





THE VEIL WITHDRAWN.

(Translated from the French of Madame Graven.)  
(Chapter XXVII continued).

It is useless to enumerate the additional arguments she used. The result was, she not only triumphed over my repugnance, but she succeeded in exciting a lively desire to meet Lorenzo in disguise. It seemed to me I could say many things I should not dare breathe a word of to his face, and I could thus relieve my mind of the two or three incidents that had troubled it within twenty-four hours.

I will wait for you. You must do the same." She disappeared as she uttered these words, and I stood still for some minutes, looking around with uneasiness and terror caused by the impossibility of persuading myself I was not seen and recognized by everybody. But after three or four gentlemen of my acquaintance passed by with a mere glance of indifference, I began to take courage, and finally became sufficiently cool to consider what I should do and the means of attaining my object.

I began by looking around on all sides, but for some time it was in vain. I could not see Lorenzo anywhere, and had decided to leave my post in order to search for him in some other part of the hall, when all at once I saw him some distance off, coming in my direction. He was walking slowly along, looking around with a certain attention, as if he was also in search of some one. We were separated by the crowd, and it was not easy to reach him. I advanced a few steps, however, and at that instant, but only for an instant, there was an opening in the crowd which enabled him, in his turn, to see me. I saw a flash of joy on his face. He recognized me, it was evident; by what means I did not ask. I no longer remembered my intention of mystifying him. I sprang towards him, and he towards me. I passed my arm through his, still too much excited by my previous fears and my joy at finding him to utter a word. . . .

A moment passed—a single moment, brief and terrible. . . . for he spoke—yes, at once, and with vehemence, with passion! . . . But . . . it was not to me! . . . No, it was to her he expected to meet. I heard his lips murmur the detested name that had not met my ear since I left Paris! . . .

I was so astounded that I gave him time to say what I ought not to have heard, what I did not wish to hear! . . . Then . . . I know not what impulse I yielded to, for I lost the power of reflection—I abruptly withdrew my arm from his, and fell back with so quick and violent a movement that the crowd opened a moment to make way for me, and then closed, completely separating me from him. . . . I tore off the flowers and ribbon I wore, and threw them on the ground. I could not now be distinguished from the other black dominos around me. But I was no longer afraid. I cared for nothing now but to get away—to fly as fast as possible from so horrible a place. I hurried along in such a wild, rapid way that every one looked at me with surprise, and stood aside for me to pass. I thus succeeded in leaving the hall and reaching the passage, where I was obliged to stop to take breath. The passers-by addressed me, but I heard nothing but the words that still resounded in my ears. I was conscious of nothing but a fearful anguish and the rapid beating of my heart.

While standing there, all at once . . . O merciful heavens! . . . I saw a lady pass only a few steps off. . . . She was of my height, and, like me, wore a black domino with a sprig of jasmine tied with a white ribbon, similar to the one I had just torn off, and doubtless the same my eyes had followed a few hours before! I recognized her at once, and imagined I saw through her mask the sinister gleam of two large blue eyes! She traversed the passage and entered the hall, where she disappeared. I trembled fearfully from head to foot, my sight grew dim, my strength began to fail me. I felt as if I should die on the spot if I did not take off the mask that was suffocating me, and yet I was still conscious I ought to keep it on at all hazards. I threw around a glance of despair, hoping to see Stella, and forgetting she would not be able to recognize me, even if she thought of looking for me for so far from the spot where she left me. What torture! Great God! . . . My strength was gone, my voice failed me, I felt my knees give way, when, O unlooked-for happiness! I saw Mario pass by. The stifled cry I uttered died away on my lips before it could reach his ear, but he saw the effort I made, he felt my hand on his arm, and stopped. He began to address me in the customary way on such occasions, but I made no reply. I had recovered strength enough, however, to draw him towards the door, and he unresistingly followed my lead; but, as we were going out, he stopped me with an air of surprise, and said:

"I am ready to follow you wherever you wish, fair mask, but do you know yourself where you wish to go?"

I was only able to incline my head as a sign of affirmation, and he suffered me to lead him into the street. As soon as we were out of doors, I tore off my mask, and found strength enough to say:

"It is I, Mario. Help me to get away from this detestable place!"

"Ginevra!" exclaimed he, drawing me along several steps to look at my face by the light of the torches not far off. He seemed frightened at my looks. My face was convulsed and lividly pale.

"Good heavens sister!" said he gravely, "what has happened? How is it you are alone in this place at such an hour?"

