to introduce you to Monsieur le Colonel de St. Valorie. Gentlemen, I hope you will be friends. Allow me to present you each with a flower.' The two men bowed to each other; Antoine scowling and St. Valorie with a slight shade on his face, the result of Yolande's last word to him. She divided the sprigs of lavender in her hand into two sheaves, reserving a single spike, for herself, and presented each man with a sheaf. 'Smell!' said the young girl. 'Is it not good? Now, gentlemen, in return for my present, I shall ask each of you to lend me his sword.' Both looked at her in astonishment, De St. Valorie with the shade deepening on his face as he observed the frowning aspect of the other man. Was this girl a coquette, after all? How little he knew of her, though she had seized on his heart at the first moment of their meeting! Nevertheless, she was his liege mistress and she should have her will. He slowly drew his sword from the scabbard and presented it to her, saying: 'Be careful of it, fair lady. Mine is a sword that is prepared for use, and is dangerous in unaccustomed hands.' She took it carefully, turned the point to the ground, and so held it. 'Your sword, Monsieur Antoine?' 'I cannot imagine your intention,' said Antoine, bitterly; 'but my sword is fully as prepared for use as that of Monsieur le Colonel. Allow me—' and he placed the sword in position like the other one, and

rest on the subject of your father's will. There is I believe, no clause in it to compel my wishes. I here solemnly renounce all claim to your hand and fortune. In truth, if it is necessary to speak forcibly, I reject them. I have affections to bestow as well as you. I only pray that I may be as fortunate in placing them as Monsieur Antoine has been. Let us be friends. Fair lady, whose name I do not know, will you return me my sword?' 'Willingly,' responded Yolande. 'And yours? Can I trust you with it?' she asked, with an arch smile at Antoine. 'Colonel,' replied Antoine, 'you are magnanimous; but your generosity must not be taken advantage of too literally. I and my future wife will pledge ourselves to that.' 'If you allude to worldly fortune,' answered De St. Valorie, 'I have enough of it. More would but embarrass me. Would you be more thoroughly satisfied I will confess that since arriving at Bois-de-Merle I have lost my heart ere ever I set eyes on the Marquise Gabrielle. I should have been unhappy indeed had the daughter of my father's friend been willing to fulfil the conditions of a betrothal made in childhood.' Gabrielle and Antoine glanced at Yolande who, however, did not appear to notice their observation. Her part being played out, she stood sniffing her sprig of lavender, with her saucy little nose in the air, and an appearance of remaining quite unconcerned by the explanations which were being exchanged among the others. 'Yolande,' said Gabrielle presently, 'you have been very good to me already this morning. Will you further oblige me by showing the Colonel the way into the chateau for breakfast?' Yolande made her cousin a playful little courtesy, sweeping backward and allowing Gabrielle and Antoine to walk on together; then, with an air of mock duty and obedience, she pointed out to De St. Valorie the way alone by the yew hedges round toward the entrance to the chateau of the De Rossignols. 'Mademoiselle Yolande,' said De St. Valorie, 'pray do not hasten on so quickly. It is hardly breakfast time yet. Will you pardon me for having just now addressed you by a name that is not your own?' 'Certainly,' said Yolande; 'if you will also forgive me for questioning the fidelity of your memory, and the ways of Nature in holding true to her original idea in the coloring of a human being.' 'Will you give me a flower, please, Mademoiselle? Your sprig of lavender is sweet, but hardly a flower.' 'You shall have a whole bouquet, Monsieur. The Marquise is generous with her flowers.' 'I want only a lily, and from you.' 'I do not see one, Monsieur; but I hear the bell for breakfast.' 'Ah! were you laughing at me when you said that ten years of difference were not too much—'nay, nor twelve'? Those were your words. Answer me, Yolande. Are you two years younger than your cousin Gabrielle?' 'It is not polite to ask a lady's age, Monsieur,' said Yolande. 'Be in earnest for a moment. Do not heed the bell. I cannot wait till after breakfast. I am a soldier. I have had a hard, loveless life. I am rapid in my movements, perhaps; but, Yolande, I love you!' Yolande's fair face took a rosy tinge, but she laughed again with a hint of delicate mockery in the laughter. 'You are rapid, Monsieur. A woman cannot keep pace with you soldierly strides. Your imagination is, perhaps, affected by long fasting. Breakfast will be useful in

