# THE CASKET.

$1.00 PER ANNUM. A CATHOLIC JOURNAL NON-PARTISAN IN POLITICS. $1.00 PER ANNUM

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## THE CASKET.

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## THURSDAY, MAY 19.

Alas for the journal that once flaunted the banner with the boastful device: "If you see it in *The Sun* it's so." Only two or three weeks ago we saw in *The Sun* that Cardinal Wiseman was one of the Oxford converts. Just as we were recovering from the surprise caused by this information, we learned from the same infallible source that Bishop Spalding of Peoria, one of the most distinguished Catholic prelates of the United States, and an author of wide repute, is a Protestant Episcopalian. Surely Mr. Dana must haue turned in his grave at each of these statements! *The Sun* took down the aforesaid legend some time ago, and not, we are constrained to think, inadvisedly.

David Creedon, in to-day's issue, deals with the contention that Spain is unfit to rule in Cuba because she was unable to put an end to the rebellion in three years. He throws some light on the effectiveness of guerilla warfare from the history of the Peninsular War. An even more striking illustration, one which will readily come home to United States readers, is furnished by the second Seminole War, which is within the memory of many men yet living in the Republic. In that contest a miserable band of Indians in Florida, which when finally rounded up was found to number about four thousand men, women and children, defied the power of the United States and baffled the ablest generals sent against them, not for three, but for seven whole years, from 1835 to 1842; and that without any base of supplies on a near-by friendly coast. Yet none of the Powers of that day proposed to serve on the United States a three-days' notice to haul down her flag in Florida.

Last week we felt disposed to bestow the palm for brutality of speech upon Lord Salisbury. We hope his Lordship will not take umbrage if we revise that opinion, seeing that the honor is still, as the saying goes, "all in the family." The noble Marquis has a promising young nephew, Mr. Gerald Balfour, whom he has made Chief Secretary for Ireland, and who, if he has displayed little of the ability of his older brother, the former Conservative occupant of that office, has at least inherited the family brutality, and that in a measure which, allowing for his youth, promise to eclipses the reputatian of even the First Minister himself. A few days ago in the House of Commons he gave an exhibition of his powers in this direction that must surely have been a revelation. The Government was assailed by the Irish leaders for its inaction in regard to the famine on the west coast of Ireland, where hundreds are dying of disease brought on by bad and insufficient food, and thousands are in a chronic state of starvation, kept alive only by the heroic exertions of private charity. Here is the expression of sympathy from the chief official for Ireland:

> Mr. G. Balfour remarked that if champagne could be administered to sick people or if they could be sent to the south of France, probably the death-rate would be reduced. There might have been a little more sickness and a few more deaths than usual in the west of Ireland, but there was always a certain amount of sickness and fever, owing to the not very cleanly habits of the people.

Nowhere, probably, but in England could a human brute give utterance to such cold-blooded cynicism without being overwhelmed with public scorn and contempt. Will some of our anti-Spanish ranters undertake to produce an authentic utterance of Weyler that will so shock the feelings of any humane man?

A Catholic temperance paper called *The Index* is published at Scranton,, Pa. It is very zealous in the cause of temperance, but it unfortunately appears to be oblivious of the fact that there is any other virtue than the one in which it is specially interested. Its zeal is not a zeal which is according to discretion; nor does its temperate habits extend to its language. There is, it appears, a Benedictine Abbey near Latrobe, in the diocese of Pittsburg, where the monks make and sell a certain kind of beer. It is stated that grave evils result therefrom, causing much scandal; and we can very readilv believe that such is the case. However this be, there can be but one opinion among right-thinking Catholics as to the methods adopted by *The Index* to combat the evil. A certain other Catholic editor as intemperate as its own —who apparently agrees with his brother of *The Index* in regarding it as a mistake on the part of the Founder of the Church that He entrusted its government to a Hierarchy instead of to a committee of self-appointed journalists—extended an invitation to a Prohibition paper, *The Voice*, of New York, to publish a red-hot exposure of the "Holy Brewery." Now *The Voice*, is published by Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, the publishers of the *Literary Digest*; and anyone acquainted with the character of their publications, which has been much discussed in the Catholic press of late, will not be surprised that this opportunity of manufacturing some first-class A. P. A. literature was most eagerly embraced. A reporter, thoroughly skilled in all the arts of embellishment that belong to his craft, was sent post-haste to the Abbey, and the result is an article of the kind that Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls so dearly love to publish, in which his late Holiness Pius IX., Mgr. Satolli, and the Archabbots, priests, and monks of the monastery are attacked with the sanctimonious sneers with which we are all familiar. And the *Index* reprints this vile philippic with still viler flaming headlines—whether its own or the gloating reporter's, we do not know—with the bland assurance that "if the good monks have been misrepresented by the *Voice*, space in the *Index* will be cheerfully allowed them to defend themselves;" which means that the monomaniac editor does not know, and will not take the trouble to ascertain, before scattering them to the four winds of heaven, whether the grave charges made by this delighted reporter are true or not. He will attempt to pick up the feathers he has given to the winds if he finds they should not have been let loose; and of course every vile A. P. A.-ist into whose hands they have come will be equally industrious in contradicting them!

* * *

We have not the least sympathy with those who give occasion for this scandal, if the facts be at all as represented. They are natives of Bavaria, and the most that can be said in their favor is that it is sometimes difficult for foreigners to see that customs that are harmless in their own country may not be so in the entirely different circumstances here. But if scandal there be, there is a means of abating it, and there are persons to whose office it belongs to deal with it; but those means and those persons are neither violent journals nor the self-constituted censors who edit them. This is not their place in the economy of the Church. THE CASKET has always stood for total abstinence and in opposition to the liquor traffic; but when it comes to printing vile attacks upon Catholic Religious, written on the assumption that the brewing of beer is in itself a heinous sin, we demur. Like Cardinal Manning, himself a prince among temperance workers, we refuse to co-operate with such extremists.

On Tuesday of last week the daily papers published a despatch from Washington which stated that all the Catholic Archbishops of the United States had concurred in a letter to the faithful on the subject of the war with Spain. The despatch gave the text of the alleged document. It further stated that it had been endorsed by Mgr. Martinelli, the Apostolic Delegate. This assertion we recognized at once as an utter falsehood. The document itself, however, from the circumstance that it was, unknown to us, a mutilated version of a letter actually addressed to his flock by one Catholic Bishop, deceived us. We had unconsciously assumed that there was some limit to the fiendish spirit of fraud, lying and forgery that has seized upon the press. The forgery, in this case, was an especially dastardly one; for in the alleged Pastoral was a statement so obviously contrary to fact that its publication by the grand body of men who constitute the Archiepiscopate of the United States, and whose good faith could not be doubted, would have argued a blindness which could not help plunging thoughtful men into despair. If these prelates believed that "a resort to arms was determined upon . . . but not until after every effort had been exhausted to bring about an honorable and peaceful solution of our difficulties with Spain," where was there hope left for the future of the Republic? If the salt had lost its savor, wherewith should it be savored? It must have been, therefore, a profound relief to such as had supposed it genuine, including most of the Catholic papers of the United States, to learn that the whole story was a base and infamous lie. But at what a price is the relief brought! It wrings from the Philadelphia *Catholic Standard and Times* this despairing cry: "We seem to be living in an enchanted atmosphere, full of the spirit of lying and malice and deviltry of every conceivable and inconceivable kind." Well, at all events, it is a spirit that has demonstrated its power; for has it not succeeded in plunging two nations into war! This signal success has inspired it with confidence, and it may be expected to increase in activity and boldness for some time to come. God grant that the spirit of truth and justice and right reason may yet triumph in the United States!

* * *

The letter from which the spurious document is adapted, with many verbal and several substantial alterations, is one addressed by Bishop Byrne, of Nashville, Tenn., to his flock. The most material alteration is in the passage from which the one alluded to above is taken. Bishop Byrne's words refer to Mr. McKinley, and aver that "he had exhausted every honorable means," before resorting to war. The forgery makes every Archbishop in the United States say that every effort *had been exhausted* before that was done. The difference is obvious, as the latter statement necessarily has reference to the action of Congress, as well as that of the President. Even the former is unwarrantably strong; for while Mr. McKinley must be given the credit of having done all he could, consistently with the policy of intervention in Cuba which he had adopted, to prevent war, up to the time when he remitted the matter to Congress, we all know that he failed to exercise the final power of veto which the Constitution intrusts to him, and which the overwhelming importance of the interests involved and the contemptuous manner in which his recommendations were ignored by Congress would have amply justified him in exercising. As to what Grover Cleveland would have done in the case, there can be little doubt. But then Mr. McKinley is perhaps as little to blame for not being a Grover Cleveland as a reed is for not being an oak.

Mgr. Terrien, who was sent out last year as Delegate to South America in the interests of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, reports that his efforts to establish the good work at Monte Video and Buenos Ayres were attended with great success.

St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society of England, which is under the patronage of Cardinal Vaughan, has flourishing missions in Uganda, in Borneo, and among the Maoris of New Zealand. There are seven priests engaged in the missions last named. The number of baptisms, including infants and converted pagans, amounted last year to about three hundred.

### NOTE AND COMMENT.

BY DAVID CREEDON.

A great deal has been said about Spanish atrocities in Cuba. But not a single jot of testimony with regard to these atrocities has been adduced from any trustworthy source. Consul-General Lee himself admitted that his knowledge of the matter was derived entirely from the reports made by the rebels.

* * *

Spain has been condemned as utterly incompetent to govern, because she did not succeed in putting down the Cuban rebellion. Leaving out of sight for the moment the fact that this rebellion was fomented and supported by citizens of the United States, we must remember that the insurgents have been carrying on purely a guerilla warfare, whose characteristic is that while it never makes a complete conquest yet having for its base of operations a mountainous country, it can defy superior forces for an indefinite length of time.

* * *

The history of the great Peninsular War tells of the first check received by the victorious armies of Napoleon. Many of us perhaps, have been inclined to attribute this solely to the genius of Wellington and the bull-dog courage of the British soldier. But the fact of the matter is that Wellington could never have stood his ground before such armies as those commanded by Soult and Marmont and Massena, had it not been for the guerilla fighting of the Spaniards. The French Generals could have driven the British army to the sea; they could not subdue the guerillas. This is frankly admitted by a writer in the April number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, a periodical surely not to be suspected of pro-Spanish sentiment, or any desire to belittle the achievements of British arms. "If the solid army of the Duke," say this writer, "had not been there to compel the French to concentrate, they might have been able to war down the Spaniards. But if they had been able to unite undisturbed against him, our army would soon have been forced to re-embark. Now it was the native resistance which made it impossible for the invaders to direct their main force on Wellington . . . . What mainly ruined the French was this, that they lay between two forces—the Duke waging regular war on them, and the Spaniards harassing them by partisan attacks . . . In the repulse of Massena from Portugal, in the Salamanca and the Vittoria campaigns, we see the two forces steadily working together, and the result is the defeat of the French. But since neither could have done without the other, each is entitled to claim at least an equal share in the final victory. Napier . . . . allows that the help, direct and indirect, given by the Spaniards was equivalent to a reinforcement of fifty thousand men for the Duke. But this is an insufficient concession. If the resistance of the Spaniards had ceased, the Emperor could have hurled a quarter of a million men on Portugal, and in that case it was not an addition of fifty thousand Englishmen to the forty thousand or so he had already which would have averted the necessity of re-embarkation for Wellington."

* * *

If guerillas could be so formidable in the face of such a force as that with which Napoleon was over-running Spain, it is not at all surprising that a handful of banditti, natives of the island and therefore invulnerable to the disease which decimates the regular troops, should in their mountain fastnesses snap their fingers at the Spanish army, or that from time to time they should swoop down upon some unprotected town or village, much in the same way as the James boys or the Dalton gang have entered and plundered towns in the Western States, and dashed away before the surprised inhabitants could find time to get their guns.

* * *

As to Spanish cruelty in dealing with these bandits it is more than probable that instead of too much there has not been enough of it to secure success. Anglo-Saxon methods are much more "thorough." It ill becomes the nation which has exterminated the Red Man from the plains of America, or the nation whose officials employed the pitch cap and the triangle in Ireland, blew Sepoys from the cannon's mouth in India, and set bloodhounds on the negroes in Jamaica,—all within the present century—to cast stones at Spain. The writer whom I have already quoted perceives this. When speaking of the ruthlessness of Spanish guerillas during the Peninsular War he sets up Cromwell's butchery of Irish women—after Naseby, he says, but he mustmean at Drogheda or Wexford—as the standard by which cruelty is to be measured. And Cromwell is still one of the world's heroes in the eyes of nineteenth century historians like Carlyle and Froude! "It was easy for us," continues this candid writer, "as easy as cant, to be on the terms of 'gallant enemies' with the French. Spain and not England was being desolated: the houses burnt, the parents murdered, the women violated, were not English. For the Spaniard it was not so simple a matter." And then he adds these words especially worth noting as coming from one who must use *we* and *our* in uttering them. "When we had a similar provocation in the Mutiny our hand was not so light. It may be doubted whether some of our officers and men had much to learn from any Spanish *guerillero* in the practice of a refined and ferocious revenge.

* * *

The *Blackwood* writer is amused at the historian of the Peninsular War "to whom shootings by a general were the custom of war, stern but wholesome, while counter-shootings by a partisan were an outrage on good manners—adding, "A man may be a great writer, and a fine military critic, but none the less enslaved to the idols of his own den." Sir William Napier was a fairly representative exponent of Anglo-Saxon principles. Then how is it that we find the Anglo-Saxon world at present facing the other way, horrified at the necessary severity employed by a Spanish Captain-General of Cuba, and looking with eyes of toleration if not approval upon the blowing up of passenger trains with dynamite by Cuban insurgents? There can be only one explanation. The Spanish guerillas during the Peninsular War were national troops; their opponents were attempting the destruction of Spain as a nation. In Cuba to-day the case is reversed—the regular troops are defending Spanish interests attacked by the guerillas. Hence the right about face in Britain with an eye for atrocities. Though temporary policy—the dread of Napoleon—might for a moment cause her to ally herself with Spain, Britain has none the less consistently hated Spain, and now has tears of sympathy for the sufferings of Cuban banditti and smiles of approval for "the great American lynching-bee" because the object of her hatred is in a fair way to destruction.

### Catholic Notes.

The seat of the See of Vincennes, in Southern Indiana, of which the Right Rev. Francis Silas Chatard is Bishop, has been transferred to Indianapolis, where the episcopal residence has been located for some years.

The Cleveland *Catholic Universe* says: "Admiral George Dewey is a Catholic, a convert to the Faith, and on the authority of one who was closely associated with the hero in the navy, we are informed that he is a very consistent and practical Catholic, too."

