

# THE CASKET.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM.  
FORTY-NINTH YEAR.

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL NON-PARTISAN IN POLITICS.  
ANTIGONISH, N. S., THURSDAY, OCT. 25, 1900.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM  
NO. 145

## THE CASKET.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS, \$1.00.  
No Subscriptions discontinued until all arrears are paid.  
Subscriptions in United States are discontinued at expiration of period paid for.

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25.

The story which we begin to publish this week appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* last December. The author, Hugh Clifford, was, until very recently, the Governor of British North Borneo and Labuan, and the youngest pro-consul in the Empire. Though written as fiction, "Father Rouellot" might be a biographical sketch from the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*.

The following pointed paragraph shows the *Pittsburg Observer* worthy of its name:

Our Protestant friends say that religion ought to be kept out of politics, but they take good care to have all our presidents Protestant, all our governors Protestant, all our members of the legislature Protestant, and as many as possible of our public school teachers Protestant. They keep the Catholic religion out of politics, sure enough.

The *Messenger and Visitor* tacitly acknowledges that it cannot convict us of calling nicknames. It was calling nicknames that we censured in the Baptist Institute, and while admitting the justice of our rebuke, our contemporary hinted that we did not always practice what we preached. What we preached was: "Don't use nicknames." We have never used nicknames, therefore we have always practiced what we preached.

The spirit which has given birth to the secular school system is very well described by the Bishops of Ireland in their recently issued pastoral letter:

For those who do not believe in God or in a revelation made by Him to man, or consider that the meaning of these truths and their bearing on human conduct are matters of mere private opinion and conjecture, it is waste of energy and precious time to make the teaching of them, at least in any public institution, a part of its ordinary functions.

These are the children of this world. They deal with what they know. This world is the one certainty for these, and to prepare their children to advance in it is their highest conception of education.

"It is an indication of the unique moral greatness of our Lord that these malevolent watching eyes" (of the Pharisees) "constantly directed upon him and his work, had no power to turn him from his course to the right or to the left." It is an indication that our Baptist friends do not realize the meaning of the sentiments: "The Word was God . . . and the Word was made flesh," otherwise they would not speak of our Lord as though it were a cause for wonder that he did not turn aside from his task. "Unique moral greatness" is a phrase which fits the lips of Strauss or Renan or anyone who believes that Christ was a great and good man and nothing more; it is altogether unbecoming on the lips of a Christian.

A missionary returned from China is quoted in the *Messenger and Visitor* as saying that the Catholic missionaries in that country brought trouble on themselves because "they used carnal weapons." A Baptist journal should be the last in the world to make such a charge. Has any answer been given to the statement of a distinguished African explorer, made in the *Century Magazine* for 1894, that the Baptist missionaries on the Congo permitted their converts to practise polygamy? Yet the brethren of the men who used this carnal weapon have the audacity to accuse our missionaries of doing something similar when they accepted official rank in China for the sake of being in a better position to bring the wrongs done

to the native Christians before the authorities.

We have often wondered that French-Canadians should use the tricolour. The fleur de lys would seem to be a better reminder of their former connection with France; and why any man, not obliged to respect it as the flag of his country, should show special honour to the banner which was first flung to the breeze by the French Revolution, and which is to-day the symbol of a satanic persecution of the Church, has always been beyond our comprehension. Some lines which lately appeared in *L'Evangeline* offer an explanation of the puzzle. The white on the tricolour, we are told, serves to remind us of the standard of Bayard, Joan of Arc, and St. Louis,—we are not sure that this is quite exact, as we fancy that the Oriflamme was still the Royal standard in St. Louis' time; the red reminds us of the noble blood which dyed the scaffolds of the Revolution; the blue reminds us of the sky of France; the union of the three may be regarded as inciting to piety, union and hopeful progress. As a friend of ours would say, this is an ingenious if not ingenuous explanation of why the tricolour is honoured in the Province of Quebec.

Though we frequently compare Catholicism with Protestantism in its influence upon national life, we are not inclined to make comparisons between individuals. But when our evangelical contemporaries compare Catholic with Protestant missionaries to the disadvantage of the former, we feel justified in putting forward some counter-comparisons, or rather quoting those made by other Protestants. "Chinese" Gordon knew something of the condition of affairs in the Flowery Kingdom; he was also a very earnest Protestant, and he said, speaking of Catholic missionaries: "They are the only clergy of any denomination I have ever come across who approached even remotely the Apostolic standard." Henry Norman knows a thing or two about the "Far East," and cannot be suspected of prejudice in favour of Catholics. Yet this is what he writes:

A careful distinction must be made between Roman Catholic and Protestant missionaries. The former enjoy, on the whole, far more consideration from the natives, as well as from foreigners, and the result of their work is beyond question much greater. The Roman Catholic missionary goes to China once for all; he adopts native dress, lives on native food, inhabits a native house, supports himself upon the most meager allowance from home, and is an example of the characteristics which are as essential to the Eastern idea of priesthood as to the Western—poverty, chastity and obedience. . . . The Protestant missionary, on the other hand, in a majority of cases, looks upon his work as a career like another; he proposes to devote a certain amount of his life to it, and then to return home with the halo of the Christian pioneer; he has in most cases his comfortable house, his wife, his children, his servants and his foreign food, and it is even stated that his stipend increases with each addition to his family.

The *Ottawa University Review* publishes a letter received by Mgr. Falconio, the Apostolic delegate, from one of his Franciscan brethren in China. We extract a few sentences telling of the martyrdom of the Vicar-Apostolic of Southern Honan, and two of his priests. They show what our missionaries have had to endure, and make us fancy we are reading the Acts of the Early Martyrs:

Our cherished friend Mgr. Fontosati is no more. The inhuman wretches not only killed him, but heaped upon him in his last hours a thousand cruelties and indignities. His eyes were gouged out; a knife was plunged into him, which he had hardly succeeded in extracting with his own hands, when a monster of cruelty plunged it in again; of the crowd, many threw stones at him, while others beat him with sticks. For four hours did these and even worse tortures continue; at last the martyr yielded up his precious life. With him died Father Joseph Gomboro, a Piedmontese, who was given over to similar tortures and despatched with like cruelty. Before expiring, Mgr. Fontosati and Father Gomboro imparted one to the other a last consolation. The mutilated corpses were enveloped in cloths, then saturated with coal oil and set on fire. . . . Father Cesidio was captured, and being first mistreated in various ways, he was wrapped in cloths which were soaked in petroleum and burned while yet half alive. . . . On the destruction of the orphan asylum, two hundred, or more, young girls, fell into the hands of the mob, and were divided up as so much booty. The dwellings of the

Christians were all burned down, everything was plundered, and to spare life was favor.

The Cuban correspondent of the *Catholic Standard and Times* writes that the wealth of the Church in Cuba has been grossly exaggerated. He went to the island with the impression that the Church was exceedingly rich there, but has come to the conclusion, after careful study of the subject, that the value of Church possessions in Cuba is less than in many portions of the United States. The peculiar system of registering mortgages has led to much misunderstanding and many misleading statements in regard to the wealth of the Church. For example, some \$40,000,000 of these mortgages are recorded as *censos*, and might at first sight be supposed to be Church property. But when they are examined, it is found in the majority of cases it is laymen who draw the interest on these mortgages, and sometimes it is the State. For example, a man has died leaving so much money to found a chaplaincy in his own family; that money is loaned on mortgage at five per cent.; but unless some member of the family which lends the money enters the priesthood, the Church never gets a cent of interest from the mortgage. As a matter of fact many of the mortgages which go to make up the total amount reported to Governor-General Wood are barred by the statute of limitation, the limit of time being thirty years; in many other cases the line of descent has been broken or cannot be traced; in other cases no interest has been paid on mortgages for thirty years, because the mortgage-holders failed to demand it. In short, out of \$250,000,000 of real estate encumbrances, the amount claimed by the Church, and in many instances this claim cannot now be satisfactorily proven, is less than six millions of dollars in Spanish gold, little more than five millions in our currency.

The great American Bible Society is said to be selling its huge Bible House in New York City, with the intention of moving its business to some place where property is cheaper. Contributions to the Society have greatly fallen off, and the sale of Bibles has very much decreased of late years. This indicates that Bible-reading is on the decline among Protestants. And the reason of this decline is thus given by the *New York Sun*:

This present neglect of the Bible, however, cannot be called surprising. It is a natural consequence of the discredit thrown on the Scriptures even by clergymen and teachers of theology. The Bible is no longer distinguished by them as the infallible Word of God, but is apologized for as mere literature, disfigured by human errors, the guile of priestcraft, and the ignorance and credulity of semi-barbarous compilers. It is no longer held up to men as the one book absolutely separated from all human literary productions, but is discussed as simply one of the sacred books of the religious and superstitious of the world.

It is no wonder, then, that the business of the American Bible society is falling away. How could it be otherwise?

The Bible is held in very little respect to-day, outside of the Catholic Church. There, it is honoured and revered as it always was, no more, no less. Protestants now imagine that the Church is beginning to pay more attention to the Bible, but this is an optical illusion caused by the fact that they themselves are paying less attention to it. One of the principal charges made against the Church for the past few centuries was that she did not give to the Bible the honour due to the Word of God; one of the principal charges against her during the next century will be that she does give to the Bible the honour due to the Word of God. But it is those who make the charges who will have changed their position—the Church's position is always the same.

A special despatch to the *New York Sun* tells us that the recent congress of German anthropologists held at Halle, Professor Klaatsch of Heidelberg read a paper contending that, after several years investigation, the direct descent of man from apes was no longer maintainable. And so a new foundation must be laid for the science of anthropology; that on which Darwin and Haeckel built, like a Sable Island sandbar, has shifted its

position. Prof Klaatsch is only asserting now what his fellow-countryman Virchow asserted years ago. Darwin himself admitted in his "Origin of Species": "I am aware that scarcely a single point is discussed in this volume on which facts cannot be adduced, often apparently leading to conclusions directly opposite to those at which I have arrived." Virchow, in his address to the Congress of German Naturalists at Munich in 1877, declared: "Every attempt to transform our problems into doctrines,—especially the attempt to dispossess the Church and to supplant its dogmas forthwith by a religion of evolution,—be assured, gentlemen, every such attempt will make shipwreck, and its wreck will bring with it the greatest perils for the whole position of science." Darwin and Virchow were modest men, and they had a sense of their responsibilities as propounders of new theories. How different is the tone taken by our own and only R. R. McLeod, when he declares that a man who will not teach evolution, even though his teaching would degrade the opening chapters of Genesis to the region of mythology, should not be allowed to occupy a professor's chair in our Provincial Normal School. Sir William Dawson is almost as intolerant, but, strange to say, though his knowledge of natural science was generally supposed to be at least equal to Mr. McLeod's, his intolerance is against, not in favour of, evolution. "Evolution," he says, "is not in any true sense a philosophy, but merely an arbitrary arrangement of facts in accordance with a number of unproved hypotheses. Such philosophies, falsely so called, have existed ever since man began to argue on nature, and this last is one of the weakest and most pernicious of the whole." When we find such men as Darwin, Haeckel, Vogt and Buchner arrayed on one side of a debate, and such men as Virchow, Dawson, Kelvin and Klaatsch on the other, not even the adhesion of R. R. McLeod to the former side should cause our Council of Public Instruction to disqualify those Normal School professors who decline to teach the descent, or ascent, of man from the ape, as a dogma of natural science. And if intolerance there must be, let us have the intolerance of Nova Scotia's great geologist, which reverences the Word of God, rather than that of the Sage of the Western Shore which relegates it to the realm of fable.

The *Church Progress* has a review of "Red Pottage" by Mary Cholmondeley, a book much read this year. We agree with the reviewer that the book will not last because the touch of paganism which is visible upon the literature of the day can no more last than the paganism itself can last in Christian countries. But while we agree with the reviewer in some of her criticisms and also in some of her compliments about this book, we are sorry to see that she has missed some points which we think are very noticeable. She regards Mr. Gresley, the narrow-minded clergyman as a well-drawn character and true to life. The author plainly intended this man as a sample of educated narrow-mindedness, that is to say, of a man who remained narrow, though educated, but in drawing his character the author exhibited a narrow range of vision herself when she took such a man to place before her readers as a sample total abstinence reformer.

The reviewer remarks but little upon Hester, who is made by the author to be a foolish little girl whose religion is chiefly negative—her ideas of what men ought not to be are based largely on her repugnance to the conceit and narrowness of her brother. Reasoning from particulars to generals, and smarting under the annoyances of her brother's narrow view of life, she worries herself into some strange theories, and is quite too morbid a character to do aught but weary a reader. This is not just the way in which the author looked at her, apparently. This reviewer is hardly severe enough on Hugh Scarlett, and why does she say no word about the horrible pagan code of honor, by which two English gentlemen are supposed to be bound to commit suicide in a given event? To the author deep discredit it is that she should have introduced this feature into her book. She even makes her women accept that pagan idea to some

extent. Even Rachel is made, at times, to recognize that honor demands the carrying out of that compact of self-murder.

On the whole we cannot say that there is much Christianity in the book. The author attacks bigotry and narrow views, forgetting that the sort of people she attacks—yes, even Mr. Gresley—are better Christians and better citizens than such men as Scarlett and the suicide Lord Newhaven.

