

THE CASKET.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM.

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL NON-PARTISAN IN POLITICS.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM

FORTY-NINTH YEAR.

ANTIGONISH, N. S., THURSDAY, OCT. 4, 1900.

NO. 42

THE CASKET.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS, \$1.00.

No Subscriptions discontinued until all arrears thereon are paid. Subscriptions in United States are discontinued at expiration of period paid for.

ADVERTISING RATES.

ONE INCH, first insertion, - SIXTY CENTS
second - TWENTY CENTS

Special Rates for periods of two months or longer.
Advertisements in Local Column inserted at the rate of 10c. per line each insertion.

Changes in Contract advertising must be in on Monday.

Marriage and Death Notices inserted free. Obituary Poetry not inserted.

JOB PRINTING.

Neat and Tasty Work done in this Department. Facilities for all Descriptions of Job Printing are A-1.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4.

The great Paris Exposition has proved a financial failure, largely due, the visiting journalists believe, to French attacks upon America during the war with Spain, and upon England during the war in South Africa.

Archbishop Keane's nomination to the see of Dubuque seems to give general satisfaction. He is regarded by many as the most eloquent preacher in America, and his labours for the Catholic University, especially after his retirement from the Rectorship were worthy of the highest praise.

Judge Frederick Smyth of New York who died recently at Atlantic City, N. J., was a convert to the Catholic Church. Two years ago he sent for Bishop Farley suddenly one day, being then ill, and surprised him with the statement that he wished to become a Catholic. The Bishop found him already well prepared, and soon received him into the Church. Judge Smyth was a noted lawyer.

Dr. Barrows, President of Oberlin College, says that there is a growing feeling that religion must be an integral part of education, and that knowledge and refinement are the most powerful forces for human misery unless controlled by religion. Here is important testimony from a prominent Protestant as to the results of godless education. The Catholic view is becoming the view of clear-headed Protestants.

The St. Louis Review says of our late editor-in-chief:

We sincerely regret Mr. Wall's retirement. Catholic journalism on this continent could better spare two dozen clerical quill drivers than this modest and unassuming Nova Scotian layman, whose work did more to strengthen the Catholic cause than most of us lesser scribes, with all our good will, can ever hope to do. We almost wish that Mr. Wall's career at the bar may be unsuccessful, so that he would be compelled to return to the editor's chair.

Monsignor McMahon, who may be called one of the founders of the Catholic University at Washington, because of his gift to it of nearly half a million of dollars, acquired by the sudden increase of the real estate in New York City in which he had invested his modest savings, has now added to this endowment the sum of \$90,000, which he had gained by similar investments in Washington. Speculation in real estate is one of the few ways in which men can make fortunes rapidly and honestly; Mgr. McMahon has been wise and fortunate, and he has made a noble use of his honourable gains.

According to the *Catholic Citizen* Blue Creek Township, Indiana, has a new church. It was built by contributions from various sects. Now, the use of it, or, rather the mode of religious service to be held in it, is to be decided by vote, after a debate in which the respective beliefs of the contributors will be set forth. This seems to us to be a very nice, easy way of settling religious differences. We recommend it to the tired workers who are endeavouring to harmonize discordant sects and fragments of sects. Why not have fair open debates, and then—the all powerful vote. Bar R. R. McLeod, though, if you wish ever to reach the voting stage.

An exchange comments upon the fact that the murderer of King Humbert was

tried regularly and sentenced within a month of the crime. And, though there is no capital punishment under Italian law, there was no talk of mob violence or lynching. The matter is not without its moral. English-speaking countries are quick to deride the judicial and legal systems of other countries; but, compare the case just cited with notable criminal trials both in England and the United States and the comparison will be found favourable to Italy. The English system of law and its administration is the best in the world, undoubtedly, but we must be careful about entirely decrying those of other countries.

Appropos of the decadence of the daily press, elsewhere referred to, the following extract from the *Monitor and New Era* of London, as quoted in the *Sacred Heart Review*, is neatly put:

"The amount of foolish drivel that passes muster in the press nowadays as 'elevating literature' is the despair of educationalists. Its readers pass from one subject to another in the effort to digest this 'elevating literature' until their minds become as sieves, in which nothing can remain. The hazy recollection of innumerable useless 'facts' makes all real study impossible, and leads to a condition of inebriated mental conceit that demands sensation as its necessary food, and thus the 'newer journalism' creates the demand it satisfies, and seems in its own opinion to fully justify its existence."

All of us have thought the speedy relief of the foreign ambassadors in Peking a remarkable event, but no one has expressed its notable character so tersely, or drawn such a valuable conclusion so promptly as the editor of the *Western Watchman*:

The march of the 15,000 allies to Peking has nothing like it in history and in fiction nothing but the "Journey to Lilliput." These 100,000,000 of Chinese stand with arms and hands hid in long sleeves while a handful of men from the West march to their capital and seize it. It is almost incredible. And their civilization antedates ours by several thousand years! What is lacking to those people who have so much that goes to make a man? Religion; truth; God! Without these a man is only the shadow of what he ought to be.

In spite of many rebuffs, Britannia is still making love to Uncle Sam. Lord Salisbury waited until President McKinley had sent to Berlin the refusal of the United States to concur in Germany's proposal that the Chinese officials responsible for the massacres of Christians should be delivered up to the Powers before negotiations for peace were begun; and then, in the face of a chorus of disapproval of the American attitude from the English press, the British Premier sent in his reply to the German proposal couched in the same terms as those used by the United States. It is humiliating for Englishmen to see their country waiting for the word from Washington.

Speaking of the neglect of Catholic art in the decoration of Catholic homes, the following, from the *Catholic Citizen*, suggests that Catholic art is recognized to day by the leading artists of England as far excelling all others. Why not give the preference to good copies of these famous Catholic works over sensuous pagan subjects?

Recently eleven leading British artists were asked to each name the picture he thought the greatest in the world. Titian was the choice of three, Raphael of three, Holbein and Tintoretto each received two votes, Velasquez two, Gainsborough and Turner two, Millais and Rembrandt one. Where, many will wonder, is Leonardo Da Vinci's "Last Supper," over which, even in its mutilated condition, critics and artists and travellers have raved. Strangely enough the names receiving the highest votes of the British artists were of the inferior Latin races, as the cult calls them now, and the subjects of these pictures were nearly all Madonnas.

Another notable figure in the religious history of America has been called to his reward. The Rev. Clarence A. Walworth, for more than thirty years pastor of St. Mary's Church, Albany, died on the 19th ult. While a student of theology at Union Seminary, he fell under the influence of the Oxford Movement. In company with some fellow-students, one of whom was Edgar Wadhams, afterwards Bishop of Ogdensburg, he tried to establish a monastic community. Step by step he was led into the Catholic Church,

joined the Redemptorist Order, left it with Fathers Hecker and Hewi to found the Paulists, and remained with that community as a missionary until failing health compelled him to take up the less arduous work of a diocesan priest. Fr. Walworth wrote some poetry of a very high order of merit, and his reminiscences of the Oxford Movement in America, are among the most interesting chapters in the church history of that country.

We take a great deal of pleasure in laying before our readers the following paragraph from the *Catholic Record*:

We read with sincere regret that Mr. Wall intends to vacate the editorial chair of the *Antigonish Casket*. It is a distinct loss to Catholic Journalism and his action will be deplored by not only his friends but by those who have found him in controversial tourney a foeman worthy of their steel. Under his direction, and with the assistance of the modest and scholarly professors of the College, the *Casket* has forged to the front as a brainy and eloquent exponent of Catholic thought. Mr. Wall has certainly fought a good fight—and we have more than once admired his whole-souled contempt for the shams that lure so many from rational living—his loyal and loving championship of the Church. He, however, in laying down the editorial pen, has the consolation of knowing that he has done his whole duty—and greater happiness can, this side of the grave, come to no man.

The Catholic Bishop of Peking saved the lives of eight hundred Europeans by giving information of the intended massacre to the French ambassador. It might be expected that he would receive the unanimous thanks of the civilized world. Not so. An American journal of some standing, the *Boston Herald*, said that Bishop Favier never had obtained his information in an unlawful way; Catholic missionaries sometimes allowed their converts in high places to remain outwardly heathens for the sake of having spies at court; in other words the Bishop had no business to have such information, and therefore no thanks were due him for using it to save eight hundred European lives. When challenged to produce evidence to justify such a statement, the *Herald* calmly replied that it had none, it was simply going on general principles. Apparently one of these general principles is, that whatever a Catholic Bishop does is wrong.

In the New York *Sun's* description of the Galveston flood we find the following paragraph:

The Catholic Orphan Asylum disappeared leaving only slight traces in the form of ruins. For a time very little of the wreckage was found. It was supposed that the inmates, some ninety-nine sisters and little children, had been swept out into the Gulf when the waters receded. Bodies of several of the victims of the asylum have been found. It appeared that when the heroic sisters found the waters rising all around the asylum their only thought was for their little charges. They tied the children in bunches and then each sister fastened to herself one of these bunches of orphans, determined to save them or die with them. Two of these bunches have been found under wreckage, in each case eight children have been fastened together and then tied to a sister.

Once more we pause to remark that the "garb" of such women as these constitutes a most serious danger for the public school children of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick—the Baptist Institute has said it.

A Catholic exchange has a word to say to Catholics who decorate their homes with the products of pagan art. It is one of the false maxims of the age that the beautiful and artistic cannot be bad. We do not know how many people really believe this; but we are sure that the majority of those who act upon the maxim use it without belief in it—some as a bandage for the eyes of the guileless—others as a sop to conscience. Some few love such art for art's sake only—comparatively very few indeed; and, of these, a smaller number still take no scandal or harm from it. How many men can walk a slack wire and not fall off? And that is an easier task than for a person of flesh and blood and human passions to be wholly uninjured by a cultivation of taste for pagan art. Some people will not believe in an injury of which they are not presently conscious. Yet physicians of the body know that most serious injuries delay their revela-

tion, and physicians of the soul can give much stronger testimony to the same effect.

The report that Lord Roberts has threatened henceforth to treat Boers found in arms against Britain as traitors and outlaws stirs up *The New World* of Chicago to a fine pitch of righteous indignation. "That is to say," observes that journal, "he will employ in the sternest manner, as against those burghers who still maintain a desperate resistance against the conquest of their country, those methods which the Spaniards employed to end a guerilla war in Cuba." It would seem that the editor of *The New World* has no eyes but for the Old World. He is like the educated but indolent and thrifless farmer who could see all the current happenings in countries afar off, but couldn't see the pigs in his own potatoes. If the editor of our Chicago contemporary would but cast an eye on Uncle Sam's potato patch, he would find that the pigs are there—and have been there this long time. Why, the last number to hand of the *New York Sun* has this special cable despatch from Manila, under the suggestive headline, "Rebels quickly punished":

MANILA, Sept. 26.—Skirmishes are increasing at many places in the Province of Cavite. The seaport of Paranaque, a few miles south of Manila, was attacked by the rebels and two Americans of the garrison were killed and five wounded. The troops quickly assumed the offensive. They located two bands of insurgents numbering 400 men and killed 35, wounded 14 and captured 12.

Years ago Uncle Sam took in hand the Red Man, and civilized him so thoroughly that the only good Indian was the dead Indian. He now bids fair to be equally successful with the Brown Man. And then, what striking proofs has he not given, from time to time, of his ability to grapple with the Black Man, and teach him, too, how to behave himself! But, as we have said, the Chicago editor has a keener vision for the things that are afar.

Some months ago we gave our readers a sketch of the Passion Play, drawn from various sources. To-day we publish another account taken from the columns of the *Presbyterian Witness*. It is interesting to notice the impressions made upon this worthy member of the Church of Scotland. He admires the recitation of the Lord's Prayer by the peasants at their work, when the sound of the church bell reminds them that the Mass, the most solemn act of public worship, is going on; he calls it superstition—why, it is hard to say—yet he says, "Such superstition is better than the utter indifference to sacred things and acts and places which too widely characterizes our Protestants." The room in which this writer lodged had a crucifix on each of the four walls, but although obliged to pray before a "carved image," he was not hindered by it in his devotions! The remark that to represent to ourselves our Lord suffering 'tis to represent a "legitimate aspect of the life of Him who was the Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief," is also rather naive. Is it not the aspect in which it is fitting that Christians should most often regard Him? If Presbyterians do not often so regard Him, and this writer seems to say that they do not, may not this be one of the reasons why they are so worldly-minded in their religion? Again he is at variance with the Catholic view when he says that the thieves suffered more than Our Lord. We believe that Our Lord had the most perfect human body and soul ever created, and the more harmonious the union between soul and body, the finer the nervous organization, the greater is the capacity for suffering, mental or physical. Therefore we believe that Our Lord suffered more than any other man ever suffered, and immeasurably more than the coarse-fibred thieves who died beside Him.

The British election campaign is growing warmer. Chamberlain is bitterly attacked and accused of political dishonesty. Catholic papers are supporting the Government on the belief that if returned it will give a Catholic University to Ireland.

Mgr. Falconi, the Apostolic Delegate, was formally welcomed in Winnipeg on Thursday last.

A FORECAST.

The following is part of a private letter written seven years ago:

"The Maritime Provinces, and particularly Nova Scotia, are destined to become the home of busy millions, and if the Catholic Church is to hold her own here she must anticipate the future on a generous scale in the matter of education. I must yield to the temptation of writing you at length on this point, for it is one I have been exploiting for some time in my own way. I say that the Maritime Provinces, and particularly Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, will one day far outstrip even the British Isles in population and in commerce. A dream, you say. Well, let us see. These Provinces occupy a position at the eastern extremity of America exactly corresponding to that of the British Isles on the west of the old world. Our natural resources are pretty nearly the same. Our maritime advantages are as good as the Britisher's any day. We have better fisheries in our vicinity. We are as good a stock, if not better. And we form part of a country so vast that John Bull would have to annex the rest of Europe and good part of Asia before he could begin to talk to us in the matter of territory. Our great West will supply us with breadstuffs and beef, and we shall supply the millions around the great Lakes with fish fit to eat, and with nearly all the commodities of the factory. Capital will soon discover that it can earn larger dividends by exporting the finished product than by exporting the raw material. No one who has seen the thousands of tons of coal shipped daily at Cape Breton piers, and is capable of thinking rationally on economic questions, can fail to see that the coal cannot long continue to be applied to certain manufacturing purposes in cities up the St. Lawrence River. That such is the case now can only be accounted for on the hypothesis that certain industrial centres were developed in pre-confederation days, and that the impetus thus acquired requires a certain time to expend itself. Coal and iron are too heavy and bulky, according to their intrinsic value, to be carried over a thousand miles up stream for the purpose of manufacturing goods which, according to their weight, are incomparably more valuable than the raw material. Will those who come after us bless the foresight of their ancestors in laying deep and strong the foundations of a Catholic University destined to enable Catholics to hold their own against agnosticism in the busy scenes of which our Provinces are to become the theatre?"