It is gratifying to learn that the Catholic Cathedral at Glasgow, Scotland, has not been destroyed by fire, as was reported in a recent despatch. At the moment the despatch was sent its doom appeared certain. But all at once, as if by a miracle, the wind changed and the building was saved. The sacristan's house and the sacristy were, however destroyed, and a hole was burned in the roof of the cathedral. Crowds remained within the building till the last moment, fervently praying for its preservation.

In its "Answers to Correspondents" *The Catholic Standard and Times* of Philadelphia gives this information with some wholesome advice to an inquirer: "The report that you mention about the Queen of Spain being a divorced woman is, like many another pertaining to that unhappy lady, a rank falsehood. She is the widow of Alfonso XII., and as exemplary and devoted a mother as any to be found. This is a time of wholesale wanton lying; do not believe one-tenth of what you read in the daily press."

The diocese of Vancouver Island, which has been vacant since the death of the zealous missionary, Bishop Lemmens, in Central America, and which, though Canadian territory, forms part of the ecclesiastical province of Oregon, has been filled by the appointment of the Rev. Alexander Christie, of Minneapolis, to the Bishopric. Bishop-elect Christie is a native of Vermont. He received his training for the priesthood at the Grand Seminary of St. Sulpice, Montreal, and was ordained about twenty years ago.

Twelve of the crew, including the captain, of the British steamer Benholm went down with their ship in a collision with the Norwegian steamer Klondike off the coast of Wales on Saturday night.

## Farm Notes.

The first spraying of the apple orchard ought to be made before the buds have burst into leaf. At this time fungicides may be safely used much stronger than would be safe after the tree is in leaf. There are many spores or fungus not yet developed on the branches ready to burst forth and develop their spores so soon as the leaves appear. If this early spraying is thoroughly done, it may make it unnecessary to spray for fungus until the leaves have become so hardened that the lighter applications that will then be needed will do no injury. While the trees are being sprayed now, it will be well to put in some Paris green to head off the young larva, of the bud moth, which always begins by boring into the buds some time before they burst into leaf.

## The Effect of Feed and Water on the Milk.

There are lots of patrons of cheese factories and creameries who practice very bad and careless methods concerning the quality of the food and drink given to their cows. To start with, they have never posted themselves on the effect of the food and drink a cow receives on her milk. So if the cheese maker or creamery operator finds his product is off flavor, that something is the matter with it, and finally traces it to a patron who is this kind of man, there is a flare up at once. The patron declares that the maker's "ideas are all humbug; his milk is just as good as anybody's." Let us bring to bear a little testimony on this question. Years ago the editor of this paper was called to assist in settling a row which had arisen between the maker in a cheese factory and one of its largest patrons. The maker had been having a bad time with his cheese, and he had found that this patron's milk was particularly ill flavored. He did as he should have done, and rejected the milk. The patron declared his milk was all right, sweet and sound.

So we were called to investigate. One sniff of the patron's milk told us that there was something wrong about it. We went to his farm and found that the only supply of water, for his cows, was in a pond hole of surface water. The cows stood in it, and filled it with their droppings. We believed that was the cause of his bad milk. We suggested that he fence the pond hole away from the cows, dig a well, put up a wind mill, and give the herd clean, fresh water. He finally did so, and his milk became as sweet and sound as that of any at the factory.

Query. How did it happen that that man did not see that such foul water was unfit for his cows to drink? Why did he not know enough to stop such an abuse himself? It would seem as though a child would have understood this.

Answer. He had always been a man who sneered at conventions and dairy books and papers, saying that all they said was "humbug theory." Who was the biggest humbug?

At the recent meeting of the Wisconsin Dairymen's convention, Mr. Mason, a capital cheese maker, related the following:

"At the beginning of last summer I located a certain trouble in my curd. It had a peculiar flavor. I took the Wisconsin curd test and went at it, and I found that it was caused by one of the patrons' milk that was "off," but what caused it I couldn't tell. I inquired of him the next day, and he told me he was letting his cows drink all the whey they wanted. I asked him to stop, which he did, and the trouble ceased right there. Then along later in the season I had one patron that brought bad milk. By the Wisconsin curd test I found the difficulty, and found, as a cause, that the cows were wading in a creek eating water cresses; also, the foul mud got on their udders, and, when dried, rattled off into the milk pail."

Here we have two positive statements of experience. Are these not worth more, as a basis of judgment, than the mere notions, or prejudice of those who never have had experience. This matter is very important. Every man who is associated with his neighbors in a factory, affects others, and is affected in profits by the care and judgment with which the cows are fed and watered. — *Hoard's Dairyman.*

## The Philippine Islands.

The Philippine Islands form an archipelago lying to the southeast of Asia, the islands many of which are small, numbering over 1400, with a population of 9,000,000. These islands were first discovere by Magellan, in 1521, and for the most time since the greater part of them have been Spanish possessions. The most important island of the group is Luzon, which has an area of more than 40,000 square miles, and it is on it that Manila, the seat of government, is situated. The town itself was founded in 1571, on the sight of a Malay stockade, by Miguel Lopez de Legazapi, a Spanish commander, who also caused the erection of the Manila Cathedral, which, in one sense, may be termed the metropolitan church of all Oceanica. Manila is fronted by a magnificent circular bay, thirty miles across; and it has always been regarded as one of the finest harbors in the world. The town is a city of 250,000 inhabitants, according to the census of 1880.

Twenty-four years after the foundation of the city, the islands received their first prelates, when Clement VIII., by apostolic letters dated August 14, 1895, erected a Metropolitan See at Manila giving it as suffragans the Archbishops of Nueva Carceres, Nueva Segovia and Cebu. The ecclesiastical condition of the Philippines remained thus until May 27, 1865, when Pius IX. divided the diocese of Cebu and erected the See of Sta. Isabel de Jaro. The Augustinians appear to have been the first religious order to undertake missionary work in the islands, and they were found there as early as 1565. To-day their principal establishments are at Manila, Cebu and Guadalupe. The Franciscans went to the islands in 1577, and they have houses at the capital and at San Juan del Monte. The Recollects followed in 1606, and located principally at Manila, Cavite and Cebu. The Jesuits were restored in 1852 to their early establishments at Mindonao and Sulu; and they have charge of the Municipal Atheneum, the Normal School and the Meteorological Observatory at Manila. Two years ago, however, the Jesuits surrendered to the government all their parishes in the Island of Mindonao, asking in return that they be allowed to evangelize the then subjugated district of Lanao, where the faith had never been preached. In acceding to their request, the late Senor Canovas of Castillo praised their zeal and wished them every success. Their Mindonao parishes were given to the Benedictines; and there are now some half a hundred son of St. Benedict, under the guidance of a mitred abbot, at work on Mindonao; while the Jesuits are winning converts by the hundreds in Lanao. It is not easy to give any definite figures regarding the strength of the Church and its ministers in the Philippines. Some time ago it was stated that they were in the islands about 210 Augustinians, 130 Dominicans and 110 Franciscans, besides the large number of diocesan priests. Manila boasts of two universities, St. Thomas' and St. John's, and in the whole islands there are upwards of 200 churches, not counting chapels and stations, and a Catholic population, divided into natives and Spaniards, of about 3,000,000. Fully half the priesthood are natives of the Islands; and the Sisters of Charity and the Daughters of Santa Clara have charge of many of the parochial schools and the religious institutions of the islands. The religious orders are said to have suffered a great deal because of the insurrection which, for some time past, has disturbed the peace of the islands; and prejudiced writers have even endeavoured to put the blame of the rebellion upon the Church and its ministers out there. A non-Catholic writer however, in *The North American Review*, a former United States Minister in the East, declared some time ago that there was no foundation for such statements, and asserted that the Philippine Island rebels were enemies of Church and State alike; adding that the Government was fully justified in the steps it had taken for their suppression.—*Exchange.*

## "Take no Risks."

Discretion was the better part of valor with a famous warrior of whom we read in Shakespeare, and by that prudent philosophy he saved his skin on a certain memorable occasion. A good and terse equivalent of the Falstaffian motto appears in the instructions sent recently to Protestant missionaries in Spain by their "American Board" of directors.

The missionaries referred to were stationed at San Sebastian, where they had an "International Institute for Girls," under the management of the Rev. William H. Gulick, assisted by five maiden ladies, all hailing from New England. Mr. Gulick, we are informed, "has been in Spain since 1871," but he is not in it now. The moment the tug of war came between that country and the United States he and his lady coadjutors moved off to France. They "had been instructed by the board to take no risks, but to withdraw from Spain whenever it seemed advisable to do so, owing to the hostile feeling of the people."

So we learn from a news despatch published in the *Sun*. Mr. Gulick and his zealous missionary colleagues promptly obeyed the wise instruction of the board. They took no risks. But we are not told what became of the "International Institute for Girls," or of Mr. Gulick's flock. That he had a flock, and a numerous one, after his twenty-seven years' apostolate in the country, it would, of course, be an insult to him to doubt. We fear, however, there will be doubters on this point. Either that or there will be invidious and preposterous references to Scripture intended to suggest the idea of hirelings instead of good shepherds. I am the good shepherd. The good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep. But the hireling, and he that is not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming and leaveth the sheep and flieth: and the wolf catcheth and scattereth the sheep: and the hireling flieth, because he is a hireling, and he hath no care for the sheep."

The hireling, in short, "takes no risks." He runs when he sees the wolf coming, or when he hears of a war at hand, and he leaves International Institutes for Girls to look out for themselves. He does this, perhaps, because he feels that his life is too valuable to the cause of civilization and humanity to be recklessly sacrificed. For example, Mr. Gulick and his ladies may do a lot of good now in France, whereas if they stopped in Spain they might be killed by the converts they have made there during the last twenty-seven years.

It is true many missionaries have persisted in remaining in the midst of enemies, disregarding all dangers and dying the death of martyrs. From the time of Stephen the first martyr, down to our own days, apostles and missionaries of the Catholic Church have in every land under the sun braved danger and suffering in every form in fearless prosecution of the duties of their calling. We cannot now recall a case of a Catholic missionary leaving a country because of war or, indeed, of any other event. To the best of our knowledge there is no such case to recall.

But perhaps these Catholic missionaries were foolish men. Moreover, they had no American Board to give them prudent advice at the right moment. And we believe that the wise maxim, "take no risks," is not to be found in the disciplinary code of Catholic Church missions. —*N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*


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## LAND SALE.

1898—A No. 88.

IN THE SUPREME COURT:

ANTIGONISH, SS.
HALIFAX, SS.

Between ANGUS McISAAC, Plaintiff; and CHARLES KENNEDY, and CATHERINE KENNEDY; and JOHN McMILLAN and WILLIAM D. McMILLAN, doing business as J. McMillan & Co., Defendants.

To be Sold at Public Auction by the Sheriff of the County, of Antigonish, or his Deputy, at the Court House, in the Town of Antigonish, in said County, on

**Wednesday, the 25th Day of May, 1898,**

AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE FORENOON,

pursuant to an order of foreclosure and sale granted herein on the 18th day of February, 1898, unless before the day of sale the amount due and costs be paid to the Plaintiff herein or his solicitor.

All the estate, right, title, interest, claim, property and demand and dower or thirds of the above named defendants Charles Kennedy and Catherine Kennedy, his wife, and all persons claiming by or through them or under them, of, in, to, upon and out of all that certain lot, piece or parcel of

**LAND**

and premises, situate, lying and being at Antigonish Harbor, in the said County of Antigonish, bounded as follows, that is to say: Bounded on the south-east by the Main road leading from Antigonish aforesaid, to Morristown, in said County; on the south-west by lands formerly owned by William McGillivray, and now owned or in possession of his son, William McGillivray; and on the north-east by lands of Hugh McGillivray and of John McGillivray, containing three hundred and fifty acres, more or less, and all the buildings, easements and appurtenances thereunto belonging, and the reversions, remainders rents, issues and profits thereof.

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

DUNCAN D. CHISHOLM,
Sheriff of Antigonish County.

A. MACGILLIVRAY,
Solicitor of Plaintiff.

Sheriff's Office, Antigonish, April 19th, 1898.

## Concerning the Torpedo.

The torpedo which is exclusively used now is the locomotive or auto-mobile torpedo, of which the best type is the Whitehead. It is practically a navigable shell, which is discharged from a warship against an enemy, and travels through the water parallel with and a little distance below the surface, exploding by percussion. It is a cigar-shaped affair made of steel and phospher-bronze from 12 to 20 feet in length and from 12 to 18 inches in diameter. At the nose is a heavy charge of gun-cotten. Further back is a chamber containing compressed air, and an ingenious mechanism by which the weapon can be set so as to travel any distance from five to fifteen feet below the surface. It is placed in a tube inside the ship, either above or below the water-line, and is discharged either by compressed air or by an explosion of gunpowder. It goes at the rate of from 25 to 35 miles an hour for about 600 yards, and will then either sink or rise, according to the manner in which it is set. When the nose strikes anything it drives in a striker, which ignites the explosive.

Special boats were from the first constructed to use these deadly and ingenious weapons, although all war vessels of any fighting value carry several torpedo tubes. There are three sorts of torpedo boats proper. First-class boats are about 135 feet long, displace about 100 tons, attain a speed of from 20 to 23 knots, and are supposed to be able to keep the open sea. The torpedo boats with the Spanish squadron at the Cape Verde Islands are of this class. Second-class boats are intended to be kept in harbors as a species of permanent defense. They are 80 or 90 feet long and about 40 tons burden, getting up a speed of 18 or 20 knots. Third-class boats are 60 or 70 feet long, 12 or 15 tons burden, 16 or 17 knots speed, and can be carried on the deck of a ship and hoisted out for service. The boats are frail little boxes of machinery and engines, the steel plates which form the hull often being a sixteenth of an inch thick.

Various devices have enabled ships to defend themselves against midgets. The first expedient tried was the torpedo netting, a steel net placed round the hull so that the torpedo would explode harmlessly at some distance from the ship. This is still used when ships are at anchor. Then the electric searchlight was introduced, so that no vessel can approach unseen. Next the quick-firing cannon was invented and every ship now carries a full supply of guns which can patter forth a perfect hail of shells of from one to twelve pounds weight—projectiles quite able to sink the fragile little craft. The British advanced a step further and tried the experiment of building speed gunboats which could go after these torpedo boats and catch and sink them. A set of good-sized gunboats of from 700 to 800 tons burden was constructed, designated torpedo gunboats or torpedo-boat catchers. They were not fast enough to be a success as an antidote to the torpedo boat, and so the torpedo-boat destroyer was invented—a long, low-lying craft with the speed of an express train. They are from 180 to 220 feet long and of from 200 to 300 tons burden. They carry five or six quick-firing guns, can use the torpedo themselves on occasion, and can go from 27 to 33 knots an hour. The torpedo boat cannot live with such craft, and no fleet is complete without a complement of these "streaks of lightening." Indeed, so high an authority as Admiral Colomb argues that fifteen destroyers do not cost more than one first-class battle-ship and could sink her—one or two would get past her quick-firing guns and torpedo her, he argues. The future naval battle, he concludes, will be an affair of destroyers. The disadvantage of the destroyers is the delicacy of their machinery and the lightness of their construction, for, as in torpedo boats, everything is sacrificed to the tremendous engines which hurl them through the water at so terrific a pace.