### Some October Magazines.

The leading article in the *Rosary* is the Comtesse de Courson's "At the Paris Exposition." It is written in the pleasant easy manner which characterises all this lady's work and is profusely illustrated. Marie Agnes Gannon writes "A Word to Our Girls," something after the fashion of Katherine Conway, beside whom she appears at a disadvantage, and also two chapters of a serial story "The Dryad." Mary Sewell describes the magnificent new Congressional Library at Washington, and there are poems by Mrs. Henry-Ruffins, Mary Allegra Gallagher, Mrs. Nealis, William Garvin Hume and others. Typographically the *Rosary* is the handsomest of our Catholic magazines. (The Rosary Press: Somerset, Ohio.)

Another monthly publication of the Friars Preachers is the *Dominicana* of San Francisco. The current number, the eighth which has been issued, has for its frontispiece Ribustini's splendid picture of Leo XIII venerating Our Lady of the Rosary. Eliza Allen Starr's paper on "The Rosary in Art" and the careful book reviews are the best things in this number.

A well told story, "A By-Path to Rome," and the article on "The Causes of the Insurrection in China" by Sir Wm. Hingston's Jesuit, son are the best features of the *Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart*.

The *Carmelite Review* contains the poem by Francis W. Grey which we reprinted last week, also "Notes of a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land" by the Vicar-General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria, a prelate with the somewhat un-Bulgarian name of Blakely, and a very readable sketch of a Catholic Mission in Abyssinia by Rev. F. X. McGowan, the Augustinian. (The Carmelite Fathers: Niagara Falls, Ont.)

The *Missionary Record* contains interesting notes of the work being done by the Oblates of Mary Immaculate in South Africa, Ceylon, British Columbia and the North West Territories. Miss H. M. Lushington's story "Agnes" we intend to present to our readers. (London: Burns & Oates.)

*Mosher's Magazine* opens with the famous portrait of Columbus by the Marine Gallery, Madrid, followed by an article headed, "Por Cristo y Santiago," the motto of the great Discoverer, and of his countrymen Cortez and Pizarro. Walter Phillips Terry takes the view of the two Conquistadores now coming into vogue, that they were merciful not cruel warriors. John Francis Waters' paper on Longfellow stimulates to a deeper reading of this favourite poet. Father Thomas O'Keefe, pastor of the Church of St. Benedict the Moor, New York City, contributes the last of a series of three papers on "The Catholic Church and the Negroes in the United States," in which he says: "The lack of effort on the part of the Church for the coloured race was forced upon her. She had not the means to do the work, and so the golden day of opportunity—immediately after the Civil War—passed away. She was hampered, also, by the weakness and prejudice of her own children and of the society in which she existed. While there is plain reason to excuse the Church, there is none to shield those Catholics who by neglect, carelessness or positive scandal barred the way to God's eternal truth to the poor descendant of the African slave." And so it remains a "deplorable fact that out of a coloured race of nearly 10,000,000 in the United States there are only about 200,000 Catholics."

*Mosher's Magazine* is the official organ of the Catholic Summer School of America and the Reading Circles. The mere chronicle of the work being done by these societies is an incitement to the study of good literature in the Catholic homes of America. (New York, 542 Fifth Avenue: \$2.00 a year.)

Harold Murray, of Port Elgin, N. B., was badly scalded at the Steel Co.'s foundry at Sydney on Thursday last. A ladle containing two tons of molten metal upset and spilled over his face, hands and legs. He lies at the hospital in a precarious condition. James Murray, of St. John, was injured in a similar manner the previous day, but not so seriously.



Chats with Young Men.

Hard study hurts nobody, but hard eating hurts many. It is a very common thing to attribute the premature disability or death of students and eminent men to too close application to their studies.

Many German scholars have studied, for a lifetime, for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, and a very large number from twelve to fifteen hours, lived in comparative health, and died beyond the sixties.

A strong example of the truth that health and hard study are not incompatible, is found in the great Missourian, Thomas H. Bent n. A mere severe student than he has been, the American public does not know.

The inculcation of these important truths was precisely the object we had in view in the projection of this work; with the more immediate practical application to the clergy of this country, whom we see daily disabled or dying, scores of years before their time.

How much of the hard, intolerant theology of the times was concocted, and is perpetuated, by dyspeptic stomachs, reflecting men can readily conjecture. We do not with malice aforethought indite hard things against a class of men so good, able, so useful, as the American clergy are; nor is it any gratification.

"No Good of Nunneries."

Although, according to Madame Sarah Grand, "Britishers know no good of nunneries," evidence to the contrary continues to accumulate; and the hero of Mafeking in a letter to the Rev. Mother of the Sisters of Mercy there, encloses £98, the proceeds of a raffle, and says: "The mere money does not in any way adequately represent the lasting gratitude of the community towards yourself and the Sisters, for the valuable, self-devoting services you have rendered to the sick and wounded in hospital, nor our sympathy for your losses and troubles incident to the siege."

Mother—Why, children, what's all this noise about?

Little Freddy—We've had gran'pa and Uncle Henry locked in the closet for an hour, an' when they get a little angrier I'm going to play going into the lion's cage.

"We are all Eve's daughters," sighed a pretty woman, whose husband had just scolded her for catching cold by attending a Christmas dance in a low-necked dress.

Self-Deception.

The advice of Polonius, "To thine own self be true," may be interpreted in various ways, but it ought always to include a warning against self-deception. Those who do wrong begin usually by deceiving themselves. They may not work themselves into the belief that wrong is right, but they find excuses for the wrong.

The embezzler is usually a man of good reputation and presumably one of moral training. If he were not he would not occupy a position giving him the opportunities to embezzle. He does not begin by stealing outright; that would shock his conscience. But he deceives himself into the belief that there is no great wrong in using money intrusted to him for his own benefit temporarily, fully intending to return it all at the proper time, so that no one shall be the loser, though he may be the gainer.

Once in a great while such an embezzler escapes detection, restores the money he wrongfully used and provides himself with capital for the other ventures out of the profits of its use. More often he loses the money of others with which he has speculated, is driven by what he calls necessity to embezzle more, and when hopelessly entangled is exposed, disgraced and perhaps punished. The downward career is very rapid after the first false step. Conscience grows callous when its warnings are unheeded. A crime which would appear revolting to an honest man becomes merely a daring venture to one who has already sacrificed his honour and is only striving to save a reputation that will be lost by exposure.

It is quite probable that no man succeeds altogether in self-deception. He knows, though others may not, that he is not honourable or honest, but he succeeds in stifling his conscience, and when he has done that he is ready for any kind of roguery. The aim of a young man who wants to live honourably should be to keep his conscience alive and extremely sensitive. He should avoid every form of self-deception and ask himself from time to time whether he has been true to his own sense and honour.

Drink and Printer's Ink.

We note that at the annual meeting of the League of the Cross at the Crystal Palace says Catholic Book Notes, a priest spoke in strong terms of the ignoring of the temperance question in the papers and discussion on social work at the recent Catholic Conference. We admit with regret that although not so entirely ignored as might be supposed from his reference, the subject did not receive the prominence which it deserves as a potent factor of social reform; but this, to our mind, was owing mainly to the fact that, although many priests (including the speaker referred to) and others interested in temperance work were present at the Conference, none of them sent up his name as desiring to speak on the subject.

The apathy, even among temperance workers, in any effort to promote temperance literature is, and has always been, puzzling. Catholic temperance magazines drop out for want of support; the C. T. S. publications dealing with the subject have but an inconsiderable sale; and the "Catholic Temperance Reader," although demanded for a long period, has not, we believe, even yet received notice in the

little magazine for the clergy which is edited by our leading temperance priest. How this apathy is to be overcome we do not know; but it must be by the action of those interested in the work, and that action is not easily aroused.

Humorous.

Tramp (to Chapple, who has given him a shilling)—I 'ope as 'ow some day, sir, you may want a shillin', an' that I'll be able to give it to yer!

Parke—I've just had my telephone taken out.

Lane—What for?

Parke—My next-door neighbour put one in.

Miss Johnson—Did he take it hard when yo' refused him?

Miss Jackson—Yo' bet he took it hard! He started a row an' I hit him wif a flat-iron, a stove lifter an' a rollin'-pin.

'Are you old enough to vote?' asked the tourist in North Carolina.

'I dunno erzactly what my age is, boss,' replied the coloured man. 'But I kin tell you dis: I alius was old enough to know better dan to try to vote.'

War Correspondent—I should like to telegraph home that the commanding general is an idiot.

Censor—I regret to inform you that we can permit the transmission of no military secrets.

The Mendicant—Beg pardon, sir, but I haven't had anything to eat for a week.

The Philanthropist—Let me congratulate you upon your success in so interesting an experiment. It must be a great saving to you, and I'm sure your looking well.

Devoted Wife—Oh, hurry, please! This rubber-plant tub has fallen on my husband and I'm afraid he's smashed!

Chorus of rescuers as they grasp the tub—Now, altogether!

Devoted Wife—Gently, please, gently. Don't lift it too suddenly. It's got a new leaf just coming out.

Hattie—He paid me a very pretty compliment. He said my movements were bird-like.

Bertha—I saw him the day before gazing at Mrs. Quisler's ducks. You don't suppose it was they that put the idea into his head?

At the battle of Trafalgar, two Scotchmen, messmates and bosom cronies, happened to be stationed near each other when the celebrated signal was given from Admiral Nelson's ship: "England expects every man to do his duty." "Not a word about poor Scotland," dolefully remarked Donald.

His friend cocked his eye, and turning to his companion, said: "Man Donald, Scotland kens weel enough that na son o' hers needs to be tell't to dae his duty. That's jist a hint to the Englishers."

A Highlander was one day brought before his chief, being accused of sheep stealing. The crime being fully proved, Donald was sentenced to be hanged. In those days the criminal was allowed to choose the tree on which he was to be hung. Donald was therefore asked to name the tree of his choice.

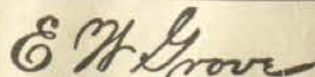
"Oich, oich!" he said, she would like to be hung on a grossart (goose-berry) bush."

"But a grossart bush is not half large enough for that," was the reply.

"Oh, oich," answered Donald, "but she's in nae hurry; she'll just wait til't grows."

Catholics Distinguished Showing in the War.

In the late war in South Africa there fell over a dozen Catholic officers, and one Catholic chaplain died of fever. The Royal Army Medical Service which is numerous officered from Ireland has been the subject of some cutting criticism in letters to the press. 'The senior officers Royal Army Medical Corps,' wrote Mr. Lees Knowles, 'with few exceptions are so taken up with their own importance as combatant officers . . . that they leave much to be desired.' But Buller has come vigorously to their defence. . . . 'Col. Galloway, Principal Medical Officer, has procured the most complete hospital system ever provided for an army. He is the first P. M. O. who has ever provided nurses in the hospitals receiving wounded on the battle field. His organizing power and untiring energy added 4700 improvised beds to our hospital accommodations, and provided doctors, nurses and attendants. Col. Clery was in charge of No. 4 general hospital of 520 beds, which was expanded into the Mooi River Hospital of 920 beds, justly referred to in the Times of



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Natal as a model hospital." Mr. Knowles has withdrawn the offensive sentence. Mr. Richard Chamberlain, who has been sharply arraigning the faults of the army and medical system, allows that in No. 3 general hospital, "these were to a great extent neutralized by the greater activity and the more liberal and enlightened views of Major Keogh, R. A. M. C."

History Getting Honester.

Gradually people are coming to be enabled to get undeceived of the traditional notions about the beginnings of the Glorious Reformation. Thus in his just published "Introduction to English Politics" Mr. John M. Robertson says: "The Reformation in England meant sordid spoliation, retrogression in culture, and finally civil war; in France, 'long years of furious strife; in Germany, 'a whole generation of the most ruinous warfare the modern world has seen.' As to the Indulgences that so raised Luther's wrath, he says: 'The pardoners shamelessly overrode all the official and accepted teaching of the Church as to indulgences; and the protests of Luther and Zwingle were properly demands for a reform on strictly orthodox grounds, as against an abuse which was locally excessive.'

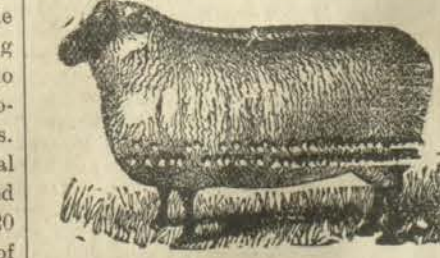
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AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE. Have just received a number of CARRIAGES, with and without tops, from Ontario and Nova Scotia manufacturers. These are said to be the very best quality of goods. Anyone wanting something COMFORTABLE, DURABLE, STYLISH, yet CHEAP, had better call and examine these. Harnesses, both Carriage and Cart, and all Farming Implements for any season. F. R. TROTTER.



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FATHER ROUELLOT.

(High Clifford, in Blackwood's Magazine.)

CHAPTER I.

He was born and bred in the quaint little town of Dinan in Brittany, in those half-forgotten days when the place was still a backwater untroubled by the current of the great world beyond its ancient walls of the mortar-bound rubble. His early horizon was limited by a few miles of apple orchard lying around the town, through which the glaring white roads stretched away into the unknown; by the little village of Lantheunec, across the deep cleft of the Rance's vallais, across the deep cleft of the Rance's winding bed; and by half-a-dozen reaches of the brown water of the river between look and look. It was not a wide outlook, but it had been that of his forefathers for many generations before him; and since in those days the military had not yet come to bring an alien element to Dinan, the railway had not penetrated nearer than Dol, and municipalities had not yet arisen to pull down walls and ramparts old in story, and to deface ancient landmarks, Jean Rouellot and his fellows were well content with their lot in life.