If this had been published at the time it was written, it would have made little or no impression. The writer was years ahead of others in conceiving our industrial future. The difference between Cape Breton to-day and Cape Breton of seven years ago justifies his keen insight. To-day we do not need to be prophets to foretell that the two Sydneys will join hands round Sydney Harbour and form a city rivaling London. On the west coast of Cape Breton there is a vast coal area extending from Little Judique to Margaree, and coal is the crowned industrial king of the twentieth century. Less than a century ago the population of England and Wales was under nine millions. No, we cannot reasonably reject the remarkable forecast of the writer quoted. Much less can we safely put aside his inference that, "if the Catholic Church is to hold her own here she must anticipate the future on a generous scale in the matter of education." We must rally round St. Francis Xavier's. Brothers as well as sisters' schools will be essential in the populous centres. The present generation is called upon to make what looks like a vast self-sacrifice for the benefit of future generations. It looks like that, but in reality it is for our own benefit. It is a means, and in a general way a necessary means, of our own salvation. A sweeping industrial wave carries spiritual desolation everywhere. Money becomes the end and the measure of every thing. The selfishness thus engendered in the individual gets into the administration of the parish. Thousands of dollars may be spent yearly, for instance on a choir which distracts worshippers at High Mass by singing *Nobis, Domine, Nobis, non tibi, da gloriam*, while foreign missions are ignored and central Catholic institutions go begging in vain. To save us from this disorder of worldliness Providence puts upon us the duty of building up the Church. Every act of generous aid to her institutions is a safeguard against the corroding action of industrialism upon the soul. Devotion to the Church is a great virtue in our day, and one chief form of it is generous aid to Catholic education.

The Mayor of Galveston in expressing gratitude for help given, says more is needed. Some kind of homes, be it ever so humble, must be provided for the 10,000 people now huddled in ruined homes, public places, and improvised camps, to the end that they may not become paupers.

The Invalid and the Violinist.

An old and infirm soldier was playing his violin one evening on the Prater, in Vienna. His faithful dog was holding his hat, in which passers-by dropped a few coppers as they came along. However, on the evening in question nobody stopped to put a small coin into the poor old fellow's hat. Everyone went straight on, and the gaiety of the crowd added to the sorrow in the old soldier's heart and showed itself in his withered countenance.

However, all at once a well-dressed gentleman came up to where he stood, listened to his playing for a few minutes, and gazed compassionately upon him. Ere long the old fiddler's weary hand had no longer strength to grasp his bow. His limbs refused to carry him further. He seated himself on a stone, rested his head on his hands and began silently to weep. At that instant the gentleman approached, offered the old man a piece of gold, and said: "Lend me your violin a little while."

Then having carefully tuned it, he said: "You take the money and I'll play."

He did play! All the passers-by stopped to listen—struck with the distinguished air of the musician, and captivated by his marvelous genius. Every moment the circle became larger and larger. Not copper alone, but silver—and even gold—was dropped into the poor man's hat. The dog began to growl, for it was becoming too heavy for him to hold. At an invitation from the audience the invalid emptied its contents into his sack and they filed it again.

After a national melody, in which everyone present joined, with uncovered heads, the violinist placed the instrument upon the poor man's knees, and, without waiting to be thanked, disappeared.

"Who is it?" was asked from all sides. "It is Armand Boucher, the famous violin-player," replied some one in the crowd. "He has been turning his art to account in the service of charity. Let us follow his example."

And the speaker sent round his hat also, made a new collection, and gave the proceeds to the invalid, crying, "Long live Boucher."

Deeply affected, the invalid lifted up his hands and eyes towards Heaven and invoked God's blessing on his benefactor.

That evening there were two happy men in Vienna—the invalid, placed for a long time above the reach of want, and the generous artist, who felt in his heart the joy which always repays the bestowal of charity.—The Angelus.

Of Interest to Many Thousands of People.

The winter of 1884-5 I was at work in New Orleans addressing and forming Bands of Mercy in the white and coloured schools of that city, and organizing the Louisiana Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and in the spring was doing the same work in Florida, organizing societies at Jacksonville, and St. Augustine.

The next winter, 1885-6, I solicited the privilege of giving one hour addresses to all the High Latin, Normal and Grammar schools of Boston, and by unanimous vote of the School Committee was granted the privilege.

The winter was a cold one, and I was perhaps made somewhat tender by being in a hot climate the previous winter. We had at that time no heated street cars, and after speaking an hour in crowded school rooms I was compelled sometimes to ride several miles in the cold.

In this way I worked sixty-one days and never enjoyed anything more in my whole lifetime, but the result was a bronchial cold, bronchitis and bronchial asthma, which has kept me hundreds of nights with little or no sleep. I have tried many medicines and burned perhaps bushels of poisonous asthma powders and papers [much of the time several every night and more or less daytimes]. Last spring and this summer, from loss of sleep and the effects of these powders and medicines, I have been in very bad condition, but recently have had my attention called to an "Inhaler," or, as he calls it, an "Improved Atomizer," prepared by Dr. N. Tucker, of Mount Gilead, Ohio, which, as I am assured, has cured or relieved many people, and sending to the doctor its price, \$12.50, have procured and used it since July 23d, and have found myself ever since relieved without burning a single powder or taking any other medicine than the odorless vapor of this simple "Inhaler."

A friend of mine who thinks himself cured, declares that considering the possibility of another attack, he would not take fifty thousand dollars for his "Inhaler" if he could not get another.

Now, while Dr. Tucker has no knowledge of what I am writing, I think it a duty in the interests of humanity to say to our readers what I have above written, and if cured [as I hope to be] shall make mention of it in future issues of Our Dumb Animals. In the meantime it will do no harm for the thousands who are themselves

[or have friends] afflicted with asthma to write Dr. N. Tucker, Mount Gilead, Ohio, and obtain from him information he has published on the subject.

I would add that the fluid used to produce the vapor has been analyzed by our "Massachusetts State Board of Health," and found to contain no arsenic or morphine, and I would also like to say that if any who, by the reading of this article, shall be relieved from the terrible sufferings of asthma [as the subscriber has been] wish to express their gratitude, I shall be glad to have them send to Hon. Henry B. Hill, treasurer of our "American Humane Education Society, 19 Milk Street, Boston, such help as they may be able to give to enable the Society to increase its over forty-three thousand "Bands of Mercy," and to add to the circulation of its literature for the humane education of the American people and the world.

All such remittances will be duly credited in Our Dumb Animals, and receipts sent to the giver.

I shall order a marked copy of this paper sent to the editors of the over twenty thousand American publications which receive Our Dumb Animals every month, and possibly its republication may save a hundred thousand asthmatics from great suffering.

Geo. T. Angell, President of the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

The Self Devotion of Catholic Priests.

"I wonder," wrote Cardinal Newman, "that the self-devotion of our priests does not strike Protestants in this point of view. What do they gain by professing a creed in which, if my assailant is to be believed, they really do not believe? What is their reward for committing themselves to a life of restraint and toil, and after all to a premature and miserable death? The Irish fever cut off between Liverpool and Leeds thirty priest and more, young men in the flower of their days, old men who seemed entitled to some quiet time after their long toil. There was a Bishop cut off in the north; but what had a man of his ecclesiastical rank to do with the drudgery and danger of sick calls, except that Christian faith and charity constrained him? Priests volunteered for the dangerous service. It was the same on the first coming of the cholera, that mysterious, awe inspiring affliction. If priests did not heartily believe in the creed of the Church, then I will say that the remark of the Apostle had its fullest illustration: 'If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.' What could support a set of hypocrites in the presence of a deadly disorder, one of them following another in long order up the forlorn hope, and one after another perishing? And such I may say, is, in substance, every mission priest's life. He is ever ready to sacrifice himself for his people. Night or day, sick or well himself, in all weathers, off he is, on the news of a sick call. The fact of parish-loner dying without the sacraments through his fault is terrible to him. Why terrible, if he has not a deep absolute faith, which he acts upon with a free service? Protestants admire this when they see it, but they do not seem to see as clearly that it excludes the very notion of hypocrisy."

"Sometimes, when they reflect upon it, it leads them to remark on the wonderful discipline of the Catholic priesthood; they say that no Church has so well-ordered a clergy, and that in that respect it surpasses their own; they wish they could have such exact discipline among themselves. But is it an excellence which can be purchased? Is it a phenomenon which depends on nothing else than itself, or is it an effect which has a cause? You cannot buy devotion at a price. 'It hath never been heard of in the land of Bhoonan, neither hath it been in Theman. The children of Agar, the merchants of Meran, none of these have ever known its way.' What, then, is that wonderful charm which makes a thousand men act all in one way and infuses a prompt obedience to rule, as if they were under some stern military compulsion? How difficult to find an answer unless you will allow the obvious one that they believe intensely what they profess!"

Notable Books in Manila Archives.

In the archives of Manila are to be found many manuscripts and printed books on botany, like those of Santa Maria, by Father Murillo, and a complete work on the flowers of the Philippines, for medical purposes, written by Father Blanco, a Calced Augustinian. This latter work was so deserving and so well known in England and Germany that several scientific societies in these countries made its author a member. The regent, Dona Maria Christina, could not prevail upon him to accept a decoration. He had written only out of pure love for his country, and he applied his extensive knowledge of botany to a work on medicine written by Tissot and translated into the Tagalo language. As for geography, not only are there many writings, some partial and some general, but

the first geographical chart published was work of Father Murillo, Jesuit.

The first satistical, historical, geographical dictionary was written by the Augustinian priests B. and B. Three illustrious priests of the Society of Jesus are also worthy of special mention. Father Juan Antonio Campano wrote, among many other works, several on mathematics and astrology. He also built the magnificent Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, in Manila, and the fortress of Cebu. Father Pablo Chaim wrote a work on medicine in Spanish, which has been reprinted many times, besides seven other volumes from the same fruitful pen are translations from different languages to the Tagalo, which he possessed in all its perfection. Lastly, the coadjutor-brother, George Jose Camel, wrote about plants, mammals, birds, fish, reptiles, insects, shell fish and shells found in the Philippine Islands, Linnaeus immortalized the name of this charitable and edifying brother by giving it to the beautiful and fragrant flower called "camelia." Finally, we can assure our readers that whatever knowledge Europe possessed at the beginning of the century of the Oceanic Islands and of Japan and China was due to the missionaries, who sailed from Spain for those regions, where their patriotism has preserved for the glory of the metropolis the richest and most productive country of the globe.—Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Acknowledgments.