The submarine boat is an experimental affair. As its name indicates, it is intended to be navigated under water, a supply of air sufficient for the crew being carried in the vessel. The approach of such a vessel could not of course be perceived from a ship which she wished to approach and torpedo. On the other hand, submarine boats are slow, and must have great difficulty in seeing through the water. They would have practically no chance of finding a moving ship.

Deadly as the torpedo is, it has so far proved an uncertain weapon. In all the sea-fighting since its invention, there is not an absolutely authenticated case of a ship in motion having been struck by one. Numerous cases have occurred in which ships at anchor have been torpedoed, but in many of these cases the assailant has been assisted by negligence by the vessel's crew. Great as is the fear entertained of the auto-mobile torpedo, it has done curiously little execution under battle conditions, and it may yet prove as great a failure as have some other inventions. —*Exchange.*

## The New Political Force.

In default of other influences, the power of moulding opinion is passing—in fact, has long since passed—into the hands of the press. As a strange fate would have it, too, the subject on which the very worst portion of the press exerts most influence is war. The fomenting of war and the publication of mendacious accounts of war have, in fact, become almost a special function of that portion of the press which is known as "yellow journals." The war increases its circulation immensely. It profits enormously by what inflicts sorrow and loss on the rest of the community. It talks incessantly of war, not in the way of instruction, but simply to excite by false news, and stimulate savage passions by atrocious suggestions. On some days it seems to have issued from an Iroquois village in war time, rather than from a Christian city. Read this, oh! fighting parsons, clipped from a recent number of one such paper, which claims a circulation of over a million copies every day:

"Occasionally we hear croaks from peace men. 'How sad to kill sons and fathers of sad-eyed women,' they say, etc. No sadder than to kill cousins and aunts of sad-eyed rattlesnakes. The man who would object to this war would object to the wholesale destruction of poisonous reptiles in India. And as for the American who has any feeling about the war other than a red-hot desire to hear of victories and Spanish ships sunk, all we can say is that he reminds us of the cannibal toad now on exhibition in the Paris Jardin d'Acclimation."

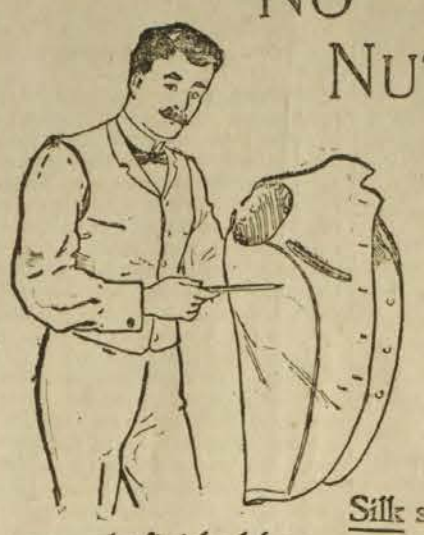
Now the characteristic of these papers, which, as we have said, so powerfully influence opinion, is that they are, for the first time in American history, an irresponsible force, and the only one in the state. Every other influence in the community, not openly criminal, acknowledges some sort of restraint. The gamblers and policy-dealers live in fear of the police; the venders of obscene literature all have Anthony Comstock before their eyes; the dishonest business men live in dread of the loss of reputation or credit. Nearly every person prominent in any walk of life works under the control of something in the shape of a conscience. There are some things he does, or does not do, because his own heart tells him they would be wrong. Even our Congressman stand in awe of their constituents. Statesmen recoil from violating the constitution. Professional men dread the opinion of their professional brethren. In short, it would be difficult to name any body of men, pursuing a calling not openly criminal, who do not live and labor under some sort of discipline, seen or unseen, which constantly reminds them that they, too, have duties which they must perform, or suffer in some way.

From every such discipline or restraint the yellow journalist is absolutely free. His one object is to circulate widely and make money. And he does circulate widely. He treats war as a prize-fight, and begets in hundreds of thousands of the class which enjoys prize-fights an eager desire to hear about it or read about it. These hundreds of thousands write to their Congressmen clamoring for war, as the Romans used to clamor for *panem et circenses*, and as the timid and quiet are generally attending only too closely to their business, the Congressman concludes that if he, too, does not shout for war, he will lose his seat.

This is an absolutely new state of things. In none of our former wars did anything like the modern press play any part. In the Revolutionary war there can hardly be said to have been a press at all. In the war of 1812 the press was too insignificant and newsless to exert any influence worth mention on public affairs. The country was still in the pamphlet stage, and pamphlets have never roused anybody to any species of frenzy. In the Mexican war we had a powerful anti-slavery press fighting vigorously for peace and justice, and, not to forget a great name, we had Lowell on the same side. Even the conservative papers of that day were, like the old and nearly for otten Washington *Intelligencer*, gentlemanly, sober-minded sheets, still influenced by the old traditions of constitutional logic-chopping. Even in the civil war the great newspapers were serious publications. Our cheap press today is something absolutely new in our affairs. It speaks in tones never before heard out of Paris. It urges, on the advocacy of ignorant people, schemes more savage, disregard of either policy, or justice, or experience, more complete, than the modern world has witnessed since the French Revolution. It is true it addresses the multitude mainly or only. The wise and learned and the pious and industrious do not read it. But it is the multitude mainly, and not the wise and learned and industrious, who now set fleets and armies in motion, who impose silence and acquiescence on all as soon as the word "war" is mentioned, and insist successfully that they shall not be interfered with by either voice or vote, until they have had their fill of fighting. They have already established a regime in which a blackguard boy with several millions of dollars at his disposal has more influence on the use a great nation may make of its credit, of its army and navy, of its name and traditions, than all the statesmen and philosophers and professors in the country. If this does not supply food for reflection about the future of the nation to thoughtful men, it must be because the practice of reflection has ceased.

It is hardly possible to drop the subject without a word about the way in which men, supposed to be thoughtful and far-seeing, help these very agencies which are robbing them every year more and more of their legitimate influence on the affairs of their nation. There appears to be hardly a clergyman, statesman or lawyer in the country who does not denounce the yellow journals and deplore their influence on the young and ignorant, and yet whenever a yellow journal finds it desirable for advertising purposes to give itself a look of respectability, it does not find much difficulty in getting our prominent public teachers and moralists to comply with a request, fortified by a yellow check drawn on the proceeds of humbug and villany, to sanctify their columns with discourses on morality, patriotism, and religion. This is due partly to fear and partly to vanity. The fear is that the yellow journal may, as it says, "alter its opinion about them"—that is, blackguard them vigorously and call them names for a week or two. The vanity comes from a delicious belief that anything which appears from their pens anywhere is sure to convince the yellow reader of his sin. It is very like a discourse to Marat from the Duc de Rochefoucauld on "liberty, equality, and fraternity."—*New York Evening Post.*


# NO "WOODEN NUTMEG."



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Silk sewn throughout, and generously finished from seams to buttonholes.

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Priced and branded in left breast pocket.

$10, $12, $15, $18, $20 Per Suit.

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**Sole Local Agency, A. KIRK & CO.**


## The Calendar.

MAY.

| Date. | Feast. |
|---|---|
| 20 Friday. | S. Bernardine of Siena, C. |
| 21 Sat. | S. Felix of Cantalice, C. |
| 22 Sun. | S. Paschal, C. |
| 23 Mon. | S. John Baptist de Rosi, C. |
| 24 Tues. | Our Lady Help of Christians. |
| 25 Wed. | S. Gregory VII., P. C. |
| 26 Thur. | Oct. of the Ascension. |

## B. John Leonardi.

John Leonardi was of humble birth, and began life as an apprentice in a chemist's shop at Lucca, where he became a fervent member of a brotherhood just established on the plan of the Oratory at Rome. He thus conceived so great a devotion for S. Philip and his exercises, that when they were transferred to the city of Pisa, Leonardi travelled some hundred miles a week to assist at them, going and returning after his day's work. At the age of twenty-six the death of his father enabled him to realize his long-formed wish of studying for the priesthood. Knowing no Latin, he took his place among the youngest boys at the public schools, and after four years of constant humiliations was ordained priest. His holy, kindly, and gentle ways drew together several young men who served his church, and with this little community he founded his Congregation of the Mother of God. Its object was to win souls after S. Philip's plan, by frequent preaching, popular devotions, and Christian recreation. In 1580 he repaired to Rome to obtain the Pope's blessing on his work, and became the guest and penitent of S. Philip, who at once detected his sanctity. Four years later a violent persecution made him again seek refuge with the Saint. Philip lodged him at S. Girolamo, warmly defended his cause with three successive Pontiffs, and at last established his innocence. Leonardi saw his Congregation spread throughout Italy. He died A. D. 1609.

### Holy Friendship.

'Open not thy heart,' says the *Imitation*, 'to every man, but discuss thy business with one that is wise and feareth God.' B. John Leonardi found such a one in S Philip, and he never looked for another.

'That is true and firmly-cemented Christian friendship which is brought about by no selfish interest, mere bodily presence, or deceitful coaxing flattery, but by the fear of God.'—*S. Jerome.*

B. Leonardi, shortly after his ordination, converted to God a young shoemaker of evil life named Giorgio Arrichini. He became a most regular member of the Saint's confraternity, and his sincere contrition inspired a young noble named John Baptist Cioni with a deep regard for him. When then B. Leonardi took Arrichini to educate him for the priesthood, Cioni also begged to live with them, and being admitted, voluntarily took on himself all the menial work of the house. This generous self-sacrifice confirmed the still wavering vocation of Arrichini, and two young friends, dissimilar in all but their love of God, became the Saint's first companions in his Congregation of the Mother of God, and died holy religious in that Institute.

'A faithful friend is the medicine of life and immortality; and they that fear the Lord shall find Him.'—Ecclus. vi. 16.

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THOMAS SOMERS.

Antigonish, March 16, '98.

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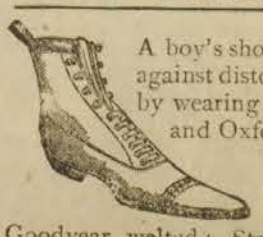
"The Juvenile."



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Shall we sharpen and refine the youthful intellect and then leave it to exercise its new powers upon the most sacred of subjects, as it will, and with the chance of exercising them wrongly; or shall we proceed to feed it with divine truth, as it gains an appetite for knowledge?—CARDINAL NEWMAN.

THURSDAY, MAY 19.

## IS THIS HISTORY?

The avaricious Cortez marched into Mexico with his cruel soldiers, plundered the rich capital of the Aztecs, and with base cruelty and treachery seized their old King, Montezuma.—Calkin's History of British America, p. 7.

Spain will not have a colony left because she does not deserve to have one. Her history of conquest and colonization on this continent is a history written in letters of blood, it is punctuated with the groans of the oppressed, with the curses of the murdered, the outraged and the enslaved. Men have forgotten the rapacity and cruelty of Cortez in Mexico, of Pizarro in Peru, but God has not forgotten. The cry of the blood of the Aztecs and Incas, slain in the accursed lust for gold is still in the ears of the Lord God of Hosts. —*The Wesleyan*, Halifax, Wednesday, May 11th, 1898.

The former of these two citations is from the work precribed for use as a text-book in our schools. To it the question put at the head of this article has special reference. As for the other citation, it is just a sample of what is said, or at least thought, and perhaps honestly believed, by the average Protestant to-day. We place it here after the quotation from Mr. Calkin's work to suggest the logical connection between the two. The one contains, as it were, the germinal principle which blossoms forth and bears its fruitage in the other. Mr. Calkin furnishes a historical text; the reverend editor of *The Wesleyan* makes the application and preaches the sermon.

We propose to take issue with the historian. To the editor we will have nothing to say. We neither deal in frothy declamation nor set the slightest value on what they say who deal in it.

Mr. Calkin tells our school children that Cortez was avaricious, cruel, and treacherous. He plainly implies that the motive which led Cortez to undertake the conquest of Mexico was the hope of plunder. He also conveys to the mind of every child who reads his book the impression that the old heathen King and his people were innocent victims of the Spaniard's cruelty and craft, very hardly dealt by, and very much to be pitied. We are going to show that all of this, if not false, at any rate gives an utterly false notion of the character of Cortez and of his work. Our authority will be W. H. Prescott, the historian of the Conquest of Mexico, a Protestant himself and not altogether free from at least an unconscious bias against the religion of the men whose deeds he recounts.

Never perhaps was there a feat of arms comparable with that of Hernando Cortez and his comrades. He who knows of it only through the distorting medium of Mr. Calkin's account will be very likely to picture to himself a modern commander entering the country at the head of a powerful army and bearing down all opposition by sheer force of superior numbers. Than such a picture nothing could be further from the truth. The number of Spaniards who marched with Cortez into Mexico fell short of four hundred men. What this small but heroic band achieved is told by Mr. Prescott in these words:

That a handful of adventurers, indifferently armed and equipped, should have landed on the shores of a powerful empire, inhabited by a fierce and warlike race, and, in defiance of the reiterated prohibitions of its sovereign, have forced their way into the interior;—that they should have done this without knowledge of the language and the land, without chart or compass to guide them, without any idea of the difficulties they were to encounter, totally uncertain whether the next step might bring them on a hostile nation or on a desert, feeling their way along in the dark, as it were;—that, though nearly overwhelmed by their first encounter with the inhabitants, they should still have pressed on to the capital of the empire, and, having reached it, thrown themselves unhesitatingly into the midst of their enemies;—that so far from being daunted by the extraordinary spectacle there exhibited of power and civilization, they should have been but the more confirmed in their original design;—that they should have seized the monarch, have executed his ministers before the eyes of his subjects, and, when driven forth with ruin from the gates, have gathered their scattered wreck together, and, after a system of operations pursued with consummate policy and daring, have succeeded in overturning the capital and establishing their sway over the country; that all this should have been effected by a mere handful of indigent adventurers is a fact little short of the miraculous,—too startling for the probabilities demanded by fiction, and without a parallel in the pages of history.—*History of the Conquest of Mexico*, vol. iii. pp. 221-2.

