

# THE CASKET.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM.

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL NON-PARTISAN IN POLITICS.

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## THE CASKET.

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29.

R. R. McLeod tells the readers of the *Halifax Herald* what the earth was like 99 millions of years ago. What a dear, frightful old-humbug he is, to be sure.

The *Acc Maria*, in correcting its error confounding the Marquises of Bute and Ripon, says: "We can make mistakes without anybody's assistance, and we are always as willing to own up as to be forgiven." A good sentiment, this, in which some very pretentious journals might adopt with great benefit to their standing and reputation.

The *Halifax Herald* has generally been regarded as an amusingly serious paper. That was a mistake. There is humour in that office after all. "R. R. McLeod's story" (story is good) of what the world was like hundreds of millions of years ago "appears on the children's page, and just beneath it is a piece headed 'Munchausen's Question.'"

Two recent converts considerably talked about are Rev. Andrew L. Gunn and Miss Leila Campbell. Mr. Gunn had been a British army chaplain and in that capacity accompanied the Gordon relief expedition to Khartoum. He was received into the Church in New York, Dr. B. F. De Costa acting as sponsor. Miss Campbell is the niece of the present Duke of Argyll, lately Marquis of Lorne. She was adopted as a daughter by the Princess Louise, after her father's death. She not only becomes a Catholic but a Carmelite nun.

The November number of the *Atlantic Monthly* has an article by the distinguished American astronomer, Simon Newcomb, clearing the memory of an Austrian astronomer from a charge of forging which has rested upon it for a hundred years. The astronomer in question, a Jesuit priest with a name very unpriestly in our ears, Father Hell, was charged with having stolen other men's calculations of the transit of Venus in order to make his own more accurate. Prof. Newcomb has examined the original manuscripts and finds the charge utterly baseless, though he believes it was made in good faith.

The Kimberley correspondent of the *Glasgow Herald* tells a pleasant story of Christian DeWet, decidedly the ablest of the Boer generals. "How you must hate Rhodes?" a burgher remarked to him. "Not at all," DeWet replied. "He tried to patch up matters as long as he could; but when things got to a head he sided with his own country, and I should have despised him if he had done otherwise. I, too, have sided with my country, and when it is all over I shall not mind shaking him by the hand." If this story be true, General DeWet possesses a magnanimity of soul which is in the highest degree admirable.

The *Halifax Herald* is well accustomed to the sound of big figures — millions is a word familiar to the eyes of its readers, but R. R. McLeod has knocked it out in the second round. McLeod's story of the world professes to go back 100,000,000 years, but the *Herald* got a buzzing in its ears at the sound of such figures and headed the article in this way: "R. R. McLeod begins his story of what the world was like hundreds of millions of years ago. No. 24." By the way, there are a few other humorous pieces besides McLeod's on the same page. But unconscious humour is ever the most enjoyable. Mr. McLeod takes the cake.

R. R. McLeod is on an interesting track at last. He is upon the history of gas. We never were so interested in his sayings before; for we had never hoped to see him start upon any line which could give us the faintest hope of ever being able to understand that peculiar unrest of spirit which displays itself in his fearful and wonderful periodical outbreaks in the press. Go on, Mr. McLeod, work it off. We are in sympathy with you now.

The *Acc Maria* reproduces from *The Casket* the account of the murder of Mgr. Fontosati. There were many like him in China, and many of them are no longer there. Neither did they leave it by any of the ordinary routes, favoured by the missionaries of the Protestant denomination. Of what avail can be the preaching of men who, when trouble and persecution come upon their flock seek first (and speedily) the United States and its glory, and leave their newly-fledged converts to stand or fall by their new faith alone and unsupported!

Latest among the tributes to the late Lord Chief Justice Russell, but worthy of quotation, as being perhaps the best and most valuable of all, is that of Mr. Edward Dicey in the *Fortnightly Review*:

One result of his religious training should fairly be noted. He was a man whose life had been passed amidst men of the world, belonging as a rule to a class among whom a certain freedom of speech is habitual. Yet, without any pretence of setting up a higher standard of morality than his associates, his conversation was at all times exceptionally free from offence. In as far as my observation went, the sort of stories told in club smoking rooms and at bar messes always met with a reception from Russell which did not encourage their repetition.

The *Saturday Evening Post* has an article with which we are in accord, on the lamentable lack of originality displayed by many of the authors whose books are popular just now. One case is cited, of a novel in which Abe Lincoln defends one of the characters in the story; and Jeff Davis fights a duel in another chapter. This introduction of the personalities, lives and acts of well-known characters of bygone days is interesting when not overdone; but the patching together of a story out of such materials gives no indication of power of literary initiative.

Says R. R. McLeod: "Of all the elements oxygen gas was the most plentiful and destined to play a wonderful part in the world-making and the life that would later come into its history." (italics ours.) As oxygen is essential to life, we presume he means by oxygen gas the gas that keeps the theory of evolution from disappearing from the view of tired hearers. If he means by "the life," etc., his own life, he is quite right in his last remark. "Gas" of the kind to which we have reference seems to have been destined indeed to play a great part in the life of the Sage of the Western Shore.

Across the withered fields sharp drives the rain  
The leaden sky is hung with clouds and gloom,  
Alas! how long the time ere spring again,  
Softens the skies, and ere the flowers shall bloom.  
Yet, murmur not of puddles small afraid,  
There was the flood, and, worse than that to know,  
"The world a liquid globe" (R. R. has said)  
Way back, a hundred million years ago.

Some correspondents of the *New York Sun* have revived the story of the Morgan tragedy. One of them, Mr. William L. Stone, whose letter appeared in the issue of Nov. 17th, says he had it from his friend, Charles H. Webster, of Binghampton, N. Y., who during his lifetime had been Master of several Masonic lodges both in Canada and the United States, and also a member, ex-officio, of the Grand Lodges of the State of New York, that Morgan was certainly murdered by Masons. The story of his death was told to Webster by one of those who helped to drown him. Webster remarked to Stone that it was a curious fact that not one of Morgan's murderers died a natural death. Mr. Stone thinks it would be very unfair to blame the Masonic fraternity as a body for complicity in this deed, but admits that it was owing to a misguided zeal for Mason-

ry that the deed was done. His own father, the late Col. Wm. L. Stone, of the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, narrowly escaped assassination on the streets of New York on two occasions, for having published, in 1832, a work in which he said that "Masonry should be abandoned, mainly because it has lost its usefulness." In view of these facts, we may be pardoned for entertaining the suspicion that certain grievous miscarriages of justice may have been due to a misguided zeal for Masonry, when judge and criminal were both members of the fraternity.

One of our American exchanges publishes under the conspicuous headline "Roberts a Failure," what purports to be "an extract from a letter written by a member of Plummer's British Rhodesia force who was captured by an escort," etc., "and which was received in Boston from a resident of Lorenzo Marques." "The letter states," says our exchange, "that it was forwarded at the request of a Boer official who wishes to throw some light upon affairs there." We often wondered where some of our exchanges got the fearful and wonderful accounts of the Boer war which grace (or disgrace!) their columns week by week. The Boer official who "wished to throw some light" has thrown it better than he knew. Such are the sources of inspiration eagerly sought by the tail-twisters. From a Boer official, via Lorenzo Marques and the United States! Oh, dear, oh, dear.

To papers which delight in publishing as incontrovertible facts such rot as is contained in the "extract" above referred to, the temperate and manly remarks of the *Freeman* of St. John, in its last issue, ought surely to appeal. The Irish-American editors, hate England how they will, are not lacking in brains, nor in power to discern the ridiculous.

"Every century," says the author of *The Poet at the Breakfast Table*, "is an overloaded ship which must sink at last with most of its cargo." In another month this century of ours will have sunk into the sea of time. To comparatively few is it given to witness the end of one century and the beginning of another. Great as is the number of those who are now living, they are but a handful when compared with the multitude, past all reckoning, who have been gathered to their fathers since the century began.

Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore  
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,  
And told our marvellous boyhood legends store,  
Of strange ventures happened by land or sea,  
How are they blotted from the things that be!  
How few, all weak and withered of their force,  
Wait, on the verge of dark eternity,  
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse  
To sweep them from our sight. Time rolls his ceaseless course.

If even the dying year forcibly reminds us of the transitory nature of earthly things, how much more is the dying century fitted to impress this solemn thought upon our minds!

The sudden death of Sir Arthur Sullivan, in London, last Thursday, reminds us that he and Mr. W. S. Gilbert have done more to provide innocent amusement for this generation than any other two men. Before the famous partnership was formed, the very name of comic opera carried with it a suggestion of more or less refined impropriety. Gilbert and Sullivan might well say "We have changed all that," for they gave to the world a series of operas farcically funny and exquisitely musical, yet containing not the slightest taint of impropriety. How far-reaching was their healthy influence, we may have some idea when we remember that "Pinafore" ran continuously for two years at one London theatre, the "Pirates of Penzance" for more than a year, "Patience" for twenty months, "Iolanthe" for more than a year, "Princess Ida" almost a year, "The Mikado" nearly two years, "Ruddigore" for ten months, "The Yeomen of the Guard," for fifteen months, and "The Gondoliers" for eighteen months. But Arthur Sullivan won fame in higher branches of his art than in comic opera.

Before "Pinafore" took England by storm in 1877, he had written and produced with great success several cantatas and oratorios. Unlike many great musicians, he was a man of most amiable disposition, and his genuine kindness of heart is well illustrated by an anecdote told by a member of the Savoy Theatre Company, writing in the *Saturday Evening Post*:

During the run of *Iolanthe*, the composer had left a fur-lined overcoat in the green-room of the theatre one night. The next night it was missing. Inquiry revealed no trace of it until, more than a week after, one of the "dressers" in a moment of remorse went straight to Mr. Sullivan and confessed to the theft. His wife had been ill and he had pawned the coat to pay the doctor's fee. With tears in his eyes, he offered Mr. Sullivan the pawn ticket, which called for two pounds. The composer merely laughed, fished out a five-pound Bank of England note from his pocket and said:

"Well, I'm sorry to trouble you, but I need that coat this cold weather. Go and get it for me, and you can keep the change to get the wife and baby some good, warm clothing."

In an article which first appeared in *The Catholic Citizen* and has since been copied into one or two of our Catholic exchanges, Miss M. T. Elder bawls, with a vehemence that at times is little short of hysterical, the lack of initiative displayed by American Catholics in philanthropic works and in the work of social reform. She is disgusted with the humdrum lives led by Catholics—their old-time and old-world way of joggling through life. She wants something out of the ordinary, something brand-new, up-to-date—something, in short, distinctively American. And she wants it at once, and "in the worst way."

"Are we never, never," she exclaims, "to find anything unmistakably American, Catholic, twentieth century?" Yes, we shall no doubt have lots of twentieth century things if we only have a little patience and wait till the new century is born and gets into its swaddling-clothes. In the meantime let us make sure that we are doing the old things well. Social reform is much needed, though Dr. Parkhurst is hardly a model for imitation in this sphere of activity, but social reform can be achieved only by reforming the individual. What is wanted most in this age and land, as indeed in every age and land, is not men who are willing to lead in the work of reforming others, but men who are ready to begin in earnest the work of reforming themselves. Get Catholics first to live up to their religion; to practice the simple and ordinary but necessary Christian virtues; to be chaste, truthful, honest, sober, industrious, law-abiding, God-fearing; to frequent the Sacraments and hear Mass on Sundays and holidays of obligation; and then, if you will, preach to them the gospel of philanthropy and altruism. "What doth the Lord require of thee, but do do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."—Mic. 6, 8. We are old-fashioned enough to believe it to be of immeasurably greater importance that the twentieth century Catholic should walk humbly with his God than that he should start a score of fresh air funds or pose Parkhurst-like before an admiring world as the pioneer of municipal reform clubs.

"In this great country of manhood's right, they are not the true rulers who from time to time gather in solemn conclave in federal or municipal council-hall, but they who from time to time crawl near the polling-booths and there deposit their ballots marked with the names of their chosen candidates—they are the true legislators, they are the rulers and the governors of the land." These are the words of a great American orator, and they present the great privilege of the public franchise in a manly and noble manner. Alas, that the manly and noble ideal should be departed from. Yet it is departed from. There are many, many men, in this land who are ready to sell this grand privilege, the highest privilege and the highest duty of citizenship, for a trifling sum of money.

