

# THE CASKET.

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## THE CASKET.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 2.

Rudyard Kipling should now write of the June manoeuvres at Aldershot, in which three hundred soldiers succumbed to the heat and four died because the little forage caps were no protection from the sun, and they had received nothing to eat.

While many Americans are clamouring for the expulsion of the religious orders from the Philippines, the Spanish *Rosary Magazine* informs us that the Dominicans have been reinstated by the new authorities in Cuba. They had been expelled from the island by the Spanish Government, but are now returning, and may perhaps once more direct the University of Havana, which they founded.

The present Indian famine is the most serious which has affected that country since it has been a British possession. By the end of this year the Government will have expended five and a quarter millions sterling upon direct relief, two millions upon suspensions and remissions of land revenue, one and a quarter millions, upon advances never to be recovered in many cases, for the purchase of seed and cattle, and three quarters of a million upon loans to distressed native states. Besides this, the Famine Relief Committee has dispensed more than half a million pounds. Yet a vast deal more is required.

Two years ago two of the most distinguished professors in the Imperial University of Tokyo, Japan, were received into the Catholic Church—Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain, the well-known English orientalist, and Professor Kagai, who occupies the chair of chemistry. Now it is announced that the Professor of Greek and Philosophy, who is also a distinguished pianist, has become a Catholic. The Japanese are a wide-awake people; education has made great strides among them, and they cannot fail to be impressed by these conversions.

In two States of the American Union, Colorado and Idaho, women have for some five years enjoyed the privilege of the ballot. J. C. Dana, writing in the *Boston Transcript*, says that if the question of woman suffrage were submitted to the women of Colorado to-day, a majority of them would vote against it. The chief result which has been noticed is the moral deterioration of the feminine politicians. Will our strong-minded Canadian women learn a lesson from this? Not a bit of it. If all the States of the Union were to come to moral bankruptcy through woman suffrage, our Canadian federation, of women would feel just as sure as ever that they could purify and elevate the politics of this Dominion if they only had the right to vote. When was a woman ever deterred from marrying a drinking man, for the purpose of reforming him, by the sight of the heart-breaking failure, made by other women? Never,—or at least, hardly ever.

An English nun, Mother Mary of Loyola, of the Bar Convent, York, has lately published, through Burns & Oates, a book called "The Soldier of Christ, or Talks Before Confirmation." It is written in a style which should prove most attractive to young people if we may judge by the extracts given in *The Tablet*. Here are some of them:

Riches attract like the sugared paper you see here and there in the summer

time, and on it the poor feebly-struggling flies. They thought they would get just as much of the sugar as would satisfy them, but they sucked in the poison too.

Pleasure is like egg-flip, which looks so frothy and tempting. Take as much of it as you like, it will not satisfy your hunger. Enjoyment and excitement have a pleasant taste, but we shall find them disappointing if we try to live upon them. All the world knows this. Those who lead fretful, dissatisfied lives are those who are always on the hunt for amusement, who make stunning enjoyment the *business* of life.

It is hard, of course it is hard [to fight against self.] It is disagreeable, distasteful, discomforting, disquieting, distressing, disturbing, disenchanting—all the *disses* you like, except five. It is *not* dishonourable, nor disloyal nor disgraceful, like the act of a deserter. It is not discouraging, for the King Himself is at our side. . . . And it is not disappointing, for the prize is a crown.

"It is ethically right," said a Boston preacher last Sunday, "for the strong and pure nations to rule the weak and vicious." He was arguing for the partition of China by the great world-powers, and the retention of the Philippines by the United States. But now the question arises, By what tribunal and in what way is it to be determined who are the strong and pure nations, and who are the weak and vicious? First as to strong and weak. It is not yet certain that Russia, Britain, France, Germany, Japan and the United States are stronger than China. If they should prove weaker, will the Boston preacher acknowledge China's right to rule over them? If Uncle Sam should fail to recover the Philippines within a reasonable time, will the Boston preacher acknowledge the right of these islands to be independent? "Oh, but the Filipinos are vicious, and the Americans are pure," says the Boston preacher. Possibly; though, the Filipinos may think that wholesale drunkenness and church desecration on the part of the would-be conqueror is a token that the terms vicious and pure should exchange places. But after all, we must not strain the Boston preacher's words too far. He is like the rest of his class, an American first and a Christian afterwards, and he feels it his duty to earn his salary by declaring "ethically right" anything that the Government under which he lives may choose to do, no matter how iniquitous it may be—with the single exception of doing justice to Catholics.

Why has Protestantism been an utter failure in converting the heathen? In the first place because it is purely a human institution; it has not been sent to do this work. And in the second place, even if a human institution could do such work "a house divided against itself shall not stand." This is how Joseph Howard, the well-known New York correspondent of the *Boston Globe*, expressed it last Sunday:

An esteemed clergyman is reported as saying, apropos of the slaughter of the missionaries, that after all it was a blessing as it opened the door for further work of evangelizing these countless hordes. As I came down town this morning I saw, perhaps 100 Chinamen in Mott Street. They were about their business, industriously following the custom of the land. Assuming that we are all right and in no need of evangelization, and it becomes our duty to convert these benighted foreigners, to what shall we lead them? If you are a Catholic your reply is clear. If you are Protestant, to which of the many creeds shall we "gently lead them on?" Heaven knows—and probably blushes for it—that we have enough creeds to "go around"—the High Church and Low Church Episcopalians, the Methodists North and South, the Presbyterians ditto, the Baptists hard shell and soft, and then come Universalists, Unitarians, Congregationalists and Quakers. To which communion table shall we invite the "heathen?" It strikes me we might quite as well spend some of the wasted time and the money, too, in bringing our own to a sensible commonwealth of understanding, as to send differing thinkers—often quarrelling among themselves—to upset faiths that were born long before Christianity was a possibility, and which mean everything to those who have been drilled in their manual since childhood.

It is pleasant to find the thing which is not new put in a new way—*non nova, sed nove*,—so well as Rev. George Angus puts the Catholic idea of indulgences. Writing in the *London Tablet* Father Angus says:

What does a Catholic mean when desires to gain an Indulgence? In effect he says: I am a Christian, I am a sinner; for "all

have sinned and come short of the glory of God." I desire to be saved, but I know that if I am saved it must be "by the Blood of the Lamb." But even if I am saved I may not be fit to enter at once into the Presence of Him who is as "a consuming fire" and "of purer eyes than to behold iniquity." The gill of sin has indeed been washed away in that "Fountain which is open for all uncleanliness," but the scars and spots and stains, the blots and blurs of sin, may remain. For a time—shorter or longer—I may be required to tarry in the Ante-Chamber of the King in that place,—

Where souls elect abide,  
Waiting their certain call to Heaven with angels  
by their side.

Nevertheless, detained there, I earnestly long for my release. Like David of old, I cry, "As the heart desireth the water-brooks so longeth my soul after Thee, O God, my soul is athirst for Thee the Living God. When shall I come to appear before the presence of God? Anything, then, which will hasten me into that Presence I gladly welcome, and therefore I desire to gain Indulgences, which will shorten the time of my detention, and all the sooner land me in Heaven, where I shall, I hope, find come true the Gospel of Wednesday in Easter Week: "When the morning was now come Jesus stood upon the shore." And in order to gain this boon, I say the prayers and perform the duties prescribed. Of course I do not know, and shall never know in this world, whether I gain an indulgence or not, but if I want to go to Heaven as quickly as possible after I leave earth I naturally avail myself of any means by which I can cease to be *en voyage*, and arrive at the end of my journey. I have purposely put this in quite un-theological language, and I ask—What is there unreasonable in it? If in this world a prisoner believes that by certain conduct on his part, or on certain conditions he may get out of durance vile sooner than otherwise would be the case, why, what a fool he would be not to do all he could toward this happy consummation! So with "The Prisoners of the King."

The Cuban teachers visiting Harvard College have been the objects of much courteous attention. It is good to notice that the Catholic societies of Boston have taken a leading part in entertaining the visitors. It is also cheering when we have heard so much of the poor quality of Catholicity in Cuba, to be told by the Boston dailies that these teachers were very faithful in attending Mass on Sunday.

One society, however, received a setback in its desire to give a reception to the visitors. A Cambridge temperance society invited some of the teachers to come to one of its meetings and address the members. Dr. Eliot, the President of Harvard, was requested to transmit the invitation, but he declined in the following terms: "I cannot think that the Cuban teachers would take any interest in regard to total abstinence. They have no tendency to drink to excess, and cannot understand it in others. The vice against which you contend is not practised among them. Our people have much to learn from them on that subject, but they can get nothing but a warning from us." The Cubans brought up in the dark benightedness of Spanish Catholicity know nothing of temperance except what they have learned from their new masters! They have, as a people, uninfluenced by the gospel according to Luther or Calvin, always practised the first of the moral virtues in the Protestant system of morals—not that Luther ever preached or practised it. But their opportunities of learning the contrary vice under their new government may be judged from a statement lately made by a special correspondent of *The Independent*. The city of Manila had three licensed whiskey saloons on May 1st, 1898, the day of its glorious bombardment by Admiral Dewey; two years later, on May 1st, 1900, the number was one hundred and seventy. What an eloquent commentary on the superiority of Anglo-Saxon civilization of the Protestant spread-eagle brand!

Archbishop Ireland's letter to the Duke of Norfolk, published last April, in which he expressed the hope that the English-speaking Catholics of two continents would co-operate more closely for the good of religion, has been denounced in many quarters. Shortly after it was published, the Roman correspondent of a Geneva paper wrote that it attacked the temporal power of the Pope. This led the Archbishop to write to Cardinal Rampolla, pointing out that his letter to the Duke of Norfolk did not either directly

or indirectly refer to the temporal power, and stating very plainly that his views on the subject were the Pope's views. Now, several months later, some Irish-American papers are saying that the Archbishop is a recreant Irishman because of his complimentary expression in regard to English Catholics, and some Paris journals have found fault with the selection of so pro-British an American as the representative of the United States to the Lafayette celebration.

The motive which prompted the Archbishop of St. Paul to speak and write in such complimentary language of English Catholics lies on the surface. He feels a warm admiration for the noble work done with voice and pen for the cause of Catholicity by the little handful of Catholics in England. No doubt, in his heart he contrasts the large quantity of this work with the small quantity of similar work done by the ten or twelve millions of Catholics in the United States. Where is there to be found, from Maine to California, a Newman, a Manning, a Faber, a Gasquet? Where are to be found laymen devoting their time and talents to the cause of religion as did the late B. F. Costelloe, or as Wilfrid Ward, James Britten, Lister Drummond and a score of others are doing to-day? Where are to be found public officials whose integrity it is so unimpeachable, and whose zeal for Catholicity is so strong as the Duke of Norfolk or the Marquis of Ripon? Why have not American Catholics, ten times more numerous than their English brethren, established a journal like the *London Tablet* or the *Liverpool Catholic Times*? Little wonder that Archbishop Ireland, broad-minded prelate that he is, should feel his admiration for English Catholics grow too strong to be restrained, and should allow it to find expression in a letter which might lead his own people to make the comparison which we have made, and thence to a determination to equal if not to surpass the achievements of their brethren in England.

### MISSIONARY METHODS.

A good deal of light is being shed these days upon methods and results of missionary work in China. An American business man, Mr. Edward Runge, who has resided in that country for many years, was interviewed by the *New York Tribune* on his recent return to America, and spoke as follows:

The missionary is looked upon as a mischief-maker, and is consequently disliked and often molested. The missionaries whom I have seen in China were all well-meaning and enthusiastic young men and women, but in nearly every instance totally unfitted for the work. They were ignorant of the language and customs of the people, and they all under-estimated the magnitude of the work in which they were engaged. The Catholic missionaries in China come better prepared for the work. They know the language and they come to stay. Furthermore, they become a part of the community by practising a trade or a profession. They show less anxiety to make converts, but they really make more, and there are many Chinese Catholics all over the empire. . . . As a matter of fact there are no Chinese Christians except Catholics.

"They come to stay"—what a deep meaning these words have here! Generally they are used somewhat slangily, to signify assured success in some business venture. What do they mean in the case of a Catholic missionary? Most often he is a Frenchman, and we know how passionately the Frenchman loves his kindred and his native land. But when, at Marseilles, he steps on board the ship which is to bear him to China or Borneo or the islands of the South Pacific, he bids farewell to his kindred and his native land forever. What does he find in his new home to take their place? A strange race of people whose hearts seem impossible to reach, a variety of national customs to which he must conform though they sicken and disgust him. He must labour like a galley-slave, with no hope that his labours will ever be rewarded, or even known, on earth. He must walk by day and rest by night ever in the shadow of death. Yet this last circumstance is his greatest consolation; for he hopes that his death, whether bloody or unbloody, will win him a place among "the glorious chorus of Apostles" if not among "the white-robed army of martyrs."

Lord Salisbury is a "plain blunt man."

without a doubt, brutally blunt, very of ten His address before the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, a few weeks ago, was certainly very much out of harmony with his environment on that occasion. But how truly did he draw the contrast between Catholic and Protestant missionary methods when he said:

If an Evangelist or an Apostle, a Boniface or a Columba, preached in the Middle Ages, he faced the difficulties, he underwent the martyrdom, he braved the torments to which he was exposed, and the whole of the great moral and spiritual influence of his self-devotion acted without hindrance on the people whom he addressed. But now if a Boniface or a Columba is exposed to this martyrdom, the result is an appeal to a Consul or for the mission of a gunboat.

The noble Marquis would not be willing to admit that a Protestant Boniface or a Columba is as impossible as a square circle, but we know that it is so. The missionary methods of the Middle Ages are the Catholic missionary methods of to-day. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, when warned by Lord Salisbury not to act in such a manner as would make it appear that missionary work was a mere instrument of the secular government, might retort that it was the secular government which had been trying to make the missionary its tool; but who are they to try to thwart the secular government in its designs? Is not every Protestant body a creature of the secular government? Do they not all accept the rulings of the State in regard to the dissolution of the marriage bond? The Catholic missionary never seeks the protection of a gunboat; he may be powerless to prevent the interference on his behalf of the Government of which he is a subject, but he always sees that interference exercised with regret. The atheistic French Republic, which persecutes Catholics at home, fights for them abroad; the German Kaiser, who will not suffer a Jesuit to dwell within the borders of the Fatherland, demands an indemnity when one of them is slain in China. If any of us rejoiced at this, we see now that this interference has done more harm than good. The missionaries never asked for it, never desired it. But the case is different with the Protestant missionaries. They have always fondly claimed to be the vanguard of civilization, by which they mean European commerce controlled by Europeans, to the destruction, as the Chinese believe, of the national existence of the Flowery Kingdom. The Catholic Church desires to lead the Chinese to a heavenly kingdom, with civilization as a means, not an end. Protestantism desires to civilize them, as it has civilized the aborigines of North America, by exterminating them if necessary. But to this the Boxers say: "No, not if we can help it."