Was it the lust for plunder that inspired such heroic valor? No, the historian bears witness that the motive which inspired and sustained it was a loftier one. We quote:

The first object of Cortez was to reclaim the natives from their gross idolatry, and to substitute a purer form of worship . . . There was nothing which the Spanish Government had more earnestly at heart than the conversion of the Indians. It forms the constant burden of their instructions, and gave to the military expeditions in this hemisphere the air of a crusade. The cavalier who embarked in them entered fully into these chivalrous and devotional feelings.—Vol. i. p. 269.

It is not claimed that Cortez entered Mexico solely with a view of converting the Indians. He was a soldier, not a missionary. As such he must have felt the promptings of an honorable ambition and been stirred by them. But if he was a soldier of fortune, he never forgot that he was, first and before all else, a soldier of the Cross. This was the thought that was uppermost in his mind, the thought that nerved him with new courage in those trying moments when all human help seemed to have failed him. It should be borne in mind that the conquest of Montezuma's empire was no part of the original purpose either of Velasquez, the Govenor of Cuba who fitted out the expedition, or of Cortez himself, who was placed at its head. One object was barter with the natives, but this was to be subordinate to a higher end. "Cortez was to bear in mind," says Prescott, vol. i. p. 248, "above all things, that the object which the Spanish monarch had most at heart was the conversion of the Indians." Missionary Fathers accompanied the expedition, which went forward under the standard of the Cross. Says our author:

His [Cortez's] principal standard was of black velvet embroidered with gold and emblazoned with a red cross amidst flames of blue and white, with this motto in Latin beneath: "Friends, let us follow the Cross, and under this sign, if we have faith, we shall conquer."—Ibid. p. 258.

Before embarking, Cortez addressed his men in words worthy of a Christian soldier. "You are few in numbers," he said, "but strong in resolution; and, if this does not falter doubt not that the Almighty, who has never deserted the Spaniard in his contest with the infidel, will shield you, though encompassed by a cloud of enemies; for your cause is a just cause, and you are to fight under the banner of the Cross." Cortez, the historian adds, was well satisfied to find his own enthusiasm so largely shared by his followers. "Mass was celebrated with the solemnities usual with the Spanish navigators when entering on their voyages of discovery. The fleet was placed under the immediate protection of St. Peter, the patron saint of Cortez, and weighing anchor took its departure on the eighteenth day of February, 1519, for the coast of Yucatan"—Ibid. p. 264. It was under such auspices that the expedition set out from Cuba.

Nor did Cortez suffer himfelf or his men to forget under what auspices he had gone forth or the lofty purpose which, in the words of Prescott, was "paramount to every calculation of personal interest" in his breast. When on the point of setting out from Cempoalla to Mexico,

The General spoke a few words of encouragement to his own men. He told them they were now to embark in earnest on an enterprise which had been the great object of their desires, and that the Blessed Saviour would carry them victorious through every battle with their enemies. "Indeed," he adds, "this assurance must be our stay, for every other refuge is now cut off but that afforded by the providence of God and your own stout hearts."—Ibid. p. p. 392-3.

And when he was about to meet in battle the fierce and warlike Tlascalans was it with the prospect of plunder that he sought to fire the courage of his comrades? No.

Cortez put himself at the head of his cavalry, and calling out, "Forward, soldiers, the Holy Cross is our banner, and under that we shall conquer," led his little army through the undefended passage, and in a few moments they trod the soil of the free republic of Tlascala [free, that is, from the tyrannous sway of Montezuma]. —Ibid. p. 405.

In one of their sharp encounters with this powerful tribe it seemed as though nothing could save the Spaniards from being overwhelmed by superior numbers. Then,

Amidst the din of battle the voice of Cortez was heard, cheering on his soldiers. "If we fail now," he cried, "the Cross of Christ can never be planted in the land. Forward, comrades! When was it ever known that a Castilian turned his back on a foe?" Animated by the words and heroic bearing of their General, the soldiers, with desperate efforts at length succeeded in forcing a passage through the dark columns of the enemy, and emerged from the defile on the plain beyond.—Ibid. p. 430.

Finally, when, wearied with what seemed to be fruitless struggles and despairing of ever reaching Mexico, the Spaniards besought their leader to retrace his steps,

He made answer, *We fight under the banner of the Cross; God is stronger than nature*, and continued his march.—Ibid.

We submit that these are not the sentiments of a man athirst for plunder or swayed by base and selfish motives. His battle-cry of *Forward, soldiers, the Holy Cross is our banner*, contrasts, not unfavorably we venture to think, with that of the nation which in our own enlightened times has entered upon war ostensibly in the interest of humanity.

In another article we shall deal more directly with the charge of cruelty preferred ag ainst Cortez.

## Passing Away.

It is with genuine sorrow that I have just learned, by a letter from his son, that Norman Macdonald, of Addington Forks, is no more. I was in Glenbard on Saturday, April 31st, and went to see him. He felt unwell, but was sitting up. As I saw that he was suffering I remained with him only about half an hour. I had no idea, however, that his end was so near. I always liked him, and was always glad to meet him. It was a great pleasure to spend a few hours with him.

Ewen Macdonald resided in Glenuig in Moydart. He was the son of Raonull mac Iain mhic Lachainn. He married Margaret Macdonald, by whom he had six children, Ranald, John, Catherine, Margaret, Norman and Donald. Norman, the third son, was born in 1820. He was educated partly in Glenuig and partly at Kinloch Moydart. He came to Nova Scotia in 1843. He taught school for a number of years at the Beaver Meadow. He afterwards kept a store at Addington Forks for a short time. He published in 1863, an edition of about one thousand copies of Mackenzie's Sar-Obair nam Bard. He rendered valuable service to Gaelic literature by this work. He had some poetic gifts, but did not cultivate them. He composed, I think, only one song. He knew Gaelic thoroughly and wrote it with great facility. He was a well-read and intelligent man, and a pleasant companion.

I was eight years of age when I went to Norman's school. I knew the alphabet then, but nothing more. As the school was three miles from me I could not attend during the winter months. But as I studied at home all winter I learned probably as much as I would if I had gone to school regularly. I was five summers, or rather five terms, of about eight months each, under Norman. He taught me reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic and English grammar. So far as these branches were concerned, he was a capital teacher. He taught me also something about matter and motion, astronomy and the geography of Nova Scotia. Any boy that desired to learn could learn under him.

I left Glenbard to teach school when I was fifteen and a half years of age, and have since then paid only occasional visits to my old home. But to get home for a few days was always a great pleasure to me. It was pleasant to call to see those who were grown up men when I was a boy —Tormaid an Maighstir-sgoile among the number. But to-day, alas! they are nearly all under the sod. True it is that we all do fade as a leaf.

One of the books I read in the Beaver Meadow school was Chambers' History of the British Empire. I cannot say, however, that it was Norman Macdonald that taught me history. My real teacher in history was my mother, who was well-read in history and used to converse with me about historical matters. My other teachers were two near neighbors, John Macdonald an Taillear Abrach and John McDonald an Domhnallach Ur. The former came from Lochaber, and the latter from Glencoe. The one could not read at all; the other certainly was not a reader of historical books. But both had a number of stories about ghosts, strong Highlanders and clan feuds; they had also bits of old Gaelic songs by heart. I listened to them many a night and became pretty well acquainted with all their lore. Fortunately I was not afraid of ghosts. I always understood that if I behaved myself they would not meddle with me. My real text-book in history was not Chambers' British Empire, but Norman Macleod's Cuairtear nan Gleann, a most valuable and attractive work.

There are some persons who are under the absurd impression that the Highlanders who came to this country were not educated men. I knew quite a number of them, but I did not know a man among them who could be called uneducated. They knew the history and geography of the Highlands well, they knew the traditions and poetry of their country fairly well, and they knew far more about their ancestors than Darwin did about his. Of course they believed in witches and ghosts; so did the prophet Samuel. They believed in the second-sight; so did another great Samuel, not a prophet, but a poet, novelist and lexicographer. They simply believed in the existence of a world of spirits, good and bad, and surely that was not a sign of ignorance. As a general rule they could not write a note of hand, but they could keep their promises. They were excellent men. May their grand-children have all their good qualities. A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR.

Belfast, P. E. Island, May 11th, '98.

## A Letter from Vancouver.

*To the Editor of* THE CASKET.

Dear Sir,—In your issue of April 21st, I noticed an article which, while partly true, contains some misleading statements, calculated to produce a wrong impression. The article refers to the over-crowded condition of Vancouver and other cities on the Pacific Coast. While it is true that there was a large number of Eastern people in Vancouver a few weeks ago, some of whom were looking for employment, it is also true that there is plenty work, and a man who is willing to work at anything need not remain idle. A large number of the visitors were bound for the Klondyke, and had to remain here a few weeks waiting for navigation to open up on the Stikine. Within the last few days a number of boats have left for the North, each one carrying at least 200 passengers. The city is beginning to assume its usual aspect, and labor is in demand with fairly good wages. If one man was disappointed in not securing an anticipated government position, it is no reason why others who are not afraid of work should not be successful. As far as I know all Nova Scotians here have good situations. Vancouver is growing rapidly and Eastern people of energy and enterprise, who locate here now are bound to come out all right.

Thanking you in advance, Mr. Editor, for your valuable space, I remain,

Yours truly. ANTIGONISH BOY.

Vancouver, B. C., May 4, '98.

## The Macdonald Bards.

(For THE CASKET.)

In the list of the Macdonald bards as it appeared in THE CASKET of March 10th, some of the very best of them are omitted; such as Alasdair MacMhaistir and Gilleasbig na Ciotaig. We are told that a collection of gaelic poems can be obtained from Archibald Sinclair, Glasgow, Scotland, with twenty pages of Gilleasbig na Ciotaig's poems, but no word is said as to where we are to go for Alasdair's work. Now if we are to get up a collection of the Macdonald bards let us have all of them, old and new, in one work. For my part I do not feel like paying towards publishing the poems of the Macdonald bards and have to send to Scotland and dear knows where for some of them.

ALEXANDER MCDONALD (Ridge).

The despatches in yesterday morning's papers reported Mr. Gladstone to be in a dying condition, and it is quite probable that ere this the aged statesman has passed away. He was partially unconscious on Tuesday evening. At a late hour that evening all the servants of his household were called to take a final farewell. Their master was in a deep sleep, and each touched his hand and tearfully withdrew.


# A. KIRK & CO'Y

Would now call the attention of the Public to their Warerooms, all abloom with the fresh beauty of Spring Goods. : : : :

## Dress Goods.

All wool Serges in every shade.
All wool Plaids. Fancy Diagonal.
Dress Lengths, elegant Patterns.
All wool Crepons.
A great variety Fancy Dress Goods.

Black all wool Cashmeres.
Priestly celebrated Satin Finish Cashmeres
Silk Warp Cashmere. Crepons, Henriettas
Blue and Black Serge.
Crepe Cloth. Figure Poplins.

A large stock of the celebrated

## Perrin Kid Gloves,

in all the best colors and latest styles.

## Silks.

This is a great silk store. Interest accumulates in these dainty fabrics.

Fancy Printed Silks for Blouses from 28c. up to $1.25 per yard.

Black Surah Silk from 40c upwards.

## Parasols and Umbrellas

From Best Makers.

Ladies' Parasols, Black and Colored, from - - 35c.
Very Handsome Parasols, with Fancy Handles, - 75c.
Black and New Shades, in all Silk, from - $1.00 to 4.00

## Ladies' Mantles and Jackets.

A distinguished gathering of the Latest and Best Styles from $1.00 to 10.00
WATERPROOFS from - - - - - $1.00 to 15.00

## New Shirt Waists.

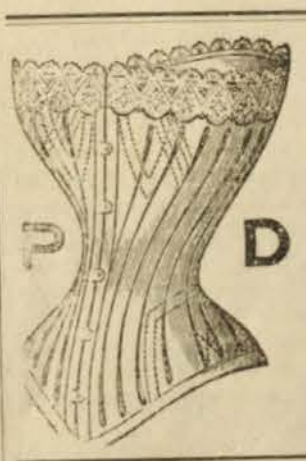
There is a sweet charm of style about these waists. All who have seen them are firm in their admiration. We have them in all good shades with detachable collars and cuffs.

## Spring Hosiery.

It is impossible to make a mistake in buying Hosiery at our store. The quality is right and price the lowest. We have them in Fast Black, Tan and new shades for Spring and Summer.

Special Value in Cashmere at - - **33c.**

## A Choice Selection of Wall Papers from 3c per Roll upwards




## French P. D. Corset

is absolutely without a rival, and occupies the first position in the world's corset trade.

Price from **$1.00 to 30.00** per pair.

Also in stock: Yatisi, D. & A., P. N. and a line for 25c.

SUMMER CORSETS 35c to $1.10.

## Carpets, Rugs, etc.

This department talks for itself.
Beautiful yard wide Union from . 35c, 45c. to 75 upwards
All wool yard wide Scotch from .
Tapestries, Brussels and Wiltons in elegant patterns, with borders to match, from 40c up to $1.50

## Sheeting, etc

White Sheetings.
Unbleached Sheetings. Pillow Cottons.
Linen and Huckabuck Towels.
Crash Roller Towelling. Glass Linen, etc.

## Lace Curtains.

Our show this spring comprises a great variety of new and artistic patterns at prices 28c, 30c, 40c, 50c up to $5.75 per pair.
Also Sash Nets and Muslins.

PRINT COTTONS and GINGHAMS from **5c** per yard upwards.
A Nice Line of FANCY DUCKS and DRILLS for Suitings.

We are sole agents for Antigonish for the celebrated - - **FIT REFORM CLOTHING**

Fit, Style and Economy is the definition of Fit Reform. No other ready-made built on the same basis. No other ready-made has the same cloths. No other made to fit for fit or lowness of price. There is only one Fit Reform. It is not made to sell but is made to *Fit*. Don't fail to inspect these elegant clothes before purchasing elsewhere. Makers' *brand* and prices printed on satin label sewn in left breast pocket.

$10, 12, 15, 18, 20 a Suit. Overcoats and Suits Silk Lined.

## Millinery.

This department is well stocked with beautiful Flowers, Ribbons, etc.

Hats and Bonnets in all the latest colors and styles.

Miss Van Stone is still in charge and is ready to give the usual attention and satisfaction.

## Spring Underwear.

Direct from Makers.

Ladies' Ribbed Cotton Vests, well finished 3 for 15 cents.
Ladies' Cot. Vests at 15, 20, 30, 40 to 35, 45, 60c.
Ladies' Merino Vests at
Ladies' Silk and Natural Wool Vests from 60c to $1.10.

