

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, JUNE 2.

England and the United States; the United States and England! What can they not accomplish for the world's progress in close, enduring friendship?—N. Y. Independent.

Their first accomplishment for the world's progress has been to let slip the dogs of war upon Christendom. In view of this auspicious beginning, we may be pardoned for finding some slight satisfaction in the conviction that the much-talked-of friendship is not likely ever to be either very close or very enduring.

What in the name of fact and sanity, is the matter with New York Sun? Has it got its sketches of prominent men all mixed up in the pigeon-holes? It has lately had Cardinal Wiseman once a Protestant, Bishop Spalding actually a Protestant Episcopalian, and now it has Emile Zola a Catholic! It would be interesting to know *The Sun's* idea of what constitutes a Catholic. Evidently, in its opinion a man may proclaim over and over again his hatred of the Church and still utter disbelief in the supernatural, and yet be a Catholic in spite of his words! Emile Zola was probably baptised. So was Julian the Apostate, who was just as much a Catholic as is the vile nihilist writer of Paris.

It is announced that a Spanish diplomat is coming to Canada to inquire into the sale of coal to the United States in British Columbia, which is said to be going on in large quantities. The decision of the British Government practically making coal contraband of war places Spain at a tremendous disadvantage and is a serious blow to Nova Scotia. We have accepted it uncomplainingly, however, because it is the law; but at least it might be applied impartially to the American goose as well as to the Spanish gander. The application of the law, however, according to reports from the Pacific, would appear to be about as one-sided as is British neutrality in the present war, in which the Commander-in-Chief of the British army is reported, without contradiction, as openly giving advice to the United States regarding the invasion of Cuba.

The following note from a United States paper is interesting, both from its connection with a name which extensive advertising has made one of the most familiar in North America, and from the illustration which it affords of the proverbial length to which a certain class of persons, once mounted, will ride:

The cable dispatches lately announced the death in Paris of Mrs. J. C. Ayer, widow of the famous patent-medicine manufacturer. She was the richest, best-known woman in Paris, had the costliest diamonds, the largest number of gowns, the finest horses and carriages and spent more money than any woman in the city. Her wealth was estimated at over \$15,000,000, and she managed to spend every cent of the income. Most of her expenditures were for the gratification of her love of display. She purchased one of the most magnificent private palaces in Paris, situated in the aristocratic St. Germain quarter, and furnished it at a fabulous expense. It is said that she never appeared in public twice in the same gown; that she purchased from 200 to 300 costly dresses every year and that she never gave one away, but when it was once worn it was placed upon a wire dummy and set it up in one of the rooms in the house, where she could look at it and enjoy its beauties herself. . . . Mrs. Ayer was a genuine Yankee. She was born and bred in Lowell, Mass., and married Dr. Ayer while he was a drug clerk in that city. . . . Mrs. Ayer went to Paris because she could not secure the social position she sought in her country.

"Gladstone—the Greatest Englishman since Cromwell"—this is the heading over a half-column utterance of the Milwaukee Oracle, otherwise known as *The Catholic Citizen*. The Western Oracle has at least this advantage over its effete predecessors of the Old World—that there is nothing uncertain, nothing ambiguous, nothing tentative about its deliverances. It can arrange and label the characters of history with as much ease as a careful housewife would a shelf of jam-bottles. Listen to it:

Since then [the time of Cromwell], the ten great Englishmen, aside from Gladstone, have been: William of Orange, Marlborough, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Wellington, Peel, Palmerston, Disraeli. . . . All were political powers in their time. Chatham as an orator and a great commoner; Pitt as an expert with political forces; Burke as a political philosopher; Fox as a genius with possibilities never fully realized; Peel as the head of a political school; Palmerston as a premier who could be dramatic, and Disraeli as an orator always epigrammatic as well as dramatic.

These are the ten great Englishmen, each with his label on. As Mr. Gilbert's Japs would say—

You're wrong if you think they ain't. Some of us suppose, in the timid, tentative sort of way in which those not gifted with personal infallibility are constrained to hold their opinions of the relative greatness of men, that Cardinal Newman was a greater man than any one named in the *Citizen's* whole article,—that perhaps he has had no equal in greatness among Englishmen since William Shakespeare. But then it is quite evident, from the Oracle's deliverance, that our ideas of greatness are different from its, and are therefore of necessity all wrong.

It is but a few weeks since reverent persons of all creeds learned with utter astonishment of the impious decision of the infidel French Government to remove from the coins of their country the words "*Dieu protège la France*"—"May God protect France!" Much as we wonder at this blasphemous intimation to the Almighty that His assistance is no longer required, there is, at first sight, something even more surprising in the recently announced action of the French Chamber of Deputies in refusing to concur with the Senate in establishing a national holiday in honor of the Maid of Orleans. The hostility of French infidel politicians to Almighty God is well known: their hostility to the memory of their country's greatest heroine is more unexpected. Yet, when we reflect upon the matter, we recognize that the one necessarily involves the other. Joan was a messenger of God or she was nothing. The theories of detusion and imposture are alike excluded by the facts of her marvellous history. That God should have intervened to save the French nation from destruction by the English in the fifteenth century is easy of belief when we consider the history of both peoples since then, and when we remember the innumerable souls in heathen lands to whom the light of the Gospel has been carried from France. The magnitude of the work that remains for her missionaries is perhaps our strongest ground for hope that, despite the impiousness of her rulers, God will continue to protect France. Not outside of Jewish history, we believe, can so base an act of national ingratitude to God be found as the refusal of France to honor the Maid of Orleans. It is not France, however, in whose heart of hearts she is enshrined, that thus refuses, but a set of infidel French politicians. But alas for the thought that the Eldest Daughter of the Church should permit herself to be governed by men who hate God so much that they even resent the manifestation of His special favor toward their nation! Such is the outcome of the pestilent theory of the divorce under all circumstances of politics from religion.

We cannot resist the temptation to transfer the following note from *The Ace Maria* to our columns in its entirety:

If the unspeakable Spaniards had treated the insurgents in Cuba and the Manillas as we treated the Indians, there wouldn't have been any cause for war; and it may be said furthermore that if the American carpet-baggers are to be let loose in the Spanish colonies as soon as they come under the dominion of the United

States, the natives will probably regret that they hadn't preferred the frying-pan to the fire. When the Protestant Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, complained to Secretary Stanton of the cruel injustices to which the Indians were subjected, that worthy cut him short with the remark: "If your object is to show that the Indian system is a sink of iniquity, I have only to say that we all know it." In the official report of the commission appointed by President Grant in 1869 to examine "all matters appertaining to Indian affairs," the history of the Government connections with the Indians is characterized as "a shameful record of broken treaties and unfulfilled promises." The ruins of the Spanish mission establishments in California afford proof positive that Spain's treatment of the Indians when they were her subjects was just and humane. That cruelty and oppression were unknown is the general verdict of historians. Let us continue to use our big guns on the Spaniards if we must. We are not exactly in a position to throw stones at them.

This dash of cold facts should help bring down to a reasoning temperature the fevered imagination of those who fail to see the absurdity of the talk about this "war for the sake of humanity." That fine-sounding phrase does not deceive our sagacious contemporary of Notre Dame. Its remark about the carpet-baggers shows that it appreciates one leading motive for the war against Cuba and knows the value of the Congressional disclaimer of designs upon the Island.

The same journal protests against the conduct of those "ministers of the Gospel who are not possessed of the spirit of Him to whom they profess allegiance." One of these complains that in war "the right people don't get killed;" and our contemporary naively suggests that "it is because more of the right people do not enlist." We thoroughly sympathize with its desire to see those ballgagging parsons given an opportunity to wield some more lethal weapon than the one to which they are accustomed, and which is by no means as destructive in their case as it was in the hands of Samson. For our own part, however, we think that the duty of protesting against similar uncharitable utterances by Catholic papers, and occasionally even by Catholic clergymen, is one which lies much nearer at hand. Let us first see to our own household! We observed the other week on the editorial page of a leading Catholic journal a vigorous denunciation of the unchristian utterance of a Baptist minister, while on its first page were reported without a suggestion of protest no less objectionable words from a Catholic priest in the same city. And it is notorious that certain so-called Catholic papers have been howling for war and bloodshed and, in order to accomplish their purpose, propagating the infamous falsehood that the destruction of the Maine was the work of the Spanish Government. We fervently thank God, for the sake of the future of a great nation, that those priests are very, very rare exceptions, while these journals are likewise comparatively few; but even one of either is too many.

Mr. Joseph Leiter of Chicago, millionaire and dealer in wheat, or at all events manipulator of the greatest wheat "deal" of the day, may well serve as an instance—a "horrible example,"—of the disastrous power of enormous capital when applied for selfish purposes. It is an interesting question in the casuistry of ethics to calculate Mr. Joseph Leiter's responsibility for the Italian riots. It is a far cry, to be sure, from Chicago to Milan, but those six hundred people may be found, when the final estimates are made up—and that is not this side the grave, gentle reader—to have gone to their death for no higher or better reason than that Mr. Joseph Leiter might clear, as he is said to have done last year, three million three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and in a single day, as he said to have done on the fifth of the present month of May, no less a sum than seven hundred thousand dollars. Of course it was incidental to the brilliant manipulations of Mr. Joseph Leiter that the farmers of the West are believed to have made one hundred and fifty millions of dollars. But we doubt whether the one thing squares the other in the columns of the Great Ledger.—*The Wesleyan*.

Our contemporary's doubt is certainly well founded. If Joseph Leiter were a Catholic and willing to square his life with the moral code of the Church, the greatest wheat "deal" of the day would never have been consummated. In the light of Catholic teaching his operations in the wheat market stand condemned

as being contrary alike to justice and charity. All of our moral theologians agree in affirming that it is a sin against justice to force by artificial devices the price of any of the necessaries of life up beyond a certain limit, and that it is against charity to refuse to sell such an article save at this maximum price when the doing so would bear hard upon the poor. It is not of course easy to determine the maximum and the minimum which form the limits of what is known as a "just price." "In the case of the common necessaries of life," says Lehmkühl, "many theologians with St. Alphonsus lay it down as a rule that, if 5 represent the medium, the lowest and highest prices should be represented by 4 and 6 respectively; if the medium be 10, the extreme limits should be 8 and 12; but if the price be much enhanced, the proportion between the highest and lowest must not be so great; for instance, if the medium price be represented by 100, the limits of the lawful price should be between 95 and 105. But I should not venture to charge him with injustice," adds Lehmkühl, "who should fix the limits in this case at 90 and 110." The reader is now in a position to judge of the morality of Leiter's "deal," whereof the salient facts are thus set forth in an exchange:

It is estimated that his line of May wheat amounted to 12,500,000 bushels. He began buying around 94 cents, and has the stuff tightly cornered. He has put the price over \$1.50, and where it will go no one can guess.

It is true that the present war would have sent up the price of wheat quite independently of Leiter's dexterous manipulation of the market. But the almost unprecedented rise in the price within a few months is without any doubt mainly due to the monopoly secured through such manipulation. It must also be borne in mind that when Leiter began his "May deal" wheat was already selling at a maximum figure, and that it was he himself who had forced up the price to that figure by dint of the self-same methods.

WAR AS A CIVILISER.

Archbishop Ireland, whose strenuous efforts to prevent the war will be remembered to his honor, seems to have taken seriously the professions of humanity made by the war party in his country. The St. Paul prelate is an ultra-optimist in all that relates to the United States. The war convinces Galdwin Smith and a good many of the rest of us that "optimism has a hard case to prove;" but in the alambic of the Archbishop's patriotic imagination comfort is distilled from the present situation with a facility and a copiousness that entirely discount the proverbial operation of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers. As we have said, Mgr. Ireland accepts at their face the assurances of Congress and the saffron-hued press that this is a war for humanity. Now the distinguished prelate is clear-sighted enough to see that glass houses are not the safest places from which to hurl cannon-balls for humanity's sake; and recognising that on the score of humanity and civilisation there is a good deal of that fragile fabric in Uncle Sam's dwelling-house, he fondly hopes that by some magic process it will instantly be—nay, he even seems to fancy that it has already been—transformed into adamant. This is what he says:

Of course, a great responsibility falls upon this nation. A nation going to war in the name of humanity must conduct that war on most humane Christian principles; a nation going to war in the name of humanity must be very careful not to allow henceforward within her own borders anything inhuman or cruel that would permit a foreign nation to hold up the finger of scorn and say, "We must war against you in the name of humanity." The advance towards this ideal has been very quick, indeed, even among ourselves: it is not a very long time since in America it was a proverb that death was the proper thing for the aborigines of America; not a very long time since we had four millions of our people slaves, tied in chains under the lash of cruel masters; not very long ago since we had bloody lynchings, an absolute setting aside of all law and all humanity. But we have made the advance, and one of the consequences of this war for America must be that she henceforward guard herself well, and that nothing inhuman or cruel towards fellow man be ever allowed within her borders.

No, it is not a very long time since our neighbors had bloody lynchings. In fact it is quite within the memory of almost the youngest inhabitant. But all this brutal

ity, in the Archbishop's optimistic mind, was to become a mere memory of ante-bellum days. The refining influences of war would make angels of the brutal lynchings. The magic words, "To hell with Spain!" could not but transform all the baser passions of the rabble into sweetness and light and love.

"In peace there's nothing so becomes a man As modest stillness and humility. But when the blast of war blows in our ears, Then imitate the actions of the tiger; Stiffen the sinews; summon up the blood; Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage!"

So wrote the immortal William. But this was in "the olden time, long ago," when wars were mad, not by yellow journalists and fire-eating Congressmen, but by kings, who had not learned the trick of putting their aggressions on the ground of humanity. Shakespeare was not acquainted with wars for humanity, and his observations have of course no applicability to conflicts "conducted on most humane Christian principles." To adapt the above lines to the altered circumstances of the present, it would be necessary to transpose the words *peace* and *war*. At all events Mgr. Ireland hopes for much—very much—from the civilising influences on the United States of the present strife.