### King Humbert Assassinated.

King Humbert of Italy was shot and killed by an assassin on Sunday evening, at Monza, in the north of Italy, between Milan and Lake Como. His Majesty had been attending a distribution of prizes in connection with a gymnastic competition. The assassin, who was at once arrested, gave his name as Angelo Bressi, and says he is a revolutionary anarchist. He had recently come from the United States, and it is reported that the existence of a plot to kill the King was known to Italians there for some time. It is stated that an Italian anarchist who committed suicide at Paterson, N. J., left a written confession saying he had been chosen by lot to commit the crime.

Details of the murder have been kept back, but one account says the King lived three-quarters of an hour after the firing of the shots, of which the murderer fired three. Another asserts that one of the bullets lodged in his heart and that he died in a few minutes, before reaching the royal villa, which is three minutes' drive from the club house where the crime was committed. Queen Marguerite was prostrated by the terrible news, and could not the despatches say, be induced to leave the apartment in which the body of her dead husband lay.

The Holy Father likewise was horrified upon hearing the news, which was broken to him early Monday morning. The new King, Victor Emmanuel III., lately Prince of Naples, was absent with his wife on a yachting tour on the coast of Greece when the terrible event occurred. He was summoned home, and reached Brindisi, on his way to Monza, on Tuesday. The despatches say all is quiet in Italy, though fears have been expressed that revolution would break out.

King Humbert, who was fifty-six years of age, was the eldest son of the late Victor Emmanuel II., whom he succeeded in 1878. He married his first cousin, Princess Marguerite of Savoy, daughter of the late Duke Ferdinand of Genoa, who was a brother of Victor Emmanuel.



War

"From hill to hill he harried me;  
He stalked me day and night;  
He neither knew nor hated me;  
Not his nor mine the fight."  
"He killed the man who stood by me,  
For such they made his law.  
Then foot by foot I fought to him,  
Who neither knew nor saw."  
"I trained my rifle on his heart;  
He leapt up in the air.  
My screaming ball tore thro' his breast,  
And lay embedded there."  
"It lay embedded there, and yet  
Hissed home o'er land and sea,  
Straight to the aching heart of her  
Who ne'er did wrong to me."  
—Arthur Stringer, in *Ainslie's Magazine*.

The South African Hospitals.

The staff of a field hospital comprises 40 all told, apart from those engaged solely in transport, which is supplied by the Army Service Corps. There are four medical officers, two ward-masters, 14 trained nursing orderlies, and six supernumeraries—for 100 patients. The field hospital in question before it arrived in Bloemfontein had been broken into two, one half having been sent in another direction, leaving this hospital with half its equipment and staff. It should consequently have accommodated 50 patients. On my first visit to it (April 9) there were 250 in its tents, 90 of whom were typhoid cases. It was in such a condition of crowding, insufficient equipment, and general misery that I hesitated to describe it in my last letter, hoping for a speedy improvement which the authorities promised.

More than a fortnight later another visit disclosed the following state of things. With no further equipment than two marquees and a few bell tents, no addition of staff or anything else, there were 316 patients, of whom half were typhoid. Their condition was almost indescribable. The tents were bell tents such as were mentioned in a former letter as affording sleeping accommodation for from six to eight orderlies when working and in sound health. In many of these tents there were ten typhoid cases lying closely packed together, the dying against the convalescent, the man in his "crisis" pressed against the man hastening to it. There was not room to step between them. Think of this, you who know the sort of nursing a typhoid patient requires. With no beds or mattresses, and only 42 stretchers in the whole hospital, it followed that 274 patients had to be on the earth. There was a great scarcity of blankets, and no patient could have more than one, with a waterproof sheet between his body and the ground. The ground is hard as stone, and at night the temperature falls to freezing point. Besides other deficiencies which cannot be described, there were no sheets or pillow-cases or pretence of bed linen of any kind; only the coarse rug grated against the sensitive skin burning with fever. The heat of these tents in the midday sun was overpowering, their odours sickening. Men lay with their faces covered with flies in black clusters, too weak to raise a hand to brush them off, trying in vain to dislodge them by painful twitching of the features. There was no one to do it for them. Seventeen orderlies had come with, or been raised for, the half-section of the field hospital; 10 had been taken from it, the number being made up from the Bearer Company; but they had other duties to perform than brushing flies off patients' faces. At night there were not enough to prevent those in the delirious stage from getting up and wandering about the camp half naked in the bitter cold. In one tent, where some slept and others lay with eyes open and staring, a case of "perforation" was groaning out, his life huddled against his neighbour on the ground. Men had not only to see, but often to feel, others die.

It was a sad and sickening spectacle this, which I describe exactly as my eyes saw it, and without exaggeration or excuse. I leave it and other similar facts it will be necessary to relate to the consideration, not of wives and mothers—we will put them out of sight—but of hard, practical men, accustomed to the hospitals of the poor, of the medical profession, of the nursing community, of the whole British public, who at the moment when this sight was to be seen out here were reading those comforting words spoken at Calais on April 26, as an avaut-courier of the speeches two days later at the Reform Club: "Nothing that provision could suggest or that money could purchase was wanting anywhere. The supply was simply lavish. . . . Here everything was sent up with utmost promptitude and medical stores and comforts were always on the spot."—*W. Burdett-Coutts, in London Times*.

A country paper says in an obituary: "Mr. X—was an estimable citizen. He lived uprightly; he died with perfect resignation. He had been recently married."

"My wife," he said proudly, "has been known as the queen of hearts." "No doubt," they answered, "it was because she took the knave."

The Chinese War.

It is the Flowery Kingdom against the world. The "huge mummy empire by the hands of custom wrapped in swaddling bands" is once more giving emphatic expression of its desire to be let alone. The Chinese do not want the blessings of Western civilization. Their own system, the result of an experience which antedates all modern kingdoms, empires and States, proceeds on lines which, however unreasonable they may seem to us, are in harmony with the conditions, religious, social and economical, that have prevailed among them from time immemorial. Innovation after innovation has been forced upon them with about as much regard for their feeling as a veterinary manifests for a sick horse. The Opium War was fought by England away back in the 40's, to compel them to allow a trade which their government and all teachers, moralists and persons of education among them, desired to get rid of or to put down. Among the results of that war were the cession of Hong Kong, the opening of five great ports to British trade and the payment of an indemnity of about six millions sterling. Within the last few years they have been obliged to grant all sorts of commercial concessions, and have seen their country practically dismembered by the system of "spheres of influence." They have learned to hate missionaries. Their saying, "First the missionary, then the Consul, then the General," evinces a keen insight into the spirit of modern "missions." They do not want railroads, first because the builders thereof show no regard for the resting-places of the dead, and, again, because the introduction of modern means of transportation will bring ruin upon a large section of the population. Labour-saving methods in a land so densely inhabited as China is, and where every man is glad to work as his fathers worked before him, cannot be introduced without precipitating industrial revolution. The Chinese are an extremely intelligent people, though we are pleased to rate them as half-civilized, and, albeit it sounds somewhat paradoxical to say so, it is precisely their intelligence which arrays them against what we call progress.

The task which confronts the allied forces in China is not exhilarating. They must subdue a whole race. The struggle inaugurated by the slaughter of the diplomats at Peking bids fair to be the most arduous of modern times. The lessons of their recent war with Japan have not been lost upon the Celestials. They possess the best of modern weapons and know how to use them. Their supply of men is so vast that, on economical grounds, they pay no attention to their wounded. The outlook is, indeed, an appalling one. But what would it be if, following the example of Japan which put on modern civilization like a garment, China had parted with the past and trained her forty millions of men in modern methods of warfare? The "Yellow Terror" would be less of a figure of speech than it is now, and the occupant of the Dragon Throne would be the mightiest potentate in the world.—*Providence Visitor*.

Don't Drink Water in Gulps.

As a rule it is much better to sip water than to swallow a glassful at one draught. The exception to this rule is in the morning, when one should drink a glassful or two of moderately cold water in order to flush the stomach while it is tubular. At other times, however, sipping the water is much more stimulating in its effect on the circulation. During the action of sipping the nerve action, which slows the beating of the heart, is temporarily abolished, and in consequence the heart contracts much more quickly and the circulation in various parts of the body is increased. Another advantage in sipping is the fact that the pressure under which the bile is secreted is considerably raised. It has been stated on good authority that a glass of cold water slowly sipped will produce a greater acceleration of the pulse for a time than will a glass of wine or spirits taken at a draught. Sipping cold water will, in fact, often allay the craving for alcoholic drinks—a point worth remembering by those who are endeavouring to reform.—*August Ladies' Home Journal*.

The Art of Talking Well.

It is better to be frankly dull than pedantic. One must guard one's self from the temptation of "talking shop" and of riding one's "hobby." Whatever sets one apart as a capital "I" should be avoided. A joke or humorous story is dependent upon its freshness for appreciation. Some emotions will not bear "warming over." It is no longer considered good form to say a word against any one. An ill-natured criticism is a social blunder. Gossip, too, is really going out of fashion. True wit is a gift, not an attainment. Those who use it aright never yield to the temptation of saying anything that can wound another in order to exhibit their own cleverness. It is natural and spontaneous.

"He who runs after wit is apt to catch nonsense."

Talk that has heartiness in it and the liveliness and sparkle that come of light-heartedness and innocent gaiety, is a fairly good substitute for wit.

Offer to each one who speaks the homage of your undivided attention. Look people in the face when you talk to them.

Talk of things, not persons. The best substitute for wisdom is silence.

Have convictions of your own. Be yourself and not a mere echo.

Never ask leading questions. We should show curiosity about the concerns of others only so far as it may gratify them to tell us.

Draw out your neighbour without catechizing him. Correct him, if necessary, without contradicting him. Avoid mannerisms.

Strive to be natural and at ease. The nervousness that conceals itself under affected vivacity should be controlled, as should the loud laugh.—*Mrs. Burton Kingslann, in the August Ladies' Home Journal*.

Be Honest.

"Thou shalt not steal" is a precept of wide import. It forbids not only thieving, in the vulgar sense of the word, but all acts whereby one's neighbour is injured in his property. It bears upon the accessory as well as upon the principal in deeds of injustice—upon him who receives ill-gotten goods as well as upon him who unjustly acquired them in the first place—it is designed for the protection of the rich as well as the poor. It is violated not only when individuals are wronged, but moral persons—corporations—also, and it demands that restitution in the just measure be made by every unjust taker and every unjust possessor of the property of others—by every one who, though he gains no profit thereby, knowingly and willingly does harm to the property of others, and in due order by those who sinfully cooperate in the various forms of injustice.

Now, there is one form of dishonesty, concerning which a good many people are either utterly ignorant or utterly heedless. We refer to frauds perpetrated at the expense of life insurance companies. Persons who would never dream of stealing a cent have no scruples about cheating these concerns, or about profiting of such

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NOTICE.

We would like once more to remind the friends of THE CASKET not to forget to patronize our friend, J. A. Currie, Tailor, Glace Bay. We feel sure he is the best tailor at that place from what we have seen of his work. We wish that our friends would call on him before ordering their summer suits.

SECOND-HAND CARRIAGES FOR SALE.

I have a number of second-hand Carriages, in fair condition, which I will sell cheap. Call and examine if you want a bargain.

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cheating. It makes no difference whether grasping agents or examiners lend themselves to misrepresentations which render the contract of insurance fraudulent, nor does regularity in paying premiums make right a transaction which is radically wrong. There is no use in urging that it is the business of insurers to see that they are not overreached. It is the duty of the insured to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth regarding facts which have a material bearing on the risk. All deception about the age, physical condition and family history of the applicant—for these things have great weight with insurers in settling the desirability of the contract—puts the insured in a bad moral position and leaves his heirs in the condition of unjust holders of the property of others. It is a humiliating thing to learn that deception in these matters is carried to the grave and that often the coffin-plate, if not a lie, is silent as to the truth. A fine funeral is a good thing and a tidy little policy for the benefit of friends and relatives is likewise good, but "thou shalt not steal."—*Providence Visitor*.

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Antigonish, N. S., July 11, 1906.

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S. ARSCOTT & CO.,

Opposite Post Office,

ANTIGONISH, N. S.

APPLICATION FOR ASSIGNMENT OF DOWER.

IN THE SUPREME COURT, 1906.

Before (Sgt.) J. McD. (L. S.)

In the matter of the application of Effie Cameron to have her dower of certain lands and premises at Lakevale, in the County of Antigonish assigned.

UPON HEARING Mr. Jamison for the Cameron, and upon reading the affidavit of said Effie Cameron, widow, sworn to on the 16th day of October, 1905, and an exhibit thereto referred to and the affidavit of J. A. Graham, sworn to on the 20th day of October, 1905.

IT IS ORDERED, that Angus Cameron, James Cameron, Allan Cameron, Neil Cameron, Annie Hammond and Frank J. Cameron, heirs of Hugh Cameron, late of Antigonish County, N. S., being at present absent from the Province of Nova Scotia, do plead on the application made by the said Effie Cameron to have her dower assigned in certain lands and premises at Lakevale, in the County of Antigonish, Nova Scotia, within ten days from the date of this order, and that an order be published in the Royal Gazette and in one newspaper in the Province of Antigonish by one insertion each weekly for a period of twenty days.

(Sgt.) D. LOGAN, Prothonotary.

Dated this 21st day of July, A. D. 1906.



A STORY OF KNOWNOTHING DAYS.

[Joseph Gordian Daley, in Sacred Heart Union.]

