

THE CASKET.

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20.

A man, who, knowing nothing of science, doubts its truths, is looked upon as a fool. A man who has never studied theology, but who doubts the existence of God, is looked upon as a brilliant thinker. That is the world's way.—*Sacred Heart Review.*

Men have been known to turn their thoughts inward on themselves so keenly that they come to doubt their own existence. In that case, however, the world calls them lunatics.

A beautiful and touching tribute, one better worth having than much of the exaggerated laudation which attends the departure from this world of public men, was that paid to the late Bishop Phillips Brooks by a little child of his flock. He had been great friends with a little girl, the daughter of one of his congregation, and the child had always hailed him with joy when they met. When he died, her mother went to the nursery and said to her tearfully: "Bishop Brooks is gone to Heaven, dear." "Oh, Mamma," said the little one, "how happy the angels will be."

They may talk about China and her hordes as the yellow peril. More threatening and immediate yellow peril Americans is the yellow journal.—*Sacred Heart Review.*

We are glad to hear one clear-voiced protest against the growing evil of sensational journalism. The minds of sensible men will turn at last from the nauseating daily dish of exaggeration and invention offered by the daily press. Even now, there are many citizens who show their preference for papers which aim to give important and instructive news and that only, and to give it without appealing to passion or morbid fancy. Fortunately, there are some such papers in the list of dailies. Unfortunately, their number is small as compared with the yellow press. The press which appeals to passion is not only contemptible but dangerous, and hate, produced by race feeling or other cause, is a passion. Some of our Irish-American contemporaries might reflect once in a while on this fact.

The *New York Observer* has a contribution from a visitor to the Azores. "There are no public schools," besays, "appalling fact. But, singularly enough, how sturdy and happy the children of these islands are, bless them." And he says: "The Furnas community is such a law-abiding one that no police are necessary." Your attention to this, if you please, kind friends who glory so much in the godless civilization and material prosperity of educated peoples. Here are primitive people who never warbled "Hello, central!" through the wondrous telephone, nor enjoyed the blessings of material advancement; who never had the glorious privilege of selling their votes; who know not the dignity of getting drunk on Saturday night; who have no idea of all the blessings we Canadians enjoy, who never even heard of R. R. McLeod, and are entirely ignorant as to how many hundreds of million years have elapsed since the earth was evolved by nothing but of unlimited nothing. And yet, no police are required among them. Why, then, R. R. McLeod is fondly in need of some one to hold him,—or to hold his tongue for him.

The grandchildren of Charles Dickens are being brought up Catholics,—the religion of their mother. It is a strange illustration of the grip which bigotry had

upon the leading men of England in the middle of the century, that the great novelist, while his views of men and affairs were uncommonly clear and free from prejudice in most things, was a consistent and thorough-going hater of Catholicity. Miss Harriet Martineau, the well-known writer, states, as we are informed on the authority of a writer in the *Sydney Freeman*, that Dickens declined to publish in his paper even tales which drew attention to the virtues of Catholics, and she declares that Dickens avowed to her his intention never to allow anything, however true, to appear in his journal, which could benefit the reputation of the Catholics. Yet Dickens was a great novelist, and one of the hardest hitters the world has ever known whenever he realized injustice in any public institution or oppression in its workings. He was the exposé of shams and the revealer of the hidden sufferings of the poor and of the hidden cancers upon the body politic. That he could be broad is shown by his tributes to the beauty and nobility often exhibited in the lives of the poor and too often unrecognized. That he could be narrow is shown by his burlesque of the administration of justice in England. Dickens, whether he himself so believed or not, would have had the world believe that the whole system of British law was rotten to the core, that lawyers in general were worse than highwaymen, that the whole plan of the great and noble common law of England was one to oppress the poor and prosper rascality. He burlesqued the Bench as well as the Bar. If one accepted Dickens' showing, the judges of England were each of them a Jeffries more or less fully developed. How much of the popular distrust of the profession of law is traceable to the writings of Dickens and one or two others, it would be very interesting to know. This and his attitude towards Catholics, as shown above, display great contrasts in his nature; and his influence was wide and deep.

"England's honour roll of converts," as it is well called, is well worth reading, well worthy of the attention of those who fondly dream that the Catholic Church is retrograding. Here are some of the names taken from *The Sacred Heart Review* of people whose conversions have taken place within a period over which the memories of very many of our readers can easily carry them. The Marquis of Ripon; Lord Bury; Lord Emily, who was Postmaster General of England; Lord Lyons, the celebrated ambassador; the late scholarly Marquis of Bute; the Earl of Asburnham; Lord Bray; the late Earl of Gainsborough; the late Earl of Dunraven; the Earl of Denbigh who was with the Queen on her visit to Ireland recently; Lord Henry Kerr; Lord North; Lord Chas. Tynne; Sir Paul Molesworth; Sir John Croker Barrow; Sir Richard Hungerford Pallen; Sir Wm. Percival Heathcote; Sir Vere de Vere; Sir Philip Rose; Sir John Simeon; the Hon. Colin Lindsay, formerly President of the English Church Union; Sir Henry Hawkins, the celebrated Judge, now in the House of Lords; Aubrey de Vere; Adelaide Proctor; Coventry Patmore; Sir Richard Burton, the explorer; Fred. Burnard, editor of *London Punch*; Lady Georgiana Fullerton; Lady Herbert of Lea; Lady Gertrude Douglas; Frederick Lucas; Clement Scott, the famous dramatic critic; Lady Butler (Elizabeth Thompson), the painter of several celebrated pictures, as "The Roll Call," "The Scots Greys"; Pugin, the architect; Sir Charles Halle, the pianist; Charles Santley, England's greatest baritone; Dr. W. E. Ward; Burns and Oates, the great publishers. This shows that the intelligent English people are paying some attention to the claims of the Catholic Church. Elsewhere in this issue we print a list of Anglican clergymen received into the Catholic Church since 1896.

The *Catholic Columbian* says: Some parents take no pains to avoid scandalizing their children. They say things before them that shock their tender moral sense of the young. They lead them into evil speech. Those ways by which parents are most apt to offend their children are the tongue. They discuss

their little ones delicate matters apt to bring on thoughts not pure; or they gossip about the faults of their neighbours; or they offensively criticize their pastor. They seem to forget that little pitchers have big ears; that the innocent may easily have the dirty road of sin opened to them.

Such parents will, possibly, wonder very much in after years why their children have turned out badly. They will wonder that the most natural thing in the world has happened, that is, that their evil example has corrupted their children. A child of tender age thinks his father is the greatest man in the world. When he sees his father do, and hear him say things which are wrong, and bad, he has more harm done to him than a priest can preach out of him in a thousand sermons. Of what use for a man to speak of the evils of gambling, if he plays for stakes in the presence of children. Of what use for him to advocate temperance or to voice the evils of drinking if he perfumes his breath with whiskey. The breath which he uses in good speaking is nowhere in its influence upon his children, or his neighbour's children either, with the breath which gives to their nostrils the odor of intoxicating liquor. One of the surest ways to make a child cynical and distrustful of the goodness of others is to preach something to him and have him see that you do the opposite of what you preach. We had something to say, recently, to moderate drinkers. It cannot be to often pointed out that men have a sufficient reason for becoming total abstainers in this alone, that it is well-nigh impossible for any man to drink habitually without his habit proving a source of temptation, either to young or old among his neighbours. Where do the children who "rush the can" for their parents or elders learn to drink? Does it require any very keen perception to see that the drinking of those whose carriers they are, whether moderate or immoderate, is a source of deadly danger to them? Then, there is the abominable custom of treating. There is not a man in the land who does not know of many a case where moderate drinking has caused scandal and ruin by the pressing of liquor upon men who ought not to have it within a mile of them. There may be men whose drinking does no harm; but, if so, they are lost to view in the masses of those who do injury directly and indirectly to their neighbour, who scandalize where by their example they ought to strengthen and preserve.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

The Son of God came as a little child. We adore Him, but we should respect childhood in general, since he honoured that condition of life. The human love of Holy Mary for the Divine Child is the model of the love of all parents. Christmas is the children's festival; we make much of them, and rightly so. If a pagan could speak of showing reverence to a child, how much more should we do so, remembering that the Eternal God was once a little child. Reverence the child, not by giving him his own way, not by allowing bad habits to fasten themselves upon him, but by surrounding him with all the loving kindness and protection which may help him to grow more and more like the Christ-Child.

Christmas is a festival for parents. They should meditate on the joys of Our Blessed Lady, and commend their children to her. Bring your little ones to the Crib and tell them the beautiful story. Explain to them the meaning of Christmas.

Christmas is a festival for the poor and suffering. Think of the burden of poverty and the suffering which the Son of God took upon Him at the moment of his birth. Why? To remind us that suffering is the penalty of sin whose expiation he had assumed, that suffering is the road to glory, the pledge and measure of eternal happiness for those who bear it well, that suffering is a testimony of God's love. He lays it on us, but He laid it on His own Divine Son before us, giving Him to us as a model of patience and resignation. Go in spirit to the Christmas Crib; behold Him shivering with cold; see His infant tears; listen to His plaintive cries; and then remember that it is the Eternal Son of God who bears all this for us.

Christmas is a season for merrymaking. The "glad tidings of great joy" are not to be received in sadness and gloom. But let the merrymaking be such as is becoming to Christians. If a man will get drunk, let him do it at any other season of the year rather than this. To get drunk at Christmas is something very like a sacrilege. "Oh, have a drink, it's Christmas, you know," we hear many say. Christmas—what does that mean? The Yorkshire Member of Parliament, at whom O'Connell set the whole House of Commons laughing, knew what it meant. He wanted Parliament to change the name, because it meant the Mass, a Popish ceremony, in honour of Christ's Nativity. He wanted to call it Christ-tide. Up rose O'Connell: "Let the honourable gentlemen take the popery out of his own name, then, and call himself Sir Thotide Tidey Tidey"—the unlucky baronet happened to be Sir Thomas Massey Massey. Now, will any Catholic, knowing that Christmas means Christ-Mass, dare to invoke that sacred name as an excuse for his drunkenness? For many, the only way to avoid drunkenness at this season is not to drink at all. Christmas Day is a day at which the angels in heaven rejoice—and so do the devils in hell. For on no other day in the whole year are there so many crimes committed, the most of them springing out of drunkenness. It would be a most acceptable gift to the Babe of Bethlehem on Christmas morning, if even those who know there is no danger of their drinking to excess, would offer Him the self-denial of a total abstinence pledge for the whole sacred season, in reparation for all the offences committed against Him through excessive indulgence in intoxicating drink under the horrible pretext of "keeping Christmas."

A few years ago, a Protestant dropped into a Catholic Church not a hundred miles from Antigonish, during the Christmas Mass. He was scarcely a professing Christian at all, but he heard the preacher say: "The man who gets drunk on Christmas Day is a pagan, not a Christian." He went out, and, to the great surprise of his friends, with every opportunity of indulging in his besetting sin, he was sober on Christmas Day for the first time in many years. Now, what sort of stuff are some Catholics made of, when an appeal which left such an impression on that stranger to the faith makes so little impression on them?

Christmas is a festival to awaken our love for God. But, says St. John, "he that loveth not his brother whom he seeth, how can he love God whom he seeth not?" It is useless to feel pity for the shivering Babe in the Manger, and anger against those who made no room for Him in the inn, while there are children cold and hungry around us, and we will not feed and clothe them. No one who is blessed with the world's goods is keeping Christmas properly unless he gives generously to the poor.

Christmas is the season of peace on earth, but this peace is to men of good will. The man who is at enmity with his neighbour is not a man of good will, and the Christmas peace is not for him. The peace announced by the angels was three-fold. First, peace with God, for although the treaty had to be sealed with the blood of Him who lay in the Manger on Christmas Day, its acceptance was agreed upon on that day; second, peace with our neighbour by the spirit of kindness and brotherly love preached from the Crib, the first Christian pulpit; third, peace with ourselves by the easy conscience and pure heart which are the fruits of our Saviour's birth.

This three-fold peace we wish to all the readers of THE CASKET.

The Gloucester schooner Helen F. Gleason arrived at Liverpool, N. S., on Dec. 13, with captain and crew of schr. B. C. Borden, abandoned Dec. 11th, 55 miles south of La Have. The Borden was 76 days out from Cadiz to Halifax with a cargo of salt. She met a succession of heavy gales, and for the last thirty days experienced fearful weather, all sails lost, rudder disabled, pumps broken down, crew worn out with cold and exposure in frost and snow. Eight hours after the crew left her, she sank. She was owned by O. F. Taylor of Charlottetown and A. B. Crosby of Halifax.

PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

The contribution of the diocese this year to the Propagation of the Faith exceeds, by three hundred and fifty-nine dollars and thirty-eight cents, that of last year, which was itself in excess of that of former years. The amount contributed last year was \$954.15; this year it is \$1313.53. Considering the many demands upon the people of this diocese during the present year, this is an excellent showing. Such an offering as this for so holy a cause will draw God's blessings down upon the diocese as a whole, as well as upon the individual givers.