- Rev T Richard, Friars Head Chapel \$1.00
Bishop Rogers, Chatham 2.00
Rev J McMaster, Mabou 1.00
Rev W P Finn, Newfoundland 1.00
Rev John J McNeil, Iona 1.00
R W McGilivray, Bailey's Brook, S Turabull, Town 2.00
Mrs McKinnon, Town 1.00
Adam Mahoney, Antigonish 1.00
John C McNeil, Town Point 1.00
Walter Grant, North Grant 1.00
Hugh P. Chisholm, Marydale 1.00
John McIsaac, Sculptor, St. Andrews 1.00
D. Chisholm, Clydesdale 1.00
Hugh McDonald, Briley Brook 1.00
John J. Bailey, St. Francis 1.00
Dougald McDonald, S. S. Harbour 2.00
Allan L. Cameron, Springfield 1.00
John McGilivray, Cape George 1.00
Dougald McPherson, Vernal 1.00
John C McFosh, Dunmore 1.00
Collin Chisholm, Pomquet River 1.00
Valentine Chisholm, St. Andrews 1.00
John D McDonald, Pomquet 1.00
Wm Walsh, Canso 1.00
John J Grant, North Grant 1.00
John Rogers, Fraser's Grant 1.00
Kate Bruce, Newport, R. I. 1.00
R Gillis, Architect, Sydney 1.00
J J McKinnon, Grand Narrows 1.00
D B McDonald, River Dennis Road, John Hughes, Lynn 1.00
Dan Stewart, Pine Tree 1.00
Archibald McDonald, Lourdes 1.00
Dan R McLean 1.00
Wm Connors 1.00
Archibald Chisholm, Long Point 1.00
Malcolm J McNeil, Piper's Cove 2.00
W. D. Donovan, St. John's 1.00
Capt Vital Pettipas, De'Escousse 1.00
J A McKinnon, Dorchester 1.00
Allan Gillis, Rock Creek, B. C. 1.00
Dan McPherson, Sydney 1.00
Annie Fraser, Watertown 1.00
Geo B Butler, Acadia Mines 1.00
Peter Johnston 1.00
John D McDougall, Low Point 1.00
John McLellan, Creignish 1.00
Duncan Gillis, Campbell's P O 1.00
Miss P. H. Murphy, Roxbury 1.00
Dr. A. A. McDonald, Boston 3.00
Angus L. McDonald, Margaree Harbour 1.00
Miss M. J. Dunn, Boston 1.00
Kate McDonald, Strathorne 2.00
Rev. A. Beaton, West Archibald 1.00
Allan McMillan, Beaver Cove 2.00
D. McNeil, Warden, McNeil Vale 1.00
Hugh McAdam, Lingan 1.00
Donald Beaton, (Painter) Little Judique 1.00
Mrs Catherine Beaton 1.00
John A McDermott, Judique Intervale 1.00
A. McDonald, Scride 2.00
Allan McKenzie, Port Hood Mines 2.00
Norman Gillis 1.00
John A Nicholson, S W, Port Hood 2.00
John McDougall 1.00
Dan C McDonald, S W, " 1.00
John J. Smith 1.00
Mrs Elizabeth Campbell 1.00
R J McDonald 2.00
Richard Hardin 1.00
Angus Cameron (Painter) Mabou 1.00
Donald Cameron (Big) 1.00
Flora McDonald 1.00
Angus D McDonald (Bkstne) 1.00
Finlay J Beaton 1.00
John McDermott 1.00
Donald McDonald (Cross) 1.00
Mary McNeil, Oak Point 1.00
Alex D McDonald 1.00
Allan D Rankin 1.00
A McDougall, North Highlands 1.00
Angus A McFarlane, Upper Margaree 1.00
James J McDonald, S W Margaree 1.00
Angus Rankin, Mabou Coal Mines 1.00
Donald Beaton, P. M. " 1.00
John Rankin 1.00
Donald A McDonald Little Judique 25
Alex Rankin, Port Ban 1.00
John E Beaton, B. C., Banks 1.00
Angus Campbell 1.00
John Y Beaton 2.00
Alex McIsaac 1.00
Duncan McDougall 1.00
Daniel McDonald, M D, Baddeck 1.00
Michael McLean 1.00
A R McDonald, B. S. " 1.00
R D McLean 1.00
J E Campbell 2.00
A J McDonald, Barrister 1.00
Donald McNeil, Iona 1.00
Hector McNeil 1.00
D D McNeil 1.00
M. A J McDonald 1.00
James D Campbell, Jamesville 1.00
St. J. McNeil 4.50
John Gillis, Bk, Whyocomagah 3.00
M C Murray, Brook Village 2.00
Alex Jameson 35
Alex Beaton, B. S. Alexander 1.00
Donald McDougall, Glenville 2.00
D O Gillis 2.00
D D McLellan 1.00
John McDonald (Og) McCorinick's P O 2.00
A T McCormack 2.00
Angus A McIsaac Strathorne 1.00
James J McDonald, S W Margaree 1.00
Angus Rankin, Port Ban 1.00
John Rankin, South Highlands 1.00
John McLennan, Judique 1.00
A D McLellan, B C Chapel 1.00
Archibald Boyle, Strathorne 1.00
Archibald Kennedy, Willow Bank 1.00
A L McDonald, Margaree Harbour 1.00
Donald Beaton, N Side Mabou Harbour 1.00
Angus A McDonald, Judique 1.00
Vincent Webb, Ottawa 1.00
James McDonald, carpenter, P Hawkesbury 1.00
Dan A. Campbell, Red Islands 1.00
John Bruce, Glace Bay 1.00
R. Fullerton, Quebec 1.00
A. D. McDonald, S. W. Ridge 2.00
Angus McPherson, Three Forks, B. C. 1.50
James McIsaac, Fort Hill 1.00
Margaret Punch, Halifax 1.00
Mary McNeil 1.00
Sarah McLean, Boston 1.25
Rev J. Murphy, Lonsdale, R I 1.00
Donald McKinnon, Brophy's P O 1.00
Harold Hellyer, St. W Westminster 1.00
D McNeil, Sydney 1.00
Rev Sr St Ethelrude, St Louis de Kent 1.00
Thomas Sampson, River Bourgeois, 5.00

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

Lieut Hobson, of kissing fame, lately returned from the Philippines, says "Commodore Dewey did not sink the ships in Manila Bay, but that the Spaniards scuttled them to prevent their falling into American hands. Dewey replies that he never said he sunk the ships, but that he destroyed them, and that he himself saw the Spanish flagship destroyed by a shell.

HALF-HEARTED ATTEMPTS TO GET WELL ARE NEVER SUCCESSFUL.

Honest Use of Paine's Celery Compound

Will Permanently Banish Your Troubles.

THE GREAT COMPOUND GUARANTEES A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

It is pitiable to see the half-hearted and almost useless attempts made by many people to get rid of poor health. More determined efforts and greater energy would be put forth to achieve victory in any other undertaking.

Too many are believers in "fatalism"; others make use of almost anything that is recommended by neighbours, while many are quite satisfied if temporary relief is afforded.

If Paine's Celery Compound be used to cleanse the blood, to regulate and tone the nerves, to banish rheumatism, neuralgia, headaches, kidney disease and dyspepsia, then be assured the good work is fully and permanently accomplished.

It is positively criminal and foolish for young or old to mope around in a half-sick condition and shut their eyes to the grand blessings offered by Paine's Celery Compound. The world knows of no other medicine as good for fortifying and building up the system to battle against the trying and varying weather of autumn.

Go to your druggist at once and procure a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound and see how soon the "blues" will vanish; your nervous depression, headache, backache, rheumatism and neuralgia will go, and permanent health, activity and happiness will be yours.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature on each box.

CATHOLIC PRAYER Books, Rosaries Crucifixes Scapulars, Religious pictures, Statuary and Church ornaments, Educational works. Mail orders receive prompt attention. D. & J SAILLER & CO., Montreal.

AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE.

Have just received a number of CARRIAGES,

with and without tops, from Ontario and Nova Scotia manufacturers. These are said to be the very best quality of goods. Anyone wanting something

COMFORTABLE, DURABLE, STYLISH, yet CHEAP, had better call and examine these.

Harnesses, Farming Implements

for any season.

F. R. TROTTER.

CASH MARKET!

RUBBER WOOLSKINS, HORSE-HAIR COPPER WOOLSKINS, TAIL and BRASS CALFSKINS, MAIN. SCRAP - IRON AND LEAD. taken here and at Pomquet. P. DORANT. Antigonish, N. S. July 11, 1900.

WALDREN'S Photo Studio.

GREGORY BUILDING, ANTIGONISH.

Open all Day

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 3rd, THURSDAY, " 4th, FRIDAY, " 5th, and SATURDAY, until 11 a. m

PLANT LINE.

DIRECT ROUTE TO BOSTON And All Points in United States.

Summer Sailings, Commencing Sept. 1st.

FROM HALIFAX: S. S. "Florida," Wednesdays, 11 P. M. S. S. "Halifax," Saturdays, 11 P. M. FROM HAWKESBURY: S. S. "Halifax," Fridays, 8 P. M. FROM SYDNEY: S. S. "Florida," Tuesdays, 8 P. M. From Boston, Tuesdays, for Halifax, Hawkesbury and Charlottetown, and Saturdays for Halifax and Sydney. From Halifax to Hawkesbury and Charlottetown, S. S. "Halifax," Wednesdays, 9 P. M. Cheap through tickets for sale, and baggage checked by Agents Intercolonial Railway. For all information apply to Plant Line Agents, Boston, Halifax, Hawkesbury, Charlottetown, Sydney and North Sydney. H. L. CHIFFMAN, Manager.

FAT HERRING!

Just received: 100 HALF BARRELS

GENUINE JULY HERRING.

F. R. TROTTER.

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.

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. LAND SALE.

IN THE SUPREME COURT Between WILLIAM H. MACDONALD, Plaintiff and MARY CHISHOLM and JOHN A BOYD, representing the heirs at law of and persons interested in the estate of William Chisholm, deceased.

TO BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION by the Sheriff of Antigonish County or his Deputy at the Court House, Antigonish, in said County.

WEDNESDAY

THE 17TH DAY OF OCTOBER, A. D. 1900.

at 11 o'clock in the forenoon Pursuant to an order for foreclosure and sale granted herein the 11th day of September, 1900, unless before said date of sale the amount of plaintiff's claim with interest and costs be paid to him or his solicitor.

All the estate, right, title, interest and claim of redemption of the said mortgage, of William Chisholm, now deceased, and of all other claims, or entitled, by trust or otherwise, of, in, and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of

LAND

situate, lying and being at Chisholm Mills in the County of Antigonish, bounded and described as follows, that is to say: bounded on the north by land in possession of John Chisholm, on the east by lands in possession of William Chisholm, on the south by lands in possession of John Chisholm and on the west by lands in possession John Bray, James Han, Angus McGillivray and John McNeil, containing two hundred acres more or less, the same being the lot of land conveyed to the said William Chisholm by Allan McDonald by deed dated the 26th day of April, A. D. 1888.

TERMS: Ten per cent. at sale, remainder on delivery of deed. DUNCAN D. CHISHOLM, High Sheriff of Antigonish County. W. M. CHISHOLM, Plaintiff's Solicitor. Dated Sheriff's Office, Antigonish, Sept. 11, 1900.

Oberammergau and the Passion Play.

Where is Oberammergau, and what is the Passion Play? My object in the following sentences is to give an answer to the foregoing, from my own personal observation.

Oberammergau is a small town in the Bavarian Tyrol, about three hours journey from Munich, the nearest city of importance. Immediately behind the town a spur of the Bavarian Alps runs up almost perpendicularly to a sharp peak, and is surmounted by a gilded cross of gigantic proportions, which gleams in the light of the rising and setting sun. Beyond and to the left in the distance the snow-capped peaks stand out with striking magnificence in the clear blue sky line, forming a background of rare sublimity to the picture. The stream which runs through the town is fed from the eternal snows and flows in crystal clearness through the town. If cleanliness is next to godliness, then godliness must have its home here. Their fuel is wood, and hence there is neither smoke nor grime in the air. The broom and the duster are wielded with energy, so that dust indoors and out there is none. I have seen beautiful table linen in my day, but anything to compare with that of Oberammergau, for pure sunlight whiteness, I have never seen elsewhere. I understand now, as I never understood before, the point in the Book of Revelation which associates what is pure and white with the holy persons, places, and things in glory. The whiteness of the Oberammergau tables is rivalled only by the sunlight and the falling snow.

The people are religious in the highest sense. Nor do they hesitate to show their religion in their own way. When the parish church clock strikes the hour, every Ammergauan crosses himself. When the church bell rings, as it does at a certain part of the Mass, every man uncovers his head, and all repeat the Lord's Prayer. "Superstition," some will say: be it so. Such superstition is better than the utter indifference to sacred things and acts and places which too widely characterises our Protestants. In their fields and gardens they erect a cross; we erect our crosses in the churchyard—not beside God's gift of growing corn and blossoming tree, but over the dead bones of those we love.

They have many pretty customs which I sincerely hope they may never forego. The poor and the young with them do not wait for the recognition of the rich and the old; they take the initiative. A stranger is saluted by all, young and old. Nor is their salutation our meaningless "How do you do?" or our stiff, cold "Good morning!" I prefer the Oberammergau "Grace Gott." It touches the stranger in a strange land to be saluted with "God's grace to you," by those he never saw before, and will never see again. When two meet but once on earth, what more becoming salutation can you get or give?

Oberammergau is a sober town. I spent Saturday night there. Along with the 1,500 inhabitants were three or four thousand visitors. Work went on as usual till six or seven o'clock, and then all began to prepare for the Sunday. The multitude was great for a small place, and all were sober; all were devout; decorum reigned everywhere.

When night came on, and we retired to our quarters, everything was orderly and restful. The coming day was "an high day," and all behaved accordingly. I was for once compelled to go through my evening and morning devotions before a beautifully carved crucifix, the handiwork of one of those who sustained a part in the great performance we went half over Europe to see. It happened in this way. My bed chamber, with bed linen as white as the foam upon a wave at sea, was just the length of my couch. It was broader than the couch by the breadth of a chair. On each of the four walls, wood lined and painted in bright colours, there hung a carved representation of our Lord upon the Cross; so, turn which way I might, to the east with the ritualist, or to the west with Daniel, when he prayed towards Jerusalem, to the north or to the south, there in front of me was the representation of our Lord upon the Cross. I knelt as was most comfortable and convenient for me, to which point of the compass I cannot now tell, nor does it at all concern me. No; with all due deference to a certain friend, who assumes the pose representing Protestants and Protestantism as they ought to be, I did not pray to the carved image; and whether the suffering face that looked down pityingly upon me helped my devotions or not, it certainly did not hinder them.

These interesting people live in their native simplicity, and enjoy life in their own way. I shall not soon forget the impressions made upon me by place and people. Would that I could say of our more favoured towns at home some of the things I have said of it and them.

What is the Passion Play? It is in my mind the eighth wonder of the world. I had heard many things about it; I have read opinions not a few. It was profanity; it was folly; it was good, bad,

and indifferent! Profanity it certainly is not. Its good influence upon the character of the town and its inhabitants is evident at every turn. There is surely no profanity in men and women endeavouring to imbibe the spirit of our Lord, and, for His glory, doing and saying what falls to the part they severally take in the great tragedy. There is much more profanity in the man who fails to associate sacredness with sacred acts and holy places.

The history of the Passion Play, as now represented, goes back to the year 1633. At that date a plague visited the whole of that district of Europe. Oberammergau put itself into quarantine and escaped. Very likely then, as now, the villagers gave attention to cleanliness, and so were exempt. There was, however, an Oberammergauan, Caspar Schuchler by name, a day labourer, whose work was in one of the infected districts, but whose wife and children were in Oberammergau—wishing to let them know that he was still alive and well, or possibly feeling the first of the fatal symptom of the disease, and wishing to be home to die, eluded the vigilance of the guard, reached home, and next day was attacked, and died. The plague, thus brought, spread with alarming and fatal results. The community was summoned together, and, after a public confession of sin, after the example of our own Covenant with God that the Passion Play would be performed every tenth year for all time coming, if God, in His mercy would stay the plague. The chronicler of the event declares that the plague was arrested and from that day to this the great Passion Play has been performed. And just as the National Covenant subscribed in Greyfriars Churchyard has had more to do in the formation of our national Scottish character than many are inclined to think; so the Passion Play has indelibly stamped itself on the character of the good and pious people of Oberammergau.