TWO CARS FURNITURE JUST RECEIVED.
FULL LINE OF FRESH GROCERIES ON HAND.

**Special Attention to Mail Orders. Write for Samples.**

# A. KIRK & CO

## Kirk's Block, Antigonish.

## General News.

The boy king of Spain was twelve years old on Tuesday.

It is said that Parliament at Ottawa will be prorogued about the last of this month.

The Earl of Aberdeen has handed in his resignation of the Governor-Generalship of Canada, and will leave in October or November.

It is reported that the relations between England and France in regard to the West African situation are extremely strained, and that this fact has much to do with the action of the Imperial Government in fortifying St. John's, Nfld., towards which it is now taking active steps. Mr. Chamberland at Birmingham on Friday spoke plainly of the possibility of a European combination against England, and declared it was the duty of the latter to seek an alliance with the United States.

The Hospital of St. Hyacinth, at St. Hyacinth, Quebec was destroyed by fire on Monday morning and a number of lives, from nine to twelve, were lost. A despatch on Tuesday said that nine bodies had been recovered; three were still missing, and supposed to be in the ruins; while several persons were so badly burned that their recovery was believed to be impossible. The victims include one or two of the Sisters in charge, and three novices. The origin of the sad calamity is unknown.

## War Notes.

It is stated that permission has been given to several foreign vessels to pass the blockade at Havana.

The situation at Manila continues unchanged. There are said to be 25,000 Spanish troops in the garrison, and Dewey cannot spare a force to attempt its capture. Reports of massacres by rebels in the city were false, the insurgents not having, at latest reports from the U. S. Admiral, put in an appearance. In fact the Americans are likely to receive very little assistance from the rebels.

On Monday a small American gunboat, which was attempting to destroy mines off Cardenas, Cuba, was blown up, and her crew, said to number 18, perished.

On Wednesday of last week the American torpedo boat Winslow was decoyed within range of a concealed battery at Cardenes, and suffered terribly from the fire directed upon her. One of her officers, Ensign Bagley, and four of the crew were killed, and the craft was badly used up.

San Juan de Porto Rico, the capital of that Island, was bombarded by Admiral Sampson on Thursday last, without notice. Accounts differ as to the amount of damage done to the fortifications, but it is not believed to have been very serious. A number of people are said to have been killed in the city. After keeping up the firing for some hours the squadron withdrew and sailed away. Two sailors on the bombarding ships were killed.

A wild rumor was current here on Sunday, the authority for which was a private despatch from Halifax, that the U. S. battleship Indiana had been sunk and the auxiliary cruiser Yale, formerly the Paris, captured. For the first part of this report there appears to have been not even newspaper authority, as the papers have not mentioned it. The latter rumor, which was current for a time, has since been contradicted.

The report of the return of the Spanish Cape Verde squadron to Cadiz, cabled from London on Tuesday of last week, which deceived even the Washington Government, was soon discovered to be without foundation. Two days later the squadron turned up off the French Island of Martinique, about three hundred miles south-east of Porto Rico.

The Spanish Cabinet resigned on Sunday as a result of popular dissatisfaction with the conduct of the war. Premier Sagasta handed the resignations to the Queen on Monday, and was asked to form a new Ministry. This he has since been endeavoring to do, and it is reported that he has succeeded, after considerable difficulty. There will be several changes in the personnel of the the Cabinet, but what they are is not known at this writing, except that the Minister of the Navy, Admiral Bermejo, will retire.

The United States Secretary of the Navy, according to Washington despatches, issued an order on Monday forbidding the unauthorized giving out of news to the press by any of the officials of the department. The naval authorities complain, so the despatch says, that many of the leading papers have acted a very unpatriotic part in publishing information as to future movements, which of course found its way to the Spaniards, making it necessary to change plans entirely. Perhaps this explains why nothing foretold by the press correspondents ever happened. The correspondents weren't telling fibs, but the guileless officials who reposed their confidence in the wily reporters and were betrayed, kept changing their plans as quick as the papers published them. Hereafter, the report says, a bulletin board at the department will contain statements of "such facts as have actually occurred and are proper for publication, and are not connected with existing or projected movements." If one could only accept the doctrine of the infallibility of that bulletin board, it would certainly be a consolation to know that the facts one was reading were such as had actually occurred; for most of the facts we have been reading for the past four weeks were such as had actually not occurred.

## Plain Words from "The Bystander."

We are told that we ought to sympathize with the Americans in the war because blood is thicker than water. By all means. The Bystander does most heartily sympathize with that party in the United States comprehending, as his own observation and the most trustworthy reports assure him, the best sense and morality of the country, which was, and though it can scarcely now make its voice heard, still is against the war. . . .

Though blood may be thicker than water, the tie of justice is above the tie of blood, and we do a kinsman little real service by abetting him in iniquity. The basis of an Anglo-Saxon alliance would be worse than frail if it was to be a partnership in wrong doing.

Flying off into vague sentimentalities, people shirk the plain question of morality before them. Spain tendered arbitration in the case of the Maine, pledging herself beforehand to abide by the verdict of the tribunal. Her offer was met by war. Was this just? That, and not any question of racial affinities or of reconstruction of the diplomatic universe, is at present before the court of opinion.

The Bystander repeats that he would be as glad as anybody to see Spain withdraw from Cuba, as, for the matter of that, he would be glad to see European powers in general withdraw from this hemisphere, and leave it to its own destinies. But he believes that the end might have been practically compassed by pacific means, and at all events that pacific means ought to have been fairly exhausted before war was let loose upon the world.—*Goldwin Smith, in Toronto Sun.*

## Where "Atrocities" are Made.

An interesting exposure of the "fake" despatches in the sensational newspapers about the withdrawal of the Americans from Havana three weeks ago is made in the *Independent* by a trustworthy correspondent of that journal in Washington, who had gone to Cuba expecting to spend Easter Sunday in Havana, but had to leave, with the other Americans, the evening before. It will be remembered that it was given out by "the yellows" that 2,000 Americans would be in danger if the President sent his message to Congress before giving the Consul-General time to get Americans away from Havana. As a matter of fact, there were not at the time 200 Americans in Cuba, including naturalized citizens. The Captain of the Mascotte, upon arriving at Key West a few days before Easter, on his regular trip to Havana, found a despatch from Washington ordering him to proceed at once and bring over all the "American refugees" and everybody else desiring to leave Cuba, "without regard to numbers if they could find standing-room on the steamer." All that the Captain could find ready to come when he reached Havana were seven native Americans, fifteen naturalized American citizens, and about fifty Cubans and Spaniards who were going North. When the Mascotte arrived at Key West, the Captain received orders by telegraph not to go on to Tampa as usual, but to coal at once, go back to Havana the same night, and "bring over everybody who wanted to get away from Cuba." The second "crowd of American refugees" by this vessel consisted of seventy-four passengers, all of whom were Cubans and Spaniards going North; not a single native or naturalized citizen of this country. And yet a despatch was sent from Tampa, and widely printed, that the Mascotte brought over on her first trip 920 passengers, and on the second trip "about the same number;" although the steamers of the Plant Line are by no means ocean liners, and everybody in Tampa knew that neither the Mascotte nor any other steamer of the line was capable of carrying 920 passengers. As for the situation in Havana down to the very end, this writer testifies that "quiet and order prevailed in Havana and had been maintained all along, while reports to the contrary were printed far and wide in the United States," and that "while some Americans were anxious to get away, others felt no anxiety about staying another week or two, or at any rate, until it was quite certain that war would be declared."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

## Obituary.

Deep regret is felt for the death of Mr. Daniel Gannon, of North Sydney, which occurred on Thursday morning last. Mr. Gannon met with a serious accident in Montreal some weeks ago, when a number of heavy trunks fell upon him, inflicting injuries which caused his death. The deceased was in his 31st year. He was widely known and extremely popular, as well as much esteemed for his kindness, generosity, and goodness of heart. His funeral on Sunday was attended by an immense number of people, including the members of the local Branch of the C. M. B. A. of which he was a member. This is the third severe blow that his afflicted family has received from the hand of Death within the past eighteen months, both mother and sister having been summoned within that time. Its surviving members have the profound sympathy of the community. May he rest in peace!

## DIED.

HADLEY.—At Guysboro, April 27th, John H. Hadley, aged 80 years, 3 months and 17 days. He leaves two daughters and a large circle of friends to mourn his death.

BARRIEAU.—At Mattie settlement, parish of Tracadie, on the 17th inst., Mrs. Barrieau, aged 102 years. May she rest in peace.

MCLEAN.—At Cross Roads, Ohio, on the 9th inst., after a very painful illness of three weeks, Barbara Elizabeth, beloved daughter of John and Annie McLean, aged ten years and five months. Deceased was a very bright little girl. *R. I. P.*

SMITH.—Suddenly, at New Glasgow, on Monday, 2nd inst., Philip Smith, aged 56 years. A resident of New Glasgow for fifteen years, he won the respect and esteem of those with whom he came in contact by his quiet and inoffensive manner and industrious habits. He leaves a widow, three sons and two daughters. They have the heartfelt sympathy of the community in their sad bereavement.

MCINNIS.—At Mabou Harbor, on Tuesday, the 9th of May, after a long illness most patiently endured, Victoria, wife of John McInnis. Consoled by the last rites of the holy Church, of which she was a true member since her conversion to the Catholic Faith, she quietly and peacefully passed away from this world of changes, at the age of sixty years, leaving a sorrowing husband, three sons and four daughters, to mourn the loss of a kind and loving mother.—*R. I P.*

KING.—At West Arichat, C. B., on the 3rd inst., Mrs. Capt. Peter King, aged 58 years, after a long illness, borne with all the patience of the true Christian. Fortified by the last rites of Holy Church she peacefully passed away, leaving a sorrowful husband, one son and one daughter to mourn their irreparable loss. Mrs. King was a kind and gentle woman, a loving mother, a dutiful wife and a good neighbor. Her many good qualities caused her to be beloved by all her acquaintances. May she rest in peace!


**Ploughs, Harrows,**

and all descriptions of

**Farming Implements**

of the celebrated Massey-Harris Manufacture

for sale at

**DOUGALD McISAAC'S**

WAREHOUSE,

COLLEGE STREET, ANTIGONISH.

Also : : :

**First-Class Carriages** for all purposes.

☞ Call and examine the above stock of Implements and Wagons.


## NOTICE.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of Moses Chisholm, late of Antigonish, in the County of Antigonish, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within twelve months from date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

ANGUS D. CHISHOLM, Administrator.

Antigonish, N. S., April 26th, 1898.


STOCK LARGE,
QUALITY UNSURPASSED,
PRICES RIGHT.

**SAXON BLEND TEA**

MY LEADER.

I cannot enumerate in this space all the lines carried in a first-class grocery. I only wish to draw your attention to the fact that I have them all.

My provision department with its stock of

**Hams, Bacon, and Choice Fresh Meats and Fish : : : : :**

all nicely handled, will always give you satisfaction.

When you want anything you would expect at an up-to-date Grocery, you can get it at : : : : : :

**T. J. BONNER'S.**

# McCURDY & CO.

Are now showing all their new imported goods.
An immense stock : : : : : : : : :

## Silk Dress Goods.

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| Beautiful Black Silk for Dresses, 21 inches wide, | $ .90 |
| Beautiful Black Silk for Dresses, 21 inches wide, | 1.00 |
| Plain Black Silk for Dresses, 21 inches wide, | 1.10 |
| Plain Black Silk for Dresses, 21 inches wide, | 1.25 |
| Plain Black Silk for Dresses, 21 inches wide, | 1.35 |
| Plain Black Silk for Dresses, 21 inches wide, | 1.50 |
| Heavy Corded Silk, 21 inches wide, | |

MOURNING SILK IN ALL PRICES.

All our Black Silks are pure dye and we can confidently recommend them.

We Show a large range in TAFFETA SILKS for Dresses and Blouses. Taffetas Glacé for linings. Brocaded Satins, Bengalines, Armure Silks, various effects. Taffetas Canselé, new check and plaids for Blouses and Dresses. Very Pretty Grenadine Silks. Colored Palise for fronts of Dresses. Gaffered Chiffon for fronts and ties in all colors, 60c yard. A very great variety in Dress Trimmings in all the new colors and styles.

ACCORDION PLAITING. NEW FANCY VICTORIA PLAITING.

## Ladies' Summer Capes

Seldom has a finer range of Capes been shown than what we now offer. The styles are the very newest and the shades are very attractive. A very nice Cape for $1.50, $1.75, $2.00, $2.25, these we have in Black, Fawn, Blue, Green. A very pretty and Stylish Capes with high collars, fancy button or buckle trimming, braided and stitched beautiful cloth, $2.75, $3.00, $3.25.

Silk Lined Capes for $8.75 and $9.75. These are all very full circular Capes, English and German makes and are the best value we have ever shown. Some very nice Silk and Velvet Capes. Velvet Capes, nicely trimmed, from $4.00.

## Ladies' Gloves.

We are by far the largest importers of Gloves in Eastern Nova Scotia and the values we offer are not surpassed anywhere. Dent's Kid Gloves are always to be relied on. In these we always have a full assortment—**every pair warranted.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Ladies' Kid Gloves in Black and Tan, all sizes for | 50 cents |
| Ladies' 4 Button Kid Gloves, colored welt, | 60, 75 and 85 cents |
| Ladies' Spring Button, colored points, | 80 cents |
| Ladies' Laced Dressed Kid, | 90 cents |
| Fine Spring Button, the Best in the market, *Adela*, | $1.00 |
| Ladies' Silk Lined Kid Gloves, all shades, | 1.35 |
| We have a splendid assortment of LADIES' SILK GLOVES, colored points, | 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50 cents |
| Ladies' Favorite Cycling Gloves, Ventilated Palms, | 45 cents |
| Ladies' Lisle and Silk Taffeta Gloves, | 12, 15, 18, 20 cents |
| We show an excellent Silk Glove, Bound in Kid, | 65 cents |

Always enquire for "Dent's" make, which are by far the best. Warranted.

## Ladies' Blouses, Misses' Blouses, Boys' Blouses.

We are always to the front in this department—our styles are the newest and they are perfect fitting goods. We have over 900 in stock and guarantee to suit the most fastidious—in price quality and fit. The patterns are very pretty, they are washable, they are made of good wearing material, in fact too much cannot be said in favor of our make of Blouses.

BEAUTIFUL WHITE BLOUSES TRIMMED WITH LACE.