Returns come in from one or two parishes too late to be forwarded. These will not be acknowledged till next year. In all thirty-nine parishes have contributed, one less than last year. They are, with the amount received from each:

Parish.	Amount.
Antigonish,	\$ 48 00
Aricbat,	51 02
Arisaig,	12 00
Bay St. Lawrence,	5 00
Boisdale,	41 42
Bridgeport,	105 00
Broad Cove,	6 00
Canso,	21 00
Christmas Island,	32 44
Creignish,	19 00
Descousse,	29 00
East Bay,	101 00
Friar's Head,	9 00
Georgeville,	10 00
Grand Mira,	25 00
Guysboro,	9 00
Harbour Boucher,	41 00
Iona,	50 00
Judique,	16 00
L'Ardoise,	40 00
Larry's River,	8 41
Lismore,	17 67
Little Glace Bay,	143 00
Mabou,	30 00
Mainadieu,	19 30
Margaree,	6 00
Mulgrave,	9 00
North Sydney,	70 76
Pictou,	8 00
Port Felix,	5 00
Port Hawkesbury,	15 00
Port Hood,	48 00
Red Islands,	67 50
Reserve Mines,	30 25
River Bourgeois,	6 00
St. Andrews,	27 00
Sydney,	45 70
Sydney Mines,	55 16
Tracadie,	3 60
St. F. X. College,	27 25

\$1313 53

South African News.

Another severe disaster has befallen British arms. Clements, sent out with 1200 men to watch Delarey, was surrounded at Nootgedacht or Magaliesberg, about 30 miles north west of Pretoria, by 4,000 Boers and lost 14 killed and 573 prisoners, the latter being four companies of the Northumberland Fusiliers. The Boers who attacked Vryheid on Dec. 10 lost 100 killed and wounded, but on December 13 another band of them surrounded a party of Brabant's Horse in a defile and captured 120 of them. They generally release their prisoners, except the officers, and have done so with the Northumberland Fusiliers. They have captured two trains, one containing ammunition and the other, provisions. The British thought they had De Wet surrounded, but after failing twice he succeeded the third time in breaking through the lines and escaping with the loss of one gun and fifteen waggons. Seven hundred Boers have crossed into Cape Colony at Aliwal North.

The Chinese Puzzle.

All the Ambassadors in China except the British, Sir Ernest Satow, have agreed upon a joint note to be presented to the Empress. Sir Ernest has not yet received instructions to sign. The note demands that the Emperor return to Peking, that China pay £40,000,000 indemnity, that each legation keep a guard of 2000 men, and that a foreign adviser be appointed in each province of the Empire. The Empress is said to have agreed to these terms. General Chaffee, the American commander, wrote rather a stiff letter to Count Von Waldersee about the looting of the Peking Observatory, but afterwards apologized. The Germans have stopped looting in Peking but they are said to be still exterminating the Chinese outside the city. Great Britain, before instructing her Ambassador to sign the joint note, wants a clause inserted that until the Chinese Government has fulfilled the demands of the Powers, the allied troops shall not vacate Peking and the Province of Chi Li.

"Unto Us a Son is Born."

The world, expectant, waits its promised King. Hushed is all strife. Again the Golden Age of peace and plenty which the poets sing Returns to earth. No more the heathen rage, But heavenward turn their eyes, with hope inspired...

- The Owl.

Lessons of the Crib.

A Happy Christmas to you all, my brethren. This day that brought glad tidings of great joy is especially consecrated to happiness; this festival, above all others, kindles in the heart a joy that belongs to it alone. May you all share bountifully of its spirit; may you know it as a season of rest and healthful merriment; may every enmity yield to peace; may the doors of every heart be thrown wide open to happiness!

But where can real happiness be found? Where can we best slake our thirst for it? Is it found in pleasure, in fame, in wealth? Do we look for its sign? Behold it, then, in the Crib at Bethlehem. "And this shall be a sign to you: you shall find the infant laid in a manger." Before that poor stable, all the most illiterate and the most learned, all can there learn from the lips of a little Child the secret of happiness; this Divine Infant says to each one of us: "Behold I have come to do the will of Him who sent Me. I have come to be your ransom, but I have also come to be your model, and first to be your model in conforming to the will of God."

Hasten, then, to the Crib, to adore your God on this day made man for love of you: go to Him and learn that we can only know real happiness when we can say with a sincere heart, "Thy will be done."

Come to the stable at Bethlehem, you that suffer from poverty, who have known misery in many ways; you who have felt hunger and cold;— come to the Infant Jesus lying in the manger, and learn there the lesson of patience and resignation to the holy will of God. Let your heart be filled with consolation, for the Son of God has made himself alike to you in poverty. Though the world may look down upon the poor, may despise and condemn them, let them remember that God Himself has honoured their state. The Babe of Bethlehem has lifted up the poor and made them His; he has glorified poverty, He has taken away its reproach and its shame. Let the poor crowd around the Crib; in my they learn from its poverty how to sanctify their own by perfect resignation, how to sanctify all their privations and sufferings by perfect patience; and may they understand and know the blessedness of their reward!

And you who are rich or well-to-do, come to the Crib and learn there the lesson of detachment from the goods of this world; go there to learn the vanity of wealth, the danger of gratifying every desire that money can afford. It is in the poor stable at Bethlehem that the well-to-do can learn why it is that money alone and all it can buy never yet brought them real happiness; it is only there they can learn the way to use money, it is only from the lips of the Infant Jesus that they can properly understand the duties and obligations of wealth.

Remember, then, you that are wealthy, or well-to-do, remember that you are the trustees, not the masters of your money. The God who gave you prosperity can also take it away. And the only real happiness your wealth can give you is to use it as God wills.

Remember that you hold all you possess in trust for God — and do not forget that the poor are the special friends of God. Do not despise or disregard them. You hold your wealth for the poor — the hand that is stretched out for an alms is the hand of Jesus Christ. Be generous to Him.—From Five-Minute Sermons by the Paulist Fathers.

E. W. Grove

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

Acknowledgments.

- M M Dooley, Antigonish, \$1 00
Walter Carroll, New York, 1 00
Louis Belfontaine, North River, 1 00
Mrs D Chisholm, Greendale, 2 00
Mrs Alex McKenzie, Pomquet, 2 00
Rod J Chisholm, Meadow Green, 1 00
W W Dunn, Ross, 1 00
A McLean, White Horse, Yukon, 1 00
M. J. Fitzgerald, White Horse, Youkon, 1 00
Charles Connors, Pascoag, R. I., 1 00
Jairus Walsh, Guysboro, 1 00
Alex Boyd, West Lakesvale, 1 00
Michael Bigley, Wellesley Hills, 1 00
Rt Rev Mgr Daly, Halifax, 1 00
James Lynch, 1 00
R J McManus, 1 00
Frank Eden, 1 00
John Archy McDonald, Whitney Pier, 2 00
Michael McDonald, Soldiers Cove, 1 00
James McDonald, Emerald, P. E. I., 2 00
C A Chisholm, Sackville, P. E. I., 1 00
S Phalen, Georgetown, P. E. I., 1 00
Mrs Nagle, Fredericton, N. B., 1 00
D D McDonald, Cambridgeport, 1 00
David Grant, Roseland, 1 00
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Rev M Doyle, Lochaber, 1 00
Knox Doyle, Margaree Forks, 1 00
Rev A J Chisholm, Creighton, 1 00
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John McMaster, Long Point, 1 00
Kate Delehanty, Halifax, 1 00
Simon Power, Little Harbor, P. E. I., 1 00
John D McFarlane, Portland, Me., 1 00
Angus Chisholm, Glendale, 1 00
Donald Smith, 1 00
Wm F Chisholm, Strathcona, N W T, 2 50
Rev R Grant, Heatherton, 1 00
Stephen Gillis, Georgeville, 1 00
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Rev C Chisholm, Port Hood, 1 00
Rev M Laffin, Tracadie, 1 00
Rev F F McDonald, Souris, P. E. I., 2 00
Rev F L Carney, Debec, N B., 1 00
Finlay McDonald, Barrister, Sydney, 2 50
M A McNeil, Irish Cove, 1 00
Allan McDonald, Port Hood, 1 00
Mrs J W Dwyer, Eureka, Cal., 50
Joseph Doyle, Roman Valley, 1 00
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Wm Chisholm, Glen Road, 1 00
John Kell, Church Street, 1 00
James Borden, Big Glace Bay, 1 00
A A McGillivray, Cambridgeport, 1 00
Dr R J McDonald, St. Peters Bay, P. E. I., 2 00
D W Chisholm, Charlottetown, 1 00

IT IS NO EXPERIMENT.

For it has already proved of great benefit to hundreds of homes. We have every confidence in placing before the sufferers of the country our PARK'S PERFECT EMULSION. It is a sensible, scientific preparation of Cod Liver Oil, Guaiacum and Lime and Soda, and has cured many cases worse than yours is to-day. You will not be doing yourself or your family justice if you fail to try it for it is the only known specific for coughs, colds and consumption. We ask you to see your physician and see if he will not endorse its use. He knows the value of the ingredients better than you do and is anxious to use every means in his power to restore you to health again.

Lord Strathcona a True Gentleman.

Millionaires are becoming commonplace. Forty years ago they were almost, if not quite, unknown in Canada. Even in the States there were hardly ten. Now even we have dozens of them. The city of New York alone counts about twelve hundred millionaires, and the United States are soon expecting the billionaire. Few of them wear their wealth and attendant honours with naturalness and ease. A self-made millionaire who is not raw is a rarity. A self-made millionaire who has ever been and now is, more than ever he was, a paragon of gentleness, kindness, and most exquisite urbanity, is, we venture to say, absolutely unique. Him we have and hold, for he represents us in the metropolis of the Empire.

Last Thursday, on the eve of his return to his duties as High Commissioner of Canada in London, he was tendered an enthusiastic reception by a most representative gathering of notable citizens of all races, creeds and classes in the Montreal Board of Trade building. The Mayor, in his address to Lord Strathcona, described him as "one of the most remarkable figures in our national history." The speeches that preceded and followed the reply of the honoured guest breathed a spirit of gratitude and affection towards a great benefactor and were singularly free from that vulgar admiration of mere success which is so apt to pervade such assemblies. The speakers seemed to feel that any such worship of wealth would be distasteful to so modest and tactful a man as Lord Strathcona.

And his own reply showed that they were right. His Lordship was full of deference. He thanked the audience in the tone of a man who was himself their debtor. Like the typical gentleman, whom Cardinal Newman has so accurately described, "he made light of favours while he did them,

and seemed to be receiving when he was conferring." The only time he asserted himself was when he said—and this was in an implied compliment to his hearers—"Of the eighty years of my life, I have been a Canadian for sixty-two years, and I believe that I am as much a Canadian as any one born on Canadian soil."

Although Presbyterians are commonly supposed to be, more than any other Protestants, inimical to Catholics, Lord Strathcona is wonderfully free from prejudice against us. A regular contributor to the various needs of the Presbyterian church which he attends in Montreal, he as always steadily refused to subscribe for 'French Evangelization,' affirming that he had known the French-Canadian priests and people in the west, and they needed no evangelizing. All Catholics remember how, not long ago he sent a cheque of five thousand dollars to Judge Curran in aid of the Montreal Catholic High School, and sundry other private benefactions to Catholics are chronicled in grateful hearts.

The charm of Lord Strathcona's manner is indefinable. There is nothing imposing or especially attractive in his appearance; it is all in the manner. If he speaks to a man fifty years his junior, he makes him feel that, young as he may be, he is for the time being the most interesting person on the face of the earth. Then the conversation of this much-travelled and many-sided man, who is such a connoisseur that he did not hesitate to pay \$45,000 for Breton's painting, "La Premiere Communion," is full of quiet depths of wisdom and charity and kindness. The memory of an hour with him hangs, like a permanent fragrance, round one for many a year.

Were we not right in saying, at the outset of this article, that our grand old Canadian millionaire is unique? Other rich men are admired, lauded, envied; he alone is loved even by those who never got anything out of him. So true is it that our Lord's beatitudes become facts even among those who do not grasp their full meaning. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."—Northwest Review.

New mown hay is a sweet smelling and a source of honest profit, but pneumonia—a fraid from a cough is neither pleasant nor profitable, so insure with 25c. with a bottle of Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam. 25c. all Druggists.

AGENTS WANTED. Men and women, for a Genuine money-making position; no books, insurance or fake scheme; every house a customer. Particulars free. Write to F. E. KARN CO., 132 Victoria Street, Toronto, Canada.

Two Years Aged.—"For eight years I suffered as no one ever did with rheumatism; for two years I lay in bed; could not so much as feed myself. A friend recommended South American Rheumatic Cure. After three doses I could sit up. To-day I am as strong as ever I was."—Mrs. John Cook, 287 Clinton street, Toronto. Sold by Foster Bros.—2.

THE 1901 SESSION OF THE Maritime Business College, HALIFAX, N. S. COMMENCES ON Wednesday, Jan. 2nd.

KAULBACK & SCHURMAN, Proprietors. COMMISSION MARKET.

I. S. Sanford & Son 46 and 48 Argyle St., HALIFAX, N. S. ESTABLISHED 1880.

General Commission Merchants. Strict Attention given to the sale of Country Produce, Pork and Eggs a Specialty. Returns made as soon as consignments are closed out.

Market Quotations sent on Application.

ANTIGONISH SASH and DOOR FACTORY.

Always on hand or made to order at short notice Doors, Sashes, Sash and Door Frames, Mouldings, all Kinds, Spruce Flooring and Sheathing, KILN DRIED BIRCH FLOORING, LATHS, SCANTLING, Etc., Etc. JOHN McDONALD

CAPITAL. EQUIPMENT. EXPERIENCE. Every advantage that these three yield in BOOTS AND SHOES will be found in the Amherst Boot and Shoe Co., Amherst, N. S. Branches: Halifax and Charlottetown.

Jones: Brown is very careful about his children, isn't he? Jenkins: Yes; he's trying to bring them up in the way he should have gone.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 26c. E. W. Grove's signature on each box.