For the grand success of the Passion Play during nearly three centuries, great credit is due to the parish priest of the time, Daisenberger by name. Like Apollon he was "an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures." He compiled the words of the play with absolute fidelity from the New Testament, and did it as faithfully and accurately as if it had been done by a committee of the General Assembly. For thirty-five years this good priest of the Church of Rome lived and laboured in his village parish, presiding in the best sense as Father in Israel, the leader and shepherd of his flock.

In sketching the great play as performed, I must not omit to give indication as to who and what the performers were. They are, one and all, the villagers of Oberammergau. No outsider is permitted to take part. Nor are these selected at random. Two years before the date of the play, proceedings begin by a public meeting, under the presidency of the parish priest and mayor of the town. The names are publicly announced for the different parts to be taken; and should there be the faintest shadow upon the character and reputation, that name is set aside; and, as it is the ambition of all to have part in the great performance, the fact has an immense influence for good on

the character of the townsfolk. Those necessarily left out at one performance are the first to be named on the next, and so all are pleased.

The best comment on the manner in which these villagers do their work is seen by the fact that of the 6,400 people who witness the great tragedy, not one moved during the eight hours it occupied. There were two sessions, with an hour and a half of interval for food and rest. It began at 8 a. m., and the first part was over at 12 noon. At 1.30 p. m., the second session began, and went on till 5.30, when all was over.

It began by the choristers entering in single file from each end of the platform; the Leader, staff in hand, in the centre. When all have taken their places they sing the hymn, "Cast thyself down in adoring love." Then a representation is given of our first parents being driven from Eden. This is represented by scene painting. That being over, another hymn, "Hear, O Lord, Thy children's voices tremble!" is sung; the choristers retire, and the first scene of the great Passion Play comes on. It is the triumphal entry of our Lord into Jerusalem. He rides on an ass, the multitude shouting "Hosanna!" and waving palm branches in His honour, and the children shouting and mingling in the throng. Into this every child in the village is brought, and the effect is most impressive.

A Bible scene is then depicted, then events follow connected with the Pass-over, and the betrayal and crucifixion of our Lord. The cleansing of the Temple, the meeting of the Sanhedrim, and the events which lead up to the death of our Blessed Lord are given in order, and with what effect may be judged by the fact that the great concourse of people sat spellbound to the end. The farewell at Bethany was a most touching scene. Our Lord's mother and all friends, knowing well the mischief brewing in Jerusalem, endeavor, with tears and entreaty, to dissuade our Lord from attending the Passover. The entreaty was unavailing, and so He said farewell. At this stage here were few dry eyes in the vast building—mine were not. Then came the journey to the city. The scenes where He sends the disciples in advance to prepare for the Passover and where He weeps over the city, once witnessed, can never pass from memory.

The celebration of the Passover, and the institution of the Sacrament of the Supper, deserves a special place. The upper room was depicted, and the feast was celebrated with all the details proper to the occasion. Then, without moving from the table, the Communion was instituted, to my astonishment, not after the form and ritual of the Church of Rome—not even after the form common in Episcopal Churches, and in the Churches dissenting directly from Episcopacy, such as the Methodist Churches—but exactly as we perform and administer the Holy Ordinance in the Church of Scotland. This is all the more singular, seeing that Oberammergau is intensely Roman Catholic, and situated in that part of Bavaria farthest removed from Protestant influences.

The agony in the Garden was pathetic. You forgot for the time being that you were looking upon the Saviour of the

world; your impression was that of a man in the loneliness of despair. The prayer "If it be possible"—with the disciples sleeping close by—was such that you were drawn in heartfelt sympathy as to the side of a brother man in distress of soul. The trial was plainly carried through as a fiasco from beginning to end. The unctuous piety of the priests called forth your execration. Pilate, the Roman, was magnificently done. He looked upon the whole thing as a contemptible Jewish squabble, and, were it not that the eyes of Rome were on him, he would have given the whole thing the go-by. He appears to perfection as the political trimmer who would have given anything to be out of the business. He finally yielded, and so our Lord went to the Cross. The Burial, the Resurrection, and the Ascension brought the great drama to a close.

As we came away—never in this world to witness anything analogous or similar again—what were the impressions which the scene left upon the spectator? My own feelings were profound reverence and devotion to Him who was the central figure of the day. I felt that a new aspect of the Life of our Lord had been opened up. We are in the habit of thinking of Him as the Lord of Glory, the Son of God, the Saviour and the Judge of men, the Wisdom of God, and the Power of God. This great tragedy brought before the mind a man—the Son of Man, the Peasant of Galilee—wronged, outraged, betrayed, forsaken, slain—surely a legitimate aspect of the life of Him who was the Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief. He appeared in these scenes as hated, yet followed; wronged, yet feared; overcome, yet triumphant. In the dignity, the kingly bearing of the central figure, you were reminded of the words of the prophet—"as a sheep before her shearers was dumb, so He opened not His mouth." Profound reverence and realism, such as no page of a book and no passage in a sermon can even evoke—this was my first deepest impression.

Another impression made on me was the power of religion over the minds and hearts of men. Had the foundations of the Passion Play been laid in any than the religious instincts of the people, it would have grown stale upon the hands of those interested long ago. Instead, there it stands unshaken in the hearts of the people; and the next Passion Play will draw its thousands from the uttermost ends of the earth, as this performance has done. Tell me what other than the religious instinct would have rooted these

6,400 people to their seats for a whole day? Put your most eminent tragedians upon the boards, and give the play other than a religious subject, and there is not one of them able to keep an audience alert for more than an hour or so at a stretch. Here, the peasants, the wood-carvers, the hotel-waiters, the sempstresses, and the saleswomen of Oberammergau were able to hold the great audience spellbound all day!

Another reflection took hold of me, and this I could not shake off. What was there in this particular crucifixion at Jerusalem marking it as peculiar in all the ages and countries of the world? It was not the physical sufferings of Jesus of Nazareth—the Galilean. The thieves who died right and left of Him suffered physically more than He. At that stage, when a sudden shock to the system, such as the fracture of a bone usually caused syncope and immediate death, he was already dead; they were still alive and suffering. They were noted for their defiance of the laws of God and man; he had kept both. Had it not been for Him, the world would have forgotten them. The Cross was no uncommon thing. Why does this particular crucifixion come up in the mind when we speak of the Cross? Half a century afterwards, Titus condemned to the cross, round the same wall of Jerusalem, 30,000 Jews! Did they suffer less than He? They were mocked and scourged and hooted to their doom. Were their no mothers' hearts breaking there?—no wives!—now sisters! no friends to sorrow? Ah! yes; there is no new thing under the sun. There are hearts to sorrow wherever the tramp of death or the shriek of wrong is heard. Why then have they gone out of human knowledge, and to-day, twenty centuries afterwards, we associate One, and only One, with the Cross? The Passion Play entrances its thousands during a long, sultry day, because of the Personality of Him whose sufferings it celebrates. His words, commanded attention on earth. "Never spake man like this Man," they said. He spake as One having authority, said others. His words are echoing still over lands unknown when they were uttered, and over seas then unnamed by all but God, who made them, and this story of His Passion has found its way into tongues unknown at Pentecost. The more you look into it, as it was told at the Passion Play—as the Carpenter of Nazareth among His companions, among them, but not of them—the more marvellous does it appear to mind and heart, and the more striking it becomes on the lips of Him who tells the story.—Presbyterian Witness

FURNACES, RANGES, STOVES,

D. G. KIRK'S.

THE LEADING HARDWARE FIRM IN EASTERN NOVA SCOTIA

ROYAL GRAND RANGES. MAYFLOWER RANGES. PRIZE RANGES. CHARTER OAK STOVES. MARITIME STOVES. NIAGARA'S. STARS and WATER-LOO'S. Also all the best makes of PARLOUR, HALL and BOX STOVES, suited for coal or wood.



SLEIGH ROBES

Do not lose sight of the fact that the

SASKATCHEWAN



BUFFALO ROBE and COAT

Do not be deceived by taking anything else called just as good. There are no Robes that give the satisfaction that Saskatchewan Buffalo Robes do. Look out for the Trade Mark every time.

D. GRANT KIRK.

BE SURE OF GETTING

GOOD CARDING The Antigonish Woollen Mill.

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 and DYEING. ANTIGONISH WOOLLEN MILL CO., D. G. Whidden, Manager.

CAPITAL. EQUIPMENT. EXPERIENCE.

Every advantage that these three yield in

BOOTS AND SHOES

will be found in the product of the Amherst Boot and Shoe Mfg. Co.

Amherst Boot and Shoe Co., Amherst, N. S.

Branches: Halifax and Charlottetown.

SALESMEN WANTED. TO SELL FRUIT TREES, ORNAMENTAL SHRUBS, ROSES, ETC.

The Finest Range of Goods in Canada.

STEADY EMPLOYMENT. GOOD PAY. Will sell direct to purchaser where we have no agent. Stock guaranteed. Delivery in healthy condition. Write

PELHAM NURSERY CO., Toronto, Canada.

ANTIGONISH SASH and DOOR FACTORY.

Always on hand or made to order at short notice

Doors, Sashes, Sash and Door Frames, Mouldings, all Kinds, Spruce Flooring and Sheathing,

KILN DRIED BIRCH FLOORING, LATHS, SCANTLING, Etc., Etc.

JOHN McDONALD

ESTABLISHED, 1852.

THE CASKET,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT ANTIGONISH BY THE CASKET PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY (LIMITED).

M. DONOVAN, Manager

Terms: \$1.00 per Year in Advance

There is what is called the worldly spirit which enters with the greatest subtlety into the character of even good people...

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4.

EASTERN vs. WESTERN CIVILIZATION.

A correspondent of the New York Herald tells a terrible story of looting and pillage in Tien Tsin after the occupation of that city by the allied forces. The story is circumstantial and has been more or less confirmed from other sources...

THE FOURTH ESTATE.

The daily papers are doing one good work in an indirect and unintentional way. They are undoubtedly sharpening the wits of their readers even if they are not edifying them or substantially educating them.

hand and the paper has three columns to spare, the balance of the space is filled up with a mass of contradictions, lies and nonsense, and the authentic news is cut up in scraps and distributed in shape throughout the heaps of trash, leaving the man who pays the bill to work out the puzzle.

Bishop MacDonald's Visit.

The Right Rev. Dr. MacDonald, Bishop of Harbor Grace, arrived in Antigonish from Newfoundland, last Thursday. He was accompanied by the Rev. Dr. O'Regan, pastor of Codroy, West Nfld., who left for Glace Bay the following day.

The Calendar.

Table with columns for DATE and FEAST, listing events for October from the 5th to the 11th.

The Transvaal.

The Lorenzo Marques correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph says the war is over. When the British occupied Koomatiport, the Boers blew up their guns and went across the line into Portuguese territory.

inspected six companies of Canadians and praised them highly. Major Pelletier, 16 officers, and 319 men of the first contingent are now homeward bound.

If I Were a Voice, an Immortal Voice!

If I were a voice, an immortal voice, With a message to bear to men, A voice to sound against the ages' rocks, And sounding to echo again.

The Iron Mines of Nova Scotia.

In an editorial which recently appeared in The American Manufacturer it was stated that the cost of making pig iron by the Whitney plant at Sydney, Cape Breton, would be about \$5.50 per ton.

Mr. Cowan also points out that 10 miles away is to be found an abundant supply of limestone—Hardware and Metal.

Premier Bond of Newfoundland has issued an election manifesto in which he advocates ratification of the Bond-Blaine reciprocity treaty with the United States.

FANCY GOODS, BOOKS and STATIONERY. INCLUDING FULL LINE OF SCHOOL BOOKS and DAILY PAPERS' SCHOOL SUPPLIES, MAGAZINES, ETC. Mrs. Harrington's

A. KIRK & CO. Beg to announce the completion of their Fall Stock. All the departments are well filled with seasonable and well selected goods...



We have a magnificent range of Ladies' Coats & Jackets, Golf Shawl, Misses Reefers Etc., LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S FURS IN GREAT VARIETY.

Ladies' Muffs and Collars. Caperines, Ruffs & Boas. Includes illustrations of a woman in a muff and a woman in a fur coat.

Gentlemen's COON COATS, AUSTRALIAN COON, BLACK ASTRIKAN, and BEAR. The best value ever shown in a fur coat.

BOOTS and SHOES. The Latest Shape. To our already large range of Boots and Shoes we have added the celebrated American shoe for women. 'Queen Quality'

DRESS GOODS. Never have we shown a more extensive range of Dress Goods and were fixtures, designs or qualities more attractive than this season.

To our CLOTHING DEPARTMENT we would ask special attention. We cannot now enumerate styles and qualities, but we know we can suit you and save you at least ten per cent. on your purchase.

A. KIRK & CO., KIRK'S BLOCK, ANTIGONISH

General News.

Bowman, a Boston crook, was sentenced at Ottawa on Thursday last, to seven years for burglary.

Crescens, the famous stallion, won the \$20,000 race in five heats on the Readville, Mass., track on Thursday last.

Alex. Huston, who sounded the charge for the Light Brigade at Balaklava, died last week in New York, aged 82.

Count Tolstoi, the famous Russian novelist and social reformer, has been excommunicated by the Greek Church.

There was a very heavy snowstorm at Edmonton, N. W. T., on the night of the 24th ult. In some places the snow was several feet deep.

A street car jumped the track and plunged into a creek at Wichita, Kansas, on Sunday, and 30 out of 50 passengers were injured.

Twenty-four dentists were poisoned, by canned salmon it is supposed, at a banquet in Chicago on Friday last. Some are seriously ill but all are expected to recover.

Seymour Campbell, a Nova Scotian, living at Wakefield, Mass., committed suicide on Friday last after failing to shoot his wife and another woman.

Owing to the scarcity of Welsh and Cape Breton coal, the dockyard authorities at Halifax have imported 2500 tons of Virginian coal, something unheard of in this province before.

At Frankfort, Kentucky, a very sensational trial was finished on the 26th ult., by James Howard being convicted of shooting Governor Goebel and sentenced to death. He says he is innocent.

The North German Lloyd steamer Warra, arrived at New York on the 26th ult. She had been in the great gale for fifty hours, the seas put her fires out and she was left for a time without steam in a critical condition.