As a child he was an abominable little gamin, doubtless, for this is the nature of small boys even in the most secluded places, and whenever Jean saw a member of the *colonie anglaise* it was his custom to scream '*Anglishman pointu!*' after him at the top of his shrill treble voice, in token of his contempt and derision. The phrase, and the line or two of doggerel which tag on to it, are meaningless to modern ears, and even the nasty little boys who employ it have no tradition to account for its use; but as a time honoured insult to the foreigner it finds favour among the small folk in many a Breton town even to this day.

In Dinan the hatred of the English was an inherited superstition among the boys of the town, and how should it be otherwise? Did not the statue which represented the dwarfed figure of the great Duguesclin, triumphant and victorious, stand in the centre of the old Place, surrounded by the sweet smelling lime trees, a monument eloquent of the defeat and the humiliation of an arrogant and ancient foe? Did not the heart of the hero, who so loved the pleasant Breton country, lie tombed in a shadowy recess within the walls of the vast Cathedral of St. Sauveur, and did it not beat anew with the old warlike pride whenever some brave deed done for France by a man of Brittany recalled the victories of the glorious past? Above the tomb in which lay Duguesclin's heart there hung a large oil painting—a poor daub, poorly executed; but as Jean and his fellows knelt before the side altar telling their beads, with the pious peasant women, their mothers, wrapped in simple prayer beside them, the picture told its story to them and fired their young blood. A mail clad form lay stretched in death upon a bier, and around it were grouped men in armour, warriors of a distant past, grave, sad, with bared heads, and solemn, awe-stricken faces. One, a fair haired Englishman, was in the act of placing a bunch of keys upon the breast of the corpse, where the pale hands lay folded reverently. Every boy in Dinan knew the story of the brave English knight who, when forced by famine to surrender the fortress he had held so long, declined to yield to any save the Lion of Brittany, and since Duguesclin lay dead in the French camp, came to place the keys of his citadel on the breast of the hero with tears that mourned for the conqueror whom death had robbed of his last victory.

'Be sure our hero's heart beat then,' said Victorine Rouellet, Jean's mother, as she and her sons walked home from church through the bright sunshine when Mass was ended. 'And remember, my children, whenever a good deed is done for France and for *le bon Dieu* the heart of our dear Duguesclin beats anew with joy.'

'O maman!' cried little Jean, 'when I grow up I will be a soldier, and I will fight for France and for *le bon Dieu*, and the heart of the great Duguesclin shall beat again because of the things that I will do!'

'For me,' said Alexandre, who was ambitious yet prudent withal, 'I will be a general in time of peace, and a cardinal in time of war. That will be better!'

'And I,' chimed in little Noel, who was small and sickly, clinging to his mother's arm, 'I will stay at home and *signer maman*. That will be best of all!'

So the children talked, after the manner of the little ones who as yet have no inkling of the destinies for which God has created them.

Later, however, Jean's dreams of military glory faded into nothingness, and in their place came more serious thoughts which intensified as he grew older. He shared with all his family the simple, unquestioning faith of his forefathers, the which is perhaps the most beautiful of all the survivals of the Middle Ages; but he differed from the vast majority of his folk in this,—he not only believed, but realized all that that belief meant. The more he meditated upon religious things, the more surely was he convinced that this life was in truth merely an anteroom to the life that

was to come, the more earnestly did he desire to so utilize his time upon earth that his fellow-men might profit by his labours, and that, when the day dawned after the night of travail, God should receive him into His kingdom. Eternal damnation on the one side, eternal happiness upon the other.—how should any sane man, who realized the awfulness of the alternative, hesitate to sacrifice the insignificant to win the infinite?

Presently, therefore, Jean went hither and thither about the old crumbling streets clad in the blue uniform of the *Seminaire*, and wore a piece of violet velvet round his cloth cap. Also, he tried to fight the boys of the *College*, who wore crimson velvet cap bands as a distinguishing mark, in as Christian spirit as the circumstances rendered possible, and with this end in view he never attacked an adversary who was not several sizes larger than himself. He usually came off badly in these encounters, as was inevitable so long as he was mindful of his self-imposed conditions; but it was Jean's *metier* to get the worst of everything, and he bore it all with a contented heart.

Later still came separation from his mother and brothers, for the time had arrived for his departure for Paris, where he was to undergo the five years probation which is part of the severe education of a Roman Catholic priest. He rumbled off in great clumsy *diligence*, a forlorn young figure, half priest, half layman, and his mother stood in the eddying swirls of dust occasioned by the clumsy wheels and hoofs, crying 'Courage! courage!' in a quavering voice, while tears chased one another unchecked down her sweet worn face. Then she turned away sobbing, brushing her toil-hardened hand across her eyes again and again, her heart wrung by the pang which comes to every mother when the first of her brood takes wing from the nest which, in defiance of all probabilities, she has secretly hoped would continue for ever to be the common home. She was only an old Breton peasant woman, ignorant and superstitious, clad in the coarse homespun petticoat of her people, with a shawl decently draped across her breast, and black wooden *sabots* on her feet, her tanned and lined face framed in a quaint white linen cap, starched and folded stiffly; but her mother's heart was wrung all the more keenly because life for her held nothing save only *le bon Dieu*, her household cares, and the children whom her God had given to her.

The days crept by, each one seemingly slow in the passage; but the weeks drifted into months, the months welded into years imperceptibly, swiftly, as is their manner when life is very uneventful, and each monotonous day is the exact counterpart of all its fellows. Alexandre having escaped conscription, and having served his apprenticeship with a draper in the town, took to himself a *fiancée*, a pretty little girl who persisted in spoiling her beauty by adopting a fusty-looking bonnet in the place of the dainty white cap which had contented her mother and all her female ancestors for many generations. But Alexandre, and indeed all the members of

the Rouellot family, were rather proud of that bonnet. They conceived that it indicated the high water mark of civilization. Little Noel, little no longer, and now grown into a great hulking Breton peasant, had drawn an unlucky number at the last conscription, and had swaggered out of old Dinan, with tears in his eyes and shouts of assumed merriment upon his lips, in company with a band of other semi-intoxicated youngsters who were in the same plight as himself. It is a point of honour with the young men of France that they should display no unmanly grief when the army claims her youth; and since their hearts are wellnigh bursting at the bare thought of leaving their dear native town, or the village which is the only corner of the world that is known to them, they seek comfort in liberal draughts of cider, in ribald shouts, and in thready, quavering cheers far more depressing than the sound of lamentation.

Madame Rouellot continued to live in the little house just within the Porte St. Malo, whence runs the white road that leads to Dinan. She sat in her doorway spinning, always spinning, during the long hot summers, or crouched in the ingle-nook, with her wheel still revolving restlessly, when the winters came to chill her to the bone. Occasionally a neighbour would pause to speak a word or two with her, to ask after her sons, or to relate some simple matter of gossip or news, but for the rest her memories of the past were her only companions in her solitude. The house was terribly still, and the thought of the little pattering feet which had once made music for her ears often dimmed her eyes as she fixed them on the yarn over which she laboured. And so the five years of Jean's probation passed away, and the news came at length to his widowed mother that her son was shortly to be ordained in Paris.

It was but one more added sorrow to the lonely woman that her poverty made it impossible for her to be present at the ceremony; but comfort came to her when she received a letter from Jean saying that on the day succeeding his ordination he would return to Dinan, there to say his first unassisted Mass in the presence of his mother and those who had known him as a child.

How she longed for the day to come! How she haunted the dim chapels of the great cathedral, and what prayers she offered to Heaven for her son! And at last the long looked for evening arrived.

Victorine Rouellot was waiting at the diligence office hours before the old coach was due; and when at last it lumbered up the cobbles paved street which borders the Place Duguesclin, her eyes were so veiled in tears that she could not distinguish her son among the passengers, and with a sad sinking of her heart she told herself that he was not there. But as she still stood confusedly turning from one person to another, two long arms clad in black were thrown tempestuously around her neck, and a tall, slim young man, wearing a *soutane* and a broad beaver hat, was kissing her first on one cheek and then on the other, and fairly lifting her off her feet in the fervour of his embraces.

'Oh, is it thou, *mon gars*, *mon pauvre*

*gars*!' was all that the poor old woman could find voice to say as she clung to him convulsively, and kissed him again and again. Her tears were coming thick and fast, and it seemed to her that never until now had she realized the full measures of the loneliness which had been hers since Noel was taken from her by that cruel army.

Presently the mother and son walked away together through the familiar streets, each newly found landmark seeming to Jean to be yet another friend welcoming him on his home coming. His mother still held him by the arm in a nervous clutching grip, as though she were afraid to loose her hold lest he should vanish and elude her. As she walked she looked up proudly into his face, trying to recognise the child she had known, and the lad who had left her five years ago in the man who now towered above her. His was a sufficiently commonplace figure to the casual observer, that of a tall young priest with true, honest, blue eyes, rather colourless hair that had a slight ripple in it, and a firm strong mouth which told of much self-repression and perhaps a little of the priggishness of the young religious. He walked with his hat in his hand, but there was no sign of a tourse on his head, and a sparse, newly grown beard fringed his face. It was this which first attracted the mother's attention when her happy tears dried sufficiently to enable her to see more clearly.

'But, my Jean,' she cried, 'wherefore, then, hast thou a beard?' The members of the Roman Catholic priesthood in France, as in most other parts of Europe, are invariably clean shaven.

'Ah, my mother,' replied the young priest, looking down at her tenderly, yet somewhat fearfully, as though he dreaded the effect of the communication which he was about to make. 'I did not tell thee by letter, for I feared to do so while I was not at thy side to comfort thee; but my vocation is now made clearly known to me.

I have joined the Societe des Missions Etrangeres!'

For a moment the blow nearly stunned her. In an instant of time all her secretly cherished dreams of the little curacy, hidden snugly away somewhere in the sunny Breton country, where she and her son should live so happily, vanished for ever. Instead, she saw a vista of long lonely years spreading away before her in a sad and dreary perspective, while the son, whom in her heart she loved the best of all her children, stood self-doomed to lifelong exile in those strange lands which, as all Breton peasants know, are inhabited entirely by savages and cannibals.

The priest who joins the French Foreign Missions never again returns to France, unless his health has broken down so completely that he has ceased to be of any service to his superiors. The missionaries, however, are mostly drawn from the peasant class, the healthiest beyond all comparison in France, and it is rare for one of their number to fall through want of physique. As a rule, the missionary works on and on till he drops dead between the shafts to which he has bound himself, or else he labours and toils until old age has won its grip upon him. In the latter case, he has usually become too accustomed to the fierce heats of the land of his exile for it to be safe to send him back to die in the country of his birth, even if he still have the wish to return to the surroundings which have long ceased to be familiar to him, even in dreams.

Victorine knew all this, as what mothers do not among the simple peasant folk of France, who yearly give of their best that the Society of Foreign Missions may enlist the soldiers with which to carry on the war against paganism; and the terror that filled her heart was not without its foundation of sure knowledge. When she recovered from the shock sufficiently to once more become aware of all that was going on around her, she found that her son was speaking words of comfort in her ear.

(To be continued.)

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

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25.

SHIFTING BELIEFS.

In the presence of the tremendous issues of the day, it is somewhat disappointing to find our Presbyterian brethren in the United States worrying themselves much over the revision of the Confession of Faith. . . . Why not leave the Confession as it is, and when you are able and ready to do so, issue a new statement of your creed of to-day?—Editorial Correspondence of the *Presbyterian Witness*, Oct. 6.

Christ gives us a glimpse of the Final Judgment. He tells us that men will be separated into two classes, the righteous and the unrighteous. The separation is as easily made as the shepherd's division of the sheep from the goats. The righteous are welcomed and rewarded because of their conduct and their character. They were saved not because of any creed they had subscribed or any ceremony they had performed or that had been performed upon them.—*The Presbyterian Witness*, Sept. 15.

The life is all important. It is not so much what we believe as what we are. Christ was tolerant of crude beliefs and charitable to those that were sinners.—*Rev. A. Lewis, in the Witness of same date.*

"We are justified," says the Bible, "by faith." If a man believes, he is saved. Why so? Not as some people sometimes seem to fancy—not as if in faith itself there was any merit. There is a very strange and subtle resurrection of the whole doctrine of works in reference to this matter, and we often hear belief in the gospel of Christ spoken about as if it, the work of the man believing was, in a certain way and to a certain extent, that which God rewarded by giving him salvation. What is that but the whole doctrine of works come up again in a new form? What difference is there between what a man does with his hands and what a man feels in his heart? If the one merits salvation, or if the other merits salvation, equally we are shut up to this—men get to heaven by what they do; and it does not matter a bit what they do it with, whether it be body or soul.

When we are saved by faith, we mean accurately, through faith. It is God that saves. It is Christ's life, Christ's blood, Christ's sacrifice, Christ's intercession that saves. Faith is simply the channel through which there flows into my emptiness the divine fullness; or, to use the good old illustration, it is the hand which is held up to receive the benefit which Christ lays in it. A living trust in Jesus has power unto salvation only because it is the means by which the power of God unto salvation may come into my heart. On that side is the great ocean, Christ's love, Christ's abundance, Christ's merits, Christ's righteousness—or, rather, that which includes them all, there is the great ocean, Christ himself; and on this is the empty vessel of my soul. The little narrow pipe that has nothing to do but to bring across the refreshing water—that is the act of faith in him. There is no merit in the dead lead, no virtue in the mere emotion. It is not faith that saves us; it is Christ that saves us through faith.—Alexander MacLaren, quoted in the [Baptist] *Messenger and Visitor*, Oct. 10.