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

PURCHASERS WANTED

For the following: 1 SEVEN HORSE POWER PRIESTMAN OIL ENGINE, almost new, suitable for running Electric Light or any light work. 1 COVERED TWO-SEATED CARRIAGE. 2 OPEN PHAETONS. 2 BUGGIES. 1 SET DOUBLE DRIVING HARNESS. AN IMPORTED THOROUGHBREED SHROPSHIRE YEARLING RAM. A FEW SETS SINGLE DRIVING HARNESS, also SPREADS and ROBES. 1 LADIES' RIDING SADDLE and BRIDLE. 25 ACRES OF LAND 1 mile from the Post Office, which can be divided in lots to suit purchasers. OTHER REAL ESTATE on West Street and St. Ninian street. ALSO A FEW FARMS in the County. D. G. KIRK. Antigonish, September 25, 1900.

NOTICE!

NOTICE is hereby given that in virtue of the Act of the Dominion Parliament, 63 and 64 Victoria, Chapter 103 and Chapter 104, the name of

The Merchants Bank of Halifax will be changed to

"THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA"

From and after the Second day of January, 1901. E. L. PEASE, General Manager. Halifax 1st Nov., 1900.

NURSING MOTHERS, CONVALESCENTS,

And those in a weak or delicate condition, are urged to try Park's Perfect Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. This preparation is perfectly emulsified, and contains in proportionate quantities Pure Cod Liver Oil, the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda and Guaiacum. It is an excellent general tonic, with a specific beneficial action on the nervous system and the digestive organs. It tones up the system, makes sound, healthy flesh, and enables weak and delicate people to

BECOME STRONG.

It is prepared in such a manner as to entirely disguise the taste of the oil, and can be taken with perfect convenience by all. Its action under all conditions is prompt and favourable to correcting disorders and bringing about a speedy and permanent cure.

Price 50 Cents per Bottle, of all Druggists. —Manufactured by— HATTIE & MYLIUS, HALIFAX, N. S.

LAND FOR SALE.

ANY parties wishing to purchase the lot of land at

LAKEVALE,

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

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

CASH MARKET!

RUBBER, EGGS, WOOLSKINS, HORSE HAIR, COPPER, WOOLHIDES, TAIL, and BRASS CALFSKINS, MAIN, SCRAP-IRON AND LEAD. CHRISTOPHER McDONALD, Antigonish, N. S. July 11, 1900.

PLANT LINE DIRECT ROUTE BOSTON

And All Points in United States.

Only One Night at Sea.

WINTER SERVICE.

Commencing December 1st, the well-known S. S. "HALIFAX" will leave Halifax every Wednesday at 7 A. M. Returning, leave North Side Lewis Wharf, Boston, every Saturday at Noon.

Passengers by Tuesday evening train go on board steamer with no changes or trachude, without extra charges. COMMODATIONS, Cheap through tickets checked by Agents Inter For all Information Agents.

Fine Monumental Work.

J. H. McDougall, Dealer in

Red and Grey Granite, Marble and Freestone Monuments. Designs and prices sent on application. All work entrusted to me will receive prompt attention.

Main Street, Antigonish.

We have now large and varied

Patent Medicines, Pills, Ointments, Combs, Brushes, Toilet Articles, Soap, Perfumery, Maltine Food, Sponges, Pipes, Tobacco, Gigars, Cigarettes.

PHYSICIANS CAREFULLY Night Druggists Remember the

FOSTER'S

SHERIFF

IN THE COUNTY Between COLIN DONALD To be sold at Public the County of the Court House County, N.S.

TUESDAY The 8th Day AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK All the Estate, Real Claim and Demand defendant, at the judgment herein, upon, or out of, the

LA

situate, lying, and said County of follows: On the McLean, (John's the heirs of the McDonald; and of McNeil, containing together with all to the same being having been a is issued upon a is which judgment upwards of one pe TERMS—Two sale; remainder of

D. C. CHISHOLM Plaintiff Dated Sheriff's

December 4th, 1900.

"Blessed are the Poor."

Some simple shepherds in the night saw Heaven open; and the light that issues from the Eternal Throne...

And so revealed to simple men Was God's own Truth. And so again The lowly hearted, such as they...

Before the kingly folk and wise Who saw His beacon in the skies, And sought him in Jerusalem...

The first in simple wise to trace His Mother's likeness in His face; The first, perhaps, to understand The trembling of St. Joseph's hand...

To-day God's love is just as sure; The simple-hearted folk and poor Are His, as when a babe He lay Long years ago, long leagues away...

-Denis A. McCarthy, in Catholic World for December.

"IT BRINGS LUCK."

The neighbourhood of the Mansion House, Cheapside, is at all times pretty stirring about five o'clock in the afternoon. Omnibuses are crowded, private carriages and cabs rattle past in eager competition...

The satirist Horace has described the satisfaction of beholding from the shore the struggles of the storm-tossed mariner upon the ocean; and if you are well protected by fur and broadcloth you may smile with conscious security at the coldest blast...

"Poor devil!" indeed. He was only twelve, and very small for his age. Hardship and want had made him unnaturally sharp with the shrewdness of those whose schoolmaster is famine...

intelligently though wistfully out from a mass of tangled brown hair, and his cheeks were pinched with cold and hunger. His garments consisted of what had been a pair of trousers made for a man. They were made to do duty as coat and vest by being fastened round the neck with a piece of string. The legs were unequal, for the right one was shorter than the other, and, further, torn up to the knee, revealing a pair of naked legs and feet purple with chilblains that showed through the coat of mud. Even at a time when most hearts expand poor Jem had met with little sympathy. Londoners are not less charitable than other folk, but they have grown too familiar with such things to be greatly moved by them.

He hugged his sixpence as he quitted the market in search of a lodging. He stopped in front of the vast pile once a cathedral, still showing traces of past splendor. The bells rang merrily, and the boy listened. "She used to like 'em," he whispered to himself; "I wonder why?" His reflections were, however, compelled to take a more practical turn. He knew "the cares that petty shadows cast" already. The sordid arithmetic which is called "making both ends meet," and which to the poor consists in a daily fight with want and misery, had been known to him since he could crawl.

It took Jem so long to decide upon his supper that he found all the merchants of the various edibles enumerated had closed for the night, and only the baked-potato man was left. "I'm blowed! If I risk another duffin later," he exclaimed, as the man held out a smoking one, and stood pre-

pared to put upon it a dab of greenish-yellow butter. He looked at it wistfully, whistled a bar or two of a song, and marched on, for the smell of it had made him feel a little more hungry. He recollected some barrels covered with a tarpaulin, and he selected this for his bedroom. It was bitterly cold, though bright, and it was a good way to the spot. Hungry as he was, the consciousness of having sixpence in his pocket greatly soiced him. If he went without supper to-night he might have a glorious feed on the morrow, a real Christmas treat. Hope told a flattering tale of the pennies he might perchance obtain from the revellers, and so, though he had to beat his arms over his chest and perform vigorous dances to keep up his circulation, he was not unhappy. He had acquired the difficult art of being satisfied with a little, and the summum bonum of this class is plenty to eat and nothing to do.

The goal of his ambition to night would have seemed anything but inviting to a gentleman hurrying home to an elegant bedroom with a snug fire. Indeed, it looked forbidding and dangerous. All the better, thought Jem. That enemy of waifs, Policeman X., would not be so likely to peer about with his terrible bull's-eye. On the wharf, through whose dilapidated planks you could see the black ooze, lay a number of casks protected by a tarpaulin. The owners only thought of the safety of their goods, but they had unwittingly provided shelter for a large family of waifs. As soon as day declines your London gamin is on the look-out for any likely place of shelter, and his quick eye discerns any commodious doorway or arch, anything that promises shelter, even to a garden roller, in which one young gentleman slept for two months regularly. Jem climbed deftly over a pile of pig iron and a quantity of all sorts of merchandise as noiselessly as a cat until he reached his haven. It was already largely occupied, for as he lifted one part of the overlapping canvas he was greeted with a volley of oaths that would have made any one else shudder. When the sweaver perceived who he was he muttered a "Come in, young 'un; don't stand shivering there. I thought it was a blue-bottle" (policeman). The voice that spoke was hoarse, and its tone and language might have fitted a man; but it was a woman with a baby in her arms. She had wrapped it in her poor worn shawl, leaving her own half-naked shoulders bare. With a natural instinct of kindness which the poor always have for the poor, Jem said: "I say, if I keep close up to you we might keep the kid warmer between us." A look of gratitude came into the poor creature's eyes as she replied: "Blest if you ain't right; you're not a bad sort, either." They huddled up together in silence, and the unhappy baby, feeling warmer, ceased to moan and fell into an uneasy sleep. The great bell of St. Paul's sounded two o'clock, and comparative stillness was settling down upon the mighty city. The effect of the clock was strange. The woman started and groaned. Jem imagined she was thinking of the time to turn out, for the policeman on that beat was mercifully blind to their presence there until daylight. So he told her they were all right till seven. "I'm not thinking of that," replied the woman savagely. "I don't want to see daylight again. I'm going to put an end to it. I was only waiting till things was quiet when you come. Look at this poor kid!" And she hugged it closer. "I ain't eat anything for two days, and it's sucking; and yet last Christmas—" She stopped abruptly, and the silence was more eloquent than words. Last Christmas perhaps she had been pure and virtuous, the beloved daughter of some home that mourned her presence to-night, and whose inmates looked through falling tears upon her vacant chair.

Poor Jem was, alas! no stranger to such scenes. He had known several boys who had committed suicide, and, like the generality of his class, he regarded it as a last resource for those who would not steal and so secure a shelter in a prison. When the winter was deepest and hunger sharpest a plucky boy would die to get out of it all—"anywhere, anywhere out of the world." But Jem, though he thought he had not pluck enough to do it himself, was not shocked at it in any one else. If this woman had been alone he would hardly have spoken to stay her from her purpose, but—there was the baby. It had twined its little, wan fingers in his hair and leaned its cheek upon his, and he felt its frail breath plunged in the icy water and its cries stifled in the dreadful, slimy ooze.

"I say, missis," he whispered timidly, "I'm often deuced hard up, and when Joe, my pal, slipped into the water down there by Westminster Bridge I thought I'd do it, too; but somehow I thought I'd try my charm, and perhaps my luck would turn—and blest if it didn't, too. The woman appeared interested, for the poor are very superstitious. "A charm! Show it me." "It isn't anything what you wears, you know. If you won't split I'll tell you." "Oh! honour bright. But does it bring luck? Mine's bad enough."

"Yes, it do; many a day I've made it when I 'ad no grub, and I've sold my 'ole dozen of boxes before night. Can you see me? I'll show you."

The woman looked curiously at him and by the dim light saw him make the sign of the cross.

"Why, it's wot the Romans do," said she. "I've seen 'em lots of times. Is that a charm?"

"I swear it is," said Jem, who had expected her to be more duly impressed, and was much disappointed at finding others possessed his charm. "I don't care for Romans—who is 'em? Peelers?"

"No," said the woman, with the pride of superior knowledge; "you're hignorant. They's papishes, you know, what worships images and that. All the Irish is Romans."

"Be they?" said Jem, opening his gray eyes very wide. "I've knowed lots of Irish chaps, and they didn't do it. One on 'em, Pat Magrath, had a bit o' flannel he wore round 'is neck with a pictur on it—only you couldn't make out the pictur—it was wore out—and he said it brought him luck."

"Was your mother a Roman?" inquired the woman.

"I don't know," said Jem; "but I'll tell you. It was a long time ago; I was only a bit of a kid, an' we 'ad a cellar in Wentworth Street, you know, close to the Lane. We paid a bob a week. Mother she did charring, but she 'adn't enough grub, 'cos she giv' it all to me. An' I tried not to be 'ungry; but I couldn't 'elp it, you know, and she'd say, 'Jem, jest you eat that, when I knowed she wanted it 'erself; and I could jess cuss meself for it now.' Poor Jem broke down in a fit of weeping, and was surprised to feel the woman's hand

smoothing his shock hair. "Well, you know," he continued, "the winter last year was terrible 'ard for the like o' us, and mother she 'ad rumatiz and couldn't go to work—she couldn't get up—so I prigged a lot o' hay an' made ler bed comf'able like, an' w'en Christmas eve com' I says, 'Mother,' says I, 'I'll go out an' cadge; mayhap I'll get a penny or two.' 'Child,' says she, 'come here. I've been a poor mother to you.' 'You shut up!' says I; 'you've been a reg'lar brick an' no mistake.' 'Well,' says she, 'try to do this.' An' she showed me how to make my charm. 'I'll bring you luck!' 'Will it?' says I. 'Here goes.' An' I did it lots o' times, an' she seemed so pleased and said somat, to 'erself like, about 'Holy Mary'; but I didn't know she ever knowed any Mary. Howsumever I went out and I made the charm; and the first gent as I axed, he says I ought to be sent to 'formatory. 'So,' says I, 'charm don't work.' But I thinks o' poor mother, an' if I could only get her a broom or two she might get better; so I axed a cove as looked like a parson, and I makes my charm right before him. He looked 'ard at me, and says 'e, 'Poor boy!' and he give me a joey. I was so glad I runs back to mother full of hope; I wouldn't stop to buy anything on the way. I busted into the cellar, and says I, 'Mother, 'ere's a Joey, and your charm brings luck!' But she didn't say anything, and when I kisse her she was cold—oh! so cold." And poor Jem sobbed aloud at the sorrowful remembrance.

"Poor little buffer!" said the woman. "Well," said Jem, "the parish buried 'er, an' I goes and looks at 'er grave sometimes; only they won't let me in 'cos I've ragged, so I looks through the gates. But

(Continued on page six.)

FURNACES, RANGES, STOVES,

— AT —

D. G. KIRK'S.

THE : : : LEADING HARDWARE FIRM IN EASTERN NOVA SCOTIA

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



SLEIGH ROBES STILL LEAD ALLOTHERS

Do not lose sight of the fact that the : : :

SASKATCHEWAN



BUFFALO ROBE and COAT Still lead.