The pines of Maine were dark in the '50's, pitch dark in places, with the polar gloom of an abiding rancor. It was the era of that fanatical fever which, under the name of Know-nothingism, spread with such havoc across the region of the Penobscot, poisoning the vitals of many a native landsman. The spirit of fairness, so generally our country's instinct, survived at that time but sparsely in the cold corner of the northeast; the pulsations of the provincial bosom coursed no longer in harmonious accord with the great national heart, throbbing with no sublime impulse for religious freedom. On the slopes of the hillsides little cross-crowned spires had begun to unfold the story of Calvary; faithful congregations were following the black robe of the faithful priest, and children in the village class-rooms were now at length beginning to boldly contradict their teacher whenever the latter voiced a calumny against their creed. In the neighborhood round about there were eyes which this state of affairs failed to please; and so, for at least once since the banner of liberty rose over our favorite soil, it had come to pass that free men, born and bred, were stooping ignobly to find shackles for others, were reaching out their hands in delicious zeal and deigning to clasp the tyrannous weapons of proscription.

Over neighboring States, too, Know-nothingism crept like a midnight incendiary. Massachusetts, glorious by her services since the days of the minute-men, retraced her steps at this period to the darkened traditions of her colonial cruelties—a new generation of "Witch Burners" had sprung up, ready with the torch of arson, willing even, too, with the stroke of murder. In the height of this frenzied out-lawry occurred the sad burning of the Ursuline Nunnery at Charlestown, an event which in the catalogue of historic crimes ranks side by side in its horrifying infamy with the Boston massacre of '75. Know-nothingism itself for once in its career grew ashamed and pleaded in vain for a chance to make reparation. The Bishop, no mercenary man, threw back their offers in scorn, declaring that the convent's ashes, dear as a martyr's wounds, would remain a more fitting memorial than the finest structure a builder's hand could appear.

The Boston Transcript of July 5, 1854, contains the account of the blowing up of a Dorchester chapel by Know-nothings at 3 o'clock on the morning of the Fourth. Authority connived at these terrible misdeeds, and upon occasion even encouraged their perpetration. The elections of 1854 showed that the entire Commonwealth, from the sands of Hull to the lawns of Williamstown, had sunk itself in one dense rebus of Know-nothingism. The Know-nothing ticket was tremendously sustained. They elected the Governor and his lieutenants; they swept the entire State Senate, from its first man to its last, and in the House every successful candidate, with the exception of four, was a pledged and partisan Know-nothing.

It was at this epoch that George McElherne, just ordained and back from Lunenburg, began his career as a priest on what was called the Ridge Mission, in the lower counties of Maine.

He was originally a Delaware boy, and had made his first long studies at Georgetown. There were many worldly reasons, yes, and spiritual reasons, for him to remain and serve among the clergy of his native diocese. Going outside, too, it was strange that he should go "down East;" nine-tenths of the men who ostracize themselves to the labour of the mission priesthood turn instinctively Westward. George, however, was wedded to anomaly from his very youth—he was always doing things that no one expected of him; he would cut up his coat, like St. Martin, to give half to a beggarman.

With a figure stalwart as an athlete's and a heart kindly as a woman's he came to the work. Never since the days of old Cartier, two centuries back, had a priest ministered to the population of the Ridge Mission, and George McElherne had body and soul and brains well fitting him for the hardships of a pioneer apostolate. He was blessed by those who welcomed his coming; he was frowned on with dark, evil eyes by others, the latter only considering that he was a Catholic priest.

Startling events were happening. In New Hampshire, upon the 5th of July, 1854, a mob of infuriated zealots, parading the Orange banner of King William, represented the claim of a Manchester priest to American citizenship. In their madness they tore down the Stars and Stripes from the threshold of his dwelling, burst into his church and left the sanctuary strewn with wreckage. Three days later, on the 8th, at Bath, in Maine, the little Catholic church was burnt to the ground by the Know-nothings. At Bangor violence was feared, and men with guns in their hands waited in the church all night long, ready to die resisting any sacrilegious onset. In Boston itself, the New England metropolis, a hundred Catholic children were expelled

in a body for refusing to participate in Protestant prayer. Some time later, too, there came up a strange case in the Boston docket. The case was that of a young pupil, Thomas J. Whall. It caused great excitement, and in the press of the day it fomented liberal discussion. The young man, it appears, was bitten by a 'school-marm' to recite the Ten Commandments. He gave them according to the catechism of his faith. She insisted on the abortive formula of the King James Bible. The young hero absolutely refused to comply, and McLaurin Cooke, the principal, summoned to interfere, publicly flogged the recalcitrant on both hands for thirty minutes. Arrest on the charge of inhuman violence, the principal was discharged by Judge Maine; but the infamous verdict, awakening pity and indignation, did more than an opposite verdict would have done to foster fair play in the schools of Boston.

In the Pine Tree Commonwealth persecution assumed a fiendish form. At Ellsworth a priest, Father Bapst, was actually taken out of his dwelling, was stripped of his raiment and then tarred and feathered. It was a crying ignominy, and its parallel is scarcely to be found, even in the annals of that tarnished period.

Often the rector of the Ridge Mission received threats and warnings. One night a rain of stones came pouring against the window panes of his cottage study, and hardly had he repaired the shattered casement, when next evening another fusillade shattered it anew.

It happened one morning that as he was passing out he found a dagger suspended by a cord from the upper sill of his door way, and impaled on its blade was a message written on white notepaper in letters of human blood. This was the wording: Mr. McPriest: You are going to catch it to-night. A committee of four will wait on you, and give you a dose like your brother got at Ellsworth. Don't refuse your medicine.

The young man did not greatly heed the warning. It was an annoyance, but it was an anonymous notice, and therefore was best answered by being ignored. It did not frighten him, and in the afternoon, when a sick call came saying that two poor wood-choppers were deadly sick in the cabins of a distant log settlement, he had something more worthy to engross him.

At the door of the rude wood cabin he met old Doctor Holcomb, who waved him back.

"Young man, you cannot come in here."

Father McElherne's muscular fists clinched involuntarily. "Doctor," he said, with intense determination, "I shall see these men, or I'll know the reason why."

"The reason why! Why, they've got the deadliest of small-pox. It would be suicide for you to come in."

"Oh, I guess not," said the newcomer, with a pleasant tone in his words and a smile on his lips. The Doctor made no further effort to repress him, but even extended a friendly hand of greeting as George stepped in.

"You are the first person I've shaken hands with in twenty years," the Doctor added, as they turned in together to the stricken men.

The moments wore on. Before that priest and that physician left the pallets, one of the men had already died, and the other's case gave no promise of a prosperous issue. It was only a question of a few more hours, the doctor said, and the man would be dead.

It was in the dark of the evening that they walked villageward home, priest and physician side by side. Somehow in the short lapse of that meeting an intimacy had sprung up between them. The doctor was a well-to-do man and, among practitioners, one of the ablest at that time in the State. In his earlier days he had a quarrel with a minister, and the outcome of the difficulty was that for twenty-five years thereafter the only occasion upon which the doctor had entered a church was upon the day of his wife's funeral. Current report set him down as an infidel, a man of no religious belief; he swore great oaths at times; he studied a great deal in the early morning and late again at night, and church-going folks said that he was always reading infidel works. With a faded Kossuth shading his temples and a cloak of Castilian felt slung over his back, he would wander out over the hills and seemed to take a great deal of comfort in his walks. One thing was conceded by all that in the time of trouble no one could have a better friend than Doctor Holcomb. His only son, Henry, was a promising young man; the latter had just taken his degree at Bowdoin, and the doctor was proud of him.

they're alive." "It's strange," said the physician, after a pause. "Folks who are always yelling and howling for liberty don't want to see others draw a free breath. Do they ever actually molest you?" "Well, slightly. I was in Bangor the other day, and I met a fellow bold enough to step up and slap me publicly in the face."

"You don't tell me!" "Indeed I do. He called me, too, by a name that wasn't very sweet to an ordinary Christian."

"Did you shoot him or knock him down? I know I would." "Well, I thought I'd carry out the Scriptural advice for once in a case like that; so I turned him my other cheek."

"That settled him, I suppose?" "No; he struck me again."

"And how in the world did you stand it?" "Well, I'll tell you, doctor. I didn't stand it any longer. The Scripture bade me turn my cheek, and I did. But, mind you, the Scripture said nothing about turning my back, so when I got the second gratuitous blow, I simply hauled off and laid the fellow out."

"Very good!" exclaimed Dr. Holcomb, halting in the road to laugh. "Very good! I see you have a pretty respectable biceps, too. I wish to the Lord that my son Henry only had the half of your physique. You walk like a soldier."

"I often imagine I am one." "How so?" "I don't know. The thought of duty, the idea of devotion, and all that, I suppose."

"I saw that you were not afraid to die." "You saw? And so blind to fear yourself!"

"Blind, you say? Oh, no, my young friend, I am not blind exactly; but it takes me a long time to open my eyes. I am beginning to see more clearly every day. It's strange that my sight should improve so with age. I have lived a long time. I suppose I could tell you a good many things."

"And perhaps I could tell you a good many more," replied the priest, very quietly.

"I have no doubt you could. We'll meet again. I'll hunt up your rectory, and remember that if you care to call over at my office or my home, there's no hour of the day or night that will find you otherwise than heartily welcome."

They parted at the cross-roads, and Father McElherne made his way on to his little cottage dwelling. He turned the bolts and entered an apartment which served both as his dining-room and study. Hardly had he lit his lamp when he was startled by the abrupt entrance of a dark form behind him at his door. Three others followed all at once, all bounding together toward the priest to grapple him. He remembered now the words on the blood stained paper.

"Gentlemen, keep back!" he exclaimed, and he dodged behind the centre table.

"Keep back!" Oh, no; we've got you. You may as well give in," cried one, and he clutched the priest's coat sleeve. Father McElherne shook him off as if he were shaking an insect.

"You are endangering your lives. I tell you," cried the priest. "Keep back!"

It was too late to add more, for they had tightened their hands on his person.

"You can't do much now," said one of the men, tauntingly.

The priest still struggled to free himself.

"Let me go!" he pleaded. "If you love your wives and children, let me go."

One of his assailants struck him savagely on the forehead.

"How dare you, you Roman shaveling, mention our wives and our children."

"But I have just come from the bedside of two poor men," the priest spoke out, in loud protest.

"What is that to us?" "They were dying with smallpox."

The party was made up of four individuals—Clarke, Harris, James Tillinghast and Dwight Harrington. They dropped their victim as if he were so much hot iron, and they fell back in haste through the open door. One of them, Dwight Harrington, the eldest of the group, lingered a moment at the threshold.

"I believe you are lying," he exclaimed, looking back. "If you are—" he did not finish the sentence, but shook his clinched hand menacingly toward the priest.

in a rant horror from the quarantine limits. He had long been the selectman of the place, twice he had a seat in the Legislature, but now he was left alone in the great house, abandoned by all but one faithful attendant, his daughter Bertha.

When Doctor Holcomb heard that Harrington was sick, the physician became pitiless. With a mighty thump he pounded his desk-top. "I swear by this and by that," he exclaimed, "that Dwight Harrington will beg that Catholic priest's pardon before ever John Holcomb goes into his bedside to attend him."

This meant a great deal, for Doctor Holcomb's own son Henry was the betrothed of Bertha Harrington; the marriage day had actually been set, and the doctor's proudest hopes were bound up in the happiness of the two. He called them alike his children; he had a tender heart; he was dearly proud of Henry, and Bertha, too, he had known ever since she was but a clear-browed child with flaxen curls on the bench of the primary school.

The doctor's son, Henry, laboured, but all in vain, to move his determined parent. "Father, you must go!" he cried piteously; "you cannot be so cruel; you cannot mean what you say."

"When he asks forgiveness like a man—I shall go," answered the father, calmly, but with a definite tone. "And not before."

A half hour later Bertha had broken through the quarantine and burst with nervous hurrying into the doctor's rooms. "Oh, come, Dr. Holcomb," she pleaded with piteous appeals. "He is calling for you! He is crying out for you! Oh, doctor, how can you be so cruel! He is all alone and is suffering terribly. Oh, doctor, how can you refuse? Will you not even for my sake?"

"My child, Bertha, I love you," he answered. "But I cannot break my word for you. I wouldn't break my word," he added, with blasphemous emphasis, "for any one—not even for God Almighty."

"How can you speak so—you who believe not in God?" "My child I do believe in God, and in more besides. I believe in life's duties, and sometimes humility is one. Go to your father and tell him that."

Within an hour the doctor's battle was won. Father McElherne and himself were sitting together in the room of the sick man, allaying the latter's fears and nursing him with remedies. The day wore on, and though he grew worse, there was nothing in his sickness that boded other than an eventual recovery. The doctor was as caring as if the patient were his own brother, and Bertha watched him like a heroine, scarcely reposing by night or by day.

At length a morning came and Bertha was no longer near him. The doctor waited by and said that Bertha had grown exhausted, but that on the next morning the nurses would be present.

"Is Bertha sick?" the father asked faintly.

"You must not ask questions. She is tired out, as you know she must be; but she is all right, and in a few days more

you'll be all right yourself." Harrington, however, grew greatly distressed; his condition became suddenly worse, and in the late hours of the night it became alarming. Henry and the priest were in the sick chamber, and by turns they kept the patient nightwatch. In the afternoon succeeding two Ursulines arrived from Boston, but when they reached the house to nurse him Dwight Harrington was dead. Upstairs lay Bertha, tossing in the height of her feverishness.

In the dead heart of the midnight Harrington's body was carted away and hurried by public officials to its tomb of quicklime in the old cemetery. Days went by, and in the great house the Ursulines kept their devoted vigil over the girl they had grown to love. The malady passed its term and disappeared. Bertha had been a woman of great beauty, and that beauty even the dire visitation was kindly enough to respect. When she rose from her bed of sickness there was not a mark of the ravages. The face was yet a face of loveliness; it shone with a luminous sublimated beauty. Disease and sorrow had only brought her light.

Two years later there was a bright wedding in Father McElherne's little church. Henry Holcomb and Bertha knelt at the open altar gate, and the priest who stood there before them had a happy gleam and perhaps a tear of joy in his round brown eyes. When it was all over, a bearded man, with a broad felt hat in his hand and a dark cloak over his shoulders, stepped into the main aisle, genuflected very slowly and walked around to the vestry, where Father McElherne was disrobing. Instinctively their hands met in a hearty clasp, and the doctor's voice, with a strength which age had not lessened, rang out and uttered the words:

"It is just as you said. There were many things you could tell me. Thanks be to God!"

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ESTABLISHED, 1852

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There is what is called the worldly spirit which enters with the greatest subtlety into the character of even good people; and there is what is called the time-spirit, which means the dominant way of thinking and of acting which prevails in the age in which we live; and these are powerful temptations, full of danger and in perpetual action upon us.—CARDINAL MANNING

THURSDAY, AUGUST 2.