On Lord Robert's birthday, Sept. 30, the War Office announced that the Queen had approved his appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the forces to succeed Lord Wolseley. Roberts was born at Cawnpore, India, in 1832.

The French Government has made Archbishop Ireland, a Commander of the Legion of Honor in recognition of his addresses at the celebration in honor of Joan of Arc and Lafayette. This is the highest honor given to any one not a Frenchman.

President Loubet's dinner to the mayors of France, on Sept. 22, exceeded in size, number of guests, and consumption of victuals and liquors, all banquets of ancient or modern times, 25,000 guests sat around seven miles of tables in the Tuilleries Gardens.

The Abott, a seven-year-old bay gelding, owned by the brothers Hamlin, of Buffalo, lowered the world's trotting record for pacers driven in a wagon by an amateur to 2.03 1/2 at Terre Haute, Indiana, on the 25th ult. The record for the past six years has been held by Alix, 2.03 1/2.

The British ship Nonpariel, owned by the Standard Oil Co., and bound from New York to Java with a cargo of case oil, foundered at sea on Sept. 21, ten days out from New York. Her crew of 24 men arrived at New York last Sunday on the British tramp steamer Glengoil.

The Empress of India, leaving Vancouver on Oct. 8, will carry large supplies of clothing manufactured in Canada for British soldiers in China. Possibly also, portable houses will be made in Ottawa for use of British officers in China during the winter.

Two men named Whitlock and Penn emptied their revolvers at each other in a moving train near Lebanon, Kentucky, on Thursday last. Penn was wounded but killed Whitlock. The conductor and three passengers were wounded in the wild shooting. The cause of the duel was an old grudge, the men had not met for two years and shot on sight.

Premier Marchand, of Quebec, died on the 25th nit. According to the constitution, the Government is dissolved by his death. Both Liberal and Conservative papers speak most highly of him. He was a notary by profession, and also did something for journalism and literature. In 1897 he was President of the Royal Society of Canada, and as such presided at the meeting at Halifax. His funeral took place at Quebec on Saturday. Archbishop Begin officiating. Lieut.-Gen. Jette has called on Hon. S. N. Parent, Mayor of Quebec and Commissioner of Lands, Mines and Forests, to form a new ministry.

Since our last issue it was reported several times that the Pennsylvania strike was about to be settled. But it is still on. The Philadelphia and Reading Coal Co.'s advance of ten per cent. is ignored. The Markle mines which kept open so long are at last closed. Cardinal Gibbons is now spoken of as arbitrator, but nothing definite has been done. The best indications that a settlement is near is that anthracite was \$1.00 a ton cheaper in New York last Saturday than the day before.

In a fight between union and non-union moulders at Cleveland, Ohio, on Saturday night, a detective was shot dead and ten other men have since died. Five non-union men have been arrested, one for killing the detective, the others for shooting with intent to kill.

Reports from Manila say there was severe fighting on Sept. 24th, between a Company of U. S. infantry and 300 Filipinos, ending in the surrender of 25 American soldiers and their captain. A captain and lieutenant of the 27th Volunteer Infantry have been found guilty by a court martial of torturing Filipino prisoners, and have been sentenced—to be reprimanded!

WE ARE HAVING a large sale of strong pickling vinegar, also pickling spice, as we have the best quality of both. T. J. Bonner.—adv't.

The Boer.

Olive Schreiner thus interestingly speaks of the intellectual side of Boer life in South Africa:—

"In our cities and villages the descendant of the Boer is found in wholly different forms. He is the lawyer, the magistrate, the successful barrister, the able doctor; everywhere the children of the Boer fill our schools and bear away the prizes; and in the yearly University lists of successful candidates the names of the Huguenot-Dutch youths, and more especially the girls, rank high, and often far exceed in number those of all other residents in the Colony.

"We have often been led to speculate on the marked success of the descendant of the African Boer in the purely intellectual works of life, not only in South Africa, but also when visiting the Universities of Europe. Race, and the healthful and stimulating climate of Africa, may have their share in the result; but it has sometimes appeared to us that, given these, a further explanation of the intellectual virility of the male and the female descendants of the Boer may, perhaps, in part be found in the fact that for several generations the intellect of the race lay to a large extent fallow, and was not over-taxed or strained. Every noted judge, politician—every successful university student, male or female—is the descendant of men and women who for some generations lived far from the fretful stir of great cities. . . . In the peaceful silences of the veldt the Boer nerve and the Boer brain have probably reposed and recuperated; therefore, their descendant to-day, thrown suddenly into the hurrying stream of modern life, appears in it with the sound nerves and the crouched up energy of generations."

The Chinese Situation.

The news from China this week is little else than a mass of contradicting rumors—that the German Emperor was about to declare war on China and that he was in harmony with France and Russia's milder plans; that Prince Tuan had been made a Privy Councillor, that he had been degraded, that he had been poisoned—the second of these is now positively stated by the American Consul at Canton; that the Russian legation and the bulk of the Russian troops have withdrawn from Peking, and that the Russian Prime Minister has asked the Empress Dowager to return

to Peking under Russian protection; that the American troops are leaving Peking and that the number of American warships in Chinese waters has been increased; that the burning of Christian missions continues in the province of Canton, and that the Chinese Government is hunting down the Boxers; that Russia has annexed Manchuria, and that she has merely made a military occupation of it. Amidst all these contradictions one thing seems reasonably certain—that Russia is still holding possession of the Northern Railway to the great uneasiness of the British capitalists who have £2,300,000 invested in that road.

DIED.

McDONALD.—At Knoydart, Sept. 25th, fortified by the rites of the Church, Margaret, daughter of the late Donald McDonald, in the 78th year of her age. May her soul rest in peace!

HAGGERTY.—The death of Mary Alice Helen, aged 8 years and 1 month, daughter of John Haggerty, of Sydney Mines, and grandchild of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Butts, occurred on Wednesday, 19th ult., at 3 p. m. She became slightly ill a week before her death, but the last two days she suffered most intensely of inflammation of the windpipe, and after the most careful nursing and constant medical attendance, sturdy little Alice, well known and loved by the whole neighbourhood, passed to Him who said "suffer little children to come unto me." The funeral took place on Friday and was well attended—her schoolmates showing their love by walking in the procession from the Church of the Immaculate Conception to her last resting place.

Obituary.

At her home at Gaspereaux Lake (St. Joseph's), in her 85th year, there died on the 26th ult., Elizabeth Chisholm, relict of the late Duncan Chisholm of that place. She was the last surviving member of the late Donald Chisholm, Marydale, this County. She was the maternal aunt of the Revs. Donald and Finlay J. Chisholm of this Diocese. A family of one son and four daughters survive her. Of a disposition kind and charitable she was beloved by all. In her last illness she had the consolation of Holy Church, of which she was a devoted member. May her soul rest in peace!

There died at Margaree Forks, on the 21st Sept., Christina Chisholm, relict of the late John Chisholm, aged 92 years. Deceased was the first white child born in this district. Her sincere sympathy and practical charity for the misfortunes of others endeared her to all classes, and her good Christian life was fruitful of many blessings. Until recently she could relate interestingly incidents of the early settlement of the place most intelligently. Her last days were comforted by all the rites of Holy Church. Her funeral was attended by a large concourse. She leaves a numerous family to cherish the memory of a fond mother. R. I. P.

The death of Donald McLean took place at his residence at Baddeck, on Tuesday, 11th September. For some years, owing to his advanced age, Mr. McLean had been in failing health, and his death was not unexpected. He was eighty-three years of age, and had resided all his life in Baddeck and vicinity. He was married to Mary daughter of the late Roderick McDonald, of Washabuck, one of the pioneers of Victoria County. He survived his wife about twelve years. Three daughters and one son, Rodk D. McLean, of Baddeck, are the remaining members of their family. Mr. McLean was an industrious and conscientious man, a good citizen and a good neighbour. He was always faithfully attentive to his religious duties and died consoled by the last rites of the Catholic Church. His remains were laid to rest beside those of his wife, in the cemetery at Iona.—R. I. P.

McCURDY & CO.

BIG CLEARANCE SALE OF

SUMMER GOODS

AT THE

WEST * END * WAREHOUSE

We have several lines of summer goods that we do not wish to carry over to another season, and will offer them for next two weeks at prices which are

Bound to make them go.

LADIES' BLOUSES.

- Ladies' Blouses, Former Price 40 cents now 25 cents.
- Ladies' Blouses, Former Price 75 cents now 40 cents.
- Ladies' Blouses, Former Price \$1.10 now 55 cents.
- Ladies' Blouses, Former Price \$1.35 now 70 cents.
- Ladies' Blouses, Former Price \$1.60 now 80 cents.
- Ladies' Blouses, Former Price \$2.25 now \$1.15.
- Ladies' Heavy Flannellette Blouses in dark colours at 50 c.

Fancy Dress Muslins and Sateens.

The balance of our stock of Fancy Sateens and Dress Muslins at half price.

Print Cottons.

Big cut in the prices of PRINT COTTONS.

- Print Cottons, Former Price 8 cents now 5 cts.
- Print Cottons, Former Price 9 cents now 6 1-2 cts.
- Print Cottons, Former Price 10 cts. now 7 1-2 cts.
- Print Cottons, Former Price 11 cts. now 8 cts.
- Print Cottons, Former Price 12 cts. now 9 cts.

ODD LINES OF Ladies' Underwear and Whitewear AT HALF PRICE TO CLEAR.

MENS' SUMMER SHIRTS.

Call and get a bargain before the sizes are sold out.

- Mens' Laundered Shirts, Former Price 65 cts. now 43 cts.
- Mens' Laundered Shirts, Former Price 75 cts. now 50 cts.
- Mens' Laundered Shirts, Former Price, \$1.00 now 67 cts.
- Mens' Laundered Shirts, Former Price \$1.25 now 83 cts.

Ladies' Summer Gloves,

Former Prices 15, 20, 25, to 40 cts., your choice for 10c per pair.

Call early and look through these lines. They are

GENUINE BARGAINS

and we are cleaning the whole lot out within the next two weeks to make room for

NEW FALL GOODS

which are arriving every day.

Our Milliners have just returned from Boston and New York where they have been attending the Fall Millinery openings and will be prepared to show one of the largest ranges of

MILLINERY

ever seen in Antigonish.

Within the next week we will complete our fall stock of

LADIES' FUR CAPES JACKETS and COLLARS.

LADIES' FALL JACKETS.

LADIES' GOLF CAPES.

DRESS GOODS and MILLINERY.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO CASH BUYERS.

McCURDY & CO.

THAT FOR

High-Grade Groceries,
Meats and Provisions,

WHOLESALE
and
RETAIL

You can be sure of satisfaction in
quality and price from

T. J. BONNER.

REMEMBER

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Carter's Little Liver Pills.



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.

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 STS., 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.

GRANT & CO.

INDIGESTION Can be Cured.

Open Letter from a Prominent Clergyman. MIDDLETON, N. S. C. GATES, SON & CO.

DEAR SIR:—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.

Yours truly, REV. F. M. YOUNG, Pastor Baptist Church, Bridgetown, N. S.

HARNESSES.

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, Prop. Antigonish, June 8, 98.

Lines to St. Agnes. (From "A Priest's Poems," by Rev. Kenelm Digby Esq.) St. Agnes! Child of Peter, Joy of Rome! His Apostolic spirit lives in thee; Where Peter feeds the sheep we see thee come, The Lamb that bears the Shepherd company! For when a pastor sent in Peter's name Has brought another flock within Christ's fold, What holy symbol wears he to proclaim That Peter's crook is rightly in his hold? Oh, is it not the Pallium of fine wool From those white lambs upon thine altar laid, And gently blessed with rite most beautiful— Rome's graceful homage to her Martyred Maid? O Child of Rome! bless those in banishment— May faithful shepherds guide each distant flock, And bear the lambs on shoulders meekly bent, And fold all in the Shadow of the Rock! Bless England were it only for the sake Of one sweet word, and all it goes to prove— St. Agnes! Flower we call our pure snowflake; That name, dear saint! records our former love.

THE REVOLT OF MARY HENNESSY.

'Mary,' says Mrs. Bolton, as she came into the kitchen where Mary Hennessy was ironing, 'have you heard of the new book that every one is talking about, 'In His Steps?'

'Oh, yes, ma'am,' replied Mary, smilingly. 'I've read it.' 'You have?' said Mrs. Bolton, surprised. 'Well, it's not surprising that the ladies of the club were shocked this afternoon when I confessed my ignorance of it. What do you think of it, Mary? They discussed it pro and con and they are quite excited over it, saying it is going to revolutionize thought and work wonders in the world.'

'Well, ma'am,' said Mary, quietly, 'when you go upstairs just slip into my room and get it. It's on the table at the foot of the bed. Excuse my asking you to get it yourself, but this lace must be ironed right away while it's damp.' 'Oh, don't mention it, Mary,' replied her mistress, turning to go upstairs. 'I'll go for it gladly and thank you. But, Mary,' she called back, 'you did not tell me what you thought of it.'

'Read it first, ma'am,' answered Mary, 'and then I'll tell you.' 'So it is going to stir up the world, is it?' added Mary to herself. 'Oh, we hear enough! Sure, there isn't a week that she doesn't come home from the club with that and her whist and Christian Association and her Settlement work she's just worn to a skeleton. Indeed, I'm glad the summer is coming, so they'll give up some of it for a while, for she'd never stop if they all didn't if it killed her. Afraid of losing ground, she says. Oh, God help her, sure it's nearer to the six-foot of it she is getting, and long before her time, too!'