rest on the subject of your father's will. There is I believe, no clause in it to compel my wishes. I here solemnly renounce all claim to your hand and fortune. In truth, if it is necessary to speak forcibly, I reject them. I have affections to bestow as well as you. I only pray that I may be as fortunate in placing them as Monsieur Antoine has been. Let us be friends. Fair lady, whose name I do not know, will you return me my sword?' 'Willingly,' responded Yolande. 'And yours? Can I trust you with it?' she asked, with an arch smile at Antoine. 'Colonel,' replied Antoine, 'you are magnanimous; but your generosity must not be taken advantage of too literally. I and my future wife will pledge ourselves to that.' 'If you allude to worldly fortune,' answered De St. Valorie, 'I have enough of it. More would but embarrass me. Would you be more thoroughly satisfied I will confess that since arriving at Bois-de-Merle I have lost my heart ere ever I set eyes on the Marquise Gabrielle. I should have been unhappy indeed had the daughter of my father's friend been willing to fulfil the conditions of a betrothal made in childhood.' Gabrielle and Antoine glanced at Yolande who, however, did not appear to notice their observation. Her part being played out, she stood sniffing her sprig of lavender, with her saucy little nose in the air, and an appearance of remaining quite unconcerned by the explanations which were being exchanged among the others. 'Yolande,' said Gabrielle presently, 'you have been very good to me already this morning. Will you further oblige me by showing the Colonel the way into the chateau for breakfast?' Yolande made her cousin a playful little courtesy, sweeping backward and allowing Gabrielle and Antoine to walk on together; then, with an air of mock duty and obedience, she pointed out to De St. Valorie the way alone by the yew hedges round toward the entrance to the chateau of the De Rossignols. 'Mademoiselle Yolande,' said De St. Valorie, 'pray do not hasten on so quickly. It is hardly breakfast time yet. Will you pardon me for having just now addressed you by a name that is not your own?' 'Certainly,' said Yolande; 'if you will also forgive me for questioning the fidelity of your memory, and the ways of Nature in holding true to her original idea in the coloring of a human being.' 'Will you give me a flower, please, Mademoiselle? Your sprig of lavender is sweet, but hardly a flower.' 'You shall have a whole bouquet, Monsieur. The Marquise is generous with her flowers.' 'I want only a lily, and from you.' 'I do not see one, Monsieur; but I hear the bell for breakfast.' 'Ah! were you laughing at me when you said that ten years of difference were not too much—'nay, nor twelve'? Those were your words. Answer me, Yolande. Are you two years younger than your cousin Gabrielle?' 'It is not polite to ask a lady's age, Monsieur,' said Yolande. 'Be in earnest for a moment. Do not heed the bell. I cannot wait till after breakfast. I am a soldier. I have had a hard, loveless life. I am rapid in my movements, perhaps; but, Yolande, I love you!' Yolande's fair face took a rosy tinge, but she laughed again with a hint of delicate mockery in the laughter. 'You are rapid, Monsieur. A woman cannot keep pace with you soldierly strides. Your imagination is, perhaps, affected by long fasting. Breakfast will be useful in