The right of the franchise is a right which was slowly and grudgingly conceded to the people, in all countries. The right of the people to legislate for their own interests was, with great pain, patience and perseverance, drawn from unwilling sovereigns in the great charters of the rights of British subjects, and to-day we find this right lightly looked upon, lightly valued and lightly bought and sold, by the descendants of men who sought it and cherished it, and who exercised it with

reverence and gravity. Guarding the low lands of Holland there is a wall, without which, the ocean would flow in and destroy the homesteads and property of the people. This wall is carefully preserved, and the man who discovers a break or flaw in it and reports or repairs the same, is a hero among his fellow-citizens. We have in the franchise, the chief bulwark of our liberties, civil and religious. The tyranny of kings is in the past; but the day of tyranny is not yet gone by, nor will it ever pass. Of all the oppression the world has ever known, the worst and most to be dreaded, that which makes the deepest wounds upon a nation, is the oppression of self-seeking and unscrupulous men who seek, in all parties, and in all countries, to force themselves into high places. Against this danger, we have but one preventive power. We have, in our laws, extensive means of punishment after the wrong has been done. But one preventive power, and one alone exists, and that is the franchise. The man who sells his vote ought to have no vote to sell. The man who buys a vote is wholly unworthy of being voted for. The man who so little appreciates his privilege of having a voice in the affairs of his country does not deserve the other privileges of British citizenship nor the protection of the laws or of the flag. And the foolishness of selling one's vote! The deep, unutterable absurdity of it! What man would like to be called a slave? And what is the mark and sign of a free man? Is it not independence? No other term which one man can apply to another contains such a popular compliment as the term "independent." Where is the independence of the man who sells his vote? Yet, so widespread is the offence, both on the part of sellers and buyers, that but little sympathy is extended to those who attempt to do that which all good citizens should be glad to see done, namely, the enforcing of the laws against such offences. There are those who say that universal suffrage is a universal humbug, and, while we do not go so far, those who argue so are not without too many thousands of lamentable illustrations to set off their arguments.

### THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

As the annual collection for the Propagation of the Faith will be taken up in many of the churches of the diocese on the first or second Sunday of next month, it will not be out of place to remind our readers of the claims that this great work has upon them, and the merit they gain by giving according to their means to help it forward. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith has for its exclusive aim the carrying out of the command given to the Church by her Divine Founder to "teach all nations" and "preach the Gospel to every creature." As Our Lord was sent by His Father, so has He sent, and so does He send to this day, men into all the world to bear the light of His Gospel to them that sit in darkness, the glad tidings of salvation to them that dwell in the valley and in the shadow of death. Our missionaries throughout the world are doing to-day the very same work which the Apostles did in their day, the very same work which Our Lord Himself did while on earth and which He poured out His life's blood to render fruitful for all time. Surely this is a noble, a divine work, a work most dear to the Heart of Our Lord. Surely it must appeal to any one who has the least spark of love for Our Lord or of gratitude for His goodness and bounty. There can be nothing more meritorious than to contribute toward the carrying on of this great and holy work. And it is very difficult to see what lawful excuse any Christian can have for not helping to further it, if he has at all the means of doing so.

True, there are many calls upon Catholics; local and diocesan needs are pressing and have to be supplied. But, after all, the Propagation money is a trifle which nobody will miss. Any one who gives sixty cents a year, and adds the invocation, *Saint Francis Xavier, pray for us*, to the Our Father and Hail Mary of the morning and evening prayer, complies with the conditions of membership in the Association for the Propagation of the Faith. Our missionaries, men and women, by the hundred, in China, are giving their very lives for the Propagation of the Faith. Can we refuse to make, in the same holy cause, the trifling sacrifice required of us?

There will soon be 70,000 American soldiers in the Philippines.

All Souls' Day.

Grant them rest, for they are weary,
Waiting for thy promised light;
Grant them rest, O Lord, for dreary
Is their banishment in night.

England's Prosperity and Pauperism.

Rev. Bernard Father Vaughan, S. J., a brother of the Cardinal, delivered a remarkable address on the above topic at a bazaar, held in his vicinity recently. He said in part: As a citizen of Manchester no less than as a Catholic priest, it gave him the very greatest pleasure to be present and to witness the efforts which were being made to find accommodation for the Catholics of the district of Withington. He was one who believed that in the measure in which Catholics were true to their religion so they would be true to their country and so that the best way to make a good citizen of a Catholic was to make him a good Catholic first.

Goldwin Smith on the American Election.

The Bystander's readers may be sure that when he predicted the defeat of Bryan the wish was not farther to the thought. Bryan was sincere in his opposition to imperialism; he was sincere in his opposition to plutocracy, the dark shadow of whose domination begins to fall on Canada as well as on the United States.

On the other hand, when he was reminded of the great wealth of his country, he asked who were these great millionaires, who were these prince-merchants? Were they practising followers of Protestantism in this country? He thought that if Protestantism were to gather to itself only those who belonged to it they would find that the wealth was being gathered in by agnosticism on the one hand, and was claimed by Unitarianism on the other.

It was important for them to keep those things clearly before their minds, otherwise people began to judge of men's greatness by their position on the social ladder. It was well for them to remember that there were certain effects coming from spiritual and supernatural influences, and certain other effects from natural virtues. His countrymen might be proud, and could well boast of many of those virtues. They were industrious and thrifty, they knew how to make ends meet, and they knew, above all things, how to run in the race for money. We had good old traditions; we belonged to a great nation of shopkeepers, and we knew how to ring our coin upon the counter and how to get money out of everything. We were a prosperous people, but we must remember that the Egyptians, the Greeks, and, later, the Romans were prosperous people, and also that Dives was not quite so. Let them remember that success in this world might spell failure in the next, and that failure here, as in the case of Lazarus, might spell victory yonder.

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AGNES.

By H. M. Lushington, Author of "Rosary Gems," "Carita," etc.

(Continued from our last issue)

But as near to coming 'in' as you are too? queried Agnes with an arch smile. Helen shook her head, and Amy said getting rather red 'you must pray for Nurse Grant to night Agnes, she particularly asked me to request you to do so.'

Give her my love and tell her I hope we shall soon meet again in our real Home. A few directions to Helen, a very fervent kiss to her little cousin and Amy ran down to the carriage, leaving them together.

The first thing was to administer the nourishment Seton brought up and Helen was shocked at the weakness and emaciation which the moving Agnes revealed, and astonished at the sweet bright patience with which pain and effort were met. 'It is difficult sometimes not to want it to be all over' said Agnes gently in answer to some words of sympathy 'but God knows so much better than we do what is best for us, and He has been so good to me' she added clasping her thin hands and looking up at the Crucifix, 'in making Father a Catholic and giving my little sister to comfort mother.'

'You will try and sleep a little dear won't you?' said Helen.

'Oh! yes,' but I must say my prayers first—you won't mind if I say them aloud? I find it easier to attend. 'Say them just as you like best, and if there is anything you want read to you please tell me.'

Agnes smiled her thanks, took some Holy Water from the Benitier that hung by her side, and with a low, 'for Nurse Grant' said Pater, Ave and Gloria.

Helen listened with suspended breath: could it be? Surely, oh surely! those were the words that her lover had said, when he was dying, and his mother had declared were blasphemy.

Yes, she was certain of it, as they recurred several times in the child's prayers, and when she concluded with ten Glorias, Helen knew that they were the words he had continually repeated in sleep and delirium. Tenderly she kissed her little patient and scarcely daring yet to realize the hope that was springing up in her almost hitherto despairing heart sang her to sleep with a hymn, which she remembered Frank had liked her to sing 'O Paradise, O Paradise,' which Agnes told her was by a Catholic Priest.

Accustomed to strict self-forgetfulness where her patients were concerned, Helen, after kneeling to say her own prayers, and a long loving gaze on the crucifix, determinedly turned her thoughts from regrets and wonders of the past, took up a book from the table entitled 'Catholic Belief' and grew so interested in its perusal that she quite started when the clock struck one, and Agnes woke with a moan of pain. For the rest of the night she was wholly occupied with the poor child, who suffered terribly, but always sweetly and patiently, and Helen heard her whisper over and over again:

'Oh, my Jesus, I know 'that all is right, that seems most wrong, if it be Thy sweet Will,' then help me to be patient even to the end.' It was sad to have to give such a bad report to Mrs. Hatherton, when as Helen had promised, she went to her early the next morning, but here again, though the cross evidently weighed very heavily, there was patience and confidence in God. When Helen, after resigning her charge to Seton for the day, returned to the Institution, and found Amy waiting for her in the sitting room with breakfast on the table, her first exclamation was: 'If there is a true religion it must be the Catholic. That mother and child are nearly perfect.'

'I begin to think so too,' said Amy quietly 'particularly after watching Nurse Grant's happy Death. She passed away just as the Priest was giving her the Last Blessing, and with such a look of peace.' 'You had a trying night.' 'Yes, and have too many arrangements to make to rest at present, but you must go to bed at once. Will you be able to go to Agnes again to-night?'

'Oh yes, it is very good of you to trust me.'

CHAPTER III.

Three weeks had elapsed and still Agnes Hatherton lingered on, and Helen continued her devoted nurse. 'There is no real change, except that she is a little weaker?' enquired Father Vincent the devoted Priest under whom Helen had placed herself for instruction, at the special request of her little friend.

'No Father, I think not, only now the end might come at any time. 'I will come in and hear her confession this afternoon, and give her the Holy Viaticum to-morrow morning. You return there about noon don't you?'

'Yes, Father, Mrs. Hatherton is most kind in sending the carriage for me.'

'That reminds me, that I want to give you a very special warning my child' and he spoke most earnestly. 'I hope and believe you wish to be a Catholic from conviction, but neither you, or anyone else, I

think, could help being influenced by such people as the Hathertons, who glorify God by their lives of faithfulness to grace. If there were more Catholics like them, we should have more conversions to the Faith, but you must make up your mind not to be scandalized at the imperfections of Catholics, and to make allowances for the weakness of human nature.' 'I think I know too much of my own to be that,' said Helen humbly. 'Have you heard from Mrs. Beaumont yet?' asked the Priest kindly.

'No Father, not yet.'

'Patience and hope, my child.' I am trying to learn my little darling's motto, 'all is right that seems most wrong, if it be His sweet Will,' replied Helen with a sad little smile; 'but it is dreadful to think that if my hopes are fulfilled, and he died a Catholic, it was without the ministrations of a Priest.'

'That was not your fault, you would have procured them for him at any cost to yourself, would you not?'

'Indeed I would. It was the thought that he had died blaspheming that drove me to such despair.'

Helen had written to Mrs. Beaumont imploring her to tell her, if she had reason to think her son had died a Catholic. She found her answer on the table when she went back to the Institution. She carried it into her own little room, knelt before the crucifix Agnes had given her, for a short intense prayer for strength, and then opened and read her letter.

Mrs. Beaumont wrote, that she was surprised a 'Christian' like Helen could find any comfort in the idea that Frank had died a Catholic, but if she could she supposed she might. She was rather sorry now she had not told her the whole story from the first, and had insisted on her son also keeping silence on the subject of his first marriage. When he was quite young he had gone to Spain on business and had fallen desperately in love with a girl half Spanish, half English. The boy was quite infatuated and when the family insisted on his becoming a Catholic, he did so, married and lost his wife in three months from fever. He had it himself and with that and his grief turned queer and seemed to care for nothing and nobody till he met Helen, in whom he fancied a resemblance to his wife. She supposed Imelda, that was her name, had influenced him more than he thought, 'for you know how he hated 'Evangelichism' as he called it, and I found two of her prayer books in his desk when I came home the other day. I will send them to you if you like. Mr. Beaumont has to go to Lawton in a few days and will take them, only don't you be led away by them.' Helen was still intent upon her letter when the clock struck twelve and she heard the carriage, which the Hathertons always sent to fetch her. She felt still in a sort of dream, when she reached Lawton Square and walked quietly into the room, where Agnes lay as usual, in her little bed, but with the company today of Mrs. Hatherton and the white robed baby.

'Oh nurse, I am glad you are come in time to see mother and Ruth,' said Agnes in a stronger voice than she had spoken lately; 'is it not good of the doctor? he says they may often come now.'

'I am very glad, darling;' looking rather anxiously at Mildred Hatherton, and wondering if she understood what the permission implied. The glance of mingled sadness and resignation that answered her nearly unnerved her, but Mildred only said, as she stooped to kiss the invalid:

'I must take baby away now, my Agnes, but I will come back this evening. Did Father Vincent say if he was coming this afternoon, Nurse Helen?' turning to her.

'Yes, he asked me to tell Agnes he would come and hear her confession, and to-morrow;' she hesitated a little.

'Give me the Holy Viaticum,' said Agnes with a little smile, 'you see mother he thinks as you do that Saint Agnes will come and fetch me on our Feast.' The infant began to cry and gave Mildred the opportunity of hastily quitting the room.

Helen, after doing all she could for her patient sat down by the bed with her knitting. Agnes silently prayed for some time, and then remarked with a little sigh, 'our dear Lord has done so much for me, and I have done so little for Him.' 'You have carried your Cross patiently and bravely after Him, my darling, and you don't know all you have done for my soul.'

'Have I really helped you? Oh! Helen our Lord is too good to have let me such a poor little child help a soul, the purchase of His own most Precious Blood.'

