THE CASKET.

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A CATHOLIC JOURNAL NON-PARTISAN IN POLITICS.

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FORTY-NINTH YEAR.

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THE CASKET

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6.

When a seaman of Capt. Lemaistre's experience thought the season too late to make "one more trip " on the dangerous Lower St. Lawrence, it was little less than criminal for a steamship company to insist that the trip should be made.

The friendly reception recently accorded to the efforts of one of the parish priests of this diocese to dispel some of the illusions of our Protestant neighbours with regard to Catholic doctrine and teaching, is told of elsewhere in this

The German Chancellor defends his Imperial master's "no quarter," speech as being merely an extemporaneous address by a soldier to soldiers. But what if these off-hand words are the reason why German soldiers in China have done deeds more ruthless than any others of the allied troops ?

1 The Catholic Transcript remarks upon the fact that Catholics often discourage any formal attempt to bring their dissenting brethren within the influence of the Church. Says our contemporary

Seminary of Monareal deas not accept the wisdom of the well-worn saying. Within the last fourteen years he has instructed and received into the Church 1063 con-

The statement having been made by the friends of Trinity College, Dublin, that, for the last two hundred and forty years, Parliament has given the College nothing. Archbishop Walsh calls attention to the Act of 1801, confirmed by another Act in 1814, under which Trinity College is entitled to a copy of every book published in the United Kingdom and entered at Stationer's Hall. This valuable privilege was at one time granted to the four Scottish Universities also, but alterwards withdrawn.

The tragic death of Very Rev. John E. Barry, of Concord, N. H., mentioned in our news columns two weeks ago, called forth expressions of regret from every Protestant pulpit in Concord. In some of the churches the loss was referred to in prayer; in others short addresses were made. In the First Unitarian Church, the entire service was a memorial for Father Barry. It is thought that 2,000 Protestants, the Governor of the State among the number, went to view the body while it lay in state in St. John's Church. During the funeral, all business was suspended, and the city council, and the pastors of the twelve Protestant churches all attended the obsequies. Such is the esteem which a good man may win by simply doing his duty.

The Catholic Telegraph, dwelling on the reflections induced by the falling of the year, says ;

Man fades apace with the fields. He. too, has his seasons of youth, prime and old age. In each of these periods he must lay up stores for the next, even to the last stage, if in the long eternity he would be

Of course. "Can a man reap grapes of thorns or figs of thistles ?" Many men Ty to do so. At least, they lay up thorns ad thistles in the working-time of their es, to balk and worry them in their ore mature years. That is, supposing they ever experience maturity. " Mature" is hardly the word whereby to describe the age of those who preserve or resenscitate the follies, and worse than follies, of youth, when they are old.

who are planting thorns and thistles as industriously as any young idiot. There is no fool like an old fool.

We cannot agree, in all that it involves, with the sweeping comment of a contemporary upon the fact that the man who stole \$700,000.00 from a New York Bank is the son of a man who stole \$100,000.00. "Like father like son" is the broad statement of our contemporary. We hope not. Indeed, the statement requires to be greatly qualified. Heredity is a powerful force, no doubt, but, if Alvord Senior did this theft under the influence of an independent temptation and not through inherent natural inclination to theft, there is no reason to suppose that heredity had anything to do with the crime of his son. It is well-known that sons of honest men - of honest stock, turn out to be secundrels; so the conclusion is by no means inevitable. We do do not belittle the force of hereditary tendency, but one needs to be careful not to sweepingly condemn all those whose family history may have a dark chapter. There are vices, - that of drunkenness amongst others - which seems peculiarly likely to be transmitted from father to son. But to generalize in such matters is wrong and unfair.

While giving his magnificent panoramic view of "A Century of Catholicism," in the October number of the Catholic University Bullitin, Dr. Shahan remarks, 'It was withthe co-operation of the (British) Government that the Catholic hierarchywas established in India in 1886," and "There are good reasons to hope for a regular progress of the Church (in India) under the protection of the common law. That progress will be extinguished the day that Russia sets up her standard of authority in India, for between its Byzantine violence and arrogance and the fair play of a great democracy there can be only one choice for the Catholic The Rev. Martin Callaghan of the Grand | Church." This prompts him to enquire, "Can any Catholic desire to see the influence of Russia grow in China and India, when her first act of power will be to exclude every Roman Catholic missionary? "Yes, Doctor, there are Catholics, editors of Catholic papers, who can and do desire to see the influence of Russia grow in India and China, if it will only destroy or check the influence of Britain. In order to justify themselves, they are juggling with statistics in the hope of making it appear that Catholicism has not flourished under the Union Jack. We hope they will read your article and reflect seriously upon it, for they must surely know that you are no blind lover of British institutions, that you are as thoroughly American, and at the same time as true-hearted in your love for Ireland as any of themselves, while a very small portion of humility will make them acknowledge that your insight into the things which make for the progress of the Church is immeasurably deeper and keener than their own.

> Dr. J. D. M. Ford, of Harvard, says the Sacred Heart Review, in a recent address to, the Catholic Young Men's Association of St. Patrick's Church, Roxbury, advised them not to enter too deeply into politics. The evils which he pointed out, however, arise, we think, from Catholic laymen who go into politics allowing themselves to forget their Catholic principles, rather than from any danger inherent in political life itself. It is but too true that Catholics often out-Herod the Herods of public life. But what is to ennoble and purify political life, if men of high principles cannot enter it without leaving those principles by the way? It is a fact, which journalists and speakers of thoughtful tendencies are every day bewailing, that under representative institutions, bad men struggle to the top and good men watch them do so with scarcely a word of protest. Nay, more, men who are naturally well-wishers of good and right yield to the influence of their surroundings and become the abettors or tools of the unscrupulous until they finally adopt in its entirety the abominable doctrine that all is fair in war or politics. We confess that we cannot see how such dangerous public tendencies are to be offset or overcome

politics. A leading American journal states that the recent election in the United States was marked by the abstention from active participation of the best men in the country. There is no doubt that the ability and high principles which stamped the founders of the American nation have been inherited by their descendants, that these characteristics are possessed by numbers of citizens to-day. If politics is become a disreputable profession, whose is the fault? And is the condition to be in any way improved by discouraging men of honour from taking part in the public affairs of their country

I have destroyed over two thousand barns filled with wheat and hay and farming impliments, over seventy mills filled with flour and wheat, have driven in front of this army four herd of stock, and have killed and issued to the troops not less than three thousand sheep. Lieut. John R. Meigs, my engineer officer, was murdered beyond Harrisonburg, near Dayton. For this atrocious act all the houses within an area of five miles were burned.

The above is not a portion of one of the latest despatches from Lord Roberts. It is dated "Woodstock, Va., Oct. 7, 1864"; is addressed to Lieut, General U. S. Grant, and signed "P. H. Sheridan, Major-General." What have our American exchanges got to say to it? They will say, of course, that it was very sad, but only the inevitable horrors of war. Was Sheridan condemned to execration for thus devastating the State of Virginia? If not, why is Roberts thus treated for pursuing a similar policy in the Transvaal | But Sheridan was fighting in a just cause, and Roberts in an unjust one. That is an American point of view. We fancy we can take a more impartial view of both of these wars. We are glad that the North won in the Civil War, yet we believe that Virginia's right to secede from the Union was as sacred a principle to Robert Lee and Stonewall Jackson, as the Transvaal's independence is to Christian Dewet and Louis Botha. We believe that the cause of the South was a just cause to Lee, as the cause of the North was to Sheridan. They were soldiers, not statesmen. Americans who think the war in the Transvaal unjust may execrate the British Government in general and Mr. Chamberlain in particular as much as they please. They have a perfect right to do so. But they have no right to hold Roberts and Kitchener up to execration for carrying on war in a fashion which they considered justifiable on the part of Union generals in the Southern States.

ON LOVING GOD AND DOING GOOD.

The Morning Chronicle of Saturday last has a well-written editorial on the general subject indicated by the words we have placed at the head of this article. It is entitled "A Lay Sermon." With a deal of what it contains we find ourselves in full accord. Christianity is not emotion, not sentiment merely; it is a doctrine a worship, and a life. Nor are "men saved" by getting " new hearts," or " experiencing religion" is some sudden and mysterious way, according to the popular meaning of these cant phrases, but rather by loving God and steadfastly doing good. So far we are in agreement with the writer in the Chronicle. But when he goes on to tell his readers what Christianity really is and what they must do to be saved, we are no longer able to follow him. Our dissent from his views, indeed, is more absolute than was our accord with him in the first instance. In avoiding one error, as often happens, he falls into the opposite. And he puts forward a conception of Christianity that is wrong down to the very root. But we shall let him speak for himself :

There is no mystery about Christianity; no miracle required to become a Christian. All that is demanded of any one is to love God, and that is to learn to love good. No mere emotional affection for the Deity is either requisite or possible. Our emotions are for our fellow men, our spirits for God. Our turning to good should be the result of a purely intellectual decision founded on the revelation which we have received and in accordance with its dictates. We should not do good to please God; but we should do it because it is good, and, therefore, will please God.

All of this is more or less misleading. Some of it, if we are to take the words as they stand, is false. And it is seen to be false, not only when viewed in the light of Divine Revelation, but also when There are numbers of old men, however, by keeping men of high character out of begin with, there is mystery about Chrisexamined by the light of reason itself. To

tianity. The very corner-stone of the Christian Religion is a mystery, the mystery, to wit, of the Word-made-Flesh, of two natures, the divine and the human, in one person. And while it is true that no miracle, in the strict sense of the word, is required to become a Christian, the statement is misleading. "Except a man," says our Divine Lord, "be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." To become a Christian one must, therefore, be "born again," and this new birth is wholly supernatural, and so far forth miraculous.

"No mere emotional affection for the Deity," adds the writer in the Chronicle, "is either requisite or possible." All affection, all love is emotional in the truest sense of the word. And surely the Deity, God the fount of goodness, of love, of loveliness, nay, goodness, love, and loveliness itself, is an object to stir the purest and highest and best emotions of our nature. If "our turning to good should be the result of a purely intellectual decision founded on the revelation which we have received and in accordance with its dictates," then here is what the Founder of Christianity Himself proclaims the first dictate of the law divinely revealed Thou shall love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind. We are, then, to love God with our whole nature, including, and that, too, in the very first place. the emotional side of our nature-the heart. For, while the heart is not to be conceived of as the organ of the affections, it is, by the common consent of mankind as expressed in the ianguage of every people, in some true sense, the seat as well as the symbol of love.

By "mere emotional affection," however, the writer may mean sensible love, sensible tenderness of affection. If this be what he means, then he is right in saying that it is not "requisite," but wrong in saying it is not " possible." It is true that the love of God is lodged primarily in the will, and is in its essence spiritual, not sensible. It is true, morover, that the precept of loving God above all things does not require us to feel more love for Him than we do for any creature, but only to prefer Him before any and every creature, in such a way that we shall be willing to sacrifice any created good, if need be, rather than lose His love and friendship. But it is false, utterly false, that our love for God may not become sensible and be sensibly felt. If man were a pure spirit, his love for God would indeed be purely spiritual. But as the spiritual element in man is united by a physical bond with the sensible, an intense love of God, such as that which St. Paul describes, must needs make itself sensibly felt. We shall have more to say on this

THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP AND SPIRIT-UAL ADVANTAGES.

The conditions of membership in the Association for the Propagation of the Faith are (1) to give, in alms for the missions, at least five cents monthly or sixty cents a year; (2) to add to the Our Father and Hail Mary of the morning or evening prayer (not and evening prayers, as a printer's error made us say last week) the invocation, St. Francis Xavier, pray for us, for the intention of the Association. Our readers will be interested to know what are the spiritual advantages of membership. These are (we quote from The Sacred Heart Review) :

1. Several thousand Masses are offered up every year by the missionaries, for the intention of the living and the deceased members of the Association. 2. Summary of the Indulgences which may be gained by all the Associates. I. Plenary Indutgences. 1 On the feast of the Finding of Holy Cross, May 3; 2. On the feast of St. Francis Xavier, Dec. 8; 3. On the feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin, March 25; 4. On the feast of the Assumption, Aug. 15; 5. On any day within the octaves of the above feasts; 6. On the feast of the Epiphany, Jan. 6; 7. On the feast of St. Michael, Sept. 29; 8. On all feasts of the Apostles; 9. Every month, on any two days chosen by the Associates; 10. Once a year, on the day of the general commemoration of all the deceased members of the Association; 11. Once a year, on the day of special commemoration of the deceased members of the committee, or the Band to which he belongs; 12. On the day of one's admittance to the Asscia-tion; 13. At the hour of death, by invoking, at least in the heart, the sacred name of Jesus; 14. The favour of the Privi-leged Altar for every Mass said in the

ber. Children who are members of the Association, but have not made their First Communion, may gain the above Indulgences by performing some pious work appointed by their confessor.