In the last of these citations is set forth the old Protestant doctrine of justification by faith only. We fancied it was dead and buried by this time. But here it crops up, once more in as crude a form as that in which Luther himself taught it. The other citations embody the distinctive tenet of modern Protestantism, namely, that it matters little, or not at all, what one believes so long as one leads a good life. According to the old doctrine, faith was everything, and works counted for nothing. According to the new, it is the works that count; faith cuts no figure, and may almost be left out of the reckoning:

"If a man believes," says Mr. MacLaren, "he is saved." It is astonishing that this childish and wholly unscriptural notion should still survive anywhere. "Not every man who saith to me, Lord, Lord," says our Blessed Saviour, "shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he who doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven, he shall enter into the kingdom of heaven." Believing, then, without doing, is short of enough; or as St. James puts it, "Faith without works is dead in itself." It was our Divine Lord who fixed the conditions on which man is justified and saved. Now when asked, upon a certain occasion, "Master, what must I do to be saved?" He made answer: *If thou wouldst enter into life, keep the commandments.* To affirm, in the face of this, that "If a man believe, he is saved," is to give the lie to the Author of our salvation. To affirm further that there is no merit in faith more than there is in dead lead, is to give the lie to the Holy Ghost, who speaks to us in the Scripture. "Abraham believed in God," we read, and He counted it to him for righteousness."

Gen. 15, 6. Again merit and demerit are correlative; they go together. If there is demerit in unbelief, there is merit in belief. But there is distinct demerit in unbelief, for our Lord declares that "he who believes not shall be condemned." Therefore, belief is not without merit. And yet faith alone is not enough. It is faith with works, faith operating through charity, as the Apostle has it, which saves. Of course it is Christ that saves as the sole efficient cause of our salvation, "the author and finisher of our faith." But, as St. Augustine said long ago, voicing the changeless belief of the Catholic Church, "He who made you," and we may add, redeemed you, "without your own co-operation, will not save you without it."

The cheerfulness with which the *Witness*, in the extract quoted above, contemplates a change of creed, is really amusing. "Why not leave the Confession as it is," it naively asks, "and when you are able and ready to do so, issue a new statement of your creed of to-day?" So a creed or confession of faith is something you can cast aside like an old coat the moment you are able and ready to get up a new one! The theme is a tempting one, this of shifting beliefs, but space will not permit of our pursuing it further to day.

CONCLUSIONS FROM THE LOOK-AT ARGUMENT.

As a proof of the demoralizing influence of the Catholic Church we are often told to "look at Mexico." For some years back a special correspondent of the *Boston Herald*, Frederick R. Guernsey by name, has been looking at Mexico very attentively, and he has seen many features in the social life of that country which please him better than the corresponding features in the United States. Here is a paragraph from one of his latest letters:

There is one thing no imported missionary can teach in this community—and that is the art of living. They understand it, and get happiness out of every hour in the day, out of every day in the week. Old people 'have a show': they are not treated with cold indifference, or pushed out of the way as obstacles in the path of the hustler. I have often thought that Mexico ought to form a foreign missionary society and send teachers of the art of genial living to the dollar-hunting American cities. We have an idea that we should reform the world; but I am willing to wager that we need a dose of reform ourselves.

Elsewhere in the same letter he says: The money test is not supreme here. There is a strong sense of human equality. . . . But the Anglo-Saxon is more inclined to draw the line socially. . . . He has not the same broad human feeling and he is more inclined to make caste divisions. . . . Our people are unkindly, social, metallic.

Again: In Latin America there is a more humane life, a daily recognition of the world's not being made for a little group. There is freer expansion of thought, a greater daily cordiality, and a sense of kindness in the air. The prevailing tone of the country is one of kindly courtesy. It envelops you as a cloud, a radiant cloud.

"A daily recognition of the world's not being made for a little group"—is not this what the preachers of altruism and philanthropy are at this hour labouring so hard to teach the Anglo-Saxon world, very often with the idea, as it would seem, that man's heart can hold no more than love for his fellow man, that the love of God is merely an abstract idea, leading to a selfish care for the salvation of one's own soul, and that this latter is rather a hindrance than a help to philanthropy. Yet how little success meets the efforts of these preachers. The rich people to whom they address themselves are steadily growing richer, and more and more inclined to turn a deaf ear to the appeals of the poor. They give large sums to endow universities and public libraries, but very little to asylums for the orphans or the aged. These things should be supported by general taxation, they say; and then they refuse to pay but a very small proportion of their share of such taxation. They don't believe in charitable gifts, for they think this demoralizing to the people. Give people work instead of charity, they say, and thus preserve their self respect. But when they give people work they refuse to pay them a living wage, justifying themselves on the ground that competition is so keen, that they must cheapen their goods and in order to do so must cut down running expenses—not the running expenses of their own homes where they revel in every luxury which they can think of,—but the running expenses of their huge factories, which means the sacrifice of all the comforts, perhaps some of the necessities of life for their poor employees. Is not the gospel of these rich people that "the world is made for a little group," and they that little group? Yet these rich people are the product of what is called the finest civilization the world has ever seen. England and America rest the boast of their superiority to Spain and Italy very largely upon the possession of a greater number of just such people as these. But surely anyone whose soul is not choked with the love of riches, and of the things which riches can buy, must acknowledge that the finer civilization is

that in which is found "a more humane life," and this is found in despised Spain and Italy, in Austria, in Belgium, in Ireland, in French Canada, in Mexico and South America, everywhere, in fact, where Catholicism is the dominant religion. For the Catholic Church teaches the doctrine of brotherly love to-day as Christ himself taught it when he walked visibly among men, as his Apostles taught it when they went forth to give to the world the message which they had heard directly from His divine lips. "There is neither bond nor free, there is neither Greek nor Gentile," wrote St Paul, and this it was which broke down the hardhearted arrogance of the most refined nation of antiquity—an arrogance so like the arrogance of Protestant Anglo-Saxondom to-day. This true Christian charity, taught by the Catholic Church, mitigated some of the worst social evils even when it could not entirely extirpate them. "Negro slavery in Brazil was not as bad as negro slavery with us," writes the editor of that very un-catholic journal the *Boston Herald*. He is merely echoing what a still more un-catholic author, Lord Macaulay, wrote in the first chapter of his *History of England*. And why was it not so bad? Is it because the Brazilian was any more humane than the Virginian? No, but because the Brazilian was to some extent controlled by the Catholic Church, the Virginian uncontrolled by any church, for Protestantism never yet controlled anybody. The Hon. W. C. Scruggs, in his recently published book, "Colombia and Venezuela," says that there has never been anything like a race conflict in these countries, and that the colour line is never drawn, though the population is made up of various races and different colours. And he accounts for this by the policy and example of the dominant religion, the Catholic Church. Mr. Scruggs ought to know something about the matter, for he has been in the diplomatic service of the United States in South America for thirty years. And the Anglo-Saxon race loudly announces that it is going to give these inferior Latin races some lessons in civilization. It may indeed show them how "to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before," it may give them an object lesson in making one dollar earn ten, but will these two things outweigh the other lessons in drunkenness, unbridled licentiousness, and gigantic embezzlement? If not, it would have been very much better that the Latin races had been left to solve their national problems in their own way.

Rev. James Quinan.

Last Sunday, the Rev. James Quinan, of Sydney, preached his farewell sermon in the parish to which he has ministered continuously for forty-seven years. In the afternoon he was presented with two addresses, one from St. Patrick's Branch of the League of the Cross and the other from the Children of Mary, the former accompanied by a valuable cane, the latter by a costly writing desk. The members of the League of the Cross felt more keenly than other parishioners the retirement of Father Quinan because their society had been in so special a manner the object of his care, and had passed through vicissitudes in which nothing but his encouragement could have kept it alive. To-day it stands one of the largest and most flourishing total abstinence societies in the island of Cape Breton. It was a pleasure for them, however, to see formed, before the retirement of their veteran director, the county organization which he had longed for, and from which he hoped such great things, and to know that although no longer their parish priest he would still be with them as Grand Spiritual Adviser of the Cape Breton Grand Council of the League of the Cross. The address was signed in behalf of St. Patrick's Branch by County Clerk D. M. Currie, Dr. D. K. McIntyre, and Rev. J. W. McIsaac.

Father Quinan replied feelingly. He reviewed the history of total abstinence in the town of Sydney. He furthermore expressed himself as well pleased with the present flourishing condition of the society. It was a source of joy to him to see before him so many young men, all ardent supporters of the temperance cause. But he expressed his regret at how few fathers of families were members of the League of the Cross. These he said, seemed to forget the great duty imposed on them of showing good example to the younger men. In conclusion, he warmly thanked the members for their address, and their handsome gift, which he would always cherish as a loving souvenir of the League of the Cross.

The presentation by the Children of Mary took place in the Assembly Hall of the Convent of the Holy Angels.

**Banquet to Rev. Roderick McDonald.**  
A banquet was given to Rev. Roderick McDonald, by Branch 279, C. M. B. A., Lourdes, of which the reverend gentleman is a member, on Oct. 18, the eve of his departure from Ferron for Pomquet, and an address presented in which Father McDonald was reminded that of the thirty years of his priesthood the first four were spent at Lourdes and consecrated on having built and paid for three churches and two glebe houses. Especial mention was made of his religious and educational work among the Mic macs. The address was signed by E. C. O'Riely, President; Duncan Gillis, Vice-President; Rod. Campbell, Financial Secy; and Daniel Savage, Rec. Secy.

The members of Branch 315, Westville, having been invited to the banquet, and suspecting what would happen, resolved "to quietly get even with their sly brothers of Lourdes," and thinking they had as many and good reasons for remembering Father Roderick kindly, they too prepared an address signed on behalf of the Branch by Tho. Scully, President; John Ryan, Chancellor; Ronald Carrighan, Vice-President; Wm. Lacy, Rec. Secy; John Mahoney, Treasurer; and Thomas McNeil, Financial Secretary. Both addresses were accompanied by gifts which were acknowledged by Father McDonald in an appropriate reply.

FANCY GOODS, BOOKS and STATIONERY

SCHOOL BOOKS and SCHOOL SUPPLIES, DAILY MAGAZINE

Mrs. Harris

A. KIRK &

Beg to announce the completion of their

All the departments are well filled with seasonable and we extend a cordial invitation to all to call themselves and be convinced that we have the most complete range of goods in different lines shown in Eastern Nova Scotia.



We have a Ladies' Golf, Misses, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S, Ladies' Coats in AUSTRALIAN FASHION, ASTRIKA.

Ladies' Muffs and Collars. Caperines, Ruffs & Boas.



STORM COLLAR

Gentlemen's COON COATS, AUSTRALIAN COON, BLACK ASTRIKAN, and BEAR.

BOOTS and SHOES

The Latest Shape.

A comfortable and handsome shoe, up-to-date in every way, is the Queen Quality, "Mannish" model.

To our already known and Shoes we have introduced America



SEE THAT THIS Queen Quality 3000 TRADE-MARK IS BRANDED ON EVERY SHOE.

"Queen"

and would ask the of the ladies to

DRESS GOODS

Never have we shown a more extensive range of Dress Goods, were fixtures, designs or qualities more attractive.

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

SLEIGH ROBES. If you want a Sleigh Robe see our new Assiniboine Robe also the Assiniboine

Our usual stock of Fresh Groceries

Miss Gough has arrived and has opened up the Mill a fine display of up-to-date Fall Millinery fashion she gave last season is sufficient guarantee her will be pleased.

A. KIRK & KIRK'S BLOCK.



General News.

Thirteen million feet of lumber were destroyed by fire at Oakosh, Wisconsin, on Oct. 16.

The Marquis of Bute left instructions that his heart was to be buried on Mount Olivet.

A train struck a street car at Indianapolis on Friday last, and 15 persons were injured, five of them fatally.

The Spanish Ministry resigned on Saturday as a protest against Gen. Weyler's appointment as Governor-General of Madrid.

An official bulletin issued at Glasgow on Oct. 10 says that the bubonic plague has been effectively checked, though twenty suspicious cases are still in the hospital.

The National City Bank of New York is importing \$2,500,000 in gold from South Africa. It is supposed to be President Kruger's.

Lord Salisbury's government goes back to power with a majority of 132, five more than it had before dissolution, twenty less than it got in the general election of 1895.

The village of Guadalupe, Mexico, forty miles from El Paso, Texas, was destroyed by a cloudburst on Friday last. The five hundred inhabitants are starving.

A despatch from Constantinople to the Paris *Petit Bleu* says eight Armenian villages have been just sacked and burned by the Turks, the massacre lasting five days.

A plot to blow up the Czar's train in a tunnel near Sebastopol has been discovered. A student of Moscow University, son of a Captain in the Russian navy, has been arrested.

The steamer Dolphin arrived at Vancouver from Skagway on Thursday last and reported small pox raging in the Klondike Creeks, and twenty-two cases at Dawson.

A father, mother, and four young children were blown to atoms near Hot Springs, Arkansas, on Oct. 15, by a dynamite explosion, supposed to be the work of an enemy.

In a fire in a three story tenement in New York on Oct. 17, seven persons were burnt to death, one of them a woman in full view of the spectators, after throwing her baby to a policeman below.

The Viceroy of India speaking before his Council on Friday last said that 500,000 deaths were traceable to the famine and two millions of people are still receiving relief. The famine cost £50,000,000 besides the loss of millions of cattle. But the outlook is promising at present.

The widow of Capt. George B. Rhoads, of New York, got a verdict for \$37,000 damages against the Metropolitan Street Railway on Oct. 17, for the killing of her husband by an electric car last year. This is probably the largest verdict of the kind ever secured in America.