But has "the advance towards this ideal" been so very "quick" as he fondly supposed? Now that the cruel peace is over, have its attendant evils disappeared? Have lynchings and murders become things of the past? Alas for the hopes of the optimistic prelate! we fear not. Down in Key West, where the refining and purifying action of war should be most perceptible, we are told that a reign of terror prevails, and there were two murders in one night recently. As for lynchings, strange to say, all this preparation for the wholesale killing of men for humanity's sake has not yet stopped them, as the following report, from a place well up toward Mason and Dixon's Line, will show:

SALISBURY, Md., May 27.—Garfield King, a negro, aged about 18, was taken from the jail at this place early yesterday morning and hanged to a tree and shot to pieces. He was awaiting trial on the charge of having deliberately shot Herman Kenny, a white boy, about the same age as the negro. The shooting was done on Saturday night last, and Kenny died Wednesday. Yesterday morning about 2 o'clock, a number of men from the neighborhood in which Kenny's parents live, rode into town and demanded the keys of the jail, which sheriff Daniels refused to surrender. The lynchers then broke the jail doors down, forced open the cell in which King was confined, and dragged him out, the negro all the while fighting desperately and pleading for mercy. A light clothes line was tied about his neck, thrown over a limb, and the unfortunate boy was strung up. The rope broke and he fell seemingly unconscious. After lying in this condition for a few minutes he regained his feet and made an effort to escape. His captors shot him through the body and beat and kicked him without mercy, then placed the rope around his neck and strung him up the second time. As he dangled in the air, at least fifty pistol bullets were fired into his body, which was left dangling.

This war for humanity, then, is likely to disappoint the hopes of those who have expected much from it. However, it is yet young, and the fact this negro boy was only hanged and shot to death, instead of being burned alive, as was becoming the fashion in the South of late, may possibly go to show that if it be a little too optimistic to say with the distinguished prelate of St. Paul that "the advance towards this ideal has been very quick," at least there are some signs of improvement, which must inevitably increase as the glorious work of warring against a weak nation for humanity's sake goes on.

Our Lady.

O Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son,
Created beings all in lowliness
Surpassing, as in height, above them all,
Term by th' eternal counsel preordain'd,
Ennobler of thy nature, so advanc'd
In thee, that its great Maker did not scorn
Himself in His own work enclous'd to dwell!
For in thy womb rekind'ed shone the love
Reveal'd whose gent'le influence makes now
This flower to germin in eternal peace!
Here thou to us, of charity and love,
Art as the noon-day torch: and art beneath
To mortal men, of hope, a living spring.
So mighty art thou, lady! and so great
That he who grace desireth and comes not
To thee for aidance, fair, would have desire
Fly without wings. Nor only him who asks
Thy bounty succors, but doth freely oft
Forever the asking. What's'er may be
Of excellence in creature, pity mild,
Relenting mercy, large munificence,
Are all combin'd in thee.

—Dante's Paradise Canto xxxiii.

Sir Charles and Lady Tupper sailed for England on Saturday.

Farm Notes.

The henyard ought to be large enough to allow a team with plow to go into it and turn the surface frequently. All that is needed is to expose a new surface of soil, burying the droppings of the fowls, and also turning up worms, grubs and small insects. If some oats or other grain is sowed on this plowed surface, and slightly covered with soil, the hens will scratch diligently until they get nearly all of it, clearing themselves of vermin by the dust which they purposely throw among their feathers. It is a dust bath, and is as good for fowls as a water bath is for men and women. If some grains escape and come up the hens will eat the tender blade, and then dig down until they find the swollen grain.

The whole secret of preserving the churn sweet for years lies in its being rinsed free of buttermilk before the boiling water is put in. This water cooks the particles and holds them fast to the wood in the same manner that it does upon milk pails and strainers that are not washed in water only moderately hot. If any one has noticed a yellowish substance attached to the inside of a milk pail, whether wood or tin, he may know that the cause of it is pouring boiling water upon it before it is freed from every trace of milk. Once on there is only one way of removing it, and that is by scraping. This can be done with tin, but for wooden ware it is better to throw the utensil away and buy new.

Now is the time to put the soil in shape to produce a crop. Few farmers attach sufficient importance to thorough cultivation. Tillage is manure, or brings about the same results. It unlocks the fertility naturally in the soil and makes it available. Don't be afraid to keep the harrow going: make the soil fine, it will apply repay you for the increased labor. Use the spring tooth, and if your soil is heavy one of the cutting harrows such as a disc or cutaway will be a valuable implement. The old drag harrow is all right for the loose, open soil that has been lately cleared or is naturally light, but when soil gets heavy the drag cannot perform the necessary pulverizing and its only place is as a smoother. After the tillage proper has been accomplished, cultivate and keep on cultivating. Harrow the potato rows down and hill them up again before the little sprouts come up. Harrow several times before it gets two inches high, and so keep the soil mellow and the weeds down. Land that is to be sowed to grain and seeded down cannot be too fine. Again we say, cultivate.

Spraying.

It is time our farmers and fruit-growers took effective steps to protect their crops from the ravages of insect pests and fungus diseases.

The investigations of students in finding out the life histories and peculiarities of the various insects and fungus growths has placed practical remedies within reach of every reading farmer, and he is worse than foolish not to avail himself of these opportunities to save and improve his crops. A large proportion of these remedies are applied in the form of a spray, and it is necessary to have a spray-pump with suitable nozzles to do the work. Such an outfit can be got from \$7.00 to \$25.00 and they are to-day a necessity. There are full directions and information as to what to do to prevent potato rot, to destroy bark louse, codling moth, and the hundred and one other pests, all that is necessary to do is to write the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, for a Spraying Calendar and you will receive full instructions how to proceed to destroy almost all the known pests and diseases. This paper has each spring given these remedies and we propose to do so again this spring.

The first application necessary to make is one immediately upon the apple orchard of either copper sulphate solution or a solution of washing soda. This is to help destroy the bark lice and all other insects that may be in or upon the bark. These applications must be made before the buds open or otherwise these tender shoots will be destroyed.

The Copper Sulphate Solution is simply 1 lb. of copper sulphate (ordinary blue-stone) dissolved in 25 gallons of water and applied with a spray pump. To this may be added 2 oz. Paris green if thought desirable. Before the blossoms open the apple orchard should have another spray this time with a diluted bordeaux mixture as per formula below.

We give herewith the fungicides and insecticides recommended by the Experimental Farms.

FUNGICIDES.

Diluted Bordeaux Mixture.

Copper Sulphate.	4 lbs.
Quick Lime.	4 lbs.
Paris Green (for leaf-eating insects)	4 oz.
Water (1 barrel)	40-50 gals.

Dissolve the copper sulphate (blue-stone) by suspending it in a wooden or earthen vessel containing 4 or 5 or more gallons of water. Slake the lime in another vessel.

If the lime, when slacked, is lumpy or granular, it should be strained through coarse sacking or a fine sieve. Pour the copper sulphate solution into a barrel, or it may be dissolved in this in the first place, half fill the barrel with water, add the slaked lime, fill the barrel with water and stir thoroughly. It is then ready for use.

Stock solutions of dissolved copper sulphate and of lime may be prepared and kept in separate covered barrels throughout the spraying season. The quantities of bluestone, lime and water should be carefully noted.

Copper Sulphate Solution.

Copper Sulphate (bluestone)	1 lb.
Water	25 gals.

As soon as dissolved it is ready for use. For use before the buds open only.

Ammoniacal Copper Carbonate.

Copper Carbonate	5 oz.
Ammonia	2 qts.
Water (1 barrel)	40-50 gals.

Dissolve the copper carbonate in the ammonia. The ammonia and concentrated solution should be kept in glass or stone jars, tightly corked. It is ready for use as soon as diluted with the 50 gals. of water. To be used when Bordeaux cannot be applied on account of staining the fruit. Full particulars given in Experimental Farm Bulletin No. 25.

Corrosive Sublimate.—For potato scab soak the tubers for 1½ hours in a solution of 2 oz. in 16 gals. of water. When dry cut up for planting.

Corrosive Sublimate is a fatal poison if it taken internally. It also corrodes metals. The solution should therefore be made in wooden vessels. All treated seed should be planted, and any solution left over should be poured into a hole in the ground.

INSECTICIDES.

Kerosene Emulsion.

Kerosene (coal oil)	2 galls.
Rain Water	1 gal.
Soap	½ lb.

Dissolve soap in water by boiling; take from fire, and, while hot, turn in kerosene and churn briskly for five minutes. To be diluted before use with nine parts of water.

For bark lice and other suckling insects.

PARIS GREEN.

Paris Green.	1 lb.
Lime (fresh)	1 lb.
Water.	200 gals.

For dry application—1 lb. Paris Green with 50 lbs. land plaster, slaked lime or any other perfectly dry powder.

HELLEBORE.

White Hellebore	1 oz.
Water	2 gals.

Or to be dusted undiluted over attacked plants.

Pyrethrum (or Insect Powder.)

Pyrethrum Powder	1 oz.
Water.	3 gals.

For dry application.—Mixed thoroughly 1 part by weight of Insect Powder with 4 of cheap flour, and keep in a close vessel for 24 hours before dusting over plants attacked.—Exchange.

Plain Honest Words.

CATARH AND COLD IN THE HEAD ARE CURED BY DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER—IT'S PAINLESS—IT'S A CURE.

Says Alex. Edmison, of Rosemeath, Ont.: "I have been troubled with catarrh for several years and suffered very much. No end of remedies were used, but I can honestly say that Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is the only remedy I have used that has given permanent relief. It has in my case cured the disease." For sale by J. D. Copeland, Antigonish, N. S.

Keeping Clothes.

It is the rumbling about on chairs and bedposts that ruins quantities of clothes, and thus dresses are often "worn out" while not being worn in the actual sense. A Philadelphia authority advises women to hang all dress waists and skirts, but suspend them on "coat hangers," not on hooks or nails. The way shopkeepers care for ready made garments is an excellent object lesson. If you can't get the ready made article, manufacture it. Half a barrel rope, with a loop of string in the middle, makes a satisfactory substitute. Hanging, only serves for heavy fabrics, not when they are of thin goods. In that case, garments are apt to become stringy. Light materials must be folded.

CURES THE WORLD

Rheumatism Banished Like Magic.

A Marvellous Statement—Relief from One Dose.

Mr. E. W. Sherman, proprietor of the Sherman House, Morrisburg, Ont. is known by thousands of Canadians, hence the following statement from Mr. Sherman will be read with great interest and pleasure. "I have been cured of rheumatism of ten years' standing in three days. One bottle of SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE performed this most remarkable cure. The effects of the first dose of South American Rheumatic Cure were truly wonderful. I have only taken one bottle of the remedy, and now haven't any sign of rheumatism in my system. It did me more good than all the doctoring I ever did in my life."—26.

sleeves and bows stuffed out with tissue paper and all given plenty of room. Skirts should be brushed when taken off and then put away at once.

A few pairs of boot trees are invaluable. They not only preserve the shape, but the shoes crack and break far less. It is a measure of economy to keep several pairs of shoes in use. When worn steadily they do not have time to dry out thoroughly while off the feet, and the constant dampness rots them. Slippers can be stuffed with paper.

Gloves must be pulled in shape as soon as they are taken off, and not put away until they are dried. They should always be removed from the hand by turning them wrong side out from the wrist up, not by tugging at the fingers, as the other method ruins the shape, and is likely to tear the kid.

The best way to preserve the crispness of veils is by rolling them up in long, narrow sachets made for the purpose; the tulle is straightened out, folded, laid on the sachet and rolled up with it, and the whole tied with a ribbon fastened to the outside of the veil case.

All closets and clothes presses need frequent sunnings and airings. Clothing, too, should be exposed now and again, for it is one of the most sweetening measures in the world.—Exchange.

Month of the Sacred Heart.

The Sisters of St. Joseph of Nazareth observe the pious custom of offering up to the Sacred Heart all their prayers and good works during the entire month of June for the spiritual and temporal welfare of all who seek their aid in this way. Protestants as well as Catholics who desire their prayers, will write their request and sign the same with full name and address and forward them on or before June 1st to the Mother Superior, Nazareth Convent, Concordia, Kansas. During each year the Sisters are in receipt of numerous letters expressing the gratitude of the recipients for favors obtained.

THE GREAT TWINS.

K. D. C. AND K. D. C. PILLS,

Relieve and cure The Great Twin Ills

INDIGESTION and CONSTIPATION.

K. D. C. COMPANY, Limited, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia. —and— 127 State St., Boston, Mass.

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.

Cash Egg Market.

WANTED 5000 LAMB, SHEEP AND CALFSKINS.

Highest Prices paid in Cash.

DORANT & COMPANY YOUNG BRILLIANT.

This handsome Percheron Stallion is not yet 4 years old, stands 17 hands high, weighs 1250 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 (1872), registered in volume 5-1 of the Percheron Studbook of America; his recorded number is 1097. 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 afternoon and every Saturday, all day, at William Landry's Stable, Antigonish Town.

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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 Hamblonian and Lady Patchen, Rysdyk's Hamblonian by Abelauch, by Mammoth by Imported Messenger. 1st Dam, Annie by Abfield; 2nd dam, Poppy by Saladan; 3rd dam, Dime by Stag; 4th dam, Kate by Roncevelas. 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 Arisag, 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.



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The Spaniards at Home.

The following article on Spain and the Spanish people, first given before a literary club in Boston in the form of an address by its president, Abba Gould Woolson, is copied from a late number of the Boston Sunday Herald. Mrs. Woolson is a Protestant, probably a descendant of the Puritans, but though above vulgar prejudices is not free from an inherited bias against the Faith which ever has been the peculiar glory of the Spanish people. This is shown by her allusions to "the tyrannous bigotry of prelates" and to "a grasping, selfish Church, administered from Italy"—allusions which are blots upon a paper that in other respects reveals the woman of culture and the lover of truth:

While commentators on our present war present widely differing views regarding the various features of the situation, all seem to agree in denouncing the Spaniard as a cruel, bloodthirsty and treacherous being, and his nation as a corrupt, fast decaying power, sure, before many years, of sinking into utter insignificance, if not disappearing altogether from among the nations of the earth.