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

D. GRANT KIRK.

Slater Shoe Polish

Many men use poor dressing on their shoes and when the shoe suffers as a result, blame the shoe instead of the vandal polish.

Slater Shoe Polish is made to protect "Slater Shoes," keeps the leather soft, pliable, healthy; prevents cracking and insures satisfactory shoe service; equally good for ladies' and children's shoes.

Every bottle contains a coupon good for 5 cents, on the price of "Slater Shoes." Price 25 cents per bottle, and it's worth it.

Get a copy of "Leatherfoot," a booklet telling it's history.



N. K. CUNNINGHAM, Local Agent.

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

The Finest Range of Goods in Canada.

STEADY EMPLOYMENT. GOOD PAY.

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

PELHAM NURSERY CO., Toronto, Canada.

ESTABLISHED, 1852

THE CASKET,

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

M. DONOVAN, Manager

Terms: \$1.00 per Year in Advance

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

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20.

JESUS CHRIST OUR REDEEMER.

ENCYCLICAL LETTER OF OUR HOLY FATHER BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE POPE LEO XIII. TO OUR VENERABLE BROTHERS, THE PATRIARCHS, PRIMATEs, ARCHBISHOPS, BISHOPS, AND OTHER LOCAL ORDINARIES HAVING PEACE AND COMMUNION WITH THE HOLY SEE:

Venerable Brethren, Health and the Apostolic Benediction:

The outlook on the future is by no means free from anxiety; on the contrary, there are many serious reasons for alarm, on account of numerous and long standing causes of evil, of both a public and a private nature. Nevertheless, the close of the century really seems in God's mercy to afford us some degree of consolation and hope. For no one will deny that renewed interest in spiritual matters and a revival of Christian faith and piety are influences of great moment for the common good. And there are sufficiently clear indications at the present day of a very general revival or augmentation of these virtues. For example, in the very midst of worldly allurement and in spite of so many obstacles to piety, what great crowds have flocked to Rome to visit the "Threshold of the Apostles" at the invitation of the Sovereign Pontiff! Both Italians and foreigners are openly devoting themselves to religious exercises, and, relying upon the indulgences offered by the Church, are most earnestly seeking the means to secure their eternal salvation. Who could fail to be moved by the present evident increase of devotion towards the person of Our Saviour? The ardent zeal of so many thousands, united in heart and mind, "from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof," in venerating the name of Jesus Christ and proclaiming His praises, is worthy of the best days of Christianity. Would that the outburst of these flames of antique faith might be followed by a mighty conflagration! Would that the splendid example of so many might kindle the enthusiasm of all! For what so necessary for our times as a widespread renovation among the nations of Christian principles and old-fashioned virtues? The great misfortune is that too many turn a deaf ear and will not listen to the teachings of this revival of piety. Yet, "did they but know the gift of God," did they realize that the greatest of all misfortunes is to fall away from the World's Redeemer and to abandon Christian faith and practice, they would be only too eager to turn back, and so escape certain destruction.

The most important duty of the Church, and the one most peculiarly her own, is to defend and to propagate throughout the world the Kingdom of the Son of God, and to bring all men to salvation by communicating to them the divine benefits, so much so that her power and authority are chiefly exercised in this one work. Towards this end We are conscious of having devoted Our energies throughout Our difficult and anxious Pontificate even to the present day. And you too, Venerable Brethren, are wont constantly, yea daily, to give your chief thoughts and endeavours together with Ourselves to the self-same task. But at the present moment all of us ought to make still further efforts, more especially on the occasion of the Holy Year, to disseminate far and wide the better knowledge and love of Jesus Christ by teaching, persuading, exhorting, if perchance our voice can be heard; and this, not so much to those who are ever ready to listen willingly to Christian teachings, but to those most unfortunate men who, whilst professing the Christian name, live strangers to the faith and love of Christ. For these we feel the profoundest pity; these above all would we urge to think seriously of their present life and what its consequences will be if they do not repent.

The greatest of all misfortunes is never to have known Jesus Christ; yet such a state is free from the sin of obstinacy and ingratitude. But first to have known Him, and afterward to deny or forget Him, is a crime so foul and so insane that it seems impossible for any man to be guilty of it. For Christ is the fountain-head of all good. Mankind can no more be saved without His power, than it could be redeemed without His mercy. "Neither is there salvation in any other. For there is no other name under heaven given to men whereby we must be saved." (Acts iv., 12) What kind of life that is from which Jesus Christ, "the power of God and the

wisdom of God," is excluded; what kind of morality and what manner of death are its consequences, can be clearly learnt from the example of nations deprived of the light of Christianity. If we but recall St. Paul's description (Romans i., 24-32) of the mental blindness, the natural depravity, the monstrous superstitions and lusts of such peoples, our minds will be filled with horror and pity. What we here record is well enough known, but not sufficiently realized or thought about. Pride would not mislead, or indifference enervate, so many minds, if the Divine mercies were more generally called to mind if it were remembered from what an abyss Christ delivered mankind and to what a height He raised it. The human races, exiled and disinherited, had for ages been daily hurrying into ruin, involved in the terrible and numberless ills brought about by the sin of our first parents, nor was there any human hope of salvation, when Christ Our Lord came as the Saviour from Heaven. At the very beginning of the world, God had promised Him as the conqueror of "the serpent," hence, succeeding ages had eagerly looked forward to His coming. The prophets had long and clearly declared that all hope was in Him. The varying fortunes, the achievements, customs, laws, ceremonies and sacrifices of Chosen People had distinctly and lucidly foreshadowed the truth, that the salvation to mankind was to be accomplished in Him who should be the Priest, Victim, Liberator, Prince of Peace, Teacher of all Nations, Founder of an Eternal Kingdom. By all these titles, images and prophecies, differing in kind though in like meaning, He alone was designated who "for His succeeding charity wherewith He loved us," gave Himself up for our salvation. And so, when the fullness of time came in God's Divine Providence, the only-begotten Son of God became man, and in behalf of mankind made most abundant satisfaction in His Blood to the outraged majesty of His Father, and by this infinite price He redeemed man for his own. "You were not redeemed with corruptible things as gold or silver . . . but with the precious Blood of Christ, as of a lamb, unspotted and undefiled" (1 Peter i. 18-19). Thus all men, though already subject to His Kingly power, inasmuch as He is Creator and Preserver of all, were over and above made His property by a true and real purchase. "You are not your own: for you are bought with a great price" (2 Corinthians vi., 19-20). Hence in Christ all things are made new. "The mystery of His will, according to His good pleasure which He hath purposed to Him, in the dispensation of the fullness of times to re-establish all things in Christ" (Ephesians i., 9-10). When Jesus Christ had blotted out the handwriting of the decree that was against us, fastening it to the cross, at once God's wrath was appeased, the primeval fetters of slavery were struck off from unhappy and erring man, God's favour was won back, grace restored, the gates of Heaven opened, the right to enter them revived, and the means afforded of doing so. Then man, as though awakening from a long-continued and deadly lethargy, beheld at length the light of the truth, for long ages desired, yet sought in vain. First of all, he realised that he was born to much higher and more glorious things than the frail and inconstant objects of sense which had hitherto formed the end of his thoughts and cares. He learnt that the meaning of human life, the supreme law, the end of all things was this: that we come from God and must return to Him. From this first principle the consciousness of human dignity was revived: men's hearts realised the universal brotherhood: as a consequence, human rights and duties were either perfected or even newly created, whilst on all sides were evoked virtues undreamt of in pagan philosophy. Thus men's aims, life, habits and customs received a new direction. As the knowledge of the Redeemer spread far and wide and His power, which destroyed ignorance and former vices, penetrated into the very life-blood of the nations, such a change came about that the face of the world was entirely altered by the creation of a Christian civilization. The remembrance of these events, Venerable Brethren, is full of infinite joy, but it also teaches the lesson that we must both feel and render with our whole hearts gratitude to our Divine Saviour.

We are indeed now very far removed in time from the first beginnings of Redemption; but what difference does this make when the benefits thereof are perennial and immortal? He who once hath restored human nature ruined by sin the same preserveth and will preserve it for ever. "He gave himself a Redemption for all" (1 Timothy ii., 6). In Christ all shall be made alive" (1 Corinthians xv., 22). "And of His Kingdom there shall be no end" (Luke i., 33). Hence by God's eternal decree the salvation of all men, both severally and collectively, depends upon Jesus Christ. Those who abandon Him become guilty by the very fact, in their blindness and folly, of their own ruin; whilst at the same time they do all that in

them lies to bring about a violent reaction of mankind in the direction of that mass of evils and miseries from which the Redeemer in His mercy had freed them. Those who go astray from the road wander far from the goal they aim at. Similarly, if the pure and true light of truth be rejected, men's minds must necessarily be darkened and their souls deceived by deplorably false ideas. What hope of salvation can they have who abandon the very principle and fountain of life? Christ alone is the Way, the Truth and the Life (John xiv., 6). If He be abandoned the three necessary conditions of salvation are removed. (To be continued).

Provincial News.

The Morning Post says that a company, composed chiefly of Maine capitalists, are putting up a pulp factory at North River, 25 miles from Baddeck.

The Post also says that a man named John Macdonald died on Dec. 12, in a saloon at Old Bridgeport after taking about 50 drinks of whiskey. He was 27 years old and had been married six months.

Five hundred Liberals, sixty of them Members of Parliament, gave a banquet to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in Halifax, on Dec. 13. Speeches were made by the Premier and several of his colleagues.

The six year-old son of J. R. Bennett, of Pickford & Black's, Halifax, was burned so badly on Sunday by his night dress catching fire from a stove, that he was not expected to live.

The Garrison Chapel, one of the oldest churches in Halifax, was badly gutted by fire on Dec. 14. It had lately been renovated at considerable cost. The origin of the fire is a mystery. The loss will be a couple of thousand dollars.

Fred Power, a native of Tracadie, brakeman on the P. E. I. railway, fell under the train on Dec. 12, while trying to jump off, and had his right leg almost cut off between the ankle and knee. It had to be amputated.

Douglas Anderson, who saved the I.C.R. express from being wrecked near N. Sydney Junction last July, by building a fire and signalling the train with a burning brand, saved it again last week. He discovered a broken rail at Barachois Harbor, and being unable to repair it in time, got a boy to flag the express coming out from Sydney.

Petitions have been filed against the election of ten members in Nova Scotia, ten in New Brunswick, five—all—in P. E. Island, two in Quebec, and five in Ontario. In Nova Scotia those protested are: Kaulback in Lunenburg; Gourley in Colchester; Tupper and Bell in Pictou; Borden and Roach, in Halifax; Matheson in Richmond; Wade in Annapolis; Logan in Cumberland; Fielding in Queens-Shelburne.

Personals.

Mr. W. F. McDougall, of Rossland, B. C., has returned to his home at Maryvale this County.

Duncan Rankin, St. F. X. College student, was called to his home at North Highlands, Inverness Co., on Tuesday, by the news of his father's death.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Whidden left yesterday for Montreal. Mr. Whidden is again troubled with his eyes, and will place himself under Dr. Buller's treatment.

Mr. A. P. Barry, of Providence, R. I., returned to his home yesterday, after spending three weeks with his parents at Beaulieu, Ant.

Very Rev. Dr. MacDonald, V. G., and Rev. Dr. R. McDonald go to East Bay on Saturday. On Christmas Day the Vicar-General will bless the new church at the North Side.

Rev. H. D. Barry, of St. F. X. College, will officiate and preach in St. Ann's Church, Guysboro, on Christmas morning. Father Tompkins, P. P., in St. Thomas' Church, Salmon River Lakes.

Mr. Allan McDonald, of Taylor's Road, Ant., arrived home from Boston, on Saturday, to spend the winter.

Mr. R. M. Gray returned home Saturday from Halifax, where he underwent a successful surgical operation.

Mr. W. F. MacPhie, of Halifax, Provincial manager of the North American Insurance Co., is spending a few days in Town.

GET YOUR confectionery, fancy pound and half-pound boxes and baskets, at Bonner's. Also nuts, table raisins, figs, oranges, grapes, etc., and with your turkey or goose you want our cranberries, celery, pickles, sauce, etc. Bonner's Grocery.—ady.

Lester dear, said Mrs. Giddings, anxiously, to her husband, I don't like that cough of yours.

I'm sorry, replied Giddings but it is the best I have.

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



A. KIRK & CO.,

would take this opportunity of thanking their numerous friends and customers everywhere for their very liberal patronage during the past year. We intended telling you this week [a few things about the magnificent stock of goods that fill all our departments, but could not find time to do so. We would, however, extend a cordial invitation to all to come and see for yourselves our great display of beautiful goods for the holiday season. You will find us as usual, glad to see you, and anxious to meet your wishes in any way. We wish you one and all A MERRY XMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A. KIRK & CO.

General News.

The Dominion Parliament will assemble on Wednesday, Feb. 6.

General Gomez says the only practical way to get the Americans out of Cuba is to fight.

There were seventeen deaths from scarlet fever in Montreal for the week ending Dec. 8.

A British Officer who had been De Wet's prisoner says he is very kind to prisoners, and fairly worshipped by his own men.

The French Chamber of Deputies, on Dec. 13, after an uproarious debate, passed a bill decreeing amnesty for all offences connected with the Dreyfus affair.

Washington celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the Federal Government in that city, on Dec. 12.

News has just arrived of a typhoon at Hong Kong on Nov. 10, in which a British gunboat foundered, and over 2,500 natives were drowned.