Sir Roderick Cameron of New York died in London on Friday last. He was born in Glen Nevis, Canada, in 1825, the son of Duncan Cameron of Glen Nevis, Inverness-shire, Scotland. He was the pioneer of trade between America and Australia and was knighted for promoting trade between Canada and Australia.

Provincial News.

The schr. Utopia, from Kelly's Cove for Bridgewater, sprang aleak in the gale of Oct. 11 and had to put in to Ship Harbour with hard work to keep afloat. She was towed to Halifax last Friday.

When the capsized schooner Greta was, after many failures, finally righted and pumped out at Louisburg on Friday last, the body of the mate, James Townsend of Gabarus was found.

The schooner Clifford C., from St John for Charlottetown, and the schr. Victor, from New York for St John, went ashore on the "Hen and Chickens" rocks near Yarmouth in the gale of Oct. 17.

Mrs. Margaret Mulloney, mother of Dr. J. E. Mulloney, of Halifax and Dr. Raymond Mulloney, of New York, died at Kentville last Friday, aged 86. She was born in Ireland.

Thomas Doyle, a Cape Bretoner, who had been in Boston only a few days, while under the influence of liquor stabbed his wife five times without fatal effect and then killed himself, on Tuesday.

At North Williamstown, near Annapolis, last Friday, a man named Grey, formerly belonging to the United States, fired three revolver shots at his father-in-law, Charles Shaw. All of the shots took effect, and Mr. Shaw's condition is critical. He had attacked Grey first.

The revenue cutter Gladiolus, seized schr. St. Joseph, of St. Pierre, at Hawkesbury, on Saturday, for having a quantity of liquor on board and neglecting to report at custom houses along the Lake. She will be released on payment of a fine of \$400.

The Newfoundland schooner Irvin G. arrived at Louisburg, on Friday last, re-

porting the loss of her captain, William Blanchard, carried overboard by the breaking of the main sheet the day before. His body was recovered.

The schr. Riakto, of Bay St. George, arrived at Louisburg on Thursday last and reported the drowning of William Fortune, who fell overboard while reefing the main-sail off Cape Smoky on October 16. He was a native of Bay St. George where he leaves a widow and four children.

Personals.

Mr. A. McKenna, sr., of Pictou, was in Town on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus McPherson arrived home Thursday last from their bridal tour.

Mr. J. J. Chisholm, Inspector of Weights and Measures, spent Sunday in Antigonish.

Prof. A. G. Macdonald, of Antigonish, left on Monday to attend the funeral of the late Dr. McDonald, of Sydney.

Mrs. Dennis Connell and her daughter Jennie, of North Sydney, were in Town on Thursday.

Dr. Frank McDonald of Taunton, Mass., passed through yesterday afternoon on his way to Sydney to see his father Collector McDonald, who is seriously ill of typhoid fever.

Mrs. B. B. Kay of Canso, was in Antigonish on Monday on her return from Montreal, where she had gone to place her daughter, Ida, at Mount St. Mary's Academy. She left for home on Tuesday.

Mr. A. A. McPherson of the Commercial Cable office at Hazel Hill, after spending some weeks of his holidays with relatives in Boston, is passing the last week at his native home, Antigonish.

His Lordship Bishop McNeil, Vicar Apostolic of West Newfoundland, passed through Antigonish on Friday last, on his way to Rome to pay his first visit *ad limina*. He was accompanied by Michael F. Power, a member of last year's junior class at St. F. X. College, who will study in the Propaganda for the Vicariate.

DIED.

McMILLAN.—At Pinkietown, of diabetes, Katie Ann, only daughter of John and Katie McMillan, aged nine years and nine months.

LANDRY.—At Afton, after a lingering illness, on the 16th inst., William John Landry, in the 33rd year of his age. The deceased was of a kind and affable disposition. Mortified by the last rites of the Catholic Church, he died, leaving a widowed mother, two brothers and one sister to mourn their loss. May his soul rest in peace!

Obituary.

Mrs. John G. McPherson, of Dunvegan, peacefully passed to her eternal reward on October 17 at the age of 31 years. She was the second daughter of Archibald Kennedy, one of the most respected residents of Broad Cove Chapel. Her unexpected death, after an illness of only ten days casts a deep gloom over the place. The attendance at the funeral, which took place on the 19th, attests the esteem in which she was held by all. She leaves a daughter ten days old, a sorrowing husband, a father and mother, three brothers and three sisters to whom we desire to express our deep sympathy in their great affliction. May her soul rest in peace.

At Truro on the night before last there passed away, in the 80th year of her age, Christina MacDonald, relict of the late Roderick MacDonald, Esq., for many years Professor of Mathematics in St. F. X. College, and sometime Inspector of Schools for this County. The deceased was the daughter of George MacKenzie, of Pictou Town. Shortly after the death of her husband, some fourteen years ago, she removed to Truro, where she lived with her son John G. MacDonald, the only member of the family who now survives. An only daughter, dead some years, married the late J. J. MacKinnon, Esq., Barrister of this Town. Mrs. MacDonald was well known in Antigonish, where she spent the greater part of her life, and where her genuine kindness of heart kept widening ever as the years went on the circle of her friends. In life devoted to her religion she was comforted at life's close by the last rites of Holy Church. Her funeral takes place this afternoon on the arrival of the 1:30 express. May her soul rest in peace.

Dr. M. A. McDonald, of Sydney, died at the Halifax Infirmary on Sunday evening last, the 21st inst. Deceased was born at River Dennis, Inverness Co., fifty-one years ago, and received there his earliest education. Afterwards he attended St. F. X. College, until he entered upon the study of medicine in Harvard University. Having graduated in medicine, the Doctor opened an office in Sydney where for over twenty years, until failing health forced him to desist from his labours, he enjoyed a very extensive and lucrative practice. He was also for some years Collector of Inland Revenue. Two weeks ago, he entered the Halifax Infirmary for treatment, but nothing could be done for him, and feeling that the end was drawing nigh, he devoted himself earnestly to the affairs of his soul. He received the last Sacraments a few days before the dread summons came. His death was most edifying. Around him in his agony were kneeling his brother, his devoted wife, and the ever attentive Sisters of the Infirmary, while a priest stood at his pillow to pronounce over him the consoling words of absolution, and to commend his departing soul to its Maker. The deceased leaves a sorrowful widow and many friends. Senator McDonald of Glace Bay is a brother of the deceased, Inspector McDonald, late of the Normal School is a first cousin and Sister Aquinas, Superior of Mt. St. Joseph's Convent, North Sydney, is his niece. His remains were brought to Sydney, Monday night, for interment. R. I. P.

Boston papers please copy.

Great Clearance Sale !!

\$75,000 WORTH OF DRY GOODS

WEST END WAREHOUSE THURSDAY, OCT. 25,

When our ENTIRE STOCK OF ELEGANT GOODS will be put on the Market at COST and many Lines much BELOW COST. The Great Sale takes place in consequence of a contemplated change in our business, and these Goods must all be closed out before the FIRST OF JANUARY. CASH and nothing but Cash will be taken. We are making it WORTH WHILE for Customers to pay Cash. BARGAINS OF THE RAREST KIND will be offered, as will be seen by the Prices in this advertisement—many of these Lines being away below cost to insure a SPEEDY CASH Sale. No goods sent out on approval and when once sold will not be taken back.

Carpets.

All wool Axminster Carpets, 1 yard wide, best quality in beautiful patterns, former price, \$1.00, now 50c.  
All wool Axminster Carpets, former price 85c, now 45c.  
Union Carpets of the best make, 1 yard wide, in the newest designs, former price 40c., now 25c.  
Union Carpets in light colours and beautiful patterns former price 55c., now 30c.  
Union Carpets, new designs, former price 60c., now 35c.  
Union Carpets, a big range in all the best colourings, former price, 50c., now 28c.  
Union Carpets, bright patterns, former price, 35c., now 20c.  
Tapestry Carpets, in good colourings, former price, 40c., now 22c.  
Tapestry Carpets in nice designs, former price, 45c., now 25c.  
Tapestry Carpets, in new, rich designs, and beautiful colours, former price, 75c., now 40c.  
Brussel Carpets, a good range, former price, 85c., now 48c.  
Brussels Carpets, in good leading colourings, former price, 90c., now 50c.  
Brussels Carpets, nice patterns, former price, \$1.00, now 50c.  
Brussel Carpets, a big range, and extra good patterns, former price, \$1.25, now 65c.

Clothing.

MENS' SUITS.

Men's Tweed Suits, Former Price, \$5.00, now \$2.95.  
Men's Tweed Suits, Former Price, \$6.00, now \$3.25.  
Men's Tweed Suits, Former Price, \$6.75, now \$3.95.  
Men's Tweed Suits, Former Price, \$7.00, now \$3.95.  
Men's Tweed Suits, Former Price, \$9.00, now \$4.95.  
Men's Tweed Suits, Former Price, \$10, now 5.95.  
Men's Tweed Suits, Former Price, \$12, now 6.95.  
Men's Heavy Melton Overcoats, in Black and Navy, Former Price, \$10, now \$5.75.  
Men's Heavy Beaver Overcoats, Former Price, \$10 and 11, now 5.75 and 6.50.  
Men's Heavy Beaver Overcoats, in Black and Navy, with velvet collars, Former Price, \$12 and 13.50, now \$6.75 and 7.25.  
Men's Reefers, Former Price, \$4.00, now 2.95.  
Men's Nap Reefers, Former Price, \$5.00, now 3.50.  
Men's Nap Reefers, Former Price, \$5.50, now 3.90.  
Men's Nap and Heavy Tweed Reefers, Former Price, \$7.00, now 4.25.  
Men's Heavy Reefers, Former Prices, \$7.50 and 8.25, now and \$5.00 5.50.  
A lot of odd Coats and Vests at half price to clear out.  
Men's Heavy Ulsters, in good dark patterns, Former Price, \$9.50, now 4.95.

Clothing.

Men's Heavy Ulsters, dark colours, extra quality Frieze, Former Price, \$9.75, now 5.00.  
Men's Heavy Ulsters, dark colours, fine quality Frieze, Former Prices \$10 and 11, now \$5.75 and 5.95.  
Best quality fine imported Frieze Ulsters, in Browns and Fawns, Former Price, \$12 and \$13.50, now reduced to \$6.50 and 7.00.  
Men's Overcoats, Black Serge with velvet collar, Former Price, \$3.00, now 1.95.  
Men's Overcoats, Heavy Melton, in Black and Navy, well-finished, Former Price, \$5.00, your choice now for 2.75.  
Men's Overcoats, in Black and Navy Meltons, Former Price, \$5.50, now 2.95.  
Men's Heavy Overcoats, in Navy and Black, were good value at Former Price, \$6.00, now selling for 3.50.  
Men's Heavy Overcoats, in Black and Colours, Former Price, 7.50, now 3.90.  
Men's Heavy Overcoats, in Black, Navy and Brown, well-lined and made, Former Price, \$9.00, now 4.95.  
Bargains unprecedented in the history of the Clothing trade during this great cut price sale. Our entire stock will be offered at such a discount as will tempt all to buy. Stock all new and fresh. Full ranges of sizes in Suits, Overcoats and Ulsters.  
Men's Ulsters, Heavy Frieze Dark Brown, Former Price, \$4.75, now 2.75.  
Men's Ulsters, Heavy Frieze, Brown and Grey, Former Price, \$5.50, now 3.00.  
Men's Ulsters, Heavy Frieze, in dark and Light Browns, and Fawns, Former Price, \$6.00, now 3.25.  
Men's Ulsters, Heavy Frieze, in Browns, Fawns and Greys, Former Price, \$6.50 and 6.75 now \$3.50 and 3.75.  
Men's Extra Heavy Frieze Ulsters, in dark colours, Former Price, \$7.50, now 4.25.  
Men's Extra Heavy Frieze Ulsters in Brown and Greys, Former Price, \$8, now 4.50.  
Men's Heavy Ulsters, in Frieze and Dark Check patterns, were good value at the former price. They go with the rest, at \$4.75.

Dress Goods.

As has always been known we carry by far the largest range of most fashionable Dress Goods in Eastern Nova Scotia. Our sale now offers a rare chance to parties wishing nice goods.  
Fancy Dark Dress Goods, former price 25c., now 12c.  
Mixed Dress Goods, former price, 50c., now 30c.  
Fancy Mixed Dress Goods, former price, 70c., now 35c.  
Dress Goods, former price, 75c, now 38c.

Dress Goods, former price, 65c, now 32c.  
Dress Goods, former price, 85c., now 45c.  
Dress Goods, former price, 90c., now 47c.  
Dress Goods, former price, \$1.00, now 50c.

Lace Curtains.

White Lace Curtains, former price, 25c. pair, now 15.  
White Lace Curtains, former price, 30c. pair, now 20c.  
White Lace Curtains, former price, 50c. pair, now 35c.  
White Lace Curtains, former price, 75c. pair, now 50c.  
White Lace Curtains, former price, 90c. pair, now 65c.  
White Lace Curtains, former price, \$1.00 pair, now 70c.  
White Lace Curtains, former price, \$1.20 pair, now 80c.  
White Lace Curtains, former price, \$1.25 pair, now 90c.  
White Lace Curtains, former price, \$1.50 pair, now 1.00.  
White Lace Curtains, former price, \$1.90, pair, now 1.25.  
White Lace Curtains, former price, \$2.00, pair, now 1.35.  
White Lace Curtains, former price, \$2.50, pair, now 1.90.  
White Lace Curtains, former price, \$3.00, pair, now \$2.  
White Lace Curtains, former price, \$3.50, pair, now 2.50.