II. Partial Indulgences. 1. Seven years

and seven quarantines every time an Associate performs, in aid of the Society, any work of devotion or charity; 2. 300 days every time an Associate assists at the Triduum on the 3rd of May and 3rd of December; 3. 100 days every time an Associate recites Our Father and Hail Mary, together with the invocation of St. Francis

All these indulgences, both plenary and partial, are applicable to the souls in Purgatory; and all have been approved of by his Grace, the Most Reverend Archbishop

Catholic Lectures to non-Catholics.

A course of lectures on Catholic doctrine and practice was given during last week and the week previous in St. Joseph's Church, North Sydney. Protestants were invited in the press and by card to attend these lectures and many of them responded. The weather was very unfavorable, most of the nights being wet and stormy, nevertheless some members of the Protestant denominations perseveringly attended every lecture. The lecturers were Rev. D. A. Chisholm, D. D., and Rev. D. M. McAdam. The subjects were -" The Church or the Bible," the Sacrament of Penance; the Lord's Supper; Purgatory; the Blessed Virgin and image worship; the Infallibility of the Pope.

The question box produced quite a number of questions which were clearly and carefully answered. Among these were :-· Please explain the Benediction Service." 'Why do Catholics say 'God bless me' when they sneeze?" "Why do Catholics make signs on themselves with water?" "Why do Catholics lower their eyes at the Benediction?" "Why is the Mass said in Latin when so few understand it?"

The last question was contained in a letter addressed to Rev. Dr. Chisholm, asking him if it were not a fact that many of his parishioners, engaged in the sale of liquor, are active members of the congregation and contribute much to the Church. and what he thought of the chances of salvation of those people. His answer was that he thought their chances were by no means good.

The Calendar.

	DECEMBER.		
DATE.	FEAST,		
7 Frid'y 8 Satd'y 9 Sundy 10 Mon'y 11 Tusdy 12 Wed'y 13 Thrs'y	St. Ambrose, Bishop and Doctor. Immaculate Conception. Sacred Sunday of Advent. Holy House of Loretto. St. Damasus, Pope and Confessor. St. Melchiades, Pope and Martyr. St. Lucy, Virgin and Martyr.		

A SOLEMN HIGH MASS for the repose of the soul of Dr. Quinan will be sung in the College Chapel at 6.30 to-morrow morning.

THE TRIDUUM in preparation for the feast of St. Francis Xavier was held in the College Chapel on Friday, Saturday and Sunday evenings, and was attended, as usual, by a large number of townspeople. The music by the College choir, under the direction of Rev. Dr. McPherson, was rendered in an excellent manner. On the festival, Monday, Pontificial High Mass was sung by His Lordship assisted by Rev. Dr. Thompson, Rev. Dr. R. Mc-Donald and Rev. Father Barry as deacon, sub-deacon, and master of ceremonies respectively. The panegyrle was delivered by Rev. D. C. Gillis, and was a most impressive discourse.

Up to Saturday 33 cases of small-pox had been discovered in New York City.

Arthur Weir, night editor of the Ottawa Citizen, committed suicide last Saturday. He was despondent over his father being in prison for wrecking the Ville Marie Bank of which he was President.

On Nov. 23 the British garrison at Dewetsdorp, 400 in number, with two guns, sur-rendered to 2500 Boers. Fifteen British were killed and 42 wounded. Boer raiders have reached Orange River and fired into the British camp on the Cape Colony side. On Nov. 28 they attacked Balmoral and Welger River on the railway east of Pretoria but were beaten off after hard fighting. A plot to blow up a church at Johannesburg while Lord Roberts was attending service on Nov. 25 has been discovered, and ten of the twenty implicated in it have been arrested. Five of these ten are Italians, four Greeks, and one Frenchman. On Nov. 29, Roberts handed over his command to Kitchener, Before doing so he asked the Government for 8,000 more men to replace losses. Kitchener's first despatch, received on Sunday, reports some beavy fighting, five of his men being killed and six officers and 56 men wounded in one engagement. The Cape Town correspondent of the London Daily Mail thinks martial law is necessary to check the spread of pro-Boer feeling in Cape Colony. The London Statist said last Saturday that the Government should begin negotiations with the Boers as Britain is losing pres-

They Two.

They are left alone in the dear old home, After so many years When the house was full of frolic and fun, Of childish laughter and tears. They are left alone! they two-once more! Beginning life over again, Just as they did in the days of yore, Before they were nine or ten

And the table is set for two these days; The children went one by one, Away from home on their separate ways, When the childhood days were done How healthily hungry they used to be! What romping they used to do! And mother-for weeping-can hardly see To set the table for two.

They used to gather around the fire While some one would read aloud, But whether at study or work or play, "Twas a loving and merry crowd. And now they are two that rather there At evening to read or sew, And it seems almost too much to bear When they think of the long ago.

Ah, well! ah, well! 'tis the way of the world! Children stay but a little while, And then into other scenes are whirled, Where other homes beguile, But it matters not how far they roam. Their hearts are fond and true. And there's never a home like the dear old Where the table is set for two.

-Mrs. Frank A. Breck in Youth's Com-

Purity not Unmanly.

Commenting upon Edward Dicey's tribute to Lord Russell, quoted in our editorial columns last week, the Northwest Review says:

This tetimony is all the more valuable because Mr. Dicey does not seem to place a very high estimate on this abstention from a common vice. He calls it a " peculiarity," only that and nothing more. He almost apologizes for its presence in the great Chief Justice, when he says there was " nothing of femininity about him." He thus implies that there is something feminine about purity. This is, we regret to say, the view taken by a number of non-Cathoires. Not being able to understand and still less to emulate the spotless purity of truly Catholic life, they strive to depreciate the virtue itself.

Parkman, that most insidious enemy of Catholicism, whom we were surprised to see a Catholic paper lately praising, is an adept in these tactics. When he is obliged to mention the personal purity of Acadians and French Canadians he always contriwes a covert sneer by contrasting this quiter style of virtue with the more aggressive style of the Saxon. In his "Montcalm and Wolfe" there occurs a passage which exemplifies well his artful juggling with awkward facts. "Civil liberty," says Parkman, was given them (the Canadians) by the British sword; but the conqueror left their religious system untouched, and through it they have imposed upon themselves a weight of ecclesiastical tutelage that finds few equals in the most Catholic countries of Europe. Such guardian-ship is not without certain advantages. When faithfully exercised it aids to uphold some of the tamer virtues-we italicize this Satanic sneer, which covers chastity, humility, patience in suffering, meekness, in a word, all the beatitudes of the Sermon on the Mount-' if that can be called a virtue which needs the constant presence of a sentinel to keep it from escaping; but it is fatal to mental robustness and moral courage.' For anyone who has read Richard's Acadia, it is only natural to retort against Parkman: 'If a lying historian needs the constant presence of a sentinel to keep him from escaping beyond the pale of truth and skilfully slandering Catholics, how can his 'tamer virtues' of graphic word-painting and crisp narrative be called virtues at all? Is the systematic misrepresentation of an entire race and the no less systematic laudation of the unspeakably heartless Lawrence a specimen of mental robustness and moral courage?"

One of Tennyson's great merits is that he did not share this heathen contempt for purity. He makes it a robust feature when he puts into Sir Galahad's mouth the famous lines:

"My strength is as the strength of ten, Because my heart is pure."

And to return to Mr. Dicey, even if purity were a peculiarly feminine virtue that would not make it less worthy of esteem. It is especially on the score of virtue that the physically weaker sex is mentally the more robust and morally the braver. But purity ought not to be slighted as peculiarly feminine. In point of fact, personal purity supposes a ' mental robustness and a moral courage ' kept up during a long course of years in spite of the most alluring temptations. There is really no more masculine virtue than such cleanness of tongue in the club room, the stag dinner and the turf meeting as Lord Russel of Killowen displayed. This, of itself, would be enough to hand on his beloved name as a smybol of the doughtiest manhood, the manhood most like that of Christ, the Virgin God-Man.

Red cheeks and bright eyes are often, alas, signs of lung disease. Better secure the beauty of true health by using Adamsons's Botanic Cough Balsam for all lung troubles. 25c. all Druggists.

Sir Arthur Sullivan and the Young Singer.

Eearly in 1881 I had been selected by Mr. D'Oyly Carte to play the part of Colonel Caverly in the opera of Patience at the Opera Comique, London. It was my first professional engagement, and the verbal contract was made subject to the condition that Mr. Arthur Sullivan, the composer of the opera, should approve of my voice and vocal method. I was a very young man, but even the boundless assurance of youth was not powerful enough to prevent my heart from thumping at the bare prospect of singing before the famous composer.

I had pictured him as a stern, austere man, but I scarcely know why. The partners in the manufacture of an entirely new style of comic opera were seldom mentioned or thought of as individuals. Indeed, "Gilbert and Sullivan" had become familiar household words to English-

I had been told to go to Mr. D'Oyly Carte's office in the Beaufort Building, which overlooked the site where the new Savoy Theatre was then being built, at a certain hour, to meet Mr. Sullivan and have him "try my office." On my arrival twenty minutes before time, I was ushered into an elegantly furnished room. Mr. Carte was not there, but seated at a piano. humming a plaintive melody, was a man little older than myself, a plump, rosy cheeked fellow, with black hair, side whiskers and moustache, and dark brown eyes twinkling with kindliness and good nature. He stopped singing when I entered, and asked me if I wanted to see Mr.

"I have come to sing to Mr. Sullivan," I replied a little proudly.

"Really!" he said, elevating his bushy eyebrows. "Well, I hope, for your own sake, that you are in good voice." And he turned again to the piano with a pleasant little laugh.

Sudden fear of failure made my heart sink. "Have you ever sung before him?" I asked, a little huskily for the thought of the ordeal before me already gave me a tickling sensation in my throat, and I was mentally resolving to make an excuse and an appointment for the following day.

"Oh! yes. He's heard me sing," chuckled the provoking young man at the piano, thumping out an amazing sequence of chords. Then he suddenly wheeled around and said abruptly:

"Look here, young man. Take my advice. Sing a song or two now to get your voice into trim and see what sort of form you are in. Got any music? I'll play your accompaniments for you. Come along.'

Taking the roll from my hand he selected Pinsuti's Bedouin Love Song and Ardite's Stirrup Cup. I felt no nervousness while singing to this stranger. Only a little annovance that he "vamped" or glossed over the more difficult parts of the accompaniment to the first song. I probably never sang better in my life. But I felt like an awful fool, when, immediately on the termination of my second song, Mr. Carte stalked into the room, saying :

"Hello! Sullivan. 'Fraid I'm a little late. This is Mr. Browne, the young man I wanted you to hear. What do you think

"He's all right, Carte," said the composer, laughing; and, rising from the piano, he extended his little fat hand to "I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Browne," he continued. "You have a nice voice, but you must let me show you how to make the break half a note higher. I think you will find it to your advantage.

Sir Arthur Sullivan played no trick on me. The fact that he induced me to sing to him without my being aware of his identity was purely accidental, but it saved me a terrible amount of nervousness, and I was very thankful that the ordeal was past. -Walter Browne in Saturday Evening

Jerusalem.

The Jerusalem we see to-day is not the one that gladdened the eyes of the Holy Family journeying from Nazareth to worship in the temple. That city lies buried forty, fifty, sometimes over a hundred feet deep in wastage piled in the overthrow of many sieges. The Crimson banner of Moslem floats above the Tower of David, used as barracks, and the Turkish sentinel pacing his rounds looks with ineffable scorn on the Christian. The crumbling Tower of Antonia, the citadel of the Temple, 18 occupied by the Governor of Jerusalem, and, if possession counts in the law, it is his right, for he held it before William the Conqueror was crowned with the Saxon's crown in Westminster Abbey .- Mrs. Lew Wallace, in the December Ladies' Home Journal.

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Some Martyrs of Pekin.

Father Garrignes and his native colleague, Father Bartholomew Ly, were burnt alive in the Tung-Tang (i. c. Eastern Church) as early as the end of June; Father Doré was burnt alive in the Si-Tang (Church of our Lady of Dolours) whilst saying Mass; Father Chavanne died of small-pox during the siege; Father D'Addasio was killed in the streets by Prince Tuan's soldiers whilst seeking to take refuge in the Pe-Tang (the Cathedral); Fathers Peter Nie, a native Chinese Lazarist, in Tien-Tsin district, and Andrew Ly and Thomas Pao, native secular priests, were either burnt or cut down. Two Marist brothers at Sha-la-eul, whilst trying to cut the electric wire of a mine which had been laid to blow up the Pe-tang, were both killed by the explosion, as were several workmen. A laconic report from Kiang-Si states that, of the two vicariates of Bishop Vic and Bishop Cogset (also Lazarists) "nothing remains, neither churches, presbyteries nor Christian villages."—London Tablet.