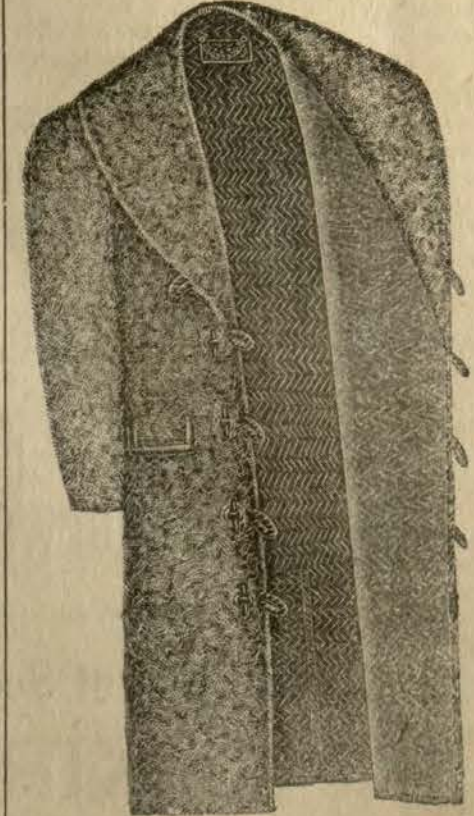
the way of steadying your mind. My cousin Gabrielle's cook makes excellent coffee and the De Rossignol grapes are perfect.' De St. Valorie, snubbed but happy, followed her along through the flowers, asking no more questions till he reached the chateau. Then he said: 'You will walk with me in the garden another time, Mademoiselle Yolande?' 'Probably,' returned Yolande. 'But the coffee is getting cold.' * * * * * It was June then. Two distinguished weddings took place at Bois-de-Merle before the roses were out of bloom in the garden of the chateau.—Lady Rosa Gilbert in the Ave Maria. [Concluded.]

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FUR RUFF FREE Earn this handsome necklet by selling only 2 doz. large packages of delicious perfume at 10 cts. a package. It is so fragrant and lasting that a single package placed in a handkerchief box or bureau drawer will perfume the entire contents for years. It is in the popular colors: Rose, Violet and Heliotrope, and is put up in packages bearing lovely designs of flowers and leaves in all the delicate and varied colors of nature. Nothing sells like it. Everybody buys it. One hour's easy work will earn this magnificent ruff. It is made of selected skins and is a perfect imitation of the finest style. It is 29 inches long, has a real head and tail, and makes a comfortable and fashionable addition to the winter dress. Write and we will send the perfume. Sell it, return the money, and your Ruff will be sent the same day postpaid. This offer is good for 30 days. THE ROSE PERFUME CO. - BOX 317 TORONTO.

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SLEIGH ROBES * STILL LEAD ALLOthers Do not lose sight of the fact that the : : : **SASKATCHEWAN BUFFALO ROBE and COAT** Still Lead. Do not be deceived by taking anything else called just as good. There are no Robes that give the satisfaction that Saskatchewan Buffalo Robes do. Look out for the Trade Mark every time.

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SALESMEN WANTED. TO SELL **FRUIT TREES, ORNAMENTAL SHRUBS, ROSES, ETC.** The Finest Range of Goods in Canada. **STEADY EMPLOYMENT. GOOD PAY.** Will sell direct to purchaser where we have no agent. Stock guaranteed. Delivery in healthy condition. Write **PELHAM NURSERY CO.,** Toronto, Canada. **CAPITAL. EQUIPMENT. EXPERIENCE.** Every advantage that these three yield in **BOOTS AND SHOES** will be found in the product of the **Amherst Boot and Shoe Mfg. Co.** **Amherst, N. S.** Branches: Halifax and Charlottetown.

(Continued from fourth page.)

always thought when I knew what the Queen thought I knew pretty certainly what her subjects would think, especially the middle classes. She had extraordinary penetration, yet she never adhered to her own conception obstinately.

The London correspondent of the New York Sun remarks in his cable letter of last Sunday: "The vast machinery of the British Government runs as smoothly to-day as it did one short week ago, although in the meantime the head of the state has passed away, and another has taken her seat and power. This supreme function is even more simple under a monarchial constitution than in a republic.