Sleigh Robes.

We have a large stock of these goods, and here they go for about half price:



Assiniboine Robes, former price \$7.50, now 4.95.  
Assiniboine Robes, former price \$8.25, now 5.75.  
Assiniboine Robes, former price \$9.75, now 6.75.  
Long Hair Goat Robes, former price \$6.50, now 4.75.  
Long Hair Goat Robes, former price, \$6.75, now 4.65.  
Long Hair Goat Robes, former price, \$9.00, now 6.25.  
Brown Australian Bear, former price \$12.00, now 8.75.

Ladies' Waterproofs.

Ladies' Waterproofs, a line in Black only. These are extra value at \$1.95.  
To clear out at 95c.  
Ladies' Waterproofs, in Dark Colors, Former Price, \$2.50, now 1.25.  
Ladies' Waterproofs, in Black, Former price, \$2.95, now 1.50.  
Ladies' Waterproofs, in Dark Colors, Former Prices, \$7 and 7.50, now \$3.75 and \$4.

We cannot specify more of our Leading Lines in this issue for want of space, but this will give some idea of the Bargains we propose to give on our Immense Stock.

McCURDY & CO., Antigonish.



UTE  
GURITY.

Guine  
ter's  
ver Pills.

Signature of  
*Wood*

WRAPPER BELOW.  
OR HEADACHE.  
OR DIZZINESS.  
OR BILIOUSNESS.  
OR TORPID LIVER.  
OR CONSTIPATION.  
OR SALLOW SKIN.  
OR THE COMPLEXION

HEADACHE.  
Chimes and Peals of Best  
Quality. Address,  
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E. BELL FOUNDRY  
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Liberty to use this in  
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REV. F. M. YOUNG,  
hurch, Bridgetown.

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I you want Harness,  
Harness call on  
EACHERN.  
Guaranteed.  
Street, Antigonish.  
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L has been thoroughly  
furniture, carpets, etc.,  
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CUISINE,  
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S BROADFOOT, Pro

Courtship: It's Use and Abuse.

Rev. Father Fraser, S. J., preaching recently on marriage, in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Edinburgh, said:

"It remains for me this evening to say a word or two about the period which immediately precedes marriage. If two people are to make up their minds as to the advisability of getting married, it is obviously necessary that they should know something about one another. They cannot reasonably make up their minds that they will be suitable life-companions after the first introduction, or from having occasionally passed one another in the street, or even from having once danced together or taken part in the same picnic. No doubt there is such a thing as love at first sight even outside the covers of the popular novel; but love at first sight, or even second sight, is not always in harmony with a prudent decision to marry the person thus loved. Some people are naturally more susceptible than others, and quickly lose both head and heart. But such unions decided upon under the impulse of unreasoning affection are certainly to be very much discouraged and for the most part strongly condemned. In nine cases out of ten where a man, for example, has been captivated by anything from a smile to a bit of ribbon or a rosebud and has immediately made a proposal of marriage—in nine cases out of ten. I say he will have reason to repent it should his offer be accepted. His subsequent unhappiness will be the natural punishment of his folly."

We are not to act upon impulse. We are reasonable beings, or should be such. We have indeed, a heart which is reckoned the seat and symbol of the affections; but the heart is not, or should not be, the governing principal of our actions. It may prompt, suggest, assist, control, but it must but it must not claim independence of the head. The man or woman who is all heart and no head is a freak of nature. And in like manner those who have good heads and no heart are no less freaks or abnormal beings. Marriage, as I pointed out in a former lecture, is a matter to be settled by head and heart combined—the head controlling the promptings and aspirations of the heart, the heart urging and encouraging the head—so that while there is no subordination of mere feeling to reason there may yet be concord and harmony between the two. Now, if this be true it follows that. Before two people can reasonably decide upon marriage there must as a rule be a certain period of courtship or "company-keeping." If we condemn marriages decided upon without proper consideration, if it be desirable that love-at-first-sight matches or marriages arranged after a dancing acquaintanceship of half an hour should be confined to the realms of fiction and the pages of a novel, we must allow young people to have an opportunity of forming an intimate acquaintance with one another. Moreover, it is clear that if A must take time to decide whether it is advisable to marry B, it may also take some time for B to make up her mind that she would do well to accept his offer. And consequently an opportunity of courting or company-keeping is not only desirable, but absolutely necessary. It may perhaps occur to some of you that it is somewhat superfluous to advertise or defend the practice of courting. If the object of my remarks was simply the encouragement of courting, I might rest content with having shown that marriages which takes place between two parties who know little or nothing of one another are most undesirable. But that is not my sole object. I have spoken of the lawfulness and even necessity of courting in order to make it clear to you that there may be a style and matter of courting which is not only undesirable, but even unlawful, and therefore sinful. If I had begun with condemnation you might have mistaken them for censures of what may be good and necessary. But if you understand the proper use of a good thing you can see more clearly what must be condemned as an abuse."

We have quoted almost entirely the passages recommending courtship, for the good reason that too many persons imagine that no such probation is required. The Church—a wise and unerring mother—thinks quite differently. It is not the use, but the abuse of courtship that is condemned by the Church. It would be too long to follow Father Fraser through all the dangers incident to courtship: but briefly, they are as follows:  
"Now the sort of courtships which must evidently be condemned, in the first place, are those which are commenced or continued without a proper and lawful purpose. It sometimes happens that young people of opposite sexes indulge and cultivate a feeling of affection for one another simply and solely for the personal gratification they derive from it. Surely this is most dangerous."  
"Who is answerable for this? Parents, if you are careless about the conduct of your children, if you care not what com-

pany they keep, if you speak before them of subjects about which they should know nothing, will not God demand the souls of your children at your hands?"

"You cannot play with fire without risk of being burned. You cannot handle pitch without soiling your hand. And it is far more difficult to play at courting and love-making without defiling the purity of your conscience. And as the wise man warns us, 'He that loveth danger shall perish in it.'"

"Now, closely connected with courting without a purpose is courting without a prospect—that is, entering upon or continuing a courtship when there is no probability of its ending in a desirable and happy marriage."

"One can only speak of the generality of cases. But we may certainly say that when it becomes sufficiently clear that no marriage can take place, then there is no excuse for continuing the courtship. Or, again when after a certain lapse of time it is evident that there is no reasonable hope that the union will be a happy one the courtship should be immediately ended. Further, it may be added that the Church very much discourages long courtships. It not frequently happens that it is perfectly obvious that there is no prospect of two people being in a position to marry for years to come. There may be the claim of filial duty to satisfy, or there may be the impossibility of supporting a wife."

"Now, if courtships without purpose or without prospect are most undesirable and dangerous, the same may be said of courtships without supervision. You know well enough that we are bound to avoid the proximate occasions of sin. It is sinful to place oneself without sufficient cause under circumstances which will be certain to lead to temptation. 'He that loveth the danger shall perish in it.' We have no right to count upon God's grace preserving us from sin when we are personally responsible for the temptation. We must not presume upon God's mercy."

"This is a matter for Christian parents to seriously attend to. They must shield their children in every way in their power from exposing themselves unnecessarily to the danger of sin. If a courtship is to be a prelude to a happy marriage, then it must have upon it the blessing of God, it must give forth the sweet fragrance of modesty and purity. If it be stained with the slime of the infernal serpent—and it will be thus stained if it be conducted without restraint, without supervision—how can it be a fitting introduction to the Holy Sacrament of Matrimony? What prospect does it give of a happy and peaceful union? If self-respect be sacrificed at the altar of sin, be not surprised if mutual contempt and even hatred be your punishment. But on the other hand, there is no reason to fear that if you take the precautions which Christian prudence dictates, you will pass through the time of danger unharmed and unscathed. If you turn to God for help and guidance in prayer and the holy sacraments, you may hope to stand at the altar ready to offer a clean, unsoiled heart to one who, while loving you has respected you and honoured you. A sinful courtship forebodes an unhappy marriage. But the courtship in which virtue has reigned supreme, where love has been tempered by self-restraint, where mutual respect and reverence have been fostered by the remembrance that each has an immortal soul destined for the vision of God, the body itself the temple of the Holy Ghost, such a courtship, I say, is the surest guarantee of a marriage which will be envied by man and blessed by God."

She—Your wife has very nice hair. She must take very good care of it.  
He—She does; she locks it up every night.

THE  
DIAMOND DYES  
Produces all the New Shades.

A Rich and Marvellous Variety of Fashionable Colours for Autumn and Winter Wear.  
The great majority of wise and prudent women collect and examine their old dresses, skirts, capes, jackets, shawls, husband's and children's suits this month with the view of having them cleaned and dyed so as to fit them for autumn and winter wear.  
The Diamond Dyes (prepared especially for home use) have a wealth of variety, beauty and brilliancy possessed by no other make of dyes. They produce all the new and fashionable colours for autumn and winter wear—colours that will not fade in the strongest sunlight. Every packet of Diamond Dyes is warranted, and will give perfect results when simple directions are followed. There are imitations; avoid them if you delight in good colours and value the safety of your materials. The use of poor dyes means ruin of goods and loss of money.

"Rome's Recruits."

A London paper to hand by the latest mail states that 'the grandchildren of Charles Dickens are being brought up as Catholics—that being the faith of Mrs. Henry Dickens.'

The great novelist, while professing himself a man of large sympathies and broad views, was at heart a bigot. I happened to have at my elbow an old number of the Spectator, says a writer in the Sydney Freeman's. The date is March 24, 1877. This is how one of the staff writers commences an article:—

'The English press is still childishly afraid of saying anything that appears to favour a Catholic cause, however clear may be the justice of that cause. Miss Harriet Martineau tells of two occasions on which tales of hers were peremptorily refused solely on the ground that she had taken occasion to draw attention to the virtues of the Roman Catholics, and she declares that the late Mr. Dickens avowed to her his intention never to allow anything, however true, that could benefit the reputation of the Roman Catholics to appear in his journal. We must say we should have supposed that to be the policy not only of the past age, but of a blundering editor, unless, indeed, the journal in which such a policy was adopted had circulated chiefly amongst the ignorant and vulgar.'

It is not out of the way surprising to find the name of Dickens among the roll of Rome's recruits. Take the names most familiar and sonorous to English ears. Nelson is the nearest still to the heart of the nation, and three of the present Earl Nelson's sons are among recent converts. Wilberforce is a word to conjure by; it stands for unselfish devotion to the public good; and three sons of the Parliamentary Apostle of the Emancipator of the Slaves became Catholics, throughout life following in all unworldliness the example of a father who refused Pitt's offer of an earldom. Even Samuel Wilberforce (son of the great man), whom an Anglican Bishopric detained, contributed a daughter and a son-in-law to the Church. A granddaughter of the Rev. John Wesley became a Catholic, and so did a daughter of the Rev. John Owen, the founder of the Bible Society. Sir Walter Scott's descendants are Catholics, his daughter's daughter having joined the old Church. The present occupant of the old family seat at Abbotsford is a devout Catholic. In a daughter of whom he was not worthy (Lady Anne Blunt) Lord Byron has his representative in the Church. Mr. Arkwright, of Sutton Scarsdale, England, is a direct descendant of the inventor of the world-famed spinning-jenny.

One cannot touch the subject of English converts without naming Cardinal Newman. With his secession from the Church of England in 1845, the recruiting sergeant practically commenced his work of forming a new army of the Pope in England. Frederick Faber, like Newman, joined the army as an humble private in 1845. Six years later what we may call the big boom in conversions set in, Cardinal Manning leading a brilliant following into the fold.

One by one there dropped into the ranks such men as the Marquis of Ripon, who has ruled as Viceroy in India, and who is still active in every Catholic movement in England; Lord Bury, who gave such good service as a member of Governments; Lord Emiliy, a Postmaster-General; Lord Lyons, the best British Ambassador of modern times; the Marquis of Bute, scholar, author and princely philanthropist; the Earl of Ashburnham and Lord Braye. These may all be classed as public men of the first class. Other names which occur are the late Earls of Gainsborough and of Dunraven, the present Earl of Denbigh (who accompanied Her Majesty on her recent visit to Ireland), Lord Henry Kerr (whose Catholic namesake is now second in authority in the British Admiralty), Lord North, Lord Charles Thynn, Sir Paul Molesworth, Sir John Croker Burrow, Sir Richard Hungerford Pollen, Sir William Percival Heathcote, Sir Vere de Vere, Sir Philip Rose, Sir John Simeon, the Hon. Colin Lindsay (a former president of the English Church Union) and Sir Henry Hawkins (the famous judge, now on the list of the Peerage).

Literary men and artists would prefer to make up their list of Rome's recruits from such names as Aubrey de Vere, Adelaide Proctor, Coventry Patmore, Sir Richard Burton (the most famous of Oriental travellers and writers), Fred Burnand (editor of London Punch), Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Lady Herbert of Lea, Lady Gertrude Douglass, "Arthur Sketchley" (Mr. Rose), Frederick Lucas, (founder of the London Tablet), Clement Scott (the eminent dramatic critic), Lady Butler (Elizabeth Thompson) the painter of "The Roll Call," "The Scots Greys," and other popular battle pieces, Pugin, the giant among modern architects, Sir Charles Halle, the pianist and conductor, Charles Santley, the singer, the brilliant Dr. W. G. Ward, and Burns and Oates, the big publishers.

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The New Moon.