It is a view embalmed in the immortal English literature of the 16th century, when Elizabeth and Protestantism were contending against the vicious Philip II. and his Catholicism; and it appears in any recent volumes which reflect the views of British capitalists, who see in a disrupted Spain possibilities of further money-making such as their companies are now reaping from the iron works at Bilbao, the Rio Tinto copper mines and the sherry and port wine trade of the western coasts.

Comparatively few of our people have had an opportunity to know the Spaniard for themselves, or to see the country wherein they dwell; consequently, they accept these printed opinions without question, and feel abundantly justified in their antagonism to such a race. The view seems borne out by some notorious facts, which even those ignorant, in the main, of Spanish history cannot fail to know, such as the inquisition, the cruelties of Philip II. and Alva, and the popular diversion of the bull fight.

Yet, observation has taught me that, so far from being correct, this prevalent opinion regarding the people of Spain is the exact opposite of the truth.

Judging only from what I have seen for myself, I am compelled to believe that the Spaniards at home are a singularly honest, quiet, sunny-natured race, scorning meanness, and honorable for honor's sake. With great sobriety of demeanor, especially in the north, they have kindness of heart and generosity of spirit, and maintain a frank, sincere bearing in all their intercourse. I am aware how incredible this will sound; yet allegiance to truth and justice makes any other testimony on my part impossible.

In justification of this view, I may be permitted to state what means I have had of knowing Spain and her people. I first visited that country in 1882, for a tour of about three months, when in company with friends, I stopped at all the principal cities, from Burgos to Seville and Grenada, staying days or weeks in each. That I might also see the cities of Malaga, Alicante, Eliche, Valencia, Tarragona and Barcelona I returned northward along the eastern coast alone, before embarking to rejoin at Naples the friends who had sailed thither from Gibraltar.

Ten years later, at the close of 1891, I went again to Spain, and spent there the following 11 months, attending the anniversary celebrations of that year at the Alhambra, at Palos and Madrid, and visiting also many remote historical sites unseen before.

This led to my traversing the entire northern rim called the Biscayan provinces, from Navarre to Galicia, passing August in the seacoast towns of this last northeastern province, from which, descending through Portugal to Lisbon, I came back into Spanish Estremadura, populous in the time of the Romans, but now unvisited by tourists and given over to pottery making and pigs. Thence I came up again through Central Spain to the French frontier.

For the first six months I had the companionship of a countrywoman from Boston; but for the last five I was a lone tourist, in all the remotest regions, where foreigners are unknown. My interest in the history of Spain led me to journey, sometimes on a mule—with another mule, led by a local peasant guide, to bear my Kodak and supplies—toward such well-nigh inaccessible shrines as the convent where Charles V. died at Yuste, the battlefield of Las Navas in the Sierra Morenas, and the site of heroic Numantia in far eastern Castile. I lodged often in such inns as Don Quixote pictures, and was wholly dependent upon the honest kindness of the women of those little posadas, and of the simple villagers, from whom I inquired my way on the streets.

At the festivals of great cities, as at Pampelona, Zamora, Corunna, Toledo, Zaragozza, Seville, Granada and Madrid, and at smaller fetes in countless villages

and towns, I mingled on the sidewalks with the thronging crowds, viewing processions by day and fireworks by night from the public squares.

Into whatsoever regions my pilgrimages led me I was befriended on every side, often voluntarily accompanied by some good, sturdy townsman from the inn, who wished to make sure that I saw all the glories of the cathedral, and that no one did me an ill turn, and who often scorned any payment for such aid. And any man, high or low, of whom I made a passing inquiry answered as if the credit of Spain and her chivalry were at stake, in giving me a helpful reply and such efficient service as lay in his power.

These people were not posing for a foreigner's eye; I saw them as they were, in widely different sections, and where their national characteristics and habits remained unchanged.

It is true that I was never able to forget how strange to them appeared the foreign lady, and her mission of visiting historical, and not merely religious, shrines. Had I dropped from the planet Mars, I could not have been more stared at in a furtive, inoffensive way, even in a city like Toledo, where travellers are often seen, and it was there that the small boys and girls, who were filling their water jars at the fountain in the street, always sent up a chorus of jeering cries as I passed during five weeks to my temporary home. In the remotest places I was obliged once or twice to escape into a house from the gathering retinue of astonished children who followed behind.

Boys, however, remain barbarians in many lands, even till they have emerged from college, and when I recall with what courtesy their elders in Spain understood the faulty Spanish of this singular "Norte-Americana," how simply they accepted her statements and provided for her wants, admitting her frankly to the family circle, caring faithfully for her little properties, and helping her onward on what seemed to them risky and adventurous pilgrimages, I can only believe them to have been what they seemed—honest, hospitable and kind.

Nowhere did I behold any violence of demeanor or speech—such as one often sees in Italy, if not in France—no cruelty to animals, for I attended no bullfights, and no evidences of a passionate and revengeful temperament. Everywhere was order, quiet, good-humor. Two officers from the national civil guard made every road and railway station absolutely safe, even in the loneliest mountain passes.

It might be pleasanter if we could believe our enemy in the present war to be the embodiment of vicious instincts, but loyalty to truth should be the first duty of any citizen the world over, especially when there can be no question of danger to the state; and surely no country is free where such truth cannot be spoken.

Spaniards have shown the same vices that the world about them has shown under the same conditions. They had the inquisition, yes, owing to the tyrannous bigotry of prelates, at a period before Calvin burned Servetus, and long before Boston Puritans flogged their Quakers into the wilderness and hanged their witches on Boston Common. Bull fights, yes; an ancestral inheritance from Roman gladiators, shrewdly fostered in the last century by imported Bourbon sovereigns, and eagerly patronized by our American ladies when there, though their Queen herself refuses to attend them. Cruel to rebels, yes, without doubt; as our southern countrymen deliberately starved their prisoners in the cells of Andersonville and Libby, and as England, of late, blew her mutinous Indian subjects from the mouths of her cannon. To be ferocious in war toward rebels is human, not Spanish.

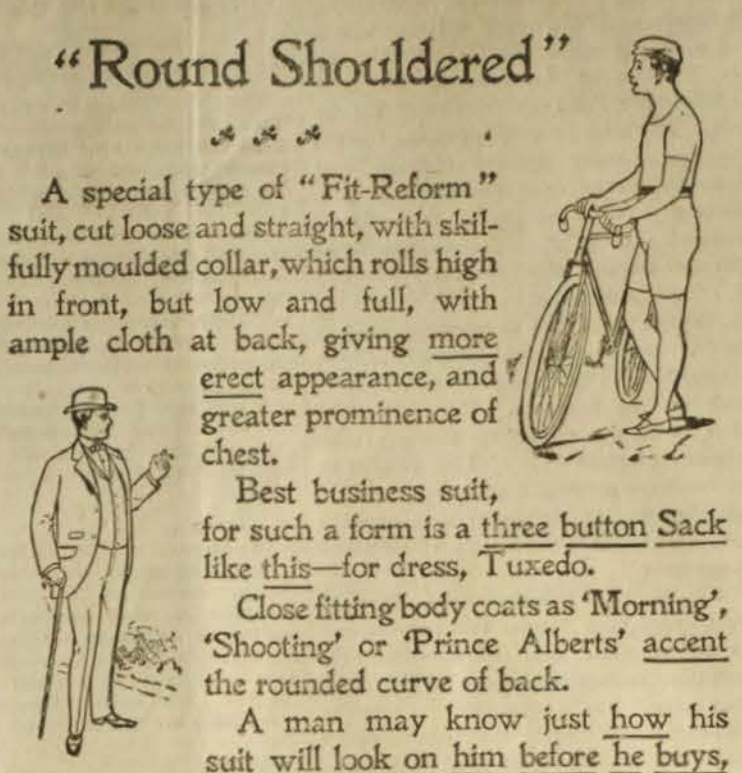
The people of Spain, like those of all ancient monarchies, are accustomed to turn for leaders to the nobility and the higher classes, and all offices are filled from their ranks. They have become, I fear, in a large measure effete and corrupt, owing to easy contact with French society and literature, and from familiarity with their own immoral courts, ruled over, since the days of the great and good Isabella, by coarse and sensual Kings. The exceptions are Charles III., contemporary with our Washington, and ready with his fleets to aid us in the revolution if peace had been deferred; and the rule of the good Queen Regent to-day.

But their vices have never touched the great mass of the people, who, for all that goes to make a manly, spirited, self-respecting character, will bear comparison with any people of Europe or America. They are more like ourselves than any foreign people whom I have seen. For centuries they have been handicapped by a grasping, selfish Church, administered from Italy, and they need a well paid and well equipped system of secular public schools, but nature has supplied them with a mental outfit of great, good sense, independence of judgment, and sturdy self-poise, joined with keen alertness of mind, and a temperament responsive to brave and generous sentiments.

The Spanish soldiery, trained in war by

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seven centuries of almost continuous struggle against the invading Moor, are hardy and courageous, and when well led are capable of splendid deeds of daring. That Europe is Christian to-day, and not Mohammedan, and that Europe's child, America, inherited from her parent our present faith and the civilization based upon it, is due to the fact that just north of the narrow straits of Gibraltar, over which sailed persistently the dark hosts from Asia and Africa, extended a peninsula inhabited by a nation of dauntless spirit and of unflinching loyalty to the Christian cause. For seven long centuries they held the gateway of Europe against Moslem hordes, resolved upon its conquest, till they had replaced the crescent with the cross upon every watch tower of Spain. Only six months after that tremendous work had been ended, by the surrender of the Alhambra, a fleet of Spanish vessels was leading the way westward over unknown wastes of sea, and, save their great Genoese leader, every man on board was a Spanish seaman. Thus Spain saved Europe and gave to it America. She has lost, and is losing, her last hold on that new world which she revealed. It would be a crime of ingratitude if Europe and America did not combine, if need be, to save the Spanish peninsula intact for the Spanish people. These people have in them the making of the best republicans, next to ourselves in the world. The many good newspapers published daily in Madrid and eagerly read throughout the country—of which the best and most popular, *El Imparcial*, is taken here at our public library—the free intercourse with each other and consequent liberalizing of ideas which railway trains encourage, have been, for the past 30 years, preparing the Spanish people for political action in their own behalf; and when, in time, trained and honorable leaders arise from their own ranks, they will succeed in establishing a permanent republic. Their fertile soil produces fruits, grain, woods and gums of great commercial value; their exhaustless mines of copper, quicksilver, iron and marbles—if these can be worked by their own people for their own profit—will make Spain rich again; and whenever additional manufactures are established there will be employment for those who would fain work if work could be found. For the last half century, under the steady and popular sway of Alfonso XII. and his wife, the present Queen Regent, Spain has been taking a new start. The population has increased; the cities are making great improvements in streets and quays, while the extensive restoration of cathedrals, castles, and cloisters has preserved for the future the magnificent but decaying architecture of the past. Of these people the women are an important half; for they have greater freedom of action and a larger share in the national life than any women, save those

of the United States. Less confined to the house than ourselves, they are abroad on the streets everywhere crying newspapers and lottery tickets through the Puerta del Sol of Madrid and the squares of Seville, selling goods at open booths, and postage stamps and cigarettes in the government's tobacco shops, and sitting down outside their houses, when at rest, that they may see all that goes on in the world. They are neat housekeepers, thrifty and industrious. The wife preserves her own surname after marriage, with that of her husband affixed; and the children bear the mother's surname, as well as the father's joining the two with the preposition "y," or "and." And now a woman stands at the head of the government there as she does, also, in England and Holland—a thing which can never happen in our republic. Like all the royal Austrian family, she has Spanish blood in her veins, and is a direct descendant of the great Isabella, as is also her son on the part of both parents. Her purity of life, strict devotion to her duties as a mother and a ruler, her simple bearing and goodness of heart have brought her the homage of all Spain. Even the republican Castelar, doffing his own claim to leadership, recognizes in her the chief reliance of his country to-day. Contending parties cease to wrangle, now that they have a pure palace, and an honest, public-spirited ruler presiding at the national councils. All women should be proud to see one of their sex thus holding in her hand the key to a great situation, maintained not by her genius, or tact, or beauty—for these possessions are not hers—but solely by the power of a true womanhood. The only charge against her, brought by the Republicans of the south, is that she is too much under the influence of the priests. She is sincerely religious, and was leading some sort of conventual life when sought for as the bride of the Spanish King.

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THURSDAY, JUNE 2.

A NOTABLE PAPER.

We copy on an inside page from the *Boston Sunday Herald* an interesting and, in some sense, notable paper on Spain and its people by Abba Good Woolson. It is notable in being a chivalrous defence of the much maligned Spaniards by one who is alien to them in race and religion, and whose own country is at the present moment locked in a deadly struggle with theirs. Mrs. Woolson makes no attempt to conceal her antipathy to the Church which counts among its children all but a fraction of the Spanish people. Had she studied the time-honored religious organization to which the Spaniard gives his allegiance but half as faithfully as she has studied the Spanish character, that antipathy would doubtless have been softened down, and she would have been as truthful and as just in her references to the one as she has striven to be in her presentation of the other.

The printer had already gone to press with the inside pages and had struck off several hundred copies before we noticed certain allusions, disparaging to Catholicism and unjust, which occur in Mrs. Woolson's paper. This was owing to our having first read her article in the columns of a Catholic exchange which had suppressed the passages containing these allusions. We feel that this explanation is due to the readers into whose hands the aforesaid copies of this issue shall come. For we can no longer, consistently with the truth, without qualification vouch for Mrs. Woolson's being "above all vulgar prejudice." Her prejudice against Catholicism is just as real, and, rooted as it is in ignorance, perhaps not less vulgar for being conjoined with a high degree of culture and a certain chivalrous regard for the truth.