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AND DESCRIPTION OF THE PARTY OF

& It does seem strange. Emma, that with 17 clocks in the house given to us as wedding presents you are never ready on time!

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Antigonish, September 25, 1900.

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"A TWELVE O'CLOCK TEA."

It was nearly midnight, but Mrs. Burdick still sat at her deak writing. It was very quiet in the fibrary save for the sound of her pen, which went scratching briskly across the page. Outside the wind shrilled about the corners of the house and occasionally there came fierce, sudden gusts of rain against the window pain, but the suggestion of storm and discomfort without only made the warmth and luxuriousness of the room more pronounced. A cat slumbered peacefully before the fire, and the soft light, filtered through the red gas globes, gave the spartment the appearance of comfort and good cheer.

At last with a sigh of relief Mrs. Burdick threw down her pen and pushed her paper aside. 'An hour before John will be in," she sighed, impatiently glancing at the clock. 'That is what it means to be the wife of a travelling man-waiting until all hours of the night for him to come

The air of the room was heavy with the perfume of some hyacinths nearby, and she was thoroughly tired. A delicious sense of drowsiness, born of the senses of s duty well discharged, began to steal over her. The clock softly chimed the hour, the cat aroused itself, purred [gently for a moment, then relapsed into slumber again and all was still.

Suddenly Mrs. Burdick became vaguely conscious of a change in the conditions surrounding her. She had in the midst of her half dreams one of those premonitions of danger which come to all of us sometimes from no testimony of the senses, but rather from some mysterious source within. She knew instructively that an element of evil had entered into this peaceful scene. and she became at once wide awake.

Then there came to her ears a sound other than that of the storm without. It was that of stealthy footsteps on the bare floor of the adjoining room. They came nearer, then paused a moment, and a cautious hand was laid upon the knob of the door behind her.

Mrs. Burdick was not a particularly courageous woman, and a cold perspiration started out upon her body. It seemed to her as if all the blood had rushed to her head and was trickling out at the roots of her hair. She had sometimes wondered what she would do if she were to find a burglar in the house. She had supposed that she would probably scream and faint away, according to conventional proceedure. She experienced a sense of surprise to find herself, doxbg nothing of the some but turning her chair swiftly about to face the intruder.

In the doorway stood a man. He was tall, slight and youngish looking, with a drooping yellow moustache, which did not hide the lines of a sneering smile upon his lips. He wore a shabby overcoat, buttoned tightly over his narrow chest, and a brown Derby hat, also somewhat the worse for wear, drawn well over his eyes. In his hand he held a revolver, the shining length of which he was pointing directly at her, while he fastened upon her a cruel, triumphant gaze.

Mrs. Burdick tried to think what an upto-date woman like herself should do under such circumstances, but she could remember no precedent by which to be guided, so she took a firm grip upon her failing senses and sought for her voice, which seemed to have descended somewhere into

'Good evening,' she remarked at length pleasantly, and looking the intruder squarely in the eyes.

The man appeared to be somewhat surprised at the unexpected greeting, but in a moment he showed a line of even, white teeth in a broader smile and responded : 'Good evening,' at the same time allowing the hand holding the revolver to drop at his

'I suppose you have called to see my husband?' she said, as calmly as if it were a common occurrence for strange men to appear unannounced in her library at mid, night. 'I am sorry he is not in. I am expecting him in a short time, however, on the fast mail. Perhaps you will be seated and wait until he arrives.'

The man laughed aloud. 'Well, you are a game one,' he said, 'and no mistake. But that's too thin. You don't expect him at all tonight. I took pains to make sure that he would not leave York until to-morrow morning.

'Oh, very well,' said she, quietly, although her heart was thumping wildly. Perhaps you are better posted as to his whereabouts than I am, but I certainly received a letter from him this morning telling me to expect him tonight. However, since you didn't call to see him, perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me what 18 your business here?'

'Not a bit,' said the man. 'I'm after your diamonds and your silver. I know you've got 'em both. I've seen you wear the diamonds and I found out how much silver you've got from the cook that left here last week. I'll thank you to show me where they are-the quicker the betterand then I'll skip out before the night watchman comes along this way.'

'And if I refuse?' she asked, steadily.

The man tapped his revolver significantly. 'It would be better for you not to.' he said.

Mrs. Burdick made no further remark, but sat leaning back in her chair looking currously at the man, who stood now quite

'Well,' he said at length, with a surly frown, 'why don't you start? What's the matter with you?

'Oh, nothing,' said she. 'I was only looking at you, and I must say I am sur-

Why? Why? Because you don't look at all

as I expected you to.' 'Expected me to! What do you mean? Why did you expect me to look like any-

thing? You never even heard of me!' 'No; but I suppose- Well, you really are a burglar, aren't you?'

'You bet I am, and I'm a good one, too. I can show you several tricks of my trade if you don't show up those sparklers pretty quick. Hurry up, will you?'

The lady made no movement to rise. Well,' she said at length, reflectively, I've looked for you under the bed every night for a good many years, and I always thought that you would be a sort of villainous looking fellow, with matted black hair and dirty hands. But you-why, you look almost like a gentleman!'

A wave of hot colour swept over the man's sallow face. 'How do you know but what I have been one and am one yet?' he asked, sarcastically, laying the revolver upon her desk, against which he leared you are a burglar. We all want our with folded arms.

' Maybe you've been one, but you're not one now. Gentlemen,' said Mrs. Burdick, haughtily, 'don't wear their hats in the presence of ladies, nor bring mud into their houses on their feet,' she added, glancing with indignation at his dirt encrusted shoes.

The burglar removed his hat and laid it on the desk, after which he lifted first one foot and then the other and gazed critically

'Ten thousand pardons!' he exclaimed, as he carefully gathered up several pieces of mud and threw them in the grate. There wasn't any door mat at the window where I came in, and I was in a hurry.'

'Besides,' she continued, her rising wrath sweeping away her fear, 'no gentleman would come in my house at midnight demanding my private property. How dare you do such a thing, sir? You've no business to have my things.'

'I have just as good a right to have the things as you have, only I haven't been so lucky as to get them the way I'd like to. 'Tisn't my fault that I have to get things this way. The world owes me a living, and I'm going to have my share,' he continued, doggedly.

' It seems to me that a smaller share got in a safe and respectable way would be more satisfactory than a fortune gained in such a risky-er-profession as yours.'

'It may be risky, but it isn't any worse than the Stock Exchange,' said the burglar, meaningly, 'and it's just about as honest, too. That's where your father got the money he gave you to build this house

Mrs. Burdick flushed angrily and opened she thought better of it. The next moment she laughed good naturedly and said: 'Well, you seem to know considerable about my private affairs, and are as plain spoken as I am myself. We'll not try to discuss the matter, please. Do you know I was just thinking about your wife. I should think it would be quite unpleasant for her to have you away so much at night and never know whether you are going to come home with your full share or be landed in the police station.'

'My wife,' said the burglar. 'Oh, she don't mind. She's in the same business

'Dear me! And she is a burglar, too?' Well-not exactly. She's-well-she's a shoplifter.'

'Oh, I see! And have you any family?' 'One, boy just past four.'

'And he is a burglar, too?'

'Well, I should say not!' said the man, with indignation. 'You ought to see the kid. I tell you he's as high toned a little chap as anybody's. He goes to school and we keep him dressed up nice all the time, and he don't mix with everybody's young ones, either. We're bringing him up straight, we are, and after a while we're going to quit and live different and take him in good society.'

'That will be nice,' said she, nodding her head approvingly. 'I'm glad to hear you talk that way. It shows you have the right feeling for your child, even if children to have something better than we have ourselves. I am always interested in people with children. We have a boy, too, and that's the way we feel about him. He's not as old as yours nearly, but he is such a darling! You ought to see my baby! He's the handsomest little fellow and unusually bright for his age. He's only ten months old, and he has six teeth and says ' Papa ' already.'

'I'd like to see him,' said the burglar, with interest. 'I'm awful fond of children, but I guess you'd better not disturb him.

'No; I think I won't. He's afraid of strangers, too. Do you drink tea?" she asked, suddenly,

When I can't get anything stronger.'

Well, I think I'll make some. I always have a cup for Mr. Burdick when he comes in, and a sandwich, too; but since you say he's not coming to-night, we'll not wait. If you will have a seat, I shall be pleased to serve you,' she added politely.

She arose from her chair and went over to the pretty wicker table with its handsome service and drew it out in front of the grate. The burglar watched her suspiciously for a moment or two, and his hand stole toward his revolver; but finding that she set herself to making the tea with evidently no other intention, he sat down close to the little table. The fire sputtered merrily in the grate, and the handsome white cat came and rubbed in a friendly fashion against his legs. He drew a sigh of comfort and leaned back in the depths of Mr. Burdick's luxurious easy-chair while he watched his hostess with as much composure as if he had all his life been

accustomed to taking tea at midnight .n Mrs. Burdick making tea was a sight which any man would enjoy, for Mrs. Burdick was a pretty and graceful young woman. She wore a handsome gown of scarlet silk trimmed with quantities of white lace, and her hands, which moved deftly among the tea things, were white and adorned with several gems. Her guest viewed the jewels with interest and the air of a connoissent.

She glanced demurely at him from under her long eyelashes and said smilingly, as she held the sugar-tongs poised above the dainty Sevres cup; 'One lump or two, Mr-2

'Smith,' responded the burglar, after a few moments' hesitation. 'Two, if you please, but no cream.'

She handed the cup to him with all the grace and courtesy with which she would have served a prince. Then she took a cup herself and sat down with it in her revolving desk chair. The burglar gazed thoughtfully into the grate, and the lady watched him curiously. How thin he was, poor fellow, and how sad and tired his eyes were! Her heart quite warmed to him when she remembered how proudly he had spoken of the child.

'No man that loves his child so tenderly can be wholly bad,' she thought. Once he looked at his silver spoon critically and weighed it upon his finger.

'I'll never see that again,' she said to herself. But he laid it back on his saucer, and, taking a last draught, turned towards

Another cup? she asked hospitably. 'No? Perhaps you will smoke?' pushing toward him Mr. Burdick's generously filled cigar case.

'Thanks,' he responded gravely and with an air of reproach. 'Gentlemen never smoke in the presence of ladies.'

'Fairly caught!' exclaimed she, laughing gaily. 'Well, then, if you will not smoke or drink any more tea, please tell me how you came to be a burglar?'

'It's a long story, and it isn't a very pretty one; but if you want to know, I'll tell you. Once,' said the burglar, 'I expected to have a home like this.'

Mrs. Burdick nodded sympathetically.

'Of course, we didn't begin at the top, like you have, but we lived decent. Lizzle and I. We had a little cottage with vines growing over it and we were as happy as a king and queen especially after the kid came. Lizzie's father kept the biggest shop in the little town where we lived. He wasn't rich, but he was comfortable, and I worked for him. 'Twould have been all right if I'd been willing to wait. Suppose if I'l been square I'd been his partner some day and had it all, for Lizzie was the only child. But the salary was small, the old man was close and I wanted to see Lizzie and the kid have things that other folks had. So I fixed up the books in a way so I could take something once in a while from the cash drawer.

"Twasn't hard, for he trusted me with everything, and I did it regular for two years. Sometimes I thought I'd stop and save up so as I could pay it back. But Lizzie, she was so pleased when I brought her home a new dress or a geegaw for the kid. So I kept on, getting in deeper and deeper.

· Well, of course, it couldn't end but one way. 'Twas all found out in the end. My, but wasn't the old man crazy! Nothing was too mean for him to say or do, and Lizzie, she sided right in with him. He took her and the kid right home and teld me to ge-somewhere and never show my face around there again. He wouldn't prosecute on account of the disgrace to the family; but, Lord! he might as well. Everybody in town knew about it, and I Long, in Catholic Register.

couldn't have got a job of whitewashing. her mouth for an indignant response, but ladies' parlour. And, indeed, watching Lizzie left me and I skipped out for the city and started on the road to a place he sent me to. I didn't seem like I cared what became of me after that. What's the use of keeping straight when nobody cares anything about you? So I kept going lower and lower, and took to drinking hard to forget it.

'One day I took a notion to go back to the old town. When I got there I found that Lizzie's folks hadn't prospered either. Her father had failed in business, and that and his daughter's trouble had worried the old gent so he went off in a stroke one day. So there was Lizzie and the kid without anybody or anything.

'It didn't make much difference to her, though, poor girl! She was always delicate, and when I got there she was dying of consumption.'

Oh! So it isn't Lizzie that's a shoplifter?' said Mrs. Burdick, with a sigh of relief.