'Indeed you have. I was in despair, with no faith, no hope, when I came to you, and now at least I desire to accept His Holy Will in all things.' 'Deo gratias!' murmured the child, then added 'I am afraid you will miss me a little.'

'Not a little, my precious one.'

'But love is stronger than death, and you will comfort dear mother. I should have liked to see father again, but His Will is best.'

'Will mother come soon, do you think Nurse Helen?' asked Agnes about ten o'clock that evening, as she recovered from what had been a rather severe fainting fit.

'I hope so,' replied Helen, who had been much surprised not to see Mrs. Hatherton sooner, and made anxious by the unusual stir in the house.

At that moment she entered, and something in her face made Agnes say joyfully, 'father is come, is he not mother?'

'Yes, darling, and if you will try to be calm, he will come to you at once, but he looks ill and altered.'

'I will try and be good' said the child simply, 'God has answered all my prayers, and I am grateful.'

It was touching to see the tall handsome soldier, white and worn with pain, his arm in a sling, lean tenderly over his little daughter, and say as he kissed her: 'my precious one, it is hard to let you go, but I am a Catholic now and am trying to learn your motto.'

CHAPTER IV.

Six days later Helen and Amy sat again together in the Institution parlour. Both were in mourning, though as Amy said it seemed almost wrong to wear black for Agnes. Her death had been as peaceful and beautiful as her life, and to-day she had been laid to rest in the country church yard about two miles off, and Helen felt her task was over. She and Amy had

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D. GRANT KIRK.

been received into the church together, and had made their first Communion at an early Mass said by Father Vincent for the repose of the soul of 'the dear child' though he owned that he could only think of her in her Saviour's arms. 'I never saw a purer or more matured soul for her age;' he remarked.

'You must have a thorough rest now' said Amy, 'I wonder whether I could get Miss Ferguson to take my place and take you abroad for a month.' 'I should like that;' said Helen gratefully, 'but I think I ought to tell you, that Father Vincent thinks I have a vocation and after a time I hope to join a nursing community.'

'Another result of Agnes's prayers;' said Amy a little ruefully; 'well I must not grudge you to what I am sure will be for your happiness. You are at peace now, are you not dear?' 'Yes, but oh! Amy, the more spiritual privileges I have, the sadder it seems that my poor Frank should have died without them. It must have been years since he had been to the Sacraments. Why didn't he ask for a priest? or did he do so when his mother insisted on being left alone with him, and how could she refuse him? When I think of it all sometimes I feel as if my heart would break.' 'It is terrible for you, my poor Helen, but don't you think God loved his soul even more than you did, and cannot you trust him in His holy keeping?'

There was a long silence and then Helen said humbly: 'you are right Amy, I ought to have learnt more trust from the Hatherton's example, and after the wonderful gift of this morning. Pray for me that the Will of God may be mine, and that I may really feel as well as say that 'all is right that seems most wrong, if it be His sweet Will.'

'If you please, Miss Anstruther, Mr. Beaumont is in the waiting room;' announced the neat waiting maid.

Helen descended, to find a small fair man awaiting her, with a shy uncertain manner, the very model of a henpecked husband she thought to herself. He shook hands, and subsiding into a chair began: 'My wife

thought you would like me to call, but I was afraid you might think it an intrusion.' 'No indeed;' said Helen warmly, 'I think it was most kind of you.'

'Well you see, I had these books to bring you, my wife hopes you won't like them.' 'But I shall, will you tell her please I have become a Catholic?'

'She will regret, but after all I don't think it makes much odds. Poor Frank was good enough I'm sure, and he was one. By-the-bye he has left you 500 pounds.'

'But that must have been, when we were engaged. I could not take it now.' 'Oh! yes. Indeed you must, he would have married you at once if you had been a Catholic. He told me so when he was dying.'

'And yet he died without a priest;' moaned Helen.

'Well, I suppose I may tell you now, he did not.' He gazed in utter bewilderment as Helen sprang to her feet, with clasped hands and streaming eyes.

'How? When?' she gasped.

'Do you remember the heart attack Mrs. Beaumont had the day before he died?' Well Helen did, and how angry she had been at having to leave Frank and attend to his mother. She nodded 'I was left in charge of poor Silverton and Father Heath called and asked to see him, and poor Frank begged so hard I could not say no, so I just let him in and kept guard in the dressing room. He came prepared to give him all the Sacraments so he said, and after he was gone Frank thanked me and said now he was ready for death, but I had better say nothing to his mother, and I have not but I could not help telling you.'

Helen thanked him, as well as she could for her tears, and the little man escaped as fast as he could, with fresh injunctions to say nothing to Mrs. Beaumont.

Helen fled to her room and her crucifix and there as she opened the prayer book the first words that met her eyes were,

All is right, that seems most wrong, if it be His sweet Will.—Faber, and she bowed her head and said, Amen.

[Concluded.]

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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, NOVEMBER 29.

The Calendar.

DATE.	FEAST.
50 Frid'y	St. Andrew, Apostle.
1 Sat'd'y	St. Dileasus, Confessor.
2 SUNDY	First Sunday of Advent.
3 Mon'y	St. Francis Xavier.
4 TUSDY	St. Peter Chrysologus.
5 WED'Y	Ferial or Yotive Office.
6 THUR'Y	St. Nicholas, Bishop.

PROTESTANTISM AND SUICIDE.

We are wont to take pride in the security from violence which human life enjoys at the present day as a proof of the superiority of our civilization to that of previous centuries when crimes against the person were more frequent. It would be a proof beyond all disputing, if the reason of this decrease of violence were that men recognized more clearly to-day than they did in previous ages of the world the sovereignty of God and our duties to our fellow men as being His children. But that this decrease of violence has not its foundation in a recognition of God's sovereignty, we are led to believe by observing that the growth of suicide keeps pace with what is called the progress of the world. There are many people who believe that one of the great factors, if not the greatest factor, in the progress of the last three hundred years, has been Protestantism. Their reasoning, put in a nutshell, runs thus: "Protestant nations are, as a rule, more wealthy, powerful and prosperous than Catholic nations; therefore Protestantism is a purer type of Christianity than Catholicism." This seems an unanswerable argument to most non-Catholics. Occasionally, however, we meet one who perceives its fallacy, a reviewer in the London Spectator, for example, who writes:

But we doubt the wisdom of dwelling upon the circumstance that money flows faster into Protestant than into Catholic pockets, and that Protestants know better than Catholics how to make themselves comfortable in the present world. It may be quite true that in Canada the great jobs, the industries, the commerce and the principal shops are in the hands of Protestants. But Catholics may with reason object that it would be more to the purpose to enquire which form of Christianity better promotes the virtues inculcated in the New Testament.

If it could be proved that Protestants are more honest and chaste, that they observe the Ten Commandments better than Catholics, the argument might have some force, for certainly the purer form of religion should show its influence in this way. At present, we shall take up one of the commandments only: "Thou shalt not kill," and try to see whether this command is better observed in Protestant countries than in Catholic countries. All Christian pulpits teach that suicide is a violation of this command. Outside of the pulpit, a lamentable uncertainty begins to prevail among Protestants, as to the precise guilt of the crime. And occasionally, even from the pulpit, a voice is heard, teaching no longer, as one having authority, that it is a breach of the law of God, but rather laying stress on the injury which it does to society. The preacher we have in view, one of the most distinguished Presbyterians in a great American city, no doubt believes that suicide is a sin, but he is very evidently afraid to tell his congregation this, lest they should turn away from him with, "This is a hard saying, who can bear it?" The educated Protestant layman now rarely goes the length of saying positively that suicide is murder. Goldwin Smith, for instance, wrote lately:

Suicide, where a man has any duties to perform, especially towards a wife and children, is manifestly criminal; otherwise it is easier, so far as the claims of human society are concerned, to show its folly than to say precisely in what its criminality consists, and to warrant any criminal treatment. Self-murder seems a term scarcely more rational than self-forgery or self-theft.

The thought implied in this last sentence is that man has the same dominion over his life that he has over his money, and can throw it away just as freely as he throws his money away, committing no sin thereby unless he has obligations towards others. Whence comes this horrible doctrine? It is begotten of the Protestant principle of "private judgment," which at first pretended to claim nothing more than independence of ecclesiastical control, but now openly maintains its right to independence of divine control. True, they still acknowledge that their is a law of God, but the acknowledgment is a mere matter of form, when each one reserves to him-

self the interpretation of that law. "Thou shalt not kill" is very plain. But the would-be suicide says: "That has nothing to do with my case. You can't kill yourself any more than you can steal from yourself. Stealing from yourself is not stealing at all; killing yourself is not murder at all." Is it not the merest farce to say that you recognize a law, and then interpret it in this fashion so as to leave yourself free to do what you please. But this is the way Protestantism has acted from the beginning. The words, "Thou shalt not kill," are plain enough, but not any plainer after all than the words "This is my body" or the words "He that marieth her that is put away committeth adultery," and we know how Protestantism has dealt with these words. It might be expected, then, that we should find statistics showing a larger number of suicides in Protestant than in Catholic countries, and such is the case. A Protestant clergyman writing for the Fortnightly Review of October 1886, said:

If a map of Europe were before us, shaded in proportion to the returns of known vice and crime, the darkest shadow would seem to rest exactly where the boast of intellectual light is greatest—in Saxony, the very shrine of modern culture, the fortress of "free thought." Most portentous of all is the bad pre-eminence of Saxony to suicide.

Eight years, later, in 1894, the latest European statistics which we have at hand showed Saxony, "the very shrine of modern culture," and Dr. Hayman might have added, "the cradle of the Reformation," still leading the whole world in the number of its suicides. A contrast between the Catholic and Protestant states of the German Empire made by the Deutsche Criminal Zeitung on the basis of the official statistics from 1875 to 1881, drew forth this remark from the Lutheran investigator: "From this table it may be calculated that in the Prussian state, with a purely evangelical population, if all other circumstances be alike, the number of suicides is three or four times greater than with a purely Catholic population." Switzerland, again, affords an interesting study. It is a land where education is very generally diffused, the land from which the theories of Froebel and Pestalozzi have gone forth to the world, the land which gave birth to Zwingli and a home to Calvin, a land to which Protestants are proud to point as an example of the prosperity with which heaven blesses those who cut themselves free from the Church of Rome. Some of the cantons are entirely, or almost entirely Protestant; others are Catholic; others are of mixed religion. Here are the figures per million inhabitants, drawn from the statistics of the years 1875-81:

Catholic suicides in Catholic cantons,	20
Protestant suicides in Protestant cantons,	62
Catholic suicides in Catholic cantons,	127
Protestant suicides in Catholic cantons,	245
Catholic suicides in Mixed cantons,	116
Protestant suicides in Mixed cantons,	390

From these figures, Father Alfred Young drew the following conclusions:

1. The Swiss Protestants commit 30 times as many suicides in their own cantons as Catholics do in theirs.
2. They commit only 10 times as many if they have strong Catholic influence about them.
3. But they commit 18 times as many where their own religion is equally strong with the Catholic.
4. Swiss Catholics commit 6 times more suicides where Protestant influence is strong than they do at home.
5. And 5 times as many where Protestant influence is equal to their own.

Coming to this side of the Atlantic, and taking up the statistics of the Montreal Life Insurance Company we find the general conclusion drawn by the Bulletin, a Toronto insurance journal, that "the report shows a very high rate of suicides in all countries except Mexico, where the rate was only 1.33 per cent of total deaths under 45 years, and .35 per cent of total deaths between 45 and 60 years." Protestants often point with scorn to Mexico, and say "Look at priest ridden Mexico, how unprogressive it is!" Well, progress is supposed to make the world a happier one to live in. How is it that in the highly progressive United States, from two to three times as many people holding insurance policies kill themselves before they reach 45, and from six to twelve times as many between 45 and 60, as kill themselves in Mexico? Possibly the influence of the priests has more to do with this than it has to do with commercial backwardness. We often hear it said that people are driven to suicide by misfortune. Well, Ireland has suffered more than any other European country in this century. Famine and plague have stalked from end to end of the Green Island more than once. Ireland's percentage of insanity has grown, and no wonder, but in the matter of suicide she stands almost at the foot of the list, only Spain below her—Ireland and Spain, two other much used "object lessons" in the misery and wretchedness consequent upon being priest ridden! While Saxony's rate of suicide is 31.1 and Switzerland's is 20.2 in a population of 100,000, Ireland's is only 1.7 and Spain's 1.4. The conclusion is not far to seek. Protestantism weakens the sense of the supernatural, weakens the grasp upon the great truths of religion. No Protestant preacher can speak "as one having authority;" every man has as good

a right to his own opinion as the minister. Outside the Catholic Church there is no invariable standard of right and wrong—hence the hesitation to pronounce suicide a crime. It is thought necessary to put in a saving clause, as the Chronicle, a Montreal insurance journal, does, when it says, speaking of the statistics compiled by the Mutual Life: "Suicide is not a pleasant subject to dwell upon. Yet this grim and ghastly record, compiled by only one company, is a shocking bit of evidence of the prevalence of the sin, if sin it always is, of self-destruction." The italics are ours. Goldwin Smith says: "It seems to be proved statistically that marriage is a safeguard against suicide, while divorce is especially productive of it." The Catholic Church is to-day the only great force which resists the divorce evil, and thereby she is putting a check on suicide. But she does more than this, she teaches with no uncertain voice that suicide is a crime; that any man of sound mind who takes his own life, is guilty of murder, and, dying unrepentant, will be punished for his crime in the everlasting fires of hell. And on the other hand, she consoles the sorrowful and suffering by the thought of the eternal joys awaiting those who follow the Master in the Way of the Cross. The Spaniard, Irishman, and Mexican, have hearts as sensitive to pain as any men on earth, but from their earliest youth they have been taught to remember that, "The sufferings of this world are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come," and that is the reason why they do not commit suicide.