Leaves from the Diary of a Pilgrim.

Lucerne, Wednesday, June 27.

The parts of Switzerland that are capable of cultivation seem to be even more fertile than the parts of France that we have passed through. Both the hay and grain crops are heavier, at least this year, and the vine thrives marvellously on the hillsides of this beautiful and romantic land. For beautiful it is and romantic, this land of bright-blue skies, and snow-capped mountains, and leaping cataracts, and sylvan glades, and smiling valleys.

We spent Sunday at Geneva, and stayed two or three hours at Berne Monday on our way to Interlaken. Berne is the national capital. Its most notable buildings are the Federal House of Parliament and the Lutheran Cathedral. The latter dates from the beginning of the 15th century, and to this day bears about it tokens of the Faith that first set it up. Berne is the German word for "bear." The city takes its name "de bellua caesa," as an old monument bears witness, from a bear having been slain on the site where it stands. Thence the bear is the emblem and heraldic decoration of the Swiss capital. You can't turn in any direction without running across the figure of a bear. The poor beast is drawn in every conceivable shape and tortured into every conceivable attitude. It brings to mind the fable of the Lion and the Man as set forth by Newman. There are bears *couchant*, bears *rampant*, and bears *regardant*; there are old bears and young bears, little bears and big bears, bears standing on their hind legs, bears climbing up trees, bears hugging each other, and bears making faces at each other. And to crown all, the city maintains four huge live bears and two or three cubs that are religiously kept in a great square stone enclosure, some ten or twelve feet below the level of the ground. They are pointed out to every visitor who crosses the stone bridge that spans the Aar River, on the left bank of which Berne stands.

Interlaken, as the name implies, is situated between two lakes. It is an ideal summer resort, a very paradise of tourists. It is hemmed in by mountains on every side. On the east, Jungfrau lifts to snowy summit to the skies. Jungfrau (pronounced yungfrau) is German for Virgin. And a tall virgin she is, this Maiden of the Snows, ever holding her head erect, some 13,000 feet above the level of the sea. She always wears her mantle of snow, and for apron a great glacier. On the evening of our arrival she had on a cap of cloud, and some time during the night, further shrouded herself in a veil of mist. Nor would she lift it as we went away, eager though we were to catch a glimpse of her morning face.

Between Interlaken and Lucerne the scenery is uninterrupted grand. Mountain, lake, and Alpine river quickly succeed one another, but without sameness. The most remarkable feature of this route is the over-mountain railway. The train climbs an Alpine hill from 1200 to 1500 feet in height, and descends. It runs along the mountain on the other side. Our train was divided into three sections, each section of which was pulled by a powerful locomotive. The wheels revolve on cogs set in the rails. At one time the train is on the very edge of a precipice, with a sheer descent of several hundred feet; at another, an overhanging cliff threatens to fall down on top of it and smash it into atoms. Now it seems to be on the verge of dropping into a lake hundreds of feet below; the next moment the dense Alpine forest hides even the heavens from one's view. It is a thrilling experience and one feels a sense of relief once it is fairly over.

Genoa, Friday, July 13.

We left Rome Tuesday at 2 p. m., after a stay of six days, which was all too short. For one could spend months and months in Rome and still not see a tith of what is worth seeing, or even begin to be weary of a place so rich in all that sages have thought and poets have dreamt of and artists have wrought and martyrs have bled for and saints have loved. We leave

Rome with regret; feeling, as all must feel in whom there is a spark of Divine Faith, that it is the City of the Soul, to which, in the words of the poet, "the exile of the heart" must forever turn.

The run from Rome to Florence is made in five or six hours. Florence, the city of flowers, is built on both banks of the Arno. It is a beautiful city much frequented by tourists. It is the birth-place of many of Italy's greatest sons, of Dante, of Michael Angelo, of Galileo. Here Savonarola lived and preached and wielded an influence more potent than that of any civil ruler. We saw, in one of the palaces of the Medici, the chapel where he spoke his last words to his brother monks, just before he was led out to be burnt at the stake in the Piazza of the Signoria, hard by. Here, too, first saw the light of day one who was the opposite of Savonarola in many ways, the sweet and gentle Phillip Neri. Rome, the city of his adoption, of which he became the second Apostle, is still filled with the fragrance of his saintly life.

From Florence we come by rail to Pisa, and thence the same day to Genoa. From Spezia to the latter city, the railway, skirting the shores of the Mediterranean, is one series of tunnels. In the intervals between tunnels we catch glimpses of as beautiful and picturesque scenery as one could wish to gaze upon—a background of hills, rising in many places abruptly to a great height, sloping vineyards, groves of olive, clusters of fruit trees, and, in front, the waters of the Mediterranean, clear as crystal and mirroring in their depths the fleecy summer clouds that float in the blue above. Over all, like a great dome over Nature's own Cathedral, is the sky of Italy.

"Genoa la Superba"—Genoa the Superb—the Genoese call this city by the rippling Mediterranean, and well they may. It is, indeed, superb. In its marble palaces could be entertained to-day, in princely fashion, all the princes of the earth. It is the richest city of the peninsula, the great mart of the Mediterranean, the Liverpool of Italy. From the harbour, where float the flags of all nations, the city resembles a vast amphitheatre, tier upon tier of tall buildings rising one above another. Even the urchins in the street are proud of this queenly city. In the higher part of the town, away up among the hills, near the marvellous Campo Sadio, a group of them stood talking rapidly, and to me unintelligibly, in their own Genoese dialect, as we passed by. "Che linguaaggio parlate voi altri?" I asked, somewhat bluntly. "Noi," says one of the number, with a sweep of the hand which took in the other members of the group, and then pointing proudly with his finger to his breast, "Noi siamo Genovesi—We are natives of Genoa."

That Campo Santo, by the same token, is one of the wonders of the world. Truly the dead of Genoa dwell in marble halls, and this city of the dead is a miracle in marble. Every monument is a work of art. The pose of that figure, how graceful and natural! Those faces in marble and bronze, how life-like are they! The dead seem to live in them again, and to look down at you with their solemn eyes from the other world. *Quieti et Memoria*—you meet it everywhere, this terse and beautiful epigraph. Recalling the memory of some dear departed one, it breathes a prayer for that rest after which the human heart ever hungers here below—that rest which we look for "where beyond these voices there is peace."

For full nine hundred years, from 900 to 1800, Genoa maintained herself an independent Republic. Already six centuries had rolled over this Old World Republic when the boldest of her sailors embarked at Palos on his voyage of discovery. "Were it not for him we might all of us to-day be—Indians," is the curious thought that comes to one of the pilgrims as he gazes on the massive monument, near the railway station, which bears the legend in huge letters.

A CRISTOFORO COLOMBO LA PATRIA.

Ah! those might-have-beens of an unborn past! It is bootless to speculate upon them.

War Notes.

Baden-Powell, the London *Leader* asserts, is besieged by Delarey at Rustenburg, and Gen. Kitchener has been sent to his relief.

Gen. Hunter has met with great success in the vicinity of Nasauwpoort, where he has received the surrender of Generals Prinsloo, Villiers and Crowther, with 986 men, 1432 horses, 955 rifles and a Krupp gun. Roberts refused to authorize anything but unconditional surrender.

It was officially stated in Parliament on the 19th ult., that 30,758 officers and men had been invalided home from South Africa up to that time.

Besides the 100 Highlanders captured by De Wet with the supply train, reported last week, he took 200 of the Welsh Fusiliers on the same occasion.

Lord Roberts has returned to Pretoria. A London despatch says: "The reason assigned is the continued uncertainty of communications and the small number of Boers to the eastward. Some reports, however, indicate that his advance was stopped owing to the failure to capture Commandant Botha, who has once more eluded the British cavalry." The troops suffered terribly during the expedition, the weather being intensely cold.

India Famine Fund.

Previously acknowledged, \$700.19  
Reader, Halifax, 10.00

The following letter acknowledges receipt of the second remittance of \$300 from the fund subscribed by CASKET readers. The omission mentioned in the first draft was due to a slight oversight at the Halifax office of the Halifax Banking Co. When the mistake was brought to the notice of the Bank they kindly cabled the amount to the Bishop. Our news items this week unfortunately show that the necessity for aid is still urgent:

NAGPUR, 21st June, 1900.

Casket Publishing Co.,

Dear Sirs,—How can I thank you sufficiently for the magnificent help you are giving us? Be sure that we pray and shall pray in a special manner to-morrow, the feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for yourselves, all yours, and all our generous benefactors. I have received your kind letter of the 16th May, enclosing a second draft, of \$300 or £61 12s. 10d. The first draft through some slight mistake or omission would not be cashed by the Bank in Bombay and I sent it back for correction on the 7th current. I am just leaving to fetch one or two waggons full of poor unfortunate children whom our good Sisters have found abandoned on the highways or in the jungles. In that district cholera has made thousands of victims. The population, panic-stricken, fly away, wandering without food or clothes and dying under trees, by the side of the roads, etc. Our good Sisters have been able to save or rather to prolong the life of three or four hundred children, but these are only a few among the thousands that have died or die in their arms. Up to date they have baptised 7,750 dying people. These numbers do not include the baptisms made nor the children rescued by other batches of nuns who do the same work in other districts, nor the work done by the priests. I say all this that both yourselves and our generous benefactors may have the satisfaction to know that their aims go to the right place, save thousands of lives and send thousands of souls to heaven. Thanking you again, dear sirs, I remain,

Your Most Grateful Servant in Christ,

CHARLES F. PELVAT,  
Bishop of Nagpur.

The Ambassadors Heard From.

The long and anxious silence at Peking has at length been broken. Early Tuesday morning the British Foreign Office gave out a despatch from Rear Admiral Bruce at Tien-Tsin, transmitting the following from Sir Claude Macdonald:

British Legation, Peking, June 20 to July 16, repeatedly attacked by Chinese troops on all sides. Both rifle and artillery fire. Since July 16 an armistice, but a cordon is strictly drawn on both sides of the position. Chinese barricades close to ours. All women and children in the British Legation. Casualties to date, sixty-two killed, including Capt. Strouts. A number of wounded in hospital, including Capt. Halliday. Rest of Legation all well except David Oliphant and Warren, killed July 21. (Signed) MACDONALD.

This is accepted as genuine, and as showing that the Ambassadors and other foreigners at Peking were holding out on the last named date. The War Office at Washington on Tuesday received, through the Officer commanding at Tien Tsin, whom it reached on July 25, a message from Lieut.-Col Shiba, military attaché of the U. S. Legation at Peking, which read:

"PEKIN, July 22, evening.—We are all awaiting the arrival of the reinforcing army. When are you coming? All the legations have been blocked since the 13th of last month, and since June 20 we have been attacked continually, night and day, by the Chinese soldiers from more than ten encampments. By a supreme effort we are still defending. We are daily awaiting with the greatest anxiety the arrival of the reinforcing army, and if you cannot reach here in less than a week's time it is probable we will be unable to hold out any longer. The emperor and empress Dowager appear to be still in Peking. Were our reinforcements to arrive it is very probable that they would flee to Wan Shoshan. The killed and wounded up to date are 8 killed, one Capt. of infantry, and an ambassador's attaché; 7 seriously wounded, the first Secretary of the legation being one of twenty slightly wounded. The number of Europeans killed is sixty in all."

A London cable despatch of July 31 says with regard to the future:

"The Associated Press correspondent here understands that China is making strenuous efforts to come to some agreement with the Powers previous to handing over the Ministers, but this will not be considered for a moment. Once Peking has been reached and the Ministers have regained their liberty, the Powers have agreed, aggression will cease and reparation will become a matter of negotiation. Lord Salisbury believes it may still be proved that the Chinese Government is not responsible for the attacks on the Legations, except in so far as all Governments are responsible for the maintenance of order. It is expected that within a few days free communication will be established with the Ministers in Peking. The advance to Peking will begin to-morrow."

FOR HEADACHE

—TAKE—

Perfect Headache Powder,

25 CENTS PER BOX.  
Sent by Mail on Receipt of Price.

C. M. HENRY, Chemist and Druggist,  
ANTIGONISH, N. S.

A. KIRK & CO.

Beg to announce still further additions to their already large and varied stock.

In our Dress Department will be found a practically unlimited field of choice as regards styles combined with a high standard of quality and a moderate range of price. We call particular attention to the

NEW PASTEL TINTS, in CHEVIOTS, BROADCLOTHS, etc.  
NEW FAST DYE, ALL WOOL NAVY BLUE SERGES.  
NEW PLAIN COLORED COSTUME CLOTHS.

NEW BLACK and WHITE CHECKED DRESS GOODS.

NEW KHAKI SUITINGS.  
LINEN and PIQUE SUITINGS, in white and colors.  
ALL-WOOL CASHMERES, in usual colors.  
FIGURED LUSTRES and CREPONNES.

Ready-to-Wear Skirts.

Rainy day skirts as well as every-day skirts, in Linen, Plaid, Denim and other fabrics, all marked at lowest prices.

Mantle Department.

Everything new and decidedly fashionable is represented here in Ladies' Mantles and Jackets. High-class goods at specially low prices.

Our Clothing Department.

Don't make the mistake of passing us when you need anything in the Clothing line, as we can easily save you 15 to 20 per cent. on your purchase. We are showing the largest range in town, made up in all the most attractive styles for 1900, which in addition to our special low prices of high-class goods in cloth, make-up and finish, makes this department unusually interesting.

Shirt Waists.

We are showing a large, varied and exceedingly well-selected range of Ladies' Shirt Waists, in white and nearly every color of the rainbow, and at prices that place them within the reach of all.

White Wear.

This department is full to overflowing in everything that is new and up-to-date in Ladies', Misses' and Children's White Wear of every description.

DAINTY NECKWEAR.

Stock large, and gathered to please and score another record for us. Cannot be described—will have to be seen. Stock Colored, in White, Cardinal, Marve and Heliotrope, all the new styles. Dainty Lace Ties, Patriotic Neckwear—something altogether new and very attractive in Bows and Ties. The nattiest and prettiest patterns.

MEN'S HATS.

Fine quality Fedora Hats, silk ribbon band and edges, in Brown, Pearl and Black. Men's fine Fur Felt Hats, Derby shape, the spring's styles, lined and unlined, silk band and edge.

Window Curtains.

Lace Curtains, Ruffled Novelty Sash, Colored Frilled, Curtains Material and Furniture Covering in great variety of design and coloring.

Window Shades.