Where is Lorenzo? Shall I go for him?" "No, no! Oh! no," I exclaimed with anguish. "For pity's sake, Mario, be silent. Help me to get away, I say. That is all I ask. Do this and ask me no questions."

His face darkened. He silently took hold of my arm, and led me to the place where he had left his carriage. I entered it, and was on the point of going away without another word when I bethought myself of Stella. I hesitated, however, to expose her to his sarcastic comments, and perhaps to the suspicions I saw were already excited in my brother's distrustful mind, and said in a supplicating tone:

"One favour more, Mario, which I am sure you will no more refuse your sister than any other lady. I did not come here alone."

At these words his face assumed an expression which I answered with a smile of disdain.

"Do you suppose, Mario, if I did not come here with Lorenzo, I would accept the escort of any other gentleman?" I stopped a moment, at once irritated and impatient, but finally continued:

"The fact is, Mario, if you must know it, it was he, it was Lorenzo himself I came to see. I wished to play a joke on him and mystify him a little, by way of amusing myself."

I think my smile must have been frightful as I said this, for my brother looked anxiously at me, though he seemed satisfied with my explanation.

"But I have been punished," I continued, terribly punished. . . . I failed in my object. . . . and thought I should die in the crowd."

I could say no more. The tears I could not repress choked me. Mario at once softened.

"I understand, sister—the noise, heat, and so forth were overpowering. Those who go to a *bal masque* for the first time often experience this, but another time it will not happen."

(To be continued.)

Not Trained to Work.

Work is looked upon by too many not only as a burden but a misfortune. Ease, if not idleness, is the goal where, in their estimation, happiness and contentment sit enthroned. The rich are often envied by those in the humbler walk of life. To keep abreast at least in appearance with the wealthy, secret sacrifices and stinting of the necessaries of life are practiced by too many. They might enjoy comfort in a cottage, but they want a mansion. The mansion may contain a closet with its proverbial skeleton, but that is kept as a family secret. The members know, if they do not sing, that "there is no place like home."

If there were more common-sense and more sensible pride, there would not be so much aping in society. Work is no disgrace. There are many of the wealthy who work hard, and are sensible enough to realize that it is the spice of enjoyment. They know that rest after labour is sweet.

The parents who labour and trudge day in day out, without requiring co-operation from the children able to help in the battle of life, instead of doing a kindness to their offspring are guilty of cruelty by unfitting them to bear their share of life's necessary burdens. The parlour and piano are all right in their place, but the wash-tub and the kitchen are necessities. These necessities should not be sacrificed for those accomplishments that grace the drawing-room.

The street corners, the billiard-rooms and the saloons may be good posing places, but they do not tend to develop habits of industry and thrift in the rising generation.

The New York Herald of the 17th Inst. contains an account of a young man named Charles Clifton, who was condemned to prison for stealing. His parents were wealthy, and he had been raised in luxury. He told Judge Cowin that when work became a necessity he could not do it, because he had been trained in no useful branch. He then became a thief and stole valuable specimens from Columbia college, in which he had been a student.

There are a number of children being brought up as Charles Clifton. Their foolish and too indulgent parents pamper and sustain them to their destruction. Blinded by foolish love, they find fault and rail when judicious teachers and professors insist on study and decorum. The rod spoken of in Scripture as being sometimes a necessary means of proper discipline, is scorned and referred to as inhuman, even if it be only used enough to redder the cuticle of the laggard and the culprit.

We have read that the Emperor of Germany requires all of his sons to learn trades. The princesses are trained in domestic economy. No person can get high enough in this world to look down with propriety on honest labour.—Catholic Universe.

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General News.

The Shah of Persia, with his eldest son will, it is said, visit Berlin next April.

Official reports giving details of the recent floods in Japan say that 35 towns were devastated, 7,288 houses submerged, and 189 lives lost.

It is said that several Ottawa families will go to Northern Ontario in the spring to take up lands now being offered by the Government for colonization.

A despatch from Hamburg says that the British steamer Expedient has run down and sunk a harbour steamer, drowning thirty workmen.

In a collision of freight trains near Whitby, Ont., on Jan. 23, the engineer and fireman of one were instantly killed, and those of the other badly injured.

The German steamer Remus, which left Philadelphia on Jan. 4 for Aarhus, Denmark, with a large cargo of grain, was wrecked at Hornshiff, near Aarhus and her captain and thirteen of the crew drowned.

General Mercier, prominent in the Dreyfus trial, was elected to the French Senate from Nantes, receiving 703 votes to the 287 cast for his opponent.