Mrs. Woolson betrays her ignorance of history when she affirms that the Spanish Inquisition owed its origin to what she is pleased to call "the tyrannous bigotry of prelates." As a matter of historical fact, the Inquisition in Spain was a political rather than a religious tribunal. It was under the absolute control of the Spanish kings and was mainly used by them as an instrument in safeguarding the State. Guizot, himself a Calvinist, tells us in his *Cours d'Histoire Moderne*, vol. 5, lect. 11, that the Spanish Inquisition was "at first more political than religious, and destined to maintain order rather than defend the faith." Von Ranke, another Protestant writer, referring to it in his *Ottoman and Spanish Empires*, says: "It was in spirit and tendency above all a political institution. The Pope had an interest in thwarting it; and he did so, and as often as he could. But the king had an interest in constantly upholding it." That successive Popes made earnest efforts to mitigate the cruelties of the Inquisition in Spain is attested in these words by the Spanish writer, James Balmes, in his celebrated work entitled *Protestantism and Catholicity Compared*, c. 26, p. 206:

"The number of cases commenced by the Inquisition, and summoned from Spain to Rome, is countless, during the first fifty years of the existence of that tribunal; and it must be added that Rome always inclined to the side of indulgence. I do not know that it would be possible to cite one accused person who, by appealing to Rome, did not ameliorate his condition. The history of the Inquisition at that time is full of contests between the Kings and Popes; and we constantly find on the part of the Holy See a desire to restrain the Inquisition within the bounds of justice and humanity."

Mrs. Woolson does not explain how or in what sense the Spaniards are handicapped by a Church which has fashioned such lofty types of character as we find exemplified in a John of God, a Teresa of Jesus, a Francis Xavier, an Ignatius of Loyola—to mention a few of the names that figure on the long list of Spain's true grandees, the men and women who have been ennobled by their heroic virtues. Such lives as theirs have been, furnish proof of a practical kind that the Church which moulded them is not of a grasping, selfish spirit. The Spaniard may indeed be handicapped in the mad race for wealth by his religion, and that in the measure in which he gives ear to the teaching of his Church, for she, true to her Christ-given mission, ever proclaims the blessedness of poverty and the wisdom of laying up treasures where the moth doth not consume and where thieves do not break through and steal. But this, to every true disciple of Christ, were a condemnation devoutly to be wished.

The statement about the Church in

Spain being "administered from Italy" betokens both ignorance and narrowness of mind. It is much as if one were to say of the State of Massachusetts that it is administered from the District of Columbia. The local government of the Church in Spain under Spanish Bishops is as potential in its own sphere and as duly hedged in with safeguards as is, in its sphere, that of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. For the rest, we can fancy one who deems it a drawback to the Church in Spain that its supreme head is in Italy, formulating an objection to Christianity because its Founder was a Galilean and dwelt in Nazareth. Were the question as to the respective merits of the various religious bodies to be decided on such narrow national lines, the Church of the Latter Day Saints should have the strongest claim to the loyalty of all "true Americans."

Mrs. Woolson frankly acknowledges the debt which both Europe and America owe to the dauntless spirit of the Spaniards and their unflinching loyalty to the Christian cause. She is unmindful, or perhaps unaware, how largely the blessed result which she credits wholly to the Spaniards was due to the very men who "administered from Italy" the Church in Spain. It was the Papacy that, according to Herder, the eminent Protestant writer, saved Europe in the Middle Ages from being "converted into a Mongolian desert" (*Ideas on the History of Mankind*, Part iv. p. 303). The glorious victory won over the Turks at Lepanto, which, as Alison says (*Atison's Europe*, vol. ix. p. 95), "arrested forever the danger of Mahometan invasion in the south of Europe," was won indeed by the allied forces of Spain and Venice. But the merit of having brought about the alliance, and having spurred on the soldiers of the Cross and obtained the blessing of Heaven upon their arms belongs, to the saintly old man who then sat in the Chair of Peter, Pius the Fifth. For the happy issue of the war he had proclaimed a jubilee to the whole Christian world. He had appointed a triduum of supplication in Rome, and taken part in the procession himself. Sending to Messina, where the allied fleet lay, he assured the commander-in-chief of the Christian forces that "if, relying on divine, rather than on human help, they attacked the enemy, God would not be wanting to His own cause." He enjoined the officers to look to the good conduct of their troops; to repress swearing, gaming, riot, and plunder, and thereby to render them more deserving of victory. A fast of three days was proclaimed for the fleet, and all the men went to confession and communion. Thus were the Christians, with a vastly inferior armament, enabled to inflict a crushing defeat on the Turks, slaying no fewer than 30,000 of the enemy and making some 3,500 prisoners. In his private apartment in the Vatican St. Pius knew of the victory the very moment it was won, as Cardinal Newman relates:

"The night before the battle, and the day itself, aged as he was, and broken with a cruel malady, the Saint had passed in the Vatican in fasting and prayer. All through the Holy City the monasteries and colleges were in prayer too. As the evening advanced, the Pontifical treasurer asked an audience of the Sovereign Pontiff on an important matter. Pius was in his bedroom and began to converse with him; when suddenly he stopped the conversation, left him, threw open the window, and gazed up into heaven. Then closing it again, he looked gravely at his official, and said, 'This is no time for business; go, return thanks to the Lord God. In this very hour our fleet has engaged the Turkish, and is victorious.' As the treasurer went out, he saw him fall on his knees before the altar in thankfulness and joy.—*Historical Sketches*, vol. 1. p. 156.

Catholic Notes.

The Catholics of the diocese of Liverpool, England, have contributed well nigh \$10,000 for the relief of the distress in the West of Ireland.

Rev. Father Jette, only son of the Lt.-Governor of this province, says the *Montreal Star*, left on Tuesday evening for San Francisco to join Rev. Father Rene, of the Society of Jesus, and both are to proceed to the Jesuit Missions in the Klondyke.

A despatch from Peking to the *London Times*, under date of May 11, says that the French Government has demanded the sum of 100,000 francs in compensation for the murder of the missionary who was lately slain, as mentioned in our last issue, in the Province of Kouang-Si. It has also demanded the construction of a memorial chapel, and the despatch goes on to say that the Chinese government considers both of these demands reasonable.

The sight of a religious procession in the streets of London is a very rare one, and up to within a year or two ago was not witnessed since the days when England was Catholic from John O' Groats to Land's End. Three years ago it was determined that the members of the Confraternity of our Lady of Ransom should have a procession annually. So, in the early days of this month, eight hundred of them marched through the streets of the West End, carrying the relics of the English martyrs, bearing religious banners, and preceded by a processional Cross borne by two acolytes. Throngs of curious but respectful spectators lined the streets on either side or followed in the rear. There is a law on the statute-book of England against religious processions, but like many of the laws that have come down from the penal days, it is a dead letter.

Facts about the Philippines.

By DAVID CREEDON.

(Reprinted from THE CASKET of April 29, 1897.)

The United States Minister to Siam, the Hon. John Barrett, writing in the *North American Review* for February, said that it was only a question of a few months before the rebellion in the Philippine Islands would be crushed. And now the news comes that it has been crushed. It was not the full blooded natives, nor yet the descendants of Europeans, who organized this insurrection, Mr. Barrett says, but "the half-castes descended from Chinese fathers and native mothers, who represent a small proportion of the entire population, though strong enough to organize a rebellion." It is very easy to see why they should desire a revolution. The islands are exceedingly rich and the prospect of unlimited plunder was a temptation too strong to be resisted.

"In material wealth," writes Mr. Barrett, "the Philippines are lavishly blessed. Hemp, sugar, and tobacco are three products that bring enormous profits, and coffee bids fair soon to rival them. In 1894 the hemp marketed was valued in gold at \$7,698,860; sugar \$5,816,848; tobacco, \$1,674,094. The total foreign trade this year will probably exceed \$35,000,000. . . . The prodigality of nature impresses the traveller wherever he journeys. In the forest he sees ebony, logwood, iron wood, japan wood, gum trees, and cedar; between the forest and the gardens the fruiting trees, orange, mango, amaranth, guava, and cocconut; in the cultivated area, sugar-cane, tobacco, rice, hemp, coffee, cotton, bananas, vanilla, cassia, ginger, pepper, indigo, cocoa, pine apples, wheat and corn. The minerals include gold, copper, iron, coal, quick-silver, sulphur and saltpetre. From the sea, mother of pearl, coral, tortoise shell, and amber are derived. And these are by no means the only resources—they are nothing more than a casual list noted down on each plant or product that came under my observation. The animal kingdom keeps pace with the vegetable and mineral."

A veritable earthly paradise! one is tempted to explain. But there is a dark side to the picture. "The Philippines are the birthplace, cradle and nursery of typhoons of every description." Worse still, there is "an ever ready supply of earthquakes which are brought out to startle newcomers with suddenness and frequency." Worst of all (so at least the editor of the *Presbyterian Witness* would say) these islands are the hottest of hotbeds of "ecclesiasticism." After the typhoons and the earthquakes this was the salient feature in the eyes of the American minister to Siam—"the power and hold of the ecclesiastics. This makes the first and last impression on the visitor; it is before him wherever he travels; it visibly predominates in the government and even extends into commerce; it is an all-controlling influence in the Philippine group. . . . The Church and State are practically one though nominally not identical." If there be any spot on earth thoroughly "priest-ridden" this must be it—I can hear the editor of the *P. W.* exclaim. How frightful the result must be, then! How the people must groan under the saddle and quiver with anguish at the touch of the cruel spurs! Yet, strange to say, Mr. Barrett informs us that "the majority appear happy and content!" And that the late rebellion was organized by Chinese half-castes, who care little for either Church or State! Disappointment number one! Well, perhaps the spirit has been utterly crushed out of the wretched creatures—at any rate they are sure to be densely ignorant—seeing that Spanish priests had control of them for almost four centuries. What! Can we believe our ears? "Except in wild portions of the interior and in distant unexploited islands a considerable proportion of the inhabitants can read and write. . . . Manila was the seat of colleges, observatories and technical schools before Chicago was founded; roads to all points of the compass had been constructed by the friars in Luzon before there was a paved street in the vicinity of Franklin Square in New York City; and devoted padres had carried the gospel to the heart of the tropical jungle before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock."

Disappointment number two, and a bitter one indeed! But there is more of it yet to come. "The schools are exclusively in the hands of the Church, and appear to be well conducted. In Manila are colleges with advanced curriculums and modern facilities." And as if this dreadful man feared we might forget the humble fact, he tells us with sickening repetition. "Of the several millions of people in Luzon, not over half a million are beyond the absolute control of the priests, whose efforts to preserve order are so respected that lawlessness is seldom displayed within the sphere of their influence. Numbering nearly 3,000, they include many men of great ability, noble character, and wide knowledge. . . . They at least have demonstrated that missionary work can succeed among Asiatics."

With a persistency that is perfectly wearying (to the editor of the *P. W.*, still be it understood), does this irritating ambassador—he must surely be a Jesuit in disguise—keep pointing out things which must redound to the credit of "blessed Spaniards." The natives are "gentle, polite and hospitable." "They are exceedingly fond of amusements"—what business have the wretched victims of superstition to be so joyous and lighthearted? The women "have strict regard for family ties." These "priest-ridden" people are not illiterate, they are not unhappy, they are not immoral,—well they must certainly be behind hand in material civilization. For is it not indisputable that the Catholic Church puts a spoke in the wheel of progress whenever she can?—and where has she had a better opportunity of doing so than in the Philippine Islands? Climax of disappointment! What does this clear-eyed American say of Manila, the capital city of the islands? "With a population of 300,000, it is growing more rapidly than

many of our own cities. It is a combination of the ancient and the modern. The first impression is that of a mediaeval town, but a closer inspection discloses railroads, street cars, telephones, electric light, boulevards, parks, clubs, suburbs, and all the advantages—and vices—of the nineteenth century. . . . Massive new docks and jetties in course of construction show the modern commercial spirit of the town, while back of these the walled city, with battlements and fortresses, reminds one of the eventful past. . . . Trade and shipping are guarded by a chamber of commerce; charity and benevolence are represented in hospitals, homes and asylums; education by colleges and schools of law, theology, medicine, pharmacy, and manual training; fine arts and science by

museums, rare collections, and observatories; manufacturing by immense cigar and rope factories, and religious by cathedrals, monasteries, nunneries and convents without limit."

Where, O where, were the A. P. A. lynxes when the Hon. John Barrett went to disgrace the American Embassy in Bangkok by telling the truth about the Catholic Church in "the Cuba of the East"?

The Catholic church and glebe-house at Windsor, N. S., which were destroyed by the late fire, are to be replaced by structures of stone. Work has already begun on the foundations.

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.
 Newly celebrated Satin Finish Cashmeres.
 Silk Warp Cashmere. Crepons, Henriettes.
 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.
 Very Handsome Parasols, with
 Fancy Handles,
 Black and New Shades, in all Silks.
 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.

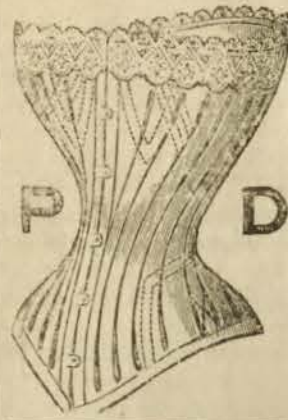


Spring Hosiery.

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 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

SUMMER CORSETS 35c to \$1.10.

Carpets, Rugs, etc.

This department talks for itself.
 Beautiful yard wide Union from 35c, 45c, 50c
 All wool yard wide Scotch from 75c upwards
 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 \$6.75 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 ready-made it for fit or lowness of price. There is only one Fit Reform. It is not made in any but is made to fit. Don't fail to inspect these elegant clothes before purchasing them. 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, 50, 60, 75, 80, 90, 1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50, 5.00, 5.50, 6.00, 6.50, 7.00, 7.50, 8.00, 8.50, 9.00, 9.50, 10.00.
 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 London *Navy League Journal* learns that Russia is negotiating with a United States firm for the construction of a complete ship-building yard and plant at Port Arthur.

Most of the Indians of the Rynesse reserve, near Victoria, B. C., went to that city to celebrate the Queen's Birthday, and during their absence their settlement was completely destroyed by fire and an old woman of the tribe burned to death.

Fifty-three persons were drowned off Calcutta on the Queen's Birthday by the collision of the British India Steam Navigation Company's steamer Mecca with her sister ship the Lindula, which she was towing. The Mecca was sunk, and her captain was among the drowned.