## Ladies' Umbrellas and Sunshades.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Unbrellas. Nowhere will you get a finer selection of Umbrellas than at the West End Warehouse. We carry a very large range, and as they are all purchased from **first hands** you can fully rely upon the prices being much lower than elsewhere.

| | |
|---|---|
| Gloria Umbrellas, with fancy handles, | 75, and 85 cents |
| Gloria Umbrellas, with fancy handles, | 90 cents |
| Gloria Umbrellas, colored knobs and silver handles, | $1.00 |
| Silk Umbrellas, silver tops and band on handles, | 1.25 |
| Silk Umbrellas, silver tops and bands, | 1.50 |
| Silk Umbrellas, very fancy handles, | 1.75 |
| Silk Umbrellas, very fancy handles, | 2.00 |
| Silk Umbrellas, handsome handles, | 2.50 |
| Silk Umbrellas, choice handles, | 2.75, 3.00, 3.25, 3.75, 3.90, 4.25 |

These are all of the best make steel tube Umbrellas, warranted not to fade or rip. Large carriage Umbrellas, with brass knob and ring, from $1.25

## Ladies' Hygeian Knitted Undervests

FOR SUMMER.

In these goods we have a very large assortment, made of the best material and guaranteed to wear well. We have a large range at 5 cents each, also at 7 cts. Our ten and twelve cent ones are very nice, and our fifteen cent ones as good as formerly for 25 cents. We have them in white, ecru and cream in both long and short sleeves, all prices. A nicer assortment was never shown.

## Hosiery.

This is the strong department with us. We keep nothing but the most satisfactory makes.

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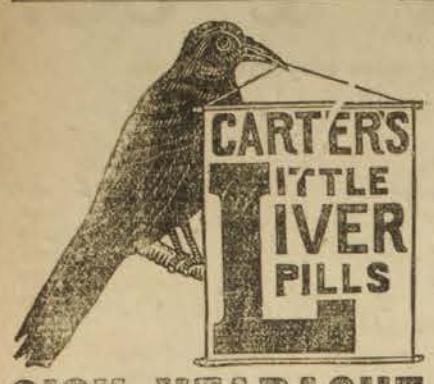
|---|---|
| Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose, | 20, 25, 30c |
| Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose, | 35, 40, 45c |
| Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose, | 50, 55c |
| Ladies' Fancy Cashmere Hose. | |
| Children's Black and Colored Cashmere and Cotton Hose. | |
| Ladies' Black Cotton Hose, | 7 cents pair |
| Ladies' Black Cotton Hose, | 8 cents pair |
| Ladies' Black Cotton Hose, | 10 cents pair |
| Beautiful Black Cotton Hose, | 12 cents pair |

**Bicycle Hose and Sweaters. . . .**

McCURDY & Co., Antigonish.




**SICK HEADACHE**

**Positively cured by these Little Pills.**

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

**Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.**

Substitution

the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

**The Indians of North America,**

on account of their using certain herbs and roots, rarely suffered from

**Indigestion and Dyspepsia.**

The same herbs and roots are now offered to you prepared in a more scientific manner in the medicine called

**PUCCOON.**

that best of all Family Medicines. It is a certain panacea for the complaints named above.

MANUFACTURED BY

**G. A. STERNS,**

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PRICE 50c PER BOTTLE.

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## George Parsons Lathrop.

It is a platitude to say that death is always sudden,—but death may be sudden and yet expected. There is always a certain amelioration in this: the death of George Parsons Lathrop was both sudden and unexpected; and, therefore, his friends feel a double shock.

He was a man of high talent and strong will, of broad culture and deep sympathy with all that is beautiful in the world. "Herman's Charge," and "Marthy Virginia's Hand," show this sympathy and his power of expressing it. His war poems must live; they are among the best forced from the storm and stress of the late struggle. He was wonderfully versatile; his children's book, "Behind Time" narrowly escaped being a classic, like Mary Mapes Dodge's "Silver Skates;" his novels, "An Echo of Passion" and "Newport," were well received, and all his short stories and essays had upon them the marks of a highly trained hand. To have been a successful editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* is equivalent to a *brevet* to an American Academy, if there were such a thing. And George Lathrop had obtained this.

Dying at the age of forty-six, about the time at which Scott began his novels, his best work was yet to come. He had tried all forms of literature, and failed at none. His dramatization of Tennyson's "Elaine," done at least ten years ago at the Madison Square Theatre, was exquisite in dramatic form,—finer and more artistic than Professor Carr's "King Arthur," of which Sir Henry Irving made so much. If his arrangement of "The Scarlet Letter," for Walter Damrosch's music was not adequate, it was because the subject could hardly be used even by Wagner himself effectively for the musical purpose proposed by Damrosch.

There were many persons whose opinions were combatted by Mr. Lathrop with firmness and even obstinacy. He had a feeling that he was generally right on most subjects, and perhaps he was. But, when you happened to be on a club committee with him, he made his righteousness so evident, that, if you had not the temper of an angel, you—made him unhappy. He must have been very hard to live with at close quarters, if one did not always agree with him. His conversion was an amazing thing to those who knew him best. That George Lathrop, who had really no mean opinion of his own infallibility, should have accepted the Church as infallible was most unexpected.

I had met him many times at Mr. Stedman's or the Authors' Club, and I had always admired him very much. At the Club he smoked his church-warden with touching serenity, except when somebody took issue with him on International Copyright; then he blazed; he no longer smoked.

Mrs. Lathrop,—who was the gentlest and most sensitive of women,—must have found him a little "difficult," since, long before they entered the Church, they occasionally seemed to find that they were more peaceful, if not happier, apart. But none of their friends were very much concerned, and nobody doubted their love for each other. Lathrop's letters were full of devotion to his wife, and his attitude to her was always chivalrous; he adored and reverenced her, and her spoken thoughts were full of admiration for him.

His entrance into the Church did not estrange his non-Catholic friends; he had no coldness nor persecution to suffer from. In fact, his friends trusted that religion might be a strong bond of union between his wife and himself, their little son whom they loved passionately having died. Lathrop would have welcomed persecution; he thirsted for it; his zeal was ardent; he would have liked to read passages from the "Lives of the Saints" at the Clubs, and he threatened to break off relations with some of his dearest and oldest friends because they rather objected to controversy in season and out. He expressed astonishment, in not altogether an amiable way, because I had never converted anybody, but forgave me at last, saying "that hereditary Catholics did not know the real value of faith.

"George," as one of his friends remarked, "went about during the month after his conversion expecting us to put him on a gridiron,—*now* he carries a gridiron hot for us." His zeal was marvellous: it amused and terrified some of his easy-going friends, but they respected it and he forced them *nolens, volens* to learn somethings of the tenets of the Church.

He attributed his conversion, under God, to the example and conversation of John Boyle O'Reilly, and his wife's to the unconscious influence of those good Sisters of Boston, who had taken her to their hearts in a time of illness. After his conversion, he became veritably a defender of the Faith, and much that had seemed real and absorbing to him now became, by comparison with the eternal verity, unreal and of small value. His devotion to the Faith was so burning and incessant that his acquaintances predicted that it would not last; but it did last, and, though he wrote less, as ill health and mental depression came upon him, his pen was ever ready. His friends were true to him to the last, though his lack of interest in literary work puzzled and amazed them. The solution of this lack of continuous interest is found in his unexpected taking off; he had been failing gradually for some time, though it had been hard for those who loved him to realize this.

He has left much good work behind him. The pity of it is that this work was but a promise of what George Parsons Lathrop might have done, if God had not taken him whom He had marked with the seal of talent and the signet of grace.—*Maurice Francis Egan, in Catholic Citizen.*

## On the Employment of Time.

I asked a young man a few years ago why with his opportunities and abilities, he had accomplished so little, and his answer was that the reason he had made no more progress was because he did not have time to do so. This astonished me, for it seemed to me that he was always idling about without making any effort to engage in a useful occupation. Indeed, he appeared to be like the people described in one of Charles Dickens' sketches, who were suffering from dry rot. He had no ambition, and was gradually dropping into an entirely aimless condition of mind. His face was assuming a vacant look, and he moved about with a purposeless air, as if life were a burden and not the real and earnest thing described by the poet. He was, in fact, tired of doing nothing. He had inherited a little money, and was, if I mistake not, drinking on the sly, for he frequently had the untidy appearance that results from laziness and dram-drinking. He was no brawler in a bar-room, but, perhaps, something worse: the secret drunkard whose career ends with dementia. I saw that he was losing pride and self-respect and that fine moral sense which helps to keep men honest. His money was a curse to him and it would be soon spent. I could see his dismal end in the not-far distant future, and as I had honored and respected his father I tried to rouse the son to some exertion that would bring out all the slumbering manliness that I knew lay under the dry rot that was fast eating away his reason and soul.

Therefore I said to him: "What do you mean by saying you have no time? You have time enough to moon about like an idiot, but you have no time to care for your character, by making an effort to win a reputation for being a pure-minded and industrious citizen. You lead a mere animal existence, and you will die like a dog if you do not reform your mode of life. And after that, you will not find annihilation like the brute, but will pass on, probably, to an eternity of woe. I shudder to think of such a fate, don't you?"

"Yes," he answered, "I do. I had not seen my picture truly until you held it up to view, and now I recognize what a miserable loafer I have been. Yes, I have plenty of time and I will now use it more profitably."

That young man has buried his past quite out of sight, and is interesting himself in all kinds of good works, for there is nothing that gives us greater strength to resist temptation than active exertion in the cause of charity, for charity not only covers a multitude of sins, but, by keeping the mind occupied with unselfish thoughts, prevents a man from falling into the grosser vices that lead directly to the door of hell. The man who has

"A tear for pity and a hand
Open as day to melting charity"

has more happiness in this life and more chance for salvation in the next than the one who thinks only of himself, for the latter can hardly hope to make a death-bed repentance after leading a life of entire self-indulgence.

My young friend now finds time not only for charity, but for many things else, simply because he keeps busy, except in the brief season given to necessary harmless recreation. He is making a name for himself, not as a politician, but as a public man whose advice is always wise, and he has established a thriving business. If he had not been awakened from his lethargy by a little timely counsel, he would have become a miserable sot, fit only to be sent to a correctional institution.

Therefore, my dear boys, never say you have not time to perform what is demanded of you as a Christian and a citizen. If you are well in health you can find time for almost everything. It is astonishing what application will do for us in doveloping the ability to accomplish a great deal in a short time. A man is capable usually because he gives his whole mind to the immediate duty of the hour. The incapables are those who dawdle and get dry rot into their mental and physical systems. The great thief of time is procrastination. Don't make his acquaintance. There is a time, we are told, for every purpose under heaven.—*Benedict Bell, in Sacred Heart Review.*


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## PAUL COURTNEY.

(Magdalen Rock, in Exchange.)

"Whew!"—and Paul Courtney plunged his hands into his trousers' pockets and contemplated in astonishment the drawing that hung above the mantlepiece in the parlor of the Fisherman's Rest.

Two years previously a friend of his had passed a couple of the summer months at Treford, and when Paul announced his intention of spending the summer in some quiet English village, his friend had eulogized Treford as a model village, and Mrs. Brant, of the Fisherman's Rest, as a model landlady, till he decided on pitching his tent there.

He had not been disappointed in what he had seen of the scenery as he trudged along the two miles that lay between Treford and the nearest railway station. Treford, he admitted, was charming, and Mrs. Brant appeared worthy of the encomiums Dick Marshall had pronounced upon her, yet with her best-cooked dinner awaiting his attention, he stood perplexed and angry before the very atrocious sketch that Mrs. Brant fondly believed to be the crowning glory of her parlor.

It was not because the sketch vexed his eyes—although evidence of talent was not wanting in some of the touches—that Paul gazed so fiercely at the landscape, but because, written very legibly in the bottom right-hand corner, his own name met his astonished gaze.

He turned round quickly as Mrs. Brant, with an apologetic cough, opened the door.

"I knocked, sir, but you didn't answer. The carrier's cart is at the door with your portmanteau and things, sir."

"Will you settle with the man? And then please come back, Mrs. Brant," he said, handing her some silver.

"Yes, sir. But your dinner—is it not to your mind?"

"I forgot all about it, but I'll make amends," he said laughingly, taking a seat, and Mrs. Brant left the room.

This, however, faced the obnoxious landscape, so he sprang from his feet before the landlady had left the room and dragged the chair to the other side of the table.

"I couldn't eat a bit with that—that thing before my eyes?" he said.

And Mrs. Brant went off, wondering if her new guest was slightly crazy.

He had finished his dinner by the time she had returned, and was gazing out of the window at the broad white street, a stretch of sandy down, and beyond that the blue sea that lay before him. The perplexing look was still on his face.

"Have you finished, sir?" Mrs. Brant asked. "I'm afraid you made a bad ——"

"No, no," he interrupted; "quite the contrary! But would you mind telling me where you procured that?" pointing to the landscape.

"Oh, that picture, sir!" she cried, viewing it complacently. "Isn't it just lovely, and so natural? The old woman with the red handkerchief seated on the stile always reminds me of an old woman I used to know—Mattie Rogers was her name, sir—as I tell Miss Joan."

"Yes," he said, restraining his impatience.

"Yes, Indeed, sir; and Miss Joan only laughs. But Mattie—she was ninety when she died—always wore a red shawl like that, which may be is the reason I always think of her when I look at the picture."

"But where did you get it Mrs. Brant?"

"From Miss Joan, sir. I have a large garden, and when Master Cecil was ill last year I was able to send him some fruit and Miss Joan sent me the picture—as an acknowledgment of my kindness, she said."

"And who is Miss Joan?" the artist asked.

"Miss Joan Brandon," Mrs. Brant explained, "is the Squire's step-daughter. You can see Jessop Grange from the window, sir."

"How or where did the lady get the picture?"

"She painted it, sir," the landlady answered, proudly. "You're an artist, sir?" interrogatively.

Paul nodded.

"If you could see her drawing! But, though she works hard, I hear she don't get much from the London dealer, after all."

"I dare say not," Courtney smiled cynically. "She doesn't mark her work with her own name, I see."

"No, and I don't know what for," Mrs. Brant said. "She lives in a little cottage, with her mother's maid for housekeeper."

Paul made no answer. He had leaned forward to look after a girl who was passing rapidly along the street, and had not heard Mrs. Brant's concluding words. But the good lady exclaimed hastily:

"That's Miss Joan going along! You see, sir, the way it happened was this. Squire Jessop had known Mrs. Brandon before her marriage, and when her husband died, leaving her and her two children without a penny, he happened to hear of it, and almost before she was a widow a year he married her. She didn't belong to this place, but Martha Brown—that's Miss Joan's housekeeper—told me of it. The poor lady married him quite as much for her children's sake as for her own, and after all she benefited nothing by her second marriage, for when she and the Squire were killed two years ago in the railway accident at Exeter, he had made no will and everything went to a nephew of the Squire's."