A great strike of carpenters employed on the exposition buildings at Paris, involving 5,000 men, has been inaugurated. They demand an increase of wages to one franc an hour.

On Jan. 21, the Philippine insurgents were defeated by General Schwan's column at San Diego. They lost sixty-seven killed and many wounded. One American was killed and fourteen wounded.

The plague in Honolulu is growing more serious, and the city is said to be panic-stricken. Ten blocks of the affected quarter have been burned, and 3,400 Japanese are in quarantine.

Two small towns, Lafayette and Ward, in Boulder Co., Col., were wiped out by fire on Jan. 24. In Lafayette, which is a coal mining town, seventy-five families are homeless.

Last Thursday the House of Representatives, at the close of a three days' debate, voted to exclude Brigham H. Roberts, the polygamist representative-elect of Utah, from the House. The vote stood 268 to 30.

A special despatch to the New York Herald from Hong Kong says that three gunners were killed and two others and a lieutenant seriously wounded by the bursting of a gun on the United States gunboat Wheeling last Saturday. They were firing a salute in honour of Emperor William's birthday.

A Jacksonville, Fla., despatch of Jan. 14 says: The Rev. Father Mulhany, the "leper priest" in charge of the Havana Lazaretto, arrived to-night from Cuba and will leave in the morning for New Orleans, where he will investigate some suspicious cases. He has 500 leper cases in Havana, and thinks the disease is increasing slowly.

The circus and menagerie of Walter L. Main, which visited this town a few years ago, was sold at public auction at Geneva, Ohio, last week. Mr. Main, who is still a very young man, has retired from the business, having made a large fortune. There is talk of a combination of the shows of Barnum & Bailey, Forepaugh, and the Sells Bros.

At a trial for murder last week at Bastrop, a small town in Colorado Co., Texas, there were 1,240 witnesses present. The murder arose out of a feud, and nearly two thousand feudists crowded into the town to make trouble at the trial. Order was preserved, however, by a large force of rangers, who disarmed every man in the place.

Advices from Lagos, British West Africa, say that Captain Carroll, of the Norfolk regiment, and 150 men of the West African frontier force, while escorting the telegraph construction staff, were attacked on Jan. 9 by 2,000 Mithi and Basa tribesmen. One member of the escort was killed, and Captain Eaton, of the East Kent regiment, and twelve others wounded. Eighty of the tribesmen were slain.

Dawson City had another big fire on the evening of Wednesday Jan. 10, which is said to have destroyed \$500,000 worth of property. Very meagre accounts of the fire, however, were given, as the steamer that brought the news, left Skagway Wednesday at midnight. It appears that the water system gave out some four or five weeks ago, and they have to haul water from the Yukon River. The thermometer stood forty degrees below zero at the time of the fire.

A heavy freight train of twenty-four cars, in one of which was thirty boxes of dynamite, got beyond control while descending a steep grade at Ashley, a suburb of Wilkesbarre, Pa., on Jan. 25, and dashed into an engine standing in its path. The dynamite exploded, wrecking eighteen of the cars and killing three of the train hands. Seven others were also badly injured. A huge tank containing thousands of gallons of water was blown to pieces, and several persons narrowly escaped drowning in the flood.

An imperial edict issued at Peking announces that Emperor Kwangsu of China is retiring from the throne on account of ill health, and names as his successor Pu Chun, a boy of nine years old. The Empress Dowager, who has all along been the real ruler of China, is believed to have forced this step. The deposition of the Emperor, as this act is virtually regarded, has caused great dissatisfaction among Chinese officials, and there is some talk of asking foreign intervention to restore him to his throne. Kwangsu, who is now twenty-nine years of age, has nominally occupied the throne since he was four years old.

G. T. Fulford, Brockville, Ont., J. P. B. Casgrain, C. E., Montreal; Charles Burpee, St. John, N. B.; and Robert Watson and Hon. Finlay McNaughton, of Manitoba, have been appointed Senators.

There has been another wreck on the Newfoundland coast. Word received at St. John's on Jan. 25, that a large unknown vessel had gone ashore at Fox Tail Point in Bay St. George, on the 17th. Her spars were all gone, and there was a lot of wreckage by her side, but no sign of boats or crew. The latter are believed to have perished. The wreck, which is supposed to be that of some large American sailing ship, was later driven seaward by a high gale.

The Imperial Parliament met on Tuesday. The Queen's Speech declared for the prosecution of the war. The Government's conduct of it was severely criticised in the house of Lords by Lord Rosebery. In the Commons Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman denounced the tone and temper with which the Government had approached the South African question, as having made war inevitable. Not a single cheer, the N. Y. Tribune's correspondent says, greeted Mr. Chamberlain's entry, though other leading members were warmly greeted.