Lord Strathcona gave a reception to the returning Canadian soldiers at the Imperial Institute in London on Dec. 8. Over a thousand invitations had been issued.

The War Office announces that money presents, the smallest being £5, will be paid to every officer and man who has served in South Africa since Oct. 10, 1899. It will take about £1,000,000.

The German warship Greisenau foundered off Malaga, Spain, on Dec. 16, and 136 of her crew were drowned. Her commander committed suicide as the ship went down.

Donald J. McGillis was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary on Dec. 13, for his share in the conspiracy to defraud the Merchants Bank of Halifax of \$220,000. He wept bitterly on hearing his sentence.

Between two and three thousand cases of arsenic poisoning from beer drinking are reported from the Manchester district, England, and several deaths. The brewers have destroyed \$250,000 worth of their beer. The probable cause is the use of arsenic to kill grubs in the hop fields.

On Dec. 13 Archbishop Ireland appeared before the Senate Committee, which is considering the abolition of the army canteen, and declared himself in favour of the canteen. While a life-long total abstainer and worker in the cause, he has always favoured high license rather than prohibition. He believes the canteen works to decrease drunkenness rather than to increase it.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland received Mr. Kruger on Dec. 8. A Paris despatch quotes her as saying: "Have confidence in God, who will protect you and yours. I will show my friendship when the moment arrives, but not now." On Dec. 11 the Dutch Government definitely refused to take the first step in behalf of arbitration between the Transvaal and Great Britain. They are said to be alarmed at the prospect of the Anglo-German-Portuguese combination which might snatch the Dutch seaboard or seize Java, Holland's treasure-island of the East.

The London Times Paris correspondent believes that in consequence of Britain's loss of prestige in South Africa, France will soon raise again the question of the French Shore in Newfoundland and other questions concerning Madagascar, Morocco, Siam, Egypt, and the New Hebrides. An ex-Minister told the correspondent that Germany and Russia will support France in her contention. The French fishermen claim that the Treaty of Utrecht, made in 1713, gives them the exclusive right to fish from Cape John on the east coast, around the north to Cape Ray on the west coast. This exclusive right has never been admitted by Great Britain.

American papers say there has been ruthless destruction of property by the British in South Africa. But Lord Roberts' orders were not to burn a farm unless some act of treachery were committed by its occupants, and General Buller made some of his officers pay £40 for using a door and a sewing machine for fuel. Salisbury and Balfour say farm burning is a military necessity at times, but the famous Dr. Jameson holds that Britain will be compelled to rebuild every farmhouse destroyed, even if it costs five millions of pounds.

Orders were issued at Aldershot, Malta, and other military centres on Dec. 14 to despatch all the available mounted infantry to South Africa. In his farewell address at Cape Town, on December 10, Lord Roberts said: "God has given into our hands a great heritage for which a heavy price has been paid in the blood of the best and bravest, and we must not be neglectful of the trust, as we have been in the past, but must be able to give a good account of our stewardship and must remember there are other duties than national glorification."

In the British House of Commons, Lloyd-George's amendment to the address, attacking Chamberlain for being a member

of companies competing for Government contracts was defeated by a vote of 269 to 127. The debate was very hot, Chamberlain saying that after twenty-five years of parliamentary life he thought it hard to explain publicly that he was not a scoundrel. He admitted that he was a shareholder in two of the companies referred to, but denied that he had used his position in the Government for the benefit of those companies in any way. Bartley's amendment expressing regret that Salisbury had so many of his own family in his Cabinet was defeated by 230 to 128. On December 15 Parliament was dismissed till the middle of February.

The Hay-Pauncefote treaty has probably been killed by the American Senate. Under the Clayton-Bulwer treaty in 1850, Great Britain and the United States agreed that neither of them should annex any part of Central America, or exercise exclusive control over any canal connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific. The United States says that Britain has broken this treaty by the establishment of British Honduras; Britain says that colony was already established when the treaty was made. As to the canal across the isthmus, hope of getting it built by private enterprise is now lost, so the U. S. wants to undertake it as a national work, but is not willing to do so unless it is to have exclusive control of it when built, which cannot be done under the C.-B. treaty. To remove this difficulty, Secretary Hay and Lord Pauncefote drew up another treaty, to supersede that of 1850; and give the U. S. exclusive control of the canal across the Isthmus of Nicaragua, but not allowing the U. S. to obtain sovereignty over it—as for instance, by buying territory from Nicaragua or Costa Rica,—and requiring that all nations should have equal rights in the canal in time of war, and that the neutral territory should extend three miles beyond each end of the canal. The American Senate, while anxious for the abrogation of the treaty of 1850, in order that the U. S. may build and control the canal, is determined that it shall be a war channel fortified by the U. S. and not a neutral waterway open to the commerce of the world at all times, like the Suez Canal. This is the tenor of the amendment proposed by the late Senator Davis, of Minnesota, and adopted by the Senate on Dec. 13, by a vote of 65 to 17. One London paper says: "The jingo and Anglo-phobes of the U. S. Senate have triumphed, and we are back again where we were at the time of the Venezuelan imbroglio. . . . The Americans intend to fortify the canal in spite of the treaty engagement to the contrary. We cannot possibly stand by and allow the Clayton-Bulwer treaty to be thus imperiously set aside. The good relations between the two countries must of necessity be greatly menaced." If the canal should be built by the U. S. and should not be neutral in time of war, then Mexico, Central America, and South America, would be at the mercy of the U. S., and every warship of the U. S. would be equal in value to two warships of any other power, as the latter would have to go around Cape Horn while the former could pass through the canal. Great Britain, having possessions in America more extensive than the U. S., claims that it has a right to insist on the neutrality of any short passage between the Atlantic and the Pacific. Andrew Carnegie says: "Far better no canal than one under the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. But there will be a canal; Britain needs only to see that we

are in earnest and resolved that it shall be American and nothing else." It seems far more likely that the canal will not be built for the present.

I HAVE an order for a carload of cattle horns. Gather all your old horns up and send them in to T. J. Bonner.—adv.

DEATHS.

Obituary and marriage notices have been gradually encroaching on our space. The attention of our publishing company being called to the matter at the annual meeting, it was decided to limit the space for these notices, except where the event appears to be of general interest. The best way to mark this limit seems to be to adopt the plan employed by many other papers.

Notices of deaths will be published free of charge when not exceeding 40 words. For every word over 40, 2 cents will be charged, payment in advance.

At the Hollowell Grout, on Dec. 5th, in the 70th year of his age, JOHN CHRISTOLM, William's son, leaving a sorrowing wife, one son and one daughter to mourn the loss of a kind husband and father. R. I. P.

At Forest Hill, Country Harbour, on Dec. 1st, after a short illness, HUGH, son of JOHN and ANN GILLIS, formerly of the South River, Antigonish, aged 15 years and 9 months. Besides his sorrowing parents, three brothers and five sisters mourn his loss. R. I. P.

At Pleasant Valley, Dec. 8, fortified by the last rites of the Church, CATHERINE ANN, beloved daughter of MARY and HUGH McDUGALL, aged 21 years, deeply regretted by her bereaved parents, one brother and one sister and numerous friends. R. I. P.

At Green Hill, St. Rose, on Dec. 7, of diphtheria, MARGIE GILLIS, eldest daughter of Donald Gillis, in the 19th year of her age, after a short illness which she bore with patience and fortitude. A solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Alex. McDonald, P. P., for the repose of her soul. She leaves a sorrowful father, five sisters and two brothers, together with many friends to mourn her early departure. R. I. P.

Also her brother, little James, who died the day previous of the same disease, aged 4 years.

Also her sister, Annie, on the 15th, of the same disease, aged 9 years. R. I. P.

At Antigonish, on the 16th inst, after a short illness, JOHN McAMIS, one of the oldest and most highly esteemed inhabitants. Deceased immigrated at the age of 21 or 22 years from County Cavan, Ireland, in 1847. Immediately on his arrival here he began stage driving, which he followed either as an employee or contractor for many years. During the past twenty years he has been living quietly on his farm on St. Andrews Street, enjoying the companionship of a loving wife, his daughter Mary and his son Thomas. He is also survived by his daughter Mrs. Archibald McConnell, Kamloops, B. C., and his son Hugh, of Arden, Man. The popularity of deceased was well attested by the large number who attended his funeral on the 18th, not only Town acquaintances, but many from all parts of the County.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

AT COST!

I will sell from now until JANUARY 10th, 1901, all my stock of

Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Silver-ware, Spectacles, Etc., AT COST.

J. R. HELLYER, Jeweller.

Antigonish, Dec. 20, 1900.

Blacksmith Work!

I have a first-class Horse Shoer at my forge, and all work will be done in first-class style.

D. McISAAC.

Antigonish, Dec. 20, 1900.

Our Big Stock

—OF—
XMAS
BAKING
GOODS
IS
IN

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

QUALITY THE BEST.
BONNER'S GROCERY.



HOLIDAY BARGAINS

AT THE WEST * END * WAREHOUSE

Bigger inducements to buy in all lines of Dry Goods will be offered during the Christmas Holidays than at any time since our great clearing sale commenced.

BARGAINS IN DRESS GOODS.

- Ladies' Black and Navy Serge Dress Goods, former price 25c, now 19c.
- Ladies' Black and Coloured Serge Dress Goods, former price 30c, now 23c.
- Ladies' Black and Navy Serge Dress Goods, former price 45c, now 35c.
- Ladies' Black and Navy Serge Dress Goods, former price 50c, now 39c.
- Ladies' Black and Navy Serge Dress Goods, former price 75c, now 58c.
- Ladies' Fancy Suitings, former price \$1.25, now 75c.
- Ladies' Fancy Suitings, former price 95c, now 77c.
- Ladies' Fancy Suitings, former price 75c, now 58c.
- A big range of Ladies' Coloured Dress Goods, former prices were 30c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00, all going at half price

BARGAINS IN

Ladies' Cloth Jackets and Capes.

- Ladies' Jackets, Black and Colours, former price \$2.75 now 1.75.
- Ladies' Jackets, Black and Colours, former price \$3.75 now 1.95.
- Ladies' Cloth Jackets, former price, \$4.50, now \$2.95.
- Ladies' Cloth Jackets, former price, \$6.50, now \$3.95.
- Ladies' Coloured Cloth Jackets, former price \$3.25, now \$2.25.
- Ladies' Cloth Jackets, former price \$6.75, now \$4.00.
- Some odd sizes in Ladies' Jackets former prices from \$8.50 to \$14.00, we are offering them to clear at less than half price.
- Ladies' Cloth Capes, with Fur Collars and Trimming, former price, \$7.75, now \$5.95.
- Ladies' Cloth Capes, former price, \$5.95, now \$4.50.
- A line of Ladies' Cloth Capes, in dark colours, nicely braided, former price, \$6.75, to clear out at \$3.75.
- Ladies' Fur Capes, former price \$9.50, now \$7.45.
- Ladies' Fur Capes former price \$12.00, now \$9.90.
- Ladies' Fur Capes, former price \$13.75, now 10.50.
- Ladies' Fur Ruffs, former price 50c, now 38c.
- Ladies' Fur Ruffs, former price \$2.00, now \$1.45.
- Ladies' Fur Ruffs, former price \$2.25, now \$1.65.
- Ladies' Fur Collars, former price \$2.75, now \$2.15.

LADIES' AND MISSES Hosiery and Gloves.

at less than cost to clear. Some lines at half price.

MEN'S KID and WOOL GLOVES, at big discounts.

MEN'S OVERALLS, Blue Denim and fancy cottonade, the former prices, 90c. reduced to 60c; 75c. reduced to 50c; 60c. reduced to 40c. MEN'S SOCKS, former prices were 90c reduced to 60c; 75c reduced to 50c.

A large range of patterns in Men's and Boys' SUITS at half price. The balance of our stock of MEN'S VESTS at half price.

Men's Fur Coats.

- Men's Fur Coats, former price, \$15.00, now \$10.50.
- Men's Black Fur Coats, former price, \$18.00, now \$14.25.
- Men's Oppossum Coats, former price \$21.00, now 16.75.
- Men's Australian Coon Coats, former price 21.75, now \$17.00.
- Men's Heavy Fur Coats, former price \$24.00 now 19.00.
- Men's Heavy Fur Coats, former price \$28.00 now \$22.00.
- Men's Raccoon Coats, former price \$45.00 now \$35.00.

Men's Underwear.

- Men's Fleece Lined Underwear, former price 75c, now 59c.
- Men's Fleece Lined Underwear, former price \$1.00 now 78c.
- Men's Sweaters, former price 85c now 65c.
- Men's Cardigans, former price \$1.10 now 88c.

Men's Top Shirts.

- Men's Top Shirts, former price 45c, now 36c.
- Men's Knitted Top Shirts, former price 55c, now 44c.
- Men's Top Shirts former price 75c, now 59c.
- Men's Top Shirts former price 90c, now 70c.
- Men's Coloured Laundry Shirts, former price 1.25, now 75c.
- Men's Coloured Laundry Shirts, former price 75c, now 45c.
- Men's Coloured Laundry Shirts, former price 65c now 35c.

Big cut in the prices of FOOTWEAR. Some lines selling at half price. Balance of our CARPET STOCK at half price.

Blankets.

- Heavy White Blankets, former price 1.35 now 1.00.
- Heavy White Blankets, former price 1.75 now 1.38.
- Heavy Grey Blankets, former price 1.85 now 1.45.

Bargains in every line as the balance of our stock must positively be cleared out at once. Bargains

DO NOT MISS IT. CALL AT ONCE.

McCURDY & CO.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.



Very small and as easy to take as sugar. FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE. Church Bells, Chimes and Pools of Best Quality.

New Custom Tailoring Shop.