Address by the Governor-General.

AT THE OPENING OF THE MACDONALD MANUAL TRAINING CLASS IN CONNECTION WITH THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS AT OTTAWA.

After a few words from the chairman, Lord Minto made the opening address:

"We all know," His Excellency said in part, "that the people of Canada are to be congratulated upon the splendid opportunities which exist for the education of their children. In a new country like the Dominion it is of the highest importance, as the national prosperity of the people must largely depend on the education given in the primary schools. In accordance with this view the study of books has been supplemented of late in the leading countries of the world by manual exercises and object lessons, since it has been found that such training tends immensely to develop faculties which are neglected when the education is chiefly of a receptive character. It is with profound pleasure and keen expectations that we welcome to this noble and useful work the instructors who have come to us from Great Britain and the United States.

"But I would ask you to understand that manual training does not aim at preparing the pupils to earn their living through manual work, although it does help them in that most honourable and laudable purpose after they take up their life work, whatever it might be.

"Sir Wm. McDonald has certainly added another magnificent gift to those he has already conferred upon Canada, and we may truly say that his plan is one of high statesmanship in its methods and endowments.

"If I may be allowed to refer to one thing which the Macdonald Manual Training Fund does not provide for, it will be rather to suggest what some like minded benefactor may do for the girls, than to imply that Sir William's benefaction is not complete in itself."

The Chinese Puzzle.

Sir Robert Hart, Director of Customs in China, says the customs receipts for August of this year are almost a million of taels (\$1,400,000) behind August of last year, and are still decreasing so that Chinese trade may be said to be almost destroyed. It is thought now that the execution of officials implicated in the massacres of Pao-Ting-Fu was a blunder, for their countrymen now regard them as martyrs and their execution as an act of European treachery, since they had surrendered by or for their own Peace Commissioners. Moreover, the American missionaries have denounced the German soldiers as having outraged women and done other horrible things when on these punitive expeditions. \$10,000, the first instalment of the damages claimed by the United States for the destruction of the missions in Canton district, has been paid. With reference to the statement that there will be no peace in China until the Empress Dowager is imprisoned or banished, it must be noted that the Powers cannot do this without declaring war on China, as the Empress since the Palace Revolution of 1898 has been the official head of the State as Regent for her nephew the Emperor Kioang-Su. As to her refusal to return to Peking, this is not surprising, seeing that the International Commission of Foreign Ambassadors have acted as accusers, judges and executioners at once. The Russian military authorities now announce that the order for handing over the railroad to its British owners has been rescinded. The United States believes that the ministers at Peking have failed to bring about any settlement, and has sent a circular note to the Powers asking them to offer China easier terms, not demanding such a heavy indemnity nor asking her to punish officials like Tung Fu Hsiang whom she dare not punish. The London Times commenting on this says the United States has all along been the chief obstacle to the ministers at Peking coming to an agreement, and that the speech of Wu Ting Fang, Chinese Minister to Washington in Cincinnati last Friday, in which he said that America would get special commercial privileges in China for her friendly conduct, was disgraceful.—To add to the other difficulties, there is a report of a terrible famine in the province of Shensi.

XMAS PRESENTS, XMAS GOODS, AT C. J. McDONALD'S.

A. KIRK & CO.

Beg to announce the completion of their Fall Stock.

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



We have a magnificent range of Ladies' Coats & Jackets, Golf, Shawl, Misses Reefers Etc. LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S FURS IN GREAT VARIETY. Ladies' Coats in COON, AUSTRALIAN COON, FRENCH SEAL, ASTRIKAN and



STORM COLLAR

and Collars. Caperines, Ruffs & Boas.



CENTURY

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

BOOTS and SHOES.



The Latest Shape. A comfortable and handsome shoe, up-to-date in every way, is the Queen Quality, "Maanish" model. SEE THAT THIS Queen Quality IS BRANDED ON EVERY SHOE.

To our already large range of Boots and Shoes we have added the celebrated American shoe for women.

"Queen Quality"

and would ask the special attention of the ladies to this fine shoe.

DRESS GOODS.

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

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

SLEIGH ROBES. If you want a Sleigh Robe be sure and see our new Assiniboine Robe also the Assiniboine Coat.

Our usual stock of Fresh Groceries always on hand.

Miss Gough has arrived and has opened up the Millinery Department with a fine display of up-to-date Fall Millinery. The universal satisfaction she gave last season is sufficient guarantee that all who patronize her will be pleased.

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

General News.

A Chesapeake and Ohio train went through a bridge damaged by floods near Charleston, West Virginia, on Nov. 25, and it is thought 200 people were killed.

R. G. Heid's steamer Effe was lost in a snowstorm in the Strait of Belle Isle on Nov. 18, and the crew of thirty had a terrible experience before getting ashore.

The SS. Monkshaven, the first to carry cargo from the inland lakes to Europe, arrived at Montreal a few days ago from Conneaut Harbor, Ohio, with 750 tons of steel.

The Italian Government has offered a reward of \$40,000 for the capture, living or dead, of the brigand Mussolino, who killed a judge, seven jurymen and all the witnesses against him in a murder trial.

The republic of Colombia, South America, is having a revolution. The government is hard pushed by the rebels. It was reported that the government had seized a British steamer on Nov. 19.

The betrothal of Prince Louis Napoleon, son of the late Prince Jerome, and an officer in the Russian army, to the Grand Duchess Helene, cousin of the Czar, will strengthen the Bonapartist cause in France.

A new Canadian Route was opened on Nov. 17 by the sailing of the Leyland liner Albanian from Quebec for Liverpool with 200,000 bushels of western grain. The company hopes to ship ten million bushels next year and twice that the following year.

Lord Wolseley is offended with Lord Salisbury's reference to him in the Guildhall speech, and will not wait till Roberts gets home before resigning. When he is no longer Commander-in-Chief it is thought that he will make revelations showing who is responsible for the unpreparedness of the army.

There is prospect of a Shipping Subsidy Bill being passed to revive the American merchant marine. At present the U. S. pays \$300,000,000 a year to British ships for carrying her goods. The decay of American shipping is largely owing to the higher wages demanded by American sailors and officers.

The Admiralty Court gave judgment on November 20 against the Cunarder Campania for sinking the bark Embleton in the Irish Sea last June, when eleven of the bark's crew were drowned. The steamer's speed is found to have been too great in a fog. The Company will appeal.

After many years before an arbitration court, the case of the Delagoa Bay Railway Co. has been settled. On Nov. 21, at the Bank of England, Portugal paid \$5,000,000 to the company, composed of English and American capitalists, for seizing the railway from Lorenzo Marques to Pretoria in 1890. The seizure was made on the ground that the Company had forfeited its rights by not completing the road at the specified time.

In the Reichstag, on Nov. 20, the leader of the Social Democrats strongly condemned the Emperor's "no quarter" speech to his soldiers departing for China. Chancellor Von Buelow, who is believed to have replaced Prince Hohenthohe because the latter was not perfectly in sympathy with the Emperor's Chinese policy, defended the speech as being the extemporaneous words of a soldier to soldiers. He denied that Germany had forced the allies to accept Von Waldersee as commander-in-chief.

Another sad marine disaster occurred on Nov. 21 when the steamer St. Olaf, on her way to Quebec, struck on Boule Island at the entrance of Seven Islands Harbour, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, and became a total wreck. The passengers and crew, 26 in number, all reached shore, it is believed, only to perish of exposure. The body of one lady passenger has been found and the others are thought to be lying under three feet of snow. The St. Olaf ran for several years between Picton and the Magdalen Islands. Capt. Lemaitre had been engaged in the river and gulf service for thirty years and was considered an excellent sailor.

A tornado in Southern Mississippi on Nov. 20 destroyed a number of houses and injured twenty persons. Similar storms swept over Texas, Arkansas and Tennessee. In the last named State thirty-three persons were killed. The storm did \$200,000 damage in Colorado City and Springs on Nov. 21. It struck western New York on the same day, and Buffalo, Utica, Schenectady and other places suffered. It was the worst storm for ten years, the damage amounting to \$500,000. It reached Montreal the same day and blew down the rear wall of the new Theatre Francaise upon a tenement occupied by seven families. A man, a woman, and two children were killed and several persons seriously injured. In Ottawa the gale blew down the wall of a forge, killing two persons.

Guerrilla fighting still continues in South Africa. The "Buff's" (East Kent Regiment) were surprised near Balmoral on Nov. 19, and lost six killed, five wounded

and thirty prisoners. It was reported in London on Tuesday last that French was chased by Botha from Middleburg to Standerton and got through the neck in the mountains by the skin of his teeth. The 200,000 British soldiers seem as yet unable to subdue the Boers. Some correspondents say that a new six months' campaign is beginning with the approach of the South African summer, and the Orange River Colony will have to be reconquered. It is believed that Kitchener who is now in chief command will employ the reconcentrado method ordering all the inhabitants to gather in certain districts and devastating all the country outside these districts. Lord Roberts was thrown from his horse on Nov. 18 and badly shaken, but not hurt. Capitalists do not believe South Africa will be able to pay more than one-third of the cost of the war.

President Kruger arrived at Marveilles on Thursday last and was given a great reception. He made a speech from the balcony of his hotel saying the Boers would never surrender. When the procession was passing another hotel some English guests refused to uncover, and threw coppers into the crowd. The mob then tried to break into the hotel but were barricaded out. The Englishmen were sent out through back doors and driven quickly through side streets to their steamers. The Mayor visited Kruger and read him an address expressing the hope that a peaceful solution might be reached according to the written laws of nations and the unwritten laws of humanity. Kruger's journey from Marseilles to Paris was a triumphal progress. He got a magnificent welcome in the capital on last Saturday. English papers express regret rather than displeasure and say that the French people as a whole have acted with self restraint. It is thought that on his arrival at the Hague, Kruger will ask for mediation of the Powers, and will make public documents showing the secrets of the war. If unsuccessful he will return to the Transvaal.

The huge barn of R. W. Kinsman & Co. at Canning, N. S., probably the largest barn in the Dominion, was burned last Thursday, together with 83 cattle, 10 horses, 85 pigs, 2,000 bushels of turnips, 600 bbls. potatoes and 300 tons hay. Value \$20,000. Insurance \$9,000.

R. C. Hamilton, of the Picton Canadian, had a close call last Saturday when a 32 calibre bullet crashed through his office window and passed close to his head. A man named Johnston of Westville has been arrested.

There was some talk of the young P. E. Islander, Ernest Munn, whose body was found lying on the track in Picton railway yard one day last week, having been murdered, but nothing that would lead to this belief has come out at the coroner's inquest.

Personals.

Mr. P. S. Archibald, of Moncton, was in Town on Tuesday.

Mr. Jamieson, barrister, Port Hood, was in Town yesterday.

Mr. H. H. Crerar, and family have moved to Town for the winter. They will reside on Church Street.

Very Rev. Dr. Quinan's condition is reported to have greatly improved since our last issue. He is now able to sit up.

Resolution of Condolence.

At the regular meeting of Branch No. 189, C. M. B. A., held in the C. M. B. A. Hall, Sydney, Nov. 6th, 1900, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, it has pleased God to call to his eternal reward our esteemed brother, Chancellor Dr. M. A. McDonald; be it therefore

Resolved,—That we, the members of Branch 189, C. M. B. A., hereby tender the widow and friends of our deceased brother our deep and heartfelt sympathy in their sad affliction;

Further Resolved,—That the Charter of this Branch be draped in mourning for a period of sixty days; that these resolutions

be inserted in the minutes of the Branch, and that a copy be sent to Mrs. McDonald, to the Canadian and to THE CASKET.

In behalf of the Branch,  
D. K. McINTYRE, } Committee  
J. G. YOUNG, }  
Sydney, C. S., Nov. 19, 1900.