McCURDY & Co. have a large quantity of men's and women's boots in different sizes, which are going at half price.—adv.

HYMENEAL.—At St. Peter's Church, Port Hood, on Jan. 23rd, 1900, by the Rev. Colin Chisholm, P. P., Mr. John D. Beaton, South West Ridge, and Miss Annie McDonald, Mabou Ridge, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. Miss Catherine McDonald, South-west Port Hood, cousin of the bride, acted as maid of honour, while Mr. Alexander McDonnell, South-west Mabou, cousin of the groom, was groomsman.

At St. Andrew's on Tuesday, 23rd ult., Mr. Thomas Punch, of Beaulieu, and Miss Bella McDonald, of Caledonia Mills, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by Rev. James Fraser, P. P. Mr. Donald McPherson, of Beaulieu, was groomsman, and Miss Annie Chisholm of Heatherton was bridesmaid. The bride was remembered by many friends, who sent her useful and valuable presents.

St. Mary's Church, Lismore, was the scene of a happy event on Thursday, Jan. 18th, when Alexander McArthur, Pine Tree, and Catherine, daughter of Charles McKinnon, Esq., Lismore, were united in the holy bonds of wedlock by the Rev. Dr. Chisholm, P. P. The bride was gracefully assisted by Miss Catherine McArthur, sister of the groom, while Mr. John Mc-

Kenzie, Lourdes, did like honours for the groom. After the nuptial ceremony was over the happy couple drove to the home of the bride's parents, where a sumptuous repast was partaken of by a number of invited guests. Towards evening the happy couple left for their future home at Pine Tree, followed by the good wishes of all. The number of presents received by the bride testifies to the high esteem in which she is deservedly held in the community.

Lakevale Church was the scene of a happy event on the 22nd ult., the occasion being the marriage of Mr. John J. Heffernan, Big Marsh, to Miss Kate McEachern, of Cape George Point. Miss M. J. McEachern, the bride's cousin, was maid of honour, while Mr. Roderick McDougall supported the groom. Rev. Father Shaw, P. P., tied the nuptial knot. After the ceremony the wedding party repaired to the home of the groom, where a most enjoyable evening was spent by all present. Their numerous acquaintances wish Mr. and Mrs. Heffernan a happy wedded life. The bride, who is highly esteemed, was the recipient of a large number of presents.

Obituary.

At Sydney, on Thursday, January 25, after a lingering illness, borne with exemplary patience and resignation, Winnifred, wife of Dr. D. K. McIntyre, and daughter of the late John Gannon, Glace Bay, passed to her rest. The deceased, who was but thirty-five years of age, was highly esteemed in the community in which she lived, and indeed by all who knew her. Her grief-stricken husband and four young children have the deepest sympathy in their irreparable loss. May her soul rest in peace!

DIED.

HANRAHAN.—At the residence of his mother, Fairmont, Antigonish, on Tuesday, January 30th, James M., youngest son of the late James Hanrahan, aged 32 years. May his soul rest in peace! (United States papers please copy.)

MCDONALD.—At McAra's Brook, on the 26th ult., after a lingering illness, borne with exemplary patience, Catherine McDonald, Stone House, in the 52nd year of her age. Her last days were comforted by a devout reception of the last rites of Holy Church. May her soul rest in peace.

MCLEAN.—At Cross Roads, Ohio, January 22, after a lingering illness, fortified by the last rites of Holy Church, James McLean (Donald's son), aged 76 years, leaving a sorrowing widow and one sister to mourn the loss of a kind and affectionate husband and brother. May he rest in peace!

DORANT.—At the residence of his brother, Heatherton, William Dorant, aged 45 years. Two months ago he came from Boston, where he contracted his illness. He leaves a sorrowing widow, two brothers and one sister to mourn their loss. May his soul rest in peace. (Boston papers please copy.)

MCDONALD.—At the South River, on the 8th of December, in the 77th year of her age, Margaret McDonald. The deceased was always a pious and amiable character, fulfilling in a most admirable manner the command of living in friendship and charity with everyone. During her last illness she manifested a true Christian spirit, bearing with patience and resignation her painful illness. She was fortified by the last rites of the Church, which she devoutly received. After Mass, celebrated by the Rev. James Fraser, P. P., St. Andrew's, her mortal remains were laid to rest. Two brothers and two sisters survive to mourn the loss of a kind and affectionate sister. May her soul rest in peace. Amen.

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