We have opened up business in Custom Tailoring at the corner of MAIN and COLLEGE STS., next door to the Antigonish Bookstore.

Men's, Boys' and Youths' Suits, Overcoats, etc., is such that we can guarantee satisfaction in all work entrusted to us.

Particular attention given to Clergymen's Soutanues.

GRANT & CO.

INDIGESTION Can be Cured.

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

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.

HARNESS.

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

QUEEN HOTEL, ANTIGONISH.

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

"IT BRINGS LUCK."

(Continued from page three.) I remembered the charm, and it 'as brought me luck.' This was said with an air of conviction that seemed to impress the woman.

'I wish I could think so,' said she musingly. She looked at the baby; its poor attenuated face had grown paler, its eyes more sunken. 'Look!' said she in a tone of deep agony, 'it is going, poor dear!—going for want of suck.'

'Cuss me!' said Jem. 'What a fool I am! Look 'ere, missis, I've got sixpence; jest you stay 'ere an' I'll run to the coffee room and bring you back some grub.'

The food seemed to have infused new hope into the despairing woman. She grasped the hand of her new-found friend with silent gratitude. 'I was a respectable farmer's daughter,' she said, 'at —, and a year ago I ran away with a young man who promised to marry me; he left me when I was ruined, and 'ere I am, but if my old mother knew how I was she wouldn't be 'ard.'

'Why don't you tell 'er?' said Jem. 'Will you tell 'er?' she eagerly rejoined, as if catching at a new hope.

'I?' said Jem, and he glanced at his rags. The woman understood him. 'Never mind togs,' she said. 'You could take this letter, which I have carried for weeks because I could not get a stamp. They are good folks; they'd not let you come away without some grub. An' you might save the kid, you know.'

'Is it a long way?' said Jem, thinking of the snowy road and his chilblains. 'It's eleven miles from London.'

'Well, missis, I'll go, and I'll just make my charm before I start. It may be it will bring us luck. You stay 'ere till I come back; leastwise meet me 'ere, for I'll come back quick-sticks, I can tell you.' And without waiting for further speech he took the letter and started off. He had a penny left of his sixpence, and he indulged in a cup of coffee. A labouring man was having one at the same time, and, looking at the thin, ragged child, he said: 'Here, youngster, will you have a slice of toke? You look sharp set.' Jem ate it with avidity, and, with many thanks for the unexpected gift, went his way.

Travelling in midwinter with plenty of fur robes and a full stomach is pronounced 'exhilarating,' 'invigorating'; and the noble marquis, governor-general of Canada, declares that it is the highest enjoyment. Performed on foot, without shoe or stocking, or any warm garment soever, with a cup of very thin coffee and a solitary slice of bread and butter to sustain one, travelling is anything but 'the highest enjoyment.' The whole of London had to be traversed—streets where lordly magnificence slumbered on beds of down, streets where vice hid its head among freuzy rags; temples of God in sculptured marble, temples of drink in gold and stucco; the abodes of millionaires, and the miserable tenement where seamstresses make shirts at thirty cents a dozen. In what other city is wealth and poverty, virtue and vice, religion and profanity, so jumbled together? Amidst it all that poor wail stumbled on, occasionally stopping to listen to the church bells chiming for early Matins, and looking wonderingly at the religious folk entering the house of prayer, who had no look for him. O Christ! thou homeless wanderer without a place to lay thy head, would it fare better with thee now in this nineteenth century, among thy professed followers, if thou didst appear, than it did in Judea among thine enemies?

At last the streets began to grow more straggling. Fields intervened between the rows of houses. The inevitable public house was less frequent. The snow was white and untrodden, and, footsore and weary as he was, poor Jem felt that sense of satisfaction which comes over the soul long 'in crowded city pent.' And, lo! so vast is the city of London, ever stretching out its Briareus arms in all directions, that ere he had got well quit of it he was at his destination, a quiet little village in Surrey. There it lay in the calm of that Christmas morning, the inhabitants apparently nearly all gone to church. For, let him neglect his parish church every Sunday in the year, the yeoman and the peasant is bound to go on Christmas morn. In Brittany they leave the cottage doors wide open while the owners go to the midnight Mass, in hope that the ruddy fire glowing on the hearth may attract the Christ-child to enter and leave a blessing. In England most of these humanizing legends have been banished with the religion from whence they sprang. The poor barefooted wail who stood irresolute at the entry of the village, not knowing where to find the house he sought, was accosted by a genial looking woman, the barking of whose dog

had brought her to the door. The English peasant is less hard upon the outcast than the townsman. Probably the effect of municipal institutions is to harden the heart and promote selfishness. We never met but one alderman who had a soul above turtle. She questioned Jem. He knew of the righteous law that renders his class liable to three months imprisonment with hard labor—the same punishment that is meted out to a thief—so he assumed the style and title of a messenger. He was sent with a letter to Farmer X—. Had he walked all the way from London, and with such feet? God help the child! And, unlike the country clergy, who are 'great only in advice,' she rushed back into her cottage and brought out a huge hunk of bread and cheese. Poor Jem thanked her less with words than with tears, and the good woman added a penny to her welcome gift. 'I knowed as how my charm would bring me luck,' said Jem. He had been directed to the residence of Farmer X—, a fine pile of buildings wearing the air of solid wealth and prosperity. In the Cadger's Map, a most useful publication to all persons of eleemosynary proclivities, the whole of the forty counties are curiously divided into sections, where certain signs indicate the houses where the people are 'soft,' or 'a hot 'un,' or 'a beak,' or 'dog kept—fierce,' or 'dog kept—not up to much,' or 'taters, or cold chuck, or 'three months' so that the enlightened cadger is informed by a certain hieroglyphic on the gate or door of the house as to the disposition of the people he has to deal with. He would probably have found 'a hot'un' on Mr. X—'s door if he had been initiated, for the farmer was held in dislike by almost all his neighbors. Sorrow had made him dislike and suspect them. First he had become indifferent to the little courtesies of life which are like oil lubricating the rough hinges of society; then, as no man noticed him except when compelled, he grew misanthropical and hated the lot. More than this, he had tyrannized over his wife, who had been compelled to forego her religious convictions from fear of his anger. He had prospered, his banking account grew larger yearly, yet at that hearth sat Care and Discontent, and hardly one of his poorest labourers was so miserable as Farmer X—. And more, there was a skeleton in the house. People talked in whispers of Miss X—, who went away suddenly to London and never came back. And poor Mrs. X— was wont to steal up to the pretty little room which had been her child's, and was always kept ready for her return, and weep and pray as only mothers can.

Mr. X— had a dog, but he was in the category of 'not up to much,' and today he had had such a surfeit of bones that he was enjoying his otium cum dignitate in the recesses of his kennel. The poor wail envied his warm quarters as he looked around in uncertainty how to proceed. The house looked so big and pompous, and the good woman who gave him the bread and cheese had said Mr. X— was a 'hard man.' He would wait about on the chance of seeing a servant to whom to give the letter. But not out there in the open when there was a well conditioned haystack available. No one knows the comfort of this as an extempore bed better than a London tramp. It was long since Jem had had such a chance, and he promised himself a glorious snooze. The reader probably knows that a haystack has four sides. We repeat the information because it is now the mode to do so. We were lately informed in a newly published work that 'the domestic hen lays white eggs.' We thought we knew that before, but nowadays one cannot be certain of anything. Selecting the side farthest from the house, Jem crept in and was soon fast asleep.

It might be imagined that eleven miles of walking on a hungry stomach would make any one sleep heavily. But your wail is habitually a light sleeper. He slumbers with one eye open, for he is always expecting the rude shake of the policeman. The sound of voices awoke Jem suddenly; he thought at once that he was found out. He listened, rubbed his eyes, and listened still. The voices seemed close beside him; he could hear every word. The speakers were two.

'There's only three in the crib, and two on 'em women. They all goes to bed at eight, and we shall only 'ave the dawg to look after. Do you know where he keeps his swag?'

'Yes, I do. I was about here last week a-mending their kettles, and I sees the old bloak go into the front room and put a big bag o' shiners into a old bureau what stands in the corner. But, I say, Bill, if he shows game, no pistol, mind. Knife's the thing; does the job jest as well an' no noise. Time's long. I wish we could have a draw. Try and get a snooze; you'll be all the fresher for the crack.'

Jem understood every word instinctively. Wentworth Street was the native habitat of the London burglar, and his slang was familiar. An instinct of self-preservation prompted him to get away from the scene, for if a robbery was done who would be so

soon suspected as a barefooted, homeless tramp? He crept out of his hiding place noiselessly by the way he came, and saw a large, portly woman a little distance off feeding the fowls. He made straight toward her, but, mindful of the importance of his errand, as he approached her he made the sign of the cross. The woman perceived him, and exclaimed with a strong Irish accent: 'What is ye wanting, me poor gossoon, wid ye bare feet this bitter day?'

'Please, mum, I've a letter for the master.'

'For the master! The Lord betune us an' harm!' And she made the sign of the cross.

'That's my charm,' said Jem, repeating the action. 'Then you're a Catholic,' said the woman, evidently gratified.

'No, I ain't, said Jem. 'What do you bless yersel' for, then? Sure the cratur 's a Catholic widout knowin' it. But come along with me and I'll tell missis.' She showed him into the clean farmhouse kitchen, in one remote corner of which hung a crucifix and a small picture of the Immaculate Conception. Jem saw them and gazed at them curiously.

'Please, mum,' said he, pointing to the picture, 'does it bring you luck?'

'In coorse it do,' replied the servant, somewhat puzzled. 'Cos it's just what Pat Magrath used to wear around 'is neck on a bit o' flannel, and he said it brought 'im luck.'

'Mother of Mercy!' said the servant, 'he manes the blessed scapular.'

Her interest was quickened in the lad, and she at once prepared him some food. Oh! the comfort of sitting by that huge fire with his feet on the fender; to feel the warmth stealing luxuriously over his benumbed limbs; and then the bread and meat, and the home-brewed ale! Here was a Christmas dinner worth walking eleven miles to get. But he had a duty to perform. The letter must be delivered. Biddy had got out all about it, and wept at his artless story. She divined the sender.

'There's no fear of master to-day,' she said; 'he's in the best parlour looking over his money. You stay here in the warm and I'll find missis.'

She was not long absent when another woman entered in her company. She was pleasant to look upon, with a plaintive smile that seemed to solicit pity. She made Jem tell his story all over again. He had barely completed it when the remembrance of the conversation he had overheard returned to him. He told them, and they decided to fetch the farmer. Anything concerning his money they knew would interest him. Farmer X— was a blunt, rough man, but beneath his ungracious exterior he had a heart. He growled at the liberty Jem had taken in sleeping in his haystack, but he appreciated the information, and remarked: 'I'll go and get help, and if thee says true, lad, I'll be a friend to thee. Gie him some supper, Biddy, and lock all the doors till I come back.'

At this hour of need Farmer X— experienced what it is to be unpopular. He had neighbours within call, but he never spoke to them, and the nearest person he could call upon was four miles off. Fearing to excite attention by catching his mare, he started to walk it. Apparently he had been seen depart by the lurking burglars, for only a few minutes later the back door was tried, then the front. Convinced that they had only two helpless women to deal with, they proceeded to force the door. The trio within had now retreated to the parlor, the door of which they had barricaded with furniture. But there was the window. The burglars came round and looked in; the bureau was there, and contained as they supposed the farmer's gold. But the window looked on to the road and could be seen by passers-by. It would be dangerous to attempt an entry there. They returned to the kitchen and ransacked the cupboards. The remains of a noble sirloin of beef and the Christmas pudding, to say nothing of several bottles of brandy, proved too great a temptation. They sat down to feast, and thus furnished time to their imprisoned victims. The second bottle of Hennessy had been broached when the two doors opening into the kitchen were flung open, and Farmer X— entered by one, and three neighbors, including the constable, by the other. The robbers were caught red-handed and surrendered at discretion. As soon as they had been forwarded in the farmer's cart, handcuffed, to the county town, Mrs. X— approached her husband timidly. The boy Jem had a claim on them—he had perhaps saved their lives and property. The farmer was grateful and in a compliant mood. Jem was washed and combed as he had never been before, Biddy taking a pride in making him 'swate and decent'; and, moreover, she put a medal round his neck which he looked on with awe.

'Will it bring luck—I mean as much as the other charm, you know?'

'An' sure it will, child. I'm sure your poor mother was a Catholic—heaven rest her!—and I'll be kind to yez for her sake.'

And meantime some one else was making the sign of the cross and secretly breathing the pathetic prayer, Memorare—the poor mother, in the fulness of her love, pleading with the father's pride and obstinacy. It was a long and bitter struggle, in which it seemed that self-will must conquer; but nothing is so persevering as Love. Hours passed by, and Biddy was telling her beads up stairs, wetting them with her tears, as the sound of her mistress' pleading voice reached her from below.

Suddenly the colloquy was interrupted. There was a third voice heard. The writer of the letter had followed her messenger. Biddy hurried down and saw the poor, long-lost daughter folded in her mother's arms. The old farmer was hugging the wee baby which had been kept alive by Jem's sixpence, and big tears were rolling down his cheeks. As for Jem, the only way he could express his delight was by standing on his head. When he had sufficiently recovered his gravity he whispered to the poor home-returned daughter, 'I say, didn't I tell you it brings luck?' And he made the sign of the cross. —Catholic World.