'Bless you, no!' said the burglar. 'I should say not! Twasn't likely I'd kept very choice company all the time I'd been away-the company I'd kept was like the life I'd led. The gang I trained with wasn't high-toned ladies and gents by a jugful! But I'm married again, one of my own kind. She 1sn't bad hearted, if she does steal for a living, and she's mighty good to the kid. 'You see,' he explained, after Lizzie died I brought the kid back here. Lizzie asked me to, not knowing what a tough I'd got to be. He's a cute little fellow. He looks like Lizzie, and we are going to raise him like she'd want to have him-Sue and I are. He's smart, too, and she's awful proud of him. Some day we're going to buy a house in the suburbs, and have a garden, and after a while maybe the kid will go to college.'

The burglar was silent and gazed thoughtfully into the fire. He seemed to have forgotten the reason of his being there in this handsome house and the presence of his touched and interested listener. Perhaps he saw in the firelight's dull glow visions of future bappiness and respectability for the kid, which, somehow or other, he himself had missed.

Suddenly a sharp, thrilling whistle was heard outside, directly under the window. He started to his feet and looked at Mrs. Burdick.

'That is my husband,' she said, quickly. He always whistles that way to let me know that he is here. You see, you were mistaken and that I was right about his coming.

The revolver lay upon the desk within her reach. He made a rush for it, but she was too quick for him. She had taken it and was holding it behind her. She held up the other hand warningly.

'You can take it from me, of course, if you try,' she said, 'but I wouldn't if I were you. Mr. Burdick is always armed when he's out late at night. He's quick-tempered, too, and somebody might get I'm fond of him, and I should feel badly if he should be the one; and you -well, you know, you have the kid.'

There was a jingle of keys even while she spoke, and in another moment the door opened and Mr. Burdick came into the room. The words of greeting died upon his lips as his eyes fell upon the unexpected sight of his wife in company with this seedy-looking stranger with his threatening scowling face. He looked from one to the other inquiringly.

'Good evening, John,' said his wife, in a voice which sounded somewhat high and hysterical. 'I'm glad you've come. been a long evening, but I haven't been lonely. I've had a friend with me. is Mr. Smith. My husband, Mr. Burdick, Mr. Smith. He's just going, John. You must thank him for helping me to spend a pleasant hour. Will you show him to the door, my dear? Good night, Mr. Smith. Remember me to the kid.'

Mr. Burdick, marvelling much, did as his wife requested. When he and the burglar had exchanged the civilities of the parting and he had closed and locked the door after him, he turned to his wife for an explanation of this curious happening. But where she had stood there was only a scarlet heap upon the floor. Mrs. Burdick had fainted at last .- Catherine Stoneman

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The marks of mourning displayed by THE CASKET to-day are tokens of a grief that is sincere, widespread and profound. A priest who was the beloved father of his people, the trusted counsellor and most intimate friend of his Bishop, and a model of all that a priest of God should be, has been taken from us. An ecclesiastic long one of the most prominent in the Church in Eastern Canada is missing from his accustomed place. Worn out in the service of his Divine Master and of the flock committed to his care, the Very Reverend James Michael Quinan, D. D., Vicar-General of the diocese of Antigonish, has laid down the burden of life at the early age of fifty-four, and gone to receive the reward of his years of arduous and self-sacrifi-

It is no rehetorical embellishment, but sober truth, to say that words are but poor instruments to express the sorrow and the sense of loss with which the news of Doctor Quinan's death has been received by the Bishop and clergy, by his late parishioners, and by all who knew him intimately. While his name was a household word in every part of the diocese and his sterling worth and spotless priestly character were known by reputation to ail the people, it was only those who had the privilege of intimate association with him, by whom his rare nobility of character could be fully realized,-realized, that is, as fully as his fellow-mortals may ever know the true beauty of character of such a man, whose inner life is ever hidden with God.

The late Vicar-General was indeed a man

of exceedingly rare qualities of mind and heart. Such a happy combination of learning and piety, of intellectuality and practical executive ability, of prudence and courage, of warm sympathy and calm, judicial fairness, of affability and dignity, of perfect gentleness and adamantine firmness, is met but seldom in the experience of a lifetime. His manifestation of each one of these qualities, and others that adorned his beautiful character, might be made the subject of as many separate tributes to his memory. Here, they can scarcely be more than enumerated. His love of God is best judged of by the unselfish manner in which, far beyond his strength, he devoted himself to His work on earth. His learning was well known; his keen intellect went at once to the root of any question, whether academic or practical, brushing away with the greatest ease all irrelevancy and sophistry. His perfect fairness ensured him the unbounded confidence of his brother-priests, as his affability and ready sympathy won him their love; but that rare judical quality of his mind, which was one of his most striking characteristics, was even better known to his Bishop, whose constant adviser he was, and who has told us many remarkable instances of its manifes-

But what shall we say of his magnificent courage - that splendid moral courage thoughtful beyond his years, so that he which never quailed before the most unpleasant task, and never suffered human respect, or power, or wealth, or influence to deter him when duty called? If he ever experienced fear, he certainly never allowed it to influence his conduct. With all his heart he despised cowardice. His very courage would have been a danger, had it not been balanced by the most consummate prudence - a combination which with his ability, his energy, and his capacity for methodical work, evidences of which are elsewhere mentioned, made him a tower of strength to any cause that he espoused.

Who then, can adequately estimate the loss to the diocese, at this important period in its development, of a priest thus admirably gifted and endowed, - a priest who possessed the fullest confidence, as he enjoyed the warmest friendship, of our beloved Bishop, and who was his chosen adviser in every difficulty? When his Vicar-General departed a few weeks ago on the trip of which many foresaw the sad end, the venerable prelate expressed his keen sense of deprivation in the words:

" I have lost my right arm." It lends an added poignancy to our grief that our beloved Vicar-General should not only have breathed his last so far from our midst, but that we should not even have the consolation of participating in his obsequies or of having his body rest among us. He manifested in death the same de sire to efface himself that he had ever Indian missionary. In January, 1876, shown in life; and to avoid the pomp of a funeral where the entire diocese would torate of Descousse which he held till have contributed to pay him honour, he October 1880. Then, on the removal of his chose to be laid to rest far away from home and kindred and from the people for whom his life was spent. With extreme reluct- Arichat, and such he remained until ance do the diocesan authorities yield to a stricken with his last illness. his wish and surrender their claims to the body they would so dearly have loved to that the ashes of this great Canadian

metropolis of Canada.

those near and dear to him by the ties of family affection, whose hearts must be sorely tried by the sad circumstances of his death. His uncle, the veteran Father James Quinan, whose retirement from his long, useful, and edifying pastorate at Sydney we so recently chronicled, and who was privileged to be by his deathbed, has, with the brother, sister and remaining relatives of the dear departed, our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this great bereavement. To the loss that they share in common with us all, is added the still more painful one that comes of the severance of the closest and dearest bonds of kindred.

We have said much of loss: let us now, with the eyes of Faith, view the translation of this tried and faithful priest from the side on which it now appears to him. As we regard it in spirit from this standpoint, the thought of loss is swallowed up in that of gain. If "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive " what the Lord hath prepared for those [who serve, Him, what shall be their reward who, like those whom first He called by the shores of Galilee, "leaving all things" follow Him and devote their whole lives to His service in His sacred priesthood, breaking the Bread of Life to His children and leaving them the edifying example of a life of holiness? Yes, truly, our loss is his gain. He has exchanged the sorrows and trials of this vale of tears for the reward of the good and faithful servant; and for his speedy entry into that reward many an offering of Holy Mass will be by his brethren in the priesthood and many a fervent prayer breathed by his loved parishioners and by all those who knew and loved and reverenced him here. Eternal rest give unto him, O Lord, and

let perpetual light shine upon him!

Our Dead Vicar-General.

James Michael Quinan was born in Halifax, on the 12th of August, 1846, his father, Joseph Quinan, being one of the leading Catholic laymen of that city. Of his eleven brothers and sisters only two survive him. In two generations the Quinan family have given five priests to the Church in Nova Scotia. Joseph Quinan's brother James retired but very recently from the pastorate of Sydney; his brother John died some years ago pastor of Mainadieu. Of the sons of Joseph Quinan, John, after studying at the Irish College in Rome, became parish priest of Ecibrook, Yarmouth Co.; Joseph was parish priest of Descousse at the time of his early death in 1884; James after being educated in the parochial schools of Halifax, the old St. Mary's College in that city, and the School of Theology of Laval University, was ordained priest by Archbishop Baillargeon at Quebec on the 22nd of May, 1869. As a student at Quebec he was grave and was chosen as study-master for students not very much younger than himself. Several men prominent in public affairs to day sat under him while he acted in that capacity. His abilities were such that he would easily have proceeded to the doctorate in theology if the needs of the diocese of Arichat to which he was now affiliated had not demanded his early ordination. He was appointed at once to the charge of the parish of L'Ardoise where he remained from June 1869 to January 1876. A portion of his flock were the Micmacs of the Indian Reservation, and Father Quinan applied himself with characteristic energy to the study of their language. He engaged their chief to live near him during one winter, and in that time he acquired a speaking acquaintance with the Micmac dislect. Not satisfied with this, he procured from Laval copies of the grammar and other books written in that dialect by early missionaries, and thus made himself master of the written as well as of the spoken language of our aborigines, so that he knew it better than those whose mother tongue it was. It was said of the pastor of Eelbrook, by a Protestant gentleman whose father had been a bosom friend of Abbi Sigogne, that, "since Father Sigogne we have had no clergyman in these parts to be compared with Father John Quinan;" it could be said of the pastor of L'Ardoise that he followed even more closely than his brother in the footsteps of the great Father Quinan was transferred to the pas-Lordship Bishop Cameron from Arichat to Antigonish, he became parish priest of

His pastorate was spent entirely among the Acadians, and he was eminently fitted honour. While it is hard to be reconciled of for such a work, as there was probably not to the thought of his sleeping abroad, there a finer French scholar in the Maritime is still a certain fitness in the circumstance ... Provinces. Learning the language at first as a boy during the visits which be paid to churchman-for such he was -- shall rest in f his brother in Yarmouth County, he made the City of Churches-the ecclesiastical a thorough study of it at Quebec, and continued to study it to the end. He not only We must not, in the thought of our own spoke but wrote the language with perfect in the Lord."

loss as his spiritual kindred, forget that of a case, an accomplishment rarely found in any one whose mother tongue is English. But Father Quinan had a decided talent for languages. Five or six years ago when he had begun to think of visiting Rome, the Rev. L. J. Gallant, who had studied at the Propaganda, came to him as curate. Father Quinan had already some acquaintance with the Italian grammar; he now began to practise Italian conversation. When, a year or so later, he went abroad, he spoke the language as fluently as those who had spent six years in Rome, and Mgr. Falconio expressed his great surprise last summer when he found that our Vicar-General had never been a Roman student. Still later in life, Father Quinan began the study of Spanish when he saw that it might be useful to him in his ministry.

At Arichat, he was not only beloved by his own flock as a model priest, as one in whom learning, piety, courtesy and kindness of heart were most happily united; he was esteemed by those of other creeds as a public-spirited citizen and a true Christian gentleman. Once, on his return from a trip to the United States, he was asked to accept an address from his parishioners. For special reasons, which were public at the time, but need not be mentioned here, he consented to what he had often before refused. On Sunday afternoon, in the church, the address was read, and Father Quinan was rising to reply, when to his great surprise, a leading Protestant stepped forward and proceeded to read another address signed by every Protestant in the town, beginning with the Church of England rector.

On the death of Monsignor McLeod, in the fall of 1891, Father Quinan was appointed to succeed him as Vicar-General of the diocese.

On the 22nd of May, 1894, he kept the Silver Jubilee of his ordination. It was a gala-day in Arichat. His Lordship was present, and at the close of the ceremonies in the Church, surprised the Vicar-General by handing him a parchment bearing the Seal of Laval University which conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, honoris causa. The honor was indeed a great one, the more so that Laval is very sparing of such degrees, but it was well

The winter of 1896-7 was spent by Dr. Quinan in Rome and the Holy Land. On his return be delivered a lecture on the subject of his travels, in several towns of the diocese. A subject so interesting in itself, received an additional fascination in being treated by him, for Dr. Quinan was a public speaker of more than ordinary ability, and his natural talent had been carefully cultivated.

Shortly after New Year's, 1899, Dr. Quinan was prostrated with a severe attack of pneumonia. One of the physicians who attended him at that time said to the writer: "He will probably recover, but I fear the after-effects." The sad prognosis proved true, for he was never the same man afterwards. Though able to be about and to attend to his duties, his health was seen to be gradually failing, and those who bade him good-bye in Antigonish on the 30th of October last, felt that it was a last farewell. His uncle, Rev. James Quinan, was summoned to Montreal by the news that he was sinking, and was beside him when he died in the hospital of the Grey Nunnery, at 9.30 last Sanday morning. He was conscious until a quarter of an hour before the end.