Marquis Ito, Premier of Japan, has introduced a Bill in the Japanese Parliament lowering the property qualification for the franchise. It is said it will increase the number of voters five fold. The number of members of the House will also be increased from 300 to 472.

Two men journeying toward the Klondike were fired upon by Indians on McClintock River, near Lake Tagish, a few days ago. One of them was killed and the other severely wounded. The latter reports that there were about 80 Indians in the band, most of them apparently armed with rifles. The miners' names were Meehan and Fox.

Despatches from New York and Chicago in yesterday's papers say that the big wheat corner has been broken. Prices declined heavily on Tuesday, reaching \$1.15 in New York and \$1.25 at Chicago. Wheat had sold at \$1.91 in the early part of May. The high prices brought out all the grain held by the farmers, and this with favorable crop reports caused prices to fall.

It is stated that a commercial treaty between the United States and France was signed last Saturday and went into effect yesterday. Under it, according to this statement, France reduces the duty on United States pork by half, and grants the minimum rate on fruit and wood products, while the United States materially reduces the duty on argol (crude cream of tartar), wines and brandies.

Sir Louis Davies, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, went to Washington last week. He is associated with Sir Julian Pauncefote in a conference with two United States commissioners—Messrs. Foster and Kasson—looking to the settlement of all existing matters of dispute between Canada and the United States, including the Behring Sea seal fisheries, Atlantic and Lake fisheries, alien labor laws, Yukon and other mining regulations. It is also supposed that the question of reciprocity will be discussed. The conference is preliminary to the appointment of a joint commission to draw up a convention of settlement.

Mr. Pakenham, a member of the firm of Kehoe, Donnelly & Pakenham, a large pork-packing house in Dublin, Ire., has been in Canada several months with a view of extending the business of his firm to this country. Messrs. Kehoe, Donnelly & Pakenham state Canada produces a better quality of bacon than that manufactured on the other side and the demand for it is rapidly growing. Mr. Pakenham was in St. John, N. B., last week, and on Thursday evening addressed a public meeting of citizens, held for the purpose of discussing the prospects of successfully operating a pork-packing factory in that city. He stated he was already interested in a proposed factory at Middleton, N. S., which will cost \$15,000, and which will be in operation next October, and that in the event of a factory being started in St. John, he would subscribe \$5,000 of the stock. The following statements are taken from his address: To start a factory 500 hogs a week are necessary. The Berkshire breed of hogs were not suitable for good bacon, being too fat; the Tamworths and Yorkshires are the best. A plant capable of handling 1000 to 1500 hogs a week would cost \$30,000 to \$35,000, and would employ twenty-seven men.

War Notes.

Senor B. Pinon, a Havana banker, who was in Montreal last week on his way to Spain, was interviewed by a *Star* representative. He is reported as saying that Spain has in Cuba to-day 160,000 regular troops and 110,000 volunteers, all of whom are accustomed to the climate. He also said that there were in and about Havana 110,000 regulars and 90,000 volunteers, and that they were provisioned for six months. He expressed the belief that the Americans could not take Havana with their fleet, at least without terrible loss to themselves. There were not more than 10,000 insurgents in Cuba altogether, he said, and three thousand of the best of them had taken sides with the Spaniards to fight the Americans.

Late advices from Manila say that the report that the commander of the gunboat Callao had been shot for cowardice was, like much more of the so-called war news, untrue.

The London *Chronicle* had a rumor last week to the effect that France had loaned Spain 400,000,000 francs (\$80,000,000). It conjectured that the Canary Islands had been given in security. The *Chronicle's* authority, however, is very far from being conclusive.

A report from Gibraltar says that forty Krupp guns, suitable for forts or battle-ships, have been landed at Cadiz. It is said that they passed through the German, French, and Spanish custom houses as "kitchen furniture."

A French council of war, consisting of the President and the Ministers of War, Marine, and the Colonies, was held on Thursday last to consider the country's defenses in the event of war.

Dr. Pulaski Hyatt, for five years United States Consul at Santiago de Cuba, is quoted in *The N. Y. Sun* as saying that if Cervera's squadron is bottled up in Santiago Bay it is certainly in a strong

bottle. He describes the entrance to the harbor as long and tortuous, says it is thoroughly mined, and so narrow that it would be unsafe for two warships to attempt to enter it abreast. It may be worth while to point out, by the way, that all this talk of American newspaper men about "bottling up" or "trapping" the Spanish fleet at Santiago is the veriest moonshine. It was from Spanish sources alone, and because the authorities at Madrid thought fit to give the news to the world, that the Americans knew of the Cape Verde squadron being in Santiago. Can we suppose that the Spanish authorities would be such utter idiots as to make known to the world the whereabouts of Cervera's squadron if it really was their interest to keep the matter secret? It would be like saying to the enemy: "Cervera is at Santiago; please go and bottle him up!" The only rational theory is that Cervera is at Santiago because he elected to stay there.

It seems to be now settled that Cervera's squadron is in Santiago Harbor, at the entrance to which the ships of Commodore Schley have been lying for the past week. As soon as the Washington Government became assured of his presence there it apparently determined to attack him. Troops to the number, it is said, of 15,000 embarked from Tampa on Monday, and their destination is believed to be Santiago. There was a persistent report from Hayti on Tuesday that a terrible battle between the American fleet and the Spanish fleet and forts that afternoon, but the report, of which nothing had been heard at Washington, was discredited, and had not up to a late hour last night been confirmed. There will, however, likely be severe fighting at Santiago within a few days, as it is expected the place will be attacked by sea and land.

Frank Miller, an Englishman living at Montreal, and formerly in the North-West mounted police, was arrested as a spy at Tampa a few days ago, and will, it is stated, be put to death.

The correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* at Manila says that Admiral Dewey is losing men from small-pox and dysentery almost daily.

The United States cruiser Columbia collided with the British steamer Foscolina near New York on Saturday night. The latter was loaded with grain from New York for Bordeaux. She sank almost immediately after striking the cruiser, but her crew were rescued by the warship, which had an immense hole stove in her side by the collision.

In reply to a deputy who urged the granting of an amnesty to the Philippine insurgents, the Spanish Colonial Minister announced in the Chamber on Saturday that an inquiry was even then proceeding with a view to taking that step in the case of the most deserving of the rebel prisoners.

Advices received at Madrid from Havana say that a big sailing ship from Barcelona ran the blockade and entered Ferdinand de Nevitias on Saturday with a cargo of provisions and arms. This port is on the northern coast, over 300 miles east of Havana.

Two members of the suite of Senor Polo y Bernabe, late Spanish Minister at Washington, remained in Montreal after the ex-Minister left, and took a house for the summer. On Saturday last they discovered that they had been robbed of an important letter. During their absence a man had called at the house, and on presenting what purported to be an order from the owner for leave to inspect the premises with a view to purchase, had been shown over it by the servant. A Montreal detective named Kellert is suspected of the theft and has been arrested.

The correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* followed Commodore Schley's squadron from Key West, which port it left on Thursday, May 19, on receipt of the news that Admiral Cervera and his fleet were at Santiago. The correspondent was on board the British steamer Premier, which left Key West the day after Schley's departure and came up with him off Cienfuegos on Monday, May 23. Schley had the battleships Iowa, Massachusetts, and Texas, the cruisers Brooklyn and Marblehead, and the gunboats Castine, Vixen, Eagle and Dupont, and was maintaining a blockade of Cienfuegos, where he believed Cervera then was. On Tuesday, according to the correspondent, the Ameri-

can commander received word from the insurgents that Cervera was not in Cienfuegos, and that evening left for Santiago. The correspondent followed him till Wednesday afternoon, when he lost sight of the fleet in a squall and had to put into Kingston, Jamaica, where he arrived Friday evening and reported. The correspondent says nothing of a reported fight on Tuesday, 24th ult., near Cienfuegos, in which the Brooklyn, Schley's flagship, according to Key West rumor, after a hot battle in which many Spaniards were killed, landed food, rifles, and ammunition for the Cuban rebels who had routed the Spanish cavalry. The rumor bears all the earmarks of Key West manufacture. On the day it was circulated Secretary Long said no word had been received from either the Spanish or United States fleets.

A newspaper despatch boat, the Simpson, arrived at Kingston, Jamaica, on Sunday, having sailed completely around Cuba, keeping close in shore. She reports all Cuban lighthouses in operation, and fortifications being erected at many places. Only a few gunboats were blockading the northern coast the early part of last week. Schley blockaded Cienfuegos from Sunday till Wednesday 25th (London *Telegraph* correspondent says Tuesday evening) when he sailed for Santiago, where he established a strong blockade.

People of Prominence.

Hon. A. G. Blair and his family are going to England after the close of the session.

A London despatch says proceedings in bankruptcy have been begun there against J. W. Young, a son of the late Brigham Young. His liabilities are said to be \$1,669,410.

M. C. Cameron, M. P. for West Huron, has been appointed Lieut. Governor of the North-West Territories.

The reported deal by which Mr. Joseph Martin was to be taken into the British Columbia Government did not take place, and Mr. Martin will, it is announced, be an Opposition candidate in Vancouver.

Sir John Thomas Gilbert, of Dublin, the noted Irish historian and chronicler, died a few days ago, aged 69. He was the husband of Rosa Mulholland, the well-known Catholic novelist, sister of Lady Russell of Killowen. Sir John, who was Secretary of the Public Record Office of Ireland until the abolition of the office, is the author of a "History of Dublin" in three volumes, a "History of the Viceroy of Ireland" and many other works, and he edited, by command of the Queen, Facsimiles of National Manuscripts of Ireland.

DIED.

McLEAN.—At Antigonish, on Saturday, 28th May, Alex. Bernard, third son of Rod. L. and Ann McLean, aged nine years and five months. May he rest in peace.

McDONALD.—At Fairmont, on the 26th inst., Katie, daughter of the late Colin McDonald, aged 22 years. She bore her long illness with Christian resignation, and died fully prepared to meet her Maker. She leaves two sisters and a large circle of friends and relations to mourn their loss. May her soul rest in peace.

McDONALD.—At Antigonish, May 25th, after a lingering illness, Flora, beloved wife of Donald McDonald, aged 72 years. She leaves a sorrowing husband, two daughters and two sons to mourn her loss. She devoutly received the last Sacraments and retained her consciousness to the last. Deceased was a sincere Christian, and a good neighbor. May her soul rest in peace.

McDONALD.—At Pleasant Valley, Antigonish County, on May 22, consoled by the last Sacraments, after a lingering illness, borne with Christian fortitude, Ann McDonald, aged 81. Deceased was a native of Midloth, Scotland, and immigrated to Nova Scotia in 1843. She leaves a brother and sister to mourn her death. May she rest in peace!

GILLIS.—At Gillisvale, Inverness Co., on Tuesday, 24th May, 1898, of inflammation of the bowels, after an illness of two weeks, Donald Gillis, blacksmith, in the 55th year of his age. Deceased was possessed of many fine qualities. He was a practical Catholic and a very industrious and hospitable man. During his illness he was consoled by the sacraments of the Church and the prayers of the faithful. He was interred at Broad Cove cemetery. May his soul rest in peace.

AT

The Leading Grocery.

I have a lot of nice lines which sell well at this season of the year :

Evaporated Peaches,	California Syrups and Wines—	Macaroni,
Evaporated Prunes,	Cherry, Tokay, Raspberry,	Pearl Tapioca,
Evaporated Apricots,	Strawberry, etc.,	Instantaneous Tapioca,
Evaporated Apples,	Lime Juice,	Shredded Cocoanut,
Evaporated Prunes,	Crown Brand Essences all flavors, the best made.	New Vegetables,
Canned Fruits,	Preserves of all kinds.	Sweet Potatoes,
Peaches, Pears,	Canned Vegetables,	New Onions,
Pineapple, etc.	Tomatos, Peas, Beans, Corn, etc.	New Cucumbers,
Gallon Apples.	Baked Beans.	New Rhubarb,
		Etc., Etc., Etc.,

And many other lines too numerous to mention.

HALF TON PURE MALPE SUGAR.

HIGH GRADE COFFEE, and my Specialty,
THE PEOPLE'S TEA, SAXON BLEND.

GOODS AND PRICES ALWAYS RIGHT.

T. J. BONNER.

McCURDY & CO.

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



Ladies' Whitewear and : : Knitted Undervests.

An inspection of our Ladies' Underwear will plainly show that we have a very elegant assortment.

- Ladies' White Night Dresses, lace and embroidered, 60, 65, 75, 80, 95c. \$1.00, 1.10, 1.25, 1.50, 1.65, 1.70, 1.75.
- Trimmed with beautiful lace, \$2.00, 2.25, 2.50, 2.75 and 2.90
- Corset Covers, 17, 20, 22, 25, 32, 35, 37, 40, 45, 50, 60, 65, 70c
- White Skirts, beautifully trimmed, 40, 60, 75, 95, \$1.10, 1.25, 1.50, 1.60, 1.60, 1.75, up to 2.90
- Black Sateen, two Frills, Skirts, \$1.50
- Drawers, 30, 40, 50, 60, 75, \$1.00, 1.15, 1.25

White Cottons and Sheetings.

White Cottons for 5 cents. Grey Cottons from 4 cents. Unbleached Sheetings, first quality, 2 yards 16 cents. Bleached Sheetings, first quality, 2 yards wide, from 22 cents.

Dress Muslins. Do you want the most fashionable Dress Muslins in the Market? You will find them at McCurdy & Co.'s, in White, Fancy Colored with stripes, spots, etc. The new Chain Muslins now so much worn.

Waterproofs.

We sell the celebrated "Distingue" Brand of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Waterproofs. Every Garment guaranteed to give thorough satisfaction. Ladies' Waterproofs in Black, Brown, Green, Fawn, and Navy, in all the newest styles at \$2.00, 2.50, \$3.00, \$3.25, \$2.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00 and up to \$8.75. See the line with Braided Capes at \$8.75. Misses Waterproofs in Black and Colors, \$1.75, \$2.00 and \$2.25. Gentlemen's Waterproofs in Black, Plain, Colors and Checks at \$6.25, \$6.75, \$7.25, 7.75, \$8.50, \$8.75, \$9.50, 10.00, \$11.50. Our \$6.25 Black Paramatta Twill Waterproof is the best value we have ever shown. Tourists Waterproofs just the thing for travelling. Each one put up in a nice rubber case.