The woman who above all else loved peace and abhorred war will have a military funeral. By her own request, her body will be carried to its resting place on a gun carriage.

Queen Victoria's life was heavily insured, to the amount of over a million dollars, but this was not in favour of her family, but in favour of persons who took out policies on her life as a speculation.

The Queen's income, from all sources public and private, is said to have been \$2,250,000 a year. After the expenses of keeping up her palaces was deducted, it is believed that her private fortune was not large.

General News.

Baron William von Rothschild, head of the banking house of that name, died at Frankfurt, Germany, on Jan. 25.

The loyalists at Cape Town fear that the Queen's death may indirectly tend to a prolongation of the hostilities.

The Foreign Ministers have informed China that their troops will remain until China's promises are fulfilled.

Assaults on children are frightfully prevalent in New York just now, one case a week on an average being recorded.

Verdi, the Italian composer who wrote Trovatore, Rigoletto, and several other famous operas, died at Milan on Jan. 27.

The long spell of soft weather has made the frozen herring business at Placentia Bay a total failure for the American fishing fleet.

Goldwin Smith was a lad at Eton when Queen Victoria was crowned, and ran behind her carriage with the other boys from Eton to Windsor.

Another blaze in Montreal did damage to the extent of \$300,000 on Jan. 25. This is the third big fire in that city within a week.

The Paris Matin has apologized for the cruel article which appeared in its columns on the death of the Queen, and says that the writer has been dismissed.

Three hundred coal miners in Nanaimo, B. C., who struck for higher wages some time ago, have now appealed for aid because they were starving.

The Royal Commission which investigated the South African hospital question reports that there was no widespread general neglect of the sick and wounded.

Witnesses of experience were practically unanimous that the sufferers were never so well cared for in any other campaign.

In 1900, there were 115 lynchings in the U. S., 107 being negroes. In the last seventeen years, 2583 persons have been lynched, an average of 161 a year.

The steamer Holland from London was wrecked while entering Nisuwewaterweg near Rotterdam, on Jan. 28, and sixteen persons were drowned.

Steamer Barcelona from Hamburg for New York arrived at Halifax short of coal on Jan. 28, having on board a crew of fifteen of the bark Cuba. They were rescued in a heavy sea after four hours hard work.

The will of the late Sir Frank Smith disposes of property to the value of \$1,273,564. \$1000 is given to the House of Providence, Toronto; \$1000 to St. Michael's Hospital; \$1000 to the House of Industry; his family gets the rest.

McAllister, Death and Campbell, the three young men recently found guilty of the murder of the young mill girl Jennie Bosschiter at Patterson, N. J., were sentenced to thirty years at hard labour, the full penalty of the law.

On January 24, the Boers captured 25 Cape Police at Maralsburg, Cape Colony. On the same day a train carrying Lord Kitchener and troops was derailed by dynamite near Balmoral.

Mrs. Carrie Nation has become famous within the past few weeks by destroying with her own hands the furnishings of several barrooms in Wichita, Kansas, and violently assaulting policemen and sheriffs who tried to stop her.

At Antigonish, Jan. 29th, by Rev. Michael A. McAdam, CHARLES E. WARNER and LORETTA EVANGELINE GALLANT, both of Sydney, C. B.

DEATHS.

Obituary and marriage notices have been gradually encroaching on our space. The at-

ention of our publishing company being called to the matter at the annual meeting, it was decided to limit the space for these notices, except where the event appears to be of general interest.

At Jamaica Plains, Mass., on January 20th, ALBERT EDWARD, aged 2 years and 4 months, child of THOMAS and MARY WALSH.

At the South River, on the 20th ult., fortified by the last rites of the Church, in the 90th year of his age, ARCHIBALD GILLIS, a highly respected inhabitant of that place. R. I. P.