In outward appearance Dr. Quinan was, even at his best, the frailest of the priests of this diocese, yet he did work that the sturdiest might have hesitated to attempt. In the winter of 1884 5, after the death of his brother Joseph, he ministered alone to the parishes of Arichat and Descousse, two of the largest parishes in the diocese, ing High Mass and preaching every Sunday and holyday in two churches seven miles apart, attending all sick calls and bearing every one of the Easter confessions. Always a busy man, he was yet so methodical, that he could find time frequently to write to the daily press correctng misstatements on Catholic subjects and even to contribute an occasional leadng article to the columns of THE CASKET. In the establishment of this journal on its present basis he took a leading part, and was Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Casket Publishing Co. for several years. The whole diocese mourns his loss as an irreparable one, but by none of our nstitutions is he more deeply regretted han by THE CASKET.

No other priest in the diocese had so xtensive an acquaintance with the bishops nd priests of Canada as Dr. Quinan, How highly he was thought of by them may be judged from the following messages reserved by his Lordship Bishop Cameron. The Archbishop of Quebec telegraphs:

We all deeply sympathize with your Lordship in the trial which bereaves you of good, holy Vicar-General Quinan, diocese of Quebec loses an esteemed friend bound to us by traditional and personal relations of the noblest and most endearing

The Archbishop of Halifax writes:

"With Your Lordship and all his friends I most sincerely condole. . model priest, true to duty, brave in the cause of truth, zealous for the salvation of souls, and mest loyal in his devotion to However, God's will is his bishop. . always right and He takes His true servants when they are mature for heaven.";

The Superior-General of the Congregation of Notre Dame writes :

"You know, My Lord, how very much we sympathize with you in this loss. But for the saintly priest who has reached the goal, and now enjoys the reward of his zealous and austere life, there is nothing to regret. 'Blessed are the dead who die CONTROL MADERIAL CONCEDE CONCE XMAS PRESENTS. XMAS GOODS, AT C. J. McDONALD'S

A. KIRK

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

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Misses * Reefers * Rtc.

LADIES' AND GENTLEMENS'

Ladies' Coats in

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BUCHANAN.



Ladies' Muffs and Collars.

Caperines, Ruffs & Boas.



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 hoe, up-to-date "Mannish" model.

THAT THIS Dueen Juality RADE MARK IS BRANDED ON EVERY

To our already large range of Boots

and Shoes we have added the celebrated American shoe for women,

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



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.

KIRK & (KIRK'S BLOCK.

N. K. Cun

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Scotsmen of this fine old Highland County, like their brithers elsewhere, joined in honouring the memory of "Auld Scotia's" Patron Saint. The Antigonish Highland Society, with a number of inwited guests, assembled at the Merrimac House on Thursday evening to celebrate the morrow's festival. At 9.30 o'clock the morrow's festival. Angus A. McDonald of the Dorchester Penitentiary staff, son of Alastair an Ridge, Upper South River, clad in full Highland piper costume, and looking every inch a spiendid specimen of Highland manhood, caused the skirl of the pibroch to echo through the rooms, thus hastily summoning the clausmen to do battle with the excellent repast provided by the capable host and hostess. The banquet hall was tastefully decorated with plaids and tartans of the various clans entwined with evergreens and bunting.

William Chisholm, Barrister, retiring President of the Society, who, by-theway, makes a most excellent presiding officer and toast master, led the onslaught, which continued ever an hour, and did not abate until the bagpipes, manipulated by the Society's Piper, Mr. John McGillivray, sounded the approach of "The Chief o' the Puddin' Race." His excellency was royally received, and all enjoyed his substantial qualities. Some choice patriotic music in an adjoining room, by Miss Gough, vocalist, Miss A. McKinnon, pianist, and Mr. Dan McDonald, violinist, during the discussion of the menu, was heartily appreciated and applauded. The flow of soul, no doubt owing to the influence of the excellent cheer provided, was not equal to the efforts at previous celebrations of St. Andrew's Day in Antigonish, yet many of the toasts were most fitting and eloquently honored, and the giories and virtues of "Tir na Bian 's Gleann 's 'n Geasteach " were enthusiastically descanted on. Two fine Gaelic songs by Mr. A. McDonald, Dorchester, N. B., and one by Mr. A. T. Macdonald, Town, followed by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" closed a most enjoyable night.

The host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Hale, were accorded deserving thanks by the President, on behalf of the Society and assembly, for the excellence of the menu, and the tasteful and appropriate arrangement of the dining hall.

Immediately prior to the banquet the Highland Society held their annual meeting. The Treasurer's and Secretary's report were read and adopted. The following officers were elected for the caseing year: President, E. C. Gregory; Vice-President, Edward McIntosh; Secretary, J. J. Macpherson; Treasurer, A. D. Chisholm; Marshall, Peter McDonald; Guard. C. D. Chisholm Managing Committee-N. K. Cunningbam, D. C. McDonald, A. T. McDonald, Lewis McDonald, C. D. McKenzie, Committee on Charity-C. E. Gregory, A. D. Chisholm, A. McKinnon. The Society voted unaulmously in favour of having an excursion to Port Hood or Mabou during the summer of 1901, and holding Highland Games thereat. Eight now members were elected.

Inverness Notes.

sent recently to Quebec have proved highly

There is an epidemic of measles, for-tunately of a very mild type, in Port Hood

The subject uppermost in the thoughts of the citizens of this county just now is the appraisement of railway damages. Messrs. F. Macdonald and M. Gillis—the former representing Judge McIsaac, the latter the County—are gentlemen of well-known integrity, experience and sound judgment. If aught be amiss, the law not they will be responsible. Singularly they will be responsible. Singularly enough, of all the provinces of this Dominion, the railway law of Nova Scotia alone, is really the most inadequate, the most unjust to proprietors of land, etc., through which a railway may go, but of this more later on. Proprietors elected, on the whole, very fit and competent gentlemen to represent them, notably L. G. MacLean, Esq., whose duties embrace the rich districts of Strathlorne and Mahon, with their green, exceptions, and Mabou, with their great agricultural and mining resources. His contention is that the appraisers now appointed are not restricted to the appraisement of the 100 feet, viz., the right-of-way, but should take cognizance of such and consequential damages, outside of it. In point of fact, such was the mind—the intention—of the Municipal Council and people of Inverness in the matter. Ere justice or anything like it may be done, an amendment of our Provincial Railway Law must take place. As the law now stands it is utterly impossible for the best disposed arbitrators to give any satisfaction.

Will you kindly allow me to repair a piece of unconscious injustice done the S. S. Amelia, Capt. Morris in. Since the stormy season has set in, she has proved a wonder — in short, a most efficient and satisfactory boat. True she is trying to do the work of two such as she; but all considered, she is achieving wonders. Of Capt. Morrison personally, I have never said, nor can any one say, aught but what redounds to his henour and credit.

C. B. WHIDDEN & SON have just received a fresh stock of raisins, currants, citrun peel, nots, etc., etc. -aiv.

Mr. Colin Cash, of Irish Cove, C. B., was in Town last week.

Mr. Alex. Chisholm, postmaster, St. Francis Harbour, Guy., was in Town on

Mr. R. M. Gray, of Antigonish, under-

went an operation for calculus at the Vic-toria General Hospital lately, and is now doing nicely. Dr. W. H. Macdonald, jr., was the surgeon.

WE HAVE this year the largest stock we ever had of Xmas baking goods-raisins, currants, essences, spices, peels, pulverized sugar, cake, chocolate, shredded cocoanut, etc., etc., and quality is the best. Bonner's Grocery .- adv.

DIED

RANDALL, -At Bayfield Road, Tuesday, Dec. 4, after a lingering illness, William James Randall, aged 65 years.

McARTHUR. - At the City Hospital, Boston, Mass., on December 1st, Alexander A. McArthur, son of John McArthur, James River, aged 28 years.

Cameron.—At the North River, Ant. Co., on Nov. 28th, of brain fever, Colin Francis Cameron, beloved child of widow Colin Cameron, aged 1 year, 9 months, 18

MEAGHER.—At Brook Village, on Tuesday morning, 25th inst., Ella Meagher, aged 21 years, with the most holy names on her lips, her pure soul went forth to meet her God. After the Holy Sacrifice was offered in her behalf, her remains were interred in the new cemetery. May her soul rest in peace!

McVarish. — At her home, North Sydney, C. B., Miss Elizabeth McVarish, in the fifty-fifth year of her age. Miss McVarish was well known and respected at North Sydney. Her industrious dis-position and kind hospitality endeared her to a large circle of friends. Strengthened and consoled by the last rites of the Catholic Church, she peacefully passed to her reward. May her soul rest in peace!

McDonald .- At Newton, Mass., on McDonald, Nov. 29, in his 42nd year, Hugh McDonald, formerly of Antigonish Harbour. His remains were brought home for interment. Throughout his long illness prepared himself for eternity by a frequent reception of the sacraments. He leaves a sorrowing widow, father, brother, two sisters and a large circle of friends to mourn his loss. May he rest in peace!

McEachern. - At Upper Glencoe, on Nov. 15th, 1900, Angus McEachern, son of Ronald McEachern, to the 36th year of his age. Deceased was an honest and industrious man, always mindful of his religious duties. He leaves two brothers and one sister, and a large circle of friends to mourn his loss. Strengthened by all the rites of Holy Mother Church, he calmiy visided his soul to God with the firm here. yielded his soul to God with the firm hope of enjoying a glorious hereafter. He was buried at River Dennis Road. May he rest in peace!

CHISHOLM.—At Malignant Cove, on Friday afternoon, Nov. 30th, David, be-loved child of Maggie B. and Dan J. Chisholm, aged 6 years and 10 months. The cause of death was croup. Little The cause of death was croup. Little Dave was a favourite with all who knew him, but particularly to all his schoolmates. He was a kind, obliging little boy. His parents are in natural grief, but there is joy in the voice which savs to them: Suffer little children to come unto me."

McARTHUR -At South West Mabou, on D. C. Macdonald, Esq., County Treasurer, is completing a new residence at Freshwater, Port Hood.—a stylish one, commanding a beautiful view. Mr. Alex. Hawley is doing the piastering.

McArthur.—At South West Manou, on their last resting place. Her parents have the sincere sympathy of the whole community in there sad bereavement. Her remains were taken to her native parish at Big Pond where the funeral services were performed by Father M. A. McPherinoffensive manner, and was beloved and inoffensive manner, and was beloved and inoffensive manner.

respected by all his acquaintances. He leaves a sorrowing father, one brother and two sisters who have the sincere sympathy of the community. Strengthened by all the rites of the Church he calmly yielded his soul to God. May he rest in peace!

his soul to God. May he rest in peace!

DEYER. — At Dorchester, Mass., on Saturday evening, Nov. 17th, after an illness of some weeks, Philip, son of the late Philip Deyer and Catherine McDougall, of Pine Tree, Pictou Co., in the 21st year of his age. The deceased was from his childhood brought up in the hospitable home of Hugh McDonald, Thorburn, where he remained until four years ago when he went to the United States never to return. Philip, who was States never to return. Philip, who was an altar boy in Therburn for years, was a sweet, amiable, loving, obliging young fellow, highly beloved by everybody. Everybody's prayers follow him. Much sympathy is felt for Mrs. McDonsid and other relatives on the sudden and unexpected have. pected news. May he rest in peace!

Obituary.

There passed sway on the 5th ult. one of the most respected residents of Judique, C. B., Donald H. Gillis, aged 84 years. His many manly qualities will be long cherished by his numerous friends. Of a family of nine children only one son survives him. He leaves also thirty-five grandchildren. He was consoled by the last rites of Holy Church. May his soul rest in peace!

There died at Glengarry, C. B., on the 18th ult., Catherine Johnston, in the 59th year of her age. Deceased suffered for a long time from cancer, which she bore with true Christian patience. Her kindwith true Christian patience. Her kind-ness and meekness gained her the estrem of all who knew her, and the sympathy of the whole community goes out to her sorrowing brothers and sisters, as eviden-ced by the large number of people that followed her remains to her last reting place. Her funeral services were performed by Rev. M. A. McPherson, P. P. Previous to her death she had the consolation of receiving all the rites of the Catholic Church. May her soul rest in peace

At East Merigomish, on the 26th day of November, 1900, Mrs. Ann Chisholm, nee Gillis, relict of the late Alexander Chisholm, in the 88th year of her age, departed this life. Strengthened by the rites of the Church, long prepared for a better by a constant observance of all its precepts, and longing to rejoin her children, all of whom had preceded her to the grave. She was the last survivor of her father's, as of her own immediate family. For seventy years she presided over her own house; and during all that time its doors were never once closed to the wearied wayfarer or hungry traveller, come whence they may. Their prayers and her good chari-table works are recorded above. May her soul rest in peace

Katherine Mockler, relict of the late Michael Hogan, died at the home of her son, Thomas Hogan, Brule, N. S., on son, Thomas Hogan, Sruie, N. S., on Nov. 20th, aged 86 years. The deceased was born in Cashel, Tipperary Co., Ireland. With her parents she emigrated to Nova Scotia seventy-six years ago, and settled at Cape John, Picton Co. She reared a family of fourteen, ten of whom reared a family of fourteen, ten of whom survive her. Always a devout Catholic, she had the consolations of the last sacraments a few days before death, and passed away with a firm trust in God that bespoke her strong Irish faith. May her soul rest

There died at Sydney, C. B., on the 16th ult., at the age of 17 years, Catherine Ann, the beloved daughter of Daniel McNeil, of Big Pond. She received the last scraments of the Catholic Church at the hands of Father McAdam, of Sydney. The deceased was highly esteemed by all her acquaintauces, as was shown by the large concourse of people that followed her remains to their last resting place. Her parents have

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-AT THE-

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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.