In Opaque Shade Cloth and Scotch Holland, with laces and fringes to match.

FURNITURE.

Our stock of Household Furniture is very complete, and includes Parlor Suites, Bedroom Suites, Dining Tables, Centre Tables, Fancy Tables, Jardinier Stands, Fancy Chairs, Easy Chairs, Lounges, Sideboards, Hall Racks, Iron and Brass Bedsteads, Wire, Wool Top and Excelsior Mattresses.

HOSIERY.

Boys' Bicycle Hose, assorted colored tops, all sides and prices. Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose, large selection and good values.

BOOTS and SHOES.

We have no space to particularize, but we wish to say most emphatically that anyone requiring Boots, Shoes or Slippers, fine or coarse, Ladies', Gentlemen's, Misses' or Children's, will find ours the most complete stock to select from and at a saving of at least ten per cent.

A. KIRK & CO.,

KIRK'S BLOCK, ANTIGONISH



General News.

The Legislature of New South Wales has resolved to send a military contingent to join the British troops in China.

A man named George B. Campbell, of Cornwallis, King's County, fell from a load of hay at that place on Saturday last, and broke his neck, dying in a short time.

A London despatch announces the dissolution of the Imperial Parliament and states that the Cabinet will be reconstructed, Chamberlain becoming Foreign Secretary.

Thirty persons were poisoned by eating canned goods at a picnic at Morell, P. E. I., on Wednesday of last week, and doctors had to be summoned from Charlottetown and other places. Some of the poisoned suffered greatly, but all recovered.

The revenue cutter Rush, which made a ten days' cruise among the Pribiloff Islands in Behring Sea, reports the prevalence of a disease resembling grip, but attended with great mortality, among the inhabitants of these seal islands. Fifteen deaths had occurred in the space of a few days.

In a sudden wholesale raid on the bucket shops of Chicago day before yesterday the police captured nearly four hundred persons, many of whom felt keenly the disgrace of being taken to the stations. Scarcely a person escaped.

Prince Alfred, Duke of Saxe-Coburg in Germany, formerly known as the Duke of Edinburgh, second son of Queen Victoria, died on Tuesday of heart-failure, induced by cancer at the root of the tongue. The Duke, who became a foreign sovereign by succeeding to the Duchy in 1893, was born in 1844, married the daughter of the late Czar Alexander II. in 1874, and spent much of his life in the navy, of which he was a Vice-Admiral.

In introducing the supplementary army estimates of eleven and a half million pounds last Friday, the Secretary of the War Office explained that this would cover the expenses in South Africa to the end of February, 1901, besides providing three millions for China. This makes the aggregate amount voted for the War Office £61,022,700—or nearly \$900,000,000.

After a spirited debate in the British House of Commons on Wednesday of last week on the Colonial Office vote, Sir Wilfred Lawson moved a resolution of Mr. Chamberlain's salary, as a mark of censure of his policy. Mr. Chamberlain in reply said that this was equivalent to declaring that the war was unjust. He went on to speak of the future of South Africa, and, among other things, said that the death penalty would not be inflicted on the Cape rebels, who would instead be disfranchised for ten years. The motion to reduce his salary was lost by a vote of 208 to 52.

Mr. Willcocks, late Director-General of Reservoirs in Egypt, says in The Westminster Gazette that the cutting of the water grasses, bulrushes and other vegetation which clogged the channels of the Nile and interfered with the summer irrigation of Egypt has prevented the loss of half the present year's cotton crop, and resulted in a gain to the latter country of \$20,000,000. The river was cleared at a cost of about \$375,000. The Egyptian Government intends to strengthen the banks of the river where it passes through the swampy region, thus keeping this foreign matter from being washed by floods into the channels of the stream.

On Monday Lord Curzon telegraphed the Secretary of State for India as follows:

"Considerable anxiety is felt owing to the weakness of the monsoon. The situation is serious and critical in Gujarat, Baroda and Rajputana West, which are not sown. No fodder whatever is available in the south-western parts of the Punjab. Sown crops are in imminent danger, as rain continues to hold off. Fodder is scarce and cattle are dying in the central provinces of Therara and Hyderabad. One quarter of the inhabitants of the central provinces are on relief. The total number receiving relief is 6,266,000, with incomplete Bombay figures." The Governor of Bombay telegraphs that there were 8,607 cholera cases in the famine district during the week ending July 21, of which 5,700 resulted fatally. In the native states there were 8,246 cases, 5,710 proving fatal. The total deaths in the relief works of the British districts were 6,753 or 4 2-5 per 1,000.

Town Council Meeting.

A meeting of the Town Council was held last Tuesday evening.

The following accounts were read and ordered to be paid:—Street repairs, amounting to \$38.50; Alex. A. McDonald, hemlock plank, \$8.10; CASKET Print. & Pub. Co., printing and advertising, \$3.00; ink stand, ink and mucilage for Town office, \$1.50; W. U. Telegraph Co., telegrams, \$1.85; Dougald McDonald, Clydeale, removing fence at Reservoir and erecting gate, \$5.50; cutting ice, etc., \$6.00.

Mr. D. C. Chisholm, Barrister, was appointed to the offices of Recorder and Stipendiary Magistrate of the Town, made vacant by resignation of Mr. W. F. McPhie.

Mr. Colin A. Chisholm was appointed Revisor of Electoral Lists to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late R. O'Donoghue, barrister.

A meeting of the School board was also held same evening.

The following accounts were order to be paid:—McCurdy & Co., blinds, dictionary and maps for St. Ninian Street School, \$36.10; Casket Publishing Co., printing forms, \$1.50; Mrs. L. G. Harrington, supplies, \$2.71; Miss C. J. McDonald, chalk, 90 cents.

A notice of action from A. McGillivray, Esq., solicitor of J. H. McDougall, a former principal of Main Street School, was read. Mr. McDougall claims damages for an alleged breach of contract by the Commissioners in not carrying out their agreement to employ him as principal of said school for the school term just ended. The Secretary was instructed to notify Mr. McGillivray that the Board did not recognize Mr. McDougall's claim, and would not admit any liability.

A communication from Sister St. Clarissa, Superior of Mount St. Bernard's Convent, requesting the Board to appoint a janitor for the Convent schools, or to allow them \$50.00 per year for cleaning and looking after the class-rooms, was read, and on motion was deferred till the next meeting of the Board.

The Chairman and Commissioner Mc Isaac were appointed a committee to examine as to the necessity of repairs to schools, and report at next meeting.

The resignation of Mr. A. A. McIntyre, late principal of Main St. School, was then read.

Mr. A. A. McKimmie was re-appointed principal of St. Ninian School; and Miss Jean Chisholm, to the intermediate department.

The following persons were applicants for the position of principal of Main St. School: Miss Margaret F. McDougall and Colin F. McKinnon, Town; Allan McDonald, South Side Harbour; John McDonnell, Afton, and Dan McDonnell, Dunmore. Commissioners Chisholm and Cunningham moved and seconded respectively the appointment of Miss McDougall, while Commissioners McIsaac and Sears were in favour of appointing Mr. McKinnon. There, therefore, being a tie Chairman McPhie was called upon to decide the matter and voted for Miss McDougall.

Engagement of teachers for the other departments was deferred till next meeting of Board.

STORMS.—Two violent thunderstorms visited the place since our last issue. The first was a hurricane which sprang up suddenly on Saturday afternoon, accompanied by very sharp lightning. The wind for a short time was terrific, but the storm passed over in a short time. At the Strait of Canso, where an immense number of people were enjoying themselves at the Mulgrave picnic, there was a hurried rush for cover. Ebbree's powerful ferry-boat, which was crossing the Strait with a number of passengers, was caught in the storm, driven before the wind and stranded at Pirate Cove. At Fourchu an unknown schooner was sunk with all hands. Yesterday afternoon a moderate thunderstorm

passed over the town about two o'clock, and after subsiding sprang up later with terrific violence, lasting some two hours, with almost continuous flashes of vivid lightning, deafening crashes of thunder and torrents of rain. No damage was so far been reported.

McCurdy & Co. have a large quantity of gloves, hosiery, and collars which are going at half-price. Call and get a good bargain. McCurdy & Co.—adv.

DIED.

McLEAN.—Consolled by the last rites of the Church, there died at Long Point, Inverness, on the 19th July, in the 44th year of her age, Mary McLean, daughter of John McLean, Esq., of that place. The deceased suffered a lingering and painful illness with Christian fortitude, and though knowing that her sickness was incurable, she was never heard to murmur. She was well and favourably known to the travelling public, as she was for many years house-keeper of the Caledonia Hotel, Port Hastings. May she rest in peace.

CHISHOLM.—At West Merigomish, on the 29th July, Margaret, relict of the late Colin Chisholm, Carey. The deceased was a daughter of the late William Chisholm, "King," of Caledonia Mills and was in her 67th year. She had been ill for some months during which time she prepared herself to meet her Maker by frequent reception of the Sacraments. Fortified by the last rites of the Church she peacefully passed away, leaving a family of three daughters and two sons to mourn their irreparable loss. R. L. P.

Obituary.

On Friday, July 20th, death visited the home of John G. McGillivray, Caledonia Mills, carrying off his beloved son Ronald Joseph, aged 17 years. Deceased bore his illness with Christian resignation to the Divine Will. Ronald was a dutiful son and loving brother. His bright obliging disposition endeared him to all. A sorrowful father and mother, five brothers and five sisters mourn his early death. R. L. P.

The death occurred at Lower South River, on the 25th July, of Mary MacIsaac, beloved wife of Ronald Cameron. Deceased, who was in her 33rd year, was for a number of years a talented pupil of St. Bernard's Convent, from which she graduated in 1893. Of an amiable and pious disposition, she endeared herself to all with whom she became acquainted, and her premature death has cast a gloom over the whole community. Her illness, which lasted several months, was borne with Christian resignation and was marked by a frequent reception of the Sacraments. Her death was as her life—most beautiful. Comforted by all the rites of our Holy Church, of which she was always a most exemplary member she peacefully passed to her Maker. Her disconsolate husband and four children have the sympathy of all in their sad bereavement. R. L. P.

Acknowledgments.

- Rev. Dr. Chisholm, Lismore. \$1 00
Rev. Mother Fideles, Rockingham. 1 00
Daniel Desmond, Granton. 1 00
Bertha Cunningham, Hartford, Conn. 1 00
T. J. Sears, Lochaber. 1 00
Wm E. Leary, West Quoddy. 1 00
Simon Boudreau, Barrios Beach. 1 00
James Grant, Beaulieu. 2 00
Janet McDonald, Fenwick, Conn. 1 00
Annie Cameron, Concord. 1 00
John Hulbert, N. E. Lochaber. 1 00
John D. McGillivray, N. S. East Bay. 1 00
Angus Smith, Marshy Hope. 2 00
Maggie McDonald, New Glasgow. 1 00
James C. McDonald, Arisaig. 1 00
James Bain, S. W. Port Hood. 1 00
D. W. Grant, Heatherton. 1 00
Rodk. Fraser, S. S. Harbour. 1 00
H. H. McEachern, Rossland, B. C. 1 00
Margaret Cameron, Harwick Port. 25
Dan McDonald, Caledonia Mines. 1 00
Samuel Somers, Grosvenor. 1 00
Alexander Chisholm, East Bay. 1 00
Alexander K. Chisholm, Caledonia Mills. 1 00
John N. McIsaac, Low Point. 50
Alexander McGillivray, South Dakota. 1 00
Colin Chisholm, Cross Roads, Ohio. 1 00
Patrick Neville, Brigport. 2 00
Frank J. Sutherland, Port Hood. 1 00
Dr. W. A. Chisholm, 152 West 34th St, N. Y. 1 00

NO PIC-NIC
Too Large for us to supply at short notice.
Our Stock is large and complete: It includes everything required
Pic-nic Supplies is our Specialty at this season.
T. J. BONNER

WEST END WAREHOUSE

AN IMMENSE STOCK OF LADIES' BLOUSE WAISTS

Embracing all the newest styles of make, choicest colours, and new and stylish patterns. SIZE OF BLOUSE WAISTS 32 to 42.

- Ladies' shirt waists made of pretty patterns in percale and chambrays, fancy stripes, with collar and cuffs to match at 85c
Ladies' shirt waists with fancy diagonal stripes at 95c
Fancy printed cotton shirt waists, Tooke Bros. celebrated make, with collar and cuffs to match, 40 and 50c
Our Leader at \$1.10 in Navy and fancy coloured insertion stripe is destined to be the popular seller this season.

Linens and Cottons.

We have received an immense stock of GREY and WHITE COTTONS.

- These were bought before the recent sharp advance in prices, and we are giving our customers the benefit of this, saving you at least 20 per cent.
GREY COTTONS at 5, 6 and 8c. 1 yd. wide.
WHITE COTTONS at 4, 6, 7, 8 and 10c.
UNBLEACHED SHEETINGS, plain and twilled at 16, 18 and 20c.
WHITE SHEETINGS, plain and twilled, at 23, 25, 27 and 30c.
CRASH TOWELLING at 4 and 5c.
CRASH TOWELLING LINEN at 7, 8 and 9c.

McCURDY & CO. are complete house furnishers.

White Turkish Towelling at 25c yd. Glass Cloth in fancy check at 7 and 15 cents.

TABLE LINENS.

- White Damask Table Linens, newest designs from 56 inches to 64 inches, from 50 c to \$1.50.
Unbleached Damask Table Linens, nice new patterns at 25, 35, 40 50, 60 and 70 cents.
Beautiful patterns in coloured table linens, red and white, red and blue, at 40, 45 and 55c
50 doz. White Table Napkins.
White Linen Damask Napkins, hemmed ready for use from 75, 95, 1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 2.75, 3.25.

WASH GOODS.

- Linen crash for ladies suits and skirts, 35 inches wide, at 10 and 13 c.
Nice patterns in Canadian prints at 5 cents.
Indigo blues, black and white and fancy colours, a complete range of patterns at 7, 8, 9, and 10 c.
Splendid values in English prints, guaranteed not to fade, 12, 13 and 14 c.
Black and white, blue and white, and fancy colours. Choice patterns.
Dress ducks, Indigo ground with fancy anchor spots and stripes at 14 c.
Dress ducks in plain and white mauve and light blue, 14 to 18c
Dress duck white ground with blue spot and anchor pattern 10c.
Plain Black dress satteens at 12, 15, 17 and 20c.