Mary Hennessy was one of a class of Irish girls who honour any position in life, however high, and who dignify the most menial toil of the most humble station. Reserved, modest, yet confident of her power and capable of holding her own; innately refined, her very manner bespeaking courtesy from others. She gave no evidence in her speech of her Irish birth, save for an occasional 'sure' and that wheedling intonation of speech so peculiar to the race. She was of Irish birth, however, the daughter of a village schoolmaster, who, on the death of his wife, ten years before, had determined to find change of scene and fortune in the great West. The change and subsequent struggle proved too much for him, however, and two years later Mary, aged seventeen, and a sister two years younger found themselves orphaned and almost penniless in the wilderness of New York. Their few Irish neighbours were kind and sympathetic, but their own daily cares crowded their lives, and while from their hearts came the words, 'I'm sorry for your trouble!' and 'Now, if there's anything in the wide wurruld we can do for ye, let us know!' Mary knew the struggle of each while she was grateful for the warm handclasp and kind words. Their parish priest, who had been unfailingly kind during her father's illness, and to whom the younger sister had spoken of her earnest desire to enter a convent, now called to say that he had spoken to a friend of his, a reverend mother in the Order of St. Joseph, who wished to see both sisters as soon as possible. 'As she leaves in a few days for her annual visit through her schools,' he added, 'you had better go at once.'

Sarah thanked him. 'But how can I go now, father?' she said. 'Mary and I are alone in the world now, and we must stay together.'

'Indeed no!' said Mary, determinedly. 'If God has put that calling into your heart, go you will, and I'll be happy and contented knowing where to find you when I want you, and thankful for the peace that will be yours, morning noon and night.'

'God bless you my girl!' said the priest. 'I know Mother Catherine will be a good friend and help you to some employment. And now good-bye. Be sure and come and tell me how you get along.'

The good mother Catherine did prove a good friend, and one week from that day Sarah entered the convent on probation

and Mary had a position in the basement of one of the large department stores selling household goods at a salary of two dollars a week and a small percentage on her sales. It was fortunate for her that she had enough money left from the sale of their few pieces of furniture to pay her board for awhile, for although she worked hard and was active and naturally pleasing, after ten weeks she found that four dollars and seventy-five cents was the largest sum that she had received in any week. As far as she could see there was little chance of doing better. She compared notes with the other girls and found that those with the experience of years sometimes received from six to seven dollars. That was the highest.

'And how did you live,' asked Mary. 'When you first started in?' One lived at home, another had joined with three other girls in taking one room and living on little more than bread and coffee. 'But surely,' she questioned again, 'surely the girls up stairs do better than that?'

'Well, if they do make a little more sometimes,' was the answer, 'they have to dress better than we do, and they dare not sit down.' 'They do get air,' said Mary, as she looked at the bleached faces of her companions. 'There's always a damp odor down here, and artificial light all the time is hard on the eyes.'

'Well, what can we do?' said another, sighing. 'My name was on the application book seven months before I got on here, and I went around in the other stores every day. Why, sometimes there's hundreds standing in line just to sign the application book.'

This conversation set Mary thinking, and on further inquiry she found that while a few in the millinery and cloak departments earned as much as twenty dollars a week, it was only after they were wrinkled and gray with experience and had made their own custom by humouring their wealthy patrons. They had to dress extravagantly too, and Mary wondered if after all they could save anything for the lonely old age that was hurrying on so fast.

Mary tried to be hopeful and she was always cheerful, but she found herself wondering wearily if her life was to go on forever in the same way—no seclusion, no peace, no comfort. All day the stuffy basement and the chattering of the pale-faced girls at night, a little closet of a room shared by an odorous girl who worked in a cigar factory and who talked far into the night about her 'fellah.' Sunday after Sunday Mary had tried to find something a little more homelike, but her search was fruitless. Invariably the landlady would first ask her, 'How much do you pay?' 'Three and a half,' Mary would answer meekly. 'How many in a room?' 'Two.' 'Well,' was the sharp retort, 'if you can get board at that price and only two in a room, you've got a snap and you want to hang on to it.'

So poor Mary would go reluctantly back to the 'snap' and look forward to the evening, when her roommate would go down to the little parlour to entertain her 'fellah.' Then she would read a little and revel in the brief privacy.

'How nice your kitchen must be!' she said one day to a kind-faced lady customer. She had grown to be quite friendly with some of her patrons, and her manner was always so quiet and lady-like that they enjoyed a few minutes' chat with her over their purchases.

'Yes, I try to get all the new appliances,' answered the lady. 'I keep only one girl, and although we are only two in family, I like to get her any thing that will save labour.'

'Pardon me,' interrupted Mary, quickly, 'but may I ask how much you pay your girl?'

'Certainly was the reply. 'I pay her four dollars a week, and I hire a woman one day to wash and clean the kitchen. Then the girl does the ironing. But, oh, dear!' she sighed, 'she is to be married in six weeks, and I dread to hunt for another, and breaking her in is still worse.'

A sudden thought flashed through Mary's mind, and she felt her cheeks burn as she said, eagerly, 'Oh, Mrs. Bolton, would you take me? Let me stay a month without salary to learn the work from your girl.'

'And do you really think you'd like housework?' asked Mrs. Bolton, taken back by the suddenness of Mary's request. 'It is quite different, from this, you know.'

'Oh, yes, ma'am, I know it's different from this, but I've been thinking of it for some time. Of course I've had no experience, except a little at home before my father died. I know it is not hard to get into a family where they keep two or three girls, because one helps the other, but I want a room to myself, so I can think in the evening when my work is done. Of course,' said Mary, 'you do not know me, but Father Bradley, of St. Ignatius, will tell you something of us. He was so kind during my father's illness and death, and, smiling, 'he got me in here, but of course I wouldn't think of bothering him with complaints about it now when he was so good in finding me the place—and ninety-

four girls ahead of me on the application list. Yes,' she added, as she noticed Mrs. Bolton's look of amazement, 'it is that way all the time.'

Mrs. Bolton had been watching Mary's face keenly. 'Well,' she said, 'I'm sure you honest and earnest, and I'll take your word. Let me see—this is Saturday. Well, two weeks from next Monday you come; then you go under training with Julia for four weeks without salary. That's what you mean, is it not? Yes? Well, then at the end of that time—that is, if we are mutually satisfied—you take up Julia's work and salary. Now that's settled—' as Mary tried to thank her. 'Here is my card, and I shall expect you as agreed. Good-bye, and try and get a little more colour in your face, because,' she said, smiling, 'Julia is a Christian Scientist, and she'll be insisting on your going to a healer.'

This thought of housework was not a sudden one inspired in Mary's mind by Mrs. Bolton's conversation. She had decided weeks before that nothing could be much harder than her present life. She saw herself growing shabbier every day, as except for an occasional pair of shoes she found it impossible with all her efforts to earn more than her board and carfare. So it was with a light heart that night that she left her week's notice in the office of the cashier, and as she made her usual visit to the church on her way to her boarding place she thanked God earnestly that her prayers had been answered and begged His guidance and help in the new field His care had found for her.

The next week she had to bear a great deal of scoffing and many covert sneers from the girls in the store. 'Kitchen mechanic,' 'pot wolooper,' and a score of like epithets greeted her, and with raised eyebrows and shrugged shoulders they did not hesitate to express their opinion of Mary's 'lowering herself.' The poor girl who shared her room with three others and lived on bread and coffee was the worst of all. 'Before I'd work in anybody's kitchen,' she said, scornfully, 'I'd throw myself in the river.'

'Poor soul!' said Mary to herself. 'It will hardly be necessary. You are going fast enough as it is.' She had seen for some time that the poor girl was failing, and had often walked down in the morning that she might buy a banana or an orange for Sadie, who now said to her, contemptuously but dramatically, 'Mary Hennessy, my friendship is no longer yours!'

All this had occurred eight years before, however, the day of Mary's conversation with her mistress concerning 'In His Steps.' It had not taken Mrs. Bolton long to discover that Mary was far above the average working girl. She could discuss intelligently most subjects of current interest, and with such naive originality that Mrs. Bolton liked to talk with her and draw her out. In this matter Mary showed the intimate refinement of her race, the kindness and equality of her mistress' manner never causing her to forget her position or become in the slightest degree familiar. 'Oh, the comfort of her!' Mrs. Bolton would exclaim to her friends. 'Really, I'm ashamed to say that in the last year or two, since I've gotten so deep in club work and advancement theories, I just have to leave everything to Mary.'

She felt tired and dissipated this afternoon as she climbed the stairs to Mary's bedroom. Her life seemed to be growing so nerve wearing and club driven while so little was really accomplished with all their meetings and discussions. 'How sweet and restful,' she sighed, as she paused in the doorway. 'Mary keeps every place so spotless and yet never seems driven.'

(To be continued.)

This is called a problem story, but the problem is not yet apparent to me. Wait till you get to the end. You will then wonder why you ever read it.

GREAT WORK FOR LITTLE MONEY.

DIAMOND DYES ARE THE MOST PROFITABLY AGENTS USED IN THE HOME.

No other article used in the homes of the Dominion of Canada are as popular as the Diamond Dyes. These indispensable helps in economical housekeeping make new friends every day. This popularity is gained by quality, excellence of colours and ease and comfort in doing the work of dyeing. Just think of it! One package of any of the Diamond Dyes will colour from one to six pounds of goods, according to the shade desired. This is wonderful work when the small expense is considered. Your last year's jacket, cape, blouse, dress, skirt, and your husband's suits and children's clothes may be soiled, faded and unsightly; but with a ten cent package of Diamond Dyes you can work a mighty change, and make the old things like new for this season's wear. One effort in this work of true economy will convince you that Diamond Dyes are true money savers to the family.

Professional Cards

MACÉCHEN & MACCABE, Barristers at Law, Solicitors, Notaries Public. Offices: McDonald's Block (upstairs) Charlotte Street.

Real Estate bought and sold and monies loaned and borrowed for clients on short notice. A. J. G. MACÉCHEN, JOHN J. MACCABE.

GIRROIR & McINTYRE, Barristers & Solicitors, ANTIGONISH, N. S. E. LAVIN GIRROIR, LL. B. A. A. McINTYRE, LL. B.

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

DAN C. CHISHOLM, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC. OFFICE: ONE DOOR WEST DOWNIE 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. C. L.

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

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 Coffee, Oysters, etc., etc. Sausages, Corned Beef, Lunch Tongue, Ox Tongue, Chip Beef, Boneless Chicken, Turkey, Duck, Potted Ham, Tongue, Beef, Hare, Vancamps Soups, Halibut, Salmon, Finan Haddies, Coffee

C. B. WHIDDEN & SON, TEACHERS!

Are you qualified to secure the Government Grant for teaching short-hand in the Public Schools? Remember the authorized system is the ISAAC PITMAN and we are teaching it. Our diploma (Business Educators' Association of Canada) is recognized as a qualification. Write for 1901 syllabus to

Kaulbach & Schurman, Maritime Business College, Halifax, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after June 18, 1900, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE ANTIGONISH. Accommodation for New Glasgow, Express for Halifax, Express for Sydney, Halifax, Accommodation for Mulgrave, Express for Sydney. All trains run by Eastern standard time. Twenty-four hour notation. Vestibule sleeping and dining cars on through Express trains between Montreal and the Maritime Provinces. D. POTTINGER, General Manager, Moncton, N. B. June 15th, 1900.

Marathon Race.

Ronald J. McDonald, of the Cambridgeport gymnasium association, formerly holder of the world's record for the 25 mile run, and one of the contestants in the recent Marathon race held in connection with the Paris exposition, has issued a statement concerning the Paris run in which he says that of all the contestants, only two ran the required distance, Dick Grant, the old Harvard runner, and himself.

His statement, in full, is as follows: "Since my return from Paris, I have heard so many conflicting and erroneous reports concerning the work of American competitors in the late Marathon run in connection with the exposition games, that I decided to give a correct version of it from the start to the finish as both Dick Grant and I participated in that run.

"A day or two previous to July 19, the date set for the contest, the writer was approached in a certain club in Paris, by an Englishman, whose name is withheld, and asked what my condition was and whether I was sure of winning. Upon being informed that I was in very good shape and expected to win, he quietly informed me that no American or Englishman, even if they rode the full distance on a steam car, could possibly win. This gentleman, I afterwards found out, was a member of the Racing club of France, under whose auspices the games were held.

"July 19, the day set for the run, opened bright and clear, but frightfully warm. At noon the thermometer registered 99 degrees in the shade, with scarcely a breath of air. Enthusiasm was at a remarkably low mark among the French, while the Americans and English were discussing the chances of their fellow countrymen. All the Americans, Grant, Maguire, Newton and myself, were in excellent spirits, but more or less affected by the terrible heat. When we arrived at the starting place, we were received with a rousing cheer by the American and English people present. At the start were Messrs. Spaulding and Sullivan, of New York. The course lay for the first mile in the Bois, the track, which was of grass, being soggy and very heavy. Instead of thirteen starters, as announced in the press despatches, there were seventeen.

"Immediately at the crack of the pistol, every Frenchman started at a very fast gait, leading us all, the Americans keeping in the rear and running side by side. I was content to remain last in order that I might size up my opponents. We had covered two-thirds of a mile when the French runners began to pull away from us. In appearance the native athletes were thin and weak, and we were all sure that they could not stand more than ten or fifteen miles at the most and consequently did not exert ourselves. At the close of the fourth lap, the gates were opened and the real race began. Out onto the road the home runners went at a killing clip, determined to run away from us. In the meantime the Americans had closed in somewhat with the Englishmen, being the last to pass through the gate. No sooner were we out, than French trickery began to show itself. Half a mile from the Bois we encountered a fork in the road, and were directed to take a road on the right by those standing near us, but as I could discern the heads of our opponents bobbing up and down a quarter of a mile on the road ahead of us, and as my brother Daniel who accompanied us on a wheel, had a road map, we were not led astray. Then did the words of my English friend flash across my mind, making me more determined in my intention of winning first prize.

"We had covered about a mile, and were about to circle the city wall, when we struck one of the biggest sand and gravel beds I ever saw in my life. At this point our misery began. The thermometer registered 98 degrees in the shade, it being about 2.30 p. m. The water we had to rinse our mouths with was hot and brackish. There was an abundant supply of champagne and wine, but very little, and, in fact, no ice to be found. Our heads were splitting from the effect of the sun's rays, the sweat pouring off in streams.