DIED.

MACKINNON.—At Afton, on Friday morning, 19th inst., John A. Mackinnon, aged 81 years. He leaves two sons and one daughter to mourn the loss of a good father.

McISAAC.—At Antigonish, on Wednesday 14th inst., Mrs. Elizabeth McIsaac, relict of the late Archibald McIsaac, of Antigonish, aged 71 years. She died consoled by all the rites of Holy Church. May her soul rest in peace!

TUPPER.—At Pomquet Chapel, on Monday, 26th inst., Maggie Tupper, daughter of Lawrence Tupper, aged 16 years and 3 months. She leaves fond parents, two brothers and three sisters to mourn the loss of a good daughter and sister. May her soul rest in peace.

McINNIS.—At Judique, Robert McInnis, Blacksmith, on the 7th of November—a fine type of an honest, hard-working, capable mechanic, held in high esteem not only as a man of sterling integrity, but also as a true practical Catholic. He was one of the famous McInnis' of Judique. Aged 86 years, and consoled and strengthened by the Sacraments of the Church, he peacefully passed away, to be followed by his good, virtuous wife, nee Rebecca Cameron, on the 11th November. May their souls rest in peace.

McRAE.—At St. Rose, Broad Cove, in the County of Inverness, on the 3rd day of November, of diphtheria, after a brief illness of three days, Ellen, the beloved wife of Peter McRae. The deceased was a native of the County of Antigonish, and was in life highly esteemed for her many Christian virtues. The bereft family has the sympathy of the community. She received the last rites of the Church. May her soul rest in peace!

Obituary.

A gloom of sadness settled over the little village of East Tracadie on the morning of the 11th inst. when the message spread around that death had summoned away from this "vale of tears" Mr. Frederick Benoit, one of the most esteemed and respected inhabitants of the community. Though he had been falling fast for some few weeks previous, and it was evident the inevitable end soon would be, yet the news of his expected demise was not received without a certain shock. Mr. Benoit had scarcely reached the meridian of old age, being only in his seventieth year. He died as he had lived a true and devoted Christian,—receiving all the rites and consolations that Our Holy Mother the Church administers to her dying children. He leaves a grief stricken widow, two daughters and an extensive circle of friends to mourn their loss.

There died at Judique, on the 20th Oct., Mrs. Stephen Graham, nee Ann Gillis, in her 50th year, after two years' illness, borne with resignation to the Divine Will. Ample prepared by a life of virtuous and exemplary conduct, the frequent reception of the Sacraments in life, she finally passed away, strengthened by the last holy rites of Mother Church. A kindly, sweet-tempered, charitable woman—a model in all the relations of life, first as a dutiful daughter, after as wife, mother, and neighbour, she is naturally very much missed by all who knew her, and they are many. Verily the late Mrs. S. Graham leaves an example for imitation. To mourn her she left a sorrowing husband—himself the very soul of honour and geniality—together with a large respectable family of nine sons, two daughters, and five grand-children, who all with the exception of two absent in Boston and one dead, attended her funeral. The heartfelt sympathy of the community for the bereaved husband and family was amply testified on the day of the funeral—the M. P. for the County, among others, being present to pay the last tribute of respect and esteem to the departed. May her soul rest in peace.

SENSATIONAL BARGAINS

—AT THE—

Mammoth Slaughter Sale . . . of Dry Goods

NOW GOING ON AT THE

WEST \* END \* WAREHOUSE

ALL MUST GO BEFORE THE END OF THE YEAR.

To clear the stock out quickly we will offer during the month of December the balance of our immense stock of

- Ladies' Dress Goods, Ladies' Cloth Jackets and Capes, Ladies' Fur Jackets and Capes, Ladies' Underwear, Ladies' Gloves and Hosiery, Ladies' Flannels, Tweeds, and all Cotton Goods.

- Men's and Boy's Clothing, Men's Underwear, Men's Shirts, Men's Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Rubbers and Overshoes.

- Furniture, Carpets, Comfortables, Quilts and Blankets, NOTHING RESERVED.

ALL -- ALL

Must be cleaned out before the first of January

This is a chance of a lifetime. Take advantage of it early before the lines are broken.

The month of December will be a RECORD BREAKER in the history of Dry Goods selling.

COME ONE, COME ALL.

To this great Carnival of Bargains which will close before the end of the year.

McCURDY & CO.

Our Big Stock

—OF— XMAS BAKING GOODS IS IN



- Raisins, Currants, Essences, Spices, Peels, Etc., Etc., Etc.

QUALITY THE BEST.

BONNER'S GROCERY.

# ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

## Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

*W. B. Wood*

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.



CURE SICK HEADACHE.

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

## New Custom Tailoring Shop.

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

MAIN and COLLEGE STS.,

next door to the Antigonish Bookstore.

Our long experience in selecting and making-up

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

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

## GRANT & CO.

### INDIGESTION Can be Cured.

Open Letter from a Prominent Clergyman.

MIDDLETON, N. S.

G. GATES, SON & CO.

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

### Invigorating Syrup.

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

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

Sold everywhere at 50 cts. per bottle.

## HARNESS.

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

H. D. McEACHERN.

Satisfaction Guaranteed. West End, Main Street, Antigonish.

## QUEEN HOTEL, ANTIGONISH.

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

GOOD DINING-ROOM FIRST-CLASS CUISINE. LARGE CLEAN BEDROOMS.

Restaurant in Conjunction.

Good stabling on the premises. JAMES BROADFOOT, Prop.

Antigonish, June 8, '98.

### Father O'Leary Describes Battles.

"I shall never forget," he said, "the night attack at Paardeberg or the scenes which followed—the search for the wounded and dying, the capture of the Boer position and the surrender of Cronje. Nor will I ever cease to remember the thrill that went through every Canadian as our battalion received the order 'Advance until you are fired on.'"

Our blood literally curdled and froze as we realized the significance and import of that command. For did it not mean a march into the very jaws of death, a leap into the mouth of the volcano of rifle fire which we knew awaited us not many paces away. 'Advance until you are fired on.' Thus read the order, and that order had to be obeyed.

"The pall of a South African night hung over us as we left our position and moved stealthily forward in the direction of the enemy. We had only a short distance to traverse, and in order that we might advance together, and while advancing receive the additional orders that might be given—for these you must remember were conveyed from one end of the line to the other by a press of the hand—we joined hands and fingers. Thus we kept in touch with one another. It was the last time, I regret to say, that many in our ranks were ever to clasp the hands of a fellow being.

"On we went in the thick darkness until all at once the chasm beneath us was transformed into a veritable infernal region. Fire belched forth as from a volcano, and the dark abyss became resonant with the cracks of the Mauser and the whiz of bullets, as the latter sought their living targets. My boys began to drop on every side. Some with wounds that would heal again, others with mortal injuries. Some were dead before they reached the ground. It seemed as if we all must fall in the face of that deadly hail. We tried to return the fire, but it was only when a Boer rifle spit forth its liquid flame lighting up the chasm for a brief moment, that we were able to locate the enemy. Their firing was rapid and incessant, and it seemed as if our gallant Canadian lads were to be doomed to almost certain annihilation.

"Then we received the order to lie down, and subsequently another to throw up trenches. How our boys did work then. Their little shovels seemed inspired, for in an incredibly short space of time the trenches were dug and we were into them. The Boer fire ceased at length, and then the engineers brought up a number of sand-bags and placed them on the top of the trenches, thus giving us extra shelter.

"Presently some of our number were ordered to retire, and I can tell you they lost no time in making the move.

Their hasty retreat was mistaken for a Boer advance by the Gordons, with the result that when they reached the latter's trenches, they fell upon the bayonets of the Highland troops. In the darkness, it was impossible to distinguish friend or foe, and that accounts for the deliberate bayoneting of the Canadians by the Gordons.

"We remained in our trenches by the river's side all night. When daylight dawned we could see the whites of the enemy's eyes. We were not fifty paces away.

"Presently the Boers realized the foolishness of further struggle, and a white flag went up in front of the Canadian lines. One of our officers stood up to indicate that it had been seen by us. Fearing treachery one of his superior officers ordered him to lie down until a definite move in our direction had been made by the party bearing the flag. The latter shortly afterwards disappeared behind the Boer trenches, but a moment later again emerged, still holding the flag. This time he stepped over the earthworks, and advanced towards our position. He was received by a Canadian officer to whom he said he wished to surrender with all his men. As the surrender was unconditional, the officer accepted it, and thus it was that the Canadians had the honour of receiving the first detachment of Cronje's men to surrender to the British forces on that memorable day.

"It was not very many moments before white flags were up in all directions. I myself counted 16. Presently we heard the command, 'Present arms,' addressed to the Gordons. Looking in the direction of the Highland trenches we saw Cronje advancing towards Lord Roberts, by whom he was received.

The surrender of his men, their reception by our troops, and their conveyance to Cape Town have already been sufficiently described in your columns by your correspondents. I will not weary you therefore, with a recital of these events."

In alluding to the fight at Majersfontein, where the Highland Brigade was so terribly cut up, Father O'Leary said that the catastrophe had been caused by a lack of knowledge of the Boer position. The British supposed the Boers to be in the kopjes, whereas they were in the valley below. They had occupied the kopjes in the daytime in order to deceive the British,

but at night had moved into the V-shaped trenches at the base of the hills. Methuen had ordered Wauchope to scale the position and take it, and he presuming the Boers to be still on the hills, had attempted to take these in that famous and disastrous night attack. In his effort to reach the hills, he had walked into the trap prepared by the Boers, with the result that his command was almost annihilated. "I went through the Black Watch lines the next day. I shall never forget the sight, nor the sobs of the gallant Highlanders. They cried like children. I passed one tent—it was empty. I asked where its occupants were. 'Out there,' said a voice by my side; 'out there,' lying stark and cold, and he pointed to the hills beyond. I went to another tent. One solitary Highlander was inside. 'Where are your mates?' I asked. 'Dead,' was the reply. 'All gone but me.' And the poor fellow buried his face in his hands and began to sob as if his heart would break. I went along a little further. I ran across a group of sturdy Highlanders. I commenced to talk to them. Presently, one threw up his hands and began to sob. 'Oh, to think of it,' he said, 'the Black Watch cut up and routed. The most famous regiment in the British service. For a hundred years in every fight and always victorious. And to think that yesterday, for the first time, in its history, its men were glad to turn their backs to the enemy and run for their lives. The anguish of the speaker was really pitiable and heart-stirring," said Father O'Leary.

In further referring to this engagement, the reverend gentleman said that the first contingent would undoubtedly have taken part therein had it not been for Col. Otter and Lord Methuen. It was at first intended to brigade the Canadians with the Black Watch, and for some days such an arrangement was regarded as a certainty. Lord Methuen, however was brought to realize what Col. Otter had all along believed, that the Canadians at that time were not in a position to be moved forward, and the arrangement was consequently cancelled for the simple reason that the Canadians were too raw to go to the front. A few weeks' hard work at Belmont, however, made the latter a very serviceable body, and they were at length attached to Smith-Dorrien's brigade.

Father O'Leary strongly criticizes the intelligence service of the British army. The maps supplied the army were wretched, he declares; in fact, they eventually had to be replaced by German maps, which were much more accurate. All the early defeats of the war were caused by the failure of the intelligence department to supply the army with reliable information.

Father O'Leary wears the helmet he wore during the whole of the South African campaign. It bears the marks of the Boer bullets, and thus testifies more eloquently than words to the great risks the gallant chaplain ran in his effort to perform his duty. The helmet, he said, was often used by him as a pillow. He also carries with him a small spade, such as were used by the Canadians in digging trenches, etc. It bears no less than six indentions, thus showing that it was struck by so many bullets. This was carried in front of the face during one of the charges.

At yesterday's reception one of the Montreal boys who was with the first contingent at Paardeberg, said to a *Star* reporter, as he pointed to Father O'Leary. "There stands a brick, I can tell you. He was the idol of the regiment. Many a time he's sat up with us all night around the camp fire, with the rain pelting down overhead, cracking jokes and making us forget our hardships. He was always in the thickest of the fight, and during the marches, when a lad would be almost falling from sheer fatigue, his was the hand that slapped him on the shoulder urging him onward and putting new vitality into the tired limbs and body.

"Father O'Leary, I can say in all truth, was the only officer of those sent to the front who won the universal respect and confidence of the men. He seemed to understand us all. Now that we are back, we have not, as you are doubtless aware, been sparing in our criticisms of our officers. We have found fault with all—Father O'Leary being the only exception. He is the one officer who has not been criticized. I am a Protestant myself, but the noble work of our Catholic chaplain makes me wish that I belonged to the Church of which he is such an able and humble representative."—*Montreal Star*.

Dora—I have my photo taken every three years. I think it is so interesting. Gracie—Gracious! Whatever do you do with them all?