Professional Cards

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

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE. The old reliable remedy for Spavins, Engroses, Splints, Curbs and all forms of Lameness. It cures without a blister because it does not blister. North Westchester, Ont., Feb. 19, '95. Dr. B. J. Kendall Co. Dear Sirs—Will you please give me a remedy for my horse's spavin? I have a mare that is afflicted. I have purchased in using the Kendall's Spavin Cure, and I have found it to be the best I have ever used. As long as I have horses, I will not be without Kendall's Spavin Cure and Kendall's Blister. Very truly yours, ADOLPHUS GAUTHIER. Price \$1.50 per bottle. Ask a druggist for family use. Has the equal. Ask your druggist for Kendall's Spavin Cure, also "A Treatise on the Horse," the book free, or address DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., ENOSBURG FALLS, VT.

THE RUBENS VEST. PATENTED. The Rubens Vest is the BEST undershirt ever devised for infants. No BUTTONS, PINS, or STRINGS required. No pulling over the head. No worry small or mended by the mother. For its efficient abdomen. For Goods stores.

Intercol. On and after will run daily (S) LEA Accommodation Express for Hall Express for Sydney Accommodation. All trains run Twenty-four hours. Vestibule sleep Express trains in time Provincetown. Moncton, N. B.

THE IMMENSE ADDITION TO THE LIBERAL RANKS ELECTIONS Is far eclipsed by the Immense Reductions at McCURDY & CO.'S

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

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Waterproofs.

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

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

Men's Shirts AND Knitted Underwear.

Over 1600 top shirts to be sold less than cost.

- Here is where you get the bargains and no mistake. Black Sateen Shirts, former price, 50c. now 30c. Black Sateen Shirts, former price, 75c. now 45c. Black Sateen Shirts, former price \$1.00 now 60c. White Dress Shirts, A splendid line for 35c. each. Heavy Top Shirts, We have a very large range of these goods, all sizes, the very newest goods at less than cost.

- Men's Colored Laundry Shirts, with two collars, former price 65c. now 38 cents. Men's Colored Laundry Shirts, former price 75c. now 45 cents. Men's Colored Laundry Shirts, former price 1.00 now 55 cents.

Hoisery and Gloves.

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

Boots and Shoes.

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

Trunks.

A big stock to dispose of at the following prices:

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

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

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

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

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

McCURDY & CO. West End Warehouse, Antigonish.

The First Christmas Eve.

(BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.)

Dark, cold is the night, as the winter clouds, flying, Across the blue dome of the Orient sweep; Chill, chill are the sheep on the mountain-side lying, Bright, twinkling, the stars from the firmament peep, Deserted, the flocks o'er the hill-tops are straying, To Bethlehem's town have the shepherds returned, They kneel at a manger, and lowly are praying, With a flame of devotion their spirits are burned.

Pale white fall the moonbeams on streamlets and mountains, Grim, ghostly, the walls of the cities appear; No sound wakes the echoes by Elim's dark fountains, The elements hush as though breathless in fear. Dark torrent of Cedron, now rushing and roaring Seems checked by the hand of some spirit from high, Now silent its waves through the valley are pouring; Hark! hark! what grand chorus descends from the sky!

A light flashes out from the dark-clouded heaven, It gleams on the hill-tops, it shines o'er the vale; As though the last trumpet's last peal had been given, The echoes start up on the wings of the gale! Mount Olivet's heights with a radiance are beaming, Rough Golgotha's summit in splendour is bright, The Valley of Giants—Jehoshaphat's gleaming, Jerusalem's temple is flooded with light.

The echoes Judean are rising and singing The notes that descend from the still winter sky! Hark! hark! o'er the mountain's and valleys is ringing, "Glory! all glory to God the Most High!" The Seraphim hosts from the heavens are singing, "Glory! all glory to God the Most High!" The echoes are catching, repeating, and ringing, "Glory! all glory to God the Most High!"

Catarah for twenty years and cured in a few days.—Hon. George James, of Scranton, Pa., says: "I have been a martyr to Catarah for twenty years, constant hawking, dropping in the throat and pain in the head, very offensive breath. I tried Dr. Agnew's Catarah Powder. The first application gave instant relief. After using a few bottles I was cured. 50 cents. Sold by Foster Bros.—1.

England's Honor Roll.

The London Tablet says: Among the names of Anglican clergymen who have been received into the church since the publication, in September, 1896, of the bull, Apostolicae Curae, on Anglican orders are the following:

- Rev. David Lloyd Thomas, rector of Grainsby, near Grimsby. Rev. Henry Patrick Russell, vicar of St. Stephen's, Devonport. Rev. Arthur Heintz Paine, sometime vicar of Burton, Cheshire, and curate of St. Margaret's, Princess road, Liverpool. Rev. B. W. Maturin of the Society of St. John the Evangelist, Cowley, Oxford. Rev. H. Mather, curate of St. Bartholo, mew's, Brighton. Rev. John N. L. Clarke, curate of St. John's, East London, Cape Colony. Rev. A. St. Leger Westall, curate of St. Saviour's, Croydon. Rev. W. Evans, of 51 Splott road, Cardiff. Rev. Hamilton MacDonald, a naval chaplain attached to H. M. S. Vernon. Rev. George Alston of Llanthony Abbey, and later a member of the Cowley community at Oxford. Rev. A. B. Sharpe, vicar of St. Peter's, Vauxhall. Rev. Thomas Barnes, curate of St. Peter's, Vauxhall. Rev. H. A. Fuller, M. A. of Trinity College, Dublin. Rev. W. R. Clarke, curate of Aughton, Ormskirk. Rev. Edmund Jackson of Barnsley. Rev. Hubert Hickman, vicar of St. Mary's district Church, Frome. Rev. W. Duthoit, LL. D., chaplain at Gotha. Rev. Edward H. Bryan, vicar of Hantsall. Rev. C. R. Chase, vicar of All Saints', Plymouth. Rev. John H. Filmer, curate of St. Margaret's, Roath, Cardiff. Rev. Edward Arthur Harris, curate and precentor at St. Alban's, Holborn. Rev. Archibald Charles Heurtley, curate of St. Peter's, London Dock, and of St. Mark's, Jarrow. Rev. G. T. Gorman, of St. Clement's, City road. Rev. M. J. Richards, chaplain at Mallory Abbey, Kent.

This list, it will be noticed, does not include the names of those Episcopal clergymen converted in this and many other countries. The clergymen converted from Episcopalianism in the United States alone would make quite an imposing array.

A modern weapon in the battle for health.—If disease has taken your citadel of health, the stomach, and is torturing you with indigestion, dyspepsia and nervous prostration, South American Nerve is the weapon to drive the enemy from his stronghold "at the point of the bayonet," trench by trench, but swift and sure, it always wins. Sold by Foster Bros.—4.

Woman's Place in Christianity.

On the centenary of the foundation of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, on Nov. 21, Bishop Spalding of Peoria preached in Philadelphia. The following is a portion of his sermon: In truth, the Saviour is associated with woman as no man before or since has ever been associated with her. (Through Him, the Virgin Mother holding the Divine Child in her arms is the most hallowed object on earth.

In His religion nothing great shall be accomplished unless woman put her hand to the work. To her the Angel is sent to announce His coming. She is with Him at the manger, with Him in His flight and exile, with Him in all the years of His hidden life, with Him at the marriage feast, with Him when He hangs on the cross. To a woman He first appears when He has risen from the dead. And when He is no longer visible on earth, the hearts of women follow after, seek and find Him in the unseen world, where what is pure and fair is forever so; where no shadow of change or evil can fall upon the face of love. He revealed woman to herself, revealed her to man. Until He taught, suffered and died, the inexhaustible treasures of her great heart of pity and love were unknown even to herself.

Aristotle, the clearest and strongest intellect of the pagan world, had said: "Both a woman and a slave may be good; though perhaps of these the one is less good and the other wholly bad." In what another world we are than that of this mighty master of those who know, when we hear Him who is more than man: "Many sins are forgiven her, because she hath great love!" "If men were quit of women they would probably be less godless," said Cato the censor; but our Lord when He lifts woman to the level of His own heart shows us that by mothers, wives and sisters by pure and holy women, chiefly shall godliness be kept alive among men. The highest influence is spiritual influence, and henceforth it shall be exercised by woman in a larger degree than by man; and in every age open and sincere minds shall be able to exclaim with Libanius, the pagan teacher of St. Basil and St. Chrysostom: "What women these Christians have!"

The soul is greater than a universe in which there should be no soul; and when God is worshipped in spirit and in truth—that is, with love and sacrifice—the soul of woman clothes itself with a wealth of beauty and devotion. In the days of persecution she suffers at Rome, at Lyons, at Carthage, the worst that fiendish cruelty can invent, with a heroism and serene cheerfulness which men have never surpassed. The desert has no terrors for her, if her life be hidden in God with Christ; and as wife and mother she inspires a reverence and confidence that fill the home with a joy and peace which make it a symbol of heaven. The Church itself, the bride of Christ and the mother of souls, appears to her faithful children in the semblance of a woman clothed with chastity and beauty and transfigured by love. When she comes forth from the catacombs to plant the standard of the Cross on the Capitol, and the labarum on the ruins of Jerusalem, the victory is due to St. Helen more than to Constantine. Anthonia, Nonna, and Monica gave to the Church St. Chrysostom, St. Gregory of Nazianzen, St. Augustine, Macrina and Scholastica stand as noblest allies by the side of their brothers, St. Basil and St. Benedict, the founders and lawgivers of monasticism. At Tolbiac Clovis invokes the God of Clotilda, and a woman led the Franks to the foot of the Cross.

Throughout the Middle Age, from Queen Blanche, the Mother of St. Louis; and the Countess Mathilda, the strong helper of Gregory VII.; and St. Clare, the friend of St. Francis of Assisi, to St. Catherine of Siena, who brings the Pope back to Rome after an exile of seventy years; to Joan of Arc, who delivers France from its foreign tyrants; and to Isabella of Castile, who sends Columbus to discover the New World, what a great and beneficent role woman plays in the history of religion and civilization! Looking to Mary as their model, whether mothers, wives or consecrated virgins,—to Mary whom none have invoked in vain, whom none have served and not been made thereby lowly-minded and chaste—they founded the home, converted nations, upheld empires, taught in universities, and inspired the enthusiasm which created the Christian chivalry dedicated to the honour of womanhood and to the defence of all that is helpless; springing like a fair flower from the double root of chastity and love, to sweeten the air and fill the world with high thoughts and aims.

The world, indeed, was still full of darkness and violence, as even to-day it is full of greed and lust; but the regenerative principle had been planted in innumerable hearts, and a beginning of the transformation of woman's life had been made. She has been enrolled in the brotherhood of the race; her soul is as precious, her life as sacred, her rights as inviolable as man's. As a person, her origin and destiny are the same as his; as a member of the family, founded on monogamy, her office is the highest and holiest; and the Church stands by her side to protect her against the tyranny of man's more brutal nature, by defending, with her great and mysterious power, the sanctity and indissolubility of the marriage tie.—The Ace Maria.

He: How often a woman's face is her fortune.

She: Yes, and how often a man's cheek is his.

Lester dear, said Mrs. Giddings, anxiously, to her husband, I don't like that cough of yours.

I'm sorry, replied Giddings but it is the best I have.

"Thought it meant death sure."—Mrs. James McKim, of Dunnville, Ont., says of her almost miraculous cure from heart disease by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart: "Until I began taking this remedy I despaired of my life. I had heart failure and extreme prostration. One dose gave me quick relief and one bottle cured me. The sufferings of years were dispelled like magic." Sold by Foster Bros.—3.

Young men and women from all parts of the province attend

Whiston's Commercial College.

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

NOTICE.

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

- 1. Declaring that all the assets, interests, rights, credits, effects and property, real, personal and mixed, belonging to The Supreme Court of the Independent Order of Foresters, incorporated under the provisions of Chapter 127 of R. S. O., 1877 (the Provincial Corporation), were from and after the 2nd day of May, 1889, vested in the Supreme Court of the Independent Order of Foresters, incorporated by an Act of the Parliament of Canada, Chapter 104 of the Statutes of 1889 (the Dominion Corporation); 2. Declaring that members in the said Provincial Corporation, on the said 2nd day of May, 1889, became on the said date members in the said Dominion Corporation and subject to the Constitution and Laws of the said Dominion Corporation from time to time in force;

3. For the following and other amendments to its Act of Incorporation and Amending Act—

(a) Amending Section 4, of Chapter 104 of the Statutes of 1889, as amended by Chapter 51 of the Statutes of 1896, Section 1, respecting the powers of the Order to hold real property in order to harmonize the said Section with Chapter 120 of the Ontario Statutes of 1896, by providing that the value of the real property which the Supreme Court of the Independent Order of Foresters, (exclusive of its branches) may hold shall not exceed in the whole at any one time the annual value of twenty thousand dollars.

(b) Amending Section 6, of the said Chapter 104 of the Statutes of 1889, by providing that the surplus funds of the Society may in addition to the securities specified in the said section be invested in any of the securities authorized by Section 50 of the Insurance Act.

(c) Amending Sub-section 3 of Section 4, of the said Chapter 51 of the Statutes of 1896, by providing that the annual statement of the condition and affairs of the Order required by the said sub-section to be made by the Supreme Chief Ranger, and the Supreme Secretary may be made in the absence of the Supreme Chief Ranger by the Past Supreme Chief Ranger, or by the Supreme Vice Chief Ranger.

(d) Amending Sub-section 7, of Section 4, of the said Chapter 51 of the Statutes of 1896, (which provides that the applications and certificates used by the Order in Canada shall have conspicuously thereon in the whole "This Society is not required by law to maintain the reserve which is required of ordinary life insurance Companies," by substituting the words "This Fraternal Benefit Society," for the words "This Society."

(e) Amending Sub-section 8, of Section 4, of the said Chapter 51 of the Statutes of 1896, (which provides that the words "Assessment System" shall be printed in large type at the head of every policy and every application circular and advertisement) by substituting the words "Fraternal Benefit Society System" for the words "Assessment System."