"Five miles having been traversed, the competitors began to weaken, the first man to stop being the champion 50 mile runner of England, who, overcome by the heat, fell by the roadside and was taken home in an automobile. In all the distance covered we did not encounter a checker or an official of any kind. Bicycle riders did all in their power to bother us, especially the English, I faring a little better, owing, no doubt, to the American flag, which was tied around my waist. Before we reached the six mile mark another Englishman and the French champion gave out. Now, we thought, was the time for us to get to work, and we did with a will. Grant and Maguire travelled with me, there being but three men ahead of us, two Frenchmen and Newton, of New York. In the next mile, Maguire and Gant fell behind, and as I was passing the nine mile mark, I saw Newton leaning up against a post, pretty well played out. His cheeks were sunken in terribly, showing that he was also

stricken by the heat. His eyes bore a glassy appearance and his mouth was open, gasping for air. Ten miles were reeled off in just one hour. Grant again caught up with me, followed by a Frenchman and Newton. The four of us ran in a line for five or six minutes, but the Frenchman, suddenly spurring, left us with Newton clinging to him like grim death. Here we encountered the worst part of the course. The road was badly paved with cobblestones, and as our feet were broken from sand and pebbles, we decided to walk. The road was so bad that my brother was forced to dismount from his wheel and walk. While we were walking, a Frenchman came tearing down the road towards us, gesticulating and in broken English informed us that the Frenchmen were riding. We had scarcely made another mile when we were approached by a German who wanted us to mount the rear step on his wheel and ride, as he said the others were doing so. Upon Grant and myself refusing he became not only surprised but mad, and said, "Vell, the tam French ride, and if you don't you can go to h—l, as you will be beat." Three miles further we could find no trace of Newton, Maguire being out of the running.

"Imagine our surprise when at the 20 mile mark, we saw the French runner, who we left nearly dead at the five mile mark, walk up as fresh as a daisy and stop to shake hands with us. We looked at him with wonder, not knowing where he passed us or how he could have done so. After shaking hands with Grant and myself, he set out at a hot clip, one that would be good for a fast mile.

"We did not see him again until after the race was finished on the Bois. Mical, so we were afterwards informed, came in at the finish in fairly good condition, while the second man was timed in 11 1/2 seconds for the last hundred yards, a feat that any man, if he ran 25 miles on such a hot day, could never have performed. This same individual acknowledged after the race that he rode fifteen miles of the distance. Newton, who was missed at 12 miles, said that he lost his way, and in order to find the right road, cut across the city.

"Now, Grant and I claim that we were the only two men who covered the full 25 miles. To back up our statement, we have the confessions of the Frenchmen made in the presence of several witnesses, the acknowledgment of Newton to crossing the fields, and the cyclometer which was attached to the wheel ridden by my brother, which registered 25 1/2 miles as we crossed the finish on the Bois. Nearly every one had left the race course with the exception of our fellow countrymen, who had patiently waited for us. Newton reached the grounds some time ahead of us, and it took Grant and myself almost four hours to cover the distance, when we saw that it was impossible to win.

"On the road the people treated us as well as could be expected. Many times we were forced to bathe our heads to prevent prostration. In passing a fruit stand on the road, Grant tried to secure a sunshade or an umbrella to protect us from the sun, but was unsuccessful.

"On the whole the race was poorly managed. There was no officials of any kind along the course, no police and no ambulance corps. There was nothing to drink but wine, which was in abundance, but not fit for a racing man. When the race was over, we knew that it would not benefit us in the least if we protested, as the French officials would listen to none."

RONALD J. McDONALD, C. G. A.

"Breathe freely now!" your friend exclaims when he has satisfactorily explained some alarming news. So we say when we hand you a bottle Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam for any kind of trouble in the air passages 25c. all druggists.

A Possible Saint for the United States.

It is with more than usual gratification that we gather from authoritative channels further information in regard to the proceedings looking toward the hoped-for beatification of that valiant woman, Mother Elizabeth Seton, who planted in the United States the noble community of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. While we all hail with delight similar steps in regard to the Venerable Mothers Barat and Duchesne of the Sacred Heart Order, and the Venerable Mothers Julie Billiard of the Notre Dame and Catherine McAulay of the Mercy Orders, all these were European born. Mother Seton was from birth identified not with America only, but with the United States, our own country; she represents that army of men and women who have come into the Catholic Church from the denominations outside its fold; and she is, moreover, akin in a marked degree to the everyday world in its everyday trials, for she was, like St. Jane de Chantal, wife, mother and widow, before she became foundress and nun. The late Dr. Glaab of Washington, D. C., who was appointed by his Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, to conduct the preliminaries looking to her canonization, has lately passed from his life of usefulness to his reward. It

will mean much to us as Catholics if in this country that is so wonderfully blessed by the gift of at least being willing to hear the truth, we have granted us the canonization of one of our own countrywomen whose spiritual children have nursed our soldiers on the battlefield and in the hospital, lived in our pest-houses, shut themselves away from earthly hope with our lepers, ministered to human want and woe of every kind, counting loss to themselves as gain, and two of whom are in the bloody field of China now. The canonization of Mother Seton will mean not only a recognition of all this, but something more,—the placing before the eyes of our people, money-loving, indeed, but swift to admire heroic self-abnegation when they see it,—the example of one who loved truth for truth's sake; and finding that pearl of great price was willing to leave everything to hold it fast. It behooves us then to pray that a worthy successor to the lamented Dr. Glaab may be speedily found, and to this end we can use the following prayer, indulged by Cardinal Gibbons, "to obtain the glorification of Mother Seton." Of course, the indulgence of forty days is not to be gained, unless as applicable to the dead, during this Jubilee Year.

"O God, who hast shown Thyself wonderful in thy servant, Elizabeth Seton. By the sincerity and constancy with which she sought Catholic truth; By the heroic generosity with which she embraced it after she found it; By the strength of soul which she never lost throughout all the trials to which Thou wast pleased to subject her; And finally, by the solid and tender piety which flowed from her intimate knowledge of the Holy Scripture;

Deign, we beseech Thee, to glorify, here on earth, this valiant woman, to give her numerous imitators, and, through their example, and her intercession, to bring into the Catholic Church those souls, who, deceived by the sophisms of heresy, still remain outside its fold. These favours we beg in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ Thy Son, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God world without end. Amen.— Sacred Heart Review.

ROYAL Baking Powder. Made from pure cream of tartar. Safeguards the food against alum. Alum baking powders are the greatest menacers to health of the present day.

Deign, we beseech Thee, to glorify, here on earth, this valiant woman, to give her numerous imitators, and, through their example, and her intercession, to bring into the Catholic Church those souls, who, deceived by the sophisms of heresy, still remain outside its fold. These favours we beg in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ Thy Son, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God world without end. Amen.— Sacred Heart Review.

Squire (engaging coachman) — Are you married? Coachman — No, sir. These ere scratches came from a cat. Miss Pert — Believe in vegetarianism? Why, I love beef! Algernon — I wish I were beef, you know? Miss Pert — Never mind! You'll grow.

FOR SALE Monastery, Tracadie, 1 SELF-BINDER (Massey-Harris make), nearly new. 1 SEEDER. 1 GRAIN CRUSHER. 2 TURBINE WHEELS. For further information apply to THOMAS SOMERS, Antigonish. Young men and women from all parts of the province attend Whiston's Commercial College.

This long established, reliable and up-to-date Commercial Training School fully merits the confidence so long placed in it by the public, and continues to give the best instruction in Book-keeping, Short-hand and Typewriting and kindred subjects, also to supply business men with Book and Stenographers. There is an increasing demand for young men who can write shorthand, and we make a specialty of this branch, teaching the Ben Pitman, Isaac Pitman and Per-nin systems. Our annual announcement for 1900-01 containing information respecting terms, etc., will be sent to any address on application to S. E. WHISTON, Principal, 55 Barrington St., Halifax.

BOARD AND LODGING. Meals at all hour MRS. SEARS, Church St., Antigonish. Next to Kirk's Block. FIRST-CLASS TONSORIAL WORK. Opposite Presbyterian Church. Robert Murary

THE PRICE OF PRE-EMINENCE.

The most brilliant orator is the most fiercely criticised—or most lavishly enlorgised, according as friend or foe speaks of him.

Mediocrity is seldom heard from.

Very bad people flash into notoriety—and disappear.

Super-excellence in anything, man or merchandise, must rise above the common—must be talked about, praised or criticized.

Introduce the subject of men's shoes anywhere, in the hotel, home, train, or place of business—and somebody will say something about "The Slater Shoe."

And why? Because it has been advertized? Because it is beyond cavil the only recognized men's shoe in Canada?

Partly for both reasons.

More men know "Slater Shoes," have worn and are wearing them, have praised them or criticised them than any other shoe.



"The Slater Shoe" is head and shoulders above the best other shoes made in Canada.

—Because it is strictly a specialty of a factory making only that one particular class of men's shoes.

—Because it's makers have staked their business life on its being exactly what they say it is.

—Because it is made

in all the shapes to fit all kinds of feet, and all the sizes and widths, and is therefore the best fitting shoe in Canada or elsewhere.

—Because its value is absolute—the price being stamped on the sole by the makers.

—Because it has been tested, worn, and proven by hundreds of thousands of men in Canada and other countries.

That it has been worn by citizens of the greatest shoe making country in the world, The United States, and appreciated by them, the following letter from one of them will show:

BUFFALO COURIER—EDITORIALS ROOMS,

Buffalo, April 10th, 1898

GEO. T. SLATER & SONS. Gentlemen.—Are your boots and shoes sold in any Canadian town on the Niagara River—Say at Chatham? I bought a pair of your shoes in Toronto last Fall, and they are the best I ever had for the money. If there is any place nearer than Toronto where they are sold, I'd like to know it. Yours truly. (Signed) WILLARD KEYES, Buffalo Courier.

"The Slater Shoe" made in fourteen foot-fitting shapes, eleven sizes, nine leathers, Goodyear Welted, Soles stamped with makers' name and price.

Write for a Catalogue. It's free.

N. K. CUNNINGHAM, Local Agent.

New Advertisements. Tenders—Public Works. Piano for Sale. Lunches.—Mrs. S. Fraser. Slater Shoes. (7th page), N.K. Cunningham. Ladies' Jackets, Furs, Etc.—A. Kirk & Co. Ready-made Clothing—Palace Clothing Co.

Local Item.

T. J. BONNER pays the highest price for sheep and lamb skins, hides and calfskins.—adv.

OUR LIST of acknowledgments are on page 2 this week. It includes all subscriptions received up to Monday evening.

ACCIDENT.—John Carr, of Canso, fishing at Arisaig, lost two fingers of his right hand on Monday, by the explosion of a gun which he was discharging.

McCURDY & Co.'s immense stock of fall millinery is now opened and will be seen in all its richness at their big millinery opening on the 8th and 9th October.

LOBSTERS are selling at \$8.50 per case on the London market. The cause of the low price is over supply. The packers, who paid high prices last year, stand to lose money.

THE I. C. RAILWAY brakeman, Henry Fraser, who was injured at Bayfield recently, died on Wednesday evening of last week. An inquest was held, the verdict exonerated the railway officials of blame.

THE HALIFAX Chronicle on last Saturday was unusually large. The extra pages contained accounts of the industrial progress of Sydney. It also included a coloured map showing the wonderful richness in minerals of Cape Breton.

HON. A. MACGILLIVRAY and John A. Boyd, barristers, have been appointed Commissioners for giving relief to indigent debtors and for taking affidavits to hold to bail and recognizances of bail in the Supreme and County Courts.

THE MANY friends of Rev. John McNeil, parish priest of Iona and formerly of Grand Mira, will be very sorry to learn that he had a stroke of paralysis last week. He is confined to his bed, but good hopes are entertained for his recovery.—Sydney Post.

PICTOU has a new newspaper. It is an eight page paper, and is published in the interests of the Conservative party. R. C. Hamilton is the editor and proprietor. It is giving good attention to local and provincial matter. It is called the Canadian.

ANNIE CAMERON, the girl reported missing at Sydney last week, turned up all right. She simply had got employment in a house at Whitney Pier, and removed thereto without informing the people with whom she had been living.

THE AMERICAN SCHOONER S. A. Parkhurst, which arrived at Louisbourg Monday, from Grand Banks, reported having lost two men in a heavy fog last week. The men were S. A. Crockett and W. P. Courtney, and belonged to Gloucester.

THE WINNER of the Marathon race at Boston a few years ago, and one of the competitors in the world's Marathon race at Paris last summer, sends THE CASKET an account of the latter event explanatory of the poor showing made by the American competitors.

ARRESTED FOR MURDER.—A man from the Upper Ohio district, this County, was arrested in Providence, R. I., last week charged with murder. He had a quarrel on the road with a man named Pray, and used a knife on him causing death a few days after.

THE REPORTED find of coal at Harbour au Bouche, upon which the people of that community were building great hopes for future prosperity, now proves to be some material of no value. Inspector Neville, of Cape Breton Co., has visited the supposed coal sites, and reports that there is no coal there.

SUPREME COURT.—The October Term of the Supreme Court is sitting in Guysboro this week. Mr. Justice Weatherbee presiding. C. E. Gregory and C. L. Girroir, barristers, Antigonish, are in attendance. On Tuesday next Court opens here. There are no jury or criminal cases. The docket is very small, comprising only the two following cases: Margaret Ingles vs. Alexander McPherson. Michael Cashen vs. Edward Cashen.

LAMBS.—On Tuesday four hundred lambs were shipped from Antigonish to the Boston market, and 200 were sent yesterday to the Halifax market. Mr. H. S. Hastings has been the only buyer this season for the Boston market, and up to the present he has sent away 2,000. Mr. F. R. Trotter has shipped 1,200 in all this season. The latter are for the local market—Halifax, Truro, and the Sydneys. The price paid now is 2½ cents; at the first of the season 3 cents a pound live weight was paid.

THE FOLLOWING CLERICAL CHANGES are announced: Rev. D. M. McAdam of Pomquet to be pastor of Sydney, Father Quinan retiring; Rev. Rod. McDonald of Ferrona to go to Pomquet; Rev. L. J. Gallant of Port Felix to go to West Arichat; Rev. I. Broussard to go to Port Felix. Rev. M. A. McAdam of the College becomes curate of the Cathedral, and is succeeded as Head

Master of the Collegiate School by Rev. H. D. Barry. Rev. R. L. McDonald, lately ordained, also comes to the College.