"And then Miss Joan took to painting?" the artist said.

"Yes, sir. If you'd like to see any of her drawings, I could get——"

"No, thanks. I'll probably call to see the lady soon. And now I think I'll have a smoke in your gardens," and he left the room.

"She knows what she is about, this Miss Brandon," he said to himself, as he paced along the shady walks of the old-fashioned garden. "Good heavens—if any one who understands art at all should see one of those daubs and with my name tacked on it!" He threw away his cigar. The idea was maddening, and he felt in a very merciless frame of mind concerning Miss Joan's delinquencies. "I must stop her at once!" he said half aloud. "She could not have happened on the *nom de guerre* of 'Paul Courtney' by accident. If it had been 'Paul Jones' or Paul Brown' or the like, one might have allowed for accident. I'll interview Miss Joan this evening"—and the artist's lips closed ominously. "How Dick would enjoy this!" he said a moment later, smiling.

He lit another cigar, and after a time forgot Miss Joan.

In the evening he walked through the village and passed along the quiet country road that led inland. Only one person was in sight, and as he gradually gained on her he saw that it was the girl he had noticed earlier in the evening. She walked quickly onward till she came to a little red brick cottage, covered with clematis and roses and separated from the high road by a narrow strip of garden. As she turned in at the little rustic gate she paused and Courtney advanced, and raising his hat, addressed her.

"Miss Brandon, I believe?"

"Yes," the girl answered, looking straight at her questioner with eyes that Courtney in after days said reminded him of the summer twilight. But on the present occasion they decidedly disconcerted the irate artist.

"You are—" He hesitated a moment. "You draw and paint, I believe?"

"Yes," she answered eagerly. "Perhaps you wish to see some sketches. Please come in.

She lead the way to the door of the cottage and Courtney followed, but as she moved on, he tried to explain.

"I saw a sketch in Mrs. Brant's——"

"Please come inside:" and Paul had only time to see that he stood in a narrow hall when she threw open the door of a room fitted up as a studio and motioned him to enter.

A slight, delicate-looking lad was lying on a couch by the open window. He had evidently been asleep, but their entrance had awakened him, and Miss Brandon paused to lay a caressing hand on his fair head before she placed a seat for her visitor. Half a dozen sketches, all alike, were on easels about the room, and Courtney was almost frantic as he saw his own name in the corner of a sketch that represented an urchin, in blue trousers and red jacket, in an altogether unlikely position in an apple tree.

"You sign your sketches Paul Courtney," he said, not taking the offered chair.

"Yes."

"You are doubtless aware," he went on, unconscious of the contempt in his tones, "that an artist of that name has made some reputation for himself in London."

"No," replied the girl, her eyes dilating.

"I am Paul Courtney, and as I saw a sketch in Mrs. Brant's parlor bearing my name, I felt compelled to call on the lady using it to ask her to discontinue doing so at once. I trust she will do so. Her work can hardly enhance my reputation."

"Sir!" the girl cried, and the boy endeavoured to raise himself from the sofa; but Paul, with a bow, left the room.

He had not reached the high road, however, before he regretted his last words, and as he continued his walk his anger turned against himself.

"I shouldn't have spoken so, and to a girl who is evidently trying to earn her own and her brother's bread. I'll go back and apologize."

He turned and retraced his steps. The door of the cottage was open as he approached, and he heard the sound of quick passionate sobbing.

"How dare he! Oh, Joan, if I were not such a useless wretch you wouldn't have to work as you do!" and the boy sobbed afresh.

"Hush, dear," the girl said, gently; "you will make yourself ill!"

"I am always ill. If I were like others I wouldn't have lain here and listened to that—man insulting my sister!"

(To be continued.)

## Prayer Versus War.

The whole Catholic world is on its knees in supplication to God for the return of the blessing of peace. Two Christian nations are at war, the one to perform what it conceives to be a duty; the other to defend what it believes to be its right. In that condition of dissidence there should be a tribunal to decide the question other than the brutal arbitrament of battle. The Holy Father has done only his duty in inviting and urging both nations to refer their differences to an arbitrator. We have answered that we appeal to Cæsar and not Christ, and our Cæsar is a man-of-war. One of the most touching sights we ever beheld once met our eyes during one of the tornadoes that have swept over our city. We stood on the porch of a house when the wind howled and buildings were toppling and there stood beside us a little Catholic boy of not more than six years. We were in great fear and stood mutually gazing on the fateful cloud. The little boy spoke out in a voice clear and distinct: "Uncle, I will say my prayers against the storm." And the little fellow knelt down and with his little hands clasped and his face set against the approaching tempest he recited an Our Father and a Hail Mary. We felt that those little hands were strong enough to stay the tornado and that the place where we stood was sheltered by them. The Holy Father is in his eighty-ninth year and in physical strength is like that child. But his withered hands are uplifted in prayer and his dying supplication is that God may stay the shedding of Christian blood.

In this diocese, and we presume in all other dioceses of the country at the present time every priest is obliged to add a special prayer to those of the Mass, beseeching the Most High to look down on our necessities and help us. It is not a specific prayer for peace, but one that embraces that among our other necessities; because the horror of war never comes alone. The faithful are requested to unite their intention with that of the Church, so that the voice of the Catholic world is now raised for the return of the peace and its attendant blessings.

We have not to remind our readers of the efficacy of prayer. The destinies of peoples, like the hearts of their rulers, are in the hands of God. Who can tell what one troublous day can bring forth? We may be on the eve of the most disastrous war in the history of the world. It may be a war big with the fate of those United States. Those who know least about its probable outcome and duration are the men who had most to do with precipitating it. God alone knows whether having taken up the sword, we shall survive or perish by the sword. One prayer may sway the councils of Heaven. If some of our people are to blame for this horrid war, all our people are not to blame, and we should pray that God may not punish the innocent with the guilty. Let individual sins be individually punished; "but spare, O Lord, spare this people."

Spain is praying. She is on her knees before the shrines of the Blessed Mother, and her prayers and her vows are going up daily that God may protect her from her mighty foe "that comes out from the West." We have taken our vows before the shrine of Bellona and our prayer is a hoarse cry of "revenge for the Maine." The Lord of hosts will decide. Outside the Catholic body few of our people have any faith in the power of prayer in the conduct of mundane affairs. They believe that the battle is to be strong, and they are strong. They are fixed in the resolve to trust in their battleships and great big guns for victory over their pigmy foe. Big guns are short lived as the butterfly, not one of them outliving their hundredth shot; and our mighty ships of war can be sent to the bottom as quickly as the fragment of a shell. Modern war is a single combat—a duel between two mighty leaders of armed men. All turns upon the quick and intuitive decision of genius. Have we the man of the hour? Will he be equal to the emergency? God only knows. Let us pray.—*Western Watchman.*

## About John Wesley.

We are asked by a correspondent for our authority in quoting John Wesley as declaring that Catholics "ought not to be tolerated by any government, Protestant, Mohammedan or Pagan."

We quoted this outrageous saying of the founder of Methodism for the benefit of those Methodist preachers who of late are ostentatiously putting themselves forward as the original Jacobs, the Simon-pure champions and exponents of religious liberty. Thus far we have failed to see any attempt at a denial of its authenticity.

The fact that we have received many inquiries on the subject shows that the quotation has excited much interest and that the intolerance of John Wesley was not generally known, or even suspected. It surprises many to learn that he was the champion of the A. P. A. of his day, and that his inflammatory speeches and writings were one of the principal causes of the anti-Catholic riots of 1780, known as the Gordon riots. We do not say that Wesley's purpose was law breaking, bloodshed and incendiarism; but that result followed the anti-Catholic agitation, of which he was the ablest and most influential promoter. The well known Dr. Milner, author of "Milner's End of Controversy," and a contemporary of Wesley's called him "the head of a great party and chief author of the riots of 1780."

In 1778 a bill was passed by Parliament for the relief of Catholics from certain disabilities and penalties. A society called the Protestant Association was formed for the purpose of procuring the repeal of this act of tolerance. The association was, very naturally, criticised and condemned by many fair-minded people. John Wesley came forward as its defender, and wrote two letters, in the first of which occurs the statement we quoted. This letter is signed Wesley and dated "City Road, Jan. 12, 1780." Both letters are filled with about the same sort of stuff that the noisy A. P. A. brawlers, ex-priests and escaped nuns peddle about today.

Here is a sample from the first letter: "The power of granting pardons for all sins, past, present and to come, is, and has been for many centuries, one branch of his (the Pope's) spiritual power." This statement, as every Catholic knows, is false, and must have been made either through ignorance or a spirit of mendacity. We do not undertake to decide which. It is enough for our purpose that the statement is false.

Wesley's letters received at the time a crushing reply from the pen of the celebrated Arthur O'Leary. Both letters and reply can be found in "The Works of Rev. Arthur O'Leary," published by Patrick Donohoe, Boston, in 1868.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*


# For 10 cents

in cash or stamps, we will mail you, all charges prepaid, a handsome metal box, size 5¼ inches long, 3½ inches wide and 1 inch deep, filled with TETLEY'S ELEPHANT BRAND INDO-CEYLON TEA, 50 cents per lb. quality. The box alone is worth the money—the Tea it contains is worth more than the money.

It's offered as an inducement to make you acquainted with the delicious Elephant Brand Teas, and incidentally to see where our advertising is best read—and so kindly mention the paper.

"Tetley's" TEAS
ELEPHANT BRAND.

TETLEY'S ELEPHANT BRAND INDO-CEYLON Teas are sold only in ½ and 1 lb. lead packets, never in bulk and can be had from most dealers in good groceries in Canada.

At the price printed on each packet (25 cents to $1.00 per lb.) they are considered to be the

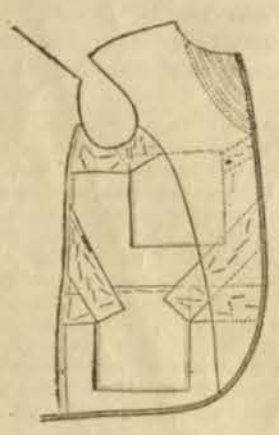
**Best of Tea Values.**

JOSEPH TETLEY & CO.

14 LEMOINE STREET. MONTREAL.

## The Beams and Rafters

are to a building just what the staying is to



## Shorey's Ready-to-Wear Clothes.

The inside of one of Shorey's coats is here illustrated by a drawing made from a photograph. The great advantage of a coat properly stayed is that it keeps its shape until it is worn out, and does not look like an old garment after a few weeks wear. An ordinary ready-made garment may look well at first, but it is made to sell not to wear.

**Shorey's make all have a guarantee card in the pocket.**

LIQUOR AND DRUG HABITS
PERMANENTLY CURED
Without publicity or loss of time from business, by a purely vegetable, harmless home treatment. Immediate results. Normal appetite. Calm sleep and clear brain. No injections or bad after effects. Indisputable testimony sent sealed. Address THE DIXON CURE CO., 40 Park Ave., MONTREAL.

The Essence of the Virginia Pine
DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN
RED PINE
Cures Coughs Promptly
25c per bottle
Children like it
It likes them
Does not upset the stomach
THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., MONTREAL.

## LAND SALE.

IN THE SUPREME COURT. 1897 A. No. 9052.

Between DANIEL McNEIL, Plaintiff, and ALEXANDER McFARLANE and ANGUS McFARLANE, Defendants.

TO BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION by the Sheriff of the County of Inverness, or his Deputy, at the Court House, at Port Hood, in the County of Inverness on MONDAY, the 6th day of June, 1898, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, pursuant to an order for foreclosure and sale made herein dated the 3rd day of May instant, unless before the day of sale the amount due to the plaintiff with costs be paid to him or his solicitor.

All the estate, right, title, interest, claim and equity of redemption of the defendants herein, Alexander McFarlane and Angus McFarlane, or either of them, and of all persons claiming or entitled by, from or under the said defendants or either of them in and to the lands described as follows:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being at Margaree, in the County of Inverness, and bounded as follows: On the east or front by the Main Post Road, leading from Margaree Harbor to Mabou; on the south by lands in possession of Angus McLennan, Medical Doctor; on the west by lands in possession of Lauchlin McKinnon; on the north by lands of Patrick McFarlane and containing forty-five acres more or less, together with all and singular the buildings and appurtenances thereto belonging or in any wise appertaining.

Terms: Ten per cent. deposit at sale; remainder on delivery of the deed.

HUGH McDONALD,
Sheriff of Inverness County.

GERALD E. TERNAN,
Plaintiff's Solicitor.

Dated Sheriff's Office, Port Hood, C. B., May 4th, 1898.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.
Notice—Municipal Clerk.
Hardware—D. G. Kirk.
Rysdyk—S. C. Turner.
Young Brilliant—Dan Campbell.

## Local Items.

HIS LORDSHIP went to Halifax on Monday. He is expected to return to-day or to-morrow.

THE OFFICE of Dr. Agnew, dentist, Antigonish, will be closed from May 21st until June 10th. In the meantime the doctor will visit Hawkesbury, Arichat and Guysboro.—adv. ii

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED a shipment of California fruit syrups—wines, cherry, tokay, raspberry, strawberry, orange, etc., elegant for sick people as a spring tonic—try them.—adv.

A NEW BOILER and engine for the electric light plant is soon to be installed by Mr. McCurdy. After they are in place, he proposes lighting all the streets of the Town under the conditions adopted by the Council last year.

TWENTY-TWO students of the Mining and Metallurgy Class of McGill College, accompained by Prof. J. B. Porter, Ph. D., and his assistant John W. Bell, arrived here on Tuesday from Cape Breton County, where they spent 10 days studying mineralogy and practical mining. They left here same day to spend a week among the gold mines of Guysboro Co.

THE DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT on next Tuesday evening is for the purpose of raising funds to purchase new instruments for the local Band. Aside from the object of the entertainment, the play is said to be well worth the price of admission. It is rich in stirring incidents, and there are several leading parts, all of which will be well rendered.

MAKING IMPROVEMENTS.—Mr. H. H. Crerar of the Harbor, Antigonish, is having considerable improvements made to the outbuildings on his farm. A large new barn 100 feet x 55 feet, 20-foot post, with basement, will be erected on the site of the present barn. The latter, a building 100 x 30 feet, and the carriage building will be joined to the new structure so as to form three sides of a square. With this large addition, Mr. Crerar hopes to have room for storing all his crops next harvest. Mr. S. O'Donoghue, of Antigonish, has the contract for the improvements.