I didn't know you ever had made a study of dialect. I never have, replied the author. Then how do you happen to fall into the way of writing it? Oh, I did that while learning to use the typewriter.

Don't you think a man—a real man—ought to acknowledge when he is in the wrong in an argument with his wife? Oh, I don't know. George never owns up, but he always goes and buys me something real nice and expensive.

### Starbuck on the Huguenots.

The French Calvinists or Huguenots are often held up as people worthy of admiration and deserving of sympathy. But the learned Protestant theologian, Dr. Starbuck, although he shows himself decidedly friendly to Calvinism, does not think the Huguenots quite so inoffensive as they are often described. In the *Sacred Heart Review* of Nov. 17, he writes thus of them:

"Certainly the Huguenots had not a thought of tolerating Catholicism, except under compulsion. As the Protestant Guizot tells us, when equally provoked, they were quite as ruthless in massacre as their Catholic countrymen, while they did the Catholic clergy to death with a slow relentlessness of torture quite equal to that of Chinese Boxers, something to which the Catholic massacres in France appear to have afforded no parallel."

Elsewhere in the same article he says: "Being at most one-fourth of the people, they murdered from 5,000 to 8,000 Catholics to the 35,000 murdered by the Catholics, St. Bartholomew's included. They massacred 3,000 monks with exquisite torment. They mutilated sacred images and pillaged sacred shrines innumerable throughout France; they burnt down monasteries, and violated tombs, and threw the bones of the mighty dead about the churches and the churchyards, and finally, with their greatest theologian, Theodore Beza, at their head, they destroyed the magnificent cathedral of Orleans."

The Massacre of Vassy is usually considered by non-Catholic writers as a set attack by the leader of the Catholic party, the Duke of Guise, upon a Huguenot congregation. It is to this massacre that they attribute the formal outbreak of the first civil war. Here is what Dr. Starbuck has to say of it:

"Now Guizot declares that he does not know whom to blame, while Fronde declares that the massacre was caused by the obstinate discourtesy of the Calvinists, first in having, with hardly mistakable purposes of provocation, built their temple, (not a barn) right alongside of the Catholic Church, and second, in their contemptuous refusal to comply with the Duke's courteous request that they would suspend their loud psalmody for a quarter of an hour until the Mass should be over. This refusal provoked some of the rude men-at-arms, and before the Duke knew what was going on, they had cut down some thirty or forty of the unarmed Protestants. Of the responsibility for this, Fronde absolutely acquits Guise himself."

Mrs. Dimpleton—My dear, it is being reported around that we owe everybody. Dashaway—And the worst of it is, it's true. So what are you going to do about it? Do? Why, we must correct such an impression immediately by giving an elaborate dinner party.

I can't have lost all my good looks, said Miss Shadyside, for I can still obtain a seat in a crowded street car. Oh, well, replied Miss Shadyside, you know the men will give seats to old age as well as to youthful beauty.

## The Wonderful Medicine IS A MAVELOUS HEALTH BUILDER.

## Paine's Celery Compound

The Tried and Trusted Remedy in Thousands of Canadian Homes.

ITS CURES ARE SPEEDY AND PERMANENT.

Users of Paine's Celery Compound soon recognize the important fact that the great medicine quickly regulates the bowels, clears the complexion and brightens eyes that before had a dull and jaundiced look. Another proof of the stimulating and invigorating power of Paine's Celery Compound, is its immediate effect on the pulse, which becomes firm, regular and full instead of uncertain and feeble.

Paine's Celery Compound liberally feeds the nerves, tissues and brain with the proper elements of nutrition, and thus saves countless men and women from chronic neuralgia, rheumatism, dyspepsia, insomnia and failing mental power. No remedy in the world is so rich in flesh-forming and energy-producing virtues as Paine's Celery Compound. Mr. C. B. Holman, 262 King Street, Hamilton, Ont., says:

"Being troubled with a cough, debility, and general depression of spirits, I used a number of medicines but received no benefit from them. I was then advised to use Paine's Celery Compound. I procured the preparation and began to use it with wonderful benefit. I am now convinced, after using several bottles of this unequalled medicine, that no other can compare with it in any respect. I am now a changed man; my health is renewed, depression of spirits gone, my appetite is good, and I can sleep well."

### Professional

MACÉCHEN & MACCABE  
Barristers at Law,  
Solicitors, : : :  
Notaries Public,  
Offices: McDonald's Block,  
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Real Estate bought and  
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OFFICE: ONE DOOR WEST  
KIRK'S GROCERY STORE  
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Joseph A. W.  
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,  
Agent for Lancashire Fire Assurance  
OFFICE: GREGORY'S BUILDING  
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GEO. TOWNSEND  
VETERINARY SURGEON  
NEW GLASGOW,  
Calls left with F. H. RANDALL,  
Antigonish.

## NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that in  
Act of the Dominion Parliament  
Victoria, Chapter 103 and Chapter  
name of

The Merchants Bank of  
will be changed to

"THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA"

From and after the  
Second day of January, 1911.

E. L. PEASE,  
General Manager.

Halifax, 1st Nov., 1900.

## CANNED GOODS NOW IN STOCK.

Tomatoes,	Sausages,
Peas, Corn,	Corned Beef,
String Beans,	Lunch Tongue
Pumpkins,	Ox Tongue,
Squash,	Chip Beef,
Apples,	Boneless Chick-
Peaches, Peas,	ken,
Plums,	Turkey,
Blueberries,	Duck,
Strawberries,	Potted Ham,
Raspberries,	Tongue,
Pineapple,	Beef,
Baked Beans,	Hare,
Vancamps Baked Beans	Vancamps
with Tomato Sauce	Soup,
Mackerel,	Hallibut,
Condensed Milk and Coffee	Salmon,
Oysters, Etc., Etc.	Finan Haddies,

## C. B. WHIDDEN & SON,

## ELECTION RESULTS

The following constituencies have sent representatives to our 1900 Classes—  
Nova Scotia,  
New Brunswick,  
Prince Edward Island,  
Quebec,  
Ontario,  
Newfoundland,  
Bermuda,  
Great Britain,  
Massachusetts,  
New York.

Maritime Business College,  
HALIFAX, N. S.  
Kaulbach & Schurman, Proprietors.

THE IMMENSE ADDITION TO THE

# LIBERAL RANKS ELECTIONS

Is far eclipsed by the Immense Reductions at

## McCURDY & CO.'S

Here you will every time save more than a day's wages on a Small Purchase. We are selling at unheard of Low Prices, as every line must go before January 1st, as then we are making a complete change in our business.

### Ladies' and Gentlemen's Waterproofs.

At this time of the year our bargains in waterproofs will be much appreciated. We offer them all at the following prices:

- Job line Men's Waterproofs, Former price, \$5.50, 6.25, 7.75, all go for \$2.95.
- Men's Tweed Waterproof Coats, All going at half price, brown and fancy colours. An \$ 8.50 coat for \$4.25. An 7.50 coat for 3.75. An 8.90 coat for 4.50. An 10.50 coat for 5.25. An 11.50 coat for 5.75.
- Men's black Paramalta Coats, checklined, all sizes, Former price \$2.90 now 1.90.
- Boys' Waterproofs, cape attached, in black, brown and navy, former prices, \$3.25, 3.50 & 3.80 to clear at \$1.75.
- Men's Waterproofs, cape attached, in navy only, former price \$8.25 now \$4.25.

### Men's Shirts AND Knitted Underwear.

Over 1600 top shirts to be sold less than cost. Here is where you get the bargains and no mistake.

- Black Sateen Shirts, former price, 50c. now 30c.
- Black Sateen Shirts, former price, 75c. now 45c.
- Black Sateen Shirts, former price, \$1.00 now 60c.
- White Dress Shirts, A splendid line for 35c. each.
- Heavy Top Shirts, We have a very large range of these goods, all sizes, the very newest goods at less than cost.

Men's Colored Laundry Shirts, with two collars, former price 65c. now 38 cents.

Men's Colored Laundry Shirts, former price 75c. now 45 cents.

Men's Colored Laundry Shirts, former price 1.00 now 55 cents.

### Hosiery and Gloves.

These are all just in from the old country and are all elegant goods, and less than cost.

### Boots and Shoes.

Our Boot and Shoe Department is full of new goods. Elegant lines both for ladies and gentlemen; all sizes, these go also at cost as well as every other line in our big store.

### Trunks. . . .

A big stock to dispose of at the following prices:

- Former Price, \$11.50, now \$6.50
- Former Price, 10.75, now 6.00
- Former Price, 5.50, now 3.90
- Former Price, 4.95, now 3.25
- Former Price, 4.15, now 2.90
- Former Price, 3.50, now 2.50
- Former Price, 2.40, now 1.75
- Former Price, 1.70, now 1.25

All our goods are plainly marked with the original price and the discount price, this in many instances is one-half the original and you will always see it marked in RED FIGURES.

Parties ordering from a distance, by mail, must include expressage with remittance, and their orders will be attended to as well as if present to make the selection.

Merchants who are prepared to pay cash will find this sale an excellent opportunity to stock up at less than wholesale prices.

Such bargains as we offer now have never been heard of in Eastern Nova Scotia, and any one who calls, will be at once convinced of this fact.

# McCURDY & CO.

West End Warehouse, Antigonish.

### Tweeds and Cloths

- Of all kinds for Men's and Boys' Suits. - -
- Grey and Mixed Tweeds, nice patterns, former price 40c now 25 cents.
- Dark Brown Mixed Tweed, former price 35c now 20 cents.
- Beautiful Dark Tweed Suitings, former price 75c now 50 cents.
- Mixed Tweed Suiting, former price 80 & 90c now 50c.
- Imported Tweeds, former price 1.00 & 1.10 now 60c
- Oxford Tweeds, fine quality, former price 95c now 55 cents.
- Navy Blue Serges, former price 25c now 17 cents.
- Navy Blue Serges, former price 55c now 35 cents.
- Double Width Blue and Black Corded Worsted Cloths, former price 1.15 now 65 cents.
- Double Width Corded Worsted, former price 1.35 now 85 cents.
- Double Width Worsted, former price 1.60 now 95 cents.
- Double Width Worsted, former price 2.25 now 1.25.
- Double Width Black Worsted, former price 2.50 now 1.50.
- Double Width Black Fine Worsted, former price 3.00 now 1.90.

### Furs. . . .

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fur Coats just in from the factory.

- Ladies' Fur Capes,
- Fur Ruffs,
- Fur Boas,
- Fur Collars,
- Fur Muffs.

We have a very large range in all these goods, and now is the time to get your choice at the big discount.

### Men's Vests.

Men's Tweed Vests, Former Prices, 90c. \$1.00, 1.10, 1.25, 1.40, 1.50, 1.75 and \$2.00, all this lot go at half price to clear.

### Carpets, AT HALF PRICE.

### 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 2.50.
- Ladies' Waterproofs, in Dark Colors, Former Prices, \$7 and 7.50, now \$3.75 and \$4.

### Furniture.

Housekeepers will never get a chance like this again to get Bedroom Suits, Lounges, Parlor Suits, Mattresses, Bedsteads, Etc., and nice wood chairs as low as 20 cents each.