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Furniture. Carpets.

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NOTHING RESERVED.

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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.

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COME ONE. COME ALL.

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



GOODS



Raisins, Currants, Essences, Spices, Peels.

Etc.,

QUALITY THE BEST.

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Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as casy to take as sugar.



FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION Price Purely Vegetable,

CURE SICK HEADACHE.



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 Book-

Our long experience in selecting

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

is such that we can guarantee satisfaction in all work entrusted to us, and we respectfullly solicit the favor of a call from all contemplating a Spring Overcost or a new Suit. Particular attention given to Cler-

INDIGESTION Can be Cured.

Open Letter from a Prominent Clergyman.

MIDDLETON, N. S.

C. GATES, SON CO-1 DEAR SIRS,—Please pardon my delay in abswering 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 readily did and have felt grateful ever since to the one who gave me such good advice. The very flist 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.

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 translent 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, Pro antigoniah, June 8, 98.

A Warning to Catholic Readers.

A specimen of the irreligious and immoral literature against which the bishops of Ireland in a joint pastoral recently warned their flocks is briefly noticed in our present number. If the book had anything to recommend it-if it were ordinarily decent and reverent and possessed of some literary merit,-there might be some shadow of excuse for reading it, although it is an attack on our holy religion. But "The Master Christian," by Marie Corelli, is grossly calumnious, indecorous and irreverent, besides being illiterate to a surprising degree. It is the first book by this author, that we have tried to read, and we shall never make the attempt again. We wonder that any Catholic would willingly read more than the first few chapters of this notorious novel, or put us to the trouble of doing so.

An explanation of the sad fact that literature of this kind is patronized by those to whom it ought to be most offensive is afforded by the Irish bishops; they say it is wantonness or curiosity that prompts Catholics to read what any moralist would unhesitatingly condemn and what so many literary critics unsparingly decry. It seems to us that only those whose faith has become weak could find entertainment in books that are an insult to their religion-If we really loved the Church as we ought -if her doctrines, practices and institutions were truly sacred and dear to us-it would always be a source of genuine grief to see them misrepresented, travestied and maligned. It is to be feared that a weakening of faith also accounts for the spread of irreligious and immoral literature in Catholic countries. The danger is a special one, and the proportions which it has assumed are not exaggerated by the bishops of Ireland; they write as fol-

No subject now is too sacred to be made the matter of popular discussion in magazines and newspapers. The mysteries of faith, the solemn truths on which man rests his eternal hopes, are tossed about with as little reverence or reserve as if they were some topics of the most trivial importance; and we fear that sometimes these things leave their poison in the minds of Catholics who read them. "Lead us not into temptation," holds in this as in all other occasions of sin; and the Catholic who out of mere wantonness or curiosity reads such writings loves the danger, and it is no wonder if he should perish therein. The ordinary man of the world-without any special training in such subjects, without any opportunity or intention of following up the questions in discussion to the end-is no match for writers who are often specialists of great ability and knowledge, but who by some perversity use their powers against God's holy faith; and, at the very least, it is inexcusable rashness for such a man to expose himself to the danger of being unsettled in his belief by the impressions which they make upon

Worse, perhaps, and more fatal to many souls is the immoral literature which is poured, almost in floods, over the country. We believe that one should go back to the old pagan times to find anything equal to it in corruption; and it would be a wrong to the great classical writers of antiquity to are them with a certain important school of English fiction in these days. And what is more deplorable is that many Catholics who deem themselves loyal members of the Church allow themselves the utmost liberty in reading such things. Let a book only be extensively spoken of, then no matter how impure and how suggestive of evil it may be, no matter how gross and indecent may be the phases of human life with which it deals, if only it is fashionable, numbers of people seem to think that they are free to read it. Even women - Catholic women - take this license, and will sit down hour by hour over a book which no earthly consideration would induce them to read aloud in the presence of any one, man or woman, for whom they had a particle of respect. Surely such reading must fill the imagination with images of evil that in the end will corrupt their very souls.

In this matter we Catholics have a high standard of morals, and we should never regulate our conduct by any other. For all Catholics, but especially for women, there is ever set before their eyes by our Holy Church an image that should raise them above foulness of this kind, and make it, in any form, repulsive to them. Mary Immaculate, the Virgin Mother, 18 their ideal and their pattern; and we can hardly conceive any one-least of all a woman-in whose heart that spotless image is enshrined finding pleasure in the literature to which we refer.

These warning words are of general application. Hitherto we have avoided mention of the writings of Marie Corelli, but it may be to some purpose to name one book of the kind which Catholic readers are in duty bound to ignore, and to quote the opinion of an eminent literary critic who in the course of a scathing review describes "The Master Christian" as "a formal attack upon all the churches by an unlettered lady who knows not the rudiments of theology or criticism. - Ave

Catholicity and Prosperity.

In the American Catholic Quarterly Review, the late Father Clarke, S. J., contributed, a short time ago, a most powerful article upon " The Catholic Church in its Relation to Marterial Prosperity." That article contains the strongest evidence against the prevailing Protestant idea that Protestantism means prosperity, and that material prosperity is the straight road to Heaven. In one place the able writer says that if material prosperity means the accumulation of wealth, certainly Protestant England has succeeded better than Catholic Belgium or the Tyrol. But if the expression be taken in the wider and truer sense, and if material prosperity is explained, as identical with material well-being, the enjoyment by the people at large of the good things of this life, the scale must turn in favour of the Catholic countries. In dealing with the subject of Protestantism and morality in the same article, the learned writer throws out the following chal

"Take any country town-to say nothing of London-in England or Protestant America and compare it with one of the same size in Catholic Ireland, or Belgium, or Westphalia, or the Tyrol. In the one will be found, no doubt, good order and great external respectability, at least in the upper and middle classes. But beneath the surface would be discovered a seetbing mass of destitution and puaperism of degradation and godlessness among the old, and of corruption and immorality especially among the young, a state of things heathen rather than Christian. In the Catholic country, on the other hand-say in Ireland-would be found a firm faith, a solid piety, a purity which seems almost incredible to those who are acquainted only with corrupt society, a sweet simplicity and innocence amongst the young, an honesty and uprightness, based on supernatural motives and on a heartfelt loyalty to religion that can scarcely be overstated." Such is Father Clarke's testimeny as to the comparisons between Protestant and Catholic countries .- True Witness.

A Clerical Family.

His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, of Westminster, England, naturally enough comes in for notice in Mr. Clement Scott's 'Free Lance." After describing the Cardinal's appearance—he calls him "the handsome Cardinal "-his receptions and his self-denial, he says: "With the exception of two brothers, Colonel and Reginald Vaughan, of Courtfield, Ross and Glen Irothy, Abergavenny, all Mrs. Vaughan's children, for whom she prayed so earnestly, have become priests or nuns. Teresa Vaughan joined the Sisters of Charity in 1861, who were then in Park street, Westminster. She offered herself to the superioress, Sister Chatelain, who, noticing at once her symptoms of delicate health - and, indeed, of consumption made her reception apparently out of the question. Teresa, nothing daunted, exclaimed: "If I cannot live as a Sister of Charity, let me at least die as one." Her wish was granted, and Teresa Vaughan was the first Sister of Charity who died in England. Of his brothers, four entered the Church-Bede, who died Archbishop of Sydney; Bernard, of the Society of Jesus, rector of the Holy Name, Manchester; John, Domestic Prelate of His Holmess, and Kenelm, founder of the House of Expiation, now in South America collecting funds for the new Westminster Cathedral. In addition to the four brothers who entered the ecclesiastical state, the Cardinal has two uncles-William, Bishop of Plymouth, who was born in 1814, was consecrated by Cardinal Wiseman in 1855, and Edmund, a member of the Redemptorist Congregation. To this fairly formidable list of clercial relatives must be added two nephews, sons of Colonel Vaughan, of Courtfield."

President Loubet's Gallantry.

Mr. Clement Scott, in his new paper, tells a pretty story of President Loubet, who became a rich man the other afterneon when his life-long friend, Madame Ferret, died. Rumor says that the old lady had bequeathed over five million francs to "ce-cher petit Emile," as she always called him, and would have given him more if she had had it. The President of the Republic is especially charming with old ladies.

Emile Loubet, although a bourgeois in appearance and in solidity, possesses the Frenchman's gift of frothy wit to an unusual extent, and many and varied are the cleverly turned compliments which are placed to his account. One of these refers to the old lady who has just died, and whose charities were notoriously immense in proportion to her large fortune. "She is a wonderful woman, Madame Ferret," said the grateful recipient of a large sum, for charity, to President Loubet one afternoon. "She in very deed carries her heart in her hand." "Impossible mon "Impossible, mon cher," replied the President; physically impessible. Her heart is too large, and her hand is too small." And "ce cher petit Emile" was rewarded with a tap of the old lady's fan a'd a "flatteur va," Baden- Powell's advice to Boys.

Major Gen. Baden-Powell has been elected patron of the League of Health and Manliness, formed in connection with the parish church of Weston-by-Runcorn, England. This organization is directed against youthful smoking, and the members guarantee not to indulge in the seductive weed until they are twenty-one at least. In requesting the hero of Mafeking, as a well-known non-smoker, to accept the position, the seniors of the league mentioned that most of them were past or present members of the choir. The following reply has been received:

Rustenburg, Transvaal, July 23, 1900, My dear boys-I was very glad indeed to get your kind congratulations on the relief of Mafeking. I am very glad to be elected patron of your club-and I have three reasons for taking special interest

First-Because 1 was myself for five years a choir boy in the Charterhouse Choir.

Secondly-Because I am not a smoker. Thirdly-Because I was partly educated as a boy in Norwich, and used often to go over to Runcorn.

So you see I feel qualified to take a more than outside interest in your doings. I quite agree with your principles, that it is at your time of life that your habits and character are formed, and remain yours during your manhood. A feeble youth who smokes because he thinks it is manly is just as liable to drink or to swear because he has known grown-up men do it -not because it is any pleasure to himthen he gets into the habit of it, and the fault becomes part of him for the rest of his life. The stronger-minded boy thinks a bit-for himself as you in your-or may I say, in our club do - and keeps himself clear of faults which he recognizes are failings in men.

Your recognition of the good work being done by the soldiers out here in their devotion to their duty shows that you are looking in the right direction to see what is the proper example of man to follow. And I think that if boys would take the line of always trying to do what is their duty, it would become, in a short time, part of their nature, and would thus guide every action of theirs as men. You who are choir boys-or past choir boys-will recognize that if each sings his part in the harmony under the direction of the leader-that is, if each one does his duty-the result is a pleasing anthem, whereas if each sang what he liked best there would be a fine old cats' chorus. So it is in life -if each does his duty in his proper line or profession the whole community moves prosperously and successfully.

Fellows are very often in doubt as to which of the two courses may be the proper one to take, or are tempted to take one line because it is more pleasant or easy than the one which their conscience tells them is the right one. Well, if ever you are in such doubt there is an easy way of deciding, and that is to ask your conscience "Which is it my duty to do?" and that will nearly always guide you right. In this way you will soon find that it comes as a habit to do your duty to your leader, whether that be the choirmaster, the head of your department, employer, or officer, or the Queen. And remember always, that in thus doing, conscientiously, your duty to your leader, you are also doing your duty to God. And also remember that as you lads may often, without knowing it, perhaps, be imitating the examples of men before you so also unknown to you, there may be and probably are, other boys watching you and imitating your example. So let your example to them be always a good one.

In this way the whole of England's boys and men will in a short time be what the best of them now are, viz., a lot living honorably up to what their conscience tells them is their duty. Wishing the club every success. I am yours truly,

R. S. BADEN-POWELL. To Fred Fryer, Hon. Secretary, Anti-Smoking Society.

Smith-After trying for 10 long years I have at last succeeded in convincing my wife that I am perfect.