HYMENEAL.—At the church of of Our Lady, Newton, Mass., April 26th, Mr. Roderick McLean and Miss Maggie McDonald were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by Rev. Father Gilfeather. Mr. Alexander McLean was best man and Miss Flora McDougall was bridesmaid. After the ceremony the wedding party repaired to the future home of Mr. and Mrs. McLean, where a large number of friends had assembled to participate in celebrating the happy occasion. All present thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The presents were numerous and appropriate. —COM.

A SAD DROWNING ACCIDENT occurred at Queensport (Crow Harbor), Guy. Co. on the morning of the 10th. inst. Three of the crew of a Lunenburg fishing schooner which was in that port procuring bait, started in a dory at 3 a m. on the 10th inst. to go to Cook's Cove for bait bought the day previous. A few hours later the bodies of two of the men were found washed ashore. The body of the third man was not found. The dory was also close by. All the unfortunate men belonged to Lunenburg. The two whose bodies were found were unmarried. The third leaves a wife and four children. —COM.

A WIDELY CIRCULATED report that the party of young men from this County now travelling one of the trails leading to the Klondyke were victims of a drowning accident caused much anxiety to their relatives and friends. The rumor originated from the despatch in the papers of last week stating that twenty men, seven of whom were from the East, were drowned by the ice over a mountain stream between Long and Landerman lakes on the Stikine route having given away. There was no foundation for the report, the Antigonish men having gone by a different route, the White Pass trail.

DISTRESSING DROWNING ACCIDENT.—On Wednesday of last week Margaret Mary, aged 11 months and 15 days, infant daughter of Ronald and Libby McGillivray, of Lakevale, this County, was found drowned in a wash-tub in the back porch of her parents' home. The girl of the house was placing some clothes in the tub preparatory to washing, when she was summoned to the bedside of Mrs. McGillivray, who was in another room sick. In the meantime the infant managed to get from the kitchen to the tub, where she was found by her grandmother, who had passed through the porch but a few minutes previously in going to the yard. Mr. McGillivray was out on the Bay attending to his lobster lines at the time of the accident.

A. A. A. A.—The annual meeting of the Antigonish Amateur Athletic Association, held on Tuesday evening last, was largely attended. Reports from the various committees on last year's work were read showing the Association to be in a flourishing condition. The secretary-treasurer's report on the club's finances showed a fair balance. The following officers and committees were chosen:

President, A. D. Chisholm; Vice-President, W. S. Archibald; Secretary-Treasurer, C. Haley; Assistant Secretary, W. S. Copeland. Committee of Management, W. S. Archibald, W. W. Harrington, D. R. McLean, W. Borden, W. T. Foster, James Dunphy and C. D. Chisholm. Track Committee, W. S. Archibald, P. F. Brine, J. P. Gorman, W. W. Harrington, W. Borden, C. D. Chisholm.

The enthusiasm of the members present left little doubt of a successful season of sport during the coming summer. The building of a bicycle track will be commenced at once. It is to be hoped that the Association will be ably assisted by the citizens of the town.

SEEDS AND SEEDING.—Now is the time when our farmers can by careful methods and intelligent selection of the best materials greatly aid in ensuring a good harvest this fall. One of the most important objects the farmer should endeavor to secure is the best seed grain. It is necessary that the ground be well prepared for the seed and that it contain all the elements of plant food, but it is further essential that the seed sown be of strong vitality, full of meat, heavy seed. The *Co-operative Farmer and Maritime Dairyman* says:

"It has been found that many bushels per acre have been added to a grain crop by picking out the plumpest and largest seeds. We would advise our farmers to thoroughly cleanse all their grain with a grain separator. The threshing machine may seem to make a good job of it but it has not given us the best of the grain; it has given us if it was a good machine, the whole of it. . . . Screen out the small grain and seeds by some means, and continue the process until we are satisfied that we have the best part of the grain to sow. It will pay to do so. Less seed will be required to the acre; the grain will ripen more evenly; the crop will be better.

The machine recently advertised in these columns, combining the qualities of separator, grader, timothy seed saver and fanning mill, and now being sold throughout the county, where a large number have already been placed, is reported to be a first-class article. The manufacturer claims that it will save all the timothy seed that grows among the grain and often considerable can be cleaned and saved which has shelled out of the hay on to the barn floor.

### Personals.

Rev. Dr. Chisholm, Rector of the College, is expected home to-morrow.

Dr. and Mrs. Scott Newcomb, of New Bedford, Mass., are in Antigonish.

Mr. James McNeil, of Cape George, left last Thursday on his return trip to Dawson City.


## For Sale by Tender.

TENDERS will be received till the 1st day of June next for that desirable

**Building on St. Ninian Street,**

built by the late Valentine Chisholm. First story: floor laid; second story finished, containing five rooms.

There is also a small barn on the property. Tenders to be left at the store of Duncan Chisholm, Main Street.

The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

DONALD A. CHISHOLM,
WILLIAM CHISHOLM, } Executors.

Antigonish, May 10th, '98.

## BLACKSMITH'S TOOLS FOR SALE.

A LOT OF CHOICE BLACKSMITH'S Tools for sale.

Apply to
RODERICK CHISHOLM.
Executor Estate of MARTIN SOMERS,
or to DAVID SOMERS.

Antigonish, April 5, 1898.

## NOTICE.

MRS. CATHERINE CAMPBELL has returned to the Resturant on Main Street where meals are given as usual.

## Horses for Sale.

The subscriber has for sale 1 Horse weighing 1200 lbs., 6 years old next July, color dark sorel, a powerful draught horse and a good roadster. 1 Horse weighing 1100 lbs., 6 years old, color black, a good draught horse and roadster.

The undersigned will guarantee that these Horse are just what he recommends them to be.

Terms cash. J. E. CORBETT.

Harbor au Bouche, April 20, 1898.

## YOUNG BRILLIANT.

This handsome Percheron Stallion is not yet 4 years old, stands 17 hands high, weighs 1430 pounds, and is of a beautiful dark grey color. Is a splendid animal in every respect for a general purpose horse. Beautiful in appearance, quick of gait, very kind and tractable. Sired by the famous Percheron Stallion "BRILLIANT," XXII-(14729, registered in volume 5 of the Percheron Stud-book of America: his recorded number is 11927. Bred by M. Houvet, Commune of St. Denis, France.

Dam, the well-known mare "Franklin," who has many splendid descendants.

"YOUNG BRILLIANT," will stand the Season of 1898 as follows: Every Monday, all day; every Wednesday, all day; every Thursday Morning, and every Friday, all day, at the owner's Premises, Old Gulf Road. Every Tuesday all day; every Thursday after noon and every Saturday, all day, at William Landry's Stable, Antigonish Town.

Terms: Service fee, $3.00; for season, $5.00.

DAN CAMPBELL,
Ma 17, '98. Old Gulf Road.


### GLADSTONE DEAD.

A special despatch to THE CASKET from Halifax says that Mr. Gladstone died at half past one o'clock this morning. "The Grand Old Man," the most famous English statesmen of the century, completed his eighty-eighth year on the 29th of December last. The last year of his life was one of almost constant suffering. It is said that for days before the end he kept repeating to himself the words of a hymn from Newman's "*Dream of Gerontius*."

### Resolution of Condolence.

The following resolution of condolence was unanimously passed at the regular meeting of Branch 192, C. M. B. A., held on the evening of the 6th inst.:

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God in his infinite wisdom to remove from our midst Annie, beloved wife of our esteemed Brother Angus D. Chisholm; and,

Resolved, that we, the members of Branch No. 192, tender to Bro. Chisholm and other members of the family our heartfelt sympathy in this sad bereavement;

Further resolved, that a copy of this resolution be sent to Bro. Chisholm, recorded in the minutes of our meeting and inserted in THE CASKET.

RODERICK CHISHOLM, Rec. Secy.


## Young Ladies'

If you are contemplating matrimony (and of course you are) it is a matter of money to you to get your

WEDDING CAKES

at the cheapest and best place, which is MRS. MCNEIL'S, Main Street.

## Gentlemen.

We have received another supply of Fresh Oysters. Come and try them.

**MRS. McNEIL,**
**Main Street.**

One door East of T. V. Sears' Grocery.


## NOTICE.

OVERSEERS of Highways will please call on the undersigned for Statute Labor returns for the current year:

No. 1, Arisaig—John McGillivray, Esq., Dunmaglass and Martin McDonald, Esq., Marydale.
No. 2, Cape George—J. J. Gillis, Georgeville.
No. 3, Morristown—Angus D. McGillivray.
No. 4, Antigonish—M. L. Cunningham, Antigonish.
No. 5, Lochaber—Alexander Manson, Esq., Lochaber.
No. 6, South River—W. D. Cameron, Teacher.
No. 7, St. Andrew's—Lauchlin McMillan.
No 8, Tracadie—William Gerrior, Esq.
No. 9 Harbor Bouche—James P. Corbett.
No. 10, Heatherton—John R. McDonald, Esq.
No. 11, St. Joseph's—Roderick McGillivray, Esq.

By order,
D. MCDONALD, M. Clerk.

Antigonish, May 16th, '98.


## Two in One Family.

### A Woman Saved From The Knife.

I, E. Harrington, certify that I suffered with Rheumatism in both shoulders the greater part of last summer. In the autumn Mr. J. H. Barnstead induced me to try EGYPTIAN RHEUMATIC OIL. Two applications of which completely cured me.

My wife had for twelve years been afflicted with a gathering in the neck, which used sometimes to swell up as large as a hen's egg and become very painful whenever she took cold. We consulted three or four doctors, who said an operation would be necessary. We thought we would first try EGYPTIAN OIL, and are thankful to say that since using it the lump and pain have entirely disappeared. That was three months ago, and we consider that she is cured and recommend Egyptian Oil to all similarly afflicted.

E. HARRINGTON,

Halifax, N. S., March 5th, '98

Sold by all Dealers.


## NOTICE.

TENDERS will be received at the Municipal Clerk's office up to

### 30th May inst., at noon,

for supplying the following articles at the County Asylum for 12 months from 1st June next:

WHEAT FLOUR, per bbl. (name brand).
CORN MEAL, kiln dried, per bbl.
OATMEAL, per 100 lbs.
BEEF, fresh, per 100 lbs.
BUTTER, per lb. by the tub.
TEA, per lb by the chest.
MOLASSES, per gal. by the puncheon (Porto Rico).
HAKE, dry, per 100 lbs., none shorter than 18 inches.
KEROSENE, per gallon by the cask, American.
SUGAR, per lb., brown.
BARLEY, per 100 lbs., by the bbl.
SOAP, No. 1 Extra Family, per lb by the box.

Also for hauling Coal from Ry. Station to Asylum, per ton of 2240 lbs.

The whole to be approved of by the Commissioners and to be delivered as ordered.

Goods not approved to be taken away by the contractor

The right to accept all, part, or none of the Tenders reserved.

D. MACDONALD
M. L. CUNNINGHAM, } Commrs.

Antigonish, 11th May, 1898.


## RYSDYK.

This highly bred horse was raised by Henry Horne, Winslow Station, P. E. I. He is a dark bay with black points; stands 16½ hands high and weighs over 1300 lbs. He was sired by John E. Rysdyk, Jr; he by John E. Rysdyk, by Knickerbocker by Rysdyk's Hambiltonian and Lady Patchen, Rydyak's Hambiltonian by Abdallach, by Mambrino by Imported Messenger. 1st Dam, Annie by Anfield; 2nd dam, Topsy by Saladan; 3rd dam, Dime by Stag; 4th dam, Kate by Roncevellas. All these sires were imported from England. He will stand for service during the season; every Monday forenoon at J. W. McDonald's stables, New Glasgow, from 10 to 11 o'clock a. m., and fortnightly at the following places, viz.: Monday evening, May 16, S. Oldings, Merigomish; May 17th noon, John Smith's Lower Barney's River, and over night at J. D. McDonald's, Lismore; May 18, noon, J. Ross Arisaig, and over night at A. McAdam's Malignant Cove; May 19, at stables of Riverside House, Antigonish; May 20, Jas. River Station noon; Kenzieville over night; May 21, noon at John Blair's, Barney's River, and at Angus McPhee's, French River, at 4 p. m. Terms on Application. S. C. TURNER, Owner.

P. S. This horse was a prize winner as a yearling at exhibition in Charlottetown. He also took third place as a general purpose and draft horse at Provincial Exhibition in Halifax and one of his colts at 2½ years took first prize in seven entries. S. C. TURNER.

: : HEADQUARTERS FOR : :

# Carriage Goods.

JUST ARRIVED A LARGE STOCK OF

Carriage Rims, Spokes, Hubs, Shafts, Spring and Axles, Savern Wheels, Buggy Tops, Seats and Trimmings.

## Carriage Gears.

Leather Dashers, Rails, Whip Sockets, Etc.

## Paints, Oils, and Varnishes.

Rubber Carriage Aprons, Fancy Dusters, Harnesses, Whips, Etc.

Harness Dressing, Soap, and Oils of all Kinds.

Mail Orders receive Special Attention.

## D. G. KIRK, Kirk's Block.

# Custom Tailoring.

OUR SPRING STOCK OF

ENGLISH, SCOTCH and CANADIAN TWEEDS,

BLACK, NAVY BLUE and FANCY WORSTEDS, SERGES, etc., etc.,

is now complete, and we would solicit your orders for clothing : : : : : : :

FIT and WORK GUARANTEED.
PRICES LOW and WORK DONE PROMPTLY.

## THOMAS SOMERS.

WALL PAPER from 3c a Roll

AT The People's Store

WHITE LACE CURTAINS 30c a pair.

Protect Yourself from the April Showers. . . .

Buy one of our Water-Proof Ulsters. We have them in Blue and Black with long Capes from

**$6.50 up.**

Also a full assortment of : : :

Ladies' Gossamers

All prices.

Dress Goods.

The proper time to buy your New Dress is right now, before the nicest patterns are picked. A visit to this department will repay you, as we confidently claim to have the best assortment of these goods in the town. Prices range from 10c per yard up to $1.50 Remember all our better ones are in Dress Lengths, no two alike.

## Ladies' Blouses.

The Blouse is going to be more popular than ever this summer. We have all the latest styles in American and Canadian makes. Patterns confined to ourselves.

Here are a few prices:

| | |
|---|---|
| Fancy Muslin Blouses, | 25 cents |
| Fancy Cambric Blouses, with detachable collar, | 45, 50 and 60 cents |
| Fancy Blouses, with white collar and cuffs | 75 cents |
| Better ones at | 90, $1.00 up to 2.25 |

We have Belts and Ties to match them all.

## McDonald & McGillivray.

SPRING ROLLER BLINDS from 25c up.

Curtain Poles, complete, 25c.

P. S. . .
10 CASES of BOOTS and SHOES Just Opened.

FLOOR OILCLOTH, 25c per sq. yard