At Canso, on Jan. 26, Mrs. PHILIP KELLEY, aged 80 years. During a long life she served Our Lord devoutly in the person of the sick and afflicted. May her soul rest in peace.

At South West Margaree, on Jan. 21st, consoled by the rites of Mother Church, MARY MARGARET McDONALD, aged 17 years and 5 months - only daughter of a widowed mother. R. I. P.

At Brook Village, C. B., on Jan. 18th, DONALD McMASTER. He was a devout Catholic and died consoled by all the rites of the Church. He was buried in Mabou cemetery near the graves of his wife and son. R. I. P.

At Broad Cove Mines, on the 22nd inst., Mrs. ROBERT MCDONALD, merchant, Port Hood, and daughter of Alex. McIsaac, B. C. Mines. The deceased was 26 years of age.

Acknowledgments.

Table listing names and amounts: Rev R H McDougall, South Bay, \$2.00; Capt Neil Curry, Sydney, 1.00; Wm Chisholm, Clydesdale, 1.00; Mrs A D Chisholm, Arlington, N. Y., 1.00; D J McGillivray, Boston, 1.00; James McGrath, St John, 1.00; Mrs Martin Wall, Glen Alpine, 1.00; A M McPherson, San Francisco, 1.00; Coun Deloye, Trinidad, 1.00; Angus H McDonald, Maryvale, 1.00; Angus J McNeil, Gillis Point, 1.00; W C Chisholm, Heatherton, 1.00; Mary McFarlane, Boston, 1.00; Joseph Baxter, Pleasant Valley, 1.00; Rev Dr Morrison, Charlottetown, 1.00; Henry Pelletier, St Raymond, P Q, 1.00; John G McKenzie, Vernon River, 1.00; Alex McDonald, Tulloch, Brook Village, 1.00; John A McDonald, Ardness, 2.35; A McNeil, Waverley, 1.00; John A McDonald, Light Keeper, Pt Hood, 2.75; Dan H McPherson, Fraser's Mills, 2.00; D J McDonald's, 1.00; W J Landry, Antigonish, 1.00; Fred McInnis, Pinketown, 50; Crissie McIntosh, New York, 1.00; John Chisholm, B S, North River, 1.00; D R McDonnell, Fraser's Mills, 1.00; Bella Grant, Archy, Fairmont, 1.00; Della Grant, Harbour North Side, 1.00; James Mills, McPherson's P O, 1.00; Maggie Hanifan, White Head, 1.00; Alex McDonald, Colin, Lakevale, 1.00; John McLellan, Providence, 1.00; Rodi Chisholm, Salem, 1.00; John J McNeil, Fairmont, 1.00; Mrs P O'Shaughnessy, Oldham, 1.00; Rev D J McDonald, St George's, P E I, 2.00; John J Chisholm, Springhill, 1.00; John McGillivray, Caledonia Mills, 1.00; J A McRae, Margaree Island, 1.00; T W Kelly, Wolkville, 1.00; David Somers, Antigonish, 1.00; Mgr C A Marois, Quebec, 2.00; Wm E Keating, Harding, 1.00; W J McDonald, Malignant Cove, 1.00; Dan McAdam, Meadows, 1.00; Colin C. Chisholm, Lower South River, 1.00; John McGillivray, Cross Roads Ohio, 1.00; Rev. W. B. McDonald, Lourdes, 1.00; Mary McDonald, North Sydney, 1.00; Dan J. McDonald, Beauville, 1.00; Wm Thompson, Cloverville, 1.00; Allan A. McDonald, Sydney, 1.00; D. A. McDonald, Port Hood, 50; Walter Grant, North Grant, 50; Cassie A. McLellan, Newton Centre, 50; Marv C McDonald, West Merigomish, 1.00; Mrs Angus A McDonald, S W Margaree, 1.00; Mary A McDonald, Boston, 1.00; D F McNeil, 1.00; Angus Smith, West River, 1.00; N S Chisholm, Brley Brook, 1.00; John Clancy, Mulgrave, 1.00; C M B A, Loggville, 1.00; Mrs Alex Campbell, Mabou Ridge, 1.00; J J McDonald, Ballard, Wash, 1.00; Donald R McNeil, Balley's Brook, 1.00; Daniel Dorant, Pomquet, 1.00