Ladies' Fancy American Percale Skirts,

Blue and White Stripe, 10-inch Frill, 3-Rows White Fancy Braiding, special at \$1.95

Ladies' Moreen Underskirts,

Colours Black, Mauve and Cardinal, \$1.25

Ladies' Black Moreen Underskirts.

Black Frill, at \$1.95

Ladies' Black Moreen Underskirts,

Fancy Frill, at \$2.25

ALL OUR GOODS ARE MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES. A NICE RANGE OF LADIES COLLARS AND CUFFS.

McCURDY & CO.



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## Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of



See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

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

Price 25 Cents

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.  
Purely Vegetable.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Church Bells, Chimes and Peals of Best Quality. Address: Old Established BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY THE E. W. VANDUZEN CO., Cincinnati, O.

## New Custom Tailoring Shop.

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

MAIN and COLLEGE SST.,

next door to the Antigonish Bookstore.

Our long experience in selecting and making-up

### Men's, Boys' and Youths' Suits, Overcoats, etc.,

is such that we can guarantee satisfaction in all work entrusted to us, and we respectfully solicit the favor of a call from all contemplating a Spring Overcoat or a new Suit.

Particular attention given to Clergymen's Soutanues.

## GRANT & CO.

### INDIGESTION Can be Cured.

Open Letter from a Prominent Clergyman.

MIDDLETON, N. S. C. GATES, SON & CO.

DEAR SIRS,—Please pardon my delay in answering yours of weeks ago. Yes, I have no hesitation in recommending your

### Invigorating Syrup.

During the fall and winter of '96 and '97 I was greatly distressed with indigestion. I tried several remedies, each of which gave me no relief. I was advised to try your Invigorating Syrup, which I readily did and have felt grateful ever since to the one who gave me such good advice. The very first dose helped me, and before half of the first bottle was used I was completely cured. I have not been troubled with the disease since. I have taken occasion to recommend your medicine publicly upon several occasions, and heartily do so now. You are at liberty to use this in any way you please.

Yours truly,  
Rev. F. M. Young,  
Pastor Baptist Church, Bridgetown, N. S.

Sold everywhere at 50 cts. per bottle.

## HARNESS.

Spring is here and you want Harness. For good reliable Harness, call on

H. D. McEACHERN.

Satisfaction Guaranteed. West End, Main Street, Antigonish.

## QUEEN HOTEL, ANTIGONISH.

THE QUEEN HOTEL has been thoroughly renovated and new furniture, carpets, etc., installed, and is now thoroughly equipped for the satisfactory accommodation of both transient and permanent guests at reasonable rates

GOOD DINING-ROOM FIRST-CLASS CUISINE, LARGE CLEAN BEDROOMS. Restaurant in Conjunction.

Good stabling on the premises. JAMES BROADFOOT, Proprietor, Antigonish, June 8, 98.

### The Old Daguerreotypes.

Up in the attic I found them, in the cedar chest, Where the flowered gowns lie folded, which once were brave as the best;

And like the queer old jackets and the waistcoats gay with stripes, They tell of a worn out fashion—these old daguerreotypes.

Quaint little folding cases, fastened with tiny hook, Seemingly made to tempt one to lift up the latch and look; Linings of purple and velvet, odd little frames of gold, Circling the faded faces brought from the days of old.

Grandpa and grandma, taken ever so long ago, Grandma's bonnet a marvel, grandpa's collar a show; Mother, a tiny toddler, with rings on her baby hands Painted—lest none should notice—in glittering, gilded bands.

Aunts and uncles and cousins, a stately and stiff array, Lovers and brides, then blooming, but now so wrinkled and gray, Out through the misty glasses they gaze at me, sitting here Opening the quaint old cases with a smile that is half a tear.

I will smile no more, little pictures, for heartless it was in truth, To drag to the cruel daylight these ghosts of a vanished youth. Go back to your cedar chamber, your gowns and your lavender, And dream 'mid their by-gone graces, of the wonderful days that were.

—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

### Foreign Missions at the Paris Exposition.

To the Catholic mind the Pavilion of the Foreign Missions in the Trocadero Gardens is one of the most interesting features of the Exhibition. It is doubly interesting at the present time because of actual events. France when claiming her place as a great civilizing power in the world has to admit that her missionaries are her right hand. The French Government, no matter what nefarious projects against religion it may be hatching for home use, thinks as Gambetta did when he said that anti-clericalism was not an article for exportation. On the ground floor of the Foreign Missions Pavilion there is a series of tableaux vivants. The figures are life-like and life size. They represent missionaries—men and women—busy at their work of evangelization in different parts of the world. One represents a Father of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost teaching the Catechism to two black children of the Congo. One is that of a sweet-faced Sister clad in white preparing to bandage the head of an unfortunate leper. Another shows us a Sister of Charity acting as schoolmistress to negroes of Central Africa. Another shows us Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate at their mission work in the frozen regions of North America.

Two scenes of martyrdom are portrayed, and are of startling realism. One is that of a French missionary in Tonquin. The series of object lessons is continued upstairs. There, too, the spectator is brought face to face with what French missionaries are doing in every part of the world. Ethnographical collections show him the races among whom the missionaries are working; portraits on the walls show him some of those who have died as martyrs. He sees the instruments of torture brought to bear on the Christian athletes in face of their pagan destroyers. All this and a great deal more helps to give some idea of the vastness, utility and grandeur of the work being done by the French Foreign Missions. France as a great civilizing influence in the Eastern world would be nowhere without her numerous nursing and teaching orders. Much is taught by a visit to the Pavilion of the Foreign Missions.—Exchange.

### Archbishop Walsh Speaks.

The name of his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, having been placed without authority on a circular list of a committee for the collection of funds for a proposed monument to commemorate the visit of the Queen to Ireland and the war in South Africa, his Grace, who had been waited upon by a representative of the Dublin Evening Telegraph, wrote as follows to that paper: ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE, DUBLIN, June 30, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—The information given to your representative, who called here this afternoon, is perfectly correct. As I assume that it is your intention this evening to make some reference to the strange proceeding in question, I ought, I think, to state in detail all that I know about it.

I never was more surprised in my life than I was on hearing, a few days ago, the use that was being made of my name in this matter by the gentlemen who are responsible for the list of the committee that has been issued by them in connection with their circular appealing to the public for subscriptions.

From the beginning, I regarded the visit of her Majesty to Ireland,—connected

as it was publicly proclaimed to be with the present calamitous war,—as, in the circumstances, an act of sadly-mistaken policy on the part of those who advised it. But no one could have been more anxious than I was, that her Majesty should have been treated by every citizen of Dublin, and by every inhabitant of Ireland, with all the respect due not more to her exalted rank, than to her many most estimable personal qualities. Consequently I studiously abstained throughout from expressing dissent from anything in connection with her Majesty's visit, in which I did not feel myself free personally to take part.

I abstained, for instance, from public protest, contenting myself with a subsequent friendly remonstrance, against the use made of my name, when, during my absence in Rome, it was placed, without any authorization from me, upon the list of vice-presidents of the movement for the decoration of the city.

On receiving, in the course of last month, a circular from the honorary secretaries and the executive committee for the erection of a commemorative statue, notifying me that I had been placed on the committee, I was pleased to see that this was done only "subject to" my "willingness to act." The circular, moreover, fully satisfied me that the condition thus inserted was to be taken as a reality, for it went on to ask me to communicate with the honorary secretaries in case I consented to the placing of my name on the list. We shall be "glad to know," where the words of the circular, "if you will kindly allow" your name to be placed on the committee. Feeling unable to do what was requested—acting in the spirit in which I had acted throughout, I preferred in the circumstances simply to do nothing, merely withholding the expression of the consent thus formally asked for.

Two or three days ago I heard to my very great surprise that, notwithstanding all this, I had, without my consent, been placed upon the committee, and that a list displaying my name in a prominent place was being circulated through the city in connection with the appeal for subscriptions. Believing that my informant must have been in some way mistaken, I asked him to obtain a copy of the list for me. I received it only last night. The information given to me about it was perfectly correct. My name is there, next to the Lord Mayor's.

It is not the least noteworthy part of all this strange transaction, that the gentlemen responsible for this use of my name, while circulating the list of the committee, sent no copy of it to me. I remain, dear sir, faithfully yours,

WILLIAM J. WALSH, Archbishop of Dublin.

At a meeting of the executive committee above-named, the day after the publication of this letter Archbishop Walsh's name was ordered dropped from the circular. The committee excused itself from its unauthorized use on the plea that it had assumed silence to give consent.

### Catholic Martyr Missionaries.

This time of intense suspense in regard to the Chinese missions recalls the days, thirty years ago, when hatred of the white race was strong in China, and, despite the danger, some French Sisters opened, at Tien-Tsin, a hospital for those in need of care no matter what their belief or their race. Others gathered in the little deserted Chinese babies, and cared for them. Evil reports ran riot. At last—and the whole story sounds wonderfully like the newspaper reports of to day—the ignorant mob rushed in fury upon its prey. This time it was the French consul who was first to feel their fury; and with him fell his wife and his interpreter. The Abbe Chevrier gathered one hundred children into shelter, but vainly; for all were slain, and the faithful priest with them. For eight hours the mob continued to butcher foreigners, then about sundown besieged the convent of French Sisters, whose superior, with calm fortitude, awaited them at her post. The ensuing scene chills one to read of. When it was over, house and church were set on fire, and the mangled bodies of the martyred nuns, who had literally given now their absolute all for Jesus Christ, were flung into the flames. Six years later another band of heroic Sisters went from the mother-house of St. Vincent's noble daughters in the Rue du Bac, Paris, to the same city of Tien-Tsin. Last week it was reported from China that the Catholic missions at Mourkeden had been entirely burned; Bishop Guillon, Fathers Emonet, Corbel, Bourgeois and Veuillemot, two Sisters of Providence, and all the native Christians were murdered. The Catholic missions at the native city of New Chwang, which is situated eleven miles from the port of the same name, have also been destroyed. The French consul at Shanghai received news that the Chinese prefect at Mourkeden himself murdered the Catholic Bishop Guillon.—Sacred Heart Review.

### A Forgotten Catspaw.

Within a few days the death has been announced of a man who, a quarter of a century ago, was among the famous ones of Europe. Paul Falk, Bismarck's stalking horse in his war with the Roman Catholic Church in Prussia, Minister of Public Worship in that Kingdom when the laws called by his name were enacted to oppress the Roman Catholic hierarchy there, died almost forgotten at his home in Westphalia, where for several years he had been president of the Higher Tribunal of Justice, and with his death ends the last chapter of an interesting volume of modern history.

Within a short time after the French War, and the refounding of the German Empire, Bismarck, Chancellor of the Empire and Prime Minister of Prussia, began to profess uneasiness at the growth of the Roman Church in Germany. Pope Pius' dogma of infallibility had been promulgated during the war, and its exact pontifical importance had not then been gauged. Gladstone in England, Richard Thompson in this country, and others elsewhere had put out, or were preparing, books protesting against the dogma, and declaring it a menace to the world. Bismarck's contribution to the literature that grew up around the Vatican Council was the series of enactments against the Church of Rome in Prussia.

In July, 1872, the Jesuits were ordered to leave the country. Then in May, 1873, came the laws that made Dr. Falk famous for a time; and with them began the so-called Kulturkampf. The laws required candidates for clerical office to undergo a certain amount of secular training at the German universities, and that appointments to ecclesiastical posts be approved by the secular authorities; they provided a royal tribunal for ecclesiastical matters, and imposed fines and other penalties on persons who did not obey them. Later, when it was found that the laws had no effect on the priests, who were urged and directed by Pope Pius IX, to disregard them, the "bread-basket" law was passed, stopping the stipends of all clergymen who did not obey the law.

Archbishop Ledochowski, of Posen, was the first martyr of the laws named after Dr. Falk; in October, 1873, he was fined for threatening to excommunicate a professor in a college in his diocese. He was imprisoned on Feb. 3, 1874, deprived of his archdiocese in April by the State, and released on Feb. 3, 1876, when he was created a Cardinal. Archbishop Melchers was convicted of sedition in having instituted priests without the permission of the government. In seven months four Archbishops, seven Bishops, 120 priests in the diocese of Cologne alone had been deprived or expelled; and the parishes were plunged into chaos, especially in the diocese of Cologne. Newspapers were suppressed, theological professors were dismissed, religious services were interdicted, church revenues were impounded, schools were shut, religious weddings were interrupted, as marriages were legal only before civil officers; funerals were stopped. In seven dioceses there were 476 vacant parishes.

The war lasted for some years. It reached its height about 1876, when the Pope refused to receive Cardinal Hohenlohe as German Ambassador at his Court. When he heard of this refusal, Bismarck uttered his famous threat: "We shall not go to Canossa," alluding to the repentance and supplication of Henry IV., German Emperor, 1076, 800 years before, when he stood for three days in the snow before the Pope's door, begging forgiveness and peace from Gregory VII.

In 1878 died Pope Pius IX., and Leo XIII. succeeded to the throne of the Fisherman. Within a short time unofficial negotiations were begun by both Bismarck and the Pope; but there was no visible reconciliation. On Jan. 30, 1879, however, Dr. Falk resigned his place in the Ministry; and on Feb. 24, 1880, Leo XIII. wrote to the Archbishop of Cologne, advising him to submit to the government the names of priests whom he desired to institute. That same year the May or Falk laws were partially suspended, and in 1881, with the approval of the Prussian Government, Dr. Felix Korum was appointed Bishop of Treves. In 1882 diplomatic relations were renewed between the Vatican and Prussia.

Meantime Dr. Windhorst, a leader of the Clerical party, had become Minister of Public Worship, and in July, 1883, the obnoxious laws were partly suspended. On Dec. 3, 1884, certain clauses were repealed absolutely. The middle of summer, 1886, saw a convention agreed on by Prussia and the Vatican, and in March, 1887, the entire series of laws was removed from the statute books. Bismarck had reached Canossa.

Bismarck is dead, the Falk laws are forgotten; and now the catspaw, who did the work for the Man of Blood and Iron, has followed his old leader. The fame of twenty-five years ago has passed, and the sponsor for the famous laws dies almost unnoticed.—New York Sun.

### Professional Cards

GIRROIR & McINTYRE, Barristers & Solicitors, ANTIGONISH, N. S.

J. A. BOYD, LL. B., BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC., ANTIGONISH, N. S. Office: Church Street, next to Block.

DAN C. CHISHOLM, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC., OFFICE: ONE DOOR WEST CORNER KIRK'S GROCERY STORE, MAIN STREET, ANTIGONISH, N. S.