The moon lay low in the sky, with one star beside her— A circle of silver made sharp for the harvest of God. Some acknowledged her yet and none denied her. For the harvest was still unripened and the press untried— Grapes of the vintage of war and the anger of God. The moon lay white in the sky, and the stars above her— Star-folk helmeted in silver and shod with light, Velled their shining faces with clouds wind-driven. And the peace of the night with the cry of the wind was risen, And some of the threshold of heaven the moon lay white.

—Nora Hopper.

Girouard, Director of Railways.

A number of American newspapers have this week published a most appreciative sketch of Colonel Percy Girouard, son of Mr. Justice Girouard, of the Supreme Court of Canada, and of his work for the Empire both in North and South Africa. From it the following extracts are taken: A year ago this month a young engineering officer, Girouard by name, bought in the United States, on behalf of the British Government, a considerable amount of American machinery, which is to be established at the terminal of the Egyptian railway at Alexandria. A part of the machinery, one of the last instalments, is being this week laden upon the steamship Philadelphia to be transported to Alexandria, but the engineering officer will not be on hand to supervise the placing of it in its designed position. He is far away at the other end of the African continent, engaged in work as unexpected when he was upon his visit to this country as a few years ago, when he was a humble soldier in Great Britain, was the opportunity that afterward came to him to build Gen. Kitchener's railroad from Alexandria into the Soudan. Within a few days this engineer, Major Girouard, has impressively reminded business acquaintances in the United States and Canada of his personality and of the great work that he has undertaken in the Transvaal and South Africa. Those business acquaintances have received from him propositions for specifications, plans and suggestions relating principally to the rebuilding of bridges and trestle work of the railway lines in South Africa destroyed during the recent war, and also propositions for American machinery and equipments to be employed in this work of reconstruction. When Major Girouard was here a year ago he came by direct authority from General Kitchener and with the official sanction of the British Government. Very few knew of his arrival in the United States, and no one but our engineers and some of our manufacturers would have identified in this young man, quicker of action and of speech, although utterly without self-consciousness or any affectation, the brilliant engineer who, as a member of General Kitchener's staff, directed the construction of the railway that penetrated into the Soudan, stretching up the valley of the Nile for a distance from the seacoast as great as that from New York to Cleveland, Ohio, making possible direct communication for Kitchener's army with his base of supplies and, therefore, contributing in great measure to the victory that he won in the heart of the Soudan. When he was here Major Girouard was all enthusiasm for the further work in the way of development of the Soudan, which the construction of that railway would make possible. And it was with that development in view that he was sent to the United States to purchase American machinery, it being deemed by General Kitchener, by Major Girouard, and by the British Government that this machinery was better fitted for the work in view than that devised by the mechanics of any other nation. But Major Girouard was not permitted to return to Egypt. Almost coincident with his arrival in England from this country came the outbreak of hostilities in South Africa, and a little later the appointment of General Roberts, with General Kitchener as his chief of staff, to the command of the armies of Great Britain, and at the same time Major Girouard was sent into the Transvaal to take up a new work. It has been said recently that the young men of the present day have little opportunity. The career of Major Girouard, of which little has been known in this country, may serve as a lesson to those who of late have been uttering complaints of this kind. For Girouard is many years from his prime. He is still a very young man, at least young to have achieved what it has been his lot to do; he is about 30 years of age. About the time of Mr. Cleveland's

second election, perhaps a little earlier, Girouard, then a recent graduate of one of the technical schools of Canada, Montreal being his native city, sought for employment with the Canadian Pacific Railway corporation. He had no family influence that was of any consequence, nor was there any opportunity for advancement for him through any political favouritism, although the Canadian Pacific is a national, and in that sense, a political institution. He had used up almost all his resources in getting his education, and the world that lay before him was to be conquered only by his own industry and ability. The Canadian Pacific officers liked the appearance of the young man, and they gave him some subordinate employment in the Eastern division, where he not only attended to his duties to their perfect satisfaction, but set himself to learn all that he could of the science of railway construction and direction. His ambition, however, was to enter the army as an engineer officer, but it was an ambition which did not wholly please his family. An opportunity, however, did come to enter the army in England, and he sailed for London about six years ago. There he joined the army, and was immediately sent to Woolwich as an engineer. He had not been very long in Woolwich before his superior officers discovered that they had in this young Canadian a man who purposed to master all of the almost infinite details that are taught in that great military establishment. He showed special aptitude and interest in that part of the work that had to do with the transportation both of armies and of commissary supplies. His energy was in marked contrast to the disposition shown by many of the English officers who were his associates. Some of them grudgingly the comparatively few hours each day that their military duties required and were disposed to dawdle away the rest of their time in more or less refined social pleasures. But young Girouard kept at work. Suddenly their appeared a pamphlet or essay having for its subject the defence of England by means of a coast railway line. If not a new thought, the subject was at least treated in a new manner, and the author of the essay was young Girouard. The work commanded attention not only in the highest military circles, but also that of the cabinet itself, and the young author found himself, if not publicly famous, at least the object of great interest on the part of the more serious authorities of Great Britain. It was only a few months after the publication of this essay that General Kitchener was sent to Egypt in command of the army that was to make the expedition into the Soudan. Kitchener's attention had been called to the young Canadian even before this essay was published. And in making up his staff, bearing in mind that it would be necessary to construct a railway in Egypt, he thought of young Girouard, met him, and at last offered him a place upon his staff as engineer officer, with the rank of major. Girouard at that time was 25 years of age, and he had won the unusual distinction that he received through no other influence than his own merit. In the Soudan his work was so efficient, his foresight so accurate, and he had so much of the energy that was characteristic of Kitchener, although not as taciturn a man as Kitchener was, that in a little while he was placed in complete charge of the construction of this railway. He was born and bred in Canada, and was more familiar with zero temperature than great heat. But the appalling climate of the Soudan seemed to have no effect upon him and his energy and activity were deemed all the more marvellous in view of the fact that he had never until he went to Egypt spent any time in a hot climate. Both Great Britain and the United States were astonished some two years ago to learn that a Philadelphia manufacturer had received the contract for the construction of the great bridge that was to be erected for the Soudan railway in the Khartoum district. In Great Britain the manufacturers who had bid and failed to get the award claimed that the American manufacturers would have been unable to bid successfully had they not probably had on hand a bridge which they would be able to alter so as to meet the requirements of the contract. It was to Major Girouard, with the approval of Lord Kitchener, that the American manufacturers owe the approval given to their bid. Girouard has plenty of national pride, and there is no more loyal Briton in the service of Her Majesty than he. But he wanted a great bridge in that desert country, wanted it as soon as possible, and the best type, and, of course, wanted to get it at as low a price as would be possible under competition. Girouard was then only 27 years of age, but the British Government having no prejudice against young men, regarded his construction of the Soudan railway as worthy of high recognition, and he was appointed the managing director of that great work. But he has not seen this railway since his return from the United States and Canada. The Boers and their allies began

to destroy the railway in the Transvaal, and in all the region in which war raged, and it was perceived that if success were to follow the sending of the English armies there there must be competent and energetic authority to which was committed the responsibility of the reconstruction of these railways. The British Government did not need the recommendations of General Kitchener or Lord Roberts (although these were formally given) to induce the Government to appoint Major Girouard the engineering officer in absolute charge of the reconstruction and of the direction of all the railway systems in the Transvaal or other parts of South Africa over which the armies had passed back and forth. And in further recognition of his authority as a builder a higher rank was given to him, the understanding being that the rank is equivalent to that of a brigadier-general. As soon as Girouard arrived in South Africa and got his bearings, he sent to the United States and to Canada. He perceived that bridge building and trestle work were among the more important demands made upon him. He wrote to the officers of the Canadian Pacific and to the officers of some of the railway systems of the United States, where the larger part of the bridge and trestle work is of wood. He requested that these railway authorities send to him all the specifications, all the information relative to this kind of work they possessed. The Canadian Pacific railway probably possesses a greater amount of detailed information respecting wooden bridge building and trestle work than any railway corporation in the world, since it has been compelled chiefly to depend upon this kind of work for its railway construction west of the great lakes. Its officers felt that they were able to supply Girouard, who only a few years ago was one of their subordinate employes, with all the information that he needed of this kind. Girouard is in absolute control of all this extensive work of reconstruction and repair, and Lord Roberts is reported to have perfect faith in his ability soon after the war is ended to reconstruct, simplify, perfect, and enlarge the great railway systems of South Africa. When he has done that it is expected that he will be chosen to undertake the colossal work conceived by Cecil Rhodes of building the railway from the Cape to Cairo, or that part of it which remains to be completed.—Montreal Star.

Lesson from Leo XIII.

J. J. Walsh, Ph. D., M. D., in a letter from Rome to the New York Journal, says: Abstemiousness is the factor most conducive to long life. During the last few days I have had the opportunity of seeing Pope Leo XIII. several times. The patriarchal old man is now nearly 91 years old. Several days of each week he goes to St. Peter's to bless the pilgrims flocking to Rome during this jubilee year. He is bent with age, but he raises himself with gentle but vigorous dignity from the chair on which he is carried to bless the assembled thousands as he passes from one group to the other. He joins in the prayers and intones parts of the chant with a voice that has the quaver of age, but is well heard, even in the distant parts of St. Peter's, when there are thousands beneath its dome. Those who know the vast edifice will realize how much this means. The Pope looks stronger now than when I saw him three years ago, and he seems to give promise of living to pass the century mark. It seemed worth the while to know some details of the mode of life of this hale nonagenarian. I called on his physician, Dr. Lapponi, who courteously agreed to furnish information on the subject. Like the great majority of long-lived men, the Pope comes from a long-lived family. While his mother died from pneumonia at 48, his father lived to be nearly 90, and a brother, Cardinal Pecci, died a few years ago at the age of 85. The traditions of the family on both sides show that its members were known as long-livers. Beyond this the important fact in Pope Leo's life has been his extreme abstemiousness. Food and drink he has taken in such moderation that his daily diet seems scarcely more than that of some anchorite of early Christian days. Though he rises regularly, even at his present advanced age, at 5 a. m., he takes nothing to eat until between 8 and 9 a. m. Then he drinks a cup of milk with a dash of coffee in it, and eats a roll or some biscuits dipped in his milk. His principal meal is at 2 p. m., when he takes some clear soup—never a thickened broth, for this disagrees with him—a small piece of meat and some potatoes, with one other vegetable. Like all Italians, he takes some wine at this meal, and prefers Bordeaux. He never eats sweets and but rarely fruit, although Ita-

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

lians generally consume fruit liberally. He takes a very light supper about 8 p. m., scarcely more than bread and butter, with an egg. Most of the food the Pope takes is in liquid form. This is more or less necessitated by the absence of teeth in later years, but all his life he consumed more liquids than is usually the case. When there was question, some ten years ago, of his getting artificial teeth, his doctor advised against it. The reason was that a new set of teeth would probably tempt him to eat things that would disagree with his stomach. In sleep the Pope is, if possible, still less indulgent than in food. Now at the age of 91 he takes five to six hours—never more, and sometimes even less. Following the almost universal custom here in Rome, he always takes an hour's sleep after his mid-day meal. Yet frequently, when work presses, his total sleep for the twenty-four hours does not amount to more than five hours. When younger he took even less than this not infrequently. He is an indefatigable worker, but is always very calm in the midst of his work. He has learned well the precious lesson of quietly putting off till to-morrow what he cannot do to-day. In a word, when crowded with work he does not grow anxious over it if he is unable to accomplish all that he has originally planned. It is worry, not work, that kills, and Pope Leo does not worry. To this he himself attributes his wonderful vitality at his advanced years. He is still able to accomplish all the work of his responsible position and finds time for some purely literary work besides. The Pope's Latin poetry is known in university circles the world over. The Pope's doctor is of the decided opinion that it is the Pontiff's abstemiousness and his freedom from worry that have most contributed to his long life. Constitutional ailment there is none, even at his advanced age, and there is no reason, barring accident, why he should not live to complete his century of years. Given the element of an inherited constitution suitable for longevity, abstemiousness is the factor most conducive to long life.

FAT HERB Just received 100 HAI BAR OF GENUINE HE JULY... F. R. TROY WALDRE Photo S GREGORY BU ANTIGON Open all Day TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY, and SATURDAY

TRADE MARK HEAL UNDE the most perfect, most delightfully underwear made. For Men, Women, Children. All first-class. Stores keep range.

Whiston's Comm This long established, date Commercial Trial merits the confidence it by the public, and the best instruction in hand and Typewriting also to supply business and Stenographers. There is an increasing number of men who can write. Make a specialty of the the Ben Pitman, Isaac nin systems. Our annual announced information respecting fee to any address on application. S. E. WHISTON 95 BAY

MAIL CO

SEALED TENDERS, Master General, will until Noon, 23RD FRIDAY, 23RD for the conveying of the proposed contract for 14 week each way, between James River Station from Printed notices contain as to conditions of be seen and blank forms retained at the Post Office and James River Station CHARLES J. MA

GUARDIAN IN THE SUPREME C

SATU the 3rd day of AT 11 O'CLOCK pursuant to an order day of September, A. All the estate, right demand of the said in hold, of, to, or, in piece, or parcel of LA situate, lying, and bel the County of Antigon described as follows, the north by lands of R wards the east by (Captain); towards the lock J Chisholm; and of Donald Chisholm one hundred and t The same being the Roderick Chisholm I deed dated the twent 1877, recorded in b Registry of Deeds for TERMS: Cash of CATI WILLIAM CHI Solicit Pinkletown, Antigon



NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Clearance Sale—McCurdy & Co. Election Card—C. F. McIsaac. Postponed Auction Sale—Mrs. R. McDonald.