Flannelettes. In Fancy and Plain Flannelettes we show an immense stock in very pretty patterns from 4c a yard. Flannelette Skirtings from 13c. Gingham all prices in checks and stripes. FANCY SHIRTINGS ALL PRICES.

Carpet Department.

In this Department we have made a special effort to procure the newest patterns and Colorings in Brussels all wool and Union Carpets.

- Tapestry Carpets at 30, 37 and 40 cents
- Tapestry Carpets at 75, 85, and 95 "
- Brussels Carpet beautiful new patterns at 75, 85, 95, 1.00, 1.45 "
- Hemp Carpet one yard wide from 12 to "
- Stain Carpets all makes and prices.
- All Wool Scotch Carpets from 80 to 1.15 "
- Union Carpets nice new patterns from 35 to 75 "
- Carpet Squares a large assortment.

OIL CLOTHS. We have a full line all widths patterns and prices. See the value we are offering in yard wide oil cloth at 25 cts.

Tweeds and Worsted.

Do you wish to save five dollars? You can easily do this by purchasing your cloth and trimmings here and getting your suit made up. Black and Navy Worsted, bought direct from the Manufacturers in Huddersfield. Scotch and Canadian Tweeds. Fancy tweeds for Suitings. West of England Tweeds for Pants. Serges for men's and boys suits.

We keep a very large assortment of Homespun Cloths, which we sell at Mill Prices for cash or in exchange for wool. Also mill Yarn.

Trunks and Travelling Bags.

Our Leather and Zinc Covered Trunks are of the best and strongest make, and are sure to stand the rough wear and tear they are subjected to. Leather Bags Valises and Bags of all kinds. Hand Straps, etc., etc., etc.

Printed Cottons.

A marvelous line in Print Cottons, Fast Colors and very pretty patterns 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14 cents. We are safe in saying we hold the largest assortment of Prints at lower prices than any retail store in Nova Scotia—just send for samples and compare our values. Beautiful Printed Cottons for Blouses, all washable goods, all shades in colored Sateens.

Splendid Flannellette Nightgowns, 50 cts.

Shades and Blinds. Plain and Fancy Shade Blinds on Rollers.

Nice Shades in Plain Blinds on Rollers with Screens and fittings, 30 cents each. Fancy Shade Blinds Complete with Pulls, 35, 40, 45 and 50 cents each. A very fine stock in all the new shades. Doncaster Blind material by the yard 12 cts.

Linen Department.

Our Linens are all purchased direct from the Manufacturers, and we promise the best values in these or in every other line we offer.

Butcher's Linen and fine Linen and Diaper Cloths.

Linen Table Damask for 20c	Linen Table Damask for 45c
Linen Table Damask for 25c	Linen Table Damask for 45c
Linen Table Damask for 27c	Linen Table Damask for 50c
Linen Table Damask for 30c	Linen Table Damask for 60c
Linen Table Damask for 35c	Linen Table Damask for 75c

Linen Table Damask for 40c

Linen Napkins from 65 cents a dozen. Pillow Shams, Toilet Covers etc., etc. Linen Apron Cloth, 16c. Muslin Apron Cloth Embroidered and Ticked.

Men's Underclothing and Top Shirts.

Men's Fine Summer Underwear, shirt and drawers, per suit, 40c, 50c, 70c, \$1

Men's Fine Balbrigan Underwear, per suit, \$1 and \$1.50

Men's Fine Wool Underwear, per suit, \$1.50 to \$3.50

Men's Summer Top Shirts, at 30c, 45c, 50c, and 75c

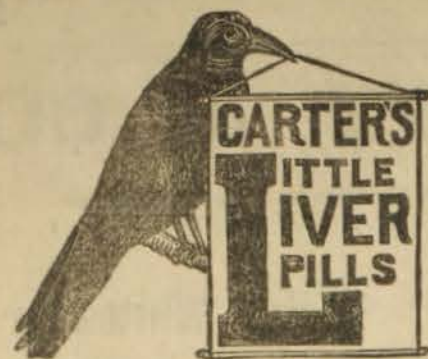
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IF FREELY APPLIED Will positively Cure **RHEUMATISM**

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An Umbrian Madonna.

(G. V. C. to The Ave Maria.)

The quaint city of Gubbio, nestling among the hills of Umbria, is a spot which has passed through various phases in its history. At one time its record was a glorious one, and the picturesque, brown-roofed town basked in the warm glow of prosperity. By degrees, however, its splendor departed, its commerce vanished, and the grey shadows of want and misery stole ghoul-like through the winding streets and sighed in the corridors of the deserted palaces. And these were not the only shadows in the picture. The devil and his emissaries were abroad in Gubbio; the trail of the serpent polluted the spiritual atmosphere, and the angels shuddered at the blasphemies of men.

"The old order changeth, giving place to new," and, as we write, the praises of Mary are echoing through the ancient city; and the vile language once used by the Gubbini as a matter of course has ceased, it is to be hoped, forever. A new epoch has arisen in the annals of the place, and the eyes of the Mother of Mercy are being turned in tender compassion upon its inhabitants. This, in brief, is the history of the extraordinary picture which, like a magnet, is drawing crowds to the Church of San Francesco, once a stronghold of the sons of St. Francis, but now served only by one solitary friar.

On June 23, 1896, a pious Italian lady and a gentleman residing in Gubbio were praying before the altar of the Blessed Sacrament, over which hung a fine copy of the celebrated Madonna at Rimini, which is said to have moved its eyes in the years 1850 and 1851. It appeared to both of them that, even as they knelt there now, the eyes in the picture at which they were gazing moved distinctly; but, not daring to trust the evidence of their senses, they kept their own counsel, without even mentioning the matter to each other.

Two days later three or four young girls, Children of Mary, came into the church to beg St. Antony's blessing upon an examination which they had in prospect; and, having made their petition at his altar, passed on to the picture of the Mother of Mercy. There, kneeling before her, they saw the eyes of the Madonna move up and down in an unmistakable manner; and utterly bewildered, they rushed into the sacristy and told Padre Antonio what they had seen. The good friar threw cold water upon their enthusiasm; and, with praiseworthy discretion, told them to go home and compose their minds, and on no account to mention the occurrence to any one. Given an important secret and four impulsive Italian girls, and the result may readily be imagined. By eleven o'clock that night San Francesco was literally besieged, and all Gubbio had assembled to behold the wonderful sight.

The scene of excitement which ensued is one which can better be imagined than described; for the majority of those present—a crowd which included some of the most notoriously "black sheep" of Gubbio—were privileged to witness the marvel. Those who came to blaspheme fell on their knees invoking the Holy Mother of God; and one man, who the moment before had been uttering the most impious language, was heard to exclaim: "I can not blaspheme any more, because I have seen!"

Before very long the police arrived upon the spot, and the chief officer did his utmost to convince the people that they were victims of an hallucination. He said that he did not see the eyes move, therefore it is out of the question that they should see them; adding a good deal more in the same strain,—religious enthusiasm of any description being a dire offence in the sight of a government official in Italy. Finally the crowd was dispersed and the church ordered to be closed for three or four days. Meanwhile the officer employed himself in cross-examining those who had beheld the prodigy; with the result that on the 30th San Francesco was reopened, and the Gubbini were again given free access to their beloved Madonna.

From that day the eyes of the picture were seen to move almost continually, and it was upon sinners in particular that the Mother of Mercy gazed most frequently. Some people affirmed that they could perceive the hands move and the color in the face vary; but these were in the minority, the greater number being able to see only the motion of the eyes. There were others again, amongst the hundreds of "all sorts and conditions of men" who flocked unceasingly to this wonderful shrine, who saw nothing extraordinary. It is a significant fact, however, that out of the two thousand persons who have signed their names as reliable witnesses, a great many are lawyers, professors, and medical men, belonging to that unfortunately large class

* It is needless to state (1) that belief in such marvellous manifestations as are here described is no necessary part of Catholic faith, how ever unreasonable it may be to doubt them when they rest on strong and unimpeachable human testimony; and (2) that a brief of "approval" from the Pope is not to be regarded as proof positive of the miraculous character of such incidents.

in Italy that denies even the existence of God.

For some time Monsignor Macario, the Bishop of Gubbio, preserved a discreet reticence regarding the marvels witnessed daily by his flock, until on one occasion Padre Antonio persuaded him to remain in the church after the congregation had dispersed, and inspect the picture more closely than he had done hitherto. At first he was unable to see the slightest movement in Our Lady's eyes; but after a little he exclaimed, "I see it! I see it!" and, falling on his knees, he recited aloud the Ave Maria Stella and the Salve Regina. Since then he has given his formal approval to the devotion of the people to the wondrous picture,—an approval which has now been confirmed by his Holiness Leo XIII. in the form of a papal brief.

The conversions which were wrought in Gubbio during the year 1896 were well-nigh innumerable. Men who had neglected the sacraments for twenty or thirty years returned to their duties; and a rich harvest of souls was reaped in the course of a mission given by the Passionist Fathers. It is a rare occurrence now to hear a word of blasphemy uttered from one end of the city to the other; and any stranger who so far forgets himself is severely reprimanded by the inhabitants. The practical results of this manifestation of God's mercy can not fail to impress even the most incredulous; for it may be said without exaggeration that the entire spiritual atmosphere of the place is transformed ever since that eventful day when the sorrowing eyes of the Mother of Mercy were first turned upon her erring children.

The news that the shrine had received the approval of the Holy See was communicated to Padre Antonio on the 13th of October, and solemn festas were held on the three following days. On the 16th the picture was crowned by the Bishop of Gubbio; Pontifical High Mass was celebrated each morning, and a panegyric on our Blessed Lady was delivered before the evening Benediction.

On the 18th the picture was carried in procession through the streets; every window and balcony was hung with colored draperies, and flowers were strewn in the pathway of the Queen of Heaven. San Francesco was brilliant with the light of innumerable tapers, and a loud burst of applause and ringing shouts of "Viva Maria!" greeted the re-entrance of the picture into the church. It was a scene never to be forgotten, and one which no earthly monarch could have evoked.

These are dark days for Italy, while the rightful king of Rome is in captivity; but so long as the love of Mary burns in the breasts of the Italian people, there is hope that their faith and their loyalty may return to them.

The Calendar.

JUNE. Table with columns for DATE and FEAST. Includes entries for Friday (Of the Octave), Saturday (The Most Holy Trinity), Sunday (St. Norbert), Tuesday (St. Augustine), Wednesday (St. Ferdinand), Thursday (Corpus Christi).

S. Fulgentius, Bishop.

In spite of family troubles and delicate health, Fulgentius was appointed at an early age procurator of his province of Carthage. This success, however, did not satisfy his heart. Levying the taxes proved daily more distasteful, and when he was twenty-two, S. Austin's treatise on the Psalms decided him to enter religion. After six years of peace, his monastery was attacked by Arian heretics, and Fulgentius himself driven out destitute to the desert. He now sought the solitude of Egypt, but finding that country also in schism he turned his steps to Rome. There the splendors of the Imperial court only told him of the greater glory of Heavenly Jerusalem, and at the first fall in the persecution he re-sought his African cell. Elected Bishop in 508, he was summoned forth to face new dangers, and was shortly after banished by the Arian King, Thrasimund, with fifty-nine orthodox prelates, to Sardinia. Though the youngest of the exiles, he was at once the mouthpiece of

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his brethren and the stay of their flocks. By his book and letters, which are still extant, he confounded both Pelagian and Arian heresiarchs, and confirmed the Catholics in Africa and Gaul. On Thrasimund's death the Bishops returned to their flocks, and Fulgentius, having re-established discipline in his see, retired to an island monastery, where after a year's preparation he died in peace in the year 533.

PATIENCE THROUGH FAITH Each year may bring us fresh changes and trials, let us learn from S. Fulgentius to receive all that happens as from the hand of God, and appointed for our salvation.

Domine da mihi amodo patientiam et postmodo indulgentiam.—Lord, grant me patience here and pardon hereafter.—S. Fulgentius, on his deathbed.

An Arian priest betrayed Fulgentius to the Numidians, and ordered him to be scourged. This was done. His hair and beard were plucked out, and he was left naked, his body one bleeding sore. Even the Arian Bishop was ashamed of this brutality, and offered to punish the priest if the Saint would prosecute him. But Fulgentius replied, "A Christian must not seek revenge in this world. God knows how to right His servants' wrongs. If I were to bring the punishment of man on that priest I should lose my own reward with God. And it would be a scandal to many little ones that a Catholic and a monk, however unworthy he be, should seek redress from an Arian Bishop."

"For patience is necessary for you, that doing the will of God you may receive the promise."—Heb. x. 36.

Ask your grocer for **Windsor Salt** For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best.

NOTICE. OVERSEERS of Highways will please call on the undersigned for Statute Labor returns for the current year. List of names including 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 Gerrler, Esq. No. 9, Harbor Bouche—James P. Corbett. No. 10, Heatherston—John K. McDonald, Esq. No. 11, St. Joseph's—Roderick McGillivray, Esq. By order, D. McDONALD, M. Clerk. Antigonish, May 10th, '98.

FARM FOR SALE

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If your relatives came from England, Ireland, Scotland or Wales, there is quite a probability there may be property coming to you. Send 10 cents for little book giving full name and description of 600 persons wanted to claim money. **JOHN McNEIL,** St. Ninian St., Antigonish, N.S.

MOUNTAINS OF MOLEHILLS.

(M. O. Townsend, in the American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.)

"You must have a new family in town, Susy. A mighty pretty, stylish-looking girl got off the train with me yesterday—she wasn't a visitor, for there was no one there to meet her, and I think I know all the old residents pretty well."

The speaker was a good-looking young man, dressed in a bicycle suit of light gray, which he wore with a careless grace that showed his fine figure to best advantage.

The person addressed, a pretty, rosy-cheeked girl about eighteen years of age, looked up from her book and answered carelessly: "New family? Yes, there is one in that tumble-down old rookery which stands between Bower's and French's, but I don't know of any pretty girl in the family."