Joseph A. Wall, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC., Agent for Lancashire Fire Assurance Co., OFFICE: GREGORY'S BUILDING, ANTIGONISH, N. S.

McNEIL, McNEIL & O'CONNOR, Barristers, Solicitors, ETC., P. O. Box 292, HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

DANIEL McNEIL, ALEX McNEIL, M. A., LL. B., W. F. O'CONNOR, LL. B., B. S. C. L.

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

BICYCLES SUPPLIES and REPAIRS. Parts made from Same Specialty. If you are in need of any of the above pay you to write us.

Acme Bicycle Agency, P. O. Box 284, Phone 100, NEW GLASGOW, N. S.

Hotel Property for Sale. The Hotel at Heatherton is offered for sale as a well-finished two-story building on a large and lot of land. It is suitable for business, being about ten minutes from the Station. The Guyanese and the door. Heatherton has a daily mail parts. Apply to JOSEPH V. BARRISTER or to DUNCAN McNEIL.

CANNED GOODS NOW IN STOCK.

- Tomatoes,
- Peas, Corn,
- String Beans,
- Pumpkins,
- Squash,
- Apples,
- Peaches, Peas,
- Plums,
- Blueberries,
- Strawberries,
- Raspberries,
- Pineapple,
- Baked Beans,
- Vancamps Baked Beans with Tomato Sauce
- Mackerel,
- Condensed Milk and Oysters, Etc., Etc.
- Sausages,
- Corned Beef,
- Lunch Tins,
- Ox Tongue,
- Chip Beef,
- Boneless Chicken,
- Turkey,
- Duck,
- Potted Ham,
- Tongue,
- Beef,
- Hare,
- Vancamp's Halibut,
- Salmon,
- Finan Haddock,
- and other delicacies.

### C. B. WHIDDELL & SON.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after June 15, 1900, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Accommodation for New Glasgow, Express for Halifax, Express for Sydney, " " Halifax, Accommodation for Mulgrave, Express for Sydney.



Goldwin Smith on China.

At the present moment impenetrable mist still hangs over the situation in China. The probability, on the whole, seems to be that the German Minister alone has been killed. As to the future, no prophecy is more likely to be fulfilled than that of the German Consul who cheerfully predicts that "the armies of Europe will devastate Northern China, the dead will choke up the streams, and thousands and thousands of yellow devils will strew the hills and plains, and their putrifying bodies will poison the air."

The Chinese are hostile to foreigners on the outskirts of the empire, where they have come into contact with European aggression, been trampled on, bombarded for refusing to allow opium smuggling and exposed to the insolence which is unfortunately characteristic of the European trader and official in their intercourse with an inferior race. But it does not appear that the same bitterness extends to the Chinese in the interior.

"My general impression is that British manufacturers will have to exert themselves to the utmost if they intend to supplant, to any considerable extent, in the native market the fabrics produced in their leisure hours, and at intervals of rest from agricultural labours, by this industrious, frugal and sober population. It is a pleasing but pernicious fallacy to imagine that the influence of an intriguing mandarin is to be presumed whenever a buyer shows a preference for native over foreign calico."

Here is an instructive little incident concerning the manner in which municipal government is managed in London. In consequence of a report that free passes to a certain exhibition had been issued to three inspectors of the Metropolitan fire brigade an official investigation was ordered. It was discovered that complimentary tickets had been issued to the officers, who admitted that they had received them, but declared that no other favour of any kind had been extended. Each of the accused officers stated that, though he was provided with a diploma bearing the seal of the County Council, which authorized him to enter places licensed by the Council, it was

in practice not possible to obtain immediate admission to all such places, and that, in the case of this particular exhibition, to which there were five entrances, considerable delay was often experienced, as they could only be admitted by a specified agent. Each of three officers had claimed that he had asked for a pass simply with a view to the avoidance of delay. On receiving these statements the Chief of the brigade at once suspended the three officers. In his report to the County Council he says that the culprits were entrusted with responsible duties and it was of the utmost importance that officials in their position, who might have to make reports criticizing and even condemning the fire arrangements in places they had to inspect, should not be under any obligations to the proprietors or managers. He expresses extreme sorrow that officers of long service, whose record had been good, should have to suffer, but says it is absolutely necessary that the Council should make it plain to all its officials and to the public that it will tolerate no laxity in matters of the kind in question. He therefore recommends that the inspectors be reduced to the rank of privates. The Chief of the London fire brigade, by the way, is an ex-commander of the Royal navy.—New York Evening Post.

The Chinese Question.

We take it that the Chinese difficulty resolves itself into a rebellion, led by Prince Tuan, against the regularly established government on account of popular sentiment against the growing and threatening influence of foreigners. It remains to be seen, upon investigation, whether any guilt attaches to the constituted authorities of the Empire, by reason of neglect to afford protection to the legations and missions; since so serious an uprising could hardly have come with a suddenness that would find the loyal soldiery unprepared. That there have been irritant causes to provoke the outburst of fury and cruelty, so like the spirit of the Tartar invasions, cannot be denied. It is not a matter of wonder that the threatening attitude of Russia and the coarse demands of other powers against an independent nation may have aroused the spirit of Tamerlane or Gheugis Kahn in the Prince Tuan, and again hurled the fanatic and fatalistic Oriental in countless hordes against the walls of a higher civilization. Nor can we believe that the chastisement of China, which is imminent, will help the already strained relations of the powers. Even at this stage there are apparent jealousies and untimely bickerings lest any government gain a vantage from which to dictate terms of settlement in which other nations would not take the rank of treaty powers. Truly, the holocaust of victims to the frenzy of screeching barbarians is so saddening, so inhuman and so treacherous, that steps must be taken against a like occurrence in the future. But more will be gained by a consideration of conditions in the Celestial Empire than by passionate efforts at revenge. It need not surprise anyone that the political Christianity which comes down the steps of State trickery does not proceed very far in China, and if the Chinese have no high regard for the West, who will say the West is not to blame?—Catholic Universe.

The Process of "Elevation."

Before our bold soldier boys went to the Philippines, there were exactly three saloons in Manila; now there are one hundred and seventy. Formerly the native took his sip of vino in a wine-room with great dignity, and then went gaily about his business; now the quantity of beer and whiskey imported into Manila every year would be sufficient to float a ship. When the soldiers get their pay, life in Manila becomes unbearable for civilians: women are insulted, private cabs and carriages are invaded, and drunken soldiers lie as thick as cobblestones along the Escolta, the main street of the city. It is an ungracious task for an American magazine to chronicle such horrors; but what we have written is only a mild paraphrase of the report sent in by Mr. Harold Martin, a representative of the Associated Press at Manila. And the worst of it is that the man with the hoe will some day be taxed for pensions to support these patriotic gentlemen who are drinking themselves to death in the very face of the enemy.

We rejoice to know, on the authority of Mr. Martin, that our civilization has taken no strong hold on the Filipino. "I do not believe that our advent has caused any appreciable increase of drinking among the islanders; up to the present time we alone indulge in intemperance." The natives are filled with disgust at the sights they witness among the soldiers, whose example they have shown no desire to follow. When the condition of army discipline abroad becomes public knowledge at home—and that is sure to happen,—the patriotism of the parents and friends of the soldiers is likely to experience a rude chill.—Ave Maria.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

The Calendar. AUGUST. DATE. FEAST. 3 Frid. Finding of S. Stephen, Protomartyr. 4 Sat. S. Dominic, Confessor. 5 Sun. Dedication of Our Lady of the Snows 6 Mon. Transfiguration of Our Lord. 7 Tues. S. Cajetan, Confessor. 8 Wed. S. Cyril and Companions, Martyrs. 9 Thur. S. Emilius, Martyr.

New-Process Bread Making.

It might have been imagined that the art of making bread was so perfectly developed long ago that no improvements in it were possible. Nevertheless, it appears that certain processes have been recently discovered which represent a substantial advance. To begin with, the dough ingredients are subjected to much more energetic treatment than has hitherto been customary. The action is centrifugal and one result of it is to distribute the water and the gluten through every particle of the mass. Meanwhile a complete aeration of the dough is accomplished by throwing into the mixing chamber a continuous blast of cold air.

Not long ago the Department of Agriculture investigated the subject and came to the conclusion that the prices charged for bread were exorbitantly high. The average baker converts \$100 worth of flour and other ingredients into \$216 worth of bread, the difference in price being paid by the consumer for the manufacturing.

The superstition that the flour of the present day loses much of its nutriment through the separating process has been exploded. It retains all of its starch.

Spavins, Ringbones, Splints Curbs, and All Forms of Lameness Yield to



Works thousands of cures annually. Endorsed by the best breeders and horsemen everywhere. Free, 21c per box. As a liniment for family use it has no equal. West Lorne, Ontario, Can., Dec. 14, 1898. DR. B. J. KENDALL, CV. Dear Sirs—A year ago I had a valuable horse which got lame. I took him to the Veterinary Surgeon who pronounced it a splint and gave me little hope, although he applied a sharp blister. This made matters only worse and the horse became so lame that it could not stand up. After trying everything in my power I went to a neighbor and told him about the case. He gave me one of your books and I studied it carefully and being resolved to do the utmost in favor of my beast, went to the nearest drug store and got a bottle of your Spavin Cure and applied it strictly according to directions. Before the first bottle was used I noticed an improvement, and when the seventh bottle was about half used, my horse was completely cured and without leaving a blemish on him. After ceasing treatment I gave the horse good care and did some light work with him, wishing to see if it had effected a cure. I then started to work the horse hard and to my entire satisfaction he never showed any more lameness through the whole summer. I can recommend Kendall's Spavin Cure not only as an excellent, but as a sure remedy, to any one that it may concern. Yours truly, SAMUEL TRITTON. Ask your druggist for Kendall's Spavin Cure, also "A Treatise on the Horse," the book free, or address DR. B. J. KENDALL COMPANY, ENOSBURG FALLS, VT.

CARRIAGES FARM IMPLEMENTS.

Just arrived a Carload of Carriages from the reliable McLaughlin Carriage Co. They are all of the latest and most stylish designs, and combine strength and durability with beauty and comfort. I solicit an inspection of them.

FARM IMPLEMENTS Of all Descriptions, manufactured by the famous Massey-Harris Co., including the well-known

Bain Waggon. D. McISAAC Agent for the above Companies.

BE SURE OF GETTING GOOD CARDING By sending your Wool to The Antigonish Woollen Mill. West End, Main Street, Antigonish. We have our Cards in first-class condition, and have skilled Operators, with a capable Foreman of long experience, who sees that every pound of Wool sent in is promptly and properly carded. Also CLOTH FINISHING ANTIGONISH WOLLEN MILL and DYEING. A CO., D. G. Whidden, Manager.

Special Inducements FOR THE Spring and Summer Months. Whiston's Commercial College is offering special inducements to students taking the COMMERCIAL or STENOGRAPHIC Course during the months of April, May, June and July. This old, reliable training school is steadily improving and broadening. All commercial branches are taught. Illustrated catalogue free. Address—

S. E. WHISTON, Principal. 95, Barrington St., Halifax, N. S. FIRST-CLASS TONSORIAL WORK. Opposite Presbyterian Church. Robert Murray Dealer in Fine Monumental Work. J. H. McDougall, 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. RIVERSIDE HOUSE, Main St. Antigonish Permanent and Transient Boarders accommodated at reasonable rates. Good Stabling on the premises, free to patrons. MRS. W. J. WHITE.

We have now on hand a large and varied stock of Patent Medicines, Pills, Ointments, Combs, Brushes and Toilet Articles, Soap, Perfumes, Maltine Preparations, Sponges, Emulsions, Pipes, Tobaccos, Cigars, Cigarettes, etc. PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED. Night Bell on Door. FOSTER BROS. Druggists, Antigonish. Remember the place, opp. A Kirk & Co. Drs. W. H. and W. Huntly Macdonald will remove in November next to the building lately occupied by McGILLIVRAY & McINTOSH.

ISRAEL. This famous and well-known Trotting Stallion, RACE RECORD, 2.19 1/2. WEIGHT, 1050 pounds. Will stand the season of 1900 at the stables of F. H. Randall. Terms, \$5.00 and \$8.00. HOWARD McNAIR, Groom. F. H. RANDALL, Owner. Antigonish, April 24, 1900.

SHERIFF'S SALE. IN THE SUPREME COURT. Between JOHN R. GRAHAM, as guardian of Ida E. Graham and Howard W. Graham, AND ANGUS GILLIS and MARY GILLIS, his wife, Detendants. TO BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION by the Sheriff of the County of Antigonish or his Deputy at the COUNTY COURT HOUSE, ANTIGONISH, ON FRIDAY, the 17th day of August A. D. 1900, at 12 o'clock in the forenoon. Pursuant to an order of foreclosure and sale granted herein on the 6th day of July, A. D. 1900, unless before the time of sale the amount due the Plaintiff on the mortgage foreclosed herein, together with costs to be taxed, are paid to him or to his solicitor. All the estate, right, title, interest, claim, property and demand of the above-named defendant Angus Gillis and of all persons claiming or entitled by, from, or under him, of, in and to all the following described parcel of land and premises situate and being at Back Settlement, Cape George in the County of Antigonish. First—That certain lot beginning at the southwest corner of land granted to David Power, thence running toward the North two degrees East 150 rods, thence North 80 degrees, West 32 rods, thence North two degrees, East 48 rods, thence North 88 degrees, West 245 rods, thence south 48 degrees, East 350 rods to the place of beginning. Second—That certain lot beginning at a birch tree at the western line of the lot hereinbefore described thence running westwardly along said line 40 rods to an ash tree, thence northwardly 12 rods more or less to a fir tree, thence eastwardly 80 rods to a birch bush, thence southwardly 32 rods to the place of beginning, and the buildings, hereditaments, easements, and appurtenances to the same belonging, and the reversions, remainders, rents, issues and profits thereof. TERMS—Ten per cent deposit at time of sale remainder on delivery of deed. D. D. CHISHOLM, High Sheriff of the County of Antigonish. C. ERNEST GREGORY, Main Street, Antigonish, Plaintiff's Solicitor.

Vertical text on the left margin containing various notices and advertisements.



NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. Picnic Supplies—T. J. Bonner. Teacher Wanted—B. E. Patterson. Notice—Arthur Falt. Wool Wanted—McCurdy & Co. Teacher Wanted—A. B. McDonald.