GOOD SELLERS. I enumerate a partial lists of some lines that we are having a good demand for. Prunes, Apricots, Marmalade, Cranberries, Preserves, Oranges, Lemons, Glass, Tins and Crocks. Cocoa, Chocolates, Of all kinds in Buckets, Glass and Crocks. Canned Fruits: Peaches, Pears, Pineapples, Strawberries, Plums, Etc. Beans, Canned Baked Beans, 10, 12 1-2 and 15cts. SOMETHING NEW. Lobsters in 1-2 lb. TINS. Sausages, Finnan Haddies, Smoked Bloaters. BONNER, The Grocer.

McCURDY & CO. Leaders of Low Prices. Every Price Cut. * Everything Goes.

We launched this GREAT CLEARANCE SALE in a hurry, and many prices were not, at first, reduced because of insufficient time for thorough preparation. We have corrected all of these mistakes, and now in our front store, where we have placed nearly our entire stock, you will find a wonderful collection of rare values to broaden the charm that low price lends.

Dress Goods and Silks.

Our stock in this department is still large and represents a good sized investment. We want that investment turned to cash, - quickly. To accomplish that end we have cut under cost in every case, many instances to half price.

- Ladies' Fancy Suitings, in colors, 54 inches wide, former price \$1.25 now 75c.
Ladies' Plain Suitings, in brown, fawn and grey, 50 inches wide, former price 95c. now 65c.
46-inch black and navy serge, fine and coarse twill former price, 75c. now 57c.
Navy and black serge, former price 50c. now 37c.
Navy and black serge, former price 25c. now 18c.

Ladies' Cloth Capes and Jackets.

- A variety of styles in all the popular colours to select from. Would it not be wise to provide for the coming season, and save from 50 to 75 per cent. on the investment?
Silk lined Fawn Capes, with velvet collar, good value at \$6.25, now \$2.75.
Cardinal Cape, trimmed with silk braid and pearl buttons, regular price, \$6.25 now \$2.75.
Dark Green Cape with velvet trimming, regular price \$8.50 now \$3.75.
Brown Beaver Cape trimmed with silk appliques, regular price, \$6.50 now \$2.90
A nice range of Jackets in fawn, green, black and grey, at half price.

Ladies' Kid Gloves

- In Black, Tan and Chocolate, former price \$1.35 now 68c. former price \$1.00, now 50c. former price 85c. now 43c. former price 50c. now 25c.

Corset Bargains.

- \$1.25 Yatisi Corset now 85c.
\$1.00 Lady Minto Corset now 69c
\$1.75 D and A Corset now \$1.25
\$1.00 D and A Corset now 69c.
75c D and A Corset now 50c.

Balance of our stock of Ladies' Umbrellas at half price. Ready - Made Clothing.

In this department the stock has been greatly reduced, in fact every cloth overcoat, ulster and reefer are sold, without a single exception. But at this winter season we would call your attention to a complete stock of

KLONDIKE COATS which all workmen wanted, but were unable to get last winter. We have them from the heavy wool jumper to the best rubber lined garment of its kind made, former price 4.50 now 3.25. | former price 3.00 now 2.15. former price 3.50 now 2.60. | former price 2.75 now 1.95.

Men's Fur Coats.

- Men's Fur Coats, former price \$15.00 now \$10.50.
Men's Black Fur Coats, former price \$18.00 now \$14.25.
Men's Opossum Coats, former price \$21.00 now \$16.75.
Men's Australian Coon Coats, former price \$21.75 now \$17.00.
Men's Raccoon Coats, former price \$45.00 now \$33.75.