Jobson-Are you sure of it?

Smith-Of course, I am. It was only this morning that she said I was a perfect

The dear child-Oh, Mrs. Bloom, when did you get back?

Mrs. Bloom-Bless you, dear, I was not away anywhere. What made you think The dear child-I thought you were. I

heard my mamma say that you were at Loggerheads with your husband for over

It's dreadfully queer, said the housewife, that the potatoes you bring should be so much bigger at the top of the sack than they are at the bottom.

Miss, said the honest farmer, It comes about this way. P'tatoes is growin' so fast just now that by the time I get a sack full the last ones is ever so much bigger than the fust ones.

Professional

Curds

MACECHEN & MACCABE.

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SYDNEY, C. B. Real Estate bought and sold and monies loaned and borrowed

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GEO. TOWNSEND. VETERINARY SURGEON

NEW GLASGOW, - N. S. oft with F. H. RANDALL,

CANNED GOODS NOW IN STOCK.

Sausages,

Corned Beef,

Ox Tongue,

Chip Beet,

Lunch Tongue

Boneless Chic-

ken,

Turkey,

Duck,

Tomatoes, Peas, Corn, String Beans, Pumpkins, Squash, Apples, Peaches, Peas, Plums, Blueberries, Strawberries, Raspberries, Pineapple, Baked Beans, Vancamps Baked Beans

Potted Ham, Tongue, Beef, Hare, Vancamps Halibut, with Tomato Sauce Salmon,

Finan Haddies, Mackerel. Condensed Milk and Coffee Oysters, Etc., Etc. C. B. WHIDDEN

& SON,



Intercolonial Railway

On and after Monday Nov. 25, 1085, 1 will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follow

LEAVE ANTIGONISH

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

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

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

D. POTTINGES.

Moneton ,N. B., Nov. 22

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THE IMMENSE ADDITION TO THE

... IN THE RECENT ... 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

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. 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

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,

75c. now 45c. former price, Black Sateen Shirts, former price, \$1.00 how 60c.

White Dress Bhirts, A splendid line for Soc. 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 Laundried Shirts, with two collars, former price 65c. now 38 cents.

Men's Colored Laundried Shirts, former price 75c. now 45 cents. Men's Colored Laundried Shirts, former price 1.00 now 55 cents.

Hoisery and Gloves.

These are all just in from the old country and are all elegant Ladies 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.

Irunks. . . .

A big stock to dispose of at

one	TOHOMIT	ig 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	3.2
Former	Price,	4.15,	now	2.90
Former	Price,	3,50,	now	2.50
Former	Price,	2.40,	now	1.7
Former	Price,	1.70,	now	1.2

Waterproofs. Tweeds and Cloths

Of all kinds for Men's and Boys' Suits.

Grey and Mixed Tweeds,

price 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 Wiath 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 dis-

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.

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.

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

West End Warehouse, Antigonish.

Sacred Heart Centenary

In the 142 houses of the Society of the Sacred Heart, which are in all parts of the civilized world except the continent of Asia, the centenary of the society was celebrated yesterday. In New York the anniversary was observed by a reunion of the alumnæ of the Manhattanville convent, who assembled to the number of 400 at the convent at St. Nicholas and Convent avenues.

The Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J., read a paper on "The Higher Education of Wonen," with especial attention to the work of the founder of the Society of the Sacred Heart, Mme. Sophie Barat, who established the society in 1800, when she was 21 years old. She lived to be 85 years old and established one house for every year of her life.

There are now 7,000 religious in the society, 12,000 pupils in the convent schools and 20,000 pupils in the free schools. Father Campbell in the course of his address said :

The world is very much exercised at present over what it is pleased to consider its magnanimous and novel conception of the higher education of women. Never was so much money expended in a multiplicity of schemes to further it, never was so much of what, by courtesy, may be called thought bestowed to perfect it, and in view of all that was expected never were such unsatisfactory results obtained. It could not be otherwise, for all the splendid endeavors are one sided, ill advised and incomplete.

'It is beyond peradventure true that the scholastic triumphs which constitute the glory of the nuns of former days have failed of accomplishment in our own. But the blame is to be put where it belongs. It is the fault of the age in which we live. It is a threefold combination of a shirking of labour, a squandering of time in frivolous occupations and an unconquerable dread of even temporary seclusion from the world.

'Much is said about the necessity of convents adapting themselves more than they do to the requiremnts of the times in which we live. If adapting themselves to the requirements of the times means yielding more than they have already done to the clamorous demands of parents for interruptions of study and more plunges on the part of their students into the vortex of the frivolous amusements of the day, of theatres and receptions and routs of every description, and consequently more relaxation of the moral fibre and more inability to work, then the position of modern Catholic educator is a hard one, placed as they thus are between the impossibility of really educating their charges or the necessity of closing their establish.

"They are confronted not with a problem of education but of domestic economy. God grant they may at least preserve the traditions of Christian modesty, and that the swaggering, overconfident damsel who affects masculine fashions and, it is said, is cultivating masculine vices may never issue from our convent schools."-New York Sun, Nov. 22.

A War Correspondent on the Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. Neilly, the correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette at Mafeking, writes thus under the heading, " Honour the Nuns," in his recently published book, Besieged with B .- P.

"I must say a specially good word for

the Irish Sisters of Mercy, who were shelled out of their convent and driven underground to suffer with the rest. Three bands of the same order worked with Florence Nightingale in the Crimea. They were within sight of their shell-battered wreck all the time, and had much to remind them of the terrible time they had there while the enemy poured his projectiles toward the building. They were not idle during the siege. They nursed by night and by day, and when not engaged in this work of mercy they were making and mending in their 'dug-out' for the troops. They made hundreds of haversacks, powder-bags, and all sorts and conditions of things. I frequently called in to inquire how they were bearing their share of our load of trouble, and always found them in a sunshiny, cheery mood. They never once grumbled during the siege. It was refreshing to go in and have a chat with them. They never spoke of big guns, or slandered their friends, or back-bit, or said what they would not do if they did not get adequate compensation for the damage done to their convent by the guns. If the people of Britain have a the guns. If the people of Britain have a desire to mark their appreciation of services done during the siege, they may meetly do something for these good ladies, who left their homes and friends to spend a life in showing light in the dark corners of the earth; and cheering the needy, and generally giving help where help is needed. They had almost finished their convent building, and, I believe, are still in debt over it. Now they have to begin all over again,"

Tasteful dress is as wholesome and neces sary a thing for a woman as good food and drink. But it she makes life a long debauch of clothes she is exactly in the position of glutton or the drunkard.—December Ladies' Home Journal.

Humorous

Mrs. Briske.-Johnny, did the Doctor call while I was out.

Little Johnny-(stopping his play.)-Yes'm. He felt my pulse an' looked at my tongue, and shook his head and said it was a very serious case, and left this prescription, and said he'd call again before night.

Mrs, Briske.-Gracious me! It wasn't you I sent him to see; it was the baby.

Miss Scott: Yes, she has been saying all manner of wicked things about me. Friend: You should not heed her, dear.

She merely repeats what other people say. Daughter-I leve him. He is the light

of my life. Father-Well that's all right; but I object to having my house lit up by him after midnight.

It was Monday. The wretched goat peered through the gaps in the backyard fence.

Ah me! she sighed, I'm starving; I must do it, I must.

Do what? inquired the boardyard cur. Take in washing, replied the goat, making a dash through the gap.

It was a class of eight-year-olds and the subject for composition was the Cow. One of the girls wrote among other

The cow is a very useful animal, for she supplies us with beefsteaks, veal, pork and other meats.

Little Clara was out with her mother, taking dinner at a neighbor's house, and the hostess, in an attempt to be entertaining, asked her if she liked kittens. The little miss shocked those gathered at the table by looking suspiciously at the chicken pie, and exclaiming, I'd rather have cake.

Here's another man who got away with some money that didn't belong to him, said the young woman who was reading the paper. How much? inquired Miss Cayenne. It doesn't state. That's too bad! I wanted to determine whether he is a plain theif, a misguided embezzler or a bold financier.

Bobby s mother had invited a few friends to tea, and Bobby was consequently instructed to be on his best behavior. The conversation having becoming animated at the table four young friend was forgotten. A few moments, afterwards his mother asked the servant for a clean plate.

You can have mine, mamma, there ain t nothing on it said poor little Bobby.

I see, said the shoe clerk boarder, that there is a king in Africa who has been drunk for fifteen years.

That, said the Cheerful Idiot, is what might be called a soaking reign.

I saw you kissing my daughter. I don't like it, sir.

Then you don't know what's good, sir. Little Charlie (at supper) .- Grandma, do your glasses make things look bigger? Grandma .- Yes, dearie. Why?

Charlie .- Oh! I only thought if they did maybe you d take them off while you re cutting the cake.

I presume you carry a memento of some kind in that locket of yours? Precisely; it is a lock of my husband's hair.

But your husband is still alive. Yes, but his hair is all gone.

The tern schooner Lena Pickup, after leven days battling with gales, was wrecked fourteen miles from St. John on Nov. 21, and one man drowned. The six others had a narrow escape; the Captain swam ashore, another man was swept ashore, and the four others drifted ashore on the poop deck, and climbed the face of the cliff on a ship's ladder.

A GENERAL BREAKING DOWN

of the nervous system, or, as it is generally called, "General Debility," is often the result of imperfect digestion or mal-nutrition. Unable to receive proper nourishment, the system gradually wastes away and slowly but surely sinks into this deplorable state of debility.

Park's Perfect Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites and Guaiacol is recognized by the Medical Profession generally as a valuable aid in correcting this condition. By improving the dis-ordered digestion and furnishing through the Hypophosphites the element necessary to the strength of the nerve centres it builds up the entire system and promotes s healthy and vigorous per-formance of the functions. Being free from all disagreeable taste or smell, it is highly palatable and can be retained by the most delicate stomach.

Price 50 Cents per Bottle, of all Druggists.

- Manufactured by -

HATTIE & MYLIUS. HALIFAX, N. S. ********

A Girl's Best Counselor is Her Father.

'Trust your father's judgment of your men friends rather than your own at first,' writes Helen Watterson Moody to girls, in the December Ladies' Home Journal. The gay, witty, responsive young man who will probably most attract you, will not be the one who will be likely to have his serious consideration and respect. Talk over your men friends with your father, and see what healthy, unemotional, sane 'man-standards' he will set up for you. I really think if a girl could have but one counsellor in her love affairs, it would better be her father than any one else. A man's mind is a great tonic to the somewhat diluted intellect of a girl in her first sentimental experiences,

In the treatment of Coughs, Colds, and Consumption, PARK'S PERFECT EMULSION is the most rational, most in accord with modern medical science and above all most effective Emulsion you can use.

Young men and women from all parts of the province attend

Whiston's Commercial College.

This long established, reliable and up-to-date Commercial Training School fully merits the confidence so long placed in it by the public, and continues to give the best instruction in Book-keeping, Shorthand and Typewriting and kindred subjects, also to supply business men with Bookand Stenographers.

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 Pernin systems.

Our annual announcement for 1900-01 containing information respecting terms, etc., will be sent to any address on application to S. E. WHISTON, Principal, 95 Barrington St., Halifax.

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To be sold :
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aut of the in the above the Registry of Deeds at Anti-duly recorded in the Registry of Deeds at Anti-gonish 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 Excution. Dated Antigonish, November 19, 1900.

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;

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 Province 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 lifty theusand 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

(b) Amending the said Cnapter 104 of the Statutes of 1889, Section 6, by inserting after the words "or any of the Provinces thereof" in the seventh line of the said Section the words "or in the securities specified in Section 50 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," after the words, "Supreme Chief Ranger" in the second line of the said sub-section.

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.

[c] 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.

If Amending the said Chapter 51 of the Statutes of 1896, Section 10. by substituting the word "Taxes" for the words "Capitation Fax." in the second and tenth lines of the said

[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 20th day of Nov-ember, 1900.

JOHN A. McGILLIVRAY, Q. C., Solicitor for the Applicant.

Local Items.

WALDREN'S PHOTO STUDIO will close at & p. m. Friday.

WE RECEIVED this week a quantity of rock salt for horses and cattle. Bonner's Grocery .- adv.

Hipes! Hipes .- 500 hides wanted by C. B. Whidden & Son, for which cash will be paid .- adv.

THE BEAULY KILN, which was destroyed in the great storm, is now ready for work. Archie Chisholm, proprietor .- adv.

SHEEP AND LAMBS .- Mr. F. R. Trotter shipped 200 sheep and lambs to St. John, N. B., and 200 to Sydney on Tuesday.

Some IRON ORE was found at James River recently. On Nov. 26th a lease of the district was taken out, and It will be further prospected.