Local Items.

THE COUNTY SCHOOL FUND is now payable at the office of the County Treasurer. Herring! Herring! C. B. Whidden & Son, have just received a very choice lot of fat, large, July herring.—adv.

SEE THE LINE of men's summer shirts McCurdy & Co. are selling at 25c; just what you want for haymaking.—adv.

SHOE FACTORY.—The Cape Breton Boot and Shoe Factory, employing about twenty-five hands, commenced work at North Sydney on Monday.

WE RECEIVED this week, 10 barrels of Fruit Syrups and Lime Juice, all sized bottles—wholesale and retail. T. J. Bonner.—adv.

WALDREN'S PHOTO STUDIO will be open on the 8th, 9th and 10th, and until noon of the 11th inst.

COAL SHIPMENTS.—About 7,000 tons of coal is being shipped by the Dominion Coal Co., from Whitney Pier every twenty-four hours.

BIG HOTEL.—A big hotel, costing \$25,000, is to be built at Glace Bay, C. B. The leading shareholders of the Dominion Coal Co. will be among the largest holders of stock.

DR. G. H. COX, of New Glasgow, Specialist in Eye, Ear and Throat diseases, will be at the Merrimac, Antigonish, on Tuesday afternoon and evening of next week.

STRIKE SETTLED.—The Belle Isle strike has been settled, the men agreeing to accept \$1.10 a day for labourers, or eleven cents an hour instead of ten cents, the amount previously paid them. Miners are to receive \$1.20 a day.

NEW COLLIERY.—The new pits of the Dominion Coal Co., known as No. 3 and No. 4, about a mile from Glace Bay, were opened on Saturday. They employ about 200 men.

DROPPED DEAD.—Miss Ellen Peters, of Sydney, aged about seventy years, dropped dead on Saturday while engaged in household work.

TRAMWAY FOR SYDNEY.—The Cape Breton Tramway and Electric Company have decided to build a tramway in Sydney and its suburbs.

THREE MEN INJURED.—Three labourers were seriously injured on the premises of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company at Sydney on Saturday. An engine struck a car from which they were shovelling coal, throwing them under the car.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Third Mate Smith of the steamship Chatton, which is being unloaded of steel rails at Mulgrave, while working over the hatchway of the steamer on Tuesday morning, lost his balance and fell into the hold, and was instantly killed. He was a native of the Orkney Islands.

THE POLITICAL LEADERS.—It is expected that Sir Wilfrid Laurier will address some public meetings in Nova Scotia, besides the French-Canadian Convention at Arichat. Sir Charles Tupper, it is announced, will attend conventions at Amherst on the 24th, at Halifax on the 27th, and at Sydney on the 29th of August.

WEDDING AT CHARLOTTETOWN.—William L. Scott, son of the Secretary of State, at Ottawa, was married at St. Dunstan's Cathedral, Charlottetown, on Tuesday, to Alice May, daughter of Chief Justice Sullivan of Prince Edward Island. His Lordship Bishop McDonald officiated, assisted by Rev. Doctors Morrison and Monaghan.

THE MABOU FATALITY.—A correspondent at South-West Mabou informs us that the explanation given in THE CASKET last week of the fatal dynamite explosion there, while the one generally accepted in the neighbourhood, is merely a conjecture. Nothing is known he says, as to the placing of the fatal shot, and the coroner's jury did not fix the blame. The injured are doing well.

DROWNED.—The body of a man, subsequently identified as that of Charles McNeil, Stellarton, a driver on the Albion Mines railway, was discovered under the railway bridge at Merigonish Sunday evening. McNeil had been at the picnic at Mulgrave on Saturday, and had, it is supposed, got off the excursion train, which stopped at Merigonish late Saturday night. He had evidently attempted to cross the bridge and had fallen through. An inquest was held and a verdict rendered in accordance with the facts known.

PAINFUL ACCIDENT.—W. Cameron (Newton), of St. Mary's, Guy. Co., sustained a bad fracture of his ankle while driving home from Town on Monday. The large bone of the ankle was protruding through the skin. At Lochaber the shaft bolt dropped out, allowing the shafts to swing freely, and scaring the horses. Mr. Cameron endeavoured to jump from the wagon, but must have had his foot caught in

the spokes. He was brought to Town yesterday morning for medical treatment. There is a danger of his losing his foot.

PROVINCIAL SCHOLARSHIPS.—Following are the results of the recent Provincial examinations in Antigonish, so far as we have been able to ascertain, other than those given in the paragraph containing particulars of the Convent pupils: Ernest Munro, St. Ninian Street School, Grade B, aggregate 639. Laura Newcombe, St. Ninian Street School, Grade B, aggregate 616. Peter Carter, College, Grade B, 496.

Miss Emma Chisholm, of Salt Springs, Ant., who attended Pictou Academy last year, secured an A scholarship, making the splendid aggregate of 1265.

THE IRON ORE areas at Arisaig, Ant., were visited this week by ex-Mayor Stephens, of Halifax, Dr. Cowie, of Halifax, and Mr. Joseph Pashie, all members of the Company that is promoting the enterprise. The company have had some thirty men at work during the month of July locating and stripping the leads, that capitalists with whom they are in correspondence may readily see there is abundance of ore. The local company are hoping to make a sale of the property to some wealthy syndicate. They are at present in negotiations with several. All who inspect the areas are surprised at the large quantity of ore in evidence.

THE FOLLOWING are the names of the young ladies, pupils of Mt. St. Bernard, in affiliation with St. F. X. College, who so far as yet learned, succeeded in taking the grades applied for at the recent examinations held here July 3-8:

Miss Mary L. Fraser, B. A., Sydney, Grade A., Scientific, aggregate 1225. Miss Pauline Macdonnell, B. A., Port Hood, Grade A., Classical, aggregate 1201. Miss Florence M. Sampson, L'Ardoise, Grade B., aggregated 623. Miss Sampson's mark in algebra is 100 points. Miss Rose Landry, Antigonish, Grade B., aggregate 588. Miss Nellie Macdonald, Antigonish, Grade B., aggregate 577. Miss Margaret Macneil, Christmas Island, Grade B., aggregate 491.

WEDDING BELLS.—At Saint Ninian's Cathedral, Antigonish, on Tuesday, July 24, Miss Catherine Fraser, Pitcher's Farm, and Hugh H. Gillis, Pinerale, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by the Rev. Joseph McDonald, P. P. The bride was attended by Miss Florence Cameron, Pitcher's Farm, while Mr. Angus A. McGillivray, William's Point supported the groom.

St. Patrick's Church, Guysboro Intervale, was the scene of a pleasant event on Tuesday, the 17th ult., when Mr. Augustin Farrell, of East Roman Valley, led to the altar Miss Mary Sullivan, of Guysboro. They were united in the bonds of holy matrimony by the Rev. M. Tompkins, P. P. Miss Louise Purcell was maid of honor, and the groom was attended by his brother, Mr. Joseph J. Farrell. The wedding dinner was served at the home of the groom's father. The bride was the recipient of many valuable presents from her numerous friends, who wish Mr. and Mrs. Farrell a long and happy wedded life.—CON.

THE ACADIAN CONVENTION.—The French-Canadian Society of the Assumption, which was organized in 1880, holds, as already stated, its fourth convention at Arichat this year, opening on Wednesday, August 15—the Feast from which it takes its name. The object of the association is the advancement, moral, intellectual and material, of the Acadian people. Its last meeting was held at Church Point, Digby, 1890. The President of the Society is Senator Poirier, and its joint secretaries, Judge Landry and Hon. A. D. Richard. The gathering at Arichat promises to be a very large and interesting one. The Plant Line will, it is announced, run an excursion steamer from Boston to accommodate those of the thousands of Acadians in New England who may wish to attend. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is to be present. A local committee under the presidency of Dr. LeBlanc is making arrangements for the entertainment of the visitors, and the festivities are to include a picnic on the Convent grounds in aid of that institution, and a drive around the beautiful Isle Madame.

THE MEETING held at the Court House last Friday evening, by Messrs. Hodson and Elderkin, though not largely attended, was very interesting. Mr. Hodson gave a full and very convincing account of the important work being done by the stock-breeders' associations of Ontario, in the way of studying and taking advantage of new markets, of affording facilities for the exchange of breeding animals, etc. An illustration is afforded by the case of the purchase of horses for the British Army. A committee of ten specialists in horses will meet the officer who comes out, obtain the fullest information as to the exact requirements, and scatter the knowledge all over Ontario, thus enabling the wide-awake stock-breeders of that province to take advantage to the full of the market afforded, while our farmers down by the sea, who do not appear to see the wisdom of attending a meeting when they might

get valuable hints on their business, continue to complain that farming "doesn't pay." F. H. MacPhie, Esq., presided at the meeting.

Personals.

Rev. Dr. A. Chisholm, P. P., Lismore, was in town yesterday.

Mr. Alex. Chisholm, of East Bay, C. B., is on a visit to friends in the County.

Miss Della Whalen of Boston, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Alex. K. McDonald, of Cloverville.

Miss Charlotte Paxton, of New York, daughter of Mr. W. H. Paxton, whose arrival here was mentioned last week, is in Town, and will remain to attend Mt. St. Bernard's.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Wall, of Boston, Mass., are visiting Mrs. Wall's mother, Mrs. Archy McIsaac, St. Andrews.

Very Rev. Canon O'Donnell, of St. Hyacinth, is spending a few weeks here as the guest of his Lordship Bishop Cameron.

Dr. Archibald A. McDonald, of St. Andrews, who graduated in medicine from Baltimore, is spending a few weeks in his native County. His many friends congratulate him on the successful termination of his studies.

Miss C. J. MacDonald and Miss Marcela O'Brien have gone to Rockingham to spend a few weeks.

Mrs. (Dr.) Stewart, of New York, and two children are visiting Antigonish.

Mr. John E. McCurdy left Quebec on last Saturday by the steamship Cambrian for England, where he will spend the month of August purchasing stock for the firm here and at Sydney.

WOOL. WOOL. We want a Large quantity of Good Washed Wool, for which we will pay the highest price in exchange for goods at Cash Prices. McCURDY & CO.

Photo Studio, Open all day WEDNESDAY, AUG. 8TH. THURSDAY, - AUG. 9TH. FRIDAY, - - AUG. 10TH. SATURDAY UNTIL 11 A. M. WALDREN, GREGORY'S BUILDING, Antigonish.

TEACHER WANTED. A Grade C or D teacher for the school at Forrest Hill. Apply, stating salary expected and qualifications to B. E. PATERSON, Secy. to Trustees, Forrest Hill, N. S., July 30, 1906.

NOTICE. THE BUSINESS, consisting of grist and carding mills, conducted under the name of Falt Bros. will hereafter be conducted by the undersigned. ARTHUR FALT, Antigonish, Aug. 1, 1906.

TEACHER WANTED. MALE, D or C, for Meat Cove, Section No. 58, paying \$120.00, Board \$4.00, getting special aid for poor sections. A. B. McDONALD, Secy. Trustees, Meat Cove, July 25, 1906.

FOR SALE. Standing hay, about 50 acres, on farm of late John Fraser, M. S. River, will be sold in lots to suit purchasers on Aug. 2. For any information before that date apply to MISS FRASER, Church St.

TEACHER WANTED. In Clyburn Brook Section, Ingonish, a Catholic male Teacher, holding a Grade C License, and capable of teaching a Choir and playing the Organ. Apply, stating salary, to GEORGE DOYLE, South Bay, Victoria Co., C. B.

NOTICE. SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15TH, For Painting Exterior of Giant's Lake Church. The Wardens will supply materials. Specifications can be seen at Fr. Doyle's, Casket office, and on application to Wardens. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Address: REV. M. DOYLE, Lochaber, or CHURCH WARDENS, Giant's Lake.

KING QUALITY All SHOES. Perfect harmony accounts for the PERFECTION OF THE KING QUALITY SHOE. The Material, Workmanship, FIT, FINISH and All equal. Nothing is slighted. We want every Woman to buy them, because if she buys a pair, she will keep on buying as long as she lives. Try them and judge for yourself. A SHOE Of Beauty is A Joy while it lasts. OUR SHOES and OXFORDS are acknowledged to be models of beauty and the ideal women's footwear. They by far outstrip all other makes in wear and comfort, as they do also in number of pairs sold. It is simply a revelation in the art of shoe-making, and their great wonder of competition.

Prices for Rich and Poor Alike. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. The Palace Clothing Co. SOLE AGENTS, ANTIGONISH.

FOR ALL THE PRESCRIBED SCHOOL BOOKS, SCHOOL REQUISITES, COMMERCIAL, DEVOTIONAL and OTHER BOOKS, DAILY PAPERS, WEEKLY PAPERS. In fact for anything you may require found in a First-Class Book and Stationery Store.

MISS C. J. McDO MAIN STREET, ANTIGONISH.

Do You Want Big, honest savings are the clinching argument to customers. There is no such thing as cheap prices like ours. Goods of N. K. CUNNING are like the water of Antigonish—always good. BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBERS at prices that are simply below anything ever offered.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS. Although the price of steel has very much advanced, our implements are dearer than the past few years, we still offer them at the lowest possible prices.

DEERINGS. At same price long as previous, we will sell out. For testimonials of the Superior Machine over all others, enquire of those who have purchased the Farmers' Dairy Separator.

ALSO: 1 CARLOAD CONSISTING OF MOWERS (Both Single and Double Rollers and Ball Bearings on each) And RAKES TIGER and ITHACA.

The Tiger is a Self-Dump Rake; the Ithaca is a Spring-Lift Rake, very easily dumped. Made by the leading Manufacturers in Canada. FROST & WOOD, Smith's Falls, Ontario.

Just received, 1 Carload of Mowers, Rakes, etc., J. H. Good's Good Line of Haying Tools and Mowing Machine Oil.

F. R. TROTTER. WANTED AT ONCE. A smart young man about sixteen or seventeen years of age to learn the harness and collar-making trade. A person with some experience preferred. Apply to H. D. McEACHERN, Main St., Antigonish.

TEACHER WANTED. A GRADE C Teacher wanted to take charge of Linagan School for the coming term. One capable of teaching vocal and instrumental music, for which extra salary will be given, preferred. Applicants in both cases must give reference and state salary. Linagan, July 14, 1906. JOHN BURKE.

STANLEY, HANTS CO. THE NEWPORT SERY CO. WINDSOR, N. S. CHOICE HARDY ORNAMENTAL