"Then she did not belong to that family for the girl I saw certainly was pretty," returned Edmund Morton, the first speaker. "Well," admitted Susy, "she's good enough looking, but I would hardly call her a girl."

"Why is she married?" asked Edmund, conscious of an unreasonable, disappointed feeling.

"I don't know—no one knows anything about that family; there's something mysterious about them. When I said she was not a girl, I referred to her age."

"Now Aunt Susan, that's not kind. According to 'Mrs. Candor,' a woman labors under many disadvantages who tries to pass for a girl at six and thirty, and I am sure the girl I saw last night was not that."

"I don't know 'Mrs. Candor,' but I believe the person you saw last night was not far from that age," answered Susy.

"Aunt Susan, Aunt Susan, it grieves me to hear you so ungenerous! Come, now, tell me all about this mysterious family."

"I will not tell you one thing about them, while you Aunt Susan me—it is ridiculous that I should be your aunt, and I hate Susan!"

"Susan is a good, sensible name, and really, my dear, I am not to blame for our relationship—your father, my grandfather, was the one at fault. Surely I cannot be held responsible for the actions of my grandfather—especially as I was not more than ten years old when he presented me with a new grandmother, a regular beauty she was too—you resemble her very closely, Sue."

Susy's momentary displeasure had passed. She laughed lightly and said: "What a charming compliment! Is that the kind you pay your city friends?"

"I know of few so worthy," returned Edmund.

Susy threw a sofa pillow at him. "Don't be silly, Ed," she said, "but really I wish you would not call me aunt, it makes people stare so, and Susan is so ugly. Aunt Hannah always says, 'If you are as good as your name, you will do very well,' which I think a very nonsensical speech."

"And so it is," agreed Ed, "but tell me about the mysterious family, and you shall be Sue ever after with me."

"Until you feel in a teasing mood again," said Susy, "but I am good-natured, so now listen."

Edmund took a chair nearer his young aunt, and prepared to pay the strictest attention, while she related all she knew about the new people. But before she began there was a sound of footsteps on the garden path, and voices were heard coming nearer and nearer to the house. With one accord they sprang to the window and looked out.

"Mercy on me!" exclaimed Edmund; "every spinster in the village! Susy, help me to escape!"

Too late, for at that moment a voice at the window cried out: "We thought we'd find you here in the morning, Susy, so we didn't bother going round to the door. Good morning, Mr. Morton. I heard last night that you had arrived. It must be hard on to five years since you were here last."

Edmund acknowledged that fully that time had elapsed since his last visit; he shook hands with the speaker and then with the other five women in turn.

"Let me take your hats and umbrellas," said Susy, "and do, please, take comfortable chairs."

They needed no second invitation. Edmund, gallantly, offered the large arm-chair that he had been occupying to a young-old maiden, and received for his trouble: "No, thanks, Eddie, I'm not so old as to require a prop yet." So all during the call, which lasted at least two hours, she sat on a small, hard chair—she being the stiffest, hardest part of it. After this rebuff, Edmund looked around for some means of escape, but found none; he was completely hemmed in by women—all old, with the exception of Susy and one other girl about her age. By this time the tongues were loosened and the gossip had commenced. Edmund had a horror of women's small talk, and so he resolved not to speak, unless he could get

the two young girls into conversation. Before, however, he could find an opening, he was astonished to find that the young girls could take their share in the gossip. No one in the town escaped. People's clothing, or lack of it, manners, looks and morals, were freely criticized. He was just about to make a bold dash for liberty when a remark from the woman who had declined his chair arrested his attention.

"Las' night, Miss Bower says, them mysterious people had the queeres: carryin' on in that place—noises an' lights, an, oh, she says, it was awful!"

"Dew tell, Miss Johnson!" exclaimed Susy's Aunt Hannah.

"I want ter know!" exclaimed Miss Dobson, who had been the village gossip for nearly half a century, but on account of old age was fast giving place to Miss Johnson.

"Oh, they are the strangest people," said Susy's friend; "why, father came up on the train with one of the young men from that house the other evening, and he passed right on out of the car, as though he didn't see him."

"Who passed on without seeing whom, Lucy?" asked Edmund, breaking his silence for the first time.

"Why the young man passed on without seeing father of course—you knew what I meant Mr. Morton."

Edmund laughed a little as he said, hoping to change the conversation: "Oh, must it be 'Miss' and 'Mr.' now? Five years make a wonderful difference, Miss Lucy."

"I don't mind, if you don't," returned Lucy, vaguely.

"But I do very much; I shall be deeply offended if the little girl I used to swing in the barn, until my arms ached, is going to treat me as though I were a stranger, or, what is worse, a fossil. Tell me, Lucy, do I look so frightfully old?"

Lucy declared that he looked no older than he had looked five years previously. Meanwhile the talk about the mysterious family went on, and before the delegation (for such they were, and their object in calling on Susy had been to ask her to assist at a bazaar, soon to be held, for the benefit of a charity in which they were interested) left the house, Edmund knew all that they knew about the mysterious family. He gleaned from their conversation that the new family had moved into town about eight months ago, and in all that time no one had become acquainted with them; they repelled all advances, and even the tradespeople, usually first-class sources of information, could tell nothing further than that they paid for what they bought promptly, and that all such business was transacted through one old Irish servant, who was so cross-looking, and who had an air about her that said, so plainly, "mind your own business," that not even the boldest clerk dared question her. During the day, their place was as quiet as any in town, and, though very poor looking, was neat and orderly. The gossips grudgingly admitted that it had been vastly improved since these people took it; whereas it had been much out of repair, it now had an air of prosperity about it. What bothered the townspeople most was the way they were avoided by these people.

All sorts of theories and suppositions were advanced for the mystery that seemed to enshroud them—one was of the opinion that they were counterfeiters—another that they were smugglers, and still another that they were illicit distillers. This last brought, as proofs to sustain her theory, Mrs. Bower's story that on more than one occasion, late in the night, bright lights could be seen through the closed blinds, and when they died away, clouds of smoke would issue through the slats.

"An' Mrs. Bower ought ter know," said the narrator, "for she lives right nex' door ter them, an' by goin' up in one of her back chambers she can look right down inter their parlor—to be sure, she never sees much, they keep the blinds shet so tight."

"Fudge!" said Edmund; "most likely the men are all smoking at those times."

"Then they must smoke mighty queer tobacco, for the lights are allus red."

"I think they're actors," said Lucy, with an accent on the last word that might have been put down on demons; "there's one that goes there that has awful light hair—and they often come late, very late in the night."

"So they do," chimed in Susy. "I met them one night, a whole lot of them."

"What were you doing out so late?" asked Edmund.

Susy blushed and said she was coming home from the theatre, but then that was not the only time they had been seen.

"I suppose," said one of the callers, "that oldest one is married to the man that used to wear the long ulster, last winter—they were often seen out together."

This last remark annoyed Edmund more than anything else had before, but when he saw Susy smiling at him, he wisely held his peace. After the manner Susy had spoken of the new people, he thought it best to say nothing about having interfered in behalf of one of them the pre-

vious evening in the car, when several ruffians had been annoying her with their attentions.

When they were all commenting, not too charitably, on the unsociability of these strangers, Edmund demanded: "Why on earth don't you make the first advances—you must meet them somewhere, in the street or in the church?"

"Church!" echoed Miss Low. "We're not likely to meet them in Church they're Catholics"—with even more scorn than Lucy said "actors." "My sister Hattie followed them one Sunday morning to see where they went, and she saw them enter the Catholic Church."

There was an uncomfortable silence for a few moments, then one of the women whispered something to Miss Low, and all glanced uneasily at Edmund.

"Don't apologize, ladies," said he. "I understand your feelings, and I truly believe, had Miss Low known that I belong to the same faith that these mysterious people profess, she would have been more guarded in speaking of them. Susy, I hear grandfather; I must go to him; I trust you will all excuse me." With a bow he left the room.

Shortly after the delegation left; as soon as they were out of the house Miss Dobson explained to Miss Low how young Mr. Morton happened to be a Catholic. His father was old Mr. Morton's only child by his first marriage; he had gone to New York and had married a Catholic woman, and Edmund was the result. As a child he had visited his grandfather regularly, and occasionally after he had grown up. Miss Low had lived in town but three years, and consequently this was the first time she had ever met Edmund. "Strange," said she; "he looks the perfect gentleman, and is very good-looking!" The puzzle seemed too hard for her—that a man could be at once a gentleman and a Catholic.

"An' the strangest part of it is," said Miss Dobson, "he ain't like any Morton I ever see. Ol' Mr. Morton says he favors his mother's people."

(To be continued.)

Tommy and the Fly.

One rainy day when Tommy was looking out of the window he saw a fly buzzing against the pane.

"I'll catch that fly," said he; and his little flat fingers went pattering over the glass until at last he chased the fly down into a corner and caught it.

"Let me go," said the fly.

"I won't," answered Tommy.

"Do let me go! you hurt me; you pinch my legs and break my wings."

"I don't care if I do. You're only a fly—a fly is not worth anything."

"Yes, I am worth something, and I can do some wonderful things. I can do something you can't do."

"I don't believe it," said Tommy. What can you do?"

"I can walk up the wall."

"Let me see you do it," and Tommy's fingers opened so that the fly could get out.

The fly flew across the room, and walked up the wall and then down again.

"My!" said Tommy. "What else can you do?"

"I can walk across the ceiling," said the fly; and he did so.

"My!" said Tommy again. "How do you do that?"

"I have little suckers on my feet that help me to hold on. I can walk anywhere, and fly, too; I am smarter than a boy," said the fly.

"Well, you're not good for anything, and boys are," answered Tommy stoutly.

"Indeed, I am good for something. I helped to save you from getting sick when the days were hot. We flies eat up the little unseen particles of food which the broom and the brush do not reach. If we did not reach them they would decay and poison the air. If we flies had not been around in the summer to keep the air pure you and baby and mamma might have been sick."

"Is that true?" asked Tommy, in great surprise.

"Yes, it is true; and now I will tell you something else. You are a bad, bad boy."

"I am not," cried Tommy, growing very red in the face. "I don't steal, or say bad words, or tell what is not true."

"Well, you are a bad boy, anyhow. It is bad to hurt flies. It is bad to pull off their legs and wings. It is bad to hurt anything that lives. Flies can feel, and it is bad to hurt them. Yesterday you pulled off my brother's wings."

"I never thought of that," answered Tommy, soberly. "I won't do it again, I'll never hurt a fly as long as I live, and be sure that I'll never hurt you."

"You won't get a chance," answered the fly, and off he walked across the ceiling.

Skin on Fire.

Torment of Torments—In these scrofulous tendency? Is there irritating eczema? Is there unexplainable itching, stinging skin eruption? Dr. Agnew's Ointment is a sovereign balm for all such. One application soothes, and patient treatment produces a baby-like softness of the skin. It destroys the disease germ effectively. Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure piles in from three to six nights. 35 cents. Use Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills. Large vial, 20 cents. For sale by J. D. Copeland, Antigonish.

For 10 cents

in cash or stamps, we will mail you, all charges prepaid, a handsome metal box, size 5 1/4 inches long, 3 1/2 inches wide and 1 inch deep, filled with TETLEY'S ELEPHANT BRAND INDO-CYLON 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 ELEPHANT BRAND INDO-CYLON Teas are sold only in 1/2 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



Yes, I see it all now
The Reason Why
Shorey's Ready to Wear Clothing...

Is better in style and finish than what I can get from my tailors.

Of course a large concern like Shorey's can keep a staff of experienced workmen upon one class of work from year to year until they become absolutely perfect, while a tailor's hands produce a sack coat to-day, a dress coat to-morrow and so on, consequently they cannot be expected to attain the proficiency of Shorey's workmen.

Shorey's Guarantee Card in the pocket of every garment shows that the firm is bound to give perfect satisfaction in every instance.

The Uprising in Italy.

Not since Italy was formed into a unified kingdom has the country traversed so serious a crisis as within the last ten days. The bread riots which began in Bari and Foggia spread like wildfire to Naples and Sicily, then northwards to Piacenza, Rimini, Pavia, Milan, Turin, and to a variety of minor localities throughout the country. It was obvious that the discontent was general and that only a spark was wanted to arouse its latent power. The Government was caught unprepared. The establishment of military law in four provinces was tried as a remedy, but it proved worse than the evil. The advancing of funds from the public coffers to enable the bakers to sell bread at considerably reduced prices has also been tried. It has met, however, with only partial success. The fact is, large numbers of the people have not money to buy bread at any price. What they want is labor and the reduction of the taxes. The Government always found money to carry on its African enterprises, and it now finds money to maintain a costly and profitless army and navy. That money is raised through the taxation of the people, and the time has come when a better account must be given of it. When a large proportion of the population of a country is in misery and starvation it is

no time for that country to occupy itself uniquely with the brave show it can make before the rest of the world. The starving population often exacts a terrible retribution.—Roman Cor. of Liverpool Catholic Times.



AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE.

JUST RECEIVED A LARGE QUANTITY OF Seed Grain, Etc. Phosphates, Plows, Harrows and Repairs.

All of Best Quality and Lowest Prices. F. R. TROTTER. LAND SALE.

IN THE SUPREME COURT, 1897 A. No. 0052. 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 McLenman, Medical Doctor; on the west by lands in possession of Lachlan 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 B. TERNAN, Plaintiff's Solicitor. Dated Sheriff's Office, Port Hood, C. B., May 4th, 1898.

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.

DR. HARVEY'S Southern RED PINE FOR COUGHS & COLDS PRICE 25c. per Bottle MILTON H. BRISSETTE, PROPRIETOR, MONTREAL AND NEW YORK THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., MONTREAL FACSIMILE OF LABEL OF Dr. Harvey's Southern RED PINE THE COUGH CURE Good for Children and Adults (1)

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Land Sale—William Chisholm. Farm for Sale—A. J. McDonald. The Carleton House—F. W. Bowes. Fruits, syrups, wines, etc.—F. J. Bonner.

Local Items.