Calendars for the year 1901 have been received from Mr. Courtney Henry, druggist, Antigonish, and Mr. A. A. McIntyre, barrister, agent for the Norwich Fire Insurance Society.

THE ASSESSMENT REVISORS for this County sre now at the Court House, engaged in revising the Assessment of the Municipality, and will continue until the work is concluded.

THE LECTURE AND ENTERTAINMENT announced to take place at the C. M. B. A. Hail on Tuesday evening of this week was postponed until Tuesday evening of next week, in order that it might not interfere with the Biograph entertainment at the

A RAILWAY EMPLOYEE was run over in the railway yard at Mulgrave yesterday, and was severely injured. His name is O'Neil, and, we understand, lives at Mulgrave. He was taken to the New Glasgow Hospital.

COAL INDICATIONS have been discovered at John McIsaac's farm, Eig Mountain, Ant. Dr. Cameron has taken up a number of areas there, and men are now engaged sinking a shaft. As yet no coal has been

Miss Kennedy, of New York, arrived here yesterday. She represents the P. D. Corset Company and will be pleased to illustrate the superiority of these celebrated corsets to the ladies of Antigonish who may be kind enough to call at A. Kirk & Co.'s store at any time from now till Saturday noon .- adv.

THE LATE OF fast express train, which has been running as a special since the adoption of the winter time table, is again on the regular service. It is due here from Sydney at 4.30 p. m., and from Halifax at 6,17 p. m., local time. No train connections are made at Truro with other than the express bound to Halifax. Mails are carried by it to and from the Sydneys and Halifax only.

THE BIOGRAPH EXHIBITION at the College Hall, on Monday and Tuesday nights and on Tuesday afternoon were attended by a large and delighted audience. The Biograph is the most recent invention in the art of moving pictures. It gives the life and movement of the most interesting incidents in the world of to-day. Principle among the many notable pictures were three very distinct views of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. The manager, Mr. LeRoy Kenney, is also a first-class entertainer, and his songs and recitations were all real good.

ACCIDENT .- An I. C. R. brakeman, Alex. M. Frazer, aged 18 years, son of Simon Fraser, St. Joseph's, Ant., was the victim of a serious railway accident at James River Station on Friday morning last. He was applying the brakes to a moving freight train when he was thrown between the cars. Three cars passed over his foot, crushing it terribly. He also suffered a compound fracture at the elbow, several bad scalp wounds and numerous contusions about the body. He was brought to Town, and Dr. McDonald, Sr., after consultation with Dr. Cameron, amputated the foot below the heel. The serious nature of the injuries renders his recovery doubtful. Young Fraser hal been employed as a brakeman only a few

THE FACULTY and students of the Cotlege desire to express their thanks to their friends in town who so kindly contributed to make the concert on St. Andrew's night so great a success. Angus McDonald of Dorchester, N. B., but formerly of this county, was a picturesque figure in the full costume of Highland piper. His reels and strathspeys would almost make a mummy dance, while his spirited playing of "The Cock of the North" brought vivid recollections of the Gordons' famous charge at Dargai. The excellence of Daniel Mc-Donald's violin music is already wellknown, but he grows better every year. On this occasion he had the good fortune

Lang Syne" as a solo was also a highly finished performance. The addition of a recitation, a sword-dance, and several songs by students made last Friday evening "a braw Scoth nicht" at St. Francis

HYMENEAL .- Mr. John McDonald and Miss Mary McDonald, both natives of Arisaig, this County, were united in holy wedlock by Rev. Charles Donohoe at the Rectory, Jamaica Plain, Mass., on Nov. 28. Miss Kate McDonald, sister of the bride, and Mr. Daniel McDonald, the groom's brother, attended the happy pair during the ceremony, on the conclusion of which the wedding party repaired to the new home of Mr. and Mrs. McDonald, 97 Massachusetts Street. They were the pupils were very well rendered. recipients of many valuable and useful presents.

At Big Marsh, Ant. Co., on November 20th, the Rev. Neil McDonald united in the holy bonds of matrimony Mr. Daniel McLean and Miss Sarsh McGillivray. A large number of friends were present at the wedding festivities and spent a most pleasing evening. The bride was the recipient of numerous valuable presents.

Mr. Lauchlin McKinnon and Miss Mary McLean, both of Bailey's Brook, were united in marriage on the 27th ult. at Lismore by the Rev. Dr. Alex. Chisholm. They were attended by Miss Libby Mc-Donald of Merigomish and Mr. Ronald McDonald of Bailey's Brook.

Miss Janet McDougald, daughter of Donald McDougald, Esq., Warden of Lismore Church, and Mr. Matthew Mc-Grath, of McGrath's Mountain, were married by Rev. Dr. Alex. Chisholm on Tuesday, 27th ult. The marriage was followed by a Nuptial Mass. After a very agreeable time at the residence of Mr. McDougald. the young couple left for McGrath's Mountain about three in the afternoon. The young bride was the recipient of many nice presents, for which she is very grateful to the kind friends who gave them.

Christina Ann, second daughter of Duncan McKinnon (Malcolm) of Lismore, was united in marriage on Tuesday, 15th Nov., 1900, to William McGee of Big Island, Merigomish. The Rev. Dr. Chisholm, P. P., officiated at the administration of the farmers having good fat Steers and Poultry to dispose of might advise. But will not have sacrament. James W. Chisholm, of Little Harbour, did the honours for the groom, while her relative Miss Annie Mackintosh, of Lismore, walted on the bride, and accompanied her for a few days to her new home, where the welcome and congratulations of the neighbourhood were tendered to the young couple with much cordiality. We wish Mrs. and Mr. McGee many years of happiness.

STRAYED!

Strayed from the premises of the Subscriber, in June last, Two YEARLING HEIFERS, colour, red and white, marked with silt on right ear and top off left Information concerning them will be gratefully received by

JOHN McDOUGALL, Sylvan Valley.

One Pair of EXTRA GOOD FAT THREE YEAR-OLD OXEN Would dress 1200 or 1300 pounds beef. They are well-trained for all kinds of work. Will sell on time to any reliable

JAMES CONNOLLY, Guysboro Intervale.

STRAYED!

Strayed from the premises of the Subscriber, in October last, a two-year-old Make Colf. colour, dark brown. Any information concerning her whereabouts will be thankfully received by

JOSEPH McDonald, Fraser's Mills.

MAKE A DEAD CERTAINTY OF YOUR

XMS PHOTOS

By setting between

4th and 8th December AT WALDREN'S

Convent Entertainment.

On Thursday evening, the 22nd of Nov., the music pupils of St. Bernard's Convent held a very interesting entertainment, in their hall, in honour of St. Cecilia, the Patron of Music. There were no invited guests, a few ladies of the town, who had met there to organize for a Christmas Tree for the benefit of the convent, had the pleasure of participating. The programme, which is given below, was very select. The music was fine and reflected great credit on both teachers and pupils. The drill, which was performed by the The drill, which was performed by the resident pupils, was unique and novel. The singing was charming. By 'ar the most enjoyable feature of the entertainment was the reading by Miss O'Connor, the teacher of elecution in the convent; it was superb. The recitations of the junior

PROGRAMME.

Duet, - Misses L. McDonald, and Norah Leahy Cantantibus Organis, St. Cecilia's Choral Society. Zingarella, - Miss O'Connor

The Palms,
The Palms,
Misses M. McKinnon and Bella McCurdy.
Reading, The Mincet, Miss Eileen McSweeney
Solo, The Chorister, - Miss Rosa McLean,
Pantomimiu Drill.

Solo, The Chorister,
Pantomimiu Drill.
Duet, The Arrival of Santa Claus,
Misses C. and M. McDonald.
Reading, Miss Blanche Says, - Miss O'Connor.
Duet, Music on the Waves,
Misses M. J. McIsaac and M. McDougall.
Duet, Hollday Spirits,
Misses Rosa and Chls. Chisholm.
Reading, Poor Little Joe, Miss Mary McKenna
Duet,—Chase aux Lions.
Chorus, "Hark to the Mandolins."
Duet, Marche des Etudiants,
Misses M. Gillis and Jennie Chisholm.
Reading, Song of the Market Place,
Miss Minnie Cameron.
Duet, Parade Review,

Duet, Parade Review,
Misses A. Donalds and Murray
God Save the Queen.

STRAYED!

On the premises occupied by the undersigned, are Two Cows,— one black mooley with white back; the other red — which have sarayed away from their owner, who can bave same on payment of expenses and the costs of this advertisement.

SAMUEL MAHONEY,
Antigonish Harbour.

FRASER'S MEAT MARKET

laving taken the store lately occupied y T. V. Sears, I propose keeping on and a supply of the

BEST QUALITY OF MEATS The County Will Produce.

STRAYED!

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

SHERIFF'S SALE!

IN THE COUNTY COURT: the District No. 6. Between COLIN GRANT, Plaintiff,

DONALD McDONALD, Defendant To be sold at Public Auction, by the Sheriff of the County of Antigonish, or his Deputy, at the Court House, in Antigonish, in said County, son

TUESDAY.

The 8th Day of January, A. D., 1901,

AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE FORENOON, All the Estate, Right, Title, Interest, Property, Chaim and Demand, jof the above-named Defendant, at the time of the recording of the judgment herein, or at any time since, of, in, to, upon, or out of, that certain lot, piece, or parcel of

LAND.

situate, lying, and being at Lakevale, in the said County of Antigonish, and bounded as follows: On the North by land of Archibald McLean, (John's Son); on the East by land of the heirs of the late Donald McDonald, (Malcolm); on the South by land of Donald H. McDonald; and on the West by land of Malcolm McNell, containing sixty acres more or less; together with all buildings and appurtenances to the same belonging. The said lot of land having been levied upon under an execution issued upon a judgment in the above cause, which judgment had been duly recorded for npwards of one year.

TERMS:—Ten per cent. deposit at time of

TERMS:-Ten per cent deposit at time of sale; remainder on delivery of deed.

DUNCAN D. CHISHOLM, Sheriff of Antigonish County.

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D. C. CHISHOLM, Plaintiff's Solicitor.

Dated Sheriff's Office, Antigonish, N. S., De-

CHEAP CLOTHS!

We still have all our wool on hand and want money to pay our bills.

For two weeks, commencing MONDAY, DECEN

we will offer our entire stock of

TWEEDS, SERGES, FLANNELS And DRUGGETS FOR CASH ONLY.

> Tweeds from 25 cents per yard up. Double Width Black Cloth for sacques 60 cts. Extraordinary bargains in Flannels and Blanketing.

This is a genuine slaughter sale to raise money. We are not closing out business, and will continue to take wool in exchange for goods at regular prises.

> D. G. Whidden & Co., Antigonish Woollen Mill.

to be accompanied on the piano by Miss Anna McKinnon, whose playing of "Auld Dominion from and Steel Co.'s Office, Marble Mountain.

THE PALACE CLOT

Great Discount

CLOTHING, FURNIS **BOOTS** and SHOES RUBBERS, ETC.

At prices other dealers pay

Why? Because we buy right and for cash only, save all discounts. Our stock consists of -

> MEN'S and BOYS' SEASONABLE COATS, ULSTERS, REEFERS. SHIRTS, UNDERWEAR, SWEAT RAIN COATS, UMBRELLAS, GL TRUNKS, VALISES, BOOTS, SHOI RUBBERS, in fact everything in our e down. No sale equalling this.

It means big saving for every purchaser. All ne mostly this year purchase. Not old shop-worn, mot been culled over and packed away year after year, tl people and and advertised as new, up-to-date goods. will prove more convincing facts than substracted words, don't be humbugged and buy awkward, old fa you can get

Fresh, New and Stylish

MUCH LOWER IN PRI

At the up-to-date

MENS' FIXINGS

SATISFACTION ALWAYS GIVE OR MONEY REF

MAIN STREET.

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Cost much to write us and get our Cat Terms and Prices on : : : :

Pianos, Organ Sewing Machi Kinds of Musical Instru

Wholesale discounts to Church We sell direct from the Fact

We sell on the Easy Instalment system. W Miller Bros. & McI 45 Barrington Street, Halifax, N

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\$5,000 WORTH REA CLOTHIN

BELOWCOST

As I have made arrangements with manufacture Heavy Stock for next spring my present str cleared out. Want of space forbids details. that I have

\$3.00

BLUE BLACK BEAVER OVERCOAT \$5.50, ft BOYS PANTS, 50ct VESTS, 50cts

MENS WATERPROOF COATS, good q \$2,75, ft

O'BRIE

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 refit a brick vault at the election of a suitable tenant for a term of years. Apply to

C. C. GREGORY, Fernwood, Antigonish,

MEN WANTED

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

\$1.50 Per day and up, Fare Down Refunded

WALD Photo

GREGORY ANTIG

XMAS

Open all Day

TUESDAY WEDNES THURSDA FRIDAY, and SATURDA

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