Everything else in this department marked to yield you the same percentage in the saving column. Including our entire stock of

MEN'S and BOY'S SUITS. MEN'S and BOYS UNDERWEAR. MEN'S SWEATERS, OVERALLS, ETC.

Boot and Shoe Department.

High class goods including the celebrated Whitham Shoes, thrown in with the rest at immense reductions. Childrens Rubber Boots at away below manufacturers prices. Come early before your size is gone.

Men's Felt Hats.

in all the popular shapes and styles, Black, Brown, Fawn and Grey at prices cut in two.

WEST END WAREHOUSE ANTIGONISH

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of



See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION

CURE SICK HEADACHE. Church Bells, Chimes and Peals of Best Quality.

New Custom Tailoring Shop. We have opened up business in Custom Tailoring at the corner of

Men's, Boys' and Youths' Suits, Overcoats, etc. is such that we can guarantee satisfaction in all work entrusted to us,

GRANT & CO. GATES' Acadian Liniment THE WORLD'S GREATEST PAIN EXTERMINATOR.

QUEEN HOTEL, ANTIGONISH. THE QUEEN HOTEL has been thoroughly renovated and new furniture, carpets, etc., installed,

FREE! We give this beautiful Opal Ring in a handsome presentation case for selling only 1 doz. Dainty packages of Violet, Rose and Heliotrope Perfume at 10c. each.

Professional Cards MACEHEN & MACCABE, Barristers at Law, Solicitors, Notaries Public.

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Professional Cards GEO. TOWNSEND, VETERINARY SURGEON, NEW GLASGOW, N.S. Calls left with F. H. RANDALL, Antigonish.

Mark Twain and Others.

At a recent meeting of the Nineteenth Century Club Mark Twain delivered himself of some observations upon the subject of Sir Walter Scott as a novelist. He said that Scott can be read with interest by a boy of sixteen and can be re-read with interest by the same person after he has reached the age of ninety, but that between one's first and second childhood Scott is hardly to be reckoned with.

When Kipling was doing his finest work, such as he has never equalled in these later years, the critics did not dare to take him seriously. He was so unconventional and rough and strong that he frightened them; and so they slunk timidly behind their ink-stands and said little feeble nothings and joked a little and called him a mere journalist, and then looked around to see if any one was going to hit them.

"That Blackguard Drink." A Dublin tradesman was convicted before one of the police magistrates of some act of violence. He protested that he would not harm man, woman or child in a thousand years if it were not for "that blackguard drink."

Loyalist Settlers in Antigonish. Totham Blanchard was a native of New Hampshire and came to Truro in 1785. He obtained a license of occupation of 200,000 acres, partly in the County of Sydney and partly in the County of Pictou, with the view of inducing people from New Hampshire to come out and settle upon it.

Wherever once used, the sick and suffering of all classes of our Canadian people are made to realize that Paine's Celery Compound does not belong to the ordinary patent medicine ranks, such as nervines, bitters and sarsaparillas. Paine's Celery Compound is as far beyond these ordinary preparations as the diamond is superior to cheap glass.

Right Dyspepsia Cure. The reliable remedy for Dyspepsia, indigestion, Constipation, Sick Headache, Cures all diseases of the stomach.

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Professional Cards KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE. The old reliable remedy for Spavin, Rheumatism, Sprains, Cures and all forms of Lameness.

Professional Cards Paine's Celery Compound. Has Never Disappointed the Sick. It Ever Retains the Confidence of the People.

Professional Cards Right Dyspepsia Cure. The reliable remedy for Dyspepsia, indigestion, Constipation, Sick Headache, Cures all diseases of the stomach.

Professional Cards W. E. FRASER. Next door to A. McIsaac, J. P.'s office, MAIN STREET, ANTIGONISH, N.S.

Professional Cards Intercolonial Railway. On and after Monday Nov. 30, 1900, will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

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