TEN HANDSOME SALMON received to-day.—T. J. Bonner.—adv.

EMBER DAYS.—Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday of this week are Ember Days, days of fast and abstinence.

MR. GEO. B. FAULKNER is in town. Orders for tuning may be left at Mrs. Harrington's book store.—adv.

DR. DODGE, eye, ear and throat specialist, will be in Antigonish on Wednesday, June 8th, until the following noon.—adv.

HOUSE TO LET on Court street, contains 10 rooms with all modern improvements. Also, for sale cheap one jump seat top buggy in good order, apply to A. J. McDonald.—adv.

DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENTS.—Commencing next Wednesday evening the Frost Dramatic Co. will open a four nights' engagement in McDonald's Hall, Antigonish, with the great play "East Lynne," and will present a different drama each evening. On Saturday afternoon a children's grand matinee will be given. Admission, 25 cents; reserved seats, 35 cents.

TAKEN HIS DEGREES.—We are pleased to learn that the Rev. Ronald McDonald of this diocese, who has made a post-graduate course of two years in Dogmatic and Moral Theology at the Propaganda College, Rome, has passed his final exams. and taken the degree of D. D. Though he attended the lectures at the Propaganda, Dr. McDonald resided in the Canadian College. He will return home in the course of the summer.

THE DRAMA "STRIFE" will be repeated on next Tuesday evening. The play contains nothing objectionable even to the most refined taste, and no doubt will be attended by those who had not the pleasure of witnessing its first presentation.

SUPREME COURT.—The June Term of the Supreme Court at Antigonish, opens on Tuesday next. Mr. Justice Henry will preside. The prisoner, Henry Davidson, convicted of the murder of Charles Beaumont, will undoubtedly receive sentence of death, after which the question of clemency will probably be carried to the Governor-General-in-Council. The docket of causes for trial, which has been reduced within the past few days by the settlement of several important suits, is as follows: The Queen vs. George Wilkie. John Mattle vs. United Brotherhood of Railway Trackmen. Alex. McKenzie vs. I. C. R. Employees' Relief and Insurance Association. The Queen (at instance of Thos. McGrath) vs. A. J. O. Maguire. Hannah Ronan vs. Somers & Co.

Two of the above, as will be noted, are insurance cases, arising out of accidents to rail way employees.

COLLEGE CLOSING.—The closing exercises of the College and Convent take place week after next, in the following order: TUESDAY, JUNE 14. College Contest in Elocution—3 p. m. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15. Alumni Meeting—1st Session—4 p. m. Convent Closing Exercises—7:30 p. m. THURSDAY, JUNE 16. Alumni Meeting—2nd Session—9:30 a. m. Distribution of Prizes, etc., 3 p. m. Alumni Dinner—7:30 p. m. FRIDAY, JUNE 17. High Mass and Baccalaureate Sermon—9 a. m.

It will be seen from the above that the Annual Meeting of the Alumni Association takes place on the 15th and 16th. A large attendance of members is earnestly requested. It is urged that all persons coming by rail, whether entitled to travel at half-fare or not, purchase the regular first-class ticket, taking a certificate of such purchase from the ticket-agent issuing it, when by the usual arrangement with the railway, they will, on presentation of the Secretary's certificate of attendance, obtain a return ticket without further charge.

THE SUPPLEMENTARY ESTIMATES for the current year were laid before Parliament on Monday night. They total \$3,058,236. The items appropriated for services in Eastern Nova Scotia are: For steam communication daily between Baddeck, Grand Narrows and one trip each fortnight to Big Pond and East Bar, for season of 1898, \$4,000. For steam communication daily for season of 1898 between Port Mulgrave and St. Peter's, to extend twice each week to Irish Cove, and additional for tidal service, 5,500. Iona Wharf, 2,000. Ingonish, North Bay, beach protection, West Arichat, to complete repairs to wharf, 700. Petit de Grat, reconstruction of protection work and dredging, 1,500. Cow Bay Breakwater, repairs, 5,000. St. Mary's River, dredging channel through bar, 5,000. For Merigonish Harbor, wharf, 2,000. " extension of wharf, 900. " Pictou Island, repairs to old work and new blocks, 800. " Pictou Light, beach protection, 2,800. " Big Island Wharf, 350. " Judique, new wharf, additional, 11,500. " Pt. Hood, additional for repairs, 600. " Cheticamp, for repairs to wharf, 2,000.

The amounts voted for works in the County of Antigonish the present session of Parliament are: For Repairs to Wharf at Arisaig, \$600. " Repairs to Wharf at Cribben's Point, 400. " Repairs to Wharf at Ballentine's Cove, 300. " New Wharf at Livingstone's Cove, 3,000. " Repairs to East Tracadie Breakwater, 3,500. " Dredging Harbor au Bouche, 4,000. " Monk's Head Channel, 275. " Repairs to Bayfield Wharf, 200. A new tower light is to be erected at Arisaig. We are credibly informed the steam dredge George McKenzie is expected

to commence work at Arisaig early this month, and that an additional sum for dredging at Harbor au Bouche will very probably be voted at the next session of Parliament, as the estimated cost of completing the work is \$12,500; also that the cost of the wharf to be built at Livingstone's Cove is expected to be \$6,000.

Personals.

Judge Henry came to Antigonish yesterday from Guysboro, where his Lordship held Court on Tuesday.

C. E. Gregory, barrister, who attended the Term of the Supreme Court at Guysboro on Tuesday, returned yesterday.

C. B. Whidden, Esq., arrived home on Tuesday after a winter's sojourn in the Southern States, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health. We are very glad to report that his health is completely restored, and his eyesight which gave him considerable trouble before his departure is also much improved.

Rev. Dr. D. A. Chisholm, Rector of the College, arrived home on Saturday from his trip to the South, on which he left here February 9th. He received a hearty welcome from the students. His host of friends will be pleased to learn that he spent an exceedingly pleasant vacation, and returns in greatly improved health. He passed the greater part of the time at Charleston, S. C., visiting also Washington, New York and Boston. Everywhere he met with the greatest kindness at the hands of those with whom he came in contact, and he is warm in his praise of the American people. He concurs with all other observers in reporting an intensely strong feeling against the present war among thoughtful and sober-minded people in the United States. This, he says, is especially the case in New England.

Card of Thanks.

CITIZENS' BAND ROOM. ANTIGONISH, May 27, '98.

At a meeting of the Citizens' Band, held to-night, it was unanimously resolved that the C. B. A. tender a hearty vote of thanks to Miss N. Floyd, Miss N. Gray and Miss M. McDougall and Messrs. V. Chisholm, J. McNeil and J. H. McDougall for their very efficient assistance in the production of the drama "Strife" on the 24th inst.; and to Miss Florence Chisholm, Dr. Scott Newcombe, Mr. Grant and Mr. Dan. McDonald for their assistance in the orchestra. Also to Mr. Broadfoot for serving the members of the company with lunch.

Therefore, we, for and on behalf of the C. B. A., have very much pleasure in tendering this vote of thanks.

ALEX. MACDONALD, President. JAS. MCCARROLL, Sec'y-Treas.

Attention is directed to the advertisement of the Carleton House, Halifax. This hotel has recently been improved and extended and is now first-class, its central location and homelike air that pervades making it a desirable residence for visitors to the city. The rates are very moderate, and what tends to the popularity of the Carleton is the special attention that is paid to bridal couples, clergymen, and families who prefer the quiet and comforts of home life.

The last Tablet (May 21) announces the reception into the Catholic Church of George Alston, who was for seven years a professed monk with Father Ignatius at Llanthony Abbey, where he was known as "Father Cadoc," and for the past three years a member of the Cowley Community at Oxford.

A noteworthy event was the recent appearance of the Very Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J., President of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., and formerly Provincial of the Jesuits, in the Divinity School of Colgate University (Baptist) at Utica, N. Y., where by invitation he delivered an address to the Faculty and students, his subject being Christian Marriage. Father Campbell, in this masterly discourse, showed that our civilization is based upon the sanctity of marriage, and must inevitably be wrecked if the divorce evil prevails. The address was received with marked favor by his audience.

Obituary.

There died at Georgeville on the 25th day of May, ult., Lewis McInnis, who was born at the same place, then known as Cape George, on the 8th day of May, 1830, having therefore completed the 68th year of his age. In early life he attended the schools taught in this County in those days by the McLellan's—Malcolm and John—then whom perhaps no neater scholars were in Eastern Nova Scotia during their own time, and being of good ability made a fair English and classical course under them; after which he entered St. F. X. College, then at Arichat, being among the first students at the opening of that institution. Many of the older clergy of this diocese—a number of whom have also gone to their reward—were at the time his fellow-students. Those of them now living will certainly hear of his death with regret. When the College was removed to Antigonish he continued his studies there, but in a short time failing health compelled him to relinquish them. Upon recovering from his illness he took up teaching as a profession, and for seven or eight years very successfully conducted a superior school at Arisaig as provided for by our present free school system, then newly made law. When superior schools were done away with he made a course at the Normal School, Truro, and qualified for Grade A, which he obtained, and afterwards conducted the Academy at Arichat as Head Master for some three or four years. For a number of years before his death he lived on his farm at Arisaig. He sold this farm last year, and made his home at Georgeville. After a painful illness, lasting over three months borne with real

FARM FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale that well known farm situated a mile and a half from town known as the "Charlie Kennedy Farm," containing 350 acres, with good buildings thereon. The above farm was bought cheap at Sheriff's sale and will be sold cheap if applied for immediately. A. J. McDONALD. Antigonish, June 1st, 1898.

Christian resignation and comforted by the consolations of Holy religion, he pass away amid the sincere regret of all his very many acquaintances throughout the county. In the temporary absence of Father Cameron, the parish priest, his obsequies were conducted by Fathers Shaw and McKenzie of Lakevale and Arisaig respectively. The former was a fellow-student of the deceased and addressed a brief discourse to those present, befitting the occasion. R. I. P.

Town Council.

The Town Council held a meeting on last Thursday evening. The following accounts were presented and ordered to be paid: Municipality of Antigonish, maintenance of, poor, \$52.44; insane, \$65; CASKET Co., Ltd., printing and advertising, \$5.25; A. M. Falt, desk for Town office, \$12; L. G. Harrington, stationary, \$1.90; Antigonish Telephone Co., telephone service, 6 months, \$7.50; A. M. Cunningham, coal, \$4.50; general repairs on streets, \$29.40.

Petition of John A. Kirk, John McEachern and Hugh McDonald, asking that the water system be extended along new street leading to their residences, was laid on table indefinitely, the street not being up to the width required under the Town's Incorporation Act.

On recommendation of the Water Superintendent, it was ordered that the 1 1/2 inch main water pipe at the upper part of Church Street be increased to a 4-inch pipe as far as Dr. Macdonald's residence.

C. E. Harris was taxed \$1 per month for water from Town system during construction of his new residence.

The Canada Milk Condensing Co. was granted water from the Town service on the conditions of last year—while the water runs over planks 27 inches above the waste weir. The rate was fixed at \$10 per month.

A communication was received from McCurdy & Co., notifying the Council they would soon be in a position to light the streets of the Town in accordance with resolution adopted by the Council last September.

C. N. Harrington, Edward Joseclyn and J. F. Cunningham were appointed revisors of electoral lists. A letter from the Attorney-General was read, stating it was proposed to hold a convention of Recorders of the Province at Halifax in June to frame a set of by-laws suitable for adoption by all the Towns of the Province. It was decided that His Honor the Recorder attend the convention, and that the Town pay his expenses.

OYSTERS

CHEAPER THAN EVER.

We have received a large lot of Fresh Tracadie Oysters. We bought them low. We will sell them cheap. Until further notice we will serve Oyster Stews that cannot be equalled in this town at

15 Cents Each.

Dozen Raw, 20 cts. Fry, 20 cts.

MRS. McNEIL,

Main Street.

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

NOTICE.

MRS. CATHERINE CAMPBELL has returned to the Restaurant 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 sorrel, 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 Horses are just what he recommends them to be. Terms cash. J. E. CORRETT. Harbor au Bouche, April 20, 1898.

The Carleton House, Cor. Argyle and Prince Sts., Halifax, N. S. IMPROVED AND EXTENDED.

Situation very central yet pleasant and retired. Get off the Electric Train at the corner of Barrington and Prince streets. Visitors to the city will find the "Carleton" a homelike and desirable residence. Terms—\$1, \$1.25, and \$1.50 a day, according to rooms. Special rates by the week. NO LIQUORS SOLD. F. W. BOWES, PROP.

LAND SALE.

1894—B No. 153. IN THE COUNTY COURT, for the District No. 6. Between D. GRANT KIRK, Plaintiff; AND HUGH McDONALD, Defendant. To be sold at Public Auction by the Sheriff of Antigonish County, or his Deputy, at the Court House, Antigonish, on

Tuesday, the 5th Day of July, A.D. 1898, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon:

ALL the estate, right, title, interest, property, claim and demand of the above-named defendant at the time of the registration of the judgment herein, or at any time since, of in, to or against all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of

LAND,

situate, lying and being at South Side Antigonish Harbor, in said County, bounded as follows, that is to say: Bounded towards the north-west by the waters of Antigonish Harbor; towards the north-east by lands of Donald McDonald; towards the south-east by lands of Peter Landry; and towards the south-west by lands of John McDonald and lands of Frank Deyoung (Cyprian), containing 30 acres, more or less, together with the privileges and appurtenances. The same having been levied upon under a writ of execution issued on a judgment herein, duly recorded for upwards of one year. TERMS: Twenty per cent, deposit at sale; remainder on delivery of deed. DUNCAN D. CHISHOLM, High Sheriff. WILLIAM CHISHOLM, Plaintiff's Solicitor on Execution. Dated Sheriff's Office, Antigonish, N. S., May 31st, A. D. 1898.

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 AT The People's Store WHITE LACE CURTAINS 30c a pair. Dress Goods. The proper time to buy your New Dress is right now, before the newest 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 80 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. 10 CASES of BOOTS and SHOES Just Arrived. FLOOR OILCLOTH, 98c per sq. yd. Ladies' Gossamers All prices.