### Mark Twain and the Green Reporter.

"I see that Mark Twain has returned after his long absence abroad," remarked an old newspaper reporter last night, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "but I am sorry to note that he has changed his mind about coming South to lecture. I hoped to have a chance to interview him, and, incidentally to thank him again for a big favour he did me a good many years ago. It was rather an odd experience," the old reporter went on. "I was young and green at the time, and had just secured a 'trial job' on a newspaper in Detroit, when Mr. Clemens came to the city to deliver a lecture. It so happened that all our best reporters were off that night on a local murder sensation, and the city editor called me up, very reluctantly, as I thought, and assigned me to have a talk with the great humorist. I had stepped out of the office but was still within earshot when the night editor came in. 'Who have you got on the Clemens interview?' I heard him ask. 'That new fellow,' the city editor replied. 'Oh Lord!' said the night editor. That brief remark filled me with mingled emotions, in which wrath, mortification and apprehension were present in about equal quantities. But it is also put me on my mettle, and I determined to get that interview or perish in the attempt. The city editor had said that he wanted something about a column long and 'very bright and snappy,' and while I was waiting at the hotel for Mr. Clemens to return from the opera house where he was speaking, I tried to frame in my mind a series of suggestive questions. I can't say I was particularly successful, and many a time in after years I have thought of the folly, not to say cruelty, of sending unexperienced boys on such errands and expecting anything like results. However that's neither here nor there. The fact is, I writhed and sweat blood, and by the time the night clerk told me that Mr. Clemens had just gone up the elevator, I was in a condition bordering on nervous prostration. 'I found the humorist standing before the fireplace,' continued the old reporter, 'smoking a briar pipe and attired in a suit of pajamas. His appearance startled me, for I didn't dream that he had had time to undress, and I promptly lost my few remaining shreds of self-possession. All my questions flew out of my brain like a scattering covey of quail, and absolutely the only thing I could think of asking him was how he liked the town. He looked at me quizzically. 'Considering that I arrived after dark,' he drawled, and was driven direct to the theatre and then direct to the hotel, my impressions are favourable. I think you have a very good quality of nights in Detroit,' he added after a pause; 'fully equal to the nights I have encountered anywhere.' That was a capital lead, but I was too badly rattled to take it. I stumbled through a few idiotic commonplaces, and realizing, evidently, that there was no use wasting any more fun on such a chump, he answered in weary monosyllables. In a few moments I gave up in despair. 'Now, don't make too much of this,' he remarked, as I started for the door, and while the caution was no doubt prompted by fear that I would write something phenomenally stupid, it had the effect of putting me suddenly at my ease. 'Don't worry about that, Mr. Clemens,' I replied; 'I'm not going to write anything at all except my resignation,' and thereupon I told him briefly the story of my assignment. As I had by that time fully determined to throw up my job and was no longer apprehensive, I suppose I told it easily and naturally. At any rate, his eyes twinkled, and when I came to the part about the night editor he threw back his head and roared with laughter. 'Hold on!' he exclaimed, when he caught his breath. 'We'll have to turn the tables on that fellow, sure! Just sit down there with your paper, and I'll see whether I can't dictate something.' I obeyed in a sort of a daze, and he began striding up and down the room, puffing his pipe and running his fingers through his long bushy hair. In half an hour he had given me a column nonologue about his experiences on the train coming in. The road was a notoriously ramshackle affair, and he 'roasted' it in his happiest vein. Now, you must cut that up into paragraphs,' he said, when he got through, 'and sling in a few questions here and there to make it look dialogic. Then I think you'll have about what you want. Tell those other fellows, as you go out, that I have gone to bed.' Those other fellows were two reporters from the rival sheets who had sent up their cards and were then cooling their heels in the corridor. I tried to thank him, but he cut me short, and I went away, walking on ambient air. When I turned in my copy the city editor nearly fell out of his chair. His astonishment pleased me more than a raise in salary, but I was a little disappointed in the demeanor of the night editor. I expected he would look shamed and remorseful, but he didn't. He merely remarked that appearances were deceptive, which I took as unkind. 'Did you ever tell them how you got the story?' asked one of the younger men who had been listening. 'No,' replied the old reporter, 'I never told. I let concealment, like the worm 't'he bud prey on my damask cheek. I had a good deal of cheek in those days,' he added thoughtfully, as he started downstairs.

### Militarism or Manhood.

"Glorification of the military spirit has become common enough of late, owing to nearly half a century of immunity from its horrors. The strenuous life has received more than its meed of praise from the splendid savage who, two years ago, became governor of the great State of New York. . . . I have spoken of Colonel Roosevelt as a 'splendid savage,' and I use the term advisedly. The Colonel of the Seventy-first New York is right when he says that the Rough Rider Governor furnishes one of the few instances of a soldier who, compelled to kill men in the discharge of his duty, has afterward boasted of it. This Roosevelt does in his account of the battle of San Juan, with all the in difference of a nature that loves carnage for its own sake. How different are the words of one of the bravest soldiers who ever held a sword—the peerless cavalry leader of the Grand Armee: 'My sweetest consolation, when I look back upon my career as a soldier, a general and a king, is that I never saw a man fall dead by my hand. It is not, of course, impossible that in so many charges, when I dashed my horse forward at the head of the squadrons, some pistol shots fired at random may have wounded or killed an enemy; but I have known nothing of the matter. If a man fell before me and by my hand, his image would be always present to my view, and would pursue me to the tomb.' (Marat, in a letter to Count Marbourg.)

The spirit of militarism develops an unconscious hypocrisy, tending to obscure the real distinction of the rights of the weaker. We wrate about "our rights" in the Philippines—"our right" to govern the Filipinos. Now, it must be admitted that however little amenable men are to reason, they are even less so to force. Then, why not send 65,000 missionaries, instead of soldiers, to persuade the Filipinos that it is our "right" to govern them, and that it is right for them to yield? The only reason we do not do so is because our talk of right in such connection is shameless cant.

These stirring words we quote from a manly, spirited paper entitled "Militarism or Manhood," published in the October, 1900, number of *The Arena*. The author justly denounces the corruption of the individual, and the consequent corruption of the nation, through the introduction of militarism. Its deadly work is going on among us, and the millions who are too blind to see it are stupidly led by the few who are so selfish to admit it, who desire rather a condition to which we are hastening, and of which the cartoonist has given us a picture which does not exceed the bounds of moderation.

In the form of a giant, tattooed with the dollar mark, and holding a lash in his hand, the Trusts and Expansion are personified. Cowering before the hideous monster is a poor, hunger-worn woman, to whose patched skirts two weazen-faced little girls cling in terror. Quoting Macbeth, the giant brutally bursts out: "Bring forth men children only."

And then the cartoonist adds for him the following: "Them girls ain't no good, no demand for 'em. Raise boys—boys for the army. Boys is the things; McKinley now wants them by the hundred thousand for the Philippines, and if re-elected he'll use up lots of 'em before he's through."—*Dominicana*.

## THE LEOPARD Cannot change his Spots NOR CAN THE BLACKS BE WASHED OUT THAT DIAMOND DYES PRODUCE.

Diamond Dye Blacks far surpass the blacks produced by other manufacturers of package dyes in richness, depth of colour and fastness.

Soap or strong sunshine will never fade Diamond Dye Blacks. There are three noted Diamond Dye Blacks—Fast Diamond Black for Wool, Fast Diamond Black for Cotton and Mixed Goods, and Fast Diamond Black for Silk and Feathers.

Don't risk your goods with the imitations that some dealers try to sell simply because the poor dyes pay larger profits than the Diamond Dyes. Ask for the Fast Diamond Dye Blacks and take no others. Money and time saved when the best are used.

The class was having lessons in natural history, and the teacher asked, Now, is there anybody here can tell me what a zebra is? Tommy—Yes, sir, I can. Teacher—

Mrs. Cobwigger—When men turn around in the street to look after a woman it shows that she has a pretty face. Cobwigger—That's so, my dear. And when women turn to look after her it shows that she has a pretty dress.

These aren't the kind of biscuits my mother used to make, he said. Oh, George, she faltered, on the verge of tears. Well, they're not! he repeated, emphatically. They're enough eight better. And then the sun came out again.

### Avoid Stimulants and Late Hours.

Senator Beveridge, in an article in the *Saturday Evening Post*, giving advice to young lawyers, says some things which may prove useful to people in other occupations as well. He says: Do not use narcotics. Even beware of coffee; it is one of the most powerful nerve and brain stimulants. The coffee habit is as easily formed and as remorseless as the alcohol habit. After a while, if excessively used, it produces its sure result. Your faculties have been sharpened by this intellectual emery wheel until the edge begins to crumble. There are lawyers in every town who, day by day and year by year, find that they have worked harder to understand a case or master a precedent than they did before. Whereas they formerly could get the point of a precedent by reading it over once, they must now read it over four or five times. You usually find them the victims of coffee. Do not work late at night. It is a fictitious clearness of mind that comes to the midnight toiler. This also grows into a habit. Conform to nature. Go to bed early. Get up early and do your fine and original work in the morning. It will be hard for you to form the habit, but after you have done it you will be amazed at the comparatively immense nervous power you possess in the morning hours.

Cigarette-Smoking is said to cause shortness of breath. If this is so, the remedy is, leave them off. But if the short breath comes from a cold or asthma, the remedy is Adams' Botanic Cough Balsam. 25c. all Druggists.

### Whiston's Commercial College

This long established, reliable and up-to-date Commercial Training School fully merits the confidence so long placed in it by the public, and continues to give the best instruction in Book keeping, Shorthand and Typewriting and kindred subjects also to supply business men with Book and Stenographers. There is an increasing demand for young men who can write shorthand, and we make a specialty of this branch, teaching the Ben Pitman, Isaac Pitman and Pennington systems. Our annual announcement for 1900-01 contains information respecting terms, etc., will be sent to any address on application to S. E. WHISTON, Principal, 90 Barrington St., Halifax.

## "GET BETTER" SAYS DR. SLOCUM

Get Rid of the Cough, Hacking, the Spitting the Wheezing.

### Special Advantages

Are Offered by Dr. Slocum to Those Who Desire a Permanent Cure of Consumption in any Form.

Good advice you say, but how can we do it? One remedy after another has been tried with improvement or hope of a cure. Quinine, Scrofulin, and all kinds of lung tonics have been a waste of money for unscrupulous traders who never intended to cure you. Dr. Slocum has made the cure of Consumption and Tuberculosis the study of his life, and thousands of men and women in all parts of Canada are testifying to the marvelous curative properties of the Slocum system. Dr. Slocum is ready willing to prove the efficacy of his treatment, has no hesitation in offering it to you or your friends ABSOLUTELY FREE. This is in order you may test the Slocum system and find yourself regarding its merits.

### FREE TREATMENT

You or your sick friends can have a FREE Cure of Consumption, simply write to THE SLOCUM CHEMICAL CO., Limited, 179 King St. West, Toronto, giving post office and express office address; the free medicine (The Slocum Cure) will promptly sent.

Persons in Canada, seeing Slocum's free of American papers will please send for sample the Toronto laboratories.

## SHERIFF'S SALE

1900, B. No. 540.

IN THE COUNTY COURT: for the District No. 1 Between THOMAS SOMERS Plaintiff and JOHN J. McNEILL Defendant To be sold at Public Auction by the Sheriff of the County of Antigonish, or his Deputy the Court House, in Antigonish, in County, on

FRIDAY, The 28th day of December, A. D. 1900.

AT 11 O'CLOCK IN THE FORENOON.

All the Estate, Right, Title, Interest, Profits and Demand, both at law and in equity which the above-named Defendant John J. McNeill had at the time of the recording of judgment herein or at any time since, of, upon or out of all that certain lot, piece or parcel of

## LAND,

situate, lying and being at Georgeville, in the County of Antigonish, and bounded as follows: On the North by lands of Donald McNeill; on the east by lands in possession of Roderick McDougall; on the south by lands of Angus McDonald (Lame); on the west by lands in possession of Alexander McDonald and William McPherson; containing 200 acres more or less—the same having been taken in execution at the suit of the above named plaintiff on a judgment in the above cause against the said Defendant recorded in the Registry of Deeds at Antigonish in said County for upwards of one year.

TERMS.—Ten per cent. deposit at time of sale, remainder on delivery of deed. DUNCAN D. CHISHOLM, Sheriff of Antigonish County. JOSEPH A. WALL, Solicitor of Plaintiff on Execution. Dated Antigonish, November 19, 1900.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Xmas Presents.—Miss C. J. McDonald.  
Notice.—Independent Order of Foresters.  
Men Wanted.—D. I. & S. Co.  
Xmas Photographs.—Waldren.  
The Biograph.—College Hall.  
Sensational Bargains.—McCurdy & Co.  
Xmas Baking Goods.—T. J. Bonner.  
Strayed Steer.—Duncan McDonald.  
Fat Sheep Wanted.—F. R. Trotter.  
Heifer Strayed.—John Garvie.

Local Items.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS on page 2.  
COKE was produced for the first time at Sydney on Nov. 21.

WILLIAM McDONALD (captain's son) Williams Point, has sold his farm to Donald McDonald of Thorburn, N. S.

THE SISTERS of Mt. St. Bernard intend holding a Christmas Tree at the convent on Tuesday afternoon and evening, Dec. 18th.

RECEIVED THIS WEEK, evaporated apricots, peaches and pears; also lemons, oranges, gravenstein apples and Almura grapes, at Bonner's.—adv.

THE ANNUAL BANQUET held by the Antigonish Highland Society in honor of St. Andrew will take place to-night at the Merrimac House.

A NUMBER of freight cars left the track near Mulgrave, yesterday, causing delay to all the trains. The accommodation from the east was delayed some six hours.

DR. GEO. H. COX, specialist in diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat, will be at the "Merrimac" on Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday morning, Dec. 4th and 5th.

THE BRIGANTINE ORA sold her cargo of cattle at St. John's, Nfld., on Monday. This, as was previously stated, is the last shipment of the season from this County to St. John's.

A. C. BERTRAM, of the N. S. Herald, and Capt. Farguhar, of Halifax, bought the Archibald wharf property at North Sydney last week for \$50,000. It was one of the largest deals ever made in Cape Breton.

THE Plant Line S. S. "Halifax" has resumed her old sailing hour, leaving Halifax Wednesday mornings at 7 a. m. Passengers arriving at Halifax on Tuesday evenings can obtain berth on steamer without charge.