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

(g) Declaring the short title of The Supreme Court of the Independent Order of Foresters to be "The Independent Order of Foresters."

Dated at Toronto, this 20th day of November, 1900.

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

SHERIFF'S SALE!

1900, B. No. 840.

IN THE COUNTY COURT:

for the District No. 6.

Between THOMAS SOMERS Plaintiff.

—AND—

JOHN J. McNEIL 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, on

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

AT 11 O'CLOCK IN THE FORENOON.

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

LAND,

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

TERMS.—Ten per cent. deposit at time of sale, remainder on delivery of deed.

DUNCAN D. CHISHOLM, Sheriff of Antigonish County.

JOSEPH A. WALL, Solicitor of Plaintiff on Execution.

Dated, Antigonish, November 19, 1900.

New Advertisements.

I. C. R. Excursion Rates. Horse Shodding—D. McIsaac. Holiday Greetings—C. B. Whidden & Son.

Local Items.

TWO CARS of cattle were shipped to Halifax on Tuesday by C. B. Whidden & Son.

THE BISHOP will celebrate Pontifical High Mass at the Cathedral on Christmas morning, beginning at 5 a. m.

CALL TO SEE the nice assortments of dolls, toys and Christmas novelties at Miss C. J. MacDonald's.—adv.

TO FARMERS.—T. J. Bonner wants all the geese, turkeys and chickens he can get, cash or trade.

THE C. M. B. A.'s postponed entertainment will take place on Tuesday evening, 8th prox. Very Rev. Dr. MacDonald, V. G., will give some "Jottings" on his recent trip through Scotland.

THE DOMINION IRON AND STEEL CO. will establish another works at Sydney, a mill for making steel rails and ships' plates. One of the directors says it will be open probably within a year, and certainly not later than the spring of 1902.

SYDNEY wants to borrow \$235,000 for the construction of sewers, extension of sewers, permanent sidewalks and other purposes. The debentures will be payable in thirty years, interest at four per cent.

THE GLOUCESTER SCHOONER SIGERID, out 13 weeks, is now believed to be lost. Her captain, Alex. Fraser, came from Port Hastings, Louis Gosbee from Canso, John McClelan from St. Ann's. Five of the thirteen men on her are married and 18 children will be fatherless.

THE PROPERTY on St. Ninian Street, Antigonish, belonging to the estate of the late Roderick McDonald, blacksmith, was sold last Saturday to Moses Somers for \$880, and the property directly opposite, owned by George McDonald, was purchased by Aubrey Kirk for \$335.

THE CAPTAIN and three of the crew of the schr. Cora S. McKay, now given up for lost, came from Richmond Co., Capt. Roderick Matheson from Grand River, Nicholas Middleton from Rockdale, Frank Monbourquette from Upper L'Ardoise, Fred Baker from Arichat. Neil McLean of Washabuck was also one of the crew.

THE ANNUAL CHRISTMAS TREE ENTERTAINMENT of the Presbyterian Sunday School will take place at McDonald's Hall on Christmas evening. This entertainment is always well patronized, and the patrons are always accorded a pleasant evening. The children and others give choice and interesting musical and literary bits.

A SOLEMN REQUIEM HIGH MASS was celebrated at the Cathedral on Tuesday, the 11th inst., for the repose of the soul of the Very Rev. Dr. Quinn, in accordance with an announcement made at High Mass the previous Sunday. Very Rev. Dr. MacDonald, V. G., was the celebrant, with Rev. Joseph McDonald, P. P., as deacon and Rev. M. A. McAdam as sub-deacon.

OVERDUE WATER RATES AND TAXES.—The water will positively be turned off, without further notice, in all places whose occupiers fail to pay their rates before 6 p. m. to-morrow, the 21st inst., and \$1.00 will be charged for again turning it on. Warrants will also be issued Saturday next, the 22nd, for all unpaid taxes due the Town.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE at the Convent on Tuesday evening was largely attended, and was a financial success. The amount realized was \$300, out of which amount, however, certain expenses have to be deducted. The Sisters desire to thank the ladies of the parish who worked so hard to make the Tree of 1900 a success, also all who contributed to that end by their presence during the evening.

SOME PROSPECTING WORK is being performed on the Big Marsh and Big Mountain coal areas. At the former place Capt. Heffler, who is in charge of the operations, has located a bed of coal of fair quality, into which he has sunk five feet without getting the bottom. The coal, however, is not surrounded by the fire-clay, shale and other formations which to miners are indications of the existence of productive coal areas. At Big Mountain a shaft is sunk 25 feet. There is here a vein of coal, which is increasing in size as it is followed. At a depth of 15 feet it was ten inches thick, at present it is 18 inches. This coal is pronounced to be of superior quality.

ON SATURDAY, THE 15TH INST., there died at the City Hospital, Boston, of typhoid fever, Angus Cameron, son of John Cameron, Salt Springs, Antigonish Co. Mr. Cameron was a young man of good talent and an amiable disposition which made him extremely popular wherever he was known. The sympathy of the whole community will be extended to his bereaved parents and relatives in the

great affliction which they have sustained in the loss of so promising a young man. Dr. J. J. Cameron, of this town, a brother of the deceased, was with him during the last few days of his sickness, having gone to Boston upon the receipt of the news of his brother's illness. He returned yesterday with the remains of the deceased, which were interred in the cemetery at Antigonish. May his soul rest in peace!

SUDDEN DEATH.—Mr. Ranlad McDonald, of Rear Georgeville, this County, died in his sleigh on last Friday, while returning home from Town. He had visited the post office at Big Marsh and was there pressed to take some food. He, however, declined it, saying he had his dinner in Town and was feeling well. He walked ahead of his horse from the post office some distance to break a road through the snow for the animal, and after getting into the sleigh he was seen by some men ahead of him to lean forward. The men suspected there was something wrong, and going back found life almost extinct. He was 83 years of age, and death was no doubt due to heart failure, caused by extreme old age and the exertion in helping his horse through the snow. Mr. McDonald was an industrious, upright man, and enjoyed the respect of his neighbours. May his soul rest in peace!

THE STORES of Antigonish are now in trim for the holidays, and are thoroughly prepared to meet all demands in every line of trade. Our dry goods, hardware and grocery houses are particularly large establishments, and to them is chiefly due the reputation our Town enjoys of being up to the present the best trading centre in Eastern Nova Scotia. Their stocks contain the finest goods in their several lines, and every preparation has been made to meet the numerous and varied requirements of the usually large number of buyers at this joyous season. The people in the other lines of trade in this Town have also made complete preparations to cater to the wants of Santa Claus, and none can fail to find here a suitable present for young or old. To the member of the family abroad wishing to remember and delight the old folks at home with a Christmas present or New Year's gift we confidently recommend as reliable business people all the advertisers in THE CASKET.

PROF. KIDNER'S LECTURE.—A small but appreciative audience was present in College Hall last Thursday evening, when Prof. Kidner was introduced by Rev. Dr. Thompson. Prof. Kidner explained that the foundation of Manual Training Schools in Canada is due to the generosity of Sir William McDonald, already so well known as a princely benefactor of McGill. Manual Training Schools are not Schools of Technology,—the latter aim to turn out skilled workmen; the former aim at a fuller development of all the powers of the child, and believe that in educating the hand, moral and mental habits may be strengthened such as accuracy, fidelity, carefulness, perseverance, concentration. At the same time the Manual Training School is an excellent preparation for entrance into a School of Technology; and it also fosters respect for hand-work, and tends to divert the flow of young people from the overcrowded professions into the various useful trades. No one who has ever studied in such a school is likely to despise a man who works with his hands for a living. The growth of the schools in England and Germany was pointed out, and stress was laid upon the fact that where ever introduced they were never given up. So far from interfering with literary studies, they are positively a help to these studies. This was tested in London when of two schools as nearly equal as could be found, one gave up one of its ten sessions a week to manual training, while the other spent the whole ten sessions on literary studies. At the end of a year, the two schools were no longer on an equal footing—the school which had given one session a week less to literary studies beat

the other school on examination in these same studies, a clear proof that manual training had been a help instead of a hindrance to other studies. Manual training has been called "a refreshing labor-bath" from which the pupil comes out more eager to take up his books. Moreover, it has the advantage of encouraging boys who are discouraged at their little progress in booklearning, for these very often are quite clever with their hands. They will go back to their books determined to try again, believing that if they can do the one thing well they may be able to do the other if they only work hard enough. This is a brief summary of an extremely valuable lecture. When the lecturer had taken his seat, Mr. F. H. McPhie arose to ask some questions concerning the steps to be taken in investigating manual training in the public schools, and these being answered, he expressed his satisfaction with the explanation of the subject given by Prof. Kidner, and proposed a vote of thanks. This was seconded by Mr. William Chisholm, who thought that the sense of the dignity of manual labor which this new branch of education would give young people was one of the greatest benefits that could be conferred in our community.

WANTED!

Wanted a Girl for general housework to whom good wages will be paid. Apply at this office.

WANTED!

Wanted at once, a boy between sixteen and twenty years of age, to look after horse and cow, and attend to furnace. Apply to M. ERNEST GREGORY.

HORSES FOR SALE.

A number of Good Draft Horses for sale for a short time only. At the PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL STABLES, TRURO. Apply on the premises any time between 8 a. m. and 6 p. m. M. J. O'BRIEN & CO., Railway Contractors.

SLEIGHS.

ANYONE wishing to purchase a durable and stylish Sleigh will do well to call on the subscriber before purchasing elsewhere. He has now on hand a number of Well-Built HAND-MADE SLEIGHS And some Second-Hand ones, which can be bought at reasonable prices. R. CHISHOLM, St. Ninian street.

MERRY XMAS

HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL.

If you want Fresh and Reliable Goods go to the

West-End Grocery,

where they have a large assortment of

Choice CONFECTIONERY, RAISINS, CURRANTS, NUTS, FIGS, GRAPES, ORANGES, APPLES, ETC., ETC., ETC.

Best quality of goods and prices right.

C. B. WHIDDEN & SON.

CHEAP CLOTHS !!

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

For two weeks, commencing

MONDAY, DECEMBER 10,

we will offer our entire stock of

TWEEDS, SERGES, FLANNELS And DRUGGETS, at prices never before heard of in Antigonish, 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 prices.

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

THE PALACE CLOTHING CO.

XTMAS ANNOUNCEMENT for 1900.

Hints for Suitable Holiday Gifts.

FUR GOODS, FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

Men's Fur Caps, \$1, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50 Men's Fur Cuffs and Collars, Good Assortment, Prices to suit all, Men's Fine Beaver Caps, \$5.50, 6.50, 7.50, 8.50

GENTS' GLOVES.

Mocha, Kid Lined and Unlined, 75 cents, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2. Men's Heavy-Lined Driving Mitts, 50 and 75 cents. Men's Fur and Wool Lined Genuine Buck Driving Gloves and Mitts, \$1.25, 1.50 and 2.00.

HANDKERCHIEFS.

Silk Initialled Handkerchiefs, 20, 25, 50, 75 and \$1. Gents' Linen Handkerchiefs, 15, 20 and 25 cents.

Silk Mufflers.

Gents' Silk Mufflers, 50, 75, 1.00, 1.25, 1.50, and up. Gents Mixed Silk Mufflers, Only 25 cents.

GENT'S FULL DRESS SHIRT PROTECTORS, - - - \$2.00 GENT'S SILK FINISHED SUSPENDERS, 25, 50, 75, at \$1.00

A Fine Assortment of XMAS TIES, Puff Flowing Ends, Four-in-hand Bows, in all the latest shapes, styles, and tasty patterns, put up one in a box, 25c, 50c, and 75c.

MEN'S FANCY VESTS, Double and Single Breasted, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00 \$2.50 and up to \$3.50.

MEN'S and BOYS' FANCY and PLAIN SWEATERS. MEN'S and BOYS' GOLF STOCKINGS, CUFF LINKS, BUTTONS, TIE PINS, WATCH CHAINS, CHARMS, ETC, FANCY ARMLETS and GARTERS, put up in a box, silk finished, 25 and 50 cents.

Every attention given to selecting goods for mail orders. Remember the Great Discount Sale still on. Big saving on Overcoats, Ulsters, Caps, Underwear, Boots and Shoes, Rubbers, Etc., at the

UP-TO-DATE MEN'S FIXINGS STORE.

MAIN ST., - - - ANTIGONISH.



IT DON'T ...

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

Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines.



45 Barrington Street, Halifax, N. S.

\$5,000 WORTH OF READY-MADE CLOTHING

BELOW COST FOR CASH!

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

ULSTERS For \$3.00 former price \$4.50 \$3.75 former price \$6.25 \$5.75 former price \$7.50

BLUE BLACK BEAVER OVERCOATS \$5.50, former price \$8.50

VESTS, 50cts BOYS PANTS, 50cts.

MENS WATERPROOF COATS, good quality, \$2.75, former price \$4.75

J. S. O'BRIEN.

TO LET

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

FRASER'S MEAT MARKET

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

BEST QUALITY OF MEATS The County Will Produce.

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

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

Christmas Holidays.

School and College Vacation—Local Excursion tickets at single fare, Dec. 8 to 31. Through tickets at single fare to Montreal added to one third fare beyond Montreal, good for return until January 20.

Commercial Travellers' tickets at single fare, issued Dec. 14 to Dec. 20, good for return until Jan. 4.

General Public—Local Excursion tickets at single fare Dec. 21 to Jan. 1, good for return until Jan. 4. For through tickets see posters.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager, Railway Office, Moncton, Dec. 15, 1900.

AGENTS WANTED.

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