A CORRESPONDENT at Souris East, P. E. I., sends the following for publication: A large boat, called the Penguin, of about 20 tons register, and hailing from Chatham, N. B., is ashore at Campbell's Cove, P. E. Island. The spars, sails and rigging are gone. I am of opinion that she was engaged in the fishing business, as there are several nets and other fishing gear aboard of her. The owner or owners may communicate with Mr. Richard Garath, of Campbell's Cove, who has her in charge.

THE REPORTS are incorrect of a sale having been made of the iron and coal properties in this County. The gentlemen who have the areas bonded are negotiating with capitalists for this purpose, and are hopeful of making a sale. In another column is an article on the Iron Mines of Nova Scotia taken from a letter by Mr. Cowlan to the Hardware and Metal Journal, in which a most astonishing body of iron ore is represented to be in this County. Mr. Cowlan has been over the Iron areas here several times during the past few months, while the workmen were removing the soil from the ore, and should know whereof he writes.

HYMENEAL.—St. Margarets Church, Arisaig, was the scene of a happy event on the 18th Sept., when Mr. Donald A. Boyd of the Big Marsh and Miss Jean McDonald, daughter of the late Joseph McDonald of Arisaig, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by Rev. Neil McDonald, P. P. Mr. Dan D. McDonald was

LUNCHES.

AT Mrs. Fraser's, next door west of Foster Bros. store. MRS. S. W. FRASER.

Piano For Sale.

A splendid piano for \$115.00, worth double that amount, manufactured by Foley; can be viewed now at Mr. D. G. Kirk's residence.

AUCTION SALE.

To be sold at Public Auction at the residence of Mrs. Joseph C. Chisholm, on Main Street, Antigonish, on

SATURDAY, the 6th day of October next,

AT TWO O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON.

Large quantity of household furniture in prime condition, consisting of stoves, beds, bedding, and bedroom furniture, Kitchen utensils, diningroom furniture, etc., etc. Also that very desirable lot of land and premises occupied by said Mrs. Joseph Chisholm. TERMS CASH. F. H. MACPHIE, Antigonish, Sept. 26, 1900. Auctioneer.

PURCHASERS WANTED

For the following:

- 1 SEVEN HORSE POWER PRIESTMAN OIL-ENGINE, almost new, suitable for running Electric Light or any light work. 1 NINE PASSENGER CONCORD COACH. 1 COVERED TWO SEATED CARRIAGE. 2 OPEN PHAETONS. 2 BUGGIES. 1 SET DOUBLE DRIVING HARNESS. AN IMPORTED THOROUGHBRED SHROPSHIRE YEARLING RAM. A FEW SETS SINGLE DRIVING HARNESS, also SPREADS and ROBES. 1 LADIES RIDING SADDLE and BRIDLE. 25 ACRES OF LAND 1 mile from the Post Office, which can be divided in lots to suit purchasers. OTHER REAL ESTATE on West Street and St. Ninian street. ALSO A FEW FARMS in the County.

D. G. KIRK. Antigonish, September 23, 1900.

LAND FOR SALE.

ANY parties wishing to purchase the lot of land at

LAKEVALE,

formerly owned by Mrs. Mary Chisholm late of Thorburn, deceased, will apply to

GIRROIR & MCINTYRE, Barristers. Antigonish, Sept. 29th, 1900.

WANTED.

A GOOD CAPABLE HOUSEMAID, who must have good recommendations, and have had some experience. Wages, \$9.00 per month. Apply at this office.

FOR SALE.

One Horse 4 years old, color black, weighing 1475 lbs., very fine appearance and excellent worker. Also one Mare, 9 years old, black, weighing about 1400 lbs. J. A. MACDONALD, Gulf Road.

TO LET

After 1st November next, the premises of late occupied by Drs. Macdonald in subscriber's building at Antigonish, also several offices in same building with earlier possession. Arrangements may be made to remove or rent a brick vault at the election of a suitable tenant for a term of years. Apply to

C. C. GREGORY, Fernwood, Antigonish.

FOR SALE.

Two Sets French Burr Mill Stones and all gear connected therewith such as Splindles, Bolts, Bolting, Chests and Elevators. ALEX. McDONALD, Sylvan Valley.

best man and Miss Isabella McDonald was maid of honour. After the marriage ceremony the happy couple and attendants drove to the home of the groom, where a number of guests came to congratulate the newly-married pair and to enjoy the usual wedding festivities. All wish Mr. and Mrs. Boyd a long and happy life.

The political, literary and scholastic circles of Boston and Cambridge were well represented at a high-noon wedding, Arlington Street Church, Boston, Tuesday, Sept. 25th. The interested parties were, Miss Caroline Leslie Everett, of 76 Commonwealth Avenue, and Mr. A. J. McLeod formerly of St. Rose, Inverness Co., (youngest son of John McLeod, Barn,) now of this city. The officiating clergyman was Rev. Mr. Thorough of Chicago, assisted by Rev. Mr. Blackwood of New York. The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. Bradshaw, of Yale. The maid of honor was Miss Evans of New York. The bridesmaids were the Misses Drixen of Newport, Miss Gladys Percy, Miss Eunice Lee, Miss Sadie Rutty, Miss Annie Pope. The best man was Mr. Hoyt, of Washington, D. C. The ushers at the church were Professors Elliot and Morse of Harvard University, Mr. Arthur Stein of Newport, Mr. A. S. Trevelyan and Mr. D. N. Green, Harvard graduates, '92, '93, Messrs. Logan of Brockton. The church was tastefully decorated, the selection and arrangement of the floral decorations being assigned to Mr. Dudley of Lowell, Mass. The ceremony concluded, Mr. and Mrs. McLeod proceeded to the Hotel Vandou, where a wedding breakfast was served to not less than two hundred guests. The groom is well and popularly known, being a member of several of the most important clubs of Boston and Cambridge. The happy couple sail for Europe, Saturday, on an extended wedding tour. They propose visiting the most important points of interest and to be at home after Jan. 1st, when they will receive friends at 78 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston.—Com.

Grand opening of Fall millinery at the West End Warehouse on Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 8th and 9th. Everything new and stylish and up to date.

Millinery opening at McCurdy & Co's., October 8th and 9th.

Personals.

Miss Annie McKenzie, of Afton, left for Boston on Tuesday.

Rev. John Fraser, P. P., St. Peters, was in Town the first days of the week.

Mrs. (Hon.) Daniel McNeil, of Halifax, is visiting her sister, Mrs. D. C. McDonald, Hawthorne Street.

Mrs. Peter O'Brien, (nee Margaret McDonnell) left for her home at Winnipeg on Tuesday, after spending the summer at her former home at Fraser's Mills.

Miss Sarah McGillivray, of Antigonish, left on Saturday to take charge of Mrs. H. L. Tai's millinery store at Canso. She attended the millinery openings at Halifax this fall.

Miss Delia Whalen, who has been visitor sister, Mrs. A. K. McDonald, of Cloverville, has returned to Boston, where she has accepted a position as surgical assistant and etherizer with one of Boston's prominent surgeons.

Messrs. Daniel J. Macdonald, of Glassburn, in this County, and Alex. McKenzie, of Victoria Mines, C. B., are leaving today for New York, where they will take a North German Lloyd steamer for Naples. They were both members of last year's Junior class at St. F. X. College, and are now going to enter the College of Propaganda, Rome. We wish them Godspeed.

The Rev. Mother St. Fabine, Superior-General of the Congregation de Notre Dame and the Assistant-General Mother St. Angeline arrived at Antigonish on Tuesday last, after having spent three weeks visiting the several Convents of the Order in Cape Breton. The reverend ladies will remain at Mount St. Bernard till Monday next. Before returning to the Mother House, Montreal, they intend visiting their Houses in Pictou Co., and those in the Diocese of Chatham, N. B.

Local and Provincial.

Pictou is about to put in a water system. Judge Johnston of the County Court of Halifax is very ill.

The first cargo of bricks for the coke ovens at Sydney Mines is due next week from Hamburg, Germany.

A purse containing \$300 in gold was presented Private Bingay on his arrival at Yarmouth from the Transvaal.

Saturday last, news was received that Customs Inspector Jones had seized the Schr. Gold Hunter at the Magdalen Islands.

No. 1 Gravenstein apples are said to be selling for one dollar a barrel in King's County.

William McGrath, of Windsor Junction, N. S., aged seventy, was burned to death in his shanty on Saturday.

Four more fishing vessels with crews aggregating 35 men are posted at St. John's, Nfld., as lost in the gale of Sept. 13.

A fourteen-year-old boy named Oliver Cann, was run over by a Dominion Steel

Company's train at Sydney, on Tuesday afternoon, and had his leg cut off.

Brandon Nesbitt was sentenced to two years imprisonment by the County Court at Halifax on Friday last for uttering a forged cheque.

The schrs. Cora Lee and Ada collided off Big Harbour in the Bras d'Or Lake on Thursday last. The Ada was badly damaged, the other slightly.

W. J. Archibald, Elmsdale, Middle Musquodoboit, lost his barn, 17 cattle, 50 turkeys, 60 tons hay and farming implements by fire a few days ago.

The five year old son of Alex. M. Kellop, of Whitney Pier, Sydney, was badly hurt on Friday by being crushed between a heavy cart and a rock.

The body of Private Brown of D. Company Royal Canadians, who had been missing for two weeks, was found in Halifax Harbour on Monday evening. Deceased was a native of Ottawa.

John Andro, a Newfoundlander, was caught in a collision between two cars in the pit at Glace Bay on Sept. 26th, and his back, hip, and some ribs broken. He was sent to the Victoria General Hospital at Halifax but is not expected to recover.

Miss Minnie Mellich, of Charlottetown, P. E. I., sister of Arthur Mellich, some of whose letters home from South Africa appeared in these columns, and of Ernest Mellich, Antigonish, has a book entitled "Our Boys under Fire," nearly through the press.

THE PALACE CLOTHING CO. FALL and WINTER GOODS.

Our stock is about complete. New goods arriving daily. Last year our values were acknowledged to be the best. This year we lead again, showing, without doubt, the finest range ever seen in Antigonish.



- MENS' SUITS, \$3.50, 4.00, 5.00 6.00, 7.00 8.00, 9.00, and \$10.00. MENS' OVERCOATS, \$4 00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, and \$10.00. MENS' HEAVY ULSTERS, all shades, \$3.00, 3.50, 4 00, 5.00, 6.00 and up. MENS HEAVY REEFERS, 3.00, 4.00 and 5.00, and other lines too numerous to mention.

A multitude of elegant patterns made up in a style of FIT, FINISH, GOOD GOODS, and LOW PRICES.

not to be found outside of our stock. In your interest see them before making your WINTER SELECTIONS GIVE US A CALL. SATISFACTION ALWAYS GIVEN OR MONEY REFUNDED

The up-to-date MENS' FIXINGS from head to foot. MAIN STREET, - - - - - ANTIGONISH.

FOR ALL THE

PRESCRIBED SCHOOL BOOKS, SCHOOL REQUISITES, COMMERCIAL STATIONERY, DEVOTIONAL and OTHER BOOKS, DAILY PAPERS, WEEKLY PAPERS, and MAGAZINES. In fact for anything you may require that is usually found in a First-Class Book and Stationery Store, go to

MISS C. J. McDONALD'S MAIN STREET, ANTIGONISH.

Do You Want Shoes?

Big, honest savings are the clinching arguments that turn visitors into customers. There is no such thing as competition when it comes to prices like ours. Goods of

N. K. CUNNINGHAM

are like the water of Antigonish—always good. We have BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBERS at prices that are simply below anything ever quoted in Antigonish.

As a result of the recent visit of the directors of the Nova Scotia Steel Co. to Cape Breton, an extensive programme is said to have been settled, including the building of a railway to Point Aconi, a new pier 700 feet long at North Sydney, new equipment of the present mines, and thorough tests, surveys and borings of undeveloped areas.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Wharf, Isaac's Harbour, N. S.," will be received at this office, until Friday, the 12th October next, exclusively, for the construction of a wharf at Isaac's Harbour, Guysboro County, Province of Nova Scotia, according to a plan and a specification to be seen at the office of C. E. W. Dodwell, Resident Engineer, Halifax, N. S., on application to the Postmaster at Isaac's Harbour, N. S., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers. An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works for SEVEN HUNDRED DOLLARS (\$700) must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, JOS. R. ROY, Acting Secretary. DEPARTMENT PUBLIC WORKS, Ottawa, Sept. 21st, 1900.

GUARDIAN'S SALE.

1900, A. No. 32. IN THE SUPREME COURT: In the matter of the application of Catherine Chisholm for sale of the real estate of John Charles Chisholm, an infant child of Robert Chisholm (Tom), late of Meadow Brook, in the County of Antigonish, farmer, deceased.

TO BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION, at the Court House, Antigonish, on

SATURDAY, the 3rd day of Nov. A. D. 1900, AT 11 O'CLOCK IN THE FORENOON.

pursuant to an order granted hereon the 23rd day of September, A. D. 1900.

All the estate, right, title, interest, claim and demand of the said infant, John Charles Chisholm, of, in, to, or upon all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of LAND, situate, lying, and being at Meadow Brook, in the County of Antigonish, bounded and described as follows, that is to say, towards the north by lands of Roderick C. Chisholm, towards the east by lands of John McLeod (Captain); towards the south by lands of Roderick Chisholm; and towards the west by one hundred and thirty acres, more or less, the same being the lot of land conveyed to Roderick Chisholm by William McLeod, deceased dated the twenty-seventh day of August, 1877, recorded in book 24, at page 44, in the Registry of Deeds for Antigonish County. TERMS: Cash on delivery of deed. CATHERINE CHISHOLM, Solicitor of Guardian, Pinktown, Antigonish Co., Sept. 26th, 1900.