Local Items.

I HAVE just received four barrels, thirty-two dozen, good mixed pickles. Two bottles for twenty-five cents. Try them.—adv.

POSTPONED.—Mrs. R. McDonald's auction sale has been postponed until Wednesday, 31st inst at 10 a. m.

A COAT found at James McDonald's forge at Maryvale a few weeks ago can be had by the owner from Mr. McDonald.—adv.

THE C. P. R. cable across the Strait of Canso, which was broken by the dragging of a schooner's anchor in the gale of Oct. 11, has been repaired.

DAN N. McNEIL of East Bay, an I. C. R. brakeman, slipped from the engine while coupling cars at McIntyre's Lake on Oct. 16 and had his ankle badly crushed.

A BALL was given in Mabou on Oct. 17 by the Mabou staff of the I. & R. R., the train which brought the guests from Port Hood and Port Hastings being the first to enter Mabou.

REV T. F. WEST, mentioned in our personal column last week as having gone to New York, died in Boston, on the night of his arrival there, last Friday, of acute peritonitis.

EXTRADITION PAPERS having arrived for Petrell or Alberto, the Italian arrested in Sydney for the murder of his wife in Holyoke, Mass., he left for that city on Tuesday morning in charge of an officer.

THE SCHOONERS Constance and Idra broke from their anchorage at International Pier in the gale of Oct. 17 and were driven ashore at Barrack Point, Sydney.

AN ALTERCATION between Dan McDonald and Peter McLeod on the street at North Sydney last Thursday ended by McDonald stabbing McLeod near the heart. If the blade had struck an inch higher it might have killed.

THE BODY of Abram Cochero of Newfoundland was found alongside the railway track about a mile from Reserve Mines on Friday morning. He must have been struck and killed by a shunting engine the night before.

THE DRIED FRUIT supply is this year unusually short, especially in currants and raisins. Last June wholesalers were quoting currants at four and five cents. To-day they are asking thirteen cents a pound.

THE HUMPTY DUMPTY Specialty Co.'s entertainment at McDonald's Hall, on Tuesday evening was attended by a large audience, and was probably the most enjoyable ever given in Antigonish. The specialties were all good, particularly the "Hot Scotch" musical feature of Mr. Gorman and Miss Proctor, and the acrobatic acts.

DANVERS OSBORN, who resigned his position on the W. U. Cable staff at Canso to join the Canadian Contingent in South Africa, and was the first man in Canada to volunteer for service, arrived in Halifax on Oct. 16, accompanied by Dr. Gladwin, grandson of a Colonel in the British army, who threw up his practice in Rhode Island to fight for the old flag. Mr. Osborn wrote the letters from Africa signed Chebucto in the Halifax Herald.

OWING to a contemplated change in business McCurdy & Co. are offering their extensive range of Dry Goods, etc. at cost and many lines below cost, as will be seen by their advertisement in this issue. This mammoth sale begins to-day when \$75,000 worth of elegant dry goods will be put on the market. A chance like this to lay in winter supplies at such extremely low prices has never been before offered in Eastern Nova Scotia and this sale will bring people from the three counties to make their fall purchases.—adv.

HYMENEAL.—The marriage of Miss Mary McLean, eldest daughter of Angus McLean, Briley Brook, and Ronald D. McDonald, formerly of Beaver Meadow, Antigonish Co., now in the service of the I. C. R., and residing at Stellarton, took place at St. Ninian's Cathedral on the 23rd inst. The ceremony was performed by the rector the Rev. Joseph McDonald, assisted by Rev. M. McAdam. The principals were attended by Miss Maggie McLean, sister of the bride, and Mr. Dan McDonald, of Stellarton. After luncheon at the home of the bride's parents the happy couple boarded the fast express from the east for a short wedding tour accompanied by the good wishes of numerous friends. The many useful and valuable presents received by the bride testified to the high esteem in which she was held by her acquaintances.

"A VERY QUIET CONTEST" is the remark invariably heard accompanying any discussion on the election in this county. The people are happily not excited over it, and are giving wonderfully little time and interest to it. The candidates however, are making an energetic fight.

Nightly meetings are held in the outlying districts, and almost a personal canvass is taking place. The battle in the other sections of the Dominion is being vigorously fought, especially in St. John, N. B., and Brandon, Manitoba. In the former constituency Mr. Blair, Minister of Railways, and Mr. Foster, ex-Minister of Finance, are two of the candidates. In the latter place Hugh John Macdonald and Mr. Sifton, Minister of Interior, are the candidates. In Nova Scotia both parties have their candidates nominated for every county. In New Brunswick, Northumberland is the only place where a contest is not likely to occur, Mr. Robinson, the member for that county in the last Parliament, and the candidate now, was elected as a Conservative, but some claim is at present made by Liberals that he will support Sir Wilfred should he be returned to power. In Prince Edward Island a spirited fight is being waged in every district. A number of constituencies in the Province of Ontario have yet to nominate candidates.

I CARRY an immense stock of cigars wholesale and retail from \$1.00 to \$3.50 per box. T. J. Bonner.—adv.

The American barquentine Allanwilde, from Boston to Buenos Ayres, put into Halifax on Oct. 16, badly crippled after a terrible experience in the gale of Oct. 11. She will take three weeks to repair.

Inverness Notes.

Mr. H. W. Pearman, Halifax, is now in the Merchants' Bank, Port Hood.

Inspector Gillis, of the I. & R. Railway, stations, is a most efficient officer, and a native of Cape George, Antigonish Co.

The location of the railway station at Mabou, is referred to the Minister of Railways.

Your correspondent has been authorized to state that the Municipal Clerk of Inverness has been advised by Messrs. Hanson Bros., Montreal, that the loan of \$67,000 is feasible at a little less than 4 per cent., that is to say, "Messrs. Hanson Bros. tender \$101.26 for every \$100.00 of the whole issue of \$67,000 of 4 per cent. debentures of the County of Inverness." This is gratifying and very much better than was thought at first. The holding of the late special meeting was after all unavoidable.

Contributions to the College Fund were strongly urged by Rev. C. Chisholm last Sunday.

By the way, in harmony with a suggestion made by your correspondent, a couple of weeks ago, the residents of the shire-town and vicinity memorialized the Inverness & Richmond Railway Co., to the following effect: "That regular trains be at once put on the road between Port Hastings and Port Hood." This is the just demand of the whole County that has been so singularly generous to the I. & R. R. Company.

A beautiful flag bearing the monogram "The Old Smith Hotel," with a number of highly finished pictures, costly framed, representing all the heroes of the African war, was presented to the proprietor, Mr. J. D. McIsaac, Port Hood, as a mark of esteem, by his Halifax friends.

The sudden death, due to heart disease, last Friday, at Glengarry, S. West, of Kitty Bell McDonald, in her 17th year, has cast a gloom over that settlement. She was a good girl, and very attentive to

ELECTION CARD.

To the Electors of Antigonish County: GENTLEMEN.—I am again a candidate for your representation in the House of Commons. The splendid record of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's administration, of which I have been a supporter, during the past four years should receive your approval and endorsement by a renewal of your confidence in me. Should I not be able to meet you all personally before election day, I take this opportunity of soliciting your votes on that date.

I remain, your obedient servant, C. F. McISAAC.

PURCHASERS WANTED

For the following: 1 SEVEN-HORSE POWER PRIESTMAN OIL ENGINE, almost new, suitable for running Electric Light or any light work. 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.

FOR SALE.

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

her religious duties. May eternal light shine upon her!

Your correspondent interviewed Mr. J. Hart, to whom a brief reference was made in last week's CASKET as a returned Cape Nome man. Mr. Hart would not advise any one to go there, unless he had \$500 or \$600; and declared that success out there was a good deal of a lottery. Much the same conditions climatically prevail there as at Dawson — if anything, the former is colder and windier. With a smile he said: "I suppose few people know we have a railway — four miles long and very primitively built — out there; but it is a fact." "In all other respects," he added, "the gold claims are as rich as reported. The worst drawback is the law which allows 20 acres to each claim, some having thus 200 claims, — practically a monopoly. There is no timber for building, even the fuel has to be imported. The great September gale took in Cape Nome." Mr. Hart intends to prospect in Utah during winter.

Gee! but don't it do our railroaders good to touch 'em up a little in the press? Straight away they get a mighty wiggle on, and the 'enterprise' and 'energy' shown on the line from Port Hastings to Broad Cove Mines have been of late most commendable. The columns of THE CASKET in the "Inverness Notes" have, time and again, borne the amplest testimony, for over a year, to the possession of these qualities by the general management of

MAKE A DEAD CERTAINTY OF YOUR XMAS PHOTOS

By setting between 6th and 10th November AT WALDREN'S.

ELECTION CARD

To the Electors of Antigonish County:

GENTLEMEN:—Having consented, after a unanimous nomination, to contest this County as the Liberal Conservative Candidate, I respectfully solicit your support and influence. The present Government's record of unfulfilled promises and broken pledges should condemn it in the eyes of every honest, intelligent voter. It promised Free Trade. Was the promise kept? It promised to cut down the public debt and annual expenditure. Instead of so doing, it added \$8,000,000 to the public debt and increased the yearly expenditure by over \$7,000,000, so that every family in Canada pays on an average \$8.90 more in taxes in the shape of duties than under Conservative rule. It promised to cheapen the necessities of life by reducing the tariff. Are flour, tea, sugar, tobacco, oil, iron, nails, in a word every thing you buy, cheaper to-day than in 1887? However the Government boasts that the increase in our exports and imports is to be attributed to their trade policy; but it does not tell you that under a different policy, under a policy similar to that of the Conservatives, the exports and imports of the United States during the same period increased 14 per cent. more than those of Canada. Its treatment of the Prohibition Question was shameful and deceptive. Add to this the Yukon Deal, Drammond Steal, Coal Oil Monopoly, the Election frauds and other scandals which would take too much space to enumerate, and you will readily understand that it is your bounden duty to show your disapproval of such acts by turning the present Government out of power. For these reasons I trust to receive your support and confidence.

I am, Gentlemen, Yours Respectfully, E. LAVIN GIRROIR.

AUCTION SALE.

To be sold at Public Auction in front of D. McISAAC'S WAREHOUSE, College Street, —OR— WEDNESDAY, 31st inst, at 10 a. m.

- 1 HEAVY DRAFT MARE. 1 SET DOUBLE HARNESS. 1 SET CARRIAGE HARNESS. 1 HAULING SLED. 1 PUNG SLEIGH. 1 RIDING CARRIAGE. 1 NEW PLOUGH. 1 CULTIVATOR. 1 SET HARROWS. 1 MOWING MACHINE and RAKE. And a lot of other articles too numerous to mention.

TERMS: Six months on approved notes. Anything under \$4.00 Cash. MRS. R. McDONALD, St. Ninian Street.

FRASER'S MEAT MARKET

Having taken the store lately occupied by T. V. Sears, I propose keeping on hand a supply of the

BEST QUALITY OF MEATS The County Will Produce.

Farmers having good fat Steers and Poultry to dispose of might advise. But will not have time to bother with small, thin stock.

HOUSE FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale that Two-and-a-Half Story House,

situated on PLEASANT STREET, ANTIGONISH, at present occupied by Mr. Bernasconi, C. E. The House is in thorough repair, newly painted and shingled; new fences, etc. The lot contains half an acre, and another good building lot could easily be carved out of it, facing on Pleasant Street. For terms apply to

W. F. MACPHIE, 191 Hollis Street, Halifax, N. S.

WANTED.

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

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.

the I. & R. Ry., and especially by the railway firm of O'Brien & Co. At all times your correspondent has striven to give credit where credit was due. To be sure, in the performance of this thankless duty, he has had to speak sharply of some, and he is prepared to do so again and again, whenever the interests of truth and justice demand it; but that he has sought "to cast reflections on" or "injure in the railway world" by word or insinuation the contractors themselves, particularly the railway firm, the very respectable railway

firm of Messrs. O'Brien and now utterly denies, one cry until he is hit. Two sides to a question and the same holds true, man, woman or child of holding responsible the contractors, least such good standing as the Co. for the boorishness of some of their employees. I propose to draw the line too.

THE PALACE CLOTHING

FALL and WINTER GOODS

Our stock is about complete. New goods arriving

Last year our values were acknowledged to be the best. To again, showing, without doubt, the finest range ever seen



MENS' SUITS, \$3.50, 4.00, 5.00, 8.00, 9.00, and \$10.00

MENS' OVERCOATS, \$4.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, and \$10.00

MENS' HEAVY ULSTERS \$3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00

MENS HEAVY REEFERS, 5.00, and other lines to mention.

A multitude of elegant patterns up in a style of

FIT, FINISH, GOOD CUT and LOW PRICES

not to be found outside

In your interest see them making your

WINTER SELECTION

SATISFACTION ALWAYS GIVEN OR MONEY REFUNDED

The up-to-date MENS' FIXINGS from the MAIN STREET, - - - - - ANTIGONISH

OUR MEAT DEPARTMENT IS WELL

GOOD, FRESH BEEF, LAMB, SAUSAGES AND POULTRY

— ALSO —

SALT PORK AND BEEF SALT HERRING AND MACK SALT COD AND HAKE

Weekly, for Friday

experience and facilities, and how to handle these lines on of our Customers.

GROCERY Provision

Write us and get our Catalogue on

nos, Organs, Sewing Machine Musical Instrument

sale discounts to Churches. All direct from the Factory. Instalment system. Write to

D. & McDONALD on Street, Halifax, N. S.