McCURDY & Co. wish to thank their many customers who so promptly responded to their request for payment. There still remains a large number of unpaid accounts, which must be handed for collection without further notice.—adv.

IN SYDNEY, on Nov. 22, the Liberals selected Mayor McKenzie of North Sydney, and Neil J. Gillis, of Glace Bay; and the Conservatives, ex-Mayor McKinnon, of Sydney, and Henry McDonald, of Glace Bay, to run for the local seats vacated by Kendall and Johnson.

MUNICIPAL REVENUES.—We are requested to call the attention of ratepayers to Bye-law No. 10 of the Municipality. It provides that all Collectors of Rates who fail to apply on or before December 15th to a Justice of the Peace for warrants for those in arrears shall be responsible for all amounts uncollected.

FREIGHT TRAFFIC on the I. C. Railway between Truro and the Sydneys is again assuming large proportions, and will probably exceed in volume last winter's. Trains were moving in this vicinity on last Sunday, and twelve east-bound special freight trains passed through Antigonish between Sunday evening and Monday evening.

ON NEXT TUESDAY evening, at 8 o'clock, the C. M. B. A. will give at their hall, the second of their series of monthly entertainments. Dr. Cameron will be the lecturer, Mrs. McPherson, Miss Gough and Mrs. Cameron, accompanied by Miss McKinnon, will sing. Instrumental selections will be given by Angus Chisholm, Miss M. J. McIsaac, Messrs D. McGillivray, and D. McDonald.

IN OCTOBER the amount of milk shipped from Antigonish to Sydney was thirteen thousand pounds, and dealers at Sydney would gladly take twice that quantity were it to be had here. Truro and Stewiacke farmers are also supplying milk to this market. The farmers realized \$1.15 per hundred weight in November, and they will probably get \$1.25 per hundred in the winter months.

A. KIRK & Co. extend a cordial invitation to their lady friends to visit their corset department on the 4th, 5th, and 6th of December next, to meet Miss Kennedy, of New York, who will be here on these dates to demonstrate the excellence of the P. D. corset. The P. D. corsets have again been awarded the highest prize at the Paris Exhibition, 1900, against the competition of all the leading corset manufacturers of all countries. This goes to show the solid qualities of the article.—adv.

A RARE TREAT.—The mere announcement that the wonderful Biograph, the moving picture machine that was exhibited throughout Canada last winter for the Patriotic Fund, will visit our town should suffice to ensure crowded houses. This is the same machine that took Halifax and St. John by storm—in fact every city and town from Vancouver to Newfoundland, where the Biograph has been exhibited

has greeted it with crowded houses. The scenes are taken in all parts of the world and include, in addition to the numerous war and humorous views, three pictures of His Holiness Leo XIII taken in the Vatican gardens. Remember the dates—next Monday and Tuesday, December 3rd and 4th, at the College Hall.

TROOPER MCKENZIE, a native of Picou, and brother of Mrs. H. H. Crerar, of Morristown, Ant., at present with Kitchener's Horse in South Africa, has lately won two stripes, and is now a full corporal. A letter from him to his mother in Picou, says he, with other troopers, are principally engaged in chasing snipers. One of the first contingent, who recently arrived at his home in Sherbrook, Guys. Co., reports Trooper McKenzie in excellent health.

CATTLE.—The great scarcity of hay in this County, and the consequent increased cost of it, is causing farmers to dispose of large quantities of their stock. Numerous shipments are being made to the Halifax and Sydney markets. Last week upwards of 100 head were sent to the latter market. Sydney was glutted with beef at the end of the week, and the late shippers received poor prices. C. B. Whidden & Son, William Strople, Afton, and L. J. McEachren, Cape George, each shipped a carload to Halifax on Monday.

THE WINTER I. C. Railway time-table went into effect on Monday. The regular express from the east arrives at Antigonish at 12:33 (local time), and the east-bound express at 2:37. The fast express is still running, notwithstanding it is omitted from the time-table. Evidently the railway authorities intended to take the fast express off but gave way, for a time, to the demands from several quarters to continue it. The train is now running as a special, and how long it will continue is not known.

HYMENEAL.—On Sunday evening, at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Sydney Mines, Mr. John L. McIntyre, the popular Town Clerk of Sydney Mines, was united in marriage to Miss Mary McNeil. John J. McIntyre, cousin of the groom and Miss Minnie McPhee attended them at the important ceremony. On account of the recent death of the father of the groom, the wedding was very quiet, only the immediate friends of the contracting parties being present. Their numerous friends wish them a long life of married happiness.

CATTLE KILLED.—Three head of three-year old cattle were struck by an east-bound special freight train at Murphy's Mills crossing on Monday. Two of them were dragged along the track until the train was stopped, and were horribly mangled. The third was thrown aside by the cow-catcher, but suffered broken legs and other injuries, so that it was necessary to kill it. The cattle were owned by C. B. Whidden & Son, and were in charge of some young men who were driving them to Town from the North Grant. This crossing is without question the most dangerous in all Canada. High banks hide the approach of west-bound trains from view from the road until the train is almost on the crossing. No doubt, with the great increase in the number of trains, human life will also be destroyed at this point, if the railway people do not provide some safe-guards.

WANTED!

A GIRL to do general house work for small family in Halifax City. Good wages. Apply at once to MISS GOUGH, at A. Kirk & Co.'s.

WANTED!

Wanted on MONDAY and TUESDAY, Dec. 3rd and 4th, 500 FAT SHEEP and LAMBS. Cash Paid. No thin old Sheep or small poor Lambs taken. Apply to F. R. TROTTER, Antigonish.

STRAYED!

Strayed from the premises of the Subscriber in August last, a Yearling Steer, red and white, and two Yearling Heifers, colour red. Finder will please inform DUNCAN McDONALD, Williams Point.

NOTICE!

Strayed from the premises of the Subscriber last September, a Yearling Heifer, colour brindle, with two hind legs white, and part of tail white. Any person giving information of the same at this office or to the subscriber will be paid. JOHN GARVIE, Upper Ohio, Nov. 29, 1900.

MEN WANTED.

MEN WANTED for Marble Mountain Stone Quarries, Inverness Co., C. B.

WAGES, \$1.50 Per day and up,

Fare Down Refunded.

Apply at the Dominion Iron and Steel Co.'s Office, Marble Mountain.

MAKE A DEAD CERTAINTY OF YOUR XMAS PHOTOS

By setting between 4th and 8th December AT WALDREN'S.

AUCTION SALE.

To be sold at Public Auction, on the premises of the undersigned, on TUESDAY, DEC. 4th, 1900, AT 11 O'CLOCK, A. M., the following Live Stock:  
2 HOLSTEIN COWS.  
2 JERSEY COWS.  
2 AYRSHIRE COWS.  
6 YEARLINGS.  
6 CALVES.  
2 HEIFERS, 2 1/2 years old.  
2 STEERS, 2 1/2 years old.  
Terms: Ten months' credit on approved notes. DUNCAN GRANT, Back Road, Briley Brook.

DON'T MISS THE MODERN WORKER!

THE BIOGRAPH 50 War and Humorous Moving Pictures!

College Hall, Mon & Tues., 3 & 4th. Admission 25c. - Reserved 35c. Matinee Tuesday at 3.30.

AGENTS WANTED.

GOOD RELIABLE men to sell The Nova Scotia Fertilizer Co.'s fertilizers on commission. Apply to THE NOVA SCOTIA FERTILIZER CO., Halifax, N. S.

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 in the election of a suitable tenant for a term of years. Apply to C. C. GREGORY, Fernwood, Antigonish.

WALDREN'S Photo Studio.

GREGORY BUILDING, ANTIGONISH. XMAS PHOTOS!

Open all Day TUESDAY, - Dec. 4th, WEDNESDAY, " 5th, THURSDAY, " 6th, FRIDAY, " 7th, and SATURDAY, until noon.

LAST TRIP BEFORE CHRISTMAS. NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at the next session thereof by The Supreme Court of the Independent Order of Foresters for an Act:

1. Declaring that all the assets, interests, rights, credits, effects and property, real, personal and mixed, belonging to The Supreme Court of the Independent Order of Foresters, incorporated under the provisions of Chapter 167 of R. S. O., 1877 (the Provincial Corporation), were from and after the 2nd day of May, 1889, vested in the Supreme Court of the Independent Order of Foresters, incorporated by an Act of the Parliament of Canada, Chapter 104 of the Statutes of 1889 (the Dominion Corporation);
2. Declaring that members in the said Provincial Corporation, on the said 2nd day of May, 1889, became on the said date members in the said Dominion Corporation and subject to the Constitution and Laws of the said Dominion Corporation from time to time in force;
3. For the following and other amendments to its Act of Incorporation and Amending Act—  
(a) Amending Chapter 104 of the Statutes of 1889, Section 4, as amended by Chapter 51 of the Statutes of 1896, Section 1, in order to harmonize the said Section with Chapter 120 of the Ontario Statutes of 1896, by striking out the words "three hundred and fifty thousand dollars" in the third line of the said Section, and substituting in lieu thereof the words "in the whole at any one time the annual value of twenty thousand dollars."  
(b) Amending the said Chapter 104 of the Statutes of 1889, Section 6, by inserting after the words "or in the Provinces thereof" in the seventh line of the said Section the words "or in the securities specified in Section 59 of the Insurance Act."  
(c) Amending the said Chapter 51 of the Statutes of 1896, Section 4, sub-section 3, by inserting the words "or in the absence of the Supreme Chief Ranger, the Past Supreme Chief Ranger," after the words, "Supreme Chief Ranger" in the second line of the said sub-section.  
(d) Amending the said Chapter 51 of the Statutes of 1896, Section 4, sub-section 7, by substituting the words "this Fraternal Benefit Society" for the words "this Society" in the fifth line of the said sub-section.  
(e) Amending the said Chapter 51 of the Statutes of 1896, Section 4, sub-section 8, by substituting the words "Fraternal Benefit Society System" for the words "Assessment System," in the first line of the said sub-section.  
(f) Amending the said Chapter 51 of the Statutes of 1896, Section 10, by substituting the word "Taxes" for the words "Capitation Tax," in the second and tenth lines of the said Section.  
(g) Declaring the short title of The Supreme Court of the Independent Order of Foresters to be "The Independent Order of Foresters."

Dated at Toronto, this 29th day of November, 1900. JOHN A. MCGILLIVRAY, Q. C., Solicitor for the Applicant.

THE PALACE CLOTHING Great Discount Sale OF CLOTHING, FURNISHINGS, BOOTS and SHOES, RUBBERS, ETC.

At prices other dealers pay the manufacturer. Why? Because we buy right and for cash only, save all discounts. Our stock consists of - - -

MEN'S and BOYS' SEASONABLE SUITS, COATS, ULSTERS, REEFERS, PANTS, SHIRTS, UNDERWEAR, SWEATERS, HOSE, RAIN COATS, UMBRELLAS, GLOVES, MITTENS, TRUNKS, VALISES, BOOTS, SHOES, OVERSHOES, RUBBERS, in fact everything in our entire stock down. No sale equalling this.

It means big saving for every purchaser. All new, up-to-date mostly this year purchase. Not old shop-worn, moth-eaten stock been culled over and packed away year after year, then brought people and advertised as new, up-to-date goods. A visit to will prove more convincing facts than subtracted figures or words, don't be humbugged and buy awkward, old fashioned clothing you can get

Fresh, New and Stylish GOOD MUCH LOWER IN PRICE

At the up-to-date MENS' FIXINGS' STORE SATISFACTION ALWAYS GIVEN OR MONEY REFUNDED. MAIN STREET, - - - - ANTIGONISH

IT DON'T... Cost much to write us and get our Catalogue Terms and Prices on : : : : : Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines,

45 Barrington Street, Halifax, N. S.

\$5,000 WORTH OF READY-MADE CLOTHING BELOW COST FOR CASH

As I have made arrangements with manufacturers for a very heavy stock for next spring my present stock must be cleared out. Want of space forbids details. I may mention that I have

ULSTERS For \$3.00 former price \$3.75 former price \$5.75 former price

BLUE BLACK BEAVER OVERCOATS \$5.50, former price VESTS, 50cts BOYS PANTS, 50cts.

MENS WATERPROOF COATS, good quality, \$2.75, former price

J. S. O'BRIEN

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.

NOTICE.

The Annual Meeting of The Casket Printing and Publishing Company (Ltd.) will be held at the Casket Office on December 6th. J. S. O'BRIEN, Secretary.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after Monday Nov. 26, will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Accommodation for N. Glasgow and Express for Halifax, - - - - - Express for Sydney, - - - - - Accommodation for Mulgrave, - - - - -

All trains run by Eastern Standard Time. Twenty-four hour notation.

Vestibule sleeping and dining cars. Express trains between Montreal and time Provinces.

D. POTTS, General Manager. Moncton, N. B., Nov. 22, 1900